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THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

No one can tell how nor when the war with Spain will terminate, but it is to be hoped that the exceedingly poor plight in which this country found itself for war a few weeks ago will have a good effect. To be sure, our government has already seen the disadvantages of a poor navy, a poorly equipped army, and a general unreadiness for war. If Spain had pitched into war in dead earnest on the 22nd of April, Uncle Sam would have made a mighty poor show. The tardiness with which things drag is a great help to our country in getting ready for war some time in the future.

The hail storm that passed over this region last week seems to have zig-zagged clear across the State. There was great destruction to crops and to fruit in many parts of the State.

It shows up, however, one advantage of our climate. Farmers in this community who lost their crops are planting again corn and cotton and with good seasons expect almost as good a crop as they would have realized from the first planting. The truth is, most farmers do too little to their lands before planting; and that is why the second planting sometimes does so much better than one would expect. It has the advantage of all the plowing that was done for the first crop.

Dancing is recreation, they say, and according to the following calculation by one who doubtless knows, it is rather strong recreation for some girls who are often too feeble to help their mother o'mornings:

"An average waltz takes a dancer over about three quarters of a mile, a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled programme travels thus in one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances, at half a mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more: the intermission stroll, and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate her gown and complexion, half a mile; grand total, eleven and a half miles."

Some of the brethren of the press are finding out, even at a late hour, that the people of Eastern Carolina are as patriotic as those of any other part of the State, and there was more good reason for the soldier boys to remain at home than to rush into the army at the first call. Hasty conclusions are generally dangerous and often times they are faulty; and this is especially true when the honor and patriotism of North Carolinians are in question.

Let us hope that it will never become necessary for more of our boys from any part of the State be called out. That the war may soon end is the hope and desire of all.

The following bit of news sent out from Madrid a few days ago shows as much disaster to Spain as anything since the war began:

"The attention of the public to-day is absorbed in the rush on the bank's force, which is considered more serious than any reverse of the war, inasmuch as the impossibility of the bank to help the government means impossibility to continue the war.

There was a long procession at the bank during the day. All classes of people were represented, and many women were in line, waiting their turn to change notes into silver, tearing the notes would soon be subjected to a discount.

"If the run continues, there is danger of the bank's stock of silver becoming exhausted, which would compel the government to resort to a forced currency, issuing notes of small denomination."

M. L. Yocum, Cameron, Pa., says: "I was a sufferer for ten years, trying most all kinds of pile remedies, but without success. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me. I used one box. It has affected a permanent cure." As a permanent cure for piles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

NOTHING FOR BOASTING.

BOASTERS ARE ALWAYS SMALL.

Present-Day Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

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Those who boast most are those who otherwise would possibly be lost to sight. The truly great never boast; they do not need to. It is the mind that is too small to understand its relation to other minds, that vaunteth itself to be something great; and because it is so small it is usually alone in its self-glorifying opinion. To do and then to be content, whether the doing becomes known or not, is to be great. But to do some trifling thing and then outrageously cackle about it, is not only to be small but to appear small. It is better to abide by the sober estimate of our fellows than to confuse their minds and disgust them by our vain glorings. Granting that our work has value some one will surely arise to express appreciation of its honesty and simplicity. Even earth-worms have had a Darwin to explain the potency of their doings. But if no praise comes, what matter? The heart that feels its own purity of intention, is not without an inner reward. The surest way to a downfall is to boast, because the very self-confidence of the boaster prevents him from making the most ordinary and common-sense preparations for difficulties yet to be faced and deeds yet to be done.

Let us give this thought a strong and timely turn. Nationally we need it; for by unfortunate chance many men unprepared by study, unripe in judgement, ignorant of history and its teachings—blatant boasters—are, during these days of national testing, writing head-lines and editorials for some of the most-read American newspapers. They are causing at home and abroad a most unfortunate estimate of our national worth, and they not only threaten to but actually do make us look ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Nor this only, but they sin against us all and against the generation yet to come, by giving us a false opinion of ourselves.

Our nation is too great and has too much reserve possibility of future greatness to be worthily led in its opinions by writers of noisy headlines that twist the capture of a freighter into a notable achievement, or who magnify a skirmish into a naval engagement, or who describe everything, either good or bad, in terms that are never less than superlative. The day that Dewey's victory at Manila became known, one of these blind leaders in New York, with readers that number nearly a million, fairly frothed at the mouth as he penned his editorial. A most moderate line was that "Strange Asiatic fishes are now nibbling at the mustaches of the haughty Dons; and 'We own the western hemisphere; see!' This sure is not the American spirit, yet it gets remarked upon as such. If in any faint measure I can interpret the real American feeling, it was voiced in Admiral Dewey's own message, when after mentioning his victory in most ordinary terms, he closed by saying that he was taking good care of two hundred or more wounded Spaniards.

One scribbler for a paper that boasts (I suppose because no news from Mars and the distant stars can be gained to disprove the assertion) a circulation "the greatest in the universe" called the Manila exploit "the greatest naval engagement in the history of the world." Such a writer is in the condition of an illiterate man who knows nothing except what has happened during his own life time. From Semiramis to the time of our own late war, there have been a dozen naval engagements that have affected the map of the world more than this one will. Allowing that it is the first decided battle between modern warships—though Chile, Peru, Brazil, Japan and China have given us much knowledge in that direction—yet the Spaniards were at our mercy from the outset. They were caught napping to begin with, unequal to us in number of guns and weight of metal though outnumbering us in ships and unprepared with trained gunners. The last man to over-estimate it as a conclusive test of modern warfare

Mr. John Bevins, editor of the Press, Anthon, Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family for fifteen years, and have recommended it to hundreds of others, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

IT WAS BAD BACON.

BUT A DANGEROUS TRICK.

A Duel of Which Jackson was Ashamed.

Youths' Companion.

None of General Jackson's biographers give the details of his first duel, and he himself never cared to speak of the matter in later years; but some years ago a granddaughter of Col. Waitstill Avery told me the full story.

Waitstill Avery was a Massachusetts man who went to North Carolina, carrying with him a letter of recommendation from no less a personage than Jonathan Edwards. He soon acquired reputation and influence, and in time became attorney-general of the state. It was his custom to take students of law into his family, who became tutors of his children.

In 1784, when Andrew Jackson was but seventeen years old and ambitious to become a lawyer, he applied for this situation. The tradition is that he was refused because a daughter of Avery's took a dislike to his uncouth appearance.

Young Jackson next applied to Spruce McCay, a lawyer in Salisbury, N. C., in whose office he was fitted for the bar, and he shortly made his appearance in the courts. When Jackson was twenty-one years of age, he and Avery met in the trial of a case at Jonesboro, Tenn.

It was Jackson's habit to carry in his saddle-bags a copy of "Bacon's Abridgment," and to make frequent appeals to it in his cases. This precious book was always carefully done up in coarse brown paper, such as grocers used before the neat paper-bags of the present day were invented. The unwrapping of this much-prized volume before a court was a very solemn function as performed by Jackson.

Now Avery had by this time dropped whatever of Puritan sedateness had commended him to Jonathan Edwards, and was uncommonly fond of a joke. He procured a piece of bacon just the size of the book, and while Jackson was addressing the court he slipped out the volume from its wrapping and substituted the bacon.

Tit For Tat.

Youths' Companion.

A certain doctor who had had nervous prostration was heard to remark that the breakdown was of inestimable value to him; it gave him an insight which he had never before possessed. He was not inclined thereafter to scorn the whims and follies of overwrought patients. The author of the little book called "An Amateur Angler" had a somewhat similar experience, which perhaps did wonders in developing his sympathies. He was angling for grayling.

I cast my red spinner over a big fish that had just risen in midstream, but he declined the offer; again he came up, and again I dropped the spinner on the point of his nose, but still he declined.

I was perhaps a little flustered at this contempt. I drew up hastily, and as I did so my foot slipped in a hole; the consequence was that a gust of wind blew line and all in a confused bang into my face. I threw it out again, with the impression, delicately conveyed to my ears by the swish of the line, that the fly was off.

I wound up according, and found that off it was, and I began making arrangements for putting on a fresh one. I called out to the major, and told him to have a go at my grayling while I replaced my lost fly.

"Lost your fly!" repeated he, looking curiously into my face. "Why, it's sticking in your nose!" and he burst into a roar of laughter.

Then I, wondering, put my finger to the tip of my nose, and there, to my astonishment, my horror and, I may add, my terror, I found the hook firmly embedded in cartilage. When I made the recast, I must have driven the hook deeply into the nose, and far below the barb. Yet, most marvellous of all, I had never felt the slightest pang or twitch.

Of course we knocked off fishing at once, and slowly and solemnly I marched home, covering my face with a handkerchief whenever I met any one upon the road. When I reached the house, I examined my nose in a looking-glass, and I confess to feeling woefully discouraged. The barbed betrayer was there firmly fixed, and I saw there nothing for it but to send for the doctor.

He came in due course with his lancet, and the hook was removed; but I should be a sorry man if I thought I should ever angle for myself again with such good result.

A little boy asked for a bottle of "get up in the morning as fast as you can," the druggist recognized a household name for "DeWitt's Little Early Risers," and gave him a bottle of those famous little pills for constipation, sick headache, liver and stomach troubles.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

THE REWARD OF THRIFT.

New York Tribune.

A story is told of one of the great men of to-day which has the added charm of being romantic as well as true. As in the story-books, it begins with "Once upon a time"—though not so long ago—a small boy, looking for employment, found it with a photographer in Nashville, Tenn. Unlike most Southern boys this little fellow, working for a small stipend, saved up all he could spare, until it had become a snug little pile that turned the whole tide of his life.

He was at his work one day when a young friend came to him, and wishing to borrow some money, left his book for security, but told his friend, "Pay me when you can," at the same time fearing he would see no returns from his loan.

The friend left the book and it proved to be a work on astronomy, so the youth examined it, and found it most interesting, and then resolved to know all he could of the heavens, reading every book he could find on the subject.

He purchased a telescope and spent his nights on the roof, studying the stars. He worked faithfully for his employer, but he never grew tired of studying the wonders of the worlds around him. At last as a reward for his labors, he discovered two comets before the watchful scientists knew of them, notwithstanding their greater advantages. This made the lad's name familiar to all the learned world, and he was asked to see what he could do with the six-inch telescope at Vanderbilt College. Within six years he was the happy discoverer of six comets. Later, at Lick Observatory, he discovered eight more, and astounded the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He it was who invented a new method of photographing the nebulae of the Milky Way.

This boy, who, by a small loan to his friend, became so great an astronomer, is Prof. E. E. Barnard, in charge of Yerkes Observatory, of Chicago University.

Sand Pile for Children.

"First in a child's outfit should be a sand heap if the young ones are quite young," writes Charles M. Skinner of "Gardens for Children" in the June Ladies Home Journal. "Almost the first thing that human beings want to do, after they learn to eat is to dig. A cartload of sand is one of the cheapest and most satisfying playthings in the world. It is worth a houseful of dolls and painted monkeys on sticks. Watch Johnny and Nelly at their work and you will wish most heartily that you could find the novelty and enthusiasm in your employments. That sand pile is very cosmos. Mountains are builded from it with the use of tin shovels and beach pails; there are caves in the cool depths near the foot of those Himalayas—caves big enough for the cat to turn around in; Johnny makes a fort on his side, and Nelly lays out a garden on hers. Johnny's fort mounts murderous clothespins, and the garden has trees and flowers and fountains made of burned matches, wisps of paper and broom straws, while china dolls walk abroad there and take the air. 'What tawling! did you say? Not so. This is one of the most serious affairs in life. Don't you see that in this play the little ones are learning? Probably they acquire more exact information in an hour than they gain all day in school. They are gathering ideas—facts—about this physical world that they must use their whole lives long, for all knowledge rests upon them: ideas about substance, gravity, density, form, distance."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Find Your Place.

"Blessed is the man who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessing." So says Thomas Carlyle. There is everything in a good fit. A square peg in a round hole, or a round peg in a square hole is always a failure. Yet we see men struggling along in positions for which they are not adapted any more than a pumpkin is to hang on a grape-vine. How came they to enter these occupations? Some supposed advantage. "There is money in it." "The position is honorable." "The work is not hard." There has been no careful consideration of the abilities the calling requires. But this is the very first thing a young man should consider before he chooses his life work. It is hard to fight against nature. God has set a certain stamp on all of us, and this we name our aptitudes. These are decisive as to what we should do. The man who is tongue-tied should not seek to be a preacher, and the man who is brain-tied better not try to enter any of the learned pursuits. There is scarcely anything more pathetic than to see a man struggling with a profession for which nature did not design him. Of course some men can turn their attention profitably to a variety of occupations, but others will surely fail if they do not find their true places.

Many persons think the humble occupations are not honorable enough. They were made to be blacksmiths, and mechanics, and farmers; but they think that to get such social positions as they desire they must become physicians or preachers or lawyers. Non-scientific pride! It is far more honorable to be a first-class mechanic than a fourth-class lawyer. It is not the position itself, but the class of work one does in it that is honorable. The man who makes good shoes is a greater success than the man who preaches poor sermons. Says Mr. Marden: "If your vocation be a humble one, elevate it with more manhood than others put into it. Better adorn your own than seek another's place. Go to the bottom of your business and you will soon reach the top." On the other hand Lowell gives the warning: "It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough."

Bruised Beauties.

While American women ride on bicycles for pleasure, the sultan of Morocco uses bicycles as instruments of torture for any of the women of his harem who have the misfortune to offend him. The unhappy odalisques are compelled to mount machines and ride around a marked track in the palace gardens. Not knowing how to ride, their repeated falls and other mishaps furnish the sultan and his more favored wives with endless amusement. When they have fallen twenty times—provided, of course that they have not broken their backs in the meantime—the punishment is complete and the bruised beauties are allowed to retire.

Bad management keeps more people in poor circumstances than any other one cause. To be successful one must look ahead and plan ahead so that when a favorable opportunity presents itself he is ready to take advantage of it. A little forethought will also save much expense and valuable time. A prudent and careful man will keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, the shiftless fellow will wait until necessity compels it and then ruin his best horse going for a doctor and have a big doctor bill to pay, besides; one pays out 25 cents, the other is out a hundred dollars and then wonders why his neighbor is getting richer while he is getting poorer. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

A torpid liver robs you of ambition and ruins your health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cleanse the liver, cure constipation and all stomach and liver troubles.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.