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The American Flag.

When Freedom, from her mountain-height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows and the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where the sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
And glory sabres rise and fall
Like shots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angels' hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner floating o'er us?

—J. R. DRAKE.

The Orchestra.

The grand orchestra, with all its paraphernalia of bows, strings, silver, brass, wood, leather, and parchment, possesses, of all human contrivances, the completest, sublimest power of musical expression. Judge of the skill and talent required to direct a vast body of musicians so that they shall speak to the life, the thoughts of the composer, observing the nicest points of intonation, the most flexible requirements of musical coloring; they shall at one moment be like an infant's breathing, and at the next like a tropical hurricane; at one moment like the sigh of love, at the next like the crash of armed hosts; that they shall, as the ocean tempest, beginning from a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, augment little by little in intensity,—*crescendo poco a poco*,—until they boil over in lyrical wrath, and yet always lieges to musical law and order. So to direct them requires the skill of such leaders as Sir Michael Costa or our own Theodore Thomas. To appreciate such an orchestra as the colossal exponent of passion and emotion, of the art of wordless eloquence and celestial purity, is one of the noblest efforts of popular progress.

Of the instruments, it would be a tale of love to tell how they mate and tenderly caress; how they blend the soft colors of their sweet individuality prismatic hues; how they coquette, now rambling on in dreamy *cantabile*, and then abruptly scattering; and again, out of confusion, how sweet harmony is evolved! In that delicious *German Ocean* of the symphony, there is a great pleasure in merely watching the art of conversation,—notably in some of Beethoven's sublime creations,—how he wanders and strays, Coleridge-like from the path, loses himself apparently in strange subjects and irrelevant ideas, till you wonder how he will ever return to his argument. There is a peculiar delight in letting the scenery of one of his symphonies merely pass before us, studying the dim, Turner-like landscape from which objects and landmarks gradually emerge, feeling a strange modulation passing over the scene like a heavy cloud, the distant sunlight melodies still keeping their places, and showing the breadth of the ground by the slow pace at which they shift toward us. There is an infinite interest in following the mere wayward mechanism of his ideas: how they dart up flights of steps, like children on forbidden ground, each time gaining a step higher, and each time flying back! how they run the gauntlet of the whole orchestra, chased farther and farther by each instrument in turn! are jostled, entangled, and dispersed, and at length flung pitilessly beyond the confines of the musical scene. But wait,—one soft bassoon-link holds the cable, a timid flute fastens on, other voices beckon, more hands are held out, and, in a moment, the whole fleet of melody is brought back in triumph.

It is exceedingly amusing, too, to watch how he treats his instruments,—how he at first gives them all fair play, then alternately seizes, torments, and disappoints them till they grow impatient; and one peeps in here and another there, and at first they are timid and then bold, and some grow fretful and others insolent, and at length all deafen you with the clamor of their jubilant claims. There is varied pleasure in these and many other fantastic ideas which he conjures up; but there is quite as much in sitting, a passive recipient, and giving yourself no account of your enjoyment at all.

Of all the instruments in the orchestra, the flute is the most prominent,—being elevated so high in the sphere of sounds. It is so isolated and free from those checks incident to the others in a lower station in the band, that it is a dangerous instrument in unskilled hands, as the slightest deviation in tune or time renders it intolerable to the ear. Although invaluable in its orchestral station, these pert and sparkling tones are not its natural nor best ones; they belong to the piccolo. The predominant character of the flute is the elegaic. Its natural, mellifluous voice, so seldom, if ever, heard in the orcshetra, is of the alto quality. In this register its tenderrest utterences may be produced with a pathos that goes at once to the heart. It is confessedly true that the value of an instrument is its resemblance to the expression of the the human voice. This approach exists pre-eminently in the flute.

The oboe, is a querulous, biting, decisive little tyrant, but has a charming voice in producing pastoral, plaintive effects. And so we might go on from one to the other, holding up each one of this harmonious family, and exhibiting the marvellous traits and the blessed vocations to which the genius of man has applied them.

As much as the cultivated listener may gain in the study of the artistic and emotional development of the orchestral masterpieces, as deep and as intense as his wonder and enjoyment may be in watching the varied instrumental effects, there is no more genuine delight than that which the gifted musician experiences by getting inside, with instrument in hand,—then, and then only, he sees the wonderful machinery and technical mysteries of orchestration,—he becomes, as it were, a part of the astonishing works. This is a privilege and opportunity which is accorded to few; but to him,—not the stolid player,—but to him who brings a heart and a cultivated mind, with fair execution abilities, to assist in the production of the masterpieces; "what opportunities," says Dr. Haweis, "for the culture of the emotional regions of the soul are his! When he opens his part of the 'Italian Symphony,' or plunges into the 'Fidelio,' what a magnificent panorama of emotion opens out before him! Like Ulysses, who became a part of all he saw, he is a part of all he hears. Shall not something of the spirit and power of the great composers, with whose work he identifies himself, pass into him as the reward of his enthusiasm, his docility, and often of his self-immolation?"

An Encounter With A Bicycle.

We hope our readers will pardon us this week if anything is said or done that "hadn't ought to be." The fact is the writer had a personal encounter with a bicycle, not a "safety," we would seem to ride a "safety." It was the old fashioned kind, the kind you can sit on and look down on folks. But to make a long story short the writer tried to ride that two wheeled "delusion." He had an idea that he would not have to go through all the troubles common to the average "cyclist," no indeed. "It is very simple." All you have to do is to give the machine a shove holding one foot on the stirup, give a bound and you are in the saddle; keep perfectly cool, placing your feet firmly on the pedals pump slowly and steadily; all this we did, and we thought we were getting along mighty well, when suddenly without a moments warning the little wheel began to rise in the air and we began to go towards the earth with lightning like rapidity, striking the ground headforemost. When the writer struck the ground he thought that was the end of the matter, but not so, the machine had a few evolutions to go through on its own hook; what it did exactly we cannot with any certainty state; it is sufficient to know that we were surprised at it. But the part that hurt our feelings the most was when the little wheel kicked us in the back. We have been kicked many a time before, but never by a bicycle. We have observed the following peculiarities about a bicycle: That it always goes straight for the nearest tree—that it is no respecter of persons. It is easier to get off than to get on, and finally it can do more funny things, hurt your feelings worse and take more liberties with you than any other thing in the world not excluding the mule or Texas pony.—Greensboro Patriot.

Some Fine Property.

Stranger (to Kansas City citizen)—"Those three corner lots of yours are fine property, captain."

Citizen (enthusiastically)—"Fine property? Why, great Scott, man, there ain't nothing like 'em west of the Illinoy river! Two years from now they'll be in the heart of the city, and people will fairly howl for 'em. They ought to come under the head of jewelry, not real estate. If you want to buy that property, stranger, you've got to buy it by the inch."

Stranger—"I'm not buying property this morning. I'm the new tax assessor."

The citizen fainted in a fit.—Life.

A NOBLE BOY.

How True it is That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

The history of R. Herbert Pittman, a native of No. 5 township shows what a young man can do, and that if he has the will he can certainly rise.

At the age of 17 the little smattering of books he had acquired in the few months he was allowed to attend a public school near his father's, incited him to drink deeper of the "Pierian spring."

He wished to attend one session at A. J. Moore's, at Whitakers, but his father was unable to send him. He told his father if he would consent for him to go he would pay his own tuition. What father could refuse?

He studied under Mr. Moore five months. That good teacher seeing what metal the lad was made of, credited his schooling. He made wonderful progress. At the end of the session he prevailed upon his father to let him go to Battleboro and study telegraphy under Mr. Andrew Hobgood.

Mr. Hobgood also agreed to wait till he could make enough to pay him.

When young Pittman had mastered this he was anxious to begin the battle of life. His father's affairs were such that he could ill afford to spare him, but finally the son convinced him that he could do him more good working at his profession than assisting him on the farm.

"Let me go to South Carolina where I can get a situation and I will pay by the time I am 21 years old the $350 you owe——"

He went. In two years, instead of three, that debt was paid so also has Mr. Hobgood and Mr. Moore. He is doing the work of two men where he is located, Atkins, S. C. At that place he is express agent, freight agent, and telegraph manager. He is also conductor on the short line of railroad which runs from Atkins to Bishopville. In the day he is engaged at the former place. About 6 in the evening he boards his train for the latter and returns next morning in time to attend to all duties.

Herbert Pittman's history may be studied by all young men. He is a living example of the truth that, "Where there's a will there's a way."

He is here on a visit, his first since he set out to woo fortune. He is quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly, an honor to himself, a comfort to his family.

He has the Southerner's heartiest congratulations and warmest commendations.—Tarboro Southerner.

One Dollor for the "Know How."

"Will you please saw this ring off my finger?"

It was an old woman who made this request of a Broadway jeweller, and as the worker in gold and silver took the fat and shapely hand in his it trembled violently, and a tear dropped upon the counter.

"Excuse me," continued the old lady, "but this is my wedding ring. I have never had it off since I was married, forty-five years ago. I have refrained from having it cut, hoping that my finger might get thinner and that I could take it off without breaking it."

"And what if I can remove it without cutting?" inquired the jeweller.

"But can you?" said she, looking up in a half credulous way. "If you can, do it by all means."

Then the jeweler took the swollen finger and wound it round from the top downwards in a length of flat rubber braid. The electric cord exerted its force upon the tissues of the fingers gently and gradually until the flesh seemed to be pushed down almost to the bone. The old woman's hand was then held above her head for a brief interval. The bandage was quickly uncorded and rewound about the member. This was repeated three times, and finally it was found upon uncovering the finger that it was small enough to admit one of the the rings being removed with ease.

"I have never failed but once," said the jeweller, "and I have removed many rings from fingers even more swollen than yours. Do I charge for it? Oh, yes. I ask the same amount that I would get if the ring were left to be mended after being cut. One dollar. Thank you!" and as he turned to his bench and the old woman left the store he added, "But after all she might have done the same thing herself. It's not the work, however, I charge for; it's the 'know how.'"—Mail and Express.

Opposition.

The man or the organization that has merit and capacity for good is helped by a certain amount of opposition. Large birds rise against the wind, not with it. A fine ship makes little progress in a dead calm. A stiff breeze purifies the atmosphere, supplying life-giving principles. Man never shows his latent force until opposition faces his darling schemes. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He who cannot abide the storm without flinching, or fight for the right against the legions in opposition, is not made of the stuff that commands success. Fair weather men, those who prosper only in the sunshine and under a cloudless sky, must resign the leadership to those of sterner qualities, whom opposition strengthens and whom the sight of the foe only serves to inspire deeds.

Lian Tanner on the Sub-Treasury Plan.

I have been a much interested reader of the discussion going on for some time in your journal on the sub-treasury bill.

I gleam from such reading that the opposers of said bill urge as objections:

1st. "It is unconstitutional."

2d. "It is class legislation."

3rd. "It is impracticable."

4th. "The people should support the government and not vice versa."

5th. "It will concentrate too much appointive power in the hands of the government."

6th. "It would prove beneficial to speculators and middle men."

These are the principles, if not the only reasons urged, and if you permit the space I will, as briefly as possible, notice the objections and at the same time point out some of the benefits.

1st. It is constitutional.

The argument oftener used is "The Government has loaned money to the Philadelphia and New Orleans expositions. It loaned money to the great Northern Pacific railroad, and has in numerous cases voted appropriations as subsidies to aid or assist different enterprises controlled by private individuals or corporations when it was supposed that such aid would redound to the public welfare. Such action on the part of the government may have been in line with the constitution, and if so, must be a strong argument in favor of the constitutionality of the bill now under discussion. On the other hand, if such aid, be it appropriation or loan, was not according to the law of the constitution, it could not be a solvent argument in favor of the sub-treasury bill, because it is an admitted fact that "two wrongs never made a right." As the government did loan money for the purposes named and such action done after long debate in Congress in which such men as Carlisle, Oates of Alabama, and many other expounders of the constitution, took active part and asserted boldly that it "was within the scope of the constitution for the government to loan money." We must conclude that the government can, when it chooses, either give or loan whenever and whatever sums commended by its discretion.

The argument that is sometimes brought to play in the discussion is, that "nowhere in the constitution does it read that the government can loan money, therefore, as no such power is expressly delegated to the government it is unconstitutional for the government to arrogate such a power." In answer to this we must submit the fact that since the adoption of the constitution, all and every supreme court from Chief Justice Marshall down to the present bench, have held that where a statute law is not plainly expressed in language which cannot be misconstrued, the spirit of the law must be taken as a guide for rendering an interpretrtion. Therefore, we must conclude that the farmers of the organic law, knowing the utter impossibility of legislating specially on every subject, proceeded to frame only the grand structual principles by which a republican government could be controlled, and left much to be decided by inference, or as implied law. We find it gives congress the right to borrow money.

It can be inferred that such a right carries with it the right to loan money, if no such right is to be admitted and we are to be bound down to the strict letter of the law of the constitution, we would be so cramped that it would be impossible to carry on this government for twenty-four hours. As an illustration that we, while acknowledging that the constitution as written and accepted by the different states is the strong law which gives perpetuity to our government are, nevertheless working under what may be called implied right, we will refer the reader to section 8, of the constitution: "Congress shall have power to establish postoffices and postroads." Not a word is here said of issuing postage stamps or collecting revenue for carrying letters or mail, but no one doubts the propriety or expediency of the government issuing postage stamps and forcing the individuals who use the mails to purchase such stamps from the postal departments where they are kept for sale. We, therefore conclude that the government has more rights than are directly expressed in the constitution.

Again, although it is claimed the sub-treasury bill is unconstitutional, with the exception just noted, we have never yet noticed or heard a single reason or proof adduced that would go to sustain such a declaration, and as wise statesmen we have time and again inside the halls of congress, declared that "Congress has the power to loan money," we must conclude that the bill is not violative if made into the laws of the constitution.

We now come to the second objection, viz: "It is 'class legislation.'" Here we find those who favor the sub-treasury bill bringing up arguments to sustain their position that the government has all along for the last twenty-five years legislated in favor of classes. We find the tariff laws protecting the manufacturer, everything from a knitting needle to a Corliss engine, everything known among men, from a knitting needle to a [illegible] coat's button [illegible]

strong promoter of wealth taxed from the people to pour a golden flood into the plethoric vaults of capitalistic manufacturers. The tariff laws protect the owners of the vast mines of coal, iron, lead, salt, tin and other minerals found in our land. The working man and the agriculturist pays the tax without a corresponding benefit to himself or family.

The railroads have special class laws which permit them rights of way over the rights of others, the government has given aid and assistance whenever called on, while the toiling multitude stands ready to be taxed for their support, while no law controls the charges they assess on the public for the carriage of either persons or property which is conveyed over their routes.

Peavines for Forage.

Sow peas now. It is not too late for a forage crop. I am not much of a farmer, but I do know the value of a peavine crop. It makes the best forage in the world, and the most of it I don't sow for the peas, but for the vines, and I mow them while the peas are in the dough. The leaves will not fall off then and are easily cured. It takes three or four days to cure them, but rain will not hurt them if they are forked over to dry again. I have had it to rain on them every day after cutting, and thought they would certainly mildew and spoil, but they did not. A man can mow down two acres in a day with a common scythe, and it is the sweetest work in the world. When they are put away in the barn take notice and see if they are moulding, if so, then fork over and toss them to the other side. Air is all they want.

The milch cows like them better than any other food, and they make milk rich and creamy. Let the farmers sow an acre if no more. Sow on the suitable land and it will keep the land rich and mellow. The best upland corn I have seen is where I had peas last year and mowed them. Some folks think they must be turned under to enrich the land, but that is a mistake. It is the shade they give to the land that enriches it. Shade produces ammonia. I don't believe in turning under a green crop of any kind. Better let the grass and weeds decay on top and then turn under. Where know peas on galded spots for fertilizing. I do not cut them but let them die on the land. It will not pay to harvest them on such spots. But on good land the vines will sprout again after mowing, and will cover the ground in a few days and make more shade, which is more ammonia, which is more corn or wheat or cotton. Farmers, sow peas. I have four acres up now on my oat stubble, and they have almost hid the ground. I turned the stubble with an Oliver chill one-horse plow, then harrowed in the other peas with a roller disc harrow, then rolled with a home-made roller, which last is the best implement on a farm except the plow.—Bill Arp in Southern Farm.

The Largest Farm in The World.

There is a farm in the southwest part of the state of Louisiana, measuring 100 miles north and south, and 25 miles east and west. The 1,500,000 of acres, of which it is made up, were purchased seven years ago from the state of Louisiana and from the United States government by a syndicate of northern capitalists, by which it is now farmed, says the New York Ledger. At that time, it was a vast grazing ground for cattle of the few dealers in the neighborhood, there being 30,000 head of cattle and horses upon it. This immense tract is now divided into convenient pasture stations, or ranches, the fencing alone having cost $50,000. The land is the best adapted for rice, sugar, corn and cotton. All the cultivating, ditching, etc, are done by stem-power, a track of about half a mile wide being taken and an engine placed on each side. The engines are portable and work a cable attached to four plows, the area plowed in this way, with the labor of only three men, being 30 acres. Harrowing, sowing, etc., are done in the same way, and there is not a single draught horse on the state however, used by the herders men, who look after the 16,000 head of cattle upon the estate which is traversed for 36 miles by the Southern Pacific railway. The company has three steamboats upon the 300 miles of navigable waters which traverse their estate and also possess a shipyard, a bank and rice mills.—Appeal-Avalanche.

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the *one* remedy for their *peculiar* ailments. The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women. Why go around "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy on hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the *guarantee* that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by appealing to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators.