THE ADVANCE JOB OFFICE.

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IS BETTER EQUIPPED THAN ANY EAST OF RALEIGH. ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT AND EEFICIENT ATTENTION.

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TRY US.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 18. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, AUG. 2, 1888. NUMBER 27

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

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ON THE SURVIVORS OF THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

He Says the Boys Who Fought Should Meet and Recount old Times.—Rotation of Office, etc.

The 21st of July is a good day for reunions—a kind of red letter day among the veterans. 'He laughs best who laughs last,' but still it is human nature to think more about victories than defeats. It is soldier nature especially, and so, as the veterans have to choose some day on which they will gather as comrades and recall the heroism and the trials of the war, the day that is the anniversary of the first great battle and the first great victory is the best. And besides, it is about the time when the crops are laid by and there is plenty of green corn and tomatoes, and spring chickens and sheep, meat and ripe fruit. The boys had a big time at Newnan, and I wanted to be there with the old bloody 7th, and see how many were left of the original pannel. They are not bloody now, though they do wave a red bandanna. I wonder how many survivors there are of that great battle; how many would draw pensions, if there were any to draw. Out of thirty thousand who went into that fight, they say there are but three thousand left. Somehow or other the veterans will die, sooner or later, down South; maybe if they drew pensions they would live longer. A little money coming in every month does relieve a man from anxiety and lengthens out his days, but still I can't understand why it takes more money to pay pensions now than it did ten years ago. I wonder how many survivors there are of the old original Eighth Georgia and Fourth Alabama that fought side by side in the pine thicket. Three companies from Rome were in that fight, but there is only a little squad left to gather now. Captain Moore told me yesterday that he could count them on his fingers, for there were but seven of the Light Guards. Seven of the seventy that first left Rome for Virginia. A short table would be long enough for their reunion, and a small sheep suffice for their meat. The boys are forty-five years old now and upwards. Most of them are fifty. Those first volunteers were the game boys of the South, and they went in spurred for the fight and eager for the fray. But they got enough of it in time. They thought it was only a quarter stretch but found it a four mile heat. Many fell in that battle; many more in succeeding battles; many surrendered to sickness and disease, and still more have died in the years that have passed since the war. Some of the dead have children grown and grandchildren, and I see widows who are widows still. We used to see fathers and mothers who grieved long for the noble boys they lost, but we don't now. Their grief is all over, for they are dead, and have joined their boys in the spirit-land. I don't know but one father who lost a son at Manassas. There are but five in the county of Floyd. There are not ten there who lost a son in any battle during the war. That generation has passed and the next has nearly gone. The boys who fought are few and far between, and every year counts the number less. The war is over, for the fighters are dead, but some folks don't seem to know it. If a gray-haired brigadier gets into Congress and holds up his head and looks like he feels at home, some of our Northern brethren imagine the rebel army sent him and that they are alive and kicking and had just as lieve fight some more as not. That is a mistake, my friends. There is no rebel army. The army is dead—all but a few, and they have fit enough. They are as harmless and gentle as a sucking dove. This is another generation that is circulating now. When the few surviving vets have a reunion their children and kinfolks and friends meet with them to make the number look respectable. That's all. These outsiders furnish the barbecue and help to eat it, and they love to sit around the old soldiers and hear them spin yarns and tell how they licked 'em here and got licked there, and how they lived on roots and drank branch water, and marched all night and fought all day, and how come the empty steeve or the crutch or the missing eye or the scarred cheek, and how old Bob Lee looked and how old Stonewall prayed and all about old Bob Toombs and old Tige and old Rock and the other generals. No, there isn't a bit of harm in them old veterans. Let them eat sheep meat and roasting ears if they want to. They didn't have much for four long years and so let them make up for lost time.

Who are all these people we see everywhere we go, and where did they come from? The cities are all full and the towns and railroads and hotels. They get thicker and thicker and but few of them are past middle age—not one in ten is over forty-five—most of them are under thirty, and they move around lively like the whole world belonged to them and I reckon it does. They are the lawyers, and doctors, and editors, and teachers, and preachers, and merchants, and farmers, and mechanics; the men under forty-five are the live men of any age or generation. Old men are pretty good to act as ballast for the ship, or as balance-wheels for the engine, but that is all. Their fire and steam are gone. They can ruminate and philosophize and give counsel, but their grip upon the world is loosened. I visited Rome the other day, where only a few years ago I knew every man and woman and child and negro and right smart of the dogs and cows but they are nearly all strangers to me now. I called on Judge Underwood in his office and was telling him about how strange I felt in my old home and how few faces were familiar and we discoursed of the olden time. I sat and listened to the words of wit and wisdom that came from the lips of my good old friend—the friend of nearly forty years—my associate of fourteen years, my daily companion, and during all that time I felt that I was his pupil not only in the law, but in almost every department of learning, for he was indeed a treasury of knowledge. For an hour or more we communed together, and when Judge Simmons, of the Supreme Court, added his genial presence to our company, their wit and wisdom was generously exchanged, and the old judge brightened up with a fresher vigor. 'I don't know these young men who have grown up around me,' he said, 'and it mortflies me that I do not, for their fathers and mothers were my friends. I would speak to every one of these young men and call them by name if I could. There was a time when I knew everybody's children in the community, but memory weakens as age comes on. I can't keep up with the changes now. Indeed I have changed myself so much of late that some of my old friends don't know me. They don't recognise me as they pass me. The other day I stopped to speak to a friend who has known me intimately for thirty years, and he looked so bewildered that I had to tell him who I was, and it hurt my feelings. I know that I have changed a great deal of late, but, gentlemen, I can't help it. No, I can't help it. Such as I am I am. I wish that I could help it.' He was sad for a moment, and we pitied him, as his weak eyes watered with helpless tears, and a kind smile trembled on his face. His sadness was but for a moment, for Judge Underwood never marred or lessened the genial humor of any company. His presence always increased it, and he became the leading minister to their most refined pleasures.

'Judge Simmons,' said he, 'I did want to make a remark in your court in the Hamilton case when the lawyers were discussing the doctrine of 'title in nubibus—title in the clouds; I just wanted to tell Judge Bleckley that I knew of but one such property or estate within my limited observation and that was his own title and estate upon the top of Screamer mountain.' As we left that goodly company that morning I remarked to my companion how clear and bright was the judge's mind, and how he might yet recover from his infirmity.

But what do we know about the hidden, mysterious organism of this wonderful human frame? In half an hour Judge Underwood was dead. Without warning, without pain, without a groan, he died. Not a word fell from his lips; not a throb or quiver from his heart; not a heave or sigh from his bosom. Verily, a great and notable man has fallen, and he dispensed his cheerful wisdom and his bright intelligence to the very last. As a man of great legal ability; as a man of comprehensive mind and wonderful memory he had no peer in upper Georgia. A young man he was in the bright days of Joseph Henry Lumpkins and Warren and Nesbit and stood fairly by their side and ranked well with that galaxy of noble men that included the first Supreme Court, and their contemporaries, such as the Cobbs and Doughertys and Hilyer and Hutchins and Hall and Jackson and Peebles and Overby and he ranked them all in his memories of the past—his storehouse that he was ever ready to unlock for our pleasure or our instruction. He was the link in the chain—the lapring that connected that age with this. That chain is now broken and will never be found again so far as Cherokee Georgia is concered. Let Rome mourn for him and all North Georgia, for he was pre-eminently the most learned and most notable man of this region. He has held many high official positions, and was fit to hold them. He filled them ably, easily and without a strain.

There is not much politics now in these parts. Everybody is of one mind pretty much, and there is no excitement. Dr. Felton is not running against anybody for anything, and so we are all calm and serene. He and Captain Foute will just walk into the House as usual, and Colonel Harris will walk into the Senate, and we are all content. Colonel Shumate and Colonel Philips and Judge Branham and Capt. Reese are circulating lively to let the people know that they are candidates for Congress, and think that Jud Clements has been there about long enough. Well, it does look like eight years ought to satisfy any reasonable man. We sent Gen. Young there for six years, and Dr. Felton for six, and Mr. Clements said that he had nothing against the doctor except that he had had it long enough and I think it is a poor rule that don't work both ways. Why don't these gentlemen rotate. How graceful it would be for a man to say 'my friends, you have honored me longer than I expected or deserved. There are many other good men who would like to serve you and so I will retire and give them a chance.' I never knew but one man who did that and he is dead. He died because he resigned I reckon. Somehow they all want to die in the harness, die a pulling, die a sucking the government pap. A man told me that it took six or eight years of training for the average member of Congress to get fitten to be a member, and that Clements was just beginning to get fitten and we ought to let him stay. That may be so but I don't believe in giving one of the boys forty-eight thousand dollars worth of schooling and let the other boys get none. These other gentlemen are all good men and well qualified. I know Judge Branham better than the others, and I know that it wouldn't take him eight years to get fitten, and if he was sent to Congress it wouldn't be two years before he would make a reputation that our district would be proud of. So would either of the others, and it is a comfort to know that every county in the district has got men who could easily fill Mr. Clement's place if he were to die. But the true Democratic idea is not to die but to rotate. That's right. I am opposed to letting any man stay longer than six years unless he has gotten away up among the stars. Let them rotate.

BILL ARP.

The Democratic Embryo.

Last Wednesday evening a West Market street boy bounded into the front passage, with his hair a wet mop, while he smelt of tadpoles and water lilies from the soles of his bare feet up.

'John Henry,' said his mother, meeting him with a dangerous glitter in her eye, and taking a grip on his dripping locks, 'you've been in swimming again!'

'Not a bit of it, mother; I've been to the Democratic Congressional Convention, and it's the sweat oozing outer me.'

'Don't tell me! This is regular Rock Creek sand all over your scalp.'

'Why, ma, that's hay-seed in my hair, and I'm the farmer's candidate—

'We'll float the old bandanna, boys,
'We'll float the old bandanna!'

'Look here, young man, I want no fooling,'—and, unbuttoning his jacket, she thrust a vigorous hand down his back—'here's creek sand ridged all along your backbone!'

'Pshaw! ma, don't you know what that is? It's the 'sand in my gizzard' breaking out. I'm one of the 'unwashed,' 'unterrified' Democracy—

'We'll float the old bandanna, boys,
'We'll float the old bandanna!'

'Well, you are not 'unwashed' this time, for a wonder, and as for being 'unterrified,' I'll see what effect a No 4 slipper can have'—and for about five Greensboro minutes the air was full of slipper, sand, dirt, gyrating arms and legs and blood curdling yells. But, after all, in the words of Maurice Thompson, 'a boy's ways are the wind's ways, and the thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts;' as John Henry passed out on the back piazza he reached down and threw out an old saddle-blanket which he had padded in under his clothes at a convenient place, tossed it into an empty closet, and went out towards the barn whistling:—

'Oh give me back my fifteen cents,
And give me back my money!'

It is stated that an Elizabeth city lawyer has produced a cabbage that weighs eighteen pounds and measures four feet across. A large cabbage or a large lie.

They Will Drop Mrs. Cleveland.

There is a section of Washington society, the sternly exclusive set, which affects to regard with disdain and aims to keep at a distance the new people whom the fortunes of political war are constantly sending to the front there. These severely select people assume the attitude toward the mixed official society of the Capital which the vieille noblesse in France assumed toward the second empire crowd. Some years ago I heard an old dame of the exclusive circles say that she would not receive General Grant into her house.

When Mrs. Cleveland became the rage, however, the 'selects' in due time thawed out and smiled upon her, and in consideration of her beauty and brightness and general refinement they consented to overlook her accidency and newness and accept her as one of themselves. Of late, however, it is said, the 'selects' have come to regret their generous treatment of the young woman, and it is probable will drop her. The trouble, it seems, arises from Mrs. Cleveland's continuing to receive as her guest and treat as an intimate one Miss Katherine Willard, a beautiful girl, who possesses a voice of wonderful sweetness, and who was a schoolmate of the mistress of the White House. When Miss Willard first came here last winter as the guest of Mrs. Cleveland she was received with wide open arms by society of all grades, in consideration of her girlish beauty and her exquisite voice. Along towards spring society was shocked by the announcement that Miss Willard had accepted a position as instructress in a local young ladies' school. Of course, society people said, they would be compelled to cease to know her, although it would cost them no little regret, as she was such a dear sweet girl; and of course they thought Mrs. Cleveland would also cease to receive Miss Willard. But, to their dismay, Mrs. Cleveland continues to associate with Miss Willard just as if the latter were not a working girl, and actually has her now as a guest at Oak View.

It has been a fearfully trying ordeal for the exclusives, but it is said they have set their faces as firmly as is consistent with good form, and resolved that they owe it to their sacred exclusiveness, come what may, to drop Mrs. Cleveland as well as her working-girl friend.—Waterbury American.

The Old North State to the Front.

Our State stretches from our sea coast westward 505 miles, and beyond the Apalachian Range. Its area covers 52,250 square miles. It is as large as the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and Maryland combined. It has ninety-six counties, in either of which some of our most desirable fruits can be grown, and in a large number of which all of them may be grown successfully. We want to see some specimens of the fruit of every county in the State on exhibition at our State Fruit Fair, which is opened in Metropolitan Hall, in this city, on the 15th of next month. The express company will bring them free of charge. There will be five hurdred dollars in cash awarded as premiums. Let each county be represented in the exhibit. The Society is now receiving 25,000 fruit baskets, in which will be displayed 250,000 pounds of fruits; a sight that is worth a trip across the continent to see. Let those attending the State Alliance bring something from their respective counties. Let us show to the world that for grapes especially, our good old State will in the near future be recognized as the Burgundy of America. This is an enterprise that appeals to the patriotism and State pride of all our citizens, and we have ever reason to believe that the exhibit will be the most superb display of fruits ever seen on the Atlantic Seabord, and one which will give every visitor a higher conception of the grand capabilities of our native State.—Progressive Farmer.

Nothing Equals It.

Zalaha, Fla., June 27, 1887.

N. E. VENABLE & Co.:

I have been using B. B. B. in my family as a blood purifier. Having never used any medicine to equal it. Respectfuly, MRS. R. M. LAWS.

Makes An Old Man Young.

[Extract from a Letter]

P. S.—I bought 3 bottles of your Botanic Blood Balm from my friend H. D. Ballard, at Campobello, S. C. I have been using it three weeks. It appears to give me new life and new strength, If there is anything that will make an old man young it is B. B. B. I am willing to sell it. I earnestly and honestly recommend Botanic Blood Balm.

BLOOD BALM CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

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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.

Rumors are among the best things in the world to let alone.

The fare to the State Fair will be one cent per mile each way.

A colored infant in Raleigh at the age of six weeks has twenty teeth.

Maj. John Spelman will soon resume the publication of the State Journal at Raleigh.

Mr. C. G. Perkins, of Goldsboro, made an assignment last week. Liabilities not stated.

The Landmark says that an agricultural fair will be held in Statesville in October.

The bill appropriating $75,000 for a public building at Statesville, has passed the Senate.

A little child of Rev. W. J. Crowson, of Fremont, died last week. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Governor Scales will go into the banking business in Greensboro after the expiration of his term of office.

The Farmers' State Alliance will meet in Raleigh on the 14th of August. Special rates over all the Railroads.

Messrs. P. H. Hanes & Co., of Winston, shipped 87,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco during the month of June.

The manufacturing corporations in the City of Charlotte pay taxes on property listed at over one million of dollars.

Salisbury has a fountain. It is on the public square. Durham is to have four. They have come but are laying about town.

A Lexington merchant received a letter from a gentleman in Randolph county who wanted to know the price of "frine shicens."

At Morehead yesterday J. L. Borden, of Goldsboro, and H. C. Thomas, of Raleigh, caught 63 fish in 25 minutes. Pretty good.

The one story frame cabin in which Andrew Johnson served his apprenticeship as a tailor is still standing in Columbia, Tenn.

It is estimated that eleven hundred thousand dozen cases of peaches will be packed this season at Baltimore. A good many dozen.

Since the Republican Convention at Chicago there has been an average of two Republicans a week coming out from their party. Rats leave a sinking ship.

Fire at Rockingham Wednesday night destroyed the Court House, seven stores and one dwelling, all west of the Court House. The loss is estimated at $40,000; insurance $23,000.

The Elizabeth City Falcon says a certain Michigan paper has over 1500 subscribers in North Carolina and it wonders if there are ten North Carolina weeklies that have as many. It's doubtful.

A young Jew, named L. Orton, was convicted at the Catawba county court for obtaining money under false pretenses. He is the second Jew who has been in the denitentiary of this State.

A Lincoln county farmer has a daughter 14 years old who weighs 240 pounds. His nearest neighbor has a daughter 16 years old weighing 230 pounds. A very prolific county for daughter growing.

English farmers are offering rewards for the destruction of the English sparrows. It is asserted that these vicious pests cause a loss to the agriculture of England of $40,000,00 or $50,000,000 each year.

The Fayetteville Observer says the trucking business in that section has so steadily grown that the growers found it necessary to form a society for their mutual protection. They met last week, organized and elected officers.

Mr. W. M. Green, of Iredell Co., has a pig about ten months old which has six feet. The extra feet come out at the knee joints on the forelegs and reach to the ground, so that the pig walks on four feet in front and two behind.

A negro, Harry Barfield, about eighty five years old, fell dead at his home in Craven county last week. He was driving his ox when the ox made a dash jerking him down. He never moved after falling and friends found him dead.

Wake Forest College has now an endowment fund of $169,549.04. The total receipts last year in interest and rents were $10,816.73; receipts from tuition $6.044.55. The receipts for the Laboratory were $8,160.00. This is perhaps the best chemical Laboratory in the South.

The annual meeting of the Baptist Orphanage Association was held last Wednesday. About three thousand people were present. Mr. J. N. Mills was re-elected Superintendent of the Orphanage. There are now 92 children in the orphanage and everything shows the most excellent management.

The four colored men, David Simmons, York Gibson, Henry Battle and John Justice, who were convicted at the last term of Durham Court and sentenced to be hanged August 3d, have escaped death. Governor Scales commuted their sentence to imprisonment in the penitentiary, ten years for each prisoner.

We noticed a flock of fine looking sheep passing along our streets this morning. It is an evidence of thrift to see them dotting the hill sides of our farms. But do we? Sheep husbandry is very much neglected in some portions of our State.—Durham Recorder.

Wilmington criminal court has beaten the most speedy case of "Jersey justice." David Herring stole an ox about 9 a. m., and by noon he was sentenced to ten years hard labor in the penitentiary. That will break one negro from stealing for a while, at least.

The Grange in the vicinity of Vanceboro are taking steps to establish a school. This is one great advantage derived from the Grange. Every neighborhood can, by supplementing the public school fund and co-operating, sustain a good school ten months in the year.

Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist, is dead. He died last Thursday from neuralgia in the heart. His noted production, "Barriers Burned Away," was published in 1872, and "Opening of a Chestnut Burr" in 1874. The sales of his works have been enormous, the sale of the first mentioned reaching 69,000 and the latter 68,000.

The contract for a handsome hotel building at Piedmont Springs has been awarded. From the Winston Republican we learn that the structure will cost some $10,000, or $12,000, in itself, and will be surrounded by cottages built by persons who have already and will in future purchase sites in close proximity to the Springs.

The handsome residence of Mr. Julian S. Carr, at Durham, is nearing completion. A correspondent says it is unquestionably the handsomest and most costly residence in the State if not in the whole South. It is the wonder of North Carolina in the architectural line. When completed it will cost between $75,000 and $80,000.

The export of terrapin and turtle from this immediate section to the cities of the North is not inconsiderable. The Vesper yesterday took out some barrels and boxes of the former, and three of the latter which weighed three hundred pounds.——The bill introduced early in the present session of Congress by Hon. F. M Simmons, appropriating $75,000 for the construction of a new revenue cutter for Pamlico sound and its tributaries has passed the house. A new boat is an absolute necessity, and we again congratulate Mr. Simmons upon his success in getting measures through for his district.—New Bern Journal.

Deep and Shallow Cultivation.

Our agricultural readers will remember (says the Greensboro North State), that about this time last year the Guilford County Farmers' Club discussed the subject of deep and shallow cultivation of corn. Prominent and almost alone, was Mr. W. A. Coe in advocacy of shallow plowing. A committee was appointed to visit his farm and examine his mode of shallow culture, and he convinced the committee that he was right, as to culture but it still insisted upon the old theory of subsoiling in the preparation of the land. Here is what the Farmer's Review has to say:

'The preponderance of evidence elicited in the discussion of the question of deep or shallow culture of corn is decidedly on the side of shallow culture, especially in the latter workings of the corn when deep cultivation involves more or less of the mutilation of the roots. There may be conditions (we do not say there are) such as very rich soil, as a high degree of heat and abundant moisture, producing an extra rank growth of stalk when moderate root pruning may do no injury and possibly some good. But such conditions are the exceptions and not the rule and should not govern in farm practice. The food required for the development of the plant is contained in the upper layers of the soil. It cannot go to the plant. The plant must go to it. This it does by sending out its roots, the extremities of which are so constituted that they can appropriate this needed plant food and send it back through the roots to the stalk. This process goes on till the whole upper soil, nearly to the surface is filled with these feeding roots. To cut or break them involves just to the extent they are injured a stoppage of the food supply to the plant. It is true that nature sets to work at once to repair the injury by sending out new roots to take the place of those cut or broken but in the meantime the plant is on half rations and suffers just as an animal with half its food supply taken away.

Another Disappointment.

Employer — William, you have now worked for me three years.

Yes, sir.

And I have always found you industrious, painstaking and honest

I have tried to be, sir.

Now, I desire to show that I appreciate your fidelity.

Thank you, sir.

For the next two months you will work on the books until 11 o'clock every night. I do not fear to leave you in the office alone at all. I have a great deal of confidence in you, William.—Lincoln Journal.

The Republican Ratification.

Goldsboro, July 25.

'I see that Chairman Dobson in his published advertisement announcing a grand ratification meeting of the Republicans, to be held in this city, on the 28th day of the present month—next Saturday), after mentioning the speakers for the occasion, viz; Col. Oliver H. Dockery, Hon. W. S. O' B Robinson and Hon. Geo W. Stanton, uses this remakable language: Come every body and hear the honest truth proclaimed in the open day time.' I sincerely hope the speakers on this occasion will stick strictly to the text and tell 'the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth'—tell how that party was solid in all their nefarious dealings with the people from 1867 to 1876.

Tell how they increased the state debt from 15,000,000 to 40,000,000 for internal improvements; how not one shovel of dirt was thrown; how Sampson Littlefield & Co. stole the bonds; tell how the Legislature of '68 misappropriated the entire school fund; how all the school houses were closed and the little whites and niggers were left out in this barren wilderness of ignorance, and no new school house built; tell how that party, through its Governor, sent for Kirk and his banditi from Tennessee to tyrannize over arrest and throw into prison under sentence of Drumhead court martials some of North Carolinas most distinguished men; tell how they were solid in these few things leaving out the mighty roll of infamy enacted by them when in power and I am sure there is not a man of the white race in all this country, fit to be out of Grissom's Institute—one who loves wife and children and neighbors and native land with that partriotic zeal, that should glow in the bosom of a ture Southerner that would touch, politically, one of these, or any others on that ticket with a thousand-foot pole.—'A Citizén' in Goldsboro Argus.

The Inter State Association.

Everything points to a large gathering of representative farmers of the South in this city on the 21st prox. Gov. Lee, of Virginia, promptly appointed fifty delegates from that State. Alabama Florida, Georgia Louisiana, Texas and North Carolina have reported full delegations through their respective Vice-Presidents, and the remaining States will be reported as soon as possible. Private letters from each of these States say that they will each be well represented. We expect Senator J. H. Reagan and our own great Vance to be present, and a large number of distinguished citizens from our own and the other States. We hope to perfect the arrangement with the proper authorities for the laying of the corner-stone of our State Agricultural and Mechanical College during the session. We have a local committee of fifty of our leading and public spirited citizens to look after the comfort and pleasure of our distinguished visitors, and an advisory committee consisting of the following gentlemen: His Excellency Gov. A. M. Scales, Dr. H. B. Battle, Commissioner Jno. Robinson, Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Arthur Arrington, Geo. Wilcox B. Cameron, and Gen. W. R. Cox.

Every farmer and friend of industrial progress and development in the State should attend this meeting. Delegates certificates, together with information as to rates will be mailed to each delegate as fast as their names are received.—Progressive Farmer.

The Next State Fair.

Three things make a good State Fair: a good exhibit, cheap means of going to see it and the people to see it. It is written down that all these conditions will be filled at the next State Fair. Not only individual farmers, but organizations of farmers, are enlisted, making competitive exhibits. Preparation for them has begun, and they will be larger and more complete than ever before. The buildings will be touched up and the surroundings of the exhibition spaces improved. So that what is exhibited will be shown to the best advantage. The rate of practically one cent a mile has been agreed upon by all the lines of railway. This is very cheap riding. To come to Raleigh and return, say from a hundred miles, and a couple of dollars, is a new means of familiarizing our people with the State's capital and with each other.

There will be the largest crowd ever seen at a State Fair. With some spare money and cribs and smoke houses with plenty at home, nothing should prevent our hard working, self-denying people from taking a little holiday, seeing what their neighbors are doing and showing their neighbors what they are doing. Let the crowd only be limited by the measure of the large accommodation to be had.—Progressive Farmer.

The Effect of 5 Cent Novels

Buffalo Bill's Indians do not like to venture into New York alone as it possesses for them more dangers than the Wild Westinits mostlawless sections. The other day two of the Indians come through the Bowery to make some purchases. They wore their red woolen blankets but attracted little attention until a lank lean, boy, with a piece of suspender holding up his tattered trousers, knelt down upon the walk smelt the tracks, sniffled the air and, jumping up with a screech, announced that de're in yon kanyeon. Bloody Bill's on de trail, and Smilin' Sue will be in de arms of her lovyer before de settin' sun has reached de double peaks. The embryo scout then started off after the two reds, followed by five hundred other boys, all dying to be scouts and killers. The boys, gathered around the two lone Indians, and yelling, "Ho-le-lo-Ho-Ho-le-holy-ho." an Indian war dance learned from "Bill, the Texas Terror," or some such sanguinary history. They tried to swipe the gaudy blankets and the red men had all they could do to keep from being stripped to the skin. When the Indians reached the Franklin Square Station of the elevated road they were about as scared as if each urchin were an avenger with pistols and bowieknives seeking for their scalps.

Figures.

Let us give you some figures. They are no doubt within the bounds of exactness. If you build a frame house that costs $676.24 you have paid $139.96 more than you would have paid if there had been no Tariff tax. This is not an idle statement. It is from a work by Herman Lieb entitled "The Protective Tariff. He gives all the items with the tax on each under the present "robber Tariff," as the Republican Supreme Court well characterized it. He shows further, and he gives you the facts, that the material for a barn costs $41 more on account of the manufacturer's tax than it would without; fencing $129, farm machinery $171, farm implements $47, household furniture $67, kitchen furniture $29, householder's wardrobe boys wardrobes $36, two girls' wardrobes $40, domestic supplies (in a purchase of $10.75) $3.67. Summing it all up we find that of $3,052 paid for house, barn, and fences $311 is the manufacturers tax; of $1,004 paid for farm machinery implements and supplies, $129 is the manufacturers tax; of $325 paid for household and kitchen furniture, $97 is the manufacturer's tax, and for $388 paid for domestic supplies and wardrobe for man, wife and two boys and two girls, $126 is the tax which is paid to the manufacturer to 'encourage' him.—Wilmington Star.

The Prohibition Party.

For the life of us we cannot see what object the Prohibition party has in view in North Carolina if it is not the injury of the Democratic party. This must be regarded as its mission and so treated. Prohibition and this Prohibition party are to be regarded as distinct. We have no reference to the cause of Prohibition. But we do say with all the ardor of our hearts that no sober and unprejudiced Democrat in the State can justify himself on any grounds, whether moral or political, in supporting the candidates of the Prohibition party in the coming struggle. For our part we have a higher regard for the out and out Republican than for the man who claims to be a Democrat and yet casts his vote against the Democratic party by voting for the Prohibition party candidates. The cause of Prohibition cannot be advanced by supporting at this time a third party, but the State can be turned over to all the evils of Republican rule, which means negro rule, by it. Can any man therefore who loves his State or who is actuated by a desire to cast his ballot so as to do the greatest good to the greatest number vote with such a party? We think not.—Charlotte Chronicle.

The Best Purifier Made.

Damascus, Ga., June 29, 1887.

I have suffered with Catarrh for about four years, and after using four bottles of Botanic Blood Balm I had my general health greatly improved, and if I could keep out of the bad weather I would be cured. I believe it is the best purifier made. Very respectfully,

L. W. THOMPSON.

How it Sells.

Palatka, Fla., May 31, 1888.

We have been selling B. B. B. for two years, and it has always given satisfaction in every case.

LOWRY & STARR, Druggists.

The Executive Committee have decided to hold the next fair of the Cumberland Agricultural Society on the 14th, 15th and 16th of November.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

—:o:—

ORIGINAL, STOLEN AND OTHERWISE.

What We Glean From the Newspaper World as it Floats in Review Before Us.

The Durham Recorder says: Just think of it! It took twenty three days and eight evening sessions of Congress to dispose of the Mill's bill, during which time 151 speeches were made.

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The Newton Enterprise says: Linney, the bull of the Brushy Mountains, had a discussion with Tom Vance, son of Zeb., and got walloped, splintered and wiped out. Mr. Vance is the Democratic elector in the 8th District.

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The Executive Committee of both the Democratic and Republican parties have already gone to work in New York. Both parties will strive to carry that State with an earnestness that has seldom been witnessed even in New York.

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Senator Ransom has been reelected a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee. A better selection could not have been made, for he is one of the shrewdest politicians in the whole country and his labor on the committee will result in Democratic votes.

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While in the United States Senate General Harrison voted against reducing the tariff on agricultural implements and tools of mechanics. See Congressional Record, volume XVI, page 1,704, 47th Congress. What will the farmers and mechanics of this country think of that vote and that sort of protection?—Virginian.

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The Winston Republican says Joseph Bradfield will probably run for Congress in the 5th district as an independant candidate. He, it will be remembered, began the warfare on James W. Reid and afterwards secured a position at Washington as the price of his aid in electing Brower. A short while ago he published a letter in the News-Observer "going for" the Republican party and announcing his allegiance to the Democratic party. The "Independentism" with which he appears now to be afflicted is but another evidence of amount of stability of character that the men who desert the Democratic party are made of. At the time Bradfield announced his return to the Democratic party, we said that he was welcome back as a "high private" in the ranks but we wanted officers who were more fixed in their principles than this "Joseph of many colors" appeard to be.

On Fame's Eternal Camping-Ground.

Far back in the past ars enshrined the deeds of the brave men of one hundred years ago; dim are the pictures of their long suffering patriotism, their heroic endurance and their unselfish devotion. Almost at our doors they marched and toiled and fought for the rich heritage of a free republic bequeathed to us; and only the other day the eloquent tongue of the orator wrought their vindication, and their grateful prosperity sent their acclamations of rejoicing toward heaven.

The echoes have died away, and the grand old grove that shelters the Guilford Battle Ground is voiceless once more. But while the dead sleep, history gathers its treasures everywhere, and goes back even through the centuries to complete its annals.

A few days ago Mr. Dennis, who lives adjoining the Guilford Battle Ground, found in a gully washed out by the rains, the bones—consisting of skulls and teeth—of two Continental soldiers, together with the brass buttons showing their command. For over a century there has been their silent resting place.

"Take the wings of morning,
And the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon—
Yet the dead are there."

—Greensboro Patriot.

When Mr. Lincoln made his visit to Gen. Grant's camp at City Point, Va. in 1894, he was met by the General and staff, and, on being asked how he was he said: "I am not feeling very well; I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down and am not altogether over it yet" Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said one of the staff officers; "that is the best remedy I know of for seasickness.' 'No, no, my young friend,' said Mr. Lincoln; 'I have seen many a man in my time seasick ashore srom drinking that very article.'