The State Chronicle.

Vol. I.—No. 11. RALEIGH, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883. Price 5 Cents.

"IN BIG DOSES."

NEW ENGLAND WILL COME TO OUR STATE EXPOSITION,

And Send Exhibits to Raleigh Next Year--"Let the Good Work Go On," Our Yankee Friends Favor It.

THE CHRONICLE cannot republish the following article from the editorial columns of *The Commercial Bulletin*, of Boston, without a word of explanation. First of all, of course, it does not presume to claim so great an honor, but it does not propose to allow anybody to outdo it in zeal for this enterprise so long as it shall be properly managed. Humbly to forward it it will be content, if only the Exposition is made what it ought to be. In the second place it is proper to explain the importance of such an utterance from such a source. *The Commercial Bulletin* did more than any other journal in New [illegible] *Chronicle.* further the purpose of our exhibit in Boston; it entertained with lavish hospitality the editors of the State when they went there; it calls attention every week to the industrial enterprises and opportunities of the Southern States; and, being the great industrial gospel of New England--old, rich and powerful—it deserves our gratitude for the incalculable benefits it has been and will be to our State. What it so kindly says about the State Exhibition to be held here next year is read with authority throughout New England. At that end of the line the fire is already kindled. Let us be sure that it burns brightly here. When the *Bulletin* says that New England will send exhibits, and send visitors, it means what it says; for, as THE CHRONICLE happens to know, the *Bulletin* caused exhibits to be sent to Atlanta and to Louisville; and it is not a journal to speak recklessly, or to make promises which may not be trusted.

Thus we have evidence even so soon as this that the time is ripe for this project, and it cannot fail, and thanks are due to the people and to "the peculiar felicity of the times."

The *Bulletin* of the 17th contains the following editorial:

THE EXPOSITION EPIDEMIC.

"It is a good thing to catch. This has been proved since 1876. Atlanta proved it; Louisville proved it; Chicago proved it; Cincinnati proved it; Denver proved it; Boston has proved it over and over again, and now comes North Carolin, the first of all the Southern States to formulate a plan for a State Exhibition on a grand scale. Raleigh's business men met the other night and pledged themselves to it. From all parts of the State come like pledges. Governor Jarvis is enthusiastic.

"This movement, albeit so spontaneous, is a great triumph for Raleigh's new newspaper, THE STATE CHRONICLE. It is to it the honor of suggesting it is due, although with characteristic modesty the paper says it is "an honor that belongs to the people and to the peculiar felicity of the times."

"The exposition will be held, and it will be a great success. New England will be there in large doses; she will send exhibits; she will send visitors. It was not in vain that North Carolina came to Boston this fall. One end of the commercial and social cord, which is to bind these two sections together, as of old, was fastened this fall. The other end will be fastened next fall.

"Great things are in store for North Carolina. She is possessed of very varied and boundless natural resources; of a charming but conservative people. The present generation is working harder and living on less than any people in the United States. They are close traders and frugal livers. A complete revolution has been worked by necessity that will carry the next generation far on the high road to independence and wealth. The idea that a Northern man can go South and do things for less, and live on what is wasted by these people, is pure buncombe.

"Nevertheless, there are great opportunities for Northern men in this Southern State. The Exposition here showed it; the Exposition there will show it still further. We approve of expositions; but we don't pretend to run them; yet we cannot forbear suggesting to the men who will conduct this one, that they see to it that Col. Benjamin S. Pardee, the gallant Connecticut Colonel, who has done more for North Carolina in New England than she can never know—that this man's wise counsel is sought, especially in their dealings with the North and with New England.

"The Tar-Heel and the Yankee are of one blood; the thing that separates them is a thing of the past. Henceforth the old blood will remingle, and there is but one destiny.

"Let the good work go on."

JOHN BULL'S RETREAT.

Preparations for the Grand Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Event.

Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.

NEW YORK, November 21.—You may bet your life that New York will have a grand time of it next Monday. On the 25th of November, 1783, the British forces evacuated New York, and on the 25th of November, 1883, New York is preparing to have what will be perhaps the greatest holiday in the history of the city. Business will be suspended. There will be a very long and very grand parade from Central Park to the Battery. The city has appropriated $20,000, private persons have subscribed about $15,000, and many organizations, such as the Historical Society, the military companies and the like have made extensive preparations. One hundred thousand dollars will not more than foot the bills when the day is done.

One of the peculiar and noteworthy features of the day will be a grand steamboat parade in the harbor. Five hundred steamships, gaudily and patriotically arrayed, will move in procession around the island, under the command of an improvised commodore, and the gunboats of the North Atlantic squadron will take an appropriate part in the procession.

Speeches will be made at dozens of places, the Governors of many States and other great dignitaries will be here, Ward's statue of Washington will be unveiled on the steps of the Sub-Treasury, by Governor Cleveland.

So far as I am informed this is one of the last of the long series of centennials. Surely, it ought to be the last, for we must all now be fully aware of the fact that we are one hundred years old; and it will be the greatest—surely the biggest—of the many. S. T.

THE EVE OF CONGRESS.

Gossip from Washington about the Contests for the Speakership and other Places.

Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The meeting of Congress within a short time has set everybody to speculating as to who are to be elected to fill the offices of the House of Representatives. Not only the Speakership and the clerkship are discussed; but there are not a few also who think, with Solomon, that "it is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness"—those wicked tents being in this case on the outside. "Door-keeper" is not a high sounding title and the men who seek it are not in search of worldly honors. But the Door-keeper of the House in this progressive age, has a greater patronage than did any two Cabinet officers in the better days of the Republic. He appoints not less than one hundred and [illegible] part, a new barn put up, and he now is making arrangements to build a new store on the site of the old one. He is one of our most enter- [illegible] and intends to keep in the [illegible] progress. [illegible] gress—except for those [illegible] who are required to remain [illegible] pose of folding and mailing documents to the order of Congressmen.

The prominent candidates for the Speakership are here and have established their "headquarters" at the hotels. It is a fact discreditable to this enlightened age, that even the best men cannot be chosen to office unless they will put aside modesty and seek it. But "you may bet your bottom dollar" that old Nathaniel Macon did not open headquarters at the hotels or elsewhere when he was elected Speaker. Such, however, is the custom now-a-days, and men must be judged by the prevailing custom of the time.

Can any fellow find out why an Internal Revenue Collector should travel *in cog.* or under an *alias?* A recent instance of this kind has been brought to my attention. A person has been recognized here as the collector of an upper district in North Carolina—and not of the district furthest West, who was seen to record his name on the National Hotel register as "J. E. Smith, Danville." What has he done that he travels under an *alias?*

And this reminds me of a little story of the late John P. Hale, the witty Republican Senator from New Hampshire. Some parties in Oregon, about twenty-five years ago, got up a bogus war with the Indians, and at its close came to Congress with a claim to indemnify the State in the sum of $400,000 for expenses incurred. The claim was presented and urged in the Senate by Mr. Delazon Smith, the Senator from that State, who, from the versatility of his talents as a preacher, a vender of razor straps or something of that sort, and as a politician, had acquired the paraphrased nickname of "Delusion" Smith. Mr. Hale denounced and opposed the claim, and read from the letter of a gentleman in Oregon who charged that it was fraudulent. Mr. Smith demanded the name of the author, whom he branded as a calumniator. Mr. Hale replied that he knew the author of the letter, but that it was no matter about the name, "Smith," he said, would do as well as any. Mr. Smith replied, "Oh, Smith is no name." Mr. Hale: "Mr. President, have I been laboring under a Delusion all my life?"

BLADEN COUNTY.

A Ride Through a Section of Old Carolina Which recent Years have Changed Very Little.

Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.

WILLIS CREEK, BLADEN COUNTY, Nov. 20th.—It was my good fortune recently to enjoy a pleasant ride from the Cumberland line to Elizabethtown, the county seat of Bladen, one of the oldest in the State, and situated on the murky Cape Fear, nearly midway between Fayetteville and Wilmington. It has a history of some interest. The Tory Hole is still there, and larger considerably than when Cols Brown and Robeson drove the Tories into it. Recent rains have so washed it that in order to maintain the street on which it is situated, the road master has been obliged to log up one side with abuttments. While the Carolina Central drew off and cut off the trade of the place, the merchants there are enterprising and successful. Mr. J. McK Mulford is the A. T. Stewart of the place, and does a lively business. The court house is a solid edifice of brick and has been recently painted and otherwise improved. The jail, built just at the close of the war, is a wooden structure, and not very attractive, but when built was "the best our poor country could do."

The road to Elizabethtown from Fayetteville hugs the river close, after you get into Bladen, and has many large plantations and residences along it. For the first few miles the country is poor and sandy, possessing many streams offering their power to the manufacturer. Then comes the Prospect Hall plantation, owned and cultivated by Mr. Nash Whitted, and extending two miles down the river. You will soon strike, after leaving this, the Robeson neighborhood, which reaches to "Pendie's," the home of J. Westly Pendie, well known for his sterling worth and patriotism. Col. Thomas Pendie who fell at Chancelorsville at the head of the 18th Regiment was his brother.

Next comes that enterprising young business man, C. W. Lyon, Esq, whose tact and industry has made you almost believe you had reached a town, as he has built a fine store, dwelling, &c Just below him is Owen Hill, where resides Mrs. Ellen Guion, the widow of the late Haywood W. Guion, and daughter of Governor Owen. This place was once the home of Governor Owen, and while the old residence was destroyed a few years ago by fire, a new and cosy one has taken its place. 'Twas here that Mr. Guion wrote that wonderful book "The Comet." The avenue leading to the road impresses one with the idea that the home of some distinguished person was at the other end.

Pursuing the journey you soon reach the fertile lands of Baker's creek, held for generations by the Cromarties, Whites and Gillespies. After passing Squire Tom Norment, the "old bacheor" whose bacon hams are famous, you strike the home of Hon. T. D. McDowell, the most prominent man perhaps in the county, but who of recent days prefers the quiet and sweets of home, and continues to decline preferment. Joining him, and next to Elizabethtown, is the home of his brother Col. Jno. McDowell, who was Major of the First Regiment when Matt Ransom was Lieutenant-Colonel, and the good feeling of those days is there yet, as the Colonel is a Ransom man first and last. Though disabled by wounds in the lost cause, sunrise will find him on his horse, here and there directing his farm and turpentine operations, which have made him, perhaps, our wealthiest citizen.

Well, Mr. Editor, I've got you to Elizabethtown and I don't know how to get you away. After twenty-two miles ride to the place, and talking and shaking hands with friends our journey is reversed. The miles seem longer, the sand deeper, shadows lengthen, and ten o'clock brings us "hame, where sits our sullen, sulky, dame" &c.

CUPID.

THE MODERN HOTEL

AND THE IMPORTANT PART IT PLAYS IN BUILDING CITIES,

As Shown by the Experience of Atlanta--Mr. Kimball's Pluck in Rebuilding the House that Bore His Name.

Special Correspondence of The Chronicle.

ATLANTA, GA., November 20.—As a piece of enterprise of the proper kind to build up the South, or to build up any other country for that matter, your readers, I know, will be interested in a short account of Mr. Kimball's energy; and this, I believe, has not been generally published in your State.

Soon after peace was declared, eighteen years ago, Mr. H. I. Kimball, the most energetic Yankee that ever came South, built the commodious hotel here which bore [illegible] countrymen as desirous of com- [illegible] here for homes.—*Asheville Citizen.*

—"The gambling at our late fair, "says the Tarboro *Southerner*, "has been severely condemned by a number of our exchanges. The authorities are urged to stop it next [illegible]

poverished South, would be very slow. The great hotel would be only a loss for an indefinite time, perhaps always, and would stand as a monument of the too great ambition of its projector.

But Mr. Kimball did not listen to these discouragements. His notion was that a large and magnificently appointed hotel would make the town, or do very much towards building it rapidly. He was right, and years ago thoughtful men acknowledged that the Kimball House had been one of the most important stimulants to the city. The precise help that a hotel is to a town in this age of universal travel is hard to define. But the situation here was somewhat of this nature: There was a large and continually increasing number of travellers, especially commercial travellers, who came into Georgia. Naturally they would go more readily to the place where they could find comfortable accommodations. Besides these, there were, of course, many other travellers—our own people, and persons who came from the North—the travelling world, in fact, and in these days all the world travels. There was no really commodious or comfortable hotel in all Northern Georgia.

When the Kimball House was built and properly opened, therefore, it at once became a resting place for the wayfaring, and an objective point of every traveller in all this region. More than that, whenever the people (our own people or visitors) were discussing the propriety of holding meetings small or large, (conventions, religious assemblies, business meetings—any kind of gathering) Atlanta was always chosen in preference to other towns in this section because it had so much better hotel accommodations. In this way, the Kimball House turned the tide towards this city, and there is no way to calculate the result. It is hardly a rash assertion to say that the fact that the Kimball House was here caused Atlanta to be made the capital of the State.

The old notion of a hotel—a notion simply of a place where travellers stop and nothing more—has necessarily yielded to the notion of a much bigger thing. As railroad travel has increased, the influence and importance of the hotel has increased, and now, you will observe, that hardly a town in these days of commercial progress is notably prosperous that has not great hotels; and wherever there are large and well-kept hotels, in spite of hindrances, towns go ahead.

Our people understand this, and when the Kimball House was destroyed by fire, we missed it more than we should have missed any other dozen houses in Atlanta. Merchants were at a loss where to go to meet their friends; politicians had no place to go where they were sure to meet their comrades and fellow-gossips; the social life of the town was checked because there was no other ball-room so convenient; excursions, business meetings—everything—were to a certain extent embarrassed; and the town has suffered a good deal.

The Kimball House a good many years ago passed out of Mr. Kimball's hands, but it still bore his name, and he was very proud of it. As soon as it was burnt, he came from Pullman, where he was manager of the celebrated town of the Pullman Company, and determined to rebuild it. He knew, though he never says it, that the hotel he built played an important part in the building up of Atlanta, and he had the same pride in it that a great author has in his works. He at once went to work. He raised money. He verily stood on the ashes of the ruins and declared that it must rise again.

Well, it is again going up. His courage and perseverance tell much of the story of Atlanta's growth, and afford an excellent lesson for other towns and other men.

In a private letter to THE CHRONICLE, received one day later than the preceding letter from its special correspondent, Mr. Kimball says:

"The charms of Pullman ceased to be charms for me immediately upon my hearing that the devouring elements had destroyed and wiped out of existence my early love, the "H. I. Kimball House." I returned here at once. I have secured the capital and commenced the work of rebuilding."

It is time for a Change.

From the Shelby Aurora.

We sleep in Northern beds and on spring mattresses, adorned with Yankee furniture, and our eyes open upon Yankee bureaus. We eat out of Yankee plates with Yankee knives and forks. * * * We are placed in Northern or Western coffins and deposited in a grave dug with an Ames shovel and spade. We make for sale only cotton with which we expect to pay for the thousand and one things we buy from the West and North. We have our smoke houses and corn cribs in the West, and buy our flour from other sections because we raise cotton and nothing but cotton to sell. The negroes are free yet we are slaves to King Cotton. To-day we see in our stores Northern apples, although we live near Buncombe county. To-day our merchants sell cabbages from Baltimore as cheap as our culture. To-day we use oleomargarine and Goshen butter, although we have fine grazing lands well adapted for the dairy and cattle raising. At the Shelby depot 200 huge walnut logs are awaiting transportation North, because we have not the pluck and push and machinery to make and sell walnut furniture. When we build railroads we send North for iron and engines, while we furnish the money and curse the Yankees, whose pluck and energy we so much need. Whetstone Mountains divide Cleveland from Gaston Co., yet we enterprising (?) Tarheels send to Connecticut for whetstones. In Western N. C. the projected railroad will run over a road bed two miles of beautiful variegated marble in Cherokee County yet our tombstones and monuments are imported from Vermont.

IMMIGRATION.

The Experience of a Successful Organization from which we may get good Hints.

Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Nov. 20.—The method of inducing immigrants to come here and of building up the Northwest, of which you inquire, is simply told:

The railroad companies have always, of course, been active and efficient agents in immigration work here as elsewhere. But we found ourselves here in Northwest Missouri in a somewhat peculiar and somewhat unfortunate situation. In Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, which are all our near neighbors, there was a certain quantity of government land and railroad land which settlers could get possession of for nothing or for almost nothing. On the other hand, Missouri, being an old settled State, in many respects not very different from the Southeastern States, was shunned by immigrants because all the land had private owners, and a stranger had to incur great expense in securing a home. We had pain, therefore, to see the very class of [illegible] Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska.

A company of energetic men several years ago organized an immigration society here. It was and is purely a private enterprise, and as a private enterprise differs from the State Immigration Society to which the Legislature makes an appropriation and which does its work as a part of the State Government. This private enterprise had no other purpose than the advertisement of the opportunities of this section for industrious immigrants. The prominent owners of property and the leading merchants in St. Joseph and in six or eight of the adjoining counties became members of the Society and effected an organization. They assessed themselves so much per annum and elected a Secretary to do the business of the Society and to open an office.

The Secretary collected the assessments, and one of the first things he did with the money was, under the direction of the Executive Committee of the Society, to have a neat "Hand-Book of Northwest Missouri" written. Well informed men in every adjacent county wrote short sketches of the agricultural and industrial condition of the counties. They told what the land would produce, what kind of enterprises would probably pay; they told the prices of land, the condition of the people, school and church facilities and the like; in a word they gave just such information as prospectors desire. The pamphlet was neatly printed and contained illustrations. The Secretary sent these pamphlets to the great centres of emigration and placed them in the hands of men everywhere where he thought they might do good. He inserted advertisements of the opportunities which this particular section affords in several hundred county newspapers in New England, in New York and Ohio. The result was that very soon he had a very large correspondence to attend to, and many visitors came to see him.

All visitors are cordially received and they are sent to men in any particular section that they wish to investigate, who can and will give them the information they seek. Several thousand families (and the most of them of the most desirable class of settlers that a country can have) besides many hundreds of thousands of dollars have come into this section within the last six years as a direct result of the work of this Society.

The Society has no other basis than the basis of public spirit. The men who have given the money to have the work pushed get no direct return for it, indeed there is no hope of a direct return. But there are indirect returns sufficient and more than sufficient to pay for all the trouble and the expense of the Society. Real estate in almost every section of this corner of the State has become much more valuable, and every new dollar invested here makes all the other dollars more brisk.

The plan has worked admirably.

TO BUILD UP THE COUNTRY.

This is the Way to Get the Full Benefit of the Advertising we Have Done in Boston.

Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.

CARY, N. C., November 20.—Last night at a meeting of most of the citizens of Cary, in the chapel of the Academy, "The Cary Improvement Association" was organized. The purpose of the Association is to advertise the opportunities that Cary affords for the establishment of various manufacturing enterprises. The village has a peculiarly happy situation for such work. On two railroads, with as good shipping facilities as any town in the State, within easy reach of the best timber-forests, the tobacco belt and the cotton growing counties, it is peculiarly well located to become a manufacturing place of some importance. It is a place of desirable residence, peculiarly healthful, and lacking only in water-power; but its facilities for transportation more than compensate for that.

The Cary Improvement Association has for its purpose the advertising of these advantages with the view to attract capital and skilled workmen. The purpose of the Association is to advertise the town. It will publish a detailed statement of the opportunities of the place, and the Association will entertain all visitors that may come on prospecting trips. It will invite men of capital from the North or from other parts of this State to accept their hospitality, and to consider the outlook for various manufacturing enterprises.

Capt. H. P. Guess was elected President, and Mr. A. D. Jones Secretary, and very nearly all the men of property and of enterprise are members, and are enthusiastic. They will make an organized and systematic effort to advertise the village and its opportunities in the Northern States.

While this is a perfectly natural move, and surely a proper one, it is believed to be the first organization of the kind yet effected in the State. It is too soon to speculate about the result, but this is undeniably the proper way to take advantage of the "boom" which the State now has the happiness to enjoy. The Association begs leave to ask THE CHRONICLE to invite attention to its purpose.

Reveries of a Mule.

From the Wilson Mirror.

I am a born orphan. No maternal mule watched over the tender period of my coltacy and rejoiced at the reproduction of the parental form and image. My long-eared sire "with mien and aspect grave" left me nothing but a legacy of heel taps. This collar skins my shoulder.

The way they do in Edgecombe.

From the Tarborough Southerner.

Prescriptions by physicians for whiskey should be carried to Dawson & Bros., and be filled with Olivette Old Rye. No better found.

WILMINGTON.

NORTH CAROLINA'S PRINCIPAL PORT OF ENTRY.

Her Onward Tendency--Her Croakers her Greatest Curse--The Foreign Shipping Trade and Important Manufactures.

Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.

WILMINGTON, Nov. 21.—From every geographical text-book used in North Carolina, the pupil learns that Wilmington is the largest city in the State. Notwithstanding this pre-eminence given to it, it is a place which is almost a *terra incognita* to the majority of the people in North Carolina. The cause assigned for this seemingly inexcusable ignorance, is that the place doesn't advertise itself enough. Winston, Durham, Goldsboro, Greensboro, Charlotte and Asheville have men among their population who possess sufficient public spirit and push to attract or to command the attention of the State at large. Wilmington apparently, to a certain extent, lacks this. To add weight to this burden she has the, cockle, in which [illegible] ton will step quickly to the front and take the place that every true-hearted North Carolinian so earnestly longs for her to take. As the years advance, the ranks of the aged and discouraging fault-finders are rapidly being thinned out, and in consequence their influence is being felt less than formerly.

But there is an undoubted feeling in this city no longer to occupy a back seat in the State's estimation but to be up and doing, and to become a great city in fact. A year has witnessed a considerable change in Wilmington's condition, and to-day there may be detected something bordering on the outskirts of an actual "boom," strange and unfamiliar as such a word or thing is to the honorable old city.

Hon. E. D. Hall, the present Mayor, in a highly enjoyable interview, assured me that Wilmington is just now entering upon a period of prosperity unequaled by any other Southern city. Said he, "The place now contains 4,300 houses and a population of over 20,000." The sanitary condition of the city was never better, and will compare very favorably with any other city in the country. There was not a single interment in Oakdale Cemetery during three months of this year. Situated within eight miles of Wrightsville Beach, wherefrom is one of the finest turnpikes in the South, and Smithville, Oaks Island and Bald Head Beaches 30 miles distant by the river, it is yearly becoming of greater importance as a summer resort. One thing is sadly needed here, and that is a hotel building commensurate with the size of the place.

I notice a good deal of building going on, among which is a large carriage manufactory. The authorities are commencing some very important city improvements, for instance the laying of the streets with Belgium pavement. The water works are now in excellent working order, and the mains and pipes are almost daily extended. This has frequently been of great value to the community for sanitary purposes and its convenience in extinguishing fire.

Wilmington is the largest port of entry in North Carolina, and of course does the largest foreign and coastwise trade. Water over the bar at Smithville has been increased from twelve to seventeen feet, being deep enough for the largest ships. The harbor is claimed to surpass those of Charleston, Savannah, and Galveston. New Orleans is the only port South of us that is better. The Government has spent one and a half million dollars in improving the navigation of the Cape Fear River and there is but little now to be done to give the water the depth it had before the new inlet was formed by the storm of 1769.

During the past sixty days three large steamships have cleared from this port for Liverpool, with an aggregate cargo of 13,255 bales of cotton valued at over half a million dollars. The foreign trade of Wilmington is increasing rapidly, and the cotton compresses, three in number, are kept busy preparing for shipment cargoes of cotton for numerous sailing vessels and steamships. Twenty-seven vessels have been known to be at the Wilmington Compress Company's wharfs at one time, ten of which were to go to Great Britain and seventeen to the Continent of Europe. The coastwise trade in lumber, cotton, naval stores and sundries is assuming immense proportions and the vessels all leave port weighed down deep into the water with heavy cargoes.

Wilmington has long been known as the largest naval stores market in the world, although Savannah last year disputed this claim and had to be convinced by stern figures that it was wrong. Upon investigation it was found that the excess in favor of Wilmington in stocks in hand, receipts and in exports over those of Savannah summed up a tremendous amount.

Wilmington ought to be a great manufacturing place, and a tendency in that direction seems to be making. The cotton factory here is running on full time, and is one of the very few print factories in the South. The Navassa Guano Company and the Acme Manufacturing Company are large concerns. The Wilmington Iron and Copper Works, the Cape Fear Tobacco Works, the Champion City Cigar Factory, the Cape Fear Flour and Pearl Hominy Mills, the Carolina Rice Mills are large industrial establishments, worthy a visit from every North Carolinian who comes to Wilmington. There are numerous other smaller manufacturing concerns, besides seven large saw mills, which do an immense business with the ports of the West Indies and South America. The tobacco factory is doing a good business. The climate hereabouts seems to be peculiarly adapted to the curing of tobacco, and it became evident long since that this soil will produce the finest quality of leaf. The fisheries are a source of much wealth to Wilmington, and are becoming more valuable and numerous every season. Messrs. W. E. Davis & Son deserve considerable credit for their enterprise in giving an impetus to this profitable industry.

Wilmington's communication with the cotton and naval stores belt cannot well be bettered, but it will be even more important when the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Road will place Wilmington in more direct connection with the great West. Col. Hall told me that the people of Wilmington would subscribe $400,000 to build the road from Fayetteville to this city. A railroad tapping the rich Onslow section is greatly needed, and Col. Bridgers, President of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and Col. Hall, are going soon on a tour of inspection, looking to the building of the much-talked-of road from Wilmington to Sneed's Ferry, in Onslow county.

When Wilmington had between five and six thousand inhabitants, and taxable real estate to the amount of $125,000, she subscribed generously for the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, and other internal improvements. That investment has had much to do with making Wilmington a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with taxable property of $7,000,000. If she could do so well then, could she not do far better do-day, when her taxable property is so much greater?

The finances of this city are in a good condition. She is carrying her debt and paying her interest promptly, and her bonds are above par. The rates of taxation are said to be less than those of any other city on the South Atlantic coast.

One of the most pleasant reminders of the new order of things in this very old place are the marked improvements recently made in the Reading Rooms of the Wilmington Library Association, presided over by Miss Lula Parsley, whose taste is observable on every hand. Here is a quiet resort for the tired business man or the lazy lounger, and a standing invitation is held out to strangers in the city to partake of its literary hospitalities. In connection with the Association a Literary Society is conducted, which is productive of some very pleasant entertainments, and much instructive information to both listener and participant.

It is impossible to express within the brief scope of a news letter the many indications of a new-born push and zeal that fill my by the sea; [illegible] suffice it to say, they are here to remain, and grow and reap their harvest of beneficial results, and may that harvest be not long coming!

E. A. O.

A DEAL OF GOSSIP

That Comes to "The Chronicle" about People and Things from all Parts of the State.

Talk has been heard of the possibility of one of the popular landlords of Greensboro coming to Raleigh.

Col. I. J. Young shrugs his shoulders in the presence of "the boys" and says, "I am the g-r-e-a-t Civil Service Reformer."

The necessity of another hotel in Raleigh causes so very much comment by all classes of people that somebody ought to "shut up" or to put up the money for it.

The three men you are surest to see any day you choose to get on the North Carolina train west of Raleigh, are Col. Thos. M. Holt, Mr. Julian S. Carr and Mr. P. A. Wiley, of Durham.

One pleasant feature of the State Exposition next year will be the visits of a large number of emigrants from North Carolina to their old homes. An unprecedented number has been here this year.

It was agreed by a company of gentlemen at the Yarborough House this week that Senator Vance looks ten years older than he did two years ago—a judgment that THE CHRONICLE begs leave to dissent from.

Praise of Governor Jarvis as a speech-maker is on everybody's lips. When he went to Boston he began a career as an orator that he has kept up ever since. The colleges will take the hint next summer perhaps.

Surely, whatever we need, we suffer no lack of political orators. Call the roll of the distinguished men from all parts of the State who went to speak for Mr. Tom Skinner. What an oratical time we shall have of it next year!

John Leary, the President of the N. C. Industrial Association (colored) is the son of an "old issue" free negro and was taught the alphabet by a lady in Fayetteville (who is still living?). Leary has never forgotten her but remembers her with gratitude.

If the stories of false alarms about burglars which have been given in the State since the burglars disappeared and of the amusing attacks that have been made on cows and old spinning-wheels were collected, it would be a series of interesting and brave narratives.

A company of gentlemen in this city recently advised a traveller, who wished to see "everything worth seeing" in N. C., to visit the church-yard at Tarboro wherein Dr. Cheshire has for so many years spent his leisure time in making such a variety of successful experiments in tree culture.

One morning not long ago, while Judge Ashe was eating at a railroad hotel not a hundred miles from Greensboro, he saw a dish before him with six chicken legs and nothing else on it. "Captain," said the Judge, turning to the conductor, "how do you suppose they caught that chicken, it had so many legs?"

Two Sundays ago a smoking drummer found himself in town without cigars. He visited three drug stores trying to buy one, but was refused by every one of the religious druggists. He took the afternoon train for Greensboro and said as the train moved away: "For religion and bad whisky this is the boss town."

How very easy rough waters are to ride over after all! Not many months ago the telegraphers were our masters and nothing else was talked about as much as their strike, and to-day the change of time succeeds the weather in the casual conversation. Before a great while we will all speak of 17 o'clock as naturally as we now whistle through the telephone.

It is well to say a good word for General James Madison Leach in these days of his melancholy retirement. Be it said, then, that it was frequently remarked at Weldon that he resembles Senator Voorhees, though he is not as tall, nor as large and perhaps hardly as handsome—especially since the period of his political deformity.

An English resident of Wake county complains of the Southern lack of punctuality. He went to the Colored Fair to hear Senator Vance (whom he had never heard). Nobody could inform him at what time the Senator would speak, or whether he would speak at all. "The Queen herself," remarked the old gentleman with a certain loss of good humor, "is never ten seconds late to fill an appointment."

Stock farming in the West seems to have an exceedingly cheerful outlook. Much has been said even this far away from home about the recent cattle fair at Newton. Three prospecting gentlemen of New England, who gave THE CHRONICLE the pleasure of calling, are now in Buncombe, Burke and Catawba examining the opportunities for making investments in stock farming. If our mountain friends send butter to Texas, they ought to excel the Texan ranchmen in raising cattle.

Continue Urging. It Must be Done.

From the Rocky Mount Reporter.

The Supreme court being a court of appeals, needs more judges as well as the Superior court. The justices there are overworked. We dedicate these lines to the members of the press and to the people in general, in order that they may urge the next General Assembly to consider the wisdom of increasing the number of Supreme and Superior court judges.

Time on the Wheel.

P. N. Westervelt and O. N. and C. E. Whipple, members of the Springfield (Mass.) Bicycle Club, arrived at Boston on the 19th, having made 101 miles in 12½ hours, the fastest time on record.