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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."

VOLUME 20. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY. 6. 1890. NUMBER 3

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

## BILL ARP'S LETTER

*OF THE OLD FASHIONED DOCTOR*

*His Ways Contrasted With Those of The Modern Practitioner.*

There is an awful mystery about these doctors. They know so much that common people don't know. When I was a child I had a profound reverence for them. Our family doctor was a three hundred pounder and was gruff and short in his speech and not very fond of children. And yet he seemed to like me rather more than many kid out of doors and was always giving them away. Whenever he saw a child came into the family or in the neighborhood, he would say that the doctor brought it. I used to wonder where he kept them. I asked my mother once and she said "in Heaven, maybe," and this increased my veneration. Our big fat doctor had a shop—we didn't call it an office—and I used to peep in at the door sometimes and look at his little bottles on the shelves. I was sent there once for some medicine and he gave me some licorice root and some changeable lozenges. There was a mysterious box standing up in the corner—a long narrow box about big enough to hold an old-fashioned clock (a grandfather's clock), and the door was open a little and I saw an awful thing in there—a skeleton suspended from a screw in the ceiling. There were dark ravenous holes for the eyes and a hole for the nose, and there were jaws with teeth in them and they looked fierce and malicious. I had a little grinning at home and it had teeters in it. Once was a picture of a skeleton with a scythe in his hand and I had learned the lines—

"Time cuts down all,
Both grass and gall;"

and I thought I had discovered where the old rascal was kept hid. He was in that box. It was a long time before I recovered from those childish superstitions.

One time I had a long spell of fever and that old doctor bled me till I fainted, and he wouldn't let me have any water, and when I got delirious I thought that he had that skeleton on my back and I was to be cut down with a scythe-blade. He bled me several times. Five little scars are on my arms yet. Bleeding was a big thing then. Mark Hanna says his arms are just tattooed with scars. I reckon they bled more in Mark's day than in mine, for the older a man is the more scars he has, and Mark says he has got forty. I can tell how old a man is by his lancets. Mark says that bleeding was a good thing and ought not to have been abolished. That these modern doctors are always talking about blood poison, blood poison. Well, if the blood is poisoned why not take it out,—bleed a man until he can hardly wag and let new blood form that is not poisoned."

But we lived—blood or no blood—water or no water—doctors or no doctors. The Baptists lived and the Presbyterians lived for they say, that Baptists don't die until their time comes and predestination saves the Presbyterians, but it is a wonder that any Methodists were ever raised in those bleeding days. We never had any medicine except castor oil and calomel and epsom salts and jalap and number six and sheep saffron tea and some jaw breaking tooth pullers that were made just like these crowbar hooks that you turn doors locks with at new mill. There were some patent medicines like paregoric and Bateman's drops and Godfrey's cordial and opodeldoc that were kept in the stores and they were good too. But the noble science has made progress—wonderful progress—and I like it, because it offers such a wide field for a smart man and such a similar chance for a fool.

We've got a boy studying medicine and are hopeful for him. Of course we are. His mother thinks he will be a great surgeon, for he is the seventh son and when he was a lad our peacock got his leg broke and I was about to kill him to put the poor thing out of misery, but Ralph begged me to give the bird to him and he made some splints out of a big cane and fixed him up in a swing and he got well and another time he sewed up a badcut on one of the mules and he just loves to pick out splinters or get a cinder out of your eye and so we consented to his being a doctor and he is attending lectures in Atlanta and the other day I called to see him at the college. It was a kind of a recess when I got there, and I was introduced to Dr. Kendrick and he was mighty kind and said they were just about to perform on the clinik and invited me in. I thought it was some kind of electric machine, but when I got in the room there were 125 young doctors sitting all around on tiers of seats that got higher and higher so that all of them could look down on the little circular pit at the bottom—a little pit about ten feet across and looked like it was built to fight chickens in. I heard that the boys did fight chickens there on the sly some times.

The clinik was a revolving table that had a cot on it and was placed in the middle of the pit. Dr Kendrick went in first and I followed along with a sick white man and two sick darkies. All of a sudden the young doctor commenced cheering and so I took a cheer and sat down. I didn't know whether they were cheering the professor or the sick men and for fear they would think I was sick I rose forward and took another cheer and they cheered again. The professor then introduced me to the audience and I came to a perpendicular attitude and they cheered again and again, I took my cheer. After this little episode was over the professor asked one of the darkies what was the matter with him and he said he didn't have breath enough, he was short of breath, he couldn't walk ten steps and his heart went like a kettle drum. So the professor thump on him and put his ear to his left breast and began to ask the young doctors questions about diseases of the heart and they seemed to know right smart. One said the heart had two beats to the bar, and another said the heart had two ventriloquists, and another said he reason the darkey was short of breath was because he didn't have enough of it, and another said the valves were out of order and another thought that the clavicles of the sternum were contracted, but a knowing young man said there was not enough oxygen in his blood. I noticed that when a young man hesitated and got things mixed the professor was very kind and helped them along just like Dr. Waddel used to help us boys along in Latin when we were at college.

"Quidam is a pronoun, is it not Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, quidem is what—an adverb is it not."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir. Quidam is a pronoun and quidem is an adverb."

"Correct, Mr. Jones," and Mr. Jones thought he had done wonders until his report came out and he was put down 45 in Latin.

"Well, what is the remedy for that?" said the Professor. "If his blood lacks oxygen how can oxygen be supplied."

"Give him a donic, sir," said a young man with a bad cold, "an iron donic." Then the book keeper wrote a prescription.

"Good gracious thought I! Has that darkey got to eat a whole donic? A donic is a lump of iron as big as a water pail. But maybe he is not to eat it but is to handle it. Maybe he is going to dig in the mines. It does make a man strong to dig up donic in the mines. It is like swinging a pair of iron dumb bells to get strong. But our boy told me afterwards that it was not a donic but a tonic. I wish that I knew as much about the human frame as Dr. Kendrick knows. He put a little glass quill in the other darkey's mouth and when he took it out and looked at it he told the young doctors all about his disease and how it came and what must be done for him and then he begun on the white man and asked him what was the matter, and the man pulled up the leg of his pants and showed an awful case of big leg and the doctor said something about an elephant and told him he had come the wrong day and belonged to Dr. Westmoreland's clinik. Poor fellow, thought I. You are gone up. Dr. Westmoreland will cut that leg off in ten minutes and quile. Next I was invited in the dissecting room. Yes, I was invited, and the big fat black janitor who steals all the stiffs opened the door but I didn't go in. I saw enough and one whiff of the oderiferous atmosphere satisfied me and I departed those coasts. The young doctors laughed at me tumultuously. There were ten tables in there and a cadaver on every table, and some of them were split in two and some dismembered, and there were arms and legs hanging about on the walls, and from some all the nerves had been taken out like a bunch of strings, and from some all the muscles had been taken out, and there were backbones and baslets and spareribs just like you see at hog-killing time. And all this is to teach the doctors anatomy, and it is all right, and if a man has any genius at all it does look like he ought to know how to treat every disease and what to do for every wound that humanity is liable to. Those 125 doctors seem to be in earnest and some of them will make their mark. Our boy came home the other day and had a darkey's ear wrapped up in his pocket and wanted to tell his mother all about its anatomy. For a minute she didnt understand what it was and asked him in amazement if he had got to chewing tobacco. He said, "Why no. This is not tobacco. This is a darkie's ear that——" She rose forward and then backward, and was more indignant than when I did that mole in the sugar disk. Ralph had to leave the room and hide out the ear, and she wouldnt let him eat dinner until he had washed his hands with lye soap and cologne two or three times. But still she is proud of that boy and tells how he used to speak a speech and say, "Friends, Romans and Countrymen—lend me your ears." "Little did I think," she said "that he would some day go about cutting them off from dead negroes."

BILL ARP.

## EDISON AND THE CHILDREN

*Some New Phonographic Toys Now Being Made.*

It is not often that I see Thomas A. Edison. Despite his numberless successes and the great fortune which his inventions have made for him, he is, if possible, busier than ever, and seems determined to make the latter half of his life more wonderful in inventive achievements than has been the first half. In the while I chatted with him I received enough food for thought to last twelve months. His wonderful phonographic doll is a pronounced success. He suggests the attention of the idea to all sorts of toys, and in fact, some of his ablest assistants at Menlo Park are already at work in this field. Some of these new creations will be more than interesting. It will be easy to make a phonographic canary bird, whose song shall consist of the notes of any number of the prize singers of that musical little being. An artificial parrot can be made which will swear, sing, pray, whistle and converse in half a dozen languages. Phonographic dogs, cats, horses, and chickens will reproduce every sound known to be of interest by their originals. Phonographic toy theatres can be constructed to give short plays, and phonographic toy opera houses will give concerts, vocal and instrumental, superior to nine tenths of those heard in real life. There certainly seems to be a new age just breaking in all sorts of toys for children's use, which will afford almost equal pleasure and interest to grown folks. It has also been suggested that the phonograph be applied to cars, to call out the names of the streets and stations.—N. Y. Star.

B B B (Botanic Blood Balm)

If you are this remedy you will say as many others have said, that it is the best blood purifier and tonic. Write Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of convincing testimony.

J. P. Davis, Atlanta, Ga. (West End), writes: "I consider that B. B. B. has permanently cured me of rheumatism and scaritica."

R. R. Sanders, Athens, Ga., says: "B. B. B. cured me of an ulcer that had resisted all other treatment."

E. G. Tinsley, Calhoun, Ala., writes: "My mother and sister had ulcerated sore throat and scrofula. I used six bottles."

Jacob F. Spencer, Newnan, Ga., writes: "B. B. B. entirely cured me of rheumatism in my shoulders. I used six bottles."

Chas. Reinhardt, No 2026 Fountain Street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I suffered with bleeding piles two years, and am glad to say that one bottle of B. B. B. cured me."

J. J. Hardy, Toccoa, Ga., writes: "B. B. B. is a quick cure for catarrh. Three bottles cured me, I had been troubled several years."

A. Spink, Atlanta, Ga., says: "One bottle of B. B. B. completely cured my child of eczema."

W. A. Pepper, Fredonia, Ala., writes: B. B. B. cured my mother of ulcerated sore throat.

### The Small Boy Again.

Father—Abe, so you ran away from Sunday-school to go skating, and broke through at the ice, did you?

Son—No, I didn't. I fell asleep in church, and got locked in.

Father—But how did you get so wet?

Son—That's from the tears I shed when I waked up.—Binghamton Republican.

To Mothers.

For upwards of fifty years "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething with never failing safety and success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. "MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" is for sale by druggist in every part of the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam be it ever so humble, there's no specific for pain like Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"The most troublesome companion a person can have while being away from home, is a cough, and I would advise everybody to procure Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup before starting."—Drummer.

## GIRLS' PHOTOGRAPHS.

*Don't Say "Yes" Every Time You Are Asked For One.*

Learn to say no when asked for your photograph by some one not specially dear to you. There is in that little word much that will protect you from evil tongues. Learn to think that your face is too sacred to decorate the room of Tom, Dick or Harry, no matter if each one of the three is one of the pleasantest fellows in the world. When the sun imprinted in black and white, just how sweet and how dainty you look, it did not mean that the picture should have incense in the shape of tobacco smoke, or dubious praise in the form of a discussion of your points rendered to it. Give away your picture with discretion. Remember that some day there will come along Prince Charming, who will have a right, the right owned by the master of the heart, to ask for the counterfeit presentment of yourself after he knows that he is going to have the real girl for his own. Think how mortified you would be if he should discover that the giving away of your photograph has been almost as general as the invitations to your New Year's party. Think how he will feel if he sees your face looking over the mantel-shelf in Dick's room—Dick, whom he knows to be a braggart and a man for whom he has the utmost contempt! Then just learn how to say no! Do not display your photographs to your men friends, and you will not have this unpleasant task; but if you should do it and have not the courage to say the little monosyllable, be wise and refer them to papa.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## A PERFECT DAY.

*One That Was a Poem Within Itself*

The following beautiful bit of prose poetry is an extract from the Christmas, 1888, editorial of the lamented Henry W. Grady. It is worth reading more than once a year.

"Last Sunday was a poem; it was a strain of music; a dream. The earth, the air, the sky were full of delicious languor and divine rest. Winter, gray-bearded, crusty tyrant that he is, has not been constant as an attendant on his young bride—the New Year—as usual, and Sunday he left and went clean away, and Summer, who has been glancing out the corner of his eyes disdainfully himself, into her good graces, finally crept boldly and came close up to her and—kissed her where she stood. Can we blame her that she didn't rebuff her charming lover, but looked down coyly and blushed, and smiled? Yes, she smiled all last Sunday, the New Year did, and every tree and every blade of grass smiled with her. But 'twas only for a day. Summer has gone; even as we write we hear the heavy steps of Winter—fateful old overture—coming near, and it will be just like him to make his bride, and birds and the trees suffer for the boldness that summer shows. But even if he does they have something to be thankful for. In this sweet Southern world the year, before its first month was half gone, nestled closely to June-time, and slept—yes, smilingly slept—a whole day on Summer's bosom. To live, or rather to dream, through such a day, to breathe its air, to look at its sky, to feel the gentle thrill of its beauty—this is the paradise our southland gives us.

### Dr Grissom in Washington.

A special telegram from Washington to the Wilmington Messenger says: "Dr. Eugene Grissom is here again. Years ago he told me he thought the position of Superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Insane Asylum a most enviable one for a man who had made insanity a specialty. For a long time Dr. Grissom has had his eyes turned toward this great National Asylum which sands on a hill in the suburbs of Washington, commands a charming view of the capital city, of Arlington and the river. The salaries paid are good, and the work congenial to specialists who like that sort of business. Dr. Grissom may deny the impeachment, but he wants the place yet, and I hope sincerely he will get it. He is eminently qualified for it, and he has powerful friends who would work to help him secure it. He has a right to aspire to it, and to work for it. I would be glad to see the self-made North Carolina doctor secure the place.

The Durham Sun thinks the continued warm weather has been very disastrous to wheat and oats. Farmers say that in some localities the Hessian fly, has made its appearance, and in others a small incect is playing havoc with oats. This is very unfortunate for the farmers.

Pay your subscription to THE WILSON ADVANCE.

## FOR THE FARM.

*MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.*

*Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.*

### TOBACCO CULTURE.

To the planter and early and abundant supply of tobacco plants is the thing of prime importance. To secure this the seed may be sown at any time between the 15th of December and the 15th of March, and earlier the better, and allotting 100 square yards of seed-bed to every 10,000 that will be needed. The ground selected for this purpose should be virgin soil, texture, rich and moist, with full exposure to the sun, but sheltered to the North and West by rising ground or growing timber, against the cold wind of early spring. Such spots can be readily found in wooded hollows, at the foot of hills, and near to or along the side of some water course. Other things being equal, the further into the woods the spot selected is the better in order to escape the bug.

The ground having been well chosen, the next thing is to rake it cleanly and then burn it thoroughly so as to kill all germs of vegetation. The burning can be done at single blast, it is done with dry brush, heaped upon the entire bed a height of some four feet. A better but costlier method is to burn wood laid upon green poles, which serve the purpose of ventilation, which the wood should be piled the whole length of the bed and of convenient width, say six feet, and after the pile has been well kindled, it should be allowed to burn some two hours, or until the poles underdeath are burnt up. The burning wood and fire coals should now be moved by using old hoes fastened upon long handles and again spread a convenient width and fresh wood added, which should be until the ground underneath has been burt as thoroughly as before, and so until the entire bed has been burnt over. So soon as the ground has cooled enough to walk upon it, and without removing the ashes, it should be broken deeply and finely with the mattock, care being taken not to invert the soil, and then chopped with weeding hoes and raked until clear of roots and well pulverized—for, which many reasons, land should never be burnt when too wet.

The bed is now ready for seeding. The variety of seed recommended is Yellow Orinoco. The quantity sown should be one and a half tablespoonfuls to every 100 square yards. Great care should be taken to sow the seed as regular as possible, so as to prevent some spots from being too thin, and what is worse, other spots from being too thick. To do so the seed should be carefully measured and then thoroughly mixed in a convenient quantity of dry ashes, and the mixture divided into two equal parts. The bed should be marked off into convenient sowing breadths, by lines four feet apart, and sowed entirely over with one-half the seed in one direction, and then over again with the other half in the opposite direction, the sower retracing his steps. They should be left upon the surface and neither hoed nor raked into the soil, but trodden in with the foot, or pressed in with the back of a weeding hoe or still by passing a light roller over the bed. To prevent drift or puddling of the seed by washing rains, where the ground is rolling, trenches slightly inclined and two inches deep and four feet apart should be made with the mattock across the bed. Where the ground is flat and subject to being sobbed, it should be thoroughly drained, as nothing drowns more easily than the tobacco plant.

For the three fold purpose of warmth, moisture and fertility, the bed should now be top dressed with a covering half and inch thick of good stable manure—the finer, the fresher the better, but in any case free of grass seed. When such stable manure is not convenient, that from the hen house or hog pen will answer, being also making an excellent top dressing. If neither of these is at hand, some strongly ammoniated fertilizer should be applied at the rate of half dashed of it to every 100 square yards, and raked into the soil before seeding. The bed should now be thickly covered with fine brush, both drying and covering of the soil, by which the plants are either choked in their growth or lifted out by the roots.

The next thing to be thought of is to guard against the ravages of the tobacco bug, an insect which by the popular misnomer is called "The Fly," which makes its appearance about the first of April, and for which when once it gets possession of a plant bed, no remedy has yet been found. None of the insect poisons, such as paris green and or kerosene oil, have any effect upon it. A partial preventive is to sow the borders of the bed thickly with black mustard, it springs up thickly, and upon it the bug loves to feed. A still better preventive is to shut the bug out by a fence around the bed one foot high, built of 12 inch plank nailed to pegs driven in the ground with a little earth pressed against the bottom of the planks so as to make the fence bug proof. Such a fence or cold frame does the additional good of keeping the bed warmer and moister and should never be omitted.

Ordinarily and after early seeding the plants will begin to show themselves about the first of March at which time an additional half tablespoonful of seed to every 100 square yards, should be sown as first. So soon as the plants are well up and have begun to grow, they should be pulled as rapidly as possible by top dressing the bed before each successive rain with some good fertilizer, the rate of one gallon of it to every 100 square yards, mixed with three equal parts of damp earth. The fertilizer should never be applied while the plants are wet with either dew or rain, for fear of scalding them. Dry leaves and young grass should be hand picked off of the bed. But the covering of brush should not be permanently removed until they are nearly large enough to set, but should then be, in order to toughen them. And after it has been removed, and while waiting for a season to transplant should the plants begin to parch from drought, the bed should be well watered and again covered with green boughs laid upon a scaffolding two or three feet above the growing plants. I have never known this protection to fail even in the severest drought. But after grass this shelter should be removed in order to accustom the plants to the heat of the sun.

### SELECTION AND PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.

A soil, deep, sandy soil is preferable, which should before planting should be always put in the finest tilth, it being an adage with good farmers that "crop properly planted is half worked."

If the land is green, it should after having been grubb and chopped, be raked cleanly and all leaves and litter burnt. It is then ready for the plow, and should be closely broken twice and with the bullounge, and as often harrowed. It should next be marked by the bullounge in horizontal rows three feet apart, into which should be drilled 300 pound per acre unless where the land is naturally rich of a good and active fertilizer. It is ready to be listed or bedded with a turning plow. I prefer the list since it lightens the hoe work of hilling, and is at the same time a more economic use of the fertilizer—the balks between can be thrown out at the first weeding. With a broad weeding hoe these list or beds should now be worked into coarse hills, placing them 3 feet 3 inches apart. I know that many recommend more crowding planting, giving the rows and hills, a distance of only three feet. But in doing so nothing, in my opinion is gained in weight, little something is lost in size, breadth and body of the leaf which with the manufacturer are the prime requisites. The hills can be laid off with great accuracy by stepping or otherwise measuring off a row, and then placing the hills of the next between those of the first and so on, or what is called dodging them. To prevent crowding or irregularity in hilling, this rule will be found of use where raw hands are employed.

The soil culture, both in the preparation and the subsequent workings of the tobacco crop, should never be departed from, for the reason that, that method of cultivation gives the land the best drainage of which it is capable. And in this crop drainage is one of the first things to be considered for the reason that all the diseases to which the plant is liable—such as frenchmin, firing, spotting, rusting and shedding—come from excessive rain, accompanied by excessive heat. The growth of the plant itself would suggest as much, for in time of drouth the leaves stand up together for rain, but so soon as it has enough of it they turn down and throw it off. I repeat, then, let no water stagnate upon the ground. For new ground the hilling can be done as early as April or May, and should be always when the soil is good working order and neither too wet nor too dry. In the one case it will bake and prevent the ready growth of the plant, and in the other it will require much rain, to put it in condition for planting.

If the land is not new ground either forest or pine field, it should be fresh or at least long rested and good heart, and upon which neither corn nor sorghum has been lately cropped. For such land the preparation is in all respects similar to that for new ground except that a turning plow may take the place of a bull-tongue, and the hilling should not be done earlier than the first of May for fear that the hills may become grassy while for plants or a season to plant them. To preserve such lands and to prevent damages to the growing crops from washing rains, water furrowing or guttering is recommended.

Tobacco land, more than almost any other, should be manured with a liberal hand. Stable or barn yard manure is every way the best but when not to be had in sufficient quality, must be substituted by some good commercial fertilizer, of which there are countless varieties upon the market possessing more or less merit.

### PLANTING.

The tobacco plant requires usually 100 days from the time it is transplanted to grow and ripen properly. To secure the best results, therefore, the planting should not be earlier than the 10th of May, and if possible later than the 20th of June. In the one case the plant is likely to be stanted in its growth, as well as deprived of the dews of August and September; and in the other, there is danger that it may not have time to mature before frost.

The plants are set very much as cabbage plants are, by inserting them to the bud and pressing the earth well to their roots and stems with a peg. A plant is said to be properly planted when the point of a leaf breaks off in the attempt to pull it up.

The plants should never be suffered to wilt before they are set. If this cannot be done as fast as they are drawn from the bed, as many as can be planted in a single day should be drawn while the dew is on them, and kept until needed in a shaded place with their roots on damp ground, their tops being occasionally sprinkled with water.

If the hills have been put up with a good season in them, they can ordinarily at any time in May be planted without a rain, if done late in the afternoon. They should be chopped around with the hoe, which clapping and pressing the moisture and prevents crumbling of the earth, after the planting peg, and should be lighter or harder according to the dampness of the soil. But with an abundance of plants should the planter be blessed with a good season in May or June, nought else but planting is then to be thought of. It is a maxim with hay-makers that they should work while the sun shines. The reverse of this holds good with the tobacco planter, and he promises to be but a poor one who runs from a shower of rain.

And yet for the convenience of housing, it is not desirable that the entire crop should ripen at the same time, therefore it is not best that it should all be planted in a single day, or even in a single season. Instead, then, of hastening to get once over, it is better to look well to the replanting, in order to get a perfect stand in the portion which has been planted—to do so and as soon as it attains its growth, it descend into the earth, enters the chrysalis, and comes out again full fledged in August. The fly thus generated is a large night-flying moth, which is exceedingly prolific, and deposits its eggs in greatest quantity during the moonlight nights of August and September.

Against the the ravages of horn-worm there is no remedy short of extermination. A partial preventive is to destroy the fly by distilling a solution of Paris green or of cobalt into the flowers of the Jamestown weed.

Another device is to place in the tobacco field, at night, lanterns set in pans with some viscid matter such as coal-tar or molasses. I have found that to throw the crop as much as possible into a single field is some safeguard, and a better one still is to plant it forward as rapidly as possible, for the reason that in August when the fly is doing most mischief, it selects only young and tender plants, and will even choose other vegetation rather than ripe or ripening tobacco upon which the newly hatched worm will not thrive and can hardly exist.

At every stage of the crop a murderous outlook should be kept upon the horn worm, but after the first of August the entire crop must be wormed over once a week, using whatever extra labor is needed for the purpose, or otherwise the planter is overcropped.

It is much easier to destroy the worm while it is very young, for then it is always to be found near the hole it has made in the leaf. But if it is neglected in its youth and allowed to grow until it begins to change its positions upon the plant, it is harder to catch, and it then becomes important to know something of its habits in order to hunt it successfully. Thus it will be found in hot weather, except when cloudy, it feeds in the cooler part of the day, and can be best caught in the morning, while in cool weather it feeds during the warmer part of the day, and can be best caught in the afternoon.

### SUCCORING.

As soon as the plant is topped, it brings forth succors at every leaf, but more rapidly at the top, each plant bearing two and only two crops of them. They should be taken out cleanly as fast as they are long enough to be broken by the hand, for if suffered to grow and toughen a pocket knife will be necessary to remove them, at double the cost in time and labor. After a field has been generally topped, the succoring should accompany the worming, and ought to be repeated once a week. The ground succors should be taken away as carefully as those above, for they equally impoverish the plant.—Capt. R. P. Davis, of Hickory, N. C., in Henderson Gold Leaf.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salts Rheum, Fever, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns and all Skins Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded, Price 25 cents per box.

### A GOOD REASON.

*Why The Old Man Went With the Exodusters.*

A talk was recently had with an aged negro who had joined a party of exodusters bound for Miss ssippi. His faimly; very numerous, were with him. He came from one of the eastern counties. When asked why he was leaving his old home he said.

"Well, boss us niggers ain't got nothin'. De white folks down dar ain't got no work for us to do and can't pay us no wages. Dey ain't got nothin' to give us or feed us on; dey ain't got nothin' we can steal, and 'fo God, boss, we's jess bound to go."—Raleigh Call.

### An Alleged Lynching.

The Washington Gazette of the 30th ult., says: "On Saturday night of last week the quiet of Latham's X Roads was disturbed by an unusual occurrence for that peaceful neighborhood. In the night time about 11 o'clock 15 masked men are said to have called Mr. Wm. Holland from his house and took him 150 yards away, put a rope arond his neck and over a limb of a tree, apparently with the design of lynching. In the melee his sister was badly hurt and his mother considerably bruised. Mr. Holland says there was a man up the tree and that he recognized several of the parties. The firing of a pistol from the house frightened the would-be lynchers away. The cause for the affair is a matter of conjecture."

## HOME CHAT.

*N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR EXCHANGES.*

*Comments on current Events and Expressions of Opinions.*

### VANCE IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

Senator Vance's advice is sound. Let the negro question alone. You cannot legislate social equality any more than you can morals. You cannot create intelligence by legislative enactment.—Charlotte Chronicle.

### THE "ROOT" IS THE SAME IN BOTH CASES.

There is not any more danger from the corrupting influence of money in the hands of men who have it, than there is in the desire of men for money, who have none, and are not particular as to the means whereby they get it.—Concord Times.

### THE RIGHT KIND OF TALK.

The laws must be enforced. Every man who offers resistance to them is a public enemy. There can never be security of life, liberty and property as long as a single just law is permitted to be violated without sure and swift punishment. Let law-abiding citizens have the courage of their convictions and insist that crime shall either be suppressed or punished.—Durham Sun.

### THE "BLOODY" NORTH.

As to lynchings, there is more of this done in the North than is commonly supposed, or than Northern papers are anxious to make apparent. They are so everlastingly busy in pulling at the mote in the Southern eye, they have but little time left to attend to the great beam in the Northern eye. But what are the facts as to lynchings—to murders perpetrated by mobs. The New Orleans Times Democrat has been hunting the records. There were 273 persons hanged in the United States and their Territories in 1889. Of these, 175 were murders by mobs. Of the 98 legal hangings, two-thirds were in the South.—Wilmington Messenger.

### A BANK IN A PIKE'S STOMACH.

*How Did $10,000 and a Johnstown Man's Pocket Book Get There?*

Iowa furnishes the biggest fish story of the season. The fish in question, a walleyed pike, must have traveled through the famous Conemaugh River, in Pennsylvania, into Allegheny, down the latter into the Ohio, down the Ohio into the Mississippi, and up the Father of Waters into the Iowa River, where it was caught two weeks ago by four men, who have made affidavits to the effect that the story they tell is true one.

John Webster, a man named Gaines, and two brothers named Buchanon, residents of Eldora, Iowa, went fishing near Hardin City, in Iowa. Cutting a hole in the ice they speared a pike, and, bringing it to the surface, noticed that it seemed distended.

When opened a pocketbook was found inside, containing $65 in gold, $15 in silver, $75 in greenbacks, $10,000 in bonds and a certificate of deposit for $25 on a bank of Johnstown, Pa. A piece of paper in the pocketbook had a statement to the effect that the book and contents were the property of John J. Jones, of Johnstown Pa.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### "DON'T WAKE HIM."

*One Case On Which Appearances Were Deceiving.*

[illegible] years ago the leader of the Woodew York bar was George [illegible], whose grave deportment when abit of closing his eyes owlis in thought gave him an [illegible] appearance.

One day a gentleman called on Daniel Webster, who had temporarily forsaken politics and resumed the practice on law, to retain his services in a case involving a large sum of money.

Mr. Webster, in accepting the retainer, asked what counsel was to oppose him.

"Oh," answered the client "he is some New York lawyer, with a commonplace, every-day name which I forget."

"What sort of a looking person is he?"

Rather a sleepy looking man."

"Is his name George Wood?"

"Yes, that's his name."

"Then," rejoined Mr. Webster, with emphasis, "don't wake him up!"—Youths' Companion.

### The Tramp's Last Hope.

Two poverty-stricken men were sleeping in their attic room, when, awakened by a noise, they saw a stranger getting in at the widow in the roof. One whispered to the other:

"Think of a burglar coming to us!"

"Hush!" whisper the other, "Let him climb in and will be give a yell, and it may make him drop something he has stolen else where.—Kansas City Wasp.