

THE GRANGE EXPOSED

All its Secrets Revealed—How its Initiations are Conducted.

On being brought into the apt-room of the lodge (Green-Grange, No. 101), I was told that I had been balloted for an accepted. My informant, who was securely masked by what I afterward learned was a large burdock leaf, perforated with holes for eyes, told me I valued my life it would be necessary for me to strip. As I did consider that of considerable worth to me, and as he italicized his wishes by carelessly playing with a seven-shooter, I withdrew from my garments with eagerness. My masked friend then furnished me with the regalia of the first degree—entitled "The Festive Plough-boy"—which consisted merely of one huge cabbage leaf attached to a waistband of three potato vines. In this airy costume I was conducted to the door, where my companion gave three distinct raps. (I was securely blindfolded by binding a slice of rutabaga over each eye.) A sepulchral voice from within asked: "Who comes?" My guide answered: "A youthful agriculturalist who desires to become a granger. Sepulchral Voice—Have you looked him carefully over? Guide—I have noble gate keeper. S. V.—Do you find any agricultural marks about his person. Guide—I do. S. V.—What are they? Guide—The candidate has curly hair, reddish whiskers, and a turn-up nose. S. V.—Is well. Why do you desire to become a granger? Guide—(Answering for candidate)—That I may be thereby better enabled to harrow up the feelings of the rascally politicians. S. V.—You will bring in the candidate. My worthy stripping, as you know, I will have you receive at the door on the three rings of a pumpkin, piecing the region of the stomach, which is to teach you the three great virtues, hope and charity. Faith in yours, hope for the better, and charity for the righting of the ladder. You will now be instructed, and in preparation of the horse Pegasus will be tested as to the endurance of your mind. The candidate is now attached to a small imitation plow by means of his open harness. A dried pumpkin-vine is put in his mouth for a bit and bridle—he is made to get down upon all fours, the guide seizes the bridle and urged on by a granger around with a Canada thistle, which he vigorously applies at the termination of the vine, the candidate is galloped three times round the room. While making the circuit the members arise and sing: Get up and dust, you bully— Who would not be a granger? If the thistle prick don't cause you joy, To feelings you must be estranged, ah! After this violent exercise he is rubbed dry with corn-cobs, beezed where thistled and brought before the great chief—the most orrispuit pumpkin head. M. W. P. H.—Why do you desire to be a granger? Candidate—(Answering for myself)—That I may learn to distinguish sewing machine agents. M. W. P. H.—Have your hands been hardened with toil. Candidate—Not extensively, then I am not running for office. M. W. P. H.—Is well, for lodges contain several who supposed to be ready to succeed themselves for the good of their constituents. Do you pretty smart, this evening. Candidate—Yes, where the tie goes on. M. W. P. H.—(Savagely) Give me a chaw of tobacco. Candidate searches himself roughly, but as there is no tobacco about him to stick a pocket to explain, but the most shipful pumpkin-head interjects him with:

The Bee

"In Necessariis Unitas, In Non Necessariis Divisio"

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"Never mind my dear young friend—I am well aware that in your present condition, you could no more furnish your friends with the weed than Adam could be comfortable in a plug hat and tight boots. It is merely to teach you the great lesson of economy—doing to others as you would like to have them do to you. You will now be conducted to the most eminent squash producer, who will teach you the grand hailing sign of distress. This sign my worthy brother, will insure you against man of the ills of the agriculturist—among others, against drouths, and being bit by the ferocious grasshoppers."

The candidate is now conducted to the most eminent squash producer, who thus says: "My worthy brother, I will invest you with the order of the festive plough-boy which you have well won by your heroic achievement while harnessed—may you wear it with pleasure to yourself, and may it be a means of terror to your enemies."

(The M. E. S. P. then proceeds to invest the candidate with the regalia of the festive Plough-boy which consists of a long tomato necktie.)

"The grand hailing sign of distress is made by gently closing the left eye leaving the right forefinger alongside the nose, and violently wagging his ears. It requires practice, but the advantages are intense. It also has an important signification, which you will do well to heed. The closing of the eye signifies that in all your dealings with mankind you are bound to have an eye to business. Laying the finger alongside the nose is emblematical of wisdom, and places you at once among the "knowing-ones." This is extremely handy in prognosticating new weather, and saves the wear and tear of almanacs. Wagging the ears signifies sublimity of purposes—and is thought to be emblematical of "millionaire's sunny hours." It is also thought by some profound scholars to have a distinct reference to apple-dumplings, but this fact is somewhat obscure by the dust of ages. In token that you are one of us you will now be branded. This ceremony is very impressive and consists of two brands. They are both applied "while the iron is hot," and consists of one letter of the alphabet each. The first is a large letter S, on which you will please sit, while the other letter is applied to the stomach. The letter S, my worthy chicken, signifies scooped, and refers to railroad monopolies. It is also supposed to indicate the seat of learning—the spot where the old time teacher hunted for brains with the ferule. The second letter is C, and is applied as I said before, to the stomach. First the applicator is an agricultural one "corn-crib," and has reference to the stomach being the great receptacle for Bourbon whiskey. But brother do not be diligent in finding a home market for your corn. The second application of letter C, my disgraced infant, is got hold of as follows: When one Granger wishes to ascertain "for cure" if there is another of the order in the room, he raises himself gently by the slack of his—of his unmentionable—scratches his off thigh with his nearest hoof and remarks in a voice of thunder; "are there any grangers about?" The answer is "Jesse wax." The inquirer then says, "let us see," (letter C) and the other party must immediately pull out his stomach and then disclose the brand.

These brands are applied in such a manner that I am enabled to assure you that they will wash. I was here interrupted, Mr. Editor, by a volley fired into the open window, evidently intended for me. Fortunately, I escaped without a scratch, and what is of more consequence, succeeded in fetching off my precious man-

script. This is about all there is to the ceremony of any importance—I must leave the country as once—armed men are at my heels—they know I am writing to expose them. You may hear from me again by mail, if I should deem it best to expose the other degrees—until then adieu.

From your sacred friend, B. POLA.

Notice.—This ceremony of initiation is used during the absence of the lady members. Their initiatory ceremonies entirely different, being much simplified, as they should be.—Hudson Gazette.

Hints About Work

The beautiful Spring is near, and those who have glanced at our previous hints will be prepared for the work to be done—the culture of the soil.

Again we ask attention to the care of animals, so that when some are driven a-field they will be full of life and loveliness in the landscape; and so, too, that those for the draft may have strength enough for the labor before them.

Do not put off anything which can be done before the work begins in earnest.

Manure must be properly composted as well as saved.

Turn and sort potatoes and other vegetables—and remove refuse matter.

Ventilate and whitewash cellars.

Overlook the implements again, and see that they are ready for use.

Implements, seeds and trees must be ready for the Spring.

Clean the old bark from apple trees, and wash them. Soft soap heated to reflux, and then dissolved in water, may be used as a wash.

Heel in trees till the soil is in condition for planting.

Remember that to select trees for home use is one thing—to select trees for market is another.

Make war on insects in the nursery and orchard.

Cut scions before the sap starts, and preserve them in dry earth, sand, or sawdust.

When the sleep of Winter is over, prune and graft the fruit trees—before that sleep is over, prune the grape vines, if you did not prune them in the fall—prune cisterns and raspberries. Out out old woods and shorten the new.

Let in air and light, through all your trees—through all your plants.

Make mats for frames and hot-beds.

Ventilate cold frames.

Before making the hot-beds, make shelter for them.

Prepare poles and brush for peas and beans.

Bill was after the frost—and top dress them—if necessary.

See that Dahlias, &c., do not decay in damp places.

Prune and trim the shrubs, but don't disturb the shrubbery.

Kill the walks of rubbish.

Look to the green-house and the house-plants. Sudden changes of temperature mean death to the children of Flora. Temperature and pure air are essential to life. Though they cannot soon bloom again, care the forced plants whose early bloom and beauty have embellished our homes.

Plant early flowers. Start seeds—as the weather permits—these germs of still another life.

A Contented Farmer.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer ploughing his acre by the wayside, and cheerily singing his melody. "You are well off, old man," said the king. "Does this one acre belong to you on which you are industriously laboring?" "No, sir," replied the old farmer, who knew not that it was

the king; "I am not so rich as you; I plough by the day for wages."

"How much do you get?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen (about 20 cents) a day," said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along and have something to spare."

"How is this?"

The farmer smiled, and said— "Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and acceded help; and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last, two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with his answer said—

"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than fifteen minutes you shall see me fifty times and carry in your pocket's fifty of my money."

"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming—

"The coin is genuine, for it all so comes from our Lord God, and I am His pay-master. I bid you adieu."

MARRYING IN HASTE.

A Saratoga Romance. With an Unsatisfactory Ending.

A marriage in haste to repent at leisure, is not, after all, so very common, and perhaps the phrase doesn't precisely describe an event which is interesting to the Saratoga Springs people as much as anything can interest them, out of "the season." Joseph H. Westcott, one of the parties concerned, is a middle-aged Saratoga widower, formerly proprietor of the old Congress Hall, and a man of good address and some property—but his character is something the Saratoga papers and the New York Sun correspondents say nothing about. A week ago Thursday he made his appearance at the American Hotel in his town with a beautiful young woman age 18, whom he introduced as his wife, and the landlord, who knew him perfectly, objected to receive two until he produced the marriage certificate. That day the contracted couple appeared together at the table and on the street; but hereafter the girl kept her room, weeping and regretting her hasty marriage. A party of young men serenaded them Friday night, and the gay bridegroom felt so pleased that he stood out in a neighboring saloon; but the bride smiled not, but wanted to go home. On Saturday her Uncle Stockton, of New Jersey, appeared, and tried to get her away by a writ of habeas corpus, but the Judge refused to issue one; and the somewhat detached couple kept their room. Sunday is so very quiet at Saratoga at this time of the year, that having Uncle Stockton had gone away, Westcott relaxed his vigilance, and went out to walk

and talk with his friends. Alas for him while he was enjoying himself in a lawyer's back office, a two-horse carriage drove rapidly in from Albany, a Sheriff and posse and a slender gentleman of excited demeanor got out, the latter person rapidly rushed up to Mrs. Westcott's room, and soon the lady young woman was weeping in her father's arms.—Need it be added that she formed one of the party when they swiftly departed for Albany?

The big-brother was quite floored when he got back to his hotel and found himself very wifeless. His account of the affair is that he advertised in New York for a lady to take charge of his little girl, answered one of the one hundred replies he got, met the lady, and found that she was suffering under various griefs.—Her father and mother separated; the latter couldn't pay her expenses at her boarding-school, and the former didn't seem to want to. Mr. Westcott proposed marriage, she saw certain gentleman who warranted him satisfactorily, and consented to his plan, which was at once carried out, and she, his willing, lawful, loved—and, he believes, loving—wife, has now been stolen away. But it looks like a case of repenting, as well as marrying, in haste.

A Lawyer's Advice.

An Irishman by the name of Tom Murphy once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbors, which he promised to pay upon a certain time. But month after month passed by, and no signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that unless he paid it upon a certain day, he should sue him for it and recover by law. This rather frightened Tom, and not being able to raise the money, he went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter.—After hearing Tom's story through to the end he then asked him:

"As your neighbor got any writing to show that you owe him fifty dollars."

"Divil a word," replied Tom, quickly.

"Well, then, if you haven't the money you can take your own time; at all events, he cannot collect it by law."

"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom, rising and going to the door.

"Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer.

"Fat for?" asked Tom in astonishment.

"You owe me two dollars," said he.

"Fat for?"

"Why, for my advice, to be sure. You don't suppose I can live by charging nothing, do you?"

Tom scratched his head a moment in evident perplexity, for he had no money. At last a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"An' have yees any paper ter show that I owes yees two dollars?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why no, but what does that signify?"

"Thin I'll jist be after takin' yer own advice, an' pay nather yer nor my neighbor," saying which he left the office and its occupant to meditate on a lawyer taking his own advice, and a doctor taking his own medicine.

The "Old, Old Story."

Many years ago, a lawyer in the Quaker City, poor, and unknown to fame, fell in love with a beautiful young lady of Baltimore, and his love being reciprocated, an engagement ensued.

The mother of the young lady, however, did not view the engagement with satisfaction or pleasure. Indeed she heartily disapproved of it, for the young lawyer was altogether too poor and obscure to marry into one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic of Baltimore families. This, at least, was the opinion of the young

girl's mother, who, being very ambitious and correspondingly proud, desired that her daughter should wed some person prominent either in this or some other country.

She brought all her influence to bear upon the girl, and did all she possibly could to induce her to give up her lover, but failing, she resorted—as mothers have done before—to deception and other contemptible means to break off the engagement. Letters were intercepted, hand-writing imitated, servants bribed and falsehoods circulated promiscuously. The natural and inevitable result was that a misunderstanding arose between the betrothed for which neither in reality was responsible. One day the lawyer received a note written in the hand-writing of his fiancée, accompanied by a packet of letters and a box of trinkets. The note stated that the writer had, upon careful consideration and thought, decided that she did not love him as a woman about to be his wife should, and for this and other reasons begged to be released from her engagement.

The blow was a hard one, and for a long time the lawyer felt the effects acutely. Under the impression that he had been jilted because he was poor and unknown, he determined to become rich and famous, and forthwith commenced his "noble life."

How well he succeeded the nation knows, for in 184— he was made Secretary of States Minister to England and a few years later was elected President of the United States.

Meanwhile his first love married a very rich merchant of Philadelphia, much against her own will and only at the earnest and repeated solicitations of her mother. The marriage was not a happy one, for the wife neither loving nor respected her husband. Her cup of bitterness was full when she heard of the election of her lover as President and her mother's cup was quite overflowing. She plunged into social dissipation in the hope of forgetting her sorrows. For two or three seasons she was the talk of the Quaker City, where she went to reside with her husband, and where their first child was born. Her entertainments were of unusual elegance, her costumes marvelous of richness and beauty, and her equipage the finest ever seen on Walnut street.

By and by scandal circulated about her. Mrs. Grundy said she neglected her family, and slanderously accused her of transferring her affections to a gentleman who is now United States minister at a European city.—One by one her friends fell off, and ultimately she was snubbed most directly and repeatedly—She left her husband and went home to her mother in Baltimore, where in a few months she died of consumption, brought on by excessive and protracted dissipation. Her cruel and unnatural mother never ceased to berate and upbraid her for not marrying the lawyer; when she herself, by intercepting and forging letters, broke off the match. Her last hours were spent in religious exercises, and it is related that she wrote to her true and faithful lover, who, when she died, was an Ex-president, James Buchanan, asking forgiveness, stating that she had never ceased to love him with all her heart and soul.

This romantic story is vouched for by reliable parties as true in every particular, although for obvious reasons all the names are omitted. The story has a moral, and there are many women in society to-day who had best apply it. Truth, indeed, is stranger or than fiction.

Petitions are in circulation in Goldsboro' to secure the passage of a local prohibitory law.

Judge Pearson, of the Supreme Court, will accept of a residence in Goldsboro'.

Disruption of Kentucky and Virginia.

Completion of the Memphis and Paducah railroads, we were forcibly impressed with the evidence of material prosperity on the lines of the two roads, showing the benefits railroads confer not only on the surrounding country, but on communities far distant. It has been but a few years since the completion of these roads, but they have been the means of developing the coal fields on the Southern Road.

To the Editor of the Standard.

On a recent trip through Kentucky on the St. Louis and Southeastern and Elizabethton and Paducah railroads, we were forcibly impressed with the evidence of material prosperity on the lines of the two roads, showing the benefits railroads confer not only on the surrounding country, but on communities far distant. It has been but a few years since the completion of these roads, but they have been the means of developing the coal fields on the Southern Road.

We noticed between Nortonville and Madisonville quite a number of these mines opened, and apparently doing a large business. One of the first is the Dramont mine, from which a very superior article of coal is turned out. The company has been the means of Nashville having been able to supply the very reduced rates. It showed that competition is good to a large number, and was also the life of trade. We then come to the St. Bernard Company, who have extensive works at Earlington, where a thriving village is springing up, made necessary to accommodate the miners and families; and also the workmen engaged in the railroad shops.

Passing this place, we next find the Beck Mines. This company is of recent organization, but they turn out coal of an excellent quality. It is largely composed of some of the most enterprising business men of Louisville. On the E. and P. road we find a great many mines, Rockford, Gordon and Mercer, this last, operated by Messrs. Mercer and Brock. Mr. B. has lately a view his connection with the E. and P. road, to enter more largely into developing these mines. When we get near Mortonville we find several mines, the Radcliff, St. Charles and Tradewater. The St. Charles is owned and operated by the St. Bernard Company. This company is considered one of the largest and most enterprising of any in Kentucky. It is operated by Col. Sebree, as President, who devotes his entire time to its interests, ably seconded by his Secretary and Treasurer, John B. Atchison, who is also a practical engineer and efficient business man. This company is operating four mines three on the St. L. and S. E. and the St. Charles on the E. and P. To successfully compete with the Pittsburgh trade in the Southern markets, the company found it necessary to increase their facilities of shipment and transfer of coal to barges from cars, and after a careful survey decided to put up extensive works on the Tennessee River, twenty-four miles above Paducah (in addition to their works on the Henderson for the same purpose.) This work is now complete, and consists of a series of three locks one for loaded cars, and the other two for empty ones. On the river front there is an incline plane of two tracks running from above, and landing below low water mark, so that boats can be loaded at any season of the year. On this incline is what is called a cradle tip, which is lowered or raised by machinery, as the river rises or falls. This tip projects over the boats some twenty-six feet so that the car is immediately above the boat about five or six feet. On the top of the permanent way is a drum house, containing the machinery for lowering and raising the loaded and empty cars.—The drum in this house is twenty feet long and twenty-five inches in diameter, with a brake of twelve feet in diameter. The loaded car is attached to a large hawser, and by its momentum draws the empty car to the permanent way, and leaves the loaded one immediately above the barges. By this method time and money is saved. From fifteen to twenty loads can be unloaded in one hour. They are now receiving at that work one cent per day, and as the company produce more rolling stock more trains will be put on to keep this work going.

On the 1st of May, 1881.