

ALLIANCE EDUCATION.

SPEECH OF E. C. BEDDINGFIELD, SECRETARY STATE ALLIANCE.

What He Said at the Wilson Cattle Show.

Address Advance.

The following is a synopsis of one of the most sensible speeches I have heard in a long time. It was delivered before a large crowd of people and was appreciated greatly. Mr. Beddingfield was introduced by Mr. A. B. Phares, President of the Cattle Club.

Education is simply training the mind to think. In its broadest and most practical application, now a man can be educated to a certain extent without knowing a letter, but never so long as he derives his education from a book. Education has been trained by books. I have in mind now, a man who goes to school a day in his life and yet if you were to meet him you would hardly discover that he is ignorant. He has associated all his life with people who were educated, and having a good share of common sense and shrewdness, has always managed to reflect a part of their training and intelligence. On the other hand, I know men who have gone through college and are well trained in text-books and yet are not a particle of common sense. But bear this in mind, it was not the books that made them fools. They were born so and would have been the same under any circumstances. There is an old saying that "a man will be like the company he keeps," so will a man's ideas and life be shaped by the kind of education he receives. If his mind is well trained and has any natural powers, he will think for himself. His judgment will be sound. He cannot be led by false theories nor swayed by scheming rascals nor be induced to vote for measures that are ruinous to the interest of his children and his country simply because some unscrupulous politician says it is all right. But if a man's mind is entirely untrained, then he is dependent upon the thoughts of others for his ideas, and will be apt to think what others speak. If he is surrounded with people who are large-hearted and pure-minded or reads a newspaper that is truthful and expresses his views, then his ideas will be broad and liberal; but if he is surrounded with narrow-minded or reads a newspaper that is controlled by some selfish monopoly, then his view of life will be narrow, selfish and mean. A large majority of farmers of this State have never studied anything except how to make large crops. Even men of intelligence and education have allowed their minds to be their political thinking. It is owing to this fact that rags have been formed in most counties and a few men control the conventions, nominate whom they will and shape the platform of the parties. The Alliance has done much to educate the people out of this. It has taught them that it is every man's bounden duty to vote, that it is even more his duty to go to the primary conventions and express his choice for the candidates to be voted for, and that much of the blame for bad representatives being in office lies upon the shoulders of the people who stay at home and let such things be done.

The Alliance has also learned the people something of Finance. You take take a member of the Alliance who cannot read and he knows more about the financial condition of the country to-day than the best educated farmer did five or ten years ago. Because the minds of the whole organization have been set to thinking upon this question, and an Alliance man who cannot read himself can attend his sub-Alliance and hear his brethren who can read discuss the matter and so avail himself of their knowledge. It has done more than this for its members. It has taught them to have a kinder feeling for each other and for their fellow-men. It is giving them a broader view of life and its duties. It is leading away the natural selfishness that has so long been our bane and, best of all, it has reached out and taken in the farmer's wife and daughter and set them beside their husbands and fathers and given to them an equal share in this education which brings. It is trying to teach us that God made woman the equal of man to be his companion and helper, not to be his strongest help, sympathy, and respect, and not to be his slave. If there is any class of people in the world who have a hard time in life it is the average farmer's wife and I am sure that every one of you, whether you are members of the Alliance or not, will find with delight the day that brings to our wives and daughters—God bless them—more of the joys of domestic life and less of the drudgery of the education the Alliance has brought thus far has been education of the right kind. I am proud to tell you that no man can point out a single instance where the Alliance of this State has ever lost its aid or influence to an immoral or unjust act.

It is an organization which has in it as noble hearted people as ever lived. A people who desire to do right and who have unhesitatingly followed the leadership of such men as Bolk, Alexander, Carr, Newborne and Ivy. Men who are intellectually the peers of any in our State. So long as we follow the wise counsel of such men, so long as we are governed by intelli-

gence and reason, just so long will the Farmers' Alliance prosper and continue the great work it is now doing, and it cannot do unless blind ignorance and unthinking prejudice be allowed to control its actions, or until its great objects have been accomplished. Intelligence is our only hope; ignorance our only danger. In order to avoid the traps set for us we must be as wise as the trappers. In order to preserve the remnant of our liberties, we must be as watchful as the men who would take them from us. In order to wipe out the class legislation which for twenty-five years has been making farmers poorer, we must be as intelligent as the speculators and bondholders who have caused such legislation.

We all see—we cannot fail to see—the necessity of intelligence. To be intelligent we must be educated. To be intelligent we must be educated. To be educated we must be educated. To be educated we must either be trained by books or by those men or read their writings. I suppose about one-fourth of the members of the Alliance are educated. I mean that about that proportion have a fair English education. Perhaps three-fourths of them can read and write. There is hardly a sub-Alliance in the State that does not feel the need of more education among its members; and yet, I am sorry to say that the most intelligent members, the very men who are best fitted to serve the Alliance, are not always as faithful as some of their brethren who have had fewer advantages in life. I tell you if all the 80,000 Alliance men in North Carolina were men of education, that with enthusiasm and unity, no power could withstand them.

The government of France was modeled after that of the United States and now France is united to us as a model Republic. Why is it? It is because the people are better educated. It is because nearly every man reads a newspaper. It is especially because every Frenchman is a politician. Germany is not even a Republic. It is an Empire; but her people are educated. Therein lies her strength and she is the strongest nation at this time. She is ruled by an Autocrat whose power is scarcely checked by the German Congress and his power is backed by an army 5,000,000 strong; yet, if he were to oppress the German people, as the people of this Free Republic have been oppressed, he could no more rule Germany than could a cyclone.

Those of us who have passed our school days must depend upon our books and newspapers and upon our brethren in the Alliance and our own minds for such knowledge as we hope to gain—but how about our children, our sons and daughters; what is to become of them while we wait for prosperity? They will soon take our places in the Alliance and in the church and in politics. Are they being fitted for the task? We are the hope of our lives. We live for them. It is for them that we work year in and year out. It is our desire that they shall be better fitted for the battle of life than we have been, and it lies in the power of the Alliance to see that this is done. In other States our noble Order has acted wisely. In Texas and other Southern States many an Alliance school-house is to-day being thronged with farmers and laborers children. In Georgia the Alliance has caused the public school fund to be increased and the schools are carried on twice as many months in the year and are four times as efficient as they used to be. North Carolina has not yet acted. The officers of the Alliance have taken advantage of this fact and are circulating the report that they are opposed to education. They are trying to create the impression to the outside world that our Order in this State is simply an organized mob, ruled by prejudice and ignorance and opposed to enlightenment. But I sit in the office at Raleigh, with my fingers upon the pulse of this great organization and I can feel her heart-beats and understand the undercurrents of her feelings. I know that if last year had been a good year for crops, this year would have seen a new impulse given to education in this State. The brethren in some sections have this matter at heart. Occasionally I receive letters stating that a certain Alliance has taken the public school money in its district and added some of its own money and built a new school-house or employed a teacher for ten months, and that the children of the Alliance men and women are being fitted to make good members of the Alliance themselves some day, and good farmers and good members of society and good citizens. It does my heart good to read such letters. Educate the boys and girls and give them a heritage that no monopoly can take away. Give them a heritage that even the American Congress cannot deprive them of. Nearly two years ago two great teachers lived in Europe. They were both men of great ability. One was sought by kings and princes; the other taught in the cottage of a farmer or the hut of the mountain shepherd. The one spent his life in training the minds of the rich and great; the other educated the common people. These men were Erasmus and Martin Luther. Erasmus believed in the teachings of Luther, but he never had the manhood to say so to the world. His great intellect is all that has kept his memory alive. The noblest truth he ever uttered was that "The education of

the girls is as necessary and important as that of the boys." Not a trace of his life-work is left behind him. He paved the way for civil and religious liberty in Europe and founded that system of public schools that has made Germany what she is to-day—a system that gives to the humblest laborer an equal chance with the children of a prince. There are many people in this country who believe in the kind of education Erasmus taught. An education for those who are rich enough to send their children to college, but an education for a poor working man's children.

You have heard about the Irishman who said "one man was as good as another, if not better." Well, I am a firm believer in that doctrine. Further, I believe one man's child is as good as another's, but that a man's education and training are in life, no matter how deep in poverty he may be sunk. I believe he has a mind that God gave him and that he has a right to have that mind educated and trained. I want to see our children grow up so intelligent that no trust, no monopoly, nor corporation, nor demagogue can ever deceive or oppress them as we have been deceived or oppressed. I desire to see them fit to be able to cope with the children of the bondholders and the millionaire. Do you ever think about who the friends of education are? Count up all you know and see how many bad men you will find among them. Are not most of them men who would be glad to call you their friends? Do you ever think about who the enemies? They are invariably the men who are your enemies. You may find some good men who are indifferent about education, but if you compare them to the men who are for it, while the men who desire to plunder the people will naturally oppose their being educated. Do you suppose any such men are willing to see the masses educated? True, they may give something to endow some college and then some good pillars in the church will sing their praises and talk about what they have done for the gospel and the cause of education; but they know well enough when they give the money that there is no danger of the masses of the people being educated in the colleges and seminaries, and besides, you see, it serves as an advertisement to their business. How many such men did you see when they made any effort to educate the common people—the children of the farmers and laborers who are not able to send their sons and daughters to college. Not one. Why, they have lived so long upon the labors of the working people that they have come to look upon them as a feeding-ground and actually feel that they have the right to plunder us. Of course such men are going to oppose anything that tends to enlighten the masses and cause them to see and understand their trickery.

There are hundreds and thousands of men in the Alliance who do not know the advantage of an education in their youth, but who realize all the more the need of it and are all the more anxious to have their children and their neighbors' children educated that they may escape the toils of the working people that they have come to look upon them as a feeding-ground and actually feel that they have the right to plunder us. Of course such men are going to oppose anything that tends to enlighten the masses and cause them to see and understand their trickery.

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All sorts of Paragraphs.

It is a thankless world. A man gets no credit when he pays cash.

A Christian is a man who is restoring God's likeness to his character.

Montana is the only one of the new States without a dollar's indebtedness.

The population of New Orleans has increased 130,000 in ten years. It is now 336,000.

The unmarried ladies of Massachusetts have \$29,000,000 on deposit in the savings banks of that State.

If there is ever a time it's a blessing for a man to be blind it is when he is in love. He can't see what a fool he is making of himself.

An Ohio business man is afflicted with paralysis of a very singular kind. His legs are powerless from dark to daylight, when he recovers the use of them again.

A lady wishes to know the best way to mark table linen. Blackberry pie is our choice, although a baby with a gray dish is highly esteemed by many.

One sixth of the bituminous pigiron made in the United States is now produced in three Southern States, and this amounts to one ton in nine in all of the pigiron.

A shoe trade journal says that the best time to get fitted to shoes is the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum of size and sensitiveness.

How absurd for newspapers to publish, "Rules for Husband." Any sort of wife can prescribe better rules for a husband than he can find in any newspaper.

There are three men in the Oregon State prison, each of whom cut off a hand to avoid work. They are confined in solitary cells. Two others cut off the ends of their fingers. Atlanta wants an elephant, not a white elephant, but a true elephant, with a snout, tail and four legs, and the little boys and girls of the city have set about to raise the money to buy one.

A lamp chimney dealer advises his customers thusly: "Although it isn't to my interest to say it, kerosene will clean a chimney much better than soap, and make it less liable to crack."

It is the fashion in Chicago for the men to buy their wives' bonnets. The milliners like the change, and say that as a general thing a man knows better than a woman what is suited for her.

Nine thousand million of dollars are said to have been expended on the construction and equipment of railroads in the United States, and still the work goes on. The average cost of construction per mile is about \$30,000.

A Dead Face at His Window.

PITTSBURG, May 18.—This morning, at three o'clock, J.W. Waggoner, a guest of Boly's Hotel, was awakened from his slumbers by something like a tapping at his window. He got up in bed and peered out into the night, and was thrilled with horror to see the white face of a corpse. The body was hanging by a chain around its neck from a window on the floor above, and the wind in swaying it about caused the noise that awakened Waggoner. The eyes of the corpse were wide open, and the hands were clasped together. As soon as Waggoner recovered from the shock he alarmed the household. The body proved to be that of Jno. Smith, an oil driller. He had gone to his room about midnight, taken the chain used as a fire escape, wrapped it twice around his neck and swung out of the window, where he hung until he was strangled to death. Several years ago Smith lived in Edensburg. A murder was committed there in which he was implicated with a man named Bows and another named Brooks. Bows fled and Brooks was killed. Then Smith turned State's evidence and got clear, but he was from that time on known in the oil country as murderer John Smith. To be called by this name preyed upon his mind and led to his suicide.

A Negro Impostor.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 22.—In Robeson County Superior Court William Childs, a negro, was sentenced to the county chain gang, for two years for obtaining money under false pretences. His plan was novel. He travelled through the country telling the negroes that he was authorized, as agent of President Harrison, to collect \$2 from each one of his race, and gave a certificate that every one who paid this amount would receive \$200 in return. He had succeeded in gathering several hundred dollars, when his scheme was exposed by some of his dupes and he was arrested.

Chained for Fifty Years.

Greensboro North State.

We have just received information that the life of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in North Carolina terminated a few days ago at his home, about five miles north of Trinity College.

The name of this unfortunate being is Jay Hill, and at the time of his death he was nearly 70 years of age. He has been an idiot from birth, but since infancy has possessed physical strength to a rare degree and was well formed in every particular with the exception of his head, which was so extremely ill-shaped as to give him more the appearance of a beast than a man.

When but a child he was often so violent that it was necessary to chain him to the floor. Notwithstanding this unnatural existence he grew and strengthened day by day until his chain was not sufficient to hold him, and two or three times he broke loose and fled to the woods. During his brief liberty he was as violent as a tiger, and it was difficult to recapture and return him to his place of confinement. He was fastened with stronger bonds, and with the exception of a few days he remained chained to the floor in the same room for about fifty years.

He had an insatiable desire for tearing to pieces anything that he could get, and at times it was impossible to keep him clothed. Flax was spun into coarse, strong threads and woven into cloth which was doubled and quilted and made into garments for him, but with his teeth and talon like fingers he tore them into threads.

He has been known to tear to pieces a solid stick of hickory wood with nothing but his teeth and fingers. He ate as ravenously as a lion and could drink, without the slightest pain, boiling coffee.

On several occasions different members of the family narrowly escaped being killed by him. One evening a sister started to go out of doors. She passed too near him and he sprang at her with great force, knocked her through the open door into the yard, so badly injuring her that it was not thought possible for her to live.

The writer has often at eventide heard his demonic yells when more than a mile distant.

His father provided for him before his death, leaving property enough to maintain a wretched life through all these years. It was stipulated in the will that he should be kept on the old homestead.

A Tragedy.

On last Saturday night while fishing in Neuse river, near Raleigh, Lemuel Bryan was foully assassinated by an unknown party. The land on which he was fishing is owned by Messrs Whitfield and Brown, and they have posted the premises, and employed a man named Williams to stay on the banks of the river and see that no one violates their orders. A man named Pulley was with Bryan when he was shot, but said he was within a few steps of him at the time, but it was so dark he could only see the outlines of Bryan's body, and could not tell what position he was in. When he heard the report of pistols or gun it frightened him and he ran and left Bryan.

On Sunday great crowds of people gathered around the spot where the body lay, and later in the day the body was taken to Raleigh, where a post mortem examination was held.

On Monday morning a coroner's jury was summoned to meet in Wake county court-house, where an investigation of the matter was held, the examination of witnesses being conducted by Solicitor Argo.

The ball was found to have entered the right side passed through the heart and lungs, and lodged under the skin in the left side. A pistol was found in the house of Iobert Pulley the man who was with Bryan that night and was introduced together with the ball. The pistol was a seven-grooved barrel and the ball bore evidence of having been shot from a pistol having seven grooves, and would fit the pistol exactly. The barrel had not been shot, though one of the chambers of the cylinder had been.

Mr. Whitfield, one of the owners of the land had said he would shoot down a human being in cold blood and try to cover his horrible crime by the blackness of night. The investigation will be resumed Friday.

Ex-Senator Jones' Affliction.

Detroit, May 19.—Charles W. Jones, the once brilliant United States Senator from Florida, was today committed to the insane asylum at Dearborn, and to-night is no better than the craziest lunatic in Michigan. The story of his downfall is not of the ordinary kind. While still in the height of his political career this man fell before the charms of Michigan's richest maiden, Miss Clothilde Palmes. He followed her to Detroit and endeavored to force his affections upon her, but she objected. For months he paced up and down in front of her house by the hour and sent her bouquets by the dozen. He boarded at the Russell House, the best hotel in the city. His finances were not equal to the strain and he was asked to leave. Then his downfall became rapid and he drifted from hotel to boarding house and from there to a meagrely furnished room and obtained his food at free lunch counters and anywhere he could. His apparel kept pace with his decline, and months ago he drifted far below shabby gentility. During the past two years his mental decline, previously but smarmish, became a real fact, and he was the most pitied and noticeable figure on the street. The pride of birth was still apparent and he never lost his native dignity.

On last Friday his son John made application to Probate Judge Duffee to have him committed to the retreat at Dearborn. Today, while the case was on trial, the ex-Senator stalked into the court room and read a petition drawn up by himself, demanding that his case be transferred to the United States Courts, on the ground that he was a citizen of Florida and not of Michigan.

After reading his petition he bade the Court "Good-day," and with great dignity left the room. A lot of personal testimony was taken, and his recent letters to the Sun and other newspapers were read. Commitment papers for his incarceration at Dearborn were soon made out, and the Sheriff, with four deputies, found him in his room. For a time, on account of his physical strength, they feared to enter, but at length rapped at his door. The Senator bade them enter, but refused to accompany them from the room. The Sheriff, however, coaxed him to leave, and after a great deal of bother, finally landed him in a carriage bound for Dearborn, accompanied by four deputies. Jones was good-natured but obstinate, and only when his attendants promised to see that he was released when restored to health did he consent to go. The examining physicians say his case is hopeless.

An Awful Death.

James H. Parcells, an employee in the New York post office, met with a strange and terrible death last Saturday. At his house on Long Island he was digging a well, and when about 15 feet below the surface he encountered quicksand in which he began to sink. He called for help and the people of the village flocked to his assistance and threw ropes to him but he was unable to extricate himself, gradually sinking lower and lower in the treacherous sands. His friends succeeded in tying a rope beneath his arms and a dozen men pulled on it without budging the sinking body. A long rubber tube was passed to him to be inserted in his mouth so that he might breathe after his head went under, and he soon disappeared. A few words were uttered through the tube but Parcells soon expired from suffocation. The earth all around the well was dug away, and the body was finally recovered. It is described in New York papers as the most heart-rending sight ever witnessed on Long Island.

The heaviest rain and electrical storm known in years passed over a large section of western Pennsylvania Friday evening, doing great damage to property and resulting in the loss of several lives. No serious damage was done in Pittsburgh, but a great deal is reported at McKeesport, Greensburg, Washington Oil City, Wheeling, Erie and other places. Several deaths by lightning occurred, and one engineer of a freight train was killed on the Nickle Plate road by his train running into a chasm, where a bridge had been washed away.

It is a dangerous thing to allow cows too much liberty in the clover fields. Yesterday, Mr. Robert E. McDonald lost three cows, their death being caused by gorging on clover. Five cows were made sick but two of them were saved by boring holes into their anatomy and inserting safety valve pipes. The other three were too far gone to be saved by this treatment.—Charlotte News.

Memory of a Courtesy.

EDITOR WORKMAN:—When I came here yesterday, I had not thought of having a word to say through the columns of your daily, but knowing your interest in all reform work, I find myself seated to pen a few items. This seems to be a place of very peculiar interest to Evangelist Fifo, since, in the past, he was familiarly known here, as he says, for his evil doing, when in the depths of sin and iniquity. This earnest appeal to those of his associates, at that time, is truly soul-touching, the hearts of such are melting. The Evangelist dwells very feelingly on the time of his reformation over two years ago, when fingers were pointed at him and many said, "Ah! he'll be drunk and down in the gutter in a month!" and when he joined the church at Fayetteville, there was but one elder who took him by the hand and gave him a word of encouragement. As he told of the poor old man, the keeper of the cemetery, giving him a hearty shake of the hand, as he told him of the many times at midnight he had prayed that he might hold out faithful; the Evangelist stopped and tears streamed from his eyes. A wise and good man was once asked what he considered the most important word in his vocabulary. His reply was, "Helpfulness."

"If I had been asked what the two most important words are, I should say, Helpfulness and Sympathy."

Should not the prayer of every human heart be, "Help me to feel another's woes?" M. R. G.

In Greensboro Workman, May 20, 1890. High Point N. C.

A Notable Marriage.

A letter from Scotland Neck, N. C., to the Richmond Dispatch says: "A remarkable marriage occurred near Lewiston a few days ago. Some two years ago a quartermaster in the United States army at Fort Riley, Kan., advertised for a female correspondent with a view to matrimony. A young lady in Bertie county named Eliza Drew jokingly answered the advertisement. She could not read nor write, but some friend wrote for her. Her letter was answered, photographs were exchanged, and it is said that 150 letters were exchanged. The young lady was poor, had worked in the field, cooked and washed all her life, is not good-looking, weighs 220 pounds, and wears a No. 8 shoe. She wrote the young army officer all these facts, but to the surprise of everybody he came a short time ago with plenty of money, stayed a few days at the girl's house, gave her money to dress herself up, and married her. He took her off on a bridal tour to Washington city. He says he will show her something of the world, bring her back to see her parents, and then take her to Kansas."

Who Can Beat This?

Thursday evening about dusk John Reed and Frank Page, feeling perhaps in need of some exercise concluded to try a run to the fair grounds. Leaving the St. Cloud at double quick time they went to the grounds, around the track once and got back to the St. Cloud inside of 23 minutes. They did not walk a step and did not break steps. The distance is at least two miles. They throw down the gauntlet to the town. Who can beat it?

Had Forgot.

"Boss," said a colored man to one of No 10's best farmers the other day, "dis am 'cension day, ain't it?" "Yes," replied the gentleman, "what is Ascension day?" "Well, boss, I don't recollect jist now whether that was the day Christ was born, or his b'f'f day," was the darkey's honest reply.

Wet in the Baggage.

Another notch turned. The Richmond & Danville Railroad has furnished our agent with a pair of new Fairbank scales for weighing the baggage. A passenger is entitled to 150 pounds of baggage and all over that will have to be paid for. Up to this time the authorities have been accepting the owner's estimate of the weight, but after this you'll have your baggage weighed for you and save all the mental trouble incurred in estimating weights.

By the way, why not haul passengers by the pound? Why not make extra charge for the fellow that coaks his feet up over two seats and fills another with his grips, etc? And why not have the ladies to submit to extra charge for various boxes that inevitably follow the gentle person? These are suggestions for our railroad authorities to consider.

Photographers are the most charitable of men, for they are always anxious to take the best view of their fellow creatures.

The March to the Sea.

MISSISSIPPI, EDITORS.—I saw in the DAILY STANDARD of the 16th that Dr. N. D. Fetzer and the writer had gone to the sea coast to attend the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. and you were afraid that one or both of us might come back with a fish bone in our throats. I am happy to say that we are both around safe and sound and well pleased with our trip to the "City by the sea" and think we are quite fortunate in not getting into the trouble THE STANDARD predicted. But the many readers of your excellent paper will think we made quite an escape when we tell them the quantity that we caught and ate while gone. On Thursday night our good friend Mike Croudy Jr. told Dr. Fetzer and myself he would call time on us in the morning at nine o'clock, and we must be ready to go with him and be his guest for the day. As Dr. Fetzer is a man that is so good natured that he could not say no, and I had the same disposition particularly when there was a day before us that we could spend fishing at the Orton pond, a place noted for being fine for catching the large blue perch weighing from one to three pounds. I of course consented. We left the city on the small steamer named Bessie, and about 1 o'clock we landed at the Orton farm and in a few minutes we were at the Orton house.

One of the old time Gray Rock or stuccoed built by King Roger Moore, some time about the middle of last century. At the Orton pond each one of us had a boat to himself, with a good oarsman to take us to any part of the pond, which is some eight miles long and two or three wide, and full of fish, or a man from up in the country would think so, to fish there for a short time. After catching as many fish as we wanted, we returned to the Orton house when we found a table spreading under a good dinner that was awaiting us. It was about the time of day that we could do ample justice to it. After partaking of it, we were shown the grave of King Roger Moore. It was something like a brick vault that he was found in some 115 years ago. The mound is pretty well preserved and looks like it will be good for several centuries.

We went to the wharf and boarded the yacht Bessie to return to the city; and I would say right here if any of our up-the-country people should visit by the sea this summer, they could not get on a boat where there would be more courtesy shown them than by Captain Potter, of the steamer Bessie; he is a good, genial, kind-hearted man and takes pleasure in seeing his passengers well cared for. Arriving at the city, we boarded the street cars and went to Oakdale cemetery, one of the prettiest I have seen in North Carolina; there are some magnificent monuments. The one that struck me the most was the Confederate monument, standing on an elevated place some fifty or sixty yards from the main entrance of the cemetery. On the top of this monument stands General R. E. Lee with a musket at parade rest. On the opposite side from the gate is General Stonewall Jackson. No old Confederate soldier can stand and look at that monument and see those two generals without shedding a tear of sympathy. While standing there looking at General Jackson my mind ran back to the night before the battle of the Wilderness, when he stood a lone sentinel guarding while his men rested, and the night of the Wilderness after he had made the grandest flank movement of the late war, and the last ever seen of him was when he was carried off the field wounded, never to return to his command. It made me feel like when I returned to my home I would do all I could towards raising money to erect a monument to the fallen heroes of Calabaria. This closes up our last day at the city by the sea.

I can say if any of our Concord people go to Wilmington and fall in the hands of any man that treats them like our friend Mike Croudy treat me; it won't be long until they will want to return. May he live long and continue to enjoy himself as he did while we were with him is the wish of his Concord friends. J. F. W.

An Earthquake Shock.

BILLINGS, Mont., May 24.—At an early hour yesterday a very severe earthquake shock was felt over this county. There were two separate vibrations. The inhabitants were considerably alarmed but the disturbances have not been repeated. Two brick houses were shaken down and considerable glass shattered. Pictures and bric-a-brac suffered correspondingly. A dance was in progress at the hotel and the severity of the shock felled several of the dancers and left the party in fright.