

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

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OWNER'S ATTEMPT TO GIVE A PARTY.

Mr. Bowser suddenly looked up from his paper the other evening, and asked:
"Why is it that we haven't given a progressive euchre party this winter?"
"They have been voted too much trouble," I responded.
"They have, eh? Did anyone vote besides you? I saw half a dozen mentioned in the papers last Sunday."
"It is almost impossible to get thirty or forty people together on a certain evening, even if all desire to come. Mrs. Johnston calculated on eight tables and only had enough for five. Mrs. Dart calculated on—"
"Oh, bosh! What does a woman's calculation amount to?"
"But if people can't come, and don't come, what are you going to do?"
"They can't come; and they will come. It's all in the management."
"Well, I wish you would try it."
"Do you? Very well, Mrs. Bowser, I shall give a progressive euchre party next week, Wednesday evening. If you'll see to the refreshments I'll see to the people."
"I'll be glad to, of course, but—"
"But what?"
"You must prepare yourself for disappointments."
"Oh, I must! How kind of you to give me warning! Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to seem vain or egotistical, but I'll invite thirty-six people here on that night, and for every one who fails to come I'll give you a \$20 bill."
"You are very, very kind. I hope the party will be a great success. You can begin at once."
During the next hour he had the use of the telephone to call up acquaintances, and when he finally hung up the trumpet he turned to me with:
"Anything very dismal about that, Mrs. Bowser? I've got ten couples without moving out of my tracks. I'll have the other eight before to-morrow night."
"That is they will promise to come."
"Promise! Promise! Do you imagine that all other people are like you? Most folks know their own minds for a day or two ahead, Mrs. Bowser."
When he came home next night he had a list of eighteen couples who had been invited and solemnly promised to come. Mr. Bowser had made it a point to inform each one that the playing would begin at eight sharp, and all had agreed to be on hand fifteen minutes before that hour.
"Voted too much trouble—can't get people enough!" sneered Mr. Bowser as he looked over the list. "It's in the management, Mrs. Bowser—all in the management."
For three days he walked round on tiptoe and took every occasion to brag over me. Then came the first set-back. We were at dinner when the telephone rang and Mr. Bowser was asked for:
"Hello, Bowser!"
"Yes."
"This is Filbert."
"Yes."
"I wanted to tell you that we can't come down to the party."
"You can't?"
"No. My wife has just remembered that she agreed to go over to Johnson's on that night. Sorry, old fellow, but I hope—"
Mr. Bowser shut him off with a loud bang and turned to me and said:
"Mrs. Bowser, don't you ever darken Filbert's doors again—never! They are liars and dangerous people. I can fill their places in five minutes."
Before he got out of the house there was another ring.
"Hello, Bowser."
"Yes."
"This is Watkins."
"When I told you the other day we'd be down Wednesday evening I forgot that your Eva was to have a child's party on the same evening. That knocks us out."
"And you can't come?"
"Of course not. Sorry to disappoint you, old fellow, but of course—"
"Watkins is a liar, Mrs. Bowser—a first-class bold-faced liar!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, "and you want to out the whole family as dead as a door nail!"
He went off saying he could get 2,000,000 couples to take their places, and he returned at evening, just as the following note came the hands of a messenger boy:
"Mr. and Mrs. Jackson present their compliments, and regret that the death of an uncle in China will prevent them from being present on Wednesday evening."
Mr. Bowser had begun to turn white, when the telephone rang.
"Hello, Bowser!"
"Yes."
"Say, old man, this is a world of change, you know. When I told you we'd come down to that party I never thought about my water. She's to be married that

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Free Press.
One of the old time editors of Michigan was boasting the other day that he had never been sued for libel, or attacked in his sanctum, but he could recall many narrow escapes. Twenty-five years ago he was running a red hot paper on the line of the Michigan Central railroad. A man named Carson, who was running for some county office, was given a bad racket, and the editor received a note that if he had any thing more to say he might expect a good pounding. He had a still more bitter attack the next week and the paper was hardly mailed before in walked Carson the candidate accompanied by a brother and two cousins. The four were strapping big fellows, and each was armed with a horse-whip. The two compositors and the "devil" got out with all speed. He realized the situation at once, and began:
"Walk in, gentlemen; I presume you have come to horse-whip me?"
"We have," they answered.
"Very well. Have you thoroughly considered the matter?"
"It doesn't need any consideration," replied Carson. "You have lied about me, and I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life."
"Just so, my friend, but first hear what I have to say. Did you ever hear of the press being stopped because the editor was cowardly?"
"I dunno."
"Well, you did. Lick me all you choose, and my paper comes out every week just the same. The power of the press is next to the lever which moves the universe. It makes or breaks parties, builds up or tears down plants or destroys. Aggravate the editor and the press becomes a sword to wound or kill. Wallop me if you will, but next week I'll come out more bitter than ever."
There was an embarrassing silence right here, and the face of each horse whipper had an anxious look.
"It will go out to the world—to America, Canada, England, France, aye! to Jerusalem, that the Carsons of this country live on roots and Johnny cake; that they murdered a peddler for a pair of two shilling suspenders; that the women are clubfooted and the men work their ears when they sing, that the—"
"What is the regular subscription price to the Herald?" interrupted Carson.
"Only twelve shillings a year."
"Put us four down."
"Very well—six dollars that's correct. Run in and see me—all of you, and if you want to see any of my Detroit exchanges I shall be only too glad to serve you."

THE FARMER'S CURE-TRICK.

Th' cutest trick I ever seed played on a thief was one John Wiley, a neighbor of mine, got. Ye see, John had been missin' corn for some time. Every night somebody was payin' the crib a visit. John thought over it a long time and didn't know hardly what to do about it, fur, ye see, he thought he knew the poor devil that wuz doin' the work and didn't like to expose 'im, specially as they lived right 'joinin' most. At last he thought of a way to stop the thiev' without settin' traps or anything of that sort.
He tak an' he whittled out a hull lot of little pegs 'bout 1 inch thick and 2 inches long. Then he drove these pegs into two or three dozen ears of corn, hammerin' a peg into th' butt end of each ear. These ears he sprinkled aroun' over his pile uv corn near the crib door.
Well, th' nex' day was a Sunday, an' John found that corn had been stolen as usual. So he put on his 'go-to-meetin' and walked over to the neighbor's little place. They talked and smoked, you know, and John kept kinder saunterin' along until they were at the feller's stable. There Wiley saw a pile uv fresh cubs which just had been throwt out. Still talkin' unconcerned-like, John picked up a cob and commenced whittlin' on it. Parly soon a peg dropped to the groun'.

AN EDITOR RETRACTS.

The Chronicle is very happy to note the settlement of the case against Mr. D. F. St. Clair, editor of the Sanford Express for libel. Something over a year the Express made the statement that Hon. Frederick Phillips had been drinking with Sion Bachmann against whom a case was pending which Judge Phillips was to try. This was a damaging assertion and Judge Phillips, denying the statement caused Mr. St. Clair to be indicted for libel. The case was to have been tried this week in Moore Court but was compromised. Mr. St. Clair making a full retraction.
The Chronicle is glad to note that this vexed case has been settled. We know that Mr. St. Clair was honest and that he thought what he published was the truth. He pointed only what he heard. His only fault, therefore, is that he was too credulous and did not learn the truth of the damaging statements before he made the publication. Judge Phillips' friends knew that a vindication awaited him and they are gratified that it has come in the way above mentioned. They are glad that Mr. St. Clair took the manly course of making a full retraction when he became convinced that he had been misinformed. He is a brave and manly editor, bold and fearless, and would dare to do right against any odds. The following is Mr. St. Clair's statement:
The defendant, D. F. St. Clair, comes into court, not and confessing his guilt, but protesting his innocence, says that he is unwilling further to contend with the State, and puts himself upon the mercy of the court. He farther says that in the publication of the paper writing set forth in the bill of indictment, he stated merely what he had been informed, believing the same to be true. That since said publication, he has become aware of the incorrectness of the statement made, and admits that by such publication he has done Hon. Frederick Phillips gross injustice. That he regrets the publication of such matter, and publicly makes a full retraction.
Signed, D. F. ST. CLAIR.
They Will Go All the Same.
Wilmington Star.
There is one colored "exoduster" who has enough of California. The Asheville Citizen writes to several of the most intelligent negroes who had gone to that distant State what they thought of that country as a home for their race. It publishes a letter from J. C. Oliver, from which we copy the following:
"I say unto you, stay where you are. You may think that times are hard there, but you stay at home, and hear what I say unto you, all of the colored, old and young, for what I say unto you I say unto all—abide at home among your own people."
"Let me call to mind the prayer that the rich man prayed when he was in hell; therefore I say unto you, all, do not come to this place of torment. I am here, and I tell you, lest you also come to this State, do not believe those passenger agents, for all they wag is your money."
But the simperers will not believe but will rush on to their doom.
Winston Sentinel: The many friends of Rev. W. H. Robbitt, who some time ago was stricken with paralysis at Rockingham, and who was two weeks ago removed to the residence of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Ashcraft, of this city, will be glad to learn that he is steadily improving and that strong hopes are now entertained of his permanent recovery. Dr. Robbitt is still confined to his bed, but uses both hands, and says he could spend some of his time in sitting up, but that he suffers from nausea when in an erect position. This, however, is owing to the effects of the medicine he is taken and will only be temporary.

PLANTING SWEET POTATOES.

Nothing is gained by very early planting of sweet potatoes except to insure a larger area from a given-sized bed by drawing and setting the first slips that appear and getting them out of the way of the next crop. Slips planted out in April require more cultivation and rarely produce so well as those planted in May and June. The ground for the first and each successive planting should be kept in mellow condition by occasional plowing and re-bedding. By no means should slips be set out after a rain until the beds have been freshened by re-bedding, or at least listing. Slips set in a sudden bed rarely do well.—Southern Cultivator.

FROM THE GOLDSBORO ARGUS.

From the Goldsboro Argus we learn that numbers of negroes who went West sometime ago are writing back to their former employers, imploring to send them enough money to come back home with. The same paper states that Tom Pool, a highly respected negro, who recently exodustered from Fremont, has written back home that the exodusters are distressingly disappointed out there; that he himself would give anything to get back again but that he is so penniless and hopeless that he never expects to see his old home again, while he earnestly advises all those of his race who are still in North Carolina to stay there.

WILSON'S SENTINEL.

A careful calculation shows that out of every dollar of taxes paid in the State the white man pays 95 cents while the negroes put in the other 5 cents.—Greensboro Patriot.
And yet the negro schools receive almost as much as the white schools, and year after year white men's money is used to educate negroes and prepare them to vote against our best interests—to vote to keep up the high tariff, vote for bad designing men and against the rule of the best. How long will this kind of thing continue? We think it is about time to call a halt. The Sentinel is in favor of educating the white children first and then if there is any school-land left, give it to the negroes. Charity begins at home, gentlemen, and if the schools for white children, which are sadly needed, were established, they would use up every cent of the meagre pittance which we here in North Carolina grudgingly give to the schools. What think you brethren of the press, on this subject?

THE INEVITABLE COLORED GENTLEMAN.

The inevitable colored gentleman has turned up in Georgia, who, after paying first-class fare on a railroad, objects to being put off with second-class accommodations, and brings his objections before the Inter State Commerce Commission. It seems that the Commission have already expressed their opinion in his favor, and he is seeking to have their decision enforced, and to have a reasonable guarantee for the future.
The colored brother is becoming a cause of dissension in some of the churches at the North.

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