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## THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

My thoughts go home to that old brown house,  
With its low roof sloping down to the east,  
And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme,  
That blossom no longer, except in rhyme,  
Where the honey-bees used to feast.

Afar in the west the great hills rose,  
Silent and steadfast, and gloomy and gray;  
I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep  
Their watch, while the world should wake or sleep.  
Till the trumpet should sound on the Judgment day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed  
As they brooded there in the silent night,  
While March winds smote them or June rains  
fell,  
Or the snows of winter their ghostly spell  
Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remembered a younger world than ours,  
Before the trees on their tops were born,  
When the old brown house was itself a tree,  
And waste were the fields where now you see  
The winds stir in the tasseled corn.

And I was as young as the hills were old,  
And the world was warm with the breath of  
spring,  
And the roses red and the lilies white  
Budded and bloomed for my heart's delight,  
And the birds in my heart began to sing.

But again in the distance the great hills rose,  
Dear unto rapture and dumb unto pain,  
Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief,  
And remember a butterfly's life is brief,  
And the sun sets only to rise again.

They will brood, and dream, and be silent as  
now,  
When the youngest children alive to-day  
Have grown to be women and men, grown old,  
And gone from the world like a tale that is  
told,  
And even these echoes forget to stay.

## WILD NANCY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Such a wild thing!" sighed Miss Blifkins, "and yet so pretty! So much good in her! What will she grow up to?" This problem puzzled the little woman's head, night and day. She had no one to live for but herself. Stitching, stitching, right through the week, people said she would work herself into consumption, yet some day she kept well.

The little cooking stove was always bright, the tables and chairs never showed a speck of dust, the carpeted floor shone so gaily with the tiny cracked mirror upon the wall, and "somehow"—Miss Blifkins often said—"providence seemed to provide."

Not that she told the neighbors this—such a Goddess set as they were! She never would have lived in the old tenement house, but it was so hard to get a room with three windows, and the sun pouring in all day, that she put up with the surroundings, which were none of the best.

What with being waked up out of her soundest slumber by a drunken tailor overhead, tormented by the constant smell of soapuds from across the entry, and subject to the visits of wild Nancy, whom she could not civilize, yet whose welfare she felt conscientiously interested in, she had enough petty annoyances to constitute a good sized cross, which she carried with becoming resignation.

"Oh Miss Blif, may I come in?" sounded a high, nasal tone. "In a minute," said the little woman, driving the cloud from her brow, and making an end of a big buttonhole with three energetic pulls, and then she put her work, a black satin vest, on the chair, and opened the door.

"Oh Miss Blif, how nice you do always look! Don't I wish ours was a three flight front, instead of a four flight back! And the stairs is broke so horrid! Oh Miss Blif, what a pretty weekit!"

"Don't touch it!" cried the little woman, rushing back to the window. "Lal! I shan't pisen it," snaps back wild Nancy, and then looks round the room for spoils.

Wild Nancy is something worth gleaning at, as she stands there dirty but picturesque. Out from many a tangle of lustrous brown hair shine a pair of very dark bright eyes. Her complexion, what one can see of it for the dirt, is remarkably clear, and a tawny, healthy red gives a dash of the gypsy to her countenance.

Her apron is torn clear across, and hangs down in an unmistakable rag, that trails to the floor. Her shoes are what she calls new, that is, they have been worn for five or six months by some better fed, and better housed mortal, and it is evident that the girl is unused to restraint, and cares very little for those who are called her superiors.

"I thought you promised me you would wash your hands and comb your hair before you came here again," said Miss Blifkins.

"Yes, I know; but dad broke the comb, and we ain't got no wash basin, and the bath room is nailed up."

"What bath room?" asked Miss Blifkins innocently.

"The bath room that ought to be up in the sky parlor. Oh Miss Blif where'd you get that?"

"It's an old picture my mother had, years ago. I couldn't get a frame and so I backed it up yesterday."

"My gracious!" cried Nancy, drawing out every vowel to its fullest extent. "Ain't that the devil?"

"It certainly is," said Miss Blifkins, "and those people there are supposed to 'ave been very wicked. The fruits on those trees are sins; if you could read those trees and understand them, but as you can't sometimes when I am less busy I'll explain to you."

"Oh Miss Blif! ain't he rakin' 'em in? Oh I should like to be him! I'd put 'em Dow down there for hittin' me yester-

day, and I'd rake 'em in for tellin' lies on me. There's lots of people I'd push down that hole, and then I'd holler and ask them how they felt."

"And suppose somebody should want to rake you down there?" queried Miss Blifkins.

"Couldn't catch this child," she laughed back, "but I say, don't I like plecters? Ain't a day but what I go up street and look in the windows. Oh don't I like pretty things? Don't I? But I shan't never have none," she added reflectively.

"Seems to me you might mend that tear in your apron," said Miss Blifkins.

"Ain't got nothin' but a darnin' needle, and that's broke," was the reply.

"I'll give you a needle."

"Ain't got any cotton."

"And some cotton."

"Nor no thimble. Oh, what's the use!" and Miss Blifkins, looking up, saw her dash the tears from her bright, dark eyes. That was something new, but before the astonished woman could learn the reason the girl had bounded out of the room.

The tone of voice in which the child had said "Oh, don't I like pretty things!" had penetrated Miss Blifkins's heart and touched her feelings. She slowly rose, unlocked an unused box, and fumbling there a moment, brought forth a thimble case, a needle case, and a box of cotton. Now the thimble case was a work of art, a little velvet box with gold edges, to imitate the bible. The thimble was spotless silver, the needle case was quite as artistic, and the box as pretty and bright as any child might desire.

"They're all I've got to remind me that he lived and loved me," murmured the thin little spinster, "but then, he was studying for the ministry, what wouldn't he have done to save a poor soul? Besides it ought to be a sacrifice, or it wouldn't be good for much. I will," and she went back to her sewing with a tender, beautiful smile upon her face which if he saw must have been beautiful in his sight.

Two days after that wild Nancy came again. She had sedulously mended her rags, but oh such mending!

"See here, Nancy," said Miss Blifkins, and she displayed her treasures.

"Oh ain't they lovely!" cried the girl, with rapturous emphasis. "I should think you would be so happy to have such beautiful things!"

"They are for you, Nancy," said Miss Blifkins softly, looking away into the distance, even beyond the walls that bounded the ordinary vision.

"For me? For me?" and the girl drew a long breath. It seemed as if she could not believe it. Her fingers trembled as Miss Blifkins forced the pretty little bible into her hand, and the needle case, and the box.

"Oh! oh! oh!" and her eyes, filled with delight, flashed back and forth from the humble little seamstress to the treasures that seemed so precious to her beauty starved soul. And then she flung both arms about the woman's neck, and sobbed and laughed together and promised—ah me, many more things than in all likelihood she would ever be able to perform.

But then, Miss Blifkins believed in her, and of the two human souls in the presence of God and the angels I dare not undertake to say which was the happiest.

Musical Expert Thayer Suggests.

The best lessons cost but a trifle more than cheap or poor lessons; but the good lessons will save you years of time, and you enter upon your success, and get your money back, many years sooner.

Out of the two millions of young people, there are less than a dozen a year who make any noticeable mark. What is the reason?

In an experience of 30 years I have had all possible kinds of pupils; good and poor, diligent and lazy, talented and stupid; and also many very successful ones. I have watched them all very closely, and I think I can tell you why some failed and others succeeded.

The prime requisites are: 1. The love of music. 2. The best instruction. 3. How to study. 4. When to study. 5. Where to study. 6. A good instrument. 7. How to make it all successful.

It will be quite useless for you to go into music unless you have an absorbing love for it; a mere admiration for it will count for little or nothing.

A love for it shows the talent for it. Let me prove this to you. Suppose you like red better than any other color. This is evidence that there is something within you more strongly allied to the color of red than any other color; if it were not so you would like some other color equally well or better. Do you not see that this is a self evident proposition? Now instead of the red color, let us suppose it is music you like best—the conclusion is inevitable that you have a talent for music.—American Musician.

What is Civilization?

What is a high state of civilization? It consists of a knowledge of nature's laws and of obedience rendered to them, and incidentally, of a recognition that there is a duty which man owes to his fellow man; it is a state of civilization in which the mind has become convinced that the cardinal virtues of benevolence, justice, truth, purity, and obedience to order are laws of nature and must be obeyed, if man would rise above the state of the brute; and it is a state of existence in which the environment of humanity warms and induces

each man to do just, true, and pure. As civilization grows higher, morality and intelligence go hand in hand with it—they are, all three, dependent one upon the other.—Arthur Dudley Vinton, in the Arena.

Hope for Him.

How often do we hear a parent say of a mischievous boy: "I would not mind so much if I could only believe him." Whatever his other traits, truth is essentially the touchstone of a boy's character. The following case in point appears in the Christian Leader:

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest, he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. "He will make a reliable, manly man."

Mrs. Stokeham, of Townville, S. C., is said to be cutting her third set of teeth. She is "108 years old, and is hale and hearty, looking good for many years yet."

There is a constantly growing demand that other people be good.—[Aitchison Globe.

## HITS OF INFORMATION.

Europe's population, 380,200,000.

Great Britain's debt, \$3,492,000,000.

The Teutonic (565.08 feet long) is the longest steamship.

The big ocean steamships use 466 pounds of coal a minute.

Paris has 600 miles of streets, 200 miles being bordered with trees.

There are now 19,373 newspapers in the United States and Canada.

Private houses of more than 73 feet high are prohibited in Berlin since 1887.

According to the last census there are over 50,000 houses in the city of Boston.

In the city of Berlin, with a population of 1,315,600, there are but 26,300 dwelling houses.

The fire proof safe is not a very old institution. The first one was made in 1829 by a type founder.

Sixty years ago the aggregate wealth of the United States was only \$1,000,000,000; now it is \$55,300,000,000.

Statistics show that eight times as many murders are committed in Italy as in any other European country.

At Woolwich Arsenal is the largest anvil. It weighs 600 tons, and the block upon which it rests weighs 108 tons.

There are 26 monarchies and 25 republics in the civilized world to-day. Sixteen republics are in South America.

The people of this country use three times as much writing paper as those of any other nation, in proportion to their number.

Within the Antarctic Circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the Arctic regions there are 762 different species of flowers.

Statistics show that 500,000,000 of the human race wear clothing, 250,000,000 habitually go without clothes, and 700,000,000 only cover portions of the body.

The States which in 1892 will take part in a Presidential election for the first time are North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming.

It is a mistake to suppose that polar research has cost enormously in human life. Despite all the great disasters, 97 out of every 100 explorers have returned alive.

More than 65,000 families of Berlin live in dwellings of one room. About one tenth of the population of the city are driven to take up their abode in cellars underground.

Statistics now show that 500,000,000 of the human race wear clothing, 250,000,000 habitually go without clothes, and 700,000,000 only cover portions of the body.

The first census of the United States was taken in 1790, a year after the foundation of the Government under the Constitution, when the aggregate population was 3,929,214.

The Brooklyn Bridge took 11 years to build, cost \$15,000,000, and was the first joint investment of Brooklyn and New York. It has been, from every point of view, a great success.

William L. Marcy, in a speech in the United States Senate, January, 1832, said: "They see nothing wrong in the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils." He didn't express approval of the doctrine.

When the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was built, more than a thousand years ago, the stones and brick were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk, and the building has been fragrant with the odor ever since.

The Census Bureau has issued a statement of the debt of nations, which shows that the total indebtedness of foreign nations is over \$25,000,000,000, that of the United States \$915,000,000, and of the States and Territories \$238,000,000.

The island of Hawaii, the largest in the Sandwich Island group, is constantly increasing in size, owing to the ever flowing streams of lava which run out to sea and make the shores of the island ever expand; the main stem of the forest.

## THEN AND NOW.

WHAT A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

BY D. D. BAILEY.

WE ARE ALL ONE.

N. Y. Herald.

The death of Hannibal Hamlin is another reminder that the old war times are gradually sinking below the horizon.

We have talked a great deal about the New South as our result of the great struggle, but we have a New North as well. Our whole outlook has changed since the days when slavery set our teeth on edge.

We have become, what at one time seemed impossible, an entirely homogeneous people, with not a single subject for excited controversy within the range of debate.

Before Appomattox North and South were two different nationalities, bound together by the force of circumstances, but struggling to get apart and seeking some excuse for taking the first step toward a divorce.

We were the political Siamese twins, united by a constitutional ligament which it might be fatal to cut, but with such diverse temperaments and modes of thought that oft life was passed in mutual irritations.

The irascibilities were in a state of constant exasperation—they challenged and defied each other, nursed their animosities with such zeal the prophets trembled for our future, and predicted that the whole experiment of popular government would be swallowed up in the vortex of hatred.

Goats boldly declared his desire to call a slave roll beneath the shadow of Snaker Hill, or was so reported, and all New England was a blaze with horror. Wendell Phillips, whose eloquence was as sharp as the sword of Saladin, and Garrison, who retorted in language which was fire of gunpowder.

When Hamlin was in his prime and one of that group of giants in which Lincoln stood head and shoulders above the rest, the whole country, North as well as South, suffered the pangs of measureless agony.

Both armies fought with a desperate courage never before exhibited on the planet. The irresistible and the immovable apparently came into collision.

What a magnificent spectacle that long series of battles presented! A tragedy died with the fate of this nation and of republicanism the wide world over. A million men, and brothers at that, digging trenches for the dead who fell by thousands until there was hardly a home in the land that did not suffer bereavement.

Five years of mortal terror, impoverishing one-half of the country and almost exhausting the material resources of the other half.

But all this seems ancient history now. Most of the great generals who led the armies have passed over to the majority. The statesmen who won for themselves a place on the historic page lie in the dust where mortals rest in dreamless sleep.

The ranks of the veterans are being rapidly thinned. They have left their riddled banners to their heirs, and a new generation have bent their shoulders to the burden of political responsibility.

Less than thirty years have been counted off, and yet so rapid has been our progress that the old wounds have healed and the roar of the cannon has become a distant echo. Our hatreds have been washed away by the incoming tide of national prosperity.

Once in a while the cry comes from some Northern stump speaker in search of office or from some unrecruited and unregenerate Southerner, but it rouses no response. The people beyond the Potomac are diving into iron and coal mines, building factories and felling forests. The people of the East and West are demanding a larger market for their products, and are contented, prosperous and happy.

As one by one the great souls of language take their departure, we recall the stirring scenes in which they were actors, the hairbreadth escape of the nation during the perils of war and the hard earned victory which at last crowned our efforts.

We also congratulate ourselves that when the great issue was settled forever, it left no remnant behind which could breed discord in the years to come.

## NO OLD MAIDS HERE.

A LADY HAS BUT TO NAME HER CHOICE, AND HE IS HERE.

A strange sect has come to public notice in Madrid. It has its headquarters in the Calle del Sombrerete, a poor but central portion of the town. There are about 1,000 members in Madrid, and the membership in the provinces is increasing despite the united efforts of the government and the clerical class to check its growth.

The largest branch is at Valencia.

The leading doctrine of the sect are the propagation of the human race and the banishment of disease. The leader is a former workman named Jimena, who is called "The Great Pontiff," and at whose house the members meet. After prayers and singing at these meetings the pontiff blesses the sick and administers holy water to them.

Crowds of sick people flock to him to be healed, and there seems to be a particular desire to submit sick children to his ministrations. The gatherings take place at night. The strictest morality is enforced as a part of the tenets of the propagation of the race is carried into effect in this wise.

Any woman is entitled to rise in meeting and cry out, "I wish to marry" so and so, naming the favored man. The man upon whom her choice has fallen is doomed to become a husband. It is useless for him to protest prior engagements. The pontiff marries the couple then and the a. Over 30 such marriages have been carried out, and the popularity of the pontiff among women desiring matrimonial partners is unbounded. His benefactor is just now under a cloud, having been thrust into prison on a charge of practicing medicine without legal authority. Scores of women show their devotion to the persecuted pontiff by gathering outside the prison and uttering lamentations and expressions of sympathy for him.

## THE LAST DAYS OF CARTHAGE.

BY D. D. BAILEY.

WE ARE ALL ONE.

N. Y. Herald.

Three years had elapsed since the cohorts of Rome had encamped without the walls of Carthage, laid siege to that ancient and affluent city, whose son, Hannibal, with his invincible legions had for seventy years previous caused the very gates of Rome to tremble, and her consuls to quake with fear and to doubt for the safety of their city.

During these three years nearly all the strongholds of Africa had surrendered to the Roman conquerors and left Carthage to her own fate, without the means to sustain a protracted siege. Being thus reduced to her own resources, and brought to the last extremity, she fought with the courage of despair. Cato, one of Rome's most profound senators had often repeated these words in the Roman senate, "And I conclude that Carthage ought to be destroyed."

Others become infatuated with the principles of Cato, and the contagion spread until all Rome cried for blood, and clamored for the destruction of the Carthaginians. Nothing but the total annihilation of that powerful and dreaded rival of Rome could gratify their spirits of revenge, insure the safety of their republic or quench their thirst for human blood.

This was the object the Romans had in view when Scipio, their new made consul, marshalled his forces before the walls of Carthage and began the work of destruction which culminated in the extermination of that city which for seven hundred years had dazzled the world by her magnificence and wealth, and bid defiance to all the allied powers of Rome. But alas! her end was nigh.

No more O Carthage! thou once proud mistress of the sea, shall thy ships of the Mediterranean bear the commerce of the world. No more will thy Hamilears disturb the peace of Spain, nor thy Hannibals scale the lofty Alps and dare to invade the very dominions of Rome. Thy doom is sealed, the death sentence has gone forth, signed by the senate of Rome, and it must now be sealed with the blood of the Carthaginians. Even now the work of carnage has begun on the walls of Carthage Harbor and the legions of Rome are swarming in the great square of the city, and marching toward the citadel.

And now O Carthage! thou bloody and inhuman city! Rome is in thy midst and she will never quit thy shores until thy walls crumble into dust, thy temples are demolished and thrown down and the crimson tides of thy life's blood flow through the streets into your harbor as a mighty river flows into the sea. The sun of thy prosperity shall soon go down in darkness and blood, never more to illuminate with his warm and genial rays the sad cold heart of the poor Carthaginians.

For six days and nights the work of death went on in the midst of the city. The inhabitants fought desperately from the tops of the houses, and annoyed the Romans with such a continued shower of darts that they too had to take refuge upon the towers of the houses. The streets were so effectually blocked up with the dead, dying and wounded Carthaginians, that the Romans, in order to effect a passage for their troops, dragged the still panting bodies off with hooks and threw them in pits.

When all had surrendered to the Romans with the exception of about 900 deserters, together with Asdrabal his wife and two children whose lives Scipio would not agree to spare, they took refuge in the temple of Aesculapius where they might have held out a good while had not Asdrabal, the Carthaginian General, deserted them and gone over to the Romans. The deserters were so transported with rage at sight of their General that they immediately set fire to the building they were in. While the fire was kindling, the wife of Asdrabal, dressed herself in her most splendid apparel and advanced in sight of the Roman Army and thus addressed their General:

"I call not down curses upon thy head O Roman, for thou only takest the privilege allowed by the laws of war, but may the gods of Carthage and thou in concert with them, punish, according to his just deserts, the false wretch who has betrayed his country, his wife, his children!" Then turning to her husband she said: "Perditions wretch, thou basest of men! this fire will presently consume both me and my children but as to thee, unworthy General of Carthage, to adorn the gay triumph of the conqueror, suffer in the sight of all Rome, the tortures thou so justly deservest. May the tortures which Regulus suffered in the streets of Carthage be multiplied tenfold upon thee in Rome. In addition to having thy eyelids severed from thy face, as his wife and thy defenceless balls exposed to the vertical rays of a burning sun at noon, day, may the flesh be harrowed from thy bones with teeth of barbed iron tipped with plain, and thy body torn asunder inch by inch. While that base, false and cowardly heart of thine is still pulsating with life, may some Roman, as cruel as thyself, snatch it from thy breast, expose it to all the indignities of the Roman populace, and then hurl it in thy face and place his heel upon it and grind both it and thou in the dust of the streets of Rome, O thou villainous traitor of Carthage!"

No sooner had she uttered these words, than she took both her children, cut their throats, threw them into the flames and then sprang in herself.

Thus ended that Republic which was so famous for her wealth, the extent of her dominions and her knowledge of war. She is even now famous as the mother of Hannibal, the greatest warrior perhaps that ever lived. "Carthage," says the historian, "might have been compared with the most powerful Empire of antiquity. But not withstanding her power, her riches and the glory of her arms, she fell as Rome and Assyria afterward fell, a victim to her own vices, ambition and pride."

[The above is republished by request, it was first published some years ago in the Washington Progress.—E. D. BEACON.]

## THE NEW PER CENT BONDS.

News & Observer 16th Inst.

Our readers will remember, several days ago, we stated that the Secretary of the Treasury had been compelled, on account of the depleted condition of the treasury to

ask indulgence from the creditors of the government on the 4 1/2 per cent bonds maturing on September 1st, which had been granted, and that, in lieu of those maturing, bonds would be issued bearing 2 per cent interest. The first lot of 4 1/2 per cent bonds to be continued at 2 per cent was checked off on the books of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington last Monday, and the bonds have been referred to the register of the treasury. The modus operandi is thus described by the Springfield Republican:

When that office issues the new bonds they will be numbered consecutively from one upward, and the owner of lot No 1 will receive bonds whose numbers will begin with No 1. The order in which the perfected cases are received by the secretary determines in which the new bonds will be issued and as the law requires that the bonds last issued shall be first redeemed, there is a distinct advantage in obtaining those bearing the lowest numbers. It is said at the department that this advantage, however, is being thrown away by many of the holders through their carelessness in preparing and forwarding bonds and the accompanying papers. Each owner who desires the continuance of his bonds should carefully follow the instructions printed on the blanks furnished by the department. National banks, particularly, should affix the bank's seal to all documents and forward the treasurer's receipts representing the bonds. A few days' delay, caused by errors or omissions which must be corrected, may make a difference of many months in the date of maturity of the new bonds. About 25 per cent in number of the national banks holding 4 1/2 per cent bonds have already sent in their papers, but for the reasons above stated less than 100 perfect cases have been passed.

JUST CRITICISM.

Norfolk Virginian.

One of the curses of the South—morally and politically, if not socially—is the miserable deference to Northern opinion and Northern habits which make of a large class of her people mere puppets. This policy and deference has been extremely pernicious, too, in crushing Southern literary effort and in debasing local pride.

There is great demand for emancipation from this slavery of mind, and the battle in such behalf should begin at once, that mental, manufacturing and commercial freedom may be promptly and decisively achieved without division as to means.

A conspicuous delusion of the average Southerner has been the practice of giving preference to foreign over local journalism. The Basic City Advance pointed out in a recent article the folly and stupidity of this course, and the injury inflicted on home enterprise and local prosperity. The points made by our contemporary were timely as truthful, and the Virginian's readers cannot fail to acknowledge their value and correctness. They should be studied and reformation be begun at once.

The Advance says:

The New York paper, which costs so little and is so full of trials of aldermanic bootlers and blood-sucking crime, will, seldom if ever mention the name of a single individual with whom you are acquainted. It will never call attention to the town or county in which you reside, its products, its manufacturing facilities, its advantages for new comers, or its special adaptation to trade or commerce. The local paper does all this and more too. It mentions every product in detail and challenges comparison. It shows the facilities for manufacturing, and by its influence causes the erection of factories and the employment of home labor, and from time to time it furnishes these manufacturing enterprises with gratuitous advertising obtained nowhere else.

THE SOUTH.

N. Y. Journalist.

The South is a field for new men with new ideas, and new energy. Some pretty lively boomers have already drifted in that direction, but there is room for more. The man who goes South and grows up with the country has a far better climate and as great an opportunity as in the West. He has another advantage—he is not going to a new country. He will find men financially solid; men of ability and culture; men who make warm friends and generous rivals. He will find the climate delightful, living very cheap, and business of all kinds on the boom. He will be among people who, if he is a gentleman, he will find to be courteous, hospitable and appreciative beyond anything he ever experienced in the North. With its natural advantages, it will one day, and that before long, become one of the richest and most prosperous sections of the United States. Those who go early and avoid the rush will be the first to share in the prosperity.

A MATRIM