

The Dispatch

TELL BOTH SIDES, AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

VOL. 1.

FRANKLINTON, N. C., SEPTEMBER 30, 1887.

NO. 11.

THE DISEASE AND ITS REMEDY.

EBEN E. REXFORD. The other day our friend McPhail was taken with disease; We knew 'twas not a cold, because With colds you have to sneeze; It could not be a fever, for With fevers you are hot, And so we really couldn't tell What sickness he had got. The first day he began to grin, Though no one knew what at; The second sneezing sat in, And giggling followed that; The third day it was haw! haw! haw! The fourth day a perfect roar, And every hour the man grew worse, And seared us more and more. The doctors came, and looking wise, Declared they never saw A case like this before. McPhail Just roared out haw! haw! haw! The windows rattled in the east. The wise men started growl, And said they thought his funny-bone Congested through and through. They said perhaps it might be well To talk of something sad; To fix his thoughts on solemn things Was all the hope they had. So we sat down with faces grave, All in a mournful row, And talked of sorrow, death and sin, Till tears began to flow. Alas! he only laughed the more To see the tears we shed; 'Twas plain this treatment wouldn't do; "No hope of him," we said. So we gave up in sad despair, And left him to his fate In grief, just as we heard the sound Of some one at the gate. "McPhail, here comes your mother-in-law." We said. The roar stopped; His features lost their funny look, His jaw that moment dropped. Since then he hasn't laughed or smiled: He's a lemm as you please, And seems to think the remedy Was worse than the disease.

The President's Speech at the Centennial of the Constitution.

I deem it very great honor and pleasure to participate in these impressive exercises. Every American citizen should on this centennial day rejoice in his citizenship. He will not find the cause of his rejoicing in the antiquity of his country, for among the nations of the earth his studies with the youngest. He will not find it in the glitter and pomp that bedeck the monarch and dazzle abject and servile subjects, for in this country the people themselves are the rulers. He will not find it in the story of bloody foreign conquests, for his government has been content to care for its own domain and people. He should rejoice because the work of framing our Constitution was completed one hundred years ago to-day, and also because when completed it established free government. He should rejoice because this Constitution and Government have survived so long, and also because they have survived with so many blessings and have demonstrated so fully the strength and value of popular rule. He should rejoice in the wondrous growth and achievements of the past hundred years, and also in the glorious promise of the Constitution through centuries to come. We shall fail to be duly thankful for all that was done for us a hundred years ago, unless we realize the difficulties of the work then in hand and the dangers avoided in the task of forming a more perfect union between the disjointed and inharmonious states with interests and opinions radically diverse and stubbornly maintained. The perplexities of the Convention which undertook the labor of preparing our Constitution are apparent in these earnest words of one of the most illustrious of its members. "The small progress we have made after four or five weeks of close attendance and continued reasoning with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many noes as yeas, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of human understanding. We, indeed, seem to feel our own want of political wisdom since we have been running about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government and examined

different forms of those republics which, having been formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist. In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were in the dark to find political truth and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not heretofore once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understandings?" And this wise man, proposing to his fellows that the aid and blessing of God should be invoked in their extremity, declared—"I have lived sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of the truth that God governs in the affairs of men, and if the sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings that except the Lord build the house, their labor is vain that build it. I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial interests; our projects will be confounded and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages and, what is more, mankind may hereafter from this unfortunate instance despair of establishing governments by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war and conquest." In the face of all discomfements, the fathers of the republic labored on for four long, weary months, in alternate hope and fear, but always with rugged resolve, never faltering in sturdy endeavor sanctified by a prophetic sense of the value to posterity of their success and always with unflinching faith in the principles which make the foundation of a government by the people. At last their task was done. It is related that upon the back of the chair occupied by Washington as president of the convention a sun was painted, and that as the delegates were signing the completed Constitution one of them said: "I have often in course of the session and in the solitude of my hopes and fears as to its issue looked at that sun behind the president without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting, but now at length I know that it is rising and not the setting sun." We stand to-day on the spot where this rising sun emerged from political night and darkness, and in his own bright meridian light we mark its glorious way. Clouds have sometimes obscured its rays and dreadful storms have made us fear, but God has held it in its course and through its life-giving warmth has performed his latest miracle in the creation of this wondrous land and people. As we look down the past century to the origin of our Constitution, as we contemplate its trials and its triumphs, as we realize how completely the principles upon which it is based have met every national peril and every national need, how devoutly should we confess with Franklin, "God governs in the affairs of men;" and how solemn should be the reflection that to our hands is committed this ark of the people's covenant, and that ours is the duty to shield it from impious hands. We receive it sealed with the tests of a century. It has been found sufficient in the past, and in all the future years it will be found sufficient if the American people are true to their sacred trust. Another centennial day will come, and millions yet unborn will inquire concerning our stewardship and the safety of their Constitution. God grant that they may find it unimpaired; and as we rejoice in the patriotism and devotion of those who lived a hundred years ago, so may many others who follow us rejoice in our fidelity and in our jealous love for constitutional liberty.—Chronicle.

Homesick

Foolish books tend to make fools of their readers, a truth well illustrated by the following picture, which we commend to boys who are beginning to hanker after lives of adventure. Experience is a hard school master, and it is advisable to get such lessons, as far as possible, at second-hand. "By others faults wise men correct their own." A little fellow, not over twelve years old, was sitting behind a box at the Omaha depot the other morning, crying softly and looking very dirty and forlorn. "What's the matter?" we asked. "Haint nothing 'the matter," he said, defiantly, sitting up straight, hastily brushing away his tears, and pushing back his jacket a little so as to display the handle of an old revolver in his pocket. Then he looked off across the river at the strange buildings, and lost his bravery, and buried his head again and sobbed through his tears: "O mister, I've been arunnin' away, an' I want to go home!" "What made you run away?" "I thought it would be nice, but it haint, no, it haint," and he rested his face in his hands, and looked the picture of woe. "Dick Dagger had a heap o' fun but I haint had a bit." "Who was Dick Dagger?" "Didn't you ever hear o' him? He was the boy-scout of the Rockies, an' I wanted to be like him. There haint Indians what'll hurt a feller round here, is there?" "No." "I wouldn't shoot 'em if there was. Dick shot 'em, but I don't want to. I want to get back home, but mebbe I never will," and once more his tears flowed. "Where do you live?" "Oh, I live down in Marion, in Illinois, and it just about killed me riding in that old freight-car; an' I hurt my knee, an' I'm cold, and haint had no breakfast nor supper, neither. I wish I'd never heard of Dick—I don't see how he got along so well—and if I ever get home again, and see my—my—my—ma," but the thought of his mother was too much for him. "I don't want to hurt Indians, or bears, or nothin' nor rescue no maidens, an' I'm tired of that old thing!" and he pulled a rusty revolver out of his pocket that hadn't fired for ten years, and threw it across the track. "Please, mister, get me something to eat, an' I'll work all day for you," and he looked up pitifully, and straitened his little cap on his curly head. We took him along, and he ate three or four meals in one, but even after that he didn't say a word about exterminating the Indian. The next day a grave-looking father arrived, looking for a very homesick boy, and they went back together. So the Government lost another scout, but an anxious mother got back a boy who will never run away again.—Youth's Companion.

Puzzle for Boys.

Boys should never get through life satisfied to be away borrowing other people's brains. There are some things they should find out for themselves. There is always something waiting to be found out. Every boy should think some thought that shall live after him. A farmer's boy should discover for himself what timber will bear the most weight, which is the most elastic, which will last longest in water, what is the best time to cut down trees for firewood. How many kinds of oak grow in your region, and what is each specially good for? How does a bird fly without moving a wing or feather? How does a snake climb a tree or a brick wall? Is there any difference between a deer's track and a hog's

track? What is it? How often does a deer shed his horns and what becomes of them? In building a chimney, which should be the largest, the throat or the funnel. Should it be wider at the top or drawn in. The boys see white horses. Did they ever see a white colt? Do they know how old the twig must be to bear peaches, and how old the vine is when grapes first hang upon it? There is a bird in the forest which never builds a nest, but lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. Can the boys tell what bird that is? Do you know that a hop vine always winds with the sun, but the bean vine always winds the other way? Do they know that when a horse crops grass he eats back towards him; but a cow eats outward from her, because she has no teeth upon her upper jaw, and has to gum it!—Roanoke News.

"Lovely." The absurd use of the word 'lovely' is illustrated in the following conversation overheard on a horse-car in the suburbs of an Eastern city. Of course the reporter did not have his note-book open, and therefore he can only be sure of the general accuracy of his account. But this is the impression the conversation made on him. The speakers were a young man and a young woman, happy in each other's society and a bag of chocolate creams: "Isn't it lovely riding on the open cars?" asked the young man. "Lovely!" was the reply. "What lovely houses there are all along this street!" "Yes, lovely!" "See those magnificent elms forming a perfect arch of green over that avenue. Aren't they lovely?" "Perfectly lovely!" "The view from this hill is so fine!" "Lovely!" "How beautiful that little cottage hidden in the green vines is!" "Lovely!" "See that lovely lawn. Isn't it charming?" "Just lovely!" "Have you enjoyed the ride?" asked the young man when the end of the route was reached. "Oh, yes!" was the gushing reply. "It's been just too lovely for anything!"—Ex.

She Got up and Walked.

A most remarkable case of "faith cure" is said to have taken place at Chattanooga, Tenn., on the night of the 4th inst. Mrs. W. S. Jordan, wife of a well known minister, who had been confined to her bed for a year and a half with "heart disease," and a complication of other troubles, was thoroughly "cured." An emissary of "Christian science," from Boston, arrived in Chattanooga Saturday, and a service of prayer was held at the bedside of the sick woman that night. The services lasted two hours, when to the astonishment of all present, Mrs. Jordan arose from her bed unaided, dressed herself and started out into the street. She walked two squares before returning home. The next morning she arose from her bed, and, after partaking of a hearty breakfast, went to church for the first time in two years. When she entered the church her most intimate friends could not believe their own eyes, although they saw her. The affair has created a decided sensation in Chattanooga, and her husband, who is wild with delight, says there is no use questioning the "faith cure" in the future.—Pee Dee Index.

Paltry Dishonesty.

A young aspirant for office in Iowa drove up to an hotel, and alighted, and engaged a room. He desired his trunk taken to his room; and, seeing a man passing whom he supposed to be the porter, he imperiously ordered him to take it up. The porter charged him twenty-five cents, which he paid with marked quarter, worth only twenty cents. He then said: "You know Governor Grimes?" "Oh, yes, sir!" "Well, take my card to him, and tell him I wish an interview with him at his earliest convenience." "I am Governor Grimes, at your service, sir." "You—I—that is, my dear sir, I beg a-a-thousand pardons!" "None needed at all, sir," replied the Governor. "I was rather favorably impressed with your letter, and had thought you well suited to the office specified; but, sir, any man who would swindle a working-man out of a paltry five cents would defraud the public treasury, had he an opportunity. Good evening, sir."—Selected.

A Little Fun at Home.

Do not be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do not shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpet, and your hearts, lest a laugh should shake down a few of the dusty old cobwebs that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly in winter, and let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in summer, and make the homestead delightful with those little arts that parents so well understand. Do not regret the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment within doors, and merriment of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard that they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little home sanctum.—Farm and Fireside.

Millionaire Sutro's Literary Taste.

In his frequent trips to Europe Mr. Sutro found it a recreation to gather rare and valuable books and manuscripts, and when he retired from mining these formed the nucleus of a great library, until now it numbers between sixty thousand and seventy thousand volumes, many of them unique, and a large number of Oriental manuscripts, including the original leather sheets of Hebraic text from which the ingenious Shap-eira made up his spurious Book of Deuteronomy. Mr. Sutro's plan is to establish a free library in San Francisco that shall be second to none in the world in the departments of history and science. In connection with it will be a museum for the display of Egyptian and other curiosities. Besides four well authenticated mummies of hoar antiquity, he has a boat discovered in an Egyptian tomb, of the time of Abraham. The California Legislature, which has just ended its session, passed a bill giving Mr. Sutro full powers to establish this library. Its site will probably be on the heights overlooking the famous Seal Rocks and the Pacific Ocean—a beautiful spot that the millionaire has already converted into a great pleasure ground.—GEORGE H. FITCH in the September Cosmopolitan.

Farmer Hayseed—Got a letter from Johnny to-day. He's a gettin' along fine, and says he's got into cube root. Mrs. Hayseed—Thar! I told you that thar boy would make a hog of hisself.

The Jersey City Board of Works are liable to indictment. They recently discharged a clerk named Woodcock, who had served over thirteen years, and now he threatens to prosecute them for killing game birds out of season.

Proud Philadelphian—It was a glorious celebration, wasn't it? Wife—Indeed it was. And how thankful it should be that our ancestors were members of the first constitutional convention. "More than that! More than that, my dear. They fought for liberty on the field of battle. They laid all they had on the altar of freedom, yea, life itself, that we might enjoy the blessings of human liberty, but I must hurry down town."

"Why, what's going on to-night?" "I want to find out what candidates Boss McManee has sent up for me to vote for."

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FUN.

[Clipped from the Exchanges.]

The boy whose mother whaled him with a five-foot apple tree sprout, he had enough of Long Branch for this season.

If the United States authorities ever get hold of the lamented McGarigle he will be convinced that in Union there is strength.

Eastern railway companies should revise their passenger tariff at once so as to make a slight distinction between the quick and the dead.

If Jim Jenkins don't stop shooting our windows out there'll be trouble. This is no rented house and the windows cost money. If he wants to shoot at us he must come inside.

A Chicago pastor recently prayed as follows: "O Lord we ask thee to send the skimmed milk dairyman in haste to thy crematory; and may the recording angel chalk down every adulteration."

Florrie—No, dear, it was not an editor who wrote that beautiful gem beginning "Come read to me a poem, some simple and heartfelt lay," we don't know who wrote it, but it was not an editor.

Great actress—Oh, Mr. De Stage, we can't play to-night. Traveling Manager—Why not? "Our trunks haven't arrived and we haven't a thing to wear." "That's all right, I'll put on a burlesque."

Teacher—What did the woman of Samaria take to the well? Pupil—A pitcher. "What for?" "She wanted to drown him because he couldn't make the up curve."

"I see by the paper," said Scroggs, "at least by a headline, that a woman shot at Coney Island." "Well," said Muggs, "I'll venture to say, from what I know of the sex's marksmanship, that she didn't hit it."

The first frost of the season has visited the Northwest and already people are beginning to pick their front gates and get them ready for the fair. In fact they've been sort of 'tending the fair in their circular way all summer.

"That fellow wants the earth," remarked the clerk, as the tall guest disappeared after making many demands. "Him?" said the porter; you couldn't give him the earth; he owns three town lots in Wichita."

Made a hog of hisself: Farmer Hayseed—Got a letter from Johnny to-day. He's a gettin' along fine, and says he's got into cube root. Mrs. Hayseed—Thar! I told you that thar boy would make a hog of hisself.

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