

The Chronicle,

WILKESBORO, N. C.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

This Christmas is like "lengthened sweetness long drawn out" at our house, for the boys have gathered from the four corners and brought their love and their rations with them. New York brought a huge box of decorations for the Christmas tree. It was beautiful beyond description. Dolls of silk and satin and paper, all covered with glittering spangles—little angels with peevy wings suspended by threads of invisible rubber, golden harps and hearts and wreaths of spun glass in rainbow colors—scores of little waxen candles to illuminate the scene. Oh, it was like a fairy vision, and every limb and twig of the stately long leaf pine was burdened with Christmas gifts for old and young. There were twenty-four of the family present, and it took half the night to untie and unfold the surprises, for all were remembered over and over again by old Santa. Yes, all, even to the venerable old patriarch—the "Paterfamilias," the antique ancestor, for he brought me a ball and a monkey jack and some candy, because he had heard that I was the boy—the only boy—about the house. But later on I discovered a silk cap and a pair of slippers, some handkerchiefs and an inkstand that the little grandchildren can't spill the ink out of if they do turn it over. Little Mary Lou, who is Jessie's child, got so many dolls and pretty things that she looked tired and, drawing a long breath, said: "Ganna, it's too much, and I can't hardly stand it." There were toys and books, and vases and perfumes, and baskets and gloves, and jewels and other gifts too numerous to mention. Mexico brought a beautiful hand-woven castilian shawl for my wife, and she strutted around as lithe and gay as Eden's garden bird. "My boy brought it from Mexico," she says, forty times a day. "My boy and my children" are always on the tip of her tongue. Well, that's all right. They are her boys sure enough, and she knows it. There may be some doubt, sometimes, about who is the father of a child, but everybody knows who is its mother. Downstairs has all been clothed in mistletoe and holly. Geraniums from the pit are placed all around, and some beautiful roses lift up their lovely forms from beautiful vases that old Santa Claus brought. Bunches of mistletoe hang from every chandelier, and every time these merry, mischievous girls find me standing under one, they slip up unawares and claim a kiss. Even Mrs. Arp lost her normal dignity and, coming slyly behind me, suddenly wrapped the drapery of her castilian shawl around me and claimed a mistletoe kiss from my connubial lips.

But the old marble clock that for nearly fifty years has stood upon the mantel ticking the moments and recording the hours as they pass did not stop on Christmas night, and at midnight the happy group retired to rest and happy dreams. Next day came the feast—the Christmas dinner. Every leaf was placed on the long extension table. At each end was a large well-browned turkey, and all the intermediate space crowded with luxuries for the inner man and woman. Eighteen of the family were the welcome guests at the table, while six of the infantiles surrounded a smaller one nearby. I never asked a blessing with a more grateful heart, for Providence has been kind, and since last we met no affliction or calamity has befallen us. Verily, the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Would that all our kindred and friends—yes, would that every family in the land—the rich and the poor—could have a like happy and unclouded Christmas. As I survey the happy scene it is enough to look upon the serenity of the maternal ancestor as she gazes fondly upon her boys—yes, her boys, who have come so far to give her joy and comfort. Oh, ye boys—ye young men and middle aged, whom fortune or fate has removed far from a good old mother's tender care and solicitude, don't forget her yearnings and if you cannot go to her at least once a year, write to her every month and comfort her with your loving letters. The papers are full of crimes of all descriptions, but in my opinion, there is none that will more surely provoke the curse of God than for a man to neglect or distrust his mother.

Yesterday the boys with their mother and sisters visited the old homestead—the farm in the country, where our children grew up to manhood and womanhood—where these scattered boys worked and plowed and planted and reaped where they had sown; where they labored hard by day and hunted coons and possums by night; where they went to the naboring mill and fished in the pond while the girl was grinding; where Carl and Jessie went to school and crossed the creek on a slender footlog, and gathered haws and maypops and wild strawberries on the way. These boys and their sisters wanted to revisit the old scenes and drink water from the same old gushing spring. These boys wanted to see the meadow where the big trees stood in their majesty—the oak trees that we had named for Roscoe Conkling and Blaine, and the big sycamore that was named for Voorhes, the tall sycamore of the Wabash.

They wanted to see the old barnyard where they used to tease old Pete, the Merino ram and incite him to rear on his hind legs and run to butt them as they presented their posterior in a defiant and provoking manner. Sometimes they got out of his way just in time, but even and anon they did not, and he sent them on their winding way scratching the ground on their alforas. They wanted to see the grave of old Bows, that good old dog whom they loved. I did not go for their was no room, and as I am the boy, I had to stay at home and take care of Jessie's

children. Well they came back in due time and it was amusing to me to hear them tell how everything had changed within these dozen years; how the house seemed to have sunk into the ground a foot or two and the farm had shrunk up and the fields were smaller and the hills lower and the shade trees shortened at the top. I've been through all that before, and was not surprised. Interspersed with our daily and nightly pleasures we have music, good music, classical music of the great masters and minstrel music with choruses from all the band and even my wife, Mrs. Arp, was constrained to play the "Caliph of Bagdad" with her firstborn daughter—her daughter. Music is our family's gift, for they all play on something, and all have voices for harmony of sweet sounds. This gift, I suppose, comes from their mother, and her touch upon the ivory keys is still as delicate as when she was a lassie of sixteen. I used to think that I too had a melodious voice, and sometimes would venture to hoot the tune in Sunday school when the tune hystler was absent and, like the crow who tried to sing, I thought I did it finely. Nobody else ever told me so, and one day my wife said that my voice was a little cracked and if she was me she would not try to raise the tunes in the church any more. It was a revelation that shocked me, and I have never sang in church since, nor anywhere else. There are voices in church choirs of the same kind, but nobody will tell them. They are called falsetto.

Farewell Christmas—farewell old Santa Claus—while we all rejoice, let us not forget that Christmas commemorates the birth of the Saviour of men—the nativity of Kris Kringle, which means "the little Christ child." It is well enough to rejoice, but we should at the same time reflect and be grateful.

BILL ARP.

Funny Answers in School.

In a certain Kentucky town, where the colored population is quite large, the pupils of the school were all obliged last winter to be vaccinated. A sister inquired of a little colored lass about eight years of age as to the cause of the absence of her brother from school received this answer: "Please sister, he's sick; he dun got procrastinated tother day and his arm is swelled big as a saw log." "What is a lake?" asked another teacher. A bright little Irish lad, not long over, shrieked out, "Sure, sister, it's a hole in mother's tay kittie." The classes of spelling also show their humor. "James can you tell me the definition of contagious?" "Contagious, whipping is contagious." "How is that?" asks the teacher. "Why, it's catching, and I often catch a whipping." "Now, boys, what is an epidemic?" Answer: "It is something that spreads." "Very good, now give me an example." One little lad pipes out, "Jam is an epidemic, cause it spreads." Another asked to name the three meals of the day started off in a rush by saying the first one in the day was oatmeal. Another class was asked what kind of an animal zebra was. One boy said, "A zebra is a donkey with a football suit on." The same boy was asked by his teacher on another occasion the following question in mental arithmetic: If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths of it to Frank, two-twelfths to Edward and two-twelfths to you, and then take half of it myself, what would be left? Speak out loud now so that the class can hear." "The plate would be left," yelled the boy, amid shouts of laughter.

Fell Dead While Smoking Cigarette.

Edwin Deaver, a young man, died in this county last week of heart disease under peculiar circumstances. He was apparently in perfect health, and after dinner was sitting in front of the fire smoking a cigarette and laughing and talking with members of the family. Suddenly, without speaking, he sprang to his feet, lurched forward with his head in the fire. The body was taken from the fire immediately, but Mr. Deaver died in a few moments. He was 22 years of age and was a strong sturdy specimen of manhood. He had never had any serious illness and his death was a great surprise to his friends.

At the Other End.

A certain naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty. One day when he was officer of the watch, and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble about, he attempted to vent his spite on one of the stokers of the vessel, who was in the engine room on duty. "Going to the speaking tube, the officer yelled: "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?" The reply came quick and startling: "Not at this end, sir!" The feelings of the officer, as he turned away with a black frown, can be better imagined than described.

His Answer.

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?" "Yes'm," answered Johnny. "Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?" "All the rest of them," was the triumphant reply.

The South, as well as this State is fortunate in having upon the Census Committee of the House a gentleman of the rare tact and good judgment of Hon. Theo. F. Klutz. His reasons, given through the Washington correspondent of The Post yesterday morning, for supporting the Hopkins' amendment measure are sound, and we are pleased to believe, from his statement, that he thinks that bill, or something equally as conservative and fair to all sections, will prevail.—Raleigh Post.

ANDREW CARNEGIE ON THE ABUSE OF THRIFT.

Youth's Companion. It is surprising how little it takes to provide for the real necessities of life. A little home paid for, and a few thousand dollars—a very few—make all the difference. These are more easily acquired by frugal people than you might suppose.

Great wealth is quite another and a far less desirable matter. It is not the aim of thrift, or the duty of men, to acquire millions. It is in no respect a virtue to set this before us as an end. Duty to save ends when just enough money has been put aside to provide comfortably for those dependent upon us. Hoarding millions is avarice, not thrift.

Of course, under our industrial conditions, it is inevitable that a few, a very few men, will find money coming to them far beyond their wants. There are men who have millions and who continue to pursue money making only to collect more millions for hoarding. This is, as I have said, a very different thing from thrift and the making of a modest competence. The accumulation of millions of dollars is usually the result of enterprise and judgment and some exceptional ability for organization in the ordinary sense of that word. Men who in old age strive only to increase their already too great hoards are usually slaves of the habit of hoarding formed in their youth. At first they own the money they have made and saved. Later in life the money owns them, and they cannot help themselves, so overpowering is the force of habit, either for good or evil.

It is the abuse of the civilized saving instinct, and not its use, that produces this class of men. No one need be afraid of falling a victim to this abuse of the habit, if he always bears in mind that whatever surplus wealth may come to him is to be regarded as a sacred trust, which he is bound to administer for the good of his fellows.

If the man resolves and faithfully adheres to his resolution never to hoard money, but to put each year's surplus to use beneficial to others, then the money-making habit may still be classed among the virtues. The man must always be master. He should keep money in the position of a useful servant; he must never let it be master and make a miser of him.

Burns expresses a truth when he declares that savings are precious because they make man independent. As he is independent of others naturally seemed to him the great aim of life; but great wealth is even more desirable since it permits one to be of service to others.

Only One, but That Was a Rouser.

Raleigh Post. Some years ago before the day of railroads the merchants of Asheville hauled mountain produce to Charlotte, S. C., with return loads of groceries and goods. One of the prominent merchants one fall in sending his wagons to the city by the sea, cautioned the head wagoner, an old darkey, to load his wagon, a six horse one, with salt. Old Jim went, and after many days returned, reaching the mountain city about dark on a very cold evening. The master merchant was glad to see Jim and his wagons, as the season for much salt was at hand. So he accosted Jim, saying: "Well, you brought the salt?" "Yes, sir." "How many sacks?" "Only one, sir," said Jim. "The —! Only one sack?" "Yes, Mars Jim, only one sack, but fo' de Lord, she's a rouser." Jim had gotten about a ton of bulk salt in one "package."

Mrs. Becker Dead This Time.

A Birmingham, N. Y., dispatch says: "After making all known tests physicians have decided that Mrs. Benjamin Decker, of West Bainbridge, is dead. This precaution was made necessary by a sensational occurrence some time ago in which Mrs. Decker was aroused from a trance in her coffin. She was taken ill and it was supposed died. The remains were prepared for burial, but no embalming fluid was used. While the body was in the coffin awaiting the funeral service one of the family who was arranging the house broke a vase and a piece of the glass struck the supposed corpse in the forehead, causing the blood to flow. This aroused suspicion and physicians who were summoned restored Mrs. Decker to consciousness. When Mrs. Decker was again taken ill and died the former life-like resemblance remained and the body was kept four days. Then the tests were made, and it was decided that transition had certainly occurred this time and interment followed."

James H. Pou, Democratic ex-chairman, says he sees a way, and only one way, to get at the true value of real property. Under the present law a man has to make oath as to the value of his personal property. Mr. Pou says a similar oath should be required as to the value of land, and that the law should plainly state that such sworn valuation by the owner should bind him in legal matters. For instance, if he were a surety or wanted credit he would be told that his land value was, by his own oath, such and such a sum.

Two Fools.

They tell in Southwest Missouri of a young man there who advertised under an assumed name for a wife. The fellow's sister happened to see the advertisement and answered it, also under an assumed name, and then they exchanged photographs. The outcome may be imagined, but what the old folks said when they found that there were two such fools in the family may not be repeated in print. The law forbids it.

UNTOLD GOLD IN ALASKA.

"The output of the Alaskan gold fields for 1901 will be fully \$15,000,000," said Lyman B. Ailes, of Seattle, who left Nome City on October 22, and who is now in New York.

"Alaska will soon be to the United States what South Africa is to England," continued Mr. Ailes. Some of the vexatious things which the miners had to contend with this year were the interminable squabbles over claims. The overflow of miners from the Klondike struck Nome last spring and settled on claims already staked. In some cases they would rename creeks and drive new stakes, and the original owners have been fighting thousands of these cases in the courts all the year.

"The gold output for 1900 would have been much larger but for this. The beach claims at an near Nome and 20 miles back from the coast have been worked out, but back on the creeks there is an unlimited amount of gold.

"I have a good claim on Oregon creek, 25 miles from Nome, and 20 miles back from the coast. The latest important strike is on Kotzebue sound, bay of Good Hope, way off to the north of Nome. Another important strike that promises great results is in the Blue Stone creek district, west of Nome, and 20 miles south of Port Clarence, one of the two good harbors of western Alaska. The Blue Stone creek district has opened with a rush, and it seems to be fully as good as the famous Anvil creek, which cleaned up 2,000,000 this year.

"One of the peculiar features about Blue Stone is that it was discovered and opened up by 'tenderfeet.' An experienced miner and his nephew were asked to go and look it over. The old miner went all over the territory and told his friends that there was not anything there worth while and came away. Afterward the 'tenderfeet' came along and opened the district, with great results.

"Between 6,000 and 7,000 men are wintering at Nome and doing what they can. All last year there were between 25,000 and 30,000 in and around Nome. The general health was excellent. The run of typhoid in 1899 led everyone to believe that disease would again be prevalent, but deaths were exceedingly rare this year. There were a good many fights over territorial rights early in the season, but things have settled down now. Judge Stevens sits in criminal cases and Judge Noyes in the district judge. Both are doing excellent work."

Politeness in Children.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "Politeness is a religious duty, and should be part of a religious training." The law of politeness applies to men and women quite as much as to children; and if courtesy and kindness are the natural expression of parents the children will naturally adopt good manners. A writer in the Union Signal tells of a visit to a home in which the mother very properly classed good manners among the cardinal virtues of life. Her method of inculcating them, however, was astonishing, and not to be commended.

No sooner were we seated at the table than she began to instruct the children in this wise:

"Edith, sit up straight. It is vulgar to lounge at the table, above all places. Harry, take your elbows from the table. How often have I told you that it was rude to put your elbows on the table? Is it possible, Harold, that you are eating mashed potatoes with a spoon? I have told you over and over again just what was the proper use of the spoon at the table."

In the parlor it was: "Edith, sit erect! Harry don't pass in front of Mr. H. without an apology. Mamma wants her little boys and girls to be polite."

One is reminded by these ill-bred suggestions of the discouraged woman who said to her children, "You ain't got no manners, and I declare I can't beat none into you."

A Statesman, a Safe and Conservative Leader.

One of the strongest presentations of the future Democratic position, if Democracy is ever to win, was contained in the interview with ex-President Grover Cleveland, which appeared in The Atlanta Journal. Cleveland has been cursed by his former party associates, but there is no denying the fact that he is a statesman and a safe and conservative leader. During the period he occupied the Chief Executive's office he was President and all the world knew it, and every man had entire confidence in his ability and his grim determination. He was the best and truest friend the South has had in the President's chair since Jackson's administration. He no longer aspires to leadership, but still desires to see the Democratic party triumph in the nation, and there are many of the rank and file, while they do not endorse all he says, who devoutly desire to see the party get back to its old-time moorings and advocate only safe, conservative measures, and gain control of the various branches of government.

Modest.

Her Father—And I s'pose you expect if I consent to let you have my daughter that I will set you up in business and make you rich?

Mr. Spigh—No, I really haven't any such extravagant expectations as that. I'm willing to take her just for my board and clothes.

He Was Right.

Mr. Newlywed—I actually believe you like your net poodle better than you do me.

Mrs. Newlywed—Nonsense, George! You know I would do as much for you as I would do for the dog.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

At last mild evening comes, and the weary man returns to the partner of his bosom, a feeling of sweet content pervading his soul that day, with its cares, its turmoil and strife, is over, and naught but sweet, peaceful repose is the promise of the hours to come.

"Dear me!" he exclaims, as he sinks into the nearest chair. "I'd give my very life for rest; I am tired half to death."

And she, the loving one, she knows his trouble is seldom told and that his weariness is but half expressed, and so she cries: "Dearest dear, why will you work so hard? You fret and slave all day, and when night comes you're almost dead. I wanted you to see some wood, and now—"

"All right, dear, I'll go and saw—"

"Never; you're too tired!"

"Precious one, it won't hurt me to saw wood."

And he is the strongest; his will prevails; so he calms her fears and saws the wood, and with a weary sigh returns to rest.

In a moment she cries: "Oh, dear! What shall we do? We're all out of bread, and you're so tired you cannot run up to—" "No my dear, I'll get some bread. I'm not so tired. I'll soon get rest." So he goes to the corner store, six blocks away, and gets the bread and returns, but not to rest.

"Oh, Joshua, dear!" she exclaims as he entered the door, "isn't it mean? Those horrid old pipes have all come down. I'm almost mad! Oh, my dear, why must this happen when you are so tired?"

"Precious Phoebe, do not fret; I'll fix things in a jiffy."

"Oh, Joshua!"

"Calm yourself, my dear, it will take but a moment or two at most to put them up, you know."

After an hour's wrestling and vexation the pipes are together again and Joshua returns to his sympathizing partner, who rewards him with—

"My dearest dear, I'm so glad it's all over at last! It's simply awful to see you look so tired. Do take this easy chair, my dear, and I'll just give you the baby to hold, and then you can rest all the evening."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—The Republicans in the House to-day gave an exhibition of partisanship that greatly disgusted many Democrats, who, not being able to stand Bryan, lent their support to McKinley in the recent election. They tried to take the House by surprise and rush through a resolution to lay the basis for disfranchising four Southern States, North Carolina among them. Thanks to the mastery activity of Underwood, of Alabama, the measure was not passed to-day, but probably will be to-morrow.

The three Republican members from North Carolina—Linney, Pearson and White—voted with the Republicans to put their people in chains. Thomas and Bellamy were absent, but paired.

The Republicans are not a unit for the resolution, and many of them today gave it a half-hearted support. If the resolution is adopted, the census committee will probably dispose of the matter by citing the exhaustive treatment of the subject by James A. Garfield at the time of the reapportionment under the ninth census. Mr. Hopkins, chairman of the census committee, calls attention to this report by Mr. Garfield in which it is held to be impracticable to strictly follow the fourteenth amendment, since it would not permit even insane persons and persons not long enough legal residents in a State to be deprived of the privilege of voting, and that necessarily every State in the Union violates this amendment.

Should it be determined that the course of the Southern States in the abridgement of suffrage is too extreme to be permitted to continue without restraint the action decided on will probably not be taken by a provision in the bill passed at this session, but by means of an amendatory act at the next Congress, when there will be more time and a larger Republican majority.

Juba Told the Truth Once.

New York Tribune. "After having supplied a moonshiner in a South Carolina jail with a month's supply of smoking tobacco," said a government surveyor the other day, "I presumed upon the deed to ask: "Didn't you know it was against the law to manufacture moonshine whiskey?" "I heard that was a law once," he replied.

"What do you mean by once?" "Why, Juba French told me their was such a law, but when I asked Jim Truman about it he says that Juba is such a liar that nobody kin believe him under oath, and so I reckoned I was safe to go ahead. Shoo, but I wonder how Juba come to tell the truth fur that one time!"

Another Biltmore.

Raleigh News and Observer. Report has it that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has been visiting at Mr. George Vanderbilt's castle, "Biltmore," is so pleased with the beauty and healthfulness of that region that she will purchase a large estate near Biltmore, and erect a palace there. No part of the United States offers more beauty and grandeur than Western North Carolina, and when the world discovers that "Land of the Sky" it will be filled with travelers from every quarter.

INGERSOLL'S EULOGY OF WHISKEY AND DR. BUCKLEY'S REPLY.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. It, it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over billowy fields, the breath of the lark, the dew of the night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the starved dawn, the dreamy, tawny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

DR. J. M. BUCKLEY'S REPLY.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine, chased by a shadow cold as Arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have woe, sorrow, babbling, and wounds without cause, your eyes shall behold strange women, your heart shall utter perverse things. Drink it deep and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs; for 'at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains. And yet I call myself your friend."

The Rebuilding of Galveston.

Washington Post. "Shipping knows absolutely no sentiment," observed Mr. Charles T. Alexander, a vigorous, stalwart representative of Texas manhood, at the Metropolitan. "My home is in Waco, but I was in Galveston the other day, and the city is going up again like magic. Thousands of houses are being built, but they are not so large or pretentious as their predecessors. The value of exports from Galveston during November last was \$25,000,000 which is \$1,000,000 more than the value of exports from Galveston during November of 1890. Galveston is the ocean outlet for the vast trade of Kansas, Missouri, Indian Territory and Texas. Congress has long recognized this, and appropriated generously for the harbor.

"The agricultural products of Texas last year," continued Mr. Alexander, who is a native of North Carolina, and received his education in New York, "yielded about \$300,000,000. Her people were never in better condition. Immigration into the State, which has fallen off somewhat during the last four or five years, is now starting again. The sons of North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi and of States to the northwest are again turning toward the Lone Star State. The cosmopolitan character of Texas people has long been a notable characteristic, and it is not to be lost. A cosmopolitan people are always a little more liberal and broader in their views, which applies exactly to Texans."

Western Philosophy.

Atchison Globe. Every man thinks he is better known in his community than he really is. If a man hasn't a wife, there are a lot of things he never finds out until they happen.

When a woman has a corn trimmed these days, it is referred to as a surgical operation.

There probably never was a wife loyal and loving enough to respect her husband's wishes in regard to his funeral.

If a man says something affectionate to his wife in public, she forgives him for all the mean things he has said in private in ten years.

We all know what it means to damn with faint praise, but there is praise so extravagant as to be damning, and some praise barely veils a sneer.

Sarah Bernhardt, who is 56 years old, and still young looking, says that nothing ages a person so much as being lonesome. Her religion is to avoid being lonesome.

Price of School Books.

Winston Sentinel. One of the advantages of State adoption of public school books is uniformity of price all over the State, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the price will be less than under the present county adoption plan. The Wilson Times notes that "a set of school books in South Carolina costs \$5.17, while in Wilson county the same set costs \$8.75, a difference of \$3.61 saved to the South Carolina child." The Times adds: "The present system was adopted by the Legislature will change the system so our boys and girls will be given every advantage to accelerate their education." We think it very likely there will be change from county adoption to State adoption of public school books.

The Citizen says that on house in Asheville which has but nine rooms is occupied by 13 families and each family averages two or more children, making 52 persons in the house. There are also 18 dogs and nine cats, two horses and three cows attached to the premises.