

# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Malice toward none; With Charity for all.

10 CENTS PER ANNUM, In Advance.

VOL. XXI.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1892

NO. 3.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The young emperor has a mind of his own and Germany is to have a crisis.

### That Tired Feeling.

The newspapers are having a good deal of fun nowadays over that "tired feeling," so much spoken of in medical advertisements, in connection with the health of the nation. It is a source of hilarity to witty paraphraser, but not so to suffering women, who, if overworked, and a disregard of the laws of health, have passed into a condition bordering on invalidism. What most women need is to be relieved of some of the slavish work that is piled on them, and a free, but judicious use of strengthening tonics, such as P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium), the greatest blood purifier and invigorator in use. Superior as a builder up of women, bringing back lost energy to the body, and color to the faded cheeks, restoring the appetite, and thus relieving in a healthy manner, the various ailments, such as rheumatism, syphilis, gout, scrofula, and all other ailments, even vasculitis, that so miserably annoy our physicians. For sale by Thomas & Aycock.

### WORLD'S FAIR.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, Raleigh, N. C., January 15, 1892.

The Board of Agriculture has undertaken to make an exhibit of the resources of the State of North Carolina at the Columbian Exposition, and has appointed the World's Fair Executive Committee to carry out this purpose. This committee appeals to the citizens of the State to give them a cordial support, and to aid them in furnishing an exhibit that will be illustrative of the State's resources of every kind.

We confidently expect that North Carolina will be able to sustain herself in high competition with the rest of the world.

Every country in the world and every State in the Union is expected to participate at this display of the world's resources and progress in every department of the human effort. It will give some idea of the extent of this Exposition when it is remembered that 750 acres, more than a great plantation, is embraced in the grounds, and that 150 acres will be covered with the necessary buildings. These buildings will be filled with every conceivable product of nature and art, and North Carolina can and will respond to what is expected of her.

In order that our State may take her proper place at this great Exposition, the Board intends to make collections in the following departments:

Agriculture—Food and food products, etc. Horticulture—Fruits, wines, and garden products, etc. Live Stock—Domestic and wild animals. Mines—Mining and Metallurgy—Minerals, building and monumental stones. Forestry—Timbers and forestry products. Fine Arts—Painting, decoration, etc. Ethnology—Indian relics, and specimens illustrating the progress of labor and invention. Liberal Arts—Education, engineering, etc. Manufacturers—Fish and Fisheries—Fish products and appliances for catching fish.

All correspondence to be sent to T. K. Burner, Commissioner in charge of exhibits and Secretary of the Committee, at Raleigh, N. C.

W. F. GREEN, Chairman.  
J. F. PAYNE,  
A. LEZAR,  
S. L. STEVENS,  
W. E. PETERSON,  
Committee.

### Scribner's Magazine.

AN EXCEPTIONAL YEAR.

The year 1891 has been marked by a greater advance than any similar period since the Magazine was established. Not only has the literary and artistic excellence been maintained and increased, but a corresponding gain has been made in the circulation of the Magazine. At the end of 1891 the circulation had risen to more than 140,000. It may justly be pronounced the most successful year of the Magazine's history.

It is not possible to give, in a brief space, an account of all the features in preparation, but the material is deficient in neither importance nor range of subject.

THE POOR: THE WORLD'S GREAT CITIES.

This proposed to publish a series of articles, upon a scale not before attempted, giving the results of special study and work among the poor of the great cities. The plan will include an account of the conditions of life in these cities (in many lands), where the results of research will be helpful for purposes of comparison as well as for their own intrinsic interest. While, from a scientific point of view, the articles will be a contribution of great importance, the treatment will be thoroughly popular, and the elaborate illustrations will serve to make the presentation of the subject vivid as well as picturesque.

WASHINGTON ALISTON.

Unpublished reminiscences and letters of this foremost among early American painters. A number of illustrations will lend additional interest to the articles.

IMPORTANT MOMENTS.

The aim of this series of very short articles is to describe the signal occasions when some decisive event took place, or when some great experiment was shown to be successful—such moments as that of the first use of the telegraph and telephone, the first successful experiment with ether, the night of the Chicago fire, the scene at the moment of the vote on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, etc.

OUT OF DOOR PAPERS.

In the early spring will be begun a number of seasonal articles, among them being: Small country places, how to enjoy and beautify them; by Samuel Parsons, Jr. Fishing lore from the Angler's Note-Book; by Leroy M. Yale. Mountain Station Life in New Zealand, by Sidney Dickinson. Racing in Australia, by Sidney Dickinson, with illustrations by Birge Harrison. The illustrations are made from original material. Price 25 cents. \$3.00 a year.

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers,  
743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

### FRANKLINTON HOTEL

W. M. McGHIE, Proprietor.

Good accommodations, polite servants, and the best fare at the market affords.

### WHAT IS IT DONE? CAN IT DO?

The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment, made in Philadelphia, Pa. is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized; and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

It has been in use for over twenty years; thousands of patients have been treated, and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommended it—a very significant fact.

Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results, is the title of a book of 200 pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a good record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,  
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### Coffins and Caskets.

We have added largely to our stock, and now carry a full line of these goods—from the plainest wood coffin to the finest plush or velvet covered casket. Also a full line of coffin hardware, linings, trimmings, &c. All of which will be sold at reasonable prices.

Respectfully,  
R. R. HARRIS & Co.  
Louisburg, N. C.

### NOTICE.

By virtue of the power conferred upon me in a deed of trust executed to me by T. J. Jackson and wife, of record in the Registry of Franklin county, in Book 87, at page 159, I will, on Monday, the 7th day of March 1892, being the first Monday of the month, at 12 o'clock, M., at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following tract or parcel of land lying and being in Harris township, and described as follows: adjoining the lands of Mrs. E. A. Whelan and Wesley Benton, containing 140 acres, more or less, it being the tract of land conveyed on the 28th day of January 1854 to T. J. Jackson by W. T. Spruill by his deed of record in the Registry of Franklin county, at page 145. This 3d day of February 1892.

### NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Abel Strickland, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons owing his estate to come and pay the same at once. Those holding claims against the estate will present them to me on or before February 5, 1892, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery. This February 5, 1892.

G. T. LAFATER,  
C. M. Cooke, Att'y.

### NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator D. B. N. of W. H. Joyner, deceased, all persons holding claims against said estate will present them to me on or before Jan. 22, 1892, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will settle at once.

J. S. JOYNER, Admr.  
Jan. 22, 1892.

### CENTRAL HOTEL

J. P. Massenburg Proprietor  
HENDERSON, N. C.

Good accommodations. Good fare. Polite and attentive servants.

### GHOSTS.

A turn of the head, a gesture slight  
Of that girl, unknown, in the window there,  
Recall it is to me, in the night,  
The fatal night of our parting; where  
We stood opposed; her angry glance,  
Her small hand clenched in passionate rage,  
Ah! that was the end of our romance,  
And we both went flung upon the page.

And yet, was it ended, when here tonight  
A girl's slight movement, as it appears,  
Call up memories clear and bright,  
That I thought were dead for all the years  
Of life for me? And the thought comes now,  
If she, by a chance, some man should see,  
Whose face or whose ways were mine, some-  
how.  
Just what and how would she think of me?  
—Somerville Journal.

### A FAIR SMUGGLER.

Taman is the most wretched of all our maritime towns. I almost died of hunger there, besides being nearly drowned. I arrived very late at night in a wretched telega. The coachman stopped his tired horse close to a stone building, which stands by itself at the entrance to the town. A Black sea Cossack, who was on guard, heard the bells of my carriage and cried out, with the sharp accent of a person suddenly waked up, "Who goes there?"

Out came the sergeant and corporal. I told them I was an officer, traveling by order of the crown, and that I wanted a billet somewhere.

The corporal took us into town. All the houses were waked already occupied. The weather was cold; I had been three nights without sleep. I was very tired and our useless inquiries ended by irritating me.

"My friend," I said to the corporal, "take me to some place where I can at least lie down, no matter where it is."

"I know a hut in the neighborhood," replied the corporal, "where you might sleep; but I am afraid it would scarcely suit your honor."

"Go on," I said, paying no attention to his observation.

After much walking through dirty little streets we at last reached a sort of cabin on the edge of the sea.

The full moon cast its light on the thatched roof and the white walls of my proposed habitation. In the court surrounded by a sort of palisade I saw a fat, older and more broken down than the principal one. From this hut the ground sloped rapidly through the court down toward the sea, and I saw at my feet the foam of the troubled waters.

"This will do," I said to myself. "Tomorrow morning I shall start for Gheleudchik."

A Cossack of the line was acting as my servant. I told him to take out my trunk and send away the position, after which I called the master of the house. I could get no answer. I knocked, but there was still no reply. What could it mean? I knocked again, and at last a boy of about fourteen showed himself.

"Where's the master of the house?"

"There is none," returned the child, in the dialect of Little Russia.

"No master! Then where is the mistress?"

"Come into the village."

"Who will open the door, then?" I cried, at the same time kicking at it.

The door opened itself and out came a wave of damp steam.

I struck a match and saw by its light a blind boy standing motionless before me.

I must here say that I am strongly prejudiced against the blind, the deaf, the lame, the hunchbacked; in short, against the deformed in general. I have remarked that there is always a singular correspondence between the physical formation of a man and his moral nature, as though by the loss of a member the individual lost certain faculties of the soul.

I examined the child's face; but what can one make of a physiognomy without eyes? I looked at him for some time with a feeling of compassion, when suddenly I saw on his lips a cunning smile, which produced upon me a very disagreeable impression. "Could this blind boy be not so blind as he appeared?" I said to myself. Answering my own question I said that the boy was evidently suffering from cataract, and that the appearance of cataract cannot be simulated. Why, moreover, should he affect blindness? Yet in spite of my argument I still remained vaguely suspicious.

"Is the mistress of the cabin your mother?" I said to the boy.

"No."

"Who are you, then?"

"A poor orphan," he replied.

"Has the mistress any children?"

"She has one daughter, who has gone to sea with a Tartar."

"What Tartar?"

"How do I know? A Tartar of the Crimea, a boatman from Kerch."

I went into the hut. Two benches, a table, and a large wardrobe placed near the stove composed the whole of the furniture. No holy image against the wall—bad sign!

My Cossack took possession of the other bench. Ten minutes afterward he was fast asleep. I, however, was still awake, and could not drive from my mind the impression made upon me by the boy, with his two white eyes.

An hour passed. Through the window fell upon the floor the fantastic light of the moon.

Suddenly a shadow was cast, where before there had been a bright light. I sprang up and went to the window. A human figure passed once more, and then disappeared—heaven knows where. I could scarcely believe that it had escaped by the slope into the sea, yet there was no other issue.

Throwing on my overcoat and taking my saber I went out of the cabin and saw the blind boy before me. I concealed myself behind the wall, and he passed on confidently, but with a certain cautiousness. He was carrying something under his arm, and advanced slowly down the slope toward the sea.

"This is the hour," I said to myself, "in which speech is restored to the dumb and sight to the blind."

He was now so near to the sea that with another step he would be lost. But this was not the first of his nocturnal expeditions; so at least I concluded from the agility with which he now sprang from rock to rock, while the sea poured in beneath his feet. Suddenly he stopped as though he had heard some noise, set down upon a rock and placed his burden by his side. He was now joined by a white figure walking along the shore. I had concealed myself behind one of the rocks, and overheard the following conversation:

"The wind," said a woman's voice, "is very violent; Janko will not come."

"Janko," replied the blind boy, "Janko is not afraid of the wind."

"But the clouds get thicker and thicker."

"In the darkness it is easier to escape the coast guard."

"And what if he gets drowned?"

"You will have no more bright ribbons to wear on Sunday."

As I listened to the colloquy, I remarked that the blind boy who had spoken to me in the Little Russian dialect, talked quite correctly the true Russian language.

"You see," he continued, clapping his hands, "I was right. Janko fears neither the sea, nor the wind, nor the fog, nor the coast guard. Listen! It is not the breaking of the waves I hear. No, it is the noise of his oars."

The woman got up, and with an anxious look tried to pierce the darkness.

"You are wrong," she said, "I hear nothing."

I also tried to see whether there was some sort of craft in the distance, but could distinguish nothing. A moment later, however, a black speck showed itself among the waves, now rising, now falling. At last I could make out the form of a boat dancing on the waters, and rapidly approaching the shore.

The man who was guiding it must have been a bold sailor to cross on such a night an arm of the sea some fourteen miles across, and must have had good reasons for braving so much danger. I watched the frail little craft, which was now diving and plunging like a duck through the breakers. It seemed as though she must the next moment be dashed to pieces on the shore, when suddenly the skillful rower turned into a little bay, and there, in comparatively calm water, effected a landing.

The man was of middle height, and wore on his head a cap of black sheep-skin. He made a sign with his hand, when the two mysterious persons who had been talking together joined him. Then the three united their forces to drag from the boat a burden which seemed to be so heavy that I cannot even now understand how so light a craft could have supported such a weight. They at last hoisted the cargo on their shoulders, then walked away and soon disappeared.

The best thing for me to do now was to return to my resting place. But the strange scene I had witnessed had so struck me that I waited impatiently for daylight.

My Cossack was much surprised when, on waking up, he found me fully dressed. I said nothing to him about my nocturnal excursion. I remained for some little time looking through the window with admiration at the blue sky, studded with little clouds, and the distant shore, the Crimea, stretched along the horizon like a streak of violet, ending in a rock, above which could be seen the tower of a lighthouse. Then I went out and walked to the fort of Chanagor to ask the commandant when I could go to Gheleudchik.

Unfortunately the commandant could give me no positive answer; the only vessels in port were stationary ones, and trading ships which had not yet taken in their cargo. "Perhaps," he said, "in three or four days a mail packet will come in, and then something can be arranged."

I went back in a very bad humor to my lodging. As the door stood the Cossack, who, coming toward me with rather a scared look, said inquiringly:

"Bad news?"

"Yes," I answered, "Heaven knows when we shall get away from here."

At these words the anxiety of the soldier seemed to increase. He came close to me and murmured in a low voice:

"This is not a place to stop at. I met just now a Black sea Cossack of my acquaintance—we were serving in the same detachment last year. When I told him where we had just up. 'Bad place,' he said: 'bad people.' And what do you think of that blind boy? Did any one ever before see a blind person running about from one place to another; going to the bazar, bringing in bread and water? Here they seem to think nothing of it."

"Has the mistress of the place come in?"

"This morning, while you were out, an old woman came with her daughter."

"What daughter?—Her daughter is away."

"I don't know who it is, then. But look, there is the old woman sitting down in the cabin."

I went in. A good fire was shining in the stove, and a breakfast was being prepared, which, for such poor people, seemed to me rather a luxurious one. When I spoke to the old woman she told me that she was stone deaf.

It was impossible, then, to talk to her. I turned to her blind boy, and taking him by the ear, said:

"I say, you little wizard, where were you going last night with that parcel under your arm?"

He at once began to moan and cry, and then sobbed out:

"Where was I going last night? I went nowhere. And with a parcel! What parcel?"

The old woman now proved that she was when she so desired, were by no means closed.

"It is not true," she cried, "Why do you tease an unfortunate boy? What do you take him for? What harm has he done you?"

I could stand the noise no longer. So I went out, determined somehow or other to find the solution of this riddle.

About an hour passed, perhaps more. Suddenly the cadences of a singing voice struck my ear. I listened and heard a strange melody, now slow and sad, now rapid and lively. The sounds seemed to fall from the sky. I looked up, and on the roof of the cabin I saw a young girl in a straight dress, with disheveled hair, like a saint.

I looked again toward the singer, but she had disappeared. A moment after she passed rapidly before me, singing another song and snapping her fingers. She went to the old woman and said something to her. The old woman seemed annoyed. The young girl burst into a laugh. Then, with a bound, she came close to me, suddenly stopped and looked at me fixedly, as though surprised to see me. Then, turning away with an air of indifference, she walked quietly toward the shore.

All the rest of the day I saw her at short intervals, always singing and dancing.

I had never seen such a woman before. She could scarcely be called beautiful, but I have my own ideas on the subject of beauty. There was a thoroughgoing look about her, and with women, as with horses, there is nothing like breed.

What charmed me in her was the extraordinary suppleness of her figure, the singular movements of her head and her long, fair hair hanging down in waves of gold on her neck, and her nose, which was perfectly formed, and in her sidelong glance there was something dark and wild.

Toward the evening I stopped my Udine at the door of the hut and said to her:

"Tell me, my pretty one, what were you doing today on the roof?"

"I was seeing in what direction the wind blew."

"How did that concern you?"

"Whence blows the wind, thence comes happiness."

"And your singing was to bring you good fortune?"

"Where singing is heard there is joy."

"But what should you say if your singing caused unhappiness?"

"If unhappiness arrives it must be borne. And from grief to joy the distance is not great."

"Who taught you those songs?"

"No one; I dream and I sing; those who understand me listen to me, and those who do not listen to me cannot understand me."

"What is your name?"

"Ask those who baptized me."

"And who baptized you?"

"I do not know."

"Ah! you are very mysterious, but I know something about you."

There was no sign of emotion on her face; her lips did not move.

"Last night," I continued, "you were on the roof, were you not?"

"Then I told her the scene I had witnessed. I thought this would have caused her to evince some symptom of anxiety, but it had no such effect."

"You assisted at a curious interview," she said to me with a laugh; "but you do not know much, and what you do know you had better keep under lock and key, as you would keep some precious treasure."

"But if," I continued with a grave and almost menacing air, "I were to relate what I saw to the commandant?"

At these words she darted away, singing, and disappeared like a frightened bird.

The night came. I told my Cossack to prepare the tea urn, lighted a wax candle, and sat down at the table, smoking my long pipe. I was drinking my tea, when the door opened and I heard the rustling of a dress. I rose hastily and recognized my siren.

She sat down silently beside me and fixed me with a look which made me tremble, one of those magical looks which had troubled my life in earlier days. Her countenance was pale as death. In its paleness I thought I could see the agitation of her heart. Her fingers struck mechanically on the table; her body seemed to shudder; her bosom rose violently and the moment afterward seemed depressed.

This species of comedy tired me at last, and I was about to bring it to an end in the most prosaic manner by offering my fair visitor a cup of tea, when suddenly she rose and taking my hand in her hands gazed at me with all the appearance of passionate tenderness.

A cloud covered my eyes, and I wished in my turn to kiss her, but she escaped like a snake, murmuring as she did so:

"Tonight, when everything is quiet, meet me on the shore." Then she disappeared, upsetting as she did so my tea urn and my solitary light.

"She is the very mischief!" cried my Cossack, who had been looking out for his share of the tea.

He then lay down on the bench, and gradually my agitation subsided.

"Listen," I said to him, "if you hear a pistol shot, hurry down as fast as you can to the shore."

He rubbed his eyes, and replied mechanically, "Yes, sir."

I placed my pistol in my belt and went out. The siren was waiting for me at the top of the path leading down to the sea, lightly clad in a stuff which clung to her waist like a scarf.

"Follow me," she said, taking me by the hand.

We walked down the rocky path in such a manner that I cannot understand how I failed to break my neck. Then we turned sharply to the right, as the blind boy had done the night before. The moon was not yet up. Two little stars, like the fires of lighthouses, relieved the darkness. The agitated waves lifted and let fall in regular cadence a

solitary boat close to the shore.

"Get in," she said, I hesitated, for I confess that I have not the least taste for sentimental excursions on the sea. But it was impossible to refuse. She leaped into the bark, I followed her, and off we went.

"What does all this mean?" I said, getting angry.

"It means," she replied, making me sit down on a bench and putting her arms around my waist, "it means that I love you." Her burning cheek was close to mine and I felt her hot breath in my face. Suddenly I heard something fall into the water. Instinctively my hand went to my belt. The pistol was no longer there.

A horrible suspicion seized me. The blood rushed to my brain. I looked at her. We were far from shore and I could not swim. I tried to escape from her embrace, but she held to me like a cat, and almost succeeded by a sudden jerk in throwing me out of the boat, which was already on one side. I contrived, however, to restore the equilibrium, and then began, between my perfidious compassion and myself, a desperate struggle, in which I employed all my strength, while feeling that the abominable creature was overcoming me by her agility.

"What do you mean?" I said to her, squeezing her little hands so tightly that I heard her fingers crack; but whatever pain I may have caused her, she did not utter a word. Her reptile nature could not thus be overcome.

"You saw us," she cried at last. "You want to denounce us." Then by a rapid and violent effort she threw me down. Her body and mine were now bending over the side of the frail craft and her hair was in the water. The moment was a critical one. I got up on my knees, took her with one hand by the hair, with the other by the throat, and when I at last compelled her to unclasp my clothes, I threw her into the sea.

Twice her head reappeared among the foaming waves. Then I saw her no more.

In the bottom of the boat I found an old oar, with which, after much labor, I succeeded in getting to the shore. As I walked back to the hut by the path leading to the sea, I looked toward the place where the night before the blind boy had been awaiting the arrival of the sailor. The moon at this moment was shining in the sky, and I fancied I could discern on the seashore a white figure. Filled with curiosity, I concealed myself behind a sort of promontory, from which I could remark what was going on around me. What was my surprise, and I almost say my joy, when I saw that the white figure was my maid! She was wringing the water out of her long, fair locks, and her wet dress clung to her body. A boat, which I could just see in the distance, was coming toward us. Out of it sprang the same boatman whom I had seen the night before, with the same Tartar cap. I now saw that his hair was cut in the Cossack fashion, and that from his girdle hung a large knife.

"Janko," cried the young girl, "all is lost."

Then they began to talk, but in so low a voice that I could not hear them.

"Where is the blind boy?" said Janko at last, raising his voice.

"He will be here soon," was the answer.

At that very moment the blind boy appeared, carrying on his back a packet, which he placed in the bark.

"Listen," said Janko, "keep a good watch here; the things you know are valuable. Tell—here a name was uttered which I could not catch—"that I am no longer in his service. Things have taken a bad turn. He will see me no more. The situation is so dangerous that I must get something to do elsewhere. He will not find such another very easily. You may add that if he had rewarded more liberally the dangerous services rendered to him, Janko would not have left him in the lurch. If he wants to know where to find me—where the wind howls, where the sea foams, that is where I am at home."

After a moment's silence Janko went on: "Say she accompanies me. She cannot remain here. Tell the old woman that she has her time, and that she ought to be satisfied. We shall not see her again."

"And I?" murmured the blind boy.

"I cannot be troubled about you."

The young girl leaped into the boat, and with her hand made a sign to her companion.

"Here," he said to the blind boy, "that will do to buy a gingerbread."

"Nothing more?" replied the child.

"Yes, take this," and a piece of money fell upon the sand.

The blind boy did not pick it up.

Janko took his place in the boat. The blind boy remained sitting down on the seashore, and he seemed to be crying. Poor fellow! his grief afflicted me. Why had fate thrown me in the midst of this peaceful circle of smugglers? As a stone troubles the water, I had brought disorder into their lives, and like the stone, moreover, I had very nearly sunk.

When I got back to the cabin my Cossack was so fast asleep that it would have been cruel to disturb him. I lighted the candle and saw that my little box containing my valuables, my saber with silver mountings, my Cossack dagger (given to me by a friend) had all been carried off. Now I understood what the packet placed in the boat by the blind boy must have contained.

I woke up my Cossack with a blow, reproached him for his negligence and fairly lost my temper. But my anger could not make me find what I had lost.

And how could I complain to the authorities? Should I not have been laughed at if I had told them that I had been robbed by a blind boy, and almost drowned by a young girl?—Detroit Sun-News

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

### An Exception.

The Goldsboro Argus says: "Goldsboro has a model negro farmer in the person of Prof. E. E. Smith ex-U. S. Minister to Liberia. We have before made note of his excellent farm, a few miles east of the city. Recently he had upon this market three bales of cotton, as the first fruits of his industry as a farmer."

This is an exceptional case. As a rule, any considerable time in public office unfit most men for success in private business life; and more especially is this the case among the negroes who have filled offices. There are not the advantages in public offices that the avidity with which they are sought, would indicate. There is too much office seeking too little intelligent energy invested in private business in this country, especially in farming.

The Present Seed Law in North Carolina.

It may not be generally known that the last legislature passed a seed law requiring all persons doing business in the State to have on each package of vegetable or garden seed, plainly stamped, the year in which the seed was grown. A failure to do this or to wrongfully mark any package or bag subjects the seller to a fine for each offence of ten to fifty dollars or imprisonment of ten to thirty days. Farmers who sell to each other in open bulk are not required to mark the bags or packages. This law is for the protection of seed buyers, and the honest seedsmen who conduct a straightforward business. The legislature is to be commended for their action.

Girls of Cornwall.

The girls of Cornwall, according to a recent traveler, give nobody any trouble in early life. They are little automatons in youth, silent as pagan stone circles in girlhood, voiceless and blushing thereafter until wedded, when they at once develop such strength of character, temper and tongue, that half the men of Cornwall are known individually as "Jenny's Jack," and in railway are greeted with the inquiry, "How's the woman as awas 'ee?" —[Chicago Herald.]

Burn and be Clean.

As the days grows warmer the spores of noxious fungi and the eggs and pupae of injurious insects which have lain dormant in the dead leaves, stalks and rubbish of last year's crops will waken into new life and stand prepared to attack the earliest growth of this season's crops. Formerly careful and intelligent farmers and gardeners preferred to allow those rubbish piles to remain until they could be plowed under to furnish humus for the soil. The great increase of plant diseases in recent years renders this plan no longer safe. Humus must be supplied by other means than diseased and infectious rubbish.

Loss no time, then, in cleaning up your fields, gardens, orchards and vineyards, and burn all trash, returning the ashes to the land. Remember that plants once infected by disease cannot be cured. Now is the chance for the "stitch in time."—Gerald McCarthy, N. C. Experiment Station.

As a matter of fact, in getting rid of the excess of acreage in cotton, we do not want a single substitute for that staple, and it would be as great a folly to plant all rice, all tobacco or all anything else as all cotton. The true remedy is diversification of crops, and the planting and growing of a half dozen products best adapted to Southern agriculture.—Winston Sentinel.

"Time is money." If you have a bad cold, don't mope around and half do your work. Get a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; take a dose at night and get up the next morning—cured. You need not despair! Salvation Oil will heal your burnt arm without a scar. 25 cents.

Chappie—Do you wish me to understand that it is useless to press this suit?

Jennie—Oh, no. With a little work on the knees it might do for several proposals yet.