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SALISBURY N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1887.

NO. 42

BY J. J. BRUNER.

Wis Thoughts.

Everybody is wise after the event.

Nothing is so fearful as a bad conscience.

He that has no character is not a man; he is only a thing.

The crutch of Time accomplishes more than the club of Hercules.

Advice is like Easter oil; easy enough to give, but hard enough to take.

The path of genius is not less obstructed with disappointment than that of ambition.

No man preaches his sermon well to others if he does not first preach it to his own heart.

The worst prison is not of stone. It is of a throbbing heart, outraged by an infamous life.

When one has no good reasons for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and so far as he is able, punctual.

Josiah.

There lived a chap whose only aim Was to be called a fiver; An empty-headed ass, his name Was, to be brief Josier.

He once engaged a maid to court, And costly things he'd buy her; Which she pronounced "delightful sport," Which much upset Jos's ire.

For he declared it was a sin Such costly things to buy her, "I'll not supply you with the tin," Threat'ning Jos's ire.

But useless 'twas to grow enraged When gifts he did deny her; She cried: "No longer we're engaged," His name was then Jos-sigher.

Day after day of love denied, He ambled sadly by her; His speeches would the maid deride, For wealthier Jos's-eher.

At last, one day he took his gun And cried: "Farewell, Marier; Ah, ha," he yelled: "This life is done." Fizz, bang! Oh, ho, Jos's-higher.

—*Unkniville Gazette.*

THE USEFUL SAW.

The Origin Buried in the Mists of Antiquity.

NOW AN INSTRUMENT OF GREAT UTILITY IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

The Greeks attributed the invention of the saw to the accidental finding of the jaw bone of a snake by Talus, who used it to cut through a small piece of wood. Being a slave and finding this jaw bone eased his labor, he made a saw of iron and thus shaped for man a new and most valuable tool. But the idea of the saw could be easily suggested to primitive man in different sections of the globe by accidental nothings of metals, or the serrated bones of fish. It is said the original inhabitants of Madeira found a ready-made saw in the back bone of a fish. There is a saw-fly with saws in its tail, which it uses to saw stems, leaves and fruit to make receptacles for its eggs.

In ancient times the teeth were so arranged that the cut was made by pulling instead of pushing, and the teeth set so that ten or a dozen in succession slanted one way and then ten or more were slanted in the other instead of each alternate tooth.

The Greeks used cross cut saws for two men, also saws for cutting marble into slabs; and they had a tubular saw for hollowing out a marble bath tub similar in principle to the modern implement. In the burned city of Herculaneum a picture was uncovered representing two men sawing a piece of wood on a carpenter's bench not unlike the style now in use and using a saw with a wooden frame similar to those employed, and the frame is tightened with a rope and stick just as wood-sawyers have it, and was doubtless as familiar to the Romans as it is to us.

The first trace of a saw-mill in Germany is of one at Augsburg in the year 1337, and there are now two near that city which are known to have existed since 1417. Before the invention of the saw-mill boards and planks were split with wedges and hewn smooth by the axe. Peter the Great of Russia states he had great difficulty in inducing the timber cutters of his empire to discontinue this method, and it is still resorted to where the tools of civilization are not at hand. In Norway, a country of forests, there was not one saw-mill before 1530, and the English bitterly opposed the introduction of the saw-mill. In 1663, a Hollander erected one near London, but the wood-cutters and sawyers would not permit it to continue. No serious attempt to erect a saw-mill in England was again made until 1767, when a large English lumber dealer built a saw-mill to be worked by wind. No sooner was it complete than the sawyers assembled in large numbers and demolished it. The Government compensated the owner and a large number of the rioters were punished. A new mill speedily replaced the destroyed one and was a success. Now, they have saws in Great Britain so fine as to cut diamonds, and circular saws nine feet in diameter, while the United States have distanced the English and almost reached perfection in saw-mill machinery and wood shaping machines and tools.

An immense amount of lumber is wasted in sawing, but this wastage is to be practically stopped by machinery.

Dr. H. S. Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the inventor of the improved veneer cutting machine, has applied the principle of that machine to one for cutting logs into timber. One of the machines adopted for cutting logs four feet long and averaging two feet in diameter, will cut in one day 30,500 feet of inch, 60,000 feet of half-inch, or 80,000 feet of quarter-inch lumber. The operation of cutting renders smooth the surface of the board, as if planed, so that the machine is a combined substitute for sawing and planing. The inventor shows barrel staves made from lumber manufactured by his machine and claims that it will turn out 4,500 staves per 1,000 feet instead of the 1,800 other machines produce. It will revolutionize box and small wood manufacturing.—*The Earth.*

The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and then tell what it saw in a plain way.

System on the Farm.

The cause of hard times among farmers is not high taxes or what they pay the preacher, nor a fault of their members to the legislature, or of their wives, who do more work every twelve months than the best man servant on the plantation; nor freshets, droughts, killing frost and insects, which often disturb the little half-done work constantly going on, even on the best arranged farms—no, none, of these. It is lack of system in the business of farming among the land owners.

Who can succeed, or is success to be found where there is no system? You hear the land owner complain: the common, ignorant white man and the negro complain of hard times. Each accuse the other of not having done his duty, and, to a certain extent, the accusation is correct. But really the starting point for hard times is in the so-called intelligent land owner. He lacks system in his business from beginning to end. System makes heavy loads light, it inspires confidence, brings about obedience and respect from those who are dependent upon the good citizens for home and employment. When we secure those things then are we ready to be rid of the infernal nuisance of always crying hard times.

In the first place, we cannot educate everybody. The majority will not accept it even if it is offered them, and so long as agriculture is a business, we will to a great extent have to contend with an element of labor destitute of intelligence and order. In every successful enterprise you find there a man capable of furnishing and enforcing a system, one of his own, or he adopts one of his neighbor's who in the same line and with the same capital has made it profitable, and until such is the case on our farms we may continue to carry posted on our backs the large black letters, "Poor Old Farmer."

Now we can't afford to live as we have been for the past twenty years. We go in debt at it; it is not respectable. Besides, it is injurious to white and black, who are compelled to work for a support and start in life. A poor system is better than none (most of us have none), but can't we have a good one. We have money and courage enough left, if applied and directed under a good system of farming, to soon be independent. But to keep our usual gain means destruction.

One or two farmers can't do what is to be done in this direction; in a measure, it will take us all. We must unite. In the first place, own your land, and if you have more than you can bring to a high state of cultivation, and don't care to sell, put some man on it who can show a certificate from his last employer stating that he is faithful and obedient, and allow him to know even by passing through your neighborhood that you with the balance of your neighbors, are fair and honest, but determined and progressive, and that not a moment's time is to be wasted and the pay he receives must be earned. Then put into this tenant's hands a method by which on that land he can expect good crops and improve your land every year.

To make the above merely an understanding or contract with a tenant on the first day of January is not worth the time you spend in naming over what is required. Your or a competent agent's personal attention must be there three-fourths of the time.—*Agricultural Bulletin.*

Surprised Redskins.

Bank Commissioner Foot, of Los Angeles, Cal., had an amusing experience in the gold times of California. The story, as told to a local reporter, runs as follows:

In the early days of the gold excitement, before many of the young men of the present day were born, Mr. Potts and his partner, both miners, put their heads together and decided that there was probably gold at the head waters of the San Joaquin. They thought it would be well to investigate the matter and accordingly they set out. In due time they arrived.

They discovered a deep hole in the bed of one of the forks, and they concluded that if there was gold anywhere in the bed of the stream it was in that hole. They tried diving to reach the bottom, but the water was too deep, and they found themselves in a dilemma. Mr. Pott's partner brought him of a diving suit in San Francisco, that he could procure, and the decision was reached that he go and bring it. This he did, arriving with it after a time.

Those who have seen a diving suit are aware of the frightful appearance of a man arrayed in it. The front of the headpiece is a large circular pane of glass that gives the wearer the appearance of a hideous Cyclops. From the top of the head runs a rubber tube for supplying air to diver, and there is also a rope attached for hauling him up.

Mr. Pott's partner arrayed himself in the suit. Laying across the hole was a fallen tree, and Mr. Potts and the partner slipped down upon the log, and the partner was instantly out of sight. Mr. Potts holding the rope by which to hold him up. The agreed signal was a jerk or the rope.

While Mr. Potts was thus sitting on the log and holding the rope he appeared to be fishing with a stout line for big fish. He was thus engaged when Chief Kaweah and his squaws came down from the mountains, where they had been gathering nuts. He stopped and addressed Mr. Potts: "You ketchum fish?"

"No, not yet," was the reply, "but I expect a bite pretty soon."

The old chief was evidently much interested in the scene, and without more ado he squatted on the bank and awaited developments, his squaws followed his example.

Pretty soon there came a jerk on the rope that rippled the surface of the water. Kaweah became greatly excited when he saw Mr. Potts pulling on the line, and the old chief got to his feet and watched the procedure with the deepest interest. Presently the monster of the deep came to the surface, with the hideous Cyclopean eye turned in Kaweah's direction.

"Ugh!" shouted the warrior, and then he and his squaws turned and fled in panic-stricken over the plains.

An Early Bird and the Worm.

N. Y. Sun.

It was not quite five o'clock in the morning. The sun had not yet begun to transact his daily business when a newspaper man, who loves early dew, took a stroll through Central park. Only two persons from the Fifty-ninth street entrance to the mall disturbed the monotonous clatter of the birds.

A few feet from the music stand was an elderly gentleman with a revolutionary coat and frayed trousers. He carried a cane and wore a restless pair of eyes.

"Out early my friend," said the reporter in an off hand style of salute.

"Got to begin my business," said the wily old fossil.

"And what may be the peculiar nature of your business?"

"Well you see, pard, I'm a professional searcher. I change with the seasons, just like bonnets and other parts of woman's gear. I'm on hand the first fellow after a big crowd to pick up the crumbs. What do you crumb? Why, whatever they drop; knick knacks, jewelry, money. All's fish as comes to my net. Beats the world how much a smart scavenger can pick up after a mob. In the winter time I work the parks and picnics and the excursions.

"Regular business, though, and you've got to have system in it. Big crowd yesterday (Sunday) on the mall, and here I am. Been here since day-break, nosing around, and picked up so far \$325 in change and a bracelet. Get in my work before the cops come around. Early bird and the worm, see?"

"What do you do with the valuables, say jewelry?"

"Watch the 'lost' columns of the papers, and if the reward's half way decent I turn 'em in. Got \$50 last winter for an earring dropped in the gutter in front of the Metropolitan Opera house. When there's no show of an owner I convert 'em on the Bowery. Took in a lot of lace handkerchiefs last winter and a fair stake in cash. But you've got to have eyes to get along in this profession, partner."

"Can you manage to make a living at it?"

"Well, it ain't no national bank, but I've stood the wolf off five years at it, and the hours ain't so hard as you find in some other professions."

To Save His Mother.

We have had a German Baron among us, Baron von Karstein, who has written a book about New York and its inhabitants. One of his anecdotes is very good and interesting: On Washington's birthday he was standing in a crowd on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, waiting for the grand procession to arrive. The first drums were in the distance, when a young man, in his shirt sleeves and hatless, passed through the assembled multitude, and addressed the policeman who kept the people back.

"Officer!" he exclaimed, my mother is sick in a house near Sixth Avenue; she has suddenly been taken much worse, and the doctor says that if the procession passes over house the noise will kill her.

"O. K., young fellow," said the policeman, and left him to run up the avenue where he stood some twenty feet before the procession, and screamed, "Halt!" holding up a light rattan cane with both hands.

The word was passed along the line, an adjutant galloped forward, bent over his horse's neck, and exchanged a few words with the policeman.

Suddenly the command, "Forward, march!" was heard, and the immense body of men proceeded to the corner of Fourteenth street, without any music except the lightest possible tapping of drums. Then came, "Right wheel!" and nearly fifty thousand men, whom immense crowds were waiting to see and cheer, wheeled up Fourteenth street to Broadway, and down Broadway they marched without music until they were beyond the distance at which they might disturb the sick woman.

No one asked why an army of well-drilled, admirably-equipped, many of them battle-scarred veterans, turned out of their path at the simple request of a single policeman armed with but a rattan cane. It would have been but a trifling matter for them to take Gotham; but, no, the general in command, when he received the young man's thanks, reminded him that his very natural request was addressed to gentlemen and soldiers. And a gentleman, he be soldier or not, reveres the sacred name of mother.—*Boston Leader.*


How The Kaiser Escaped.

I had myself been in Berlin when both attacks were made upon the life of the Emperor—when Hoedle shot at him from the crowd, and Nobling from a window overlooking the celebrated street, Unter den Linden. A curious little incident occurred upon the latter occasion. As the Emperor was going to his afternoon drive in the Theurgarten, he asked an attendant standing in the hall of the palace why such an unusual and gayly-dressed crowd thronged the streets.

"They go to see the Shah of Persia, your Majesty," was the answer.

"Ah, then I must also put on a gala attire!" the Emperor remarked smiling, and forthwith took from the table his Prussian helmet, replacing with its steel plating the military cloth cap which he had before placed on his head. When a few hours later he was brought back to the palace, wounded and bleeding, the helmet was dented in several places where the mixed shot used by Nobling had struck against the metal. Had the unresisting cloth been there instead, who can tell how different the endings of the tragedy might have been?

Two or three days after the attempted assassination the old monarch asked to see the clothes he had worn on that fatal day. Looking at the military cap riddled with shot, and the dents in the eagle-capped helmet he turned to those standing by his bedside, with tears in his eyes and pointing to the marks of the bullets said: "Thank God it was not one of my own Berlin men who did that!"—*Blackwood.*



SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and water-brash; indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels irregularly costive 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 specially used in the South to cure the torpid liver to a healthy action. It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

Is a SURE CURE FOR

Malaria, Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Catarrh of the Bladder, Mental Depression, Colic, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc.

Prepared by the use of 75 MILLIONS of Pills, as THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.

ONLY GENUINE

Has a Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

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

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Two years ago I bought a very light two-horse Piedmont wagon of the Agent, J. A. Boylen. I 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 Skin wagon made in the United States. The timber used in them is most excellent and thoroughly well seasoned.

TURNER P. THOMPSON.

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

JOHN D. HENLY.

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Eighteen months ago I bought of John A. Boylen, a 2 1/2 inch Thimble Skin 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.

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18 months ago I bought of the Agent, in Salisbury, a 2 1/2 inch Thimble Skin Piedmont wagon—their lightest one-horse wagon—I have kept it in almost constant use and during the time have hauled on it at least 75 loads of wood and that without any loss or repairs.

L. R. WALTON.

A Good One on a Senator.

In Washington no man has a greater reputation for flow of language than Senator Blackburn of Kentucky. He is considered a fountain of words and oratory. Congressman Green of North Carolina tells a story of how Assistant Postmaster General Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, bit off this accomplishment at a banquet where they were both present. Reminiscences were in order, and Blackburn had been striking out right and left with jokes at everybody at the table. Stevenson started out to relate an incident of his college days, when Blackburn and he were students together, and said: "The Senator will tell you that he remembers well the duel between two of our fellow-students in which we acted as seconds." Blackburn interjected a remark that he remembered perfectly well, and Stevenson continued: "The two young fellows had got into a dispute which they saw no other way of settling except by the code of honor. We went out to the field of battle. We posted our men. You remember, Blackburn," said he, "how you paced off the ground and how we stood the fellows up?" "Oh, yes," said Blackburn, "I remember very well." Then Stevenson resumed the thread of his story. "Well, we had the fellows pistol in hand ready for use just as the sun was shooting its rays up over the hills in the east. Blackburn seemed to think it was a proper thing to say something, and he stepped out in front of our little party to make a few remarks. It is mournful to think of the results of that duel." Here Stevenson paused for a moment, when somebody at the table called out, "were they both killed?" "No," Blackburn was the quick response, "when Mr. Blackburn got through it was too dark for them to fire." Amid the uproar of laughter that ensued the Senator tried to protest that he did not remember that part of the duel. But the jury of diners passed the verdict that he had not proved an alibi and that he stood convicted on his general reputation.—*New York Tribune.*

Bill Nye.

The New York Graphic has the following sketch of Bill Nye, the humorist, now of the World:

Bill Nye's exact age and birthplace are topics which afford considerable scope for speculation. He is certainly, however, under two score in point of years, and if he was not born in Wisconsin he has lived long enough at Hudson, in that State, to call it home. Somewhere in the neighborhood of eight or nine years ago Nye was a country pedagogue in one of the Northwestern counties of Colorado. Spelling-books were all the rage at that period in his vicinity and he wrote an account of one given in his school-house and sent it to the Denver Tribune. O. H. Rothaker, who is now publishing a splendid newspaper in Omaha, was the managing editor of the Tribune who received Nye's first humorous offering. He recognized it as a piece of good work, printed it, and secured the ambitious schoolmaster as an occasional correspondent by placing him on the list of dead-head subscribers. Nye wrote in this manner for several months, and then concluding that funny journalism was his forte he removed to Laramie, Wyoming, and started the Boomerang. He made money by the venture, and eventually became the postmaster of that flourishing little city. Failing health rendered his return to Wisconsin necessary. His recent temptations and tribulations are too commonplace for comment.

We have lived a long time—longer, indeed, than the allotted period—but we never yet knew a man to make money by going to law. Observation has taught us it would be better, certainly cheaper, to give your neighbor a hundred dollars or two than to "law him" for the amount, though it may be justly due you.—*Athens (Tenn.) Post.*

How Indians Poison Their Arrows.

Omaha Republican.

It was a long time before Friday came, and I began to think he was going to disregard my summons, and was getting angry, when he suddenly put in an appearance. I explained to him what I wished to know, and without the slightest hesitation he said to the venerable arrow-maker:

"Tell my brother all about the poisoned arrows."

"Well," said the old man, "first we take a bioted yellow rattlesnake in August when he is most poisonous, and tie him with a forked stick to a stake; then we tease him until he is in great rage. This is done by passing a switch over his body from head to tail. When he thrashes the ground with his body and his eyes grow bright and sparkle like diamonds, we kill a deer or some other small animal, and tearing out the liver, throw it to the snake while it is warm and the blood still coursing through it. The reptile will strike it again and again and pretty soon it will begin to turn black. When he tires, the snake is reared again and he is induced to sink his fangs into the soft flesh until all the poison has been extracted from him and the liver is retracted with it. He is then killed and the liver lifted with a sharp fork, for so dangerous is it no one dares touch it. The liver is let lie for about an hour, when it is almost jet black and emit a sour smell. Arrows are then brought and their iron heads pushed into the liver up to the shaft. They are left standing there for one hour and a half, when they are withdrawn and dried in the sun. A thin glistening yellow scum adheres to the arrow, and if it so much as touches raw flesh it is certain to poison it to death."

I asked if Indians still used poisoned arrows. "No," he replied, "no man, Indian or white man, for years past has been shot with these arrows, and they are no longer made."

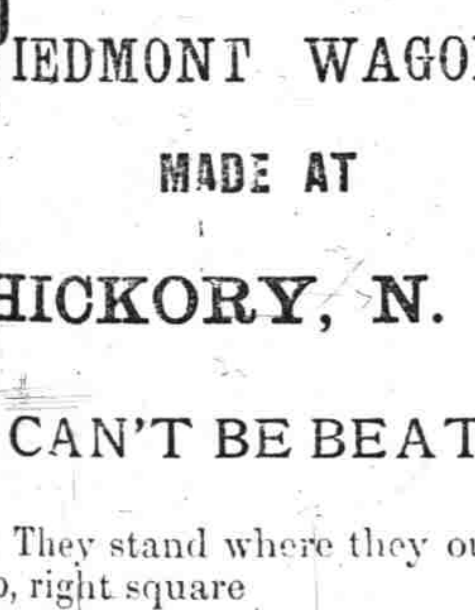
San Houston's Big Lie.

The vote of General Houston in the United States Senate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise rendered him temporarily unpopular in Texas. In the political campaign following he drew large crowds as usual wherever he spoke on the hustings, but was sometimes interrupted. On one occasion a local politician, Colonel — (call him Thompson), gave the old veteran the lie direct in the middle of a speech. The General paused; all eyes were upon him, and every one was curious to see how the hero of San Jacinto would resent the wanton insult. He said, promptly and very deliberately: "Colonel Thompson calls me a liar. (Colonel found silence.) I cannot truthfully say that in my long life I have never told a falsehood; but, fellow-citizens, I will now tell the biggest lie I ever told in all my life—Colonel Thompson is a politician!"—In Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine for August.

Zeb Vance Never Did It.

Every Southern man who makes a speech North, devotes half his time in apologizing for the put the South took in the late war. Governor Lee is no exception to this rule. It is very contemptible, mortifying and humiliating to hear any Southern man apologizing for the South; we fought the North and would do it again and are not ashamed of it, and would die before we would apologize for it; we were right, all the secessionists and bootlickers to the contrary.—*Scotland Neck Democrat.*

He that looks upon the business and bustle of life with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens will turn away at last with this exclamation: "How my things are here I do not want!"



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How Long a Watch Should Last.

"A first class watch should last for a hundred years if properly taken care of," said a well known watch-maker to a New York Mail and Express man.

"The reason that they wear out is the fault of the owner and not of the watch. In the first place a watch should be cleaned and oiled in every eighteen months. If this is not done the oil which lubricates the works will dry and the works wear out by friction. Another mistake is to wear a watch in an outside pocket where it is liable to be jammed. I have known more watches ruined by billiard playing than anything else. In leaning over to make a long shot the vest pocket is frequently brought into violent contact with the table, and this repeated jarring cannot fail to injure the works. The best watches are made to-day in England. They are masterpieces of workmanship. I should say the American watch ranks next, and those manufactured in Switzerland third in order. Some watches are made to run eight days with one winding but they will never become popular. Their owners almost always forget to wind them up on the eighth day. I know of only one or two in this country. They are made in Switzerland. The usual length of time modern watches are calculated to run with one winding is from thirty to thirty six hours."

Thief Arrested.

The news was received with the utmost satisfaction by the community that he had terrorized; but the arrest of a disease that is stealing away a loved and valued life, is an achievement that should inspire heart-felt gratitude. Chilliness, cold extremities, depressed spirits, and extremely miserable sensations, with pale, wan features, are the results of disordered kidneys and liver. Arrest the cause at once by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a purely vegetable derivative, that will ferret out and capture the most subtle lung or blood disorder. Druggists.

While jockeys are getting \$1,000 for winning a single race and \$10,000 for a baseball player for one season, some of our most deserving country editors are offering to take watermelons and peaches for subscriptions.—*New York Commercial.*

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An Ungrateful Panther.

Jim Ponce of St. Augustine, Fla., going through the woods heard tremendous sounds, yells and paws and cautiously investigating came upon a seven-foot panther fighting with an alligator, which had the panther fast in its ponderous jaws. Ponce shot with the under dog and shot the alligator, whereupon the panther, freeing himself, fought for the hunter, who had a hard fight before he killed the ungrateful beast.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Vicious habits are so odious and degrading that they transform the individual who practices them into an incarnate demon.

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The vote of General Houston in the United States Senate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise rendered him temporarily unpopular in Texas. In the political campaign following he drew large crowds as usual wherever he spoke on the hustings, but was sometimes interrupted. On one occasion a local politician, Colonel — (call him Thompson), gave the old veteran the lie direct in the middle of a speech. The General paused; all eyes were upon him, and every one was curious to see how the hero of San Jacinto would resent the wanton insult. He said, promptly and very deliberately: "Colonel Thompson calls me a liar. (Colonel found silence.) I cannot truthfully say that in my long life I have never told a falsehood; but, fellow-citizens, I will now tell the biggest lie I ever told in all my life—Colonel Thompson is a politician!"—In Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine for August.

Zeb Vance Never Did It.

Every Southern man who makes a speech North, devotes half his time in apologizing for the put the South took in the late war. Governor Lee is no exception to this rule. It is very contemptible, mortifying and humiliating to hear any Southern man apologizing for the South; we fought the North and would do it again and are not ashamed of it, and would die before we would apologize for it; we were right, all the secessionists and bootlickers to the contrary.—*Scotland Neck Democrat.*

He that looks upon the business and bustle of life with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens will turn away at last with this exclamation: "How my things are here I do not want!"