yard ten for the baby when it gits sick, and told Mary all how to do, and Prissy's one of the best nurses in the

world; so there ain't no fear about that. Lord knows, she ses, old misses

ncedn't trouble herself 'bout little Massa Harry, for she nussed hiss

Mary through all her croops and mea-sles and hoopin-coughs, and all man-

at the stores, and she's promised every nigger on the plantation to bring 'es sumthing from the North. Ned wants to go, too, but I don't think it's burd-

to go, too, but I don't think it's bardly worth while to take him along for
all the use he'd be to us, and then it
would add to the expense.

We're all in a muss now gettin'
ready for the journey, and sich other
fixin' and packin' you never did see.
I do believe old Miss Stallins and

mother has panked up 'bout seven trunks full of plunder of one kind and

another, and the more we tell 'em that thar ain't no use in takin' so much,

bed or two. She ses people never does know what they want till they find themselves without it, and the best way is always to be on the safe side. She tried her best this morning to git

Mary to let her put in 'bout 20 pounds of country soap. She ses she don't care how cleap it is at the North; she knows there ain't no better in the

world than her own make; and she don't see any sense in people gwine and apendin ther money for things what they've got at home. She's a

pressions of metters and things now and then, whenever I meet anybody

Hopin' you will be alive and able to keep off the muskeeters when I cum back this fall, I must bid you good-by

Your friend till deth. Jos. JONES.

LETTER II.

PINEVILLE, Georgia, May 10

So no more from

in my travels worth noticin'.

Gastonia, N. C., August 11, 1898.

Cush in Advance.

No 32.

MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

Reader, do you feel like gwine on a jurny to the north? If you do, jest take a seat with me, and I'll carry you from Pineville to Quebeck, and back agin in a little or no time. I don't know as I can offer quite sich inducements to travelers as is offered by some of the pop'lar writers of the day; but if i can't promise you sich elegant style nor sich instructive and entertainin' gossip by the way. I can carry you over the route as cheap as most of 'ean, and with as little danger to your mor-

We will travel in stemmboats, rale rodes, stage-coaches, and canal-boats, over rivers, lakes and mountains. We will visit cities, towns, and country, and see every kind of scenery, and make the acquaintance of all sorts of make the acquaintance of all sorts or people; but if the trip should prove dull and uninterestia' to you, you can sleep over the long stretches, and if you should git completely out of patience with your auther, you can stop on the way and git abourd of the next book that cums slong.

But in sober yearnest this little

sketch of my perry grinations among was rit with no higher uim than to amuse the idle hours of my friends, and if it falls to do that, it's a spilt job. If I had made a bigger book, I'd tuck up too much of the reader's time with sich unprofitable nonsense, and the straitjacket imposed on me by the limits of my volume unde it difficult for me to accomplish what I not out to do. To git over so much ground even by the shortest route I could find tuck a good deal of room, and if I stopped to introduce a incident or describe nterestin' scene now and then I found

interestin' scene how and then I found my letters gettin' so long that my book wouldn't hold 'em.

I don't want to be understood, though, as makin' a apology for my took—not by no means. Sich as it is, I'm responsible for it. But with this brief explanation, them what waste the time to read what I have rit about my travels will understand why these pages aint no more deservin' the com-Ther frend til deth,

JOS. JONKS.

LETTER I. PINEVILLE, Geo., May 5. To Mr. Thompson—Dear Sir: I have almost gin up writin intirely, sense you quit editin the Southern Miscellany; but s'pose I'm like other people winst's got the kakoethis skrib-andy, as they call it, and never will git cumpletely cured of it as long as I live. Mr. Mountgomery ses it depends a grate deal how people take it, whetha grate deal how people take it, whether they ever git over it or not; aumtimes, he ses, when they catch it at school they git cured of it, when it comes out by a few doses of judishus kriticism. But he ses he thinks it's a constituentional disease with me, and I beter jest let it take its course.

Well, seese my book hus been printed and so many thousand copies of it has been sold all over the country. I've

ed and so many thousand copies of it has been sold all over the country, I've felt a monstrous curiosity to see a little more of the world and the peeple in it, than what a body can see out here in the piny-woods; and as the crap is pretty well laid by now, and things is considerable easy with many five made. up my mind to make a tower of travel to the big North this summer, jest for greens, as we say in Georgia, when we hair't eat, no years to be summer. hain't got no very pertickeler reason for any thing, or hain't got time to tell the real one. I'm gwine to take Mary and little Henry Clay (who's a mazin amart little fellor now, I can fined, and see if I can't pick up sume idees what'll be worth rememberin.

live get a first-rate overseer to take care of the plantation, and every thing's fixed for the trip. Mary's tickled to deth at the idea of seein New York, and gettin a new bonnet rite from the French milliner; and the galls is all gwine to send for new frocks to be made in the very newest Old Miss Stallins, who you know is one of the economicalist old women that ever lived, hain't got much notion of no such doins. She ses its all down-rite nousense to spend so much money jest for notting, but to travel

away off among people what we don't know nothin about, and maybe won't know nothin about, and maybe won't never see agin if we was to live to be as old as Methuselum. The fact is the old woman hain't got no notion of them Northern people no how. Ever sense that feller Crotchett tried to git round her for one of her daughters, she can't bear the name of the North; and jest talk to her about water privileges, and it puts her in a passion in a minit. e ses, Lord knows she wouldn't give a thrippenes to see all the bominable Yankees in the world, and as for seein the country, she ses ther's as many fine plantations, and bandsum towns, many big mountains and rivers, and as many cataracks and suffer springs in Georgia as she wants to see, thout in Georgia as sid wants to see, 'thout gwine away off on the sea to git ship-racked mayle, or blowed up by some everlastin steamboat busting its biler. sides, she ses, it's no wonder the louthern people is always complaining about hard times, when they go to the North every summer and spend all ther money in travelin and byin finerles and notibern gigamarees of one kind another what they monght jest as

well do without.

Mother's a little more resamable bout it. She ses that bein' as I'm a literary caracter f ought to see some-*Major Jones' Courtahip.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—This is a world of disappointment, shore enuff. All my plans is busted up, and I don't know if any thing ever set me back much worse before. You know I had evry thing fixed for a journey to the North this assence. mazin similer little fellor how, I can tell you,) and go to New York, and Filadelty, and Washington City, and Baltimore, and Boston, and all about that, and spend the summer until the North this summer, with my family Well, last nite, bein as we was gwine pickin' time nockin round in them big to start the next mornin, we had a litto start the next mornin, we had a it-tle sort of a sociable party at our house jest by way of makin one job of biddin good by to the nabours. 'Mong the rest of 'em old Mr. Mountgomery came to see us and wish us good luck on our cities, mong them people what's so monstrous smart and religious and re-

journey.

Mary and all of 'em was in monstrous flurryment, and had little Harry all dressed out in his new clothes, to let the nabours see how pretty he looked before he went away. Old Mr. Mountgomery's monstrous fond of children, and always makes a heap of little Harry, cause be's so smart; and the old man tuck him up on his knee

and ax'd him whose sun he was, and bow old he was, and a heap of other things what the litter feller didn't know nothing about.

"Don't you think it'll improve his helth to take him to the North?" ses

Mary to bim.
"O, yes!" see he; "no doubt it'il be a great deal of marvice to the little fel-

a great deal or sarvice to the little rel-ler, but he'll be a monstrous site of trouble to you on the road, Mrs. Jones. "Yes!" see May; "but Prisay's a very careful nurse, and she's so de-voted to him that she won't hardly let me touch him."

"O, yes!" ses the man; "if you could jet take Prissy 'long with you, then you'd do very well. But there's it you see..."

"What?" ses Mary; "you don't think I was gwine to the North with-out a servant, did you, Mr. Mountgomery ?

"The old man laughed rite out. "Ila ha, ha!" see he: "taint possible you is gwine to take ! rissy with you to New York, is it? Why, Major," see he to me, 'haint you got no better sense than to think of taking sich a valuable ninger as that with you to have her. ninger as that with you, to have her fall into the hands of them infornal

with, Massa Gimmery!" sea Pris-sy, "um wouldn't trouble me if I was long-a' Massa Joe, would dey?"

"To be sure they would, nigger!"
ses Mr. Mountgomery; "they'd take
you whether you was willin or not, in
in spite of yer Massa Joe, or anybody
eise."

thing of the world, and as it's mon-stroughteness to travel with claif-dren, we better go now, when we hain't got but one. She ses it's (ash-ionable to go to the North, and she don't see why I bain't got as good a right to be like other folks as sum peo-ple she knows, what goes to the Sarry-togy Springs every year when they can't hardly make out to live at home. All she don't like about it is takin' little Henry so far from home. She ses if he was to git sick at the North than she couldn't be thar tonurse him, and Lord only knows what would come of the child. But she's bundled up a whole heap of things to make yard tea for the baby when it gits sick. eise."
"But," ses Mary, "Prissy wouldn't leave us on no account—she knows as well as anybody when she's well treated well as anybody when she's well treated and I'm sure she couldn't he better taken care of no whar in the world."
"That don't make no manner of digerence," see the old man. "They wouldn't ax her nothing about it. The fust thing you'd know she'd be gove, and then you mought as well look for a needle in haystack, as try to find a nigger in New York."

Then he took a naner out of his

nigger in New York."

Then he took a paper out of his pocket and red what a gentleman had his nigger tuck from him, somewhar in Providence, and carried right off and put in juil.

"Ki," ses Prirsy, lookin' like she was half scared out of her senses, "deu I nin't gwine to no New York, for dem pison old bobolitionists for cotch me."

'But ain't ther no law for nigger stealin' at the North?" said old Miss Stallins. Stallins.

sles and hoopin-coughs, and all manner of silments, and she reckons she ought to know how to take care of sick children by this time. I never did see sich a proud nigger before in all my life as she is 'bout gwine to the North.' I'he galls has been makin' some new frocks for her, and Mary see she really does believe the creeter's head is turned, for she cap't stand still long enuff to try them on. Sha don't think of nothing clas but carryin' her little Massa Harry 'bout New York to look at the stores, and she's promised every "Law!" sea Mr. Montgomery, "bless you, no! They've sold all their niggers long ago, and got the money for 'em-so the law don't care whose niggers they steal."

Mary sot and looked rite in the fire for about a minit without control.

for about a minit, without sayin' a word. I jest saw how it was. It wan't no use for me to think of her goin' with me, 'thout Prissy to take care of the bahy; and after what Mr. Mountgomery had sed to her, I mought jest as well try to git her stick her head in the are as to go New York. I never thought of them bominable abolitionists before, and I never was so outleciously put out with 'em. It was
enough to make a man what wasn't
principled agin swearin' cuss like a
trooper. Jest to think—everything
reddy to start and then to have the
whole bigness purked fits in the head whole bisness nucked rite in the head

snother, and the more we tell 'em that thar ain't no use in takin's much, the more they say we don't know anything about it. Do you think old Miss Stallins hain't put in a heap of quilts and pillar cases! And I do believe if we had a trunk big must to take care of the child; and spose I leve if we had a trunk big must to take care of the child; and spose I had on two. Single as reaple never does a transgera—what would I do without Private it.

strangera—what would I do without Prissy?"

"Oh, it wouldn't never de in the world," see old Miss Stallins.

"But" see Mr. Mountgomery, "you could git plenty of servants at North when you git than."

"What !" see Mery; trust my child with one of them good-fur-nuthin' free niggers? No, indeed! I wouldn't have one of them about me, not for no considerashun. I never did see one of them what had any broedin,' and they're all too plagy triflin to take care of themselves, let alone doin' anything clae."

monstrous clever old woman, and 1 try to humor her all I can in her notions, but I can't s, and the soap.

We expect to start day after to morrow, if nothing don't turn up to prevent and if you think my letters is worth the postage I'll give you my impressions of metters, and thing now of themselves, let aloue doin' anything clae."

"No! but," ses the old man, "they've got plenty of white servants at the North, what you can hire for little or nothing."

"Goodness gracious!" ses old Miss Stallins; "white servants! Well, the Lord knows I wouldn't have none of Lord knows I wouldn't have none of

> hear to see a white gal toutin' my child about, and waitin' on me like a nigger. It would hurt my conscience to keep anybody 'bout me in that condition, anybody 'bout me in that condition,
> who was as white and as good as me."
> "That's right, my child," ses old
> Miss Stallins; "he Christian lady could
> do no such L thing, I don't care who

> do no such a thing, I don't care who they is."
>
> "I knowed the jig was up, and I was like the boy what the calf run over—I didn't have a word to say.
>
> "But," ses Mr. Mountgomery, "they're brung up to it."
>
> "Well," ses Mary, "the more sin to them this brings em up to be servants.

A servant to be any account as a servant, is got to have a different kind of spirit from other people; and anybody what would make a nigger of a white child because it was pere, hain't got no Christian principle in 'om.''
"But," ses Mr. Mountgomery, 'you

Row, Mrs. Junes, when you're to Rome you must do as Rome does. If the Northern people choose to make piggars gentlemen, and their own children servants, you can't help that, you know."

"Yee; but," ses Mary, "niggers is niggers, and white folks is white folks, and I could not bear to see either of em out of ther proper places. So, if I've got to have white servants to wait on me, or stay at home, I'll never go out of old Goorgia as long as I live; that's what I won't."

"Then, Mary," sas I, "is our journey

"Then, Mary," see I, "is our journey to be busted up, shore enuff?"

''Oh, no, Joseph; you can go, and I'll stay home with mother. Maybe I won't have many more summers to be with her, and I'd feel very bad after wards to think I neglected her when she was with us."

The old woman put her arms around Mary's neck and squeezed her till the tours dome into her eyes,
"My sweet, good daughter," see she;
"bless your dear hart, you always was so kind to your pore old mother."
That mude Mary are a little and lit-

That mude Mary cry a little, and lit-tle Harry, thinkin' something was the matter, sot up a squall, too, till his mother tack him and talked to him a bit, and then Prissy come and carried him la tother roum.

I didn't know what to do. I always

enust so ha can take care of himself, then we can take a journey together together in spitu of the old sholitionists, and then you'll know all about the country, and it'll be a great deal pleasanter for us all."

"That's a fact; Mrs. Jones is right, Msjer." see Mr. Mountgomery.
"You'd better leave your family at home this time. You won't be gone more'n a month or so, and I reckon Mrs. Jones aln't afraid to trust you that long 'mong the Yonky galls."

Mary blushed terrible.
"Hut," see I.—

'Hut," mes I. "Ob, you ain's 'fraid of her runnin' off with anybody 'fore you git back, is you?' ass he. Then the old feller laughed like he would die,
"Ain't you 'shamed, Mr. Mount-gomery, to talk that a-way?" ses

gomery, to talk that a-way?" sea Mary.

"You needn't be 'finid of that, brother Joe," sea sister Calline; "for me and Kizzy'll watch her monstrous close while your's gone."

"Soaw," sta I; "you can't make me jealous."

jealous."
"Nor me, neither," ses Mary.
Then old Mr Mountgomery laughed
til be knockedthe fite out of his pipenil
over himself, and that sot the gails and
all of 'em to laughin' worse than ever.
But I tell you what, Mr. Thompson
(and you're a married man and will
blieve what I say.) I didn't feel much
like laughin' mysolf. I naver did like
this Yanky way of married people livin
all over creation without seein' one onother mere'n once in a coon's age, and
the idee of gwine off and leavin' Mary. the idee of gwine off and leavin' Mary, for a whole month, tuck all the rinkles out of my face whenever I tried to laugh. But the difficulty was, I couldn't help myself. [I I staid home, I I couldn't be contented about it, and all the fellers would be right? me leaves I couldn't be contented about iv, and all the feliers would be rigin' me, cause I couldn't leave my wife long enough to go to the North. So I made up my mind to go anyhow, and make the best I could at it.

mind to go anyhow, and make the best I could of it.

Bimeby old Mr. Mountgomery 'lowed it was time to be gwine home; so be bid us good-by, and promised to come and see me off to morrow mernin.'

After the old man was gone we all set 'round the fire and talked the thing over in a family way. Mary looked monstrous serious, but she has got too much good sense to make a fuss 'hont. moch good sense to make a furs bout sick things. She ses I must rite to ber every day, and I must be very careful and not git shipracked or blowed up in any of the steambotes of rail-rodes and

the north, whar people, she see, dies off with consumption like sheep does with the distemper.
All our trunks has got to be overselves, so I can't start til to-morrow mornin. I'm gwine as far as Augusty in my carriage, and then take the rail-rode to Chariston. If no other botherment don't turn up to prevent, you shall bear from ms ou my Travel.

I must take care and not ketch no colds by exposin in the cold weather at

you shall hear from me on my Travels Pretty soon. So no more from Your frend, til deth.

Jos. JONEA P. S. Prissy's raised a perfect panick 'mong the niggers on the plan-tation 'bout the abolitionists, Pore creeter, her hart's almost broke cause 'em about me."

"Nor, me, neither." sos Mary. "It may do well enuff for people what don't know the difference between higher and white folks; but I could never bear to see a white rail touth it may be a to see a white rail touth it may be a to see a white rail touth it may be a touch never bear to see a white rail touth? scription of 'em. When Prisey told old Ned what Mr. Mountgomery sed— how they carried off all the niggers they could ketch, and put 'em in juil so they could ketch, and put 'em in jail so the couldn't never go back to ther white folks, ses he to her.—"Ki, gall, young no tell dis niggor nuffin hout dem cattle; cus 'em me hear ole massa tell hout 'em. 'Em got horns like billy-gote, and hig red eyes like ball ob fire; and 'em got grate, long forkit tall like sea-sarpent, an jes kitch up pore nigger, same like me hook 'era trook. Ugh, chile. dev wusser'n collery-mor. Ugh, chile, dey wusser'n collery-mor

LETTER III.

AUGUSTY, Georgia, May 12. To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—This far I have travelled in the bowels of the land without any diffikulty, as Mr. Shakespeer ses; but whether I'm gwipe to git safe to my jarny's cead, or find to git safe to my jurny's eand, or ind myself like Jony in the bowels of a whale's belly before I git home agin, is a bisness what opens a fine field for speckelation, as the action byers ass.

But that's neither here nor than, I sot down to tell you 'bout my jurny to this city. Well, this mornin all the family was up before the granty of the

family was up before the crack of day getting reddy for me to start. Evry.
thing was reidy three or four days
ago, but it seemed like nearer the
time come to start, the more ther was
to do. Thar was old Miss Stallins in the kitchen raisin a hurrycane amons the niggers bout gettle breckfust for me-the niggers was all crazy bout my gwine away. Ned was rairin and pitchin 'bout the lot cause one of the pitchin 'bout the lot cause one of the little niggers let the horses git out of the stuble—some of the harness was lent—old Simon had tuck the tarbuck—et off with him, so ther wasn't no way to grease the earrige—l'rissy upsot the tea-kittle, gittin some water for me to share—Fanny tripped up and split all the biskits in the yard—the galls was looking for the kee of my trunk, what couldn't be found no whar—little Harry was equalin like blazes cause he ry was equalin like blazes cause he couldn't have on his new hat and cote and go with me in the carrige -and in the middle of the everhatin rumpus, I like to cut my nose off with the rager !

Bimeby though, things all settled down into a pretty considerable calm, Ned cotch the horses—the harness nigger as that with you, to have her fall into the liands of them infernal abilitionists?"

The mischief take the abolitionists to go to the North without takin' may be to the North was brung home—the wheels was trung home—the west thing was trung home—the was to prove the North was brung home—the was to prove the North Nort

"yon couldn't keep hor from 'em a day after you got to New York. No, no!" that after awhile I told as as he! "not sich a likely gall as that. Other time.

They'd have her out of yer hands quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson," "No, no, Joseph," say she; "I know you want to go, and I want to have you got to New York. No, no! Joseph," say she; "I know you want to go, and I want to have you want to go, and I want to have you good to see the North and git acquainted with the the North and git acquainted with the the North and git acquainted with the world. When little Harry gits big cany. "Why, Massa Gummery!" see Prissy, "um wouldn't trouble me lif I want to go an take care of himself, then we can take a journey together in spitu of the old abolitions, ""Though a sure they would, nigger!"

"To be sure they would, nigger!"

see Mr. Mountgomery; "they'd take"

"That's a fact; Mrs. Jones is right,"

"That's what them tears flowed—we married men know how to vally the ever-gush-no' feelin's of a true weman's hart, which like the waters of the spring what no summer can't dry up and no winter freeze, is coolest when the day is hottest and grows warmer when the world grows cold. I felt monstrone bed myself, but it wouldn't do to let on for I knowed it would only make her

Worse,

Jiy this time old bir. Mountgomery and coustn Pete and a beap more nubours and all the niguers as the plantation, was come to bid me good-by. Old Termination, my driver, was mounted on the box, with his clean clothes on, and a bran new lash to his whip, the proudest nigger you ever did see. He couldn't notice none of the rest of 'em for bis shirt collar, but if any of the little niggers come too close to his team, axin' him to buy 'em something in Augusty, he was monstrous apt to anser 'em with a little tetch of the lash. tetch of the lask.

When the tranks were tied on, and old Miss Stallins was sure ther wan't nothin' forgot—which she sed she know'h tier would be—I went through

know'h ther would be—I went through the shakin' hands with the mabors.

"Good-by, Msjer," see old Mr. Mountgumery; "I wish you a pleasant jurny and a safe return."

"Thank you, see I.

"Good-by, Jue," see Pete; "dou't you git in no fuss with them abbittonists—If you do. old feller you went find no friends thar, mind I tell you."

"Don't you fear for me," see I.

"Good-by, and take care of yourself."

"Good-by, Majer," see all of 'cro, as they shuck my band.

Then bere come all the niggers.

"Good-by, Massa Joe," see all of 'em "Good-by," see I, "and be good niggers till I come back.

"Don't let none of dem peaky old 'bobolitionists kotch you, Massa Joe," see Prissy.

ses Prissy.
"Massa Joe, Massa Joe; Ant Moma say cum dai" ses one of the little nig-

gers.
Pore old Moma was the fust nigger may father ever owned. She's moran't a hindred years old now, and her heds as white as the cotton she use' to pick for us when she was a gall. She's been for us when she was a gall. She's been monstrous porely this winter, and hain't been able to go out of her little house in the yard, whar she's lived ever sonse she was too old to do anything on the plantation. She was 'fraid I was gwine off without biddin' her good-by, and that's the reason she sent for me. She was settin' in the door when I went to her, and she raised her old dim ever, almost white with

her hap, and she follored me with her oyes as far us she could see me through

and the old woman was in such a figs-tration she didn't know her lips from or three times apiece, rice afore Cousin l'ete, who smacked his lips and looked sort e' crossoyed every time. But when I cam to look for Mary, she was gone in the bouse. That she was, sittin in her rockin chair, leanin her face in last hand, and the tears runnin down her cheeks in a stream. When I got close to her she rix up and pot her arms around my neek. I can't tell you what she sed, nor how many, nor how long, nor how sweet them kisses nrything else. I blased the galls two or three times apiece, rite afore Cousin l'ete, who smacked his lips and looked how long, nor how sweet them kisses was. Them's family affairs, and sin't was. Them's family affairs, and ain't for nobody to know. After she dried her eyes as well as she could, she went with me to the carriags. Prissy was holdin little Harry reddy for his kiss. I tuck the little feller in my arms and gra him one good long squeeze, and then got in. Termination popped his whip and away he went, leavin Mary and all of 'em crying cause I was gone, and the baby kickin and aquallin like rath cause he couldn't go too.

Separashuns is monatrous tryin

rath cause the couldn't go too.

Separashuns is monatreus tryin things to people wint ain't use to 'em, and I couldn't help feelin very scilum-colly all the way to Augusty. The rode is one if the lonesumment in the world, and I never was so put to it to keep my aperits up. Ther was nothin new or interrestin to attract my 'tention, and whenever I thought bout home the worse I feit. Marp's partin injunicahuns was still soundin in my ears, and whenever I shut my eyes I could soe her atandin on the plazzy lookin after me, with thin grate big tears runnin down her cheeks, and sparklin like diamonds is her curis, I that was bangin in disorder 'hout her

There meets of pleasare and arrive of sylet. There meets the pleasare and arrive of sylet. At thick he will rely you taked all res have. But meets it you taked all res have. But meets it think that song was suggested by any jealous fears on any part; no, indeed, not by a jug full; but you know how wimmin will talk sumtimes on sich occasions. They say a heap, jest to see what you'll say.

I got here about noon and stopped at the Globe Hotel, and esnt Termination back home with the carriage. Pore faler, and whon he shack hands with me he couldn't hardly speak, and his eyes looked like two peeled onlone swimmin in their own jules. "Good bye, Masses Joe," see he, but dan't stay away from Miss Mary long, if you spee to see her live when you come back." After dinner I tack a walk down the street to see the towd. Augusty's a monstrous pretty city, but it ain't the place it used to was, not by a grate site. It seems like it was rottin off at both sends, and ain't growin much in the middle; and you couldn't hardly see for the wagons, looks more like pretty considerable large martin bexes standin in the middle of the grate wide street, than places of bisness. The peeple that laid out the city must been monstroms wide between the eyes, and made very large calculations for bisness; for they've got it stretched out over ground enuff to make two or three sich towns, and Broad street, what the stores is, is wide enuff for the merchants to charge exchange from one side to toller. I see by the supers that they're gwine to dig a hig canal, as they call it, and turn the river up stream into the mannyfyscteria of cotton. Thet's a sort of bunes I don't know hothin about, and I can't say how it'll turn out, but there's one thing very certain, and that is, if the Augusty people don't do something to start bisness agoin agin, all the boase in the city won't rent for eauff to feed 'em. The fact is, if the people of Georgia don't take makin homespun and sich truck for themselves, and quit their evariantin fuss 'bout the tariff and free

for us when she was a gall. She's bren monstrous porely this winter, and hain't been able to go out of her little house in the yard, whar she's lived ever sonse she was too old to do anything on the plantation. She was 'fraid I was gwine off without biddin' her good-by, and that's the reason she sent for me. She was settin' to the door when I went to her, and she raised her old dim eyes, almost white with age, and looked at me.

"Why, Massa Joe. God bless you; you gwine away widout tellin' pore old Moma good-by?—ole Moma what use to nuss you when you was leetle baby like leetle Massa Harry, Moma no able to run after Massa Joe now—maybe old Moma, lib too long—make trouble for white folks; but Moma's time mose come.'

"No, no. Moma," ses I; "you must' talk that away. You know you ain't no trouble to us, and you always was a good servant."

The pore old creeter brightened up and tried to smile. and tried to smile.

"Good-by. Moma," sea I, as I tuck her pore old hand in mine; "take good care of yourself till I cum home. and let your young missess knuw whenever you want anything. Good-by, old nigger."

"Bleas ye, hless ye, Massa Joe—bless Miss Mary and leetle Massa Harry. God bless you all—good-by."

The faithful old crester tried to press my hand, but soe was too weak, and when I let go her hand it drapt into her hap, and she follered me with her hoves an far as she could see me through her lap, and she follered me with her oyes as far as she could see me through the tests.

Then cum the kissin bisness. I took the worst job fust and kissed old Miss Stallins and mother. I didn't mind assein mother, cause it seemed all right and natural; but I always did hate to kiss old wisness what hain't got no tests, and I'm monstrous glad old Miss Stallins had her handkerchief to her face, for in the hurryment I kissed it, and the old woman was in such a finsletter of mine, and now it's grow'd all out as black as your hat! come round to see me and told me all about the

> of General Kittledrum's Lieutenants come over from South Carolina to git up a single school in Augusty. He brung his commistum from the Gaverner as a recommendation. That was enulf for the Palega, who tuck him in hand and soon got up all sorts of a stool for him. He had 'bout a hundred of 'em down on his list, at \$25 a quarter, in no time. The faller was almost out of his senses at the idee of making his fortin so soon, and was almost out of his senses at the idee or making his fortin so soon, and; was willis' to do any thing the Pelege sed was necessary to stablish his repetation as a music master. In the fast place, they tuck him into a back room and made him put his hands on the globes, and swors him bout his faith in certain doctrand plots which they sed was year impartant in a single master. tain dootrinal plots which they sed was very important in a single master. One of wm red out, is a very solum voice, bout the rain fallin upon the peath 40 days and 40 nice; and then another one sed to him, "Luteuant Odin, with your rite hand on the sleatist globe and your left hand on termital globe, do you swar to that?" See he, "I do." Then they aware him bout Sampson killing the Filirations with the jaw-bone of a jackase, and bout Farou and his host gattle swallered up in the Red See, and a heap of other things. Then, after puttin him

froe the manuel exercise for bout two owers, rite in the brillin sun, they see he must give 'un a spectymen at his vokel powers at the theater, before all his stoilers. Well, they rigged him out on the stage, and had him howlin all unapper of meeters and knee, and givin explanosiums, afore a whole the ater full of Pelegs, till they get tired of the fire, when the fast thing the feller known, a man steeped on the stage, and rester him for how stein, rite in the middle of Old Hundred, on a high kee. The pose faller was skaced at most to deth, and swore he never thek a horse nor nothin else what didn't belong to him, in all his bore days; he truck out his commishin and show'd the Guessnor's handritin. But all he could do or any didn't signify nothin. The constable such him in a room whar the Pelegs held their courts, and that they put him troe a regist trial, and made a convicted host them out of him by the strongest kind of testimony. Some of the Yelegs was his frends, and done all they could for him; but his was not seen to jail to wait till the day of execution. The pose feller trembled so be could'nt liarily stand, and the swet started out of his face litts he'd been mawlin rails all day. His frends told him his only chance was to except when they was takin him to jail, and promised that they'd try to git him loose from the constable, and then he must run acrose the bridge into Carolina as if the very old Harry was after him. Shore sand, when they got him near the bridge, his frends got him away from the constable, and a straiter coat tail then he made agrees that old bridge, was naver seed in Georgia. And that's the last that's ever been seed or heard of Lutemant Odia, the singin master.

I apected comething wasn't rite when I need so many of 'om; but they know who to project with. They didn't git me to go to none of their lecters on the moan, mind I tell you.

I'm gwine in the moreing to Charleston. It's mostrone day-ingit. So no more from Your freud till deth,

To He Continued Next Week.)

What It Cost to Bun the Lost State See

Stanly Enterprise.

The last Legislature of Morth Carolina was a remarkable hody of men, in looking over the Anditor's report we find many interesting items. In one charge there seems to be some false economy. It is for soap for various departments. \$5.40. It must have been a lack of soap that caused so much dirty work in that brilliant hody of men. In the State beaate there are 30 members. The Secate chamber is not larger than our court room in Stanly men. In the State State there are 30 members. The Scoats chamber is not larger than our court room in Stanjy county, yet it took 20 men, working at \$2. 50 per day, to attempt to keep it clean. Besides these 20 busy men, afteen boys (pages) at \$1 per day were necessary to attend the wants of the High Lords. Let the taxpayers consider this; sixy-fire deliars per day to hire help to attend the 50 Senators and keep in order a room, not larger than our court room. If you doubt that it took so much meney, when you are in Lown we will show you proof of these facts. The Auditor's report further shows that the amount paid during the session of 1897, was as follows, wir. Salary Senate members, \$14,142.80; for employes in Senate for hession 1897, \$11,592.28. The employes in the Senate lacked only \$2,550.5205 receiving as much as the Senators. The question in, what did all of the employes do? The question to the yoters is, do you expect by your vote to allow a noutlanation of such a state of affairs?

Petition in the Bighth

The Democratic convention to nom-nate a candidate for Congress for the eighth district, has been called to meet at Wilkesbore Angust 18th. Notwitt-standing the 3,000 Republican majority to be overcome, nearly swery county in the district has a favorite son. Surry will present Thomas W. Folger, Esq., of Dobson. Other gentlemen men, tioned are: E. B Jenes, of Forsyth; W. W. Barker, of Wilkes; E. F. Levelt, of Watunga; R. A. Donghton, of Alle-giany; W. G. Newland, of Caldwell; Map. J. W. Wilson, of Burke; A. C. McIntosh, of Alexander: Dr. Tyre York, of Wilkes; W. H. Bower, of Caldwell; R. A. Hamfiten, of Ashs, and others. It would take the son of a prophet to foretell the name of the lucky man. ikin Cor. Charlotte Ubserver,

About one mostle ago my child, which is diteen mostles old, had an attack of diarrison accompanied by wonting. I gave it such remedies as are iting. I gave it such remedies as are usually given in such cases, but as nothing gave relief, we sent for a physician and it was under his care for a week. At this time this child had been sick for about twenty-five operations of the bowels every twelve hours, and we were convinced that unless it soon obtained relief it would not live. Chamiseriam's Colle. Obelers and Diarriness Remedy was recommended, and I decided to try it. I soon naticed a change for the better, by its oontinued uses a complete cure was brought about and it is now perfectly healthy.—C. L. Roggs, Stamptown, Gilmer Co., W. Va. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

One of the higgest Spanish victories won was when that Spanish steamship company captured the contract to carry those Spanish troups back to Spanish

The Rev. W. B. Contley, of Stock-bridge, Go., while attending to his pas-toral duties at Ellenwood, that state, was attacked by cholers morbus. He says: "By chance I happened to get hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Cotte. Cholers and Discrines Bessedy, and I thick it was the means of awing my life. It callered ms at once," For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.