

Turkey Seed at Oct.
WE OFFER our stock of TURKEY SEED at cost in order to close them out, as the season is nearly over.
Miller's Drug Store.

Goldsboro Weekly Argus.

Landreth's New Crop
TURKISH SEED
At cost. We want to make room for other goods with the planting season. As a special favor, we have a large stock of the highest quality of Miller's Drug Store.

"This Argus o'er the people's rights
Doth eternal vigil keep;"
No soothing strain of Mai's son
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep."

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WORTH WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who
will smile.
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years.
And the smile that is worth the praise
of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it is only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor
of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is embowered
to day.
They make up the item of life,
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage
of earth.
For we find them but once in a while
El' Wheeler Wilcox.

IS HIS ARGU MEN.

Mr. Bland, of Missouri, made a terrific speech in the house on the silver question a few days ago. Take this portion of Mr. Bland's speech, for instance:
"We are asked here to-day to lay the bloody hand of confiscation on millions of our population in order to satisfy the greed of England. Will congress do it? Will you trample down the interests of your own people and destroy the value of one of the precious metals, simply to gratify the greed of Wall street—a mere agent of Lombard street? It cannot, it shall not be done. [Applause] Speaking for the mass of the people of the Mississippi valley and of the people of the west of it, I say you shall not do it. [Renewed applause.] And anybody, or any party that undertakes to do it, will, in God's name, be trampled—as it ought to be—in the dust of condemnation now and in the future. [Continued applause on the floor and in the galleries.] I speak as a democrat, but yet as an American above democracy. [Cheers.] We do not intend that any party shall survive, if we can help it, that will lay its confiscating hand on America, in the interest of England or of Europe. That may be strong language; but, speaking to you for the eastern democracy, we will bid you farewell when you do it. [Applause.]

"Now you can take your choice of sustaining America against England, of sustaining American industries and American laborers against English industries and English laborers, or of our going apart. We have come to the parting way. I do not intend to speak for anybody but myself and my constituents; but I believe I can speak for the masses of the great Mississippi valley when I say that we will not submit to the domination of any political party (however much we love democracy) if it lays its sacrificial hand upon silver and wounds it in this country. For myself, I will not support such a party here or elsewhere; but will denounce it as undemocratic and un-American. And the democrats engaged in it, I will ask the people of the country to condemn as the agents and tools—no I will withdraw that epithet—as the representatives of the moneyed power, and the un-democratic interests, instead of being representatives of the masses of American people. You cannot hold the democratic party together on that line." [Applause.]

In all these lines, as the Atlanta Journal says, there is not one word of argument, not one word that is calculated to appeal to the reason of those whom Mr. Bland was addressing. We have only a conglomeration of reckless assertions and angry threats dashed with a variety of epithets and insinuations. What does Mr. Bland hope to accomplish by spouting such stuff?

He assumes to be more honest and more patriotic than those who disagree with him on the currency question, when everybody knows that he is neither. He characterizes those who favor the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act as "agents and tools of the money power." This is more like the vulgar billings-gate of the demagogue on the stump than what we expect to hear in a congressional debate on a great question.

Suppose some member who does not agree with Mr. Bland's financial theories should have replied by denouncing him as "the agent and tool" of the silver mine owners. The gentleman from Missouri would have grown very angry and yet he would have no right to complain. When men impugn the motives of their peers, they must not complain if their own are questioned. Nobody made any such reply to Mr. Bland. Such a speech as his needs no answer and we are glad that his violence did not provoke any similar exhibition of temper.

A POEM—THE LINNET.

How sweet is thy song, thou dear chanting linniet,
There is music and love and sentiment in it!
The music of nature is sweeter than art—
It springs from the innermost heart of my heart.
Sing on, thou sweet songster, sing on thy sweet song,
Sing of my false love, from night until morn,
Sing on, till the hills had re-echoed the tone,
Sing on until death has welcomed me home
Sing on, little warbler, sing on your sweet song,
Give cheer to the heart that's been pining so long;
Come rest with me here, and desist in thy flight,
You have left me in sorrow that is darker than night.

THE PLATFORM.

As the Atlanta Journal says, much is said about the Chicago platform by the 55-cent-dollar politicians and newspapers, who appear to be under the delusion that they have pre-empted that document, but it is noticeable that they are careful not to quote the platform itself. They are wise. To print the financial plank of the Democratic platform is to expose the fallacy of their claims concerning it.

The silver fanatics declare that the Chicago platform unconditionally demands the passage of a free coinage bill. It does no such a thing.

A RIGHTEOUS ARBITRATION.

The decision of the Paris Tribunal of Arbitration must put an end to the long dispute between the States and Great Britain regarding the protection of the seal fisheries in Behring Sea. Both countries are bound in honor to accept the judgment of the tribunal, whatever it may be; as it is, both may accept it gracefully. It concedes to Great Britain all the principles of international law which her government has consistently upheld, while it also grants to the United States the practical result in the restriction of pelagic sealing, which is all that serious-minded Americans have ever believed that she should have demanded.

In effect, the judgment of the tribunal is just what was contended for and in a fair way to be secured by the United States at the close of the former administration of Mr. Cleveland. Recognizing that extra-territorial jurisdiction could be claimed by one nation only with the consent of the others interested, Mr. Bayard had proposed a congress of the maritime powers to agree upon regulations for the protection of the seals. The proposition had been received with favor and negotiations to this effect were well advanced, notwithstanding the practical assertion of jurisdiction had compelled our government to make, when Mr. Blaine succeeded to the direction of affairs. That brilliant politician was dissatisfied with the situation as he found it and at once introduced a new element into the discussion, claiming that the United States already possessed exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea, by virtue of the treaty with Russia in the purchase of Alaska, and that no other powers had any rights there at all or anything to do with the matter.

Of course Great Britain would not acknowledge any such untenable claim as this, which was sufficiently refuted by the fact that neither Great Britain nor the United States had ever acknowledged any such exclusive claim by Russia as was now set up as having been derived from Russia by purchase. Indeed it may be doubted if Mr. Blaine himself really took his own contention seriously; but having assumed it, it required two years of elaborate diplomatic correspondence to get down from it without appearing to surrender. At the end of that time he consented to submit the claims of the United States to arbitration and to come to an agreement, pending their settlement, for a joint regulation of the seal fisheries.

What was asked of the international tribunal, therefore, was practically what Mr. Bayard had proposed to accomplish by international agreement—the regulation of the seal fisheries by common consent. Nominally, it was asked to pass upon the claim of the United States to exclusive jurisdiction, and Mr. Foster, who succeeded to

A LONELY GRAVE.

(For the Y. F. D.)
As I was taking an idle walk up the H. and T. C. railroad from McKinney, Tex., I observed a lonely grave with a rude pile of old crosses around it. A board was set up at the head with the simple lines:
"BILL THOMPSON, Age 21.
Died September 12, 1891."
Away out from the hum of the busy town,
Only a few feet from the railroad track,
Where rumbling cars go daily thundering down,
Bearing loved ones off; bringing others back;

There, in loneliness, with wild weeds o'er-grown,
Is an humble mound, carelessly done—
Fenced with a cross-tie pen—marked by no stone—
Only a board is inscribed, "Bill Thompson, Age 21."
In this dreary place, where the night wind sweeps
By with a moan that is hoarse and chilly,
All unwept, unnoticed and unknown sleeps
What was lately some fond mother's little Willie.

Some mother once held in tenderest embrace
A little, bright, fair-haired, innocent boy,
And kissed with a mother's kiss the sunny face
Of her little son—her dearest hope and joy.
But now, how neglected and cast away!
No mother here to weep by this lost grave!
The bright sun only watches day by day
The rank weeds blossom and the wild grasses wave.

At dusky eve, when the cold stars come slowly
Out to hold watch through all the weary night,
The lone whippoorwill sings sadly,
The only dirge to this soul
Thus, unnoticed, from the ranks of the living
We drop into oblivion, one by one,
And the busy, heedless world without giving
A passing thought like the cars goes rushing on.
—JOE FARMER.

THE BASIS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

An elaborate review of the question by the Philadelphia Times in answer to an Enquiry.
Many persons become confused in the study of the ratio of gold and silver as applied to currency. The following is one of a number of communications lately received at this office making inquiries about different phases of the gold and silver question:

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
Will you be kind enough to explain exactly what is meant by the ratio of 16 to 1, or 25 to 1, between gold and silver? By doing so you will oblige
MANY READERS.

Public interest has been quickened in the silver question by its presumed paralyzing effect upon the country at this time, and many are now studying its history in detail who have heretofore never given serious thought to the subject. We find silver referred to in the Old Testament, being included in the riches of Abraham. It was then used as a medium of exchange and as material in the arts, although coinage was unknown. At one time during the reign of Solomon it had become so abundant that it ranked only with the base metals, and it was used largely in the building arts.

Coinage in a very rude state was introduced as early as the eighth century before Christ, and four centuries later coinage was common throughout the civilized world. The first account we have of the relative value of silver and gold under the Christian era dated gold and silver at about 9 to 1; that is, one ounce of gold was worth nine ounces of silver. Since that time the relative value of the two metals has fluctuated from time to time, according to their relative abundance.

The United States, by act of April 2, 1792, provided for the establishment of a Mint and fixed the amount of precious metal to be used in their coins. The silver dollar fixed as the standard at that time contained 416 grains, which made it worth a fraction of a cent more than one dollar in gold. By the act of June 25, 1834, the weight of gold coins was slightly increased as compared with silver, which remained unchanged. By the act of January 18, 1839, the French standard for both gold and silver was adopted. The weight of the gold coin remained unchanged, but the silver dollar was reduced to 412 2/3 grains, where it remains today. At that time, as it had been from the establishment of the Mint, and as it continued until 1873, the silver dollar of 412 2/3 grains was worth a fraction more than a dollar in gold. The result

THE DEAD SINGER.

"She is dead!" they say; "she is robed for the grave; there are lilacs upon her breast;
Her mother has kissed her clay-cold lips,
and folded her hands to rest;
Her blue eyes show through the waken lids;
they have hidden her hair's gold crown;
Her grave is dug, and its heap of earth is waiting to press her down."

She is dead!" they say to the people,
her people for whom she sung,
Whose hearts she touched with sorrow and love,
like a harp with life-chords strung.
And the people hear—but behind their tears they smile as though they heard
Another voice, like a mystic, proclaim
another word.

"She is not dead," it says to their hearts
true Singsers can never die,
Their life is a voice of higher things,
unseen to the common eye,
The truths and the beauties are clear to them,
God's right and the human wrong.

The heroes who die unknown, and the weak who are chained and scourged by the strong;
And the people smile at the death-word,
for the mystic voice is clear,
The Singer who lived is always alive
we hearke and always hear"

And they raise her body with tender hands,
and bear her down to the main,
They lay her in state on the mourning ship,
like the lily-maid Blaine;
And they sail to her isle across the sea,
where the people wait on the shore
To lift her in silence with heads all bare
to her home forevermore,
Her home in the heart of her country
oh, a grave among our own
Is warmer and dearer than living on in
the stranger lands alone.

No need of a comb for the Singer! Her fair hair's pillow now
Is the sacred clay of her country, and the sky above her brow
Is the same that smiled and wept on her youth, and the grass around is deep
With the clinging leaves of the shamrock that cover her peaceful sleep.

Undreaming there she will rest and wait,
in the tomb her people make,
Till she hears men's hearts, like the seeds in spring, all stirring to be awake,
Till she feels the moving of souls that strain till the bands around them break;
And then, I think, her dead lips will smile and her eyes be open to see,
When the cry goes out to the Nations
that the Singer's land is free!
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpburg, Pa., says: "I will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Coughs and Colds, that cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of 'La Grippe,' when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Coopers, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it try it free. Bottles at J. H. Hill & Son's Drug Store Large bottles, 50c. and \$1.00."

ELECTRIC BITTE

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise: "A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove King's, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood; will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed. Price 50c.—Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at J. H. Hill & Son's Drug Store."

GOOD NEWS.

No other Medicine in the world was ever given such a test of its curative qualities as Otto's Cure. Thousands of bottles of this great German remedy are being distributed free of charge, by druggists in this country, to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung diseases, giving the people proof that Otto's Cure will cure them, and that it is the grandest triumph of Medical science. For sale only by J. H. Hill & Son, sample free Large bottles 50c.

THE GOLDEN SECRET, LONG LIFE.

Keep the head cool, the feet warm and the bowels open. Bacon's Celery Cure is a vegetable preparation and acts as a natural laxative, and is the greatest remedy ever discovered for the Cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and all Blood, Liver, and Kidney diseases. Call on J. H. Hill & Son, sole agent, and get a trial bottle free. Large size 50c.

ONE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

It is at all times to attend to the comfort of your family. Should any of them catch a slight Cough or Cough, prepare yourself and call at once on J. H. Hill & Son, sole agent and get a trial bottle of Otto's Cure, the great German Remedy Free. We give it away to prove that we have a cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs Large size 50c.

FROM SIRE TO SON.

As a Family Medicine Bacon's Celery Cure passes from sire to son as a legacy. If you have Kidney, Liver or Blood disorder do not delay, but get a free sample package of this remedy at once. You have Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Rheumatism, etc., this grand specific will cure you. J. H. Hill & Son, the leading druggists, are sole agents and are distributing samples free to the afflicted. Large package 50c.

SUNDAY READING.

Made Up of Divers Clippings.

The high appreciation of Grecian sculpture entertained and manifested by the Roman Consul Mummian, has not happily, been lost to history. On the contrary it is written of him that, after the taking of Corinth when he was preparing to go to Rome some works of the greatest Grecian sculptors, he told the packers that if they broke his Venus or his Apollo, he would force them to restore the limbs that should be found wanting. Recalling this warning to the packers, a distinguished modern writer illustrates the incongruity suggested thereby, as follows: "A head by a heaver of milestones, joined to a bosom by 'Praxitiles.'"

But Homer said: "Look well upon my face;
Revered me, what I am. Will were the east
If I should wander from the way; no trace
Were left of me, and I forever lost."
—E. Cavazza, in Youths' Companion.

To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of empathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp is of its own light:

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell:
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space,
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will wonder, by wise love taught,
That here is life, and there is naught,
Which is all, if ye are fair—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only met at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.
—Sir Edwin Arnold.

It takes all the courage and backbone and moral muscle and sanctified grit that God ever put into a man to live a full, rounded, consistent Christian life.

Bacon's African Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Fetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Diseases, and positively Cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Hill & Son.

IS JOHN B. HUSSEY?

And so it is not Loge Harris after all, who has been writing the "Jonathan Edwards" letters in the *Carolinian*. Harris is an avowed Republican, open and bold in his statements. Butler needs nobody to not mean enough for him. So he gets a man who was, during the last campaign, a spy sent out by the chairman of the National Republican Executive Committee. He came pretending to be a Democrat but his object was to gain all the knowledge possible of the Democrats in North Carolina, try to dissatisfy the white people and fan into a flame the class prejudice already kindled among them; to inspire the colored people with a deeper race prejudice and incite them to deeds of violence.

And this is the man that Mr. Butler now employs to discuss public affairs for his readers and keep them informed of the doings of Congress and the administration in Washington.—*North Carolinian*.

Yellow Fever.

PENSACOLA, Fla., August 18.—The following was promulgated at a late hour today.
Pensacola, Fla., August 18, 1893.—We, the undersigned representatives of the health department of the State of Florida, the United States of America and the city of Pensacola, do hereby announce that after a thorough and careful inspection of this city, we have failed to find the existence of any case of yellow fever or any infections or contagious diseases whatever.
(Signed) Joseph Y. Porter, M. D., State Health Officer, Florida;
R. D. Mure, Surgeon U. S. Marine Hospital Service; G. M. Magruder, Passed Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Marine Hospital Service; Robt. W. Hargis, M. D., President Escambia County Board of Health.
Mayor Chipley issued the following to absentees:
Pensacola, Fla., August 18, 1893.—With a full appreciation of the responsibility that I assume, I am hesitatingly say to our absent citizens, they can return to their homes with absolute security.
W. D. CHIPLEY, Mayor.

Waste Paper into Kegs and Barrels.

A recent invention converts waste paper into kegs and barrels. This is one way of hooping up the spring poem business.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

When this country becomes truly civilized all grade railway crossings will be outlawed and abolished.—*New York Telegram*.

At last an opportunity seems to have arrived for shutting up a prize fighter.

One of the bread is said to have gone crazy.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

GALLANT RUFUS CHOAETE.

On a pretty girl saying to Rufus Choate, "I am very sad you see," he replied, "O, no, you belong to the old Jewish sect; you are very fair I see!"
Nothing adds so much to the beauty of a fair girl, as a clear, bright healthy complexion, and to secure this pure blood is indispensable. So many of the so-called blood-purifiers sold to improve a rough, pimply, muddy skin, only drive the acrid humors from the surface to some internal vital organ, and disease and death is the inevitable result. On the contrary, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strikes directly at the root of the evil, by driving the impurities entirely out of the system, and with a fresh stream of pure blood flowing through the veins, nothing but the softest and fairest of complexion can result.