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The Greensboro Patriot

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JOHN B. HUSSEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

GREENSBORO, N. C., SEPTEMBER 13, 1883.

—Holden is right. The Republican party must go.

—A new steamship line has been established between Wilmington and Baltimore.

—Gov. Robinson orders an election for Congressman in the 1st district on November 27th.

—Western dispatches to-day represent the corn crop as virtually safe—\$2,000,000,000 bushels.

—The days of the three cent stamp are numbered. Now let the insignificant little three cent piece go.

—Holden is out with another batch of reasons why the Republican party must go. As the founder of that party, he speaks by authority.

—Edgecombe raises one bale and a sixth of cotton to every man, woman, child, white and black, in the county. How many cotton bales in Edgecombe?

—Pat Winston publishes a letter in the *Marshall Keogh's* paper renouncing his allegiance to the Democratic party. Unlike Holden, he says keep the rascals in. Ta-ta, Pat.

—North Carolina makes the largest exhibit at Boston of any single State outside of Massachusetts. Put this in your old "Sally Michal" and smoke it. Hurrah for North Carolina!

—Jarvis at Boston: "Our united country, to the we cling." Another patriotic utterance was this: "I come not to shake hands over a bloody chasm, but clasp hands over the growing prosperity of a united people."

—The treasurer of the United States refused to accept one of the new postal notes in payment for the express charges upon a package of bank notes forwarded for redemption, stating that he had no facilities for getting it cashed.

—The first batch of the new two-cent postage stamps has been received at the Postoffice Department. In a few days the force employed in the stamp division will be severely taxed in distributing them among the various postoffices, so that they may be on hand for issuance October 1.

—The eruptions at Java, the *Lowell Courier* thinks, show pretty conclusively that the making of the world was not accomplished in six days. We don't know as to that, but we think they show even more conclusively that its destruction can be accomplished in less than six days, should it be so ordained.

—No wonder the civilized world is talking about the startling death record of 1883. It is not one thing alone, but many things acting in destructive concord that have combined to take away the lives of men. Earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, pestilence, shipwrecks and fire, each number a wealth of victims. And the end is probably not yet.

—Birmingham, Ala., where the first iron furnace was erected in 1830, now has a population of 11,348. The property of the county (Jefferson) is assessed at \$8,300,000, an increase in three years of 175 per cent in values, while the population was increased nearly 200 per cent. Eight thousand men in Birmingham are employed in the manufacture of iron and incidental industries.

—The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad has undertaken to prove that, although corporations may not have souls, they nevertheless have consciences, and are to be classed among the list of moral agencies. This road refused to run a branch into Dodge City until the authorities suppressed the dance houses and gambling saloons. This may be called fighting vice with a rod of iron.

—The Cunard steamship company are now having built at Glasgow, two new vessels, that are to exceed anything afloat, in combining power and efficiency. They are to be of 8,000 tons burden, with engines of 13,000 horse power, and will cost about three million dollars for the two. Their speed is to be guaranteed, so that they will make the Atlantic trip in less than six days.

—Winston gives two reasons for leaving the Democratic party, which will strike the average American citizen with crushing force. One is that Butler was elected Governor of Massachusetts by Democratic votes, and the other, that Holden, the founder of the Republican party, has abandoned that party.

—The business outlook in many respects is still full of promise. Reports from the west indicate that the prospects are very bright for an early and full volume of fall trade. From Chicago large sums of money are being shipped by the banks to the interior in response to the liberal receipts of produce by rail from the entire region tributary to that city. The stock market in New York shows a marked improvement within the past few days.

—Maj. Steadman is in Rome. He visited the Pope the other day, and the *Wilmington Review* says, "the Pope laid his hand upon his head and blessed the handsome Wilmingtonian, and then complimented him upon his preternatural development." This may be a serious business, should Steadman receive the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. We are not informed whether Mr. Steadman prostrated himself at the Pope's feet.

—Patrick H. Winston, Jr., announces in an elaborate address that he has left the Democratic party. It has been known for some time that this address was forthcoming. It does not come, therefore, with the telling force of a "clap of thunder from a clear sky," and fortunately for the country, a time is selected for its promulgation when the country is in a state of profound quiet. The effect of Mr. Winston's conversion will be felt more in the fall elections in Ohio and New York than in this immediate section of the State, where he is comparatively unknown, and where it is not likely he will ever be known, politically, as he "only seeks a humble refuge in the Republican ranks."

The man who does not join the Republican party for office, or whose influence has no recognized market value, only consigns himself to obscurity by such an alliance.

—It seems that the summary removal of Postmaster Conly and his subordinates, at Atlanta, is resented by the Republican braves in that city. Their organ, the *Nationalist*, says editorially: "The postmaster general thinks the Republicans of the South are a set of 'damned scoundrels.' That is just our opinion of Postmaster General Gresham, and to the high character of that class of citizens, there is added in his case the cowardice of the assassin and the villainy of the forger." The editor of the *Nationalist* sends us a copy of his paper and calls our attention to the above paragraph by a free use of red lead. As we desire to do everything in our power to further the attempts that are being made to build up a strong administration party in the South, we cheerfully comply with the hint to re-publish.

Across the Continent—A Wild and Picturesque Country.

HADLEY, Ind., Aug. 31.—Before leaving Bismarck with its bright surroundings and prospective greatness I took a long walk over the high bluffs to the northwest of the city to get a bird's-eye view of the country. From the top of the highest hill the view was grand for a comparatively level country; to the southeast and northwest the valley of the Missouri was outlined by its narrow fringe of timber; to the eastward was a wide expanse of hill and plain; to the westward loomed up the first of the outlying buttes (landmarks) that further west give a singular character to the whole country. The nearest was about 15 miles away and looked about as big as Caraway mountain (in Randolph county) as seen from the distance of the old Cross Roads, but with this peculiar difference, the top was perfectly flat, as if the mountain had been pushed up from the level ground. As far as the eye could reach these singular hills were seen scattered about at irregular intervals, increasing in number as they faded from the view.

A mile from the centre of Bismarck, going west, we cross the river on a magnificent steel bridge and whither away among those singular hills we have just seen, which increase in number and interest every hour as we get a near view. We are satisfied that they have been left standing by the whole plain sinking down; the strata of clay, sand and rock remain undisturbed and are sharp, angular and parallel with the flat tops.

country is rent and shivered as by earthquake power; vast fissures, miles in extent, running in every direction, have been opened, through which oceans of fire flame have issued, fusing and burning everything into cinders. In many places vast hills of cinder and melted rock have been thrown up far above the adjacent hills, giving the whole scene a look of indescribable desolation and horror. In other places a succession of conical hills of scoriae have been thrown up by separate craters, looking like some Plutonian forge had dumped its cinders here for untold ages, and amid all this scene of desolation, to make it look more terrible, it looks as though the scene had been joined by a storm of volcanic fire that enveloped the entire region in an ocean of flame and was then suddenly extinguished with an ocean of water. Lovers of the wild and terrible can here enjoy themselves to the full and load themselves with rare volcanic specimens. Through all this scene of former desolation every spot that escaped the fire is green with grass, small streams wind along the ravines and through the narrow valleys, cattle are grazing on the hillsides and along the streams, small houses are seen in the sheltered caves, luxuriant gardens are along the wayside, coal miners' huts cluster at the foot of the high bluffs, and soon this seemingly desolate region will team with busy life. Already one man has established an immense brickyard there, with a capacity of 25,000 brick per day, and has an engagement for all the brick he will make for five years; the durability of the brick is such the Northern Pacific Railroad will use many millions of them in putting up permanent improvements on their road.

This man claims that he has made a discovery that will astonish the world. By long and patient experiment and observation he finds that a certain combination of the clay, rock, sand and earth has been fused by the volcanic fires into a compound more durable than any thing known, and he can reproduce the same in any form or quantity.

Specimens of this same compound which I picked up from among the drifted cinder retain the outlines as perfect as fresh broken glass, though exposed to the action of wind and running water for untold ages, and the question naturally came to my mind, whether or not this man might astonish the world in the near future.

Passing westward out of this volcanic region we find the flat-topped hills increase in number and height, with green valleys and small, level, meadow-like plots of luxuriant grass, furnishing good grazing for cattle and sheep. The grass dries up in the fall like hay and is good grazing all the winter. The cattle need but little feed any time in the year; when the snow covers the valleys and meadows, the wind sweeps it from the hills and the cattle resort thither, where food is abundant and where the cliffs of the rocks shelter them from the cold blasts that come down from the North. It was told me by old herdsmen that under the overhanging rocks and open caves cattle have been known to remain twenty days without food and then come out and do well—preferring shelter with hunger rather than face a blizzard in quest of food. Sheep also have their favorite shelters among the hills and will often go many miles in stormy weather to reach them, and, like cattle, will not quit their warm retreats until hunger calls them forth.

Here amid these hills, with no perceptible change in earth or air, we pass the dividing line between the rain belt and the wet and dry region of the continent—the region of alternate rainy and dry seasons; from here irrigation begins, and a new order of agriculture is introduced. Dickinson, a lively little town, situated in a beautiful valley, 584 miles from St. Paul, is on the dividing line of the rainy and periodic belt. A few miles beyond Dickinson we enter another valley in every particular like those we have passed, yet the farmer cannot rely on the natural rainfall for the maturing of his crops. Possibly two years out of five little irrigation is required, but the other three is the only thing that will insure good crops.

We are now in a truly wonderful and romantic region, where many of the operations of nature look as though they have been reversed, and few countries can be found in which every phase of character can be found something that is interesting and enjoyable, as this. For parties who are fond of adventure, of wild scenery, grand displays of former volcanic action, interesting geologic discovery and a long and enjoyable wild ramble, no better route can be selected than to start from Bismarck, well equipped with guides, ponies and pack mules, going southwestward across the "bad lands," up the Little Missouri river and across the Powder river valley to the Big Horn mountains, then in to and across the National Park, then down the Madison river valley to Gallatin, then return by rail or go down the Missouri from Gallatin to Benton landing, there take steamer and float down stream amid scenery equally wild and beautiful.

On this route the naturalist would find much to delight, the geologist much to interest, the hunter much to amuse, the young, lively and enthusiastic much that would be wildly grand and intensely enjoyable. Every object and every surrounding would seem almost the opposite of things seen in North Carolina, and any son or daughter of the "Old North State" would return with a wider, higher and grander idea of our broad land and its marvellous capabilities.

A. COEFIN.

Other Reasons Why the Republican Party Must Go.

(W. W. Holden in Raleigh Observer.)
RALEIGH, August 31st, 1883.—I published not long since a card in the *News and Observer* that I was no longer a Republican, and that I was not a member of the Liberal party. I had a right to do this. A man in this country may do this as often as he changes his shoes or his hat, and no one can question him therefor. But what I expected has come to pass—that is, I am roundly abused for this act, and the fact that I am an old man is used, *chivalrously*, to give point to this abuse.

It is also assumed that I have joined the Democrats, and that I will edit a Democratic paper. I have a right to join the Democrats if I choose, and I have a right to edit a Democratic paper if I choose; but am not a Democrat, and I have no idea of editing a paper, though I think I would know how to edit a Democratic paper.

I was a Democrat forty years ago, when it was a great and glorious thing to be a Democrat, and I have always had a sincere respect for that party. I agree with that party in favoring a tariff for revenue only, and I approved Gov. Vance's speech in the Senate in which he labored to reduce the present tariff which is so oppressive to the Southern people; and if I had said this publicly in a little card, at the time the speech was made, I would have been denounced as a renegade from the Republican party for so doing.

The national government has been sectional since 1860, and it is now sectional, in that it does everything for the North and by comparison scarcely anything for the South. It pays out one hundred millions of dollars per annum in pensions to the conquerors, and does out to North Carolina a few hundred thousand dollars now and then for improvements, and all the while it drains us by a high tariff and by an internal revenue tax of several millions per annum. Of course I would pay the pensions, but I would allow sixty millions instead of one hundred. I could not as a Republican have conscientiously supported a high tariff, and that is now the issue between the two parties for the first time since the war.

It is not too much for me to say that I founded the Republican party in this State, and that but for David S. Reid and myself there would have been no triumphant Democratic party in North Carolina. I edited the *Standard* twenty-five years. I am too feeble physically to conduct a newspaper. I have no idea of attempting it. Nor is it true, as stated by many of the papers, that I voted for Mr. Bennett for Congress at the last election. I was too feeble to go to the polls and consequently did not vote at all.

I am perhaps the most independent man politically in the State. I would not turn on my heel for all the offices the two parties could bestow upon me. I covet the good opinion of just and respectable equals, but I am no candidate for the "sweet voices" of the changing and thoughtless multitude. In all my public life I have striven to do my duty as I understood it, and though I know I am frail and weak, yet I shall always maintain a manly front and never abjectly apologize for my past acts. Men are always prone more to have others repent than to repent themselves.

It is also assumed by some of the papers that I have left the Republican party solely on account of the tendency of that party to negro equality. This is only one of my reasons. Negro equality is a great and threatening evil. The colored people have drawn the line against the white people, and are demanding offices because they are colored, and in Virginia the contest is now going forward in favor of mixed schools, the Democrats sternly resisting, and the Republicans or Liberals under the lead of Mahone, contending for them. Mixed schools between the races, the Republicans of North Carolina look upon as a disgraceful and dangerous thing.

Another reason for my course is that the President refuses to recommend and Congress fails to pass a bill to refund to the Southern States the tax of eighty millions of dollars imposed on them or their cotton most unjustly and cruelly at the close of the war. The share of our State in this sum would be five or six millions.

The War Cloud in the East.

Events point to an early collision of the forces of China and France in Tonquin. A dispatch from Hong Kong states that 1,700 Chinese troops have passed that point on their way from Shanghai to Canton, and that more are arriving. Another dispatch from the same place announces that 15,000 troops have crossed the Mongkai and on Monday last entered Tonquin, making Haiduong, a post occupied by two companies of Frenchmen, their objective point. A force of 4,000 Chinese troops stationed at Pakoi have been ordered to follow. China has at no time hesitated to declare that she could not acquiesce in the appropriation by France of the entire empire of Annam, and these movements of troops would seem to indicate that she proposes to oppose force to force.

A War of Races on a Car.

[Washington Post.]
As car No 47 of the Washington and Georgetown line neared the Naval monument at the foot of the Capitol about 12:45 o'clock yesterday morning, a row began among the passengers, of which there were about a half a dozen whites and over sixty blacks. It is said to have been caused by the accidental jolting of one of the white men against a colored girl who was sitting in the lap of another. Her escort resented the act and struck out for the white man. The fight soon became general, the color line being strongly marked. The members of truck A, of the fire department, and several policemen returning from a fire arrived at this juncture, but as it could not be proved who began the disturbance, no arrests were made.

Result of a Lover's Quarrel.

Russ Hall, a young man living near Rocky Mount, parted from his betrothed, Miss Fannie Hopkins, in anger. It is understood that from some trivial cause the engagement was broken off. Wednesday evening Miss Hopkins was walking with a young man, when she was seen by Hall. He fell back upon the path, and simply glanced at them. Getting a heavy club, he skulked behind them till the young man left the girl near her gate. Hall then rushed upon her, and felled her to the ground with the club, fracturing her skull and otherwise injuring her. She begged piteously for her life, but her appeals seemed only to infuriate him the more, and he only stopped when she was unable to cry longer. She is still lingering. Hall has escaped.

End of a Noted Hangman.

In the death of William Marwood, the Queen's executioner, England loses one of her most prominent if not one of her most distinguished citizens. His personal appearance did not correspond with his office. He had a benevolent countenance and pleasant manners, and looked more like a divine than a hangman. His execution was more than skin deep, for according to all accounts his reason for adopting the "profession" of which he was so bright an ornament was a desire to introduce more humane and scientific methods into executions, and to lessen the pain of those he was called upon to deal with. While, therefore, his country will have cause to regret the loss of the force and most representative of a useful and unassuming profession, the criminal classes have reason to mourn as humane and mild a mannered man as ever tied a knot or sprung a trap.

A Convict's Ingenuity.

A Detroit convict showed rare ingenuity in planning an escape from prison. He collected the tin foil in which tobacco was wrapped, and with this made an impression of the key that locked the door of the corridor leading to the cells. He then waited until workmen were summoned to repair the closet in the ward, and contrived to secrete a piece of the lead pipe used by them. This he melted in an old tin can over a gas burner, at which the prisoners lighted their pipes during the hours when smoking is allowed. He had previously so erected the handle of a small knife, in which a small fragment of the blade remained, and with this he fashioned a mould out of a piece of wax, poured in the molten lead, and turned out a key that with a little whittling fitted the corridor door perfectly. A leg was then wrenched from an iron bedstead for use as a club, the other prisoners were taken into the plot, and a general jail delivery was agreed upon some pretext.

Fills the Executive Chair Well.

[Raleigh Observer.]
Governor Robinson fills the executive chair as if it had been made for him.

Of Course the Greater Includes the Less.

[Boston Herald.]
Tallapoosa Chandler has no right to go sailing up and down the coast, with his family, in a government vessel, at an expense to the people of \$300 a day. The rotten Republican party must go.

The Oldest Man.

[Knoxville Tenn. Tribune.]
Monday, Mr. Southy Nelson, a youth of 118 years of age, came to Knoxville "to have his picture taken." Mr. Nelson lives about five miles from the city, though he seldom comes to town. He was accompanied yesterday by his wife, a grandson and a great-grandson. The latter is just 100 years younger than his great grandfather. The party came to the city in a farm wagon and stopped on Market Square. Mr. Southy Nelson then walked from Market Square down Gay street to Davis' photograph gallery. The distance is four squares, or about one-third of a mile. It was about noon, and the thermometer was up in the nineties. With the assistance of his wife and Dr. McCampbell the old gentleman climbed a flight of stairs and was conducted into Davis' photograph gallery.

Mr. Nelson will be 118 years old if he lives until next Christmas day. He is quite feeble now, although he has always enjoyed good health until within the past few years. His weight is considerably less than a hundred pounds, and as he stands bent with age, his height is not over five feet. He is stone blind, though his hearing is singularly acute.

Southy Nelson was born in Washington county, Tenn., about ten miles from Jonesboro. When a young man he came to Knoxville, and this has been his home ever since excepting two years in the early part of this century, when he lived in Indiana. He served in the Indian wars after the Revolution and was a soldier of the war of 1812. He has been married twice. By his first wife he was the father of nine children. Forty-two years ago, or when he was 71 years of age, he married a second time, and by his present wife had two children. His wife is a fine looking, healthy old lady and is apparently but little past sixty. At the time of her marriage she was younger than her husband's youngest daughter.

Internal Revenue Abuses.

[New York Sun.]
The law for the collection of internal revenue creates an odious class of informers, who have perverted it to personal profit by fraudulent practices, and by the shameful persecution of innocent people.

A reward of fifty dollars is allowed for every seizure of an alleged illicit still for the manufacture of whiskey. Well-founded complaints show that some revenue officers have hired persons to put up old stills in remote localities, in order to pounce upon them with the terrors of the law, as a mode of obtaining the reward.

This practice is said to have become a regular business. When and old still had served the intended purpose in one spot, it was transferred to another place, and the game was repeated by similar collusion. Meantime these officers were credited at Washington with exceptional vigilance, and the treasury was bled for their rapacity.

These operations have been chiefly conducted in the thinly populated parts of the Southern States. This detection was comparatively difficult, and against which a certain prejudice had been cultivated in the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington. By denouncing the people of these districts as "rebels" and "enemies of the Government," the venal officials were able to ply their vocation successfully.

At last they overdid the business, and the constant demand for the standing reward for parties to parties led to more and more exposure of this fraud. It had been going on for years; remonstrance had no effect against it, and the victims were treated as if they had no rights that ought to be respected. The word of the revenue agent was accepted at the bureau against all denials by the outraged parties.

These thieves were all active and bitter partisans, doing the political work of their chief wherever they might be sent; and they did it in the most unscrupulous manner. Six of them were assembled at Fort Pillow Chalmers in his congressional election. They were scattered through the South to help other candidates of the Administration to seats in the House of Representatives.

Investigation by the Senate showed that the most scandalous abuses were practiced by the internal revenue officers in North Carolina, nine officers were habitually condoned by the commissioner, and in most cases he absolutely justified and sustained them. Oppression was encouraged by the highest sanction as a means of aiding the party.

All this machinery exists as it did before the reduction of the number of collectors, and it will not be cut down until Congress diminishes the appropriation for the support of four thousand active politicians, constituting an organized little army of dependents. How many deputies have been appointed to substitute the dismissed collectors will not be known until the Treasury report shall be sent to Congress. But it may be taken for granted that no genuine reform is to be expected without a change of administration, and of the agents by whom it has been propped up.

Around the Quilting Frames.

So you have been on a visit to your grandchildren, Mrs. Riley, said Mabel Roe, as she pierced her needle down through the heart of a so-called rose in the quilt; "did you find them pretty hearty?"

"Middlin'," said Mrs. Riley, adjusting her brass bowed spectacles with the air of one who knows a great deal more than she chooses to tell; "Josiah was quite comfortable, for him—appears to be getting over his dyspepsia some as he gets older; outgrows it, probably."

"That's a good thing," said cherry little Mrs. Robert White, whose needle always flew in and out of the quilt with about twice the rapidity of common needles, as if to keep pace with her cheerful thoughts. She was not a great talker, but it always did one good just to see her about. "I always pity any one with dyspepsia, it seems to dishearten a man more than almost any other sickness."

"Hope your grandchildren seemed happy," said Mabel, whereupon Jenny Wild stole a glance toward her neighbor or the right, which was returned with a twinkle of the grey eyes. "It was currently believed that Mabel would have objected to taking the position of Mrs. Josiah Riley number two."

"Oh, they don't complain," said the grandmother, setting her stitches with energy; "I suppose they had received their lessons before I came."

It was plain enough there was a grievance somewhere, and Mabel was bound to get to the bottom of it.

"I suppose his wife is a capable woman," she ventured; "I have heard she was very smart."

"There's different kinds of smartness," said the old lady, sententiously.

"She was an excellent teacher," said Mrs. White, "up at Rocky Hill district. The children could never do enough for her. It was a picnic or an excursion of one kind or another every Saturday, the whole summer through. If it rained, she had them over at her own place."

"That ain't the way children got their learning in my days," said the discontented mother-in-law. "Girls and boys worked on Saturdays and holidays, to make up for the time lost all through the week."

"I'd have thrown in Sundays, too," giggled Jenny Wild, whereupon her kind neighbor, Mrs. White, touched her elbow reprovingly.

"The children learned there," she added, valiantly defending the absent, "Mrs. Mayhew told me her children improved more in one term than they had done in any two years before."

"I should suppose Josiah's wife would be kind to the children," suggested another quilter—"she seemed to have such a good way with them at school."

"School's one thing and house-keeping another. It's my opinion that a school teacher is no kind of a wife for a farmer. I wouldn't have you think the children are abused. Josiah wouldn't allow that, not if he knew it. But things are different from what they were in Samantha's day. I can tell you. The children seem kind of cowed, so to speak. They take their seats at the table, and sit as still as mice until they are helped. They never ask for anything without saying 'if you please,' or 'thank you,' and one would think the minister was there at table every day. Kind of makes underlings of children to treat them so. It wasn't so when my daughter was living," and the good woman sighed.

Martha Johnson mentally recalled the day when she was sewing at the house during Samantha's reign, and what a scene it was, and there always was at meal time.

"Every one has a napkin, and the children unfold them just as orderly as if they were brought up to it. Even Josiah is fool enough to take to it. I just wanted to give him a piece of my mind about such extravagance and foolishness; and I did, one day, when I was out in the barn looking at the stock. But he just laughed and turned it off easy. It was plain to see that she's got the upper hand of all of them."

"It was a good missionary work," whispered Jenny, during the little commotion made by "rolling one side of the quilt."

Order being restored, and the quilters reated, Mrs. Riley took up the thread of her discourse:

"I could put up with her fine lady notions if it wasn't for her cooking. My Samantha could make pies and cakes and doughnuts and such like, alongside of anybody, if I do say it, and it was an odd day when there wasn't pie on the table, morning, noon and night, and plenty of it too. Those poor children had a crock of doughnuts, and another of cookies, to run to whenever they chose. Now it is an odd thing for it to be fruit, between meals. She thinks it ain't healthy."

"I suppose the children are all wasted away by this time," said Jenny, sympathizingly.

"You are quite mistaken, Jenny," said Miss Martha across the quilt. "I saw them last week, and a plumper, healthier pair of little girls you'll not find. George told me he was going to the high school this winter—his mother had prepared him for it, hearing his lessons at home. I think she has done well by the family."

"Oh, well enough, as to book learning and manners, and table napkins and such; but the cooking is what I despise. Every woman should be a good cook. It may look very nice to set on a great brown pudding after dinner, and pile a handsome fruit dish with

red and white apples and pears, and grape clusters about, and set it in the middle of the table; but it don't take the place of a good, flaky-crust pie. Not that I complained of my living when I was there. If I had, I suppose she would have put herself out to make up a piece of some sort. It was for the family I felt so aggravated."

"But, still, Mrs. Riley," reasoned Mrs. Van Dyne, "if they are all healthy and happy, what need you worry? If Josiah is getting the better of his dyspepsia, it shows that the new way of living is good for him. If the children are improving in good books and in behavior, I should think you would take pride in it. I know this section has the name of being the region of perpetual pie; but I have often thought it might make less, and save ourselves and our households a great deal of trouble and discomfort. I am glad one house-keeper has the courage to strike out a new line for herself. I hope you young girls will make a note of it. When you set up house-keeping for yourselves, begin right. We older ones can probably not change the tastes of our husbands to any great extent, though perhaps their second wives will be better than we and more successful. There are a good many cook books in the market, but I think one more would be of service, if it could be made to sell. I think Mrs. Josiah Riley would be a good person to write it. It should be on the subject of 'Simplified Cooking,' and should have all its dishes reduced to the perfection of simplicity. It would do good if anybody could be brought to put it into practice."

The Bright Side of Farming.

It is undeniably true that the energetic, driving farmer, who follows the business in view of making money, leads a busy life; for it necessarily involves an outlay of much hard labor and energy of mind. With this fact in view, and the numerous trials and perplexities which always occur to the farmer during very busy seasons, and the fact that the hardest and most important work of the year comes during hot weather, when labor and exertion are most unpleasant, and when those who follow other callings have comparative leisure—it is not surprising that many farmers become discontented and sometimes discouraged.

A certain amount of discontent seems to be a lot of human nature. People of all callings look with envy upon those who follow other kinds of business, and however well a person may be situated, he is likely to imagine that others have a better lot in life. It is not surprising, then, to find farmers looking enviously upon lawyers, merchants, or those who follow other callings which demand less exertion of body and mind.

But there is a bright side to farming which every farmer ought to recognize, and which more than balances its unpleasant features. While it is true that much farm work is laborious and unpleasant, it is also true that farmers may enjoy ample time for rest, and with-out financial loss. The work of the farm requires more unseasonable exertion than that of the shop or factory, but it is less confining and monotonous. The clerk, bookkeeper and mechanic work more hours a day, and are more closely confined than the average farm hand, whose work is in the open air and who has his evenings for himself.

The winter months, with their long evenings, afford to the farmer comparative leisure and ample time for recreation, amusement and intellectual culture. The affording opportunity for reading and study, and for laying plans for future work and improvement.

The luscious fruits, fresh vegetables, pure, rich milk and golden butter, which are looked upon by the wealthy residents of the cities as luxuries, come to the farmer directly from nature and at little expense. It is unfortunate that the farmers do not, as a rule, better appreciate directly with nature, the farm and the blessing which he should appreciate and enjoy, more than counteract the difficulties and disappointments which fall in his path.

There is no reason why farmers may not lead happy lives. Ambition, if carried too far, becomes a misfortune, and excludes contentment and enjoyment. But with an aim to live and to enjoy, rather than to accumulate fortune, there is no calling better adapted to comfort, contentment and real happiness than agriculture.

The National Debt.

The reduction effected in the national debt during the month of August was \$6,671,851. This is spoken of as a "moderate" reduction, and so it is when compared with amounts that have been redeemed in previous months. But instead of looking back and attempting to continue the high rate of redemption that has prevailed for the last few years, it is more important to look forward and see how far even this "moderate" reduction can be carried on before it will be limited by the exhaustion of all the redeemable bonds.

Six and one-half millions per month means seventy-eight millions a year. In about four years, or by 1887, all the bonds that are under the control of the government will have been called in, and no further reduction in the debt can be made before 1891.

A Vain Wish.

[Washington Post.]
One cannot help wishing that heaven had bountifully lengthened out the years of those great Republican leaders, Sumner, Seward and Chase, until they could have seen the glory of their successors, Cash, Chalmers and Mahone.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., SEPTEMBER 18, 1885.

—The New York Times intimates that Arthur and Logan will make up the Republican Presidential ticket.

—Terrible distress prevails at Telokbelong, Java, consequent on the recent volcanic upheavals; 30,000 natives have perished at Bantam, Batavia and Sampong.

—With Senates for Governor and Steadman for Lieutenant Governor, the Piedmont Press says, "the Democratic ticket would sweep the State and score a splendid victory."

—The tea market is looking up in anticipation of the French blockade. The chances, however, are in favor of a peaceful solution of the Tonquin question. China will hardly hazard a fight with France.

—Bradstreet's reports 142 failures in the United States the past week. Sixteen more than the preceding week, 21 more than the corresponding week of 1882, and 77 more than the same week of 1881.

—The stamp clerk in the Cleveland, Ohio, postoffice is charged with embezzlement. He is a minister and has been preaching at Ashtabula, Ohio. He confessed his guilt. The Republican party must go.

—Hertford county instructs her delegates to vote for Hon. D. A. Barnes for congress in the district nominating convention. Instead of primary or township meetings the chairman of the county executive committee appoints township delegates who designate the district delegates. This procedure is novel, at least.

—The government administration has returned. Arthur and his cabinet are again at the capital, after indulging in a frolic extending over a period of nearly two months. The long absence of all the heads of government from Washington tells the people pretty plainly that government affairs are managed by clerks and underlings. The Republican party must go.

—Virginia has its political preacher, and he is a darkey. His name is Rev. J. H. Reddick, and he is pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church at Staunton, Sunday he informed his congregation as to what he would do with the colored man who would vote the Democratic ticket. His plan would be "to hang him to the highest tree in the ecclesiastical forest, and to bury him so deep in immensity that the hand of resurrection could never find him." And all the nig-nogs ground "Amen."

—The question of the power of congress, under the Fourteenth amendment, to pass a civil rights act is to be tested in San Francisco. Last month a colored man with two friends entered Swain's restaurant. The proprietor refused to serve them. The colored man brought an action under the civil rights act. Swain filed a demurrer on the ground that Congress had no power under the Fourteenth amendment to pass the act. The case will be argued before Judge Field. Whatever the decision the case will be taken to the United States Supreme court.

—Last week a woman appeared before the Senate committee on labor and education and urged the importance of government sending out competent persons to teach servants how to cook. The lady's ideas of the powers and duties of government are crude and original, but she should be complimented for her thoughtfulness. There is much genuine statesmanship in her suggestion, for it looks directly towards happy homes and a healthy people. We are not certain that a party cry of well-cooked dinners would not strike the popular heart more forcibly than one of a tariff for revenue only.

—Presumably Maj. Latham will receive the Democratic nomination for Congress in the 1st district. He has made an excellent first-term Representative and ought to go back. Since the last election the district has been strengthened and is almost certain to elect the Democratic nominee. Yates first carried the district for the Democrats, and it has been very close in every election since that time. In the revised district the Democratic majority is put down at 300 out of a vote of 30,000. In such a contest much will depend upon the nominees. Besides Latham the names of Judge Shepherd, Edwin Moore, and Tom Skinner are mentioned. George W. Cobb and C. C. Pool are mentioned as the Republican nominees.

—Richardson, of the Baltimore Sun, accompanied the Northern Pacific excursion party, and was present last Saturday when the golden spike was driven. Gen. Grant was one of the party, and Richardson says the "old man silent" came entirely out of his shell on the trip and expressed his opinion with the most perfect freedom about everything and everybody. He seems to have a tender spot for Conkling, hates Bayard more than any other Democrat, and has rather a contempt for the dalliance of Arthur with the Virginia repudiators and other political freebooters in the South, which he considers is done with the view of securing Arthur delegations from the South to the next Republican convention.

—Mr. "Landaulet" Williams, the ex-Attorney-General of the United States who went out of office in disgrace on account of having used a government equipage for private purposes, will probably have company. It is now charged that Secretary Frelinghuysen, who has been spending the Summer in New Jersey, took away from Washington a carriage and team belonging to the State department, and also a messenger, hostler and coachman who are borne on the rolls of the department. Williams merely used a government landaulet for driving himself and wife about Washington—shopping, to parties, receptions, and so on, but Mr. Frelinghuysen carries the turnout to New Jersey where he enjoys the pleasure and style that the people are paying for. The Republican party must go.

WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND FRANCE.

France is steadily drifting into a war with China. The latter is vulnerable only on those ports which occupy a quasi-international position, and any blow struck there would be heard throughout Europe. The shock to English trade, the London Times says, in the East Indies would be most disastrous, and the relations would be seriously embittered thereby. A dislocation of the cotton trade would put out of employment thousands of operatives in Lancashire factories and the revenue to the British crown from India would show a serious deficit. The Times points out that in the event of war the Americans, Germans, Japanese and even the Chinese themselves would secure more of the foreign and coasting trade in the East than the French. Hung Chang is in favor of a peaceable solution of the difficulty with France, while the intrigues, who surround the court, are urgent in their cry for war. Prince Kung, one of the conservative members of the government, expresses the opinion that war will be the signal for a number of outbreaks in the empire. The empress is reported to be even fearful for the permanence of the dynasty and is inclined to favor such measures as shall secure peace.

A Hong Kong dispatch says the people of China seem to have little fear of the result of a war with France, and believe that with their new armaments and the vastly improved discipline of their forces the nation is far better able to cope with a foreign enemy now than it was in the war of 1860.

COMPLETION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

To-day will witness the driving of another "golden spike" and the ceremonies attending the completion of another line of railway across the continent. To-day the two ends of the Northern Pacific track will be joined, the last spike driven, the gap closed, and the road declared completed and open for business between St. Paul, Minnesota, and Portland, Oregon. This event does not affect merely the belt of territory across which the road runs. It will have its influence upon the entire West. There are now practically five through lines to the Pacific ocean—the Union and Central Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Denver & Rio Grande and Central Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Atlantic & Pacific and Southern Pacific, and the Northern Pacific, with a sixth approaching completion—the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line. The western ends of four of these are controlled by the giant association, the Central Pacific, and it is quite probable that corporation will govern and regulate all through business from San Francisco south to Mexico for years to come. The way matters now appear is that the four lines south of the Northern Pacific will be forced into a combination to compete with the last named; and that road has at least its share of the advantages, whatever the disadvantages it may have to suffer. The Northern Pacific route lies through a country most of which is rich agricultural land. It traverses Dakota, which is destined to become one of the most productive grain-growing regions in America; a portion of Montana is also capable of growing wheat and some of the other hardy grains;

and Washington and Oregon are the farmer's paradise. The road also crosses a fairly rich and extensive mineral region. Is fact, it traverses very little worthless country. It is a section that will be settled quite rapidly, and a large portion of it by a sturdy, thrifty population, such as is profitable to a railroad. If there were no through business it is believed the Northern Pacific could be successfully operated, paying fair interest on the money invested. The other lines have nature in its ugliest and most wasted forms to combat. The Southern Pacific has to cross about 700 miles of desert, in which broad stretch there is nothing from which the road can draw support except an occasional and not an extensive mining district. The Atlantic & Pacific, across Northern Arizona, is somewhat more fortunate in the fertility of the country and the opportunities it presents for settlement and reclamation. The Union Pacific has little valuable territory between Nebraska and Utah. It will thus be understood that the southern lines must get a large proportion of their support from through business, while the northern road can pick up business all along the route.

CROPS RUINED BY FROST.

News continues to pour in from all points in Minnesota and Wisconsin of the injury done by frosts Friday and Saturday. The weather reports show that there was a heavy frost all through the northwestern country, and from every section come reports of great damage done to the corn crop. What little corn there is along the Manitoba Railroad has been pretty nearly all frostbitten, and in many places has been killed outright. Along the Omaha road, where the greater part of the corn of that section of country is grown, the weather was not quite so cold, but still the frost was heavy, and serious damage was done. The crop the first of last week was in good condition everywhere, and the only thing feared by the farmers was the early frost. Owing to the wet weather last spring the corn crop was very backward. Oats and other crops were not damaged, as they were pretty much all gathered several days ago. In northern Wisconsin ice formed on standing water. Some corn nearly ripened will be saved, but the crop in general is backward and will prove nearly a total loss. Proprietors of large sugar mills have lost many acres of sugar cane, which will not be worth a dollar.

All other crops are secured, and are unusually good. Wheat turns out from sixteen to twenty and even twenty-five bushels an acre. Oats are yielding fifty and fifty-five bushels an acre, and potatoes are a big crop. The oldest residents say that Saturday was the coldest day over experienced in Minnesota since 1860.

Good judges estimate the corn crop of Minnesota and northern Iowa will be short of that of last year and will not go over 10,000,000 bushels at the outside. In southern Minnesota corn was advanced so far that it was not hurt so badly as further north.

REIDVILLE ITEMS.

—Thos. Settle, Jr., takes charge of the revenue department at this place to-day.

—Cashier Neil Ellington of the Greensboro National bank, passed yesterday morning to Wentworth.

—Mr. James Ellington, a popular and clever young gentleman of this place, left here Saturday night for Texas. Jim goes in the interest of his washing machine. We wish him success.

—Mr. Newton Blackburn, a younger brother of our policeman Blackburn, died here with fever last week. He was on a visit to his brother. His remains were carried to Guilford for interment.

—We saw "Aunt Maggie's" Thomas Jefferson considerably enraged with one of the market men the other morning. He talked very seriously of knocking the market man into a much hotter climate than this is.

—Real estate is unreasonably high in Reidville—property mostly in the hands of just such men that think there is a gold mine on every acre they possess. Such property holders keep many good men from the place.

—James W. Reid, Esq., our next congressman from this district, got aboard the train this morning for Greensboro, where he is in attendance upon court in session there. He had on his overcoat for the season, made him appear as if he contemplated Northern tendencies before very long.

Across the Continent—The New North.

(Correspondence Daily Patriot.)

HADLEY, IND., Aug. 31.—In our last we were in the valley of the Minnesota river, amid immense piles of cord wood, beautiful farms, gently rolling hills and fine groves of timber. When we leave this valley and pass out into the prairie we enter the lake region of the State—if there is one part that can be called so more than another—which is a wonder and a delight to one who has not seen a lake region. There is not an hour's run through the much of the State but one or more small lakes will be passed. Some of them are surrounded with groves of timber, others have grass grow-

ing to the water's edge and varying from an acre to several square miles in extent. The eye never grows weary of looking on the panorama of forest, lake, prairie and green fields of grain dotted over with beautiful homes and scenes of busy, active life.

The next point of interest is St. Paul and Minneapolis, cities that seem to have a bright future before them, some of whose citizens are sanguine in the belief that the two will some day grow into one vast city, and be the centre of human gravitation on the American continent. When we look on the map of North America we will see that these two cities are very near the centre, and when we become acquainted with the surroundings the claim for future greatness is at least plausible.

The falls of St. Anthony, in Minneapolis, furnishes one of the greatest available water powers in the northwest, and is being utilized by the energetic and sagacious citizens.

The milling and lumber interests that to ordinary minds seem to have attained vast proportions, is yet in its infancy; the manufacture of flour is now counted by the thousands per day, and the lumber by hundreds of thousands, but before a generation has passed the daily products of the mills will be counted by the millions, and lumber and other products in like proportion.

It would be difficult to describe the scene of activity around, above and below the falls. Tens of thousands of saw logs are being floated in the river into booms or sent through the locks; the lumber is being shipped, hauled, piled and floated in quantities that would seem sufficient to supply a small world, yet this goes on from day to day, from year to year, ever on the increase. It is the same with wheat and flour; the wheat is received by millions of bushels, ground into flour and shipped to the ends of the earth.

Starting northwest we go 136 miles to Bismarck, where we join the main line of the Northern Pacific road, which starts at Duluth, on Lake Superior. We pass through beautiful and rich country to this point, and for a few miles west, but we soon come to the sandy dividing ridge that forms the watershed between the Mississippi and Red river of the North; this divide is thin as a pine, aspen, maple, scrub oak and some other kinds of timber. Neither soil or timber is of much value except for the cord wood that can be cut in places. This barren ridge serves a good purpose in intensifying the contrast that suddenly bursts upon the view as we emerge from the brush and rush of the wonderful

RED RIVER VALLEY, which is at once an astonishment and delight to look upon. This valley is 400 miles long and 25 to 50 wide, and said to be the richest and best wheat land in the world. If blackness and depth of soil are only requisites for this, it has them to a degree; but aside from color and depth, the luxuriant growth of grass and grain, and the wonderful yield of wheat and oats per acre, establishes its claim to the title of the "wheat field of the world."

Pioneers who have been here for many years feel sure that the soil is inexhaustible, and can be relied upon like the valley of the Nile, through all coming time. Here is the beginning of the vast wheat region that stretches away across Dakota, Manitoba, Montana and the immense valley of the Saskatchewan (Saw kash-a-man), and of the lake region beyond. Some idea of the spirit that seems to animate and inspire the people of the valley can be formed by spending a few days talking, listening and looking at the cities of Mordock and Fargo, on opposite sides of the Red River, the main depot of supplies. One is astonished at the enormous amount of agricultural implements that are stored and piled in heaps on every side. The warehouses of several popular self-binders are larger than any building in North Carolina. Soil plows, soil harrows, grain drills, separators and every other machine used in connection with wheat growing are seen by the thousands. The steamers, barges and flat boats on the river, the North loaded with agricultural implements and the general merchandise and return with wheat and oats. Every step, look and word of the people indicates business, and all seem filled with the belief that some grand realization is in the near future.

The valley is almost treeless, and to the eye seems as level and smooth as a floor. Where thickly settled and adorned with neat farms, wide rows of barns, broad green fields and hedges of cotton, there is a surpassingly beautiful appearance; but when the winter breaks and the thaw-out comes it is a woe, woe to the inhabitants for a few weeks on account of mud. Indiana has to take a back seat when depth and color of mud is under consideration.

Like the grand prairie of Illinois the wide expanse will be changed as by magic in a few years by tree planting. J. F. Smith, of Buxton, Dakota, originally of North Carolina, is one of the many who is engaged in furnishing trees for plantings. This spring (1883) he sold 775,000 Cottonwood trees for planting, and as many more of other kinds. Timber of all kinds grows very rapidly in the deep soil and will not only change the looks of the country but will tone down the severity of the winter's cold.

A COFFIN.

(For Instance.)

(Letter in Charlotte Observer.)

For instance a large manufacturer of cotton planks, in this State, told me recently, that if the mills owned and worked by his family should be compelled to sell their goods for a price less than their cost on that class of goods, that he would lose eleven hundred dollars per day, and his mills would stop as soon as the looms consumed the cotton that had gone through the "spinner." In fact it did not take long for a man to see through the hole in a mill-stone, when his pocket must pay for picking it.

Jarvis at Boston.

(Boston Post.)

Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, who responded for the Southern States, was the next speaker. Considerable interest was manifested at getting a good view of this well known official, and Gov. Butler introduced him in the following pleasant manner: "I have now the honor to present Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina. He fought us bravely, he loves us dearly; for when honest men fight, it is not from the heart, but from the intellect. He will tell you of the wonderful resources of his State."

Gov. Jarvis was received with much enthusiasm and when it had subsided he spoke as follows:

I have come here not to shake hands over a bloody chasm—for, thank heaven, into that chasm all animosities have been buried—but to clasp hands in brotherhood. Whatever may have been the differences which led us into conflict, they have been settled, and their cause removed forever; and I believe that to-day the people of one section may meet those of any other as friends. I wish I were able to do our part of the country justice on this occasion. When the war ended we returned from camp—I say we, because all men of the South were in the war—we returned from the field to see our homes in ruins, our people in distress; but we returned, having pledged our fidelity to the Union, with the fixed purpose of placing the South where she belonged. We found a condition of things totally different from what we left. We labored under the drawback of a government not completely in sympathy with us, and the desire to guard our own interests and thus develop our resources as rapidly and fully as possible was what led to a solid South. The panic of 1873 hurt us, and it was only about a decade ago, or perhaps only half as far back, that our development was fairly begun. But it has been rapid, and the State from which I come, in all her peace and progress and everything that goes to make a people happy, stands better than ever before. Her agricultural and manufacturing imports are on a steady increase. Many factories have lately been erected, and we now consume twice as much cotton as we did five years ago. Prosperity and content abound, and the condition of other States besides North Carolina is most satisfactory. Whatever the people of my State can do for the good of the nation they will gladly and proudly do. The spirit of the fathers has fallen upon us. The business relations of the country demand that all animosity be forgotten. We were happy to welcome this opportunity to come as cousins, men to Boston to contribute to the rebuilding of the South, and to the material progress of our common country, over which floats our flag. We believe that there should be, and will be no more harsh sectional feeling. In days gone by there were the most intimate relations between Massachusetts and Carolina, and we desire a return of the old friendship. We understand you have too much money and too great a population, and we would relieve your surplusage, yet doing so well for ourselves, as we can, and then, somebody in the South, who broods over the evils caused by the war, and there may be a few men in the North who will not allow themselves to think kindly of their brethren in the South. On such we must turn our backs; and we must look forward to the future, its bright hope and rich reward.

What Deep Ploughing Does.

(Baldwin Observer.)

The effects of the drought are being felt all over the South. Virginia reports that her tobacco crop is sent off nearly a third—the same is the report from the tobacco counties of this State. In the central belt corn and cotton have also suffered. The eastern counties are better off. Information from the more southern States is to the like effect. Certainly here and there in favored localities better crops have been made. We speak generally. It is not to be anticipated that we shall have a recurrence of the memorable autumn of 1881, when the firmament of the heavens indeed seemed to be a fiery furnace, and when the drought was beyond anything we had ever known. But while such a disaster is not expected yet doubtless the drought will materially shorten the productions of our Southern country. And yet it need not have been so. We saw to-day two farms side by side, the natural soil and the way of the land being about the same. On one the crop was an entire failure for want of work; on the other the cotton will make a bale and a half to the acre and the corn fifty bushels to the acre. There are fifty acres in cotton which will yield seventy-five bales, and twenty-five acres in corn which will make at least 1,250 bushels. We asked the owner why the drought had not stunted his cotton. He answered that he ploughed deep. This small farm is near Raleigh, and it is well worth seeing. The owner, Mr. W. G. Upchurch, is perhaps the largest farmer in Wake county, and he knows his business. He believes in deep ploughing, in plenty of manure, in thorough preparation and in close cultivation. He flanks the drought every time. Mr. Upchurch is not averse to learning from others. He reads, he remembers what is good and useful, and puts it into practice. He makes money at farming. It is a very pretty sight to see a man making a bale and a half to the acre and corn yielding fifty bushels, and that in this time of drought. Let our friends follow the same plan.

Dr. James B. Mills, Saltwater, Ala., says: "Several of my patients have used Brown's Iron Bitters for chronic indigestion with benefit."

Mr. B. O. Harris, Littleton, N. C., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have given me great relief from kidney disease."

Chatham News.

(Record.)

—The dwelling of Rev. Gaston Farrar, of Gulf township, was burned on last Saturday.

—Geo. W. Perry and the two younger brothers of James A. May have removed to Colorado.

—The story that a Mr. Knight, of Chatham county, recently met with a most grievous affliction in losing six children, three by diphtheria, two by the bite of a rattlesnake, and one by being scalded, is a canon.

—Two of the convicts at work near the Gulf escaped a few days ago. One was a white man and the other was a negro. After their escape the negro convict met another negro and forced him to swap clothes.

—We much regret to hear of the fatality of the cholera among the hogs in this county. It seems to prevail in nearly every neighborhood, and in some sections there is scarcely a farmer who has not lost some of his hogs.

Wants a White Hat.

Little Chief, a Cheyenne Indian, has sent a unique appeal to the Secretary of the Interior for a new suit of clothes. He says: "I don't care much for grub, but I do like to dress in proper style. I want the best white hat you can purchase in the market."

Davidson and Johnson Divide Honors.

(Baldwin Observer.)

There has been for years a race between the various registers of deeds in the State to see who shall be the first to make returns to the auditor of State of the listed taxes. This year Davidson and Johnson counties divide the honors. Yesterday the auditor received abstracts from both.

Davidson reports, through register J. W. Finch, as follows: State taxes \$7,105.02; schools \$8,823.88; county taxes \$8,267.31. The register says: "Davidson has sent in the abstract of taxes first since 1874. Our county is out of debt, and we have in the treasury about \$2,000."

New Mail Locks.

October 1st the post office department will substitute a new general mail lock for those now in use. The new lock is made of corrugated steel, is lighter, stronger and safer than that now in use, and is manufactured by the Smith & Egge Lock company of Connecticut. For several months a number of clerks in the mail equipment division of the post office department have been testing the new locks and keys and distributing them through the country. Fifty thousand keys have been sent to postmasters and other persons authorized to hold them in separate registered letters and the efficiency of the registry system is shown by the fact that they are all properly delivered when the receipts for the keys have been returned. The change of mail locks is made but once in ten years.

The Telegraph Consolidation.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Southern Telegraph Company has held in New York Wednesday. Townsend Cox, Jr., and H. W. Allen, retired from the board of directors. The membership of the company was increased from nine to eleven. The following were elected to fill the vacancies thus created: A. W. Dimock, G. S. Mott, G. Putnam Smith and J. G. Case. All of these gentlemen are directors of the Bankers and Merchants' Telegraph Company, which has recently acquired control of the Southern Company. These changes are the first steps in the amalgamation of the Bankers and Merchants' and the Southern and American Rapid Companies. The Southern has 1,000 miles of pole line, and by next week its lines will be finished as far South as Columbia, S. C., and in a month to Charleston and Savannah.

The Father of Forty-two Children.

John Heffner, a ragpicker aged 68, of Reading, Pa., was killed Thursday night by a locomotive. He himself is the authority for the statement that he was the father of 42 children. He was a small, wiry, hump-backed, dark-skinned man, and was born in Germany. At 25 he married his first wife in Germany. She lived eight years, and in that time became the mother of seventeen children—twins twice, triplets four times, and a single child. He employed a woman to take charge of the brood of seventeen little ones, and in 1849 she became his wife. In due time she became the mother of fifteen children, and died in 1857. Twelve of the little ones died, leaving twenty in the brood. He then brought them to America, and in 1858 he married his third wife, a widow with one child. She bore him ten children, making forty-two in all, a small number of whom are now living. He seemed to enjoy himself, and went through life apparently happy and contented.

A Dog that Takes up a Collection.

(London Queen.)

The Scotch colley dog Help, which collects funds in almost every part of the kingdom for the orphan fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, has just returned to his headquarters at the chief office of society, City road, from a trip to France, where he has been getting money for the orphans of railway men. Introduced by Mr. Kargett, chief officer of the steamship Brittany, to the Vice Consul at Dieppe, the "Railway Dog" England received in a short time 138 francs; on his journey back to England Help got 17s. 9d. and 26 francs while at New-Haven, and on board the steamer he collected £31s. 9d. The general Secretary of the society, Mr. E. Hartford, has now on hand numerous invitations to the animal, distributed over the leading railway systems. Help, trained by Mr. John Climpson, guard of the night boat train on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, is expected to be the medium of collecting some hundreds of pounds for the orphan fund during the present year.

The Fence Law in Wake.

(Oxford Telegraph.)

The no fence law is now in existence in Wake township, Wake county. Wake county is so much pleased with its workings in Wake that they too will soon take a vote and adopt the no fence system. So the no fence law will soon reach our borders, and not many months hence we shall expect to see Brassfields asking for a vote on this question. The history of it is that no people white or black, rich or poor, who have tried it would consent to go back to the old system under any circumstances. Mailing and laying rails is by no means a pleasant job, and those who once get rid of it never care to take up the burden again.

Mormonism in Georgia.

Two Mormon elders began a meeting a few nights ago in Cometa county, Georgia. The meeting was well attended. After singing and prayer, one of the elders began a sermon on the tenets of Mormonism. He had not spoken long before a gruff voice came from the audience saying: "Put him out." This was followed by a volley of eggs that were not strictly fresh. The missionaries took up their grip sacks and made off, chased by the crowd. They proved to be able runners, and when they were last seen by their pursuers they were headed toward the west. Public sentiment is in favor of substituting buckshot for eggs in the event of further attempts to make converts in that region to Mormonism.

Base Ball in Short Skirts.

A game of base ball was played in Baltimore last week between two female nines—the Blondes and the Brunettes. The attendance was large and the enthusiasm great. The diamond was curtailed from 90 feet square to 60 feet, and the pitcher stood correspondingly nearer the home-plate. The costumes of the players were very pretty, being respectively scarlet and blue, consisting of neatly fitting dresses with abbreviated skirts, jaunty hats and feathers. A ball not calculated to do much harm to a tender hand was used, and seemed to evince a steady dislike to the players, who caught few but picked up many. The game did not prove interesting enough to keep the spectators together and was called in seven innings, the Blondes having 38 runs and the Brunettes 30.

The Cotton Crop Prospects.

The September cotton returns of the department of agriculture are less favorable than those of August. The principal cause of injury is drought, which has reduced the prospect in every State except Florida and Tennessee. The decline has been greatest in Texas. In North Carolina and Virginia the temperature has been too low at night, with serious drought. The Gulf States report more or less general prevalence of the caterpillar and the boll worm at many points. The general average of condition is reduced to 74. The States averages are as follows: Virginia, 72; North Carolina, 78; South Carolina, 70; Georgia, 70; Florida, 93; Alabama, 76; Mississippi, 75; Louisiana, 77; Texas, 67; Arkansas, 80; Tennessee, 89.

In September of 1879 the general average of condition was 85; in 1881 it was 70. It was 92 in the great crop years, 1880 and 1882. In some of the years the drought continues; in others recent rains have caused some improvement. Rust has appeared very generally, and is most threatening in dryest districts.

Gov. Jarvis in New England.

The Boston and Massachusetts people are making quite a "lion" of our plain featured, plow handle Governor. At a dinner given Chief Justice Coleridge by the city of Boston, Gov. Jarvis sat between Egland's illustrious jurist and Governor Butler. The next day he was escorted over to Manchester, where the New England fair was being held, and made the following speech:

"By courtesy of my friend Gov. Butler (I do not think I could have called him my friend twenty years ago when the federal army was hurling missiles of death at me in Charleston harbor) I have had the pleasure of visiting New Hampshire to-day. But I am glad to be here. God in his wisdom has decreed that this country shall be one and inseparable throughout its borders, and I say to you as I say to my own people, that I bow to this decree." He was glad to be in New England and to say that now that the bitter strife was over, that peace and reconciliation were the great triumphs of free institutions, and of our better nature. The recent scene and he was satisfied that even nature had fixed no dividing line between sections. What nature has marked out we should live not in semblance but in truth. Let us be one in sentiment, and go forward to make good the great possibilities of our country. He was glad of the opportunity the day had afforded him of visiting the great mills of Manchester. He was astonished at what he saw, and as North Carolina feeling the wonderful machines which produced the woven cloth, and it taught him that the business interests of this country required that every section should be in harmony and kept in harmony. He saw machinery working in harmony and operatives dependent on that harmony, and it taught him how thoroughly we are all dependent upon harmony everywhere. He could see that the people in New Hampshire were interested for the welfare of North Carolina, and he was glad to say to them that his people were industrious and prosperous. "I do not see," he said, "but what they look much as you do." As one not of any political class, race or color, but as a common citizen it was his patriotic hope that our country would thenceforth remain one and inseparable, and go forward to her glorious destiny for God and mankind. [Applause.]

"Pity Hill" Notes.

These three things—smoke, rain, ing into the house and a scolding wife—will make a man run out of doors.

Some men are a sort of medium between all food and all philosophy, with a gentle leaning toward the former.

There are two things which ought never to excite a man's anger—First, those which he can help, and second, those which he cannot help.

There is an old Hebrew proverb which runs: Make haste when you are purchasing a field, but when you are to marry a wife, slow.

A great many Christians are like the colored gentleman who said he had been walking "in the brand" and napper path for twenty years, and never found it a hard road to travel.

Our religion is not worth much if it is like that of the storekeeper who said, "I've just been converted, so when you want milk on Sunday you must come round to the back door."

It may be that you have as good a reason to be satisfied with yourself as was Mr. Sheridan, who said: "My moral character? Well, it is as fair a moral character as a somewhat tropical man can develop in a very tropical country."

Both bulls and bears in Wall street, during the recent financial cyclone, felt the force of the tribulationist's remark that "single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater one."

To be good because it's good to be good is the highest kind of religion, and to be good because the world will find you out if you are naughty is the lowest kind, if it is any kind at all. It was Mr. Locker who twanged the principal string in human hearts when he said:

Many are afraid of God. And more of Mrs. Grundy.

At the Toilet Table.

Put a dessertspoonful of saleratus into half a pint of warm water. Dip in the hair brush, and rub it until clean. The best way is to wash two brushes at the same time, and rub them together until the bristles are white. Then rinse them in a bowl of cold water, and rub with a thick cloth until nearly dry, and place them upright at an open window until wholly dried.

Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of warm water. Before it is quite cold add to it one tea-spoonful of t

ated that he did not know Davis
the time the article was written

chilly weather is not necessarily
sign of a cold autumn.

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