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NORTH CAROLINA SKETCHES PREPARATIONS FOR MAKING A OROP.

Haunthal Disciones His Plans to Mis Family for Raising Four Bales-Min Wife's Sinppy Thought Saved Him from the Calamity of Breaking Ground on a Friday-A Plantation Idyl.

ohn W. Hayes, iu Charlotte Observer

It was one of "those early" days of spring, when nature feels the first life pulso stir in her dull, cold veins. The storm had shifted in the night. The rains had ceased. And now the southwind blowing softly swelted the buds and whispered to the sleeping grass and dandellons that spring had come. Overhead shining fragments of cloud, belated stragglers, schuded away into the deep expanse of blue. A hawk salling there screamed a shrill challenge caught up and flung back by the crow in the pinetop before he sped away to his follows with elamorous alarm. In the apple tree a mocking bird preened his wings, then tried his pipes and scolded to find the love-notes had not come. The moist rails of the barnyard fence steamed in the early sun. Among the logs of the empty crib there a little brown wren played hide and seek with a hungry rat, twittering excitadly to Sweet, the black-nose dog curled in the warm sunshine below, and to Bill, the ox, standing with head over the half lowered bars. The winter had been hard on Bill. His hide, which should have been white and red, was dingy and begrimed. Each separate rib showed plainly, and the scars of trace-chains were there, and collar marks, relies of bygone toil. Since New Year the barn had been bare. The last load of his winter feed Bill had hauled to town and seen bartered for his master's Christmas revel. And the cockleburrs matting the little brute's tail now told how his search had since been through low-grounds for such poor remnants of shuck and fodder as the winds might have left on the battered corn. Bill was of that breed most commonly known as "scrub," and the toil and hardship which had come to bis carly years had not improved the strain. It had brought him a sullen countenance and fanks sinewy and lean. Harely had his panneh been full. And the troubled notes of appeal he was uttering now rose a protest that the bars denied him access to his scant pasture, and the sun already rising was uttering new rose a protest that the bars denied him access to his scant pasture, and the sun already rising two hours high. Presently the master Hannibal appeared in the cabin door-way and Bill broke impatiently into abort, sharp calls that needs must have reached the negro's ear, for without removing his pipe from his teeth he turned and called within:

"Mose, you feed Bill dis mawning like I tole yer?" "Like to know whatten I been do-ing all mawning if I ain't feed Bill!"
"Bill grumble like he ain't had narry

"Bill always agrumblin'! Bill grumble if he's bussin'! Dey ain't no satisfyin' dat steer!" And saying this Moses alouched out of the cabin and dragged his sullen footsteps towards the barn-yard. The pipe was out of Hannibal's mouth now and he stood gazing after his young hopeful unable to find words to express himself.

"Great mine to take a brick an' bus' yer!" he exclaimed at length. "Dat make me say what I do 'bout ningerst Yer trifiin' laxy dog! If you don' feed Bill and fotch dat plow up I swar to God I take die ax an' brain yer!"

But Mose had sauntered out to the

But Mose had sauntered out to the bars and with back to his sire stood confronting the little beast, which with head uplifted, was appealing per-sistently for his breakfast.

sistently for his breakfast.

"Great mine to pick up a rail an' baa' you!" he exclaimed. "Aint never gwien to gi' yer nutten!" And he leaned across the bars sunning himself in the comfortable warmth of the morning. "Dis de fus' call!" he muttered, "an' from now on till de cotton's pick all I gwien to Lear is 'feed Bill,' an' 'plow Bill,' like followin' atter Bill was de 'joyment in dis life!"

"You black nigger dare! Don't you "You black nigger dare! Don't you bear mal

Mose leaned down and raking to-gether an armful of windblown sedge from the fence corner, tossed it over into the mire. Then, still muttering, turned across the desolate rows of cotton stalks, seeing the plow, where it had stood in the furrow since last year's crop was done. But the voice of Hannibal jawing yet in the doorway came after him.

came arter min.
"I gwien to hire out! No use tryin'
to make a crop wid dese niggers! Dey
triflider dan po' white trash! I gwien
to out a cow-hide! Data what! You can't work niggers 'bout de oberseer | Dat nigger Mose he oughter be bus'

What de reason now nigger can't make crop as same as white man?" The steer had selzed the wisp of straw tossed him and was grinding it famishedly, his big eyes fixed on the master who controlled, without let or hindrance, his poor body and for the time such soul as is to brute thiogs who do their toit dumbly and patiently. Yesterday Bill had left the swamp thicket to find shelter from the wind and driving rain. Once a sted had leaned against the log-built crib, but this had tumbled down, and all day he had pressed from the wind where his house had been, while the sweet dripped upon his shivering sides. Hannibal drew the blue smoke deep and strong as he watched Bill now and reflected upon his foresight in having raised the upon his foresight in having raised the bars last night when he might have had to hunt for him this morning through acres of briary bottom land. He would begin the breaking of ground for his crop today. It was simust April now, and since the last bag of cotton was picked in November he and his had done no toll. New year land found the larder bare, the orib empty, and not a pearly to show that the same and not a penny to show that the year had been. Then Haunibal had tramp-

forty acres for another year, supplies to be advanced, given notes signed with a cross mark, payable in the crop not yet planted, and further secured by a mortgage on "one steer, name Hill, one wooden bedstead and straw mattress, one pine table, one bench, three chairs, a pot, and one griddle." This being the sum total of the property which Hannibal and his wife, Angy, possessed. These little prailing. Angy, possessed. These little prelimi-naries done he had trudged home again with a bag of meal and rind of bacon, the first fruits of a crop not yet plant-

with a bag of meal and rind of bacon, the first fruits of a crop not yet planted.

After impounding Bill last night Hannibal had joined his family, Bill's co-laborars, spread about the wide hearth by the pine-knot fire. There was Angy with the last baby in arms, Mose whom we this morning saw at the barnyard. Pomp, Pete and Mirandy, skillful at weeding cottos, besides Lige, Bellindy, Nias and Babe, none too small to pick the white fleece from the bursting bolls, these last nodding or asleep all unmindful of impending toil. Angy was hushing her baby and dipping the comforting snuff, while the young ones turned yams roasting on the hearthstone.

"Now you niggers hear what I tells yer!" began Hannibal as he kicked the dog away from the fireside and lit his pipe. "You niggers hear me now! I's gwien to make a crap dis year. I alo't one o' deep po' triflu' niggers an' when I sot the pace you's got to follow! We's gwien to start de crap in de mawning. Mose, him an' Bill de plow, Angy an' l'ete work de hoes, de res' o' yer burn stalks an' I gwien to help all round!"

"You gwien to stand' round an' be de oborseer!" explained Angy.

"Who dat talkin' 'bout de oberseer. I ain't heard nobody say nuttin' 'bout no oberseer! But you hear what I tells yer, I's gwien to make a crap wid you niggers! All o' yer eats victuals, an' we owes Squire Tom half de frust bale dis minute for runnin' us till now! Six bushels o' meal an' fifty pounds o' meat you niggers done eat since new year, an' de intrus arunnin' afo' de cotton's planted!"

"De house on fire, Darddy!" called one from the hearth.

"Git de bucket, some o' yer, an' put it out!" Hannibal ordered. "It's dat asme ole straw I made Mose stuff in de chimuey corner again yistiddy when de win' an' rain was blowin' so."

"We's gwien to git to work by light in de mawnin.' De rain done stop, Bill up in de pen, an' de moon shinin' on de right quarter. I 'speu to make fo' bale dis year. Dare's one bale for de rennin', dat's two! Dare's nudder bale 'pon top o' dat to buy's nudder bale 'pon

to fotch up my fambly 'apecta

Is!"

"Dat's right now!" put in Angy.
"I's 'spectable an' you's 'spectable,'
an' day's got to be spectable!"

I's a 'spectable nigger, an' yon's got to work an' be 'spectable or i'll bas' yer open! Reason why niggers don't git 'long no better jes case dey don't work! Mose, you git up at crack o' day an' feed Bill, an' dene taters I's roas'in' will do for break'ns'!"

The night had passed, day come, and now the sun rising two hours high

and the sun rising two hours high shone comfortably upon Hannibal smoking in his open doorway. Within the cabin the children swarmed like fies about the cooking breakfast, for Hannibal and they had not alept the night before until the last roasted yam was eater.

Mose, with plow on shoulder, still muttering at fate generally and at Bill e material embodiment of his partic ular fate, was returning plainfully through the tangled cotton rows. Overhead the blue was swarming with clamorous birds. Crowl Crowl Hawk! clamorous birds. Crowl Crowl Hawk! Hawk! they called, and there came, too, the long drawn squeal of the enemy climbing up and up and up. Crow! Crow! Hawk! Hawk! And from every point of the compass burrying wings beat flercely in the fray. Ragged feathers came whirling down, and fainter and more faint from the depths above fail the scream as the creat blod painters. above fell the scream as the great bird rose from the countless breaks high into clear thin air. Under the caves of the barn the grey rat was nibbling the banes of the little brown wren, and Sweet roused from his sleep by the falling fragments was falling fragments was nosing hungrily

Bill stood harnessed now, sliuck collar and wooden hames, and trace chains bound with many rags. The bars were down and he was out, but bars were down and he was out, but still he stood there patiently, his hungry eyes upon the field wondering dimity, perhaps, as ether toilers do at times, why he could not wander there, why he stood so harnossed, and why he needs must spend his life pulling that plow aimlessly up one row and down the other, never getting anywhere. Patiently he yielded to the fate he could not comprehend and stood apart waiting for his accustomed

dat swingle-tree on wid."

But at this moment Angy appeared in the cabin door and hailed, "Hann! bul! You know what day dis is?" "Whatten you ax me dat!" he grum-

"I say you know what day dis is?"
"What de reason I don't know! Sun "What de reason I don't know! Senday we went to meeting'. Monday liver Josh got married. Obsweday I went up to Equire Tom's. Next day liver Lige's funial was preach. Dat was Wedoesday. Yistiddy was Thursday, and to-day —. Moss, put dat steer up! If here aint was assettin' in

on de crop on a Friday!

There was a hurrah at this unexpected boliday. The children stood on their beads, such as had sequired the accomplishment. Pomp hicked I weet and knecked Pete down in mere exuberance and the rest of them crowded to help unharness Bill. Any stood smiling on them from the doorway, delighted that it should have been her forethought which had warded off an impending calamity from the household. Hannihal drew a good breath of relief that for the present, at least, in need not face the problem of making a crop with a rotten plow, lit his pipe afresh and settled comfortably against the rail fence in the sun.

"Turn Bill in de fiel?" called one.

"Put him in de lot?" erdered Hannihal.

"Turn Bill in de fiel?" called one.

"Put him in de lot!" ordered Hannibal.

"Yer gwien to work to morrer!"

"Look here nigger! You think yo' daddy a convic?" When I gits to be a convict! I 'spec's to work on Baddy! I's gwien to town to-morrer in dart cyart like a 'spectable gent'man!"

Presently the black swarm of darkies had vanished as mysterionsly as the crows everhead where the hawk sailed yet serensly a solitary speck in the depths of blus. Bill relieved of his gear stood again in the baruyard mud. The plow and collar had brought no toil to-day. The bars were up again. It was incomprehensible. He had heard his masters say "Friday" and "bad luck." These doings were beyond his ken, and he ceased pendering, closed his eyes and chewed what cud he bad. Hannibal smoked, rested his gaze upos the stubblefield, and pictured again the big crop he was going to make. It was so quiet now it was easy to think. The young ones had gone dishing. Bill stood near with eyes closed chewing his cud. A grey cat was curled askeep where Sweet had been. The hawk hung motionless in silent blue. A single feather, white and luminous, came drifting down from that far height, and not a sound broke the stillness but the soft clucking of a hen to her brood. Hannibal could see the cotton growing, the biggest crop he had eyer planted; the rows laid by, tall and green; the bursting bolls, the fleesy bashets, the four bales piled at the ginhouse door. It was just as good as having them. And the sun felt so comfortable. He leaned back slowly until he found a firm resting place in the bend of the fence. His head lay over against a rail. The pipe fell from his fingers, and with mouth open and face upturned he siept under the noon-day sun.

Trath and tecan

Trath and Sease.

Hon, B. L. Patterson rottring Commissions of Agricultural, in June Belletie.

Let it be told over and over again that the farmer who binds himself with crop lieus and chattel mortgages, or debt in order to becure supplies which he can raise himself, or to buy fertilizer for making a crop, the yield and the price of which no man can foretell, is enslaving himself; he is gambling on mere change: he is building his house on the sand, and sooner or latter the waves of disaster will bring him to grief. The farmer who raises his own supplies—who ayoids debt like the plague, and keeps his expenses inside his receipts, who raises money crops only as a surplus—he is building on a sure foundation, against which the storms may beat and billows roll in vain; he is independent of panies and business depression—he is Master. The time is coming when these plain truths will be more and Let it be told over and over again

more apparent. Looking to the future in all the wide range of the varied industries of the present age, I can see no pursuit that offers to the average man with limited capital, particularly if he has not received training as a specialist, so certain a competence, with a fair share of this world, as farming. Certainly there is no other number of the particular training. tuinly there is no other pursuit in which he can to the same extent enjoy his freedom and manhood; none more healthful, none with fower tempta-tions to draw him away from the paths of uprightness and virtue, none in which ho may have such close communion with nature, and "nature's own great God adore." And farmers are better than anybody else, as a clas except preachers.

Cotton to China.

Two South Carolina cotton mills, one at Piedmont and the other at Pel-zer, on the Southern Railway, have just shipped twenty carloads of cotton drills to Shanghai, Chins. There were drills to Shunghai, China. There were 2,500 bales of cloth, worth \$40 a bale. The train carrying the shipment will go went over the Northern Pacific road, and the goods will take steamer at Tacoma. The goods were sold to China in competition with the mills of the world. That so large an order should have been secured by South Carolina mills is conclusive proof that the South can compete with the world with a fair field. And while meeting and matching all competition, the Southern mills are making money.

A Wave of Prosperity

Blackberries are ripe. There is the largest crop in many years. Blackberry pies and "lauses" are contributing ry ples and "lauses" are to the happiness of our people.

Semething To Bopo Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowdon, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked

that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from the first dose, and half dosen dollar bottles oured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at J. E. Curry & Co's Drug Store.

ARP HAS A BIRTHDAY.

AND HE PHILOSOPHIZES A LITTLE ON THE OCCURRION.

lays Everything Shrinks no We Nonthe Geni-Thinks Man Was Made to

Be Mappy—Melanchely Poets.

IMM Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Another paternal birthday in my family. They seem to come about twice a ye: to me now. How everything shrinks as we near the goal. The trees are not so tail nor the hills so high as they used to be. That is very natural, and is nothing new—but how is it that even time should shrink—time, that is so exact, so unchangeable, and that is measured by the same tieting of the clock, and that is measured by the revolving earth, and that by its annual course around the san? I can't see why time should seem to shrink mers, learn more, in a day than when we were children. Seventy-two years ago today I came into this sublumry world and have had my share of joy and sorrow and am content with my lot in life. As Dayld said: "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. Yea, I have a good beritage." But poor old Job took it hard when Satan despoiled him, and he cursed hie day and said, in the angulsh of his soul: "Let the day perish wherein I was born. Why died I not from the wemp, for then I should have lain still and been at rest;" Poor old man; his sad story always axcites my sympathy. Then there was Jeremiah, who exclaimed: "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a river of tears. Cursed be the man who brought tidings to my father my ling a man child is born unto thee."

I don't like these sad people nor sad stories nor tales of misery. I never read a remance that ends sadly. I don't like these sad people nor sad stories nor tales of misery. I never read a remance that ends sadly. I don't like these sad people nor sad stories nor tales of misery. I never read a remance that ends sadly. I don't like these sad people nor sad stories nor tales of misery. I never read a remance that ends sadly. I don't like these sad people nor sad stories nor tales of misery. I when that Robert Burns lad never maters, and in the only one that can smile, and he should smile as often as he can. Cowper was a sad poet, but he does say:

"Better The Lighter The Lighter when

"Behind a frowning providence He wears a smiling face."

He wears a smiling face."

That is better. The Creator who beautified and adorned the earth with fruits and flowers and gave us birds to sing and music to charm, and studded the heavens with stars, did not make man to mourn. If He had given us only buszards for birds and dog fennel for flowers and the howling of the winds for music we might bave mourned; but I rather like that poet who in the gush of his gratitude said:

"This world is very lovely, Oh, lar God.

"This world is very lovely, Oh, my God, I thank Thee that I live." Young was another sad and solemn oct, and says:

"Man wants but little here below. Nor wants that little long."

Sidney Smith was more genial, and

"Man wants but little here b As beet, pork, lamb, and vonison show. I wish somebody would tell me where I can find a parody on that same taxt that was written by John Quincy Adams about half a century ago. It was a charming poem, and began:

Nor wants that little long. Tis not with me assetly s The 'tas so in the song."

Then he sets forth a delightful catalogue of what he does want, and it accords with our desires and excuses as for induging them. Let a man, and especially a woman, wish as much as he or she pleases, but ac good comes of a distressful longing for things we can't get. Woman is peculiar about that. She can want pretty things ever so badly, and do without them ever so graciously. During the war and about its distressing close the wives and mothers who had lived in luxary came down to poyerty and hard times with more fortitude than the men—I knew many men who gave up and with more fortitude than the mon—r know many men who gave up and pined away and died, but their wives didn't. They beld up their heads and struggled on, I remember how orushed and belpless I felt when I got my fam-ily back home and found nothing but ily back home and found nothing but a shelter—not a bed to sleep on—not a cow in the county, no flour, no sugar nor coffee—not a chicken nor an egg, and no money to buy with, if there had been anything to buy—no wood to burn, no fonce around the house and so we had to burn the stable that the Yankees built on our lot for their horses. It was desolation, and with me was almost despair, but my wife never surrendered, and she hasn't yet. She wants as many good things and nice things as anybody, but when trouble comes she can suffer and be strong.

trong.
It is a good time about now for a It is a good time about now for a man of my years to look back and take a kind of inventory of what I have done all this time—what has been accomplished for the world's good or anybody's good, not for my ewn good, for that don't count up yonder. Before I go into the receiver's hands it is well for me to make up an invoice. When a schoolboy we used to debate whether or not there was such a thing as disinterested beneyolence. I thought then that there was, but it seems to me now that almost every good thing I sver did was very much mixed with selfishness, and all that will excuse me will be on the line of the poet who mays: who mys:

They who joy would win,

There is some comfort in that for I believe I have taken pleasures in divid-ing with others the blessings that God bas given me. The vetrospect is, how-ever, not free from clouds and blars, and I would that I could live those

paris of my life over again, and live better. Dr. Jonhan said to Bouwell that a man who lived for himself lived in value and that it was every man's duty to do something for his fellow men and also for those who were to come after him, "Our fathers and foreinthers," and he, "wrote books and invented useful contrivances, and planted trees and vines for us, and so as we cannot pay them for it, we should do something for posterity." I am about even on that line, for I have planted trees, both shade and fruit wherever I have lived, and my wife still keeps me planting vines. I have written many sketches and a book or two, without malice aforethought, and can say, with Byren:

West is writ is writ.

Would it were vorthless.

On the whole, I am grateful that my life has been allotted to the last three-quarters of this centery—seven decades that have witnessed more progress in science, art, invention and Christian divilization than any previous thousand years in the world's history. A great leap forward has been made since I was a boy, for I remember when there were but few hooks and fower newspaper in the United States—when there were but two or three short railroads, and not a telegraph or telephone—when there was no light but candle light, and not a friction match in the world, nor a steel pen. But progress always briege a train of evil things along with it. Every light has its shadow. The devil is a lively case and keeps up with the procession.

"Man never builds a home of prayer

"Man naver builds a house of prayer But what the devil has a pulpit there

Bat what the sevil has a pulpit there."

And his pulpit, though invisible, is at the other end, where the sinners love to congregate. I remember when there were no hip pockets nor pistols to put in them. I remember when there were no hip pockets nor pistols to put in them. I remember when there was no whisky in this country, sad the only spirits drank were wine, peach brandy, cognac brandy, that was made from grapes, and New England rum that the Yackees made from molasses. They made the rum to buy siggers with in Africa, but some of it got down south. Whiskey came later, and was originally uskeybaugh, a gastic word that, strange to say, means water of life. The last syllable was happily dropped in course of time, for it means life—and uskey was pronounced weesky.

But it would take a book to tail all the changes that have marked the last 60 years—the good of it and the bad of it. I would blot some things out if I could, and set the clock back, but God knoweth. Especially would I blot out every bad thought and every bad deed of my own—every act that gave pain or anxiety to those who loved me. The worst word in the language is remorse. I am free from that, I know, but not from regret. I wish that all the young people would stop and think—sometimes stop and think und resolve to do nothing that will follow them like Banquo's ghost when they get old.

e of studying its resou oming better acquainted with its One practical result of his visit will

be the preparation of a bulletin on the subjet of reclaiming worn-out soil. This promises to be an important study. In the richness and extent of taile promises to be an important study. In the richuess and extent of their territery many Southern agriculturists have in the past been rather predigal of the soil, but with the rapid migration of homeseekers from less inviting sections has come a realization of the importance not only of maintaining the productivity of the land now under cultivation, but also of looking to the future demand by taking steps to bring under culture again the land in some sections which has been allowed to deteriorate. Secretary Wilson has decidedly practical yiews on this subject, and from the bitts which he has already let fall his etudy will be of great value to those study will be of great value to the who would conserve fruitful soil and reclaim the waste places.

More Poul Deings of the Punton Legis Doneord Times.

Concord Times.

The last Legislature passed a special law for Concord, allowing it to tax insurance men and sewing machine agents. Then this beautiful set of people went right ahead and put a clause in the machinery act saying that no corporation should lavy a special tax on these people. Concord's commissioners last Monday levied these special taxes, but will be quable to collect them. Every day fresh evidence of the sainlinity of the last Legislature comes to light. comes to light.

Off for the Pacific.

Easign R. Z. Johnston, fr., U. S. M., leaves to-day for Tacema, Washington, at which place he is ordered to report on board the Battle Ship Oregon on the 10th. His trip across the continent will take a week's time nod will be better the trip. made over the railroad. Union Paulffe

A Great Opportunity

We give away, shapkatoly fees of cool, for a smalled listed unity. The Propict's Communications of the cooling and the propict of the control of the propict of the propict

to it was used to

of Property Back

BOLD OF ALL DE

A MOODUG PROX TEXAS Vanco Didn't Want old Rengan

Bave Mile these.

Sew York Mail and Express.

One of the great bricks of ex-Senator Reagas, of Tuxus, shife in office, was the making of "cat-fiddles," or "easteradles." All day long he would sit in his seat, making the most complicated sevices with a long string, the ends tied to his fingers, and to an observer in the gallery is would appear as though the whole weight of his intellect was devoted solely to the proper manipulation of the strings on his fingers, says the Louisville Dispatch.

Another peculiarity of the Senator was an annoyance to some of his more superstituous colleagues. He had a great way of selecting any seat on the Democratic side, provided it was not his own. Whenever a Democratic Senator was slot, Mr. Reagas invariably appropriated his chair, and, as during the course of his career in the Senate s number of his career in the Senator whom chair he could appropriate. It is well remembered that on one occasion, when Senator Vance was sick, he wrote up to Senator Yance was sick, and seding, pathetically:

"For heaven's take don't let old Heagan have my chair,' Senator Vance's chair was taken out of the Senate chamber.

"Why ton Bank ?" Thiongo Times-Herald,

et have brought considerable mone from Germany. The next day, promp-tly on time, the German called to take possession. "Come on," he said, "ve'll go right to the hank new and

"ve'll go right to the hank now and get the money."

Together they entered the bank. The German approached the cashier's window, introduced himself and said:

"Dis is Mr. Jones, who keeps the feed store on Main street. I has bought out his place for \$1,600 and ve half called to get the mosey."

"I beg your purdon," realled the cashier, "but you have no account here, have you?"

"You don't understand," carnestly remarked the German. "I don't vant an account as all; I vant only the money."

remarked the German. "I don't vant an account at all; I vant only the money."

"But you have no money in this bank," explained the official.

"Of course not," assented the caller.

"If I had money I vould pay dis man myself. But I hav'nt my money at all, so I must come to you to get it."

"But we can't let you have money unless you first give it to us."

"Then why is a lank?" excitedly demanded the would-be-horrower.

The colloquy white ensued wasted so loud that the president of the bank came out of his private office to new what was the matter. He took they young German in land personnally. The latter told the tanker all about himself and his aims, and is less than a half bour the bunker had loaned him \$1,300 and beld a first mortgage on a feed store owned by the happinest young foreigner in America.

That occurred many years ugo, it is true, but that young terman to day is the head of a corporation capitalized for \$4,0 0,000, and his name, if I were to give it here, would be recognised instantly as one of the leading business men of this country.

Rad a Claim on the Preside

provid Standord, A Tennesses negro shook hands with the President recently.
"I am glad to neet you," said the President.
"You may well say dat, sub," said the old negro. "I voted for you six times befor day ketched mel?"

During the Scholastic year of '16.49' E. Wright Spencer mude the highest average in Scholasskip at the Homes School of Oxford, and received the School of Oxford, and received the School of Exitation of learning.