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G. K. GRANTHAM, Editor.

Render Unto Caesar the Things that are Caesar's, Unto God, God's.

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ARPS REGULAR CHAT.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S VISIT TO THE OLD NORTH STATE.

If any old man has treasured the impressions of his youth about old North Carolina it is time he was waking up from his Rip Van Winkle dream. There was a time when the geography that we studied asked the question, "What are the products of North Carolina?" and the answer was, "Pitch, tar and turpentine." There was a time when the primitive settler, on being asked what he raised for market said: "Fruit and live stock and lumber," by which he meant pumpkins and 'possums and hoop-poles. There was a time when the natives were called "tar heels," and if one of them emigrated he hardly dared to own his state, and if he did he tempered the discredit by saying he was born "purty close to the Virginny line." If these things were ever true they are not true now. Old North Carolina has long since awakened from her slumber and is now rapidly foregoing ahead.

My recent visit there and the beautiful handbook sent me by Mr. Robinson, the commissioner of agriculture, constrains me to tell your readers some thing they do not know and will be surprised to learn.

This handbook of 350 pages is published in best style of typography and illustrated art, and would be a good model for other states to imitate and emulate. It has forty-five beautiful full-paged photographic views of notable features that illustrate the mountains, forests, vineyards, fisheries, farms, factories and railroads of the state. It is a book fit for Chicago at the World's Fair. I wish that Georgia had one, and every other Southern State, for I am sure that no stranger can read it but who will be attracted to North Carolina as a most wonderful and progressive State. It is just 500 miles from Cherokee to Roanoke island, and every portion from the fisheries of Albemarle to the land of the sky has something peculiar and desirable to boast of. We have long since been boasting of our cotton factories in Georgia, but does Georgia know that there are one or more cotton mills in forty-three counties in North Carolina; that there are nineteen in Alabama, seventeen in Gaston, twelve in Randolph, nine in Mecklenburg, eight in Catawba, eight in Guilford and 140 in the State, besides a number in construction. That in these mills are nearly 10,000 looms and over 500,000 spindles, and they consumed last year 165,200 bales of cotton. Besides these there are thirteen woolen mills that are turning out the best quality of jeans, kerseys, cassimers and blankets, and there are eight knitting mills, some of them being operated day and night, and all declaring good dividends. There are fifty-seven factories that make carriages and buggies, thirty-two that made wagons, twenty-five that make furniture, six that make hubs and spokes and twenty-four that make sash, doors and blinds. One of these works 125 bands. Then there are hundreds of sawmills and turpentine distilleries.

There are twenty-eight canning factories for vegetables and fourteen for oysters; there are fourteen cotton oil factories, forty-four fertilizer factories and quite a number that make barrels and crates and baskets and brooms.

But on the high top of this pyramid are the tobacco factories that far exceed in number and capital those of any state in the union.

There are 110 that make plug tobacco, nine that make smoking tobacco. Durham alone sold 11,000,000 pounds last year and paid to the government for stamps \$516,125; Winston paid more than that and Asheville sold over 5,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco. These are only the principal tobacco markets, and the aggregates of the production increases with every year. Then there are the rice fields and cranberry meadows and the immense truck farms that extend all along the coast and find an early market in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. At Newberne alone there were shipped in one day 23,009 barrels of Irish potatoes and 18,000 boxes of beans, and this an every day business, and does not include the peas, tomatoes, asparagus and cabbage. Indeed, the productions of this coast region seem incredible. Then there are the fisheries that employ 6,000 persons and 3,000 boats and ship 30,000,000 pounds of fish in a season. Next comes the medicinal herbs, of which one firm in Statesville shipped in one month 118,000 pounds. They employ 300 agents to collect these herbs, and do by far more business than any similar firm in the world. We have in the mountain region of Georgia and Tennessee the very same botanical plants, but nobody gathers them.

Now, I have said nothing of the mineral springs or the vineyards or the small fruits nor of the tuberoses that are shipped from very large towns to the northern dealers.

This is a wonderful state and a thrifty, industrious people. More great men have been born or educated within her borders than any of the southern states. In the long ago my father taught me that Nathaniel Macon was the greatest of all our statesmen, even though he did weatherboard his house on the inside and had the lops up instead of down, so that he could pour hot water in the cracks and kill the bedbugs. From his day down to Zeb Vance the state has not lacked for notable men, and it is safe to say that no one man ever lived in a state who was so universally esteemed and loved as Vance is by his people. No one man was ever such a coat of arms, such an ensign, such an emblem of his commonwealth. Vance is North Carolina and North Carolina is Vance. This cannot be said of any other man in any other state.

Now, what will Georgia do when she considers this record? How much longer can she claim the honor of being called the Empire State of the South? We have a splendid record for the past, but what are we doing now? Here is my country that ranks all others in the state in mineral and agricultural wealth, and yet there is not a cotton or woolen mill in it, and hardly a wheel turning any kind of machinery. Where are our cotton factories, save those in Augusta and Columbus and half a dozen more that make up the list? Are there half a dozen canning factories in the state? What is the matter with our people, especially the farmers, who could put their money together and have a little cotton mill in every fertile valley—a mill that would spin their own cotton into yarn or knit it into hosiery. Eight or ten thousand dollars would build such a mill and give employment to all the poor children in the neighborhood. Will we never wake up and get out of the old ruts and learn a lesson from North Carolina?

I am now spending my leisure in writing a history of my state—a history for the young people—if they choose to read it. It is a labor of love with me, and my best ambition

is to found it upon the truth—"nothing to extenuate nor set down aught in malice." Some things I will write that have not been written, for my heart's desire is to hand down to our children, pure and untarnished, the honor and integrity of our fathers. I have been frequently urged to write such a book, and have got my own consent—not to compete with others that have been written, but rather to say something that has not been said, but should be. The time is short, the landmarks are passing away, but there are still a few men left who are rich in memories. Notable men, gifted and true—men like Judge Richard H. Clark and Henry R. Jackson and Dr. Miller and Chan C. Jones and General Longstreet, with whom I will confer for facts. "Will your book be sectional?" said Professor Robeson to me. "No," said I, "but it will be Georgian, and if that makes it southern I cannot help it. Whatever the truth is the book will be."

HILL ARP.

Much has appeared in the newspapers and the agricultural journals, and much has been talked the past few years for and against farming as an occupation. And though there may be truth in many of the objections which have been raised, still we cannot but feel that the fault is not so much with the occupation as with those engaged in it.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves that we are underlings."

Let us consider a few of the chief objections which have been brought forward: "There's a lot of hard work about it," says one. "There's no fun in it," declares another. "And there's no money in it," chimes in a third. And that's so, we might add, if you make it so.

For farming, like most other occupations, is just what you make it. There is hard work in farming. The time is long past, if there ever was a time, when a man could make a comfortable living in an honorable calling short of hard work. The successful men in any honorable occupation are worked men. The school teacher with his soft hands and short hours is sometimes envied, but if he is a success he must labor, if not with his hands, he must with his head, and we can tell you mental labor is the hardest of all labor. We have taught school, but have studied till we ached all over with worse aches than from ever holding the plough handles, or mauling rails, and many a time we have wished we could quit it and haul mud or dig stumps for a rest. What we must do in farming is not make muscle do it all, not depend on sheer strength and awkwardness, but hitch up mind and muscle together, and we find they make a strong team and lighten labor wonderfully.

So far from being a slave, the farmer is the most independent man to be found in any occupation. He has no customers, no clients, no patients to please. He may express his views fearlessly on any question and it will not in the slightest degree effect the growth of his crops nor the prices for these realized in the market. By a little forethought he may take a holiday when he likes, and as often as he likes and not feel worried thinking his trade will leave him. "No fun on the farm," eh! Well, farming is just what you make it. What, we might ask, is one of the first requisites to enjoyment? And we think the majority of those who know best would answer "Good Health." How much happiness could all the wealth

of Vanderbilt or Astor buy you without good health! And what calling is more conducive to good health than farming! The farmer has plenty of out door exercise, plenty of fresh air to breathe, pure water to drink, the freshest of earth's products to eat; all of which contributes largely toward the developments of a sound mind and a sound body.

One of the pleasant features of a farm life, especially for young people, is that it brings us in close contact with nature. Get acquainted with the horses and cattle the butterflies and flowers, and you will find them most delightful companions. That is not all sentiment, but fact. Within the past few years this writer has taken more solid pleasure out of the study of animals—especially cattle—than we once thought could be had in the whole realm of natural history. Let us learn from nature and adorn our home surroundings. Lay out a nice lawn and keep it nice; plant a few trees and shrubs about the house, cultivate a few flowers and a contented frame of mind and see if there is no sunshine in farm life.

"But there's no money in it," you say. "Aye, there's the rub." Let us repeat again, farming is just what you make it. We admit that farmers cannot make money quickly. They cannot by honest means roll up large fortunes in a short time. But the risk in farming is less, and the certainty of success far greater than in most other occupations. And notwithstanding the mortgages and grumbings, the farmers of North Carolina are man for man worth more money to-day than any other class in the State. That many farmers are not better off than they are, they have themselves to blame.

If unjust laws with special privileges to other classes is one cause of the trouble, the farmers are to blame. For if numbers count for anything, they have, and always have had, the power to control the government which enact such laws. But we do not believe the trouble is along this line. If, however, it is because you do not thoroughly understand the business, and we fear this is too often the case, the sooner the knowledge is gained the better. If want of push is the great hindrance you may as well get off the fence, roll up your sleeves and go to work, for although the world may owe you a living, she will never pay it unless you dun her for it, and keep on dunning. There is a good living in farming and money, too, if you only use skill and industry to get it. Then cease to find fault of your occupation but be proud of it. Don't feel insulted but complimented when some one calls you a "farmer." Remember it is the man who dignifies the office—

"Honor and fame from no condition rise, Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Remember too, farming is the most important of all occupations. A hungry world looks up to the Great Father and cries,

"Give us this day our daily bread."

This the impression of an universal want. To answer this prayer is the farmer's mission. He is the almoner of God's great bounty. He is the medium through which the world is fed. Therefore, we claim, that of all callings which engage the minds or hands of men none is more benevolent in its aims or more beneficial in its results.—Sampson Democrat.

GENERAL NEWS.

If that Forsyth county man who accidentally swallowed a silver dollar, fails to have it removed, there is a collector in this city who can get it out of him.—Star.

One of our Republican State exchanges speaks of receiving a letter from a postmaster who declares he is "the same old Republican yet, whether in or out." This seems to confirm the theory of total depravity, that there are some men for whom there is no hope of a change of heart.—Star.

Senators Vance and Ransom have been given several chairmanships in the Senate. The North Carolina Senators exert an influence second to none in Congress. They are men of considerable experience and are well versed in public affairs. Senator Ransom is now serving his 22nd year in the Senate, and is the oldest man in that body.—Express.

"Does he drink?" is the first question asked by Mr. Cleveland concerning applicants for office. It seems that he proposes to give no one office who is addicted to strong drink. Mr. Cleveland's course in this matter will be heartily approved by many of the best people in the country.—Sampson Express.

A weekly paper called the Snapping Turtle has been started in Atlanta. It is said to be edited by members of the newspaper fraternity in that city, and the object is to criticize anything and everything, make exposures, etc. Now why don't those editors do that through the papers they edit every day? Why start another paper!—Progressive Farmer.

To show how easy it is for a woman to travel by rail in this country, a young woman has just left Chicago for the Pacific coast and proposes to take in Mexico and the Atlantic States on her tour without setting foot on the ground. If she is a Chicago woman the people about the railroad platforms will be glad of this, for a Chicago foot requires an immense amount of ground space.—Star.

The republicans and third partyites appear very much concerned about the democracy of Mr. Cleveland. It is quite amusing to hear their expressions that he may not serve the democratic party loyally. The President has a mind of his own, and this is what men of courage and sense admire in anyone; When he turns his attention to North Carolina, as he soon will, the republicans now in office in this State will then understand Mr. Cleveland's democracy. He who serves his country best is most loyal to his party principles.—Chronicle.

Mr. J. B. Holland, deputy, U. S. marshal, and others yesterday captured two illicit whiskey stills near Mr. A. P. Hatcher's residence in Beulah township. They arrested Mr. Hatcher and a negro man and brought them here before U. S. Commissioner, D. W. Fuller, for a hearing. The trial was set for next week and the parties bound in the sum of five hundred dollars each for their appearance which bonds they failed to give and they were committed to jail. Mr. Hatcher will probably give bond to-day. We are surprised at men going into the whiskey making. All of them generally come to grief. The officers should keep on the watch so strict that this illicit distilling should be stopped. A law abiding people should respect the powers that be.—Smithfield Herald.