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Rates reasonable. Terms reasonable.
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Hack to and from depot free of charge. 2 7 1y

Dinna Ye Sae Sweet!

If ye wadna hae me reelin'
Doun the village street,
Drunk wi' love pray hae some feelin,—
Dinna be sae sweet!

If ye wadna hae me linger,
Fou-like, at your feet,
Worshippin' your little finger,
Dinna be sae sweet!

If ye wadna hae me hover
Round the mercy seat;
If ye wadna hae a lover,
Dinna be sae sweet!

If ye wadna haunt my fancy,
Dinna be sae neat—
Dinna be yoursel', my Nancy,
Dinna be sae sweet!

—Boston Globe.

Good for North Carolina.

North Carolina may not have as many people who can read, and may not have as many young men and women in the colleges, as other States have, and yet it has more really intelligent and informed men and women than any New England State has. We mean they know more of the world at large, have corrector views of citizenship, and have more tolerance of opinion than any New England State. The most ignorant man in the world is the man of New England who can read. He has no more real knowledge of North Carolina or the South than an inhabitant of Central Africa has of the South. Senator Hoar and Senator Dawes, and Representative Lodge—all scholarly enough—are more ignorant of the South than our plainest people are ignorant of the North. The proof of more intelligence among the *whites* in the South than in the North lies in the *fact* that there is more *crime* in Massachusetts than in any other State except Connecticut. North Carolina may creep, but she makes solid progress, and in the right direction. Let our public functionaries and editors quit underrating and misrepresenting North Carolina.—*Wil. Messenger.*

The Bishop and the Boy.

"What are you doing here my lad?"

"Tending swine, sir."

"How much do you get?"

"One florin a week, sir."

"I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary."

"That may be but then I suppose you have more hogs under your care."

The shepherd was about retiring when the boy continued.

"Say, can God do anything?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Can he make a 2 year-old colt in two minutes?"

'Why,' said the astonished bishop, 'he would not wish to do that, my boy."

"But if he did want to, could he?" insisted the boy.

"Yes, certainly, if he wished to."

"What! in two minutes?"

"Yes, in two minutes."

"Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

The bishop collapsed.

A Warning Suicide.

We copy from the Rocky Mount *Phalanx* the sad story of a sad death:

Mr. Octavius Whitehurst, defaulting book keeper for Branch, Cone & Co., at Spring Hope, committed suicide in Tolsnot, the home of his wife, on Wednesday last. Mr. Whitehurst had been speculating in futures and also heavily in Louisiana Lottery tickets. He had received a letter from Mr. Branch requesting him to come to Wilson to see him. He remarked to his wife that he would go down to see Mr. Branch, and putting a pistol in his pocket, left the house. She, supposing he had done so, was not alarmed by his failure to return on the next train, but anxiously awaited for him until his body, with a bullet hole through the heart, was brought to the house.

Instead of going to Wilson he went to the cemetery, and, sitting against a tree, discharged the contents of one barrel of his pispol in his left breast. The body was found in a sitting posture, and the natural deduction is that he died without a struggle.

A letter written just previous to his death, warning all young men against yielding to temptation, wsa also found about his person.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.
Denote an impure state of blood and are looked upon by many with suspicion. Acker's Blood Elixir will remove impurities and leave the complexion smooth and clear. There is nothing that will so thoroughly build up the constitution, purify and strengthen the whole system. Sold and guaranteed by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

RIGHT WITH GOD
AND RIGHT WITH MAN.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

"A cry of anguish has rung across the land." Thus Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage spoke to five thousand people at night, in his sermon upon the disaster at Johnstown, Penn. The text from the 93d Psalm was this: "The floods, O Lord, have lifted up their voice."

"The rivers of America," Dr. Talmage, said, "are her pride and her wealth. The glory of New York is its Hudson. Pennsylvania has her Susquehanna, her Alleghany, her Monongahela, and least, yet mightiest in the history of the world's desolation, her Conemaugh. Yes in these latter days 'the floods have lifted up their voice.' In 1877, 240,000 souls were drowned at the mouth of the Ganges. Ocean's wrath is uncurbed. Where is the Ville de Havre? Where is the Atlantic? Where is the City of Boston?

"Last Thursday night the dam broke above the city of Johnstown and away went homesteads, factories, churches and asylums of mercy. Ten thousand perished. Buildings were piled in debris fifty feet high, and of them were made a holocaust. Woe! Woe! Woe! In that place the voices of peace, industry, friendship, good-neighborhood have given way to the voices of despair, agony and desolation. The floods have lifted up their voice. What does it tell us of? The mercilessness of natural forces, the emptiness of a natural religion. There are those who tell us they want only the religion of sunshine, art, blue sky and beautiful grass. The book of nature must be their book. Let me ask such persons what they make out of the floods in Pennsylvania? Those pitiless waters whelmed father, mother, son and daughter, with as little feeling as though they had been muskrats. They sundered families as pitilessly as they would the planks of a raft. And over all that scene of misery I make bold to say there was not one tear save those of human anguish. People tell us the rain is the tears of nature, the wind in the branches her sigh of sympathy. But that is poetry. The clouds smile, but they never weep, they destroy, but never save. The wind in cyclone fury sweeps to death whole cities, but it never sighs. Natural forces cut, bruise, burn, destroy, but never pity.

"Natural religion is not enough for me. If the people in the valley of the Conemaugh had prayed to the clouds to save their children, what would have been the answer? Only the flash of falling water, the roaring of the floods, the crash of falling timbers. I know but one religion which says: 'If I take away a life I'll give a better one; I'll make an explanation, if not in this world, in the one to come.' It is not an emeritus religion. The faith that inspired the martyrs, buried with molten lead, torn apart by horses—that is the faith which I undertake to say is to-night sustaining hundreds of misery-stricken souls in the valley of the Conemaugh.

"Our advantage may in the end prove to be a disaster. The prosperities of men become their overthrow. The greater the run of prosperity the better, but there are men in this land grasping in their selfishness and pride. They pray heaven and earth and hell, 'Give! Give!' They gulp down such creditors as cannot pay; they swallow the result of market fluctuations of corners in wheat, of mortgages which poor men cannot meet. They swallow, swallow, till they become rivers of damnation rolling through the land. You red-mouthed rivers of Pennsylvania, go back into your channels. You rivers of greed, cease your impetuous outrushing.

"Calamities, I am persuaded, do not mean always God's displeasure. I have been in the valley of the Conemaugh. I know the people of Johnstown. There is none kindlier, none more hospitable, more Christian. Men try to read the judgment of God. I don't believe in that kind of argument. This Bible says, whom God loveth He chasteneth. He is going to pour a blessing through those valleys wider and deeper than the torrent of disaster. Misfortunes come in herds. In 1814 fortunes, crowns and sceptres were at the feet of Walter Scott, but one disaster after another fell upon him. One day he asked his daughter for his pen, and that wizard hand which gave to the world Guy Mannering, 'Ivanhoe,' 'Maid of Perth,' 'Kenilworth,' could not write his name. The multiplication of disasters means the multiplication of comforts.

"If this world is all, it's the dreadest failure in the universe and life is not worth living. Let us be practical in our sympathies. If you cannot go to the relief meeting to be held at the Park Threatre, then give as your conscience dictates. I shall be at that meeting and hope you all will be. Think lovingly of your fellowmen and women who to-night, while you are sheltered in comfortable homes, are huddling in the bushes on the mountains of Pennsylvania. God have mercy on them! The time is fixed for all our departures. I am glad we do not know it. All I want is to be right with God and right with man. Then let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof. Let the floods clap their hands."

The Negroes Competency.

The Richmond *Times*, discussing the latest development in the much Northern discussed "race problem," viz: the verdict of the negro preponderating jury in the McDow murder trial in Charleston, says that the case has been made the subject all over the North of a general discussion of the capabilities of the negro as a juror, and it is a fact that the opinion of the colored population of Charleston has startled the Northern mind. If after twenty years of education the colored people of a city in the South can bladly put prejudice into the scale of justice, what says the intelligent Northern critic, is to be the final result of the problem of equality as proposed by Bill Chandler, lessee and manager of the outrage mill for 1881-1885, which is that statesman's senatorial term. Can the intelligent people of the United States put their ideas of patriotism and progress on the proposition to subordinate a third of the country to ignorance and corruption, and if they can view the humiliation of the white people with such fortitude, where is the world to find anything in reason that a plea of alleged civilization could make an excuse?

Supposing Bill Chandler, says the *Times*, could avenge his twisted ear by humiliating the Southern people with his plan of a Federal election machine and count in a Republican majority by the census and not by fair elections, where would be the pride of this country and its spirit of progress and enlightenment, and where would the Ship be when the world finds out, as it certainly will, that the negro race is a perishing race?

If there is anything in "evolution" or "the survival of the fittest," we should say that all these criticisms of the Northern press on the McDow jury should prove the hard fact that the negro, after twenty years of education, is not capable of being a juror.—Ex.

A Famous Betrothal Forty Years Ago.

"I wonder how many people know that Victoria the Good, as it has been suggested the queen of England shall be called, when she fell in love had to do the proposing herself?" said an Americanized Englishman the other morning.

"I was much interested in reading recently the account of her betrothal. It had always been expected that she and her cousin Albert would eventually make a match of it. When they were both about 18 years old he visited England, but did not make much impression on the newly crowned queen. However, three years later he made up his mind to a 'now or never' game, and with his brother visited her at Windsor castle. Like more humble lovers, he was placed in a rather embarrassing predicament by the non-arrival of his luggage, and was thus prevented from dining with her majesty on his first evening as her guest. For five days did Victoria study him, and then after first telling her advisers Lord Melbourne, what she had thought to do, she sent for Albert, saying that she desired to see him personally. After a court of the affair, certainly valuable for its brevity, ensued as follows: 'Albert, the queen tell him was that she loved him with her whole heart, and that she desired to be his wife.' She was accepted without hesitation, as any good looking sovereign of 22 might have hoped to have been, and so they were married."—Philadelphia Press.

BEN ROUT
APPLIES FOR AN OFFICE.

FINDS THE PEOPLE'S MAIN ENJOYING THEMSELVES HERE.

SEES THE PRESIDENT AN OFFICE

For the Democrat.

On Board The Cars.

I went up to Washington last week after an office. I called on Mr. Harrison. He was lying on the floor in the back hall supping molasses with Baby McKee. He seemed much embarrassed when I made my day boo, and Baby McKee dropped a lump of molasses down his grandpa's collar and made his hand's photograph in molasses, by slapping it on his shirt front. I smiled my reassuring smile, and begged him not to feel ill at ease, but to feel perfectly at home, and I could imagine how it was to steal away from the maddling throng, and enjoy a good sop of 'lasses and biscuit. So I hung my hat on a lamp shade and sat down on the floor beside him. I picked up and ate a crumb the Baby had dropped. I did that to make him feel that I was his equal. I run my thumb through a button hole in his coat and told him I wanted an office. "What kind of office do you want?" he asked in a tone so cold it freezed the molasses. "Most anything will do, sir," I said with warmth. "Well sir, I will consider you," he said, "Good day." I got up and started out, I felt insulted, so I had but little to say. Mr. Harrison called me back. "Are you any kin to the Harrisons?" he asked. "No sir" I said, "nor to the Scott's nor McKee's." A terrible shade passed o'er his face. It lit up again. Are you any kin to Blaine? "No" I said. His face assumed a ghastly hue. "How dare you be so audaciously presumptuous then! Go to Blaine." I went. He was sitting in a wooden rocking-chair, rocking like the salvation of the administration depended upon his rocking. He had a baby on each arm and every time he'd go back he'd kick his feet out before him. When I first got in hearing he was singing "I Feel Just as Happy as a Big Sunflower." He learned it from Harrison. He soon changed to "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut." I went in. He hushed singing but didn't stop rocking. "Well sir" he said "What can I do for you?" "Give me an office," I said. "Are you any kin to Ben?" "No, but my name is Ben." He stopped rocking. "Well, what is your shirt?" "Wamsutta linen." "I mean what is your key board?" "I have never had one, I don't love pianos." He flashed "Which leg do you dance on?" "Both." I gave him a jig. "Haven't you got a bit of sense?" he howled. "What is your tick?" "A waterbury sir." He sprang from his chair. "Are you a Dem or Rep?" he stormed playfully pinching my ear. "A Dem." I said. "Well sir, you may go, at the next sitting of Congress I'll see what I can do towards having a Bureau of Lunacy established for you."

With a heart beating high in anticipation I left. BEN ROUT.

THE WHEAT CROP.

The wheat crop of North Carolina harvested this year, where not injured in the shock by the wet weather, is reported as very fine, the yield being good and the grain very superior. There have been some yields from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre in some of the western counties, while there are instances, doubtless, on well cultivated farms where it will run much higher. In the great wheat growing section of the West, from which North Carolina imports so much wheat and flour, a larger yield than this is very rare, and the average yield is not more than twelve bushels to the acre. North Carolina farmers can offer no good excuse for the further importation of wheat, flour or corn from other states. They can and should raise not only enough of these but more than we need for home consumption.—Wilmington *Star.*

FEEDING POISON

Once upon a time the parents, guardians, and friends owe to the young is to look well to the kind and quality of reading matter thrown into the hands of young people. They read all such without coaxing. They crave the poison, when through some source they have learned its taste.

The mails and other sources are at all times flooding the country with cheap, trashy, worthless, foolish and positively injurious literature.

The dime novel, the yellowback detective story and many others that cost a trifle and are given away for nothing, can not be of any value as their cheapness and manner of distribution over the country clearly indicate. The matter is worthless, it is poison to the young, it excludes the good and renders it distasteful.

Parents, close your doors against such matter. The foolish and dangerous things of the world are oftentimes learned even when a strong, affectionate and protective arm is thrown around the young.

We've been offered, time and again, twenty books for twenty cents which, as suggested by the very considerate (?) parties, could be offered as inducements to parties to subscribe. The Standard wants no subscribers that can be bought with a five cent 24 cents printed on the cover; yellow-back, poisonous detective story, or thrashy, silly novel. And be it far from our intention to throw such worthless, dangerous matter into the reach of the boys and girls.

Shut down on the cheap, sensational stories that are afloat. They are poison!

See that your boys and girls read nothing but pure and wholesome matter.—*Concord Standard.*

The Meadow Girl.

For The Democrat.

The other day a girl walked into the office of an Esquire, with a young countryman leaning on her arm and threw down a marriage license and said to that official,

"Is that squeegee?"

"It seems to be all right," said the 'Squire.

"Well have you a marriage ceremony that will bind two lovers together so tight that there will be no getting off the trail and monkeying all around the country now and then?"

"I guess so," said the 'Squire.

"I don't want a guess work a'out it. This is a matter of life and death. If you have, say so; if so unlimber the tongue of your music box and give me square chin music; for men love but little and that little often."

"I'll guarantee it will bind the persons together all righ," answered the 'Squire.

"Well, that will do."

They are made one.

"Now, Sir, if that ceremony don't keep him on time I'll have you took up for murder; for if my fellow gets to monkeying round too much, I'll give him poison; and mind, old man, that you are liable to be pulled at any minute for the murder of my fellow."

"Now mark what I say, for I'm not soft on anyone who does me a wrong. Now keep a look out, for human life and happiness is at stake, and I place most importance to the latter, and I'm not to be trifled with."

Good bye, 'Squire."

July 5th, 89.

Tight Lacing.

Miss Oakey, an artist who has devoted years to the study of dress, thus writes in her book entitled "Beauty in Dress":

"Any woman is too tightly dressed who cannot raise her arms straight above her head and clasp her hands; who cannot stoop to tie her shoe, or pick up a pin, without heightened color. Tight lacing unrelentingly indulged, like a painless poison, sapps the beauty, the grace, the brains, the life from its unfortunate victims. Tight lacing is not only a laborious stupidity, it is a crime—a crime that casts a heavy burden upon the next generation, and renders the present one incapable of its duties. It makes all the movements of the body angular and stiff. It ruins the digestion and the circulation, and consequently the complexion, which we all know is one of the greatest of feminine charms. It injures the sight and the color and the expression of the eye."

An Inscription in a Magnate's Library.

In the walls of the library of Andrew Carnegie, the great steel and iron merchant, is this inscription:

"He that spares of his is a fool,
He that will not is a knight,
He that can not is a slave."

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure in the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness and Costiveness. Guaranteed and sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

GOOD SENSE
AND
PRIDE AND POVERTY.

WOMEN'S SECRETS AND HOW THEY PAY.

Nothing stands so much in the way of prosperity as false pride. The man or woman who desires to become rich must give up that altogether.

There is an old story which tells us that once upon a time there lived a destitute gentleman who thought to mend her fortunes by selling muffins, and going forth into the streets with her basket, she whispered "Muffins—hot muffins. Dear me! I hope nobody hears me!"

Naturally, she sold no muffins, and remains as a warning to her sex.

In the last generation most ladies who were forced to earn a living devoutly prayed that nobody would hear them. They had in upper rooms and secretarly transacted their affairs in whispers. Less of that sort of thing is done today, but still pride, and false pride, too, stands in the way of many a fortune.

True one may prefer other things to money, and yet without money the other things are hard to get. The girl who meekly makes beautiful dresses for her intimate friends, at low prices, would do much better to put out a sign, advertise and get up a large business. The woman who has a few private music pupils might be a well-known teacher if the bugbear of gentility did not weigh so heavily upon her.

There are people with a talent for trade, "who would not like to be known" to keep the little shop that must be the first stepping stone to a business to be proud of, and yet, in trade, how many a fortune has risen from a basket of shoe strings and buttons to a big business house. The men and women who energetically sell things with no hoping that nobody knows them is almost certain of prosperity.

What people think of you is of very little consequence if they cannot think you dishonest or immoral. There are women who could and would save but dare not. Though they cannot earn them but for false pride. A smaller house, a plainer neighborhood, one servant, may be compatible with perfect comfort. Indeed, there are women who would be happy in doing most of their own work, taking their own children out to walk, having plain food, time dinners and cozy teas, but who, in order that fashionable connections may approve, try to follow the customs of those who live on the income of large fortunes, and so spend every dollar of a husband's moderate salary, and have nothing for a rainy day. There are others who belong to a certain clique—rather an old fashioned one—which place a value on the cost of the material of a dress. The cut, the fine comingness is nothing, so much a yard is all.

The woman who has taste can make beautiful dresses with cheap goods, but friends who ask plainly, "How much did you give for that, Sabrina?" or point out the value of their own trimmings, freighted her into useless extravagance.

The high moral tone which some of these foolish people affect is astounding.

"How much will I have to give for so and so?" I overhear a young woman ask another.

"Well," replied the elder, "I should be ashamed to be known to give less than five dollars a yard if I was to go to church. She ought to respect the sabbath."

The curious point of this sort of pride is that, ten to one, if the cheaper material were used conscientiously, the wearer would quickly come at the truth, say by accidental cross-questioning.

In fact, if any woman of sense will but sit down and consider the matter quietly, she will see that in all its forms and shapes false pride has had much to do with the ruination of her means and the ruination of her comfort, and will resolve to take a lesson for the future from the past, and put away from her forever that idle fancy to outshine and to progress.—S. K. D.

TRUTH TO YOU BELIEVE.
It is supposed that people will pay a fortune, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable family medicine for the same money. Dr. Acker's English Pills are positive cure for constipation and all liver troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken and do their work. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co.