

THE DEMOCRAT.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner

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VOL. I.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1885

NO. 38.

To the Sons and Daughters of North Carolina.

At the annual meeting of the Confederate Home Association held May 20th, 1885, it was determined to make one more effort to raise, in the State, the amount required to erect a suitable home for our indigent soldiers, before asking aid of strangers. The success of this movement will depend on local organization through which we hope to collect at least fifty cents from each white voter in the State, wife, sister or daughter. In every community there still must be willing hearts enough who will undertake this labor of love and patriotic duty. We therefore, in the name of everything dear to us as North Carolinians, appeal to them to meet, organize, and go to work at once, by asking everybody for something and accepting everything offered, be it but five cents.

We appeal to the editors of the State to head a column, "Contributions in aid of a North Carolina Soldiers' Home," and to publish weekly all contributions made in their respective communities. This would materially stimulate local organizations and contributions made in their respective communities, and be an additional proof of the willingness of the press of the State to promote any movement calculated to elevate North Carolina.

We appeal to our ministers to give full notice and to have special contributions taken up for this work.

The heads of colleges, seminaries and schools are requested to ask their pupils to aid us with their contributions. We are confident that such requests would receive a cheerful and generous response, for the young are always liberal towards needy and pleading old age.

The necessity of a home for the indigent survivors of the North Carolina Troops must be apparent to all who can appreciate the noble spirit which impelled these bent old men to brave the dangers of war and win the glories sufficient which, if transposed into gems of worthy brilliancy, would encircle our State and create for it a perpetual day more superbly bright than those which come to us in summer's happiest time. True as are these inspiring facts, many of our old soldiers have been allowed to die in poor-houses and many are still forced to resort to these abodes of woe. Is this right or just? Do you believe these heroes would have done so much to make North Carolina's war record so grand if they had known their State would desert them in their years of feebleness and want?

Alas! they never doubted their State, but, inspired by that love which shines in matchless splendor when devoted to a country's cause, they marched ever forward until the flag they were commanded to defend and follow was furled forever.

Should such men be allowed to exist in poor-houses and fill pauper's graves? Will you longer permit such fates to them and still continue to boast of a peculiar chivalry and renown—the plain result of their soldierly bearing and devotion! Until this home is built and provided for, all such boasts should cease, for they cannot sound save as heartless mockeries!

Will you give and gather the paltry pittance we need and must have to make our object a success? or will you decline, and thereby force the historian to draw around your claims for magnanimity, generosity and charity the dark and dreadful lines of palpable neglect and merciless ingratitude? Believing your answer will be such as North Carolinians should make when their needy and pleading defenders ask shelter, support and mental ease, we hopefully submit this important question and imperative duty for your consideration and action.

W. F. BEASLY,
President.

—Oxford Torchlight.

If appointments to all offices are to be based upon the ideas of theoretical Republican reformers, whom defeat has made virtuous, instead of Democratic principles, then the people want to know it. And the sooner they know it the better.—Roanoke News.

So far as we have heard, the largest tobacco leaf of the season is on Anderson Harris's farm, in Granville county. It measures 18x36 inches. Next!—Franklinton Weekly.

GRIT.

BY W. T. WHELAN.

Some call it luck, dear brother Jim,
Some term it common sense,
While others still with equal vim
Pronounce it Providence.
But I believe in spite of all,
Fate, Providence, or wit,
Ball-headed luck or brazen gall,
It's proper name is "grit."

'Tis well for those, dear brother Jim,
With time and cash to spare
To lift their hearts and hands to Him
In everlasting prayer.
But prayer alone won't win the fight,
In spite of holy writ,
'Tis acts that tell, or wrong or right,
And actions call for "grit."

I've seen in trial tests of speed
The horse that balks or breaks,
Although he sometimes takes the lead,
He never takes the stakes.
While "sure-and-steady-on-the-stride,"
Though slower on the bit,
Is often on the winning side
Because he's got the "grit."

I've seen some fellows in my time,
Good, noble men and strong,
With hearts less human than divine,
Who couldn't get along,
No matter where you placed them, Jim,
They didn't seem to fit,
They couldn't win or sink or swim,
They didn't have the "grit."

Amid the countless ills of life,
Its pleasures and its woes,
The strongest factors in the strife
Are steady links and blows,
And though we may not always win
We never will submit,
But still we'll stand, dear brother Jim,
And die like men of "grit."

Jackey Wanted Some Fun.

"Jackey, my angel, please don't!"
It was a shoemaker on Michigan Avenue who spoke, and Jackey was his 5 year-old son who was playing with a revolver in the shop.

"Isn't it rather dangerous?" inquired a customer who was having a "lift" put on the heel of his boot.

"Why, I suppose so, but Jackey won't put it up!"

"Why don't you make him?"

"Oh he'd cry and howl, and his mother would rush down and abuse me. He's my step-son, you see, and I have to handle him carefully. Jackey, darling, please put up the deadly weapon before you kill some one."

"I won't!"

"You see how it is," said the shoemaker in humble tones. He'll probably shoot one or the other of us before he gets through fooling, but we are helpless."

"Say, boy!" called the customer, "is that thing loaded?"

"It's got bullets in."

"Then you put it up!"

"I won't!"

"Come, Jackey dear!" pleaded the step-father.

"I say I won't!"

"I'll be hanged if you don't!" growled the customer, but before he could raise up, the weapon was discharged and the bullet raked across the shoemaker's skull, cutting out a swath of hair and drawing blood.

"I'll brain the cub!" shouted the customer, but the shoemaker rubbed his head with one hand and held out the other to detain him, and said:

"Say, don't! If you lay a hand on him his mother will brain me! Jackey! Jackey, dear, please put up the popper."

"I won't!"

"At that moment his mother came down stairs and shouted:

"Of course you won't and I'll stay here and see that you have fair play! The idea that my boy can't have a little fun, when he's been sick for two whole weeks! Go on Jackey and have another pop at old Pegs!"

The stranger grabbed his boots and left, and as he went out the shoemaker gave him a look which read:

"You see how it is, and don't blame me!"—EX.

Saturday was, under statute, the last on which pension applications could be received. The total number filed was 3,800, of which 2,600 are confederate widows, and 1,200 confederate soldiers.—Messenger.

We learn that a train ran over a man who was lying on the track, between Third Creek and Statesville, night before last. No particulars.—Asheville Citizen.

The Franklin Times tells of a man who killed 78 snakes in one place a few days since.

THE WHIPPING POST.

Fifteen Lashes in Sixteen Seconds, for Wife-Beating.

The whipping post stood in the main hall of the jail, facing eastward. Warden Morrison ordered Frank Pyers to be brought out for punishment. Pyers had been sentenced to six months in jail and fifteen lashes for brutally beating his wife last January. He was the first white man punished under the Maryland law of 1882.

Deputy Warden Shea conducted the prisoner from cell 106, which is on the third tier. Pyers was dressed in dark trousers, shoes, and a woolen shirt. He is a short thick-set fellow, with brown moustache and hair, and coarse features. He came from behind the prison bars with a steady step and a sullen determined manner. He pulled off his woolen shirt without exhibiting nervousness, and walked up to the whipping post and planted his feet firmly upon the platform, and then glanced at the twenty or thirty persons who were in the hall.

Warden Morrison motioned with his hand for Pyers to get in position, and he obeyed promptly, stretching out his arms to be fastened to the crossbeam of the post. Deputies Edwards and Russell secured his arms and legs with steel shackles. The shackles around his legs pressed against him so tightly that he asked to have them loosened, and Warden Morrison told Deputy Edwards to grant the request. When all the shackles were fastened Pyers could not budge.

As soon as everything was in readiness Warden Morrison said, "Come on, Mr. Sheriff," and Sheriff Airey walked toward the whipping post quickly. His lips were closed, and his manner showed that nothing but a strict sense of duty could have induced him to undertake so disagreeable a task. He turned and nodded to Deputy Sheriff Thurlow, who immediately drew out from under his waistcoat a thin stiff rawhide three feet long.

"Count aloud as I lay it on," the sheriff said to Thurlow, and then raised the cowhide aloft, and with his long arm brought it down on Pyers' back, with a swishing sound. "One!" cried Thurlow, and the moment the whip was lifted for the second lash a red mark appeared across Pyers' back, and the blood seemed as if it would burst out. "Two! three!" exclaimed Thurlow, and at the third swipe Pyers winced. The muscles in his arms began to swell and his teeth came together with a grinding noise, but not a word or cry did he utter. The other twelve followed rapidly, each leaving its red mark, but none drawing blood except the last one or two, which lapped the shoulders and tore the flesh open under the right breast, from which the blood trickled.

It took just sixteen seconds to give the fifteen lashes. Had the Sheriff, by going slower, been less merciful, it is likely that Pyers could not have stood the punishment without fainting. As it was, the pain was so intense that when he was unfastened the flesh on his arms and breast and back quivered, his eyes were blood-shot, and his face plainly indicated that though he had nerved himself to bear a great deal, the agony was more than he expected. But he did not whimper. On the contrary, he tried to sneer or smile as he was putting on his shirt, but as it came in contact with his raw back the sneer and smile faded away. Dr. S. V. Hoopman followed him to his cell, and with ammonia and laudanum tried to relieve his suffering. "That's d—d hard punishment for a white man, Doctor," he said, and as he spoke, tears came in his eyes, caused by the relaxation of his nervous system, and probably by the realization of his degradation. He spent the rest of the day sitting in his cell, in a dazed, stupid condition.

The whipping post rests upon a platform, and is about six feet six inches high, and ten inches broad by seven deep, with a circular head. It is T-shaped. The arms slide on steel gearing, to enable them to be adjusted to the height of the tallest man. With a short man like Pyers the arms were so low that they formed a cross. The steel shackles are at the ends of the arms and at the base and halfway the centre of the upright post.—Baltimore Sun.

It is said that persons who use tobacco are not subject to fever.—Standard.

After Seven Years.

In 1878 Thomas McCue, then a lad about ten years of age, was kidnapped from his home, in Cleveland by two men. A few weeks ago the boy's father received a communication from the police of Rotterdam stating that his son had been found with a circus troupe. Mr. McCue telegraphed to have his son sent on to him at once. On Saturday the kidnapped boy landed at Castle Garden on the steamship Britannia. He was sent to a boarding house, and started for his home in Cleveland to-day.

Thomas is a bright, wise-looking little fellow. Although seventeen years of age, he does not seem to be over-twelve. He stated that when he was abducted his captives took him east and crossed the ocean to Holland. The lad was taught acrobatic feats and sleight-of-hand tricks by his principal abductor, who proved to be a circusman. Thomas had some talent, and he soon became proficient. His captor joined a circus and Thomas was obliged to perform in the ring. He did well at the first performance and the applause of the spectators pleased him. The troupe began a tour of the Dutch provinces. Thomas's master took good care of him when he performed well, but when he did poorly he received bad food and very little of that. Sometimes he was beaten. The lad was obliged to put up with whatever his abductor saw fit to give him. He often thought of his home, but he had little hope of ever reaching it again. For several years he continued the slave of the man who had stolen him. He became proficient in his feats, but the best reward he could hope for was a new set of tight and a hearty meal of food. The troupe continued on its travels, and Thomas learned the Dutch language. Several times he attempted to escape, but each time he failed to secure his liberty.

The boy had almost forgotten about his parents and his old home, when some days since, when the troupe were in Rotterdam Thomas was told to go into the ring. He had been somewhat careless of late, and this time his captor warned him that if he did not go through his performances well he would be thrashed soundly. The lad replied with a sullen nod and went into the ring. He soon made a bad error, and his captor rushed at him in the presence of the audience and dealt him a cruel blow. A number of the spectators cried out against this cruelty and an uproar followed. Two policemen entered the ring and arrested the abductor. The lad told his story, and mentioned how he had been abducted from his home in America. The police communicated with Mr. McCue. The lad was only too glad to escape from the bondage in which he had served nearly seven years. He took with him on obtaining his liberty a picture of his abductor, who is a crafty-looking man, with strong Italian features. Thomas was tendered a benefit by his fellow steerage passengers during the voyage, and he impressed them so well with his talent that they gave him a purse of \$15.—N. Y. Times.

Mr. C. W. Sowers, of Blacksburg, Va., is contemplating establishing a newspaper in Taylorsville about the first of October.—Topic.

The Reflector says that the neighborhood of Falkland received a heavy hail storm last week which caused great damage to the crops.

Another victim of lightning. On last Sunday a negro girl near Charlotte was struck by lightning and instantly killed.—Concord Times.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, a nephew of the great Southern chieftain, has been nominated by the Democracy of Virginia for Governor. John Wise is Mahone's candidate. Fitz Lee was a gallant soldier and is a stainless Democratic politician. Virginians will rally around him, and the Democrats will in November place the Old Dominion above the touch of Mahone and his followers.

STEAMER FOR ROANOKE.—We learn that several business men of Halifax and Weldon will soon organize a Company for the purpose of establishing a line of boats between this place and Norfolk. They say they cannot pay the high Railroad freights and will put the boat on self-protection. The steamer will be adapted principally to transportation of freight.—Roanoke News.

Live Within Your Means.

Man is never satisfied; his eyes are constantly beholding something, which he desires to possess, but fortunately or unfortunately he may not have the means by which he can gratify his desires by possessing what he desires. The man who can live and who does live within his income, deserves the respect of his fellow men, and more especially, if his means are limited, and he has to make some sacrifices in order to live within them.

One of the great lessons of life is to learn to live within your means. The young man making his first step into business, should be thoroughly instructed and trained not to live beyond his income. Many men have wrecked themselves by trying to live too fast. The most cases of bankruptcy and many of the failures in business have come by not being taught that lesson, or not even learning it by experience. Some men accuse misfortune, as being the cause when they fail in business, and it is misfortune, not knowing how to economize.

We are constantly reading of failures in business with liabilities amounting to millions, and there is no doubt that the parties engaged bought on credit and were not able to meet the payment at the proper time; and another reason; they have used much of what they bought for their own personal interest.

It takes a man with his many thousands to undergo many of these disasters. The credit system is generally at the bottom of all business failures; those forgetting (willfully or sometimes), that "short settlements make long friends." Is it a wonder that so many farmers fail in making a living when they mortgage their crops before they are made, for supplies for the coming year. Many of the Southern farmers have been trying this method since the war, and they are slow to learn that this system will not do.

But it is to be hoped that they will learn it soon. It takes a long time to learn any thing great, but we ought to cease from a system that is detrimental to our interests at home, and our reputation abroad.

The young man who has limited means and lives beyond them is really to be pitied. Pride is the cause that makes people live too fast. This is a good quality, to have, but it must be of the right kind. The pride which causes a person to think he is superior to his equals, is one of the most contemptible things of which a person can be guilty. It is said many young men who go West take more pride than money and bring back all the pride and no money. A young man who works for his board, no matter what honest work he does, has no reason for shame; but he who is poor and too proud to work and tries to go in the tiptop of fashion, is not only damaging himself but is setting a bad example before those who are his companions. "The young man who pockets his pride, and carries his upper lip as still as a cast iron door, need not starve and stands a good chance to become rich." We must all live within our income, if we wish to be "healthy, wealthy and wise."—Christianian Sci.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

A fine specimen of black lead was placed on our table by Mr. A. Cordell, on Saturday, who says there is quite an abundance of it on his place.—Western Tribune.

Sickness continues but then the work the authorities are now doing in a sanitary way has had time to have a counteracting influence.—Southerner.

Mr. E. J. Holt has been appointed Revenue collector for Johnston and Harnett counties. It is an excellent appointment, and he will make a good officer.—Smithfield Herald.

Kernersville has an old colored man, who has buried 4 wives and is now about to take the 5th. When do they get too old?—Kernersville News.

A friend who was recently up in Greene county tells us that the crops are looking fine and everybody in high spirits over the prospects of a railroad and good crops.—New Berne Journal.

It is said that the principal amusement at Ellerbee Springs is the pitching of horse shoes, or quoits; and that the interest taken in the game by factory presidents, preachers and editors is really astonishing.—Rock et.

The alleged largest diamond in the world was found recently in Africa, and it is to be polished in Amsterdam, where a special shop is instructed for the purpose. It is said to weigh 475 carats, which is 195 carats more than the Shah of Persia's "Grand Mogul."—Review.

HEE FATHER'S BAN.

Only a tapering gray gloved hand,
Held with gentle pressure;
Only a Cupid's waving wand
Cementing love with pleasure.

Only a sweet ecstatic kiss
And vows of eternal devotion;
Only a scene of love and bliss,
Nor thought of impending commotion.

Only an arm encircling a waist.
(She says she does not fear him)
Only a second between each taste
Of honeyed lips so near him.

Only a softly creaking stair
As of heavy weight ascending!
Only a blissful loving pair,
Unconscious of danger impending.

Only a weary, disgusted man
Arising from out the gutter;
Only a look wild, weird, man
And a voice that's heard to mutter,
Alas, 'tis her father's ban. —Ex.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Called from our Exchanges Throughout the Country.

Mental exertion of any kind is something that tires the average African. Writing a letter just breaks him up. Colonel Yerger has a negro man named Sam employed about the place, and yesterday Sam wanted some clerical work done. He said:

"Boss, I wants yer ter write me a letter to my gal, in Waco."

"All right, Sam I'll do it."

"Has yer got de paper, an' de ink, an' pen ready dar?"

"Yes, Sam, go ahead."

"Write Austin, Texas."

"All right."

"Has yer writ hit?"

"Yes."

"All ob hit?"

"Certainly."

"What has yer got written? Read hit ter me, boss."

"Austin, Texas."

"Dat's right. Now write June ge fo' teneef."

"All right, Sam."

"Has yer got hit down, boss, already?"

"Yes."

"G'way, boss, you'se jokin'. Read hit ter me."

"June fourteenth."

"Foah God, you has got hit down all right. Now, boss, read hit all ober from de berry beginnin'."

"Austin, Texas, June fourteenth."

"Dat's right. Whew! I say boss, le's rest awhile. I'se tired. My head aches like it was gwinter spit."—Wiconico Record.

THE JOKE ON FLIPKINS. Flipkins came down to the club last night with a great problem weighing on his mind.

"If I should stand on my head," he said, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a poser—"if I stand on my head the blood all rushes into my head, don't it?" No one ventured to contradict him.

"Now," continued he, triumphantly "when I stand on my feet, why don't the blood rush into my feet?"

"Because," replied Miss Coshnigan's brother, "because, Flipkins, your feet are not empty."

The boys all laughed, but Flipkins said he couldn't see any joke.

"Malinda, I'm astonished at you standing at the telephone with your hair in papers and your collar crooked." "Why, mother, I don't see why that should matter." "Oof course you don't! You never did care how you look. How do you know who's at the other end of the phone?"—Philadelphia Call.

First Hen—"There comes the woman to drive us out of her garden."

Second Hen—"Yes, and she is picking up a stone too! Let's fly out quick!" First Hen—"No, no; stay here!" Second Hen—"But she's aiming right for us." First Hen—"Yes, and if we move we might get hit."—Chicago Tribune.

DANIEL AND THE LIONS.—"Can any little boy or girl tell me why the lions would not hurt Daniel?" said a gentleman, addressing a Sunday-schooler.

"I know, said one bright little fellow, holding up his hand.

"And what was the reason, my little man?" said the speaker, stepping forward, with his face in a joyous glow. "Speak up loud, so that all may hear you. Why wouldn't the lions bite Daniel?"

"I guess it was coz he b'longed to the circus."—Chicago Ledger.

SLOAN'S JOKE.

"I wonder what is the trouble between Puffer and Gambol and Sloan. They hate him like poison," remarked the judge.

"Haven't you heard!" inquired the major.

"No; what is it?"

"You know what a terrible hand Puffer writes? Some one told him once that he wrote a *distingue* hand and it set him up so that he now writes worse than ever." Well that happens to be his sensitive point. He prides himself on it. Gambol has a weak point, too—his eyes. He can't help being cross-eyed, but it worries him all the same. When he goes to the theatre he sits with his back to the stage to see the performance. He is a first rate fellow though. About a month ago, Gambol asked Sloan to introduce him to Puffer. Now Sloan can't help playing a practical joke any more than he can live without eating. I'll arrange that for to-morrow," answered Sloan; but you had better take a pad of paper and a pencil with you. He is deaf as a post, poor fellow. He can't even hear the foreman swear at his copy. He is terribly sensitive about it, too. So when you meet him just act as if you knew all about it. I'll see you at his office at noon to-morrow."

"A few minutes later Sloan was seated in the editorial rooms of the Leader.

"I want to bring a friend up here to meet you to-morrow," he remarked to Puffer.

"Glad to meet any friend of yours, responded the editor.

"He is a friend of yours, too," replied Sloan. He greatly admires your editorials. There is one peculiarity about him, though."

"What's that?"

"He's deaf as a clam. He can't hear it thunders. He doesn't know it's raining until he misses his umbrella. He is very touchy on that point, and you had better have some paper and a pencil ready when he comes, and act as if you knew he was deaf. It will make him feel easier." The next day at noon Sloan and his visitor entered the Leader office. Puffer was waiting for them. Sloan took their cards, and gave Puffer's to Gambol, and vice versa. Both men smiled at each other encouragingly, and, producing pads of paper big enough to write a President's message on, sat down beside the editorial desk.

"I am glad to meet you," wrote Puffer on his pad.

"Gambol took the scrawl and looking at it, first out of one eye and then out of the other. A puzzled look came over his face. Finally he turned the paper upside down, and a light of intelligence broke upon his countenance. Taking up his pencil he wrote:

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear it. Did you ever try Simpson's extract?" and handed it back to Puffer.

"When Puffer read this his mouth opened with astonishment. He took his pencil and wrote on the bottom of the sheet:

"I don't want any extract. I am not sick. I simply said I was pleased to meet you."

"Then he showed the paper over to Gambol and waited for a reply. If Gambol was puzzled at the first communication, he was in reality stricken dumb at the second. He glanced appealingly at Sloan, who was at the moment attentively looking at a picture on the wall, with his handkerchief in his mouth to smother his laughter. Finally he struck what seemed to him a clue, and he wrote in reply:

"Yes, thanks, don't care if I do; but don't you think we had better go to lunch first?"

"Then he handed back the roll to the editor, and smiled a smile of mingled self-satisfaction and relief.

"When Puffer saw the answer his disgust rose beyond his control. He rose up in his chair, took the paper, and handed it to Sloan.

"See here Sloan?" he shouted. "See what this grand son of a lunatic has written. This cross-eyed fool evidently doesn't understand his own language. What in Tophet did you bring such a straitjacket ass up to this office to meet me for? Here, take this paper and write to him that I am sick to-day, or dead, or anything, and the next time you bring a deaf and dumb idiot up here to see me just let me know, and I'll run out of town for a week or so."

"That's all right!" yelled Gambol, as he danced around the table; "that's all right, but if I wrote a hand like your's I'd print my letters. I'd spell them out on my fingers. I'd hire a school boy to write for me. I'd—"

"Say, gasped Puffer, ain't you deaf?"

"Then both men looked at each other a minute and simultaneously exclaimed: "Where's Sloan?"

"But Sloan was a wise man. He was gone."—Puck.

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Held with gentle pressure;
Only a Cupid's waving wand
Cementing love with pleasure.

Only a sweet ecstatic kiss
And vows of eternal devotion;
Only a scene of love and bliss,
Nor thought of impending commotion.

Only an arm encircling a waist.
(She says she does not fear him)
Only a second between each taste
Of honeyed lips so near him.

Only a softly creaking stair
As of heavy weight ascending!
Only a blissful loving pair,
Unconscious of danger impending.

Only a weary, disgusted man
Arising from out the gutter;
Only a look wild, weird, man
And a voice that's heard to mutter,
Alas, 'tis her father's ban. —Ex.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Called from our Exchanges Throughout the Country.

Mental exertion of any kind is something that tires the average African. Writing a letter just breaks him up. Colonel Yerger has a negro man named Sam employed about the place, and yesterday Sam wanted some clerical work done. He said:

"Boss, I wants yer ter write me a letter to my gal, in Waco."

"All right, Sam I'll do it."

"Has yer got de paper, an' de ink, an' pen ready dar?"

"Yes, Sam, go ahead."

"Write Austin, Texas."

"All right."

"Has yer writ hit?"

"Yes."

"All ob hit?"

"Certainly."

"What has yer got written? Read hit ter me, boss."

"Austin, Texas."

"Dat's right. Now write June ge fo' teneef."

"All right, Sam."

"Has yer got hit down, boss, already?"

"Yes."

"G'way, boss, you'se jokin'. Read hit ter me."

"June fourteenth."

"Foah God, you has got hit down all right. Now, boss, read hit all ober from de berry beginnin'."

"Austin, Texas, June fourteenth."

"Dat's right. Whew! I say boss, le's rest awhile. I'se tired. My head aches like it was gwinter spit."—Wiconico Record.

THE JOKE ON FLIPKINS. Flipkins came down to the club last night with a great problem weighing on his mind.

"If I should stand on my head," he said, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a poser—"if I stand on my head the blood all rushes into my head, don't it?" No one ventured to contradict him.

"Now," continued he, triumphantly "when I stand on my feet, why don't the blood rush into my feet?"

"Because," replied Miss Coshnigan's brother, "because, Flipkins, your feet are not empty."

The boys all laughed, but Flipkins said he couldn't see any joke.

"Malinda, I'm astonished at you standing at the telephone with your hair in papers and your collar crooked." "Why, mother, I don't see why that should matter." "Oof course you don't! You never did care how you look. How do you know who's at the other end of the phone?"—Philadelphia Call.

First Hen—"There comes the woman to drive us out of her garden."

Second Hen—"Yes, and she is picking up a stone too! Let's fly out quick!" First Hen—"No, no; stay here!" Second Hen—"But she's aiming right for us." First Hen—"Yes, and if we move we might get hit."—Chicago Tribune.

DANIEL AND THE LIONS.—"Can any little boy or girl tell me why the lions would not hurt Daniel?" said a gentleman, addressing a Sunday-schooler.

"I know, said one bright little fellow, holding up his hand.

"And what was the reason, my little man?" said the speaker, stepping forward, with his face in a joyous glow. "Speak up loud, so that all may hear you. Why wouldn't the lions bite Daniel?"

"I guess it was coz he b'longed to the circus."—Chicago Ledger.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

A fine specimen of black lead was placed on our table by Mr. A. Cordell, on Saturday, who says there is quite an abundance of it on his place.—Western Tribune.

Sickness continues but then the work the authorities are now doing in a sanitary way has had time to have a counteracting influence.—Southerner.

Mr. E. J. Holt has been appointed Revenue collector for Johnston and Harnett counties. It is an excellent appointment, and he will make a good officer.—Smithfield Herald.

Kernersville has an old colored man, who has buried 4 wives and is now about to take the 5th. When do they get too old?—Kernersville News.

A friend who was recently up in Greene county tells us that the crops are looking fine and everybody in high spirits over the prospects of a railroad and good crops.—New Berne Journal.

It is said that the principal amusement at Ellerbee Springs is the pitching of horse shoes, or quoits; and that the interest taken in the game by factory presidents, preachers and editors is really astonishing.—Rock et.

The alleged largest diamond in the world was found recently in Africa, and it is to be polished in Amsterdam, where a special shop is instructed for the purpose. It is said to weigh 475 carats, which is 195 carats more than the Shah of Persia's "Grand Mogul."—Review.