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

VOLUME 20. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY. 23, 1890. NUMBER 1

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

BILL ARP'S LETTER

HIS GRIEF OVER THE DEATH OF GRADY.

He Realates Some Incidents Showing How Young and Vivacious Mr. Grady Was.

It is a sad time to write a Sunday letter. The burial of Henry Grady has left everybody sad who knew him. We have not missed him yet. A few have in his household and in his editorial sanctum; but we who saw him only now and then, and the thousands who never saw him but who loved and honored him have not missed him. Perhaps we will not until some emergency comes, some trial of our patience, some vintictive encrochment, some calumny, and then we will sigh for Grady. A few years ago Ben Hill stood in the breach, and we felt that we were safe, and we were. When he died we felt like the soldiers felt when Stonewall Jackson died. The years rolled on, and Northern calumny seemed to gather sterngth and bitterness, when suddenly a pleading voice was heard that erectified the nation. The boy stood bravely among the best and proudest of our successers, and dared to tell them what they did not know. Without a herald, without prestige, without political training, without cultivated oratory, he embarassed them and charmed them and captured them with the beautiful eloquence of truth and the South wept tears of joy at his triumph. But recently he stood again, and seemingly without an effort established himself as the peerless orator of the nation; and so grandly did he champion our cause that even New England blushed that she had ever doubted our honor or our faith. Did ever a star rise so rapidly or the zenith and shine so resplendent and attract the admiring gaze of so many millions of wondering people? That star has gone—vanished—called in by the fiat of the Almighty. When will another come?

Henry Grady was a boy—nothing but a boy,—we all called him Henry. His smooth and boyish face and laughing eyes and merry voice did hardly become a man. He had to be deeply impressed with the deep concern or the peril of anything to put off his boyish ways. Only a few years ago I rode with him and two more friends in the country and seeing a squirel across the road he leaped from the carriage and chased him far down in the woods. He came back laughing and painting, and said: "I would have caught him if I—if I had been a dog." He loved the boys and their boyish sports, and onced remarked that he would go to school again if he was not ashamed. Said he wanted to play marbles and sky-ball, and would try a game of mumble-peg with a newsboy if there was no one watching him. When baseball came on the carpet he was delighted, for it gave even a man a chance to be a boy again. He joined in the sport with eager enthusiasm, and kept it alive, and became for a while its champion. I remember being in the office of the Constitution one day when Henry came saun tering in with a happy smile upon his face, and Evan Howell said: "You need not come here laughing, just look at that bill for telegraphing your baseball news from all over the country. That's the bill for one week—just one week—and if you don't stop it I'm going to charge it up to you We've got it to pay, but I am going to charge it up to you." Henry glanced at the bill and said: "That's all right; charge it charge it. charge it, I don't care; but I'm going to have the baseball news all the same. What are you fellows talking about?" When he left the room Howell said: "Was there ever such a boy in the world?" When he returned from the New York banquet with all his blushing honors thick upon him Howell said: "I knew it was in him; but he didn't, and he doesn't know now what he has done." Was he embarassed?" said I. "No, not a bit, he is never embarssed when he is championing or defending a just cause. His earnest, unselfished nature has no room for embarrassment. Grady is just as much at ease in the presence of great men as he is among the boys. He would as readily converse with a king or an emperor as with me and yet he has nothing of cheek or brass or assurance or conceit in his nature. All that I apprehended about Grady is that he would loose some of his influence by catering too much to the boys and their sports and frolics. But he can't help that and now I believe it adds to the charm of his nature." Since his death, Howell said in tender emotion, "I never knew of such a man. I never knew how much I loved him, how much the men and the boys and the women connected with the Constitution loved him all over the country. The young men and the old men and the negroes. I beleve th when he died he was the m at universally beloved man in ost United States. Was there the such an overwhelming un ever sal tribute paid to mortal man as has been paid to him?"

Some years ago I happened in Atlanta upon the day that Cox killed Alston—Alston who was Grady's, friend Grady loved him like a brother. The town was wild. There was hurrying two and fro as the excitement intesified, and Henry Grady was by turns the center of every crowd.

Horror-sticken, shocked and grieved, he told and retold the sad news in all its tragic details, seeking and courting sympaty from every listener and every little while Howell, would call him away and say: "Can't you go to the office now? This thing must be written up you know," All the evening Howell watched and waited and every time he urged Grady to go, he said: "I will please wait just a moment. I promise I will go directly; there is time enough." As fresh listeners joined the crowd Grady would tell it all again, and grieve again, and so the night came on and 8 o'clock and 9 o'clock and 10 and the paper must go to press at 3. Finally Howell became desperate and seizing him by the arm, he forced him bodily to the building and up the stairs and into his room and then locked the door and begged him to write. And he did write, We have not yet forgotton that wonderful and thrilling narative that apeared the next morning and covered an entire page of the paper. A homicide was never so written up before nor since. With eyes in tears, and trembling fingers, he dashed off sheet after sheet to the utmost precision of detail. The inception, the provocation, the extenuation and the consummation, and clothed it all in such pathetic, passionate language that seemed to have been written with tears that fell upon his pen. In two hours his work was finished, and he went wearily to bed.

As we walked to the church Robert Hemphill said, "This beautiful Christmas day just fits his character—a summer in the midst of winter. Every morning he was at my desk and brought sunshine with him Eagerly he ran over the morning's mail, and what there was good in it he read aloud and made his comments as he read. The weekly paper was his pet; and as the receipts increased, and daily increasing subscriptions came pouring in he was happy and declared it would go to 200,000 in 1890. 'It shall do it,' he said. 'And, Bob I want you to telegraph me every day when I am gone to Boston. When the receipts get to $2,000 a day wire me until you find me, for it will make me so happy.' They have passed the mark," said Bob. "They are now $2,400, but he never knew it. Yes, I shall miss him more than any one else in the office. My morning comforter is gone."

Henry Grady had just attained his majority when he came to Rome and began his career as a journalist. Very soon he mingled socially with the young men, and became their leader and their pet. He had no aristocratic circle of friends. He never had. Zeke Edge, the bright, cheerful shoemaker, was as dear to him as the bon ton of the town, and Zeke knew it, and loved him. I know he loved him for he came from far to his funeral, and I saw him weeping at his bier. Grady easily molded the young men of all classes to his gentle, persuasive will. In later years he advanced his mental and social forces among the mature and the aged, and became their confidant and their comfort. What a shock, a cruel shock, was his death to Chief Justice Bleckley and the venerable and venerated Campbell Wallace. "God did not take you nor me; my friend," said the judge to me, "but he set the dial back and took Grady in his prime." He was a born leader among men, not for gain, not for office, but for measures and the advancement of those he loved. What he made he scattered with a lavish hand; and there was no charity, no high and noble enterprise, no progress that he did not foster. He was Atlanta's unselfish friend. He lost thousands in seeking to promote her welfare; and Atlanta owes it all back to him with interest compounded. Owes it back to his dear old mother and sister, and his wife and children. I thought of this Wednesday while Dr. Morrison was praying for them in that great prayer, the greatest I ever heard in all my life. It was good to be there and listen to his slow and measured and trembling words as he breathed them out in broken-hearted tones to God. It was good to feel the breathless stillness of that vast assembly of mourners. It was good to drink into the heart the touching strains of music as they sung his favorite hymn—"We Shall Gather at the River." When his good mother first came to him from her distant home and found him half conscious, half delirious, he drew her to his bosom and, with that song in his heart, said: "Mother, my feet are already in the water." And they were; he knew that he was crossing the river.

Georgia has followed Grady wherever he dared to go. How easily he made governors, and judges, anu senators, when he willed it, and threw himself within the breach! How easily he captured Boston with all her exacting, critical rigidity of culture, and had he lived to stand before the other great centers of the North, he would have captured them, too, and would have revolutionized their sentiments ane brought harmony and peace out of discord. To read him comes nearer doing it than to read the utterances of any other man. But to hear him and see him and feel him, was to surrender to him and become willing prisoners to truth. The secret of all this was his earnest, pleading patriotism. Neither party nor partisanship was in it, nor office nor the hope thereof. Fortified by truth and love, he carried no other lance. Having never held office, he was fettered by no rules of political warfare. He did not seek to vanquish any foe. His ambition, was to win them. Added to the righteousness of his cause, he possessed the highest elements of oratory, sincerity and the pathos of language. His most intimate friends hardly knew the extent of his varied and wonderful gifts.

He did not know them himself until he had tried them. It is amazing that he tried them when and where he did. Like the proud bird that poises on the loftiest pinnacle, and then soaring easily and gracefully above attracts the admiring gaze of those below.

But the world moves on and the people will die—the noble and the ignoble. As fast as the ranks are broken we seem to hear the ceaseless ticking of the clock and the voice of old Father Time, saying: "Close up; close up." With smiles and with tears we are all marching to the grave. There is no stop, no halt, no rest, and the Lord expects every man to do his duty

BILL ARP.

HIS LAST REQUEST.

He Was Drunk And Wanted The Cat Watched.

"I heard a story on an Irishman the other day, which I think new," said a gentleman recently. "This Irishman was in the habit of going home drunk every night of his life, and beating his poor wife, Biddy, in the good old fashion. He didn't lick her because he disliked her, or wanted to punish her, but just because he thought it the proper thing to do. Finally Pat's wife got tired of it and appealed to the priest. The priest took Pat in hand. That night he came home, as usual, drunk. The good priest told Pat he had to stop getting drunk and beating his wife; that if he got drunk again he would turn him into a rat.

Next night he got drunk as usual, but he remembered what the priest had told him. Here is what he said to his wife:

"Don't be afraid, darlin', I'm not goin' to bate ye this night; I'm not goin' to lay the weight o' me finger on ye. I want ye to be kind to me, darlin', and to remember, if ye kin, the days when we was swatehearts, and when I was always kind to ye, and yo' loved me. Yo know his riverence was here last night, and he told me if I got drunk again he' turn me into a rat. I'm drunk this minit, darlin', and watch me, and when ye see me gittin' little, and the hair growin' out on me, an' the whiskers gittin' long, for God's sake, darlin', as ye love me, kape your eye on the cat."

Regularity.

"Yes," said the professor; "when I regulate my time piece I consult the best authority in town—the watchmaker's chronometer. In the same way when I need a digestive pill, I invariably take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, because they are so accurately graduated, so gentle in their effects, regulating the intestinal action with such nicety that the system is left invigorated, the natural functions are resumed, my brain is clear for work, my spirits serene, and my appetite fine."

Give The Women a Chance.

As an instance of pluck and industry we mention the fact that Mr. R. M. Blackwell, of this county planted a crop last year for himself and another man to work. Soon after the crop was planted Mr. Blackwell was taken sick and the other man left. Mrs. Blackwell, undaunted, took the crop in hand and cultivated it herself; only hiring one man about two months. She not only cultivated the crop but did all her household work, and in the fall dried a large quantity of fruit. She made a fine crop of tobacco, a good crop of cotton, corn, etc., paid off all her accounts, bought everything she needed and has plenty to run her this year.—Nashville Argonaut.

GRADY'S SPEECH

BEFORE THE BAY STATE DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

He Eloquently Pictures the Democratic Idea of Individual Responsibility. and Defines Democracy.

On his memorable visit to Boston, the late gifted Heney W. Grady, on the evening after he had made his famous speech at the Merchant's Association, was the guest of the Bay State Club. This is the oldest and most influential of the Democratic clubs in New England. Mr. Grady spoke. He was an admirable impromptu speaker and made a "hit." It was a telling speech, and its brightness and freshness has a mournful interest in view of his recent untimely death. He said:

HENRY W. GRADY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

I am confident you will not expect a speech from me this afternoon, especially as my voice is in such a condition that I can hardly talk. I am free to say that it is not a lack of ability to talk, because I am a talker by inheritance. [Laughter.] My father was an Irishman, my mother was a woman; both talked. I came by it honestly.

I don't know how I could take up any discussion here of any topic apart from the incidents of the past two days. I saw this morning Plymouth Rock. I was pulled up on top of it and told to make a speech.

It reminded me of an old friend of mine. Judge Dooley, of Georgia, who was a very provoking fellow and was always getting challenged to duels, and never fighting them. He always got out of it by being smarter than the other fellow. One day he went out to fight a man with one leg, and he insisted on bringing along a bee gum and sticking one leg into it so that he would have no more flesh exposed than his antagonist. On the occasion I am thinking of, however, he went out to fight with a man who had St. Vitus' dance, and the fellow stood before him holding the pistol cocked and primed, his hand shaking. The judge went quietly and got a forked stick and stuck it up in front of him.

"What's that for," said the man.

"I want you to shoot with a rest, so that if you hit me you will bore only one hole. [Laughter.] If you shoot that way you will fill me full of holes with one shot."

I was reminded of that and forced to tell my friends that I could not think of speaking on top of Plymouth Rock without a rest. [Laughter.]

But I said this, and I want to say it here again, for I never knew how true it was till I had heard myself say it and had taken the evidence of my voice, as well as my thoughts—that there is no spot on earth that I had rather have seen than that. I have a boy who is the pride and the promise of my life, and God knows I want him to be a good citizen and a good man, and there is no spot in all this broad republic nor in all this world where I had rather have him stand to learn the lessons of right citizenship, of individual liberty, of fortitude and heroism and justice, than the spot on which I stood this morning, reverent and uncovered. [Applause.]

Now, I do not intend to make a political speech, although when Mr. Cleveland expressed some surprise at seeing me here, I said: "Why, I am at home now; I was out visiting last night." [Great laughter and applause.] I was visiting mighty clever folks, but still I was visiting. Now I am at home.

It is the glory and promise of Democracy, it seems to me, that its success means more than partisanry can mean. I have been told that what I said helped the Democratic party in this State. Well, the chief joy that I feel at that, and that you feel, is that, beyond that and above it, it helped those larger interests of the republic, and those essential interests of humanity that for seventy years the Democratic party has stood for, being the guarantor and the defender.

Now, Mr. Cleveland last night made—I trust this will not get into the papers (laughter)—one of the best Democratic speeches I ever heard in my life, and yet all around sat Republicans cheering him to the echo. It was just simply because he pitched his speech on a high key, and because he said things that no man, no matter how partisan he was, could gainsay.

Now it seems to me we do not care much for political success in the South—for a simple question of spoils or of patronage. We want to see onedemocratic administration since General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, just to prove to the people of this world that the South was not the wrong-headed and impulsive and passionate section she was represented to be. I heard last night from Mr. Cleveland, our great leader, as he sat by me, that he held to be the miracle of modern history the conservatism and the temperance and the quiet with which the South accepted his election, and the few office-seekers in comparison that came from that section to besiege and importune him. [Applause.]

Now it seems to me that the struggle in this country, the great fight, the roar and din of which we already hear, is a fight against the consolidation of power, the concentration of capital, the diminution of local sovereigety and the dwarfing of the individual citizen. Boston is the home on the one section of a nationalist party that claims the remedy for all our troubles, the way in which Dives, who sits inside the gate, shall be controlled, and the poor Lazarus who sits outside shall be lifted up, is for the government to usurp the functions of the citizen and take charge of all his affairs. It is the Democratic doctrine that the citizen is the master and that the best guarantee of this government is not garnered powers at the capital, but diffused intelligence and liberty among the people. [Applause.]

My friend, General Collins—who, by the way, captured my whole State and absolutely conjured the ladies (applause)—when he came down there talked about this to us, and he gave us a train of thought that we have improved to advantage.

It is the pride, I believe, of the South, with the simple faith and her homegenerous people, that we elevate there the citizen above the party, and the citizen above everything. We teach a man that his best guide at last is his own conscience, that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, that his own right arm and his own stout heart are his best dependence, that he should rely on his State for nothing that he can do for himself, and on his government for nothing that his State can do for him; but that he should stand upright and self-respecting, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his State, loyal to his republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building at his altars above his own hearth stone, and shrining his own liberty in his own heart. [Great applause.] That is a sentiment that I would not have been afraid to avow last night. [Laughter.] And yet it is mighty good Democratic doctrine, too. [Applause.]

I went to Washington the other day and I stood on the capitol hill, and my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, of the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the judges and the courts, and all that was gathered there; and I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the convenant of my country is lodged its final uplifting and its regeneration. [Applause.]

But in a few days afterwards I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretenpious house, set about with great trees and encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest; the fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and the garden, and the resonant clucking of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift and comfort.

Outside there stood my friend, the master—a simple, independent upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops—master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged and trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And, as he started to enter his home, the hand of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and honorable father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment. And as we approached the door the mother came, a happy smile lighting up her face, while with the rich music of her heart she bade her husband and her son to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her domestic affairs, the loving helpmate of her husband. Down the lane came the children after the cows, singing sweetly, as like birds they sought the quiet of their nest.

So the night came down on that house, falling gently as the wing from an unseen dove. And the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were falling from the sky, called the family around him and took the Bible from the table and called them to their knees. The little baby hid in the folds of its mother's dress while he closed the record of that day by calling down God's blessing on that simple home. While I gazed the vision of the marble capitol faded; forgotten were its treasures and its majesty; and I said: "Surely here in the homes of the people lodge at last the strength and responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic". [Tremendous applause.]

My friends, this is the Democracy we know in the South; that is the Democratic doctrine we preach; a doctrine, sir, that is writ above our hearthstones. We aim to make our homes, poor as they are, self-respecting and independent. We try to make them temples of refinement, in which our daughters may learn that women's best charm and strength is her gentleness and her grace, and temples of liberty in which our sons may learn that no tower can just fy and no treasure repay for the surrender of the slightest right of a free individual American citizen. [Long applause.]

Now you do not know how we love you Democrats. Had we better print that? [Laughter.] Yes, we do, of course we do. If a man does not love his folks, who should he love? We know how gallant a fight you have made here, not as hard and hopeless as our friends in Vermont (laughter), but still an uphill fight. You have been doing better, much better.

Now, gentlemen, I have some mighty good Democrats here. There is one of the fattest and best in the world sitting right over there (pointing to his partner, Mr. Howell.)

You want to know about the South. My friends, we representative men will tell you about it. I just want to say that we have had a hard time down there.

When my partner came out of the war he didn't have any breeches. [Laughter.] That is an actual truth. Well, his wife, one of the best women that ever lived, reared in the lap of luxury, took her old woolen dress that she had worn all during the war—and it had been a garment of sorrow and of consecration and of heroism—and cut it up and made a good pair of breeches. He started with that pair of breeches and with $5 in gold as his capital, and scraped up boards from amind the ashes of his home, and built him a shanty of which love made a home and which courtesy mare it hospitable. And now I believe he has with him three pairs of breeches (laughter), and several pairs at home. We have prospered down there.

I attended a funeral once in Pickens county in my State. A funeral is not usually a cheerful object to me unless I could select the subject. I think I could, perhaps, without going a hundred miles, find the material for one or two cheerful funerals. [Laughter.] Still, this funeral was peculiary sad. It was a poor "one gallus" fellow, whose breeches stuck him under the armpits and hit him at the other end about the knee—he didn't believe in decollete clothes. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry; they cut through solid marble to make his grave; and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinatti. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the nails in his coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburg. They buried him by the side of the best sheep grazing country on the earth, and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the North. The South didn't furnish a thing on earth for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground. [Laughter.] There they put him away and the clod-ridden dust on his coffin, and they hurried him in a New York coat and a Boston pair of shoes and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnatti, leaving him nothing to carry into the next world with him to remind him of the country in which he lived, and which he fought for four years but the chill of blood in his veins and the marrow in his bones.

Now we have improved on that. We have got the biggest marble-cutting establishment on earth within a hundred yards of that grave. We have got a half dozen woolen mills right around it, and iron mines, and iron furnaces, and iron factories. We are coming to meet you. We are going to take a noble revenge, as my friend, Mr. Carnegie, said last night, by invading every inch of your territory with iron, as you invaded ours twenty-nine years ago.

Now, I want to say one word about the reception we have had here. It has been a constant revelation of hospitality and kindness and brotherhood from the whole people of the city to myself and my friends. It has touched us beyound measure.

I was struck with one thing last night. Every speaker that rose expressed his confidence in the future and lasting glory of the republic. There may be men, and there, who insist on getting up fraticidal strife, and who infamously fan the embers of war that they may again raise them into a blaze. But just as certain as there is a God in the heavens, when these noisy insects of the hour have perished in the heat that gave them life the great clock of this republic will strike the slow-moving, the tranquil hours and the watchman from the street will cry; All is well with the republic; all is well. [Great applause.]

We bring to you from hearts that yearn for you confidence and for your love the message of fellowship from our homes. This message comes from consecrated ground. The fields in which I played were the battlefields of this republic, hallowed to you with the blood of your soldiers who died in victory, and doubly sacred to us with the blood of ours who died undaunted in defeat. All around my home are set the hills of Kennesaw, all around the mountains and hills down which the gray flag fluttered to defeat, and through which American soldiers from either side charged like demigogs; and I do not think I could bring you a false message from those old hills and sacred fields—witnesses twenty years ago in their re desolation of the deathless valor of American arms and the quenchless bravery of American hearts; and in their white peace and tranquility to-day of the imperishable union of the American States and the indestructible brotherhood of the American people. [Great applause.]

It is likely that I will not again see Bostonians assembled togethe. I therefore want to take this occasion to thank you and my excellent friends of last night and those friends who accompanied us this morning for all that you have done for us since we have been in your city, and to say whenever any of you come South just speak your name, and remember that Boston or Massachusetts is the watchword, and we will meet you at the gates. [Applause.]

The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head so late hath been;
The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his own but yester e'en;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiled so sweetly on her knee;
But forget thee will I never, Gieneairn,
And all that thou has done for me.

At the close of Mr. Grady's speech the pent up enthusiasm of the assembly found vent in three tremendous cheers and a tiger.

Mr. John W. Wardsworth, of Charlotte, last week dumped 3,000 pounds of spoiled pork in the compost heap on his place near the city.

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farmig.

Some farmers are complaining that the fly is doing damage to the wheat,—Salem Press.

Once more we say: then, to our farmer friends: Make your home supplies, and your sleep will be sweeter, your life happier, your self-respect greater and your independence surer.—Scotland Neck Democrat.

A. R. Whitney, of Franklin Grove, Ill., says that for many years he has planted only top-grafted trees, his expierence having shown that on the average they bear times as much fruit as root grafted, under the same conditions of treatment,

There have been experimental stations established under the direction of the Agricultural Department in thirty-seven States and one Territary. The appropriation for the support of those was made by act of Congress, March 2nd, 1887 and apportions to each $15,000 per year.

For the geatest production of milk, cows need succulent food, It is not enough that be given when dry food is need, for this result. Grass and clover is the best of all foods for producing milk, and ensilage the next; and the use of the silo for preserving food for cows in a succulent condition is indispensiable for the winter feeding. But where no silo has been provided, the next best feeding is cut hay wetted and mixed with meal, This moist food is better digested than dry food is, and has been found to increase the quantity of milk one-fourth.—Exchange.

While it is true that some of the farmers in section of the East are in a bad condition, still if they would raise their own "hog and hominy" as has been preached to them time and again they soon discard the burthensome yoke of debt. The raising of produce for home consumption has been advocated so much by the quill drivers that it has become almost as tedious as a twice told tale.! Farmers cannot be too often reminded of the fact that their farms will never sustain them until they plant crops by which they can live at home.—Tarboro Southoner.

WORK FOR WINTER.

Look over the tools, and get them into working order. See that missing teeth are replaced by new ones in the wooden rakes, and that rivets in spades shovels, and forks are not sprung; that the axes have got good handles; that the picks are pointed, the grub-hoes are sharpened, and the wheelbarrows are in good repair. If you have not got a hand-barrow, make one, it is easily done. See that all the rungs are in all the ladders, and that the folding step-ladder are whole and secure. Have a ten-foot measure-rod, properly painted and marked, a garden line in good order, and everything got into readiness for spring. And gather up all the old, broken and useless tools you have on or about the place and burn them. It is wonderful, the amount of rubbish that soon accumilates about a place. A poor or broken tool is good for nothing. Time is money, and the time spent with useless tools would more than pay for new ones.—Country Gentlemen.

DOES THE FARM PAY?

Every farmer should ask himself this question at the close of harvest and answer it honestly. The farm does not pay if it merely affords a living and prevents the accumulation of debt. It may do more than this—it may even decrease debt and add to the value of stock and improvements—and yet not pay. It being assumed that the labor and superintendence of the owner is equal in value to the support of the family, then the net accumulations of the year must be equal to the legal interest upon the whole capital invested, or the farm does not pay. This is a simple method of farm book keeping, and will always answer the question; yet too many farmers would shrink from applying the test. If the farm does not pay to at least this extent, the situation should be rigidly canvassed, with a view of finding better methods. Labor, brain and capital working together furnish the best possible combination for success, and when they are centered in one individual should be able to commend it.—Exchange.

A verdict of $13,000 was given against the R. & D. R. R. at Danville, Va., a few days since for injury to a passenger.

Greensboro is evidently on the up grade. We see from the North State that a few acres of land was bought a short whild since for $175 and was sold last week for $1,000.

SIGNIFICIENT FACT.

A Lesson in the Tariff Primer.

New England Manufacturers are much in eaanest in asking the Congress to free wool and woolens from the grievious tax under the juggernaut Radical tariff. They want raw wool reelived altogether of the present enormous tax upon it, or have it reduced much. Already 520 manufacturers have asked for a change. The flax industry is also taxed to death. The result is there is a positive decline, and linen manufactuers are anxious for a change. The products of flax had fallen from 27,000,000 pounds in 1860—under a low tariff—to 5,000,000 in 1870, and now it is too insignificient to be computed. The importation of linens has increased four-fold under the high tariff.

Look at the steel rails. In 1887 the American manufuctures made money by making them at $27.50 a ton. Was a tax of $17 upon it then to enable this "infant" to thrive? Mr. Charlisle says that when there shall be an increased demand in our country "the manufacturers, by reason the tariff, can put the price up $17 higher per ton than it is abroad, and still monopolize the home market." Who pray will have to pay this increase? The men who ship over roads paying the increase in construction. These thing are worth noting. They help on the schooling in economic science.

How Law Led to Crime.

I wonder whether really crime or law came first. Law came very early in the history of things. If I remember aright, Adam and Eve were instructed not to eat fruit in the Garden of Eden. So it would seem that law came first and led to crime, and it still seems so. There is a quiet little place in the Santa Cruz mountains where the simple inhabitants lived for years without law at all. The dread policeman's star did not shine out in the dark night; There was no court house, no jail, no use for them. They were happy, innocent people. One day the office seekers found this Arcadia and made a dead set for it. The profit went to the discoverer, I suppose, and he grabbed all of the offices. He became deputy coroner and justice of the peace, and being the surgeon, the community was at his mercy. He had hardly taken office before there was a fight. He had first, in his capacity as a surgeon, to attend to the wounded men; secondly, he had to attend to the assaulter in his capacity of justice of the peace; but to his chagrin the wounded man did not die, and he couldn't sit on the body as coroner. And ever since that little Arcadia has become a riotous kind of place, and the offices have quite an income.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Poisoned With Malaria.

Mr, S. A. Price, of this state, but now a prominent and influential citizen of Dallas, Texas, writes under date of April, 12th, 1889:

"About three years ago I was living in a malarial district of Georgia, and while there frightful sores broke out all over my body. The poison in my blood was so bad that it ruined my health and prostrated me. I was at length so reduced in health, and apparently incurable after taking large quantities of medicines prescribed by my physicians, that they, as a last resort, advised me to go to Hot Springs, as it was the only chance of recovery left, and in this they expressed their serious doubts that I would derive any benefit from the trip. I went to Hot Springs and while there took a thorough course of medicine under the physicians, which seemed to benefit, but did not cure me, for in one month after my return, the malady re-appeared. I immediately began taking S. S. S., which made me permanently well—well from 1886 until now.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED

One of my customers, a highly respected and influential citizen, but who is now absent from the city, has used Swift's Specific with excellent results. He says it cured him of a skin eruption that he had been tormented with for thirty years, and had resisted the curative qualities of many other medicines.

ROBERT CLEGG, druggist,
Falls City, Neb.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worst type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines till it is too late—till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician.—"A word to the wise is sufficient."

The Sanford Express learns that there are good indications of the existence of natural gas at Egypt, Chatham county.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

The town of Shelby is to have electric lights.

The cotton gin of M. S. Fisher, near Raleigh, was burned a few days since.

The Wilmington Star expects the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley R. R. to be completed to that place by Feb. 15th.

The tornado in Kentucky was very disastrous. It destroyed flourishing villages, killed ten and injured sixty persons.

The Supreme Court has granted a new trial to Boyle—the Catholic priest who was convicted of rape and sentenced to be hung.

The Kinston Free Press learns that Mr. R. F. Whitehurst, of Durham, has invented a medicated cigarette, and that a stock company has been formed at Durham for its manufacturer.

Trotter, the colored recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia, has, at the request of the President, tendered his resignation. During the last two years the office has paid him over $40,000. It is now proposed to take the fees away and make this a salaried office.

The warm winter weather has not been confined to Eastern North Carolina, as the following from the Statesville Landmark shows: Some of the wheat in the county has jointed, some is knee high and plenty of it is tall enough to hide a rabbit. Some peach trees are in bloom and some of the buds on the elm trees on the streets are ready to burst. And so it goes. But biting frosts are coming—we don't say when, but sometime between now and the middle of April.

The Statesville Landmark—the best county weekly in the State—says: A sheriff in one of the counties of Western North Carolina was recently on his tax rounds, and, talking to one of his constituents, made some reference to the death of Jefferson Davis. The man asked if Davis was still in prison when he died. Another man came up and joined in the conversation, and asked if Gen. Lee was dead yet. While the three were talking a fourth joined them and tendered a Mecklenburg Bank bill in payment of his taxes. These would be called by poker-players "three of a kind."

The Kinston Free Peess tells of a strange case. That paper gives the following circumstances: It seems that sometime ago there was a congregation of christians, calling themselves Union Baptist, at Hickory Grove, this county. By private subscription they obtained funds to build a church, which was built upon the land of Mr. Junius Sutton, who made a deed to certain persons for the land upon which the church stood as "trustees for the Baptist church at Hickory Grove." Sometime afterwards the donor of the land, the trustees and the whole congregation at Hickory Grove went over bodily to the Methodist church, since which time services have been conducted there by the Methodists alone to the exclusion of Rev. B. W. Nash, the chieff preacher and leader of the Union Baptists, Now Mr. Nash brings suit to recover the property as trustee for the Union Baptists.

A NEGROE'S RETURN.

He'd Been to the "Promised Land"

The News gives an interesting interview with George Newton who passed through Charlotte Wednesday en route from Arkansas to his old home in Wilson, N. C. George left North Carolina about nine months ago, and left Arkansas about the last of November. He has since been on the road with long tramps relieved by fortuitous rides. He reports a large death rate amounting to one third among the negroes who left with him, and a keen desire to return. They are out of money, suffering for drinking water, and are dissatisfied.

George had left and had arrived here with his heels "worn to the quick" as the News puts it. He was well fed at the depot by negroes and went his way. There are many who will say he was served right. However this may be, surely the promised land did not come up to representation, and so we fear that the going of the negroes will not be permanent, and just here comes the rub. That is why we have said in another column, fill their places as they leave and shut off return in large numbers. But with the picture in background of the negroes gleefully going away with all their savings soon to be gone, there stands in the foreground this single figure of Geoge Newton "The Return," ragged hungry and sore, to those whom he trusts and leans upon. There is pathos in the contrast. There is affection and docility and humility and childlike dependence and a memory of sunny home and happy life. We can imagine "The Return" as he hears the "Exodus" train rolling away behind and the laughing hurrah of his ignorant comrades, thinking of the "tender grace of a day that is dead which will never come back to them."—Charlotte Democrat.

The Wilmington Star says that a large number of white people are leaving Sampson, Duplin and Pender counties for the far West.