

GIVE THE SENTINEL
JOB PRINTING ROOMS
A TRIAL.
ELEGANT WORK
At Moderate Prices.

The Weekly Sentinel.

TURN TO THIRD PAGE
AND READ
DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON,
Delivered in
ASHEVILLE, LAST SUNDAY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1859.

A NORTH CAROLINA FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH CAROLINA PEOPLE, IN THE STATE AND OUT.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE,
PER YEAR, \$1.50.

VOL. XXX. NO. 30.

WINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1886.

PRICE 5 CENTS

HISTORIC PLACES.

SOME HOMES AND HAUNTS OF FAMOUS CAROLINIANS.

Buncombe Hall—The Houses of the Armisteads and Pettigrews—Josiah Collins' Palatial Residence—Old Episcopal Churches—Capt. Teach's Buried Treasure—Some Recollections of the Late War—The Confederate Ram "Albemarle"—Roanoke Island—Sir Walter Raleigh's Colonial Settlement—The Birthplace of Virginia Dare—An Eastern Picture—Nag's Head.

Written Specially for The Sentinel by W. Cotten Downing.

Mackey's Ferry is in Washington county? Well, Washington county is so full of interest to the newspaper correspondent it is impossible to quit its hospitable shores without mention. Yes, here we have "Buncombe Hall," the residence of Col. Edward Buncombe of revolutionary fame; the homes of the Armisteads and the Pettigrews; the residence of the late Hon. Josiah Collins on Lake Phelps—in ante-bellum days one of the finest in South; very old Episcopal Churches; creeks along whose shores old-time yarn-spinners tell us the famous pirate Capt. Teach buried numberless pots of his stolen treasures; and endless other items we refrain mentioning.

We now reach Plymouth and are reminded of the civil war, for here battles were fought and hundreds of brave men perished. As I ride into the town I can but think of the past. On the upper end Col. Mercer was killed and the gallant W. G. Lewis won his spurs; in the centre Hoke himself commanded and in person led his victorious army to the very walls of fort "Williams;" on the lower end the intrepid Matt. Ransom led the attack and captured the enemy's work amid a perfect hurricane of shot and shell. I was a mere boy when all this happened, but well I remember it. I went over the battle-field immediately after the surrender of the town. The awful spectacle indelibly impressed itself upon my mind. Death and destruction had held high carnival! Dead men and horses were lying everywhere; the ground and breast-works seamed and torn where the murderous ball and bombshell had ploughed and exploded; but as it is not my intention to describe a battle will go on to the river and embark. Down the beautiful Roanoke we gently glide for seven or eight miles and Albemarle Sound is reached. What a lovely sheet of water! How it reminds me of the opening lines of "The Fire Worshippers":

"This moonlight over Oman's sea;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beautifully,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles."

Leaving historic ground we are on no less historic water. Out here took place one of the few naval engagements of the war: the fight between the Confederate Ram "Albemarle" and six big, "double-ended" Yankee gun-boats. I had the good fortune to witness this also, and must say it was one of the grandest sights I ever beheld. How gallantly our little craft repelled them! And oh! how fearful I was that the enemy would be victorious. The fight reminded me of six Goliaths encountering one David. Will not attempt a description. On down the lovely sound we go, passing towns and fisheries until we come to Roanoke Island. Oh! now here we can go back into the mighty past indeed. Here for untold centuries the Indians held sway, bathed in the surf, fished and hunted, loved and married, lived and died. Here Sir Walter Raleigh landed and planted a colony, which in turn was planted by the redskins, near here Virginia Dare was born, here Col. D. M. Shaw was killed by the Yankees and just across is "Nag's Head"—the famous summer resort where the mighty fingers of the Atlantic are ever playing upon Carolina's grand, golden key-board, while every note can be heard from the soft and gentle murmur of the evening zephyr to the hoarse wild shriek of the storm. Out, out as far as the eye can reach rolls and surges this mighty volume of undying music—this awful bass in "nature's anthem." Standing here upon the ebbing strand of old ocean with every wave tinged with gold and every ripple reflecting liquid fire, listening to the solemn cadence of its perpetual roar, hearing the sea-birds scream with savage wildness as they dip their dripping pinions in the briny spray, methinks Bob Ingersoll even would acknowledge there was a God.

Oh! ye noble, chivalrous sons and fair, lovely daughters of the west! Ye who dwell where fountains are ever springing and purring brooks are ever dancing; where rhododendrons bloom and lofty mountain peaks are ever fanned by the purest breeze of heaven; where the violets grow and the mocking birds are singing their sweet songs in "the land of the sky." We ask you to visit our

beautiful east and gaze upon the lovely expanse of flood and field. View the Albemarle and the Pamlico, the Roanoke and the Chowan! See our plantations blooming with the silken cotton, the oat and wheat fields ready for the harvest, the miles of growing corn nodding to the gentle South wind while the yellow tassels shine like a sea of burnished spears in the sunlight. Oh! this is indeed the home of the sunflower, the rose and the honeysuckle. Come to "Nag's Head."

Now, the East, with a beautiful poesy of our rarest flowers in one hand and with the other open and extended to her friends in the West will ever give them hearty welcome.

Mackey's Ferry, July 26th.

NICHOLAS L. WILLIAMS.

A Merited Tribute to His Memory by a Former North Carolinian.

For The Sentinel.

Mr. Nicholas L. Williams, of Panther Creek, Yadkin county, N. C., departed this life July 3d, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Coeval with the century in his more than four score years, he had witnessed some of the most important events in human history. The companions and associates of his early and of his mature manhood have long since passed away. They were the men who did much to shape the material and political history of North Carolina. Among these were such men as the Manlys, (the Governor and the Judge,) the Moreheads, (J. M., and J. T.) Swain, Mangum, Badger, Battle, E. J. Hale, Graham and others.

Deeply interested in the welfare of the State; decided in his political opinions and ever ready to aid in the advancement and success of what he considered sound political opinions, he was not an aspirant for political office. His taste and his elegant home developed and strengthened his love for the quiet and ease of domestic life. His patriotism was neither caused nor measured by any desire for political office. In ante-bellum days he for years served his community as a magistrate when the functions of the office consisted in a gratuitous dispensing of justice and knowledge of the law to his neighbors. During the administration of Governor Manly the Legislature elected him as one of the Governor's Council, and he was again chosen for the same position in the Council of Governor Vance during the war. We are under the impression that for many years he was one of the Trustees of the State University, in which he always felt and manifested very great interest. For years he attended its commencements regularly making the long journey in his sulkey, before the coming of railroads rendered the journey both short and easy.

He inherited an ample estate, and engaged in youth the best advantages of the times, for intellectual and social culture. In early manhood he married a lady of great refinement and earnest piety, who after a married life of nearly sixty years, preceded him to the grave two years ago.

Panther Creek, so many years their home, was what their ample means and refined taste could make it, and for more than half a century was known in all sections of the State, and beyond the State lines, as a synonyme for all that is elegant and hearty in genuine hospitality. Happy were they, whether high or low, rich or poor who found themselves guests at Panther Creek.

Men eminent as statesmen, jurists, or divines, counted themselves fortunate when they could visit Panther Creek. Mr. Williams seemed never so pleased as when contributing to the pleasure or comfort of others. In his benefactions he seemed to ignore all calculation of cost. I have never known one who so largely and so long contributed to the pleasure and comfort of others. Benevolence was one of his most strongly marked characteristics. Among the many and dear friends I found during the nearly thirty years of my life in North Carolina, there was none to whom I am under greater obligations than to Mr. N. L. Williams. I find would lay a flower on the grave of my departed friend. Would that I had language commensurate with my regards and my esteem, then I might hope to pay a tribute worthy of his memory. RICH'D. H. GRIFFITH.

Greenville, S. C.

"The Circulating Library."
From the Wilmington Star.

There is not a bigger humbug than the so-called circulating library. For \$15 or \$20 a community can buy all the books that they will be charged \$100 or \$200 for by an agent. Mark that and do not be swindled.

Winston Has One, Also.
From the Weldon News.

There are now Chinese laundries at Charlotte, Asheville and Wilmington.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

PROCEEDINGS IN BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

The Session on its Last Legs—Senator Vance's speech on the Oleomargarine Bill—What Congress has Done.

Special Correspondence of The Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—The last hours of a session betoken that Congress does not perform one-half of its duty. There may be a wise policy in short sessions, there may be wisdom in keeping the country quiet, but not from the standpoint of patriotism. It is the shrinking politician, the trembling, delinquent Congressman, who long to go home, while mountains of public measures and bills of private claims remain untouched. It is poli-

tics to say and do little, lest somebody say and do too much: No honest Congressman need fear to sit out the year and perform his duty. As it is, many important measures will be untouched when this session closes, such as bills on bankruptcy, polygamy, international copyright, finance, railroads, taxation, internal revenue and other live subjects.

It has been a case of "dog eat dog," from the beginning, from Senate to House. Not a great, all-healing measure has been adopted. Not a law has



REV. DEWITT TALMAGE, NOW AT ASHEVILLE.

THE SENATE.

passed bill providing a number of clerks, not exceeding 148, for the army. A bill was introduced to return tax on cotton collected, '65-'68, from people of certain States, to be used for educational purposes. Senator Blair asks that the surplus resolution be amended so as to reserve \$79,000,000 for the common schools. Senator Sherman was opposed to bringing the surplus down to \$100,000. Senator Vance delivered one of his most humorous and ironical speeches against taxing oleomargarine. Here is a sample of his irony:

"Protection's battle once begun
Bequeathed by howling sire to son,
Only could be fought and won
By taxing every son of a gun."

The bill was passed, fixing the tax at two cents, and went to conference. During the consideration of the sundry civil bill, an unmerciful economy was betrayed.

THE HOUSE.

passed resolution to adjourn Congress on Wednesday, the 28th inst. Also the Fortification Bill, appropriating \$620,000, and requiring, thanks to Mr. Randall, the patronage of American armorers. A report was submitted authorizing retaliatory steps in cases like that of Canada's seizures. The River and Harbor afforded another opportunity for false economists. On Thursday and Saturday, the bill for the increase of the navy was considered. The Inter-State Commerce bill was sparingly discussed. It was rumored that the Republicans were at the bottom of the resolution to adjourn prematurely, though Mr. Morrison was the author. Nobody could tell what Mr. Morrison was at the bottom of.

WHAT CONGRESS HAS DONE.

will be food for thought many months to come. Partisans are satisfied with the work. What prompts Congress to do anything is, of course, an exclusive desire to gratify partisans. Now, the Republican partisan believes he has vanquished the Democratic partisan, and vice versa. This belief, perhaps, would have existed, if Congress had sat still and folded its arms. So, as a matter of fact, what Congress has done, or has not done, is but a small ingredient of the political poison partisans compound. It is utterly useless, therefore, to study a session of Congress under the tuition of partisanship.

A PACK OF LIES.

is generally the summary of a session

IT HAS DONE NOTHING.

of Congress. A Republican must admit that his side has done many things it ought not to have done. Democrats do not escape. There have been some partisan scenes that no patriot would repeat and no father relate. Time has been sacrificed, not for the public weal, but for partisan and personal advantage. That either side gave way to the great questions of the hour, that Republicans extended the right hand of patriotism to Democrats, and vice versa that pure motives, statesmanship prevailed on either side—these, and much more, are a pack of lies.

INCIDENTS THAT COULD HAPPEN NOWHERE ELSE BUT IN TARHEELS—FISHING FOR RATS—AN OLD-FASHIONED TURTLE FIGHT—POSSUM WINE—THE RABBIT'S FOOT.

Our esteemed friend the Wilmington Star, as will be seen by reference to our State news column, believes that there is virtue in the left hindfoot of a graveyard rabbit. Well, maybe there be, but one of the compositors in this office, Mr. Fred St. E. Rolfe, don't think so. He traded for one last Sunday week in the hope of drawing fifteen thousand dollars in the Louisiana State Lottery by virtue thereof, and was in consequence very sanguine up till the arrival of the Star yesterday, when he found that his ticket was a water haul. He is our authority for saying that there is no virtue in the pedal appendage aforesaid.—Goldboro Argus.

A PARTY FROM BENNETTSVILLE.

A party from Bennettsville was selling a patent broom in town last week. As he was about to depart, he inquiringly remarked, "Fayetteville must be a mighty unhealthy place." "Why?" asked his friend. "Because, I called at about thirty residences and when I asked for the lady of the house the servants almost all, 'she is sick.'" The friend suggests that it would be more frank "and less hurtful to our town, to say 'not at home.'" It is inferred that the plea of "sick" was to evade the undesired visit, for it is well known that our town is a healthful one.—News.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF OUR ACQUAINTANCE.

A young gentleman of our acquaintance desired to call upon a member of the gentler sex. Not having a messenger boy convenient to carry the note, he, in a joking way offered a gentleman friend a dime to carry it for him. His friend, entering into the spirit of the thing accepted the offer, carried the note and before giving it to the young lady, requested the pleasure of calling that night himself, (cheek unutterable!) which the lady accorded, he then presented his friend's note, and of course the lady was compelled to return "a previous etc., prevents."—Fayetteville News.

THE NEW "REFORM" NAME FOR IT.

A few days ago a pretty tough customer from Harnett was before a U. S. officer here on a charge of illicit distilling. He was asked if he did not have a still. He said no, he had some large pots. Another query. "What was in one of those large pots," elicited the response, "Possum wine." That was a puzzler. Nobody liked to appear ignorant of what "possum wine" was but yet nobody knew. Finally he was asked, "What is 'possum wine.'" "Well," said he, "some folks calls it 'simmon beer.'"—Raleigh News-Observer.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

will afford the tax-payer and suffer an opportunity to profit by experience. There are men in Congress who will be returned because their living constituents are blind. This is a characteristic American weakness. And yet there are some Districts where a better Republican or a better Democrat will be elected. It is time to drop the foggyism of voting for a man just because he is a Democrat or Republican. That is how so many scoundrels come to Congress. A man who votes against his own constituents should be defeated, though he be a St. Paul. And as a matter of fact, there are enough Democrats or Republicans, just as the case may be, to send honest and faithful men to Congress.

AFTER-SESSION WORK.

promises to be abundant, though many will depart at once for the seat of war. It is said that some constituencies have heard so little of their Representatives this session that the sooner home the better. But a number will remain and endeavor to convince the Postmaster-General that appointments should be more frequent in their Districts. Others will lay in ambush and spring upon Grover Cleveland at the first opportunity. In fact, many Congressmen will once more show their true colors, and resume the game of seek.

A BIG SALE.

From the Martinsville Herald.

The Reidsville Weekly records the fact that F. R. Penn & Co., tobacco manufacturers at that place, made a sale last week of 7,000 forty-pound boxes of plug tobacco—280,000 pounds. The tobacco was purchased by one firm. Leaving out of the count the government contracts, we suppose the sale recorded by the Weekly is the greatest single transaction in the history of the plug trade of Virginia or North Carolina. The tax on the 7,000 boxes will be \$20,400.

LETTERS IN A WATERMELON.

From the Wilmington Star.

Ken Hamilton, a vender in the market, tells of a watermelon that upon being cut exhibited two white letters—"A N"—on the red meat of the fruit. The letters were plainly discernible, in "large type," as advertisers say, or about "14-line pica," as a printer would describe them. The melon was grown on Mr. Giles' place at the Sound.

AMONG OTHER ITEMS FURNISHED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE CONCORD TIMES.

From Harrisburg, Cabarrus county, is one to the effect that "Mr. J. W. Hancock had a pair of chills last week."

LETTERS IN A WATERMELON.

From the Wilmington Star.

Ken Hamilton, a vender in the market, tells of a watermelon that upon being cut exhibited two white letters—"A N"—on the red meat of the fruit. The letters were plainly discernible, in "large type," as advertisers say, or about "14-line pica," as a printer would describe them. The melon was grown on Mr. Giles' place at the Sound.

AMONG OTHER ITEMS FURNISHED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE CONCORD TIMES.

From Harrisburg, Cabarrus county, is one to the effect that "Mr. J. W. Hancock had a pair of chills last week."

LETTERS IN A WATERMELON.

From the Wilmington Star.

Ken Hamilton, a vender in the market, tells of a watermelon that upon being cut exhibited two white letters—"A N"—on the red meat of the fruit. The letters were plainly discernible, in "large type," as advertisers say, or about "14-line pica," as a printer would describe them. The melon was grown on Mr. Giles' place at the Sound.

AMONG OTHER ITEMS FURNISHED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE CONCORD TIMES.

From Harrisburg, Cabarrus county, is one to the effect that "Mr. J. W. Hancock had a pair of chills last week."

"NORF CALINY WAYS."

ODDITIES OF TARHEEL CIVILIZATION.

Incidents That Could Happen Nowhere Else But in Tarheels—Fishing for Rats—An Old-Fashioned Turtle Fight—Possum Wine—The Rabbit's Foot.

Our esteemed friend the Wilmington Star, as will be seen by reference to our State news column, believes that there is virtue in the left hindfoot of a graveyard rabbit. Well, maybe there be, but one of the compositors in this office, Mr. Fred St. E. Rolfe, don't think so. He traded for one last Sunday week in the hope of drawing fifteen thousand dollars in the Louisiana State Lottery by virtue thereof, and was in consequence very sanguine up till the arrival of the Star yesterday, when he found that his ticket was a water haul. He is our authority for saying that there is no virtue in the pedal appendage aforesaid.—Goldboro Argus.

A PARTY FROM BENNETTSVILLE.

A party from Bennettsville was selling a patent broom in town last week. As he was about to depart, he inquiringly remarked, "Fayetteville must be a mighty unhealthy place." "Why?" asked his friend. "Because, I called at about thirty residences and when I asked for the lady of the house the servants almost all, 'she is sick.'" The friend suggests that it would be more frank "and less hurtful to our town, to say 'not at home.'" It is inferred that the plea of "sick" was to evade the undesired visit, for it is well known that our town is a healthful one.—News.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF OUR ACQUAINTANCE.

A young gentleman of our acquaintance desired to call upon a member of the gentler sex. Not having a messenger boy convenient to carry the note, he, in a joking way offered a gentleman friend a dime to carry it for him. His friend, entering into the spirit of the thing accepted the offer, carried the note and before giving it to the young lady, requested the pleasure of calling that night himself, (cheek unutterable!) which the lady accorded, he then presented his friend's note, and of course the lady was compelled to return "a previous etc., prevents."—Fayetteville News.

THE NEW "REFORM" NAME FOR IT.

A few days ago a pretty tough customer from Harnett was before a U. S. officer here on a charge of illicit distilling. He was asked if he did not have a still. He said no, he had some large pots. Another query. "What was in one of those large pots," elicited the response, "Possum wine." That was a puzzler. Nobody liked to appear ignorant of what "possum wine" was but yet nobody knew. Finally he was asked, "What is 'possum wine.'" "Well," said he, "some folks calls it 'simmon beer.'"—Raleigh News-Observer.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

will afford the tax-payer and suffer an opportunity to profit by experience. There are men in Congress who will be returned because their living constituents are blind. This is a characteristic American weakness. And yet there are some Districts where a better Republican or a better Democrat will be elected. It is time to drop the foggyism of voting for a man just because he is a Democrat or Republican. That is how so many scoundrels come to Congress. A man who votes against his own constituents should be defeated, though he be a St. Paul. And as a matter of fact, there are enough Democrats or Republicans, just as the case may be, to send honest and faithful men to Congress.

AFTER-SESSION WORK.

promises to be abundant, though many will depart at once for the seat of war. It is said that some constituencies have heard so little of their Representatives this session that the sooner home the better. But a number will remain and endeavor to convince the Postmaster-General that appointments should be more frequent in their Districts. Others will lay in ambush and spring upon Grover Cleveland at the first opportunity. In fact, many Congressmen will once more show their true colors, and resume the game of seek.

A BIG SALE.

From the Martinsville Herald.

The Reidsville Weekly records the fact that F. R. Penn & Co., tobacco manufacturers at that place, made a sale last week of 7,000 forty-pound boxes of plug tobacco—280,000 pounds. The tobacco was purchased by one firm. Leaving out of the count the government contracts, we suppose the sale recorded by the Weekly is the greatest single transaction in the history of the plug trade of Virginia or North Carolina. The tax on the 7,000 boxes will be \$20,400.

LETTERS IN A WATERMELON.

From the Wilmington Star.

Ken Hamilton, a vender in the market, tells of a watermelon that upon being cut exhibited two white letters—"A N"—on the red meat of the fruit. The letters were plainly discernible, in "large type," as advertisers say, or about "14-line pica," as a printer would describe them. The melon was grown on Mr. Giles' place at the Sound.

AMONG OTHER ITEMS FURNISHED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE CONCORD TIMES.

From Harrisburg, Cabarrus county, is one to the effect that "Mr. J. W. Hancock had a pair of chills last week."

LETTERS IN A WATERMELON.

From the Wilmington Star.

Ken Hamilton, a vender in the market, tells of a watermelon that upon being cut exhibited two white letters—"A N"—on the red meat of the fruit. The letters were plainly discernible, in "large type," as advertisers say, or about "14-line pica," as a printer would describe them. The melon was grown on Mr. Giles' place at the Sound.

AMONG OTHER ITEMS FURNISHED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE CONCORD TIMES.

From Harrisburg, Cabarrus county, is one to the effect that "Mr. J. W. Hancock had a pair of chills last week."

LETTERS IN A WATERMELON.

From the Wilmington Star.

Ken Hamilton, a vender in the market, tells of a watermelon that upon being cut exhibited two white letters—"A N"—on the red meat of the fruit. The letters were plainly discernible, in "large type," as advertisers say, or about "14-line pica," as a printer would describe them. The melon was grown on Mr. Giles' place at the Sound.

AMONG OTHER ITEMS FURNISHED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE CONCORD TIMES.

From Harrisburg, Cabarrus county, is one to the effect that "Mr. J. W. Hancock had a pair of chills last week."

NEWSPAPER QUALIFICATIONS.

What the Essential Requirements of a Newspaper Man Must Be.

A great many curious things have been written about men who start out in the newspaper business. It is a rich field for merry and and truthful stories, but Curtis Guild, in a lecture before the Boston newspaper men the other day got off the following pretty correct and serious description of what a newspaper man must be made of:

"What, then, some men may inquire, are the requisites of the newspaper business? An answer to this suggests itself in a reply, in somewhat powerful terms, I will admit, that I made to a pale, hollow-cheeked young man of 22 or 23, who once waited upon me with an inquiry of a similar nature. He had a few thousand dollars and had just graduated from college, and wanted to join with somebody to start a paper. Start a paper! This is thought by almost every one outside the business, one of the easiest and pleasantest things in the world to do—and so it is, if you have plenty of money to start with; but it is not the starting, but the keeping of it going at a profit, that calls for brains. I recall now the reply, probably prompted by a day's severe and exhausting work, when, after listening as patiently as possible to the young man's crude notions respecting a business in which he had no experience, he begged I would tell him, in as few words as possible, the qualifications necessary to prosecute the business successfully. He was somewhat startled by the assertion that they were as follows: A brain as flexible and elastic as steel.

A memory as tenacious as iron.

A temper even as that of a saint.

A digestion equal to that of an ostrich.

And the endurance of adamant.

THE MODERN JOURNALIST.

The successful journalist of to-day says the Albany Journal is the man who can supply any department of his paper, were he called upon to do it. This may grate upon the ears of the young men who have cherished such noble ideas of his chosen profession; but when he comes down from the realm of fancy to name successful men whose steps he would follow, he finds it a fact. There is no call for young men, collegebred or otherwise, in the editorial room, and a diploma from a German university cannot create a demand. Journalism is a school, and it has a primary department, as do all other professions or occupations whose goal is a lofty one. The young man who would make a name in the profession, and yet expects to begin and finish writing editorials, has a distorted view of the work before him. It is no longer necessary, however desirable, to have "worked up from the case," but the idea of the head of a paper who could not write a "local," correct a "proof," edit rural correspondence and regulate affairs in any emergency in the composing-room may be comprehensible to the graduate, but it is ridiculous to the practical journalist. The only place to master these details is in the office.

JOURNALISM AND MECHANISM.

Paper and Press aptly remarks that in past ages, men sought distinction in war. The human mind made what development it did make in the clash of arms; in the building up of empires and kingdoms by the sword. Later on, the human mind sought happiness, development and glory, in the writing of books, in the practice of State craft and later on they sought the world's applause in the halls of legislation. The Forum and Tribune are no longer productive of truly great minds. The occupation of arms, is being cast aside. State craft is no longer so important. To-day the brightest minds of the age and the boldest hearts, find in journalism the grandest opportunities for the development of ability and the gratification of ambition. Another class of great minds find wealth and fame delving into the arena of nature, and in bringing out the long-hidden treasures, which they lay before the world for its uses. Mechanism and journalism are the twin agencies, which are drawing out the greatest energies, the highest ambitions and which are creating the highest standards toward which human activity will ceaselessly struggle. We are developing a higher type of men, a new order of nobility, whose insignia cannot be conferred by Kings or Emperors. The brilliant array of abilities in both these grand avenues is increasing year by year. Arts, law, diplomacy, do not attract the ablest men of to-day.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

From the Wilmington Star.

Kansas drug stores are alarmed without number. Under prohibition they are said to be doing an immense business owing to so much sickness. The favorite prescription is—whiskey.