

The Weekly News.

H. C. MARTIN, Editor and Proprietor.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year.

VOLUME V.

LENCIL, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1903.

NO. 40.

WHAT IS A WOMAN'S CLUB?

"What is a Woman's Club?" No idle phrase
Whence to charter of the last new flag.
Or whisper of a sister gone astray.
Or strip with cruel gossip every trace
Of sweetness from some life borne down with
strife.
'Tis not a place where fashion reigns supreme,
Where lack of style is sin beyond redeem.
Where outward garb is more than inward life;
No room to loiter for careless feet or sneer.
For serving into dark days safety past
Or meaning glances with dire purpose cast.
To cause some trembling soul to blush or fear.
All these are what a woman's club is not—
Things left behind, outgrown, despised, forgot.
What is a Woman's Club? A meeting ground,
For those of purpose great and broad and strong.
Whose aim is toward the stars, who ever long
To make the patient, listening world respond
With sweeter music, purer, nobler tones,
A place where kindly, helpful words are said
And kindlier deeds are done; where hearts are
fed;
Where wealth of brain for poverty atones,
And hand grasps hand and soul finds touch with
soul.
Where victors in the race for fame and power
Look backward even in their triumph hour,
To beckon others toward the shining goal.
This is a Woman's Club—a haven fair,
Where tollers drop an hour their load of care,
What is a Woman's Club? The fabric of a dream
Touched with an altar-coal and made alive,
Instinct with hope for those who toil and strive
And wait to catch that joyous day's first gleam
That ushers in a better, freer age.
When right for one shall be for all the right;
When all together in life's well and fight,
The war for right and truth shall bravely wage.
—SARA A. PALMER.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

So many young people who are
thirsting for historical knowledge write
to me for help that I feel encouraged
and will answer their inquiries as far as
I can. These young people in the
country towns have schools to go to,
but they lack books—reading books,
cyclopedias, biographies, and if I was
as rich as Carnegie I would plant a
library of such books in every commu-
nity. I would have a million sets of
some standard cyclopedia printed for
every school, even if they cost fifty mil-
lion dollars. That would diffuse knowl-
edge among the young people and do
more good than all he is doing in the
big cities. But what we most need in
the south are historical books that will
be standard with us and relate the truth
about the south and secession and the
confederacy and slavery and the war
and reconstruction. I had a cyclopedia
that gave a whole column of apology
for old John Brown and the pedigree
of every northern race horse, and no
mention of John B. Gordon or Forrest
of any of our southern poets or authors
or orators. I swapped it off at half
price for the International by Dodd,
Meade & Co. The tributes in that
work to Mr. Davis and Lee and Jack-
son are all that could be desired and
more than was expected.

I wonder what has become of that
great southern publishing house that
was projected in Atlanta some time ago.
That is what we want and must have
to perpetuate southern history and de-
fend our fathers and grandfathers from
the slanders of northern foes. It is
northern histories, northern novels
and northern plays that have already
poisoned the minds of thousands of our
young people. Only yesterday I glanced
at a serial story in an Atlanta paper
and the first thing I saw was a verse
which read:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in
the ground,
But his soul keeps marching on."

In a Missouri paper I saw where a
yankee troupe were playing "Uncle
Tom's Cabin." And now a fool fellow
from Wisconsin wants to get our gov-
ernors to appoint delegates to a conven-
tion in Atlanta to determine the race
problem, and it is said that the man
Spencer is at the bottom of it to get up
a presidential boom for himself. I sus-
pected there was a nigger in the wood-
pile, for these northern politicians never
do anything from patriotic, unselfish
motives. Hanna's scheme fell through
and Spencer thought he could patch it
up. But the south never was more
aroused and united on the negro ques-
tion and will resent all interference,
whether it comes from Washington or
Wisconsin. Wisconsin! What impu-
dence! A state whose foreign popula-
tion is 62 per cent. of the whole, and
of these there are 88,000 who can't
speak English, and only 760 negroes in
the state and three times as many In-
dians. What does Wisconsin know or
care about our race problem? In the
last few days I have received three let-
ters from young people wanting to
know something about the confederate
flags, what were the designs and who
designed them. I wish that I could
sketch them and paint them in this
letter, but all I can do is to describe
them and give their history. There
were four in all, but only two lived to
see the end at Appomattox.

No. 1, or the "Stars and Bars," was
adopted by the confederate congress at
Montgomery. Its stars were on a blue
field and its red and white bars made it
look somewhat like the Stars and
Stripes, and sometimes was mistaken
for the United States flag.

No. 2, "The Battle Flag," and Gen.

Joe E. Johnston adopted it, and it was
never changed. It was a blue cross, or
rather an X studded with stars and set
on a red field.

No. 3. In May, 1863, the confederate
congress adopted a national flag. It
was a miniature battle flag set on a
white field that had a white border at
the side and at the bottom. But it
proved to be a mistake, for it had too
much white and after a few weeks was
changed to a flag of truce.

And so on March, 1865, congress
adopted No. 4 as the national flag.
This had the same battle flag on a blue
field, but the white border was smaller
and a red one put on the outside of
that. This flag did not wave very long,
only about a month, but nevertheless it
remains as the national flag of the con-
federate states.

But the dear old battle flag No. 2 was
the fighting banner of every company.
Our wives and our daughters made
them for the boys in gray, and many
of them were smuggled back home
again after the surrender and still kept
as household treasures. Our boys, the
Rome Light Guards, had one, and one
night the young people gave a
tableaux performance in the city hall
to raise a little money to put some
benches in the desecrated churches for
all the pews had been taken out and
converted into horse troughs for the
staff horses. One scene in the tableaux
represented a battle field where women
were ministering to the wounded and
the dying, and one dying soldier, the
ensign, had this old tattered and war-
stained flag grasped in his hand just as
he held it when he fell. The Spanish
commandant of the post was there with
his wife, and when he discovered the
flag, got furiously mad. He jumped up
on his seat and yelled: "Take dat
flag away, dat is treason—dat is an in-
sult to me and de United States. I
send for my soldiers and I arrest the
whole party." He ran wildly down the
stairs and across the street to his quar-
ters and came back quickly with half a
dozen Dutchmen in arms to make the
arrest. He marched the young men
over to his office, but paroled the young
ladies until he could hear from General
Thomas, whose headquarters were in
Louisville. I was mayor then and we
had some hot works. He said finally
he would release the young men until
he could hear from General Thomas.
So I wrote to General Thomas by the
same mail. He very graciously forgave
us, but warned us not to do so any
more, for the display of a confederate
flag was treason and the punishment of
treason was death.

PUTTING INTO SOCIETY.

Hank Cut Ice in Circle City, but

Wasn't Worth Beans in Boston.

From "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant
to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer.

I never see a fellow trying to crawl
or to buy his way into society that I
don't think of my old friend, Hank
Smith, and his wife Kate—Kate Botte
she was before he married her—and
how they tried to butt their way
through the upper crust.

Hank and I were boys together in
Missouri, and he stayed along in the
old town after I left. I heard of him
on and off as tending store a little and
farming a little and loafing a good
deal. Then I forgot all about him un-
til one day a few years ago when he
turned up in the papers as Captain
Henry Smith, the Klondike gold king,
just back from Circle City with a mil-
lion in dust and anything you please
in claims. There's never any limit to
what a miner may be worth in those
explicit imaginations.

I was a little puzzled when a week
later my office boy brought me a card
reading Colonel Henry Augustus
Botte-Smythe, but I supposed it was
some distinguished foreigner who had
come to size up so that he could
round out his roast on Chicago in his
new book, and I told the boy to show
the colonel in.

I've got a pretty good memory for
faces, and I'd bought too much store
plug of Hank in my time not to know
him, even with a clean shave and a
plug hat. Some men dry up with suc-
cess, but it was just spouting out of
Hank. Told me he'd made his pile and
that he was tired of living on the slag
heap; that he'd spent his whole life
where money hardly whispered, let
alone talked, and he was going now
where it would shout. Wanted to know
what was the use of being a nob if a
fellow wasn't the nobbiest sort of a
nob. Said he'd bought a house on Bea-
con Hill, in Boston, and that if I'd
prick up my ears occasionally I'd hear
something drop into the Back Bay.

Handed me his new card four times
and explained that it was the rawest
sort of dog to carry a brace of names
in your card holder; that it gave you
the drop on the swells every time and
that they just had to throw up both
hands and pass you the pot when you
showed down. Said that Botte was
old English for Botts and that Smythe
was new American for Smith; the
Augustus was just a fancy touch, a sort
of high card kicker.

I didn't explain to Hank, because it
was congratulations and not explana-
tions that he wanted, and I make it a
point to show a customer the line of
goods that he's looking for. And I
never heard the full particulars of his
experiences in the east, though from
what I learned afterward Hank struck
Boston with a bang all right.

He located his claim on Beacon Hill
between a Mayflower descendant and
a Declaration signer's great-grandson,
breeds which believe that when the
Lord made them he was through and
that the rest of us just happened. And
he hadn't been in town two hours be-
fore he started in to make improve-
ments. There was a high wrought
iron railing in front of his house, and
he had that gilded first thing, because
as he said, he wasn't running a re-
ceiving vault and he didn't want any
mistakes. Then he bought a nice open
barouche, had the wheels painted red,
hired a nigger coachman and started
out in style to be sociable and get
acquainted. Left his card all the way
down one side of Beacon street and
then drove back, leaving it on the
other. Everywhere he stopped he
found that the whole family was out.
Kept it up a week, on and off, but
didn't seem to have any luck. Thought
that the men must be hot sports and
the women great gadders to keep on
the jump so much. Allowed that they
were the liveliest little lot of fleas that
he had ever chased. Decided to quit
trying to nail 'em one at a time and
planned out something that he reck-
oned would round up the whole bunch.

Hank sent out a thousand invita-
tions to his grand opening, as he called
it; left one at every house within a
mile. Had a brass band on the front
steps and fireworks on the roof. Or-
dered forty kegs from the brewery and
hired a fancy mixer to sling together
mild errors, as he called them, for the
ladies. They tell me that when the
band got to going good on the steps
and the fire works on the roof went
Beacon street looked out the windows
to see what was doing. There must
have been 10,000 people in the street
and not a soul but Hank and his wife
and the mixer in the house. Some one
yelled "Speech!" and then the whole
crowd took it up, till Hank came out
on the steps. He shut off the band
with one hand and stopped the fire-
works with the other. Said that
speechmaking wasn't his strangle hold;

GENERAL NEWS.

It is probable that the St. Louis
World's fair will not be open before
May, 1905.

The census of China has been com-
pleted and the population is put down
at 426,447,000.

A complete roster of the officers and
enlisted men who served in the federal
and confederate armies will be prepared
by the government.

Highwaymen held up a stage in Ari-
zona last week, murdered six passen-
gers, two of whom were women, and
rifled the bodies.

Mr. William S. Hammond, of Wash-
ington, writes to the Baltimore Sun to
say that Virginia has produced more
Presidents and peanuts than any other
State.

The stockholders of the three great
tobacco trusts, the American, the Con-
solidated and the Continental, have
just figured up their net earnings for
the year and find them to be \$32,518,-
967 in the aggregate.

President Samuel Spencer, of the
Southern Railway, is much annoyed at
the report that he is to resign the presi-
dency of the road. He said to-day:
"I mean to fully investigate this report
to its root. I do not believe Col. Hen-
derson is the author, as stated. There
is absolutely not one word of truth in it."

Some months ago Thos. Nast, United
States consul at Guayaquil, died of
yellow fever. George Sawyer was ap-
pointed to succeed Nast and soon sailed
for his post, accompanied by his wife.
When Sawyer arrived at Guayaquil he
found an epidemic of yellow fever pre-
vailing and was told that he would
surely die if he stopped there. He im-
mediately returned, arriving at New
York last Friday. The President evi-
dently felt sorry for Sawyer, for he has
given him another job, the place of as-
sistant appraiser of merchandise at the
port of New York.

Richard Mansfield appeared in At-
lanta last Friday night. Both the At-
lanta papers, the Constitution and the
Journal "roasted" him the next day.
In addition to the severe criticism of
him in the Journal's news columns,
the following appeared in that paper
editorially:

"We are not paid our \$80 a week to
write the dramatic criticisms; but we
don't mind throwing in the suggestion
that Dick Mansfield goes about the
death of Brutus entirely too much like
he had hunted out a nice soft spot on
a rock after a hard day's work and was
prying open the lid of his dinner
bucket with a cold chisel."

Mansfield Roasted in Atlanta.

The State Bonds Offered for Sale.

State Treasurer Lacy has offered for
sale the new issue of bonds, of which
\$200,000 are in coupon bonds of the
denominations of \$500 and \$1,000, and
\$100,000 in registered bonds of the
denomination of \$50, all bearing 3 per
cent. interest, payable semi-annually,
dated January 1st, 1903, payable 10
years after date and exempt from all
taxation. Bids will be received until
noon, April 2d. Treasurer Lacy says
the \$50 registered bonds are issued in
the hope that home people will take
them and that it will be a popular loan.
They are exempt from all taxation, in-
cluding income tax.

A Big Fake in Pennies.

Several weeks ago a Washington
merchant placed in one of the leading
capital papers an advertisement which
read like this: "On March 7 we will
pay 18 cents for 1902 pennies." As a
result many thousand pennies with the
1902 mark upon them were sent to the
firm, the sender expecting to receive 18
cents apiece for them, but the deluded
spectators were disappointed when it
was learned that 18 cents would be paid
for one thousand nine hundred and two
pennies. A citizen of Mooreville was
caught napping, having bought quite a
number at 8 cents apiece.

Sunday Train for the Yadkin Railroad

Almost a Certainty.

A Sunday train for the Yadkin road
seems now to be almost a certainty.
Col. A. B. Andrews, first vice-president
of the Southern, has been approached
on the subject and has given his ap-
proval of a Sunday train.

A petition is being circulated to-day
among the business men of Salisbury
asking that this extra train be put on.
It is thought that the Sunday run will
be started by not later than April 15th.

Out Go Statesville Saloons.

STATESVILLE, N. C., March 16.—
Statesville votes out saloons to-day,
by a majority of two hundred and
forty.

Four hundred and thirty-one for
prohibition and one hundred and
ninety-one against.

Appendicitis Insurance.

The latest novelty among the specu-
lators in insurance has made its ap-
pearance at Lloyd's in the shape of in-
surance against expense or death from
appendicitis. The applicant who is free
from a well-defined or discoverable pre-
disposition to inflammation of that in-
convenient and apparently inexplicable
organ, the appendix vermiformis, for
an annual premium of 5s. gets a policy
guaranteeing his direct expenses if he
has to undergo an operation up to the
amount of £200 and if he dies during
or in consequence of such operation the
designated beneficiary receives a lump
sum of £200. The new scheme is said
to have undergone an operation up to the
amount of £200 and if he dies during
or in consequence of such operation the
designated beneficiary receives a lump
sum of £200. The new scheme is said
to have undergone an operation up to the
amount of £200 and if he dies during
or in consequence of such operation the
designated beneficiary receives a lump
sum of £200.

Artichokes on the Farm.

Scotland Neck Commonwealth.

Mr. J. A. Sikeleather, of Olin, N. C.,
writes to the Statesville Landmark
some interesting items about a farm
of his community who follows the
intensive plan of farming rather than
the extensive. The farmer in question
bought one bushel of artichokes for
\$1.50 and planted them on one-tenth
of an acre in his garden and made 100
bushels. One bushel of the artichokes,
says the correspondent, is worth as
much as a bushel of potatoes, and the
farmer is feeding them to his hogs and
cows with great advantage. This same
farmer killed three 84 months old pigs
weighing respectively 229, 236, and 243
pounds. All this goes to show that
intensive farming pays better than
extensive farming over broad acres of
poor land. This is a good season of
of the year for farmers to study such
matters.

Fish Ejected by Volcanoes.

The stories of dead fish thrown out
by volcanoes have been revived by the
recent West India catastrophes. In
particular, great quantities of them are
reported to have been cast into the sea
from the island of St. Vincent. It is
pointed out by a French expert, M.
Girardiu, that these fish are simply the
denizens of the lakes formed in craters
during their long periods of inactivity.
A crater first becomes clogged, then
fills with water, and the water is in time
peopled with fish that find access to it
through subterranean channels. When
volcanic activity is resumed, the first
thing that occurs is an explosion that
blows the lake—water, fish and all—
into the air, and distributes it over the
neighboring land and water surface.

Another Man Made Happy.

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer,
as he held up a gold watch to view,
"I'm not saying this watch is a bargain
at \$75. I'm not saying it would be the
cheapest thing you ever bought at \$50.
No, gentlemen. I do business on the
square, and I'll tell you the truth, and
what I do say about this elegant time-
piece is—"

"A dollar and a half," cried a voice.
"—is that it's sold to the man with
the red nose," finished the auctioneer,
"and if he ever repents of his bargain
I'll take it off his hands at 15 cents."

A Talking Alarm Clock.

A Philadelphia has devised a novel
arrangement of alarm clock and phono-
graph combined which not only wakes
him in the morning, but tells him why
he should arise. The spring which
starts the alarm starts, a moment later,
a phonographic attachment, which
says: "Get up, you lazy loafer! It's
7 o'clock," or anything else desired.

Wiseest of Democratic Statesmen.

Newbern Journal.

March 18th marks the birthday of
ex-President Grover Cleveland, who is
66 years old. Mr. Cleveland while he
has recently stated that he is out of
active politics to stay, nevertheless is
to-day the wisest of Democratic states-
men and one with an opinion which is
often consulted and received with due
consideration by his party. May his
birthdays long continue.

Vicksburg, which has been an inland
city for several years because of a
change in the course of the Mississippi
and the filling up of the lake in the old
river-bed, is once more a river city,
as the national government has completed
the canal for diverting the Yazoo river
into the old Mississippi channel in front
of the city. Until the channel was
finished the Yazoo emptied into the
Mississippi a few miles above Vicks-
burg. The city was never before on
the Yazoo.

STATE NEWS.

The postoffice of Mitford and Randall
in Rowan county will be discontinued
on March 31st. The patron of these
offices will be supplied by the rural
free delivery carriers.

Mr. J. H. Ennis, a recently retired
druggist of Salisbury, who had been in
the drug business since 1858, died
Tuesday afternoon from injuries caused
by a fall two weeks ago.

North Carolinians have been pleased
to hear that Miss Alice Roosevelt will
visit Biltmore House, as the guest of
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt,
after her visit to Porto Rico.

On the last day of the session of the
Legislature a bill amending the charter
of Randleman was recalled and tabled
when it was found that it taxed every
dog, chicken and goose in the town \$6.

The Troy Examiner says the Iola
gold mine near Candor is one of the
most valuable pieces of property in
North Carolina. Dirt worth ten dollars
per bushel is now being taken out of
this mine.

Mr. J. A. Abernethy, of Lincolnton,
who recently sold the Lincolnton Cot-
ton Mills to Mr. R. C. G. Love, of Gas-
tonia, for \$300,000, has decided to
build a \$250,000 cotton mill at Lincolnton,
near the Seaboard Air Line depot.

Rev. Dr. John W. Stagg, pastor of
the Second Presbyterian Church, of
Charlotte, has been unanimously called
to the pastorate of the First Presbyter-
ian Church, in Birmingham, Ala., the
largest Presbyterian Church in Ala-
bama.

The Lumberton Robesonian says:
We have been informed that the belled
buzard which attracted some attention
near Black swamp last week, is no
corner. Our informant tells us that
Mr. Cleland Barnes, who lives in that
neighborhood, caught a buzzard in
1853 and placed a bell on it, and it is
supposed that is the same one.

The one hundredth annual conven-
tion of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod
and Ministerium of North Carolina will
be held in St. John's church, Salisbury,
Rev. J. H. Wilson, pastor, beginning
April 28th, 1903, at 11 o'clock a. m.;
embracing the centennial celebration of
the Synod, which takes place on the
second day of May.

The postoffice at Lincolnton was
entered Tuesday morning about 2
o'clock through the front or main en-
trance by prying open the door with
tools taken from a blacksmith shop
near the depot. The safe was blown
open and everything in it taken. The
crackmen secured \$200 in cash and
\$500 worth of stamps, besides a num-
ber of notes and valuable papers of
different kinds.

A big excursion of people from west-
ern North Carolina who contemplate
settling in Idaho, will leave Asheville
on March 20th. There will be 156
persons at least in the party and
possibly 200, and two tourist sleeping
cars and two day coaches have been
ordered for their transportation. These
people expect to settle on railroad
land and engage in farming and stock-
raising.

There is going to be a great move-
ment for dispensaries all over North
Carolina after the Watts' Bill goes into
effect on the first of July. After that
time on the petition of one-third of the
registered voters of any incorporated
city or town an election must be held
to determine whether saloons, dispen-
saries, or the manufacture of whiskey,
one or two or all be or not allowed.

The recent Legislature exceeded
either of the two previous sessions in
the number of bills introduced. The
Senate number at the session of 1899
reached 1,651; that of 1901 showed a
total of 1,687, and the last 1,714. Of
the latter 435 died in committees, on
the "dead calendar" or were incorpo-
rated into omnibus bills of various
character. A little more than 1,200 of
the bills, which reached the Senate
branch of the General Assembly this
term, have been incorporated into our
statute laws as distinct measures.

The strawberry and vegetable acreage
in the two Carolinas is on the increase.
In strawberries the acreage increase
this year will be nearly fifteen per cent
over 1902. The acreage on the Atlantic
Coast Line in North Carolina and
South Carolina is 6,474 acres. This
comprises the greater portion of the
strawberry belt in the two states. The
number of growers is estimated at 2,486.
Many of these growers employ from
fifty to a hundred hands during the
picking season, and it is safe to esti-
mate that 50,000 people are employed
during the shipping season.

The Southern Railway has an-
nounced the appointment of Capt. M.
M. Albright as assistant trainmaster
on the Washington division. Mr. Al-
bright has been one of the most popular
conductors on the Southern.

Go Things Mixed.

Many mistakes are recorded of mis-
takes made at a critical moment. Here
is one from Winston-Salem, which
shows that the Catechism learned in
youth comes up when least expected.
It is related of a young lady, who at
her wedding, when at the supreme
moment of her life was asked the
question:

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy
wedded husband?" She forgot the
simple "I will" expected of her and
answered in the words of the catechism
the question about sponsors, by saying,
Yes, verily, and by God's help so I will,
and I heartily thank my Heavenly
Father that He hath called me to this
state of salvation."

A Fakir Works the Same Old Game.

Monroe Equivocal.

People love to be humbugged. A
sharper worked the old game of selling
small articles on the street here a few
days ago and then giving the purchaser
a present, the present being the pur-
chase price of the article. Suckers
were plentiful and after going from a
25 cent to a dollar article the sharper
had dollars rolling his way in a hurry,
but the present that went with the
dollar article was not worth 2 cents
and the article for which the folks paid
their good money was not worth as
much as was the "present" they re-
ceived with it.

His Joy Got Him in Trouble.

M. T. Sapps, colored, who was on
trial for his life at Rockingham for a
felonious assault on a colored girl by
the name of Rosetta Finch, was ac-
quitted Saturday afternoon. When the
foreman of the jury announced the
verdict, "not guilty," Sapps, who was
standing in the prisoners' box, ex-
claimed, "My God!" and bounded about
four feet in the air, lit on the railing
that surrounds the prisoners' box, then
sprang to the court room floor like a
bird let out of a cage, only to land in
the arms of an officer and get 30 days
in jail for contempt of court. The sen-
tence was afterwards reduced to 15
days.

A small boy, required to write a sen-
tence containing the word "hominny,"
produced the following: "Hominny
marbles have you?"

Bill Arp's Letter.

"She half enclosed me in her arms
She clasped me in a meek embrace;
(No she didn't, either.)
And boozing back her head, looked up
And gazed into my face."

Yes, she did that, for it took her by
surprise. I hadn't kissed her since the
first day of last June—which was her
birthday. Twice a year satisfies her
now. BILL ARP.

Left in the Nest.

A lady who had moved into a re-
mote district of the West found it al-
most impossible to keep her "help."
One after another, girls came on from
her country home in the East, and
were married before, as the deserted
housewife said, they had time to wash
the dinner dishes.

Finally she sent for a severe-looking
maiden of advanced years, who had no
opinion of masculine blandishments.
On the day of the maid's arrival a
miner called at the kitchen door for
a glass of water. He looked at her,
drank the water, expressed his thanks
briefly, and then went round to the
front of the house, where the mis-
tress herself was sweeping off the steps.
"Well," said he, lazily, taking off
his hat, "looks as if you'd got a nest-
egg now!"

This Is the Truth.

Every householder who enjoys the
luxury of colored help will appreciate to
the full the following from the Raleigh
Times, which was evidently written by
one who has been there:

Most people who write about negroes
either write of those who are in school
at the expense of the taxpayers or those
who hold or are seeking office. But
rely the negro who affects the revenue
and increases the indirect taxes is the
one that dispenses your bacon and lard,
beefsteak and flour, while the family
indulges in a morning nap.