

The Messenger.

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WILMINGTON, N. C.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1899

THE LIFE OF THE JOURNALIST.

We recall that sometime ago we referred to the perishable character and futility of journalistic production. That each day demands new contributions which those of the day before are dumped into the waste basket and forgotten. A man might write political editorials equalling the unique and powerful "Letters of Junius," or the most extraordinary "Peter Plymley" papers of Rev. Sidney Smith, or Dean Swift's most corrosive pamphlets, or Bollingbroke's most masterly political tracts of his generation, and they would not live in the form produced. It is strange, but true. To have any lease upon life here the products of journalism must be put into books and into shapes different from those of the newspaper. We think of these things as we read what a gifted English journalist has written. Rev. S. H. Reynolds served on the staff of "The Thunderer," as the London Times has been called, for twenty-three years, writing for it 1,000 leading articles. Among his papers found after his death was a paragraph that reminds us what was said in The Messenger a year or so since about the perishableness and futility of journalism—its utter want of staying qualities, its absolute transitoriness, each article perishing with the occasion that called it forth, being forgotten in the hour it is read. Unlike other mental productiveness it has no earthly chances of survival here, but it may come up against you in the Great Day—the Dies Irae. Mr. Reynolds left at his death this testimony as to the journalist:

"He must be content to be counted as nothing, as in the present, to be unknown or set aside, and never to take rank among the real influences of his time. His labors will be rewarded, but not as men ordinarily count reward. He will have a real power—his work will be deep and lasting, but his name will be obscure or evanescent. He will affect the tone of the nation for which he writes, and will thus be the indirect cause of its most noble aftergrowth. The pillar will not be of his raising, and will certainly not bear his name inscribed upon it, but he will be the foundation of the whole, the first necessary condition of the state of public sentiment from which it has been raised in seeming independence."

Take "The Thunderer" upon which Mr. Reynolds so long and so faithfully toiled, and how many of its men of rare learning, ability, range of information and genius for their particular work, are now remembered or so much as named in any cultured or literary circle? Some of the leading writers of their times have labored most diligently, and with consummate mastery, but their names are forgotten. It is so with the other hundreds of gifted and scholarly journalists who have written for the leading papers of the British Kingdom. Unless they have taken to other work in other fields with the pen their productiveness has perished with the pens they used. In our own land out of scores of accomplished, versatile, superbly endowed journalists in the past, how many are known to the men, or even the editors, of this generation? Who knows of Joseph Gales, Jr., George D. Prentice, Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greeley, John M. Daniel, William Johnston, (brother of General Joseph Johnston), the famous literary writer on the old National Intelligencer, and the "Il Segretario" of the old Richmond Whig, John Hampden Pleasants, Henry W. Grady and others of the most influential and rarely gifted of southern writers for the press? The other hundreds of men of intellectual parts were probably neglected, as they labored with such assiduity and were forgotten before the grass had begun to cover their mortal remains. The only reward of journalism, however painfully prosecuted, and with whatever of devotion, is daily bread, a faint echo of praise at rare intervals so as to break the painful monotony of censure and complaints and the opposing eternal iteration of opinion from men partially informed or ridden by narrow prejudices. The only comfort that ever comes to the men of the Faber is the consciousness of duty performed with an eye single to the public welfare, with a sincere desire to bless humanity and to help on every good movement started for the uplifting of the race for the amelioration of the sufferers in society, and for the advancement of true education, sound morality, high ideals of service, the responsibilities and duties of civil life and the Christian Religion in its purity and simplicity. Then dying, it is dust to dust and speedy oblivion. If the peace with God is neglected and preparation for Heaven, then sorrow forever.

Greensboro Telegram: The Peerless Machine Shop under the management of Messrs. W. D. Burgess and Samuel Coffin at this point is the latest acquisition to our many manufacturing industries.

HOME FOLKS.

Mrs. Holliday's death at her home at Raleigh will be sincerely regretted by many friends and acquaintances of her and her sadly bereaved husband, Colonel A. Q. Holliday. She was a lady of many attractions and was held in very high esteem by those who knew her. She was the beloved mother of Mrs. P. J. Hoge, of our city.

We are grieved to learn of the death of Dr. William R. Wood, of Scotland Neck, Halifax county. We suppose he was about 60 years of age. He was a capital physician and will be a great loss to humanity in his section, one of the foremost in the state. He married Miss Henrietta Anthony, a singularly attractive and handsome lady and daughter of the late Whittenull Anthony, one of the leading citizens and extensive farmers of Halifax.

There is a contention among the stockholders of the Atlantic and North Carolina as to making a dividend. It is understood that the president-elect, Mr. James A. Bryan, opposed upon the ground that first equip the road properly before dividing supposed profits. That looks practical and sensible.

Professor C. L. Raper, a young North Carolinian, and reported scholar, for his years, is about to undertake to write "A History of the Royal Government in North Carolina from 1776 to 1776." The late Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hanks in his two volume history treats largely of Colonial history, and if he had been favored with a knowledge of the Colonial Records, then hid away in the office of the secretary of state at Raleigh, he would have made a more accurate and valuable history that would have stood the test of time. There is room for another work no doubt, and if it is properly prepared with reference to style as well as to the gathering of facts and incidents it will long be the book to consult. An article in The Raleigh News and Observer, probably by Professor Raper, says this:

"It is true that there have been several general histories of North Carolina, all of which merely sketch over this period. After one has carefully read all the histories dealing with this period, he will have a very poor idea of what English provincial government really was; he will have no definite notion of the political, constitutional and legal development of early North Carolina. To secure this period of royal rule was about the most important in our whole history. It was then that most of our ideas of local and state government had their birth and partical growth. With these ideas in view, Professor Raper is attempting to make a careful study of English government in North Carolina. He is also conforming his investigation to the Colonial Records."

LITERARY GOSPEL.

Mrs. Gaskell is to have a memorial at Knutsford, England, the village immortalized as "Cranford," and in "Wives and Daughters" as Hollingford. Cranford is one of the best short novels in the world. It is a simple, rural story of uncommon purity and faithfulness to local color and character. That novel and the best of all short novels we ever read, George Eliot's "Silas Marner" deserve to live down the ages.

There is a history of the United States in French not long ago published. It is by Professor Cohn, of Harvard University.

Mr. Swinbourne, the greatest living English poet, is in better health than he has been blessed with for many years. He is very deaf.

Even Stevenson felt discouraged some times when he took a reflective view of literature as a pursuit. Authorship did not promise great rewards. And yet he secured an enviable name in letters, as essayist and novelist. In one of his letters just printed he says:

"Seriously, from the dearth of information and thoughtful interest in the art of literature, those who try to practice it with any deliberate purpose run the risk of finding no fit audience. People suppose it is 'the stuff' that interests them; they think, for instance, that the prodigious fine thoughts and sentiments in Shakespeare impress by their own weight, not understanding that the unpolished diamond is but a stone."

Harold Frederic is an American novelist who deserved well of his country. His death some months ago, a victim of misplaced confidence in so-called "Christian Science," in the great London, in the midst of his years and with growing fame was very sad. He has two novels much above the ordinary product of this time. He left a novel called "The Market Place." It is by no means equal to some others of his own but it is selling well, nearly 20,000 copies having been sold.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. Henry M. Alden, the very able editor of Harper's Magazine, is to retire. He is the author of two very striking books, one of which we read twice, "God in His World," written with rare finish and excellence as to style and containing many striking and original veins. It had a large sale for such a book. The finely equipped literary critic of The New York Tribune says of him:

"Pre-eminent at once for his conservative judgment and for his quick perception of whatever is freshest and best in contemporary letters, Mr. Alden is an indispensable pillar of periodical literature in this country. His flexible taste and inflexible standard have been invaluable to American authors and readers and the gentleman from the west would be the first to realize the serious loss to both which would ensue from a cessation of Mr. Alden's wise ministrations."

Among some of the novels praised by literary journals and large newspapers we may name "Children of the Mist" by Eden Phillips, "A Hungarian Nabob," by Maurus Jokai, "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill, "Prisoners of Hope," by Mary Johnston, "I, Thou and the Other One," by Amelia

E. Barr; and "The Great Inclination," by Edith Wharton. The New York Bookman has two notices of this last named. The editor, Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia university, writes enthusiastically and says:

"In the way of fiction we have seen nothing this year that has impressed us so much as Mrs. Wharton's book. There is a finish, an assurance, and a tenacity of grasp about her work that show her to be already an accomplished literary artist."

It is conceded that her English is remarkably fine. Mrs. Wharton has made a success we may suppose.

Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt" is in its sixth edition. He is a great favorite with us and always writes with elegance and ability that are rare.

Barton H. Wise's biography of his distinguished and erratic uncle, Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, is praised highly in the north. The New York Saturday Review lauds much and says:

"The book has much in it to commend. From a literary point of view it is the work of a master. Its pages are clear, crisp, and abound with life and movement. We have no hesitation in saying that it is the best written and most readable biography of the heroes of the great civil war that has yet appeared."

BREVITIES.

Memphis has received 773,171 bales of cotton since the 1st of September, 1898. It breaks the record by 14,000 bales.

The Canadians are not without enterprise worthy of Americans. They propose to cut a canal from Georgian Bay eastward to Montreal. The estimated cost is nearly \$25,000,000. That beats the old Erie. If built it saves 725 miles.

A negro in Kansas murders two men. He is dead and the lynchers did it. He was strung up for murder. Down south the great crime that provokes crime is rape upon a white woman. Up north they will lynch for murder or any of the smaller crimes such as preaching holiness. Fact.

A Pennsylvania manufacturer, Mr. Aaron French, has given \$6,000 to help maintain a school technology in Atlanta. Come this way.

The senatorial contest in Mississippi is now between Governor McLaughlin and Representative ("Private") John Allen. Hurrah for Allen.

There was a negro riot in Pittsburgh, Penn., in which several persons were injured. Fifty negroes attacked a policeman to rescue a negro prisoner. They next stoned a passing street car, striking several passengers, injuring them. The north is having good opportunities of studying negro civilization.

Senator Dewey, just from France, says all parties fear the army. The time may come not far hence when this will be said of all parties in the United States.

Senator Hanna is perfectly serene and undisturbed when he is scored by men of honor. "The republican leader," as the gay New York Tribune fondly calls him, has a rhyme so thick it is impervious. He has no conscience to disturb him and no feelings to be wounded.

LATE CARTOONS.

The papers are full of cartoons illustrative of the times. Some are clever and show forth the trend and follies of the day in this country. The Houston Post of the 4th of July had a double bicycle on which rode Alger, in front, and Pingree behind. The forward wheel was marked on its tire "Corrupt politics," and behind was "Pure politics." It was a wheel "built for two."

Alger had a flag above him with the motto: "For the United States Senate." McKinley supports his incompetent and blundering secretary of war—who was proved a poltroon in the great war between the states—in order to get rid of him.

Another cartoon, in the Denver (Colorado) Post, represents Uncle Sam sitting against a fence post with horror on his face, his hat on the ground, his legs stretched out, hair erect and beard standing out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." And what has thrown the United States into such a pitiable fright? In front is a jug branded "Expansionism." The old fellow has been imbibing of it until he has the jimmies. He sees an awful spectre before him. A huge monster of a snake with tart in the mouth of the jug and standing up in serpentine fashion with an awful man's head close to him, grinning with savage teeth and staring eyeballs glaring upon him. It is the head of a Philippine with the administration's conception expressed—that of a brutal, cruel, savage with coarse hair in full erection. Upon the huge snake is written—"Philippines." Such a debacle is quite enough to give Uncle Sam the most terrible manuputer.

W. J. JEFFERSON AN IMPERIALIST.

The expansion newspapers are fond of appealing to great men of the past to sustain their latter-day contention that imperialism is all right. The greatest of all political geniuses in this country was Thomas Jefferson. He was a democrat at a time when it cost something to be one, and he believed firmly in the people at large. In order to boast a bad cause it has become the vogue in the circles of the conspirators who are seeking to change the form of our government, and to make its expenditures far greater than they have ever been, and greatly surpassing those of any European monarchy, to appeal to Jefferson as an authority, as well as to other famous men. But was Jefferson really an expansionist of the present type—like McKinley and his idolatrous worshippers? We will give a little from what he wrote.

In his first inaugural address he said: "Peace, commerce and honest friend-

ship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

And in the third annual message he wrote:

"Separated by a wide ocean from the nations of Europe and from the political interests that entangle them together . . . it cannot be the interest of any to assail us, nor ours to disturb them. We should be most unwise, indeed, were we to cast away the singular blessings of the position in which nature has placed us."

In 1820, he wrote to the Corrien:

"Nothing is so important as that America shall separate herself from the systems of Europe and establish one of her own. Our circumstances, our pursuits, our interests distinct; the principles of our policy should be also. All entanglements with that quarter of the globe should be avoided, if we mean that peace and justice shall be the polar star of American society."

One more quotation from this greatest of political geniuses of this continent:

"I have ever deemed it fundamental for the United States never to take active part in the quarrels of Europe; their political interests are entirely distinct from ours. . . . They are nations of eternal war. On our part, never had a people so favorable a chance of trying the opposite system of peace and fraternity with mankind and the direction of all our means and facilities to the purposes of improving instead of destruction. . . . Peace and neutrality seem to be our duty and interest."

Wise, grand old man, if he were living, he would lash the demagogues who are seeking foreign conquests and to gradually change the American system—the very government itself, founded by the patriots and statesmen of the last century.

The awful deluge in Texas has not been exaggerated in any particulars, it appears, in the reports sent out daily. The official reports sent to the government show that over 20,000 people are utterly destitute. This should prompt the people of Texas and adjoining states to come up to the help of the helpless at once. The cases are most pressing and, most distressing. The loss of life has been considerable, but the number is not yet ascertained. The losses in property aggregate millions of dollars.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Winston-Salem postoffices were consolidated last Saturday.

Plans are maturing for the erection of a \$12,000 opera house in Winston.

A \$10,000 factory to make sash, doors, blinds, etc., has been organized at Newbern.

Murphy Scout: We learn that the wheat harvest on Peachtree is over, and that it was the smallest for many years. This is perhaps also true of nearly the entire country.

Two occurrences happening in different parts of the country Wednesday are worthy of notice. In Wilmington a negro who had by his conduct made himself obnoxious to the community was given a guard to escort him out of the city and afford him protection. In New York state three inoffensive negroes were beaten and chased by a mob and were fortunate in escaping with their lives.—Durham Herald.

Salisbury Sun: A citizen who has recently been in Atlanta, Ga., tells us that a wholesale merchant of that city said he was doing a bigger business in North Carolina than in any other southern state. He also stated, what is a fact worthy of note, that collections were better in North Carolina than in any other state in the south, and that he had not lost a cent from sales he had made to her business citizens.

On Tuesday of last week Dr. L. J. Picot, of Littleton, amputated a leg for Major Mills, who fell under a Seaboard Air Line train. Mr. Mills' mother lives at Summit, some six miles away. Saturday when Dr. Picot passed her house he stopped in the road and called to the children in the yard to tell their mother to come to the road that he might tell her that her son was getting well. She started and got about 15 yards from the road and fell dead.

Statesville Mascot: Captain J. M. Patterson of Troutman's and G. M. Austin made a deal Wednesday that was rather unusual in its nature. They went down to Sloop & Miller's store and, for a compensation became joint owners of a pair of shoes. Captain Patterson and Mr. Austin have each had misfortunes which dovetail into each other curiously, the former having lost his right, and the latter his left leg and each wearing a number eight shoe.

Elk Park Correspondent Mitchell Mirror: For the second time inside 12 months our town has been visited by fire. Wednesday night about 12 o'clock the Elk Park inn was discovered on fire, and on account of the lateness of the hour and the fire having such headway before discovered, it was impossible to save the building, and it was a total loss, together with a valuable piano and a large amount of furniture and carpets. The whole house had just been newly carpeted and great preparations had been made to provide for this season's guests.

Down in Cabarrus county, right in the village of Concord, last Sunday a "mob" would have lynched a negro on mere suspicion of crime if they could have caught him. Yet the courts of Cabarrus were elected on the white supremacy issue.—Asheville Gazette. The negro organ in its blind partisanship refused to tell all the facts in this case. The negro was tried Saturday afternoon and sufficient evidence was found against him to justify his being held upon a charge of rape of a white woman. He was put in jail, but as there was some talk of violence the sheriff (we venture he was a democrat) sent a deputy to the woods with the negro for safe keeping. The deputy hearing some one coming, and not knowing who it was, tied his negro prisoner to a tree and went to meet the party. When he returned the negro had made good his escape. The sheriff thus protected the life of his prisoner by taking extraordinary precautions. The Gazette is not willing to do justice to a white man in its zeal for the negro.—Asheville Citizen.

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Mathematics, Natural Science.

BURTON CRAIG, A. B., (University North Carolina).

English, Mathematics.

J. M. OLDHAM, A. M., University North Carolina.

Greek, History, Latin.

T. H. FOWLER, A. M., Washington College, Johns Hopkins.

Greek, German, French.

Miss NINA HORNER, Pupil of Warren A. Locke, Harvard Univ.

Piano, Organ.

S. D. BOOTH, M. D., S. H. CANNADY, M. D.

Surgeons.

Miss JENNIE FAULCON,

Matron.

Our faculty was eminently successful the past year. The new teacher, Mr. Fowler, is scholarly and has had ample experience.

Mr. T. Howard Fowler was graduated in 1897 by Washington College, ranking at the head of his class. His studies in college comprised four years of Greek, five years of Latin, three years each of German and French, and the other studies of a regular college curriculum, in addition to summer courses in German and French. He is now employed by the college as an instructor in the Preparatory department, and is pursuing, under my instruction, a post graduate course in German and French, including Gothic, Old High German and French literature, modern German historical grammar and philology and Teachers' courses in German and French. During this present year he has taught, averaging twice a week, classes in beginning and advanced German and French under my direction, and his work has been in every respect excellent. He is an earnest, able, energetic teacher. His pronunciation of both German and French is accurate, and he speaks these languages entirely in the class room. He is thoroughly qualified to teach any of the branches studied by him here, and I especially recommend him as a teacher of German and French.

C. T. STEWART,

Prof. of Modern Languages, Washington College.

Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, April 3rd, 1899.

Mr. T. H. Fowler, who holds a scholarship in the department of German in this University, is desirous of securing a situation for teaching German, Philology and Literature, and the German language. The distinction Mr. Fowler has already won in this institution was gained by his exceptional ability, careful preliminary training before coming here, and marked ability and industry in the prosecution of graduate studies in this University. Mr. Fowler is entirely capable of undertaking college work in German with every prospect of gratifying success. His work in my German Seminary has proved his ability as teacher, and I feel certain that this ability can be put to successful practice. Mr. Fowler's character is excellent, and his manner is pleasing and engaging.

HENRY WOOD,

Prof. of German, Johns Hopkins University.

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