THE JOURNAL.

E. H. HARPER, - - Proprietor.
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He who bends to the lash invites the lash.

True courage is the great demand of the hour.

The orator, Castello, is again at the head of the Spanish Ministry.

The latest news from Father Doyle is that he has gone to Scot land.

"Philosophy is the Guide of Life."—Ancient. "Get there, Eli." Modern.

Remember that political differences do not necessitate personal hostilities.

Democrats, there must be no straggling on the march, no skulking from the battle.

Freedom of election, liberty of conscience, these are the birthrights of every American citizen.

The people shall rule.—Democrat. D— the people! Pile it on, Quay! Give it to 'em, Reed!—Republican.

John E Woodard, of Wilson, has been nominated on the 418th ballot for Solicitor of the third Judical district.

There must be no flinching along the lines of the Democracy. We must strike for right, our country and our God!

The condition of public affairs makes no requisition upon bravado, but it calls for the exhibition of every manly virtue.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen.—Lowell.

The European situation shows signs of an impending storm between the leading governments, and a general explosion is probable.

"Our French friends don't like the American hog." Quite likely. When an American makes a hog of himself he is a very disgusting animal.

Governor Hill is doing some capital wire-pulling. It is almost equal to that which defeated Cleveland for President and made Hill Governor.

This section is not exclusively a truck raising country. It produces corn and cotton equal to any, and these are commodities on which the market is never "stocked."

The admission of Idaho and Wyoming to the Union gives four more Republican United States Senators and brings that party's majority in the Senate up to 14.

Fear nothing but to do wrong. Emigration agents and Federal Election laws cannot thwart the progress of a brave and virtuous people in such a country as ours.

The Pennsylvania Democracy has acted wisely. A ticket led by Pattison and Black ought to be successful, and the disaffection in the Republican ranks on account of Quay bossism, makes success attainable.

We do not wish prices to range so high as to act as an embargo, but it is well enough for our people to realize that there is to be a great rise in the value of real estate in Eastern North Carolina.

Prince Bismarck has officially accepted the candidature to represent Kaiserslanten in the Reighstag. With the ex-Chancellor in the German Parliament, the question may arise, which is greater William or Bismarck?

The McKinley tariff bill cuts off the sale by Western and Northern farmers of $32,000,000 worth of farm produce annually to Canada. It forces the Southern farmers to sell in the lowest markets and buy in the highest market.

Milwaukee is considering the advisability of buying and owning an electric light plant at an initial cost of $600,000, and those who favor the idea, figure out a very considerable saving as compared with the present contract system.

Again we say attend your primaries. When a man says "the convention was packed," it is a confession that he and his friends did not do their duty before the convention met. Let every man do his duty and the country is safe.

Give the Democratic party full control, and one term of Congress will not have elapsed before all this oppressive and offensive legislation will be wiped from the statute books and this government be again the government of the people which it was before the party of the sectionalist and monopolist came.—Wilmington Star.

It has been conjectured that the "garden of Eden" was located somewhere in Eastern Carolina, probably at the confluence of the Neuse and the Trent. We do not think so; but just wait until the Washington, New Berne, and Wilmington Railroad is completed, and you will see a paradise rivaling that of Adam and Eve.

Must Alliance men be kept out of politics? By no means. They are the bone and sinew of the land. Let Alliance Republicans support Republicans and Alliance Democrats support Democrats. If Alliance Democrats are not as good and influential as Alliance Republicans we are in the middle of a very bad fix.

In his speech at Raleigh on the 4th of July, Gov. Fowle said: North Carolina is in this Union and there to stay. North Carolina's "disabilities have been removed." We intend that North Carolina shall remain in this Union under the Constitution, but at the same time she will protect her rights under the Constitution, the passage of infamous election laws to the contrary notwithstanding."

If Democrats are to break away from party organizations to support "independents," they are destroying the prestige of the party, they are weakening its power, and they are opening the avenues for the return to power of the radical and negro rule from which the State and every part of the State has suffered so within the last quarter of a century—Charlotte Chronicle.

Senator Vance delivered a speech at Raleigh on the 4th of July that ought to have a wide circulation. The News and Observer has done a valuable service in giving it to the public. While the whole speech is good, there is one short sentence which we wish every North Carolinian would keep steadily in mind. It is this: "So long as you are one in interest and in thorough accord on the great and weighty matters of the law, there does not exist the means of destroying you or of destroying your liberty."

The Lonisiana Lottery controversy is to be settled by compromise. The compromise provides that the lottery bill which has passed the House and is before the Senate, is to be put through without obstruction, the State accepting $1,250,000 a year for the privilege granted. This bill is to be submitted to the white voters only. If a majority is obtained for the bill the anti-lottery people are to cease opposition to it; but if a majority of the white voters are against it the company will withdraw its offer and leave the State when its charter expires.

The nomination of Pattison and Black for Governor and Lientenant Governor by the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention has already excited great enthusiasm in that party throughout the State. A number of ratification meetings have already been held, and Pattison and Black clubs are being rapidly organized. The Democratic press give the ticket a hearty endorsement and promise an active and aggressive campaign. The Republican papers also concede that the ticket is the very strongest that could have been made.—Norfolk Virginian.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

Whatever is good is worth preserving. There is an obligation on this generation to transmit to posterity the blessings of liberty unimpaired. The worth of a thing is estimated by its cost, but sometimes the cost is as nothing in comparison with its value. So it is with liberty. Our fathers purchased liberty at a great cost, but the most ardent of revolutionary heroes never looked forward to a day like this. No such nation has risen in all the tides of time. In proportion to the grandeur and glory of our inheritance is our obligation to transmit it unimpaired to future generations.

The task of preserving liberty is not less difficult than that of obtaining it. As in a great struggle for liberty every patriot is a soldier, so in the supreme hour of its defence every true man must stand at his post "at all hazards and to the last extremity."

No one who opens his eyes to the facts of the case can doubt the gravity of the situation.

A bill has passed the House of Representatives more obnoxious to the spirit of liberty than any law ever enacted by the British Parliament. It becomes the American people to throw every obstacle in the way of its passage by the Senate. The right of petition is a right sacred to Americans, and it should be used now to avert a terrible calamity.

Carlisle, who seems to be the prophet of the Senate no less than he was the leader of the House, believes that it will not pass, but to prevent its passage there must be vigilance on the part of Democratic Senators, and especial vigilance on the part of the people.

There was a time when Congressmen did not dare go counter to the will of the people. Why the change? Have Congressmen become braver, and more defiant of popular will? If so it is because the people are less exacting, less vigilant, less patriotic.

From this time forward let the people determine to hold Congressmen to the sternest accountability. Let no Congressman dare venture upon the idea that his constituents are asleep, but let him realize that the eyes of every man in his district are upon him to see that he walks with intrepid step the perilous path of duty.

Nor is vigilance demanded alone in Federal affairs. The State demands the watchful care of every citizen. The stern injunction "see that the State suffers no detriment" rests upon every citizen, and he who is derelict in the observance of the inexorable command forfeits the rewards of manliness, virtue and patriotism.

There may be times when indifference to public affairs may find some palliation in the calm serenity that prevails, but in times of public danger, when wave after wave of passion beats against the bulwarks of virtue and the citadel of liberty, he who hesitates to obey the call of duty deserves a deeper hell than Milton saw or Dante dreamed. Vigilance, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!

Mr. Cummings, of New York, the successor of "Sunset" Cox, in speaking on the National Election Law said: "The whole mechinery of this bill is unrepublican, unfair, partizan, and centralizing to the last degree. A State would not tolerate such a law even if enacted by its own legislature. The great mass of the officers who carry it out are not required to reside in the counties where they perform their duties. Not one of them is elected by the people or responsible to them. The number of circuit judges is greatly increased in order that a Republican President may pack these courts with Republicans. As the judges hold office for life, they are entirely independent of the people. The returning boards and chief supervisors are appointed by the courts. Like the judges who appoint them, they, too, are given life offices to perpetuate their power and shackle the people.

The Pamlico Confederate Veteran Association.

Bayboro, N. C., July 4, '90.

The Pamlico Confederate Veteran Association met at Bayboro, according to adjournment at its last annual meeting, at 12 o'clock m. July 4, and was called to order by Capt. James S. Dane, its President. In the absence of its secretary W. T. Caho was appointed secretary pro tem.

The proceedings of the last meeting were read, and the roll of members was called. The following old veterans whose names had not been enrolled, presented themselves for membership, towit:

C. S. Dixon, Co. B, Hasting Dixon, Co. B, R. R. Dowdy, Co. A, Abner Boyd, Co. A, H. K. Birch, Co. D, 67th regiment N. C. troops; D. P. Holton, Co. B, 10th regiment N. C. troops; Geo. Price, Home Guard, Capt. Salter's company.

On motion of Lawrence Miller Capt. James S. Lane was unanimously re elected President of the Association; Benj. F. McCotter was elected Vice-President, and W. T. Caho was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

The Executive Committee consisting of Geo. Dees, N. G. Brinson, Jas. O. Baxter, Jas. M. Caroon, W. T. Caho, R. F. Casey, E. B. Credle, Louis Goodwin, John B. Martin and John Langston were re elected.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That whenever an ex-Confederate soldier shall die in this county that the members of this Association attend his funeral in a body.

On motion, it was ordered that the annual meeting of this Association be held on the 15th of January in each year to commemorate the battle of Fort Fisher.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That whenever a Confederate veteran shall die in this county, leaving a widow in indigent circumstances that each member of this Association shall pay to the Secretary and Treasurer the sum of one dollar for the use of said widow.

Resolved, That each member of this association, be constituted a committtee to solicit subscriptions for the Soldier's Home, and that each member agree to collect by subscription at least one dollar, to be paid over to the Secretary and Treasurer by the next meeting of this Association, on the 15th of January, 1891, to be forwarded to the Treasurer of the State Veteran Association, for the Soldier's Home.

On motion a committee was appointed to invite some suitable person to deliver an address before this Association at its next annual meeting. W. T. Caho, J. B. Turner and J. O. Baxter were appointed the committee.

On motion the New Berne Journal was requested to publish these proceedings. On motion the meeting then adjourned to meet at Bayboro on the 15th of January, 1891, at 11, o'clock, a. m.

Jas. S. Lane, President.
W. T. Caho, Secretary.

CONCERNING SUNSTROKE.

The Atlanta Constitution calls attention to the fact that the mortality from sunstroke in the Northern cities is very large every summer, while in the South it is very light.

The Constitution then gives a few hygienic hints on the subjeet, as follows:

According to Dr. Edwin Mann, of New York, our exercise in hot weather should be very moderate, the clothing should be loose and thin, and we should drink plenty of cold water. As soon as a person in the air ceases to perspire he is in danger of sunstroke and should immediately drink large quantities of water, and bring on a perspiration that will keep the skin and garments wet. Frequently, impending sun collapse may be warded off by these measures. When there is a marked exhaustion and a weak pulse a stimulant should be administered. But the free use of water, internally and externally, is the best safeguard. A straw hat worn with green leaves or a wet sponge in the top is also of great benefit.

These hints will be of little avail if a man goes to excess in eating and drinking Fat meats and liquors should be avoided, and the diet should consist principally of vegetables. By following this line of conduct a man will be able to work in the open air, and suffer less from heat than many who stay in the shade and act imprudently in the matter of diet.

The fact that this is not a sunstroke section will not make it safe for us to altogether ignore these simple and reasonable rules for the season. It is a shocking thing for a man to drop dead just because he has indulged his appetite too freely, or exposed himself too recklessly.

A man can now be cremated in Paris for sixty cents. But the trouble is that the man who has sixty cents isn't the man who wants to be cremated.

It is the cross that makes the peace so sweet. Amid the tears of grief, peace keeps her silent place like the rainbow upon the spray of the cataract.

Jones County Items.

The board of education met today.

We have had a succession of showers this week.

Commissioners court in session today. Very slim attendance.

Crops in Jones county are better than they have been for ten years.

The spring chickens around Trenton, we learn, have nearly all disappeared during the past week.

Large crowds in attendance at Trenton during the past week have tested the hospitality of Trenton and vicinity, but everywhere visitors found the latch string of the doors all hanging on the outside—just pull and walk in and consider yourself at home.

We had the pleasure of meeting Professor Joseph Kinsey and Solicitor Allen at Trenton one day during the past week. Professor Kinsey's school is, we learn, in a flourishing condition. The Professor is a son of Jones county and we are proud of him.

The first week in July, 1890, will long be remembered by the citizens of Jones county and most especially by the good citizens of Trenton. Professor Joyner opened the Teachers Institute on Monday with an excellent attendance, and the interest in it increased daily by both teachers and the citizens during the whole term. We are confident that the Professor has advanced the cause of education in Jones county by his impressive and earnest lectures, and has not only put new and progressive ideas among the teachers, but has set the people to thinking about how shall we proceed to advance the all important cause of educating the children of our county. Tuesday the Farmers Institute was opened by Professors Roberson and Massey and continued two days, which really captivated the farmers present. All acknowledged that they had been much benefitted. I will next week give the readers of the Journal some of the good ideas given us in their lectures. Thursday evening the steamers Cleopatra and Howard gave the Institute and the citizens and visitors a free excursion down the Trent several miles, which, we learn, was a real delightful, enjoyable time, made the more so by its being a beautiful moonlight night. Friday, the 4th, was the great grand day of all, as it was a very warm day, the people commenced pouring in to Trenton from every direction in all kinds of conveyances—carts, wagons, road carts, etc., which continued during the whole day. At 1 o'clock p. m. I heard various estimates of the numbers present. Some said 1,000, others said 1,500, while many were confident that the actual number was 2,000. Professor Joyner had the court house filled to its utmost, listening to a speech from him on education. The Polloksville and Trenton Lodges of A. F. & A. M. were at Trenton in full force and had a public installation of officers. The Farmers Alliance of Jones county was present and held a county meeting, which convened at 1:30 p. m., and consumed the remainder of the day and adjourned to meet again the first Saturday in August next. The Confederate Veterans meeting was not called together for the want of time. Saturday was the Jones county Democratic convention day. E. F. Sanderson presided. Resolutions were passed having the ring of the true metal in them, which will be fully satisfactory to all good Democrats both in and out of the Alliance. F. M. Simmons was endorsed for Congress, who, being present, was called upon and made a real ringing speech. He said he had listened carefully to the reading of the resolutions, and that he must say that they contained the genuine Democratic doctrine.

The Stern Parents of Old.

The stern parent of real life died out long ago. Severe and obdurate fathers may still be found on the stage, but not in private residence. Perhaps it is not to be regretted that they are obsolete. They were terrible old fellows. Their offspring approached them with fear and trembling, and felt, while in their presence, as if under the lee of an iceberg. The mothers—Heaven bless them!—were always motherly. from Rachel down; but Paterfamilies, when he wore knee-breeches, a cocked hat, and buckles in his shoes, was really somewhat of a satrap.

A hundred years ago, when a son had occasion to write to his father, he addressed his as "Honored Sir" or "Honored Parent." The mildest head of a family in those days kept a strap or "tickle-toby" in his private closet, and administered it in such doses as the case seemed to him to require. If a boy wailed under his whaling, it was taken as Prima-facie evidence that the dose was too small, and it was repeated until the "old Adam" was whipped out of him.

Good old times those—remarkably so. Children were treated as a turbulent element of the body politic, that must be snubbed and kept down. Slaves supposed to be on the insurrection could scarcely have been subjected to stricter discipline. Boys were not allowed to sit at table with their fathers, to speak exeept when spoken to, to do anything, in fact, of their own volition. A father who mixed with his children familiarly, on terms of mutual equality, was considered a domestic radical—a pestilent disturber of old conservative maxims of household policy.

We have got bravely over all that sort of prejudice. Democracy has been introduced into the domestic circle. The heavy fathers—heavy-handed correctors of youth that they were—sleep with their fathers. Peace to their ashes! Perhaps our young hopefull push family democracy a little too far. Perhaps they are a trifle irreverent, if one might make bold to say so. We are afraid they are. But even this is not so bad as the icy intercourse between child and parent which was in fashion when our great-grandfathers were boys.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

It is a mistake to suppose that men succeed through success; they much oftener succeed through failure.

Those who are honest and earnest in their honesty have no need to proclaim the fact.

THE HEROES OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

"JESSIE."

When Tyranny's sceptre, raised over our land,
Made Liberty crouch 'neath the despot's command,
And wailings from valley and hilltops arose
To tell to the country Columbia's woes:
While others stood hopeless, in trouble and dread,
Unable to cope with the Tyrant's proud tread—
'Twas then that the Heroes of the Old North State,
With courage prepared for the patriot's fate,
Assembled, while Nature was gladsome and gay
Arrayed in the brightness and beauty of May,
Assembled 'mid Mecklenburg's forests and hills,
Where soft, rustling leaflets and murmuring rills
Commingling with notes from the songsters above
Awoke with their echoes an anthem of love;
Assembled determined to shatter the bands
That hampered their actions and fettered their hands
And send to the nations all over the world,
The message that Freedom her flag had unfurled
To wave over Columbia from moon-rise to sea—
"The land of the brave and the home of the free."
'Twas done; and the tidings, borne northward, awoke
A courage that shattered the Tyrant's proud yoke,
And reared a Republic that long will survive
To honor the "Heroes of Seventy-five."

A Hint for the Sleepless.

Years ago I learned in school that man, woman or child should not eat anything for "three or four hours before retiring." Did I believe a word of all that? If I did, I certainly did not "live up to my belief," for, every night, the last act which I performed before the door of my chamber shut me in from mortals hen, was to pay a visit to a certain pantry, which still lives in my memory the embodiment of all things toothsome and good, where I made such use of my opportunities that if the sleep that followed was not the "sleep of the just," it certainly was the sleep of the well fed. Now all this does not mean that we should become "gluttons or wine bibbers," or even invite nocturnal visits of our deceased grandmother by the too free use of mince pie, but it certainly does mean that to secure good sleep we must use our stomachs fairly, and give them something to do, which very doing will have a tendency to draw the blood from the brain. If a cracker will accomplish this, let it be only a cracker; if a cup of milk, see to it that the cup of milk is forthcoming.

"My child cried so in the night I was afraid she would awake the neighbors," said a mother to me. "In despair of anything else, I gave her a piece of bread and butter and she sat up in bed and ate every crumb, then lay down and slept like a kitten," inference is that if the mother had furnished the bread and butter when the child retired, its sleep would have been undisturbed till morning.

It is but a morceau of caution, but I beg you all to "give heed to it, as to a light which shineth in a dark place." If you would have sleep accomplish in you its "most perfect word," do not go to bed hungry.—Good Housekeeping.

Buttermilk for Dyspepsia.

Ex-Congressman W. L. Scott, who had often been urged to try buttermilk for dyspepsia, received a letter from an unknown friend in New Orleans urging the same remedy. He tried it and gained eight pounds in two weeks. He said to the New York Press: "My New Orleans friend, who told me he was eighty-seven years old, had been using the buttermilk forty years, had set out a formula for preparing the milk. You put the buttermilk in a pan, which is set in hot water. The milk is brought to the boiling point, but not allowed to boil. Then the heavy part is skimmed off. The whey which remains is set aside to cool. I drank a glass of it three or four times a day as hot as I could bear it in my throat. After you get used to it you will like it better than champagne. It has a delicious acid taste. I have been a great sufferer for years with inflammation of the mucous membrane, which caused my dyspepsia, and this is the only thing that has permanently helped me."

Dom Pedro in Exile.

Dom Pedro's mode of life at present, as he informed the writer in a recent conversation at Nice, differs little from that which he was accustomed to in Brazil. His chief pleasure seems to be derived from literature. His study, which is on the second floor of the Hotel Beau le Jour, commands a full view of the Mediterranean, and is embellished with handsomely bound volumes of many of the famous authors of ancient and modern times. His favorite among the latter is Victor Hugo. The Emperor rises every morning at 6 o'clock, and, after partaking of his cafe au lait, reads the newspapers, many of which are published in various languages. At 9 o'clock he has a genuine Yankee breakfast, a taste and habit he acquired while visiting the United States. Ex

Newspapers for Moths.

Most housekeepers know how invaluable newspapers are for packing away the winter clothing, the the printing ink acting as a defiance to the stoutest moth, some housewives think, as successfully as camphor or tar paper. For this reason, says the scientific American, newspapers are invaluable under the carpet, laid over the regular carpet, paper.

The most valuable quality of newspapers in the kitchen, however, is their ability to keep out the air. It is well known that ice completely enveloped in newspapers, so that all air is shut out, will keep a longer time than under other conditions; and that a pitcher of ice water laid in a newspaper, with the ends of the paper twisted together to exclude the air, will remain all night in any summer room with scarcely any perceptible melting of the ice. These facts should be utilized oftener than they are in the care of the sick at night.

The man who put on his summer underwear last week was sniffing around with a bad cold after Tuesday morning's frost. This is perfect harmony with the laws of gause and effect.

There is a place for everyone in the world—and out of it—according to the theologians. Which place is the burning question.

THE ACME OF CHEAP POSTAGE.

A movement is now well under way in England which contemplates the most remarkable postal reform that has been mooted since Sir Rowland Hill, half a century ago proposed that his countrymen's letters should be forwarded to any point within the limits of the British Islands on the payment of a penny, or two cents in American money. The present demand is that for the same fee of a penny letters shall be sent to British colonies all over the world. As things now are, it costs an Englishman five cents to send a letter to Canada, eight cents to Australia by the Cape of Good Hope route, and ten cents to India by the same roundabout course. To send letters by the short route via Calais and Brindisi, costs more, because the French and Italian governments between them levy a toll of two cents per letter for the land transit of twelve hundred miles. We only charge on the other hand one cent per letter for carrying the British Australian mails from New York to San Francisco, a distance of three thousand miles. What is peculiarly exasperating under the existing arrangements is the fact that foreign mails are carried so cheaply by English mail steamers, that a Frenchman or German can send a letter to almost every British dependency for half the fee exacted of an Englishmen. One London mercantile house is said to have saved five hundred dollars a year by having its eastern correspondence posted in France. Of course, such discrimination against English trade in favor of commercial rivals excites indignation, and public opinion has lately found such peremptory expression that Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has agreed to reduce the colonial postage charges to a uniform rate of five cents. This concession, far from satisfying the reformers has only aroused a more vehement agitation for the penny or two-cent rate. Americans are materially interested in this movement, because it is a fundamental feature of the programme that letters shall be sent to the United States at the same rate as to the colonies. Considering, indeed, that most of the Canadian mails are forwarded by way of New York, it would be absurd to charge five cents for a letter to New York, and only two cents for a letter sent on hundreds of miles further to Montreal.

A PHENOMENON.

John T. Abernethy, of Mt. Olive writes this to the Wilmington Messenger:

Last night about 8 o'clock the lightning struck the residence of Mrs. Smith, of this place, doing considerable damage to the building and stunning the inmates for a few moments. The very strangest phenomenon of the occurrence was this—the bolt passed through a picture of Mr. John Tolar, in a frame on the mantel piece, demolishing the frame entirely, but leaving on the picture the well-defined photograph of an angel with outstretched wings overshadowing Mr. Tolar's head, the arm encircling his neck and the right hand holding a beutiful boquet of flowers. The picture of the angel is almost as distinct and clear as the photograph itself and the expression of the face may be plainly seen. The whole attitude of the celestial visitor, together with the smile upon the face seems to suggest to the beholder the idea of protection and benediction, while the dark line of the lightnings journey along the cardboard, turning aside just above the smiling face of Mr. Tolar in the picture and passing off to the left seems to suggest the idea that the bolt had been turued aside by the protecting wings. The picture is on exhibition at the store of Mr. J. R. Smith and has been the cause of quite a sensation to-day.

The explanation of the phenomenon is that the picture of the angel was on the back of another photograph that was near the picture of Mr. Tolar. Yet the strangeness of the coincidence has struck everybody, and most of us have understood the feeling of the old negress this morning, who being shown the picture said, "I tell you dat's something to pray over" The affair has caused considerable excitement and comment.

"Great Senators."

While Mr. Dyer gives more than half his book to the four Senators, Calhoun, Clay, Benton and Webster, he also sketches very entertainingly Sam Houston, Jefferson Davis John P. Hale, Stephens A. Douglas, Simon Cameron, A. H. Stephens, and Hannibal Hamlin, who is the only survivor of the Senate of 1848. He went to Washington with a horror of Calhoun, but became completely captivated by his personal charm, and learned his political discourse. Benton's amusing weaknesses, especially his self-conceit, are exhibited, together with his gladiatorial strenght. The chapter on Henry Clay fitly sketches its fascinating subject and conveys important political history. The language of encomium is taxed to describe the powers of Webster, while his moral weakness is not concealed. No reader with a spark of interest in our political history, having begun the perusal of this book will be willing to leave it unfinished.

How a Young Man Can Become Nobody.

Theodore Roosevelt says there is a class, our leisure class, already important and steadily growing in size. Whether its growth shall make it a curse or a blessing to the nation depends upon the use to which its members put their leisure. If leisure is understood to mean idleness, then the evidence of every man possessing it is simply an evil. It is not only sad, but it is altogether pitiable and contemptible to see a young man content himself with becoming a haunter of clubs, an authority on the race track, or, perchance, even a potential leader of the "four hundred." The instant any one makes out of pure amusement the serious pursuit of his life, he sinks himself far below the level of his own groom or footman.

THE TWO INVASIONS.

A. H. ELLWOOD.

I sat by my grate in the gloaming,
And I dreamed of the things far away;
And my fancy far backward went roaming,
To memories lost many a day.

I heard the mad rush of the battle,
The trampling of thousands of men
I heard the fierce musketry's rattle,
The death shrieks of thousands again.

As before came the great armies southward,
Filling this fair Southern land,
I saw them with cannon and rifle,
I saw them with saber in hand.

They came from Katahdin's dark summit,
They came from the Green Mountain side,
From the cold granite peaks of Mt. Marcy,
From Ontario's storm-driven tide.

From the ghost-haunted hills of the Hudson,
From Connecticut's beautiful stream;
They came on with war's wildest clamor,
They came with the torches' red gleam.

From the banks of the beautiful river,
From the Delaware's broad-rolling tide,
From the wild, rocky shores of Superior,
And Michigan's pine crested side.

They came like a mad, rushing torrent
Of flame, that rolled higher and higher
They poured through each pass in these mountains,
And filled every valley with fire.

* * * * * * *

And they met with a welcome right royal,
For up from each hillside and stream;
From the banks of the noble Savannah,
To the cloud wreaths on Yonah that gleam

From the rice fields of fair Carolina,
To the banks of the broad Rio Grande,
They poured forth the mustering with come—
A warrior—with rifle in hand!

And the sons of the Northland and Southland
Then learned they were one common blood!
That the heroes who won at King's Mountain
Had brothers who crossed Trenton's flood.

Then here in the hills of the Piedmont,
The Sisters of Fate set their loom,
And they wove from the smoke, wreaths of battle,
The web of our destiny's Doom.

They wove in the clouds above Lookout,
At Resaca, on Kennesaw's crest;
With fire and blood they wove swiftly,
But their shuttle flew never so fast
As when the fierce flames wrapped Atlanta,
And she sank in the fiery blast.

They wove on the dark Chicamunga—
The sad veil of the River of Death—
Where Thomas met shock after shock,
And breasting alone the wild battle,
Held firm as the surf-beaten rock.

They wove in the terrible wilderness,
Which shook with the rifle's breath;
In the hills of Spottsylvania,
Where Gordon, grim giant of war,
Broke line after line of the foemen,
As though armed with the hammer of Thor.

At his side rode the Fates and wove swiftly—
As, leading his Spartan band;
On the banks of the Appomattox,
He made the last desperate stand.

When foot-sore, and hungry and fainting,
With hardly a remnant of life.
Each one 'gainst a thousand charging;
He closed in a halo of glory
The scenes of that terrible strife.

* * * * * * *

This I saw as I sat in the gloaming,
As I dreamed of the times passed away,
As my fancy went far backward roaming
To the scenes of that long ago day.

This I saw in my mind! But I wakened,
And marvelled at all in that dream;
And I gazed on today with amazement
As I thought of the past I had seen.

As before, I saw great armies marching
Heard the trampling of thousands of men
From the Northland they came marching onward,
Their faces turned southward again.

They came from the wild Androseoggin,
They came from the Merrimac's shore,
From the wierd, winding dells of the Catskills,
From Niagara's echoing roar.

They came from the Common at Boston,
From Harvard's calm, classic retreat,
From the beautiful shades of Wechawken,
And Chicago's long, palace lined streets.

They came from the frozen Dakotas,
From Iowa's wide-rolling plain,
From the banks of the calm-flowing Wabash
They came to the southland again.

And they met with a welcome right royal!
Again from each mountain and vale—
From the slopes of the far reaching Piedmont
To Florida's evergreen dales;

From the battle-scared summit of Lookout,
Outstretched came the right hand of friendship
To greet the fierce foemen of old.

No uniforms wore they—no war banners bore they—
But armed with the spindle and loom,
With the plow-shares and level—the hammer and bevel,
Again they write destiny's doom.

Again in the hills of the Piedmont
The Sisters of Fate weave their spell;
They weave there the fate of the nation
And their shuttle flies swiftly and well.

They weave not in Battle's wild clamor,
Mid the smoke of the cannon and shell,
But they weave to the stroke of the hammer,
The sound of the engineer's bell.

'Mid the rattle and whir of the knitters,
The clangor of iron and steel;
'Mid the grind of the saw and the planer,
The buzz of the swift turning wheel;

They weave of the great golden future—
Of the cities that are yet to be,
Of the countless throngs and the happy homes,
From these mountains way down to the sea.

And here, in this fair Tallapoosa,
Whose towers—now piercing the sky,
Almost—like the halls of Alladin,
In a night, have risen on high.

Here the North and the South meet together,
And joining their ranks in the fight,
Wage war 'gainst the powers of Nature,
With wealth as the prize of their might.

From the riches she guards in these mountains
The iron, the marble, the gold,
From the life in her health-giving fountains,
Like that of DeLeon of old.

From the bounteous yield of her harvests
Of cotton, of corn and of wine,
We will gather and offer a bumper
To be pledged in the juice of the vine.

We will pledge to the Land of the Future,
Which reacheth from sea unto sea,
From the icebergs that circle the Northern Pole
To the tepid waves of the Carribee.

Firm woven and knitted together,
Cemented by faith and by blood;
One land, one race, one destiny,
One heart, one heaven, one God.

"Do you read minds just as you would a book?" asked Howell Gibbon.

"Sometimes," returned the mind reader: "in your cases I'd read it just as I would a paragraph."

You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's. 4

CLING TO HOME.

How often we may notice that on the death of the head of the family, the remaining members of that household sell or lease that house that has so long been their home, dispose of the furniture or pack it away and sally forth into the world out of the safeguard of their long abiding-place to seek their fortune or their pleasures, or to change the scene and vary the old monotony, as if for the first time they now had a chance to gratify heart's wishes long forbidden.

Weary of close confinement in the home of long standing; weary of restraint at the hand that now holds the reins no more; weary of possible penury which withheld a thousand wished for gratifications, or of just as possible extravagance that threatened to waste all the family possessions; weary, possibly, of the cares and labors of housekeeping, or weary with heart sick weariness of the walls that have been witnesses with them of the sights and scenes of sickness and suffering and death—the wife, the daughters leave that home of years and depart on their travels, or to try the seductive charms of hotel life, or the life of the private boarder, which every one but the private boarder fancies to be such a happy one. And the old house is left to itself or to strangers, and the family that had a home is homeless. From that time henceforth those women live not in rooms with chests of drawers and cupboards and closets and wardrobes, but in their trunks lifting out tray after tray for the sake of a pin or a handkerchief.

Instead of the liberty of a house, they are cramped into a room, usually a single one, or at most but two rooms. Instead of the exercise of as much hospitality as they choose, they have to ask a landlady's permission for a cup of tea to a guest and they find all the other boarders entertaining their guest as if the guest were common property. Instead of privacy there is publicity; the manifestation of their every emotion is scanned by curious and nearly indifferent eyes, commented on, conclusions drawn and gossip created. And when sickness comes, and when death comes, can the thought of dreariness and desolateness go farther than the scope afforded either for the victim or the survivors, and that in spite of the kindest intentions and best efforts on the part of those who conduct the inn, or what answers for the inn, or any of its departments?

Part with land, with jewels, part with heir-looms, keepsakes, treasures, but keep the house so long as the sticks and timbers hold together. It is a stronghold; it is a castle, however poor and old. It is not merely that "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," but that it is home, the single spot where one reigns, where one is unfettered and fully one's self, where one is at large liberty, where one exists satisfied with the natural love of kin if other love is denied one, a place to retire and withdraw in, to feel safety and protection in, to live in and at last to die in.

A Jersey Weather Prophet.

Writing to the New York World he says: Last spring the farmers throughout this section planted their crops and confidently looked forward to a dry summer, and they were encouraged in this belief by Signal Service officers who stated that we had received more than the usual amount of warm wet weather; therefore to make up the general average we should have a cool dry summer. I make no claim as a weather prophet. I simply claim that I have discovered an important law, and by the operation of this law the elements are concentrated, storms are formed and the direction in which they are to move are indicated.

For it is a wellknown fact that sometimes storms advance towards us from the South and Southwest and at other times they advance from the Northwest, and by applying this law I can tell months in advance in which direction storms will travel. And as they move across our continent the winds and temperatures are suddenly changed.

And now I desire that my discovery should be utilized to the advantage of the farmer, and I have written to the Hon. Jeremiah Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture, requesting him to appoint a committee of inquiry, and I would carefully and scientifically demonstrate my discovery. The same law controls the weather throughout the world, and every year we read of thousands of people starving in certain parts of the world because of distressing droughts.

Next year this section will be visited by a drought, extending from Atlantic coast to the Ohio Valley, and continuing from April to July, while West of the Ohio Valley heavy rains will prevail. And the wheat crops of the great Northwest will be a failure for the year of 1891.

I give this early notice so that the farmers east of the Ohio Valley might prepare to sow wheat extensively, and they will obtain good prices. The weather will continue very wet in this section this whole season, and from the 28th of June till the 4th of July intensely hot, sultry weather will prevail with violent thunder-storms, clearing up cool and bright on the 5th.

A. J. De Voe, Meteorologist.
Hackensack, N. J., June 25th.

Napoleons Knowledge of Civil Law.

During the long and difficult discussions in drawing up the Code Napoleon, French jurists and statesmen were astonished at the familiarity shown by the emperor with the principles of Roman law. He told them, one day, that when he was a young lieutenant, he was sent to solitary confinement for some slight breach of discipline. "The room had no furniture, only an old chair and a dusty cupboard, in which I found one ponderous, musty, worm eaten volume. It was a Digest of the Roman Law. In those ten days of my imprisonment I had nothing else to do but to become saturated with Justinian and the words of Roman legislators and judges. Thus I acquired my knowledge of the principles of the Civil Law."

Happiness consists in being happy—there is no particular rule for it.

Democratic Convention.

In pursuance to a call of the Democratic Executive Committee, the Democrats met in convention at Trenton Jones county Saturday, July the 5th, at 2 o'clock. The convention was called to order by Mr. Samuel Hudson, chairman Democratic Executive Committee, who explained the object of the meeting and called Mr. E. F. Sanderson to act as temporary chairman and K. F. Foscue secretary.

On motion, the temporary organization was made permanent.

A committee of one from each township was appointed on rules and resolutions. The committee consisted of the following gentlemen: Cyrus Foscue, Samuel Hudson, J. C. Parker, Lewis King, Edgar Rouse, Dr. F. A. Whitaker, C. H. Foy, L. A. Haywood. While the committee was out P. M. Pearsall was called and responded in a short speech, urging harmony and well suited for the occasion. The committee reported through its secretary, Mr. Samuel Hudson, the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved 1, That we intend to do our whole duty during the coming campaign as Democrats, and that we will support the principles of the Democratic party.

Resolved 2, That we are in favor of the repeal of the tax on banks chartered by the State.

Resolved 3, That we are in favor of free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Resolved 4, That we are in favor of the real estate of the United States being owned by naturalized citizens of the government of the United States.

Resolved 5, Believing in the doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, and that taxation, National or State, shall not be used to build up one interest or class at the expense of another, we believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we ask that all revenue, national, State or county, shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government, economically and honestly administered.

A committee of two from each township was appointed to select delegates to represent the county in the different conventions. The delegates reported by the committee and elected by the convention are as follows:

STATE CONVENTION.

H. C. Foscue, P. M. Pearsall, Isaac Brock, H. F. Brown, Dr. F. Whitaker.

JUDICIAL CONVENTION.

Isaac Brown, Lewis Bynum, J. W. Mallard, J. C. Hawkins, L. A. Haywood, A. P. Barrow, J. J. Simmons, H. C. Koonce, L. Dillahunt, Dr. F. A. Whitaker, W. B. Isler, June Stephenson, P. M. Pearsall, Jas. F. White, W. S. Cox.

CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION

Cyrus Foscue, Lewis Bynum, J. B. Banks, J. F. White, John Parker, B. F. Henderson, Lew