

IN VENEZUELAN WILDS.

MR. GILES WILSON WRITES FROM
THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH
AMERICA.

"Far From the Maddening Crowd"—A Sportsman's Paradise—Mocking-Bird Colony in the Back-Yard—All the World in a Christmas Dinner—Wild Indian Christmas Frolic—All Sorts of Omelets in Circulation.

To the Editor of The Gazette:

In a South American Wilderness, March 4th, 1897.

I was in Trinidad nearly all of October and November and, under date of January 26th, gave you my first impressions and opinions of that, in many respects, most charming island. For the last three months I have been, most of the time in Venezuela, and will now describe some of my surroundings on the "Spang Main" and tell you a few of the more peculiar South American customs, as practiced in this locality.

During the entire voyage here, across the Gulf of Paria and up and down three or four rivers, a distance of some two hundred miles, there is not the slightest sign of civilization or human habitation. On both banks of the rivers, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but one endless, unbroken wilderness, and all the land for many miles on either hand is so flat and level that it is overgrown by every tree and shrub, and all the four-footed feet twice a day, with each tick. This then probably accounts for the lack of settlement and improvement. The settlement, where I am at present located, was founded some eight years ago and is owned exclusively by the company with which I am connected. It occupies a small clearing on the edge of some bluffs and little mountains, overlooking the river, and our residence, office, store, machine shop, car sheds and laborers' ranches or barracks are surrounded on all sides by almost countless miles of original and well nigh impassable forests. To penetrate these jungles one must be preceded by a native with cutlasses and machetes to cut away the vines and underbrush, and even then cannot go more than three or four miles per day and frequently only one two. In other words, travel by land is fraught with such difficulty and danger that it is seldom attempted, and all communication is by boat. We are completely shut out from the world. Don't even know the result of the last election in the States or whether the war is over, and no means of finding out for a month or so at a time. We have a fully equipped narrow gauge railroad, about six miles long, over which we haul our product to the wharf, where it is loaded into big ships for export, but have no connection with the outside world; no telegraph, no cable, no telephone, no express, no railroad, no regular ship line, no post office, no bank, no church, no school, no homes, no moles, no roads, no paths—in fact, "no law," except our own dear little steamer, which makes irregular trips to Trinidad, the four or five white people composing our official staff and some two hundred laborers of all colors, creeds, sizes and conditions.

Game is very plentiful, but rather hard to come at because of the dense brush. Occasionally I take an hour or so off to hunt the festive deer, the prowling tiger, the wary ducks and turkeys, the cunning lapes and arqueton (spelling of last two names not guaranteed) and the thousand and one other kinds of game, and also to sing for the most delicious and toothsome fish that ever swallowed a hook.

Hard work as I have been I have found time to kill one duck, several turkeys and ducks, and to catch fish weighing from 4 1/2 to 8 1/2 lbs. each. I am "laying" for a tiger and if I succeed in killing him have promised his skin to the fairest of Carolina's daughters.

I wish all my readers could see a tree in our back yard. It is literally covered with birds' nests. About the middle of January a flock of "Venezuelan" mocking-birds took possession of the commodious building. These birds are a trifle larger than our own mockingbird and have black bodies with heads, tails and wings beautifully marked with very bright yellow. They build great hanging nests, like orioles, and from the great number of them the tree presents more the appearance of a hay stack than a tree. I have just returned from counting them and find that there are at least seventy five nests on the one tree! Imagine, if you can, one hundred and sixty, or more, mocking-birds all day long in a tree almost hanging over your head, and all singing at once, and you will have but a faint idea of the wild, sweet, mad, weird music that I have been listening to every day for more than a month. I am told that these birds have built in this tree each year for the past six or seven, and that when their young are large enough to fly they cut loose all their nests and throw them on the ground. It is such a novelty to me that I have taken a kodak picture of it and will bring one with me when next I visit Gastonia.

In addition to the mocking-birds, we have a house full of pairs of all descriptions, such as dogs, cats, parrots, monkeys, sloths, "boobie-coobies," coobies or "flycatchers," and many other animals, not to speak of birds of brilliant hue and plumage. My own particular pet is a little ring-tail monkey called "Jack" that I am going to take home with me for my two little nieces,—that is, if they want him. He affords me so end of amusement and I frequently spend a pleasant half hour with him.

I spent my Christmas over here in "the wilderness" and only wish that each of you had as merry and as joyous a one as I did. The manager and his charming wife and myself were the only white people here, or within a hundred miles of this location so far as I know. We had a dozen negroes who remained with us,—all

the other laborers and our staff of employees went to Trinidad. We had a delightful time, however, and never felt lonesome for a moment. For our Christmas breakfast (we observe the Spanish custom and eat that meal at eleven o'clock) we had olives, radishes, sardines, fish, turkey with cranberry sauce, ducks, ham, all sorts and kinds of delicious vegetables, most toothsome and delicate fruits, nuts, preserves, English plum pudding, surpassing fudge, etc., etc. not to speak of the finest white and red wines, sparkling, ice cold champagne, good old mellow whiskies and brandies, etc., all in their proper course and order. We had such a breakfast—or dinner you would call it, as could not be excelled anywhere and duplicated only in New York City itself. Our dinner at six o'clock was on the same magnificent scale, and we feasted on similar luxuries all through the week and on New Year's day. These appetizing viands and delectable fudge came from the markets of the globe and we found it interesting and instructive deciding from what countries they originated. I am sure each of the continents was represented and many of the separate countries or nationalities on those continents. And all this trouble, labor and expense for us three people here in a howling wilderness! Wonderful, isn't it?

Nearly every day during the holidays—which continue unabated in this country from about Dec. 15th to far into January—we were visited by strolling bands of Indians and half breeds, numbering six to a dozen in each party. They usually dressed in the brightest colors and many were disguised with all sorts of ridiculous masks, some as bulls, including head, horns, tail and all, and gave us imitation Spanish bull fights. Others were the gayest of troubadours and serenaded us with all kinds of wild, weird music on violins, banjos, cuitras, cymbals, tom-toms, etc., to which the rest of the company kept perfect time in numerous novel, queer, odd Indian dances. The parties were pretty equally divided as to men and women and after they had exhausted themselves for our amusement they expected a "treat,"—and we never disappointed them. It is difficult to say, accurately, the number of drinks of rum, bottles of soda, lemons and ginger ale, pounds of pilot biscuit ("hard tack"), or bunches of cigars we gave away in this manner. The women, and even little children from six years and up drink rum and smoke black cigars just the same as the men. Had we refused them their expected treat we would have incurred their undying enmity and they would possibly have wreaked revenge by destroying some of our property. The simplest little trinket or present makes them supremely happy, however, and causes them to be our faithful friends and allies for the ensuing year. I understand that marriage is hardly, if at all, known among them and that, when by themselves, they wear no clothes. We have no roads or paths and their only means of reaching us is by water in their little "dog outa" or curiara, as they call them. They put their clothes in bundles, and, in a primitive condition of nudity, paddle their curiara to the last bend in the river before reaching our abode and then don their gaudy garments for our benefit. Some of the women are comely and have a pleasing appearance, but the larger majority are rather hard to come at because of the dense brush. Occasionally I take an hour or so off to hunt the festive deer, the prowling tiger, the wary ducks and turkeys, the cunning lapes and arqueton (spelling of last two names not guaranteed) and the thousand and one other kinds of game, and also to sing for the most delicious and toothsome fish that ever swallowed a hook.

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Big Bargains In Bill Heads.

Here are some odd lots of Statements and Bill Heads to be turned into cash during the month of March. There is a bargain in every lot named, but cash must accompany order. We will not set a type or turn a wheel on any job mentioned below until the money is in our hand.

Bill Heads.

NUMBER 3—Size, 8 1/2 inches Wide by 9 1/4 inches Long.

One Lot 500 for \$1.30. — One Lot 500 for \$1.15.

Neatly printed at above prices, but cash must come with copy.

NUMBER 4—Size, 8 1/2 inches Wide by 7 inches Long.

ONE LOT OF 6,000—

PRICES: 500 for \$1.05.

1,000 for 1.85.

Neatly printed at above prices, but cash must come with copy.

NUMBER 6—Size, 8 1/2 in. Wide by 4 5/8 in. Long—6 Lines.

One lot 1,000 for \$1.35; or 500 for 80 cents.

One lot 1,000 for 1.30; or 500 for 80 cents.

One lot 1,000 for 1.50; or 500 for 90 cents.

Neatly printed at above prices, but remember cash must come with copy.

Statements.

SIZE—5 1/4 inches Wide by 8 inches Long—20 to 23 Lines.

One lot 500 for 85 cents.

One lot 500 for 95 cents.

One lot 500, 4 1/2 wide by 8 1/2 long, 23 lines, for \$1.00.

One lot 500, 5 1/4 inches wide by 8 inches long, 16 lines, blank space top and bottom, for \$1.15.

Send cash with copy. Prices like these for job printing are too low to book, to bill, to go after, or to take any other chances on. If you don't want to plank down cash with copy in order to get these bargains, just stand aside for the other man who will.

These bargains are going to go. Get them while you may—and get them before April 1. We don't expect a one of them to be left at that date.

GAZETTE JOB OFFICE, Gastonia, N. C.

trate I will quote the prices of what are considered Venezuela necessities:

Salt beef, 15c a pound; salt fish, 15c a pound; pilot bread or "hard tack" 10c a pound; common brown sugar 10c a pound; rice 10c a pound; split peas 10c a pound; Irish and sweet potatoes 10c a pound; flour 10c lb.; kerosene oil 60c gallon; soda water, lemonade or ginger ale 10c per pint bottle; beer 80c per pint bottle; rum 60c to 90c per gallon; cigars 1c each, or 50c to 60c per 100, and so on through the entire list.

The only cheap articles are rum and cigars, both produced in this country.

The former is of fair quality and the latter excellent for the price. I have frequently paid 10c each for cigars in the States that were not nearly so good as those I buy here for 60c per hundred.

There are many other items of interest I might relate, but this letter is already long and I am not sure it will be appreciated. If I have failed to mention anything that some of your readers would particularly like to hear about I hold myself in readiness to answer any questions that may be asked me.

Hoping that some of my friends will consider this letter sufficiently personal to answer, I remain,

Very truly yours,

GILES L. WILSON.

Permanent Address:—51 King St., Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I.

A WORD FROM THE POSTMASTER.

He Didn't Propose to Kick Stamps Out of Letters for Anybody—Was Once a Green and Strictly Hated.

Atlanta, Ga.,

We are the Postmaster of this town, and while occupying the exalted position we propose to keep right on feeling that we are more or less the United States. The day after we took possession of the office we gave notice that it was beneath the dignity of a postmaster to lick stamps on to letters. Our predecessor had done it in order to curry favor with the public, but we had no such object in view. We promptly and positively refused to lick, and though we offended scores of citizens for the time being, all of them eventually came around to our way of thinking. It has been three months since anyone requested us to lick, but last Tuesday a stranger in town named Baker entered the office and bought a stamp and demanded that we paste it to his letter. His manner was very offensive, and after a few words had been exchanged he announced that we must either lick the stamp or he would lick us.

We passed out into the corridor and he looked us, and he took us just five minutes to make him holler. We did not lick him as editor of the "Daily Gazette" and as Deputy United States Marshal, but as Postmaster, and to maintain the dignity of the United States. After being restored to consciousness he made us an ample apology and admitted that we could have taken no other course under the circumstances. He was able to limp out of town next day, and he departed for Pine Hill, where the Postmaster not only licks on all the stamps, but has never dared send a letter to the "Daily Gazette" for lack of postage.

If there is anybody in Atlanta who thinks we haven't made up our mind on this matter he will oblige us by making an early call.

UNCLE SAM'S BOYS ABROAD.

OUR DIPLOMATS WHO REPRESENT US IN OTHER LANDS.

Where They Live, How They Live, and What They Spend on Their Missions in Foreign Countries.

Frank G. Carpenter in St. Louis Republic.

Secretary Sherman tells us that the application for consulships will probably number 4,000. There are more than 100 applicants for every foreign mission, and the politicians seem to look upon the diplomatic appointments as the best offices in the gift of the Administration. This is a great mistake. I have at different times visited every legation in Europe and Asia, and have come into contact with more than 100 American consuls in all parts of the world. The most of them were dissatisfied with their positions, and all complained of big expenses and small salaries. There is scarcely an office in the gift of the State Department which pays enough to allow its occupant to live up to his station and entertain as he should. One of the chief reasons for sending rich men to the courts of London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg is because by means of their private fortunes they can keep up the style which the American Minister should maintain in order to be of value at these courts. These Ministers get the highest salaries paid to any of our diplomats. They receive \$17,800 a year each. Their expenses, however, are often twice or thrice this amount. Whitehall held paid, it is said, \$37,000 a year house rent while he was Minister to Paris, and his entertainments would have cost him as much more. Our present Minister to France, Mr. Eustis, pays \$12,000 a year for his house, and his necessary expenses, as given in an itemized statement not long ago, were \$37,000 a year. I visited Paris when Levi P. Morton was our Minister there. He paid more than twice his salary to keep up his establishment. Governor Noyes of Ohio when he was Minister to France was too poor to maintain the dignity of the place out of his own pocket. He was helped by having a rich secretary of legation. This was Representative Hitt of Illinois, who spent, it has been told, as much as \$30,000 a year in entertaining.

THE BERLIN MIRROR.

Another costly foreign place is Berlin. Our Minister there ought to keep up an equal style with the Ministers from other countries. He cannot do so on much less than \$40,000 a year. The British Minister at Berlin gets \$37,000 a year, and has a palace furnished by his government and a big allowance for entertaining. The British Legation building at Paris is five times as big as that of the British Legation at Washington. And England's German Minister gets \$48,000 a year and \$100,000 additional for entertaining. Our last Minister to Berlin, I am told, worth \$30,000 less today than he was when Cleveland appointed him American Ambassador to Germany. It is said that he failed in some of his diplomatic negotiations from a lack of money for entertaining, and that his necessities at one time were such that he seriously thought of sending in his resignation. I visited William Walter Phelps a few years ago

when he was our Minister to Germany. He was, you know, a man of large fortune, and he spent money freely. When he got to Berlin he could find no house suitable for the American Legation. An independent establishment costs a great deal in that city. Many of the fashionable people live in flats, and there are few houses for rent in the diplomatic locality. Mr. Phelps picked out the building he wanted, and then sent his agents to buy out the tenants. He ousted the storekeeper from the ground floor. He bought up the leases of the fashionable people who were living above, and then having re-leased the whole building, turned an army of carpenters and masons into it and had it remodeled to suit himself. His home was, perhaps, the finest any American foreign Minister has ever had.

It contained among other rooms eight large parlors, which could be thrown into one, and it was so large that Minister Phelps could have entertained the whole of the German court had he wished to do so. Still his services to the United States were such that our Government could have well afforded to allow him enough money for several such houses. His entertainments brought him into the closest relations with the Germans. He was popular with both Bismarck and the young Emperor, and when he tried to get anything done for America he succeeded.

Another efficient Minister was Oscar Straus, who represented us at Constantinople during Cleveland's first administration. Mr. Straus spent at least \$50,000 a year more than his salary. He had the closest relations with the Sultan and his court, and he was able to settle any trouble concerning America to our advantage in very short order.

HOW OUR DIPLOMATS LIVE.

NEW PEOPLE HAVE ANY IDEA of the expenses of our Ministers. Those who are sent to the Orient require a large number of servants. The Minister to Japan has coachmen who are dressed in Japanese livery and who wear hats like butter bowls turned upside down. The Minister to Peking has two men who do nothing else but watch at the gates of the legation grounds to let the visitors in and out. His coachman is a small Chinaman, who wears brightly colored silk dresses. When the Minister goes out to ride on horseback a gorgeous groom follows behind. While I was in Calcutta I met the American Consul General. He was a plain Oregon man, who, I venture, had never had more than two servants at home. In India he had to keep 20. When he went out to drive there were two coachmen with turbans and gowns on the front of his carriage, and two other turbaned Hindoos standing on the footboard behind. In Oriental countries our Ministers usually have servants go ahead of them as they walk through the city to clear the streets. In Constantinople and Cairo the man who precedes the Minister is known as the kavass. The kavass has a sword, enormous pistols and sometimes also a stick with silver head.

He is dressed with much gold braid and wears a fez cap. During my stay in Egypt I had an interview with the Khedive. At this time a kavass went with the Consul General and myself to the place. When I accompanied the American Consul to call upon the patriarch of Jerusalem we had two kavasses in front of us. Each man carried a club as tall as himself, upon the top of which was a ball of silver as big as your fist. As we walked through the narrow streets of Jerusalem these swells dropped their heavy sticks on the stone pavement as they walked in front, and cleared the way for us. Our Minister to Korea has a company of soldiers from the King who act as his special body guard. They are dressed in plum-colored zouave pantaloons, about blouse belted in at the waist, and hats of black horse hair, which are fastened on by ribbons fastened under the chin. During my stay in Seoul I had an interview with the King. At this time the soldiers went in front and cleared the way for me. The present American Minister to Korea was first presented to the King on that day, and we went together, the King sending down a number of his own servants to accompany us to the palace. Our Consuls in China have each a man called the "Ting-chi" to go in front of them when they go out to make visits of state. Such a man was in front of me when I called upon Li King Chang. He was dressed in bright-colored silk and had on a pair of black cloth boots with soles an inch thick. Upon his head there was a hat which looked like an inverted spittoon, and there was a big button on its crown to show that he was a man of rank.

COURT DRESS TROUBLES.

Style means a great deal in foreign courts, and our Ministers would be much better off if they could wear a uniform instead of being required to appear, as is the rule of the State Department, in the ordinary dress of an American citizen. Our usual evening dress is, you know, just the same as that of the waiters, and our Ministers have, in fact, been taken for the waiters at some great diplomatic receptions. When Lambert Tree was Minister to Belgium he attended such a reception. He was standing holding a cup of coffee in his hand, waiting for it to cool, when an attendant of one of the other legations wearing a bushel of gold lace and a peck of brass buttons seized the cup out of his hand and carried it away before Mr. Tree knew what he was about. The man took him for a waiter. The other diplomats upon such occasions are clad in uniforms embroidered with gold lace. They wear swords and medals, and many of them have silk belts and sashes. If an American Minister has been an officer of the army he usually wears a military uniform, and if not he tries to get over the regulation in some other way. James Buchanan compromised on a black suit, a white vest and a black-handled sword. Our

first Minister to China, John Ward, adopted the costume of a Captain of the Georgia militia. He had been elected Captain of a little company known as the Olinthian Artillery, and the uniform which he had made for himself as Captain had brass buttons marked C. A. When he was at the Chinese court one of the almost-eyed silk-gowned noblemen asked him what the letters C. A. stood for. Mr. Ward replied that they were made in honor of the friendship of China and America, and that in order to give the greatest honor to China he initial C. A. had been placed in front of that of America.

This seemed to delight the Chinaman. General Low Wallace wore his military uniform while he was Minister to Turkey. It was his uniform that first attracted the attention of the Sultan. The first Friday after General Wallace arrived in Constantinople he went to the mosque to see his Majesty, and the Sultan, who was on his way to pray. As the Sultan was one of those who looked over at the party of foreigners about General Wallace, and asked who the fine-looking man in the uniform might be. He was told it was the new American Minister, and he thereupon raised his sash and hand to his red fez and saluted the General. Shortly after this when General Wallace was presented the Sultan returned the salute, and the two became strong friends. General Wallace spent much time at the Sultan's palace, and among the other moments which he brought back from Turkey is a very fine pencil sketch of his Majesty, which the General drew while his Majesty posed.

WHY SHOULD SECRETARY SHERRMAN NOT INSTITUTE A NEW COSTUME FOR OUR DIPLOMATS? Mr. Sherman once appeared before Napoleon III. in knee breeches. He wore an evening suit, knee pants, black silk stockings and pumps, and he says in his book that it seemed very awkward at first until he saw that all the other parties at the dinner were dressed as he was. Clinton B. Ketchum, our present Minister to St. Petersburg, wore a military uniform at the court of the Czar with his shawl shined like silk stockings. Now, in these days of bicycle suits there is no reason why some such dress might not be adopted "as the ordinary dress of the American citizen." It was so in the past. When John Adams was presented to King George III, he wore a coat embroidered with lace, his fat collar was covered in silk stockings and his shoes were ornamented with silver buckles. Benjamin Franklin's presentation to the King of France wore a plain suit of black velvet, with black velvet knee breeches, white silk stockings and black shoes. He had intended to wear a wig, but when it arrived the hairdresser could not squeeze it upon Franklin's big head.

The man worked and stretched and Franklin finally told him that the wig would be enough, whereupon the French hairdresser angrily threw it upon the floor, saying "Mon Dieu, that is impossible. It is not the wig, which is too small; it is the head which is too large."

SOME QUEER DIPLOMATIC STORIES.

Most of our American Ministers do good service. They labor under the greatest disadvantages, and have to compete with men who have spent their lives in the school of diplomacy. They have no money, and are under the shadow of probable removal at the end of four years. The method of their appointment is such that it is not strange that many inefficient men find their way to the head of our foreign legations, so that every now and then one of them does something which is a disgrace to the United States. I have heard a number of such instances, and the stories of the adventures and mistakes of American diplomats abroad, could they be collected, would make a book more ridiculous than Artemus Ward's travels. One of the diplomats whom Cleveland sent to Italy lived, it is said, over a dairy stable, and appeared at court in a frayed collar and a soiled shirt. I was told in Cairo how one of our former Consuls General used to go to Ismail Pasha and whine about the poor salary his Government gave him. He reminded the Khedive that his Majesty was rich, and asked him for aid out of the Egyptian treasury. The Khedive gave this Consul General money again and again, our Government never knowing how much it was being drained. It is no excuse for this man to add that he was usually drunk at the times he made such requests.

AN AMERICAN ENTERTAINMENT.

I have heard stories of the queer sets of some of our South American Ministers of the present. One of them lived in Buenos Ayres for years at a room over the shop which he had rented as our legation. He gave no functions whatever, until at last the outcry against his parsimony became so great that he rented a skating rink and sent out printed circulars asking the distinguished people of the Argentine Republic to come to an American entertainment. When the President, the diplomatic corps, and the rest of Buenos Ayres swarmed arrived they found the American minister sitting on a platform with the stars and stripes fastened above him and a tiger's skin at his feet.

About him were 50 women, dressed in all colors of the rainbow, to represent the 36 States which our country then had. The Minister did not rise to greet his guests. They wandered about the rooms to the music of a brass band, and waited in vain for the dancing to begin. There was nothing to drink, and the occasion passed off as the social snuff of the year. Another South American Minister took rooms in a humble part of the capital at which he was stationed. He got an Indian woman to do his cooking for him and did his marketing himself. Shortly after he arrived he applied for a position for his daughter as a teacher in one of the schools, but the superintendent of education told him that public sentiment would not approve of the employment of the daughter of a

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used so high in rank for that purpose. SOME OTHER SHINING DIPLOMATS.

I could tell a lot of queer stories about some of our Ministers to the East. How, for instance, one of Cleveland's Ministers to Japan used to come in person to the front door of his legation to answer the bell. As such things are might possibly be in his shirt sleeves and without a collar. This man was the laughing stock of the far East for a time, and his popularity at the court of the Mikado was not increased by his actions, which were published in the American papers. In one of them he wrote that he was having a high old time among the Japanese, and informed the people of his town that it was the custom of the ladies of the Empire to bathe in the streams without bathing suits, and that the sight of them was worth the journey to Japan. This man was one of Cleveland's worst mistakes. Speaking of him makes me think of another.

I refer to Benjamin W. Harris, who was appointed Minister to the Argentine Republic. Shortly after the leaving of Buenos Ayres he sent home a letter, which was published in the local newspapers, and of which the following are extracts:

"This is a wonderful city of 300,000 souls, a revelation to me. There is more money here than in any place I ever saw, but just now they are having our greenback days over again, gold being worth 50. It is the most extravagant government on earth. I will send you a paper containing full account of my reception. Tell General Mansueta and A. F. Ramsey that I had them here I could make them very rich. My great trouble, however, is the language. I understand nobody and nobody understands me, so I simply make signs. It is a capital country. It looks like Iowa. When I get settled I will write a letter giving a full account of everything. Give my kind regards to all inquiring friends."

Yours truly,
B. W. HARRIS.

A letter of this kind would certainly be republished in Buenos Ayres. The Japanese by the next mail from America received the affusions of the Minister about the ladies of their court, and you can imagine how much weight such expressions would give him among the people to whom he was sent as representative of our friendly relations with them. Stories of this kind might be multiplied for years, showing, however, the necessity for greater care in the selection of our diplomats. The question of consulships is quite as important, and you will see that Secretary Sherman has no slight matter before him in making the square political peg fit into the round diplomatic hole.

James Matthews.

When the Democratic party was torn out of the government in North Carolina by the Republican reformers, among the reforms proposed was a reduction of expenditures; especially where we provided that salaries and fees of public officials were to be reduced to conform with the present low price of farm products.

Well, the reformers are in and we have had expenditures reduced with a vengeance. As proof of this statement we cite the reader to an article on the first page of this paper, copied from the Christian Record.

The Legislature of two years ago, the first reform Legislature, passed more money than any of its Democratic predecessors, and the last one has followed in its footsteps. The expense of the last session was about \$72,000, very near the same as that of its predecessor. Taxes were increased, appropriations were increased, salaries were increased, and new and unnecessary salaries created.

The Speaker of the House tried to draw my salary \$8 per day to which he was legally entitled as Speaker, and \$4 per day as a member of the Legislature from Columbus county.

The salary of the Attorney General's clerk was increased from \$300 to \$350 and the salary of the chief clerk of the State Auditor from \$1,000 to \$2,000.

Some of the members of the Legislature who were appointed members of State boards attended meetings of these boards in Raleigh after the adjournment of the Legislature and before they went home, and drew mileage and from home as members of these boards in addition to the mileage so sent from home as members of the Legislature.

There are only a few of many instances.

Great is reform! Great is reform!