

BROTHER GARDNER

The President of the Limekiln Club
Talks on Old and New Issues

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"De odder night," began Brother Gardner, as he arose after the routine proceedings of the Limekiln club had been concluded—"de odder night, when Pickles Smith cum ober to my cabin to borrow a dollar, an' I had a few words to say to him on extravagance, his excuse was dat he had new issues befo' us.

"I has been hearin' 'bout new issues fur de last year. When I warned Samuel Shlin agin sittin' up nights to learn big words to git off at de wood-yard next day he pleaded new issues.

"When I advised Waydown Bebee to keep to work at a dollar a day an' let ward causes run de self, he stung new issues at me till I had to run away.

"When I gently hinted to Absolute White dat it didn't make 2 cents' worth of difference to him who was lectured, al-

German of his ward, an' dat his wife was gwine round barfut an' his children wanted close, he brung up new issues as an excuse.

"When I found Givadam Jones lettin' his rent git three months behind while he stood on de co'per an' talked free trade, he raised de question of new issues an' was so many 'bout it dat I had to take him by de collar an' whop his heels agin de lamp-post.

"It wasn't two weeks ago dat I went ober to Samuel Shlin's house to find his chillen cryin' wid hunger an' his ole woman weepin' wid grief, while he an' Kurnel Cabitt was on some what huntin' fur new issues.

"Oh, yes, I've hearin' 'bout new issues fur a long time past, an' de time has now arrove when I propose to take a hand in. I agree wid dese new issue men dat old issues an' dead, but I kin remember all 'bout 'em.

"I kin remember when no man libin' dared charge a political candydote wid burglary, arson an' highway robbery.

"I kin remember when de man who jumped up an' wanted a nomination kase he had money to push a campaign took a tumble as soon as he began to holler.

"I kin remember when dar was no sich word as 'dirty' among officeholders. If a city ordered a sewer or a sidewalk dar was no risin' to demand 20 per cent from de contractor.

"Once upon a time in dis kentry we had men who couldn't be bought an'



"PICKLES SMITH CUM OBER TO BORRY A DOLLAR."

sold. Dey held office year after year, an' we had no scandals. Instead of bein' hunted ober de land as embezzlers, defaulters an' thieves, dey stayed at home an' died in deir beds an' war mourned as honest men.

"If we had had sich political scandals fo' ty years ago as have filled de papers fur de last three years, an' of which nobody seems to take any particular notice, de public would have got up on deir hind legs an' trusted out into revulsion.

"In de olden time de question asked 'bout a candydote was, 'Am he fit?' In dese days de question am, 'Has he got de cash?' We ain't lookin' fur fitness. De question of integrity don't cum up 'tall.

"De only a pore old cull'd man, who put in his first years as a slave on a plantation, an' who nebbber had much to lib fur, but dar am one thing I am proud of. No man ober called me a thief. All round me, since de new issues started up, I have found white men an' officeholders who didn't care what name de people an' de papers called 'em so long as dey got de cash.

"Yes, de old issues have vanished, an' we have got new issues in deir place. It's what dey call progression. In de old days an' officeholder who stole \$100 lost his good name an' went to prison. Under de new deal he steals \$10,000 an' is looked upon as a good candydote fur a higher office.

"I don't know what de people of America are gwine to do 'bout it, but I am gwine to speak a few words fur myself. We are gwine back to old issues in dis here Limekiln club, an' we will stay in dis merry night. I've got a dog

suspicion dat Jimweed Johnson am zomin' to me arter de meetin' is ober to git me to go security fur his rent. Brudder Johnson is a new issue man. He's left off work to shout politics. He'd better not cum. If he does he'll want three porous plasters fur his back befo' daylight.

"Nine different members of dis club owe me borrowed money. It has been borrowin' on de new issues idea—borry when yo' kin an' pay back when yo' must. If dat money ain't in my pocket befo' noon tomorrer I'll sot out an' wop nine men as fast as I can to 'em.

"De treasurer of dis club am Waydown Bebee. His accounts haven't bin audited for three months, but dey are gwine to be widin twenty-fo' hours, an' if he am a defaulter to de amount of eben 2 cents his heart will be made to ache fur de next year.

"Brudder Givadam Jones was swellin' round de odder day an' tellin' what he 'spected to git if a sartin man was lectured to office. Brudder Jones will either git de swell out of him an' drap politics or dis club will drap him.

"Liveforever Hooper has taken it upon hisself to turn a cake walk into a political meetin' an' put for'd de claims of a sartin candydote. He will be granted 'jst twenty-fo' hours to git his senses back an' pick up his whitewash brush.

"I'm tellin' yo', an' I want every member of dis club to listen wid boaf ears, dat sich old issues as honor an' honesty am gwine to prevail in dis club while it lives, an' de man who don't like it kin git out. We want newness, but we want integrity. We want progress, but we don't want embezzlers an' defaulters. We want to keep at de front, but we don't want dat front to have iron bars across it.

"Dat's all I've got to say, an' now, bein' as de fire am out an' dar ain't much lef in de lamps, we will break de meetin' in two an' depart fur our respective homes." M. QUAD.

A Rich Diet.



"'Tis a fact," said this Jersey mosquito, "that you soon become like what you eat. Now, I make it my pride to alight on the hick. To allight on the hick."
—New York Times.

Log Cabin Philosophy.

De worl' wouldn't make no progress ef ever'body was easy satisfied. Only takes a log in a millpond to make an alligator happy.

No use ter say de heathen don't 'preciate de gospel, kase he proves, by eatin' de missinry, dat he knows a good thing w'en he sees it.

De porkypine got des ez high ideas 'bout his mission in de worl' ez what de lion has—only he don't command one-half ez much respect.

Dey's lots er blessin's dat come ter us in disguise. A cyclone saves lots er folks railroad expenses des 'bout de time taxes is high er rent due.

Jonah wuz des like some er de people in dis day en time. He even wuzn't satisfied wid a whole whale.

Dey's mighty few mens in dis worl' what would be willin' ter let a lookin' glass deliver a lecture on 'em.—Frank L. Stanton in Chicago Record-Herald.

Favorably Struck.

"Papa, have you seen Harold since you told him he was too poor to think of—of marrying me?"

"Yes, I ran across him at the club last evening. We got into conversation, and he struck me—er—"

"Struck you! Oh, papa!"

"Struck me as quite an agreeable young man. I understand his uncle has left him two hundred thousand."—Kansas City Journal.

Inconsiderate Fellow.

"He said he'd die if I didn't marry him."

"And still you refused?"

"Yes, I wished to find out before promising whether he really loved me as much as that or not. Oh, Harriet, I'm gw-perfectly miserable! He seems to be wretchedly healthy, and I d-do love him so much!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reason.

"Here's an interview with a man whose name is withheld, it says, for obvious reasons. Now, I don't see any reason."

"Oh, that's perfectly obvious."

"Well, what is it?"

"There's no such man."—Detroit Free Press.

The Coquette.

There's room for more sweet charity in Jennie's mode of treating me. For instance, is it proper when she tells me I may call on her to keep me waiting until three?

I know she doesn't mean to be unkind; that in her kind heart she holds some regard for me, but then there's room for more.

That heart of hers so fancy free is big as any heart could be. Two big, indeed, I fancy. Though Jan says she's got there to money talk. She speaks an' pines to let me see. There's room for more.

LONDON THE AUTHOR

RAPID RISE OF A YOUNG GENIUS
OF CALIFORNIA.

His New Book, "The Call of the Wild," Which Has Been Very Well Received—How He Became a Literary Man.

Since Kipling wrote his "Jungle Book" there have appeared various writers of "animal stories"—Thompson-Selton; William J. Long; Sewell Ford and others. Among the latest and most successful of these, though writing along different lines from any of his predecessors, is Jack London, a young Californian, whose sketches in the magazines first began to attract attention about three years ago. His latest story is "The Call of the Wild," just issued by Macmillan, of which the hero, Buck, is a dog, a noble animal of mixed St. Bernard and shepherd breed, and the story recounts the adventures that befell this gallant fellow in the wilds of Alaska.

Although Jack London is not yet twenty-seven years of age, he has crowded into the short space of his life experiences enough for half a century. He is the son of parents who wandered from eastern homes, meeting in California, where they were married and bequeathed to their son the pioneer and adventurous spirit which had actuated them. He was born in San Francisco on Jan. 12, 1876. The boy had a hard life, supporting himself by manual labor even before he had reached the age of nine years. He was not an ordinary boy, however, and what might have been a life of less strength of character was to him a valuable experience. Speaking of his early life, Mr. London recently said in an interview published in the Reader:

"Almost the first things I realized were responsibilities. I was wage earner as ranch hand long before I was nine, when my mother moved to Oakland, where I worked as newsboy. After that I went with the oyster pirates and salmon fishermen along the Sacramento river. Some of these men were Greeks. The life was eventful, but strange and hard, the men, some of them, cutthroats. The San Francisco water front holds many phases of life and romance and danger.

"After a year or two I shipped as common sailor and went to Japan.

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	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	No. 3 Daily	No. 4 Daily	No. 5 Daily
Goldboro-arrive.....	11:00	8:30	5:30	2:30	12:30
LaGrange.....	10:20	7:50	4:50	1:50	11:50
Falling Creek.....	10:10	7:40	4:40	1:40	11:40
Kinston.....	9:45	7:15	4:15	1:15	11:15
Dover.....	9:30	7:00	4:00	1:00	11:00
Core Creek.....	9:20	6:50	3:50	9:50	10:50
Tuscarora.....	9:10	6:40	3:40	9:40	10:40
Newbern.....	9:00	6:30	3:30	9:30	10:30
Havelock.....	8:50	6:20	3:20	9:20	10:20
Newport.....	8:40	6:10	3:10	9:10	10:10
Morehead City.....	8:30	6:00	3:00	9:00	10:00
Morehead City Depart.	7:00	4:30	1:30		

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

	No. 6 Daily	No. 7 Daily	No. 8 Daily	No. 9 Daily	No. 10 Daily
Goldboro-leave.....	7:00	4:30	1:30		
LaGrange.....	7:10	4:40	1:40		
Falling Creek.....	7:20	4:50	1:50		
Kinston.....	7:30	5:00	2:00		
Dover.....	7:40	5:10	2:10		
Core Creek.....	7:50	5:20	2:20		
Tuscarora.....	8:00	5:30	2:30		
Newbern.....	8:10	5:40	2:40		
Havelock.....	8:20	5:50	2:50		
Newport.....	8:30	6:00	3:00		
Morehead City.....	8:40	6:10	3:10		
Morehead City Depart.	8:50	6:20	3:20		

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