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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 19. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, OCT. 24, 1889. NUMBER 39

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

BILL ARP'S LETTER

:o:

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION BRIEFLY DISCUSSED

The Turkey Bumps Came When He Saw the Indian Fighters.

Another place to spend money. The circus is just over, and now the family talk is about the exposition. Atlanta can get up more things and more ways to get the people there and make them spend their money than any town of its size in the Union. If this thing don't stop she will gobble us all up sooner or later, and there will be no remedy but to move there. Bill Glenn says he is going to move there right away, for he knows it will have to come. It is like Newt Tumlin's politics. He said that the only way to get even with the republican party was to join 'em. But Newt didn't join 'em. He joined the church and went to preaching, which is better. I like Newt; I like his big bosom and his big heart; I like to hear his big mouth roll out language. It comes in such a stream and so honest and unpremeditated and so full of human kindness. I love to meet him on the cars and feel the warm grasp of his hand and hear him say. "Why, howdy Bill, God bless you; how is the wife and the children. Why, I ain't seen you since the woods was burnt. Where are you going and where have you been? Did you say your folks were well, but of course they are or you wouldn't be traveling around. How is Sam Jones and where is he now? I see that Dr. Felton is a hammering away in the legislature. I used to be a member and had a power of fun. It is a good place for fun but the poorest place on the face of the earth to serve the Lord and cultivate piety. It took me five years to repent and get forgiveness and get back to where I was before I went there. The road to the bad place is all down hill and slick as ice, but if a feller steps before he gets there and tries to turn round and go back, dog my cats if it ain't the hardest work in the world to climb that hill again. It's slip up and scotch, and slip down and scotch every hundred yards and the old devil pullin' at your coat tail every step of the way. How did you say your wife was, I think about you and about her every Sunday? And there is Henry Grady, who got me in that scrape with the English Lord, when did you see him? He's runnin' the exposition now, and he'll run it for all it's worth, and more too, I reckon. Did you ever see such a feller to run things? I'm lookin' for him to run for governor, and he'll do it if he gets a fair chance, and the boys will elect him, too. He's no dark horse nor scrub, and he's a climbin' all the time. But Henry is young yet—why, yes, he ain't nothin' but a boy, and has got time enough yet, plenty of time. What a pity he didn't buy him about ten acres of land and farm a little—just enough to get into to alliance and head the concern, and then the farmers would have whooped him up and right into the Governor's chair when Gordon got out of it. But Jno. B. Gordon is the biggest fish in the sea, ain't he? I tell you Bill, he is a whale, and if there is any bigger fish then he is that—I believe you said that Mrs. Arp was well."

Yes, I love to hear Newt talk. The cars may rattle and the locomotive puff and snort and scream, but you can hear Newt. I would like to set away off on a hillside and hear him at a camp meeting as he thundered his warning voice to sinners. No man who talks as fast and as earnest and as loud as Newt Tumlin can be a hypocrite. He is the very type and symbol of sincerity. A hypocrite or a designing man or a politician always studies his words, and is careful and cautious in language. He can say one thing and think another just as easy.

The Atlanta folks made such a fuss over the exposition that I told my folks I would run down as a scout and reconnoiter and come back and report, and now they are worse off than ever, for it is a good show, and I had to tell the truth about it. It is a good show. The exhibit from our own county of Bartow is a show of itself, and well worth the time and money it takes to see it. The minerals are just splendid, and ought to be, for everybody knows that this county is the richest in mineral wealth of any county in the limits of the American union. But we are not vain or convetous about that. Let the people look at our agricultural products. Look at those thirteen pumpkins that grew on one vine, and weigh 700 pounds, and there are seven more on the vine that are green, and they will weigh 300 pounds more. One thousand pounds of pumpkins on one vine, and it didn't grow on Pumpkin Vine creek either. Look at our samples of corn and wheat and oats and potatoes. We didn't send down anything but samples. Some counties sent all they had but we didn't. This is the banner county for grain, as will be seen in the last census reports. Our town of Cartersville was named for old Sam Carter, who raised so many oats—so many that he couldn't find room enough in his field to shock 'em all after he had cut 'em and had to shock about half in another field, and so when a fellow has got a heap of anything he says he's got as many as Carter has oats. What a pity we couldn't take down a slice of our rivers and let those Atlanta people see what a river is, and if we could only transplant one of our magnificent springs that come gushing from the rocks in silver streams big enough to turn a mill. It is right pitiful to see those Atlanta people prancing and dancing around that little Ponce de Leon that is about big enough to water the chickens in, and yet they call it a spring. Oh, my, I wish we could take down one of our mountains and some of the life giving atmosphere that surrounds it from base to pennacle. But it is a blessed thing that such things can't be moved otherwise we would have lost everthing when Sherman's bummers went through. But we are not vain. We are only content with our county and what God has given her. As Daniel Webster said about Masschusetts, "there she is—look at her." We could have made a bigger spread but our county commissioners got scared and wouldn't give us a dollar to work with. They said they were afraid somebody would find out what we had and swindle us out of it. But look at Floyd and Whitfield and Polk and Talbot and Jones and Troup and many others that are nearly as good as Bartow. It is enough to make a Georgian proud.

At 12 o'clock I took a seat on the grand stand to see the Indians and cowboys perform. I didn't expect much, but I say now that for two hours I witnessed the best show I ever saw in my life. The circus won't compare with it. It is a show of such natural distances and those Indians can be seen hiding in ambush half a mile away and when they come dashing down upon an emigrant train and yell and shoot, and ride around with their bodies on the sides of their horses and the poor surprised emigrants get behind their wagons and horses and fire back, and one gets killed and two or three Indians bite the dust, and just in the nick of time the cowboys come dashing down like a whirlwind and fire and yell, and the fight get thick and hot, it just makes the turkey bumps rise all over a fellows back and I got excited and wanted to lift up my voice—I did. The cowboys ran those Indians half a mile, and then guarded the emigrants to a place of safety and carried the little children on their horses. They took up the dead man and laid him across the saddle, and rode behind to steady him and his head and his long hair hung down on one side and his feet on the other, just as natural as life, as they passed the grand stand. And then in another scene the Indians attacked the Deadwood stage—an old-fashioned, sure enough stage that was full of passengers and guarded by two well armed horsemen, and then the firing and the fighting was terrific and some were wounded and some killed. I never saw such riding as those cowboys did. They can beat the Indians. Their small, wiry and tireless mustangs can run like the wind and seem to enjoy the performance. The cowboys got after a horsethief and ran him all around the race track and across the middle, and fired at him every jump, and he fired back, and finally a cowboy jerked a lasso from his saddle and sent it flying through the air and curled it over the thief's neck while he was at full speed and he jerked him from his horse to the ground. They jumped down and fastened the rope around his wrists and remounted and dragged that poor fellow on his abdominal for a quarter of a mile at full speed, and then put a rope around his neck and hung him up to a crossbar on a telegraph pole and shot him all to pieces while he was hanging ten feet in the air, and we saw him kick his last kick and after a while the sheriff and the coroner came along and cut him down and laid his carcass on a horse and brought him by the grandstand and he was the worst looking spectacle I ever saw. He was torn all to doll rags. I think his front clothes must have been made of leather or rawhide or boards or sheet-iron or something, or his abdominals couldn't have stood it. Then there was a pretty Indian girl who had four cowboys for lovers, and she promised to wed the one who could catch her. She was a good rider and had a fast horse, and she had a hundred yards the start and away they went on the wings of the wind. It was nip and tuck for awhile, but they gained on her, and the best looking cowboy finally was side by side with her and lifted her from her horse as they ran and rode with her in his arms and soon distanced all his rivals. We all just shouted and waved our hats and cried bully for you and we wanted to get a pair of marriage license and a preacher and have them joined on the spot. Those cowboys are just splendid. At full speed they can pick a silver dollar out of the dust and they can lasso a running horse by his head or his heels or his nose and stop him instantly. They would catch a wild steer with a lariat and throw him, and let him up and ride him as he cavorted and plunged away in his fright. They had some wild, unbroken mustangs that bucked fearfully and blindfolded them, and two men held one with a rope while another saddled him, and just as the blind was removed the cowboy was on his back without a bridle, and I never conceived that it was possible for a horse to bounce so high and squat so low and cut up such fantastic tricks and plunge and run so fearfully, and all the time the cowboy never held on to anything but folded his arms and just let the mustang do his do until he wore himself out and quit. Surely, surely there must have been some cuckleburrs under that saddle.

Well, it was a good show, and I'm going to take the children down next Saturday and give them one happy day. The managers ought to give the school children one Saturday and the railroads ought to carry them there for a cent a mile and back home for nothing. I think we can get up 200 from our town on those terms. We are all living for the children anyhow, and it is right good living. BILL ARP.

P. S.—We want two hundred dollars more for the soldiers' graves. We want one good man or woman in every town to go round and get up five or ten dollars, Rev. Mr. Keese did that in Lumpkin, and it didn't take half an hour. We are for marble now and every name to be cut in the stone. Our marble companies have made us generous offers. A Kansas Yankee Democrat, who fought on the other side, has sent me a dollar. How's that?

SAM JONESISMS.

Sayings of That Wonderful Evangelist.

I'd rather be a town dog than a town liar.

Young people with no ambition is the curse of the age.

The world is to-day dying for commonsense preaching.

You have to flounce, bang and bustle a lie, but the truth will go all right naked.

Brethren, I am just like God made me. I never interfered with his job.

If one of those dudes would attack me, I'd just spit on him and drown him.

I never want to live in any country where the price of virtue is less than the life that took it.

I'd rather be a chain-gang nigger in the penitentiary than be an open, avowed infidel, I had.

A woman's a sharper when it comes to trading. Some women can sell their husband's old breeches for more than he paid for 'em at first.

I don't get mad if a fellow tells a lie on me. I'm so glad it's a lie I can't get mad; and if it's the truth I'm so sorry it's the truth I can't get mad.

Burr and Hamilton.

A well-known gentleman, recently deceased, one day related the following incident: "I was standing in my street door raising my umbrella and just about to issue forth on important business into the midst of a sudden and heavy fall of rain. An old lady at that moment passed along the pavement quite unprotected from the drenching rain. I immediately sprang out and offered her the shelter of my umbrella and to accompany her to her residence. She courteously accepted the service. Having arrived at her home, which was near the president's house, after a most agreeable conversation along the way, I had bidden her adieu and turned to depart, when she said, with all the sweet politeness of olden times: 'To whom am I indebted for this great kindness?' 'My name,' I replied, 'is Burr.' 'And mine,' she added—emotion overpowering her almost to fainting—'is Hamilton.' I had unknowingly escorted the widow of Alexander Hamilton, our first secretary of the treasury, who was slain in a duel by one whose name I unfortunately bear.'

The Champion Liar.

Albion W. Tourgee is the champion liar of the century, and he is a liar for revenues He writes for the magazine, and for the Chicago Inter-Ocean and he gratifies his malice, while receiving his pay, by vilifying the South. The fact that this fellow was once a Superior Court Judge in North Carolina seems like a horrible nightmare.—Wilmington Star.

FOR THE FARM.

:o:

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

An exchange says: Clover can be sown with success, this month, if land is in good condition and highly manured.

A fact that is not generally known by the people of North Carolina is, that a great deal of the fine tobacco sold abroad as Virginia tobacco is really North Carolina leaf.—Durham Recorder.

The steam syrup works at Fair field are turning out 100 gallons of syrup per hour, twenty-five men being employed in the mill and ten men and teams being kept busy hauling cane. This is one of the solutions of the sugar trust.—Alliance Nebraska.

The people have won another victory over the trusts. The sugar trust put up the price of sugar and the people slacked up "takin' sugar in theirn" until there was more sugar than there were buyers. Then there was a collapse, the trust burst-ed and sugar is plentitul and reasonably low. The people are a power when they pull together.—Hickory Press and Carolinian.

The Sampson County Alliance has put a movement on foot to start a canning factory in its county. This is a good plan, for by this means thousands of dollars will be saved to the farmers each year by marketing their fruits that would otherwise rot in the orchards. Cotton is a failure as a money crop, in fact in the majority of cases it is a debt crop, and sooner or later it must be abandoned for something else, which we believe will be fruit growing and stock raising.—Clinton Caucasian.

With quick vigor the association of the farmers for mutual protection, advancement of their interests and enlargement of their information has risen into something stupendous. Its dimensions cannot be concealed because it takes in nearly the whole mighty army of the farmers of the country. Its powers cannot be despised because it is the consolidation in organized force of all the great foundation forces of economical life. Its progress may be watched with interest of wisdom; it cannot be regarded with uneasy solicitude because its ends are identical with all the true interest of social life and prosperity. — Asheville Citizen.

SOW PLENTY OF SMALL GRAIN.

Farmers should not allow tobacco crop or anything else to come in the way of their sowing large grain crops. Put on an extra effort to prepare land well, manure it all you can, getting it in as early now as possible. Any man who farms knows full well that early sowing of wheat makes large yields, while that sown in latter part of November and December often does not pay for the labor expended.—Lexington Dispatch.

MANURING FALL SOWN GRAIN.

Experience, both in this country and in England, has shown that it is better to make two applications of manure to winter grain, one at time of sowing and one as a top dressing in spring, than to apply all at once in seeking time. Especially is this true when commercial fertilizers are used. Usually grain makes comparatively light demands on manure during winter; its growth then is limited, but after spring begins its growth is rapid and its demands are heavy. If all the manure intended for the crop is applied in the fall, the larger portion of it remains unused in the soil during winter, and is subject to loss from leaching and otherwise. Nitrogenous manures are especially subject to such loss, and for this reason should be applied rather sparingly in the fall. Another reason for using them sparingly then, is that they tend to produce rapid, succellent growth; a thing not to be desired as long as the plants are subjected to great cold. During fall and winter, a steady but moderate growth is desired. Plants need some help to give them sufficient strength and vigor to withstand cold, but not enough to make them sappy. A small amount of nitrogenous manure with a good share of phosphatic matter will suffice to do this. The danger of loss from leaching is small in case of phosphates, so these may freely be applied in the fall with little fear of loss. They may be plowed or harrowed in with the grain.

With a crop like oats, which is more or less liable to be winter killed, heavy applications of manure of any kind in the fall are not advisable, because if the crop is killed, if one does not loose the manure applied, it is a long time before he gets a return for it through some other crop. It is better, therefore, to apply a little phosphate to oats in the fall, say 100 lbs. per acre, and if need be apply an additional quantity in the spring when the danger of cold is past. In case of wheat and rye, however, where there is little danger of being killed by cold, full applications of phosphates may be made in the fall. But even in their case the larger portion of nitrogenous manure intended for them should be applied in spring. In case of oats 100 pounds each of phosphate and cotton seed meal per acre, may be applied at seeding time. In case of wheat, 100 pounds of the meal and 150 to 300 pounds of phosphates may be applied. If cotton seed are used in place of meal fifteen bushels of seed may substitute 100 pounds of meal, being a little larger quantity than their equivolence would call for, but justified, because the seed act more slowly than the meal.

GREAT IS HUMBUG.

People Love to be Swindled by Strangers.

It seems to be a freak of human weakness for people to love to be humbugged by strangers. There is something facinating in it. They are generally made to believe that by investing one dollar they can get two, and it is not very difficult for the stranger, who is skilled in the humbug business to make them believe it. Let any advertising agent strike this or any other town, and there are men who will give them five and ten dollars for what is perfectly valueless; but it's a scheme and it always works well, that is we mean with the man who gets the scheme up, but his poor deluded victim goes off not to repent of his folly, but to wait for another bite—some new humbug. But how different is it when you come to your home people—those who are always with you, who work honestly for you? It is they to whom you begrudge to give your support, and it is they whom you allow to do work which you reap the benefit of, and for which they never get pay. It is wrong in practice, and it is wrong in principle; but all men are not that way, there are some who duly appreciate the labor of their home people.—Twin City Daily.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge, Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of these medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He prositively believes he would have died, had it not been for Elictric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure, all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50c., and $1. at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore.

Not What it Was.

The circus is not what it used to be. The fact is the circus will never be to the man what it was when he was a boy. The animals are not near so large; nor are the keepers half so noble and brave looking. The bare-back riding is not near so daring; nor are the leaps and somersaults one-fourth so difficult. The elephant is smaller, and the lion is only a sleepy-looking sheep-killing dog. The clown who was wont to set the table in a roar, is now a hay-seed, whose crop is chestnuts—full of worms.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Let Them Go.

The negro exodus is the most hopeful feature of the race question, for its result will be either wide distribution or dense colonization of their race. Wide distribution will completely destroy his political significance and colonization will segregate him. Certainly the negro higera can mean nothing but good to the South. Let him go and in his stead will come white blood and brain. The South to day needs a million good white laborers and small farmers.—Sanford Express.

The Grinding Monopolies.

The monopolies continue to get in their heartless work. A Maine man was allowed $77 by a railroad company to recompense him for a lost trunk, and as they were about to pay over the money, the missing box turned up and was found to contain a mass of cotton waste, a monkey wrench, and a patent jack for lifting wagons.—Washington Post.

He—Come now, let's kiss and make up.

She—No, sir. I won't.

He—Well, let's kiss anyhow.

They make up.—Somerville Journal.

AN INCIDENT.

:o:

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF A PATRIOT OF '76.

"When Greek Met Greek Then Came the Tug of War."

The proposed celebration of the centennial of the Revolution at Fayetteville recalls to memory a family tradition that unites Fayetteville to Wilson with ties more ancient than those of the recent and very welcome railroad. Carruther's History of North Carolina contains an imperfect, in fact, the enemy's account of the event to which I allude.

Many hours of my childhood were spent in listening to the strange, wild stories of one who was an eye witness of many of the terrible deeds that took place in Cumberland during the Revolution.

The narrator was the nurse and faithful servant of the late Thomas Hadley. Dinah, or "Granny," as she was called by everybody on the plantation, was a most important person, even "Marse Tommie" as she styled her master, looking up to her with a tender reverence and yielding to her authority as in childhood.

His father dying when he was but nine years old, had called her to his bedside and bade her to look well after his now entirely orphaned children. Although other relatives took the children, "Granny" never lost her watchful care over the eldest, her young master. She was a tall woman, and very erect even in old age. She had acquired during the exciting conflicts between the Whigs and Tories, a peculiar call for the purpose of warning her master and his sons of the presence of the Tories. This call could be heard a mile and was a great source of wonder to us children. Unfortunately it could not save her first master from a very tragic death. He was an old man and came to North Carolina from England but a few years before the Revolution was declared, bringing with him a numerous family of sons and daughters. He and his sons were men of powerful build, and being ardent Whigs began immediately to direct their energies to the cause of liberty. They had settled on the Cape Fear near Campbellton, and Thomas Hadley represented that town at the Convention of patriots that met in Halifax on November the 12th in 1776. At this Convention the advocates of liberty declared that they must have a "Constitution for self government that was to be the cornerstone for all law."

The preceding May had witnessed the resolution of the patriots on the Cape Fear when Gen. Clinton, who had landed near its mouth to quell "that most wicked rebellion in North Carolina" had to set sail with the loyalist Governor of the State for more congenial quarters and to leave the Old North State still unsubdued.

At Campbellton and in its neighborhood was settled a colony of Scotch Highlanders, who had shared the fortunes of Charles Edward, the last of the Stuarts. The battle of Culloden Moor in 1746 had decided the fate of the Stuart dynasty as well as the autocratic power of the Highland chieftains. The chieftains' hereditary jurisdictions were transferred to the crown, and even their plaids were forbidden them. In 1749 Neal McNeal, from the west of Scotland, bought lands on the Cape Fear and settled a colony of the humiliated Highlanders there. The town of the settlement was named Campbellton after the Campbells who had come with the colony. It was here that the famous Flora McDonald came in 1775. Whether it was her influence, Culloden, or their innate dislike to their Irish neighbors, who were inveterate Whigs, that caused the Highlanders to espouse the British side, is not stated, but after thirty years of exile from bonny Scotland's "banks and braes" we find them enrolled among King George's active supporters. Nor had they lost their peculiar traits of character and manner of conducting war so graphically described in Scott's Rob Roy.

In 1775 an organization known as "The Association" was formed throughout the United States for the purpose of throwing off the British yoke.

Joshua Hadley, the eldest son of Thomas Hadley, joined the "Association" and as soon as hostilities were declared was appointed Captain of a company to hunt the Tories, in his section chiefly Scotchmen, who were hiding in the swamps to avoid taking arms against the British crown. This aroused the inexorable hatred of these fierce foes and from that time forth the Hadleys were in constant danger. Afterwards Joshua enlisted in the regular army as ensign under Gen. Nash and fought under him at Brandywine and Germantown. After Gen. Nash was killed at the latter battle his brigade was re-organized and the supernumerary officers, among them Joshua Hadley, were sent back to North Carolina, where their services were more needed. After his return he helped to discipline the militia, and commanded a company at the battle of Cane Creek that rendered valuable aid. Simon Hadley, his brother, was captain of a company that made itself very obnoxious to the Scotch in its efforts to enforce the enactments of the North Carolina Assembly that met in Halifax in 1777. These enactments required every person in the State, except the Quakers, to support the patriots or to leave the country at the peril of his life and the confiscation of his goods. Hadley and his men were accused of pillaging because they tried to execute this law and to subdue the refractory Scotchmen.

Thomas Hadley, the father, commanded a company of light horse that was chiefly engaged in protecting the surrounding country from the Tory marauders.

After Farquhard Campbell had proven a traitor to the cause of liberty the name of Campbellton was changed to Cross Creek, after the name of a creek that, crossed the Cape Fear at this point almost at right angles. Not until 1784 was the town dignified with the name of Fayetteville in honor of LaFayette, the staunch friend of our liberty. Near Cross Creek stood the home of the Hadleys, and it was here that the following tragedy occurred: Early in the fall of 1781, and but a short time before the surrender at Yorktown, Thomas Hadley returned to his home one night to visit his family. Although alone, he hoped to escape the vigilance of the Scotch, whose vengeance deepened with the rapid decline of their cause. They discovered his return, and knew that he was alone, and determined to take his life in true Scottish border style. In the intense darkness of the night they surrounded the house before he was aware of their presence. When he realized his danger he hurriedly barricaded the doors while his wife and daughters, assisted by "Granny" and her mother, prepared for the raid by hiding all their valuables in the ashes and in feathebeds. Then the old man ran up stairs and called out of the window to Frank Cooly and Andrew Beard to bring up their men. This ruse had been tried several times before and the Scotchmen did not take fright as usual. The old man continued to lean out of the window and to give direction to the men who were far beyond the reach of his voice. A Scotchman named McAlpin decided to fire at the voice. "Taking aim at the ear" he fired at the voice and the ball entered the lower jaw of the patriot, passed through his head and lodged in the timbers above, having killed him instantly. The fiends then rushed into the house and with savage ferocity pierced the body of the dead man with a sword. After pillaging the house they took the youngest son and carried him to an island in the river where they subjected him to barbarous treatment. After this the island bore the name of Hadley. The ball that did the deadly work carried with it a tuft of hair that protruded from the hole in the ceiling many years after. The grandson, the late Thomas Hadley frequently saw the tuft of hair, and as he inherited the house and land, he would not part with the ownership until death.

One of the Scotchmen has left an account of how the sons tried to revenge their father's death which may be taken cum grano salis, as many of their statements are conflicting. The narrator states that a cotton picking was to take place at his father's house one night, and the Hadleys heard that two of the murderers were to be present. Accordingly they surprised the Scotchmen at work, and rushed into their midst. The muzzle of a gun was so near one of the suspected men that he seized it and turned it towards one of the Hadleys who received the shot in his arm, while the other murderer stumbled and fell in the darkness and escaped the shot aimed at him.

Very soon after the surrender of Cornwallis, the Scotch Tories accepted the situation most philosopically, espousing with as much ardor the liberty of the United States Government as they had served the Stuarts, and then their foe, George the Third.

However they would not forgive the Hadleys, and as they were in the majority, these brave patriots sought more peaceful places of abode, and but few were left on the banks of the Cape Fear.

M. A. R.

Physicians Confess

All honest, conscientious physicians who give B. B. B. Botanic Blood Balm a trial, frankly admit its superiority over ALL other blood medicines.

Dr. W. J. Adair, Rockmart, Ga., writes: "I regard B. B. B. as one of the best blood medicines."

Dr. A. H. Roscoe, Nashville, Tenn., writes: "All reports of B. B. B. is the best and quickest medicine for rheumatism I have ever tried."

Dr. S. J. Farmer, Crawfordsville Ga., writes: "I cheerfuly recommend B. B. B. as a fine tonic alterative. Its use cured an excrescence of the neck after other remedies effected no perceptible good."

Dr. C. H. Montgomery Jacksonville Ala., writes "My mother insisted on my getting B. B. B. for her rheumatism, as her case stubbornly resisted the usual remedies. She experienced immediate relief and her improvement has been truly wonderful."

A prominent physician who wishes his name not given, says: "A patient of mine whose case of tertiary syphilis was surely killing him, and which no treatment seemed to check, was entirely cured with about twelve bottles of B. B. B. He was fairly made up of skin and bones and terrible ulcers."

Educate Your Children at Home

"Let us support our home schools. With good educational advantages here at home why send your sons and daughters elsewhere?" An institution of learning in any community is one of the most important factors in its prosperity, and we should encourage such with a liberal patronage.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

The Great Dismal Swamp

of Virginia, is one enormous quagmire of decayed vegetation, a region of gloom and desolation; but not more so than the human system when blocked up by decayed animal matter, which poisons blood and brings gloom to an otherwise happy household. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets remove all waste matter, and give nature a chance to build up.

NEWSY NOTES.

Picked up Here And There And Everywhere

Bishops Wilson and Galloway are soon to visit North Carolina.

Under the new game laws birds cannot be hunted until October 18.

Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson is writing her husband's biography.

Maryland expects to produce 10,000,000 bushels of oysters this year.

Over fifty young men have pledged themselves as foreign Missionaries.

Corn shuckings and candy pullings are the order of the day.—Wadesboro Messenger.

The Askew paper mills near Raleigh have been purchased by J. N. Holding for $12,000.

A horse was sold to a Chicago man for $105,000. That is what we would call a valuable price of horse flesh.

A Maine newspaper is boasting of a potato weighing two pounds and ten ounces. That would be considered "a small potato" down this way.

Baltimore Baptist says: Rev. Baylus Cade has sold his railway telegraph saystem to a syndicate for a large sum of money and a handsome royalty besides.

From the amount of salt being carried away on the farmer's wagons as they leave town one is lead to believe that bacon will be plentiful with them this year.—Murphy Advance.

Four dead sheep, three torn so badly they had to be killed, and four others more or less mangled, were found one day last week in a field belonging to Mr. D. M. McNeill, of Broadway. Dogs did it.—Jones Leader.

The Biblical Recorder, whose editor is a very observant man, says: It is seldom a week passes without a new paper starts in this State. They run about a year and then collapse, their proprietors being poorer but wiser men.

It is the same charming Mr. Pearson. What a wonderful preacher! How clear, how earnest, how spiritual, how scriptural, how tender, how pathetic! His teartones ought to move a heart of stone—Wilmington Messenger.

John Patterson, colored, of Harnett, is all-in-all a rather remarkable man. Although without arms he can shave a man; load and shoot a gun or pistol; thread a needle and sew; open and wind a watch; and do several other things wonderful for a man to perform without arms and hands.—Fayetteville Observer.

We saw to-day an apple which weighed one and a half pounds. This apple was raised by Mr. Daniel Davis, of Spring Creek, in Madison county. He passed through the city a day or two ago on his way to the State Fair at Raleigh. He had 24 of these apples which made one bushel.—Asheville Journal.

North Carolinians usually do well in other States. The Raleigh Christian Advocate says: Rev. J. T. Kendan, who transferred from North Carolina last year, at the recent session of that conference was appointed presiding elder of the Charleston District. We congratulate our young brother on the honor conferred upon him.

The dried fruit trade, although it is not what it once was, owing to the preference manifested for canned goods, of late years, remains still no small item of traffic. It was only the past week that Messrs. Vaughan & Pepper shipped 150,000 pounds of dried article, as a result of their dealings in part therein, this season.—Winston Republican.

A letter has been received by the Fayetteville Centennial Committee, from Senator Ransom, saying that the Secretaries of War and Navy have assured him that the United States Marine band, one hundred and eight pieces, of Washington D. C., and all the flags, etc., needed will be here at the Centennial.

The Shelby Aurora learns that the 450 acre tract of land on Cane Creek, known as the James M. Andrews gold mine tract, has been bonded to Northern parties. It is the opinion of all miners of that locality, that this property contains one of the richest gold placers ever worked in this region, and that it is one of the few virgin placers now remaining in this gold belt.

The Reidsville Review says that it is a surprising thing to us is the infinite cheek that some people have to blockade whiskey on our streets in broad open day light. Last Saturday afternoon, Deputy Collector, J. F. Wray, seized three barrels with no stamp, a horse, mule and wagon. The blockader is supposed to be from Yadkin county. As the Deputy Collector has no power to arrest the offender made his escape.

The Edison Electric Lighting company are now engaged in putting in a dynamo and plant in W. Duke, Sons & Co.'s cigarette factory to light that and other buildings.——Mr. Theo. Hobgood, formerly editor of the Asheville Evening Journal, announces his intention to leave for Seattle, Washington Territory, about the first of next month.—Durham Globe.

The Asheville Citizen says: The largest tobacco crop, and the finest ever known, has been safely housed by our farmers in this adjoining counties. ——We saw yesterday afternoon a Holstein heifer just purchased from the herd of Gen. R. B. Vance by Dr. A. Bourroughs. The animal was only thirteen months old, yet so well grown that she might pass for a well grown old fashioned cow. What will she be when she is grown cannot be guessed except from the known fame of the stock she comes from as fine large cattle, as well as being among the best of the milkers.

HOME CHAT.

:o:

N. C. THOUGHT, FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

What the Brethren of the Quill are Thinking and Saying

A DANGEROUS CROP.

When young men, and old ones too, go out to sow their wild oats they usually mix a little old rye in also.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

FAIR BE GOOD.

We hope to see the day when every county in North Catolina will have its annual Fair, or at least an annual gathering of its farmers.—Wilmington Star.

Every editor should either own or control the paper, otherwise there is danger of his saying something which he does not believe. High Point Enterprise.

NO GRATITUDE.

There is no semblance of gratitude among the Northern Republicans for the long and faithful support of their party by a solid negro vote.—Wilmington Messinger.

READY TO BELIEVE ANYTHING.

Geese have been known to live much longer than this [30 years] and we have occassionally encountered some in boarding houses that we would be willing to believe had lived twice as long.—Wilmington Star.

THEY HELP US.

When our readers show their good judgment by going to the merchants who advertise with us when they want to buy anything—as they generally do—it gives us pleasure.—Greensboro Daily Workman.

"WHITE TOPS UNCERTIN."

"White talks are mighty uncertin," as we have in more than one campaign found to our cost; but it begins to look now as if an overwhelming defeat was just ahead of Mahone and his benchmen.—Fayetteville Observer.

GOOD CAUSE FOR ENVY.

We almost envy our country friends at this season of the year as they are having turnips, pork, potatoes and opossum in great abundance while the town people are glad to get tough beef at high prices, poor chickens and Western bacon.—Morganton Star.

HOW THEY LOVE THE NEGRO.

Whenever the negroes settle in sufficient numbers in any North Western State to threaten the balance of power then the very people who gave them the franchise will deprive them of it to a very considerable extent by the qualifications they will attach to the exercise of the ballot.—Wilmington Messenger.

WE MUST DO THE WORK.

The glory and progress of the South does not depend upon Lee and Jackson and the Confederate heroes, but upon us, and the people who are to live after us. Lee and Jackson and the other Confederate heroes may have acted their part well, but that will not do for us. It is not enough to say we have Abraham as father and Jacob unto our fathers.—Greensboro Daily Workman.

A Scientific Explanation.

Congressman Mason's little boy once accompanied his father to a barber shop and witnessed a portion of the tremendous task performed by the colored porter to the end that the Congressman's shoes might shine. When he reached home the little fellow told his sister all about it. 'You see,' said he, 'the black man got down and breathed on mapa's boots an' his bref was black dess like his face and that's the way he did it—dess rubbed his bref into 'em and they was nice and black and shiny.'—Washington Post.

Truth Indestructible.

"You can neither hang, burn, behead, or crucify the truth. A lie on the throne is still a lie, and the truth in a dungeon is still the truth; and the lie on the throne is on the road to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the road to victory. Let liars take warning. Let those who told the people a year ago that a high tariff victory would bring peace and plenty to labor, prepare for their own detainement. Whoever exalts himself with a lie shall be debased by the truth."—Duluth (Minn.) Industrial Age.

A Brilliant Wrack.

General George Foster, who was one of the prosecuting attorneys in the trial of Mrs. Surrat, was before a New York police court the other day as a common drunkard. He has no money except what he begs from those who knew him in better days. He stated that he had never known a moment's peace since the hanging of Mrs. Surrat. He was discharged with a reprimand.—Raleigh Call.

A Perilous Business.

Journalism is a very perilous profession in Chica. The Pekin Gazette asserts that nineteen hundred of its editors have been beheaded. The jounal in question claims to have been in existence for a thousand years.