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M. W. LINCKE, Editor and Proprietor.

NASHVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1901.

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NASH COUNTY DIRECTORY.

OUR LOCAL GOVERNMENT. Mayor Samuel S. Gray. Commissioners J. M. Williams, M. C. Yarboro, S. G. Griffin, R. A. P. Cooley. CHURCHES. Methodist—Rev. H. E. Tripp, pastor, services 1st 3rd and 4th Sunday nights, and 3rd Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Baptist—Rev. George W. May, p. st., services 2nd Sunday (morning and night) Sunday School at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Primitive Baptist—Elder M. B. Williford, pastor, services on 4th Sunday and Saturday before at 11 o'clock, a. m. COUNTY GOVERNMENT. Sheriff, Willis M. Warren. Clerk Superior Court, T. A. Sills. Register of Deeds, J. A. Whitaker. Treasurer, R. J. Braswell. Surveyor, John C. Beal. Coroner, J. H. Griffin. Standard Keeper, F. W. Lincke. County Examiner, W. S. Wilkerson. COMMISSIONERS. W. E. Jefferys, chairman; K. W. Ballentine, S. A. Batchelor. Regular meeting of Board every first Monday of each month.

HILL ABB'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution. How naturally mankind adapt themselves to those of their kind, their age, sex and mental condition. Birds of the same feather will flock together, and so these little grandchildren will run away from me to frolic with other little tots, and it makes me jealous. Just so the next set from 10 to 12 years clan together. Then comes the blushing school girls from 12 to 15, who have lengthened out their dresses and ceased to pull up their garters every few minutes as they walk about. It is the same with the boys, and when they get to be baseball experts with a college attachment they talk of their exploits in a language that is heathen Chinese to everybody except themselves and claim to be the elect. And so it goes on and on until we have passed our maturity, and then we veterans take our comfort in communion with veterans and pay our tribute to the good old times that will never return. We are the elect. I believe it is true that nobody but the old men and women give praise to the old times and the customs of their fathers, and so if every generation of old people believe that the age of their youth was the best, then the times must have degenerated awfully since the days of the prophets. Have they or have they not gotten better instead of worse? The answer is, they are better in some respects and worse in others. Public morals were very loose a hundred years ago. Andrew Jackson was a gambler, horse racer and duelist seventy-five years ago. Such a man could not be elected president now. Foreign missions and Sabbath schools were almost unknown. The slave trade with Africa was in full blast in New England, and New England rum was the purchase money. Imprisonment for debt was the law generally, and so was flogging in the navy. Whisky was unknown, but brandy and rum were kept in almost every respectable household. Illiteracy prevailed almost all over the south except among the aristocracy. There were but few books to read and fewer newspapers. There were no railroads or telegraphs or sewing machines. But the people were generally honest and religious. There were no trusts, no strikes, no millionaires, no suicides or robberies, and a murder was a rare event and done in the heat of passion. No doubt but that there are a hundred of these crimes committed now to one then according to population. Well, then, why arraign the old people for lamenting that the good old times have gone? Not long ago I heard a gifted and cultured minister of the olden time preach a most charming and impressive sermon from the text in Jeremiah which reads, "Stand in the way and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." One of the best tests of the strength of a sermon is your remembrance of the text. When a gifted and scholarly minister is done with it and with holy hands says, "Let us pray," what a solemnity fills the place, and the text lingers with you for years to come. It does not seem like the same scripture. "The old paths," "walk yet in the old paths," has been ringing in my ears ever since. I know that Lord Bacon was growing old when he wrote, "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust and old authors to read." And Goldsmith said, "I love everything that is old." King James used to call for his old shoes when he was tired. There is something almost sacred about the old songs, such as "Auld Lang Syne," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Old Arm Chair," and even "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man." My friend Tom Sawyer, of Florida, writes that he still clings to his old clothes; that he has worn his pants for years and years and had them half-soiled in the seat and reinforced at the knees and rehemmed at the bottom; that he bought a home made pair of socks twenty-seven years ago and is wearing them still, though he has had new feet knit to them three times and new tops twice. He says that Governor Blount dearly loves the old things—old heir-looms, etc., and boasts that he has an old barrel that has been in the family ever since Columbus discovered America—for he brought it over with him full of brandy, and it has had good liquor of some sort in it ever since; that his great great grandfathers put new staves in it, and his great grandfather put new heads and his father put new hoops on it, but the same old bung-hole still remains and when the fluid is drawn the same old sound goes goodle-goodle. Tom says he is going to take the bung-hole and the goodle to the Atlanta exposition and exhibit them as the only relics of Christopher Columbus. But about old friends. Every veteran has them and it gives pleasure to see them honored. The very prospect of seeing Henry G. Turner in the governor's chair gives me pleasure, for I know him well and love him. Maybe I would love Colonel Estill or Pope Brown just as well if I knew them as well. I have great respect for them and am proud of their records. I believe that either would dignify the gubernatorial chair, but as Judge Underwood said to me in the long ago: "Major, let me tell you why I would like to be governor of Georgia. You

PHILIPPINE TEACHER A WIFE.

Husband Wants War Department to Send Her Home. When Secretary Root returns to Washington he will be confronted with a case which is just now puzzling the War Department officers. It is the complaint of a man living in Nebraska that the War Department was a party to taking his wife from him and sending her to the Philippines to teach the little Filipinos while she had children of her own in this country. It was early in July that Miss Fannie Wadsworth, of Melwood, Neb., was selected for appointment as a teacher in the Philippines. Her name was sent to the War Department by a teachers' agency in Boston and her appointment was credited to Prof. Atkinson, who is at the head of the Philippines school system.

Two Facts Made Plain.

Charlotte Observer. Two things that our special reports of the three-days' meetings in South Carolina have made manifest, are: 1, that the disfranchisement of the negro, while it has driven him from the polls, has not taken him out of politics. Speaking more correctly, he is dragged in again and is about as much of an issue as ever. 2, that Senator Tillman and his brigade are ready for a war upon the cotton manufacturers and propose to attack them by stirring up the mill operatives against the proprietors. Unless his words belie him and he is totally misjudged, he is preparing to usurp the prerogatives of the walking delegate and professional agitator and put the devil in the mill people. It may be asked what these operatives have to hope for in turning against their employers and following him. Nothing, of course. They ought to be able to see that he has fed the farmers nothing for all these years except dry husks, and take warning accordingly, but the prejudices of people are easily played upon and it is no difficult task to persuade employes in certain lines that they are ill-treated. The threats of Senator Tillman in this connection bode no good to the cotton mill industry of South Carolina, but that State sowed the wind when it first gave ear to his senseless agitation, and it may expect, as a logical sequence, to reap the whirlwind.

Grand Carnival and Free Street Fair This Fall.

Richmond, Va., will hold, during the week of October 7th, lasting the entire week, a Free Street Fair, Carnival, and Electrical Fete that, from present indications, will be a monster. Plans are out for arching the entire length of Broad street with electric arches, and at the foot of each of these arches will be a handsome pagoda, in which will be displayed electrical devices of all kinds for cooking, baking, welding irons, driving machinery, and, in fact, a perfect exposition of the possibilities of electricity as now known. The streets will be lined with booths. Shows will be there galore. Parades will be more plentiful and greater than last year. One day will be given to the military, with Roosevelt and other distinguished men as guests of honor. Electrical fountains will entertain you. Bands will play, and, altogether, all Richmond will more than do herself proud during her "Week of Wonders."

Peculiarities of Australia.

There is no continent which has so much dry land as Australia. It is a great dry heart, with a few patches of green about the edges. On the east side facing the Pacific is a long range of mountains, roughly speaking running north and south, and the most of the good land lies between those mountains and the sea. West of the mountains vast plateaus begin and extend on and on, spotted here and there by low rocky ranges for more than 2,000 miles. The land falls slightly as it goes toward the west, but at the end is still 1,000 feet high. It is 2,000 feet high at the east, and in the Australian Alps or the Eastern range it rises to more than 7,000 feet. There is a general slope toward the south in some places so great that the continent falls to the level of the sea, but in others it keeps an altitude of 500 and 600 feet, ending in cliffs at that height, which line the Australian Bight for hundreds of miles.

Does Kill a Man.

Charlotte News. Superintendent McCall, of the county home, has a badly swollen face. He has a bee hive that is near his chicken coop. This morning when Mrs. McCall went into the yard she saw that the bees had attacked one of the hens and was stinging it dreadfully. She ran in and called to Mr. McCall, saying the bees were killing the hen. Mr. McCall went out to rescue the hen. No sooner did he appear on the battleground than the bees attacked him. They stung him in the face and on the hands. The chicken died—was stung to death.

Butler to Build a Cotton Mill.

CLINTON, Aug 12.—It is reported here on good authority that Marion Butler has formed a company to establish and operate a cotton mill at Elliott, his country home several miles from Clinton. It is understood that the capital other than his own was subscribed by parties in the West whom he met on his way to Alaska.

EXTENDING OUR COTTON TRADE.

Atlanta Constitution. The extension of our cotton selling area has long been regarded by the Constitution as one of the most important subjects now before us. - We have already adverted to the report of Consul General McWade, that there was not an American merchant in southern China, a section representing over two hundred million people. With the demand for cotton more than equal to double our present cotton production, the mercantile instinct of the United States has lain dormant, content to leave others that work which we should do ourselves. Another consular report is to hand emphasizing this sad lack in our American commercial system. Consul Smith writes from Moscow that the production of cotton in central Asia is increasing every year, to which the Russian government and the cotton consumers are giving such encouragement as to make it compete with American cotton. They are, however, under the disadvantage of having to import their seed, and, as pointed out by Colonel Peek, they will have a continual expense of irrigation to meet. But the important parts of Consul Smith's letter is to the effect that the Americans themselves are making possible this competition, by refusing to so prepare their cotton bales as to be acceptable to buyers in the Russian empire. They object to the bale, believing that it suffers a loss of from 8 to 10 per cent in weight. The Russian merchants, it is said, have made complaints for years, but no notice has been taken of them. All this is explained by Consul Smith when he points out that "all American cotton is shipped to Russia through brokers in Liverpool and other ports, who are not interested in the proper packing and endure no losses in the transportation." Here is a peculiar situation indeed. An empire in need of our products; our cotton farmers discussing a restriction of their production because of want of a valuable market; the whole situation brought about because we have sought that market through an indifferent intermediary who cares for neither the producer nor the consumer, but who is content to rake off his profits without regard to the future relationship of his two principals. The farmers of the United States have suffered untold losses by accepting Europe as their middleman, and they can only hope to reach a better condition when they so develop their mercantile instinct that they will go direct to their customers, instead of frittering away their profits in paying middlemen who are responsible for the losses entailed.

McKeesport and Its Lost Mill.

Charlotte Observer. One battle in the war between the steel trust and its striking workmen has been fought in the village of McKeesport, Pa. There the trust has ordered one of its big plants, the Dewees Wood Mill, dismantled and removed to the Kiskiminetas Valley, where it has several non-union mills, and where it has located its school to educate new men to take the place of strikers. McKeesport is furious and says the trust is trying to destroy the town. In view of the hostility, however, of both the townspeople and the town authorities to the mill owners, the action of the trust is not surprising. The Louisville Courier-Journal is authority for the statements that the "mayor of McKeesport made public proclamation that he would not recognize any rights of the mills under the law; that he would not permit the police or the deputies to protect the property of the mills from lawless violence by strikers, and that he would arrest any free workman who came to McKeesport to seek work in the mills. There was a McKeesport parade in his honor for taking this anarchistic position; and when a man did have the temerity to go to McKeesport to apply for work in this very Dewees Wood Mill he was arrested and was given the choice of going to the work-house or of leaving town." Without going into the merits of the dispute between mill owners and strikers at all, the hostility of the citizens to the one industry that is the life of their town is enough to cause the mill men to desire to clear out. McKeesport abuses the goose that lays the golden egg and then whines because the goose goes somewhere else to lay.

Draw the Color-Line.

Skelly—"Phwat hov yez work for, McGinty?" McGinty—"O've been twold that th' tonnel is to run beneath th' negro graveyard!" Skelly—"Yes are not sooperstachus, McGinty?" McGinty—"O'm not. But O'll not work under a negro, be he dead or alive." Strike Causing a Secrecy of Cotton Ties. A dispatch from Sharon, Pa., says: "The cotton planters of the South are beginning to feel the effects of the steel strike, according to advices received there. The closing of the mills of the Steel Hoop Company cut off their main supply of cotton ties and they seem willing to pay any price in order to have a sufficient supply when the time comes to move cotton."

Which Was Unconverted?

There is a story told of a candidate for priest's orders who was preaching an extempore trial sermon before the late Archbishop Tait and Dean Stanley, and who, in his embarrassment, commenced his sermon by saying: "I will divide my congregation into two classes—the converted and the unconverted." This was too much for Deah Stanley's sense of humor, and he interrupted the speaker by saying: "As there are only two of us you had better say which is which."

Visitor—Charlie, your father is calling you.

Charlie—Yes, I hear him, but he is calling "Charlie." I don't have to go till he yells "Charles."

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