

VOL. I. NO. 2.

TWO OF A KIND.

There was a young fellow named Tate, Who died with his shirt at eight; But since Tate did not state, I cannot relate What Tate, at his tetra-tet, ate at eight.

A tutor who tooted the flute, Tried to teach two young tooters to toot; Said the first to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot on, Than to tutor two tooters to toot?"

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Southern Trade Progress.

The more important of the new industries reported by the Tradesman, Chattanooga, for the week ending Feb. 4 include a \$15,000 chair factory in Arkansas; a \$25,000 coal mining investment in eastern Kentucky; a construction company, to build iron bridges, etc., in Alabama; a cotton compress in Georgia; a \$100,000 cotton mill in Louisiana; a cotton seed oil mill and fertilizer works in North Carolina; an electric light plant in Alabama; a grain elevator in West Virginia; an \$8,000 flouring mill in Kentucky; a fifty barrel mill in South Carolina, and three in Texas—two of fifty barrels and 100 barrels' capacity; a foundry and machine shop in Louisiana; a fifty ton ice factory and a \$20,000 ice and cold storage company in Arkansas, and one each in Mississippi and west Tennessee; a knitting mill and lumber company in North Carolina; a \$100,000 naval stores company in Florida; an oil company in West Virginia; a \$25,000 pulp and paper mill in Florida; a \$10,000 rice mill in Louisiana, and two saw mills, one of 75,000 feet daily capacity, in the same State; a shingle mill in Georgia; a stove factory in west Tennessee; a telephone company in Florida, and two in West Virginia, and a woolen mill in the latter State.

We have just received an invoice of Acorn stoves and Ranges. Call and see them. ROARK.

Half Way to Europe in Pullman Cars.

The Canadian government is considering a plan for a fast transatlantic service via Newfoundland, enabling Americans to journey half way to Ireland by Pullman car, is a suggestive piece of news. Most persons, indeed, will be startled at the thought that it is really possible to travel by land, with two insignificant breaks, to a point 1,500 miles on the way to Europe.

It is proposed to make Green Bay, N. F., the terminal point for a line of fast steamships, which would leave only 1,500 miles to run before reaching the west coast of Ireland. It needs little labor to complete a route by which the man from Montreal, or the man from Chicago, or the man from New York may be whisked to Green Bay on a Pullman car without changing. Fifty miles of a railway must be constructed to connect Green Bay with the Reid railway system, and two car ferries must be established—one from Point au Basque to Cape Breton, and the other across the Strait of Canso.

One's first impulse in contemplating this proposal is to ask: "Why has such a simple thing never yet been accomplished?" And the answer is sufficiently obvious. It is: "Because Canada and Newfoundland are not parts of the United States, but the possessions of an alien power." If destiny were not sometimes so deliberate in its movements—if every part of this continent had been united all these years under the Stars and Stripes—the Newfoundland route, placing America within three days of Europe, would now be a commonplace.—New York Journal.

ic. a week for THE RECORD.

A Tale With a Moral.

Once upon a time a tramp was sorely in need of something to eat and approaching a farmhouse he spake unto the farmer, saying: "If you will give me the wherewith to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, I will kill all the rats about the place." "Agreed," said the tiller of the soil, and he ordered his good wife to give the tramp a square meal. After the tramp had devoured everything in sight he went to the wood-pile and selected a stout club, then seating himself on the porch he said to the farmer: "Now bring on your rats."

Moral—Always have the details specified in the contract.—Chicago News.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

The Epworth league has a membership of 1,800,000.

The woman's branch of the New York City Missions raised over \$27,000, last year for their work.

Fully one-fourth of the 25,000 German Baptists, says a Canadian paper, are said to be converts from Romanism.

Mr. Moody on his way to Phoenix, Ariz., held a public service at Albuquerque. Protestants and Catholics alike crowded to hear him.

The New York Observer states that the chief stimulus of hatred toward the Jews in France is the widespread distrust of them by the Catholic clergy.

Bishop Potter of New York, though a skillful horseman, prefers, when in the city, to ride in a street car rather than to drive. He is, however, a great walker.

One hundred and fifty churches in Pittsburgh, representing twelve denominations, have associated themselves in a federation for united aggressive work among the foreign population and non-church goers.

Several new Christian Science churches have been organized in the immediate vicinity of Boston. A new church was recently organized in Roxbury with a membership of 200, and still, it is said, the "mother church" in Norway street is crowded to its utmost capacity.

The most costly book in the Royal Library at Stockholm is a bible. It is said that 160 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. Each page is only one inch short of a yard in length and twenty inches wide. The covers are solid planks four inches thick.

When the late Henry Drummond was asked by Evangelist Moody to come to this country to conduct religious meetings he was dissuaded by this advice from a friend: "Perhaps you may have a few years of enthusiasm and blessing, then must follow carelessness, no study, no spiritual fruits, probably a sad collapse."

The Southern Baptists have in the past done an immense work in Cuba. They bought a theater for \$60,000 and transformed it into a church which seated 1,200. Dr. Albert Diaz was the founder of this work, and though it has been sadly crippled by the late war, great results have followed it in Havana, where, it is stated, he baptized with his own hands more than 3,000 converts to Christianity. Banished from Cuba, he has recently returned and resumed his work.

J. R. Morgan, South Carrollton, wants your chickens, butter, eggs and all other marketable produce at highest prices.

No Century Begins on Sunday.

There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendar can be used every 20 years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January; April as July; September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap-year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29.—Chicago Evening Lamp.

Sample copies of THE RECORD may be obtained on application to this office.

"Didn't you steal that hog?" asked the rural justice in Georgia. "Well, I suth, Mister Jedge, I mus' admit dat I out run him!" "Well, suth, he did run 'gainst de butt of de ax, en got his death!" "And you ate him, of course!" "Well, Jedge, hit was this away: De weather wuz mighty hot, en after he wuz dead hit look lak a pity ter let him spile, so I des salted him down and smoked him, en de fire wuz so hot dat fo' I could tu'n 'round he wuz cooked done; en seein' him in dat fix, dar wuz nuttin' to do but ter eat him up! Hit wuz all done in self-defense, Jedge—all in self-defense!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Josh Billings' Definitions.

Contentment is a kind of moral laziness; if there weren't anything but contentment in this world, man wouldn't be any more of a success than an angleworm is.

Silence is a still noise.

Bashfulness is ignorance afraid.

Sarcasm is an undertaker in tears.

Conscience is our private secretary.

Poverty is the step-mother of genius.

Economy is a first mortgage of wealth.

An aristocrat is a democrat with his pockets filled.

Fastidiousness is merely the ignorance of propriety.

Honest men are scarce, and are going to be scarcer.

Prudery is nothing more than coquetry gone to seed.

Pleasure is like a hornet—generally ends with a sting.

Hope is a hen that lays more eggs than she can hatch.

Success is a coquette, and a bashful lover never wins her.

Gallantry may possibly be defined as the politeness of flattery.

Flattery is like Cologne water—to be smelt of, not swallowed.

Bliss is happiness boiling over and running down both sides of the pot.

The clam is a bulbous plant and resides on the under side of the water.

Conceited people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

The cross man goes through life like a sore headed dog followed by flies.

Laughing is the sensation of feeling good all over and showing it in one spot.

A "gentleman about town" is one who pays for everything except his debts.

Money is like a swarm of bees—the more you fight them the less you get rid of them.

Marriage is an altar on which man lays his pocketbook and woman her love letters.

Honesty is like money; you have got to work hard to get it, and then work harder to keep it.

Genuine praise consists in naming a man's faults to his face and his good qualities to his back.

Anxiety is milking a kicking heifer with one hand and holding her tail with the other.

Incredulity is the wisdom of a fool; it is only a wise man who can afford to be credulous.

Envy is an insult to a man's good sense, for envy is the pain we feel at the excellencies of others.

The positive man bets his last dollar on a card and loses, and then tells you he knew he shouldn't win.

Envy is the disease original with Cain, but which his brother Abel caught, and died suddenly of.

The monkey is a human being a little undersized, covered with hair, hitched to a tail, and filled with the devil.

Curiosity is the germ of all enterprise—men dig for woodchucks more for curiosity than they do for woodchucks.

The interviewer is a human ostrich, feeding on anything he can find, and digesting easily anything he can swallow.

Fortune is the aggregate of possibilities—a goddess whom cowards court by stealth, but whom bravesmen take by storm.

Kiss—The only way to define a kiss is to take one and then sit down, all alone out of the draught, and smack your lips.

Friendship is like earthenware—if it is broken it can be mended; but love is like a mirror—once broken, that ends it.

Adversity is a poultice which reduces our vanity and strengthens our virtue—even a boy never feels half so good as when he has just been spanked and set away to cool.

See the new Standard drop-head sewing machine on display at Roark's furniture store. It is the best sewing machine made, is a neat piece of furniture, and is sold at the right price.

Mark Twain's Letter.

This pleasing story about our famous humorist is going the rounds of the press: Some years ago Mark Twain appeared at the consulate of the United States at Frankfurt, Germany, and found Captain Mason, the consul-general, packing up his books, papers and all of his personal belongings.

"What's up?" he asked.

"My time is up," returned Mason cheerfully. "We have a Democratic President, and as I am a Republican I have to get out and give my place to a good Democrat, soon to be appointed to this post."

"That's a blessed shame," exclaimed Mr. Clemens, and he started for the hotel, where he wrote this letter to Ruth Cleveland, then only about a year old:

"MY DEAR RUTH—I belong to the Mugwumps, and one of the most sacred rules of our order prevents us from asking favors for officials or recommending men to office, but there is no harm in writing a friendly letter to you and telling you that an infernal outrage is about to be committed by your father in turning out of office the best colored I know (and I know a great many), just because he is a Republican, and a Democrat wants his place."

And Mr. Clemens related what he knew of Captain Mason and his official record, and continued:

"I can't send any message to the President, but the next time you have a talk with him concerning such matters, I wish you would tell him about Captain Mason and what I think of a Government that so treats its efficient officials."

Three or four weeks later Mr. Clemens received a little envelope, postmarked Washington, in which was a note, written in the Cleveland's own hand, that read:

Miss Ruth Cleveland begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Twain's letter, and to say that she has the liberty of reading it to her father, who desires

Twain

say to him that Captain Mason will not be disturbed in the Frankfurt consulate. The President also desires Miss Cleveland to say that if Mr. Twain knows of any other cases of this kind he will be greatly obliged if he will write him concerning them at his earliest convenience."

This is a county newspaper, and wants the county news from every section. A good correspondent is wanted in each community, and will be secured to report regularly. But any one who has an item of interest will greatly aid us by telling us about it, and the favor will be highly appreciated.

Gallant.—"A man is as old as he feels," said a gentleman of the old school, "and a woman as old as she says she is."—Indianapolis Journal.

Nearly everyone reads the papers these days. And a great number who read the papers, read the advertisements. And they trade with the advertisers.

Suppose your Advertisement was in this position.

You would be reading it.

So would other folks.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

In her agony the miserable woman sent her hated rival by post a can of corned beef containing arsenic. The latter, being passionately fond of food, partook of the beef. Thereupon her complexion was much beautified. Here, again, we have villainy confounded by what some people are pleased to term fortuitous circumstances.—Detroit Journal.

"I was elected by the votes of eight different nationalities," declared an East Side Alderman as he tucked his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and struck an attitude. "That so? What were they?"

"Irish, German, Polish, English, Italian, French, and Greek."

"That's only seven." "What the deuce was the other, now? There were eight, sure." "Americans," suggested a reporter. "That's it. Couldn't think of them to save me."—Detroit Free Press.

A councilor of an English town was present at a meeting when the subject of planting trees in the borough was under discussion. He objected to the scheme in these words: "I will never vote for the granting of the ratopayers' money toward planting a revenue of trees in the streets of this town."

On another occasion the same man was discussing the question of education with a friend, when he made the remark that he was going to give his daughter a good education, and should send her to a first-class cemetery to be finished off.—New York Tribune.

New '99 Crescent Bicycles are on display at Roark's and you are invited to call and see them. The chainless is the greatest wheel out, and will have greatly increased sales this season, on account of improvements which make it perfect.

A Composer's Trials.

"Speaking of handwriting," said an

newsman, "the son of the

Colonel was that of Colonel J. F. Barton.

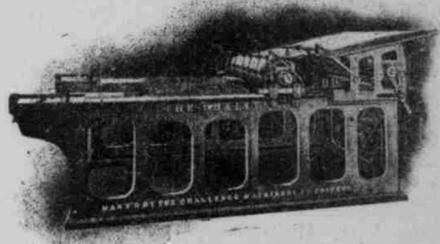
The colonel was a Southern man; he died in Alabama in '97 and a dozen years ago he was famous throughout the Middle West as an editorial writer of great power and versatility. The queer thing about him was that his normal penmanship looked almost like copper plate—a beautiful flowing script, but let him get excited or hurried, and it double discounted the chicken tracks on Cleopatra's nose.

There used to be a funny story about him, current among printers, and I'll tell it for what it is worth. One night, according to the yarn, a tramp printer drifted into a Western office where the colonel was in charge and applied for a job. The foreman put him to work, and he pegged along all right until just before the hour for going to press, when Barton sent in a hurry-up editorial based on a late news telegram. Nearly all the printers had left, so the new man got a piece of the 'copy,' a page from about the middle. He carried it to his case, looked at it frowningly, turned it upside down, looked at it again, and finally put it in position before him and began to scratch up type. "Read that in your sticks!" yelled the foreman, "we ain't got no time for proofs!" And when the new man carried his matter over it was "dumped" into the forms without further ceremony.

"What he had set up ran about like this: 'The miscreant who wrote the copy I have before me is responsible for my fate. No human being can read it. He cannot read it himself. To-night I shall jump a freight, and, as I am somewhat shaky from recent jags, will probably fall off and be killed. My blood be on his head.' This remarkable paragraph appearing without rhyme or reason in the middle of Barton's brilliant editorial, astonished the readers of the paper next morning.

When the colonel recovered himself sufficiently to get a club and rush down to the office the tramp printer had vanished."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

We are taking subscriptions to THE RECORD in blocks of five and six from single persons, who are sending the extra copies to friends at a distance. This is not said to discourage the fellow who only wants a copy for six months; that will make us happy also.



OUR "CHALLENGE" PRESS.

The above is a representation of our Challenge Country Cylinder Press. It is manufactured by the Challenge Machinery Co., in Chicago, claimed to be the largest of the kind in this country. It's a great improvement over other country cylinder presses on the market, and is in line with the high-grade equipment of our office throughout. The Crescent Type Foundry, Chicago, are the agents through whom purchase was made.

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