The Wilson Advance.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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The Wilson Advance.

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The Wilson Advance.
FRIDAY ..... JANUARY 23 1880

Poetry.

Monterey.

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there the shot is hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round him wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept,
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on the turrents wave,
And there the evening bugles play,
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

Edison Outdone.

'I am willin' to admit,' said Grandfather Lickshingle, 'that Mr. Edison has invented a wonderful invention.'

Several members of the family arose and started toward the door.

'I was well aware,' continued grandfather, without changing his tone, 'that some persons resist any attempts at enlightenment on scientific topics, an' I therefore locked the door and put the key in my pocket. When I was a young man I was a great hand for experimentin' at one thing an' another, an' spent about all my surplus wages in workin' on a new light. I didn't fool aroun' with electricity, but went right for the planets. The sun, moon and stars, the real source of all light and heat, was what your grandfather tackled. I will give you the results themselves, an' then you will see that Mr. Edison is a tolerably small specimen.'

'Your light wasn't superior to the electric light?'

'Wasn't eh? My light was as much ahead of Edison's as a house afire is ahead of a lightnin' bug. Young ladies could take my light and see their future husbands as plain as day.'

'That was certainly very remarkable.'

'Alongside of my light a streak of lightnin' had no more color to it than a rail fence, while a couple of small boys smokin' cigar stubs lit from my illuminator looked like a torchlight procession.'

'It must have created a sensation in the scientific world?'

'Yes, an' in the literary world, too. It knocked light readin' forty ways for Sunday. By attachin' a ten-cent dufanny to your burner it 'ud generate a power that sould be applied in any direction under the shinin' sun. It 'ud run a washin' machine, iron the clothes answer the door-bell, carry in the coal, run errands—'

'Grandfather, ain't you mistaken?'

'—blacken your boots; cut your corns, drive home the cows an' haul a freight train.'

'What has become of your wonderful light, grandfather?'

'Right there you will have to excuse me. Suffice it to say I have it stored away in a safe place, an' at the proper moment I will spring it upon the country again. I will give you a pointer in time to sell Edison stock short, an' if you dont retire worth more than the King of the Cannibal Islands don't blame it on your grandfather.'

Civilization is rapidly spreading in Africa. An order of the Mayor of Monrovia, in Liberia, has just been issued requiring all persons who enter the city to be clothed in future—the legal requirement in the case being a pair of pants reaching to the knees, and a paper shirt-collar.

The Coldest Town in the World.

Here it may relieve us when the mercury has crept into the nineties, to think of a town which Humboldt and other travelers have pronounced the coldest on the globe. This is Jakutsk (or Yakootsk,) chief town of the province of that name in Eastern Siberia, on the left bank of the River Lena, 62 deg. 1 minute north, longitude 119 deg. 44 minutes east, and distant from St. Petersburg 5 951 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 85 degrees, but from November to February it ranges from 42 to 68 deg. below zero, and the river is solid ice for nine months out of the twelve. The entire industry of the place—population 5,300—is comprised in candle works, and yet it is the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting tribes of the Buriats. The former, mostly nomadic, having large herds of horses and cattle bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsk. The Brutiats, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sables, foxes, martens, hares, squirrels, and the like and many of them are sold at the great fair in June, which, with May, is the active period of the year. In May the collected goods are conveyed to the seaports, whence they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth tusks, so'd at fairs, amount in value to 400,000 rubles ($300,000.)

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, or for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who posses the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference, the bright, little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes 'wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them 'to make the best of it.' Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid tide would not awake an answering gleam? Why, then, joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditation on afflicting dispensation, and your stomach with medicines, pills and tonics; just set one of those cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long-drawned line about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows where, and the first thing you know you will be laughing! Ah, what blessings are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life, with almost an invisible touch! How we look forward through the weary day to the fireside smiles! No one knows, no one ever will know, until the day of judgment reveals, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining happy women!

How North Carolinians Do.

A boy called to see Senator Vance at Washington. He modestly communicated his wishes to the doorkeeper. 'Have you a card, sir?' he gruffly growled. 'Cards,' said the boy, thoughtfully, mechanically running his hand in the rear pockets of his coat. 'No, sir, I don't carry 'em.' 'Where are you from? inquired the doorkeeper. 'North Carolina,' was the prompt reply. 'Well how do people do in North Carolina when they go visiting?' 'Why, they ride up to a fellow's fence and hollow to him to tie his dog, and then get down and go in,' was the laconic reply.—Ex.

A Man's Weak Point.

The young ladies of Washington are debating how they shall modestly but effectively rebuke the ill-bred men who stare at them in the street cars and stages. It has been decided that the most effective remedy is for the young lady to retort by persistently staring at the male starer's feet and assuming an amused expression of countenance, as though looking at something funny. Naturally every one else in the car looks at the bad man's boots, and thus injured innocence is avenged. Very few men, comparatively, can stand unflinchingly a modest lady's persevering stare at his feet.

Woman's Charity for Woman.

Fannie Ward, a sprightly writer in Forney's Washington Chronicle, speaking of charity between mankind, very truthfully says:

"But when it comes to women's charity for women, I fear the sex are incorrigible, and no amount of preaching will avail. Samantha Allen understood whereof she spoke, in the following pointed remarks: 'Wimmen are meaner than pusly about some things, and this is one of them. Now wimmen will go out and kill the fatted calf with their own hands to feast the male prodigal that has been livin' on husks. But let the woman that he has been boardin' with on the same bundle of husks ask meekly for a little mite of this veal critter, will she get it? No! she won't get so much as one of the hoofs. She will be told to keep on eatin' her husks, and after she has got through with 'em to die, for, after a woman has once eat husks, she can't never eat any other vittles; and if she asks meek'y, why is her stomach so different from the male husk-eater, he went right off from husks to fatted calf, they'll say to her, what is sin in a woman hain't sin in a man. Men are such noble creatures that they will be a little wild, it is expected of 'em; but after they have sowed their wild oats they always settle down and make the very best of men.

'Can't I settle down too?' cries the poor woman. 'I am sick of wild oats too, I am sick of husks. I want to live a good life in the sight of God and man. Can't I settle down too?'

'Yes, you can settle down in the grave,' they say to her. 'When a woman has sinned once that is all the place there is for her. A woman cannot be forgiven.' There is an old sayin': 'Go, and sin no more;' but that is 1,800 years old—awful old fashioned.

And then, after they have feasted the male husk-eater on this gospel veal, and fell on his neck and embraced him a few times, they will take him into their houses and marry him to their purest and prettiest daughter, while, at the same time, they won't have the female husker in their kitchen to wash for 'em at four cents an article.'

Representative Boys.

He occupied one-half of the car-seat and filled the other with a double-covered market basket. He was an original specimen. His plug hat sat on his ears like a smoked chimney on the prongs of a lamp top; his legs were braided together and his shine were sharp enough for can openers.

'You can't guess what I've got in that basket, 'Squire,' he observed to a passenger in the seat behind him.

'No,' was the reply.

'Twins, by thunder!' he exclaimed, 'and I'm going to give them an airing.' So saying he drew forth a black and white doll of unusual proportions and dandled them on his knees.

'I'll tell ye how it is, Captain,' he continued. 'Me and the old woman has been hitched up in the holy bonds of hemlock going on these forty years and there hain't a chick or child to be seen or heard about the house. So I've brought home these are twins. She can take her choice—a black 'un or a white 'un. Bet ye she will take to both. Why, if I took home a black snake, she would want it to set up and have some supper, and put a hot brick in the bed where the snake was going to sleep. Gosh! the old gal has got a heart in her like a red cedar. Great prize pumpkins! how she will shout when she sees them are twins!'

And then he put them carefully back in the basket, closed the cover and beamed benignantly upon the wintry world without.

Benefits of Good Society.

One day as I was in a bath a friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, "Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?" It answered, "I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose; the sweet quality of my compaion was communicated to me; otherwise I should only be a bit of clay, as I appear to be.

A lawsuit has grown out of swearing by telephone in Cincinnati. A young woman employed in the Telephone Exchange reported that she taxingly profane message had been sent from one of the leading business houses to another.—The telephone was at once removed from the house whence came the oaths, and the injured firm have instituted a suit for damages.

Some Things to Disbelieve.

When a man advertises for a partner, and wants a young man to put in a small investment of one hundred or five hundred dollars and promises to him a realization of fifty or one hundred per cent. profit, don't believe it. When a man offers to give away knowledge of the utmost value for the cure of consumption and any and all other diseases by merely sending a three-cent stamp to prepay postage, don't believe it. When a man proposes to do his utmost to make every one else rich, and looks to other people's interest more than his own, don't believe it. When a man offers to give you something of great value for something of less value—in other words, to give you something for nothing, don't believe it. Many persons advertise on purpose to filch young men of money gained by hard labor, and before entering into any speculation which may be offered you, take advantage of the many means at your command and ascertain the facts with reference to the proposed business before you invest, and thus save your money and assist in effectually breaking up all swindling establishments.

He Got Something Frisky.

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he walked into a livery stable and called for a saddle-horse; "something that would prance about lively and wake a fellow out of his lethargy? I used to ride the trick mule in a circus, an' I reckon I can back anything that wears hair." They brought him out a calico-colored beast with a vicious eye, and he mounted it and dashed off. Before he had gone two blocks the animal bucked, crashed through a high board fence and plunged into a cellar, tossing his rider over the top of an adjacent woodshed and landing him on the ragged edge of a lawn-mower. They bore him home, straightened him out, and three surgeons came in and reduced his dislocations and plastered him up with raw beef.—A few weeks later he called at the stable and said if they had a gentle saw-horse with an affectionate disposition, a bridle with a curb bit and martingales, and a saddle with two horns and a crupper to it, he believed he would go up in the hay-mow and gallop around a little where it was soft and it wouldn't hurt him if he when to sleep and fell off as he did the other day.

Presidential Finances.

Washington left an estate worth $800,000. John Adams died moderately well off. Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not given $20,000 for his library, he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical and died rich. Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives in Baltimore. John Quincy Adams left about $100,000 the result of prudence. His son, Charles Francis Adams, gained a large sum by marriage. Jackson died tolerably well off. Van Buren died worth some $300,000. It is said that during his entire administration, he never drew any portion of his salary, but on leaving took the whole $100,000 in a lump. Polk left about $150,000. Tyler married a lady of wealth and accomplishment, and died rich. Taylor left about $150,000.

Fillmore was always an economical man and added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved about $50,000. Buchanan left about $200,000 Lincoln about $75,000; Johnson about $50,000.

Doing a Favor.

Early yesterday morning a poorly dressed and seedy-looking person about 50 years old entered the Post office and proceeded to warm his hands at one of the registers. He made no inquiries about mail, and after he had been loafing around for two hours a policeman got his eye on him and asked:

"Say old man have you any business here?"

"Well, no," was the reply.

"Any work to do?"

"No. I kinder thought I'd lay off this winter."

"Any friends here?"

"No."

"I think you are a vagrant," continued the officer as he took another look at him.

"Mebbe I am," sighed the old man.

"And I think I'll take you down."

"Well, I'll go along."

The officer escorted him down to the station-house, registered his name and then proceeded to search his pockets. Each one panned out a "wad" of money, making a total of $1,600.

"Why didn't you tell me you had this money?" demanded the policeman.

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"Didn't I say I took you for a vagrant, and you didn't deny it either!"

"Well, I didn't know anything about your city laws," quietly replied the old man. "I've got two married daughters, and I came in to buy each of 'em a $600 piano for New Year's, but if its ag'in any of your town laws I'll take the next train for home. I'm getting purty old, and I don't want no fuss with any body."

"Well, you might have saved yourself all this trouble," said the officer as he escorted him to the street.

"Don't mention it," was the answer. "If I took any trouble on your account it's all right and you needn't thank me I'm always willing to oblige any body who can appreciate it. Purty cold day, isn't it?"

The Liliputians of Superstitious Mountain.

Some excitement is being created among the Mexican population of of Phœnix, by the story of a Mexican who arrived last evening from the Reno Mountians. He came into town under cover of darkness, as he was nearly naked. His hands and feet were torn and bloody, and his face gashed in a fearful manner. His story was told with the air of a man who had been terribly frightened and had not recovered. With a companion he started out prospecting about a month ago, going up Salt River. They left the river when opposite the Superstitious Mountain. Their prospecting began at this point. While climbing up the mountain in a little gully, through black sand, and down which a large stream of water had evidently passed years ago, they were astonished to find in this sand were large quantities of fine gold. In some places the sand was only about half an inch deep over the granite. The gold, in pieces the size of a bean and smaller, was found in the little fissures in the face of the bed-rock. Very little washing was necessary; and they found a little spring of water which furnished them what they needed.—They obtained, they think, about $600 worth in half a day's work. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon they were surprised to see an Indian woman come to the top of the gulch above the spring and start to come down. Upon seeing them she ran back over the hill. In less than ten minutes they were surrounded by fifty or sixty savages. The Indians were very small and seemed to be of a different nature than they had ever seen in Arizona. The Mexicans were not armed, except with knives, and the survivor says they were almost instantly caught with lariats. The Indians took them up a mountain and put them in a cave.—They tortured and killed his companion, and his fate would have been the same but for his escape. He succeeded in getting away with only a few knife gashes on his face. They lost their gold with all their outfit.—The Indians seemed to be cave-dwellers, and were evidently excited over the place being found by outsiders. For the benefit of non-residents, we will say that Superstition Mountain derives its name from the fact that no white man has been seen again who attempted its ascension.—It is a tradition among the Mexicans that large deposits of free gold are to be found in its gulches and ravines.—It is not known whether there is any water there or not.

Swearing off.

A good deal of fun is poked at New Year's resolutions, "swearing off" and pleasant delusions which frail human nature is prone to indulge in about this time of year. But such resolutions do no harm, and they may do good. The spirit is willing although the flesh is too often weak. What men, young men especially, want to cultivate is will power. Weak wills ruin more men than rum or ryhme, or misdirected passion.

A German editor remarks that in America thieves are so scarce that rewards are offered for them. He does not seem to know that it's not until the rewards are offered that they make themselves scarce.

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