

STATE DIRECTORY.

W. H. H. H. of Wake county, salary \$3,000. J. M. Holt, of Alamance county, salary \$3,000. J. M. Sanders, of Wake county, salary \$3,000. W. Sanderlin, of Wayne county, salary \$3,000. J. W. Holt, of Wake county, salary \$3,000. M. Finger, of Catawba county, salary \$3,000. J. Davidson, of Buncombe county, salary \$3,000. J. Glenn, of Guilford county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Wake county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Camden county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Anson county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Johnston county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Wayne county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Jones county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Moore county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of New Hanover county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Onslow county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Pender county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Robeson county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Scotland county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Wayne county, salary \$3,000. J. H. H. of Yancey county, salary \$3,000.

Leaving The Homestead.

You're going to leave the homestead, John. You're twenty-one today. And the old man will be sorry, John. To see you go away. You've labored long and early, John. And done the best you could. I ain't agoin' to stop you, John. I wouldn't if I could. Yet something of your feelings, John. I suppose I'd ought to know. Though many a day has passed away—'Twas forty years ago—When hope was high within me, John. And life lay all before. That I with strong and measured stroke "Cut loose" and pulled from shore. The years, they come and go, my boy. The years, they come and go; And raven locks and tresses brown Grow white as driven snow. My life has known its sorrows, John. Its trials and troubles sore; Yet God withal has blessed me, John. "In basket and in store." But one thing let me tell you, John. Before you make your start. There's more in being honest, John. Than there is in being smart; Though riches may seem to flourish, John. And sterling worth to fail. Oh! keep in view the good and true, 'Twill in the end prevail. Don't think too much of money, John. And dig and delve and plan. And take and scrape in every shape. To hoard up all you can. Though fools may count their riches, John. In dollars, pounds or pence. The best of wealth is youth and health. And good sound common sense. And don't be mean or stingy, John. But lay a little by of what you earn; you soon will learn. How fast 'twill multiply. So when old age comes creeping on. You'll have a goodly store. Of wealth to furnish all your needs— And maybe something more. There's shorter cuts to fortunes, John. We see them every day. But those who love their self-respect. Climb up the good old way. 'All is not gold that glitters,' John. A d man's the vulgar stare. And those who deem the best, John. Have of the least to spare. Don't meddle with your neighbors, John. Their sorrows are the care; You'll find enough to do, my boy. To mind your own affairs. The world is full of all manner— You can't afford to shrink. There's lots of people ready, John. To do such dirty work. And if amid the race for fame You win a shining prize, The humble worth of honest men You never should despise. For each one has his mission, John. In life's unchanging plan— Though lowly be his station, John. He is no less a man. Be good, be pure, be noble, John. Be honest, brave and true; And do to others as you would That they should do to you. And place your trust in God, my boy. 'Though fiery darts be hurled; Then you can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frownin' world. Good bye! May heaven guard and bless Your footsteps day by day; The old horse will be lonesome, John. When you are gone away. The cricket's song upon the hearth Will have a sadder tone; The old familiar spots will be So lonely when you're gone.—

BEN ROHT

GOES TO SEA—HAS A DELIGHTFUL TIME ON THE EXCURSION. SEES ONE OF THOSE DELUSIVE SEA MONSTERS—IS FORBIDDEN REMINDED OF ADAM'S TIMES BEFORE THE FALL. OR AT THE FALL. Listening at Thunder. I have been to Wrightsville. I got up at three o'clock, went off with one shoe blacked and one suspended to my breeches strap behind and sewed on in front. My wife wanted to go but I told her she would be a nuisance. I got to the station just in time to seize on to the hindmost car, but the train was so full there was no place where I could put my feet so I hung straight out behind for twenty miles. I lost one of my shoes—the blacked one of course. A new car was added at the first station and I slipped into it and sat down. Then they began to pile in, all sorts of folks, they wedged in so tight I could hardly breathe. They kept getting tighter. They crushed my waterbury, my tongue hung out, my eyes stuck out, my sides bent in. Oh, it was awful! I envied the one hanging out behind. An old woman weighing about two hundred, but squeezed so tight as to look not half so heavy, piled down on me. I sank under the burthen and the large-hearted—if it corresponded with her weight—old lady sat on me the rest of the journey. My hat which was straw was crushed finer than powder, and not having a cent I had to go bareheaded in Wrightsville till I found a fig tree. I thought of poor Adam and wept in sympathy. I thought of how he and Miss Eve must have felt after they had eaten the apple and named the core and couated the seed and Adam had nudged Miss Eve in the side with his elbow in high glee at the way the seed had figured, and lol they found they were in such a shabby fix. In my mind I could see Adam nudging behind a calcium and Miss Eve crawling in a bunch of cabbages. I sewed some fig leaves together with pine needles and made me an impromptu hat, and went down to the beach after falling through the trestle and bursting my pants—pine needles would not sew them together. I gave a plug of tobacco to a porter for a bathing suit aiming to go in the sea. The suit didn't fit of course, a rented one never did. I dropped a pin on the sand and got down on my all fours to look for it, and the next thing I knew I had got a pouncing lick behind and a big wave was rolling over me and rolling me with it. I swallowed about two gallons of brine, it took me a half an hour to get it up. Somebody tapped me on the shoulder and said, "If many gairdies like you come here you'll drink the sea dry." Then there rang a merry peal of paralyzing laughter over the waters. I looked up. The fairest angel of a woman that ever the sun shone on was standing by my side. I forgot who I was. I wanted to kiss her feet, to love her, to die for her, to marry her. I forgot my little wife at home, I wanted to fly with her. She was so expensively dressed. "Come on," she said, taking my hand, "and let me learn you to swim." If she had said "Ban, go hang your self," I should have done so. She called and tumbled me in the water. I swallowed about a barrel, but I did not say anything. Had she thrown me in the fire I should have considered myself beatified in being hurled to destruction by such a fair creature. After about two hours she came out and then, oh such a change! The powder had washed off her face, her clothes stuck to her skin, as if she looked like a drowned witch. I gave a yell of despair and tumbled and fell over the sound, five crosses tied to a flea, through the woods and on to Wilmington just like I came out of the sea, and in that dress I came home. BEN ROHT.

Who Deserves the Spanking?

To those who know how to govern other people's children better than the parents themselves do, we commend the following which is true to the life. Grace had very curly hair, and it was a great trial to her to have it combed. One day, during this process, she was crying and making a greater disturbance than usual, when her mother said: "What will the neighbors say when they hear you making such a noise?" Posing amid her weepings, she said in broken tones: "They'll say, 'why don't that woman spank that child?'" Those who never have had any children; or those who have had only very mild-tempered children; or those who, having had children of the adventurous and belligerent kind, have not been conspicuous in their successful management of them; or those who having come off victorious, after a sort, in a series of parental combats, have become a little self-complacent and self-righteous over it—all these may find food for thought in this little piece of child philosophy. We think we hear a chorus of such people vehemently crying out: "The child was right! The child knew better than its mother!" But what if the mother had often tearfully and tenderly, or impatiently and angrily, but unsuccessfully applied the "spanking" process? What if her motherly heart and wit had reached the conclusion that there must be some "more excellent way" of unravelling Grace's curly head and curly temper? Perhaps she is right and these sapient critics are wrong. We have read of an old preacher who gave it as his opinion that a boy who sat quiet on a stool over ten minutes ought to be knocked off. Having long since resigned our old-fashioned profession of parental qualifications, we are not ready, even after years of experience, to observe as a father, to express an opinion ex cathedra on so grave a matter; we are, however, inclined to accept the old preacher's dictum in this far, that a boy who does not occasionally stir up his parents surely needs a little judicious stirring up himself. But we must not go too far in this direction, or the little girl who suggested this editorial might include us among those obnoxious and uncharitable people who are always so ready to call for the "spanking" process.—R. V. E. I. D. Pepper, in *Christian Standard*.

A GREAT NEED.

WE KNOW BETTER THAN WE DO. WHO IS RESPONSIBLE? Who is responsible because people say that farmers are an ignorant class of people? If we have chosen farming as an occupation who is to blame? If we are ignorant, if we appear awkward, are dressed in the style of fifty years ago, we alone are to blame. The farmer, as a rule, is of the very best breeding so far as substantiality goes, but he often lacks that ease and polish and consideration for the comfort of others which makes the society of cultivated people so much more agreeable. But we are to blame for that. How many of us in our homes raise our children to be so? It is not because our minds are inferior to lawyer, professor, or any other class of people. It is because we do not practice what we know. We do not teach our children to be polite at home; we do not provide them with good books, with proper amusements, and they soon tire of home and see other places of amusement—boys generally more than girls—and the company they find is not very elevating. We hear a parent say that outside influences have ruined my child. Who is to blame? Who had the care of the child first? Then who is responsible? The poet says: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." That lays the responsibility on the mothers. If the mothers are responsible for the future generation they surely need to be a well educated, refined, intelligent class of people. But some argue that farmers' wives do not need to be educated, as though the woman who was to be a mother and have the training of immortal souls had no need of an education. I see no reason why farmers' wives should not be as well educated as any other class. What would best fit her for the duties of life would fit others. Educate our daughters equally with our sons; give them all a chance. It is not the profession that elevates the man, but the man the profession. Try to elevate our profession as farmers. Advance with the times, not adhere to the old-fashioned times of a hundred years ago. We live in an age of progress. Inform yourselves on the topics of the day. There is no need of farmers' wives spending all their time in the kitchen. Spend more time with your families, mingle more in society. That is one of the advantages of the progress; it gives us a chance to form the acquaintance of our neighbors. We mingle so little in society is one reason why we appear so ignorant. Spend an hour each day reading what is going on in the outside world. Sisters and brothers, we, each of us, are responsible. We reap what we sow; we harvest not for our neighbors—then let no one lay the responsibility on his neighbor for his own reward. MRS. ELBA COLE in *Old Homestead*.

Improper Language.

The use of slang is becoming so prevalent that some movement should be inaugurated to check its spreading tendency. It destroys the power of gracefully and accurately expressing our thoughts in pure and unadorned English, and denotes a lack of education and poverty of language in the person who uses it. To converse with correctness and fluency, its use must be entirely avoided. It places the user at a great disadvantage when conversing with a person of education who avoids it, and creates a feeling of disrespect in one and embarrassment in the other. Much of our judgment of persons is based upon first impressions. It is always to our advantage to create favorable impressions upon others. These first impressions, whether good or bad, are always created by our manners and language. The person whose habits of language are faulty is always at a disadvantage before strangers, when compared with another who may be not nearly so intelligent, but who speaks fluently. One who uses slang can rarely inspire in a really sensible person a very high regard for his intellectual qualifications, and it often conduces to diminish respect for real worth.—Charlotte Deane.

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