

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1890.

J. J. BRUNER, EDITOR AND PROP'R.
T. K. BRUNER, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

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don, T. A. Coughenour; West ward, R. J.
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at 3 o'clock. J. W. Manney, sup't.
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at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Prayer meet-
ing every Wednesday at 8:30 p. m. Rev. J.
Rumple, D. D., pastor.
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at 4 p. m. J. Rumpke, sup't.
Lutheran—Services every Sunday at 11
a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every
Wednesday at 7 p. m. Rev. Chas. B. King,
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at 3 p. m. R. G. Kizer, sup't.
Episcopal—Services every Sunday at 11
a. m. and 6:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 6:30
p. m. Rev. F. J. Murdoch, rector.
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at 3 p. m. Capt. Theo. Parker, sup't.
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ing and night. Prayer meeting every
Wednesday night. Rev.
pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday at 9 1/2 a. m.
Thos. L. Swink, sup't.
Catholic—Services every second Sun-
day at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Francis
Meyer, pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m.
Y. M. C. A.—Devolitional services at Hall
every Sunday at 10 a. m. Business meet-
ing the first Thursday night in every month.
I. H. Thurst, pres't.

LODGES.

Fulton Lodge No. 99 A. F. & A. M., meets
every first and third Friday night in each
month. E. B. Neave, W. M.
Salisbury Lodge, No. 24, K. of P., meets
every Tuesday night. A. H. Boyden, C. C.
Salisbury Lodge, No. 775, K. of H., meets
every 1st and 3d Monday night in each
month. Dictator.
Salisbury Council, No. 212, Royal Ar-
caneum, meets every 2d and 4th Monday
night in each month. J. A. Ramsay,
Regent.

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Office hours from 7:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.
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Be of Good Cheer.

There never was a day so long
It did not have an end;
There never was a man so poor
He did not have a friend;
And when the long day finds an end
It brings the time of rest,
And he who has no steadfast friend
Should count himself as blest.
There never was a cloud that had
The sunlight all from sight;
There never was a life so sad
It had not some delight.
Perchance for us the sun at last,
May break the dark cloud through,
And life may hold a happiness
That never yet it knew.

So let's not be discouraged, friend,
When the shadows cross our way,
Of trust and hope I've some to lend;
So borrow from me, pray.
Good friends are we, therefore not poor,
Though worldly wealth we lack.
Behold, the sun shines forth at last,
And drives the dark clouds back!
—Eben E. Reelford.

In the Land of Homes.

One good thing, if no other, always
comes to us out of winter life, and
that is the charm concentrated in a
manner that we are hardly able to
feel in all the delights of our summer
days. As darkness gives us the
freedom of the stars and all the
depths of space, while sunshine shuts
us in on our one little planet walled
about by the blue sky, so summer gives
us an openness of life that is widening
very likely to the spirit in many ways,
and certainly on the plane of nature
and the beauty of earth and sea and
sky. But winter shuts us in upon our-
selves and each other, deepens our love
for it, and especially our family love
and our reverence for homes.

The land where home is the thing
most evident and insistent, where the
quality of the homes is most apparent,
is always a land where winter predomi-
nates. Not that homes do not exist
and are not dearly valued in southern
countries; but where one can live as
easily in all outdoors as under a roof,
the use of the four walls is not so evi-
dent and insistent. Undoubtedly there
is as much family affection in one lati-
tude as in another; indeed, it seems
sometimes stronger in the warmer lati-
tudes, as the control and repression of
opinion is apt to be less there, and even
to take on a more lively way of demon-
strating itself there, family feuds and
vendettas being affairs of tropic fre-
quency.

The traveller whose train takes him
through villages of northern countries
and through the suburbs of great cities
in the same portions of the globe, will,
as a general thing, be unable to look
out of the window without noting the
pains and pride taken in the homes, as
the neat appearance of countless small
houses and the small grounds about
them testify—cleanly, orderly, trim,
well-painted, well-fenced, tastefully
planted, and being plainly the thing
on which the owners' hearts are fixed.
The prettily arranged little gardens,
the overhanging shade trees, the flow-
ers in the windows, the neat curtains,
the premises without disorder or rub-
bish—all show that these are homes
and valued ones, and that no pains are
spared to do them honor.

Two-thirds of the year are spent be-
hind the doors of these homes, and of
course the virtues that belong to life
spent closely and with these who are
dear have every opportunity for devel-
opment; if there are any vices spring-
ing from such a life, we should hardly
know how to classify them. There is,
indeed, a liability to family selfishness,
an exclusive regard for one's own, in
this sort of life, a possible forgetful-
ness and heedlessness for others, as
light carried to too intense a pitch
becomes darkness, the eye being blind-
ed. But even this is possible to but
few natures, for the fact of one's own
excess of happiness inclines most of us
to pity others and to care for their
welfare. It is around the hearth and
about the evening lamp that a great
deal of the added sense of home is gen-
erated and its value felt; there, with
the books, the reviews, the newspapers,
and discussion of them all, is chance
for mental growth in the hours which
in summer are too apt to be spent, we
will not say wasted, in the mere idle
enjoyments of existence; and there,
too, in the constant intercourse is
equal chance for the development of
the finest moral life—in care of others,
in self-sacrifice, in smiling good nature,
in all exertion from each member of
the home to make that home the one
happiest spot to all the rest.

It would seem as if the existence of
these homes, where liberty and law
have made it possible for every family
to have one and to own the house and
its acre, ought to give right to a
singularly noble class of people; and if
it does not, the question comes as to
where the blame may be. It must not
be understood that if it does not, then
the homes are not so perfect as they
look, that complete selfishness is not
entrenched within them, that intellect-
ual and impersonal conversation is not
the habit there, that a lofty tone of
thought is not required, that the best
books are not read, that amusement is
more sought after than improvement,
that each individual is for himself,
that this life and its ordinary pleasures
weigh more than the unknown life and
the things beyond, the grossness and
the flesh are allowed to encumber the
spirit, and that a low scale of living
affords as much satisfaction there as a
higher.
Surely it is the duty of every one

Southern Agriculture.

Plymouth Beacon.

Most of our farmers at the time of
writing are busy in the field throw-
ing down the old rows, cutting down
corn stalks, etc. A few days ago I
took a walk abroad, I wanted to see
what my neighbors were doing. On
one man's farm I noticed in one field
especially a very rank growth of crab
grass that had sprung up after the
last year's crop had been laid by. He
had been firing the grass, burning it
up. Was that economy for a poor
man? was it economy for a rich man?
was it good farming? I know not.
The poor farmer might think it was
a good way of getting rid of the dead
grass, etc., he wanted to get on, and
get his land in order; yes, that is
where most of us miss it, leaving till
to-morrow the thing that ought to be
done to-day. After that corn was
gathered and housed last November
why was that field left until now to
be prepared? If it had been my field
I should, as soon as the last load of
corn had been hauled out, started my
plows in it, and stalks and grass would
all have been deeply buried, and by the
time I wanted to plant my corn again
this spring they would have been
ready to help nourish the young corn
plant. This is one of the weak points
in your southern system
of farming. Our hot summers,
clean culture and lack of shade,
together with the practice of planting
cotton and corn year after year on the
same piece of land all tend to make
rich soil poor and poor soils next to
useless, if this can and ought to be
remedied. If our fields were plowed
in the fall as soon as the crop is har-
vested, it would go a long way to-
wards giving us better crops and more
of them; it would make the cultivation
of the crop a much easier matter.
A crop should be half cultivated be-
fore it is planted. The soil should be
in the best possible condition at the
time of planting so that when the
young plant sends out its tiny feeders
it will be able to get the proper and
necessary food for its perfect develop-
ment. Again, much of our land that
has been under cultivation for many
years is deficient in vegetable humus.
Fall ploughing by turning under the
grass, etc., would help supply this defi-
ciency, and by a systematic rotation of
crops we could with the help of our
home-made fertilizers, stable manure,
do without a great deal of guano and
thus lessen our expenses. If our
farmers would only take up this sub-
ject in earnest and use a little common
sense in their planning and working,
if they would only recognize this fact
that they must feed the plant with its
proper food or with the food necessary
for its full and perfect development,
Every one knows or should know that
whatever crop is planted it will extract
from the soil all the available plant
food it requires or can obtain. Unless
this plant food is supplied to the soil in
the shape of manure it will in the
course of time become so poor that it
will not produce a crop. All the
available plant food has been taken up
by the preceding crops and the land is
then thrown out of cultivation, the
pines take possession of it and nature
takes up the work of restoring its fer-
tility, but we can't afford to wait for na-
ture in this country. Nature has all
time before her to do her work in, man
has only a few short years in which to
do his work, so he has to shorten the
time as much as possible by growing
peas and oats and applying manure,
heavy doses of it too, until he brings
his land up again. I have heard in-
telligent men and good farmers too
say, and in fact at one time I thought
as they did. "It is necessary for me
to find out what my land is lacking in
and then supply that want to put on
my land to get any crop I wish."
Alas! nature will not yield up her
secret, or rather man has not yet been
able to gain that knowledge. The
truth is that soil analysis is practi-
cally worthless to the farmer. Al-
though the tiller of the soil has been
digging and delving for some
six thousand years; although chemi-
cal analysis has been, and still is,
day by day getting a little nearer, a lit-
tle closer to the goal, yet it still re-
mains a secret. The farmer must ad-
van by the aid of the chemist, ascertain
of what his crop is composed,
whether it is corn, cotton or tobacco,
that is to say he can ascertain how
much potash, lime, phosphoric acid,
etc., there is in the make-up of his
crop. He will then have a better idea
of what he needs to make a food which
shall produce a perfect plant. The key
note of it all is this, manure, more
manure. We need it, all we can get,
and more too, but what a tremendous
lot we lose year after year. We want
a better system of making and saving
it. Nine tenths of us lose more than
we make and then have a big guano
bill to foot at the end of the year,
which does not suit.

Entombment.

A respectable portion of people in
this country, especially among
learned physicians, have at late had a
good deal to say on the subject of bury-
ing the dead, as practiced in this and
nearly all other civilized countries.
The most interesting, because the most
exhaustive, treatise we have seen on
the subject, is a pamphlet reprint from
The Sanitarian by Rev. Chas. B. Feat,
of New York city. It sets out with a
review of the various methods which
have been practiced in the world for
disposing of the dead. There are crem-
ation, burial in the ground, burial in
the sea, exposing the bodies to be torn
to pieces and devoured by birds and
beasts, and entombment. Of these
various methods, after a patient review
of them all, the writer settles down on
entombment as the safest, and in all re-
spects, the best and the cheapest, method
of disposing of the dead. The safest
and the best for the living; for he
mentions many facts going to show
how the common practice of burying
in the ground may affect the health
of the living by poisoning the atmos-
phere we breathe, and the waters we
drink. It requires little knowledge
and reflection to see in these sources
possible dangers to the health of the
living; and the more we think about
it the more, apparent those causes
force themselves upon the mind.

The writer then proceeds to show
that entombment is the best and only
method to obviate objectionable causes
encountered in the other methods al-
luded to. And one fact adduced on
this branch of his subject will certainly
arrest the favorable consideration
of every reader, and that is, that tombs
may easily be so constructed as to ar-
rest the decomposition of bodies, and
preserve them intact for an indefinite
period of time. This most desirable
result is obtainable by extracting all
moisture of the atmosphere of the
chamber in which the bodies are laid.
In proof of this, numerous instances
are cited to show how dead bodies of
men and other animals have been
found in caves, ancient tombs, and
even on the tops of mountains, where
the atmosphere condition was favor-
able, free from desiccation, looking
just as when death came to them.
Thus, it would appear, that decompo-
sition can be controlled, and that its
loathsome and unwholesome transfor-
mation can be prevented, if only the
simple conditions are secured that have
been found abundantly successful wher-
ever they have been tested.

This subject must more especially
interest towns and cities, where the
number of bodies committed to the
earth, greatly increases any evil conse-
quences that may flow from that cause.
And also, from that community of ef-
fort can be more easily secured to erect
such buildings as would be required.

Boys Hurt by Tobacco.

A committee of educators, including
the professors in Ann Arbor, the Nor-
mal School, Alma College, the Uni-
versity of Michigan and the Hillsdale
College, gave evidence before the
Michigan Legislature on the effect of
tobacco on the youth of that State.
Superintendent Howell recently sent
out circular to the directors on this sub-
ject, and has received two hundred re-
plies. In every reply one or more cases
are cited of being dwarfed, made in-
sane, killed or rendered incapable of
speech. The college professors testi-
fied that otherwise bright students
were made dull and stupid by the use
of the cigarette, and that in many
cases the power of hearing had been
seriously affected. They also said that
in nine cases out of ten the regular
use of cigarettes by boys would result
in the loss of will power. A petition
with more than seven thousand signa-
tures has been presented, and the bill
prohibiting the sale of tobacco to mi-
nors will probably pass.

A Pleasing Proposition and a Golden Opportunity.

We are constantly in receipt of propo-
sitions from various parts of the
country to do advertising and take pay
in the article advertised, first remitting
a certain amount of cash to cover the
difference between the worth of the
article and the worth of the space. If
it had been practicable to have accept-
ed all of these propositions that have
been submitted within the past ten
years, we would now have had on hand
a large and varied assortment of sew-
ing machines, organs, liver medicines,
dog carts, corn-shellers, bonnet bits,
reapers, hay-rakes, hen persuaders, fruit
trees, stove, harness, corn plasters,
horses and cattle powders, churns, glove
stretchers, side-saddles, and various
other articles too numerous to men-
tion; but we have been deterred from
accepting these propositions (1) by a
sneaking suspicion that the cash called
for in each case was about the worth
of the article and (2) by the lack of
sufficient capital to carry on the gen-
eral barter business successfully in con-
nection with a general publishing and
printing business. But by last Satur-
day evening's mail there came from In-
diana a proposition which we would
certainly accept but for the stringency
of the time. It is to advertise a soda
fountain, worth \$50 if it is worth a
cent, pay \$56 in advertising and \$24
in cash and get one of these superb
fountains. What could be fairer than
that? And then just look at the pos-
sibilities that unfold themselves! Im-
agine this beautiful fountain (warrant-
ed not to explode) set up on its three
legs in the Landmark office and run-
ning under a fall head of steam
throughout the entire soda water sea-
son! Imagine an offer of a glass of
soda water free to every new subscri-
ber, two glasses to every delinquent
who paid up in full and three to every
one who paid in full and for a year in
advance! Why, people would fall over
one another in their efforts to avail
themselves of these unparalleled in-
ducements and presently the Land-
mark would have a boom. We would
have this whole country belching car-
bonic acid gas and the air would be
pure. Well, you say, after every-
thing had been paid up and all hands
paid in advance for a whole year, what
then? the business would fall off,
wouldn't it? Hold a bit; you haven't
heard it all! This is a portable soda
fountain. After all the material here
had been worked up, we could take
this extraordinary fountain (never gets
out of order) to Taylorsville, Wilkes-
boro, Yadkinville, Mocksville, Newton,
Morganton, Jefferson, Boone, Sparta,
and to Salisbury and Charlotte if time
permitted—if not, then the next sea-
son—and corral all the circulating me-
dium in the counties of which these
towns are the capitals, respectively.
We would regret to panic the soda
water market here in Statesville, for
Messrs. Charlie Propest, Jim Cox and
Bill Phipper are friends of ours and
handle soda water themselves; but busi-
ness is business, and if they can't af-
ford to give it way for the sake of
making business brisk, that would be
their misfortune. With the scruples
as to these friends stifled, we see not-
ing between the Landmark and pros-
perity except the lack of the money
necessary to make the cash payment
on this marvelous fountain (send for
catalogue) and to buy a few chemicals
such as are needed to generate steam,
and we are satisfied some of the drug
stores would trust us for these. It
certainly seems hard that the lack of
just a few paltry dollars to start on
should keep a man out of a fortune,
but this has happened many times
before and seems to be the peculiar
luck of North Carolina people. If a
certain man ever yonder at Clemmoun-
ville, in Davidson county, had had just
a few dollars more when he needed
them worst, he would have beaten
Morse to the place with the electric
telegraph.

The Shepherd's Dog—A Lost Child.

A shepherd who inhabited one of
those valleys or glens which intersect
the Grampian Mountains, in one of
his excursions to look after his flock,
happened to carry along with him one
of his children, a boy three years old.
This is not unusual practice among the
Highlanders, who accustom their chil-
dren, from the earliest infancy, to en-
dure the rigors of the climate. After
traversing his pastures for some time,
attended by his dog, the shepherd
found himself under the necessity of
ascending a summit at some distance,
to have a more extensive view of his
range. As the ascent was too fatiguing
for the child, he left him on a small
plain at the bottom with strict injunc-
tions not to stir from it till his return.
Scarcely, however, had he gained the
summit, when the horizon was dark-
ened by one of those impetuous
mist which frequently descend so
rapidly amidst these mountains, as,
in the space of a few minutes, almost
to turn day to night.
The anxious father instantly hasten-
ed back to find his child, but, to his
own interposition, unfortunately mis-
ed his way in the descent. After a
fruitless search for many hours, he dis-
covered that he had reached the bot-
tom of the valley, and was near his
own cottage. To renew the search
that night was equally fruitless and
dangerous; he was therefore compelled
to go home, although he had lost both
his child and his dog, who had attend-
ed him faithfully so many years.
Next morning, by break of day, the
shepherd, accompanied by a band of his
neighbors, set out in search of his
child; but after a day spent in fruitless
fatigue, he was at last compelled to
descend from the mountains. On his
returning home, he found that his dog,
which he had lost the day before, had
been home, and on receiving a piece
of cake, had gone off again. For
several successive days the shepherd re-
newed his search, for his child, and
still, on returning home disappointed
in the evening, he found that the dog
had been home, and on receiving his
usual allowance of cake, had instantly
disappeared. Struck with these singu-
lar circumstances, he remained at home
one day, and when the dog, as usual,
departed with his usual piece of cake,
he resolved to follow him, and find out
the procedure. The dog led the way
to a cataract at some distance from the
spot where the shepherd had left his
child. The banks of the cataract al-
most joined at the top, yet, separated
by an abyss of immense depth, present-
ed that appearance which so often
astonishes and appalls the travellers
that frequent the Grampian Mountains.
Down one of those ragged and al-
most perpendicular descents the dog
began, without hesitation, to make his
way, at last disappeared by entering a
cave, the mouth of which is almost
level with the torrent. The shepherd
with difficulty followed, but on enter-
ing the cave, what were his emotions
when he beheld his boy eating with
much satisfaction the cake which the
dog had just brought him, while the
faithful animal stood by, eyeing his
young charge with the utmost com-
plaisance. From the situation in
which the child was found, it appeared
that he had wandered to the brink of
the precipice, and then either fallen or
scrambled down till he reached the
cave. The dog, by means of his scent,
had traced him to the spot, and after-
wards prevented him from starving by
giving up to him his own daily allow-
ance.—N. Y. Ledger.

What is a Model Wife?

A model wife is the woman in whom
the heart of her husband doth safely
trust.
She is the woman who looks after
his household, and makes her hospi-
tality a delight to him, and not a bur-
den.
Who has learned that a soft answer
will turn away wrath.
Who keeps her sweetest smiles and
most loving words for her husband.
Who is his confidant in sorrow or
joy, and who does not feel the neces-
sity of explaining her private affairs to
the neighborhood.
Who respects the rights of her hus-
band and children, and in turn has due
respect paid to her.
Who knows that the strongest argu-
ment is her womanliness and so she
cultivates it.
Who is sympathetic in joy or in
grief, and who finds work for her
hands to do.
Who makes friends and keeps them.
Who tries to conceal the faults of
her husband rather than blazon them
forth to an uninterested public.
Who makes a home for a man—a
home in a house and in a heart. A
home that he is sure of, a home that
is full of love, presided over by one whose
price is above rubies.

Danger of Acquiring the Morphine Habit.

Professor Dnjardin Beaumontz, of
Paris, France, in a recent lecture at
the Cochin Hospital, Paris, on the
treatment of nervous diseases, said: I
need not here speak of the advantages
and dangers of morphine. I have
many times discussed this subject,
showing that if morphine is an ad-
mirable analgesic medication, it is also
the most dangerous of all by
reason of the fact that the patient be-
comes accustomed to and dependent on
the morphine injections, and ends in
becoming a morphiomaniac.
It may be affirmed that morphioma-
nia has become one of the vices of the
day, and we almost lay it down as a
rule that any patient who for thirty
consecutive days takes morphine in-
jections will ever after be a victim to
the morphine habit, even when the
symptoms of the primary malady shall
have completely disappeared; and it
will henceforth be a matter of no lit-
tle difficulty to cure the morphine
habit, now become a disease more re-
bellious than the affection for which
these injections were first ordered.

The number of morphiomaniacs in-
creases every day, and this deplorable
vice exists in all classes of society.
Unfortunately, our own profession is
not exempt from this abuse, and I know
quite a number of medical conferees
who have been and are still victims of
morphine.
—RHO GAMMA PHIL.
Guy Fawkes lived in the reign of
Queen Elizabeth and was concerned in
the celebrated "Gunpowder Plot" of
1605, in the reign of James I.
Governor Fowle is now fifty-nine years
old.

Defective Chimneys.

Portland Transcript.

How frequently the inquiry as to
the cause of a fire is followed by the
answer, "defective chimney." The
propagation of conflagrations has started
is very large and of course there is a
reason for it. Why should chimneys
be defective? Above all other parts of
a building they should be constructed
with especial care, for upon their per-
fection depends not only the happi-
ness of a single family, whose home is
there all, but the welfare of thousands,
and the safety of human life.
The maintenance of large fires inside
of inflammable habitations, though so
familiar as to be seldom thought of as
such, is certainly not the least of the
many risks and dangers to which
humanity must necessarily be subject-
ed. It is to be expected that advanc-
ing civilization is constantly lessening
these dangers to a minimum. The car
stove is going and all methods of
locomotion are continually undergoing
improvement. The defective chimney
has been with us long enough!

When bricks are burnt there are al-
ways more or less on the outside and
ends of the pile that do not receive
sufficient heat. They are only half
burned. They are called soft brick.
Being inferior in quality they are of
course cheaper, and too many of them
find their way into the chimneys,
whether the result of the mason's cupi-
dity or the owner's foolishness, varies
in different instances. These soft
bricks are subjected to heat during the
day time; as night comes on the fires
go down and so does the mercury, per-
haps way below zero. The cheap
bricks begin to crack and crumble. A
little rain or melted snow gets into the
cracks and freezes. Before very long
these half-burnt blocks of clay have so
crumbled that an enterprising spark is
enabled to light upon a stud or the
boarding of a closet just outside of a
chimney. If the little spark's escapade
occurs in the day time and somebody
sees the smoke, the pretty happy home
may be saved, but if in the night and
the house is in the country it is al-
most sure to be burnt to the ground;
if in the city, millions of dollars worth
of property may pay the penalty for
the laying of those half-burnt bricks.
If a man can afford to build a house
at all he can afford to buy the best of
bricks for his chimneys and to take
the time to see that they, and no others,
go into the chimneys. He couldn't
spend time or money more judiciously
if there is a firm belief expressed by
some people that the mortar used to
line the chimney with should be mixed
with cow manure. Thus strengthened,
it will effectually defy the flames.
Just wherein lies the virtue of this ad-
dition isn't clear, although some say
that as it is excellent to "draw" a
horse's foot as a plaster, it will prove
equally effective in drawing the smoke
up the chimney! How that may be
we are not in position to judge, but we
feel very confident that our newspapers
would contain fewer dispatches fraught
with tidings of ravaging flames if some
strictly enforced law governed the
buildings of old chimneys.

Not Paupers.

MR. BLAIR'S POOR BILL.

N. Y. Herald.

This Blair Educational bill does not
seem to thrive in Congress. Its
chances grow leaner and thinner every
day, and by and by will become the
ghosts of their former selves.
Mr. Blair argues interminably in
favor of his offspring, but the more he
argues the worse off he is. Senator
Spooner, of Wisconsin, hammered its
head yesterday afternoon without
mercy. He voted for the thing once
but since then his eyes have been
opened and he will vote for it no more.
The hard pan fact is that the bill is
an insult to the whole people of the
South. No one of course, refuses
money, or asks impertinent questions
when it is offered. It is human nature
to take all we can get and demand for
more if we see a pile being distributed
with lavish hand. But money must
come in the right way if it is to pro-
duce any lasting good, and the South
is beginning to see that the Blair way
is the wrong way.

A State must preserve its self-res-
pect first, and after that get every-
thing within reach. This self-respect
is the barrier between Blair and the
best portion of the South. They are
not paupers, down yonder. On the
contrary they are mightily prosperous
and are bound to be a very rich section
of this country in the near future.
The enterprises innumerable which
have been begun are only seed corn
and in twenty or thirty years from
now the people will reap a heavy crop
of dollars. To offer such muscular,
adventurous folk, settled on the banks
of the best rivers in the world and on
land as rich as any to be found, a mi-
serable dole out of the public treasury
to build school houses with is to ques-
tion their honor and their business ca-
pacity. They can build their own
school houses, educate their own popu-
lation and need ask no odds of any
one.

The Blair bill is a very stupid af-
fair and should have been buried
under the snow banks of New Hamp-
shire instead of introduced in Con-
gress.

Home Journal.

Every man is a missionary now and
forever, for good or evil whether he
intends or designs it or not. He may
be a blot, radiating his dark influence
ward to the very circumference of
his life, or he may be a blessing, spread-
ing his light of the world; but a blank
cannot be. We are either the sower
that sows and corrupts, or the light
that illuminates; but, being dead or
alive, every man speaks.