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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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FOR ALL KINDS OF
—JOB WORK—
SEND YOUR ORDERS
—TO THIS OFFICE.—

BILL ARP'S LETTER

WHAT BILL HAS TO SAY TO THE EDITORS.

The Georgia Philosopher at the Press Meeting.

Gentlemen of the Press: You have received your welcome—you have dined—it is now in order to indulge in a little post prandial talk, seasoned with taffy. Compliments are well received just after dinner when the inner man is satisfied with his inner self and the mind craves a dessert as well as the body. I propose to speak a few words concerning the press, the editors and printers; and though the devil is absent I shall give the devil his due.

There is an eternal fitness of things, and it is fit on this occasion that the host should let his guest be the subject of his thoughts and his attentions. A generous hospitality requires that, and so does good policy; for as one good turn deserves another, it is reasonable to suppose that when you return to your type all our compliments will be repaid fourfold, good measure pressed down, shaken together and running over.

But facts are not compliments, and it is a fact that the press has made more advances within the past half century than any art or science or profession. It has done more for the world's progress in all humanity. It is no longer the fourth estate, but is the first. It is now more potent for good than is the pulpit or the schools. For, without the press, the preachers and the teachers would be helpless. Not a book nor a sermon could be printed; not a Bible or a tract for mission work; not a paper for the farm or the fireside. It is curious to think how the world got along without it in the ages past.

History tells us that in ancient Rome there was a written newspaper published daily and posted upon bulletin boards at prominent places in the city. It was called the Acta Diruna and furnished the citizens with the notable events—with the births and deaths, and fires and earthquakes, and the edicts of the magistrates. The Acta Diruna died with the empire, and medieval Europe had no more newspapers until the printing press was invented in the sixteenth century. Then another appeared at Venice and was sold for a small coin called a gazette and from this coin the paper took the name of Gazette—a popular name until now. But even this limited progress in the diffusion of knowledge was unpopular in England until the reign of King Henry the VI. Jack Cade' the rebel, had an army of twenty thousand men making war upon royalty and the educated classes; and if a prisoner was taken who could read or write it was a sufficient excuse to put him to death. Shakespeare records Cade's sentence of death upon Lord Say: "Thou has corrupted the youths of the realm in erecting a school house. Our fathers had no books but the score and tally and they were honest, but thou hast caused printing to be used, and hast built a paper mill. Thou shall die for it." My friends, if Jack Cade were here what would become of you? Even in our day editors are not universally popular, for I remember that when Mr. Scruggs was publishing a paper in Atlanta and was assaulted in his office and badly beaten for something that appeared in his columns, I asked a learned judge if he thought the man was justified in the assault, and he said, "Oh, I don't know, I have not heard the facts in the case, but I will say this, that in the abstract on the general principles it is right to wallop 'em."

The judge had himself been severely handled by another paper about that time and was not amiable towards the profession.

The first English newspaper was published in 1622, by Nathaniel Butter, and was called "The Certian News of the Present Week." In 1666, during the reign of Charles II. the London Gazette appeared and still survives, being the oldest newspaper in the world. In the year 1702, there appeared the first daily paper under the name of the English Courant. We do not know that it died, but my opinion is that it was simply transplanted and is now published in Cartersville by a christian gentleman with an American Freeman to assist him, and hence is called the Courant-American by Christian and Freeman. In 1704, Daniel Defoe published a tri-weekly called the English Nation, and spiced its columns with his own original story of Robinson Crusoe. But there was no great success in any English newspaper until the London Times began its wonderful career just one hundred years ago.

In our own country there are living papers as old as the Times. The Maryland Journal has changed its name, but still maintains an unbroken succession. I have before me a genuine original number that is dated August 20th, 1773.

In 1721 James Franklin was a printer and his brother Ben was his devil. The boss of a newspapers was not then called the editors; he was simply a printer or publisher. The name editor came afterwards, and is derived from a Latin word 'edere," to eat. To make a living by this calling was so precarious that the publisher was generally hungry and was glad to take subscriptions in something to eat. Some of our country editors are still driven to the same necessity. Not long ago I saw in the Camilla Clarion a double-headed, hungry announcement that Brother Underwood would receive for subscription chickens, eggs, possums, ram, lamb, sheep or mutton, pig, pork or swine, and until further orders would take green corn, blackberries, lye soap and inguns. Blessed with the maintenance of thirteen children it is no wonder that he rejoices in the privilege of meandering around with his brethren once a year and repledishing his corporosity. Ben Franklin was the yonngest of seventeen children—the last of the litter. His brother Jim got into an unpleasantness with Rev. Increase Mather, who was then the bull of the theological woods in New England. The question discussed in Jim's paper was whether it was a sin to inoculate a man as a preventive of small pox and used the old preacher so roughly that he was arrested and tried and forbidden to run a newspaper any more. And so Ben was promoted from being an imp to an imperial and ran the machine himself; and this was the beginning of his wonderful career. Ben had light hair and blue eyes, and so did Horace Greeley who followed in his lead. History does not record a case wherein a little devil became so wonderful a personage as did Benjamin Franklin. None have approached him, unless it be our own beloved Uncle Remus, who before he was in his teens was the little red haired devil of the Old Plantation in Eatenton.

In course of time the editor of a paper became a man of consequence, and he was known by name as the ruling spirit, the responsive party, the moulder of all its utterances; but now the editor is lost in the superior power of the stockholders and the general manager. We know of the Herald, and the Tribune, and the Times, and Courier-Journal, and the Detroit Free Press, and the Chicago Inter-Ocean, but who knows who are the editors? Who write the leaders that shape our politics and our statesmanship.

Henry Watterson spends a year in Europe, and Whitelaw Reid is minister to France; but still the thunders of their papers roll on and agitate the republic. Who knows the leading writers of the Atlanta Constitution? Who knows the mental power that is behind the throne—a power that is greater than the throne, but is generally too poor and too modern to assert itself? The manager shapes the general drift of a political newspaper for the money that is in it. The editor would like to shape it in accordance with his convictions, but he cannot always do it. If the manager sees profit or advantage in advocating tariff reform the editor must conform and write upon that side. Not long ago an editor told me that all his convictions were against protection, but his employment depended upon his writing in its favor. I have known editors to thunder against the debasing influence of gambling in stocks and lotteries, but the advertisement of the Louisana lottery continued in the columns of the paper and mention was carefully made of every man who drew a lottery prize.

The first newspaper I ever saw was the Youth's Companion, and for more than fifty years it has not long been out of my sight, except during the period of the war. My father was not a partisan, but always took papers on opposite side in politics—the Chronicle and Constitutionalist and the Federal Union and the Southern Recorder. He used to say that it was safest to believe only the better half of each, but nevertheless he was a Democrat; and, of course, I followed in his lead. The Recorder represented the whigs who were more wealthy and aristocratic than the Democrats. They owned, perhaps, 75 per cent. of the slaves in the State, and the Recorder's columns of runaway negroes was three times as the one in the Federal Union. The little wood cuts of the runaways with the hind leg on the trot and the bundle and stick over the shoulders were lined down the columns in military precision, and I used to wonder if all the runaways were just alike, and all carried the same sized bunele of clothes. The Whig boys of our town used to boast of their paper and its more numerous runaways, and would taunt us by saying: "You Democrats havn't got enough negroes to get up a runaway."

It is instructive and humiliating to look back now over political past—the strife and struggles between Whigs and Democrats, the excitement and tumult and bitterness, and all without sufficient cause or necessity. Crimination and recrimination, slander and bloodshed and all for the benefit of the office seekers and demagogues. How the politicians did fatten upon the people! The time was when I really believe that if the Whigs were put in power the country was in peril, but I have lived long enough to learn that the real issue between the two great parties are the spoils of office; this is the politics in its last analysis. But still politics must not neglected. The people must take choice, and the responsibility is greater upon the country press than any other power or influence. I believe that this power today is more independent than it has ever been. The editors of our weeklies are less subsidized by the great dailies or the great leaders in politics. They are bolder in expressing their own convictions upon the tariff and education and agriculture and monopolies and finance than ever before. There is no well defined party line. The country press individualizes and speaks for itself. This is well. When there is one good weekly paper in a county town the people will get the editor's honest convictions When there are two there will be strife and insincerity. What one advocates the other will oppose or condemn. One hotel, and one paper, and one school are enough if they are good and the community should sustain them with confidence and liberality. What a world of gratuitous comfort the weekly gives us. Just think of the homely fireside news that comes from every precinct through the unpaid pens of Slim Jim and Grinning Jake and Susan Jane and Daisy. Think of the arrival of accomplished men and charming women that are recorded with compliments that gladden the hearts of those concerned, and didn't cost a cent. Think of the lovely bride and the manly groom and all their angelic attendants, and of the officiating cleryman who get five dollars for tying the knot, but the poor editor got nothing but a chunk of cake What is a marriage without publication and half a dozen papers to send to rejected sweethearts. Think of the long obituaries of departed friends that the editor has to publish free of charge and be thankful. Think of this, and still be calm and serene if you can.

If, however, the county paper is venal or vindictive or licentious in its tone there is no greater curse—not even the preachers or the teachers can counteract its bad influence upon the rising generation. No man is fit to be an editor who is not moral, temperate, conservative and considerate of the feelings and opinions of his fellow creatures. His paper goes into every family and helps to mould the character of its inmates. It is a good part of their education. Indeed, I have thought that a father could not do a wiser thing than to lay aside ten dollars every year for good standard papers for his family. A good religious paper of his own religious creed—a good metropolitan weekly newspaper of his own politics—a standard literary weekly for the circle, an agricultural paper if he is a farmer—a paper for the little children, and his own county paper for county news and official advertising and general reading. It would be an education without going to school. But when a paper stoops to personal abuse from personal motives it is an outrage upon those who have no paper, and I have thought it would be a good law if when and editor lampooned a man he should be required to give the man an equal amount of space in his own columns to defend himself and reply to the charges. If the editor should call a man a thief or a scoundrel, the man should have space enough in his next issue to say, "You are a liar, you old flop-eared hound; and I can prove that you stole an empty guano sack and used it for a table-cloth, you dirty old flee-bitten dog."

The like of that would keep down a personal rencounter. Just let two men have an equal chance to talk and they will not be inclined to fight. That is the reason why lawyers get along so harmoniously out of the Court House. They expand and exhaust all their wrath in the Court House while the judge and the sheriff are near enough to maintain the dignity and the majesty of the law and keep down a collision. The judge and the sheriff are like the paling fence that is between two dogs as they run up and down the line as though if the fence were not there they would eat each other up, tail and all. Most of the fighters want some palings between them.

What a world of papers there are. What a world of readers. How eager are the people for news and for knowledge. Even the Sabbath is the day of rest for the body only, but not for the inquiring mind. Young man, why do you leave Sunday School before it closes? "Because I want to get the mail before church begins," he said. The mail is the biggest thing out whether Sunday or in the week day. Not long ago our preacher took his text in Nehemiah and at the close of his very interesting discourse closed the Bible and said: "Now, I want you to read the remaining chapters of this book this evening, if you have time after reading THE WILSON ADVANCE You will find it quite as romantic and more instructive." Our preacher still hears the thunders of Mt. Sinai and his faith is the faith of his fathers—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But as Paul found it at Mars Hill, the Athenians still outnumber the saints and spend their time in hearing or telling some new thing; and so it becomes you, gentlemen of the press, to be more circumspect in giving them news that is fit to hear and to tell not only on the week days but on the Sabbath. Let your lotteries, and murders, and scandals, and patent medicines, and mad dog, and snakes be double sandwitched with maxims and paragraphs inculcating virtue and piety and truth. Let us all keep the landmarks of our fathers and write nothing and print nothing that will make memory ashamed of our life when we linger and languish at the close.

BILL ARP.

DANGERS OF WEALTH

The Greatest Menace to Our Liberties

Editor Henry W. Grady told a great truth—and told it well—when, in his speech at the University of Virginia, he said:

"The fact that a man ten years from poverty has an income of $20,000,000—and his two associates nearly as much—from the control and arbitrary pricing of an article of universal use, falls strangely on the ears of those who hear it as they sit empty handed, while children cry for bread. The tendency deepens the dangers suggested by the status. What is to be the end of this swift piling up of wealth? When the agents of a dozen men who have captured and control an article of prime necessity meets the representatives of a million farmers, from whom they have forced $3,000,000 the year before, with no more moral right than is behind the high-way man who halts the traveler at his pistol's point, and insolently gives them the measure of this year's rapacity and tells them—men who live in the sweat of their brows and stand before God and nature—that they must submit to the infamy because they are helpless, the first fruits of this system are gathered and have turned to ashes on the lips. When a dozen men get together in the morning and fix the price of a dozen articles of common use—with no standard but their arbitrary will and no limit but their greed and daring—and then notify the sovereign people of this free republic how much, in the mercy of their masters, they shall pay for the necessaries of life, then the point of intolerable shame has been reached"

Unknown Friends

Sometime during Monday night some kindhearted but unknown friend left a piece of rope about fifteen feet long, beautifully noosed, on our steps as a present for our faithful work in this community. We took it in and shall treasure it highly.

The editors of the World, Herald, Times and other New York sheets toil from sun to sun and are hardly known by name. Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive dead head tickets and beautiful little mementoes to prove that the busy world is not too busy to remember us. Cum soil. Which means, 'tis well—Arizono Kicker.

Enjoyment of Thought.

One of the highest of spirtual luxuries is the enjoyment of pure and exhilerating and sublime thoughts; to such a devout and cheerful thinker a prison may be a palace. "I thought of Jesus," said holy Rutherford, "until every stone in the walls of my cell shone like a ruby."—New Berne Journal.

A Perpetual Companion.

A Christian should make his Saviour a perpetual companion everywhere and on every day of the week. Chist offers to walk with him in every day's journey of life. What companionship so enlivening and so purifying as his? and who els can so make our hearts "burn within us by the way?"

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

BILL ARP AND THE FARMERS.

TAYLORS, N. C.

MR. EDITOR.—DEAR SIR.—That Bill Arp writes with a view to doing those who read his articles good, no one will doubt. He writes only in kindness and every man can learn from the tone of the letters that are published in your paper He does not go deep enough—he does not go back to first causes, however, when he writes of the farmers, and right there does he make a mistake.

I have always thought that Bill Arp was, or had been a farmer, until reading his last letter in the ADVANCE. Now, we are very much obliged for Mr. Arp's sympathy and don't see how he could feel otherwise after investigating, as he says he has, the condition of the farmers; but we are surprised that Mr. Arp should fall into the same old worn-out tale of advice to the farmers. They have heard it so often that there are a few fools who half-way believe it.

Mr. Arp says: "I was thinking about the farmers—the poor, downtrodden, oppressed farmers—the men who sweat and toil for the support of the country and get no thanks for it. The men who are fleeced by the merchants, robbed by the protective tariff, bled by the lawyers and doctors, impoverished by the sugar trust, and the jute trust, and the corners in wheat and corn and bacon. The men who have to work the roads and serve on the juries, and live hard and die poor, and have no comforts except rest on Sunday and a cheap religion. Now, I don't say that, but that is the way the farmers talk about themselves."

We assure Mr. Arp that that is the condition of the farmers all over the Union, and that is not half the tale—it is tenfold worse. I ask why is it so? You say, "The only drawback upon the prosperity of our farmers is, that they don't work enough, &c."

What other class of men work so hard as farmers do? Do other men's wives and daughters work so much as those of farmers? There should always be a standard of judgment or rather a standard by which things should be compared in order to show their relation. Now, by what standard can Mr. Arp say the farmer don't work enough? By what other class does he judge or measure their work? Does the lawyer do more hard work? Does the merchant? Does the banker? Who does? The wives and daughters of the farmers do more work by far than the men of any profession.

But say all classes of men do the same amount of work. The farmers as much as the lawyers, merchants, doctors, bankers, &c, what about the generous output—which get the most for the actual hard work done, which class GETS THE MOST MONEY FOR THE WORK DONE?

A farmer works hard all the year round and makes a bale of cotton and sells it at or below what it cost to make it. What is that bale of cotton worth to the world? About $200. The farmer gets $35 or $40 and the other class gets $160. Now, who did the real work about that bale of cotton? Does Mr. Arp mean that farmers don't work enough to equal five times the amount of work done by other classes? He surely does not mean to say that a farmer does not do as much work during a year as a banker, merchant, or a man in any other profession. No, I think that Mr. Arp will agree with me that a farmer during the year does far more work than a man in most any other of the professions. But after the work is done, what is the result? Who gets the best pay for the work done? Which is the most thrifty or prosperous class? Who gets the most money out of his labor—the farmer or the other classes? What is a ton of cotton seed worth to the farmer who makes it? $10 to $11. What to the cotton seed oil trust? $23 to $25. What is sugar worth to the man who makes it or produces it out of the soil? Does he get his share of the profits with the man who manipulates it, considering the amount of work each has done? How about meat; who gets the money; the man who produces it? No. In other words, of all classes of men in the several professions, doing the same amount of work, which is the most prosperous? Are the bankers and merchants under as heavy a strain to live as the farmers? Don't their business pan out more at the end of the year than that of a farmer who has done the same amount of work? Mr. Arp says that "the farmers are chronic grumblers and they haven't anything to grumble at but God and themselves, and as they won't complain of them they growl at everybody else." I think from the above that the farmers have something else to grumble at besides themselves and God, and they are going to grumble and continue to grumble until the condition of things is so changed that with the same amount of honest work they will have an equal chance with other classes to make a respectable living.

No, Mr. Arp, you cannot prove that farmers do not work as hard as other classes of men. You cannot prove that they haven't something else to grumble at besides themselves and God. Look further, and see the relation that our government sustains towards the several classes. See how it is made possible for one class to rob and prey upon the other, and then see what protection the government gives the robbed and downtrodden class, and see if they haven't something else to complain of besides themselves and God.

Just such advice as Mr. Arp gives: "That you are chronic grumblers, that you are not as bad off as you say; go home and do more work, you don't work enough," has caused the farmers to drift along into their woful condition long enough. They are now aroused and are thinking for themselves, and they have learned that their laziness is not the sole cause of their burdens and will NEVER AGAIN be the tools of POLITICAL TRICKSTERS, who make laws by which one class of citizens may rob the other and grow rich in a day and have all their surroundings of the very best, while the other is groaning under the heaviest burdens to meet the demands made upon them by the favored class.

All laws should rest alike upon each man and his environments in this Union. So mote it be.

OCCASIONALLY.

A CATTLE STILE.

A correspondent of an agricultural contemporary says what may be of practical interest to our people when it says: Some years ago I was desirous of allowing my cattle the run of my hog pasture, but did not want the hogs in the cattle pasture. How to do this was a query. I finally arranged a contrivance. Make an opening in your division fence so that the posts stand three feet apart. Twenty-two inches from the ground place a roller, which should be four or five inches in diameter, straight, and of any hard wood. The journals may be left on the roller, or the ends may be cut smooth and round, smooth bolts inserted in the ends, with staples in the posts to receive them. If the former plan is used, 1½-inch auger holes in the posts will answer. Care should be taken that the roller may work free and easy, for it answers a double purpose. Cows passing in and out will not injure the udder, but when Mr. Hog goes to jump into the other field he will land on his back on his own premises.

Last summer I had a hog that would jump the roller—twenty-two inches high. Not wishing to make it higher, I placed a board, ten inches high, eighteen inches from the roller, on the hog pasture side. This prevented the hog from facing the roller, and he could not jump; at the same time it did not interfere with the cattle in the least.

OUR WHEAT CROP.

The wheat crop of North Carolina harvested this year, where not injured in the shock by the wet weather, is reported as very fine, the yield being good and the grain very superior. There have been some fine yields, from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre in some of the western counties, while there are instances, doubtless, on well cultivated farms where it will run much higher. In the great wheat growing section of the West, from which North Carolina imports so much wheat and flour, a larger yield than this is very rare, and the average yield is not more than twelve bushels to the acre. North Carolina farmers can offer no good excuse for the further importation of wheat, flour or corn from other States. They can and should raise not only enough of these but more than we need for home consumption.—Wilmington Star.

Last Spring seed corn was so scarce that some of the farmers in Moore and Chatham counties planted their entire fields with Western corn. This corn has grown a very small stalk and has tasseled out at about the height of three feet. Much of it will produce no corn at all. It is a provoking failure.—Sanford Express.

For Hay Fever.

"Give Ely's Cream Blam a trial. This justly celebrated remedy for the cure of catarrh, hay fever, cold in the head, &c., can be obtained of any reputable druggist and may be relied upon as a safe and pleasant remedy for the above complaints and will give immediate relief. It is not liquid, snuff or powder, has no offensive odor and can be used at any time with good results, as thousands can testify, among them some of the editors of this office."—Spirit of the Time

NAUTICAL LIFE.

AT THE GATES OF CANTON. IN THE BOCCA TIGRIS.

Shameen and its Merchant Princes. Attack on Foreigners. A Boat Population. Scenes and Temples.

CANTON, China.

The Flowery Kingdom is essentially a land of rivers, canals and boats. The entrance into the southern province at Canton is very picturesque. The broad mouth of the river, known as the Bocca Tigris, opens the way to the city, which lies on its northern bank in the midst of a rich alluvial plain, about thirty miles from the sea. A low country stretches away on either hand. The waters of the river are covered with a floating world of boats of every conceivable size and shape. The approaches to the city are guarded by the Bogue forts, and the city itself is surrounded by a brick rampart and bordered with extensive suburbs. A wall divides the town into two parts, and separates the Tartar population from the Chinese. In the walls are numerous gates, to which the streets lead, and at each of which stands a guard-house. These waters, fortresses and gates, from the earliest times, have been scenes of conflict and violence.

In front of the city lies the little island of Shameen, which has been ceded to the French and the English, where most of the foreigners live. It contains many very handsome residences, that were built in the old days when all the business with China was done by Europeans, who seemed to deal with John Chinaman pretty much as they pleased, being in fact merchant princes, living in the most elegant style and making fabulous sums of money, which were expended lavishly for the comforts and luxuries of a life far from their homes and among a people who regarded them with suspicion and growing hatred In the absence of their families, their houses became sumptuous clubs, where they dined, wined and made merry week in and week out. In the years past many foreigners have found graves here in the east, where the climate, the water and the modes of life are likely to impair the strongest constitutions. The island has many attractions. Its beautiful gardens, excellent club, lawn-tennis grounds, boating course, and its hospitable people made it very inviting to our officers while the ship lay at anchor off its shores.

It was here, it will be remembered, that a few years ago an infuriated mob of Chinese made a wanton attack upon the foreign settlement, to avenge the death of a native who was pushed by the guard from a river-boat, when attempting with others to board it without authority. Many houses were robbed and burned, the wharf and stores were destroyed, and the unfortunate steamer escaped only by dropping out into the river. The riot prevailed for several days, until a man-of-war put in an appearance and quelled the disturbance. A few drilled sailors and marines who can be landed quickly from our war vessels, with the repeating rifles and Gatling guns, are pretty sure to disperse a mob in a short while. Such summary treatment is often needed in these lands for protection against the Chinese, whose hatred of the "foreign devils," as they are called, is liable to be incensed at any moment. Naval vessels are often required to lie for months in the most unhealthful and inhospitable ports to prevent destruction of property, and to hold a riotous people in restraint.

Of the large population of Canton, fully 350,000, regarded as a pariah class, live in boats, and seldom if ever go on shore. They form a strange and interesting community. The boats are fastened side by side in rows, between which street-like openings are left for the passage in an out of those wishing to change their position, as well as for the passage of restaurant and provisions boats, which are moving about continually to sell merchandise to these dwellers on the water. The boats are covered with matting, except a portion at the bow, which forms a sidewalk for the occupants to pass from one to another, without disturbing anyone. Their boats are their houses, in which families are located pretty much as though they were on land. To prevent the children from falling in the water, the smaller ones are tied with ropes, as dogs are sometimes fastened, to keep them from the edge of the boat. The larger ones are provided with floats secured to their backs, and if they tumble into the water no notice is taken of them except in the mother, who plunges overboard to rescue them, without which they would be left to perish. The cries of a drowning child in China fall on deaf ears. This community, which lies along the shores of the river, is one of the most novel and notable sights in all the East. On the river are to be seen the flower-boats, or floating hotels of elaborate design, in which very comfortable quarters and entertainment are to be found after the gates of the city are closed in the evening.

The streets of the city are narrow, labyrinthian and dirty. They are continually thronged with people, many of whom carry large loads about, as no other means of transportation are practicable. No horses, doneys or bullocks are met with anywhere. No wheeled vehicles rattle over the pavements. The usual way of carrying burdens is to suspend them from the middle of a bamboo pole, the ends of which rest on the shoulders of two men. If one person, however, is the burden bearer, the load is attached to each end of the pole, its middle being supported by his shoulders. The more important personages ride in chairs and palanquins, that are borne by two or more chair coolies. Whenever a mandarin or magistrate passes along the street the way is cleared by an attendant. Unpleasant sights and unsavory smells greet the visitors about the haunts, the homes and the huts of these wretched people who make up the greater part of this city of Canton.

In the business thoroughfares the gaudy shops display oriental wares and merchandise. Most of the shops are very small, for the necessities of this frugal race are not many. The buildings are covered with signs which, hanging by one end, are read vertically, the characters being placed one above another. The silk and china shops, however, are usually large stores, in which the display of every variety of silk, crepe, embroidered panels and wall decorations is fine and interesting. The sales are made by bright and business-like dealers and assistants. The silk shops of Canton are unlike any that I have seen elsewhere in China in the fact that the articles offered for sale have only one price. In other cities it seems to be the custom of native merchants to charge foreigners three or four times the amount they ordinarily charge for their goods, but if the purchaser has patience and will wait a week or two he will be visited by the seller every day, and will be able ultimately to make his purchase on a reasonable basis. In the market stalls are found the carcasses of dogs and cats, either cooked or raw, which form an important article of food, the eyes of which are regarded as a superior delicacy. The tea houses and restaurants are abundantly numerous in every part of the city. The temples and joss-houses, which play a great part in the daily life of these people, are huge and ill-shapen structures of brick or stone, in the conventional style of architecture, and are about as ugly as they are unsightly in their surroundings. Throngs of dirty and beggarly priests invest the temple, and crowds of wretched beings gather about the square in front a king sims. Beggars of both sexes, repulsive in appearance and dress, confront the visitor. In the Honan temple, which is the most noted in Canton, we were received by a robed priest, who for a small fee conducted us about its sacred precincts Here are kept scores of pigs and fowls, known as sacred animals, that are gifts of devotees to their gods, given in fulfillment of promises made in time of sickness.

In the native trial courts are enacted many distressing scenes. The judges are mandarins who are approached by prisoners and menials on bended knees. The offender is led in court by his pig-tail, by officious and cruel attendants, and is made to kneel before the judge, who sits in open court behind a small table. The judge is surrounded by court officials who remain standing, and occasionally takes a whiff from a pipe handed to him by a servant as the trial proceeds. There are no witnesses or lawyers. The complaint is made, and the offender is expected to confess, or otherwise be persecuted until he confesses, unless his friends purchase an acquittal. Severe penalties are imposed—imprisonment, decapitation, strangulation or torture being the form of punishment that is meted out to the unfortunate and unresisting culprit. The prisons are small, dirty and overcrowded places, in which it seems impossible for human beings to endure a short term of incarceration. Justice, with her amiable features, is a strange divinity in this land of flowers, whose deities are without number, of whom this people are the especial care and solicitude, even though the simple human rights, of which we boast as our heritage, are denied them by their rulers.

SALISBURY.

"All Wool and a Yard Wide."

When a great business house, of world-wide reputation for honesty fair dealing and financial responsibility, feels warranted in attaching its certificate of guarantee to its goods, such action furnishes the best possible evidence that the products are believed to be just what they are represented to be. Such confidence on the part of manufacturers and vendors naturally begets confidence in purchasers, and hence it is that there has grown to be, all over this great country, such an unprecedented demand for, and such implicit confidence in, that most popular liver, blood and lung remedy known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as no other medicine has ever before met with. It is sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which it is recommended, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. It is manufactured by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., a well-known and financially solid business corporation. No other responsible manufacturers of medicines have put their remedies to such severe tests as to warrant them to give satisfaction, or refund the money paid for them. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "liver complaint," or biliousness, indigestion and dyspepsia, all humors or blood-taints, skin diseases, scrofulous sores and tumors and pulmonary consumption (which is only scrofula of the lungs) if taken in time and given a fair trial. Chronic catarrh in the head, bronchitis and throat diseases are also cured by this most wonderful blood-purifier and invigorating tonic.

Angry subscriber to editor—"I am mad all the way through, an' I want my paper stopped." "Yes sir; do you want to pay what owe?" "No; I ain't mad enough for that." —Phoenix Herald

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children when teething. It soothes the child, the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

HOME CHAT.

N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

What the Brethren of the Quill are Thinking and Saying.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

The man who tells the last story generally comes out ahead anyway, you know.—Sanford Express.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

There is some mighty interesting reading in the record of tax returns. That book would not be a very incorrect test of the religion of some folks.—Charlotte Chronicle.

A RATHER LONESOME PARTY.

Dallas county Alabama, has seven thousand Republican voters and not a white man among them. It would take the white man's Republican party some time to materialize in Dallas.—Wilmington Star.

IN A PICKWICKIAN SENSE.

The Greensboro North State, Rep., is authority for the statement that "Mr. Brower is being mentioned by the Northern papers as an available man for the Speakership" of the House of Representatives. Those must be some of the Northern come papers.—Wilmington Star.

CONVERTED FOR OFFICE.

It has been suggested that Mr. Charles Price was appointed district attorney because the President could not find any available material in his own party. Mr. Price's competency is unquestioned, but the old timers deny that he is a Republican.—Davidson Dispatch.

BUT HE GETS THERE, ELI.

Aunt Samantha says: "Though I don't like wobblin', still I do believe that the wobblers are happier than them that can't wobble." This is especially true in the politics. The wobblers are the kind of politicians who reap the fruit of victories gained by the earnest, straight forward workers.—Greensboro North State, Rep.

HE THAT WORKS SHALL EAT.

The man who sits in the place of the Sixth Auditor is a fine shining Republican light. He is no "tallow-dip." He says with true Republican sentiment not marred in the expression that "the men who did the horn blowing in the last campaign should have something to show for their labor."—Wilmington Messenger.

HE'S A BATCHELOR, GIRLS.

Did the fair sex ever look lovelier than at present, attired as they are in beautiful white unspotted as the driven snow? They remind one of the pictures of the angels attired in their white robes as they chant the heavenly anthems and wave their palms in the great courts above. What would the world be without women?—Reidsville Weekly.

EDUCATION IS WHAT WE NEED.

Seventy per cent. of the population of this republic are on the farms or are engaged in farming. We saw at the last national election this seventy per cent. go to the polls and allow itself to continue to be taxed and robbed for the benefit of ten per cent. of the people because the latter said it was right and it ought to be.—Sanford Express.

KEEP AN EYE ON BOB.

Keep your eye on Bob Vance. He was elected President of the Buncombe Confederate Veterans last week. Between now and one year next November he will embrace and slap on the shoulder every voter in the 9th Congressional district who is not a hopeless invalid. Keep your eye on Bob Vance. He will try to get back to Congress, and he is a hard man to beat.—Greensboro North State, Rep.

A Millionaire in a Minute.

Instances are on record when toilers in gold mines and diamond fields, who, by one turn of a spade, a single movement of the hand, have been transformed from penniless laborers to millionaires. But they were not so lucky as is the consumptive who finds a means of restoration to health, who learns that the dread disease from which he suffers is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure consumption (which is lung scrofula), and nothing else will. For all diseases of the blood, such as blotches pimples, eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, it is unequaled. It is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

"You Ain't Coming Back."

A man well known in his native town as always being behindhand in his affairs, was driving rapidly down the street and accidentally ran over a colored man. Unable to stop his horse after the accident, the driver, true to nature, yelled out: "Hi, there! get out of the way!" Upon which the darkey, not being very much hurt, picked himself up as quickly as possible and halloed back: "Fo' de Lo'd's sake, boss, yo' ain't comin' back again, is yo'!"

A good business manager of a newspaper believes in the cash system; while a good editor rather affects the credit system. Is this a paradox?

What can be truer than the expression of an exchange that "should man be judged by man, hell would be too small."