

THE ADVANCE OF THE FARMER.

Some of the Good Results of the Farmers' Alliance.

Orangeburg, S. C., Times and Democrat. This case has been plead in the courts of Equity for a hundred years ago, but without avail. At last the farmer has realized that resolutions and declarations of rights are futile unless backed by substantial demonstrations of power...

In its present status this case comes up from the docket of '89, with the endorsement "continued." It has been "continued" upon motion of both parties thereto, but not on the same lines throughout. Some points have been definitely settled...

1. Contrary to all precedent and prediction, the farmers have stuck together the past year. They have done more—they have acted concertedly, conservatively, intelligently. True, results are short of what they might have been; but they have been directly proportional to the prevalence of concerted action...

2. The farmer's ability to control his products, and command a fair price for it in the markets of the world, even under the unfavorable conditions of last year, is a settled question. There is no wiping out of the fact that, notwithstanding the large crop, and the manipulation of a shrinking volume of currency in the interest of speculation, the cotton crop just harvested has sold for an average of \$5 more per bale than that of any year since '81. This, too, in face of existing disproportions...

It is generally admitted now by candid observers in Wall street and out of it that the Farmers' Movement was the principal factor in making up this result. If such results can be wrought out of such crude material, with an environment so unpropitious, what may not the farmer reasonably hope for the present year? The possibilities contingent alone upon concerted action (for wise leadership is assured) are inspiring in the highest degree.

3. The mercantile and manufacturing world has changed its attitude toward the farmer. Every line of goods in every line of business has been subjected to the closest scrutiny; and "what are the farmers going to do?" figures in every business calculation. The contemplation well nigh takes one's breath. Is this not worth all the labor, all the trouble?

General inquiry into the flat cost of commodities has been stimulated and the people at large instructed as to the wide hiatus between cash and time prices. There will be no steps backward from this point.

The cohesive force does exist, then, among the farmers; and the stupendous momentum of the coherent body of farmers against any and all combinations devised for the farmers' hurt has been startlingly illustrated. But let the farmer not forget that his case is still res adjudicata non—it is "continued" upon the docket of '90. It is still pending. Its decision or progress toward final adjudication this year will depend upon the fidelity of the farmer throughout the year, of course; but will depend particularly, and more than all else, upon three things:

1. Upon the business engagement the farmer makes during the next two months. If he fall into the old rut and make contracts for advances payable November 1st, as heretofore the movement will be shorn of half its power. It is the universal sense of State and National Alliance that no contract should be made that will compel the producer to sell his product before December 1st or 25th. Many decisive conflicts of history have been virtually determined before the culminating struggle was reached. Gettysburg was practically lost and won two days before the magnificent charge of July 3rd, no less than Balaklava, which it so vividly suggests as immortalized by Tennyson. Sedona...

2. It depends upon strictest fidelity to the plans and instructions emanating from farmers' headquarters. Seeds of dissension will be industriously and insidiously sown by disaffected parties within and without the camps. Every effort will be made to undermine the confidence of the farmer in those men who are stationed upon the watch towers. Their motives will be insidiously assailed, and the temptation will be to repudiate their ruling when individual or local interests seem to conflict with them; but have patience, brethren, till you can see all around the matter from their standpoint. This phase of the fight is already "on," as was clearly shown a few days ago. The President of the State Exchange of Georgia resigned on the ground of ill-health and pressing private business. An enemy flashed all over the country the insinuation that he was a defaulter. The dailies, with their usual enterprise, announced in startling headlines "A scandal in Alliance circles," followed by a quarter of a column of conjectures and surmises as to effects upon the Order. At the conclusion was a single line in small type, beginning "Later," (also in small type), announcing that in all probability the scandal was a false allegation. Let the farmer keep a weather eye on this sort of things and on all papers that "make haste" to publish damaging reports about the Farmers' movement, especially upon those papers that advise and urge him to sell cotton when his lenders say "hold." Whenever these things appear in the papers let him settle in his mind "An enemy hath done this," until he gets official information through his official organ.

3. Upon the action of the farmer relative to ware houses. The merits of this scheme have been exhaustively discussed and demonstrated. The question of country warehouses is settled. They will be built and operated beyond doubt. One thing only remains to be seen—whether they will be built and operated by farmers, for the benefit farmer, or by individuals for the money there is in them. Money is in sight today for the construction of a ware house in Orangeburg just so soon as the farmers abandon the project. Commercial minds are sharp enough to see profit in it as an investment, and this profit would accrue to the holder of stock, whether he lived in town or on the remotest farm in the remotest district of the country. But if the stock did not pay a cent dividends, the farmer investor would be handsomely paid in the enhanced price of cotton. He can deposit his cotton in the warehouse, borrow money upon it for present needs, and hold it "for the rise." Thus he gets the benefit of rise in price instead of the speculator—and, more than all else, he is in a position to have a say as to the price.

was but the sequel of events transpiring for a decade previous on both sides the Rhine. And so let not the farmer be deceived by this lull in the fighting. Both parties are, or should be, now maneuvering for position, and once established and fortified, with impregnable salients in the shape of liens, projecting into our territory, we will contend against desperate odds.

Complete victory for the farmer in 1890 will be achieved, if at all, during the first months of the year. Let him economize at every point; make this crop, if possible, without incurring debt. If one must have advances, make no contracts to mature before January 1st or December 25th. The merchant must help us at this point, and he will if it is properly presented. Pay him interest for the additional time, of course, but by all means hold that point, demand that time.

So far as we have been able to judge, we believe the farmers, generally, desire Capt. Alexander to become our next Governor. But what good can a Governor of North Carolina do for the farmers? He has little or no influence over State legislation. He has no control over the executive departments, and his duties are almost automatic.

But if the farmers had a good representative in Congress he would be of invaluable service in shaping legislation in behalf of many of the reforms demanded by the farmers. The agriculturists of the United States are by far the most numerous class; yet they have fewer representatives in Congress than almost any other class.

They have never taken much part in politics, except to vote. They have never sent committees to the legislature or Congress asking for favors. They have always been willing enough to choose men of other occupations to represent them in legislative halls.

But the rapid decline in agriculture in recent years and the consequent discount and discouragement among farmers, make it more important than ever for them to have representatives in Congress. The depressed condition of agriculture is attracting universal attention. The newspapers and leading magazines of the country are discussing the subject. Farms in New England are selling at less than the cost of improvements, while in the West farm products are used as fuel.

The number of small farmers is rapidly decreasing, and the number of large land-holders is increasing. The mortgage indebtedness of farms is every year running up at a frightful rate, and a dark cloud overshadows the future of the yeomanry of America.

Some of the causes contributing to this state of affairs are thought to be the contraction of the currency, railroad discriminations, the tariff, and the late tendency of capital to concentrate into monopolies and trusts.

Among the farmers of this district there is no better equipped man than Capt. Alexander for the duties of legislation. He has been tried, and found efficient and faithful. We do not believe any man in the district is more of a student of political science, and certainly no man stands higher in point of integrity and good citizenship. He is every-where the acknowledged champion of the farmers' cause and next to Vance, he is North Carolina's commoner.

If the farmers are to have any representative from this State we think Capt. Alexander is the best man they can select. It has been many years since a farmer sat in Congress from this district. It is best for the country and best for the farmer that the farmers have a fair representation in our legislative halls.

The very best writer we have on political science says that while a legislature controlled by a class is best for a monarchy, a homogeneous legislature is certainly best for Democracy.

How would Captain Sydenham B. Alexander do for our next Congressman? Let us hear from the people on this subject.

The sad events by which President Harrison's administration is being marked recall the tragic history of the term for which his grandfather was elected. First came the death of the President within a month of his inauguration; then the terrible explosion on the steamer Princeton, by which one member of the Cabinet was killed; and later on the hanging, on the charge of mutiny at sea, of the son of another member of the Cabinet, John C. Spencer, of New York. This hanging, by the way, was recently discussed by Gail Hamilton in one of the periodicals and the showing clearly made that young Spencer was innocent of the crime with which he was charged, and that his execution was nothing short of murder.

Our Next Congressman.

The following is a double lead editorial that appeared in the Mecklenburg Times last week:

As Col. Alfred Rowland is now serving his second term, which is as long as custom allows a man to serve in this district, it is not likely that he will be in the race for nomination. Already we hear of numerous aspirants for the nomination along the Carolina Central road. In fact, a candidate is reported in the field in nearly every county, and from the present outlook it seems that the contest will be a sort of steeple-chase race, with chances in favor of most anybody.

Before public opinion in the district is crystallized we wish to ask this question: How would Capt. S. B. Alexander do for our next Congressman?

So far as we have been able to judge, we believe the farmers, generally, desire Capt. Alexander to become our next Governor. But what good can a Governor of North Carolina do for the farmers? He has little or no influence over State legislation. He has no control over the executive departments, and his duties are almost automatic.

But if the farmers had a good representative in Congress he would be of invaluable service in shaping legislation in behalf of many of the reforms demanded by the farmers. The agriculturists of the United States are by far the most numerous class; yet they have fewer representatives in Congress than almost any other class.

They have never taken much part in politics, except to vote. They have never sent committees to the legislature or Congress asking for favors. They have always been willing enough to choose men of other occupations to represent them in legislative halls.

But the rapid decline in agriculture in recent years and the consequent discount and discouragement among farmers, make it more important than ever for them to have representatives in Congress. The depressed condition of agriculture is attracting universal attention. The newspapers and leading magazines of the country are discussing the subject. Farms in New England are selling at less than the cost of improvements, while in the West farm products are used as fuel.

The number of small farmers is rapidly decreasing, and the number of large land-holders is increasing. The mortgage indebtedness of farms is every year running up at a frightful rate, and a dark cloud overshadows the future of the yeomanry of America.

Some of the causes contributing to this state of affairs are thought to be the contraction of the currency, railroad discriminations, the tariff, and the late tendency of capital to concentrate into monopolies and trusts.

Among the farmers of this district there is no better equipped man than Capt. Alexander for the duties of legislation. He has been tried, and found efficient and faithful. We do not believe any man in the district is more of a student of political science, and certainly no man stands higher in point of integrity and good citizenship. He is every-where the acknowledged champion of the farmers' cause and next to Vance, he is North Carolina's commoner.

If the farmers are to have any representative from this State we think Capt. Alexander is the best man they can select. It has been many years since a farmer sat in Congress from this district. It is best for the country and best for the farmer that the farmers have a fair representation in our legislative halls.

The very best writer we have on political science says that while a legislature controlled by a class is best for a monarchy, a homogeneous legislature is certainly best for Democracy.

How would Captain Sydenham B. Alexander do for our next Congressman? Let us hear from the people on this subject.

The sad events by which President Harrison's administration is being marked recall the tragic history of the term for which his grandfather was elected. First came the death of the President within a month of his inauguration; then the terrible explosion on the steamer Princeton, by which one member of the Cabinet was killed; and later on the hanging, on the charge of mutiny at sea, of the son of another member of the Cabinet, John C. Spencer, of New York. This hanging, by the way, was recently discussed by Gail Hamilton in one of the periodicals and the showing clearly made that young Spencer was innocent of the crime with which he was charged, and that his execution was nothing short of murder.

Dying Expressions.

"It is well."—Washington. "I must sleep now."—Byrn. "Kiss me Hardy."—Nelson. "Head of the army."—Napoleon. "Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.

"Let the light enter."—Goethe. "Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso. "Independence forever."—Adams. "The artery has ceased to beat."—Haller.

"Is this your fidelity."—Nero. "This is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams. "Give Dayroles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.

"A dying man does nothing well."—Franklin. "Let not poor Nellie starve."—Charles. "What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Elizabeth. "It matters not who the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh. "Clasp my hand, my dearest friend, I die."—Alfieri.

"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott. "Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—Mirabeau. "I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Horace Greeley.

"God preserve the Emperor."—Haydn. "I loved my father and liberty."—Mme de Stael. "It is small, very small indeed," (clasping her neck).—Anne Boleyn.

"I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas Moore. "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns.

"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—Thomas Jefferson. "I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out, I ask nothing more."—Harrison.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor. "You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let her hear, how grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven."—Humboldt.

(The sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying.) "Once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—Mozart. "God bless you, my dear."—Dr. Johnson.

"God bless you; is that you, Dora?"—Wadsworth. "Now it is come."—John Knox. "Dying, dying."—Hood.

A Story With a Moral.

A certain young man in this county has been chewing tobacco for seven years, the cost of which has averaged 71 cents per day, or \$191.10 for the entire time. This amount with interest for seven years makes more than \$300. Besides this he has smoked not a few cigars, but never a cigarette. It costs to have pleasure.—Scotland Neck Democrat.

This is what is called driving a point home by a strong application. We endorse it all—condemn the folly and extravagance of chewing the weed—but we never read such practical lessons without recalling the old story which ran this way:

Two friends, both poor, about the same age, were walking by the elegant brownstone houses on Fifth Avenue in New York. One was smoking a fine cigar; the other was a strong anti-tobacco man. "What did that cigar cost you?" asked the Anti-Tobacco man. "Fifteen cents," was the reply. "How many do you smoke a day?" was the next query. "Half a dozen or so," was the answer. "That makes \$6.30 a week you burn up. How many years have you been smoking at that rate?" "About twenty," answered the smoker.

"Well," running over a calculation in his head, the Anti-Tobacco man said, "Do you know that if you had saved all the money you have spent on cigars and put it out yearly at compound interest, you would now own one of those brown-stone houses?" It was now the time for the smoker to ask questions, and he did it this: "You have never smoked?" "No."

"You are about my age?" "Yes." "Well, where is your house that you have saved by not smoking?"—State Chronicle.

Not a Man Killed on Either Side.

News and Observer.]

The account of the bombardment of Fort Sumter is still remembered by many persons, but it may not be amiss to recall the fact (probably without precedent in the annals of war) that not a man was killed on either side by the bombardment. The only casualty was the death of one man and the injury of some others by the explosion of a gun in the firing of a salute to the United States flag by the garrison under Major Anderson's command on evacuating the Fort the day after the surrender. The firing commenced, after due notice given by General Beauregard, on the morning of Friday the 12th of April, 1861, and continued for about 34 hours, and the surrender was on the 13th. The Fort was partly destroyed by shot and set on fire by shells. The reduction of the Fort was an act of defense on the part of the Confederates, to prevent in from being reinforced with men and supplies by the hostile fleet which was lying off the mouth of Charleston Harbor. The expedition was fitted out for the relief of Sumter, after repeated assurances from the United States Government that the status would not be changed without notice; and no notice of their intention to do so was given.

Bob Ingersoll.

Albany Times.]

A good story was told in the library of the general term of the Supreme Court by Mr. John S. Wise, son of ex-Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, who is now in this city from his home in New York. Said Mr. Wise: A few years ago Ingersoll was passing through Cincinnati, and at his hotel he was accosted by a working-man, who addressed him as follows: "Mr. Ingersoll, I am a poor, hard working man, having a family to support, and I want a favor."

"Well," said Bob, "what can I do for you?" "I want to call a brand of my cigars after you, and permission to use your photograph," answered the man. "Certainly, my man, and I will give you a motto, if you desire."

"I would thank you if you would," responded the man. Colonel Ingersoll gave it to him as follows: "We shall smoke in this world, but not in the next."

Some months afterward, while passing through Cincinnati, Colonel Ingersoll was informed that the man made \$9,000 off the brand of cigars in less than a year.

Cause of his Death.

Statesville Landmark.]

Colonel Allen owes his death as certainly if not as directly to a railroad car as if he had perished in an accident. In the early part of December he went to Raleigh on business, and returning took the sleeper attached to the freight train leaving for the west about 1 a. m. Boarding the car he found a stifling atmosphere—a roaring fire, no ventilation and a temperature which was intolerable. He caused the porter to open the ventilators and when the temperature had been somewhat lowered went to bed. He awoke in the morning to find all the ventilators closed and the fire roaring as the night before, and got off at Greensboro with a dull pain in his head. This increased from day to day until an abscess formed, giving him expressible suffering, and finally broke and discharged freely. The pain, however, did not wholly abate for weeks, and then he began recovering slowly. But the indications were deceptive. The inflammation attacked the brain and carried him off without warning.

The "Black" district.

Wilson Advance.]

The Second Congressional District has long been denominated the "black district," because of the negroes who live in the districts. One of the fruits of the recent exodus movement was the thinning out of the "coons" to such an extent that there is very little doubt but that the white people of the Second District will once again be represented in halls of Congress by a white man and a Democrat. Hon. F. M. Simmons will be our next Congressman, there appears now to be little doubt. He made us a Congressman of whom the whole people were proud and to him do the people again look as their representative in Congress. Few are the members in Congress who have made such a faithful and able Congressman as did Mr. Simmons.

The Cross and White Case.

Wilmington Messenger.

RALEIGH, Feb. 15.—This afternoon in the State Supreme Court the Attorney General made a motion to have judgment against Charles E. Cross and Samuel C. White entered in conformity with the mandate of the United States Supreme Court. This mandate confirms the decision of the United States Supreme Court; the latter court having affirmed the sentence of the Superior Court that Cross, president of the wrecked State National bank of Raleigh, and White, its cashier, be put at hard labor on the public roads for seven and five years respectively, they having been convicted of forgery.

Walter R. Henry, counsel for Cross and White made a motion for further arrest of judgment, alleging that there was a fatal defect in the record and that the court had such power even at this late day. His point was that the defendants were convicted upon two counts—one charging them with forgery, the other with uttering a forged paper, and that upon these there was a general verdict of guilty. He contended that when an indictment charged two distinct offences in separate counts and the grade and punishment of these offences are different in degree, a general verdict of guilty cannot stand. He further contended that there is no statute in North Carolina denouncing the uttering of a forged promissory note.

The Attorney General in reply alleged that this contention was groundless and that the jury had rendered a verdict on each count. The court took the papers. Its ruling is awaited with much interest as this is a very noted case.

A Confusion of Dogs.

Boston Transcript.

A dog story just related to the Listener by a gentleman of unimpeachable, or at least unimpeached, truthfulness, is certainly new. Meeting the other day, the Listener remarked that he had not seen his bulldog Buff with him lately, and asked what had become of him. "Well," said he, "it is the sad outcome of that singular McCarty business." The McCarty business? What do you mean?" asked the Listener. "Why," said he, "have you never heard of that? Well, I will tell you. Down on the corner below our house there lived the widow McCarty, and she had a dog that looked so much like ours that we never could tell them apart. They were singularly alike, even to the left-hand twist in the tail. Well, we mixed the dogs up so often that they ended by mixing each other up. Our dog would see Mrs. McCarty going down the street and would suppose that he was her dog, and would take after her. When she got home, her dog seeing the other one following her, would suppose that he must have made a mistake, and that he was our dog, and then he would come right over to our house. That would settle them for a day or so, and then some accident would switch them off again, and then they would be all at sea once more." "Well how did it come out?" "That's what I am going to tell you. At last somebody poisoned Mrs. McCarty's dog. And as by this time neither dog had any guide to go by but the conduct of the other, our poor dog was at a perfect loss to know who he belonged to, and he vibrated so constantly from one opinion to the other, and lived in such a state of continual vexation that it preyed on his reason. We were afraid he was going mad, and we had to shoot him. Poor, old Grip! He deserved a better fate."

Tax Both.

Morganton Herald.

There is a proposition now before the Wyoming legislature to impose a tax of \$2.50 per annum on bachelors over thirty years of age. Wyoming is the only one of the States where women vote in all the elections, and they are evidently getting in their work. To persistently refuse to marry a poor fellow and then to tax him because he is so unattractive that nobody will have him for a husband is the refinement of cruelty. The hen-pecked husbands in the Wyoming legislature should make one bold strike to defend the unmarried unfortunate of their sex. Let them introduce an amendment to the bill taxing all old maids \$25 per year, the tax to be remitted if they will make affidavit that no man has ever proposed to them. This would be about right, and the amount of money the State would receive from this source could be readily ascertained in dollars by multiplying the number of old maids by twenty-five. Not one of them would ever make the affidavit.

Abe Lincoln's Shinned Him

Mount, But Not Blunt.

"If I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it," Abraham Lincoln used to say, when confident of the justice of the cause he represented. He was weak in defending a wrong case, for he was mentally and morally too honest to explain away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry.

Instead of attempting to bolster up such a case, he abandoned it. Once he abandoned a case in open court, being convinced that it was unjust. A less fastidious lawyer took Mr. Lincoln's place, and won the case.

Mr. Herndon, in his "Life of Lincoln," tells a story which exhibits his ability in getting a case he believed in "properly swung to the jury."

A pension agent, named Wright, secured for the widow of a revolutionary soldier a pension of \$400, of which sum he retained one-half as his fee. The pensioner, a crippled old woman, hobbled into Lincoln's office and told her story. It stirred Lincoln up; he brought suit against the agent, and on the day of the trial he said: "I am going to skin Wright, and get that money back."

He did so. The old woman told her story to the jury. Lincoln, in his plea, drew a picture of the hardships of Valley Forge, describing the soldiers as creeping bare-footed over the ice, and marking their tracks by their bleeding feet. Then he contrasted the hardship of the soldiers, endured for their country, with the hardened action of the agent in fleecing the old woman of one-half of her pension.

He was merciless; the members of the jury were in tears, and the agent writhed in his seat under the castigation of Lincoln's denunciation. The jury returned a verdict in her favor for the full amount, and Lincoln made no charge for his services. His notes for the argument were unique: "No contract—Not professional services—an Unconscionable Charge—Money retained by Defendant not given by Plaintiff—Revolutionary War—Describe Valley Forge privations—Ice Soldiers' bleeding feet—Plaintiff's husband—Soldier leaving for army—Skin Defendant—Close."

Silver Circulation.

According to official report of the Treasurer of the United States, December 31, 1889, there were on hand in silver dollars \$288,535,500, of which \$282,949,073 were represented by certificates outstanding, leaving not in circulation nor represented by certificates only \$5,586,427.

The annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows \$60,098,480 in silver coins in actual circulation, and at the date of the report \$277,319,944 silver coins represented by certificates outstanding. The Secretary further shows, that of the total silver coinage of the government, only \$6,219,577 were not now in circulation, or represented by certificates outstanding.

Here we have at separate dates, and from the highest authorities the facts as plain as figures can make them, that only a small fraction of the silver coinage is now in use as currency among the people.

Still the cry goes up from contractionists that silver coinage must be restricted to the minimum allowed by law, \$2,000,000 per month, because as they say, if silver is coined to the maximum under the law, it will go freely into circulation, and they know it. Scarce and dear money, and low prices for labor and the products of labor are what they want.

The Awful Alternative.

Little Marshall P. Wilder told a Washington Post reporter the following gem:

Finnucane called in on Mike Leary's oldest boy, Tim, one day and found that the boy of a boy pale about the gills, losing his flesh and the picture of despair. "Howdy Moses, Tim, it's matherin' if ye're lakin' Farat in the name as th' kraken's mather?" "Finnucane!" "Yes."

"Ye know that blatherin' spalpeen as a Widdy Costigan's second husband's stepson, Jamie?" "That I do." "He bet me a dollar to a pint I couldnt schwallen an igg widout brakin' th' shell as it."

"Naw!" "Yes." "Did ye do it?" "I did." "Then f'what's allin ye?" "It's doon there. If I jump about I'll brack an' cut me stomach wid th' shell. If I kape quiet the dom thing'll hatch out an' I'll have a Shanghai rooster a-clawin' me insides."

Mount, But Not Blunt.

Wilson Mirror.

The jail is M. T. No noise annoys us now. A boil is indeed a swell affair. A wounded vanity is hard to dress. The human nose oft comes to blows. A cat has nine lives, and sometimes a little kit-ten. Money close but not quite close enough for us to reach it. Roosters crow to show their spirit of bon thiasmus.

The members of a brass band should be taught by private tooters. Even the meet poverty stricken hotel proprietor is inn-dependent. Don't fret and fume and fuss and ferment. Never trouble troubles unless trouble troubles you.

Love is that golden latch key which hangs on to the outside, and lets in happiness to every heart. When you hear the rushing current of profanity you can rest assured that a dam has given away. Kindness and cheerfulness can remove more than half the wrinkles out of the forehead of age.

To reach the height of our ambition is like trying to reach the rainbow; as we advance it recedes. Some patients try the patience of their physicians, and particularly so when they become pay shants. Honeyed endearment and devoted ministry are precious buds which are found on the flowers of love.

Friars brew wards off the bier, and people drink it without fear, for it puts flesh upon the bones, and to all its good cheer loans. True refinement does not tolerate or countenance indecent or indelicate insinuations, it matters not by whom proclaimed; and modesty will blush and be shocked at it, even though it be uttered in the sacred desk.

When the impassioned Mr. Tuttle in a glowing burst of eloquence, said "blue is the favorite color of Nature, for we see the distant mountain tops are blue, the far off sky is blue, the landscape too is blue." Just then our visitor, whispered "And the winds blew, and if Mr. Tuttle had the La Grippe like some his nose would be blew too."

Exodus Agents "Dusting."

Newberne Journal.

Exodus agents have had a "set back" down this way. In fact, one fellow had to "dust" himself the other day. A number of citizens got tired of the meddling of the agents with our laborers and the disturbance they cause by making great promises to the colored people and then failing to fulfill these promises, causing in some instances sacrifices of situations by the colored people and a state of general restlessness among them, and determined to stop it. So when a certain emigration agent put in an appearance here on Tuesday night he was interviewed by a number of gentlemen and calmly advised not to try to take any more colored people from this town or county. The fellow didn't like to "cave in" for (we hear) there is money in the business; but on being earnestly advised to comply with the wishes of the gentlemen by leaving on the train the next day for Goldsboro, he consented to do so. He went, but on the evening train he and two others came back to Core Creek, thinking, perhaps, that they would not be bothered again. "Peg Leg" was also expected to come down to the city, and a party of gentlemen were at the depot to receive him, but he didn't come. As soon as the gentlemen heard of the agents being at Core Creek they procured a train and went up there. The exodus agents received another dose of wholesome advice. They left yesterday morning for Goldsboro, leaving a number of would-be exodus clusters at Core Creek. It is thought that "Peggy" and his crowd will not try this county again.

The Time Around the Earth.

Boston Transcript.

A French savant has calculated the time required for a journey around the earth, and has obtained the following results: A man walking day and night without resting, would take 428 days; an express train 30 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32 1/2 hours; a cannon ball, 2 1/2 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second, and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little under one-tenth of a second.