

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XVIII.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

NO. 37

While the Queen was receiving the worship of her subjects in London, at Cooper Union Hall, in New York, was written on the walls the following record of misrule in Ireland:

Died of famine.....	1,500,000
Evicted.....	3,668,000
Expatriated.....	4,200,000
Emigrants who died of ship fever.....	57,000
Imprisoned under coercion acts over.....	3,000
Killed in suppressing public meetings.....	300
Coercion acts.....	53
Executed for resisting tyranny.....	75
Died in English dungeons.....	27

The following preparation applied to the surface will prevent any rusting on plows or any other metal surfaces: Melt one ounce of resin in a gill of linseed oil, and when hot mix with two quarts of kerosene oil. This can be kept on hand and applied in a moment with a brush or to the metal surface of any tool that is not going to be used for a few days, preventing any rust, and saving much vexation when the time comes to use it again.

Those are generally good at flattering who are good for nothing else.



## Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

**SYMPTOMS:** Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated with a brown or yellow film; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and water-brash; or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately constipated and lax; headache; loss of memory; with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

## SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

(PURELY VEGETABLE)  
Is generally used in the South to arouse the torpid liver to a healthy action.  
It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

## LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR  
Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Bibles, as

## THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.

ONLY GENUINE  
has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeigler & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,  
SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price, \$1.00.

## PIEDMONT WAGON

MADE AT

HICKORY, N. C.

CAN'T BE BEAT!

They stand where they ought to, right square

AT THE FRONT!

It Was a Hard Fight But They Have Won It!

Just read what people say about them and if you want a wagon come quickly and buy one, either for cash or on time.

SALISBURY, N. C.  
Sept. 1st, 1886.

Two years ago I bought a very light two-horse Piedmont wagon of the Agent, J. A. Boyden, have used it nearly all the time since, have tried it severely in hauling saw logs and other heavy loads, and have not had to pay one cent for repairs. I look upon the Piedmont wagon as the best Thimble Skein wagon made in the United States. The timber used in it is the most excellent and thoroughly well seasoned.

TURNER P. THOMASON

SALISBURY, N. C.  
Aug. 27th, 1886

About two years ago I bought of Jno. A. Boyden, a one-horse Piedmont wagon which has done much service and no part of it has broken or given away and consequently it has cost nothing for repairs.

JOHN D. HEENLY

SALISBURY, N. C.  
Sept. 3rd, 1886.

Eighteen months ago I bought of John A. Boyden, a 24 inch Thimble Skein Piedmont wagon and have used it pretty much all the time and it has proved to be a first-rate wagon. Nothing about it has given away and therefore it has required no repairs.

T. A. WALTON.

SALISBURY, N. C.  
Sept. 8th, 1886.

18 months ago I bought of the Agent, in Salisbury, a 24 inch Thimble Skein Piedmont wagon—its lightest one-horse wagon—I have kept it in almost constant use and during the time have had on it at least 72 loads of wood and that without any breakage or repairs.

L. R. WALTER.

## The Turtle and the Crane.

A PLANTATION SERMON BY REV. EPHRAIM MOSELY.

About twenty-five years since the substance of the following fable was related to the writer by a venerable family servant on a Louisiana plantation. A young lad, returning from a successful terrapin hunting expedition, exultingly showed his prize, a homely and vicious snapping turtle, to the old plantation "oracle," who forthwith regaled his interested auditor with a characteristic story, and planted at once in his breast a feeling of respect for the peculiar talents of the "turtle."

I.

Afar down Souf dar's a lonely lake  
Dat's bordered round by a tangled brake,  
Whar cypress trunks wid deir trailin' moss  
Stand towerin' over de live-oak's gloss,  
And lotus raff's all aroun' its rim,  
Low floatin', swingin' in de shadows dim;  
De dar de water, whar even de stars might rest  
Down dar, stop still on deir unstirred breast;

II.

De moon shines dar like a silver plate;  
Each star above a sloopin' mate  
Down dar, whar even de stars might rest  
Down dar, stop still on deir unstirred breast;  
An' snurise, sunest may dye dem red,  
But noonday sun shinin' overhead  
Can't light dem waters wid brazen glare  
Thro' pale mists hangin' like curtains dere.

III.

No man, since Noah land' from de ark,  
Upon dat shore ever lef' his mark;  
No man, since Adam in Eden stood,  
Has ever slept in dat solitude;  
De varmints only, dat nightly roam,  
Or birds of air may have foun' dat home;  
And dar, fore brif-days of Abel and Cain,  
A turtle lived wid a tall white crane.

IV.

Dey dwelt in peace, and dey fished and dey played,  
De turtle dived whar de crane couldn't wade,  
An' driv' de fish to de aidge of de lake,  
Whar mister crane kep' his eyes awake  
And "giggled" dem thro' wid his plumed bill  
Twell he and turtle had cotched de fill.  
Dis partnership might have stood till now,  
Dut didn't—and dis is de reason how:

V.

Dey got too fat an' too lazy bofe,  
When one would fish den de udder'd loaf;  
Dey quarled, de crane call de turtle  
De turtle answer de crane right back,  
And sez, "You fish in your Sunday close  
Whilst I gits muddy up to my nose;"  
De crane ne say dat "de turtle's shell  
All slushed wid mud 'peared jest as well."

VI.

De turtle sez dat "I'm better'n you,  
For I got four laigs and you got two,  
Den I sleep down beneaf de oak  
An' you roos' high in de rain an' smoke;  
De cold days come, an' I makes my mound,  
Whilst you must jarney de 'arth half round,  
Or your long neck cotch de sorefoot bad,  
An' I 'oe larin' while you feels sad."

VII.

"But my two laigs longer'n ten er yours,"  
Thus sez de crane, "an' I'm a swif' as home;  
What you can't climb wid dese wings of mine,  
Dat fish like snow in de bright sun-shine."  
"Kin you cotch fish in dat lofty sky?  
You trus' your wings an' you bow'n' to die!"  
Remark de turtle, "tho' I can't rise,  
I crawls an' gits whar de victuals lies."

VIII.

And dar dey starved, for de turtle 'fused  
To dredge de bottom, becase accused  
Of wearin' close de water made home;  
Or dar dey starved, for de crane made home,  
De crane couldn't dive an' he couldn't swim,  
No fish riz up to dat lakelet's brim,  
So hongry, wadin' too far he drowned,  
De turtle died on de hard dry ground.

IX.

Afar down Souf do I see again,  
Broad fields of cotton and sweeps of cane,  
De plow and hoe in de hands dat toil,  
In hued dards dat de loamy soil,  
And breasts as brown as de turtle's shell,  
All holding hearts dat work brave and well,  
And bruden dat bears bofe de cold and sun  
From new year's day till de year is done.

X.

My sermon's done: let all wise folks larn  
About whom lessons like dis consarn:  
De darky's made for de dig and hoe,  
Or gather craps dat de groun' mus' grow,  
White folks to boss an' to trade an' sell,  
So bofe can flourish in life's brief spell;  
Together bearin' each one his share,  
Dey'll prosper sho'ly if bofe tote square.

XI.

A hard head mule in a hot July  
Would make a million of 'white men die,  
And gittin' erdick from money banks  
Would turn we culled folks soon to cranks,  
Go on old turtle and dredge de lake,  
And mister crane keep your eyes awake;  
But one needn't brag on his clean white close,  
Nor t'udder mind bout his muddy nose.

R. A. WILKINSON.

Sleeping in Water.

SKILLFUL WORK BY THE DIVERS FAR UNDER THE GLOOMY TIDE.

"Did I ever see a dead man sitting in a chair in a room and bending over a book as though he had been reading when he was drowned? Never. Nor has any other diver."

"Then the tales one hears about such matters are a little off?"

"They're simply lies. There's more lying about diving than any other occupation."

"Give me a straight story."

"Well to begin with, I'll dispose of that yarn about corpses being found sitting in chairs in the staterooms of

sunken steamers. I've been in sunken steamers that were full of corpses. There was, for instance, the Hamburg steamer Cimbria, which went down in the North Sea some five years ago with 500 emigrants. I and two other divers from here, who were sent for to help in getting out the cargo, literally worked among hundreds of corpses. The ceilings were lined with them."

"The ceilings?"

"Yes sir. A diver working a vessel or corpses feel for them along the ceilings if the wreck is older than a couple of days. If he goes into her only a day or two after she went down he feels along both the floors and ceilings. That's where the corpses are; not in chairs."

"Why did they send away over here for divers to go down into the Cimbria?"

"Because New York divers are on top of the heap. The reason is that most of their work is done in the dark; for it's pitch dark under the waters around New York. I suppose it's on account of the sewerage. A diver from other waters can't work in those around New York. But a New York diver can work in the clear waters elsewhere twice as fast as the local divers because his sense of touch—sense of touch under water—is so finely developed. We New York divers can tell various metals, if they are under water, apart by sense of touch; but if they are not under water we cannot feel any difference between them. Here for instance are a piece of copper and a piece of brass. Put them on the table and blindfold me and I can't tell which is which. Chuck 'em in the basin and pour water over them, and I can tell the moment I touch the pieces which is the copper and which is the brass. You see we New York divers have to ply all kinds of trades in the dark."

"Then you have to be pretty handy?"

"Yes, sir. If a green hand came to me and wanted to learn the profession of diving, the first thing I'd advise him would be to go to sea till he'd learned the ins and outs of all kinds of vessels and how to handle and store cargo. Then he's pretty competent to work wrecks. Next I'd tell him to learn all kinds of trades. For we don't consider working wrecks a very fine line of the profession. The real fine work is when the diver has to ply some trade, such as carpentering or pipe-laying, under water. For instance, a very fine job was the laying of the line of pipe for the Health Department from Port Morris to North Brother Island. The diver had to keep the line straight, unpack the pipe, put it together, and, in fact, do in the dark the work of a skillful pipe-layer."

"Do you dive much for treasure?"

"There is not much of that going on now. The biggest job of that kind was the Hussar. The work on that wreck had to be done many feet under the bed of the river."

"Right where she went down?"

"Right where she went down over a hundred years ago. A wreck remains on the same spot where first she reaches bottom. As years roll on she works down into the bed of the river. And so, where the Hussar sank so long ago, lies her hulk. The diver got out the stern post but didn't find any treasure. I don't believe that any treasure will be found on the site of the wreck. I have heard that official documents in England show that after the Hussar struck the treasure was loaded into her barge which upset from the shifting of some boxes of the coin opposite a red house on Randall's Island. Some people have a crazy notion that Captain Kidd's vessel, with a vast deal of treasure, went down off Peacksill, and not long ago a syndicate employed a diver for two summers. He didn't find a trace of wreck. Some divers who haven't been long enough in the profession to be trusted employed, and have a good deal of time on their hands, work old wrecks. For instance, the Commodore, off Stonington; the Isaac Newton off Fort Lee, and the Thomas Morgan off Yonkers; but there isn't a fair day's wages in such jobs. Sometimes, however, we hear of old wrecks that haven't been worked yet, and they are worth looking after. Two years ago one of us who were building the foundation for the pier of a bridge at Saybrook heard that a schooner loaded with copper and coal had gone down there some thirty-five years ago. He went to the wreck and got out the cargo, which was still in prime condition. But there are as many lies about old wrecks as there are about the corpses. Whenever a sailor is thirsty, but hasn't any money he concocts a lie about a wreck and comes to us with it. He almost always goes away as thirsty as he came."

"What does a diver's outfit consist of?"

"A boat a pump, a hose line and dress. The dress consists of a layer of duck and rubber. The shoes weigh twenty pounds each. On his chest and back he carries forty-pound weights. The helmet, when it has been placed over the diver's head is screwed into a copper collar that is attached to his dress. A weighted line is sunk to the spot he is to reach, and down that line he goes with the life line around his waist and the hose, through which the air is pumped, attached to his helmet. Those who handle the air and the hose must regulate it close as he moves up or below."

What is a divers working day and his wages?"

"Four hours and \$3. If he furnishes his own apparatus his wages are higher—\$35 to \$50 a day. For getting a hawser out of the steamer's screw I'd charge \$50 if I furnish my own apparatus."

"I suppose part of the charge is for the risks you run?"

"Yes a diver is exposed to a great many dangers. One of them, you'll be surprised to learn, is falling asleep. On a hot day the contrast between the heat above and the delicious coolness below is apt to make a diver sleepy. I once slept an hour and a half at the bottom of a wreck near Kingston, where I was laying pipe. Suppose that had happened in the channel near Governor's Island where the tide runs so swift that a diver can work only one hour of slack water. If I'd slept over that one hour the deadly rush of tide would have snapped the life line and hose. Then in working wrecks there is the danger of getting the hose or line tangled. When the hose snaps the frightful pressure kills the diver. He is sickly distorted by it."

"Are there any expert divers in New York?"

"Look!" He held out a shield-shaped badge on which was engraved, "New York Divers' License, F. C. No. 1."

"What does F. C. stand for?"

"First class. There are only about a dozen of those badges out. I'm No. 1—Robert S. Russell, or Funeral Bob, as they call me. Among others are William Carl or Buffalo Bill; Jim Hicks, Jack Bundy, Jack Chittenden, Ed McDonald, Frank Paul, Bill Smith and Dan Joslin."

Funeral Bob once walked against time and made eight miles in eight hours and thirty seven minutes.—Gustav Koble in Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Why Mark Twain Left the Army.

At a recent banquet of Union Veterans in Baltimore, the American humorist, Mark Twain, related his experience as follows:

When your secretary invited me to this reunion of the Union Veterans of Maryland he requested me to come prepared to clear up a matter which he said had long been a subject of dispute and had blood in war circles in this country—to wit, the true dimensions of my military services in the Civil War, and the effect they had upon the general result. I recognized the importance of this thing to history, and I have come prepared. Here are the details. I was in the Civil War just two weeks. In that brief time I rose from private to second Lieutenant. The monumental feature of my campaign was the one battle which my command fought—it was in the summer of '61. It I do say it, it was the bloodiest battle ever fought in human history; there is nothing approaching it for destruction of human life in the field, if you take into consideration the forces engaged and the proportion of death to survival. And yet you do not even know the name of that battle. Neither do I. It had a name but I have forgotten it. It is no use to keep private information which you can't show off. In our battle there was just fifteen men engaged on our side—all brigadier-generals but me, and I was second lieutenant. On the other side there was one man. He was a stranger. We killed him. It was night and we thought he was an army of observation; he looked like an army of observation—in fact, he looked bigger than an army of observation in the day time; and some of us believed he was trying to surround us, and some he was going to turn our position, and we shot him. Poor fellow he probably wasn't an army of observation, after all, but that wasn't our fault; as I say, he had all the looks of it in that dim light. It was a sorrowful circumstance, but he took the chances of war, and he drew the wrong card; he overestimated his fighting strength, and he suffered the likely result; but he fell as the brave should fall—with his face to the front and feet to the field—so we buried him with the honors of war, and took his things.

So began and ended the only battle in the history of the world where the opposing force was utterly exterminated, swept from the face of the earth—to the last man. And yet, you don't know the name of that battle; you don't even know the name of that man. Now, then, for the argument. Suppose I had continued the war, and gone on as I began, and exterminated the opposing force every time—every two weeks—where would your war have been? Why, you see yourself, the conflict would have been too one-sided. There would be one honorable course for me to pursue, and I pursued it. I withdrew to private life, and gave the Union a chance.

There, now, you have the whole thing in a nutshell; it was not my presence in the Civil War that determined that tremendous contest—it was my retirement from it that brought the crash. I left the Confederate side too weak.

It is an accepted superstition with the girls of Geneseo, Ill., that if a girl who walks nine miles on the railroad track without falling off, the next man she speaks to will be her future husband. Real smart girls take the fellow along and halloo to him as soon as the ordeal is past.

## Agricultural Facts.

If young horses suffer from cramps, give laxative food, such as bran mash.

In France vicious horses are subdued by electricity while being shod.

Young and growing animals are the most profitable for the farmer.

The best breed is good care, good water, good feed, and good barn.

Resolve that you will henceforth grow small fruits for family use.

As a rule, the best quality and the best yield go hand in hand.

Impure air in the henry causes many of the finest fowls to sicken and die.

New vegetables, fruits, and grains are generally overrated by their introducers.

Let the boys and girls have plots of their own to cultivate.

It is better to cultivate a few acres thoroughly than to skin over many.

Coarse-woolled sheep are more liable to be infested with ticks than merinoes.

Never "forget to remember" to salt and water your stock regularly.

The best floor for a poultry house is the dry earth, kept dry and clean.

In France over 200,000 people are engaged in raising beets for sugar.

The red onion is said to hold its flavor longer than any other variety.

To raise turkeys feed as for chickens and keep from the wet when young.

Queen bees should always be raised from the very best stock in the apiary.

Unleached wood ashes added to the radish bed will keep it free from worms.

There are good and rich milkers in all breeds of cows.

Glycerine and sulphur, mixed, are good for gapes in young chickens.

Better uproot old, played-out fruit gardens. The lands is wasted.

Raise some variety of popcorn with very small kernels for the young chicks.

Don't grow fruit or vegetables too thick; thinning out improves size and quality.

To destroy briars, elders, etc., cut them down now, and as often as they reappear.

Clover pastures increases the milk yield of cows, and makes yellow butter.

Begin bee-keeping with one or two colonies, and study the subject as you enlarge and extend the business.

Better late than never. Clean out the cellar and clear up the yard, if these matters are not already attended to.

Sluggish horses are generally made so by the way they are handled. A lazy man is pretty sure to have lazy horses.

"The gain on a flock of sheep may be called a weather profit," says one. "Good for ewe," was the lamb-like response.

A new, cheap, and effective insect-killer is composed of one part muriate of potash in one thousand parts of water.

The man who warms himself up every morning grooming his horses will be well remunerated for his trouble.

You cannot grow plants with "wet feet." Farmers had therefore better have tiles in the ground than on their heads.

There is no one thing that is so much required nowadays on the average farm, as to thoroughly systematize labor.

You will be likely to save trouble by speaking kindly to your horses every time you approach them in the stable or elsewhere.

The more an acre will produce the larger the profit, and the better you cultivate that acre the more it will produce.

Dandelions for "greens" are raised by the acre around Boston, holding the first rank on the list of spring greens.

Most farmers can keep a few hives of bees to advantage. Honey, like fruit, should be often found on the farmer's table.

## A Kansas "Boom."

A traveler in Kansas while crossing a prairie the other day came upon a party of men who seemed to be preparing the land for agricultural purposes.

"My friend," said the traveler, addressing one of the men, "you are laying off your corn rows quite a distance apart."

"Corn rows?" the man gasped.

"Yes, those rows over there."

"My stars, stranger!" exclaimed the Kansas man, "is it possible you ain't heard of it?"

"Heard of what?"

"Of the boom. Man alive, them ain't corn rows over there; they air streets, an' this here is a city. You air now on the corner of Commercial and Emporium streets, an' not in the check of a corn row, as you must suppose."

New York Tribune.

## Lightning Freaks.

During a severe thunder storm at Asbury Park, N. J., a few nights ago, the lightning danced all about town on the telegraph and telephone wires. Little balls of fire, which changed with great rapidity to all colors and shapes, flizzed and crackled about the telephones in the hotels. A ball of fire as large as a quart measure played about the telephone in the Coleman House a few minutes before midnight. It spattered and spit like a cat, finally disappearing after giving forth four or five reports like that of a small revolver. A little fire ball showed itself about the telephone in the office of the daily *Express*, and jumped upon a steel composing stick in the hands of a compositor, hurling it high over the type case at which he was at work. Another bolt ran into the Western Union Telegraph Company on Cookman avenue, and partly melted some of the heavy brass work of the switch board. The lightning struck a cottage on Bangs avenue, in West Park, occupied by Benjamin Ludlow and his family. The bolt struck the chimney and bounded off upon the roof, tearing the weather boards from three of the corners of the structure and wrecking the dining-room. The dining-room chairs and table were overturned and the window-curtains were torn into ribbons. Two pretty canary birds, whose cages hung from the window casings, were unhurt, and sang merrily this morning when crowds of people visited the house. Mr. Ludlow and his wife and two little daughters occupied the bedroom above the dining room. They were awakened by a clap of thunder, but did not know that the house had been struck until Mrs. Ludlow smelled fire and her husband went down stairs and found great holes in the side of his house. Parts of the weather boards were separated into slivers, which just held together so that the boards resembled thick straw floor matting.

At Patterson, N. J., an inky cloud had passed over the city quietly and was some distance to the east, when, from an almost cloudless portion of the sky there came a flash that made people's hearts stop. The flash was in a zig-zag course till it neared the ground in the vicinity of Main street bridge, where it broke into two forks, and struck on both sides of the river. It struck McLeans mosquito netting factory on the northern side of the river, where it temporarily stunned two female operatives and rendered a score hysterical with fright. The building was set on fire, but the flames were extinguished before any damage had been done. On the southern side of the river it struck a brick building occupied by a number of stores and shops. The electricity came down the chimney, in the kitchen of Louis Brown, a barber, and Mrs. Brown was knocked senseless. She revived, but for two or three hours it was necessary to administer stimulants to quiet her shattered nerves. At least fifty persons in the immediate vicinity of the stroke were stunned. Three men, sitting on boxes in front of a grocery store on the corner of Main and River streets went over backward together. In one of the livery stables on the other side of the street all the horses went down on their knees. In an adjoining black-smith shop the fire flew over iron in the most fantastic manner. Nearly everybody living within five hundred yards of the place where the bolt descended felt as if they were full of pins and needles, and each one is willing to swear that the lightning struck immediately in front of him. For a little while there was a good deal of excitement and alarm. Simultaneous with the lightning there was one deafening crack of thunder. In the central telephone office every one of the six hundred shut-offs were dropped, showing that currents had filled all the wires entering the office. All the telephone operators were affected, some of them almost knocked off their stools.

## Several Persons Poisoned in Philadelphia—Rascally Confectioners.

A dispatch from Philadelphia says: At a meeting of the Board of Health a communication was received from Prof. D. Stewart, of Jefferson Medical College, and Henry Leffman, port physician, in which they say: "We beg leave to call your attention officially to the indiscriminate use of lead chromate (chrome yellow) as coloring material for confectionary, pastry and other articles of food. Among other instances we may mention that a sample of nutmegs, purchased in the northeastern section of the city, was found to be quite seriously contaminated with lead. We suggest, therefore that the matter be acted on officially by the board." The matter was referred to the Sanitary Committee.

This communication of Drs. Stewart and Leffman was the outcome of their investigation into the mysterious sickness and deaths in two families living in the northeastern part of the city that has for a few years past puzzled the physicians in that district. The main sufferer from the effect is George M. Palmer, a baker, doing business at Otter and Sophia streets. From May, 1884, to January, 1886, he lost six members of his family, including his wife and five children. Since then one more child has died, making seven deaths in all. In all the cases the symptoms were identical, and it was rumored at one time that the deaths were due to the father's anxiety to rid himself of so large a family. This idea was dispelled, however, when, in January last, Palmer himself was taken down with the same sickness that carried off the balance of his family. He recovered, and in time, married again, and moved to 504 Lehigh avenue. On the 9th of last January a little child living in the neighborhood of Palmer's new home was attacked with what appeared to be poisoning. The child died, and between then and March three more deaths followed in the same family. An investigation was made as to the source of supply for the table. Palmer's bakery was thoroughly searched, and a pitcher of chrome yellow, or chromate of lead, was found in the cellar. The stuff was used to give a yellow color to pastry, and in some of the buns analyzed two grains of lead were found. It now transpires that both families in which the deaths occurred used the buns, cakes, etc., in which chrome yellow was used, and were unconscious of the source of their illness.

## Eight Hours a Day.

In his recent very sensible address to workmen in Boston, Edward Atkinson said, respecting the proposed eight hour system: "If you cut down the work in factories, in workshops, and in building trades to eight hours, you cut down the product. There will be fewer goods, fewer stores, fewer tools, fewer houses and that means a higher price and higher rent." This is the doctrine which has been steadfastly preached in our columns for years past. The proposition to try to make men richer by reducing the hours of labor, and so reducing the amount of wealth created, is as stupid as would be a scheme for enlarging a water power by cutting down the mill dam.—Textile Record.

No, the Old North State has made its history, and it is a history we should be proud to cherish. Its sons do not sleep in forgotten graves, nor was their work the work of pigmies. Let the "New South" do as well. It can and it ought, but it has not yet done it. There is work still before us. For best as we may, the "New South" is still in many respects behind the Old. We have the example and can shun the faults. The difficulties that confronted the one are removed from the other. The advantage is ours and the future inviting.—Asheboro Courier.