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TALK UP YOUR TOWN.

To talk a town down is a much easier matter than to talk one up; and that, we suppose, is the reason why so many fluent talkers constantly engage themselves in the talking-down business. It is as natural for some people to talk incessantly as it is for a river to run down stream, and in very many instances the mere pleasure it affords them is all they are after. They don't want to hear others talk, hence they handle themes that are the least likely to provoke dispute; and strange as it may seem, when the town is the theme, running it down is, as a general rule, the safest side of the question.
If you have never thought of this give the matter your attention for a few days and see if it does not turn out just as we have stated. Stand about the corners where the idlers have gathered, and if we are not greatly mistaken, you will hear a large per cent of them berating the place for its dullness, and freely giving it as their opinion that there is nothing of promise for its future. It is flushed and going down hill while every other town within the circle of their knowledge is doing better and promising better. And unfortunately this kind of thing is not strictly confined to the idlers of the street corners—one finds it in very many places where one ought not to expect it.

While it is an easy matter to talk down a town and do it a serious injury, it is really not a hard matter to talk it up, if the right kind of persons will go about it with an honest, good will. Especially is this the case where there is in the town much of good to talk about, as in the city of Charlotte, for instance. For her population, Charlotte is cursed with as many croakers as any other city in the world, perhaps, and yet no city has less real material for them to work upon. This croaking must be met by the honest and progressive portion of our people, and the sooner it is met the better, for it is interfering with our prosperity. We must meet it by telling the whole truth with reference to our natural advantages, and by giving encouragement to every useful and creditable enterprise that springs up or has an existence in our midst. If we see a needed improvement in the city, or anything relating thereto, we must demand it and talk it up vigorously until the whole community is filled with the idea until its need is seen by all, and a storm of public sentiment brings on the work. Don't put off till to-morrow to begin. Don't hold back because some poor nummy, out of whom has withered all public spirit and love of advancement, moans forth in sepulchral tones that "it won't pay." Make up your mind that it will pay, and then show your living fellows a good reason for the faith that is in you, leaving the nummy to enjoy his ancient wrappings of stupidity after the most approved fashion of his kind. If, for instance, you think a completion of a Railroad would be of particular advantage to the city, tell the people what you think about it, and don't stop at one telling. If you think we ought to have a Railroad make up your mind that the road must be built; and that you have been specially commissioned to have it built. Agitation is the great first step in all such things. Do that part of the work well and the more substantial part will be sure to follow.

GOOD NIGHT.

How tenderly and sweetly falls the gentle "good-night" into loving hearts as members of a family separate and retire for the night! What myriads of hasty words and thoughtless acts, engendered in the hurry and business of the day, are forever blotted out by its benign influences! Small tokens, indeed; but it is the little courtesies that can so beautifully round off the square corners in the homes of laboring men and women! The simple "I thank you" for a favor received will fill with happiness the heart of the giver. True wealth is not counted by dollars and cents, but by the gratitude and affections of the heart.

If a home be happy, whether the owners possess a patch of ground of one or a thousand acres, they are in the end wealthy beyond mathematical calculation. Then how much more lovingly are the pale fields of night gathered around the happy homes; how much more confidently do its members repose their weary bodies in the care of Divine goodness, soothing their overtaxed minds to the realities of a beautiful dream land; awakened, refreshed and invigorated for the coming day's labor by having bidden their loved ones "good-night!" And if during this life we have faithfully attended to all these little courtesies these little souls need, if we have guarded carefully all God's hearts placed in our keeping, at the close of his brief yet eventful day, how much easier to bid all our dearly beloved ones a final "good-night!"
When is love like a battle? When it comes to an engagement.

LAGER-BEEF AND CRIME.

The temperance cause seems likely to be greatly injured by the German population of our country, who favor and use lager beer. It is claimed by them that this drink is harmless, not intoxicating, and even wholesome. I have just spent a month in one of the criminal courts of this city, and while prepared to believe much crime came from the use of liquor, I was a little surprised to hear the judge who whose active life had all been spent in the criminal courts—declare that nine-tenths of our crime came from the use of intoxicating liquors. During the long session of the court I was pained to see that most of the criminals were young, and that in a majority of instances they had been drunk more or less when committing their depredations on society. We had some five or six murderers on trial, and nearly all had been drinking before the murder which a German would call a moderate amount of lager-beer—say from one to two quarts—and sometimes with it. Perhaps the most painful murder case before the court was that of a boy seventeen years old, son of very respectable parents, who killed a comrade while entirely under the influence of lager-beer. The fight which occurred at the same time was between about a dozen boys from fifteen to twenty, and all had drunk lager-beer freely. Judging from my observation, lager beer is quite as likely to generate murder and crime as stronger liquors; for while it blunts the senses and moral perceptions, it does not so thoroughly destroy that co-ordinating power which the cerebellum has over the muscles, causing them to act together, and loss of which is drunkenness, or inability of the brain to make the muscles act all alike; thus leaving the body largely normal, but the moral senses blunted. The one drunk on beer is really more dangerous than the one drunk on wine or whiskey. I should like to know the experience and observation of others on this point.
What is to be the curf of this stubbornness of a race to progress from the use of beer to water? The habit no doubt is inbred, and the belief that the waters of Germany are impure from the long saturation of the soil with the fith of ages and the cure, come only with time.
The cure lies in the slow but sure progress of the race. In Germany even there is a small but faithful class of hygienists who abjure beer, drinking many fruit juices. They are few in number, but determined, and will yet revolutionize Germany's beer drinking habits.
So, too, the cure of intemperance lies mainly in human progress, and progress lies in giving thought to a subject. The temperance society is doing its best work in compelling attention to temperance. In time it will meet with its reward.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

SHEEP ON THE FARM.

Sheep are undervalued by the mass of land-holders as a means of keeping up the fertility of the soil and putting money into the pockets of the farmers. The moment one begins to talk of sheep husbandry, the listener or reader begins to look for wool quotations, as if wool was all that yields profit from sheep. One might as well look for wheat quotations alone when there is talk about the profit on farming. Sheep on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, cleaning a field as no other class of animals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil. Prove this? There is no need of proof to those who have kept sheep and know their habits and the profits they yield. To prove it to those who have not the experience, it is necessary they should try the experiment, or accept the testimony of an experienced shepherd.
But the live stock on a farm should not necessarily be sheep exclusively. Cattle, horses, swine, have their respective places in the farm economy. How many of each to keep is a question that locality, character of markets, adaptation of soil, predisposition, taste and skill of the husbandman must decide. But one thing ought not to be forgotten—that the more stock a man keeps on his farm, the more grain and grain it ought to, and, if properly managed, will grow. The rates of increase will correspond with the business tact, technical and practical knowledge and skill of the husbandman.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

The autumn of a well spent life is beautiful as that of the waning year. The end comes on as softly as the shadows of the fall steal over sky, and hills and meadows. It is cloudy and dark at times, the rains only passing to gather fresh; but when the air clears, the rainbow spans the valley, and dyes the broken fringes of the storm with prismatic colors. The good man does not die; he only passes to a higher life. It is with him as it is with nature. We think it dies, but it is onward seeming we see perish. The spirit of the year, like a best soul, has done its work—has filled a thousand values with golden corn; weighted the trees and vines with fruit; glorified all the earth with flowers and beauty; and now lingering for a last fond look, its earthly robes laid off, sheds over the world a farewell smile, and so returns to God.—*J. Cunningham Geddie.*

Messrs. J. H. & W. L. Thorp having sold the Rocky Mount Mills to Messrs. W. H. & H. D. Ayers, Mr. W. L. Thorp retires from the editorship of that thoroughly independent paper. The Messrs. Ayers become editors.
An Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery kept by a woman, says: "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her indigo is as blue as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own temper."
"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a peen about ye?" "Yes minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by your side."
A public writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's rule—always to shut the gate when the grist is out.

THE BREAKING IN OF THE FLOOR AT REAMS' WAREHOUSE CAUSED A SUSPENSION FOR ONE ISSUE OF THE DURHAM RECORD.

At the breaking in of the floor at Reams' Warehouse caused a suspension for one issue of the Durham Record.

A BOY'S WAY TO SUCCESS.

Every boy wishes to be successful, and he thinks he could only find a sure road to success in any undertaking he would not hesitate to enter it. It is the fear of failure at the last that keeps many from pushing on.
There are three qualities which will ensure success in any walk in life; namely ability, integrity, and industry; and though at first sight it might seem as if the first of these must be a gift, and cannot be cultivated; you will find it is a fact that every boy has ability, if he only finds out in which line of study or action it lies. Ability is the power of doing a thing well. A boy should learn early that he cannot have ability in every thing; that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." A boy who does his best in whatever he undertakes, will soon find in what direction his efforts meet with most marked success; and having discovered that let him bind all his energies to be first in that particular branch of study or work. Better be a first class carpenter than a fourth-rate lawyer; a good mechanic, than a poor doctor.
But many boys cannot judge of their own abilities; and the father, who should study his son's peculiar temperament and characteristics, give them too little thought. Don't give it up; be on the watch to make a good friend; choose your associates among those who aim high—not as to money, or social standing, but as to learning and earnest Christian living. A boy should have at least one friend several years his senior, who can guide him to a choice of the best branch of work or study for his best efforts. He will by earnest endeavor gain ability; but let him guard well his integrity. This is more than truthfulness. A boy of integrity is like a stout, staunch ship sailing through the ocean—the waves away her from side to side, but she remains whole and firm. Boys, make up your minds to be true. If you have deceived, say so to yourself, and say, "My God, I'll stop from this day. I must earn an honorable name, and I will." and at whatever cost to yourself, be true; let no temptation spring a leak in your heart.
Now, about industry. A boy with good ability and integrity, even if he is rather lazy and shiftless, will perhaps get along; but what opportunities lost! usefulness! Boys, remember that the most successful man has been the most industrious. It is easy to point out some rich man and say, "He began as a poor boy." Yes, but he worked hard, year in and out. One word about this industry. Don't let it be simply being industrious to be rich. Aim higher than riches. Store your mind with gleanings from the best writers, cultivate a taste for reading, and let the success at which you aim be the approval of a good conscience. Riches are not to be despised; but it is only when they are united to learning and religion that they are to be envied.
I wish boys would realize more that every little arena of their boyhood is shaping their future character. The boy who is more anxious to understand perfectly what he learns, than to appear to make great progress, who cares more for acquiring knowledge than to shine as a student, will be a man of more ability and integrity than one who cares for the mere surface show.

MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Our passions are the only orators who are certain to persuade us.
We have all of us sufficient strength of mind to endure the misfortunes of other people.
Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and evils to come, but present evils triumph over philosophy.
It requires greater virtue to sustain good fortune than bad.
The evil which we do does not draw upon us so many persecutions and so much hatred as our good qualities.
If we had no faults ourselves, we should not have so much pleasure in discovering the faults of others.
Nobody is ever so happy or unhappy as he imagines.
The love of justice in most men is nothing but the fear of suffering from injustice.
Many complain of their memory, but none complain of their judgment.
Old men delight in uttering good precepts—to console themselves for being no longer in a condition to set bad examples.
The surest way of being deceived is to think yourself cleverer and more cunning than anybody else.
People are never made so ridiculous by the qualities they possess as by those which they affect to have.
Society could not long subsist if men were not the dupes of one another.
Our repentance is not so much a regret for the evil we have done as a fear of what may be the consequences.
When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves that we quit our vices.
That which often prevents us from abandoning ourselves to a single vice, is the fact that we have several.
He who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.
It is much easier to limit one's gratitude than one's hopes and desires.
In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us.
It is not so dangerous to do evil to most men as to do them too much good.
There is no man clever enough to know all the evil which he does.
Among the mass of mankind gratitude is nothing but a strong and secret desire for still greater benefits.
NORTH CAROLINA BANKERS.
The "bankers," who live along the North Carolina banks, are a peculiar people. Like the Florida "crackers," their origin is wrapped in mystery. They have little intercourse with the world, and that little is confined to an interchange of commodities. They are expert fishermen and hunters, and the swine for both is wide. They make their own nests, hollow out a cypress log, and fashion and trim it to the semblance of a boat, cultivate a little patch of potatoes, and live and flourish in a sort of rude independence, if not antagonism to their more civilized neighbors across the channel. They are happily ignorant of the making and unmaking of Presidents, and the turmoil of the world generally in no way disturb the equanimity of their lives. At the extreme end of Bogue banks, and eight miles from Cape Lookout, is Fort Macon. A broken down parapet and a few dilapidated looking guns constitute the fort. A row of neat cottages shows the quarters of the officers, and a solitary tower is said to be the hospital. So close a resemblance does this fort bear to a prison that desertion is of very common occurrence. In this emergency the soldier and banker are of use to each other. The former, after making his escape, takes his way along the banks until he falls in with a banker's hut, and there disposes of his blouse, pants and cap, receiving in return a complete suit of nondescript apparel. Then the transformed soldier is ferried across the sound by the accommodating banker, becomes a civilian, cancels his engagement and is rarely brought to justice. A few years ago a soldier, tired of the monotonous life of the crazy old fort, made his escape in the customary manner, and, after wandering through several States in the direction of the frontier, at last found employment in a circus. There he completely sunk his identity, and became a daring horseback rider. More than three years had elapsed, when an officer strolled into the show, at that time performing in Iowa. The officer recognized the delinquent and, armed with the necessary extradition papers, clapped his hand on the soldier's shoulder, and conveyed him back to his old quarters at the dismal end of Bogue banks.
"Ab," signed an old fellow, as he gazed upon a modern belle, "th' whirling of time makes many changes. When I was young she used to say, 'Now don't, Henry; you'll rattle my hair' but now she can remove her hair and hang it over the back of a chair." And he signed again.
An eminent and witty proleto was once asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said the philosopher, "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first."