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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 ADVANCE

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BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE WAY BOOMS AFFECT PEOPLE.

Everybody Wants to Get Something for Nothing. What he has to say of Cartersvilli.

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Last summer I overheard two men talking as they were digging away in the mines, and one said: 'Jim, they say thar is a big bum up at Rome.'

'What's that?' said Jim.

'Why hit's a kind of thing whar one fellow gits something for nothing and another feller gits nothing for something."

'Why that's a faro bank or a lottery, ain't it?' said Jim.

No it ain't. I tell you its a bum—a kind of a new tradin' business what swells and shrinks and the sweller and shrinker stays down in a cellar and works the machine. They trade in stock.'

'Horses and mules?' said Jim. 'No, hit's all on paper and nobody can see what he is buyin'. You put your money in and wait for a swell. If it comes you are all right, but if a shrink comes you are busted, and you feel so shamed that you don't say anything about it, and it never gets into the papers—nothing but the swells gits in the papers.'

Well, the booms have about subsided in Rome and Birmingham and Decatur, and those thriving cities have settled down to business. When a man buys real estate there now he means business—not speculation but business and that is tight and honest and healthy. A slow and sure growth is the best. That is just what we want here in Cartersville and the signs are good. There is not a house to rent and many are wanted right now. But we are building and will soon have some manufactures here that will enliven the town. It is the prettiest town in the state now for its size, except Marietta, and does more business than any. There is one dry goods house here that sells more goods than any retail house in Rome, and one hardware house that does more buisness than any hardware house in Rome, and one wagon and carriage factory that makes more vehicles and sells more than any in the state, and a man told me he sold twenty thousand dollars' worth of family groceries last year and never lost but two dollars and forty-five cents. We ship manganese across the ocean and to Carnegie, in Pennsylvania. We ship yellow ochre to New York and iron ore to Tennessee. The fact is we have enough minerals here to keep 5,000 hands busy for a hundred years. I see that a Tallapoosa boomer says in an interview that he found more ore at Tallapoosa than he did at Cartersville. Well, I am not going to slander Tallapoosa. That New York Herald man told enough lies on her to do for awhile, but there is more iron ore in one hill in Bartow than there is within twenty miles of Tallapoosa. Bartow is the great reserve, the mineral storehouse, and it is the granary, too. We make more grain than any county in the state, more in quantity and more to the acre. Our taxpayers return their lands at a higher rate per acre than any county in the State. We have more rivers and creeks and bridges and mills than any county. We have most everything that anybody wants. Why, I saw four men from Rome over here yesterday with their dogs and guns,—came over here to find game. Our doctors play backgammon half their time, and the sexton is so poor he can't go to a circus. Neither epidemics nor contagions can live here, for it is a round, rolling country, with drainage in every valley and rich valleys between all the hills. There are seven streams and five springs and a creek up on my little farm of 200 acres. The traveler can stop and water his horse every two or three miles, if he wants to. We have a street railroad that splits the town in the middle, and runs from Rogers to Stegalls and from Stegalls to Rogers, with ten trains a day—not a horse car line, nor a dummy, but a sure enough steam line, with a palace car attatchment. We can go anywhere we wish to as cheap as we can stay at home and do it in less time. We have the best weekly paper in the state excepting those that are better than it is and I don't know where they are. If any friendly man away up among the blizzards wants to come south either for good health or good morals, let him send a dollar to the Courant American and he can learn all about old Bartow and Cartersville. But he needn't come if he is opposed to Mr. Lamar's confirmation. We don't want that sort of cattle.

We are getting choice of our company now. We don't care a cent whether a man is a Republican or not. We won't be so very long after he gets here. It is astonishing how soon a northern man becomes a southerner after he has lived here awhile. It is not put on either, for they were tried during the war—sorely tried. I was sorry for them and would have given them a kind farewell if they had gone back, but they wouldn't go. I was thinking about Captain Dwinell, who died in Rome the other day, and I wanted them to pay a tribute to his memory. With parents and brothers, and sisters and kindred all up in Maine, where he was born and reared, he was among the first to shoulder his musket in defense of his adopted land. For four years he served in the field and rose to be the captain of his company, the 'Rome Light Guards,' and whatever may have been his failing he never went back on the south. There were thousands like him all over the land. Indeed I do not know of one who left us for the other side.

All we ask of our northern bretheren is that they be tolerant and considerate of our feelings and principles and they must be willing for the south to have a fair share of all the offices and spoils. We believe that Jefferson Davis is just as good and as great a man as Mr. Lamar, and Mr. Lamar as good and as great as the best man north. That is what we believe and we don't care who knows it. Miss Winnie Davis is just as much a queen as Mrs. Cleveland and she may be in the White House yet before she dies—who knows?

But come along down here to Cartersville and we will talk it all over and if you don't like us we will let you go back again. One thing is certain—our folks are not going to move up north—no not even the niggers—they know who are their friends.

We have got a great big meeting house here and it is called a tabernacle, where all denominations worship together. Of course we have separate churches, with high fences all round, so that the sheep of one flock can't get over and mix with the sheep of another, but every few months we pull down the fences and all run together. It is like several fields sowed down in wheat or corn. You can see the low fences that divide them until the corn or the wheat grows up high and then it looks like it was all one great big field with no fences at all. True religion is just that way. A man with a great big heart, who loves his Maker and his fellowmen, can't see any fences and don't want any. Sam Jones lives here and his brother Joe—that is, their families do—but we keep Sam and Joe out on the road as missionaries most of the time. We send them up north and west where money and sinners abound, and are 'more thicker, more denser,' as Cobe says.

I see that fifty union soldiers, who are in Mr. Lamar's department, passed some touching resolutions and gave him an affectionate farewell. I like that. Those things do us all good down south, and those boys can come down south and get anything we have got. We want kind words and good will. With these, and these only, the north can break up the solid south. It is their infernal, never-ending hate that keeps us solid. As long as they elect our slanderers to office just so long will there be no peace. We love Mr. Cleveland more than ever for that kind letter he wrote Mr. Lamar. He dared to write it and we are proud of him. Politicians may write and talk about protection and internal revenue and party policy and all that, but it is a bigger thing to dare to do right or what you believe to be right. The people respect moral courage and Mr. Cleveland has got it. I hope he will veto that Blair Bill. We have got enough of foreign education now. I don't want the government to educate my children: I want to have a voice in choosing my own teachers. I want my children to feel and to know that they are dependent upon their father for education. Needn't tell me that anybody is too poor to send their children to school. I never knew a teacher who refused a scholar because he was poor. It is not the tuition that is so hard upon the poor man. It is the time lost from the farm or the workshop. The tuition is nearly nothing in some of our colleges, but the boys can't go because there is the board and clothes. I dont want the federal government to step in between me and my children, and choose teachers and books for them. If I have a share in that money that has accumulated let them give it to me; I don't want any guardian or trustee. Every boy or girl in our country who wants an education can get it if his parents are willing, and Mr. Blair's bill is a tremendous humbug, in my opinion.

BILL ARP.

The Greenville Reflector says the people of that section complain of bad roads, and there is cause for complaint.

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.

She thrust it into his hand, and then, her errand done, began to gather chips together to make a fire, chocking down hysteric sobs.

"Has it come to this?"

That was all he said. The Welsh Wolfe blood was honest. The roll was a small green pocket-book containing one or two gold pieces, and a check for an incredible amount, as it seemed to the poor puddler. He laid it down, hiding his face again in his hands.

"Hugh, don't be angry wud me! It's only poor Deb,—hur knows!"

He took the long skinny fingers kindly in his.

"Angry? God help me, no! Let me sleep. I am tired."

He threw himself heavily down on the wooden bench, stunned with pain and weariness. She brought some old rags to cover him.

It was late on Sunday evening before he awoke. I tell God's truth when I say he had then no thought of keeping this money. Deborah had hid it in his pocket. He found it there. She watched him eagerly, as he took it out.

"I must gif it to him," he said, reading her face,

"Hur knows," she said with a bitter sigh of disappointment. "But it is hur right to keep it."

His right! That word struck him. Doctor May had used the same. He washed himself, and went out to find this man Mitchell. His right! Why did this chance word cling to him so obstinately? Do you hear the fierce devils whisper in his ear, as he went slowly down the darkening street?

The evening came on, slow and calm. He seated himself at the end of an ally leading into one of the larger streets. His brain was clear to-night, keen, intent, mastering. It would not start back, cowardly, from any hellish temptation, but meet it face to face. Therefore the great temptation of his life came to him veiled by no sophistry, but bold, defiant, owning its own vile name, trusting to one bold blow for victory.

He did not deceive himself. Theft! That was it. At first the word sickened him; then he grappled with it. Sitting there on a broken cart-wheel, the fading day, the noisy groups, the church bells' tolling passed before him, like a panorama, while the sharp struggle went on within. This money! He took it out, and looked at it. If he gave it back, what then? He was going to be cool about it.

People going by to church saw only a sickly mill-boy watching them quietly at the alley's mouth. They did not know that he was mad, or they would not have gone by so quietly: mad with hunger; stretching out his hands to the world, that had given so much to them, for leave to live the life God meant him to live. His soul within him was smothering to death; he wanted so much, thought so much, and knew—nothing. There was nothing of which he was certain, except the mill and things there. Of God and heaven he had heard so little, that they were to him what fairy-land is to a child: something real, but not here; very far off. His brain, greedy, dwarfed, full of thwarted energy and unused powers, questioned these men and women going by, coldly, bitterly that night. Was it not his right to live as they,—a pure life, a good true hearted life, full of beauty and kind words? He only wanted to know how to use the strength within him. His heart warmed, as he thought of it. He suffered himself to think of it no longer. If he took the money?

Then he saw himself as he might be, strong, helpful, kindly. The night crept on, as this one image slowly evolved itself from the crowd of other thoughts, and stood triumphant. He looked at it. As he might be! What wonder, if it blinded him to delirium,—the madness that underlies, all revolution, all progress, and all fall?

You laugh at the shallow temptation? You see the error underlying its argument so clearly,—that to him a true life was one of full development rather than self-restraint? that he was deaf to the higher tone in a cry of voluntary, suffering for truth's sake than in the fullest flow of spontaneous harmony? I do not plead his cause. I only want to show you the mote in my brother's eye: then you can see clearly to take it out.

The money,—there it lay on his knee, a little blotted slip of of paper, nothing in itself; used to raise him out of the pit; something straight from God's hand. A thief! Well, what was it to be a thief? He met the question at last face to face, wiping the clammy drops of sweat from his forehead. God made this money,—the fresh air, too—for his children's use. He never made the defference between poor and rich. The Something that looked down on him that moment through the cool gray sky had a kindly face, he knew,—loved his children alike. Oh, he knew that!

There were times when the soft floods of color in the crimson and purple flames, or the clear depth of amber in the water below the bridge, had somehow given him a glimpse of another world than this,—of an infinite depth of beauty and of quiet somewhere—somewhere,—a depth of quiet and rest and love. Looking up now, it became strangely real. The sun had sunk quite below the hills, but his last rays struck upward, touching the zenith. The fog had risen, and the town and river were steeped in its thick, gray damp; but overhead, the sun touched smoke clouds opened like a cleft ocean,—shifting, rolling seas of crimson mist, waves of billowy silver veined with blood-scarlet, inner depths unfathomable of glancing light. Wolfe's artist-eye grew drunk with color. The gates of that other world! Fading, flashing before him now! What, in that world of Beauty, Content, and Right, were the petty laws, the mine and thine, of mill-owners and mill-hands?

A consciousness of power stirred within him. He stood up. A man—he thought, stretching out his hands,—free to work, to live, to love! Free! His right! He folded the scrap of paper in his hand. As his nervous fingers took it in, limp and blotted, so his soul took in the mean temptation, lapped it in fancied rights, in dreams of improved existences, drifting and endless as the cloud-seas of colors. Clutching it, as if the tightness of his hold would strengthen his sense of possession, he went aimlessly down the street. It was his watch at the mill. He need not go, need never go again, thank God,—shaking off the thought with unspeakable loathing.

Shall I go over the history of the hours of that night? how the man wandered from one to another of his old haunts, with a half-consciousness of bidding them farewell,—lanes and alleys and back-yards where the mill-hands lodged,—noting, with a new eagerness, the filth and drukenness, the pig-pens, the ash-heaps covered with potato skins, the bloated, pimpled women at the doors,—with a new vague dread, unknown before, smothered down, kept under, but still there? It left him but once during the night, when, for the second time in his life he entered a church. It was a sombre Gothic pile where the stained glass lost itself in far-retreating arches; built to meet the requirement and sympathies of a far other class than Wolfe's. Yet it touched, moved him uncontrollably. The distances, the shadows, the still marble figures, the mass of silent, kneeling worshippers, the mysterious music, thrilled, lifted his soul with a wonderful pain. Wolfe forgot himself, forgot the new life he was going to live, the mean terror gnawing underneath. The voice of the speaker strengthened the charm; it was clear, feeling, full, strong. An old man, who had lived much, suffered much; whose brain was keenly alive, dominant; whose heart was summer-warm with charity. He taught it to-night. He held up Humanity in its grand total; showed the great world-cancer to his people. Who could show it better? He was a Christian reformer; he had studied the age thoroughly; his outlook at man had been free, world-wide, over all time. His faith stood sublime upon the Rock of Ages; his fiery zeal guided vast schemes by which the Gospel was to be preached to all nations. How did he preach it to-night? In burning, light-laden words he painted Jesus, the incarnate Life, Love, the universal Man: words that became reality in the lives of these people,—that lived again in beautiful words and actions, trifling, but heroic. Sin, as he defined it, was a real foe to them; their trials, temptations, were his. His words passed far over the furnace-tender's grasp, toned to suit another class of culture; they sounded in his ears a very pleasant song in an unknown tongue. He meant to cure this world-cancer with a steady eye that had never glared with hunger, and a hand that neither poverty nor strychnine-whiskey had taught to shake. In this morbid, distorted heart of the Welsh puddler he had failed.

Eighteen centuries ago, the Master of this man tried reform in the streets of a city as crowded and vile as this, and did not fail. His disciple, showing Him to-night to cultured hearers, showing the clearness of the God-power acting through Him, shrank back from one coarse fact; that in birth and habit the man Christ was thrown up from the lowest of the people; his flesh, their flesh; their blood, his blood; tempted like them, to brutalize day by day; to lie, to steal; the actual slime and wast of their hourly life, and the wine-press he trod alone.

Yet, is there meaning in this perpetually covered truth? If the son of the capenter had stood in the church that night, as he stood with the fishermen and harlots by the sea of Galilee, before His Father and their Father, despised and rejected of men, without a place to lay His head, wounded for their iniquites, bruised for their transgressions, would not that hungry mill-boy at least, in the back seat, have "known the man?" That Jesus did not stand there.

Wolfe rose at last, and turned from the church down the street. He looked up: the night had come on foggy, damp; the golden mist had vanished, and the sky lay dull and ash-colored. He wandered again aimlessly down the street, idly wondering what had become of the cloud-sea of crimson and scarlet. The trial-day of this man's life was over, and he had lost the victory. What followed was mere drifting circumstances,—a quicker walking over the path,—that was all. Do you want to hear the end of it? You wisn me to make a tragic story out of it? Why, in the police-reports of the morning paper you can find a dozen such tragedies; hints of shipwrecks unlike any that ever befell on the high seas; hints that here a power was lost to heaven,—that there a soul went down where no tide can ebb or flow. Commonplace enough the hints are,—jocose sometimes, done up in rhyme.

Doctor May, a month after the night I have told you of, was reading to his wife at breakfast from this fourth column of the morning-paper: an unusual thing,—these police reports not being, in general choice reading for ladies; but it was only one item he read.

"Oh, my dear! You remember that man I told you of, that we saw at Kirby's mill?—that was arrested for robbing Mitchell? Here he is; just listen:—'Circuit Court. Judge Day. Hugh Wolfe, operative in Kirby & John's Loudon Mills. Charge, grand larceny. Sentence, nineteen years hard labor in penitentiary.' -- Scoundrel! Serves him right! After all our kindness that night! Picking Mitchell's pocket at the very time.

His wife said something about the ingratitude of that kind of people, and then they began to talk about something else.

Nineteen years! How easy that was to read! What a simple word for Judge Day to utter! Nineteen years! Half a lifetime.

Hugh Wolfe sat on the window-ledge of his cell, looking out. His ankles were ironed. Not usual in such cases; but he had made two desperate efforts to escape. 'W ll,' as Haley, the jailer, said, "s'all blame to him! Nineteen years' imprisonment was not a pleasant thing to look forward to." Haley was very good-natured about it, though Wolfe had fought him savagely.

"When he was first caught," the jailer said afterward in telling the story, "before the trial, the fellow was cut down at once.—laid there on that pallet like a dead man, with his hands over his eyes. Never saw a man so cut down in my life. Time of the trial, too, came the queerest dodge of any customer I ever had. Would choose no lawyer. Judge gave him one, of course. Gibson it was. He tried to prove the fellow crazy; but it wouldn's go. Thing was plain as daylight; check found on him. 'T'was a hard sentence,—all the law allows; but it was for 'xample's sake. These mill-hands are gettin' unbearable. When the sentence was read, he just looked up, and said the money was his by rights, and that all the world had gone wrong. That, night, after the trial a gentleman came to see him here, name of Mitchell,—him as he stole from. Talked to him for an hour. Thought he came for curiosity, like. After he was gone, Wolfe was remarkable quiet, and went into his cell. Found him very low; bed all bloody. Doctor said he had been bleeding at the lungs. He was as weak as a cat; yet, if ye'll believe me, he tried to get a-past me and get out. I jist carried him like a baby, and threw him on the pallet. Three days after, he tried it again: that time reached the wall. Lord help you! he fought like a tiger,—giv' some terrible blows, fightin' for life, you see; for he can't live long, shut up in that stone crib down yonder. Got a death-cough now. 'Took two of us to bring him down that day; so I just put the irons on his feet. There he sits in there. Goin' tomorrow with a batch more of 'em. That woman, hunchback, tried with him,—you remember?—she's only got three years. Complice. But she'z a woman you know. He's been quiet ever since I put on irons; giv' up I suppose. Looks white, sick-lookin'. It acts different on 'em, bein' sentenced. Most of 'em get reckless, devilish-like. Some prays awful, and sings them vile songs of the mills, all in a breath. That woman, now she's desper't'. Been beggin' to see Hugh, as she calls him, for three days. I'm a-goin' to let her in. She don't go with him. Here she is in the next cell. I'm a-goin' now to let her in."

(To be Continued.)

Sleeves Rolled Up.

Whatever may be said of the past, the Democracy stands to-day for all that is progressive in American politics.—Utica Observer.

Yes, if you read the Republican papers of the day you find them all in a condition of painful disgruntlement. While the Democrats, with sleeves rolled up, are putting their shoulders to the hind wheels of the team and trying to get it out of the mud, "the other fellows" stand on the roadside chewing Mr. Blaine's free quid and swearing at the party in power for trying to do something. This dog in the manger business, though, is about played out.—New York Herald.

All over the country the Democrats are hard at work. Here in North Carolina we find the exception. Why not go to rolling up our sleeves? There's work to be done for the State. The great question "who shall be Governor?" seems to bring forth speculation only. All is talk. But few are doing anything. Listlessness everywhere in the State, politically speaking. With a rush our business interests are moving. How can they move well or for any length of time unless our politics are purified and kept pure. How can they be made and kept pure unless the best men go into the race. How can the best men go into the race unless there is organization and forward movement of all lovers of law and order and liberty at once? "Sleeves rolled up" mean readiness; mean determination; mean forgetfulness of small matters; mean disregard of trivial obstacles; mean success and sweet reward. Let's roll up our sleeves and fall in line, and forgetting those things which are behind redouble our purpose and energy. All together for pure politics and better days.—Durham Tobacco Plant.

Good Advice.

Bill Nye writes to a bald-headed friend, who asked his advice about hair restorative as follows: "Take your hair restorative money and buy you a lot in a growing town that supports its home paper and advertises and go ahead and you will be well fixed. A man well fixed don't care whether he has any hair or not.

In the Mouth.

Old lady (in drug store to small boy)—What am I to take this medicine in, sonny?

Sonny—Take it in your mouth mum. 'Taint to be rubbed on.

P. O. INSPECTOR.

HOW ONE POST-OFFICE WAS CONDUCTED.

A Postmaster Who Believed in Running the Ranch, Let Other Poople Think as they Would.

A traveling post-office inspector went up into Scott county a few days ago for the purpose of investigating certain reported crookedness. One afternoon he reached a small cabin situated near a lonely road. He stopped, intending to get a drink of water, and as he drew near the house was astonished at seeing a signboard bearing the following inscription: "Poorst offis." An old fellow, with a grizzly beard and a hairy chest—displayed, as his shirt was unbuttoned—came out, and merely nodding to the inspector, sat down on a stump.

"How are you?" asked the inspector.

"Tol'ble."

"Have you any fresh water handy?"

"Plenty uv it down thar in the branch. One uv the boys shot my bucket all to pieces, an' since then I hafter go to ther branch w'en I wanter drink."

Just then a man mounted on a mule rode up and asked:

"Mr. Plummer, got any letters for me?

"Yas, thar's one here, Bill Patterson, but you kain't get it. Go on away frum here, or I'll make you wush you hadn't come."

"Wush you would give it ter me."

"Yas, an' ther nigger wushed that ther coon would come down outer ther tree, but he didn't come."

"Say, Mr. Plummer—"

"Shut yore mouth and say suth in', an' more'n that, you'd better mosey away from here."

The man rode away, and the inspector, addressing the post-master, asked:

"Why didn't you give that man his letter?"

"Kase he worked agin me when I run for justice uv the peace."

"Yes, but the government don't care anything for that."

"Reckon not, but I do."

"But you were appointed to serve the people."

"Yas, an' I sarve 'em too—sarve some uv them like old Nick."

"My friend, I am a traveling post office inspector, and—

"All right, then, travel."

"If I report you to the post-office department, which I shall be very apt to do, you'll travel."

"Reckon not. This establishment b'long ter me, an' nobody's got a right ter tell me ter git out."

"How long have you had this office?"

"Ever sense I built it."

"I mean how long have you been postmaster?"

"Bout a year, I reckon."

"At this juncture an old fellow, cautiously picking his way among the beshes, approached the postmaster, who, upon seeing him, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"What in the thunder do you want here, Abe Smith?"

"Come after that paper."

"Didn't I tell yer that yer kain't get it?"

Yes, but I 'lowed yer mout change yer mind."

"Wall I hain't. When yer retaed ter lend me yer slide an' hoss t'other week I told yer that yer cou dn't git nothin' else outen this office."

"I'm er goin ter get that paper."

"Not lessen yer a better man than I am."

"An' that's what I think."

"Wall, help yourse'f."

With agility surprising for such old men they grappled with each other and began a desperate struggle. Abe Smith succeeded in throwing the postmaster.

"Now," said Smith, as he began to choke old Plummer, "goin' to let me have that paper?"

A gurgled "Yes" came from the post-man's throat. Smith released his hold and suffered Plummer to get up.

"Wall," said the post-master, as he stood brushing fragments of and bark from his beard, "I reckon I wuz sorter mistaken in yer. I didn't know that ye wuz such a nice man. Come in, Abe, an' git yer paper, fer yer have earned it like a white man."

"Ain't thar a letter fur me too?"

"Yas."

"Wall, I want it."

Kain't git it, Abie. Yer fit fer ther paper and not fer the lettar."

"Got ter have it, Plummer."

Not lessen you whip me ergin."

B'l'eve I ken do it."

"All right, Abie."

They went at it again, pranced around striking at each other. Finally Plummer struck Abe a heavy blow and felled him; then seating himself on the prostrate man, he said;

"Don't want that letter, do yer, Abie?"

"Reedon not, Plummer."

"All right come erhead an' git yer paper."

When Abe had gone the post-master turned to the inspector, and said:

"Want anything outer me?"

"No, I believe not."

'Ef ye had er letter here an' I didn't want yer ter have it yer wouldn't argy the p'int, would yer?"

"I don't think that I should."

"Don't want no truck with me?"

"None."

"Wall, then, good bye. Got ter go in now and make up the mail."

The Difference.

Teacher—What is the difference, Tommy, between a German and a Dutchman?

Tommy—One has got money and the other hain't.

WHAT'S IN A HEAD.

A Pen Picture of the Cranium of Some of Our Prominent Men.

We clip from the Wilminton Star the following pen picture by Frank Carpenter, with the Star's comment on each, to which we add ours. Besides being fine reading we hope that food for thought may be suggested thereby:

Here is Frank Carpenter's description of Senator Coke in his letter to the N. Y. World.

Coke's head would fill a half bushel basket. It is as white as the cheek of a baby and it shines like the parchment of a boy's new drum. It is full at the crown and the fore head fades into it without a wisp to mark the line of its height. Coke is tall, but with him the saying does not hold good that the cock-loft is often empty when the building is several stories high. Coke's brows are beauty and his face wears perpetual frown. The skin of his scalp is the thermoneter of his brain, and when he grows angry it rises to redness, and if he is enraged it become almost purple. Still Coke talks well, and he is a big-headed man with lots of brains."

Coke and Beck are about the two brainiest Democrats in the Senate and they are Democrats all over. You never will catch them voting for Blair bills, abolishing the whiskey tax and other undemocratic disylays.

Here is Carpenter's picture of Senator Ransom drawn for the World.

"Senator Matt Ransom, of North Carolina has a head which is bald at the top. It is a brunette bald head, and its colors rivals that of the moss-rose in its beauty. A black fringe of hair bounds the bare spot, and that is combed to to the front of Ransom's rosy pink ears. The forehead is not overly high, but the bumps of the baldness are brainy, and Ransom trims his black beard so that it bristles with stiffness and strength."

He has a finely symmetrical head of dome like regularity and it is high enough."

To which we simply add: You do sometimes catch Ransom voting for the abolishment of the whisky tax and other Democratic displays. What's in a head.—Argus.

KILLED LIKE BEAST.

Another Bloody Chapter in the West Virgina Feud—Men, Women and Children Shot and Burned to Death—Two Families Almost Exterminated.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—A Charleston, W. Va., special says:

Information reaches here from Ollanno, Wyoming, county, that another bloody chapter in the McCoy-Hartfield feund was enacted Saturday night last, in which the lives of five McCoys were sacrificed. It will be recalled that about the beginning of the new year the feud, which had been stilled for some months, broke out again between the two families, in which the Hatfields were worsted. After the funeral of the victims, the Hatfields proceeded to annihilate the family of Randall McCoy. They surrounded his house across the Kentucky line, and setting fire to it drove McCoy's wife, son and daughter, like sheep into the shambles, to be ruthlessly slaughtered. Randall McCoy escaped to the woods. This was followed by the McCoy raid into West Virginia, recently described, in which three of the Hatfield party were killed in a battle in the woods. All the detail that have yet been received of Saturday night's massacre are simply that the Hartfield gang made a raid on the house of Sim McCoy, a brother of Randall. The McCoy's were completely surprised; Mrs. McCoy was tied to a tree and shot to death. The eldest son was next tied up and riddled with bullets. Sim McCoy barricaded the back room and made a weak defence of his home against great odds. Finally, the Hatfield's set fire to the house and McCoy and his two youngest children were burned to death.

NARY RAILROAD.

"One of them Steam Engine things."

"Here, you fellers, what you doin' here?" shrieked a woman to a party of railroad surveyors who who were driving stakes on a corner of her farm.

"We're surveying for a railroad," replied the chief engineer of the party.

"What, one o' them steam tagine shing I've heern tell on?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Wel" you git right off'n this ground.

"You will be well-paid for all damages done to your land."

"Pay? There ain't money enough on top o' this created earth to pay me for bein' skeered to death a dozen times a day by a thing like that. I've heeard how them ingine bilers burst and blow up whole farms. Now, just as sure as you lay that track hyar, I'll take the cord from my bedstead an' tie it over the track an' trip your blamed old ingine up every time. You see if I don't.

The Company Relieved.

During a conversation between two railroad directors one of them said:

"I understand that a man who was formerly in your service has become a train robber."

"Yes, and the company feels much relieved."

"Why so?"

"Because he is not so dangerous to our income now. He used to be a conductor, you know."

The young people are seldom stopped by irate and unyielding parents. The Shelby New Era tells of an eloping couple who went to South Carolina to have the knot tied. The old folks may oppose but they marry all the same.

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.

The Tarboro Southerner strongly urges the people of Edecome county to stir themselves and have a fair this fall.

New Berne and Wilmington are both making preparations for the coming visit of Mr. Pearson to those towns.

The Wadesboro Messenger is now owned by James Boylin, who is also proprietor of the Monroe Enquirer-Express.

The Standard is the name of a new paper recently established at Concord. It is edited and published by Messrs. W. D. Anthony and J. M. Cross. It is a very creditable sheet. We wish it success.

The Greenville Reflector says: Wonder if brother McPheeters, Superintendent of the penitentiary Sunday School, offers a prize to the County that will send him the most new scholars for the year 1888? If so Pitt county proposes to contest and sends eight up for January. Please give her proper credit.

The Rocky Mount Phoenix says Mr. L. F. Tillery, who is visiting relatives in Craven county, while out hunting one day last week, was severely shot in the back and head by his brother-in-law. We are pleased to state however, that the wounds, though painful, are not serious.

The Orphan's Friend, printed at the Asylum under the management of L. Thomas, shows gross receipts of $3,097.06. The circulation of the paper is now 3,000, and is rapidly increasing. The farm and garden has yielded well; gross value of yield $5,000. Health of children remarkably good. Applications for admission are rapidly increasing—20 applications now being on file.

The Wilmington Star, in speaking of the fish, game and oyster fair to be held at New Berne, says: The whole Eastern and Atlantic section is invited to join in the show and send in their best productions, such as "manufactured goods, marls, rock, game, fish, oysters, clams, &c." Let the whole Atlantic section send their best and unite in making the exhibit every way creditable to the good old North Carolina we all love, or ought to love. God bless the old North State.

The Weldon News says: When P. N. Stainback & Co. discovered that their store had been robbed last week they distributed a number of circulars describing a gun which was among the stolen articles. On Wednesday last they received a telegram from J. Meyer, mayor of Whitakers, saying that he had in custody a man who had in possession a gun of similar make. Mr. D. E. Stainback with Chief of police McGee went down and the gun was identified as one which had been repaired by Mr. Stainback. The negro, Edgar Vick by name, was brought back and sent on to jail by Justice W. A. Daniel, in default of bail.

The Shelby New Era tells of a sensation that was caused in that county a few days ago by a youth who became enfatuated with Texas and left for that land of promise. He left the team which he drove off in the woods and took out for a neighboring railroad depot. The horses were returned home by two colored men, who were arrested on suspicion of having dealt foully with the boy. Searching parties took to the woods to find his cold corpse. He was found, by a friend, at the depot he went to for the purpse of leaving for Texas. He has returned home and expresses sorrow for his act. His name is Jesse Wray and he is only 15 years old. A little birch tea could be very judiciously administered to the youth.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger is one of the best newsgathers in the State. His letters are always filled with news and written in an interesting style. He thus describes the convicts in the penitentiary: The deputy-warden of the penitentiary, Mr. Fleming, tells me that there are today 145 convicts in the penitentiary. Nearly every one of these is a desperate criminal, in for life or for a term over twenty years. The desperate men cannot of course be put at any work outside, but must be watched with ceaseless vigilance. It is a terrible collection of the worst people in North Carolina. It is, strange to say, very difficult to pick out of a gang the worst man. Sometimes the face of a prisoner serving time for a simple effence is more devilish, more malignant than that of the man who is in for a capital crime.

Protection in Germany.

The Germans are a great people, they are intelligent and well informed, and Bismarck for wisdom is the wonder of the age. It has been a matter of surprise to many, that a people so far slighted as the Germans with a leader of such wisdom, should persist in the folly of a protective tariff. The truth is, that the Germans have three free cities, to which their tariff laws do not apply, Bremen, Hamburg and Lubeck, and trade is free between these cities and the rest of Germany, and the result is, that Hamburg itself imports and exports nearly as much merchandise as do the United States. Stick a pin here.—Goldsboro Argus.

IN HIS ELEMENT.

The taste of the Child Must be Considered.

It is expedient to humor the "the twig" that has an inclination—the tree will be all the better for it. Pope expresses but half-truth in his lines:

"Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

for many a tree has been distorted by inclining the twig against it bent.

The Rev. David Wilkie was much troubled by the fact that David, his son, had tried three schools, and in each of them had shown himself indifferent to classical knowledge. The good father was also annoyed at the lads propensity to cover the walls, the kitchen pavement, and the uncarpeted floors of the house with figures of men and beasts drawn in various attitudes.

Even in church, when he should have listened to his father's sermons, the rogue, ignoring the sacredness of the kirk, would draw on the blank leaves of his psalm-book and bible, portraits of the remarkable faces in the congregation.

Sowrowfully convinced that though the boy would not make a scholar, much less a minister, he might make a painter, Mr. Wilkie made application for his admission as a pupil of the Edingburg Academy of Fine Art. The secretary, looked at the lad's drawings, pronounced them worthless and rejected the application.

Private influence reversed the secretary's decision; young Wilkie became a pupil, gained a prize, went to London, where he became "the Rapeal of domestic art," and as Sir David Wilkie made a name which was honored at home and abroad.

One day a gentleman of culture and taste, while walking in the suburb of Edinburg, stepped into a shoemaker's cottage. He was surprised to see on the whitewashed wall several admirable representations of animals drawn with red chalk and charcoal. On commending them to the shoemaker's wife, she answered:

"Hoot! these are bits o' drawing o' oor Davie; he was seein' some wild beasts at a show, and he's caulked them there to let me see them."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "and what do you intend to make of that boy?"

"Deed, he'll jist need to sit doon on the stool aside his father, and learn to make and mend shoon [shoes.]"

The gentleman, thinking that cobbling was not exactly the employment for a boy who could execute such drawings, persuaded a housepainter to take Davie as an apprentice. Industry and genius made the youth a painter of dramatic scenery; then he painted the gothic ruins of Scotland. By these means he obtained the means of making tours in Normandy and Spain, from which countries he returned with pictures that brought money and reputation.

The shoemaker's son was David Roberts, one of the most gifted of British artists.

More Sound Doctrine.

The Supreme Court in its decision discharging from custody the Mayor and City Council of Lincoln, Nebraska, places itself again upon the solid and safe Democratic doctrine of State Rights. The opinion of Justice Gray is strong and to the point. The United States Circuit Court, says the Supreme Court, sitting as a Court of Equity, has no jurisdiction whatever over criminal cases involving the appointment or removal of State and Municipal officers. The proceedings of the Federal Court were in the nature of usurpation from the beginning. If a few more decisions like this, and that in the Virginia habeas corpos case, are made, it will probably become clear to some people who have forgotten or never knew, it, that there are some rights belonging to the States, which the United States authorities are bound to respect. There is hope for the perpetuation of American institutions as long our chief judicial tribunal sees as clearly and acts as wisely as it has been doing lately.—Norfolk Virginian.

He Thought The Wire Would Break.

Pat Hoolihan, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within twenty five feet of the ground, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both.

"Hang on on for your life, Pat!" shouted his fellow workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest house for a mattress for him to fall on.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly with a cry of "Shtand from undher!" he dropped and lay senseless on the street.

Whiskey was used and Pat finally came to.

When asked why he did not hold out longer he very feebly replied:

"Oi was afraid the wolre would break."

He recovered.—Life.

Narrow Escape.

Misses Nannie King and Bettie Wells were out driving Thursday afternoon, and while on Evans street the horse began kicking and got both hind legs caught over the cross bar to the shafts. Another vehicle passing at the time, struck the one in which the ladies were riding, partly overturning it, and throwing them out. Fortunately they escaped without injury. Some young man who rushed to the rescue, after seeing the ladies safe had to cut the harness in order to extricate the horse.—Greenville Reflector.