

RIGHT HAVE BEEN.

He might have been great, you have heard people say. If things had turned out in a different way; He was handicapped heavily somehow or other; He got a bad start—luck favored his brother. He might have torn laurels from Webster or Burke. Such is his belief, but they set him to work in a bank or a brewery—no matter which—And what could the poor fellow do but get rich. There's Tumbilly, now, might have written, who knows? The loveliest verse, if he hadn't writ prose. There are tallors with souls that soar above coats; And farmers a-weary of marketing shoats; All trades and professions count plenty of men Who'd like to try starting life over again—Who know that they might have been, Heaven knows what. If the nickel they'd dropped in some other slot. Here's this one whose habit of drinking prevents The world from admiring his virtue and sense; He might have been great, his friends all insist. And ask us to weep over what we have missed. They're dozens who might have with pen or with saber Won fame if they hadn't all hated hard labor. The tortoise we know would have never been in it If he hadn't tarried to doze for a minute. It's a pity, perhaps, and the poet has sung Of "might have been's" sadness, on pen or on tongue. But we order a dinner or put on a coat. Spend money or make it, smoke, verify, vote. According to facts—you can't go behind 'em. And take 'em you must, yes, just as you find 'em. He might have been—nonsense! The world would know this; Not what a man might be, but just what he is! —(Hepburn Jones.)

THE YOUNG REPORTER.

"You needn't stay, Hervey, unless you care to wait on emergency," said the editor. "There's nothing special, and you may as well have your night off, if the rest of us can't."

"Thank you, sir."

Alfred Hervey, the youngest reporter on the paper, would no doubt have preferred to work, but there was nothing for him to do, and as the dismissal of his chief had been kindly meant, he accepted it in the same spirit.

It was no ordinary achievement for a boy of 19 to have advanced, by his unaided aptitude and energy, from the typesetter's case to the reportorial staff of one of the great daily journals.

This was what Alfred had recently succeeded in doing, but he discovered only too soon that the position, once attained, involved difficulties and drawbacks.

The new reporter's position was a very subordinate one. He was paid at the rate of so much per column for such of his articles only as were actually printed in the paper. What was cut out of his "copy" by the editor or rejected bodily was so much time and labor lost.

The consequence was that Alfred, like many others, not only had no opportunity even to attempt to distinguish himself by "fine writing," but his earnings were actually less than he could command at typesetting.

These were the reflections, no doubt, that tended to cast down the spirits of the young reporter as he quitted the editorial rooms that Christmas eve.

Alfred drew on his gloves and started in the direction of the river; he usually went home by steamboat. As he elbowed his way through the throng of people he occasionally threw back his head and quickened his step with an air of determination.

He was thinking of the resolutions he meant to make on the approaching New Year's day—resolutions of pluck and perseverance in his work, which would triumph in spite of all obstacles.

Arriving at the pier, he went aboard the boat that was in waiting and, according to his habit, walked straight to the forward deck.

The boat glided out into the swift, dark tide.

As the vessel bumped against the pier which was Alf's destination, a man wearing a long black overcoat, with the collar turned up about his ears, advanced in a nervous manner to the extreme edge of the deck, ready to leap onto the pier.

He might have accomplished the feat in safety had not the boat at the same instant recoiled and suddenly receded several feet.

The passengers were horrified to see the unfortunate man fall short of his landing, and, throwing up his arms with a wild cry of terror, disappear in the dark, ceasing waters.

He had escaped being caught and crushed between the boat and the pier, but his plight was none the less terrible. "Man overboard! Hold her back!" shouted the men on the pier to the wheelman.

The order was obeyed with promptness.

The poor fellow in the water was incapable of making any effort to save himself.

One of the pier hands, who had had previous experience of such accidents, did the one thing practicable under the circumstances.

Grasping a long boathook, he thrust it into the water, and dexterously catching it in the loose clothing of the drowning man, dragged him with more expedition than gentleness to the pier.

His comrade waited there to grasp the limp and dripping body, and the two gently raised it from the water.

Seized with a feeling of profound pity,

Alfred bent over the prostrate body when he stepped onto the pier.

"Do you know him?" asked the man who had used the boathook.

"I don't, but I know he must be attended to at once," replied the young reporter energetically. "Look, he has been stunned by the shock, and he'll freeze to death here!"

"Call a policeman and get a doctor, or else take the poor fellow to some place where he can be attended to. We can't leave him here even for a second," said the man.

Alfred beckoned to a policeman, who happened to be at the top of the pier approach.

"What's up? Hello! Fell overboard, eh?" remarked the official deliberately, shaking the drenched victim by the collar of the long overcoat.

The unfortunate man gave no sign of life.

Somebody procured some brandy, and while the policeman was trying to force it between his charge's lips, a young man carrying a physician's medicine case elbowed his way through the crowd, glanced at the pallid face, seized the hands, and felt the pulse, then bent over and laid his ear close to the heart.

For a moment not a word was spoken; then the young doctor uttered a startled exclamation, and, raising his head, said with grave decision:

"It is too late. This unfortunate man is dead."

The awestricken silence which followed this announcement was broken by the policeman, who asked, addressing Alfred:

"Who is he? Do you know him?"

"No; I never saw him until he fell into the water. Perhaps we may find out by searching his pockets."

On both sides strange but not unkindly hands were thrust into the capacious pockets of the big overcoat.

There were bags of sweets, nuts, and oranges, and a package of tiny colored wax candles.

Present! For whom?

For the children of the drowned man, who were, no doubt, at this very moment watching for his return.

Tears rushed to the eyes of more than one man in gazing upon this affecting sight, and explanations of "By George, that's hard!" "His poor wife and little ones!" and "Sadder thing I ever saw!" arose on all sides.

As for Alfred, his young heart, not yet hardened by newspaper experience, seemed almost ready to burst with the emotion he felt.

For the time being he quite forgot the motive which had originally induced him to take such an eager interest in this stranger's misfortune—namely, the chance of securing a good "news story" for the paper upon which he had yet his reputation to make.

"What's this?" said the policeman, taking a soiled envelope from the inside pocket of the dead man's coat. "Here's a name—'August Faltot'—and the address of No. 9 Patchin place. We'll have to take him to the morgue to await identification, and send somebody to inquire at this address."

The young reporter at once volunteered to go to Patchin place.

Indeed, he was the only one in the party who knew exactly where Patchin place was, it being not far from his own home.

Once on the car, going toward his destination, Alfred's newspaper instinct reasserted itself, and he began to turn over in his mind the manner in which he should "write up" the sad adventure.

And the adventure itself—how was it going to turn out?

The thought caused him much uneasiness, but he had no time to dwell upon it, for the car was soon passing the entrance to Patchin place.

Alfred sprang off, and resolutely marched into the narrow thoroughfare.

No. 9 was one of a row of shabby three-story houses of brick.

On every door post were three bell knobs, one for each floor.

Under these knobs were written the names of the tenants.

Alfred's heart beat wildly as he read—"A. Faltot's bell."

He pulled it nervously, and in a moment the summons was answered by a pale, pleasant faced woman, who looked at him inquiringly, and then glanced down the street, as if she were expecting some one else.

"Is Mr. Faltot in? I mean does he live here?"

"He lives here," was the reply, "and I am expecting him home every minute. Won't you come up?"

Alfred followed her up a narrow flight of stairs to the second floor, where one large apartment served the family for kitchen, parlor, and living room, while two little bedrooms and a pantry closet completed the suite.

Everything, however, was clean, bright, and cheerful.

Three children were playing about—a boy of eight years and two younger girls.

The happy scene smote Alfred to the heart when he thought of the terrible cloud that hung over it ready to break.

He felt like a relentless monster, and wondered how he had ever consented to bring his fatal message.

"My husband is late," said Mrs. Faltot, offering him a chair. "It is Saturday night, you know, and there's extra shopping to do, isn't there, children?" and she glanced tearfully to her boy and

girls.

Alfred thought of the colored wax candles and the water soaked parcels in the pockets of that long, black overcoat.

Alfred mentally was suffering keenly.

When Mrs. Faltot asked him his name and if he were acquainted with her husband he was glad to gain a little time by stammering out in reply:

"Yes, ma'am—that is to say I have met him—at least I have seen him, you know. I—I—"

"I thought, perhaps, you might be connected with the shop where he works," she continued, not observing his embarrassment. "You see, this is going to be an unusually happy year for us, because now things are beginning to go so well. My husband was out of work for a long time, but now he has a good, steady situation at Noel's. So we can afford to have a little jollification."

"Madam," cried Alfred hoarsely, unable any longer to restrain his feelings, "pardon me, but—"

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no! Your husband—"

At these words the first intimation of alarm flashed across the poor woman's features.

"My husband?" she repeated anxiously. "You have some message? Has anything happened? Speak, please!"

But he could not speak. The words choked him.

"Mamma, where's papa?" asked little Tiny, instinctively taking fright.

Alfred thought of making a bolt for the door, and so effecting his escape, but it was too late.

A heavy footstep sounded on the stair.

"There he comes!" exclaimed the three children in a breath.

Mrs. Faltot rushed to the door and opened it.

A hearty, genial looking man entered, his face red and smiling, his arms full of parcels, which he carefully carried into one of the bedrooms before returning to kiss the children, who danced about him in high glee.

"Oh, August, I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed Mrs. Faltot. "I was worried about you."

"Well, I have had a little adventure, that's a fact. But who is our young friend here?"

"I'm a reporter, sir," said Alfred, springing up and holding out his hand. "May I ask you name?"

"Faltot—August Faltot."

"I am most delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," cried the young man, with what seemed like unnecessary effusion. "Pray, go on with your story, and then I will relate mine."

"Well," said Mr. Faltot, "I had my overcoat stolen in a restaurant, that's all. I had just bought a lot of things, and they were in the pockets. But I bought some more, children, and you are all right after all."

"Was it a long black overcoat?" asked the young reporter.

"Yes, with side pockets that you could carry a bushel of potatoes in."

"The very same, sir, the man who took your overcoat was drowned less than an hour ago."

And Alfred recounted the accident in detail.

Mr. Faltot listened with absorbed attention, and said:

"Poor thing! He met his punishment quickly enough, and it was a far more terrible one than he merited. But it's wonderful how soon your newspaper follows get hold of things."

"That reminds me—I must hurry over to the office and write it all up. You can't imagine what a surprise and relief it was to me to see you come in at that door, sir. Good day, all. A very good day to you."

And Alfred Hervey disappeared as suddenly as he had come, but with what a lightened heart!

In 15 minutes he had crossed the river again.

The editor pronounced his story a capital one, and told him to "work it up" to the extent of a column if he liked.

Alfred wrote as he had never written before, and he had the proud satisfaction of being complimented—and paid well, too.

The young reporter's story marked the opening of a new and brighter era in his journalistic life, and it was his first deeply impressive lesson in that great mysterious complication of joys and sorrows which makes up what we call everyday life.

The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland Canal, from Amsterdam to Helder, 51 miles; completed in 1855; 125 feet wide at water surface, 31 feet wide at bottom; depth 20 feet.

In Delaware only 1 in 100 flogged at the public whipping post appears for a second case, while 37 per cent of those sent to jail for similar crimes appear again before two years.

Chocolate is used in the interior of South America for a currency, as are coconuts and eggs. Norway even now uses corn for coin. In India cakes of tea pass as currency, and in China pieces of silk.

The father of shoemaking in this country is said to have been one Abraham Lovering, who came over in the Mayflower, bringing with him a number of pelts to be worked into footwear for the colonists.

Chicago's area is a little more than 160.57 square miles, Philadelphia's 77.55 square miles. Chicago is probably the largest city in the world. The area of London is 131 square miles; of New York, 41.

WHO PAYS THE DUTY?

Wilmington Star.

The high tariff organs have a hard time defending the McKinley monstrosity, but they try it all the same with a zeal worthy of a better cause. Sometimes this blind zeal leads them into absurdities and inconsistencies that, although apparently unseen by them, are as plain to the man with eyes as a towering mountain.

One of the most glaring of these absurdities is the allegation that it is the manufacturer or the exporter abroad who pays the tariff on the article exported when every man with two grains of sense knows that the exporter adds the tariff to the price of his goods when he ships them, or that the importer who buys his goods on the other side adds the tariff paid when he sells it to the jobber, the jobber adds it when he sells it to the merchant and the merchant adds when he sells to his customer and each adds a little more to the amount paid by him to be on the safe side. They would be business idiots if they didn't.

The tariff on tin-plate, for instance, was last year \$8,000,000. This year it will be \$16,000,000, if not more. Does any man with sense enough to keep out of a lunatic asylum believe that the Welsh manufacturers of this tin-plate paid this \$8,000,000 and made their American purchasers a present of that amount, or that they will pay the \$16,000,000 this year and make their American customers a present of \$8,000,000 more? Tin making in Wales must be an extraordinary profitable business if it can stand such munificent liberality as this. This \$8,000,000 was paid by some one, and it is the self-appointed mission of the organias to show that it is not paid by those who pay it, but by others. It is a little singular that it hasn't occurred to any of these organs to assert that it isn't paid by any one, but pays itself.

The tin-plate tax is a live issue in Ohio, and a very live one, because the acknowledged leader of the tin-plate fraud fraternity is a candidate for Governor, and his gang have undertaken to defend their work and prove it to be good. The Cleveland Leader, one of the most distinguished organs of the fraternity, is now engaged in the herculean task of convincing the voters of Ohio, that a very insignificant percentage of this tax is paid by the people of this country, not more than ten per cent, while the ninety per cent is paid by oil companies, canning companies, tinware companies and owners of buildings. According to a New York tin plate importer, to whom the Leader applied for information, the \$8,000,000 tax of last year was divided as follows: Oil companies \$1,000,000, canning companies \$3,000,000, tinware companies \$800,000, builders of houses (for roofing) \$1,600,000, domestic and other uses \$1,200,000, total \$8,000,000. According to the estimate of the Leader, based on these figures the oil companies will pay under the McKinley tariff \$3,520,000, the canning companies \$6,160,000, the tinware companies \$1,700,000, owners of buildings \$3,520,000, domestic and other uses about \$2,500,000.

What colossal nonsense this is to assert that because some of this tin is used by oil companies, canning companies, tinware companies, and for roofing upon buildings that the \$14,960,000 which is calculated they will pay is not felt by the people. Do not the oil companies add to the price of their oil the extra cost of the tin-plate to them in consequence of the duty paid? Do not the canning companies charge the extra cost of their cans? Do not the tinware men charge the extra cost of the tin-plate they use when they put their tinware upon the market? Do not the men who put roofs on buildings charge the additional cost of the tin they use? And don't the people who use oil, canned goods, tinware and who have houses built upon which tin roofs are put pay it? It is the sheerest idiocy or the most bald-faced lying to assert to the contrary.

But aside from this there are two not worthy points in this statement of the Leader, one when it declares that this tariff is paid by rich corporations, and not by the people, for it and the other organs of a high protective tariff, and of the McKinley monstrosity, have been contending all along that the tariff was paid by the European manufacturers. But the tin tariff, it seems, is paid by rich corporations. The other is that as the tariff falls principally upon rich people therefore it should be continued and that it would be wrong to put tin upon the free list as the Mill's bill proposed to do. That same paper denounces the Ohio Democratic platform because, among other things it objects to, it pronounces in favor of a graduated income tax. This it declares class legislation, which imposes a tax on rich men because they are rich, while the organ favors retaining the tariff on tin-plate because it is paid by rich companies. It would take a forty-thousand power magnifying glass to distinguish the difference between these two kinds of class legislation, from the Leader's standpoint. But sense or consistency are not things to be looked for in a McKinley tariff organ.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

A GLIMPSE OF THE COSY RETREAT OF THE OLD CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

News & Observer.

We yesterday had the pleasure of looking over the Soldiers' Home in company with W. C. Stronach, Esq., to whom more than any other person is the State indebted for the creditable provision which is now being made for the old veterans.

The legislature having given the grounds of the Pettigrew Hospital for the purpose, Mr. Stronach was commissioned by the directors of the organization to take personal charge and do what was needful to provide suitable accommodations. And well has he performed the work he so patriotically undertook. The improvements are very satisfactory, and the Home presents a cheerful appearance, and day by day is being fashioned more into an ideal resting place for the old soldiers who are there. The buildings are well placed and are very comfortable, while the grounds are nicely kept and present an attractive appearance. The fine shade trees and the pleasing lawn and the clumps of flowers here and there show that an agreeable taste has been exercised in the arrangements. The interior of the building indicates care and attention. The rooms are neatly kept and are in apple pie order. The kitchen is as neat and clean as any good housewife's can be; and the bath room for the old soldiers is very nice, with hot and cold water.

The garden is growing finely, although the ground was not adapted to that use. A pump worked by a wind mill lifts the water from the well—and the supply of water is ample while the quality is excellent. The food provided is sufficient; though plain, it is well prepared and suited to the habits of the old men.

There are twenty-five inmates of the Home, some eight of whom came from poor houses. Most all of them are suffering from rheumatism or other maladies attending age. Some are cripples, one nearly blind; some are paralyzed, others are afflicted with various infirmities.

They have come from Pasquotank in the north, to Brunswick in the South and as far West as Lincoln. The greatest number from any county are the three from Wake. Others can be accommodated, and a new building is now being prepared for any more who may apply.

The outlook is that the number after awhile will reach sixty or seventy, for when the people realize what a nice home it is, others will wish to come. One sees the old soldiers congregated there with mingled emotions. It is sad to see them, now all but helpless; it is pleasant to feel that the State and patriotic citizens have at last made this comfortable abiding place for them. A roster is kept of the principal events of their lives.

The old veterans cannot leave the grounds without permission. They stroll about the grounds, some doing such little work as suiting them, others reading, and talking and smoking, as the spirit moves them. Most of them show their age, and are on the down grade, but long may they live to receive the care and attention of the State they served so faithfully.

TO ECONOMISE MEANS TO MAKE MONEY.

Argonaut.

The truth of the old saying, that the man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, cannot be questioned. This subject is one of great interest to North Carolina farmers, and not only applies to the growing of the plant, but to the saving and marketing of it. Competition in trade has compelled the manufacturers to adopt new methods and new machinery so as to reduce the cost of production. The merchant works upon an entirely different plan, than that pursued by his predecessor, and so it is in all departments of trade and commerce. Because the farmers of North Carolina have exceptional advantages, is no reason why they should not avail themselves of every opportunity to cut down expense of production and market their crops with the best possible waste and in the best order.

The tobacco interest is one of the greatest importance to our people and although large money is made in its cultivation, there is no doubt that much more could be made, with less risk, by adopting the latest and best methods of curing. We know of a great many cases where the tobacco farmer, after raising a fine crop of tobacco, suffered heavily as by being unable to cure it in time, by the old slow method. Now this certainly needs attention. When the farmer puts all the care and labor on his crop necessary to raise it, it is poor economy not to have the latest conveniences for curing.

It seems to us very strange that tobacco growers will use the old, slow methods regarding so much of their crop, and a waste, which about four times the quantity can be cured in the same time and with less expense by the Snow barn system. If the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, is a public benefactor, certainly Capt. Snow deserves to be called a benefactor by the tobacco farmers of North Carolina, for his method of curing not only makes a superior article of tobacco, and saves time and expense, but also saves large quantities of tobacco which could not otherwise be utilized.

A RIGHT-EOUS JUDGE.

Chronicle.

A Judge in Nebraska recently found a remedy for one of the oppressed farmers of that State. The farmer had given a mortgage on his farm, and the mortgagee had asked the court for a judgment of foreclosure and continuation of sale. The Judge said:

"I will not do it. This docket is covered, page upon page, with confirmation cases. The farmer of last summer has exhausted the farmer's resources, and he is unable to pay his loans. The act of God, for which the people are not responsible, has reduced one-half of them almost to beggary, and this calamity shall not be made worse by any act of mine. We are asked to turn 100 farmers over to money lenders, and 500 women and children over to pauperism."

It shall never be done in this district while I am judge. The people are not able to pay, and I will not assist in robbing them. Let us wait until a crop can be raised and confidence restored, and all will come out right. If a man be living on his land, or trying to cultivate it, he should have the reward of his work. I will never confirm a sale in times like these, if the owner is trying to make a living on the land. When the people are compelled to ask aid to procure seed it would be a cruel mockery to deprive them of the land to sow the seed upon. I have a right not to confirm a case when the property sold does not bring two-thirds its actual value, and in these cases it has not brought that amount. The sale is not confirmed."

But we do not have to go to Nebraska to find such just judges. Under the landlord and tenant act it sometimes occurs that the judge, after a bad crop year, has to interfere to protect the wife and children of a poor tenant. We have known the North Carolina judges to act with the justice that characterized the act of the Nebraska judge.

GOV. HOLT'S LETTER.

HE DENIES THAT HE BELONGS TO ANY TRUST.

Charlotte Chronicle.

State of North Carolina,
Executive Department,
RALEIGH, July 18, '91.

To the Editor of the Charlotte Chronicle,
Charlotte, N. C.

The following editorial in your paper of a recent date, has just come under my observation:

"THE BOTTOM FACTS."

"A gentleman of some prominence in State politics makes some pertinent inquiries as to Gov. Holt's connection with the so-called Plaid Trust. This correspondent is a friend of Gov. Holt, and wants him to clear himself of the imputation of belonging to a trust, if it is a trust. The people ought and have a right to understand the Governor in such matters.

There is no campaign going on and the Governor cannot be impeached for belonging to a trust, but if he can help it he should not embarrass the Democratic party by silence on his part and a misunderstanding on its part. The Governor should be heard from."

GOV. HOLT'S CLEAR STATEMENT.

As some of my fellow citizens have publicly expressed the desire that I should state whether or not I was connected with a "trust" in my business operations, and unwilling to even seemingly appear indifferent to their wishes, I now say that I am conducting my private business, like every good citizen should, according to the laws of my country and State, and am aware that both the Federal and State laws provide against trusts, and declare them to be illegal. I would not afford in my present position, to violate laws which I sworn to see executed; nor could I as a citizen of North Carolina, engage in any business or enterprise subversive and violative of the law.

Believing that the people will concede to me the right to attend to my personal affairs according to law, and thanking you for your friendly allusions to myself, I am yours very truly,

THOS. M. HOLT.

SAVING BABY'S LIFE.

A CARRIER PIGEON UTILIZED TO SEND FOR THE MEDICINE.

San Francisco Examiner.

An incident occurred recently in the family of G. F. Marsh, the dealer in Japanese curiosities at No. 625 Market street and a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society, which proved to him in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon, and probably explains some of its enthusiasm in that direction.

His little baby boy was taken suddenly sick with a most alarming symptom of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, dispatched a message tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store on Market street. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the house of the family near Cliff House, five miles from Mr. Marsh's Market street store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store, where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message and received the proper medicine, then tying the little vial containing the precious medicine to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go.

The pigeon sped away through the air, straight for the Cliff. It made the distance—five miles—in ten minutes, a distance which would have required the doctor three-quarters of an hour to cover.

In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband the baby was taking the medicine, and time its life was saved.

Naturally enough Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.

Rome was no less startled than the rest of the world to learn that His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, had on Thursday been seized with a serious illness. The announcement of the fact, late as it was, accompanied by any particulars as to the nature of the malady which had so suddenly, and apparently so completely prostrated the Holy Father. All that is known is the fact that the illness of the aged Pontiff was of such a nature as to cause a panic in the Vatican, and the sending in hot haste for Dr. Caenacelli, the distinguished Italian doctor.

The Republican tariff league which a few members of the grand old party attempted to organize in this State a few days ago, seems to have come to naught. The members of the league have of course been expelled from the party. Their hope is divided and languid.—E.