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The Morganton Herald.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Some notable person– I believe it was Lady Montague—said "there is no entertainment as cheap as reading and no pleasure as lasting." Especially is this true nowadays when there is so much to read that is cheap, instructive and interesting. In fact, reading is now the best part of a liberal education. A well read person is wiser, happier and better fitted for the duties and trials of life than the scholar who has graduated at the top in the arts and sciences. Of course I mean good reading—such as history, ancient and modern; biography, where we get both example and precept; good story books and standard novels that teach good morals; good magazine literature and good newspapers, whose editors are conscientious and feel their responsibility. "As a man sows, so shall he reap," and we might as truly say what a child reads, so will his or her moral and emotional character be. The schools educate the intellect only, but reading affects the heart, the emotions and passions and establishes the character of the young for good or for evil. Man has been defined to be a bundle of prejudices, and these prejudices most generally come from the books, magazines or newspapers that we read

Little stories like "Androcles and the Lion" or "Damon and Pythias" have molded the character of thousands of children, and just so have "Robinson Crusoe," the "Young Marooners" and the "Swiss Family Robinson," established the characters of children of a larger growth. Whether a man despises or admires Napoleon depends on whether he has read Scott or Abbott. Whether a man was a Whig or a Democrat in the old times depended on the newspaper he took. As great a man as Dr. Miller, who was an Old Line Whig, had a contempt for Thomas Jefferson because he was per se the founder of the Democratic party. "Jefferson must have been a very great man," said I, "for he wrote the declaration of independence." "And what is that," said the doctor, "but a series of ungrammatical platitudes that any school boy might have written? The first sentence is ridiculous, for it says a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. A decent respect! Who ever heard of an indecent respect? Why didn't he say 'respect for' and leave out the decent?" and he scarified the whole document from a Whig standpoint.

Well, I was ruminating about this while reading Percy Gregg's high-toned but merciless criticism of Harriet Beecher-Stowe, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Gregg had sojourned in the south during slavery times and knew the book was a lie when it was written, and that it was written to inflame the northern mind and precipitate a collision. That Beecher family was smart, unprincipled and malignant. It was Henry Ward Beecher who incited old John Brown to his reckless deeds and daring and who declared from his pulpit that Sharp's rifles were better missionaries than Bibles, and that to shoot at a slaveholder and miss him was a sin against heaven. It was that same Beecher who, while a preacher, seduced the wife of one of his members and broke up the family, and after weeks of a mock trial got a whitewashing verdict from a packed committee.

But I was ruminating about the far-reaching influence and effect of that book and how it fired the northern heart and the English heart against us, and how it was a lie and wholly misrepresented our people, and how the Lord cursed Shemaiah, one of the prophets, because he made the people believe a lie, and how St. John said no one should enter heaven who loveth or maketh a lie, and so I was wondering where the Beechers are now.

But the trouble is they won't stop. Almost every mail brings me newspapers with marked articles denouncing us and threatening us for this lynching business, and they all pity the fate of Sam Hose and weep over that incendiary scoundrel whom they call that good, inoffensive old preacher Lige Strickland. May the Lord have mercy upon us and keep us calm and serene, is my prayer. My last comes from the Humane Somane Alliance of New York, and says: "Three thousand demons turned loose upon a helpless prisoner. They cut off his ears and fingers and plucked out his eyes balls and plunged knives into his body. His liver and heart were cut into small pieces and sold to the highest bidder. Not long before the mob took nine prisoners from the guard and shot them all to death save one. That one was Sam Hose, who escaped. Cranford was one of that mob, and Sam Hose was only avenging the death of his friends when he killed Cranford. After burning Sam Hose the mob found an old honored negro preacher named Strickland and lynched him." Then comes the usual anathema, and the article winds up with the assertion that a race conflict inevitable.

And now comes The Atlanta Age and Wesley Pledger, the mulatto editor, says, in answer to J. Pope Brown, "the negro is ready to go. There is not one negro in ten that will not gladly welcome an opportunity to go. The negro longs to get away from Pope Brown and his ilk. He wants the angry Saxon race to buy a piece of ground from China or anywhere that will enable him to leave Pope Brown and others who have robbed him for years. We are anxious to go—we are ready. This crowd brought our mothers here and debauched them and outraged them till we find 6,000,000 of mulattoes, kinsmen of this man Brown and his friends. Let us go as went the children of Israel from Egypt, and harden not your heart when we get ready to leave."

Then he copies Joseph Henderson's reply to Governor Northen, which contains more lies to the square inch than anything I have yet seen. Henderson belongs to the Thomas Fortune-Ida Wells gang, who are making big money out of yankee hate and credulity. He made his speech in Boston and said he was a Georgian and his mother obeyed the slave master's whip and felt the bloodhound's bite. What a liar, but he has made those yankees believe it. In all my experience I never knew a negro woman to run away, nor did I ever hear of a bloodhound biting man or woman. Sometimes bad negro men ran away and were properly punished when they came back, or were taken up and brought back. I never heard of half a dozen runaways in our county. As a rule all negroes were humanely treated. Every master knew that it impaired their value to treat them otherwise. Percy Gregg declares, in his history, that the southern slaves were the best treated servants the world ever saw. The young and the old were cared for kindly and affectionately by master and mistress, and their condition was infinitely better than the poor of England or Germany or of the northern United States.

Pledger gives Henderson's speech in large headlines and call it "Plain Words." The article is malignant, mendacious and incendiary, and this man Pledger could not run his paper in Wilmington nor in any country town in Georgia. It is a weekly menace to the peace between the races. He advises the negroes to patronize negroes in all avocations. What a fool. Suppose the merchants of Cartersville should conclude to patronize white draymen and white carpenters and blacksmiths only, what would become of the negroes who now so faithfully serve us? What would become of Joe Brown and Tribble, our expert carriage makers whose deportment as citizens commands our respect and confidence? I tell you, my brethren, there are many good industrious negroes in the land, and we would have no trouble if it were not fomented by such politicans as Pledger. I know lots of negroes that I can get along with, and so does every white man. But such as Pledger are not going away unless he sees big money in a contract. He wants to be hired to drum recruits. Six millions of mulattoes? Good gracious! And he is one of them, and no doubt is proud of it. I never saw a mulatto who wasent. They wouldent have been black negroes if they could, and they wouldent swap colors now. They are the 400—the elite, the upper ten.

But enough of this. Tip has been to see us—the faithful Tip—and he was happy. Tip bought some land near Rome from a Michigander. The price was $1,000, which Tip paid, and after the Michigander had left for parts unknown Tip found a mortgage on it for $500 more, and will have it to pay. Nobody but a dirty yankee dog would have swindled Tip that way. Tip brought his "mistis," as he still calls my wife, a bottle of wine made from his own grapes, but I reckon you had better not mention this, for it might be construed as against the new town liquor law, and subject my wife to a fine of $50, and me to break rocks for thirty days. That would be bad and sad, wouldent it? Emerson is now our liquor depot. It is four miles away, but the road is good, and they say the travel over it is increasing. For some reason or other Mr. Thomas has recently built a new depot there. Nevertheless, the fight between the barons and King John of Runnymede is going up, and another magna charta may be granted.

BILL ARP.

Dismal Swamp Sold!

NORFOLK, Va., July 6.—It is asserted to-night that the Camp Manufacturing Company, lumber manufacturers of Franklin, Va., have bought the famous Dismal Swamp. This great swamp lies half in North Carolina and half in Virginia. Through it a canal known as the Dismal Swamp Canal has been dug at enormous cost. One end of the canal is near Norfolk, and the other is on the North Carolina Sound. In the mud underlying the waters of the great swamp are thousands of cedar trees, which have been submerged and preserved from decay.

It is understood that the purpose of the Camps is to drain the swamp and secure this timber. Should they do so they will leave the Dismal Swamp Canal high and dry, eighteen feet above tidewater. The few who know of the reported purchase of the Swamp express great interest in the matter, and opinions differ as to whether the purchasers may legally drain the swamp and thus destroy the canal, or whether by the purchase the great tract through which it runs, the Camps acquire the canal. Some lawyers say that the purchasers of the Swamp may legally drain it, although their action render the canal useless if a railroad is built along the towpath.

The Future of the Negro.

President W. H. Councill of an Alabama College for negroes discusses the future of his race in the last number of the Forum and reaches the conclusion that the negroes are destined to leave this country and build up a new civilization in Africa. This is the outlook, also, of Bishop Turner of the African Methodist Church. He, too, see "no future for the negro" in this country.

Neither of them, however, and more particularly the Alabama College President, expects that this negro exodus occur now or soon, but that it will come only in the course of "a few generations." "His own pride," says President Councill, "the desire to redeem Africa from its darkness, and, last, the allurements of a thousand superior advantages for mental and material gain, to be obtained through hardship and adversity, will be irresistible." His theory is that the race prejudice against the negroes can never be overcome in this country, and that eventually they must go to Africa to develop by themselves and of themselves.

Georgia Watermelons.

The watermelon season is at its height in Georgia, and unusually heavy shipments are being made North and West. One firm in Albany, Ga., shipped a carload of 747 melons to New York last week which weighed 27,200 pounds, or an average for each melon of nearly 37 pounds. The Augusta Chronicle states that the melon raisers have used guano fertilizers and, to some extent, spoiled the quality of the melon. "More melons," says the Chroncile, "may be raised by guano manuring, but the superior quality and wholesomeness may be lost. We have about got rid of the incomparable sugar yam sweet potato by new-fangled methods. Are we about to lose the hitherto matchless Richmond county watermelon by similiar folly?"

SAM JONES ON LYNCHING AND WHISKEY SELLING.

I am feeling better this week. Maybe a farmer's life is agreeing with me; yet I don't fell much like a farmer, for I dont feel downtrodden. I do not feel like growling, and I don't feel much like fighting trusts and combines. Really I am at peace all around. From the farmers' standpoint I was much pleased at the proceedings in Judge Jaynes's court in Cedartown last week, in which the negro charged with the awful crime of rape, tried by a jury of white men, was acquitted. I know many guilty negroes have been mobbed, and from a human standpoint it looks like they ought to have been mobbed. A mob can execute; but they are in no condition of mind to try a criminal. A mob can play the sheriff and execute a fellow but it cannot justly play judge and jury and try him. It was a shame to have hung that poor negro preacher, his guilt only indicated by the statement of Sam Hose. If the crowd is obliged to mob or lynch a criminal, wait unlil the court tries him, wait until his guilt is proven, and then lynch him if you will; but don't lynch an innocent man. That jury in Judge Jaynes's court, as well as the judge himself, acquitted themselves magnificently when they cleared this negro for want of sufficient testimony. This world will stand up to an innocent man. The Dreyfus case shows that. Humanity is willing for the guilty man to be punished, but humanity has always revolted at innocence suffering penalty for alleged guilt. Let us try a criminal, gentlemen, before a regularly instituted court; let's leave the sheriff to execute him; or, if you are going to take the execution out of the hands of the sheriff, don't take the prerogative of conviction for crime out of the hands of the courts of our country. I wonder how "Yankee Doodle" will howl over this case in Cedartown? Wonder if they have yet lynched that negro up in Connecticut for the crime of rape? The last statement said that there was a howling mob around the jail.

We are having some little excitement in Cartersville over the violation of our jug ordinances. One of our citizens pleaded guilty to the violation of the ordinance and was sentenced to pay a fifty-dollar fine and break rocks on the streets for thirty days; but the sentence for breaking rocks was suspended on account of his wife. I understand there is another case up now. It is not against a "he" or a "she." I think they have got an "it" up this time. "It" boasted that it was going to violate the law and get its liquor wherever it wanted to, and it was going to stand for liberty, and it was a champion of personal liberty. According to the lay of the land now, it seems to me that it will have to break rocks, though I think it and its lawyer have decided that the law is unconstitutional. Speaking seriously on this question, with no reference to it, this ordinance, passed by the mayor and alderman of the city of Cartersville, is no joke. The railroad, express company, or individual that violates this law must meet that violation clear on up to the supreme court of the United States, or suffer the penalty adjudged by a lower court. If I know anything, I know Cartersville and I know her people. I know the good citizens of Cartersville have long felt aggrieved by this constant shipping in of jugs and demijohns of whisky and barrels of bottle beer. This a community that voted itself dry; this is a community that says one man cannot furnish liquor to another, or sell it to another; that is a community that, by choice of a majority of its people, wants no liquor; and, if we will not let the citizens of Cartersville furnish it nor sell it, one to another, we will have something to say about how other people furnish it or sell it to our people. I believe that each community has the right to regulate its own police matters. I know of a city ordinance which levies a tax of $5,000 on the sale of cigarettes. The state of Tennessee levies a tax of $50,000 specific tax on the bucket shop. The difference between a state and a town is that there is a little more of a state than a town; and a town has the right to do anything under the constitution of the state that the legislature of the state has a right to do for the state. The mayor and council of a town can do for the town anything that the legislature can do for the state. The legislature is as much bound to keep within the lines of the constitution as the mayor and aldermen of any city. Who doubts the ability, legality and constitutionality of a legislative enactment along the lines of our city ordinance against the shipping in of liquor? If we do not propose to sell liquor ourselves among ourselves, then, in the name of common sense, is there no way under the law and constitution by which a community can be protected from the damnable old liquor dealers on the outside who would ship it in spite of God or man if the purchaser will ship the money to them? I have no respect for a liquor dealer. I have but contempt for the dirty, lousy devil that drinks it, whether he wears broadcloth and parts his hair in the middle, or whether he goes around coatless with the seat of his breeches looking like a map of the United States. The difference between a liquor drinker and a liquor seller is the difference between a snake and a flea. The snake crawls on his belly and the flea will crawl on anybody's belly. The drunkard crawls on his belly, the liquor dealer crawls on any drunkard's belly.

We may have some exciting times over these ordinances, but we don't mean to be monkeyed with. We will enforce the law until we are enjoined by each successive court to the supreme court of the United States. I affirm that no decent citizen of Cartersville desires to violate the ordinances. I affirm that no vagabond shall be permitted to defy the law. We are honestly endeavoring to keep one Georgia town dry. I don't suppose that there is a town in the world where liquor is so intensely hated and so ardently loved as in our town. A man in Cartersville who don't love liquor hates it awfully; and a man who loves it loves it awfully. But I had rather be a chaingang nigger than to be a white man and publicly and deliberately line up with the whisky gang in Cartersville. I know them: they are a dirty, lousy lot, figuratively speaking. I won't let my dog run with them. The devil is going to get about a car load of Cartersvillians, but, thank God, he won't get much when he lands them. Agriculturally,

SAM P. JONES.

An Editorial Gem.

Baltimore Sun.

The Hagerstown Mail has just celebrated its seventy-second birthday, and in language that cannot be condensed without spoiling or omitted without injustice. To the readers of The Sun, Thus saith The Mail:

The listless snows of 72 diswreathing years have faded since The Mail bloomed irresistibly upon this land.

Its birth was synchronous with the embattlements glorifying our Nation's Natal Day; the leaping roar of fitful cannon was its cradle song, and the burnished brilliance of our flag in the azure skies its canopy.

In those unrolling years since, man has done much, lived much. Yet against the Infinite how little!—hardly one tear to all the bleak magnificence of human dolor, hardly one speck of snow upon the lurid bosom of some illimitable desert.

Still may we, knowing that and flitting from one darkness to another, be elate in that we have seen the light, endured the daily dust of life and drunk our cup, and have not lain forever with those uncalled shades who never died into this life, and who have never tasted the pleasurers, battles and triumphs of existence.

It is thus ours, and we are glad, therefore, to glance skimmingly over the felicitous bosoms of remembered seas, noting where the wings of memorized tenderness glint and where our perilous hopes and yearning dreams dip liquidly swift until the evening come. We may recall the years far back to defile glimmeringly, like starry, moon-thrilled hosts, and we may rejoice in our friendships, our dead heroes, dispersing hills, the hot sweetness of our earth and the deep splendor or anguish of the past that those years hold, and we may be glad that in their flight they saw us numbered not merely among the ripples upon the sea of this world, but saw us in the tide upyearning to beat down the crags of ignorance, and ever seeking in renewing effort and multiplied energy to swell the flood bearing the ship of human progress to its harbor of perfect enlightenment in the ages yet to be—and before that dread hour when the heavens shall be rolled up like a scroll and man blotted from the book of Fate.

The leaf is turned for new volume.

In the words of Mr. Punch, "That's the way to talk it!"

Something Wrong.

Littleton Reporter.

There is something radically wrong with the treatment of witnesses and jurors in the courts of North Carolina. A juror or witness is called from his work to attend court, and must attend or take the consequences, and but few care to do that. He may or may not have ready cash at hand to meet necessary food and bed bills while in attendance upon court, but he must go just the same. For his services he is only promised a sum sufficient to keep him at the lowest priced lodging and eating house. When discharged from service he is given a ticket that he often finds it difficult to realize one-half its face value. He cannot afford to skip his landlord's board bill, and the remuneration is not sufficient to meet the demads, hence he must lose his time from his own business serve the State, and to a great extent pay his own expenses, while many of his fellow men draw large salaries from the State and grow rich following the orders of the State. This is a hardship that should be remedied, and our great law-makers would act wisely in correcting.

Hottest June on Record.

News and Observer.

The month just passed has been the hottest June known here in the past thirteen years, with one exception. June 1890 the average temperature was exactly the same (77 degrees) that it has been in June, 1899. The next hottest June was in 1888 when the average temperature was 76.

The highest temperature in June just passed was 98, on the 8th, and the lowest was 57 on th 19th.

During the month there was a rainfall of 4.42 inches, there being 5 cloudy days, 13 partly cloudy and 12 clear. This is above the average rainfall for June, which the records show to be 4.33 inches.

There were thunderstorms on the 1st, 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 21st, 26th and 30th. The prevailing direction of the wind was southwest.

Bryan and Sam Jones Don't Speak.

CHATTANOGA, Tenn., July 3.—W. J. Bryan passed through here to-day on his way to Barnesville, Ga., where he will make an address to-morrow. From the Rev. Sam Jones, the noted Georgia evangelist, occupied the car with Col. Bryan. Trainmen report that they did not speak, and sat in silence near each other all the way to Chattanooga. A few months ago Jones, who is a Sound Money Democrat, in a newspaper communication, ridiculed the free silver advocate and referred facetiously to the the small amount of taxes paid by Col. Bryan. The latter made a spirited reply. This explains the coolness.

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from country to town, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened to our house."

"I hope you are not cutting a friend,", said a neighbor to a farmer who was scratching the back of a pet pig with a stick. Bristling up with indignation, the farmer replied: "No, sir; I'm only scraping an acquaintance."

Though God steers the ship, we must pull the ropes.

HOW UNCLE SAM DESTROYS HIS MILLIONS.

J. C. Henderson, in Success.

A million dollars a day. This is the amount that Uncle Sam makes away with. Every piece of money which becomes too dirty or too dilapidated for use may be presented to the United States Sreasury for redemption. Each day there is sent from the different banks throughout the country fully a million dollars' worth of this soiled or torn paper. Every bundle of money received is turned over to an expert, who, after carefully counting and inspecting the notes to see that no counterfeits are among them, places them together in small packages, and marks on the wrapper the amount contained in each bundle. They are then passed under a machine which punches a hole in each corner of every package, and cuts into halves, lengthwise; one-half is sent to one division, and the remaining half to another, to be recounted by two other people. All counts must tally with each other before the bills are ready for destruction.

The next move is to transport the money to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where it is is reduced to pulp by what is called maceration. Into an immense revolving cylinder containing several disintegrating chemicals, the bills are thrown. The pulp thus produced is pressed into sheets, which strongly resembles white cardboard. This substance, which is used for various purposes, such as newspaper, writing paper, and souvenirs, is sold by the government for about $40 a ton, the money received paying the entire expenses of maceration.

The only kind of money not destroyed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is that issued by national banks. These notes are not taken charge of by those having the care of bank currency. Every afternoon these bills, representing from a hundred thousand to half a million dollars, are destroyed in the basement of the Treasury building. The door of the maceration room is secured by huge padlocks, and can be opened only by the three officials who hold the keys.

Nothing less than two-fifths of a note will be redeemed. To the holder of this fraction of a bill the government will allow half of the original face value. For three-fifths of a note, full value will be given.

It occasionally happens that scraps of bill which have been almost entire destroyed by fire, or otherwise, are presented for redemption. So expert are some of the tressury clerks in determining to what special note or kind of note a scrap of money belongs, that the owner of the damaged bills usually receives some considerable part of their face value. A majority of the government clerks are women, who are said to be more honest and trustworthy than men, besides having in a more marked degree the delicacy of touch required for the detection of bad money.

Some of these women are the most expert and accurate counters and detectors in the world. Their sense of touch is so highly educated that the instant they pass a bill through their fingers they know whether it is a genuine or a bogus note. Many bills are such clever imitations that they circulate through the country for a long time before being presented at the treasury, where they are almost invariably detected.

The Immortality of the Soul.

Charlotte Observer.

In a very striking editorial in The New York Sun of a recent date is mentioned the fact that Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, New York, is preparing to announce that he has obtained actual scientific evidence of life after death. As The Sun says, this has never yet been demonstrated. It is believed by millions of intelligent people, but believed as a matter of faith only; beleived because the Bible teaches it. Spiritualism has sought—incidentally, it is true—to prove existence after death of the material body, but spiritualism has been so oftened exposed as a trick, a delusion, a fake, that its evidence is of no value in the eyes of intelligent men; but for years, it appears, a Society of Psychical Research in London has been prosecuting investigations, the results of which are intended to demonstrate scientifically the immortality of the soul, and it is from this that Prof. Hyslop has taken his cue and the medium through whom he has made his alleged discovery is a Mrs. Piper, of Boston, a woman who has so much astonished the experimenters of the Psychical Society that they have retained her in their service by a special contract for as many as fifteen years past. His proof he expects to complete in the course of a year, and when he presents it he is confident that there will succeed "such a wave of excitement as the world has never seen before." The Sun says that "Prof. Hyslop suggests that his conclusions should be confirmed by a methodical investigation, conducted by a board of distinguished scientific men, and unquestionably such a confirmation will be necessary, if his expectation of startling the world with a thorough scientific demonstration of immortality is ever to be fulfilled."

Clearly this is but another phase of spiritualism, but Prof. Hyslop's announcement of his findings cannot but be awaited with serious interest, and certainly no harm can come of his investigations. If he should indeed demonstrate scientifically, and beyond the question of a doubt, the immortality of the soul, he will have established the truth of so much of Bible teaching and strengthened by so much the Christian religion. If he fails, it can only be said that spiritualism has before and often been exposed, and that this experiment was spiritualistic, and thus no harm will have been done.

Fishes and Men.

Deacon Jackson (disgustedly)—Why is it dat it's always de littlest, no-account fishes dat's mos' ready to tackle de hook?

Deacon Johnson—Wha', I spose it's on da same principle dat it's always de littlest, no-account men dat's mos' ready to tackle big public questions.

A WONDERFUL BLIND STUDENT.

Highest Honors Taken by John E. Swearingen in a South Carolina College.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 9.—John E Swearingen, of Edgefield, who was made totally blind by an accident when 7 years old, has just been graduated from the South Carolina College at the age of 20, after having made the highest record during the entire four years of any man since the founding of the college in the first part of this century. He was first honor man, delivering an oration entitled "Our Heritage."

The faculty regard Mr. Swearingen as a wonder. Dr. J. W. Flinn, D. D., said he had been a professor only ten years, but had spent years in a half dozen colleges of high standing, including Heidelberg, "and," said he, "I have never met a man to compare with Swearingen. I sincerely regret the alumni has not a fund to send him to the best places in the world to thoroughly develop his powers. His family have not the means to do this.

"In whatever he undertakes he must stand at the top. He is uncertain whether to study for the ministry or the law. As a lawyer he would make a great success even before a jury, and he would make a mark as an author. His imaginative powers of mind and fine logical reasoning are astonishing. His memory is such as few other men have had; for instance, he can deliver a lecture complete that he has heard once, but not in the same language. If vitual points have only been touched upon by the professor he will bring them out and elaborate them.

"In such branches as mathematics, astromomy and psychology, as now caught, where the sense of sight would be considered so important, Swearingen never faltered. He answered, with less than two minutes' thought, a complex mathematical proposition that I have never had answered by another student. He has a perfect conception of relative positions and distances of heavenly bodies, and experienced no difficulty in drawing correctly geometrial figures."

In further exemplifications of the man's extraordinary faculties, Dr. Flinn said he had tested him in various ways, even to his own astonishment, when one day he handed Swearingen a wooden nutcracker. The cracking portion was a finely carved head of Bismark, giving a capital likeness. The young man passed his finger over the face and unhesitatingly said: "Why, that is Bismarck."

A class and room mate read aloud his studies in Swearingen's hearing. That was how he studied in college.

A Tennessee Snake Story.

Hartsville, Tenn., Vidette.

Snake stories are seldom credited, but inasmuch as James L. Dalton, of Willard, is a reliable gentleman beyond all question, we are going to reproduce a snake story related by him, and, if necessary, assist in vouching for its truth.

Mr. Dalton says that in his back yard there was a hen setting on a goodly number of eggs, and he noticed one day that the eggs were growing less, yet he could see no sign of their having been destroyed, so he concluded to keep a sharp lookout and if possible solve the mystery. In a day or two he was passing the place, and in noticing the nest was surprised to see a large snake coiled around the hen and holding her at bay while he procured an egg and then, uncoiling himself, proceeded to take a sneak, whereupon Mr. Dalton interfered and cut him down with a hoe.

The following day Mr. Dalton was working close to the house when his wife called him to come and kill another snake, which was exactly in the same position and at the same business as the first. This one was disposed of on short notice. Each of these snakes measured over 6 feet in length. In less than a week afterward two more snakes of the same kind were killed, in similar positions, each one coiled around the hen for the purpose of robbing the nest. The last two snakes were between 5 and 6 feet long. We presume that the fate of these four snakes broke the rest of the tribe from stealing eggs, as no others have been seen at the business.

Father Creecy Called a "Young Upstart."

News and Observer.

Col. R. B. Creecy, editor of the Elizabeth City Economist, is the father of North Carolina journalism. He has no admiration for Abraham Lincoln, and with characteristic plainness of speech recently excoriated Mr. Lincoln in very severe language, the severest we remember to have read anywhere. The editorial fell in to the hands of the Westchester, N. Y., News who replied to Father Creecy, heading his editorial "An Unrepentant Fool," closing thus:

"Dollars to doughnuts R. B. Creecy is some young upstart who was not born before and knows nothing about the time that tried men as by fire and that all he knows about the great, gentle and kind-hearted Lincoln is that which has been taught him by unrepentant Rebels. It will be observed the above is not the private sentiment of a private citizen, but it is the sentiment of a public man expressed in a public newspaper, and no doubt the sentiment was and is participated in by a large portion of the people residing in Elizabeth City."

Father Creecy makes this crushing and brief reply which leaves nothing further to be said:

"In deriding our youth, the editor of the News charges us with what is no fault of ours. Our father's Family Bible places our birth in 1813, and if Editor Long is an older man, as we suppose he is, we will, on account of his age, forbear to say, that it is better to be a "young upstart than an old fool."

The Davie Record says that Mr. Richard Campbell, of Rowan, was in Mocksville last week, wearing a pair of shoes which he has worn about a year and which were made out of the hides of six squirrels.

The Sun says the mayor of Lexington was in the mayor's court in Salisbury one day last week, for being drunk and disorderly, and was fined.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

STATE NEWS.

The Winston-Salem postoffices were consolidated Saturday.

J. L. Ramsey has resigned the editorial chair of the The Progressive Farmer which position he has held longer than any one except L. L. Polk. Clarence H. Poe succeeds him.

J. J. Rogers, of Wake, is extensively engaged in canning tomatoes at Apex. Last year he canned 72,000 quarts. This year he will can 240,000. He has contracted with his neighbor farmers for the product of 65 acres.

All the barrooms in Greensboro closed Friday night and the dispensary opened for business Saturday. The bar men sold their stock cheap in the last hours of their existence and large numbers of citizens laid in an extra supply of sowpaw.

The Raleigh News and Observer says that Corporation Commissioner Rogers has received news that George M. Sellers, one of Macon's best citizens, met his death in a tragic manner. He went into a field where his bull was. The bull became enraged, gored Mr. Sellers, dragged him over the ground, mutilating him fearfully, and throwing him over the fence.

A horse belonging to H. B. James, of Yadkin county, met with a peculiar accident a few days ago. Mr. James was near the stable when he heard the animal fall. Upon investigation he found the horse had gotten his hind foot hung in his mouth and could not realease himself. The foot had slipped into the horse's mouth and the heel was hung over the lower teeth, requiring two pulls by Mr. James before the foot could be loosened and the horse allowed to rise.

Mayor Woodward Frosses Up and Makes Promises to Do Better.

ATLANTA, July 3.—The special council committee appointed by Mayor pro tem Mitchell to investigate the charges made against Mayor James G. Woodward, by Dr. L. G. Broughton, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church, made a report this afternoon to the effect that its labors were lightened by Mayor Woodward's frank acknowledgement and that promises of amends were made. No recommendations were made by the committee.

As soon as the report was read, councilman Maddox asked for the resignation of the mayor, his exciting speech being seconded by Councilman Thompson. A motion to file the report was made and carried. A motion to recommit the original resolution was lost. This it is believed ends the Woodward-Broughton incident.

Smallpox in Mooresville.

MOORESVILLE, July 3.—We have in the southern suburbs of our city a case of smallpox, according to the decision of Dr. Henry Long. The subject is the wife of Jackson Moore. She has not been exposed to the disease that she knows of. She was on the A., T. & O. train from Charlotte a week or two ago. Mrs. Moore is not suffering at all and is up and about at her home. A guard has been placed about the premises day and night to prevent any going out or coming in, and there is not any danger of the disease spreading. Mr. Moore's home is in an isolated part of town, not even having a near neighbor, and is about three-quarters of a mile from the depot. Vaccination is being administered and every precaution is taken to prevent the spread of the contagion.

Dr. Kilgo Home Again.

Durham Sun, 3rd.

Dr. J. C. Kilgo, who has been on a trip to New England, has returned home. His trip greatly benefited him. It will be remembered that during Trinity commencement he had a pretty sharp nervous attack. While North, Dr. Kilgo visited New York, Boston and other cities, inspecting the libraries, laboratories and other buildings of the leading educational institutions to get the best ideas for the new library building to be erected at Trinity College, which will be one of the finest of its kind in the South.

Fifty Thousand Men Idle.

PITTSBURG, June 30.—The last day of the scale year of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel and Tin Workers ended at midnight. While definite figures cannot be given out tonight as to how many men will be idle, it is known that more than fifty thousand will be forced out to quit work temporarily at least. Secretary John Williams, of the Amalgamated Association, however, gave it as his opinion that a settlement would be reached in the near future.

There is no animosity and both sides seem to be in favor of coming to an agreement.

They Will Have no Fusion.

OMAHA, Neb., June 30.—Old line alliance men and populists met at Kearney to-day and decided to reject a fusion and nominate a middle-of-the-road state ticket this fall.

They issued an address to Nebraska populists denouncing the existing fusion arrangements, the present state officials and board of transportation, declaring that democracy had swallowed up populism, and the latter had received nothing from the deal, and declaring their attention to keep in the middle of the road.

They declared against supporting a national ticket with Bryan at the head, unless a populist is given second place.

The Government deficit for the fiscal year is $88,875,989. The expenditures of the Government for the year were $605,092,734.

GENERAL NEWS.

General Ludlow says there is not a single case of yellow fever in Havana.

The War Department has completed arrangements for the enlistment of nine regiments of volunteers at the recruiting stations. General Otis needs 6,358 recruits to fill out the regular regiments in the Philippines.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the authoress, died at her residence in Washington on the 30th. About a month ago she was prostated by heat. Owing to her advanced age, she was unable to recuperate from the attack.

There has been little fighting in the Philippines for a week or more. At San Fernando Friday evening the Filipinos made a sally against the American line but did not push the attack. One American was killed and four wounded. The Americans replied but did not advance beyond the outposts.

Heavy Rains in Texas Cause Loss of Many Lives.

HOUSTON, Tex., June 30.—The remarkably heavy rains of the past four days in Texas have done damage which will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Railroad traffic is suspended in south Texas because of the numerous washouts, and many bridges are gone. Every stream in this section of the state is above high-water mark, and the angry waters have destroyed thousands of acres of cotton, corn and cane, besides houses and cattle.

At Calvert the rise was so sudden that when the water went through the town several negroes were drowned, and five bodies have been recovered. It is rumored that many farmers, white and colored, living in the Brazos bottoms, have been drowned, but neither names nor reliable particulars are yet obtainable.

The Big and Little Brazos rivers have joined at Navasota, where they are ordinarily three miles apart, and the whole country between is a run, mostly cotton and corn lands. There is no accurate news regarding loss of human life, but it is reliably stated that one family of six people perished. The loss in cotton and corn alone will reach a million dollars, while another million will not cover the loss to railroads and other property.

AUSTIN, July 3.—The flood covers a wide expanse of territory on the upper course of the Brazos river, but is slowly receding. The railroads have large forces of workmen and material at the water's edge and rebuilding of the road bed and track is being pushed rapidly. Well informed cotton planters and dealers in that product who are familiar with the overflowed region estimate that the total loss of cotton yield will reach five hundred thousand bales. Some replanting will be done. Waterbound people are being rescued by the score from inundated lowlands. No further reports have been received of drowning.

A Fair Kidnapper.

Greensboro Cor. Charlotte Observer.

There is a great deal of interest shown here in a case of kidnapping, in which Miss Elvia M. Bell, of Greensboro, plays a leading part. Her sister, it seems, had married a man named Case from Ocean Springs, Miss., from whom she separated on account of mistreatment. There were two children which it was arranged should be returned to the mother on the 7th of May, but when that day arrived Mr. Case refused to either give up the children or communicate with his wife on the subject. Then comes in the heroine, Miss Bell, who left here on the 10th of June for Ocean Springs. Upon arrival there she found that Case would give up but one of the children, but in her resolve to bring both of the little girls to Greensboro Miss Bell made friends with several lawyers, a newspaper reporter and many other people, who assisted her with successful execution of her plan. She secured permission for the children to dine with her, took a sail down the river, boarded a train and concealed them until she got to Memphis where she was arrested. Here the reporter again appeared a parallel hero, obtained counsel for her, and, finally, according to The Mobile Daily Item "Judge Sumner made an order discharging from custody the young woman. * * * The judge stated that he did it on the contract produced by Miss Bell, but that if the matter were before him otherwise or between father and mother he would give the custody of the children to the mother." Miss Bell then received quite a general ovation in Mobile. She arrived in Greensboro with the two children safe and sound Sunday night.

The State Normal.

The catalogue of State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro—which you can get from President McIver upon application—shows that there were more than 400 regular students at this institution, and it has matriculated about 1,700 students, representing every county in the State except one. This college offers to young women thorough literary, classical, scientific and industrial education and special pedagogical training. Annual Expenses $90 to $100; for non-residents of the State, $150. Faculty of 30 members. Read the advertisement now running in this paper.

Decision in Favor of Dispensary.

GREENSBORO, N. C., June 30.—The dispensary matter was argued before Judge Timberlake this afternoon on complaint of E. S. Newcomb, who alleged that the board of managers was in contempt of court in establishing a dispensary, and asking for a temporary restraining order. The judge refused to grant the order and ruled that the defendants could not be attacked for contempt.