

ARP TALKS TO THE BOYS.

KNOWLEDGE OF EVERYTHING IS ESSENTIAL.

These Advices Observation—Inferna Them What Trees Are Best for Use to Which They Are Put—Other Good Advice.

Mr. Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Here is a letter for the boys. I believe that even an imperfect knowledge of many callings renders a man happier than perfection in any one and comparative ignorance of all the rest. Great scientists, discoverers and inventors seem to be necessary for the world's progress and the good of mankind, but their work is generally at the expense of their health and happiness. Sir Isaac Newton in his last days exclaimed with a sigh, "I have made a slave of myself." His great mind was always on a strain in one direction. It is said of him that he had a hole cut in the lower part of the door for his favorite cat to enter and exit and when she had a pair of kittens he had two smaller holes cut for them. The mind is like the body. It must have a variety of food. It is like the muscles in the arms or legs. If only one set are used the others become weak and will gradually perish away.

I was talking not long ago to a learned judge, a man of fine judicial mind and literary attainments, but who acknowledged his very limited knowledge of nature and nature's laws. "I hardly know one tree from another," said he, "excepting of course the chestnut, hickory, nut and walnut. Yes, of course, I know the pine and the oak. Indeed I have never had any occasion to know more for I was raised in town and books have absorbed me."

I was ruminating about this because our little girl's mother is teaching her to draw and to paint, and I asked her to draw me a chestnut tree an oak tree and a maple tree. She is working on them now and has to go out and look at them and examine the bark on the trunk, and the shape of the limbs and the leaves. I wonder how many boys and girls can draw a hickory leaf without looking at one. I should like to see their specimens. Thousands of boys, especially country boys, know all the common trees of their neighborhood but it requires close and careful observation to describe them and point out the difference. Now there are ten different kinds of oaks in this country, but very few town raised people can name half of them. Then there are different kinds of hickories and pines and ash and elm trees, besides the hackberry, box elder, poplar, beech, locust and cottonwood. Eugen Le Hardy was a very learned and scientific Frenchman, but thought that American cotton grew on the cottonwood tree and that we gathered it by using ladders. It is said that a Mr. Jackson, of Atlanta, is trying to introduce the latter kind now and has got the trees up to fourteen feet high.

The study of the trees and shrubs of this Southern country is a delightful and instructive recreation for young people, and I wish they would pay more attention to it. Of course this study requires some knowledge of botany, but that is easily acquired. This kind of knowledge is more useful and more comforting than a college smattering of calculus and conic sections and rhetoric and logic. I do not believe there is a man in Barlow county who would know anything of it were they to see it. Not many more know what is father graybeard or white ash, the medicinal shrub from which old A. Q. Simmons first made the original Simmons' liver medicine in Gwinnett county. I know about that, for when I was a young merchant sold the first he ever made and continued to sell it for him for several years and he told me what it was made of. I think, though, that the father graybeard gave out about the time the old man died.

I wish that our young people would acquire habits of observing things more closely as they journey along through life. Some people see everything and some see nothing hardly. When should trees be cut down that are wanted for wood? What kind of wood is the strongest and will bear the greatest burden? What kind is the most elastic? What kind is the hardest to split? What kind will last the longest in the ground? What kind most suitable for pianos, chairs, furniture or wainscoting? What kind for mauls or wedges or axes? Dr. Oliver Holmes must have studied all about these when he wrote the "One Hoop Story."

So the deacon inquired of the village folk where he could find the strongest oak that couldn't be split nor bent nor broken; that was for spokes and floor and sills; he sent for ironwood to make the thills; the oak-bark were taken from straight trees; the panels were white wood that cut like iron.

And the necks of logs from the settler's elm."

But perhaps Dr. Holmes got it all from some old honest wagon maker, for they know. I'll bet that Mr. Bradley, of our town, can answer every question. The boys ought to find out that black locust and chestnut and orange orange make the best posts, and black gum the best hubs, and persimmon the best wedges or girts and mesquite the best bows, and white oak the best baskets. In England it is claimed that a yew tree post will last longer than an iron one. The boys ought to know that the bark of all trees are non-conductors of heat and cold and keep them cool in summer and warm in winter, and the green leaves are the lungs that inhale the carbon from the tree, but not only make wood for the tree, but purify the atmosphere that we breathe. And because every habitation ought to have some trees about those beautiful islands in the sea that are of coral formation and kept growing until they got above the water and then some cocoanuts came floating along and lodged there and sprouted and grew and the leaves of the trees fell down and rotted and made a soil for more cocoanuts, and in course of time the island became a paradise. That is the testimony

of the rocks. The boys should watch the little gasometer ball that floats away in the air from the sweet little dandelion plant. So light and so feathery that it would take a thousand of them to weigh an ounce and yet the seed are there for more plants and they are wrapped, as it were, in a blanket to protect them from the winter's cold. So it is with the seed of the Scotch thistle that is blown about by a breath of air like it was nothing, but it has the germ, the embryo of life in it, and will find a lodging place somewhere and sleep until spring, and then make no mistake. It will not come up a dandelion, but will surely make a thistle. In the horticultural gardens at London are raspberry plants that came from seed found in a man's stomach who had been buried 1,700 years.

Study nature a little as you go along, boys, and it will make you wiser and better and happier men. Find out why it is that a dead bird weighs more than a live one and by what force or power a buzzard can sail round and round in the air above you and never beat a wing nor wave a feather.

It isn't every boy who can be a Ben Franklin, but every boy can learn something every day, and even one fact a day will in course of time make him a wise man. What a boy was Franklin! What a man! The youngest of seventeen children, apprenticed to a candle maker, next to a printer; ran away from Boston to Philadelphia when seventeen years old and hired to a Mr. Read, and fell in love with Deborah, his daughter; was never idle; read and studied in every leisure moment; mastered French, Italian, Spanish and Latin; became postmaster of Philadelphia, then postmaster general of all the colonies; established the Philadelphia library, the Philosophical Society and the University of Pennsylvania, and not long after he drew lightning down from heaven with a kite and a string and a key.

What a man he was! What a boy!

AN EXPENSIVE DISGRACE.

That is What Bad Roads Are in This Country.

A well-informed writer on the subject of good roads says:

Robert P. Porter, who is great on statistics, crossed the ocean with Colonel Pope in the latter part of July, and he acquired some figures and facts about roads that are worth repeating.

More money is lost in one year by bad roads than is levied by all the dutiable articles imported, and more than all the money that is collected from all the internal taxes levied by the general government. The bad roads of this country cost the public \$300,000,000 a year. The yearly freightage of all the ships, canal boats and railroads in the country is far less than the freightage that passes along the country roads. There is hardly a pound of freight hauled upon the railroads that is not lost by some highway designed for the use of vehicles and horses. American railway freight rates, though they are the lowest in the world, are frequently grumbled at, but does the complainer ever think, queries Mr. Porter, that it costs him more to haul 40 bushels of corn or wheat over 10 miles of bad roads than to ship it 100 miles over a railway?

These are the things that the people who are most interested in good roads seldom think of, because, as they do not have to pay in cash upon the spot the loss that results from carting their products over roads deep with mud or dust, or full of loose rocks and deep rutts, they imagine that they have lost nothing. In reality, they have lost labor, horse flesh, and goods, and, worst of all, great quantities of time, which to every man who makes the most of his business is the most valuable commodity of all.

A War Reminiscence.

Rev. R. Z. Johnson, the well known Presbyterian minister of Lincoln, has the following in the October number of his paper, the *Monthly Bulletin*:
Presbytery [Mecklenburg] meets this month at Providence church, October 6th, 11 a. m., twelve miles south of Charlotte and five miles west of Matthews station on the Seaboard Air Line. This is one of our oldest churches and Mecklenburg Presbytery has never held a regular session there. The last time a regular session was held there was in April, 1865, when Concord Presbytery met soon after the war was over. It was to meet there in April, 1896, but a quorum failed to get there. Rev. Wm. W. Pharr, D. D., and myself (the pastor) were the only ministers present and one or two elders. Brother Pharr preached on the word "Watch" to the congregation assembled and we adjourned. As we separated we saw the smoke rising from the burning railroad bridge on the Catawba near Rock Hill, and the late Rev. H. H. Banks (who had expected to join the Presbytery), and the late Thos. B. Price, elder in the Steel Creek church, had their horses taken from them before they reached home. Brother Pharr spent the night with me and his faithful horse had to do some swift running next day to escape "Wheeler's men." We turned our horses in the front yard when we reached home and only the presence of my wounded brother—a cavalry officer, saved them and a pair of fine mules, plowing in a field in front of us.

Housecleaning.

If a woman is in good health there is no more beautiful employment than housework; gently speaking, there is no happier woman in the world. But how different! Every breath is pain, every step torture! This state of health, in some cases, is the result of overwork, but in many cases it is the result of a woman's own carelessness. She neglects her health, she neglects her duties, she neglects her family, and she neglects her own soul. She is a slave to her passions, and she is a slave to her pride. She is a slave to her vanity, and she is a slave to her ambition. She is a slave to her envy, and she is a slave to her jealousy. She is a slave to her anger, and she is a slave to her hatred. She is a slave to her greed, and she is a slave to her avarice. She is a slave to her lust, and she is a slave to her pride. She is a slave to her vanity, and she is a slave to her ambition. She is a slave to her envy, and she is a slave to her jealousy. She is a slave to her anger, and she is a slave to her hatred. She is a slave to her greed, and she is a slave to her avarice. She is a slave to her lust, and she is a slave to her pride.

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WE ARE RIGHT IN LINE

With New Goods for the Fall Trade at Low Prices

That Cling to Your Memory.

Prices That Are Continually Bobbing up, Prices That Just Won't be Forgotten.

THAT'S THE REASON WE HAVE SO MUCH TRADE. People are continually finding out what a good stock we keep. Besides, we know how and where to buy, and this helps to make our prices the lowest. We are packed to the loft in every department.

GRAY & LOVE.

Millinery Department.

All the newest and latest fads of fashion. Never before have we had such a display in Millinery. Birds of Paradise are as numerous in our Trimming Department as sparrows in the trees. In fact, we think pattern hats and shapes came from the same locality. It was certainly a divinely given talent that conceived the thousand and one beautiful styles, combining and blending all the lovely colors that go to make up woman's hats this fall. And ours are basement prices, too.

Dress Goods Department.

Rich and Rare Beauty prevails in this department. Our claim of ever keeping abreast of vogue in showing the always black fabrics is freely allowed by all who make comparison of style and qualities. We are now displaying the new and staple fabrics in rough and smooth effects at prices that cannot fail to make them quick sellers.

The Spirit of Honest Business

is without caste, class, or condition. It is everything for everybody. It gratifies the wealthy and gladdens the wage-earner. Honest merchandising goes on forever for all. We proffer nothing unsuited to immediate usefulness. These values have a specific identity with your present needs. It will pay you at least to interview them before spending your money elsewhere.

Dry Goods Emporium, Gastonia, N. C.

Better Take Care of What We Have.

Scotland Neck cor. Charlotte Observer. With four negro postmasters in the county, a negro county commissioner, a negro jailer and a negro court crier, it looks something like 1868.

Wisdom With Old Age.

Once, when we were young and fresh, we attempted to advise farmers to hold their cotton for better prices. That attempt was so disastrous that we are not doing that any more.

We sell Zeats, the great blood remedy. A sure cure for falling manhood. Frost Torrence & Co., Gastonia, N. C.

Clothing Department.

Neat, Nobby and Good Fit. Think of it! Thousands of dollars worth of new Clothing piled up on the upper floor. No room for any more. All bought before the tariff bill passed. Old prices prevail as long as they last.

Shoe Department.

Just for one moment, please. We feel confident that we are doing the shoe business of this section and we have lost no time in trying to put our Shoe Department in the front rank. What a joy and comfort to many a weary foot would be a pair of the noted Hamilton and Brown Shoes!

Underwear Department.

There is a crispness in the air that heralds the approach of Winter. Time to change summer under garments for the warmer kind. This department has never before been so complete with us. Special pains have been taken to suit all—Men, Ladies, Misses, Boys and Children, and our prices are clever.

Cook Stoves and Wash Pots.

We have just received a car-load of COOK STOVES, WASH POTTS, &c., and are prepared to name you most favorable prices.

Take Notice.

We buy stoves in car-load lots, and for spot cash. By buying this in car-load lots, we save in the first place, from 50 to 75 cents a stove in freight, and in the second place we get them cheaper by buying in these large quantities for spot cash. These advantages we give to our customers.

Don't Buy a Stove

Anywhere until you see us or get our prices.

LONG BROTHERS.

"BIG TOM" WILSON.

He Walks Thirty Six Miles to See the Game.

Asheville Gazette, etc.

Perhaps the most conspicuous figure on the show grounds yesterday was that of T. D. Wilson, commonly known as "Big Tom Wilson," of Fannin, Fannin county. "Big Tom" Wilson has a reputation not only in this State, but abroad, as the finder of the wilds of the Black Mountains in the month of June, 1856. The body of Prof. Mitchell perhaps never would have been discovered but for the efforts of this pioneer. Other searching parties had given up in despair, but the sturdy mountaineer, at the start of his life, pursued the search with a successful result. This discovery had given Mr. Wilson a reputation that will last for years to come.

The name of "Big Tom" is an appellation given him by his neighbors to distinguish him from the other Wilsons living in his vicinity. "Big Tom" is not only the discoverer of the body of Prof. Mitchell, but he made the first survey of the noted Mitchell's peak, the highest point east of the Rockies, but in the mountain range in the wilds of western North Carolina mountains. Mr. Wilson informed us yesterday that during his life time—extending over a period of 74 years—he has captured and killed 114 black bears, uprooted 40 deer, an innumerable number of wild turkeys, coons, wild cats and other wild animals that inhabit the wild woods of the Black Mountains. During the past year Mr. Wilson says that he caught one of the waters of the Black Mountains over 700 trout, and that the streams remain yet full.

A few years ago the ladies of the city held a fair at the Farmers' Warehouse, and among the most conspicuous objects of attraction was an old-time log cabin with "Big Tom" Wilson on the occupant. Mr. Wilson has raised a family of 11 children, all of whom are alive—living about calling distance of his ancient home. He has thirty-six grandchildren and he himself is in good health, having walked the distance of 80 miles to see the show yesterday. He has been a guide to travelers and hunters for several years and is a character well known throughout the country.

Why Cotton Has Not Advanced.

In an article upon the subject in the current number of *Trade America*, Col. Alfred B. Shepperson, of New York, the cotton expert, undertakes to explain why cotton has not advanced. The reason for the decline from July-September prices, he says, was the fact that the higher prices which obtained during and between these months were purely speculative, and on many occasions the quotations were merely nominal. Meantime, cotton cloths were selling at 5-10 cents per pound, being the lowest for 50 years. It has been found impossible to force the price of manufactured goods up to a parity with cotton at 5 cents per pound, hence the manufacturers have not gone into the market for more than immediate and necessary supplies. In some instances, indeed, the mills have been working on short hours, for the very reason that raw cotton was actually too high for the manufactured products.

Colonel Shepperson concludes, however, that prices have now reached a level at which manufacturers can buy at a profit, hence he looks for more purchases by them. He is also of the opinion, from Southern advice received by him, that the crop will be much about of the former estimates by experts, and that the manufacturers who go into the market now will get their stocks about as cheap as they can to had this season. Should an early frost come along the price would go up "by leaps and bounds." Colonel Shepperson says, and the manufacturers would be left out in the cold. He does not look for lower prices. "Those who entertain the idea that prices will fall to the figures of 1896-97," he says, "are hugging a vain delusion. The conditions were essentially different, and I never again expect to see middling cotton sell in New York for 5-10 cents, which was the price in November, 1896." If the view of the situation is correct, it is to be expected that there will shortly be an upward turn in the market. It is to be hoped that such will be the case.

Four Funds Exhausted.

Wilmington Chronicle. "Ordered by the Board that the papers of Wilson county all be discontinued for the reason that the paper fund is exhausted."

The Second Year.

Chatham Citizen. We are reliably informed that there formerly lived a man in this county (he lives in another county now) who gathered up the best of waste and having poured these full of molasses or syrup, carried it to a village and sold this combination for honey. It was not exactly a "sugar candy pill," but rather a "molasses filling" of nature's own sweetness.

She Had a Small Opinion.

Wilmington Star. The oldest "old maid" in the world is Miss Dowling, of Indiana, who says she has never seriously thought of marriage, and never kept company with any but two "fellows," and neither had the "spark" to ask her to marry. This gave her such a small opinion of men, that she has never hankered for them since.