

A REPUBLICAN EDITOR ON THE RATE QUESTION.

While this arrangement is termed a compromise, it is a complete victory for the State over the Southern and Coast Line railways...

At one time it looked as if the railroads would fight to the bitter end, but when Governor Glenn threatened to call the Legislature in extra session...

We did not believe that passenger rates should have been reduced at this time and we still believe that the law will work a hardship upon the roads...

The foregoing is from an editorial by Jack Albright a member of the legislature which enacted the rate law...

A TALK TO BEGINNERS ON ROAD-BUILDING.

That is a fine book on road building written by John W. Hayes, Petersburg, Va. It will be sent by the author for a two cent stamp for the asking...

He wrote it because he wanted new and inexperienced road commissioners to know and profit by the mistakes of others...

In reply to your inquiry regarding my "Little Road Talk," will say that it gives me pleasure to mail it without charge to anyone who may be interested in the subject...

The State Convention of the Superior Court Clerks of North Carolina will be held in the assembly hall of the McAdoo Hotel in Greensboro August 14-15th.

A charter has been issued for a match factory for Greensboro with \$20,000 paid in capital.

was to devise means by which larger bills of costs could be made and more fees charged. The result was that in many counties clerks soon after the Wake meeting began charging illegal fees and padding the bills of costs.

The clerks of the Superior Court in this State are honest men, so far as we know, but we sincerely hope that the purpose of their meeting at Greensboro is a social gathering together, for now is not the time to devise means by which to enlarge fees.

The Courier has a way of sending out bills and sending them out often to delinquents. Our rule is cash in advance and nine-tenths of our subscribers pay in advance.

To School Committeesmen.

Some who were appointed public school committees at the last regular meeting of the County Board of Education have not qualified.

The census has been mailed to all districts. The law requires the census to be taken during the month of August, and when this is done the committee is entitled to draw two cents per name for the census.

All of the above matters should be attended to now. Those districts in which the committees are slow to qualify and to meet and organize will be just that much behind in the selection of teachers.

The graded schools have already employed all their teachers, many of them having done so two or three months ago. If those who have charge of the rural schools would act as promptly in securing teachers as do those who have charge of the schools in the towns and the cities they would soon find that it will be much easier to secure such teachers as they would like to employ.

If as many as ten teachers or committees will write me at once requesting a public examination on the second Thursday in September I will call one for that date.

Handelman Defeats Millboro. In a very exciting and interesting game Handelman defeated Millboro at Handelman Saturday afternoon by a score of 4 to 3.

Rev. J. W. Ingle closed an 8 days revival meeting at Farmer Sunday last. The meetings were most successful. Besides scores of conversions there were twenty-one additions to the church Sunday morning.

Mr. Ingle is spending this week at Jamestown, a member of the Courier party, and upon his return he will begin a meeting at Oak Grove.

OLD BUT RACY.

A Letter Which Ex-Judge Robinson, of Goldsboro, Wrote Republican State Chairman Adams.

Raleigh News and Observer. The Hickory Mercury Prints a rather belated letter from ex-Judge W. S. O'B. Robinson to Spencer B. Adams, Republican State chairman, that is another interesting chapter in the Butler-Adams war...

Law Office of W. S. O'B. Robinson, Goldsboro, N. C. May 14th, 1907.

"Freeze, freeze, thou winter sky Thou dost not bite so nigh As benefits forgot Though thou the waters wrap. Thy sting is not so sharp As friend remembered not."

Judge Spencer B. Adams, Greensboro, N. C.

Dear Judge—I had written you ere now, but that I am at a loss to know just what to say—a predicament that I have more than once been in before—perhaps the best thing to do is to tell the truth.

When you were the clerk of a little county court in far away Caswell county, just on the "outskirts" of the State and adjoining the "rhubarb" of Virginia, Senator Butler marshalled his forces with such consummate skill and gave battle to the Democratic party...

In the legislature succeeding this, we sent Senator Pritchard as senator to succeed Senator Vance; to the next Congress we sent Marion Butler, himself. We elected a governor and all our State officers; a Supreme court and put six Superior court judges on the bench.

In your recent contest for the chairmanship of our executive committee, you had failed to get into your county convention from the ward in which you live, and your county voted its entire strength against you.

It was not long before the farmer came along to see how his plan had worked. He saw Brer Rabbit twisting and turning, trying to get loose. "So you are the one that has been muddying the water in my spring, are you?" said the farmer.

"Please, sir, turn me loose," begged Brer Rabbit; "I won't muddy you: spring again if you will let me go this time." But the farmer wouldn't listen to him.

Butler is the man that made me withdraw from the contest for reelection on the national committee in favor of Duncan, and I expect to be able to prove to him that he made a mistake in that instance.

The Democrats hate him as they do the devil, but they have cause. Surely we should not join them in denouncing him for saving us from "sweeping the State" in two different elections.

Suppose you train your guns on the enemy; it will give more satisfaction to the party in this "neck of the woods," and you know it was the boys in this section that saved your bacon.

Sincerely yours, W. S. O'B. ROBINSON.

Protracted Meeting. Rev. J. W. Ingle closed an 8 days revival meeting at Farmer Sunday last.

The east bound Passenger train from Raleigh collided with a freight at Auburn Tuesday night killing Engineer Parker and two firemen. Many passengers were injured.

THE TAR BABY

Born And Bred In A Brier Patch— Uncle Remus

There was once a farmer who had a spring of very clear water. Every morning, before he went to work, he would go down to the spring to get a drink of this water.

One morning, however, he found that some one had been there ahead of him and muddied the water. It was so muddy that he could not drink it.

The third morning, when he found that some one had muddied the water, he was mad. He began to look around to see who could have done such a thing.

All day long, while at work, the farmer was thinking of some way to catch Brer Rabbit.

Now, Brer Rabbit had been going to the spring every morning for several days to wash his face. By the time he was through washing, the water was quite muddy.

One cold frosty morning he found a queer-looking object sitting near the spring. He did not like the looks of it, but he thought he would be polite; so he said, "Good morning."

Again Brer Rabbit said, "Good morning," and still the Tar Baby didn't say a word.

Now Brer Rabbit began to get angry. "You had better answer me when I speak to you. If you don't tell me 'Good morning' I'll smack you over."

"I'll teach you some manners," said Brer Rabbit. With that he drew back one of his fore feet and smacked the Tar Baby as hard as he could.

"If you don't turn me loose, I'll knock you into the spring," said Brer Rabbit, getting more and more angry.

"If you don't turn me loose, I'll bust the life out of you," with that he drew back his head and butted the Tar Baby in the face.

It was not long before the farmer came along to see how his plan had worked. He saw Brer Rabbit twisting and turning, trying to get loose.

"I've caught you now and I'm going to boil you for my dinner," said the farmer.

"Please, sir, turn me loose," begged Brer Rabbit; "I won't muddy you: spring again if you will let me go this time."

The nearer the farmer came to his home, the more uneasy Brer Rabbit became. He stopped begging the farmer and put on his thinking cap.

"Please, sir," said he, don't throw me into the brier patch. Burn me! Roast me! Skin me alive! Do anything with me; but please don't throw me into the brier patch this cold, frosty morning!"

The Greensboro police have discovered a negro man supposed to be afflicted with leprosy. Soon after he became ill his body became covered with white spots, his teeth dropped out and his hair is coming out in patches.

Now, this was just what Brer Rabbit wished him to do. As soon as he touched the ground he kicked up his heels and laughed and laughed. He ran off, crying, "I was born and bred in a brier patch! Born and bred in a brier patch!"

Caraway News. Mrs. Frank Horney and children, of High Point, have returned home after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. E. N. Farlow.

The protracted meeting at Mt. View began Sunday and will continue for a week.

Mrs. and Mrs. Walter Craven, of Level Plains, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Dougan.

Misses Ida and Gertrude Jarrell have returned home after spending a week with friends at Troy and other points South.

HIS ODD AD.

The Collar That Gave Plumley a Second Start in Business.

"Nothing succeeds like perseverance," said Mark Twain at a dinner. "When the luck seems most against us, then we should work and hope hardest of all."

"On his release you wouldn't have thought that he'd return to Virginia City again, eh? He did, though. He came back, reopened his collar factory and prospered."

"What gave him his start was the odd advertisement with which he announced his return to business among us. Preceded by a brass band, Henry, in a great gilt chariot, burst upon our streets.

One instance is known in which Old Glory's shame is the crown of a family's prestige. At the battle of Bladensburg the American troops were defeated by the British under the command of an Irish officer named Ross.

"It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes.

It is pretty fast clock. He was standing in front of the circular elevator indicator in one of the office buildings, watch in hand.

It is said that a sea leaps 200 times its height, and while it usually does land on its feet, it often fails, especially when it falls on a perfectly smooth surface.

It is said that a high polish may be obtained after nickel plating on small steel articles, such as screws, by tumbling them with leather and dry rouge.

Politeness. Lady (to Irish gardener, who "obliges" by the day)—Well, Dan, and what do I owe you for today? Dan—Sure, ma'am, I'd sooner be taking the half crown you'd be offering me than the 2 shillings I'd be asking of you.—Punch.

Birds and Feathers. Mistress—Mary, have you any rooted objections to using a feather duster? This room looks as if you had. Maid—Yes, mum, I have. I belong to the Audubon society.—Harper's Weekly.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than it is to satisfy all that follow it.—Franklin.

TWO CHEERFUL LIARS.

A Queer Cherry Tree and a Book Action Cannon Ball.

Mr. Finlayson, town clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvelous in conversation.

"No, my lord," said Finlayson. "He blew the ball back and killed the artilleryman who had fired it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

The Greatest Literary Treasure That the World Has Lost.

Perhaps the largest and most valuable of literary treasures the world has lost was the Alexandrian library. This collection, the most remarkable of the ancient world, is said to have contained in its most flourishing period 400,000 or, according to others, 700,000 manuscripts.

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