

The New York Star says it is officially announced that the syndicate which has obtained control of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad is the one which represents the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad company.

The above we print to remind our readers that the week's talk has not yet settled anything concerning the "Big Deal."

We have rested over it for a few days so that the truth might come to light, which has not yet, nor is it likely to for some time to come.

Perhaps the next Roorbuck may be that some one-horse railroad way down in Maine is the true purchaser and is going to run the B. & O. into the ocean.

Mr. Henry Wahab, of Hyde county, is an extensive farmer, as the following account of it from the New Berne Journal testifies.

The whole tract of 6,400 acres, 3,000 of which is cleared, lies on Juniper Bay in Hyde county. It has five canals running into it, used both for draining and to facilitate shipment. Each canal is three miles long and fifteen feet wide. The farm is all under fence, there being fourteen miles encircling it. He has on the farm one church and one school house. The soil is decomposed vegetable matter, without the slightest grit, and is of great fertility. The only fertilizer he uses is carbonate of lime, or oyster shells in a pulverized condition. He runs sixty-five plows. Only a part of his land is under cultivation. His crop the past season was 22,500 bushels corn and 14,000 bushels rice, besides cotton, oats and wheat.

Who Struck Billy Patterson?

Dr. Fitzgerald, in the Nashville Christian Advocate, gives some highly interesting reminiscences of "Old Sharon," which, sixty years ago, was in its glory as a Methodist meeting house, where a large neighborhood assembled to worship. The old house has gone to decay, even the horse blocks have rotted away. But the good Doctor does not locate Sharon, so we do not know whether it was in Kentucky or elsewhere. There were many families of note living around Old Sharon, one of which was Patterson. The most famous Patterson was named Thomas. He was a Goliath. McClarney was another prominent family. Its chief was christened John. They two were the chiefs at country musters, in the rough-and-tumble fights of those times. Though they had vanquished all others they had never had a tussle between themselves, and it was thought by some that they did not yearn for a personal combat. But let the Doctor tell the story:

At one of these annual battalion musters much whisky had been drunk, and toward the middle of the afternoon there was a sort of general melee during which Billy Patterson, who was half tipsy, a brother of Big Tom Patterson, was knocked down by some unknown person. Stung by the insult, and half sobered by the blow, Billy Patterson hunted up his brother, Big Tom Patterson, and appealed to him to dis-

cover and chastise his assailant. The hot Patterson blood was stirred; seeking an open space a little off from the crowd, Big Tom Patterson, brandishing his long arms and striking his huge palms together, in stentorian tones demanded—

"Who hit Billy Patterson?" There was no answer. Nobody seemed to be disposed to take up the implied challenge—and no wonder. About seven feet high, straight, bigboned, sinewy, with fists like battering-ram, the blaze of battle in his eye, he was an ugly-looking fellow for a fight.

"Who hit Billy Patterson?" he thundered with increased vehemence; "let the sneaking, pusillanimous cur show himself, and I'll show him the difference between fighting a fullgrown sober man and knocking down a small one when he is drunk. Who hit Billy Patterson, I say?"

Still there was no answer. Big Tom Patterson became more furious. He fairly raved, applying every opprobrious epithet in his vocabulary to the unknown assailant of his brother, charging madly around, bringing his clinched right hand down with loud reports into the open palm of his left, getting madder and madder, and demanding at the end of each oburgatory burst, "Who hit Billy Patterson?"

The answer came at last; just as he had finished a particularly insulting defiance of the unknown party who had dared to strike a Patterson, a tall man emerged from the listening crowd and marching deliberately up to where the champion stood, said quietly:

"I hit Billy Patterson."

It was Big John McClarney. The two men stood looking into each other's eyes, the crowd looked on breathless with expectation. Patterson instantly measured McClarney with his eye, his uplifted arm fell to his side, and he said—

"It was a thunderin' lick."

That ended it; the lion was tamed in an instant. Nobody ever knew whether Big John McClarney was really the man who hit Billy Patterson, but this is the true origin of the saying as I have it from eye-witnesses of the scene.

VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

Agreeably to Gov. Lee's proclamation the General Assembly of Virginia met on Wednesday last, at Richmond, in extra session. Both houses promptly organized and a joint committee was appointed to notify the governor that the legislature was ready for business. Soon thereafter a message from the executive was received and read.

The governor first calls attention to the condition of the public debt and devotes the greater portion of the message to reviewing the action taken in past years for the settlement of the debt question. He recommends the appointment of a commission on the part of the bondholders in Virginia or elsewhere; the duties of said commission to be distinctly defined, the object being a true presentation of the revenues and resources of the state and what the state can do.

He urges immediate action on the report of the revisers of the code which was submitted to-day.

He also suggests a law which he thinks will cover the situation brought about by the recent decision of the United States supreme court on the sample merchants or drummers' tax.

He concludes with the hope that the legislature will be equal to the requirements of the occasion.

Mr. Cleveland Talks Business.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The President has been talking about 1888. It happened in this way:

The subject of the inter-State commerce commissioners was under consideration, and the issue

of politics was brought in. The question was whether a certain gentleman whom the President desired to have upon the commission could afford to accept. Very frankly the point was made that Mr. Cleveland might not be his own successor, in which event the one accepting the commissionership for the short term would serve during the perplexing and unsatisfactory period that the law was being put in operation, and would then, in all probability find himself thrown out. The gentleman was proceeding to apologize for his plainness of speech, when Mr. Cleveland interrupted him.

"That is all right; speak frankly. Politics are very uncertain. I may be renominated and I may not. If I am renominated the election is not so sure. If the Republicans nominate Allison and Hawley, Allison will most evidently carry Indiana. Hawley will carry Connecticut and New Jersey. I would expect to carry Oregon and California, but how is it about Virginia and North Carolina?"

This is the frankest expression that has come from the President on the subject of the next Presidential campaign.

THE HAWK GOT LEFT.—Two little boys that I happen to know of managed to get hold of three or four pair of squabs about fifteen months ago, and now they have a flock of about eighty pigeons. A hungry hawk managed to slip up on the pigeons one morning. Singling out Brownie, he made a dart for the veteran. Brownie, flew directly at the window of the little boys' room, followed by the hawk. At the window the pigeon made a turn of indescribable swiftness and the hawk went crashing through a window pane. It so happened that a caged mocking bird was hanging in the room, and the sudden appearance of the hawk caused Dick to give utterance to shrieks that could be heard a quarter of a mile. The hawk, nothing daunted by his experience, made an effort to get at the bird and mounted the cage for that purpose. Dick fell on the floor of his wire parlor and made the house resound with his shrill cries. Then the little boys appeared on the scene and they soon put an end to the hawk.—Atlanta Constitution.

TRADE SCHOOLS AND THE MECHANIC ARTS.—The apprentice learns his trade by what he can see or by what advice the foreman or journeyman is good natured enough to give him. It is a system of chance that does not count for much in the long run. The remedy for this evil is to be found in the trade schools, where the boy is to be taught before it is sought to make any money through him. Professional men learn their professions at their own expense and are the better for it; so it will be with the mechanic. No modification of the old apprentice law is desirable. In these schools the lad learns to use the tools and signs of the trade, then he goes to the shop as an apprentice, where speed is acquired, and becomes a mechanic. Trade schools have become a necessity in the competition between nations in Europe, and experience shows how rapidly boys learn in them. By the last census there were 20,000 mechanics in the building trade in New York; of these less than 13,000 were of American birth, and but a small portion were born in New York.

Sherman may put in the sugar, Allison mix the dough and Ingalls watch the oven, but everything continues to indicate that the man from Maine will walk off with the cake.—Chicago Tribune.

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