

Love at last is the light divine, As proclaimed by the ages dire, As pure as the gray star-shine.

A SPOOL OF THREAD

For people ever stop to think of the twisting and turning and the various processes the cotton goes through before it is wound on a spool ready for use.

First is shown a specimen of cotton in the field, just as it is picked, without having the seed removed.

The cotton is next seen drawn through a trumpet-shaped opening into a single strand of "silver."

The six cord thread is at last taken from a bobbin and reeled into a skein from which it is bleached or dyed.

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A DESPERATE MAN DEAD.

Miserable End of B. F. Welch, of Lancaster, in Richland Jail--Story of a Misadventured Life.

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 19.—In Richland jail to-night came the sad ending of a life which might have been one of usefulness and respectability, but was instead sinful and miserable.

Ben. F. Welch, who was arrested at Lancaster last Sunday and brought here Monday charged with stealing a valuable watch from James Tillman, son of Congressman Tillman, died in jail to-night as the result of a prolonged spree during the State fair.

The deceased came from a very respectable family, married well, and sought admission to the bar, but drinking, gambling and ungovernable passions made his life a failure and himself only productive of sorrow and suffering to all connected with him.

He figured with unenviable notoriety in connection with a charge of attempted assassination some years ago, and because he failed to pass examination for the bar, threatened to shoot Chief Justice Simpson.

His abuse of his wife caused her to leave him, and his prostration therefore followed.

The theft of the watch was from a room in the Grand Central hotel occupied with young Tillman. He leaving early and the watch being missed, fastened suspicion on him, and the watch was found in his possession at Lancaster.

He claimed to have won it in a game but offered no evidence to support his story. He was suffering from the effects of drink when brought here and had several fits, death finally resulting.

A gentleman from the vicinity of Dalton canyon informed a reporter that a very exciting little episode occurred up in that canyon on Tuesday, and one which promised for a time to result in the horrible death of a wood chopper, whose name he was unable to learn.

The man had been cutting stove wood for some days, and had four or five cords of wood piled up in different places along the canyon.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRIS DEAD.

The Newly Elected Manager of the Oxford Orphan Asylum Died at Durham on the 19th.

Rev. J. T. Harris, who succeeded Dr. B. F. Dixon as Superintendent of the Orphan's Asylum, a prominent and learned Methodist, was taken suddenly ill at the corner stone laying of Trinity College about ten days ago, from which he never rallied. He died on the 19th.

This from the Durham Globe: Rev. J. T. Harris, presiding elder of the Durham District Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died today at 11 o'clock, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. J. S. Carr. Mr. Harris had been presiding elder of the district two years, and was recently elected superintendent of the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

He had been stationed in Statesville, Goldsboro and other points; had been presiding elder of the New Bern district four years previous to his taking charge of the Durham district, and everywhere was greatly beloved for his exemplary piety, admired for his preaching ability, and relied upon for his preaching capacity.

He was a graduate of Trinity College, and was not only a scholar, but had also studied me and measures in church and State, and well equipped for the great work of the gospel ministry, to which he had devoted his life.

It is thought that the great interest, sympathy and labor which he put in the superintendency of the asylum hastened his end.

But his end was peace. Among his last utterances was a prayer for every pastoral charge upon his district, and closed his eyes with the feeble but triumphant exclamation, "lie down to die in peace, awaiting the resurrection of the just." Truly, "The chamber where the good man meets his end, is privileged beyond the common walks of this life quite in the verge of heaven."

He leaves a wife and five children to mourn their loss.

Are the Preachers Paid? It is getting along toward the end of the calendar year. The church year of one of the leading denominations of our State has just closed, and that of another one is about closing. Have the preachers been paid up? They are promised but a pittance and if they are paid every cent of it they are still on short commons. It is a scandal to their charges if the beggarly sums pledged them are not paid.

This matter because at this period, when so many struggling ministers are doing so well in a worldly way, we wouldn't have these humbler, every-day men of God forgotten. They are with us from year to year and are our every-day friends; they baptize our children, bury our dead, comfort us in our affliction and from Sunday to Sunday point out the way of life. They are the bulwark of society; they hold our civilization together. Their influence is continuously with us for good, and while the birds of passage come occasionally and turn the world upside down, we owe the preservation of our dearest interests, temporal as well as spiritual, to those unpretending ministers who, like the balance of the poor, are always with us. Let them not be forgotten in our giving. —Statesville Landmark.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

By Mrs. Bowser.

A large bundle, tied with ropes, came up to the house the other evening, and I had not time to try into the contents when Mr. Bowser came in. I waited until after supper and then asked:

"Did you ever know me to have a hobby, new or old?" "You are regarded as a man of hobbies."

"I am, eh? Then it is by a few idiots! No man in the country is more clear of hobbies. I am often told that I am too practical."

"Well, what is the bundle?" "A doctor's prescription—health—muscle—longevity. In other words, I don't propose to pay any more doctor's bills."

"Why, you have wonderfully good health, Mr. Bowser?" "And I propose to keep it. I haven't been exercising enough. I have brought home a small outfit."

"I think it is foolish and useless. You are strong and healthy, and you can make no change for the better."

"There you go! Always opposing everything I do! I wouldn't have your spirit for a bad-load of gold."

"Blame, don't blame me, as usual." "Blame, don't blame me, as usual. I should be sorry to suspect you of being light-headed, but you are acting very queer, Mr. Bowser."

"No, he was said, and he got out the tools and lugged his bundle up stairs and began fitting up a gymnasium. In about an hour he called me up. He had two weights at the end of two cords running over a pulley, and he worked one and then the other he said:

STATE NOTES.

Greensboro Workman: "There is, more properly speaking, an interdependence between the paper and community."

The Watchman says of Salisbury: "An ice factory, shoe factory, and an Episcopal school for Salisbury is good enough news for one week."

Wilson Advance: Mr. Ruffin Renfro tells us he has a pig with six legs. The animal has four fore legs and uses them all to walk with. He is lively as a cricket and seems to be getting along all right.

Beaufort Seaside: A farmer in Hyde county is the father of six children and they are all twins—three pairs—and in addition to that, the birthday of every one falls on the 5th day of October.

Goldsboro Argus: An Institute for the benefit of the white teachers of Wayne county will be held in this city, under the management of Prof. C. D. McIver, beginning the 24th current and continuing one week.

Durham Globe: Fifty thousand men with good voices have suddenly developed in the State. They all want to be "reading clerks," and their voices should not be allowed to pant for a job, at the State's expense.

Hickory Press and Carolinian: Last Wednesday morning, while working in the employ of the Catawba Lumber Co. of this city, Mr. Wm. Brotherson, the filer for the company, of Bay City, Michigan, was struck on the head by a falling blind and had his skull fractured, from which he died in a few hours.

Mr. Thos. Brown, a prominent farmer in the northern part of the county, has been suffering a long time from disease of the femur or thigh bone. Yesterday the diseased bone was all removed and hopes of his recovery are now entertained.

Washington Gazette: There are five building and loan associations in Washington, and the town is feeling good effect from them.

Augusta Allison, living one mile from town, raised 3,000 pounds of lint cotton this year on seven and a half acres of land, without any commercial fertilizer, and will get 1,000 pounds of seed cotton besides. She used home-made fertilizer.

SOME FREIGHT FIGURES.

To Turn Spindles You Dance to the Music of the Railroad--To Warm Yourself and Little Ones, Warm Get Your Fingers Scroved Down by the Railroad--Railroad Commission Needed and a Competing Line a Necessity.

Peachontas Coal Company does business in Virginia. Concord tries to do business at home. Only one railroad comes by here. It gives out a tune and we sing it—sometimes the bass predominates, and at times a few extra words, by way of emphasis, are put in. There is a song—"Coal"—that in some respects is very touching, oftentimes bringing forth a stream of tears.

Once upon a time a railroad company saw fit to shoot its train by, leaving our mails here for nearly one week—this was done in the face of ticket sales to the amount of about \$30,000 per year. The lightning company, with an eye to something great (?) and enterprising (?) put on an extra train. To start to Atlanta you leave here at 11:14, stop over in Charlotte and wait on a northern man's train; you may possibly have to wait four or five hours on a delayed train—that's nice for a lady, now isn't it? To start north in the evening you get on the Bob-bald side track at High Point and change over to the aristocratic cuss that can't see a town of 1,300 inhabitants, and one that contributes 25 per cent. more to the road, comparatively, than any town on the road.

Run to the question. Some people here use coal, and the biggest cotton mill in the state is located here, and it uses coal possibly to the amount of a car load per day. Of this we are not right sure, but here is something in black and white: One car load of coal, weight 49,600 pounds, was shipped from Richmond, Va., to a business man here. He paid \$84.37 for it, but \$63.34 of it was freight, and the balance, \$21.03, was the actual cost of the coal itself. The freight is more than THREE times the cost of the coal. Do you see it? Where does the \$63.34 cents go? To help satisfy a giant monopoly, cut-throat transportation line. These charges are fearful, they are outrageous. Charlotte does not pay that much. Why? Charlotte has competing lines. Any people might stand one case like this, but it is a daily affair. Suppose one car of coal comes here per day (a small estimate), what does the railroad realize in freight on it for one year? Just \$19,825.43, or in other words, the railroad charges worth \$19,825.42 for hauling \$6,582.39 worth of coal from Richmond, Va. It's worse than any tariff ever conceived by the rottenest, vilest, meanest background of a statesman that ever drew breath. Concord gets less recognition from the railroads than any town in the state, Harrisburg not excepted. The people have to pay for all these fancy luxuries that the company order for deserts. It's the poor people that feel it most, not directly, of course, but in the end sure.

The tims has come when Concord and the county should be looking out and working for a competing line.

To say the least of these charges is to pronounce them wicked abuse of powers, and mean imposition on present helplessness—that's the size of it.

All the logic, all the rhetoric, all the poetry, all the philosophy and all the brains in the world can't make the present freight rates fair, honest, just or even passably decent.

Young Man! This is for You. 1. Save a part of your weekly earnings, even if it be no more than a quarter of a dollar, and put your savings monthly in a savings bank.

2. Buy nothing till you can pay for it, and buy nothing that you do not need.

A young man who has grit enough to follow these rules will have taken the first step upward to success in business. He may be compelled if it wear a coat a year longer, even if it be un fashionable; he may have to live in a smaller house than some of his wife may not sparkle with diamonds nor be respectful in silk or satin, just yet; his children may not be dressed as dolls or popinjays; his table may be plain but wholesome, and the whiz of the beer or champagne cork may never be heard in the dwelling; he may have to get along without the earliest fruit or vegetables; he may have to adjure the club-room, and to reverence the Sabbath day and read and follow the precepts of the Bible instead; but he will be the better off in every way for this self-discipline. Yes, he may do all these without detriment to his manhood, or character. True, empty headed folks may sneer at him and affect to pity him; but he will find that he has grown strong-hearted and brave enough to stand the laugh of the foolish. He has become an independent man. He never owes anybody, and so he is no man's slave. He has become himself, a master of himself, and a master of himself will become a leader among men, and prosperity will crown his every enterprise.

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