

State Library

Making Fortunes in the South.

Wilmington Star. There are more fortunes being made in the South today, for the amount of money invested, by keen, sharp-eyed speculators and investors, than in any part of the American continent. These fortunes are made principally in timber and mineral lands, both of which as a rule bought at ridiculously low figures, simply for the reason that the owners of the properties sold know the value of a dollar, but do not know the value of the properties they sell. As an illustration in print, we clip the following from a letter in the Pittsburg Dispatch, written from Logan Court House, West Virginia, which we find in the Baltimore Sun, a paper which keeps a sharp eye on Southern progress and development.

"Within the past twelve months not less than \$1,000,000 have been harvested by nifty and far-sighted investors in the timber and mineral lands of Logan, Wayne and Wyoming counties, and millions more of profits will be reaped within the next two or three years. Two years ago, and in many cases within a much less time, lands ranking among the best in West Virginia, standing thick with magnificent timber and underlaid with splendid bituminous coal could be bought through the 'Big Sandy' country for from \$2 to \$5 an acre. Today these lands are held any where from \$10 to \$30, and the tendency of prices is constantly and rapidly upward. At least a score of companies and associations of capitalists, with available money ranging from a few thousand up to \$100,000 or \$300,000, have been organized for the purpose of acquiring the title to large tracts of the wild lands of the counties named, and probably 600,000 acres of territory are now held for investment, while other hundreds of thousands of acres have been sold and resold, netting large profits.

"Your correspondent has in mind one tract of land, underlaid with thirty feet of the very best coking coal, which was bought by a modest combination of gentlemen having little money, but the ability to see a good thing, for \$1,300. In less than a year they sold out for \$15,000 and the present owners have refused \$25,000 for the tract. Another company bought 4,000 acres for \$5 an acre. They have sold the timber alone for enough to pay for the land and leave them \$30,000 cash, and they have the minerals and the land itself left. Still another combination purchased 7,000 acres for \$10 an acre. They have refused \$4 a tree for 14,000 poplar trees, have at least \$50,000 of other timber, and 5,000 acres of their land, carrying thirty-one feet of coking coal, one solid vein being thirteen feet thick. Their investment of \$70,000 will net them \$500,000 as sure as the next four years roll around. The original owners of the property seem to have no conception whatever of the value of their property. For a few hundred dollars in cash they readily part with large tracts of land standing thick with timber, and rich in coal, iron ore and other minerals."

Some persons reading this might conclude that the writer had given undue license to his imagination and taken undue liberties with figures, but we have seen enough right here in our own State to justify us that while there may possibly be a little exaggeration in some of his statements they are substantially true. We have seen as finely timbered land as there is on the continent sold for less per acre than one tree of the hundreds that grew upon an acre, when felled and sawed into lumber, would command. Thousands of acres have been thus bought by men who intended to strip off the timber, or by others who intended to hold for future speculation, the sellers receiving an insignificant sum, which, if held on to, would in time have brought them ten times the amount they received or made a valuable inheritance for their children. This thing is going on today and the lumber seeker is abroad spying out the land and putting one dollar in where he knows he will get a hundred back. They watch the construction of railroads, and the railroads in prospect with reasonable probability of being built in the near future, then they go on their prospecting tours and quietly select the properties which strike their fancy and buy at their own figures. And so with the iron properties and other minerals, some of which can be bought today for a less price per acre than they can per yard ten years from now, because the railroads are pointing into them, which will give them a value in compari-

son with which the price set upon them now is as nothing. We know the country of which we speak, we have been watching its progress and development for twenty-five years, we know something of its resources and of its possibilities, and we feel as confident of what we are here writing as we do that the Cape Fear river will continue to flow into the ocean.

We do not believe in the dog in the manger policy, but we do not like to see our people throw away treasures for little or nothing, nor barter for a song what may become a source of generous income to them, or a rich legacy to their children.

Congressional Chat.

News and Observer. Unless somebody slips up in their calculations, there will be several changes in the delegations in the next Congress. The Farmers Alliance shows its head about in spots and is a confusing factor in Congressional politics when the incumbents attempt to figure out their nomination. John Henderson, who has now become an influential member and is on the open road to get usefulness, has an Alliance man in his path, farmer and ex-Speaker Leazer, of Iredeed county, who is the talk of Alliance candidate for Congress. The district would lose heavily in the exchange, and for the reason that Leazer will be a new man a long time. Some think that Cowles and Rowland will be succeeded by farmer candidates, Graham possibly in Cowles' district and Alexander in Rowland's district. McClammy, it is understood, will be supported by the Alliance for renomination. It will be either Ewart or Vance in the 9th district. They are both members of the State Alliance. Polk is not a candidate in Bunn's district, and the statement is authorized that he will not be. Skinner—the only Tom Skinner, whose penetration of the future saw a second Chicago at Cumberland Gap, and naturally voted to hold the World's Fair at that place—seems to enjoy the distinction of being left alone, but he is a man who cannot be taken by surprise. If Jarvis was nominated tomorrow, Skinner wouldn't know what hit him, and wouldn't give a fig to know either. He is a true man, and a good representative. He was put on Indian affairs because he was supposed to know more about Indians than rivers and harbors—representing as he does a coast district. He is also a member of the committee on "Alcoholic and Liquor Traffic." He is the only man on the committee who doesn't know brandy from whisky, and low wines from high wines. As a sampler, consequently, he is a prodigious failure, and opportunities that might be invaluable to a great many of his constituents are wholly lost on Skinner.

In the fifth district the Alliance will either have a candidate or support a man who is known to be friendly to its interests, who is not a lawyer or banker. All the talk in this direction points unmistakably to "Baldy" Williams, of Granville. If this be true, and it looks very much that way, the question, "Who can beat Bower," is answered.

A more important matter still, is the United States Senatorship. Vance will be re-elected if the Alliance does not prevent it. The indications are that he will get that support. He has always been the choice of the farmers of North Carolina, and he has been given to understand that they still appreciate his great worth and devotion to principle. Of all the farmers in the Senate, he was selected to introduce the agricultural depository bill, which is the offspring of the National Alliance, and which is regarded by that organization as best legislation. It begins the fight against the National Bank and Railroad monopolies. The House and Senate will both have an opportunity to make a record on it. The Alliance has determined to push the measure to a vote. The first hearing will be had about April, when President Polk will address the Senate committee on agriculture. The next State legislature, it is said, will show a large Alliance majority in both branches, and so far as can now be seen Vance will be the choice of that element. It is rule or to be ruined with the farmers now, as they see it, and if the protection of their interests involves politics, they must either go into politics or to pieces. There are stirring times ahead, unless all the signs are misleading. J. B. H.

The Congressmen who shirks his voting duty when sorely needed by his party should be labored with by his constituents, and dropped from the list of candidates for re-election.

A Noble Tribute.

The other day the legislature of Mississippi was considering the bill to appropriate \$10,000 to the erection of a Confederate Monument. Several speeches were made, one of which is thus reported by the Jackson Clarion-Ledger of the 27th ult.: "On my right rose a negro man of some 60 years of age, one of the few Republican members in this pretty solidly Democratic House, and said in full round tones, 'Mr. Speaker.' The Speaker recognized him with, 'The gentleman from Washington,' that being the county he represented. Immediately a perfect stillness filled the place, and the House was all attention. A smile of anticipated pleasure lighted every face, and hardly knowing why, I felt into the prevailing mood.

The colored Republican member, speaking on this bill to appropriate moneys to erect a monument in honor of the Confederate dead, said something like this: "Mr. Speaker, I have risen here in my place to offer a few words on the bill. I have come from a sick bed, and was forced to struggle up here leaning on the arm of a friend. I stand here in considerable pain. Perhaps it was not prudent for me to come. But, sir, I could not rest easily in my room, sick though I am, and allow this discussion to pass without contributing to it a few remarks of my own. I was sorry to hear the speech of the young gentleman from Marshall county. I am sorry that any son of a soldier should go on record as opposed to the erection of a monument in honor of the brave dead. And, sir, I am convinced that had he seen and I saw at Seven Pines and in the seven days' fighting round Richmond, the battlefields covered with the mangled forms of those who fought for their country and their country's honor, he would not have made that speech. When the news came that the South was to be invaded, those men went forth to fight for what they believed, and they made no requests for monuments to commemorate their brave deeds and holy sacrifices. But they died, and their virtues should be remembered. Sir, I went with them. I, too, wore the gray, the same color that my master wore. We staid four long years, and if that sad war had gone on till now I would have been there yet. I know what it all meant, and understand the meaning of my words when I say that I would have been with my countrymen still had the war continued until this good day. I want to honor those brave men who died for their convictions. When my mother died I was a boy. Who, sir, then acted the part of a mother to the orphaned slave boy but my 'old missis'?" Were she living now, or could she speak to me from those high realms where are gathered the sainted dead, she would tell me to vote for this bill. And, sir, I shall vote for it. I want it known to all the world that my vote is given in favor of the bill to erect a monument in honor of the brave Confederate dead."

The House burst into rapturous and prolonged applause. The bill was put upon its passage and was carried by a good majority. Every colored member voted "aye."

The name of the negro, who, though emancipated by the Confederate failure, and Republican in politics, voted for the bill, is J. F. Harris, of Washington county, Miss.

Things That Tickle the Landmark.

Statesville Landmark. To see a man look in a horse's mouth and then pretend to know how old he is. To hear every fellow who catches cold, declare he has the grip. To hear a man talk about eating "a check" when he means a snack or a lunch. To hear a rooster who came here without any seat in his breeches, and is now pretty well off, decry Statesville.

To hear a republican express his private opinion about things. To see a fellow who is loaded to the back teeth, walking about under the delusion that nobody knows he is hauling.

To note the severe and disdainful expressions of the beat whose paper has been stopped because he wouldn't pay for it.

To hear one of the high-toners say "keenness" when he means quinine.

To see a small mule hitched to a large top buggy.

"Is it a crime to be a woman?" said the pretty agitator. "If it is, it's a very capital crime," rejoined a gallant auditor.—Munsey's Weekly.

300-Year Club.

We have before us a novel circular, handed us by a friend. It sets forth an explanation of what is called the "Ralston 200-year Club, or How to Live Two Centuries." The advocates of this society claim to have methods of treatment which will enable men to prolong their lives for 200 years. From this circular we copy the following predictions:

"The closing decade of the nineteenth century is pregnant with the wonders of the twentieth. Within the next 200 years we shall cross the ocean in a day.

Within the next 200 years we shall send letters from Boston to San Francisco in an hour.

Within the next 200 years the air will be navigated by ships, moving with great velocity over our heads.

Within the next 200 years persons will travel from New York to Chicago in two hours.

Within the next 200 years fire will not be known nor needed for cooking or heating purposes.

Within the next 200 years every monarchy on the face of the earth will be wiped out of existence.

Within the next 200 years the world will be governed by an International Congress; people will speak in one universal language, and the earth will be entirely rid of the heathen and barbarous nations.

While it is true that these predictions cannot be verified as facts, the portents of the times point unmistakably to their fulfillment. In the light of past experiences no person is safe in denying the greatness of the future. The mighty trend of time moves toward the sudden uplifting of the world into a super-terrestrial existence. The development of man is ripe for communication with the beings on the planets. Such vast leaps in the progress of events as have marked the last fifty years cannot continue much longer without elevating us beyond the bounds of earth itself."

According to the above quotations the millennium will be here in the next 200 years!

Davy Crockett's Command.

Baltimore. In Jackson's campaign of 1812 originated the world-wide motto, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." The fact was given me personally by Gen. Wm. Moore in these words: "I was a captain but a very young man, in that command. Davy Crockett was in my company, quite young and awkward. I had trouble with my men, and told them I would go and lay my complaints before the General. I did so, and young Crockett, officiously went along. When I had stated my case the General said: 'Captain, don't make any orders without needing them, and then execute them, no matter what it costs.'"

Returning to camp, the boys wanted to know what the General said, when Davy Crockett, with a big laugh, said, "The General told the Captain to be sure he is right and then go ahead." General Moore informed me that the next day Crockett's words were in the mouth of every soldier in the regiment, and they were used all through the campaign. "Be sure you are right and then go ahead" is a common saying now wherever the English language is spoken.

The Wires are Harmless.

New York Herald. "Mr. Smith," said the electric light manager to his foreman, "we want some men to testify to the absolute harmlessness of the electric light current used by us; you might ask Roberts."

Foreman: "He was killed while fixing a wire last night."

"Well, Jackson will do then."

"He accidentally grounded a wrong wire last week and is scarcely expected to live, sir."

"Such awkwardness. Send Williams."

"Sorry, sir; but he was paralyzed while fixing an electric lamp on Thursday."

"Really it's most annoying. Employ some new men at once; send them to testify to the committee before they have time to get themselves killed."

A man of Morgan county, Ohio, has a cat which is known by the neighbors as "solar spectrum." From the tip of its tail to the end of its nose there are distributed all the colors of the rainbow. Its nose shines like a carbuncle and there are several shades of violet on the fore-legs.

Cromie Alliance, in Georgia, has expelled a member for refusing to pay a security debt.

America Abroad.

Detroit Free Press. Dr. Daniel March, of Massachusetts, who has been traveling extensively in oriental countries, says:

I saw advertisements for the sale of the Waterbury watch filling whole columns in newspapers and large spaces on the outer walls of buildings in all the great cities of India. I heard the hum of the America sewing machine in the by-ways and broad streets of Bombay and Calcutta and Rangoon. I saw American lamps for burning American petroleum hawked about the streets on wheelbarrows for sale in Yokohama and Tokyo and Shanghai. I heard the clatter of the American typewriter in Chefu and Tientsin and Swatow and Aintab. I heard American dentistry praised as the best in the world, and I traveled with an American dentist who was on his way to practice his profession in the City of Peking. I afterward received his printed circular announcing his arrival in the great imperial city, and his readiness to extract the molars of mandarins or fill the cavities of Confucianists in the most approved style of American art.

I was glad when I saw American tram-cars running in the streets of Tokyo, and the American wind mill pumping water on the Bluffs of Yokohama. I was glad when I heard the click of Connecticut clocks keeping good time for Orientals who are always behind. California canned fruits and Oregon salmon and Boston baked beans in hotels all over the east made me feel that home was not so very far away, and that the time was fast coming when one might compass the globe and find himself at home and among his own people, and hearing the familiar sounds of his mother tongue all the way. And the fact that America is so often represented in the east by the homely articles of practical and every-day use did not make me wish that my country had more works of fine art, or more ruins and traditions of ancient time.

The Bartlett pear and the Jersey peach and the Damson plum were introduced into China by a missionary, who was the son of an American farmer. When a boy he learned to break colts and plant trees and hold the plow in Western New York. He went to China to plant the Tree of Life, where the thorns and briars of superstition and ignorance had usurped the ground for ages. When I saw him picking fruit from trees and vines which he had imported and planted with his own hands in his garden, and when I rode with him through the streets of Chefu on a wheelbarrow of his own making, I thought him a good illustration of the typical American who lives in all climates, masters all trades and gives an inspiration of hope to all people. The Japanese jirikisha, which runs in every city and country road of Japan, is the invention of an American missionary whose salary failed him in the time of war, and who was obliged to turn his hand to mechanical work for awhile for the means of living. The Japanese persimmon, which grows in great abundance and makes delicious fruit in California, was introduced by an American missionary who was out of health, and who went to California to recover. He made \$13,000 out of persimmon planting, and then, having recovered his health, he went back to his chosen work in Japan. The art of decorating pottery and painting scenes and working wonderfully in ivory has been in China for 2,000 years. And the people still lived in mud houses, children went naked, and their parents worshipped the spirits of the air and the dragons of the deep; women dug up the field for planting instead of turning the soil with the plow; men pulled grain up by the roots instead of reaping it with sickles or mowing it with scythes; children learned the ways of their fathers, and plodded on in the journey of life under the same weary load of ignorance and superstition from generation to generation. Christianity comes bringing first the kingdom of heaven, and, as fast as that is received, all useful and practical arts and occupations follow in its train. Homes are brightened and beautified, minds are enlightened, hearts are cheered, and the people look up as if they saw the day of redemption from the bondage of ages drawing nigh.

Richmond Dispatch. The bronze equestrian statue of General Lee, which is the work of the well-known Parisian sculptor, Antonia Mercier, was delivered over today to Colonel Burgoyne, representing the State of Virginia. He has just arrived in Paris. In company with Colonel Burgoyne and M. Mercier he visited the ateliers of Thiebaut Frieres, where the statue is now standing and where it will remain on exhibition for three days, preparatory to being shipped to America.

"Splendid! splendid!" was the exclamation of the Southerner as he looked for the first time upon the majestic features of the great commander. The likeness is perfect and everything about the statue is true to life. The sword the General carries is an exact representation of the original; his boots rest in the stirrups, entering very slightly.

The statue weighs about eight tons. It was cast in eight sections, the largest being the horse's body, which alone weighs 4,000. The casting on that section was a most difficult and delicate operation, and the statement that the statue had been cast in eight pieces seemed scarcely credible, so perfect had the joints been made. The date fixed for unveiling is May 29. Col. Burgoyne invited M. Mercier to be present on the occasion and the sculptor said it would give him sincere pleasure to accept the invitation.

A Novel Project.

Scientific American. When it was stated some weeks since in the newspapers that the building of a milk pipe from a point in New York State to New York city was projected there was a rather general smile, and the matter was treated as a joke. The projectors were however, in sober earnest. A company, with a capital of \$500,000 has it is announced, been formed at Middletown, N. Y., for the purpose of constructing such a line. The proposed method of forwarding the milk is in cylindrical tin cans surrounded and propelled by water, and the promoters of the scheme assert that the time of transportation for a distance of 100 miles will not exceed an hour, while the profit will be about one cent a gallon. Fire and Water thinks if this sort of thing goes on, we need not be surprised ere long to find New York the converging point not only of oil, natural gas and milk pipe lines, but of whiskey ducts from the blue grass regions, and beer ducts from Cincinnati, St. Louis and Milwaukee. The pipe manufacturers may feel cheerful at the prospect before them.

Gloves of Human Skin.

Philadelphia Record. Gloves which are sold as kid are often made of human skin," said Dr. Mark L. Nardyz, the Greek physician, of Philadelphia, the other day. "The skin on the beast," continued the physician, "is soft and pliable, and may be used in the making of gloves. When people buy gloves they never stop to question about the material of which they are made. The shop-keeper himself may be in ignorance, and the purchaser has no means of ascertaining whether the material is human skin or not. The fact is, the tanning of the human skin is extremely carried on in France and Switzerland. The product is manufactured into gloves, and these are imported into this country. Thus you see, a person may be wearing part of a distant relative's body and not know it.

Then the doctor drew from a drawer a brand new pair of gloves. "There, he said, 'is a fine article made from the skin of a child. As the hide of a kid compares with that of a goat, so, of course, does the skin of a child compare with that of an adult, and it is much sought for glove purposes.'"

Mirror.

In 1873 a rather mature looking young man was employed in the Secretary's office of the United States Senate. He was under thirty years of age, but close study and hard newspaper work had made him look older. He was a quiet, dignified man and was known as "Gil" Pierce among his intimate friends. His duties as Assistant Journal Clerk threw him in contact with the Senators and he made many friends among them. Later on he joined the editorial staff of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. President appointed him Governor of Dakota Territory. He will be in Washington again in a few days, this time as the newly elected United States Senator from the State of North Dakota.

At the Naval Academy at Annapolis a Japanese student nearly killed a man who had lied about him. It was a Jap he went for. Has he this soon learned the Southern way of dealing with an enemy?

General Lee's Statue.

Referring to the warehouse proposition of the Farmers' Alliance, called the sub-treasury plan, it may not be interesting to recall that we here in North Carolina had a similar arrangement in colonial times. Parliament would not allow the Province to issue enough paper currency to answer the needs of the people, and to relieve the stringency of the money market, the legislature established government warehouses, and bonded inspectors were appointed to inspect certain farm products and naval stores intended for shipment. After inspection and branding, certificates were given of their deposit in the warehouse, and for certain of the commodities so stored. The inspector gave "his notes, according to a fixed valuation of the articles, which notes were legal tender for private and public dues. And thus the people were to some extent supplied with a local currency.

These warehouses were numerous in the Albemarle section and eastern part of the Province, and were located at the landings where such commodities could be conveniently held for shipment. The only one in the West was at Campbellton, now Fayetteville, and the absence of such facilities for the western part of the Province was one of the grievances that led to the disaffected condition of the western folks which eventually culminated in the Regulation movement. Without doubt the leading element in that whole affair was the scarcity of currency, and while the situation in the eastern counties was relieved by the issue of Inspector's notes on deposits in warehouses, the western counties suffered greatly for the want of a circulating medium. Recalling this system in use among us more than a century ago, it is not devoid of interest to observe how similar causes have led to a revival of the idea, which is now sought to be applied to the whole country, although then restricted to this colony alone.

There seems to be "nothing new under the sun."

No True Bills Against the Berrier Lynchers.

Statesville Landmark. Davidson Superior Court was in session at Lexington last week. The persons who were bound over last fall at the preliminary investigation into the lynching of Robert Berrier for the shooting of his mother-in-law, were presented to the grand jury by Solicitor Long, who sent with the bills the names of about thirty witnesses. Some of the witnesses were examined and the grand jury returned no true bills in all the cases. And so ends the matter. But the proceedings taken in this case will be apt to result in good. These defendants have been put to trouble, loss of time and the expense of employing counsel, and have been in some jeopardy. The next lynching party that starts out in Davidson or any of the surrounding counties will be apt to think twice. Though hand joined in hand and singing psalms around the victim, the murderers have not gone unrebuked.

At Burke Superior Court last week Solicitor Bower sent bills against parties suspected of having been engaged in the lynching of the white man and the negro at Morganton last September, and these were returned as were those at Lexington; not true bills.

A Dude in the Finny Woods.

State Chronicle. A prominent lumberman in Moore county tells me that some days ago there was a fire in the lumber district. The dwelling house was burning rapidly when the alarm was given. Men and women hastily ran out of the building, to save their lives, scantily attired. After they had escaped, the gentleman who owned the house looked back and saw a young man who was visiting at the house standing before the mirror deliberately dressing himself as if the house was not on fire. The only light he had was that of the burning house. He was fully attired when he did emerge, with the exception of his cravat. He looked as if he owed an apology to the scantily attired ladies for not having that article properly adjusted.

A dude will be a dude, and neither fire nor cold nor rain nor anything else can change him.

At the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

A Japanese student nearly killed a man who had lied about him. It was a Jap he went for. Has he this soon learned the Southern way of dealing with an enemy?

The Sub-Treasury in Colonial Times.

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Not All Gold That Glitters.

KINGSTON, N. Y., March 8.—James H. Badeau is the latest victim of gold brick swindle. He is a leading farmer of Greene county. Two weeks ago a well-dressed stranger appeared at the Badeau residence and claimed to be a distant relative of Badeau. He gave his name as Benson and said he was tracing up the Badeau family records. Badeau invited Benson to spend a couple of weeks at his home and the invitation was accepted. On Saturday last as Badeau and Benson were walking along a country road, near a strip of woods, a man disguised as an Indian approached them. He muttered some unintelligible lingo, and pretended to be hungry. Benson told Badeau that he could converse with the Indian in his own language. The two entered into conversation, and then Benson told the farmer that the Indian had run away from Arizona with a chunk of gold, and was on his way to New York to sell it. He wanted \$3,500 for the gold. Benson had only a few hundred dollars, but he appeared anxious to speculate. He and Badeau agreed to have the gold tested, and if it was worth more than the Indian wanted for it the farmer was to draw the money from the bank to buy it. At Benson's suggestion they came to Kingston, where an alleged United States assayer was stopping at the Eagle Hotel. This man said the gold was worth \$5,000. Badeau drew \$3,500, paid it over to the Indian and took possession of the brick. Benson disappeared next day, and Badeau has just discovered the truth of the old adage that "all is not gold that glitters." The police were today notified of the swindle.

The accomplice who was introduced as the United States assayer registered at the hotel as L. T. Slocum, of New York.

An Old Farmer's Advice.

This is the advice of an old man who tilled the soil for forty years:

I am an old man upwards of three score years, during two score of which I have been a tiller of the soil. I cannot say that I am now, but I have all that I need, do not owe a dollar, have given my children a good education and when I am called away will leave enough to keep the wolf from my door. My experience taught me that:

One acre of land well prepared and well cultivated produced more than two which received only the same amount of care on one.

One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog well fed is more profitable than two kept on the same amount necessary to keep one well.

One acre of clover or grass is worth two of cotton where no clover or grass is raised.

No farmer who buys oats, corn or wheat, fodder and hay, as a rule, for ten years, can keep the sheriff away from his door in the end.

The farmers who never reads the papers, sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a leaky roof, poor stock, broken down fences and complains of bad seasons.

The farmer who is above his business and entrusts it to another to manage, soon has no business to attend to.

Astor Searches for a Dime.

New York Sun. The following story illustrating the Astor philosophy in money matters is told of the late John Jacob Astor by the man who was the other actor in the scene. "I went to Mr. Astor," he said, "with a business proposition which demanded an investment of \$100,000 in his part. While listening to the plan he kept groping and feeling about on the floor for something he seemed to have dropped. When I had finished he said readily: 'All right; go on with the affair; I'll furnish the money.' At that instant a man entered to tell him that one of his buildings had just burned down. 'That happens nearly every day,' he said, with the utmost unconcern, and went on feeling about with great care for that something on the carpet.

"I finally asked him what he had dropped. 'Why,' he said, raising his head and looking as woe-begone as a small boy, 'I dropped ten cents here a few moments ago and I can't find it. If a man's buildings burn down, they are gone and he can't help it and he is bound to let them go. But a man who deliberately throws away ten cents because he won't take the trouble to find it is not to be forgiven.'

Johnston County, Ga., Alliance has established an Alliance store at Wrightsville.