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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS'."

VOLUME 20. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY. 27, 1890. NUMBER 6

FOR ALL KINDS OF
—JOB WORK—
SEND YOUR ORDERS
—TO THIS OFFICE—

BILL ARP'S LETTER

He Ruminates on Mischief-Loving Boys.

St. Valentine's Day and Thoughts of Married Life.

There is a wide difference between mischief and meanness. But mischief is close akin to it, when it injures any body or hurts their feelings, or breaks the rules or the laws. Most all boys love a little mischief. I used to love it a good deal. I remember when we thought it ever so smart to slip around at night and change the gates and the signs, or stretch a rope across the sidwalk, or tie a goat in the school house, or put one man's horse in another man's stable. I have done all this and I did think it was as funny as it could be, but somehow or other I don't see any fun in it now. I wonder what is the matter with me. My children inherited mischief, I reckon, and so I have to excuse them. But when my little girl innocently pulled the chair away as I was sitting down, and I came down with a shock that jarred the house, and my feet flew up and knocked the lamp off the table, I was mad, very mad, until I looked up and saw how frightened she was, for she hadn't counted on such a catastrope. So I tempered down and picked up the broken fragments and never said a word, and it was a minute before anybody spoke. Mrs. Arp was the first to break the awful silence with an expression of laughter, and that started the children, of course—all but Jessie, poor little thing, who came up to me and said: "Papa, I didn't mean to do it." I knew that she didn't, but my offended dignity was at stake, and I got me another lamp and went to writing. I wanted to laugh as bad as they did, but I wouldn't. That was four years ago, and Mrs. Arp is not done laughing at it yet, whenever it is alluded to. I believe it would do her good to see me bump the floor and kick over a lamp about once a week.

I was ruminating about this because my boy came home from school ahead of time and sat down before the fire solemn and sad. I was writing by the window and wondered what was the matter. For a while he never moved or spoke, but suddenly he looked at me and said, in a pitiful voice: Papa, was you ever suspended?" "Suspended?" said I. "I don't understand you — suspended how?" "Suspended from school," said he. "Why no," said I. "What makes you ask that question?" He choked up and said: "Well, I'm suspended and so is Tom Milner." "Is it possible?" said I, as I laid down my pen. "What have you been doing?"

Then he told me how he and Tom had got to throwing water at each other while the professor was in the other room and how he missed Tom and the whole dipper full struck the black board and put out the sum and ran down upon the floor, and the professor came in just at the wrong time and asked who did it, and suspended him and Tom and told them to take their books and go home. I felt greatly relieved, of course, for I saw that it was mischief and not meanness, but I never said anything and looked solemn and resumed my writing. Now, it distresses my children to see me distressed, and that is a good sign. As long as a boy loves his parents, and is troubled when they are troubled, there is hope for that boy. After a while he said: "Papa, what must I do about it?" I don't know, said I, "until I see the professor. Not long ago we had a case of suspension, and the board refused to take him back. I don't know what they will do with you and Tom. I expect you have been trying the professor's patience for some time. You are not bad boys and are good scholars, but your disposition to mischief has troubled him and set a bad example. The other boys are talking about you, and say that the professor is partial to you and Tom, and I'm afraid he is; I am glad that he stopped your mischief."

But it came out all right. The boys were not suspended, and they went back the next morning and apologized, and now everything is calm and serene. The boys must conform to the rules. If one boy throws water, all the boys have the right to throw water, and that wouldn't do and a sensible boy knows it. Let every boy act upon principle. They may be tempted to tell a little story to get out of a scrape. But it is best to tell the truth. The truth is the thing—the biggest thing I know of. If I had a great business that would give employment to a thousand boys, and I had to go about and select them, the first question I wold ask wold be "Does he always tell the truth?" I wish the boys and girls could realize how much anxiety they give us. Here are 400 going to school in our little town, and in a few years they have got to take our places and make the laws and do the business and make up society and establish the morals of the community, and upon their conduct the happiness and good name of the people depend. The young men of this generation will have to solve the race problem and all other problems, and upon them will depend the existence of the government. We think about this a good deal, for it affects our children and grand children. It troubles us to think about wars and anarchy and revolution and about tyrants and bad men getting into power. I know it will be all righ if the people will do right—if the children grow up with good morals and good principles. I am proud of the professors and the teachers and the pupils. We are a long ways ahead of Boston. There are no hip-pockets in our schools, no kicking of the teachers, no bands of forty thieves. We have christian teachers and the moral training goes right along with the school books. The boy or the girl who gets no more education than can be had in our schools has the foundation laid for any beginner in life.

St. Valentire's day has come again and the good old fellow does seem to have some influence upon the bipeds, for our young people are mating and marrying all around us. That is all right, and we love to see it going on, for it is accordance to nature. Most everybody takes some stock in the marriage of the young folks. Even the old bachelors and old maids wake up and smile and bid them good speed. They are taking a great risk, we know, but it is best to take it even the venture is a failure. It is not a failure. If it is a failure it is their fault. I never knew an unhappy marriage that was not made so by one or both of the parties. It is a sad thing to marry in haste and repent at leisure. It don't pay to marry by the month. I never hear of hasty and inconsiderate marriages but what I think of those sad and serious lines of Tom Hood:

"Oh very, very dreary is the room
Where love, domestic love, no longer nestles;
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The corpse lies on the trestles."

The corpse of conjugal love is an awful corpse. Not long ago a married woman asked me for $10. She said her husband had money, but she wouldn't ask him for a dollar if she never got any. There is a corpse in that house. The husband is stingy and tyrannical—the wife is proud and sensitive and so love got sick soon after the marriage and lingered and languished and died. A man ought not to force his wife to ask him for money. It does humiliate a woman. It makes her feel her helplessness, her dependence, and smothers her equality. The husband should anticipate her wants if he is able. The money or the bank account ought to be at her disposal at all times, for she will spend less of it foolishly than he will. A very considerate wife told me that it was her greatest trial to ask her husband for money though he was always kind and never refused. And I suspect there is many a good wife who is humiliated in that same way. It is St. Valentine's season now, and a fit time for the married folks to mate again and renew ther promises. What a pity that love should get sick so soon and turn into a corpse—a corpse that cannot be buried but stays in the hous by day and by night. From such a corpse, good Lord deliver us. BILL ARP.

B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm).

If you try this remedy you will say as many others have said, that it is the best blood purifier and tonic. Write Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of convincing testimony.

J. P. Davis, Atlanta, Ga. (West End), writes: "I consider that B. B. B. has permanently cured me of rheumatism and scaitica."

R. R. Saulter, Athens, Ga., says: "B. B. B. cured me of an ulcer that had resisted all other treatment."

E. G. Tinsley, Columbiano, Ala., writes: "My mother and sister had ulcerated sore throat and scrofula, I used six bottles."

Jacob F. Sponcler, Newnan, Ga. writes: "B. B. B. entirely cured me of rheumatism in my shoulders. I used six bottles."

Chas. Reinhardt, No 2026 Fountain Street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I suffered with bleeding piles two years, and am glad to say that one bottle of B. B. B. cured me."

J. J. Hardy, Toccoa, Ga, writes: "B. B. B. is a quick cure for catarrh. Three bottles cured me. I had been troubled several years."

A. Spink, Atlanta, Ga., says: "One bottle of B. B. B. completely cured my child of eczema."

W. A. Pepper, Fredonia, Ala., writes: B. B. B. cured my mother, of ulcerated sore throat.

Back bones, spare ribs and sausage are getting scarce.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam be it ever so humble," there's no specific for pain like Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents per bottle.

"The most troublesome companion a person can have while being away from home, is a cough, and I would advise everybody to procure Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup before starting. (Drummer.)

SENATOR VANCE'S SPEECH.

What a Republican Newspaper says of his Great Speech.

The Speech of Senator Vance delivered in the United State Senate the 30th of last January on the Negro Question, is of great interest and force

Southern Republicans who may read it and who are free from bitterness, must acknowledge that Senator Vance, on this subject, has expressed himself in the language and ideas of a generous man and a statesman thoroughly conversant with the difficulties and complications surrounding and involved in the negro problem. Senator Ingalls' speech on the deportation of the negro fell far short of what any Southern man irrespective of politics, would deem an intelligent and reasonable discussion of the subject.

Public men like Senator Ingalls who keep up sectional bitterness are not friends of the Republican party or of the great republic. The negro receives more consideration and protection in the South than he would if he were white. The illiterate and ignorant white people in the South are not allowed the freedom under the State laws that the negro is by the Democratic party. The ignorant white man is compelled to vote the Democratic ticket and dare not refuse. No such course is pursued towards the negro. He is, under the form of law, defrauded out of his vote. If every negro in the South could by some magic touch be made white to-morrow—we mean an unquestionable member of the white race—his condition in politics and in society would be a hundred times more degrading and servile than it now is. This would be owing to his inexperience and ignorance. There are exceptional case of inhuman and atrocious treatment of the negro in the South.—Greensboro North State—Republican.

Five Strong Points of S. S. S.

1st. It is entirely vegetable, contains no minerals or poison of any kind, and builds up the system from the first dose.

2d. It cures Cancer of the Skin. No other remedy or treatment was ever known to do it.

3d. It cures hereditary Blood Taint, even in the third and fourth generations. No other remedy has ever done it.

4th. It has never failed to eradicate Scrofula (or King's Evil) in all its forms from the the system.

5th. It cures contagious Blood Poison in all its stages by eliminating the horrible virus from the system, thus giving relief from all the consequences of this bane of the human family.

"My blood had been so out of order during the summer of 1888 that I virtually had no health at all. I had no appetite; nothing I ate agreed with me. I was feeble, puny, and always feeling bad. I had tried various remedies without receiving any benefit, until at length I commenced on Swift's Specific (S S. S.) That medicine increased my weight from 155 pounds to 177 pounds in a few months, and made me as well and healthy as any man now living. S. S. S. is undoubtedly the greatest blood purifier to-day on the American continent.

JNO. BELLEW,
No. 449 North State St. Chicago, Ill.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFS SPECIFC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The tender words and loving deeds which we scatter for the hearts that are nearest to us are immortal seed that will spring up in everlasting beauty, not only in our own lives but the lives of those born after us.—Spurgeon.

Colored Gentleman—Permit me Miss Simberly, de extreme felicity of presenting my seat.

Miss S.—Thanks, kindly, Mr. Johnsing, but don't deprive yourself.

Mr. J.—No depravity, mum, no depravity at all, I assure you.

The Children's health must not be neglected. Colds in the head and snuffles bring on catarrh and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures it at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. It also cures catarrh, the worst cases yielding to it.

It is dangerous to tamper with irritating liquids and exciting snuffs. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant, and is easily applied. It cures the worst cases of Catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever, giving relief the first application. Price 50 cents.

Doctor—Well, Dennis, did you take the pills I sent you?

Dennis—Indade, doctor, an' I did not; ye wrote on the box "One pill three times a day," an' I've bin waitin' till I see you to ask you how a man was to take a little bit av a pill loike that three times in wan day?

Poor Widow Bedott.

She tried to write love poetry to the deacon, and could frame only—

"Affliction sore
Long time I bore."

Had the lone creature used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the sure remedy for weaknesses and peculiar ailments of her sex—she might have secured the deacon's favor by the cheerful character of her verses.

Jones—I suppose you take lots of comfort with your new baby, Brown?

Brown—Well, I should say so Let me tell you how cunning he is.

Jones—I'd very much like to hear, but to tell the truth I'm due on the next block in four hours from now. Some other time, Brown.

FOR THE FARM.

Matters of Interest to Tillers of the Soil.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

A farmer came to town St. Valentine's Day with a load of hay for sale. The hay was green, fresh and luxuriant. The ike of this has never been seen before in this country.—Reidsville Review.

No country can be really prosperous unless the farming classes are in a prosperous condition; therefore it is the duty of every man to help build up the agricultural interest. Whatever injures the farmers is derimental to the entire country.—Monroe Register.

The Alliance could be what it is with any dozen men connected with the organization were in their graves. The organization was not called into being at the will of any man or set of men. It is an organization of principle and not men.—Clinton Caucasion.

The Farmers' Alliance grows now mainly in the western part of the State. In the east it holds its own well, in the face of the hard times, but it is in the Piedmont and mountain sections that its real increase will be made in 1890. So says State Secretary Beddingford.

Mr. G. W. Bryan gives the best cure for hard times we have seen in this section. He began stabling three cows about the first of October, and says he has raised about 60 loads of good manure from their stalls. He stabled them at night and kept a plenty of litter. Why not raise from your cows accordingly? At this rate nine cows will raise 540 loads of manure in a year—Scotland Neck Democrat.

The only way for farmers to better their condition is to raise sufficient home supplies. During the war between the States our people raised abundant supplies for home consumption, but with the return of peace they fell into the old way of raising cotton and depending on the other sections for bread. Cotton, cultivated in the old way, is not profitable, and the persistence in raising it and neglecting the crops so necessary to our existence is the cause of all our troubles.—Red Springs Scotttsh Chief.

Mr. G. R. Winchester, who lives 7 miles west of of Monroe, gives us the result of an experiment which he made upon his farm last year. He planted four rows of cotton, each seventy feet long and adjoining, one of which he manured with stable manure, at the rate of a load to the acre, one with acid, one with marl phosphate, and one was not manured at all. The following was the results of the experiment: The row manured with stable manure yielded 10 pounds; the one with acid 6½ pounds; the one with marl phosphate 7 pounds and the row not manured 7½ pounds. The moral of this would seem to be, make your manure at home.—Monroe Register.

THE STATE AS A FARMER.

The State of North Carolina, for, by, through, and on behalf of the penitentiary, has undertaken to run a large farm down on the Roanoke River. Mr. H. J. Pope, general surpervisor, says that the quarters are about ready. There are 195 hands on the farm, 70 on the Halifax side and 126 on the Northampton side. They will work 75 horses, will plant 1,000 acres in cotton, 800 acres in corn, 400 hundred acres in clover, 400 hundred acres in oats, and have now 100 acres in wheat, besides some in rye and clover already in.

That looks very nice on paper, but we cannot help fearing that the move will result in a magnificent failure. We remember it has been said the State could not build and run the W. N. C. Railroad, and we think it requires more sense to operate a farm than a railroad. We know many men who have failed to successfully run their own farms, and we fear some of them will be selected to "supervise" the state farm. We believe the move is a mistake.—Hickory Press.

CROSS-BRED POULTRY FOR THE MARKET.

The most successful market poultry is that which is obtained by proper crossing. And what branch of business pays so well as that which supplies the tables of the rich and poor? There is profit in breeding fancy fouls after a reputation has been achieved, but that costs money and time. Market poultry needs no reputation. All it needs is good common sense, and enough experience to run the business. The average farmer has these.

The writer has been severly criticised by some fancy breeders for his stand on crosses, but, as his aim is to benefit the market, he feels justified in his position. Besides, there is plenty of room for both fancy and market poultry. We need the fancier, by all mean. We cannot produce crosses without pure-breds. There are two great points desired in breeding poultry—an increased production of eggs, and improvement for the table. These are the ligitimate grounds which justify cross-breeding. In crosses we combine quality with size, as, for example, Houdan on Cochin or Brahma, or Cochin on Dorking. This later cross is after the English fashion.

They take a good two-year old Cochin cock and mate with six Dorking hens of a year old. The pullets of the cross are next season mated with game, and their produce is then marketed. Thus they gain size from the Cochin, and quality from the Dorking. By the game cross very little in size is sacrificed, while another firstrate cross, in point of quality, is added. An Englishman, referring to this cross, once said: "The flesh is white as snow, and as savory as any aldermanic gourmand could desire." It must be understood, however that nothing is gained by mating the progeny. Cross-bred birds should never be mated together. When we make the cross we have the ideal of our experiment; beyond that there is a downward tendency.

We do not believe any great success can be obtained in mating for increased egg production. That is, no cross can be secured that will give a higher egg record than that which some of our noted strains now have. It is principally for an improvement of table quality that we recommend inter-breeding.—Ex,

Developing Genius.

Genuis unexerted is no more genuis than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epic's in men's brains just as there oaks in acors, but the tree and book must come out before we can measure them. We very naturally recall heres that class of grumblers and wishers who spend their time in longing to be higher than they are, while they should be employed in advrncing themselves. How many men would fain go to bed dunces and wake up Solomons! A man of mere capacity undeveloped is only an organized day dream, with a skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junkwood.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

How he Paid the Lawyer.

"My first case in San Francisco," said Attorney James K. Wilder, to a reporter, "was the defense of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court, because the prisoner said he had no money.

"The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and, as the defendent was leaving the court room, I called him back, and just as a joke handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first $50 he got.

"Next day he walked into my office and planked down two $20s and a $10.

"'Where did you get all that money?' I demanded as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak.

"'Sold the priest's watch,' he replied, as he bowed himself out.'"—San Francisco Examiner.

The Power of Ink.

"A small drop of ink, falling, like dew, upon a thought, proclaims that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think," wrote Byron. The inspiration of his pen might give the dusky fluid such a far reaching power, and we wish we were possessed of such an inspiration, that we might, through a like medium, bring into such extended notice the matchless virtues of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, those tiny-sugar-coated granules which contain, in a concentrated form, the active principles of vegetable extracts that Dame Nature designed especially to promote a healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Sam Jones.

Sam Jones is a compact, wiry, small-eyed man, who seems to be happiest when he is telling people of their sins in the plainest of plain English. He denounces his hearers to their faces, shows them how utterly sinful and depraved they are, calls them all the names he can think of—points them out with his finger and sometimes calls them by name. He is as rough as a frontiersman, says the Yankee Blade, but those who know him best say that he is as tender as a child. He says the meanest man in Georgia is his wife's husband, but his wife does not agree with him, for she says she has the best husband in the world. Sam Jones never hesitates to crack jokes in the pulpit, and it is proven that his style of preaching is popular from the fact that he makes $25,000 a year. He spends most of his money in charity.—Cosmopolitan.

YANKEE DOLLAR.

How the Credit of our People is Destroyed

The Whole Infernal System Illustrated by the Montgomery Gold Mine.

Credit is the basis of industry. It is the same thing in commerce and industry that FAITH is in religion. It is faith. Men work by faith, and without it they will not work. By faith they may remove mountains. By faith—credit—cheap credit—men do remove mountains or tunnels through them. We believe that if we can cut through that mountain yonder we can go to that coal mine. The mountain is tunnelled We believe that it will pay to dig down those hills yonder to get to that iron. The hills are dug down. We believe from the best expert testimony that it will pay to tunnell some hills in Montgomery county for gold. It does pay—is paying several thousand dollars a day! The Montgomery people are having a good thing of it (?) No, a Northern syndicate has bought out the mines for about twenty thousand dollars and is working them for all they are worth! HOW IS THIS—didn't Montgomery have people enough to work them? Is there not plenty of surplus labor there at twenty-five cents a day? Yes but they had no capital to develop them. They couldn't buy the needed machinery, you know. But why didn't they do it on the CREDIT of such a mammoth enterprise You say the experts had testified that the gold was there, and the people BELIEVED it. Well, some of them did go North to get the money and got some of the capitalists INTERESTED. The capitalists didn't BELIEVE in scheme at first but after a while they sent THEIR OWN experts down to examine. Would not believe until they could thrust their fingers in the side of the hills. Strong faith now, but DEEP and undisclosed. Admits there may be something there. Will give twenty thousand dollars for the hill—much more than was wanted to operate the mines. Perhaps it was far stronger than thenty thousand dollars. It was also active—"Faith without works is dead"—in the mining business. The Yankee's faith works because he has got the money to work it with.

The people of Montgomery had faith too, but they couldn't express it in dollars and cents. It couldn't be converted into machinery to work the mines. It was dead because the Yankee had fixed it so it couldn't move of itself. It made a sposmodic, gasping sort of an effort to support itself by the use of the Yankee's credit. (But his credit was made to sustain his industries.) It crawled fawingly to Yankeedom on its belly and besought him to give it the same means of subsistence; Have found a little gold mine way down in a poor little county in North Carolina—give me the means to work it. The Yankee didn't believe it at first—but finally said if it was a good thing he wanted it himself. He got it. He has got, if his financial system continues another quarter of a century, everything that is worth having is this country.

If this is not the story of the Montgomery mines it is the story of an hundred thousand industries in the South, which to-day are paying tribute to the wealth and the monopoly of Yankeedom. Do I take any pleasure in the introduction of Northern capital into our State to develop our resources upon the term which I know it comes? Don't I know that his capital is often made the means to complete the wreck which his "dollar" has left in its devastating track? Don't I know that the profits of his capital which he has so generously (?) invested to npbuild the "poor South" goes back to improve his country, to adorn his houses, to enlarge his cities, to build up his palaces and to sustain his rioting at his watering places? God forbid that I shoud ever take pleasure in the conquest and degradation of my country—in the introduction of capital into our State which introduces the profits of the capital into the Yankee pockets.

We need now in North Carolina two men: One who will write the history of the Reconstruction and Destruction of the YANKEE'S carpet-bag dollar—and another who will write out the half fulfilled prophesy of the conquest of his capital.

I have no objection to capital from any place or country, if it comes on our own terms, to stay and to upbuild us and help to maintain our institutions. But I oppose all capital which comes in a spirit of conquest. It is as much our enemy as an invading army and leaves in its wake more disasters. The twelve thousand business failures in 1889, the climax of their ever increasing ratio for a score of years, give but a faint idea of the ruin which has been wrought; their liabilities of a hundred and forty million dollars are a very small part of the liabilities created.

* * *

It is no wonder that inspiration taught that we "live by faith," that love "works by faith," that by faith we may "remove mountains." It is no wonder that the old sage, Carlisle, reiterated the truth for this generation: "The lack of faith is a fatal defect of character." It is no wonder that a beneficent Creator distributed everywhere in the earth's bosom two metals to serve as a medium to express men's faith in each other, in the stability of their government and in God's government. It is no wonder that earth's greatest law-giver, Moses, when he discovered his people hoarding up what God and nature intended for circulation, checkmated their avarice by making it unlawful to charge each other any interest at all. It is no wonder the great prophets, when times were hard especially, declaimed against ornaments made from the precious metals, when one of the consequences was to limit the circulation of infinitely less necessity in those simple times than in the complex civilization of to-day. It is no wonder that in modern times when there was no law to limit usury, man invented a medium of exchange, paper currency, which is more essentially founded ON FAITH—faith in the stability of the values of gold and silver—faith in the stability of values of property—faith in the stability of government and the country's credit. Wisely do men call it "credit currency." Great is the power of faith. An association has an hundred thousand dollars in coin. It is managed by the most competent men among us. The people believe they will, when called upon, be able to REDEEM a hundred thousand certificates based on the coin. This community has then two hundred thousand in circulation—faith currency; an hundred thousand dollars based upon its credit in all nations, an hundred thousand dollars in paper based upon the coin and upon the credit of the association among our people and all people as far as they are known. Men BELIEVED there were an hundred thousand dollars in the Montgomery hills—perhaps a million—possibly among millions. They could not EXPRESS their belief in dollars and cents. Faith without credit is dead. Credit is faith at work; but the Federal Government, under the control of the Yankee, says that our faith shall not work. He has taxed it out of existence. IT IS DEAD. We can only work his faith on his terms for his benefit. If the Montgomery people had digged a million dollars out of the earth he could not issue a dollar upon it. The YANKEE has made it unlawful for them to express their faith in their own enterprises except through his measure or credit. These he has got in his own possession and lets us have them only upon his TERMS! His terms are such that we cannot develop our ORDINARY industries except at ruinous rates: We cannot develop our extraordinary industries because we have to let him know about them first, and he and HIS DOLLAR, working cheap for him become our competitor and drive us out of our own enterprise. For whom now does the gold of Montgomery glitter. If they dig ten millions out of its soil will the county be any richer for the holes in the ground where the gold USED TO be? Will any factories be built in Montgomery? Will any rich men be there to relieve the sufferings of her poor, when their crops fail? Won't that gold which God intended to develop North Carolina, (or else he would not have put it here) go to adorn the palaces of the rich, to make ornaments for the feather-headed women of New York society and to measure the bets upon North Carolina's credit on Wall street.

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Nearly our whole people in debt—many of them permanently—thousands of them hopelessly! THEIR DEBTS GROW. They contracted these debts at first upon the reasonable faith that what a man soweth he should also reap—in its increase after its kind. Some miscalculated, but a whole people do not and did not miscalculate every year upon NATURE'S yield. Nature does not cheat men so. Some were thriftless and wasteful, but a whole people are neither—at least our people are not. But whether thriftless or economical, tenants or landlords, as a general rule, they are in debt. As a general rule they have been getting deeper in debt for a series of years. As a general rule their lands and other property have been deteriorating in value and their farms running down. There is a fatal miscalculation somewhere. If nature in the long run is reasonably certain, something somewhere is unreasonably uncertain. The people of a whole State do not err so fatally when the facts are all before them—still less the people of a score of States—still less nine-tenths of the agricultural people of a whole country. Nature and nature's God DO NOT systematically cheat an earnest, honest, hard-working, economical rural population over three million square miles of territory. God and NATURE HAVE NOT cheated the people. When the husbandman sows, in the main, he can still reap. In spite of difficulties, the corn, wheat, cotton and other crops are still on the increase in the country at large. The people with some local exceptions, as North Carolina this year, make far more than when the country was prosperous—BUT THEIR CROPS DO NOT INCREASE THEIR WEALTH. they put them often deeper in debt. "But why go in debt," you ask, "why not live at home and make what you eat and eat what you make?" THE PEOPLE ARE ALREADY IN DEBT—they are on a general average a year behind. They got in debt when times were better, upon a reasonable expectation of paying out and a WELL GROUNDED hope of making some thing to lay by for their little ones. Who of us would not, who of us ought not, who of us does not, go in debt under such circumstances and for such purposes? "Go in debt," you ask? Yes, and thank God for the privilege. Don't we all go a year in debt for the very bread we eat? Don't we INVEST our seed and labor in the ground upon the REASONABLE faith that we shall reap if we faint not? Ah yes, you say, but that is becoming debtor to nature, which in the long run will not deceive us. So then you are not opposed to going in debt if there is no deception. Well, we are agreed. I am writing these articles to show that there is deception in our debts. That is why we can never pay them—that is why our credit is destroyed. The scoundrels in charge of the general government have enlarged the measures of our debts and of the public debt. As long as this continues we are hopelessly in debt to the government and to our masters—our creditors.

In North Carolin the legal rate of interest is 8 per cent—as much as our industries can bear. In Texas the legal rate is 12 per cent! How long will it take the Yankee's money to devastate that rich and virgin land? How much cold comfort is it to us that thus far her industries average more than 12 per cent profit?

The people of Mongomery, sitting upon their gold mines, cannot coin a dollar; they cannot issue a certificate of credit to get the gold out of the ground; they cannot issue a certificate of credit upon the gold after they have got it out of the ground.

In Turkey, when a slave finds a piece of gold it belongs to his master. In North Carolina when the people find a gold mine it belongs to the Yankee.—W. J. Peele, in State Chronicle.

HOME CHAT.

N. C. Thought From Our Exchanges.

The reason why the Kansas farmes are burning their corn instead of coal is because the price of corn is so low that it wont bear tranportation, and they haven't got hogs enough to eat it. They might convert it into whiskey and drink it but Kansas is a prohibition State and the whiskey business has to be run on a sly there. From all appearances the Kansas who has been voting for protection is on the ragged edge.—Wilmington Star.

The exodus craze has about subsided hereabouts and the "culud folks" that are left are apparently as happy as if they had never heard of any exodus.—Goldsboro Argus.

HIS WATER SUPPLY.

How a Traveler in Queensland Utilized a Skull.

There is a terrible story coming from North Queensland about a man who was lost in a bush. He used up all his water and then dropped his "billy" in the agony of his thirst. By and by, fortunately, he came to a water hole, there he slacked his thirst and found the road again. He had still some thirty miles to go, however, and had nothing to carry water in. Of course it would have been madness to attempt to travel 30 miles on foot under a North Queensland sun without water, so his ready invention came to his aid. He had been horrified a short distance back by the skeleton of a man who had evidently been dead several years. He went back and got the skull, plugged up the eye holes with clay and filled it with water, He then tramped that 30 miles with the water contained in the skull. Can any novelist imagine a more ghastly and frightful idea than this, for which we can vouch.—Ex.

A Lesson Taught by Hard Times

The crop failures of last year make the merchants and farmers cautious in their plans and estimates for the new year but they are pushing ahead lovingly and cheerfully. It makes one think of humanity to witness the spirit in which they bore the disasters of the old year and turned to face the trials and discouragement of the new year.—Rev. Dr. Hufham in Biblical Recorder.

Euspepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourn because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia, and install instead Euspepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle by A. W. Rowland, Druggits

If, "a numerous household is the safety of the Republic," it might as well be proclaimed at once, that the remedy upon which such household should be reared is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

A good cathartic is worth its weight in gold, yet Laxador, the infallible regulator of the human system, is sold for only 25 cents a package.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it. 50 cents, by druggists.

A Remedy For "Hard Times."

Don't think that we have about exhausted the theme of hard times? and is it not time to call a halt, and begin to try to remedy the ills that surround us, by working with might and main to our condition? Let every man try in his own vocation to do some good, by using frugulty and industry. If we are wise, and will use the means within our power we can do much toward easing the burdens. Nature has done everything for us that is essential to health and comfort and if we will observe the simplest lessons, success and prosperity will come. So don't despond, but go to work, and put life in what we do. Don't give up but work the harder.—Mt. Olive Telegram.

Keep your mouth shut and the flies won't go down your throat.—Spurgeon.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

What is Happening in the World Around Us.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

Rev. Thomas Dixon delivers the annual address before Wake Forest College next commencement.

John P. Davis, the murderer of John A. Horton, was sentenced to be hanged on the 28th of March, at Pittsboro.

A colored woman at Henderson who had previously given birth to twins, gave birth to triplets week before last.

Drummers report business better in Eastern North Carolina than they had expected to find it.—Statesville Landmark.

Twelve hundred jurors have been summoned for the next term of the Davidson Superior Court. A number of lynchers are to be tried.

The Greensboro Patriot says there are 128 saw and plaining mills along the line of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Road. The exportation of lumber from the port of Wilmington is already immense, and the completion of this road promises to largely increase it.

The Tarboro Southerner appeals to the people of Edgecombe county to take steps toward the erection of a monument to the memory of Gen. W. D. Pender; also Henry L. Wyatt, a native of Edgecombe and the first martyr of the war, who fell in the battle at Bethel, Va., June 10th, 1861.

The Asheville Journal tells of a calf with two heads and four eyes died at three days old in Rutherford county, N. C. Mr. Elick obtained this curiosity, and by his skill as a taxidermist has the calf in a folding case which cost $125. He has been offered, he says, $1,500 for the case with the curiosity calf in it.

Col. W. W. Dudley, of the "blocks of five" notoriety, has recently been in Thomasville. The Lexington Dispatch says: It is said that his manners are so engaging that a dyed-in-the-wood Cleveland man will forget in a five minutes conversation with him that he had anything to do with the methods by which Indiana was carried for Harrison.

There is an interesting case in tooth carpentry on the civil docket of Forsythe Superior Court. The Greensboro Workman says the plaintiff had some teeth filled, and at the root of one so filled an abscess formed, which, it is claimed, damaged the plaintiff to the amount of $5,000. He is therefore suing the dentist, Drs. Watkins & Conrad, for this amount.

The Twin-City Daily gives this account of a fatal occurrence near Walnut Grove, Stokes county, last Friday evening: A gentleman named Wm. Lane was out hunting with a rifle and on returning home met up with another gentleman, when the two stopped and got into a conversation. The gentleman with the gun blew his breath in the muzzle of his rifle, whereupon the gun went off, the ball passing through his own head, killing him instantly.

A. E. Posey, Jr., a young lawyer, was tried in Henderson county Superior Court last week and acquitted. A few months ago on the streets of Hendersonville he shot and kill Furman Forest, a bar-keeper, in self-defence, as was claimed. He and Forest had had some words during the trial of a case in which he (Posey) was appearing, and Forest is alleged to have renewed the controversy on the street with the result that he lost his life.

It is reported that a number of the companies which have heretofore been selling fertilizers in the State have formed themselves into a pool to institute action to test the constitutionality of the license which they have been paying the State. They now pay an annual license of $500 each. Col. John W. Hinsdale, a Raleigh lawyer, applied at the State Treasury department one day last week for a license for a fertilizer company and paid the tax under protest. The State Department of Agriculture and the Agricultural and Mechanical College are supported by the fund raised from the fertilizer tax.

A letter the Sun received last evening from Morrisville gives an account of a very singular co-incident in the death of two brothers by the name of James and David Crocker, living Wake county, some seven or eight miles south of Raleigh. Both were born on the same day of the same month, but James in 1852 and David in 1855. Both died from pneumonia on the same day, last Tuesday, the 12th. Both were buried in the same coffin. When married, both married sisters, on the same day, and each one leaves a widow and six children.—Durham Sun.