

REMEMBER!  
--THE ADVANCE--  
--FOR ONLY--  
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS  
--WHEN PAID FOR--  
Cash in Advance.

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

VOLUME 20.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 10, 1890.

NUMBER 12

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

## BILL ARPS LETTER TO HELP THE MONUMENT FUND.

A Labor of Love That the Old  
Men Enthusiastically Endorse.

At last the graves of the Georgia soldiers who fell at Fredericksburg are marked with marble head stones, with names and company and regiment chiseled deep into the rock. Mrs. Barney is happy, and so are her noble companions—the ladies of the Memorial Society. With them it has been a labor of love—love that never grows weary. Only a few months ago they made their way to Georgia, and right well has Georgia responded. Two hundred and three of her patriotic boys are sleeping there—far away from home and kindred—kindred whose loving hands would have brought sweet flowers in their season and kept the turf green from their graves, and watered them with tears. But loving hearts were there, and so the graves have not been neglected. Women can never be trusted to perform the sweetest, tenderest, highest duties that belong to our nature. The poet says,

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

But woman's humanity makes many thousands rejoice. Mrs. Barney is a noble Virginia woman—one who went through the war like a soldier, and was always on duty—quick to the aid of the wounded and the dying—duty in the hospital and out of it, duty in the sacrifice she made of personal comfort and personal security, duty to Georgians and Texans, and all, as well as to Virginians, and ever since the war she has continued on duty, duty to the dead and dying near her home. Now a soldier under the sod at Fredericksburg, but would say if his spirit could speak to us, "she is my mother and my sister." That blood-stained soil has always been very dear to me, for my Tom Cobb fell there. Tom Cobb, the best loved son of Georgia; the pride of all our people; the Christian hero; the friend of humanity; the learned and brilliant and noble gentleman. It was in his prime of manhood and was my ideal of a noble man.

Mrs. Barney writes: "If I could only see all these dear graves marked with marble head stones, I would die happy. We must hurry and get through this work before the veterans are all dead, for I fear that the next generation may be too busy to think of them. There are 1,800 graves here, graves of Southern patriots, and none are monumentally marked except those from Georgia. I feel sure that the other States would respond if there was some one to move them. Virginia has done very well. She has sent us \$150, Texas has sent \$142; Maryland, \$20; Florida, \$8; North Carolina, \$3; South Carolina, \$2; Arkansas, \$2; Tennessee, \$2. I know that there is just as much patriotism in the hearts of those people as there is in Georgia, and all that is wanted is some good man or woman to awaken it. The marble head stones that you sent us are beautiful, the work well done and the letter perfect. They were escorted from the depot to the cemetery by a guard of honor, the Maury Camp of Confederate Veterans, under command of Captain Lee, a brother of Fitz Hugh Lee and a nephew of Robert E. Lee. With their own soldier hands they took them from the wagons and placed them in the graves. It was a silent, impressive ceremony, for

no drum was heard nor a funeral note. The band very kindly offered their services, but we thought best to dispense with it. Georgia's patriotism shall be known and published, and perhaps the other States will soon awake and emulate her example."

Yes, they will, I know they will if the women will take hold of the work. There is not a town or village in any of those States that would not willingly send ten dollars if some good woman would send two other good women and say, "Now, let's go around this morning and ask for a half-dollar or a quarter from every man we meet. Let us be in a hurry and be in earnest. We are very late about this thing, but not too late. We can raise ten dollars in an hour." If the ladies will do this, they can raise a couple of dollars in a week. It will not take that much from each State. Perhaps five hundred will do, but those good ladies have long since laid the foundation of a monument to the unknown and unrecorded dead, and they would rejoice to get money to complete it. But let us see to the graves of the known and the recorded dead, and if any money is left it will not be lost or mispent. The city of Macon raised one hundred and fifty dollars for the graves at Johnston's island, and just the cities of Nashville and Chattanooga and Memphis and Montgomery and Meridian and Jackson and others still farther west, would gladly do

## FOR THE FARM. MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and  
Communicated Articles on  
Farming.

**BIG HOGS.**  
George Sugg says that the Wilson ADVANCE has often spoken of large hogs raised in Wilson county, but he desires to inform the ADVANCE that some of the farmers in Edgecombe raise big hogs also. He says in his township (No. 14) that within the last few years he has known farmers to raise hogs that weighed when killed 721, 707 and 701 pounds. He raised one himself that weighed when killed 838 pounds and knows several farmers in the township who killed hogs last year and this year weighing over 500 pounds. He said the heaviest hogs raised in Wilson did not weigh much over 550 pounds. Mr. Sugg has been very successful in raising hogs and has some very fine ones now. A correct estimate cannot be made as to the amount of money paid by the farmers in this county for what meat they consume. Instead of raising their meat at home they content themselves with filling the coffers of the Westerners with money that should have been appropriated in purchasing that which could be raised at home. Let all the farmers do as Mr. Sugg and raise what meat they consume at home.—Tarboro Southern.

**CANNING VEGETABLES.**  
There are many farmers in Wilson county who could establish such a factory as the one described below. The article is written for the New Bern Enterprise by Mr. J. R. Calhoun, of Baltimore, and is full and complete. The ADVANCE is sure it will be read with interest, and it trusts with profit, by all our readers. Mr. Calhoun says:

"As my article on the canning industry has awakened such interest, and your people solicit further information, I shall endeavor to be more explicit and give figures. I herewith submit estimate of cost of outfit and the necessary articles of machinery for canning 1,000 3 lb. or 2,750 2 lb. cans per day—to be used with steam or set in brick:

1 scalding kettle, 1 exhaust kettle, 1 process kettle, 2 scalding baskets, 2 cages, 2 process cages, 1 crane, 3 furnace doors, 3 sets of grate bars, 2 gasoline stoves, 2 capping machines, 2 soldering cappers, 2 tipping cappers, 1 forcing station, 2 pair of can tongs, 1 vise, 1 hammer, 2 files, etc. This outfit can be purchased in Baltimore for \$150. F. O. B.—the purchaser can, by instructions sent with outfit, put up and operate it without the aid of skilled help. It would require 15 hands to successfully operate it as follows:

1 processor, 1 capper, 1 tipper, 12 peelers and packers—the latter could be done by women, boys and girls. In Maryland processors, cappers and tippers receive \$2 to \$2.50 per day. Peelers and packers \$1 per day, but often farmers do their own processing, which could be done in this case. Thus the farmer could supervise over the capper and tipper, the work being simple, it could be had for \$1 per day. Thus the labor necessary for packing the above number of cans would consist of 1 processor (the farmer himself), 1 capper and tipper, 2,000 12 hands (peelers and packers) 6.00

what The South Needs.

The needs of the South are organized or systematized labor capital, and less legislation. I dissent from those who class the negro as an inferior laborer. I regard him as the best and cheapest labor that can be had for the cultivation of our chief product, cotton. His adaptability to the climate and the fact that he is not a skilled laborer, together with his natural inclination, all him for the cotton field. What his ultimate fate may be is a difficult problem, but it will be no easy task to find his equal or supply his place as a laborer for the cultivation of cotton. When it is remembered that the annual value of this one product alone in Mississippi is, in round numbers, fifty millions of dollars, and that it exceeds that sum in one State and approximates it in others, the importance of well-organized and reliable labor is apparent. It is one of the needs that cannot be over-estimated. I have had occasion heretofore to say, and I repeat the statement, that if the area protected from the floods, and every acre cultivated in cotton, it would produce more than is raised in the United States in any year previous to the late war.—Ex-Gov. Lowmy, of Mississippi, in North American Review for April.

Mrs. LAURA E. GARNETT, 1554 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., writes that she had been sick for fifteen years with a complication of disease peculiar to her sex, and took Kadam's Microbe-Killer; now she is perfectly well. For sale by D. Herring.

## A REMINISCENCE. GEN SICKLES TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

How he is Remembered in North  
Carolina.

The Governor of New York has appointed Gen. Daniel E. Sickles Sheriff of New York City in place of the disgraced and corrupt Plack. The appointment was a great surprise to the politicians. While a democrat and a member of Tammany, Gen. Sickles had taken no active part in politics for several years, and his name had not been mentioned in connection with the position. The people of North Carolina will remember Gen. Sickles as the Military Commander, in charge of this State and South Carolina in 1867. He was in Raleigh in that year, the guest of Governor Worth, and was one of the party distinguished visitors who attended the commencement exercises at the university with President Johnson. After his visit to Raleigh, where he was invited by the Governor in order, if possible, to secure pleasant and amiable relations between the civil and military authorities of the new Governor, Gen. Sickles, and Governor Orr, of South Carolina, to pay him a visit at Columbia where he had his headquarters. Anxious to secure and preserve pleasant relations, the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, "Let's accept the invitation." Accordingly it was accepted. The Chronicle has heard that General Sickles was a great stickler for all the ceremonies of fashionable life, and that every day during the visit of the Governors, four hours was the time required for dinner. Music played while the party dined. After a day or two Governor Orr whispered to the Governor of North Carolina: "Word don't you wish you were at home eating jowl and greens?" This is really what the Governor of South Carolina said to the Governor of North Carolina. It was just after the war, and during Reconstruction and the Governors of the Carolinas had been accustomed to "fare sumptuously every day," and the great style did not win them as it might not have done in more peaceful days. They were too anxious about the future and too troubled over the poverty and dejection of their people to enjoy such high living and such display.

Gen. Sickles is remembered here as a great dude. He was as careful about the set of his tie and the polish on his boots as a young girl is about the trimmings of her dress. He dressed three times a day and could not lounge in his room without his luxurious velvet dressing gown. Our people did not like him and it was not expected they should. He represented the mailed hand of military rule, and his rule was objectionable to the people. He had abolished civil rule at will and was dictatorial. Withal he was better than Camby. We have tried to forget those days and forgive the officers who were over us and who usurped power. The New York Herald says that Gen. Sickles is "intolerant of injustice, open in his dealings and outspoken in his manner to Spain after the war and has also been civil service commissioner in New York, and is an earnest believer in the principle and practice of Civil Service Reform. It is likely he will put an end to the abuses which have brought the Sheriff and Joe Shields into the city into merited disgrace. His experience in North Carolina will enable him to run rough shod over and authority or deputies that oppose him.—State Chronicle.

## A GOOD SPEECH. Some Reasons Why Young Men Leave The Farm.

One of the Sub-Alliances of Rowan county had a picnic last Saturday. They had music, a big crowd, a big dinner and big speeches. The Charlotte Chronicle had a full account, as it always does of any matter of importance. Dr. D. Reid Parker of Trinity College was present and addressed the crowd. He spoke chiefly upon the necessity of making the country life pleasant for the children. He said speaking of the farmers, you think it strange when your boy runs away from home, but you let that old front gate rot and swing around on one hinge, and every time your boy comes home he has to prop it up to keep it from falling down. That miserable old gate drives him away, or perhaps at night when it is raining, and the barn yard is muddy and sticky and slimy, you tell your boy to go and cut the feed for the horses. He goes out and gets into the rickety old barn, with two sides about ready to fall down; he thinks about the hardship of climbing up into the loft and cutting the feed with the feed-cutting machine, and the barn damnable up and down feed-cutter. Then he thinks of his father sitting by the big, blazing fire, with his shoes off, warming his feet. No wonder the boy throws a handful of hay into the rack, and grabs up a few shucks and pitches them into the trough and leaves.

"I saw a son, did you feed the horses?"  
"Yes sir."  
"Did you cut up the feed?"  
"Yes sir."  
Well, the boy lied, and you taught him to do it; and you'd have lied under the same circumstances. I think Capt. Fisher struck the key when he said to you mothers "sweep your own floors." Keep your floors clean, make your home life pleasant for the children. The happiness and prosperity of this country depends more than anything else upon the country home. Wherever I go I try to bring about harmony in the home I visit.

I saw a man hoeing in a field one day. I saw him bring his hoe down and heard it hit the ground "runk-runk," and I knew from the way it hit, and from the way it sounded, that it had struck one of these sassafras sprouts. I saw him raise it up and bring it down again, "runk-runk" louder than ever. Then I saw the smoke rising from the back of his neck, and I knew he was cursing all inside. I went up to him, and took him to the house, and helped him to sharpen his hoe and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Now, young ladies, if any of these boys come around courting you, the first chance you get you go and look at their woodpile and their axes, and if the axe is dull, and has big dents in it, you give him the go-by.

You can always tell a self-made man by finding the name of the maker blown, as it were, in the bottle. None are genuine without this mark.

## HOW GROVER PROPOSED. Mrs. Cleveland Reveals Some of the Secrets of Their Courtship.

I am able to give some inside information about ex-President Cleveland's romance. At the time of the wedding the mouth of the President and his wife were as tight as that of a clam concerning their love affair. None of their friends knew much about their courtship, and they went on the principle of the great German proverb that "speech is silver, but silence is golden." The wedding is still whispered about here, and the women pronounce it a love match, while the men invariably take the ground that the White House had a good deal to do with Mrs. Cleveland's acceptance. It seems that the men are somewhat in the right, and a lady who lately returned from a wedding trip to the continent gives one of my friends a conversation which she had with Mrs. Cleveland not long ago. The story as it comes to me is quite spicy and I do not vouch that the report of the talk is verbatim. I give it as I hear it. The lady said:

"I met Mrs. Cleveland shortly after I landed in New York and one of the first questions she asked me was to pray tell her how long I was engaged before I was married. I answered her and told her the story of our courtship. She listened with interest and when I was through I concluded that I would learn something from her in return. I asked: 'Mrs. Cleveland, I have seen a great many stories about your marriage and the most that I have seen have been contradicted by your friends. I have told you my story and now I want you to tell me yours. How long were you engaged to the President before you were married?'"

"Mrs. Cleveland laughed and blushed and said: 'Oh, there are the most ridiculous stories told about us, but honestly they are hardly as funny as it really was. Uncle Grover proposed me five times before I accepted him. First, when I was fourteen and I just laughed at the idea, for he seemed so much older. Then again two years later, when I went to college, and the third time when he was elected Governor of New York. I was by no means ready to marry any one, and he let things go for a year, or until he was nominated for the Presidency. Then he asked me again, and again I refused. At last he was elected and I promised to marry in a year. Of course I always meant to marry him some day, but I'd own the White House had something to do with hurrying it up.'—New York Letter.

## THE CENSUS.

The Supervisors and Their Territories.  
First district—George W. Cobb, of Elizabeth City supervisor.  
Counties—Beaufort, Bertie, Camden, Carteret, Chowan, Currituck, Dare, Gates, Greene, Hertford, Hyde, Jones, Lenoir, Martin, Pamlico, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Pitt, Tyrrell and Washington.  
Second district—Madison Hawkins, of Henderson supervisor.  
Counties—Chatham, Durham, Edgecombe, Franklin, Halifax, Johnston, Nash, Northampton, Orange, Vance, Wake, Warren, Wayne, and Wilson.  
Third district—Caleb P. Locke, of Wilmington supervisor.  
Counties—Bladen, Brunswick, Columbus, Cumberland, Duplin, Harnett, Moore, New Hanover, Onslow, Pender, Robeson, Richmond and Sampson.  
Fourth district—William E. Webb, of Roxborough supervisor.  
Counties—Alamance, Anson, Cabarrus, Caswell, Davidson, Davie, Forsyth, Granville, Guilford, Iredell, Mecklenburg, Montgomery, Person, Randolph, Rockingham, Rowan, Stanley, Stokes, Surry, Union and Yadkin.  
Fifth district—Henry Hardwick, of Asheville supervisor.  
Counties—Alexander, Allegheny, Ashe, Buncombe, Burke, Caldwell, Catawba, Cherokee, Clay, Cleveland, Gaston, Graham, Haywood, Henderson, Jackson, Lincoln, McDowell, Macon, Madison, Mitchell, Polk, Rutherford, Swain, Transylvania, Watauga, Wilkes and Yancey.

## Powerful Freight Engines.

A very satisfactory test of a new engine on the Fort Wayne road was made last week. The engine pulled a train of eighty cars, each car loaded with 63,000 pounds of iron ore, from Conway to Pittsburg, a distance of twenty-five miles. Considering the grades, the result is regarded as remarkable by railroad men. The latest cars on the Pennsylvania lines are very large, and the road has been prepared to carry them.—New York Telegram.

## THE HOLT FAMILY.

Mr. Lawrence Holt, a wealthy North Carolina cotton manufacturer, is living at the Metropolitan Hotel. He is one of six brothers of a remarkable family. His elder brother is Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina, and the six brothers own, in several, a cotton factory in different sections of the State. They are successful business men. Mr. Holt represents a Southern syndicate of cotton manufacturers, and is making Washington his headquarters.—Washington Post.

## Houston, Tex., Oct. 8th, 1889.

Messrs. Wallace O'Leary & Co., Agents Wm. Radam's Microbe-Killer.  
Gentlemen—I have been using the Microbe-Killer for malarial fever and general debility, and write you a certificate that I am again strong and healthy and am satisfied the Microbe-Killer is a sure remedy for these diseases.  
R. E. LEWIS, Prop. Capital Stable, For Sale by D. Herring.

## NEWS OF A WEEK. WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News  
From our Contemporaries.

New Bern is now lighted by electricity.  
There are 3,500 "domesticated" Indians in the State.  
Hon. F. H. Buebee will be Memorial Day orator at Raleigh.

The congressional campaign in the State promises to be spicy.  
A negro is in the jail at Elizabeth City charged with robbing a train.

A German carp weighing nine pounds was caught near Morganton last week.  
Alamance county has fifteen cotton mills, consuming, in round numbers, 20,000 bales of cotton.

A little son of Joseph Edwards was killed in Davidson county by a tree falling on him last week.  
Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, has received from Hon. J. S. Henderson, an appointment to the naval academy.

It is proposed to have a public library in Lenoir of 20,000 books to cost \$500. The editor of the Aurora offers \$50.

The Newton Enterprise advertises to the fact that for each of three years past March has been the coldest month of the year.

Hon. G. W. Saunders, State Auditor, will deliver the commencement address of Greenville Institute on Friday, June 6th.

A report is in circulation that an English syndicate has an agent traveling through this State making arrangements to buy up all the cotton factories.

The priest of the Catholic church in Raleigh says he believes ex-King of Sweden for the purpose of entering the Trappist Monastery there.

Fayetteville has invested \$125,000 within the last six months in small industries. No wonder the old town has taken on new life and growth.

A few days ago, during a thunder storm, a negro child, in Winston, was struck by lightning while in his father's arms and instantly killed. The child was only a few months old.

It has again been decided to locate the Baptist Female University at Raleigh, but the city will be asked to ante up \$50,000, which was the amount offered by Durham.

The Durham Medicated Cigarette Company has been organized with \$10,000 stock capital with Col. R. F. Bridgers president and Dr. R. F. Whitestart secretary and treasurer.

A large deposit of phosphate rock has been discovered in Cumberland county, not far from Fayetteville, and a specimen has been sent to the State Geological Department for examination.

Union county now enjoys the distinction of having the finest courthouse in the State, but Cherokee is getting her ambition up, and is talking of building a \$50,000 courthouse of native marble, which will eclipse Union.

The Baptists of the State, aggregating about 130,000, give annually \$30,000 to benevolent purposes. Wake Forest, the Baptist College, had the largest representation at the Young Men's Christian Association Convention recently held at Goldsboro.

Mr. Emanuel Nifong, a citizen resident about ten miles South of Lexington, owns a mare which gave birth to twin colts last week—a male and female. Was the like ever heard of before? We pause for an answer. Cat-Chatham beat it!—Lexington Ledger.

A gentleman of Stokes county has received letters from Gen. Thomas E. Kew and Senator T. B. Plumb, of Kansas, making inquiries after the mineral resources of that county and other counties through which the proposed roads would be projected, said pass.

The case of State vs. Mag Bush, a disreputable colored woman, for the abduction of Elsie Olsenhall, a little white girl tried before Justice Buebee last week in Durham; was one of the most interesting. The defendant was bound over to court about noon, and before the court adjourned in the afternoon she was tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for 12 years.

The railroad bridge at Greenville has been completed and the trains are now running regularly into Greenville. The grading of the road is nearly if not quite completed between Kingston and Greenville, and work will soon be commenced laying the track. Mr. H. Walters, President of the A. C. Line, expects to have the road completed and running regular schedule to Kingston by August.

The longest freight train, it is said, that has ever been pulled into Goldsboro, was brought in here, from Wilmington Tuesday evening by Engineer Capt. Steve Meredith—the only original "Steve."

The train numbered fifty cars, and packing it away on the yard here, for the "die away" Thursday night, was no small job.—Goldsboro Argus.

The Twin City Daily says: Dr. Ham Sullivan, of Germantown, boarded the westernbound Y. F. & W. V. train as it was leaving the depot at that place Saturday evening with a view of riding a short distance up the road. When the train was crossing Buffalo creek trestle the Doctor concluded it was good place to jump off, mistaking the water for sand he walked down to the bottom of the platform and made a jump, landing in the middle of the creek about thirty feet below. The Doctor was painfully but not seriously hurt.

## HOME CHAT. N. C. THOUGH FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Comments on current Events and  
Expressions of Opinions.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.  
Let's have geological maps of the State, including every county, from mountain to sea. If any State in this Union can afford to, we are sure it will pay North Carolina better.—Danbury Reporter.

THEY OUGHT TO.  
At the next election the negroes of North Carolina are going to draw the color line tauter than it was ever drawn before. They intend to freeze out the white Republican leaders, and have announced their intention to only for men of their own color.—Oxford Day.

UPHOLDS THE LAW.  
Let us uphold the law, but let us always condemn any "sheeking" of liberties, and anything that savors of making a hero of a man whose law has been broken. Let us ever damn him in the esteem of all good men. This mawkish sentimentality has already gotten too strong a hold in our country. Let all of us stand up for the law, and treat a criminal as the nature of his crime deserves.—State Chronicle.

SAME DOWN SILENT WAY.  
We have called the newspaper "The palladium of liberty," Henry Ward Beecher referred to it as "the winged encyclopaedia," and Chauncey M. Depew has just characterized it as "the historian of the hour." Most people seem to regard it the free press of the community—something that may be ridden at pleasure by every individual who has a selfish end to accomplish.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

A NOTE OF WARNING.  
For one, the Observer desires to go on record as opposing in toto the sale of hundreds and thousands of acres of land in Eastern North Carolina, the property of the school board of the State, for a mere song. The fact that timbered lands in North Carolina are a good investment no one will doubt for a moment; that they are being sold for less than their real value is shown by the fact that Southern bodies have been recently disposed of at less—far less—than one dollar an acre.—Fayetteville Observer.

THESE GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSES.  
There are not enough of respectable white Republicans under Republican administration now to fill the postoffices and revenue offices and the custodians of the warehouses in the South would have to be negroes or Southern carpet baggers, more likely the latter. Imagine just for a moment another horde of carpet baggers swooping down upon us from the North or that other and more sickening species of negroes standing by the fact that they are handling our money and cotton and grain. The sight sickens the heart. Surely Southern farmers have not serious consideration of what they are doing for—Sanford Express.

Mercurial Poison.  
Mercury is frequently injudiciously used by quack doctors in cases of malaria and blood poison. Its effects are not only cruel, but the original disease. B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) contains no mercury poison from the system. Write to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of convincing proof of its curative value.

A. F. Britton, Jackson, Tenn., writes: "I caught malaria in Louisiana, and when the fever at last broke, my system was saturated with poison, and I had serious trouble. I got two bottles of B. B. B., which healed my tongue and mouth and made a new man of me."

Wm. Richmond, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "My wife could hardly see. Doctors called it syphilis. Her eyes in a dreadful condition. Her appetite failed. She has pains in her joints and bones. Her kidneys were deranged also, and no one thought she could be cured. Dr. Giam recommended B. B. B., which she used until her health was entirely restored."

K. P. B. Jones, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I was troubled with copper-colored eruptions, loss of appetite pain in back, aching joints, debility, emaciation, loss of hair, sore throat and great nervousness. B. B. B. put my system in fine condition."

A Misleading Notion.  
Some misguided people believe that slavery in this country was abolished at the end of the Civil War. Such people have never seen a 2-year-old baby and his grandfather together.—Summersville Journal.

## Easy to Start.

It is a needless editor who remarks that a newspaper, and a family are the easiest things in this world to start. Bringing them up is where the rub comes.

The Chatam Record won't be "downed" on good stories as is attested by the following: The oldest man that we know of in this section of the State is Mr. Charles Cox, who lives near Moore and Chatham line. His age is 104 years, as is recorded in his father's family Bible, which is still in the possession of his sister.

His oldest son, and is 75 years old. He is wonderfully preserved both in body and mind. He is very fond of fishing and often walks three miles to go fishing. His voice is so strong that he can be heard to call hogs three miles. He never needed the use of spectacles.

Let's never gets ripe enough to drop down.

## DUNNING POSTAL CARDS. A Recent Important Decision.

Less than two years ago Congress passed an act making it a criminal offence to mail a postal card containing written or printed matter of a "libellous, scurrilous, defamatory or threatening character or calculated to reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of another."

The penalty for a violation of the law is a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, imprisonment for not more than five years or both fine and imprisonment.

Under this statute a St. Louis business man was indicted for mailing these two postals to a customer:

"Please call and settle account, which is long past due, and for which our collector has been several times."

To this the customer evidently paid no attention, as the following was sent to him six days later:

You owe us \$1.80. We have called several times for the same. If not paid at once we shall place the same with our law agency for collection."

The United States District Court held that the sending of the first was no, but that the mailing of the second was a criminal offence. The reason given for the distinction is that the second contained a threat to sue, which both calculated and intended to humiliate and injure the person addressed in public estimation, while the first was not open to this objection. Of the first Judge THAYER says:

"The language employed is not of a threatening character, and, in my opinion, no injury would be warranted, in finding, in view of its contents, that it was obviously intended by the writer to reflect injuriously on the character or conduct of the person addressed, or to injure or degrade him in the eyes of the public."

It is true that it contains demand for the payment of a debt and says it is long past due and that a collector has called several times, but is couched in respectful terms and no intent is apparent to put in such a form as to attract notice or to make it offensive to the person addressed."

In view of this decision, which we think is carrying the law to an extreme hardly warranted, business men will find it prudent either to enclose demands for money in sealed envelopes or to be careful about what they write on postal cards.

## A Novel Advertisement.

The following story, which has never before appeared in print, is told about the editor of one of Maine's most prominent dailies: When a small boy, his father, now one of the most prominent men in the State, was then running a printing and publishing a weekly paper in one of the largest towns in Kennebec County.

One day the advance agent of a show came along and ordered some posters printed on cotton cloth. His order was filled, but for some reason he neglected to call for them, and they were thus left on the printers' hands. The printer's wife ran across them, and as cloth was then high, she took the cloth home and used it to line a pair of pants she was then making for the editor above mentioned, then a boy about ten years of age.

As the months rolled by the pantaloons grew threadbare, and at school one day he accidentally tore the seat out, leaving about one foot of lining exposed to view. This in itself would have made the boys smile but they laughed till the tears came when they observed the following words standing out boldly upon the lining in large type:

"Doors open at 7:30 performance begins at 8."

It is needless to state that the boy was sent home to his mother in tears.—Globe.

Luck never gets ripe enough to drop down.