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—BY—
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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS'."

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WILSON ADVA

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE TELLS HOW THE CHILDREN SPENT CHRISTMAS.

A Few Reminiscences of the Camp—The Way Tip Smoked out Unwelcomed Visitors—Gov. Larrabee and his Idiotic Proposition.

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Christmas is over at last and everything cleaned up but the smell of the fire crackers. Those chaps would slip one in the fireplace or the grate, every now and then just to see us jump and hear the maternal ancester threaten and scold. No more crackers now for a year. No roman candles nor rockets nor fizzigs, no kerosine fireballs to throw around. The show is over. The Christmas tree was soon unloaded of its pretty things and has been removed. It was a pretty tree with its lighted candles and its popcorn festoons and its freight of dolls and toys and pretty books. Everybody got something nice and was happy. I got a nice silk cap to cover my defenseless head and I'm happy too—so it is all right and no loss on our side. It cost some money for Christmas in its last analysis in the paternal pocketbook, but it is no loss, the happiness is worth the money.

"Two tigers shot this morning." I was looking over the leaves of an old diary—one that I kept during the war, and that was the memorandum made just twenty-six years ago. "Two tigers shot this morning." It was at Centerville, not far from Manasses. General Joe Johnston's army was in winter quarters there, and the winter was a cold and bitter one, and the days were long and weary. There was a company from Louisiana called the Tigers and the name fitted them well, for they were a wild, untamed and untamable set of rough, restless and determined men. They were brave and reckless. The first battle of Mannassess had given them a taste for fighting and they wanted more. This winter quarter business did not agree with them at all, and their officers found it impossible to restrain them, or keep them in military discipline. They ransacked the naborhood at their pleasure and committed many outrages upon the rights of person and property. On one occasion two of them resisted arrest and struck their officers, and a regular mutiny seemed impending. This state of things had to be boldly dealt with, and so they were overpowered and a courtmartial ordered at once by General Johnston. Their crime was committed one evening. They were tried next day and convicted and condemned, and the next morning were shot. Blindfolded and kneeling, they faced the minnie rifles and received the fatal bullets without a murmur or a prayer. Twelve men fired at each, but only six of the guns were loaded, and not a man of the twelve knew whether there was a ball in his gun or not. They are not allowed to know, for the guns are loaded by others so that no one man could say that he had killed his comrade.

Speedy justice that. How unlike our civil tribunals, where weeks and months and years elapse before even a murderer is at the end of his rope. What a contrast. These men were shot, not for a murder or any outrageous crime, but for striking a man. This was part of the war—a very small part—and excited only a passing notice. What a blessing is peace. What a slavery is war. How many heartaches there were for home and kindred during that long winter when snow and sleet was our daily visitor. Shut up in our little tents it was a constant effort to keep warm—that is to keep a healthy equilibrium, for it was too warm inside and too cold without. The best we could do was to scorch one side and then scorch the other, and ever and anon go out and tramp around to stir up the blood. But we had company, lots of it, for the soldiers were sociable and letters from home were common property, and the news went round the camp fires as soon as it arrived. I never think of that winter with its long lingering days and its lack of comforts, but what I am grateful for present liberty and peace, and the endearing joys of home. We had a little tent about twelve feet square, with cots for four. A little chimney built of turf that we spaded up in squares and nicely laid in broken joints—one upon another and a little fireplace with rocks for andirons and a piece of an old wagon tire for an arch. With such a chimney we felt rich and consequential, for but few of the tents had such stylish ones. We had wheat straw or hay upon the ground, and four camp stools to sit upon, and a camp table and candle stick and candles, a wash pan and bucket, and this was all of our furniture. It was enough for a soldier—enough for the horrid business of war—enough for them who had no abiding place and were liable at any moment to have to "pick up their tents like the Arabs

And silently steal away."

The prophet Elisha had no more than we had for the Shunamite woman said "let us build for him a little chamber and set therein a bed, and a stool, and a table, and a candle stick." I reckon that was a very fine turnout in that day for it pleased the prophet very much—so much that he wanted to do some great thing for the woman, and said, "Thou hast been very carful for me—what shall I do for thee?" I wonder how many prophets would be content with such furniture now.

Sometimes unwelcome visitors would stay too long and keep us up when we wanted to go to bed. On such occasions, Tip—the faithful Tip—would put an old sack on a pole and lay it over the top of the chimney and smoke us out. The tent would get full to suffocation, and our unwelcome visitors would abuse our chimney and be forced to retire. Then Tip would remove the sack and the tent be all right again in a little while. That was Tip's secret, and we never told on him.

I do hope they will not have a war in Europe. How pitiless it is for us to discuss the effect of such a war upon our trade—our business, our cotton and wheat and bacon and beef—just as though the war would be all right if we prospered by it. No account taken of wounds and deaths and broken hearts and the crushing grief of mothers and children made widows and orphans and nothing left but poverty. Surely, surely, there is no necessity for nations to go to war any more.

But it does look like the devil gets lose sometimes and the best of us feel like a little fighting would be a relief. Now, who can help getting mad when Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, tells the reporter that all that surplus of sixty millions in the treasury, ought to be divided out among the states that were not in the rebellion. "The south is not entitled to a dollar of it," said he. Oh, my country! Here we have been paying that pension money for northern soldiers for twenty-two years, and have never complained. Our conquerers taxed our cotton just after the war and took from us thirty million dollars on that account, and their own courts have decided it an illegal exaction, and yet they won't pay it back. Notwithstanding the decision of their highest tribunal, we are about as far off of getting that money back as the French are from getting their spoliation bill. There is no greater rascal than a government about paying moral obligations. The doctrine is that might makes right. What does Governor Larrabee keep on hating us for? He smites us on one cheek and we turn and let him smite us on the other, and still he is not happy. I wonder if he would take that sixty millions and not give us a cent. I want to see him. I wish he would send me his photograph. I would like to have a phrenologist examine his head. There is something wrong about that man. If he was a Christian gentleman or a respectable Jew he would say: "Oh, well, those people down south thought they were right and they are just as patriotic as we are, and they have suffered enough, and now let us all tote fair and divide. Let us pay that cotton tax out of that money the first thing, and let us begin now to pension their soldiers just like we pension ours. In fact, we ought to pay them something for their slaves if we could. England paid for hers when they were set free and Gladstone, that great and good man, got three hundred thousand dollars for his and our southern brethren are just as good as Gladstone." That is the way he would talk if he had a great big heart. I tell you there is obliged to be met in another world just to make things square if nothing else. Larrabee has got to feel mean sooner or later. I would like to hear St. Peter interview him when he knocks at the gate. Poor Larrabee. Pitiful Larrabee. I wouldn't swap places with you for all that sixty millions to boot. You forget that Virginia and the Carolinas and Georgia are some of the old thirteen that fought, bled and died for all the liberty you have got. Where was Iowa then? A howling wilderness that belonged to old Virginia. She gave it to your folks for nothing, and now you assume to be bigger and better than your revolutionary fathers. But you are not the first conceited boy that tried to run over his daddy and run him off the track. Well, you will not get any more of that money than we do; I'll bet on that; and we will get that cotton-tax back too. See if we don't. The south is looming up, and she will come to the front in a few years. She is solid, and always will be as long as the Barrabees and Shermans and Forakers run the slander mills of the north.

BILL ARP.

IN THE IRON MILLS.

A TOUCHING AND BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A Well Written Picture of Life in the Iron Mills.—The Strivings of a Divinely Talented Spirit to Escape from a Life of Slavery.

This Story was begun January 5th.

Miserable enough she looked lying there on the ashes like a limp, dirty rag—yet not an unfitting figure to crown the scene of hopeless discomfort and veiled crime; more fitting if one looked deeper into the heart of things,—at her thwarted woman's form, her colorless life, her stupor that smothered pain and hunger,—even more fit to be a type of her class. Deeper yet if one could look; was there nothing worth reading in this weak, faded thing, half covered with ashes? no story of a soul filled with groping, passionate love, heroic unselfishness, fierce jealousy? of years of weary trying to please the one human being whom she loved, to gain one look of real heart-kindness from him? If anything like this were hidden beneath the pale, bleared eyes, and dull, washed-out-looking face, no one had ever taken the trouble to read its faint signs: not the half-clothed furnace-tender, Wolfe, certainly. Yet he was kind to her: it was his nature to be kind, even to the very rats that swarmed in the cellar: kind to her in just the same way. She knew that. And it might be that very knowledge had given to her face its apathy and vacancy more than her low, torpid life. One sees that dead-vacant look steal sometimes over the rarest, finest of women's faces,—in the very midst, it may be, of their warmest summer's day; and then one can guess at the secret of intolerable solitude that lies hid beneath the delicate laces and brilliant smile. There was no warmth, no brilliancy, no summer for this woman; so the stupor and vacancy had time to gnaw into her face perpetually. She was young, too, though no one guess it; so the gnawing was the fiercer.

She lay quiet in the dark corner, listening, through the monotonous din and uncertain glare of the works, to the dull plash of the rain in the far distance,—shrinking back whenever the man Wolfe happened to look towards her. She know, in spite of all his kindness, that there was that in her face and form which made him loathe the sight of her. She felt by instinct, although she could not comprehend it, the finer nature of the man, which made him among his fellow-workmen something unique, set apart. She knew, that, down under all the vileness and coarseness of his life, there was a groping passion for whatever was beautiful and pure,—that his soul sickened with disgust at her deformity, even when his words were kindest. Through this dull consciousness, which never left her, came like a sting, the recollections of the dark blue eyes and lithe figure of the little Irish girl she left in the cellar. The recollection struck through even her stupid intellect with a vivid glow of beauty and of grace. Little Janey, timid, helpless, clinging to Hugh as her only friend: that was the sharp thought, the bitter thought, that drove into the glazed eyes a fierce light of pain. You laugh at it? Are pain and jealousy less savage realities down here in this place I am taking you to than in your own house or your own heart,—your heart, which they clutch at sometimes? The note is the same, I fancy, be the octave high or low.

If you could go into this mill where Deborah lay, and drag out from the hearts of these men the terrible tragedy of their lives, taking it as a symptom of the disease of their class, to ghost Horror would terrify you more. A reality of soul starvation, of living death, that meets you every day under the besotted faces on the street—I can paint nothing of this, only give you the outside outlines of a night, a crisis in the life of one man: whatever muddy depth of soul-history lies beneath you can read according to the eyes God has given you.

Wolfe, while Deborah watched him as a spaniel its master, bent over the furnace with his iron pole, unconscious of her scrutiny, only stopping to receive orders. Physically, Nature had promised the man but little. He had already lost the strength and instinct vigor of a man, his muscles were thin, his nerves weak, his face (a meek, woman's face) haggard, yellow with consumption. In the mill he was known as one of the girl-men: "Molly Wolfe" was his sobriquet. He was never seen in the cockpit, did not own a terrier, drank but seldom; when he did, desperately. He fought sometimes, but was always thrashed, pommelled to a jelly. The man was game enough, when his blood was up; but he was no favorite in the mill; he had the taint of school learning on him,—not to a dangerous extent, but enough to ruin him as a good hand in a fight.

For other reasons, too, he was not popular. Not one of themselves, they felt that, though outwardly filthy and ash-covered; silent, with foreign thoughts and longings breaking out through his quietness in innumerable curious ways: this one, for instance. In the neighboring furnace buildings lay great heaps of the refuse from the ore after the pig metal is run. Korl we call it here: a light, porous substance, of a delicate, waxen, flesh-colored tinge. Out of the blocks of this korl, Wolfe, in his off-hours from the furnace, had a habit of chipping and moulding figures,—hideous, fantastic enough, but sometimes strangely beautiful: even the mill-men saw that, while they jeered at him. It was a curious fancy in the man, almost a passion. The few hours for rest he spent hewing and hacking with his blunt knife, never speaking, until his watch came again,—working at one figure for months, and when it was finished, breaking it to pieces perhaps, in a fit of disappointment. A morbid, gloomy man, untaught, unled, left to feed his soul in grossness and crime, and hard, grinding labor.

I want you to come down and look at this Wolfe, standing there among the lowest of his kind, and see him just as he is, that you may judge him justly when you see the story of this night. I want you to look back, as he does every day, at his birth in vice, his starved infancy; to remember the heavy years he has groped through as boy and man,—the slow, heavy years of constant, hot work. So long ago he began, that he thinks sometimes he has worked there for ages. There is no hope that it will ever end. Think that God put into this man's soul a fierce thirst for beauty,—to know it, to create it: to be—something he knows not what,—other than he is. There are moments when a passing cloud, the sun glinting on the purple thistles, a kindly smile, a child's face, will rouse him to a passion of pain—when his nature starts up within a mad cry of rage against God, man, whoever it is that has forced this vile, slimy life upon him. With all this groping, this mad desire, a great blind intellect stumbling through wrong, a loving poet's heart, the man was by habit only a coarse, vulgar laborer, familiar with sights and words you would blush to name. Be just: when I tell you about this night, see him as he is. Be just,—not like man's law, which seizes on one insolated fact, but like God's judging angel, whose clear, sad eye saw all the countless cankering days of this man's life, all the countless nights, when, sick with starving, his soul fainted in him, before it judged him for this this night, the saddest of all.

I called this night the crisis of his life. If it was, it stole on him unawares. These great turning-days of life cast no shadow before, slip by unconsciously. Only a trifle, a little turn of the rudder, and the ship goes to heaven or hell.

Wolfe, while Deborah watched him, dug into the furnace of melting iron with his pole, dully thinking, only how many rails the lump would yield. It was late,—nearly Sunday morning; another hour, and the heavy work would be done,—only the furnaces to replenish and cover for the next day. The workmen were growing more noisy, shouting, as they had to do, to be heard over the deep clamor of the mills. Suddenly they grew less boisterous,—at the far end, entirely silent. Something unusual had happened. After a moment, the silence came nearer; the men stopped their jeers and drunken choruses. Deborah, stupidly lifting up her head, saw the cause of the quiet. A group of five or six men were slowly approaching, stopping to examine each furnace as they came. Visitors often came to see the mills after night: except by growing less noisy, the men took no notice of them. The furnace where Wolfe worked was near the bounds of the works; they halted there hot and tired: a walk over one of these great founderies is no trifling task. The woman drawing out of sight, turned over to sleep. Wolf, seeing them stop, suddenly roused from his indifferent stupor, watched them keenly. He knew some of them: the overseer, Clarke—a son of Kirby, one of the mill owners,—and a Doctor May, one of the town-physicians. The other two were strangers. Wolfe came closer. He seized eagerly every chance that brought him into contact with this mysterious class that shone down on him perpetually with the glamour of another order of being. What made the difference between them? That was the mystery of his life. He had a vague notion that perhaps to-night he could find it out. One of the strangers sat down on a pile of bricks, and beckoned young Kirby to his side.

"This is hot, with a vengeance. A match, please?"—lighting his cigar. "But the walk is worth the trouble. If it were not that you must have heard it so often, Kirby, I would tell you that your works look like Dante's Inferno."

Kirby laughed.

"Yes. Yonder is Farinata himself in the burning tomb,"—pointing to some figure in the shimmering shadows.

"Judging from some of the faces of your men," said the other, "they bid fair to try the reality of Dante's vision, some day."

Young Kirby looked curiously around, as if seeing the faces of his hands for the first time.

"They're bad enough, that's true. A desperate set, I fancy. Eh, Clarke?"

The overseer did not hear him. He was talking of net profits just then,—giving, in fact, a schedule of the annual business of the firm to a sharp peering little Yankee, who jotted down notes on a paper laid on the crown of his hat: a reporter for one of the city papers, getting up a series of reviews of the leading manufactories. The other gentlemen had accampanied them merely for amusement. They were silent until the notes were finished, drying their feet at the furnaces, and sheltering their faces from the intolerable heat. At last the overseer concluded with—

"I believe that is a pretty fair estimate, Captain."

"Here, some of you men!" said Kirby, "bring up those boards. We may as well sit down, gentlemen, until the rain is over. It cannot last much longer at this rate."

"Pig-metal,"—mumbled the reporter, —"um!—coal facilities,—um!—hands employed, twelve hundred, —bitumen,—um!—all right, I believe, Mr. Clarke;—sinking-fund, —what did you say was your sinking-fund?"

"Twelve hundred hands?" said the stranger, the young man who had first spoken. "Do you control their votes, Kirby?"

"Control? No." The young man smiled complacently. "But my father brought seven hundred votes to the polls for his candidate last November. No force-work you understand,—only a speech or two, a hint to form themselves into a society, and a bit of red and blue bunting to make them a flag. The Invincible Roughs,—I believe that is their name. I forget the motto: 'Our country's hope,' I think."

There was a laugh. The young man talking to Kirby sat wit an amused light in his cool gray eye, surveying critically the half-clothed figures of the puddlers, and the slow swing of their brawny muscles. He was a stranger in the city,—spending a couple of months in the borders of a Slave State, to study the institution of the South, —a brother-in-law of Kirby's,—Mitchell. He was an amateur gymnast,—hence his anatomical eye; a patron, in a blase way, of the prize-ring; a man who sucked the essence out of a science or philosophy in an indifferent, gentlemanly way; who took Kant, Novalis, Humboldt, for what they were worth in his own scales; accepting all, despising nothing, in heaven, earth, or hell, but one ideal men; with a temper yielding and brilliant as summer water, until his Self was touched, when it was ice, though brilliant still. Such men are not rare in the States.

As he knocked the ashes from cigar, Wolfe caught with a quick pleasure the contour of the white hand, the blood-glow or red ring he wore. His voice, too, and that of Kirby's touched him like music,—low, even, with chording cadences. About this man Mitchell hung the impalpable atmosphere belonging to the thoroughbred gentleman. Wolfe, scraping away the ashes beside him, was conscious of it, did obeisance to it with his artist sense, unconscious that he did so.

The rain did not cease. Clarke and the reporter left the mill; the others, comfortably seated near the furnace, lingered, smoking and talking in a desultory way. Greek would not have been more unintelligible to the furnace-tenders whose presence was soon forgotten tirely. Kirby drew out a newspaper from his pocket and read aloud some article, which they discussed eagerly. At every sentence, Wolfe listened more and more like a dumb, hopeless animal, with a duller, more stolid look creeping over his face, glancing now and then at Mitchell, marking acutely every smallest sign of refinement, then back to himself, seeing as in a mirror his filthy body, his more stained soul.

Never! He had no words for such a thought, but he knew now, in all the sharpness of the bitter certainty, that between them there was a great gulf never to be passed. Never!

The bell of the mills rang for midnight. Sunday morning had dawned. Whatever hidden message lay in the tolling bells floated past these men unknown. Yet it was there. Veiled in the solemn music ushering the risen Saviour was a key-note to solve the darkest secrets of a world gone wrong,—even this social riddle which the brain of the grimy paddler grappled with madly to-night.

The men began to withdraw the metal from the caldrons. The mills were deserted on Sundays, except by the hands who fed the fires, and those who had no lodgings and slept usually on the ash-heaps. The three strangers sat still during the next hour, watching them cover the furnaces, laughing now and then at some jest of Kirby's.

"Do you know," said Mitchell, "I like this view of the works better than when the glare was fiercest? These heavy shadows and the amphitheatre of smothered fires are ghostly, unreal. One could fancy these red smouldering light to be the half shut eyes of wild beasts, and the spectral figures their victims in the den."

Kirby laughed. "You are fanciful. Come, let us get out of the den. The spectral figures, as you call them, are a little too real for me to fancy a close proximity in the darkness,—unarmed, too."

The others rose, buttoning their overcoats, and lighting cigars.

"Raining still," said Doctor May, "and hard. Where did we leave the coach, Mitchell?"

"At the other side of the works, —Kirby, what's that?"

Mitchell started back, half-frightened, as, suddenly turning a corner, the white figure of a woman faced him in the darkness,—a woman, white, of giant proportions, crouching on the ground, her arms flung out in some wild gesture of warning.

"Stop! Make that fire burn there!" cried Kirby, stopping short.

The flame burst out again flashing the gaunt figure into bold relief.

Mitchell drew a long breath.

"I thought it was alive," he said, going up curiously.

The others followed.

"Not marble, eh?" asked Kirby, touching it.

One of the lower overseers stopped.

"Korl, Sir."

"Who did it?"

"Can't say. Some of the hands; chipped it out in off-hours."

"Chipped to some purpose, I should say. What a flesh-tint the stuff has! Do you see Mitchell?"

"I see."

He had stepped aside where the light fell boldest on the figure, looking out in silence. There was not one line of beauty or grace in it: a nude woman's form, masculane grown coarse with labor, the powerful limbs instinct with some one poignant longing. One idea: there it was in the tense, rigid muscles, the clutching hands, the wild, eager face, like that of a starving wolf's. Kirby and Dr. May walked around it, critical, curious Mitchell stood aloof, silent. The figure touched him strangely.

"Not badly done," said Doctor May. "Where did the fellow learn that sweep of the muscle in the arm and hand? Look at them! They are groping—do you see?—clutching: the peculiar action of a man dying of thirst."

"They have ample facilities for studying anatomy," sneered Kirby, glancing at the half naked figures.

"Look," continued the Doctor, "at this bony wrist, and the strained sinews of the instep! A working woman,—the very type of her class."

"God forbid!" muttered Mitchell.

"Why?" commanded May. "What does the fellow intend by the figure? I cannot catch the meaning."

"Ask him," said the other, dryly. "There he stands,—pointing to Wolfe, who stood with a group of men, leaning on his ash-rak.

The Doctor beckoned him with the affable smile which kind-hearted men put on, when talking to these people.

"Mr. Mitchell has picked you out as the man who did this,—I'm sure I don't know why. But what did you mean by it?"

"She be hungry."

Wolfe's eyes answered Mitchell, not the Doctor.

"Oh-h! But what a mistake you have made, my fine fellow! You have given no sign of starvation to the body. It is strong—terribly strong. It has the mad, half-despairing gesture of drowning."

Wolfe stammered, glanced appealingly at Mitchell, who saw the soul of the thing, he knew. But the cool, probing eyes were turned on himself now,—mocking, cruel, relentless.

"Not hungry for meat," the furnace-tender said at last.

"What then? Whiskey?" jeerek Kirby, with a coarse laugh.

Wolfe was silent a moment thinking.

"I dunno," he said, with a bewilderd look. "It mebbe. Summat to make her live, I think,—like you, Whiskey ull do it, in a way."

The young man laughed again. Mitcell flashed a look of disgust somewhere,—not at Wolfe.

"May," he broke out impatiently, "are you blind? Look at that woman's face! It asks questions of God, and says, 'I have a right to know.' Good God, how hungry it is!"

(To be continued.)

DISTRIBUTE MANURE EVEN.

So Much Depends Upon it Being Equally Applied all Along the Row.

On most long-filled farms the yearly crop is largely dependent on the yearly application of manure. It is therefore important that the manure be evenly distributed; if not, the crop will be not only deficient, but unevenness of ripening, of grain, will make what there is of it harder to harvest. This is especially true of commercial manures, which, owing to the small amounts used per acre, cannot easily be distributed uniformly so as to cover the entire surface even with the drill. On small fields with short bouts, it is generally better done, for at each turn the driller puts in a fresh supply and sees that the tubes are working all right. If the bouts are long the farmer puts in a larger quantity, which is more apt to clog the tubes and cause them to distribute unevenly. The result is seen in a streaked appearance of the field after the grain is up, and this continues until harvest. More than half the value of commercial fertilizers is lost by imperfect distribution through the drill. Sown broadcast they are still more unevenly distributed and have the further disadvantage of not being in contact with the seed. It is this last circumstance that makes the drilling of commercial manures so widely popular. If the work is well done it give the grain a quick, even start, and soon puts it into position to make its own way to a successful crop.—Cultivator.

POOR TASTE.

The Younger Merrimon Made a Mistake.

Judge James H. Merrimon, of Asheville, sitting on the Superior Court bench Raleigh, decided that under the local option act wine and beer could be sold in those localities where the popular vote had declared for prohibition. The case was carried to the Supreme Court on appeal and the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the court below, and therefore, the sale of wine and beer, being intoxicants, was forbidden instantly in all the prohibition towns of the state. Justice A. S. Merrimon, a brother of the Superior Court Judge, wrote the opinion, and a clear and strong one it was. Since the appearance of this opinion, wich fixer the law, Judge Jas. H. Merrimon, whose decision is reversed, writes and publishes a lengthy opinion in reply to the decision of the Supreme Court. We refer to the matter to say we care not how able and learned this reply may be we do not envy taste displayed in its production. The tendency of such replies on the part of Superior Court Judges to the Supreme Court, where it happens to make over-ruling decisions is to weaken public confidence in our highest court.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Style in the Legislature.

The South Carolina Legislature is quite English in its methods of proceedure. The two presiding officers wear handsome and costly gowns of blue and royal purple silk velvet, the "clarks" wear long flowing robes of black silk and the seargeat-at-arms open and close the sessions with the mace and sword of the State, handed down from colonial times. In the House of Representatives, the members, in their seats, wear their hats, as the English Commons do.

Bridget—Enjoy slape, is it? How could I. I'd like yez to tell me. The minit I lay down I'm aslape, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it to come in?

THE DRY AIR.

How it Enables the Minnesota People to Endure the Cold Weather.

"Yes," remarked the St. Paul man to a friend from Chicago as he stood arrayed in his blanket suit and adjusted a couple of buckskin chest-protectors; "yes, there is something about the air in this Northwestern climate which causes a person not to notice the cold. Its extreme dryness," he continued, as he drew on a couple of extra woolen socks, a pair of Scandinavian sheepskin boots and some Alaska overshoes; "Its extreme dryness makes a degree of cold, reckoned by the mercury, which would be unbearable in other latitudes, simply exhilarating here. I have suffered more with the cold in Michigan, for instance," he added, as he drew on a pair of goatskin leggins, adjusted a double fur cape and tied on some Esquimaux ear muffs—"in Michigan or Illinois, we will say, with the thermometer at zero or above, than I have here with it at from forty-five to fifty-five below."

"The dryness of our winter air is certainly remarkable," he went on, as he wound a couple of rods of red woolen scarf about his neck, wrapped a dozen newspapers around his body, drew on a tall cloth overcoat, a winter cloth overcoat, a light buffalo-skin overcoat, and a heavy polar bear-skin overcoat. "No, if you have never enjoyed our glorious Minnesata winter climate, with its dry atmosphere, its bright sunshine and invigorating zone, you would scarcely believe some things I could tell you about it. The air is so dry," he continued, as he adjusted his leather nose protector, drew on his reindeer-skin mittens, and carefully closed one eye-hole in the sealskin mask he drew down from his cap—"it is so dry that actually it seems next to impossible to feel the cold at all. We can scarcely realize in the spring that we have had winter, owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere."

"By the way," he continued, turning to his wife, "just bring me a couple of blankets and those bed quilts and throw over my shoulders, and hand me that muff with the hot soap stone in it, and now I'll take a pull at the jug of brandy and whale oil, and then if you'll have the girl bring my snow shoes and iceberg scaling stick, I'll step over and see them pry the workmen off the top of the ice palace who were frozen on yesterday. I tell you we wouldn't be going out this way five miles further south, where the air is damp and chilly. Nothing but our dry air makes it possible."

Rotaining Fertility by Rotation.

The grass sod, when the hay begins to fail, still contains a great amount of fertility. The clever and other roots have brought much up from the depths, and if crops have been at times somewhat encouraged by "hand fertilizers," though the original heavy dressing of manure may have been all used up, the soil would have improved both in texture and fertility. The grass may, indeed, be kept up by top dressings, and on rich bottom land we find, not unfrequently, "permanent meadows," which yield paying crops year after year without manuring, and others which do so with occasional top dressing of bone, lime, ashes, or similar manures. Whether these shall remain or shall be plowed up is a question of profit, and it is often the very worst policy to break up fairly profitable meadows. When again laid down to grass they may come full of weeds, that will give a bad flavor to butter, or the catch may be irregular, and it may be years before a good, even sod can be had, and the same is especially true of old pastures. Many different rotations have been recommended, but the principal is the same in all, and what rotation should be followed, and how they should be broken in upon with commercial crops, and whether or not to repeat our crop several years in succession, etc., are matters of policy for individuals to determine. —American Agriculturalist.

A Moonshiner's Still.

"Over in Chambers county, Ala., right near the Troop county line, I found on Sunday the queerest distillery I ever saw," So said Revenue Agent William Colquitt yesterday. I was with Deputy Marshall Jule Johnson and Deputy Marshall Eichelberger, of Alabama. The owner of the still had made a boiler by splitting a poplar, probably two feet and a half in diameter, hollowing it out and lining it with copper. Three barrels were used as stills, and these were so arranged that there was double distilation. The worm was a long tin pipe with an elbow at each end. The distillery would doubtless make thirty gallons of liquor a day. We caught two negroes, but could not find the owner of the still."—Atlanta Constitution.

Reverses of Fortune.

"I ain't allus been pore as this," said an Arkansas backwoodsman to a stranger who entered his cabin for shelter during a storm.

"Well, well," said the stranger, "reverses will come."

"That's so," said the man, dejectedly, "and they've give me a terrible lick. Why, mister, you'd never believe it, I reckon, but I've seen the day when I wouldn't give nothin' to take 14 chaws of terbacker a day, and now I'm in luck if I get six, my old waman useter have her snuff as free as water, and we hav' had more than 16 dogs, but now we ain't got but eight. I tell you, mister, it's had to come down to that, after bein' useter having everything the heart could wish fer."

Col. Jno. C. McLaurin, of Laurinburg, died on the train, near Southern Pines. He was on his way home from Norfolk, Va. He was 85 years old.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A condensed report of the news as gathered from the columns of our contemporaries, State and National.

J. W. Denmark, of Raleigh, has failed.

A deaf and dumb man was killed by the train near Greensboro, on the 4th inst. The train was behind time.

Julia Potter, a white hand in the Wilmington Cotton Mills, attempted suicide a few days ago by taking laudanum.

The Goldsboro Argus says the truck farmers of that section are very busy preparing for early spring products for the Northern markets.

Isaac Merrick, of Camden, N. J., shot his young daughter and then killed himself with the same weapon. No cause has been assigned for the deed.

A boiler in the mills of Worthie & Sons, at Jonesboro, exploded on the 5th inst., and killed instantly the colored fireman and seriously injuring two other men.

An inoffensive negro boy was assassinated in Robeson county. His remains were found several days after he was dead—the buzzards having been attracted by the decaying body.

Beaufort was visited last week with a $17,000 fire. Nearly the whole of the business portion of the town was consumed. That town has been pretty vigorously dealt with by both water and fire.

Dr. J. F. Miller, of Goldsboro, has assumed charge of the Eastern N. C. Insane Asylum at that place. The Doctor has had twenty-five years practice in his profession, and will make an efficient superintendent.

The booksellers of the State propose holding a convention in Raleigh on the 22nd of February. Every other business, nearly, has its organization and we see no reason why the booksellers should not organize.

Commissioner of Immigration Patrick reports that during the year just ended two thousand immigrants, mainly from Pennsylvania and New England, came into North Carolina, settling mainly west of Raleigh.

"Tell the truth, love, and shame the devil," said an attorney's wife to him the other day when she had him in a tight place. "My dear," said he reproachfully, "would you have your only husband do an unprofessional act?"—Critic.

An itinerent clock maker was murdered in Washington county a few days ago. His name is supposed, from letters found on his person, to be E. Dawman. Robbery was the incentive to the deed. Three negroes have been arrested against whom there is suspicion. One of them has confessed to seeing another kill Dawman.

—The Raleigh Savings Bank has been doing business only seven and a half months, and has opened 791 accounts. For the year 1888 it will allow 4 per cent. on deposits instead of 3 per cent. The capital stock paid up so far is $11,725.88, which amount is on hand in addition to the deposits.—Raleigh News-Observer.

The Fayetteville Observer thus gives the particulars of a fatal scalding near that place: Last week Mary Williams, a colored woman about 70 years of age, accidentally fell backwards into a pot of boiling water which was being used in the yard to boil feed for the hogs. She suffered intensely, but death relieved her early in the night.

The Shelby Aurora says the trial in which six of the leading citizens of Keeversville were indicted and charged with setting fire to their own stores to get the insurance money, has excited much comment. Two of the accused were declared innocent and non-suit was entered. The three days' trial of two others ended in a disagreement of the two magistrates and this pecul ar case will be placed in the hands of Solicitor Osborne. Many think they are all innocent and their arrests were made at the instance of a detective employed by the insurance company.

On the west-bound Central passenger train Friday morning was a young white man who occupied next to the last seat in the rear coach. The train was gone but a few miles when he died. The body was brought on here, and when it arrived Superintendent Hege ordered it sent to Dixon's undertaking establishment and immediately set about tracing the man's relatives. None could be found at Pooler, he having lived there but a short time, but letters in the dead man's pocket indicated that his parents live at Osgood, Chatham county, North Carolina. Conductor Wolf, of the east bound through freight, was on the platform of his cab. His train was standing on the side track. He saw the man as he stepped out of the door, and it seemed as if he was looking for some one. It was the impression of Conductor Wolf that the young man fell off the platform. Others say that he jumped off. At any rate he struck a wood rack and fell to the ground, where he remained, with a cut in his head.—Savannah News.

Functional derangements of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

OUR WASHINGTON L

The News From the Nati tal as Reported by Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan

Ever since the announ of the Committees the have been many complaints bers. Speaker Carlisle l ever done well, is the verdict, and from the n of the Committees dis business may be looked the way of early repor the Committees. The r of the present Congr served in the last Congr fared well in the ass and in almost every stand high up in their mittees. In order to give the Committees an opportunity to organize and have bills ed to the individual an adjournment was ta mediately after the a ment on Thursday nex day. There is no want terial in the way of bill on, as there have been 3000 already introduce being 902 introduced day that the House m the holidays. Many are bills that have been duced every Congress s past and most of them share the same fate t that they have in the past in Committee. Some few bills of a private character manage to escape the scrutiny usually given and are approved, but ing the number with that are introduced v pass. The Committee this session however posed of men of expe these affairs, some having been on the sa mittee last Congress will see that no bill s jobbery gets out of t mittee room. Lanham is the Chairman and one of the most a sterling members of the promptness, thorough strict integrity are exp characterise the work very important Comm

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In the Senate John made his tariff spe stated in a previous would probably do. I strong argument of its severely criticised the dent's recommendation tained in his message, ceived a close dissection hands of Senator Voor closest attention was all the Senators pres the crowded galleries, verdict seemed to be hee's reply added very his prospects for second on the ticket. The c tween the gladiators begun but they are fa ing up to the importa subject and before lo dealing telling blows of their respective sid

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A strong effort will this session to pass Educational bill. bers, especially from are receiving many le ing them to vote for advocates of the bill ing that unless the pass it the States of and North Carolina be lost to the Democ Democratic members from these States are ing to admit that suc case. What they are terested in is the repe tobacco tax, and they the failure to pass repealing act will more thing else draw from lies' strength in the The advocates of the to repeal the tax a gaining strength in and as many Republi such legislation, the the bill may be looke

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No bills have been on as yet by the C and although many measures have been still as they all are modified or altered mittee before being before the House for is exceedingly difficu any reliable expressi sentiment that may cerning them. Certa that the whole Demo of the House is willing to make material changes in existing laws favorable to the people generally, and the Republicans say that they do not propose to be overshadowed in that particular by their opponents.

Some of Them Keep It Up

Nature is full of wise provisions. Wives do their worst cooking when they are young and irresistable.—Indianapolis Journal.

Gigantic Homestead Law.

They have a homestead law in Texas that is as stupendous as Texas. If a fellow fails in business there he is entitled to his home against all comers. It makes no difference whether his home is worth $1,000 or $1,000,000, he can retire to it and hold it against all creditors.