THE MORGANTON HERALD.

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The Morganton Herald.

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STORY TELLERS IN CONGRESS.

THE PRESENT HOUSE HAS MANY.

The Most Popular Orators Those Who Tell the Best Stories--Some of the Stories Told on the Floor This Session.

In the South and in the North the most popular orators seem to be those who tell the best stories. To be pleasing, however, the story must be put to the point at issue. One of the most successful men in Congress was Washington C. Whitthrone, of Tennessee. On the stump he was invincible. The stories flew from him like corn poping from a griddle, and each was pertinent to the issue presented. He could adapt himself to all circumstances and conditions, and have a story that would exactly fit every niche in his argument. This adaptability kept him in Congress for many years, but in his speeches on the floor of the House he dispensed with anecdotes and depended upon argument alone. He found it the most effective.

At first glance this Congress would seem to have more than its proportion of story tellers. The stories, however, bear no comparison to the number of speeches made in the House. Anecdotal illustrations are really very few. Some are stale while others are quaint and original. All are acceptable, for without them discussion or debate would be dull indeed. The first story told on the floor this session came from Mr. Cooper, of Florida. The House had been in session ten days before the anecdotal vein was revealed. Cooper's story illustrated precisely a point which he was making in an anti-silver speech. He could not reconcile himself to a vote for a measure which would make 57 cents' worth of silver a dollar. If this was done he thought his people out to receive a dollar for every 57 cents' worth of cotton, tobacco, yams, and oranges. He did not say that he supported such a proposition, but informed the House that he would manage to hold his conscience in abeyance.

"An acquaintence of mine," said Mr. Cooper, "was cow-attorney for a certain railroad. His duties were to go around and resist claims for cattle killed on the track. He resorted to legal quibbles and delays, and continued in service about three years, when the railroad company discharged him. Thereupon he became a very active and zealous promoter of like claims on the other side. One day as he was addressing the jury in a Justice's court he became very severe not only upon the company but upon the attorney representing the company. Finally, the other counsel could stand it no longer, and threw his record at him. "Didn't you for three years represent this railroad and resist just such claims as this, doing what I am doing, only a deal more so?"

Whereupon the indignant cow-attorney replied: "Sir, for three years I held my conscience in abeyance, but now it is broken loose."

To clinch the anecdote Mr. Cooper said that he had not held his conscience in abeyance, but if he was to do it he wanted to see some tangible benefit for his people.

The next anecdote was related by the Hon. John C. Hutchinson, of Texas. It was an oldtimer. Josiah Patterson, of Tennessee, had happened to remark in his anti-silver speech that we had come to the fork of two roads. Mr. Hutcheson was making a silver speech and said that if this was so he would stand where the colored man in the congregation stood. The minister said "that broad road am de road that leadeth to destruction, and straight and narrow am de path that leadeth to eternal damnation," and these were two roads mentioned in Scripture.

At this an old darkey in the congregation jumped to his feet shouting, "Fo' God! if dat am de case den dis yere nigger takes straight to de woods."

Mr. Hutcheson said that it might be that he should be obliged to take straight to the woods but if he did he wanted the Democratic party to hew the way, and he wanted the gentleman from Tennessee to be present to chop along the line and help his party through the wilderness.

The next yarn came from the lips of the classic scholar of Harvard, Dr. William Everett, of Massachusetts. He was amazed at the determination of some gentlemen of all three parties, Democrats, Republicans, and Populists, to find politics somewhere in some part of the silver discussion. They had a wonderful nose for the political cat in every bag of meal presented to them. It reminded him of what happened in a certain poor religious congregation in England. The congregation wanted to procure new hymn books, but they were very poor and could not afford to pay for them at the ordinary prices. They understood, however, that a certain great advertising house, a business house that made patent medicines, was willing to furnish them hymn books at a penny each if they would allow some advertisement to be inserted in the books. They thought that would be no special harm that they might have a few pages of advertisements bound up with Watts and Doddridge. They agreed to the proposition. The books came duly printed, and they got down to the church on the 24th of December.

On Christmas morning the model Chritians, who had no thought of anything but religion, got up to sing. Their pastor gave out by the first line a very familiar hymn. Immediately the congregation arose to their feet, and in a few seconds were aghast to find themselves singing:—

Hark! the herald angels sing
Beecham's pills are just the thing.
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
Two for a man and one for a child.

The House broke into uncontrollable laughter and cheered Dr. Everett to the echo.

A laughable story was told by the Hon. W. I. Talbert, of South Carolina, a day or two afterward. He said he had listened with a great deal of earnestness to speeches on both sides of the question. He had listened so seriously and patiently that sometimes he had been in the position of the little boy whose mother, in making him his first pair of trousers, put the front in the rear. The little fellow started for school the next morning, and walked cheerfully along until he looked down and discovered the situation, when he burst out crying and whimpered, I don't like these pants; I don't know whether I am going to school or back home."

The South Carolinian's statement was received with great laughter.

Not long afterward, in referring to the desperate effort of the bankers to choke off the silver men, Mr. Talbert said that charity forbade that he should say that Congress was influenced by their action. Every man, however, could think, if he did not speak. To illustrate his idea, he said that down in South Carolina there was a man who hired a lawyer once to conduct a case in court. As the lawyer was not talking exactly to suit him, he got up to make a few remarks himself. The Judge, of couse, made him take his seat. He got up again, and the Judge made him take his seat again. A third and fourth time this happened, and finally the old farmer got up and said, "Well, Judge, if you won't let me talk, won't you let me think?"

"Why, certainly," replied the Judge.

"Well, Judge," "I think you and all these lawyers are a great set of rascals."

In referring to the allegations that the Sherman act had caused devilment in the country, Mr. Talbert said that the passage of that act reminded him of something that happened in North Carolina just after the war. Gen. Kilpatrick came through a town going home. An old Union man named Roark, who had a very fine horse, went out to meet the general. He rode up to him and thought Kilpatrick knew him.

"Good morning, General," he said. Kilpatrick returned the salutation rather gracefully. Then turning to one of his men who was riding a very poor horse, he said, "Get off that horse." Addressing Roark, he continued, "Get down off your horse." Roark did as he was told, and then Kilpatrick said, "Change your saddles." Turning to Roark again, he said, "You get upon the poor horse." Roark did as he was commanded, and Kilpatrick started off. Turning toward him Roark said, "Can I speak to you?" "Yes," replied the general, "talk quick; I must be going."

"Well," said Roark, "I just wanted to say to you that I have been swapping horses forty years, but this is the first time I ever traded without I had any say in it."

So it was with the people. They had to swap their money for gold, and they had no say at all because of the legislation which was forced upon them.

In referring to Mr. Harter's speech, Mr. Talbert said that it reminded him of the man who was inquiring of a little boy standing on the road the way to a certain house. The little fellow replied: "Well, you go this way half a mile to another road, then take that road and go about a quarter of a mile and then you will find a blind path which will lead you to a swamp; then go up into the middle of the swamp until you find a tremendous big tree; then go up into the fork of that tree, and then if you ain't lost I am dotrotted if I ain't a Dutchman."

"That," continued Mr. Talbert, "is about like the talk of my friend from Ohio. I tried to follow him, but he first took me into a swamp, then into the fork of a tree, and finally I was completely lost."

Mr. Talbert in his speech said that he had never written a speech, as he did not like to be bothered with notes. He undertook to make one with notes once and got them all stirred up together and made a complete failure. It reminded him of what happened to the old preacher down South, who told the boys what portion of the Scripture he intended to read for the morning lesson. The boys, finding the place, glued two pages together. The next morning the old preacher began to read at the bottom of one page:

"And Noah, when he was a hundred years old took to himself a wife, who was"—

Then turning over the leaf:

"A hundred and thirty cubits long and forty cubits wide, and made entirely of gopher wood, and pitched within and without."

This puzzled the good old preacher. He took off his spectacles, rubbed them, and verified the verse.

"Well," he said, after drawing a long breath, "Brethren, I had not seen it in this here book before, but I know it is true or it would not have been here. It is an evidence of the assertion in another portion of the Holy Bible, that man is fearfully and wonderfully made."

It was an old story, but one that threw the whole House into convulsions.

On the next day Jerry Simpson used a story to illustrate a point in his silver speech. He said he had been disappointed at the poverty of the case of the opposition. It reminded him of the story about a gentleman who built a steamboat on the Missouri river. It was at a time when there was great rivalry to see which could have the louder whistle. The man built a steamboat with a seven foot boiler and put on it a nine foot whistle. When he blew the whistle the first time all the steam went out of the boiler. This seemed to be the condition of the opponents of free coinage. They blew off every pound of steam in their boiler at the first start, and had drifted into the rushes on the shore to get up steam again.

Jerry's story took magnificently. The House laughed at it so long that he spent fully a minute in scratching his head.

In his maiden speech on the floor of the House, the redoubtable Hamp Clark, of Missouri, stuck to his text with the quaintest logic. He is regarded as one of the best story-tellers in the country; but the only paragraph in his speech that smacks of a story was his assertion that, if the House paid the behests of the American bondholders and made a gold standard, in a hundred years the people would be reduced to the condition of the Russian serfs or Mexican peons. The bondholders would have all the money in the country; for, as old Jim Craig, of St. Jo, used to say, When a dollar goes down into their capacious pockets, the eagle on them sings, 'Farewell, vain world, I'm going home.'

This brought down the House.

While the Hon. Charles L. Moses of Georgia, was speaking for free silver, he was much annoyed by questions from Gen. Grosvenor, a leading Republican from Ohio. Mr. Grosvenor was very pressing with one of his questions. Finally Moses turned to him and said:

"My friend, I had almost forgotten you until you rose in your place yesterday like Rip Van Winkle of a past era. You Republicans remind me of the old negro's terrapin down in Georgia. He cut off the head of the terrapin and the next morning found him crawling around the yard.

"'Good God,' the old darkey remarked, 'that fool terrapin don't know he is done dead yet.'"

The laughter and applause was terrific, and Gen. Grosvenor made no further attempt to interrupt Moses.

One of the best stories told in the debate on the silver bill came from that brilliant young congressman, Lafe Pence, of Colorado. He said that the people of his country could not discern the difference between the dollar of the Treasury today and the dollar of the Treasury under John Sherman. To illustrate this fact he said that back in Marion county, Ind., there is a little town on the Johnson county line of about 300 people. A stranger came into the town one Sunday, and walking out from the hotel, saw a little white church and a crowd going in. He noticed it was a Lutheran church. He went on, and in the next block saw a little brown church, and was surprised to see that it was also a Lutheran church. He went back to the hotel and told the proprietor that it struck him as strange that in a little town like this hardly able to sustain one church, there could be two churches just alike.

"What do you mean?" asked the landlord. The stranger told him what he had seen.

"Oh," replied the landlord, "you are mistaken. Those two churches are somewhat alike, but not just alike. Over in the white church they believe that the serpent tempted Eve, and Eve tempted Adam, and Adam fell; but over in the brown church they think that Adam was a bad egg from the start."

The majority of the good stories told in the House came from the South and West. They are usually original, and given in dialect. But in the crowd of new members who have entered the Fifty-third Congress there are none who begin to approach John Allen. His drawling intonation in defailing life in Mississippi touches every congressional midriff, and throws the House into convulsive merriment. —*Amos J. Cummings in N. Y. Sun.*

A $1,000 Turkey.

A $1,000 turkey will be served at dinner tomorrow by Hiram L. Light, and a number of friends will help devour the expensive bird. About a year ago a turkey strayed away from the farm of John K. Light, of Swatara township. A few days later it was found in the possession of Ezra H Light. A lawsuit followed to determine the ownership, and before it ended the parties to the suit were out over $1,000. Today the bird was purchased by Hiram L. Light.—*Lebanon (Pa.) Dispatch.*

The Old Man Would Have His Joke.

Two boys, who owned a cattle farm out West,
Christened it "Pecos," at their sire's request.
The old man thought it quite a good conceit,
For there the sun's rays more—(the sons raise meat!)

The lads prospered, and they and their families enjoyed the very best of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets were always found in their medicine-chest—the only positive cure for bilious and sick headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and disorders of the bowels and stomach. Strictly vegetable, small, sugar-coated; only one required for a dose, and their action is gentle and thorough. The best Liver Pill on earth.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

IMMORTALITY THE DREAM OF LOVE.

A Statement by Colonel Ingersoll on the Question, "Does Death End All?"

An editorial in an afternoon paper says, speaking of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll:

"Why not make public the rumor that the brilliant orator who has been called the great American infidel, has been heard to say that perhaps he will say in public before he dies that he believes in immortality?"

Col. Ingersoll was questioned on the subject in his apartments at the Adams House, and in reply gave the following autograph statements:

"I have never said 'that perhaps before I die I will say in public that I believe in immortality.' I have nothing to conceal on that question. I have always been perfectly frank, and have given the transcript of my heart and brain.

"I do not say that death ends all, neither do I say that man is immortal. I say that I do not know. To know is one thing, to believe is another, and to hope is still another.

"I hope for all joy, for the children of men.

"All I can say about immortality is this: There was a time when I was not, after that I was, now I am, and it may be that it is no more wonderful that I should continue forever, now that I have a start, than it was that I should begin.

"We love, and those we love die, and we cling to the hope, to the wish, that we may meet again. Love was the first to dream of immortality, and as long as we love we shall hope."—*Boston Dispatch.*

Asylum Commissioners.

The ladies who visited the Morganton hospital were delighted with everything connected with their visit. They drove out to Sunset view, and admired the elegant residences on the way. The view from Mr Pearson's and Mr. Friland's, they say, is alone worth the fare to Morganton.

At the hospital they were taken by Mrs. Murphy, wife of the Superintendent and Mrs. Taylor, wife of one of the assistant physicians, and shown over the greenhouses, which are filled with tropical as well as all house plants usually kept by amateurs. These plants are sold very reasonably and when sent by mail or freight are as securely packed as if sent by Peter Henderson.

Ernest Ilsch, the florist who has charge of the hospital greenhouses is from a Ligne establishment and thoroughly understands his business, as the compact rows of camellias in bud and full flower and hundreds of other more tender plants in vigueous and richest coloring testify. The chrysanthemum house was filled with plants, ablaze with Chinese and Japanese varieties, and yet the plants and flowers on exhibition in the vast hall room had been removed therefrom; over the entrance of the hall in large letters composed entirely of chrysanthemum blossoms was the word "Welcome," a very long table covered with white cloth extended through the room—the table was decorated along the side with bunches of cut flowers—and in vases and jars on the table were bunches of superd chrysanthemums of every conceivable shade except blue. California claims blue roses, but everybody knows California claims everything except water and ——. Our ladies had been contested with their chrysanthemums before seeing the hospital show. Now they talk of nothing else than the size, color, beauty and variety of the Morganton exhibit, taking breath only to describe the Japanese temple on the rostum, the cranes, the bogonias, palms and Heaven only knows what not. It seems from their conversation, or ejaculations they managed to meet the nicest, sweetest, most elegant and charming ladies in the State. We are prepared to endorse their statement as far as relates to the ladies, as we admire them far more than flowers. The latter are very nice in their place, but when our wives propose to dig up fruit trees, and set out chrysanthemums, we make a stand for peace.

Why does not Morganton move down to Hickory, any way? It would be appreciated and welcomed, and the asylum would fill a long felt vacancy in this community. If the Deaf and Dumb Institute teaches folks to "be slow to speak and swift to hear," that would do a great deal of good here, too.—*Press and Carolinian.*

She Will Not Play Any Again.

Miss Lottie G. Lines, of Newtonville, Mass., thought that she would have a lot of fun on Hallowe'en, so she dressed herself up in boy's clothes, and went out to make a noise, steal gates, and in other ways celebrate the season as boys are wont to do. Farmer Geo F. Eddy, one of the victims, grew exasperated, ran after the crowd, and, catching Miss Lines, whom he supposed was a boy, turned her across his knee and gave her a sound spanking. The young lady is now suing him for damages.—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by John Tull, Druggist.

The Oregon Governor's Thanksgiving.

Hon. Sylvester Pennoyer, Governor of the State of Oregon, and a liberal advocate of liberal elasticity for our currency, has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation. There are some Governors who think it proper for the President of the United States to lead off in the matter of Thanksgiving proclamations, but Pennoyer doesn't belong to that class. In fact, Pennoyer is not an admirer of President Cleveland, and in the course of his proclamation calling on the people of Oregon to assemble in their places of worship on a certain day he takes occasion to make this fact quite clear.

Governor Pennoyer also makes another remarkable departure from custom in his Thanksgiving proclamation. He doesn't seem to think that the people of Oregon have much to be thankful for, and is disposed to suppose that they appear grateful for what they may expect in the future. On this score Pennoyer says:

"I do hereby appoint the fourth Thursday of the present month as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings He has bestowed upon this Commonwealth during the present year. God has indeed been more beneficent to our State and nation. And yet unjust and ill-advised congressional legislation having made gold alone a full legal tender money, has so dwarfed and paralyzed business that the location of Providence are now denied to hundreds of thousands of people within the national domain, who are not only without employment, but also without the means of procuring food, raiment and shelter.

"While, therefore, the people of Oregon return thanks to God for his goodness, I do most earnestly recommend that they devoutly implore Him to dispose the President and Congress of the United States to secure restoration of silver as full legal tender money, in accordance with the policy of the fathers of the republic, whereby our industries may be restored and honest toilers of the land may possess their daily bread, not as alms, but as the reward of their labor."—*Washington Post.*

A Weather Prophet Who Sees the Signs Are for a Mild Winter.

"I notice that some wise men in various parts of the country are predicting an uncommonly severe winter," said the old Lackawanna Valley weather prophet, "but they are all wrong. All the signs point to mild and open winter. When you see caterpillars crawling on the ground all through October, as they did last month, you may set it down as a fact that the temperature will be uncommonly high throughout the winter. Caterpillars don't crawl up to mischief time when a cold winter is ahead.

"Robins were thick in the sumachs and laurels on the hillsides on All Saints' Day, and that is a sure sign that there will be no real cold weather till the second or third month next year. On November 2d I picked a bushelful of dandelion and crow's-foot blossoms on the highest hill in Lackawanna county. I never saw the like of it before, although I have searched for such indications of a mild winter at about that time in the year every fall since 1832. I also ran across some hornets and flies that hadn't been touched by frost, and that is another good sign of a mild winter.

"In a piece of brush woods I knocked a chipmunk over with a stone on the afternoon before Hallowe'en, and found that it had not a single hoodlum in its shape, although the nuts were plentiful. That is a sure sign of warm weather up to the holidays. On October 26th I saw a woodchuck sitting on a stone wall. That is the best of open winter signs, as woodchucks hole up three weeks before real time when the winter is going to be severe.

"Toads are still hopping on the dead leaves in most places, and meadow mice are coming up in the mounds of dirt in rich soil, unfailing indications of warm weather for weeks and of a genial Christmas. The toad sang season three later than usual, another good sign of a mild winter. The fur of skunks and coons is thinner by half than it was a year ago, and that is another reason why I predict a very light snowfall before groundhog day. Rabbits are lean as what they were last year, although food is abundant, a sure sign of mild winter weather. All in all, I have never seen in sixty years so many favorable indications of an open winter, and therefore I predict that the sales of fuel, sleighs and cutters will be small as what they were a year ago."—*Scranton (Pa.) Letter.*

A Sac Dollar Gold Piece for a Coat.

Sometime ago, a gentleman bet that if he stood at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, New York, and offered gold Eagles to the passers-by for a coat each, he would find no purchasers. The experiment was tried, and it turned out just as he said. No one would believe that the coins were genuine. It seemed too good to be true. An equally remarkable offer is that made by the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the sovereign cure for Consumption. Think of it! restoration to life and health for a mere song. There is not a case of Lung trouble—in other words, Consumption—that will not yield to it, if it is taken in time. It is the greatest blood purifier ever known, and is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases of the throat and lungs, or money refunded. Only extraordinary curative properties could warrant or sustain its makers in selling it thus on trial!

Thin or poor folk and half heads, so frightening to many people in maiden of age, may be averted for a long time by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

One Senator Who Does His Duties.

We question if any State in the Union is better represented in the Senate than North Carolina. The grand old Commonwealth will do well to keep Ransom and Vance in the Senate the remainder of their lives. Both have been honored by the State as few men have been honored, and they in return have shed lustrious lustre on her name.

Senators Ransom and Vance are said to be carrying hatchets for each other—which shows that great men have their faults.

The people of North Carolina should rise and with one accord demand that the hatchet be buried.

Why should these be enmity between Ransom and Vance? Each is supreme in his own realm, and the host of North Carolina brotherhood should bind them together in bands stronger than triple brass. They are too strong for petty jealousy. Personal ammosities, which will sometimes assert themselves in the best regulated lives, cannot be permitted to injure the State or dim the glory of her most illustrious sons.

They tell us that the Elite and Simmons affair is but an episode in the great senatorial battle between Ransom and Vance. They are no mere gladiators. The sword of either is in the hand of a giant, whose skill wrings a reluctant consent from his adversary. Both can cringe to the morrow and grovel to the least, but neither can reach the other without striking down North Carolina. Neither can bear to do this thing. One drop of North Carolina blood would pulse the hand of Ransom or Vance.

Come, gentlemen, bury the hatchet. North Carolina commands and you must obey.—*New Berne Journal.*

Chicago's Big Shoes.

The immediate future of Chicago is an interesting study for observers. All eyes have been centered upon her now for six months, and in a less degree for nearly two years. The purpose and the methods of carrying them out have been matters of national moment. It is hardly too much to say that she has been the most important city in the land, and of course she has felt her importance. What will become of her now? Will she drop gracefully down to her place, and become once more a comparatively commonplace big Western town, or will she keep right on, and strive by tremendous hustling to maintain the control and commanding position which was lost to her by the fire? Of course the answer to be sure, but she has given some evidence, although that she does not intend to drop an inch further than she can help. Mr. Marshall Field's subscription of a million dollars to found a museum of natural history may be accepted as an indication of her sentiments. It is proposed to make the museum a memorial of the fair, and perhaps to house it in the Art Building at Jackson Park. Mr. Pullman follows Mr. Field's subscription with one of a hundred thousand dollars, and Rockefeller before the reaches the center's eye the entire sum of two millions called for will be made up. What extraordinary giants those Chicago men are! It is exhilarating even at this distance to see the superb confidence with which they back up their town. Other cities get bequests now and then, but Chicago's rich men have not had time to die, and neither she nor they can wait for that. They want to see that investment in actual being. If any Eastern banker is holding his nose to the ground to catch the dust of Chicago's collapse, he might as well get on his legs again and go about his business. There isn't going to be much of a dust. Those amazing ligatures are still at it, and though their rate may ebb a little for a time, it is bound to flow again in due season.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Terse and Sad Tale from Stone-wall Jackson's Native County.

Friday evening, as Mr. W. C. Bailey was returning from the old place, five miles south of here, his horse became jaded with on the hill beyond Dry Creek bridge. Finding that he could not check him and fearing he would run into the ditch with him, he endeavored to save him of the course and jump out. He gave him a sudden pull to the right, and was thrown out of the buggy; before he could get on his feet the horse saw him and came at him with all the fury of a wild beast. Mr. Bailey rarely ran and, catching the shaft of the buggy, got on his feet, but could not turn the horse away nor get out of the tangle. Around and around they spun, the horse doing his utmost to get to him, he keeping him off by hustling to the shaft. How many times they were round is not known, and Mr. Bailey was almost ready to give up, when four colored men who heard the noise ran up and caught the horse, saving Mr. Bailey from what might have been a terrible death. He had two brief flags with him, which, among the danger, made war on the horse with all their might, but were not sufficient to save him. Mr. Bailey's gore was in the buggy, but he could not get to it or he would have shot the beast dead during the scuffle. He did not drive him home, and says you don't catch him driving a horse that goes mad any more.—*Fayetteville News.*

Many people suffer for years from scrofulous and repulsive sores, boils, and eruptions, without ever tasting the marvelous curative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The experiment is certainly worth trying. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other.

NORTH CAROLINA JOTTINGS.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Items of Interest from North Carolina Points.

—The Statesville *Landmark* says that Judge Purches is to be married, December 5th, to Miss Lula Corpening.

—The Primitive Baptists had a handmeeting at State Road, near Elkin, recently. About 100 members had their feet washed.

—Rev. Frank Dixon, brother of the Revs. Thomas and A. C. Dixon (all North Carolinians) will be invited to take charge of the Centennial Baptist church, New York.

—The Alleghany *Star* says: "Mrs. Elvira Spicer has a pumpkin that she raised this year that is 60 inches around it the long way, and 47 inches the other, and is supposed to weigh between 75 and 100 lbs."

—The Asheville *Citizen* says that Col. John D. Cameron is slowly improving, but as yet is only able to sit up for a little while at a time. Col. Cameron's friends will sadly fervently hope that he may regain his health.

—Ex-Sheriff Teague, whom the Forsyth commissioners have sued, is short about $10,000 in the collection of taxes. His bondsmen are also sued. Teague says the hard times are the cause of his not collecting.

—The *Raleigh Christian Advocate* says Trinity church, Durham, when completed, will be the handsomest house of worship in the State and one of the finest in the South; the improvements will cost about fifty thousand dollars.

—The *Gleaner* says that Mr. Henry Albright, one of the oldest citizens of Alamance county, owns a peacock that is between 20 and 25 years old. Mr. Albright also has a bull thistle measure 22 years old, a chaw 20 years old, and a clock 30 years old or more.

—A few days ago, says the Rockford *Courier*, a tramp called upon Mr. C. S. Winstead, Jr., saying he was almost starved and asked for something to eat. After Mr. Winstead had satisfied his hunger, the tramp told him as he had been so kind to him he would stay and do some work for him that evening. Some time during the night the fellow departed, taking with him a suit of Mr. Winstead's clothes and a watch.

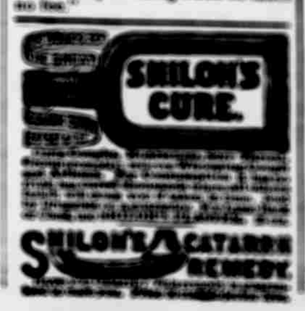
—The *Citizen* of the 16th says: "News is brought to Asheville to the effect that a man of the name of Mahaffey was killed Monday on Shelton Laurel, in Madison county, by Rev. Jack Norton. Rev. Norton's home is Rice's Creek, Union county, Tenn., which adjoins Madison. Sheriff White, of Madison, received a warrant yesterday for the arrest of Norton, and went to arrest him. Full particulars of the tragedy could not be obtained."

—A special from Salisbury to the Charlotte *Observer* says: "Mr. D. A. Goodman, a practical miner of this place, and now running a tunnel here, it is learned, has procured a patent on an ingenious process of tanning leather. He was successful, it is understood, offered $10,000 for a half interest in his patent by a Baltimore firm, but declined to accept it. The method and operation of his new invention are not made known."

—A correspondent of the Kinston *Free Press* says: "In the last term of Jones county court a negro was convicted of stealing a mule. Before sentence was pronounced the judge gave him an opportunity to speak for himself and he said: 'I wouldn't or such dumb action of I hadn't or cud in de Testament what Jesus said a mule.' The judge corrected: 'You has to Bible's cue him to Creston and try to tell him?' and thereupon he gave the negro three years in the penitentiary."

—A dispatch of the 16th from Greenville, S. C., says: "Simon Slaughter and Steve Smith had disputed over land. Yesterday Smith ordered Slaughter to stop cutting on the disputed land. Slaughter refused. Smith shot him. Then they clinched and emptied their pistols in each other. Smith's brother gave Slaughter several blows on the head with a piece of iron. Smith fell dead. Slaughter escaped or seems to all for three days in the house of the other Smith, then fell and died at once. The tragedy occurred about nine miles from here."

—The Statesville *Landmark* of the 16th says: "Dr. J. H. Mason, the physician sent out by the Stockton Medicine Company, of Nashville, Tenn., to give free prescriptions, was here Monday, but the physicians of the town objected to the practicing because he was not registered in North Carolina, and he did not do any work. He was arrested in Morganton for practicing, and the agent of the company says that will be made a test case. The company contends that the laws of this State do not prohibit an unregistered physician from practicing when he takes no fee."



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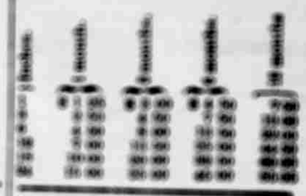

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