was reminded of the way in which Bob

Taylor reproved a man, and so I told

them that a rough countryman was in-

troduced to Taylor, and after looking

him over and up and down he said: "Well, Bob, it seems to me I have

don't know where in the hell it was," "What part of hell do you live in, my

friend?" said Taylor, without a smile

of my church said to me that the na-

tion was in great peril-greater peril

den people will not stand the oppres-

negro preacher who said, 'Ab, my

bred'rin', dar am but two roads to

trabel-one am de broad road dat

lead to destruction, and de oder am de narrer road dat leads to de debil; now

what you gwine to do-which road you take?' An old darky exclaimed,

Bless de Lord, I takes to de woods!

"Well, I was sorry to part company with the preachers, for they are always

recess—I reckon they will, for it is no sin to look at the animals, in the street,

is it?-BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitu-

GRAVEYARD INSURANCE CASES.

firmed by the Supreme Court.

Superior Court for the trial of crimi-

nal cases, Stephen I. Turner, Levi T. Noe, Selden D. Delamar, J. C. De-lamar, W. H. Turner and T. B. Dela-

mar were indicted for a crimical con-spiracy to cheat and defraud certain insurance companies. William Fisher

was indicted for the forgery of an ap-

plication to the Massachusetts Benefit

Life Association for insurance upon the

sumption, and within ten days of his

death, and that the amount of the

policy, \$3,000, was thereafter collected

by the beneficiary of the assured, with the assistance of said Haskell, upon

The cases were removed by the Judge

to the Superior Court of Jones county,

because it was alleged that the State could not obtain a fair trial in Carteret

to prevail in that community in favor

The Governor appointed a special

term to try these cases. Stephen Turner, Albert Wigfall and David

Parker were permitted to turn State's evidence. The trial resulted in a ver-

licet of guilty against all the other de-

fendants. Hassell was sentenced to

liam Fisher for five years, and the

other defendants were sentenced to

pay a fine of \$300 each, and to be im-

risoned in the county jail for two

All of the defendants took an appeal

to the Supreme Court. The case was argued at the present term, and the

court has just handed down its opinion,

affirming the judgement of the lower

court in each case. This opinion is

written by Judge Avery.

Thus ends a prosecution in which the deepest interest was taken all over the United States, and to which was

given as much publicity, perhaps, as any other suit ever tried in North

the penitentiary for seven years,

of the defendants.

YEATH.

At the fall term, 1895, of Carteret

seen you somewhere before,

or a change of countenance.

-SEND ORDERS FOR -JOB PRINTING THE MESSENCER Marion N. C.

Promptness, Accuracy, Neatness

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Circulars, Cards, Pos-ters, Pamphiets, and any kind of Printing.

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING

The earth is brown, and skies are gray, And the windy woods are bare, and the first white flakes of the coming

Are affont in the frosty air; But the sparks fly up from the blekory log On the homestead's broad stone hearth, And the windows shake, and the rafters

To the lasts' and the lasses' mirth. The 'armer's face is furrowed and worn, And his locks are thin and white; But his hand is steady, his voice is clear, And his eye is blue and bright,

as he turns to look at his sweet old wife, Who sits in her gown of gray,

With the cobweb 'kereblef, and creamy

Te bows his head to the laden board, And the guests they are silent ali.

Tianksgiving, Lord, for the sun and rain And the fruit on the orehard wall. For the silver wheat, and the golden corn And the crown of a peaceful life-

The greatest blessing that Thou caust give This white-haired lover he bends to kiss

Her hand in its frill of lass.

And the faded ross on her wrinkled check, With a proud and a courtly grace; And the snowlfakes click on the window

And the rafters ring above, I the angels sing at the gates of God

The words of the farmer's love. -Minale Irving.

HOME AGAIN.



gular name, Jane, uch a very singular name. Oh, if it should be!" The words were a wail, in accents yearning bitterness of his heart would

of years.

"Delphine, my girl, my treasure!"

He could read no more. Only that one pitiful record could he see upon

"I must be sure," he thought, at

What? He would consider no fur-

worn with the world's cares.

lightly over the cold pavements.

Now he sickened for fear this des-

months, pale, but with large, dark

James Bernard staggered back

self. Shall I speak to her?"

looked up.

"No, I-I will speak to her."

The voice was hoarse, choked, but the woman upon the bed heard it, and

Many a cry of anguish, of dying agony, of piteous appeal had rung through that "pauper ward," but never one of more passionate entreaty

than the one word, "Father!" that

burst from the lips of the woman

snatched from death by a policeman's

rough grasp not twenty-four hours be-

The morning was dragging wearily

along in the room where every luxury

about Mrs. Bernard's invalid lounge. Trembling with excitement, mingled

hope and fear, the mother watched the

hands of the clock travel slowly over

the face. Again and again Jane had

gone to the library, only to return to

It was past noon when the long

"Jane you must go to the hospital.

shall die in this agony of doubt.

As if in answer to the cry James

Bernard at this moment entered the

see the quivering lips, the imploring

eyes lifted to his face, he kissed his

"You saw, perhaps, a paragraph de-

"Delphine! James, you read it?

"You thought-too," he said huskily.

read the newspaper this morning?"

-named-

room. Upon his face there was

and-if not-ob, Jane, surely-surely her father will forgive her now."

make the same report.
"He's not come in yet, ma'am."

strained patience gave way.

wealth could command was

"She's quite herself this morning,

the whole broad printed sheet, and the

of such utter misery, that the strong woman who heard length. "I hope Delia will not see them felt her eyes this. Shall I see? No, my face would grow misty. over the can tell her it is not our child, orlounge where the speaker, a silver- ther, but put on his overcost and hat, haired old lady, and hurried out into the bleak helpless for years November air. It was Thankegivwith paralysis, was lifting beseeching ing Day, and the city wore its holiday

eyes to her face. 'Don't take on, so, deary," she said. There's many one, the more's the pity, driven to suicide by his rer and cold. Why should this worn with the expression

Then she choked. Her nursling, her baby, the child she worshiped, might be delivered in time to secure drived by hunger and cold to suicide.
"But, Jane," the invalid persisted,
"it is such a strange name. See," and she pointed to one sentence in the paper before her; "the only clue to the identity of the would be suicide dressed old man who strode rapidly in is a wedding ring marked John to Delphine."

see," sail the nurse, "but-

And again the wished-for words of comfort failed her. The paragraph perate wretch was his child; now he was no uncommon one, merely the prayed it might be, that he could record of a woman's attempt at selfrecord of a woman's attempt at self-destruction. She had thrown herself off a bridge, clasping a babe close in her arms and had been recorded at the physi-cian, manswer to his inquiries; "liv-

pauper ward. But the paralyzed woman reading the newspaper was journeying over that was scrupplously clean, perfectly memory's plain, back—back twenty- comfortable, yet sent a chill to James five years, when a baby lay upon her Bernard's neart.

Bernard's neart.

Her babe, a lovely boy of some six

Breast, the only one God ever gave. breast, the only one God ever gave her. A blue-eyed babe, nursed tenderly, reared in every luxury, petted, eyes full of intelligence, was scated beindulged for twenty long years, the side her, and the mother's eyes rested idel of two loving hearts. Then—ob. idol of two loving hearts. upon his face mournfully, but without the bitter rock on the plain-one day any delirious fire. this child of so much love left her home to follow the fortune of a man little, and the nurse whispered: who was so unfit for the care of her sweet girihood, that her father had though she will tell us nothing of herforbidden him to enter the house

where his child dwelt. The lovers-if the very name is not a desecration, where on one side was mercenary calculations, on the other blind worship-met at the house of friends and planned an elopement.

When Delphine was gone, when no remained, her father, a stern, hot-tempered man, cursed her, and forbade for name to be mentioned in his bouse. And her mother, even then opless, shivered and moaned, and silently prayed for the child whose loceit could not destroy her mother's

And for five years no line came to tell them of repentance, no prayer for

One letter from John Hollis, the man who had so basely stolen a young, trasting girl from a happy home to his evil fortunes, the father answered, crushing forever the hope of fortune that had prompted the

Such a letter as he read, grinding his teeth with impotent rage, effectually prevented a second demand upon his father-in-law's purse, and Delphine knew in that hour what and—if not—ob, Jane, surely—surely

But she made no appeal.

The future she had deliberately ment, seeing at last how wickedly she strange solemnity, and not seeming to

had requited the love of years. Mrs. Bernard, dear, Jano said, softly, caressing the haggard face, at last buried in the pillows of the lounge,

wife tenderly. "Delia," he said, gently. "did you "don't- don't take on so."
"If I only knew, if I only knew, the mother moaned; "and, ob, Jane! tha Thanksgining Day. How can I scribing the attempted suicide of a pray thankfully if my darling lies today in a hospital dying-by her own act? Sane, I must see Mr. Bernard." James-James you will see if it can be ane went willingly upon this errand, our child. James, you will forgive

but returned slowly. "Gone out? Why, he never goes the after 10."

And the poor helpless figure writhed as if the poor mother would have thrown herself at her husband's feet. her now!"

"Yes, yes, Jane was going to go, but now you will go. You will see if the morning's newspaper had been deliberately, the money springle scanned the foreign name of th derly. James, you will go?"
"Delia, you must try to be calm, scanned, the foreign news enloyed, and the reader was idly looking Ter other columns, when a sentence cried her husband, frightened at the termed to spring out of the page be-

om, so clearly it stood defined ful from her inability to move, except above her waist. It was awful to see The only clew to the identity of the white, thin flagers twisting and the would be suicide is a wedding working, the pale face so agonized. A funny ting, marked John to Delphine."

Our fathers to their graves have gone, Their strife is past, their triumph work, But sterner trials wait the race Which rises in their honored place: A moral warfare with the crime And folly of an evil time. So let it be. In God's own migus
We gird us for the coming fight;
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The Light, the Truth, and Love of Heaven.
—Whittier. So let it be. In God's own might

THE MORAL WARFARE

AN INTERRUPTED THANKSGIVING SERVICE. Eagerly every line of the tragedy was James Bernard took the little figure read, the sweat standing in great beads in his arms. upon James Bernard's face. "If you w "If you will be quiet, love," he said, "Shabby weeds!" he muttered, "a "I will tell you good news." She was quiet enough then, lying widow, starving!"

panting with exhaustion in her husbreaking through the stern repression band's arms. "Then you know!" she gasped.
"I have been to the hospital."
"And it is not our Delphine?"

"Delia, it is our Delpoine!" "Oh, James-James!" and here the tears broke forth, and the invalid shook with sobs. "Our Delphine, Delia."

"Thank Heaven, no! She has had hours of unconsciousness, but is rational again, and she knew me. illness now is not dangerous, only the effect of—" with a choking sob: "Starvation!"

"She can be nursed back to life." Stores were closed, and groups were "Can you bear it, Delia? She is going to and fro with the expression

"Oh, James-James!"

"And not with me? Oh, how can you keep her from her mother?" The butchers' carts rattled about In answer to the cry, James Bernard noisily and hurriedly, that turkeys left the room, motioning Jane to follonger holiday for the carriers. Children with "going to grandma's" legibly printed on their faces skipped who sauk, half fainting, into her

mother's arms. Nobody noticed the handsomely There was a long silence, broken only by the voice of Mrs. Bernard, speaking low, caressing words and murmurs in answer, faint and low, but getting carriages, horse cars, every-thing but the necessity of satisfying that dreadful doubt in his heart.

full of tenderness. Then Jane appeared, asking:
"Is there no welcome for my bonnie boy, the darling with grandpa's

And a glad greeting followed the painful, yet joyful meeting between the parents and the long lost child. It was a sad story Delphine Hollis

of a bridge, classing a base close in legal, in answer to his inquiries, her arms, and had been rescued and taken, quite unconscious, to a hospital, food as much as anything. Can you ther dress was asscribed and the increase was asscribed and the i wife were softened in the widow's reonly way you liked oysters was in the cital, and over the dead was spread a shells. Boo! hoo!"—Puck. cital, and over the dead was spread a mautle of gentle charity and forgive-"39-pauper," lay upon a cot

ness.
"Dinner, Mrs. Bernard," Jane said, at last, "and Thanksgiving." And while she set the invalid's table, James Bernard escorted Delphine to the dining room to preside over the bountiful repast provided there, with a heart full of most sincere and fervent fall as they do now."

The Spirit of the Home-Coming.

thanksgiving.

There are many people who regard a Thanksgiving Day as a meaningless day, and its celebration once a year a waste of time and a mockery. It might have been, they go on to say, a day of reality to those who in early colonial times had hostile tribes, inclement weather and threatened starvation to fight, and whose natures were wrought upon to all their depths of fear and gratitude. But for us in these days of no National crises, in these days of money getting and materialism, a Thanksgiving Day means only a day in which, oftener than not,

observances are a bore.

Yet for all that, and in spite of what the croakers say, year after year in every home in town and country some glad preparation for it is made Feasts are prepared. Welcome stands ready. To the returning wanderer arms are outstretched; to the homeless wayfarer the hand is extended. Cost of labor and pain of preparation are foregotten in the joy of All the year that has gone has been with many but as vista looking toward it. For them all the year to follow shines as a new pathway leading to the same bright end.—Harper's Bazar,

A Soulless Skeptic.

"I'm tired," remarked the spectacular scoffer, "of reading these stories about the wayward son or the disowned daughter who invariably come back on Thanksgiving Day or Christ-mas, to be received into the bosom of

the family."
"Why," replied his wife, "how hard hearted you are! Surely you must be touched by their repentence."
"Not as much as I'd like to be. I'd be more impressed if they'd select some day for coming back home when they aren't dead sure the family is go-

ing to have roast turkey for dinner. Every Day.

Every day is a day of thanksgiving or Christians. They do not wait until the crops have been gathered before returning thanks, for they are thankful for every day's blessings. Still it is commendable custom for a Nation to officially recognize man's dependence, and to ask its people to unite in

s common thanksgiving. The late Justice Bowen's definition of a search for equity was "a blinda" looking in a dark room for, black hat that isn't there.'

480 A funny way to make, moneyThanksgiving Decoration.

The old question comes up again and again as to how to devise some thing novel for Thanksgiving decoration. The day is one pre-eminently homely and simple in its spirit and traditions-a day set apart for return ing thanks because of the necessities

and every day comforts of life. Nothing is so appropriate in commemorating the occasion as the em-bellishments from the harvest fields. In drawing rooms nothing is more ef-fective than Indian corn and diminetive yellow pumpkins, the corn with its long stalks and golden ears stacked on either side of the wide doors or grouped in corners, the small pumpkins with more ears of corn piled at

Vines of cranberry crowded with the tiny red globes can trail across mantel shelves or twine up and down columns, while garlands of red and green poppers, all sizes and shapes, and great bunches of wheat and oats are rich and beautiful in effect. Fruits of all kinds—grapes, late pears and peaches, rosy apples and purple plums, mingled with their own foliage are unique and highly typical of the har-

For dining table ornamentation a novel and most attractive mode is to cut from the ordinary garden vegeta-bles shapes simulating flowers-from the beet a deep red rose; from the yellow turnip, a tiger lily; a white lily or chrysanthemum from the potato, with lettuce leaves for foliage, while cabbage, celery, cauliflower and the dozen other kitchen garden pro-ductions add blossoms to this original bouquet. One of the ornaments serves at each plate as a favor, while a huge group mingled with fruits forms a fine

centerpiece.
It is a very simple matter to shape these mock flowers, a sharp knife and a little skill is all that is required. They may be prepared the day before Thanksgiving and kept fresh in a bowl of water.

Revenge.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the old Gobbler of the young Tom, as he observed that fine looking bird standing in a corner of the barn-Her yard on his left leg, and drawing in and shooting out the right with monotonous persistence.

"Hardening my muscles," replied the young Tom, shifting to the right leg and keeping up the performance with his left.

"Are you entered for the Thanksgiving games?" inquired the old Gobbler.
"No," responded the young Tom;
"I am entered for the Thanksgiving dinner, and that boy who lives in the big house has been coming out here low him. Only a few moments later every day for a month to see how I am he returned, half supporting, half coming on. Well, if I must be eaten, must, but that boy isn't going to give many thanks when he tackles my drumsticks, that's all!"-Harper's

> Their First Thanksgiving at Home, Mr. Newbryde (attempting to carve the turkey)—"Good heavens, Mary! what have you stuffed this turkey

Mrs. Newbryde (with dignity)-Why, with oysters as you told me." Mr. Newbryde (again trying to force his knife through)—"But it feels like

A Thought for Thankselving.

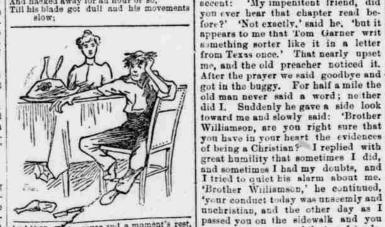
"The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not

Tale of a Tough Turkey. Right up to the market stall strode he, And bought a bird that was ten pounds three. Then quickly home to his wife he sped, And told her all that the man had said Of how to pick and stuff and cook. And so with loving hands she took That tough old bird that was hard and gray, And into the oven she stowed him away.



and then-for their married life was young-And then—for their married life was young— With joyous hearts they sat and sung Until, as around the clock hands spun, She said with a smile that the bird was done. And he hughed aloud, and his joy was great, For his stomach told that the hour was late. And he kissed his wife and he cried in glee At the fine old bird that was ten pound three.

At the line old bird that was being three,
And said, "I will cut him now in two;"
And took his knife that was bright and new
And hacked away for an hour or so,
Till his blade got dull and his movements



And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest. And hacked away till twilight came. And his Pims were sore and his back was large. And 'my hours were on and the weeks sped week.

wros, and a sunken cheek and eye, in d still, with a sunken cheek and eye, in the same old chair, with patient face, in the same old chair, but one day, as his knifts blate broke, and his withered frame sink down, she and his withered frame sink down, she

spoke, spoke, spoke, she spoke, she And said with a smile, that was half a speer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Messenger.

A MIXTURE OF SIN AND GODLI-

NESS HIS THEME. Sermons and Circuses Discussed From

the Philosopher's Standpoint. I didn't go to the circus but I took ome of the grandchildren and turned them over to a friend. They had never seen one and were happy. Now they have something to talk about for a month. What a revelation it is to the

youthful mind. I remember it well, My father took me to one when I was several years old, and it still seems like that was the best one. Away back in those days menageries and circuses were not combined. They did not travel together nor come at

the same time.
.When old John Robinson first startthan it had been since the war; that he trembled to think of the momen-tous results that might casue in case Bryan was elected. Repudiation, anca out he didn't have any animals. The mensgerie was orthodox; the circus was heterodox. Christians could go to the one and sinners to the other. wake. I listened to him with pro-But by and by the circus was attached found attention, for he carnestly beto the menagrie and together they caught all kinds and colors. It is like lieved what he said. A few minutes thereafter I met another valued mema Sunday excursion train to a taberuaber of my church, and he said: 'I tell cle meeting. The devil knows how to you, my friend and brother, we are mix up frolic and fun with prayers going to whip this fight. Providence and sermon. is on our side, and will not let Bryan be defeated. I sincerely believe that

Yesterday I traveled with a score or two of preachers and elders who were going to Athens to attend the synod. They were bright and genial and had an their best clothes. They are good company. They wear a subdued Chrissions of the plutocracy any longer.' I told a friend of these alarming and ditian hilarity and have a fund of ortho-dox anecdotes to tell each other on the vergent views of two good men, and he said that it reminded him of the old way. About four times a year the preachers go somewhere to a religious

convention, and each one is expected to bring with him a fresh supply of wit and incident—some pepper and salt to add zest to the religious feast. In the old solemn times of Dr. Wilson and Dr. Patterson and father, wit they were not sin they were on the verge of it. Sidney Smith was considered almost a heretic and his clerical to be enjoyed. They are in good health and good humor, and are clean in body and in mind. They are the best class of people, and their example and morality and Christian faith is the wit as unCalvinistic, if not something worse. I grew up under the solemni-ties of old school Presbyterians and had a good time on Sundays, listening and nodding arsent to Dr. Wilson's best safeguard of our government. They have gone to Athens, and both the synod and circus open there today. sermons on predestination and original sin. If the good old doctor was living now he would attack Dr. Robbins and The grand procession will pass their church, and I reckon they will take a his book with all the accumulated

weapons of a century of study and then seek to knock him down with Calvin's institutes. But our modern clergy are more like human beings; more like human pature; more like our elves. They are not so austere and solemn. They are social and some of the younger ones will go a-fishing or play ball and the older ones tell anecdotes and smile quite audibly. We were talking about the circus yesterday and one of them told how he attended a synod once at Thomasville, and it was circus day and there was a grand street pageant with music and banners and all the animals were on dress parade. The synod was n session, and as the inspiring strains of the martial music fell upon the synod's cars a lay brother couldent

subdue his feelings. He rose forward life of Florence Chadwick. Charles R. timidly and said: "Mr. Moderator, it will be imp taining money under false pretenses from the Bay State Benefit Association ble for us to transact any business until that music passes by, for we can't of Boston, Mass., the pretense being that one James Wigfall was in good hear anything that is read or spoken. I move you, sir, that we take a recess

health when he applied for a policy of Whereupon au old Calvinistic insurance, whereas at the time of his preacher bounced him and squelched application he was afflicted with con-

im with indiguant sarcasm : "Recess indeed! Recess for a circus to pass by; recess because the devil with his satellites is in sinful proces sion at our doors. No sir. We will talk louder and draw nearer, but no

Nearer and nearer came the band, and when the lion gave an uncarthly howl, preachers and laymen began to tiptoe out until there was nobsave the moderator and the old man, In due time the music died away in the distance and the delegates tiptoed

back to their places. A layman whom everybody loved then told how one of these old-time, solemn preachers squelched all the Said be: "I was born with a lively sense of

the ridiculous and sometimes have hard work to restrain my risibles. One day our good old preacher asked me to ride out with him to see a man who was partially paralyzed and was likely to die ir penitent unless it was Lord's w I that he should be saved. So, we visited him and after the usual preliminaries the old preach-

"My friend, would it please you for me to read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures and have a prayer in your

" 'Well, I don't mind. I'm willin'

to oblige you, if it will do you any good,' said he.
"The manner and tone in which he said it excited me, but I bit my lip, The prosecution was conducted by and suppressed any unseemingly emotions. So the chapter was read, Col. John W. Hinsdale, assisted by Mr. O. H. Allen, Hon, F. M. Simmons and Mr. P. M. Pearsall, to whom are due and the old preacher said in solemn accent: 'My impenitent friend, did great credit, for the conduct, to a successful termination, of one of the most 'Not exactly,' said he, 'but it notorious criminal conspiraces in the appears to me that Tom Garner writ records of the criminal jurisprudence something sorter like it in a letter from Texas once.' That nearly upset of North Carolina. The defendants were represented by Messrs. W. W. Clark, O. H. Guion, of New Bern, me, and the old preacher noticed it. After the prayer we said goodbye and got in the buggy. For half a mile the and C. L. Abernathy, of Beaufort, who made a zealous and able defence. old man never said a word; neither did I. Suddenly he gave a side look toward me and slowly said: 'Brother

tural language."

tion be yea yea and nay nay.

An African's Care for Ornaments Soon after you get started on a jourpey with black followers all your breakable property-cups, saucers, etc. -will be smashed or lost, but the gen-tle African, notwithstanding, will wear round his ankle a thin thrend of heads for three years; he will tear his way through matted grass, and follow a wounded buck through tangled tungle. without injury to his ornament. It is remarkable how an ornament sticks to were talking to some hilarious friends, a native.-Century. I heard you use some very unscrip-A New Jersey match company has

"This surprised and perplexed me, distely visit their dentists to have thele and I asked him what it was that I said. 'You said, "Confound it!" he exposed nerves covered up to protect m from the deadly phosphorus. Per replied. 'Hereafter you should not haps the whole trouble with the Moore call down a curse or a malediction upprothers is that they were so busy ellipon anything, but let your communicaping coupons that they didn't have Some of the preachers then discusstime to have their molars kept in proed the doubtful propriety of such

ereed that its employes must imme-

NORTH CAROLINA NEWS.

REGISTRATION OF FERTILIZERS

A New Registration is Kennico December 1.

The laws of North Carolina govern-"How is politics with you?" inquired a Roman friend. "All calm and seing the sale of fertilizers requires a new registration of all fertilizers and rene," said I. "Are we going to have better times?" said he. "Yes, of course," said I. "We always do after fertilizing material every year. The fiscal year of the Department of Agri-culture begins December 1st, and not a presidential election, but how long it will last remains to be seen. We January 1st, as many suppose. Therefore all brands now registered will ex-pire November 30th. The registration will now have a fair test for several years of a gold standard and a high protective tariff, and all's well that

must be made before goods can be le-gally shipped into the State. "The day before the election," said A notice has been sent to all fertilizer manufacturers doing business in North Carolina informing them of the "one of the most valued members law, and most of them, as is usually the case, will register their goods in time, but during the changes from one fiscal year to another, and the conse-quent rush of fertilizers to supply the pring demand, some manufacturers

srchy and ruin would follow in its from neglect or otherwise fail to comply with the law.

Farmers are therefore cautioned gainst buying any commercial fertilizers not bearing the guaranteed claim and the inspection tag on every sack as required by law, and are requested to report to the Commissioner of Agri-culture, at Raleigh, any violations of the law. By doing this it will protect he has been raised up to save his country, and if he is not elected there will be a revolution. The downtrodhe farmer and prevent spurious goods from being sold in the State, or farmers being imposed upon.

The fact that every bag of fertilizer or fertilizing material is required by aw to be properly labelled or branded with the guaranteed claim of the manfacturer, and an inspection tag issued y the Commissioner of Agriculture attached also to every sack, is evidence that the marufacturers, agents or dealers have complied with the law. The Department of Agriculture is using every possible means for the protection of farmers in the purchase of fertilizers to have the law complied with. It is practically impossible for the inspectors of the department to inspect every lot of fertilizer shipped into the State, or to be present at the hundreds of points where fertilizers are delivered. It is therefore earnesty asked that the farmers report at once o the Commissioner any violation of

Some Candidates' Expenses.

All of the expense accounts of the candidates are on file with the Secre-tary of State. C. B. Watson's expenses were \$215; Doughton's, \$235; Keith, \$17.72; Hal Ayer, \$126; Locke Craig, \$287; Cy Thompson, \$122; Lindsay Patterson, \$111; R. M. Fur-man, \$10; Harry Skinner, \$658; Congressman Shuford, \$604; R. B. Davis, \$140; John E. Fowler, \$198; Congress-man Strowd, \$275; George H. White, \$800; H. G. Ewart, \$35, of which \$15 was for a barbecue: Zeb Vance Walser, \$150; C. M. Cooke, \$263; W. H. Worth, \$100; F. I. Osborne, \$250; C. H. Martin, \$230; C. H. Mebane, 864; W. W. Kitchin, \$481; R. M. Douglas, 262. Senator-elect R. G. Maxwell swears his expenses were only 50 cents. One Senator puts in his stamps; but strangest that of all items in any of the statements is this one filed by Associate Justice Montgomery: "To Richard Burgess to pay his expenses for visiting on speaking days part in Warren county for the purpose of disabusing minds of some of the electors of unjustifiable prejudice against me."

Official Vote for Electors.

The following is the official vote for electors: Democratic-Populist elec-tors: Locke Craig, 174,488, R. B. Davis 174,255, Ralph Howland 174,-210, H. F. Freeman 174,457, C. R. Thomas 174,290, W. S. Bailey 174,183, W. D. Merritt 174,220, B. F. Keith 174,160, T. F. Kluttz, 174,401, Tyre York 174,334, R. D. Gilmer 174,254. Republican electors: H. A. Gudger, 155,222, O. J. Spears 155,192, J. B. Respess 155,143, J. J. Martin 154,966, S. W. Hancock 155 212, H. T. Chapin 155,211, A. H. Joyce-155,201, H. C. Dockery 155,185, A. D. Coles 155,214, S E. Marshall 154,989, E. D. Carter 155,243. National Democratic: Lindsay Patterson 578. Straight Probibition: Solomon Pool 676, Na Prohibition: H. J. Dowell 245,

A State Reformatory. The Baptist State Convention did well to pass a resolution in favor of establishing a State Reformatory for criminals. Other religious outhful and educational organizations have passed similar resolutions, and a bill a reformatory passed one house of the Legislature. It is to be hoped that the retiring and incoming Governor will urge the establishment of an institution of the character suggested, and that the practice of bringing young fenders into constant association with

hardened criminals will be brought to

an early end .- Roleigh News and Ob-

Paid for Cotton in Golo. The cotton firm of J. H. Sloan gave the farmers a pleasant surprise one day last week. When each farmer presented his check it was paid not in silver nor greenbacks but in gold. A good many opened their eyes at this. for, like the majority of the people in this country, they have rarely seen gold in recent years. They were please and surprised. Three thousand and three hundred dollars in gold was paid out for cotton by this firm. -Charlotte News.

Some Potatoes.

Mr. T. C. Starbuck, of Deep River township, Guilford county, raised 90 bushels of Irish potatoes on 69 square rods of land, some weighing over a pound each. This was at the rate of 240 bushels per acre. Of course, there are said to be bigger yields, but who can show them up by actual measur?

Auditor-elect Hal. Ayer denies that there is any truth in the report that he will appoint female clerks in his office when he takes charge.

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POPULAR SCIENCE,

A mountain of magnetic fron ore has been discovered in Lapland. The nearest fixed star is sixteen

billion miles distant, and takes three years for light to reach the earth. Goto's leprosy medicine, a new cure put forward by a Japanese physician, is being tested in the San Francisco (Cal.) pesthouse.

An English motor car manufacturer is building a two story steel house to run on wheels, propelled by a motor under it. The top story is collapsible. so as to enable the house to pass under bridges.

For seven years the St. Lawrence River gradually decreases in depth; then for seven years it gradually in-creases in depth, the difference in level being about five feet. Why it does so,

no one has yet discovered. Bone black is charcoal made from bones and used to clarify sugar. It contains twenty-eight per cent. of hosphoric acid in a highly soluble form. It contains no nitrogen. Dis-

solved bone black contains sixteen per cent, phosphoric acid and sells at \$16 to \$25 per ton in ear lots. Experts have come to the conclusion that what kills trees in London is not the soot flakes or the want of air or the drought, but sewer gas, which attacks the roots so that the tree soon withers and dies. In that way a row of trees is an admirable test of the healthfulness of the ground from

which they spring. Blowing out the gas is to lose its victims. A new burner is of expansive metal, and is so arranged that on turning on the gas the stream is just sufficient to be lighted, the heating of the metal directly afterward acting to open a valve and permit a full flow. If the gas is blown out, the contraction of the burner automatically closes the valve and reduces the gas escape to a leak too small to do harm.

Austria's report of the first year's experience with antitoxine scram is that out of 1100 cases of diphtheria treated 970 recovered, a great improvement on the previous mortality. When the remedy was applied in the first two days of the sickness the percentage of deaths was only 6.7. 318 cases of preventive inogulation only twenty were attacked by the disease in a mild form, and all recovered.

Strange Recovery of a Bicycle, Among the residents of Bermuda are two brothers, one of whom, besides being an enthusiastic yachtsman, is also a swift and skilful rider of the bicycle. Some time ago, shortly before the date set for a bicycle race in which he was to be one of the contestants, his wheel mysteriously disappeared, and all efforts to find a trace

of it proved fruitless. One day, about fourteen months after the bicycle had been presumably stolen, a fisherman, who was augling out in the middle of St. George's Harbor for floating fish, hooked a large one, which instantly plunged into the depths of the harbor in a vain endeavor to escape. The angler played with him for awhile, and then, feeling the strain become steady, began to haul up. He soon realized that he had at the statement such queer items as 5 cents end of his line one of the heaviest Hassell, Ab. Wigfall, Silas Blount and to beggar, 5 cents for halter for stal- (what he could not understand about it) that it was apparently almost a dead weight. He hauled away, however, until there appeared above the water not only the fish that he had hooked. but a bicycle, around the handles of

which the fish, in its efforts to escape, had wound the line a number of tim When the astonished fisherman had sufficiently recovered from his amazement at his curious catch, he took the bicycle ashore. There it was some identified as the one which had so inexplicably disappeared. Strange to say, the machine, in spite of the fact that it had been at the bottom of the harbor for fourteen months, was but little damaged, and was easily put in tunning order again.

For some time no clew as to how it found its way to its watery hiding place could be discovered. Eventually, however, several circumstances came to light that pointed to a man with whom the bicycle rider had once had trouble. At one time whenever which were kept there would run out and bark and snap at the rider, causing him considerable annoyance and trouble. At first he contented himself with simply driving off the brutes as best he could, but when he found that they were set upon him by their master he took prompt measures to have the man arrested, brought into court and fined. From various cir-cumstances that were found out regarding the disappearance of the bicycle, there seemed to be no doubt that the owner of the ugly dogs was responsible for it, and that he stole in order to be revenged on its owner. -Boston Transcript.

Order of the Golden Fleere.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has conferred the order of the Golden Fleece upon Count Goluchowski, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, This ha caused the greatest surprise, this highest of all orders being seldom lightly conferred, and even Count Andrassy received it only after having added Bosnia and the Herzegovina to the realm. Count Goluchowski has been in office little over a year, and his successes are not so easily recognized as those of Andrassy were. The order of the Golden Fleece was founded in 1420 by Philip the Good, Dake of Burgundy, and with the Emperor Charles the office of Grand Master came to the Kings of Spain. The Emperor Charles, after the end of the Wars of Success sion, maintained that the function must remain his own, but the Kung of Spain went on conferring the order. The Emperor of Austria has no other imperial mantle than the purple man-tle of the fleece, which forms part of his coronation robes.

First Whiskers in the White House,

President Lincoln was the first to ecupy the White House to wear a beard, and Grant was the first to wear a mustache. It was reported at the time that Lincoln in 1869 was induced to allow his whiskers to grow because a little girl to whom he had upon request sent his photograph, wrote him that he would look much better if he would let his beard grow.