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OFFICIAL PAPER OF CRAVEN COUNTY.

Section One, Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1897.

THE FARMER AND SPECULATION

Argument often advanced in favor of the farmer is that he is not a speculator, as are most of those with whom he must deal.

The politician during the campaign, and the politician in the legislature, are both against the farmer. Exchanges and the Cotton Exchange, claiming that the members of these exchanges make the price for the farmer's product.

And these politicians further urge that being able to fix the prices of the farmer's product, that those exchanges add the farmer for their own benefit.

Without going into any argument as to the uses and abuses of these exchanges, the question may be sensibly asked, is not the farmer himself assuming each year more of a speculator?

Not that the farmer goes upon the floor of any of these exchanges, and buys or sells "futures," but in the disposal of his own produce, he is not in a true sense, a speculator when he brings his produce to market and refuses to sell it at a price which while it compensates him for his labor and brings a fair profit, yet the price not being high enough in his judgment, he refuses to sell his goods?

There is not a market, today, for grain, cotton or tobacco, where this is not taking place.

Some farmer expects to see better prices than are now offered, and refuses to sell his farm products.

The JOURNAL does not deny the farmer the right to place his own valuation upon his own property, but it urges that the province of the farmer being that of a producer, and when his labor brings forth any staple for which he can receive an equivalent of some kind, in money or goods, the sum total of which will net him more than the combined cost of his production, he seriously errs when he attempts to extend his returns by not selling his product.

There may be exceptions to this, but to the agricultural class as a whole it will hold true.

It is a great mistake of the farmer, that of going beyond his province, and instead of being satisfied with fair returns for his work, he seeks to force greater returns by holding for an advance of price, for the chances are usually equal for a decline in price, or loss in some other way, which means for the farmer a loss of his labor, instead of the returns which were offered him.

Every farmer knows the cost of his labor, on the hog, cotton or the bacon, and knowing this, as does the merchant the cost of his goods, he needs only to know the market price, which if it allows him a profit, he can market his produce and secure his returns.

What the farmer needs is an intelligent knowledge of the supply and demand of his product, keeping advised of current prices.

And knowing these he does not need to become a speculator, nor need the returns be assured.

Is there good judgment or wisdom, in permitting an increase of the idle or unemployed, in a community, when work can possibly be provided for them?

And what greater bulwark can the moneyed man raise for protect his possessions, than that of providing work for the unemployed where his property is situated?

For the unemployed are a menace to any community, in the way that idle persons must seek something to do, and it is usually mischief, and if idleness does not beget criminals, at best the idlers must be kept in food and shelter, and is it not more profitable to provide work for the unemployed community, by the establishment of manufactures, than it is to pay by voluntary contributions to the support of these same unemployed?

The self interest of property owners is not merely concerned in providing work for its laborers, but for its self-preservation, and the development and increase of property interests are dependent upon it.

Let a period of idleness prevail in a community, and depreciation of values sets in, which grows very rapidly. Investments become fewer and more dangerous, until capital leaves for other fields.

Better make work for the unemployed, than let this class become a burden upon a community, which shall finally sink and destroy it.

THE DOUBLE WEEKLY JOURNAL. The JOURNAL in its Tuesdays and Fridays issues each week, is giving its readers in the country a newspaper that is as valuable to them as a daily paper.

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An Old Doctor's Favorite. Dr. L. M. Gilliam, who practices medicine over thirty years, organized, and named that Roman Blood Balm, Dr. B. B. B. which has now been in use about thirty years, was the best Tonic and Blood Purifier ever given to the world.

It never fails to cure the most malignant diseases, such as rheumatism, catarrh, and all skin and blood diseases. Beware of substitutes. Use this standard remedy. Price per large bottle \$1.00.

ADVICE FROM DOCTORS' TABLE. I have been afflicted with Catarrh for many years, although all sorts of medical and surgical doctors did their best to cure me. My blood was very impure, and nothing ever had any effect upon the disease until I used that great Blood Purifier known as Roman Blood Balm, Dr. B. B. B. a few bottles of which effected an entire cure. I recommend it to all who have Catarrh. Under to any other cheaply hawked "Adhesives," and will reply to your inquiries. B. B. B. S. S. S. R. For sale by Druggists.

THE CALF PATH. One day through the provincial wood, A calf walked home, as usual calves should.

But much a trial all had to know, A crooked trail, as all calves do. Saw him two hundred yards ahead, And I, the calf, the calf is dead.

But still he led behind his trail, And there he hangs a mortal tale. The trail was taken up next day, By a lone dog that passed that way.

And then a wolf he passed that way, Pursued the trail, over vale and sheep. And drew the flock behind him, too. As good he would have done so.

And from that day, over hill and glade, Through these old woods a path was made.

And many men would stand and stare, And dodged and turned and bent about. And uttered words of cautious wrath, Because 'twas such a crooked path.

But still they followed, 'till they found The first indication of that calf.

And through this winding woody way stalked Because he waddled when he walked. This forest path became a lane. That bent and turned and turned again.

This crooked lane became a road, Where many a poor horse with his load, Toiled on beneath the burning sun, And traveled some three miles in one.

And this century and a half, They tried the footsteps of that calf. The years passed on in swiftest flight, The trail became a village street.

And this before the men were aware, A city crowded through the air. And soon the central street was this, Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half, Toiled in the footsteps of that calf. Each day a hundred thousand tread Followed the crooked calf about.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK. I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even I do not know. "The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF Chas. H. Fletcher. Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

Southern - Railway.

Table with columns for Station, Daily, Eastern Time, and Daily. Lists routes between Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro and Norfolk.

Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad.

Table with columns for Station, Daily, and Daily. Lists routes between New Bern, Kinston, and Lenoir.

A. & N. C. R. R. Atlantic Coast Line.

Table with columns for Station, Daily, and Daily. Lists routes between Wilmington and New Bern.

HEAL-EM. The Best Remedy for all kinds of Cuts, Burns, Scalds, etc.

ONE OF TWO WAYS. The bladder was treated for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not able to any form of disease except by one of two ways.

OPUM. Whiskey habits cured in three weeks. Book of Opium Habits sent free.