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WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1890.

WHOLE NUMBER, 518.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Diets after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms.

Distress

After symptoms, dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Headache

I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla--look three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAOS, Watertown, Mass.

Heart-burn

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Sour Stomach

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, 50¢ a bottle. Prepared only by C. H. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

LEE D. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, WADESBORO, N. C.

Office over E. A. Covington's & Co.'s Drug Store.

All business given prompt attention

Money to Lend!

AT EIGHT PER CENT.

For further information apply to T. B. W. YATT, Sec. and Treas.

ANSON BUILDING & LOAN ASSO.

W. A. ROSE,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

Represents the leading Fire and Life Insurance Companies.

Office--Martin Street, Wadesboro, N. C. 6

W. F. GRAY, D. D. S.,

DENTIST,

(Office Over L. Huntley's Store.)

Wadesboro, North Carolina.

ALL OPERATIONS WARRANTED.

25-27

Dr. W. L. Steele,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Rockingham, - N. C.

Offers his services to the citizens of Anson county. Office fitted up in first class style with all the latest improved instruments. Operative Dentistry a specialty. Upper or lower set of teeth for \$10.00. All work warranted.

Anson Institute,

WADESBORO, N. C.

D. A. MCGREGOR, A. B. PRINCIPAL.

THE SPRING TERM BEGINS MONDAY, JAN. 6th, 1890.

TUITION IN LIBRARY DEPARTMENT--\$2.50 and \$4 per month.

No deduction made for lost time.

G. W. FORT,

Builder, Contractor & Millwright,

WADESBORO, N. C.

Estimates furnished for the construction of all kinds of buildings, from the cheapest to the finest.

Correspondence solicited. References furnished on application.

WADESBORO

Shaving Emporium.

My Barber Shop is now furnished with the FINEST and most COMFORTABLE Chairs of any kind in this section, and all who wish a nice, bloodless shave will find me always at my post, with a steady hand and a desire to please. Hair cut or trimmed in all the latest styles, and we guarantee to please the most fastidious.

George Holland is now with me and will be pleased to serve all his old patrons.

Respectfully, RAPH ALLEN.

T. J. INGRAM,

Corner Wade and Rutherford streets,

WADESBORO, N. C.

Will continue to furnish his patrons with

BEEF,

Mutton, Pork, Poultry, Butter,

Eggs, Fresh Oysters, Fish,

Fruits and Vegetables,

And whatever else can satisfy the appetite of a gentleman--always giving the best market affords--I will pay the highest market price for Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Chickens, Eggs, &c., &c.

Administrator's Notice.

I have this day duly qualified before the Superior Court of Anson County as administrator of the estate of the late James S. Tom, Sr., and hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to me daily, on or before the 27th day of August next, at my residence in Wadesboro, N. C., or to the office of my attorney, J. C. Boylin, in Wadesboro, N. C.

A LOSS TO THE CABIN.

It was so quiet in the cabin, while old Hannah lay dar sick; I could hear de crickets chirpin', eben hear de ole clock tick. My ole house' dog was sleepin', by de fire at my feet. An' de music 'um de kittle was a lullin' me to sleep. But jes fo layin' down in slumber, I heard Hannah ax in prayer, "Send me down dem guidin' angels, Lord, 'ter light me up de stair;" At 'ter I tho' her dreamin', but ag'in I heard her say, "Good-bye, ole man, Ise gwine now, I can no longer stay." Den I axed de Lord ter spare her, not to take her 'um my side; But too late, her life had gone out, slowly wid de tide. Den bright angels wid sweet music hovered 'round my cabin home, An' 'bo' ole Hannah's spirit ter 'er seat at Heaven's throne.

The Head of Peggy Piggot's Courtship.

BY AMANDA REED WILLET.

We lived in a lonely Western place when Ebenezer courted me. Wild animals were plenty--wolves and bears and deer and panthers. We did all our own work, spinning, knitting, weaving, tailoring, everything but shoe-making. I was a very 'capable' girl. There was little that I couldn't do, and though I was fond of Eben, I was very independent. Women were scarce, and were valued accordingly, and I had just as good a time as I cared to have. Plenty of work to do; baking, brewing, dyeing, Father's clothes, all our dresses, dandies for troops of farm hands in summer time. Plenty of fun, too; bees and parties and singing schools and straw rides. More beaux than I could count. I didn't want to give it all up and marry and settle down. I told Eben I'd have him some time, and thought he ought to be contented, though I'd kept him off and on for five years. I was five-and-twenty, big and strong, with black eyes and kinky black hair, and cheeks like peaches. A beauty, they called me. All I had to do, if I wanted to settle, was to say 'Yes' to any one of twenty. I was the sort of wife they wanted there, and I knew it.

So it seemed to me Ebenezer had no business to be impatient. I'd said I'd have him some time; that should have been enough. He courted hard, for he was in earnest. He was always bothering, and I don't call myself an angel. It put me out of temper. One Sunday night, he had come over early, and he'd been staring at me all the evening. I was spinning. No need of it particularly, but it kept him from talking. I sat in the sitting-room, though we might have had the parlor, pretending that work pressed. It was as dark as Egypt out of doors; neither stars nor moon, and the snow a foot deep; but the big wood-fire blazed on the hearth, and we had lots of lamps and candles. About nine o'clock, the children went up-stairs. About ten, mother took a lamp and went off, and father smoked out his pipe and followed. We were alone, Eben and I; and that minute, what did he do but come over to where I sat, kneel down beside me, with his arm about my waist, and say:

'Peggy Piggot, what do you think I'm made of, I've been courting you five years to-night. When will you marry me?'

I pushed him away. 'Dear me,' said I, 'when I'm ready to be a married woman, good and ready, too, and that time hasn't come yet. Everybody says that courting days are twice as pleasant as married life, and I believe that everybody says must be true. There! I won't be kissed. Get up.'

He got up and sat down in ma's rocking chair. 'You don't make my courting days over pleasant,' he said, 'and I want to settle down. We're neither of us very young; I'm thirty and you are twenty-five. Do stop spinning!'

'Oh, yes; I'm an old maid,' said I. 'You'd better go and find some girl in her teens, don't mind me, I have plenty of chances when I choose to take them.'

'Peggy, you know how dearly I love you,' he said, 'I never look at another girl, but I don't like to be made a laughing stock of, to be jilted after all, perhaps, for you are a flirt as you know well, Peggy.'

Now I was fond of Ebenezer. At heart I did not believe his equal was to be found west of the Rocky Mountains, but I was not to be forced into making myself cheap. My idea was that a man values more what is hard set to get. I went on spinning as if life depended on it.

'It's according to the way you behave,' I said, 'whether I jilt you or not, remember that.'

'I believe well enough, I'm sure too well,' said Eben. 'I care for no one else. I come five miles to see you every night, horse or no horse. I work hard. I've built a pretty home for you; I'm ready to furnish it, and I put by all I can. I do all I can.'

'You really do too much,' said I. 'Don't be so very economical for my sake. You know I have a home already, and as for your courting in

no time for words. We dared not turn our backs. Facing the horrible creatures--how many I shall never know--we fought our way backward through the deep snow, firing among them, and flinging the fiery sparks into their red eyes. One or two dropped, but the rest kept on, angrier and more determined than before, until we stumbled and nearly fell over the edge of the old porch at home, burst the door open, and dashed the burning brand in the face of the beast who strove to follow us, slammed it to, and were safe.

We heard the fiends howling outside, but the bolts were strong, and soon they rushed away to the chicken coops and the sheep-fold, where they found easier prey than we had been.

Nobody had been awakened. The fire burned on the hearth, the lamp was alight, there lay my spinning-wheel on its side. Had it really all happened, and was it all over!

I was not a girl who often cried, but the thought of what might have been the end of it set me sobbing. I looked at Eben, pale and panting, with a great scratch on his hand that a wolf had given him with its teeth, and I forgot all my airs, and fairly threw my arms about his neck.

'Oh! Eben, darling,' I cried, 'what should I have done without you?'

'You do care for me, then?' he said, and he sat down in the rocking-chair, and took me on his knee, as if I'd been a little child.

We sat there until the gray dawn broke, and then he went away; and I never teased him again, and a happier couple never lived, I think, than he and I. At least, I never knew one.--N. Y. Ledger.

Domestic Uses of Ammonia.

Scientific American.

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin. Spirits of ammonia will often relieve a severe headache.

Door plates should be cleansed by rubbing with a cloth wet in ammonia and water.

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

A few drops in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromes.

Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia in water; lay soft white paper over, and iron with a hot iron.

When acid of any kind gets on clothing, spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply chloroform to restore the color.

Copper nickel, silver ornaments, and mounts bright by rubbing with woolen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it, and scrubbing with a scrub brush; rinse in clear water.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore colors in carpets; it will also remove whitewash from them.

Yellow stains left by sewing machine oil, on white, may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia, before washing with soap.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary, and wash out in soap suds.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake, and dry in the sun or by the fire.

If those who perspire freely would use a little ammonia in the water they bathe in every day, it would keep their flesh clean and sweet, doing away with any disagreeable odor.

Flannels and blankets may be soaked in a pail of water containing one tablespoonful of ammonia and a little suds. Rub as little as possible, and they will be white and clean and will not shrink.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teaspoonful of water will clean gold or silver jewelry; a few drops of clear aqua ammonia rubbed on the under side of diamonds will clean them immediately, making them very brilliant.

How Women Ruin Their Husbands. Boston Courier.

'What do you think of this idea of women ruining their husbands?'

'Oh! I think it is quite true.'

'Why, I am shocked to hear you say so.'

'Well, I know what I am talking about. There is Mrs. Smith; she let her husband have his own way in everything.'

'Well, she ruined him by doing so. He went to the dogs.'

You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will sell you this.

VANCE AND THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

Mecklenburg Times, Alliance Organ.

The last two issues of the Progressive Farmer contained criticisms on Senator Vance for his attitude towards the Sub-Treasury Bill. The criticisms of the Progressive Farmer have not met with public favor. The newspapers of the State have almost unanimously spoken adversely on the subject, and as the Progressive Farmer circulates largely in this section of the State we deem it our duty to say something on this important subject.

As we have before stated in this paper the Sub-Treasury Bill was framed by the Alliance principally to call attention to the condition of agriculture in the United States to the end that some relief might be had. However, the bill has won many enthusiastic supporters, and look at it only on one side it seems to offer the relief farmers want. But any wise man must see that it involves some of the greatest questions of political science that have ever perplexed a statesman. It involves the question of constitutionality and this is a question of vital importance. No measure involving these questions should be hastily considered. The Sub-Treasury Bill is a new measure and has only been before the public a short time. Public sentiment has not crystallized on the subject. Citizens are divided as to its practicability. But the matter is being discussed fairly by all and in due time we will know the popular verdict. In the meantime it behooves the advocates of the measure not to be unreasonable.

Senator Vance has carefully considered the bill in reference to its effect upon the welfare of his constituents and he has expressed his opinion in plain words and he does not think it would benefit the farmer if it should become a law. Senator Vance has always been a friend of the people and he has not turned against them now in his old age. In opposing the Sub-Treasury bill he is doing what he considers to be the best interests of the farmers. We advise our readers who are supporters of the Sub-Treasury bill to suspend their judgment over Senator Vance until the bill is further discussed and better understood by the public. It may be that we will all agree with Senator Vance after mature consideration.

It is often argued that if distillery warehouses, etc., are constitutional why not the Sub-Treasury bill? But it must be remembered that Senator Vance is and has always been opposed to these other unconstitutional measures, and that these other unconstitutional measures were enacted by the Republican party.

No man in the Senate of the United States has worked harder to relieve the farmer from the burdens of taxation than Senator Vance. He is the leading tariff debater in Congress today. He fights for the people in the Senate during the day and at night writes articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers illustrating the evil effects of the tariff. He has grown gray and worn out one eye in the service of the people and the people are not going back on him now, unless they have gone crazy and lost all sense of gratitude.

Of course we don't expect everybody to agree with Senator Vance about everything, but we do expect them to have good sense enough not to condemn him until it is certain that he has done wrong.

Let us keep cool on the Sub-Treasury bill until the public better understands its merits and demerits.

If all public servants were as true to the people as Senator Vance, the farmers of the country would be prosperous and have nothing of which to complain.

How Grady Got an Advertisement. Rome (Ga.) Tribune.

Years ago, when Henry Grady was struggling to bring the Rome Commercial into front ranks, he called one day and asked the Rounsaville Bros. for an advertisement. J. W. Rounsaville replied: "Why, Mr. Grady, nobody reads your paper; it is of no use to advertise in it." He went to his office and wrote the following advertisement, which appeared next morning in the Commercial:

WANTED--FIFTY CENTS. Liberal price for same. Apply to ROUNSAVILLE BROS.

Well, the picture that presented itself at Rounsaville's corner next morning beggars description. Boys of all ages and sizes--boys of all tints, from the fair haired youth to the sable Ethiopian--barefoot boys and ragged boys--town boys and country boys--blocked up the sidewalk, doorways and streets with bags full of cats--cats of every description, name and order--house cats, yard cats--barn cats, church cats--fat cats and lean cats--honest cats and thiefish cats. Well, to make a long story short, the Rounsavilles told Mr. Grady to reserve a column for their advertisement as long as his paper continued.

Is Consumption Incurable? Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jose Middleway, Doctor, Ohio, says: "Had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at McEldon & Parsons' Drug Store.

A man's reformation always dates from the last time he was caught.--Atchison Globe.

The quality of the blood depends much upon good food and digestion and assimilation.

MURDERED BY HIGHWAYMEN.

An Inoffensive Citizen Assaulted, Killed and Robbed on the Highway Near Wilmington.

From the Star of 17th Inst.

The community was shocked yesterday morning by intelligence received of the murder of Mr. Nathan Falls, an inoffensive white man who lived with his family on Masonboro Sound, a few miles from Wilmington. Mr. George Alford, a neighbor, was first to discover the body. He passed Mr. Falls' place about daylight yesterday morning on his way to his fishing boat, and seeing the male and cart standing at the gate, looked into the cart and saw the body of the murdered man. Mr. Falls' family were called up and a messenger was at once sent to the city to notify the county authorities. Coroner Jacobs went out and summoned a jury and made an examination of the body. It was found that Mr. Falls had been shot in the top of the head, it is supposed while he was asleep, with his head resting on the side of the cart. His pockets had been rifled, and one pocket of his pants had been cut out and the other turned inside out. The murderer is supposed to have robbed the body of seven or eight dollars.

Mr. Falls came to the city Wednesday with a cart load of fish to sell. He had, his family say, four dollars with him, and it is known that he sold his fish for three dollars. It was late in the afternoon when the unfortunate man left for home, and from indications he was murdered and robbed between eight and nine o'clock, just beyond the city.

It is believed that the murder was committed by some of the colored highwaymen whose depredations have so alarmed our country people and whose continued presence has been a reproach to the county authorities.

Mr. Falls was about seventy years of age, good natured, harmless old man, small of stature and of slight build.

Good and Poor Land. Youth's Companion.

The experienced farmer can make a reasonably correct estimate of the value of land after a short examination of it. He observes carefully certain signs which indicate fertility or barrenness of soil.

Some of these indications are given in an article recently published by the chief of the Agricultural College at Downton, England. They constitute a guide by which even the inexperienced agriculturist may judge with some degree of confidence of the productiveness of land.

Black indicates barren soil, as the color is in most cases caused by an excess of vegetable matter or peat. White soil is also poor, as it is thin and chalky, or contains white sand near the surface.

Yellow also, whether dark or light, light gray, blue, a pied or variegated color are indicative of poverty.

Good soil should be from twelve to eighteen inches deep. A clearly cut furrow, or a footprint made when the soil is moist, which shows clear, sharp edges and the nail marks, indicates tenacity, a necessary quality in productive soil. In loamy soil the footprint is indistinct, the edges crumble away.

The herbage, which of one kind or another usually covers land, must be taken into consideration. The quality and quantity of this growth is a sure indication of the yielding power of the soil.

Plenty of timber is a favorable sign. Large spreading oaks, elms, mulberry, walnut, apple and quince trees grow only in good soil. A vigorous growth of ash, sycamore and chestnut indicates a very good soil.

Larches grow on barren uplands and soil which can hardly be put to any other use. Beeches thrive on the thinnest of limestone, and birch will grow in unfruitful soil.

The evidence of plants is important. Chickweed denotes fertility. Nettles, dandelions and buttercups do not grow on poor land. Thistles also indicate good soil.

Certain wild grasses denote barrenness. Grass land which seems covered with dead, unkempt stuff, like badly made hay, is always barren. The state of the crops should be observed also, though that may indicate more as to the character of the farming than the quality of the land.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Gallbladder, will remove the bile from the system and prevent its accumulation. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cure all cases of Constipation and Indigestion. Electric Bitters--Entirely natural, and of purely vegetable origin. For sale at all drug stores. Price, 25c a bottle. At McEldon & Parsons' Drug Store.

A Maid who Prays for Her Husband. Washington Post.

A young lady resident of a Western city, not engaged to be married, and unmistakably fancy-free, claiming with an air of the most charming ingenuousness that she prayed every night for her husband, "because you know, if I am to be married my husband is living somewhere in this world, and I pray always that he may be delivered from all temptations, be kept in good health, and be successful in whatever path of business he has chosen."

"And is this all you pray for in reference to him?" was asked.

Zebulon Baird Vance and the Farmers of North Carolina.

Cor. Messenger and Intelligencer.

Let him who questions the zeal, integrity or patriotism of Vance, look well to his own record. For to Zebulon Vance North Carolina today owes a debt this generation can never pay. It is he who has led the forlorn hope, when the fates seemed all against us in our darkest hours of peril when to us it seemed there were none able to rescue us from the terrible maelstrom! I ask who was it that stepped into the turbid current to rescue our almost straggled ship of state from the fate that seemed inevitable? Who was ever prouder to recruit to him who alone was able to deliver us; a thousand times no, say we. Let those who would malign him or who would question the honesty of his intentions look well to self. He has never occupied an uncertain position. We could always tell on which side the fence to look for him, and when we needed him he was not to look for. Who among us so pure as to question the motives that have actuated so pure and incorruptible a patriot.

Let my tongue be palsied when it would utter anything derogatory to the standing or integrity of such an individual. Take Vance and his influence from us and where will North Carolina be. Back in the dark days of Radical rule and misrepresentation--ready for the iniquitous election law of Reed and his minions. God deliver our people from such a fate and the time when we shall be deprived of the wisdom of such a wayward man as Zebulon B. Vance. You, who would malign him, show in only one single instance where even you claim he has proven recent to the trust reposed in him by the right thinking people of this State. Would that we may never have a worse counselor, and that we may ever have as wise a Statesman to steer our ill-fated course.

Now to the question to wit: The Sub-Treasury bill. Vance introduced the measure but where is the authority that he ever approved it. He did not wish to ignore the will of his constituents; he knew to whom he was indebted for the position he occupied, and he complied with the demands of the farmer and introduced the measure without at the time committing himself, and when asked for his opinion honestly gave it. I with Vance, say the Sub-Treasury bill is not what the farmers of the South need. Give us more money--and how? By abolishing the tax on State banks and the free coinage of silver, and let us work for the money after having placed it beyond the power of the money rings to contract, and we will be all right. I am bitterly opposed to placing any more of my rights in the hands of keeping of the general government. The disposition of the times is too much to centralization already, and besides the same law that allows the people of the South to purchase their cotton allows the Northwest to warehouse the food supplies of the country, which would militate against all hands in factories and machine shops, saying nothing of the classes who inhabit our cities and towns engaged in the various callings of life outside of agriculture. Farmers, you are more fanatical than I once thought you were. There was a time when I gloried in your conservatism; now I say to you, beware of your would-be leaders, lest your last state be worse than your former. The good Lord deliver us from the council of the vicious and the hands of our would-be friends. Yours for wisdom and peace, LITTLE BROWN CREEK.

Bill Arp's Philosophy. I heard a young man say to his employer, "Mr. Jones called again to get his money, but couldn't wait, and has gone back to his work. He said he had called three times and you were not in."

"Well, let him call again. I can't stay here all the time just to accommodate him. I wonder if he expects me to take his money to him?"

Yes, my friend, that is just what Mr. Jones has a right to expect. He has been forced to call at all. You hired him to do the work. He did it, and it was your duty to have hunted him up and paid him. You are rich and he is poor! He can't afford to lose his time, but you can.

This is the tyranny of capital over labor, and it is the cause of the conflict between them. Money is the king and labor is the subject. Just let a man get rich and he gets tyrannical. There are few exceptions to this rule. We owe to the man who has to depend on the rich for his living! His manhood is crushed, and he feels that he is helpless. Not long ago I saw a struggling young man writing under this tyranny. He had worked hard in the broiling sun for a month and had well earned his money, and it took him three weeks to get it. His employers were rich and their money was in the bank, but one partner referred him to another, and the other to a third, and so it went until he had had time, and after several failures the young man was referred to the boss of the work for a certificate, and so his patience was tried for days and weeks.

This is all wrong. A man should be just as anxious to pay the laborer as he was to be paid by him. The sewing woman ought not to have to wait a week for her money. The wash woman ought not to call