

BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE USEFUL AND CROWD
ED LIFE OF MR. NOBLE.

An Example Worthy the Emulation of the Young Men of the Present Age.

Who would have thought that a laborer in a workshop would have been so great as without a name?

So said Walter Scott in *Oed Mortality*. I make so many mistakes in quoting authors that I am in the cautious state now, for I am sure to hear of my blunders. If I misquote Scripture in a single word the preachers get after me. Not long ago I wrote that Pope said, "Man wants but little here below," and I had several reminders by mail that it was not Pope but Goldsmith. Of course it was and I knew it, for I had spoken "The Hermit" at school when a boy and know every verse of it by heart now. It's the sweetest ballad ever sung and always brings pleasure when we recall its tender touching lines. I wish that every boy and girl in the land would read the *Vicar of Wakefield*—just to enjoy that ballad for for nothing else. And every lad and lassie should commit to memory that beautiful ballad that tells how Coleridge won his Genevieve—his bright and beautiful bride. I wish the youth of the land would let alone some of the modern sensational fascinating fiction that spoils the appetite for good standard reading, and go back to some of the good old solid authors whose works and thoughts have outlived thousands of the sensations of our day, and will continue to outlive them.

But it is true that one hour or one day, or even one year, of glorious life is better than an age of obscurity? Well, of course, that depends upon the character of the glory on the one hand, and the extent of the obscurity on the other. If a man is working for a name and for fame and glory, and gets it for an hour or a day and dies, he is not much ahead of him who lives for a year and then made no mark and left no sign. These crowded hours are pretty hard hours, and the wear and tear of them deserves a reward that rarely comes. But a man can't avoid his natural constitutional tendencies. Some are born eager, nervous, ambitious, and some are sluggish and in different. Some set a goal to work to, and some don't want any goal.

I was reviewing these things in my mind when I read of Mr. Samuel Noble's illness, for I supposed that he would die. They all die when the first serious illness comes—these men of brain who keep the brain up to a straining tension. One of my boys took up his violin the other morning, and the first touch of the bow caused a string to break. All night it had been drawn to the highest tension and needed rest—and so the first agitation, the first pressure of the bow was fatal.

Sam Noble was an eager man. He was more than earnest and his will power was tremendous. He really lived longer than he had any right to. His will kept him alive and going and he lived to accomplish his purposes. He had many crowded hours and days and years. He put as much labor on his mental and physical forces in one of his most quiet days as he would in a lifetime.

I remember when he toiled in the foundry and the rolling mill and the machine shop, the man of all work—and how vigorous his step and eager his walk when in his prime. He never had time to tarry by the way. I remember when he would superintend the Cornwall works by day and ride from there to town at night on two or three miles, and attend to important business and be back at his post at sunrise.

This was not rarely done, but frequently. His strong frame and iron will seemed incapable of being tired. The night watchmen of Rome knew well his habits, and would say: "Sam Noble came in last night at 10, on the black pony, and left this morning before day. Don't he want to work?" but it will tell on him after awhile, see if it don't. I remember when the great iron collapse of '78 came over our infant industries and crushed them. Etna and Stonewall and Round Mountain and Hartow and Ridge Valley and many others surrendered, and some were sold out by the sheriff, and some have never returned, but the bones of Woodstock, as it was then called, never went out by day and by night the molten mass continued to roll from her furnaces, and every train carried her charcoal iron to northern markets. Iron had fallen from forty dollars a ton to sixteen, and the wonder was how Anniston could survive the shock.

Sam Noble saw the impending crash and at once shipped

A. G. THURMAN.

"THE OLD ROMAN" SPEAKS
AT TOLEDO.

He Gives a Clear Exposition of The Vexing Tariff Question.—The Whole Question in a Nut-shell.

Allen G. Thurman—the "Red Bandanna"—spoke at Toledo, Ohio, a few days ago, and after expressing his gratifications at his cordial reception Mr. Thurman said:
"Now a few remarks that I shall make to you will be confined to a single topic—not that there is but one thing that might attract your attention in this campaign or that might be well spoken of, but there is one transcendent theme, about which so much is said, so much is written, so much is printed, that people are eager to learn exactly what is the truth.
"I refer to the tariff question, as it is commonly called. Now I presume that there is no man in this vast audience who does not know what is meant by the word 'tariff,' or the term 'tariff law.' And yet it can do us no harm, and may lead to comprehension of what I have to say, if I begin by a definition of what is the tariff.
"Tariff, my friends, is nothing else in this world than a tax levied by the General Government upon importations brought into the United States for sale, the effect of which is to raise the price of every commodity thus imported, and also the price of all domestic commodities of the same nature made within the United States.
"The tax is paid by the consumer of the article. When your State tax is levied it is levied on property; it is paid by property. A man of much property pays much more than a man of little property, and a man of no property pays none at all.
"But the tariff is a tax that is paid by the consumer of so-called protected articles. He pays it, not to the tax gatherer, not to any officer of the government, but he pays it in the price which he gives for every protected article which he buys. Let me suppose for instance, by way of illustration, that an importer purchases in England a thousand dollars' worth. No, I won't take so much as that; I will say enough cloth to make a suit of clothes for a man.
"He pays for it then, say \$10. He brings it to the United States. Before he can even get it out of the custom house at the place where he lands, he must pay on that a tax called a tariff, and the probability is among the enormous rates in the schedule on woolen goods, that he will pay a tax of not less than 60 cents on the dollar. That is, that he will pay six dollars tax on ten dollars worth of cloth that he had bought.—Then it has cost \$16 that cloth has.
"Now if any man who imports that cloth sets it to a wholesale merchant, he must, of course, put the tax that he pays on it in price, otherwise he would lose money by the operation, and so when this importer sells to the wholesale merchant he charges him \$16 for that cloth which cost him originally but \$10. Nay more, he charges him \$16 and his mercantile profit on the \$9 tax as well as on \$10, the original cost of the goods. The wholesale merchant sells it to the retail merchant, and the retail merchant sells it to his customers.
"Of course this price with each merchant's profit continues and is in the goods when they are sold to the consumer. So that by the time one of you buys that cloth you find you have paid for it from \$10 to \$20, perhaps, not less than \$20 for that which originally cost \$10. So here has been a tax imposed on the consumer which amounts in effect to nearly or quite as much as the original cost of the goods.
"Now, my friends, this is so true that there is scarcely a thing that you wear the price of which is not increased by this tariff tax. There are men audacious enough to say, men who are advocating high protective duties or tariff, there are men audacious enough to say that a high protective tariff is for the benefit of the laboring man.
"Why, in the name of all that is common sense and reason, how can a laboring man be aided by a tax that begins with the crown of his head and extends to the sole of his foot, taxes everything that is between them (applause and laughter) that taxes him on his hat, taxes him on his shirt, taxes him on his coat, taxes him on his vest, taxes him on his under-clothing, taxes him on his stockings and taxes him on his shoes, and even to the little necktie that is around his neck, it levies a tax upon

it. How in the name of Heaven can it be that a laboring man is benefited by such a tax?
"No, my friends, of all humbugs by which men ever were attempted to be deceived, this humbug of the laboring man being benefited by a high protective tariff is the greatest ever I heard of.
"Ah, but, says some one, it enables the manufacturers in this country to pay higher wages to their hired men and therefore is a benefit to them? My friends, did you ever know any manufacturer that paid higher wages to his hands on account of an increase of tariff? If you did you have met with something I have never seen.
"There is a man named Barnum in this country, a great showman, a man who has gathered together in his show more curious things than perhaps can be found in any other single place on the face of the earth, but among all his curiosities he has never found such a curiosity as a manufacturer who paid higher wages to his hands because of the raise in the tariff. [Laughter and applause.]
"Nay, that is not so at all. I do not want to speak harshly of manufacturers; but they are human beings like other human beings. But I must pass on.
"Another one of the deceptions of the tariff orators, or high protection theorists, is to say that the consumer does not pay the tax. I have shown you how he did pay it in the price that he gave for the articles, but I want to ask any man who tells me or tells you that the consumer don't pay the tax, if he don't pay it, in God's name, who does, who does pay it?
"How comes it that the goods that cost but \$10 before there was any tax upon them, after that sells for the price of \$10 and the tax added, and merchant's profit upon that, if that is not ultimately paid by the consumer? But my friends, that is not all. A man who stands fair in your community and who has a face that would license him as a preacher of the Gospel just from his looks, such a man will get up before his fellow citizens and tell him that high tariff lessens instead of increases the price of commodities.
"Why, my friends, if that is the case, if a high tariff induces prices, please tell me why is it that all manufacturers are in favor of a high tariff? Do they want to reduce the price of their own goods? Do they want to make less money? Why do they work so hard to increase the tariff, if to increase it would reduce the price of goods?
"That is another one of the absurdities of these men who are going around trying to persuade the people of this country that a high tariff is for the benefit of the people.
"Now, my friends, there is another thing these people say. They come before you and they draw a glowing picture of the wealth and prosperity of our country. That is all very well, indeed, although it would be a little fairer if they would give the other side of the picture, and show how the agricultural interest and the value of agricultural property has so wonderfully decreased since they had this high tariff in operation.
"But let that pass. I want you to ask any one of them who talks to you about the country being made rich by a high protective tariff by what kind of hocus pocus is it, by what kind of operation unknown to science, unknown to experience, that a country can be made rich by a Government taxing its people far beyond any necessity that Government has for taxation."

BAGGING TRUST.

The Action of The Farmers Alliance in Regard to it.

Your special committee, appointed to investigate and report upon the Cotton Bagging Trust, beg leave to report that they have carefully considered the several resolutions referred to this committee, and respectfully recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:
Resolved, That rather than to submit to the extortionate prices now put upon cotton bagging as a result of the recent bagging pool or trust, this alliance hereby resolves to use as a substitute for such bagging, cotton cloth of our own manufacture.
Resolved 2, That this action of the State Alliance be at once communicated to the several State jurisdictions of this order and also to the National Alliance, and also to the Inter-State Farmers' Association, which bodies are earnestly requested to co-operate with us in this matter.
Resolved 3, That we denounce this trust as a stupendous fraud and iniquity, and we call upon Congress to take such steps as may be deemed best to unmask this fraud and grant to the people needed relief.—Adopted unanimously.—Progressive Farmer.

JUDGE D G FOWLE

HOW HE FORCED U. S. SOLDIERS TO RESPECT THE LAW.

The Gallant Fowle on The Bench
"In Days That Tried Men's Souls," He Was True Then And is True Now.

In looking over the records in the Court House at Raleigh a few days ago, I stumbled upon some very interesting facts. I found that at the Fall Term 1866, for Wake county, Hon. Daniel G. Fowle, presiding Judge, that Gens. Daniel E. Sickles and Theo. Ruger, Jas. Bumford and Friday Jones were indicted for obstructing the process of said Court. I also observed on said records a requisition from the Judge, upon Gov. Worth, demanding the posse comitatus of the county to arrest these named parties. The facts are as follows:
At this date the law of North Carolina had not altered the punishment for all persons convicted of larceny. It was thirty-nine lashes at the public whipping post. A negro was convicted, and the Judge, in compliance with the law, had ordered the Sheriff to take the prisoner to the public whipping post in the jail yard and inflict upon him thirty-nine lashes, in obedience to this order of the Court, Sheriff Kay took the prisoner to the whipping post and commenced operations. Just as he struck the eighth lick in rushed Gens. Sickles and Ruger and Maj. Bumford and Friday Jones backed by a large crowd, mostly negroes, and rescued the prisoner, took him from the Sheriff and carried him away. The Sheriff promptly reported this outrage to the Court. At this juncture Hon. Silas H. Rogers the Attorney General, came into Court. Judge Fowle said: Mr. Attorney General, do you know of any interference on part of any one with the sentence of this Court? The Attorney General replied that he had witnessed the interference, described its manner and form, and named the parties.
Judge Fowle immediately said: "Mr. Attorney General have the grand jury brought into Court." This being done, he recited to them the facts and said: I direct your gentlemen of the grand jury, to retire to your room and find bills of indictment against Daniel E. Sickles and Thomas Ruger and James Bumford, officers of the United States army, and Friday Jones, colored, a citizen of Wake county, who have with violence, outraged the laws of North Carolina." This was done, and a capias was issued for the arrest of the parties. Sheriff Kay proceeded at once to Gen. Ruger's headquarters at the old Palace, and approaching Gen. Ruger, said: "Gen. Ruger I have come by order of the Court to arrest you; here is that order." Gen. Ruger said: "Do you see those men? Will you arrest them? If you think you can arrest me proceed at your pleasure, and at the risk of your life."
Sheriff Kay appeared in court related the result, and made known his inability to carry out the order of said court.
Judge Fowle, when the sheriff had concluded, said: Mr. Clerk, take your pen and write as I shall dictate.
To His Excellency, J. Worth, Governor of North Carolina: "Sir, The process of this court has been illegally interfered with and a prisoner has been rescued from the sheriff by Daniel E. Sickles and Thomas Ruger and James Buford of the United States army, and Friday Jones, colored, late a citizen of Wake county. I demand that you call out the whole power of this country to uphold the honor and integrity of the laws of North Carolina, and secure the arrest of those said parties." (Signed) DAN'L G. FOWLE, Judge.
This communication was sent at the moment by Judge Fowle to Gov. Worth. The old hero was alarmed at the situation, which seemed to him an approaching conflict between the State and Federal authority. He, too, loved North Carolina. "Sir," he said, "this will never do. The attempt to arrest these men will force a collision, and bloodshed will follow this act. This hot-headed young Judge will ruin our people. I will go at once and settle this matter through President Johnson." The next day found him in the President's office. When he concluded his statement the President said: "Sir, do I understand you to say that a hot-headed young Judge of your State has dared to order the arrest of a United States Officer? Yes, sir," said Gov. Worth. "Then God bless that hot-headed young Judge and every other one like him in North Carolina," said President Johnson, and immediately added, "Mr. Secretary, ask the Secre-

WHAT WE GET FROM THE NEWS-PAPER

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What We Get From the News-paper World as It Flouts in Review Before Us.
Representative Simmons introduced in the House a bill appropriating \$75,000 for the erection of a public building at Henderson, N. C.
The Scotland Neck Democrat says only a small crowd greeted Dockery when he spoke there and there was no enthusiasm.—There were only ten white men present.
The Charlotte Observer says that Hon. James M. Leach has announced his intention to give his support and influence to Cleveland and Thurman. The prodigals continue to return.
If every workman understood that half the cost of every suit of clothes that he bought was a tax, there would soon be an end to the high tariff robbery.—Goldsboro, Argus.
A Coon that was placed on a pole at the National Republican headquarters in New York. A very suggestive cap for their pole. The "coon"—as the negroes are called by the Northern people—compose that party in the South.
A Trust is an organization that raises the price of the necessities of life so that a few men may indulge in luxuries.—The Trust is Timocry. Does Mr. Blaine believe that the few rich should govern the many poor? It looks that way.—N. Y. World Ind. Dem.
In the News-Observers we find the following practical demonstration of the effects of protection: The town commissioners of Carthage, Moore county, have passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of cider within the corporate limits of the town, but one party who obtained license before the adoption of this ordinance had it all his own way during court week. His license did not expire until Tuesday night and all day Monday, Monday night and Tuesday he continued to retail to the thirsty crowds who surrounded his wagon, cider at cent him seven and a half cents per gallon at fifty cents per gallon. This is the most decided case of practical protection ever witnessed in this State, and clearly demonstrates how protection really works. Just outside the town limits were a number of cider wagons selling an article for 75 cents that is, protected, sold for 50 cents! And yet the Republican brethren tell us what a good thing protection is—a thing that enriches the few and impoverishes the many! How about this, Mr. Dockery?
An Interesting Govern...
A Raleigh gentleman has collected and preserved an interesting souvenir of war times down South in the shape of a scrubbook filled with samples of home-made cloth of various descriptions. The sight of these goods forcibly carries one back to the days when the old-time spinning wheel and loom were to be heard in every house. Every article and color of fabric is represented, from the coarsest copperas checked to the finest "silk-mixed" which was made by carding minute bits of old silk of any kind with cotton, about half, and half, and then weaving the cloth as fine as possible on a rough hand loom. It now looks strangest that persons of wealth, taste and culture could ever have worn such clothing, but there was no help for it. We did wear it and were proud of our independence. Most of these gentlemen have a family history of their own, having been preserved by their sisters, cousins, and aunts, and presented to the gentleman who placed them in the scrubbook for future generations to see.—Raleigh News-Observer.

A Great Mistake.

Pa. said Johnny who is a persistent knowledge seeker, what is a lawgiver?
There isn't any such thing, Johnny replied the old gentleman, who had been involved in considerable litigation. But this book says a man was a great lawgiver.
It's a mistake. Law is never given. It's always retailed in mighty small quantities at mighty high figures.

Nothing Equals It.

Zealaha, Fla., June 27, 1887.
N. E. VENABLE & CO.
I have been using B. B. E. in my family as a blood purifier. Having never used any medicine to equal it. Respectfully, Mrs. R. M. LAW.
Make An Old Man Young.

YOUTHFUL BLOOD BALM

(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. E. I am willing to sell it. I earnestly and honestly recommend Botanic Blood Balm.
BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Happiness and Contentment

Cannot go hand in hand if we look on the dark side of every little obstacle. Nothing will so often life and make it a burden as Dyspepsia, Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure the worst form of Dyspepsia, Constipation, indigestion, and make life a happiness and pleasure. Sold at 25 and 50 cents by Dr. W. S. Anderson.

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JAIL DELIVERY.

Two Men Shot by the Escaping Negroes.

A very exciting jail delivery occurred in Wadesboro last Saturday night, and one that was most unappreciated by bloodshed. Two of Wadesboro's best citizens were shot one fatally and the other fatally. The leader was Mr. J. Harrison, and the other was Mr. J. Craige. It appears that Mr. J. Staten, the jailer, went into the jail at 7:30 o'clock Saturday evening, to give supper to the prisoners, and as he opened the door to the passageway between the cells three negroes, Henry Dunlap, Ed. Ramsey and John Edwards, who had broken from their cells and sprang upon him and bore him to the floor. The jailer made a desperate struggle, but was severely beaten, and disarmed. During the progress of the scuffle, he cried out lustily for help, and his cries were heard by Messrs. Harrison and Craige, who happened to be passing by the jail at the time. These two gentlemen knew that something was wrong and hurried into the jail building. Mr. Harrison was in the lead, and they mounted the stairway leading to the cells. They were met by the three negroes. Dunlap at their head, and flaunting the pistol that he had taken from the jailer. Quick as a flash Dunlap raised the weapon and fired upon Mr. Harrison, the ball tearing his arm through Mr. Harrison's arm. Dunlap then leaped over Mr. Harrison and fired at Mr. Craige, who was just below him. Mr. Craige fell insensible with a bullet through his head. The negroes tumbled downward, and fell and at the outer door another citizen, who had been attracted by the commotion, was encountered. Dunlap poked the pistol squarely in his face and fired, but by a fortunate change the bullet missed the ball. Ramsey was yesterday captured and is again in jail, but Edwards and Dunlap are still at large. Mr. Craige is fatally wounded. The bullet entered one of his ears and ranging downward, lodged in his spinal column, and he still lives yesterday afternoon, but no hope is entertained for his recovery. Mr. Harrison's injury is painful, but not serious. Jailor Staten was badly injured, Dunlap, the negro who did the shooting, was well known as a desperate character.—Charlotte Chronicle.

A Twenty Year's Experience.

770 Broadway, N. Y., March 17, '88.
I have been using Alcock's Food since I was a baby. It has saved me one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back Alcock's Food fills the body with nervous energy, and thus cures indigestion, brain exhaustion, debility and kindred difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, croupy coughs, colds, headache, neuralgia, indigestion and bowel complaints.
C. D. FREDERICKS.

Small Boy—What's the score?

Small Boy—What's the score? Gentleman (returning from game)—Six to 1.
Small Boy—Favor of Detroit? Gentleman—Yes.
The small boy smiles and the gentleman smiles in sympathy. What is there remarkable about the conversation? Oh, nothing except that the conversation actually occurred and the small boy was a happy street urchin without a cent to bless himself with, while the man was one of Detroit's millionaires. The mutual smile showed that baseball maketh the whole kind.—Detroit Free Press.

An Elegant Substitute

For Oils, Salts, Pills, and all kinds of bitter, nauseous Liver Medicines and Cathartics is the very agreeable liquid fruit remedy. Syrup of Figs. Its advantages are evident—It is more easily taken, more agreeable to the stomach, more pleasantly effective, and more truly beneficial to the system than any other remedy. Recommended by leading physicians. For sale by E. M. NADAU.

We Can and Do

Guarantee Acker's Blood Elixir for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for their blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilis, poison, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution.
The Pineville Cotton Mills Company was organized in Mecklenburg county on the 16th inst, by the election of Jas. W. Miller as President, and John Ayon as Secretary. Work on the building is to be commenced immediately. Enterprise of this character will develop a country and make it prosperous.
A Child Killed.
Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of soothing syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Acker's Pearly Soother. It contains no Opium or Morphine. Sold by Dr. W. S. Anderson.
A Healthy Growth.
Acker's Blood Elixir has gained a firm hold on the American people and is acknowledged to be superior to all other preparations. It is a positive cure for all Blood and Skin Diseases. The medical fraternity indorse and prescribe it. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. W. S. Anderson.