The Wilson Advance.

FRIDAY ..... MARCH 4, 1881

POETRY.

The Modern Meetin' House.

Howdy, Davy, light and hitch; thar's no
one home but me;
Thar aint a man a livin' air, I'd sooner like
to see;
For Nance an' Liddy's gone to see a sick
man on the hill,
And Hiram's gone to git his grist at Jason
Turner's mill.

I was in town las' Sunday, an' my heart
and me agreed
To go to meetin'—ef you'll wait I'll tell
you what I seed.
The bells were tollin' lively on the balmy
mornin' air,
An' folks were in a hurry, like the rushing
to a fair.

The meetin' house was built of stone, the
steeple pinted high,
The winders they were painted all the
colors of the sky;
An' runnin' up the steeple was a great long
lightnin' rod,
I kinder thought the members should have
confidence in God.

The big bell sorter hushed itself, an' then
hit rung some more,
An' people cum in carridges an' got out at
the door;
The wimmen fixed thar dresses like they
meant to make a call,
Thar faces showed they warn't a thinkin'
of thar souls at all.

Wall Davy, thar I stood an' thought—'twas
wicked I suppose,
Some go to church to close thar eyes, an'
some to eye the close;
I overheard old Missus Swell to Missus
Stebbins say,
"My darter Becky's *dress* want done, she
wont be here to-day."

I stood thar hesitatin' like what sort of
move to make;
I felt that I should go inside for my salvation's sake;
I started meekly in the house, I knew it
warn't no harm,
With my ole broad-brim hat in han' an'
jeans coat on my arm.

I went along, bout half-way up the velvet
carpet ile,
The men an' wimmin shut thar gates, an'
they begin to smile;
I seed one open jest a bit, went in an'
pulled it to,
When Brown, the banker, riz an' said,
"*this ere's a rented pew.*"

I got out of "his rented pew" an' set down
near the door,
Expectin' for some man ter say, "*this ere's
a rented floor.*"
A fine-dressed stranger, he cum in—the
members didn't wait,
But every feller jumped at him an' *opened
wide his gate.*

The parson riz an' raise his han's with cold
an' haughty air,
An' everybody in the house stood up, an'
heard his prayer.
I don't know how it is with *them*—somehow
I always feel
I'm doing God injustice when I get too
proud to kneel.

Then all sot down an' stared about, then at
the parson's face,
While he put on his specs an' sed, "Let's
sing Amazing Grace."
An organ busted loose up-stairs—the music
hit was gay,
Hit tickled them as couldn't sing, an' them
what hed to pay.

The music quit, the parson riz they passed
the hats round next,
An' when the deekins sot them down the
parson tuck his text.
He preached about two hours 'bout the
faith in God to keep;
The wimmin folks were nodding while thar
husbands war asleep.

One gal sed to another, "Hev you seed my
bow to-day?"
She'd nod her head, an' then say back, "the
party hit was gay."
One whispered loud enough behind her fan
for me to hear,
"That bonnet lady Tag's got on is one she
had last year."

The parson quit an' then sot down—the
organ played again;
I thought ef that was serving God, the
tunes they played was thin;
I've heard the bands at circusses jest play
the selfsame air;
The parson, when the music quit, dismissed
'em all with prayer.

Now Davy, ef the angels seed what I did, I
believe
Thar warn't a one among 'em afl. but what
laughed in thar sleeve;
For God don't smile on christians who his
blessings will abuse;
He aint no use fur organs, an' He don't like
rented pews.

He rings no bells to tell 'em that the Sabbath's come once more;
The angels have no carridges to drive up to
His door.
Such christians might as well look up to
God, and sweetly smile
An' say, "I send my soul, dear Lord; I'm
comin' arter a while."

Our Master up in the heaven, Davy, sees,
hears everything,
He likes to see his children kneel—an' loves
to hear 'em sing.
For whar he lives the angels sing, and
christians git thar dues;
His music costs him nothing, an' He has no
rented pews.

Thar aint no use o' foolin' 'long the road
down to the grave;
Thar is no way o' dodgin' when you've got
your soul to save.
Fine churches, organs, carridges, clothes,
rented pews, an' "pelf,"
*Don't count that day—it lays between yer
Maker an' yerself.*

OUR FIRESIDE.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK,

OR

Plain Advice for Plain People.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

VII

ON SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES.

Some men are never awake when the train starts, but crawl into the station just in time to see that everybody is off, and then sleepily say, "Dear me, is the train gone? My watch must have stopped in the night!" They always come into town a day after the fair, and open their wares an hour after the market is over. They make their hay when the sun has left off shining, and cut their corn as soon as the fine weather is ended; they cry, "Hold hard!" after the shot has left the gun, and lock the stable door when the steed is stolen. They are like a cow's tail, always behind; they take time by the heels, and not by the forelock, if indeed they ever take him at all. They are of no more worth than an old almanac; their time has gone for being of use; but, unfortunately, you cannot throw them away as you would the almanac, for they are like the cross old lady who had an annuity left her, and meant to take out the full value of it; they won't die, though they are of no use alive. Take-it-easy and Live-long are first cousins, they say, and the more's the pity. If they are immortal till their work is done, they will not die in a hurry, for they have not even begun to work yet. Shiftless people generally excuse their laziness by saying, "they are only a little behind;" but a little too late is much too late, and a miss is as good as a mile. My neighbor Sykes covered up his well after his child was drowned in it; and was very busy down at the Old Farm bringing up buckets of water after every stick of the house had been burnt; one of these days he'll be for making his will when he can't hold a pen, and he'll be trying to repent of his sins when his senses are gone.

These slow coaches think that to-morrow is better than to-day, and take for their rule an old proverb turned topsy turvy—"Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." They are forever waiting until their ship comes home, and always dreaming about things looked up by and by: while grass grows in their furrows, and the cows get through the gaps in their hedges. If the birds would but wait to have salt put on their tails, what a breakfast they would take home to their families! but while things move as fast as they do, the youngsters at home will have to fill their mouths with empty spoons. "Never mind," say they, "there are better times coming, wait a little longer." Their birds are all in the bush, and rare fat ones they are, according to their account; and so they had need to be, for they have had none in hand yet, and wife and children are half starved. Something will turn up, they say; why don't the stupids go and turn it up themselves?—Time and tide wait for no man, and yet these fellows loiter about as if they had a freehold of time, a lease of their lives, and a rabbit warren of opportunities. They will find out their mistake when want finds *them* out, and that will not be long with some in our village, for they are already a long way on the road to Needham. They who would not plough must not expect to eat; they who waste the spring will have a lean autumn. They would not strike when the iron was hot, and they will soon find the cold iron very hard.

"He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay."

Time is not tied to a post, like a horse to a manger; it passes like the wind, and he who would grind his corn by it must set the mill-sails. He that gapes till he be fed, will gape till he be dead. Nothing is to be got without pains except poverty and dirt. In the old days thay said "Jack gets on by his stupidity;" Jack would find it very different nowadays, I think; but never in old times, or any other times, would Jack get on by foolishly letting present chances slip by him; for hares never run into the mouths of sleeping dogs. He that hath time, and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himself of time. There's no good in lying down and crying, "God help us!" God helps those who help themselves. When I see a man who declares that the times are bad, and that he is always unlucky, I generally say to myself, that old goose did not sit on the eggs till they were all addled, and now providence is to be blamed because they won't hatch. I never had any faith in luck at all, except that I believe good luck will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, and will put a bit of bacon into his pot if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it, and my notion is that it taps at least once in a lifetime at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it, away it goes. Those who have lost the last coach, and let every opportunity slip by them, turn to abusing providence for setting everything against them: "If I were a hatter," says one, "men would be born without heads." "If I went to the sea for water," quoth another, "I should find it dried up." Every wind is foul for a crazy ship. Neither the wise nor the wealthy can help him who has long refused to help himself.

John Ploughman in the most genteel manner sends his compliments to his friends, and now that harvest is over, and the hops all picked, according to promise, he intends giving them a bit of poetry, just to show that he is trying the polished brushes. John asked the minister to lend him one of the poets, and he gave him the works of George Herbert, very good, no doubt, but rather tangled, like Harkaway wood; still there's a good deal in the queer old verses, and every now and then one comes upon clusters of the sweetest nuts, but some of them are rather hard to crack. The following verse is somewhat near the subject now in hand, and is plain enough in *reason* though, begging the poet's pardon, John can't see a *rhyme* in it; however as it is by the great Herbert, it must be good, and will do well enough to ornament John's talk, like a flower stuck in a button hole of his Sunday coat.

"Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting
where,
And when, and how thy business may be
done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure
traveler,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Acting and stirring spirits live alone:
Write on the others, Here lies such a one.'

A Broker's Romance.

A New York journal gets off the following good one:

It was a very touching incident.—*We* heard a Southern editor telling it on an elevated train yesterday, and he was in a great hurry to get home and put it in his paper and make an affidavit that it was true. The scene of the romance opens in a palatial mansion in New York. A lady sits in a parlor filled with the most costly luxuries. Diamonds as big as filberts glitter in her ears. Lace costing thirty dollars per yard almost hid the color of her dress from sight. A clock costing $18.000 strikes the hour of four p. m. At this moment her husband rushed into the house, pale, haggard suspenders broken, hat burged up, and his boots all mud.

"Have you—have you caught the epizooty?" she gasps os she starts up.

"Oh wife! we are busted—ruined—gone up—smashed flat as a shingle!" he moaned in reply.

"How?"

"I invested $75.000 in the Crooked River Railroad at 98 and it has declined to 4! Jay Gould has bought and consolidated it! We must leave this palace and all these luxuries and works of art and take two fourth-story rooms over in Brooklyn.

She laughed merrily and long. Had the sudden news crazed her? He thought it had; but he was green.—She left the room for a moment and then returned with a pillow-case containing $200,000 in greenbacks.

"Let the Crooked River Railroad crook away!" she laughed as she emptied the money at his feet. "You have given me this money during the last five years, a few thousand dollars at a time, to buy little articles of toilet. I had saved it up to get me a pair of stockings for Sunday, but I cheerfully hand it over to my good husband to set him on his pins again. Take it, my darling, and if you can get a whack at Jay Gould bite him hard and I'll back you with the $50.000 I had laid away to send to the heathen on christmas!"

They embraced. All was joy and peace.

A woman always knows when she is pretty. Isn't it strange that she never knows when she is the other thing?—We can all put up with a good deal of simpering nonsense from a pretty girl, but a homely damsel must deport herself with straight-laced decorum or she makes herself ridiculous. Perhaps it is unfair, but the world will have it so, and it stands an inexorable law.

The Greenfield Ghost.

Greenfield, Ohio, has a real ghost. There cannot be the least doubt about it, for a local minister, while conducting a revival meeting the other day, told his hearers that the ghost was a supernatural visitor sent to warn the people of the near approach of the end of the world. As the same minister also professes his belief in the alleged words of the prophetess Shipton, his intelligence and judgment cannot be called in question, and we must join the Greenfielders in believing in the genuineness of their ghost.

In the opinion of the women of Greenfield, the ghost is by far the worst that has ever made its appearance. There have been according to ghost-seeers, all sorts of undesirable ghosts. Such were the ghosts that threw things at innocent people, and smashed crockery; the ghosts that came and stood by people's beds in the dead of night without havin the decency to knock at the door or say what they wanted; and the ghosts that would rattle chains and thumped on the floor overhead merely in order to make themselves disagreeable. The Greenfield ghost is, in local feminine estimation, more wicked than any of her predecessors—for she is a female ghost. It is her loathsome habit to waylay young men in the midnight streets to kiss them and then to vanish. Often she throws herself upon young men who are on their way to visit young ladies, and so terrifies them that they flee to their homes or boarding-houses, leaving the unhappy young ladies to watch the front door bell in vain expectation. Conduct such as this is to the last degree revolting to every well brought up young woman, and we can understand why the Greenfield ghost is firmly believed by one-half of Greenfield to belong to the satanic host.

Among the young men of the town the ghost is, as a rule, greatly dreaded. It must be remembered that Greenfield is an Ohio town, and, as we have learned during the last four years, Ohio is a State inhabited exclusively by men of the loftiest principle, the clearest intellect, and the most shrinking modesty. Were a female ghost of not unattractive appearance to infest a New York or New-England village and to violently kiss belated young men, it is probable that ninety-nine of every hundred local young men would walk the streets of that town all night and betray not the slightest fear of the ghost. In Ohio, as has been said, a totally different variety of young men exist; the young men of Greenfield, with few exceptions, declare that there is no more terrible wild fowl than a female ghost who lawlessly kisses persons to whom she is a total stranger.

Those who have seen the Greenfield ghost are numberless, and their testimony as to her conduct is unvarying.

On the night of the 12th of January, young Mr. Smithers, assistant pastor of a recently developed variety of Baptists, was met by the ghost at 9:30 o'clock. He asserts that she approached him from behind with noiseless steps, threw her arms around him and kissed him before he could call for help. He instantly broke loose and fled to his home, where he was at once put to bed and a physician summoned, who afterward said the nervous shock which the patient had sustained might easily have proved fatal. Two nights later and at about the same hour, Mr. Edward Potter, one of the most respected young men of the town, was kissed in front of Esquire Dewey's house, and left insensible on the pavement. He says that the ghost sprang on him suddenly and kissed him three successive times. As he had never before undergone the operation of being kissed, he suffered acutely, not only because of the outrage to his modesty, but because he feared that his life was in danger.—He has since wholly recovered from the shock, but he never goes out at night without tying up his mouth with a large "comforter," and keeping a sharp lookout for sudden ghosts. On the night of February 3, Mr. Thomas G. Wilson, whose purity of character and freedom from all knowledge of language have induced the Administration to offer him no less than three foreign consulates, but who preferred to earn the proud distinction of being the only Ohioan who ever refused an office, was waylaid by the ghost, kissed within sight of Mrs. Wilson's windows, and afterward brought home by the neighbors, who found him lying in the snow and uttering incoherent moans.—These are but the samples of the devastation caused by the Greenfield ghost, and so far as is known there is but one young man in the town who is not in terror of his life. The young man in question is a notorious plumber, and though he has repeatedly met the ghost, she has never once offered to kiss him.

The popular theory is that the ghost was originally a New-England schoolteacher and that she is now wreaking on mankind her vengeance for their neglect of her during her life. This theory is based principally upon the personal appearance of the ghost, who is described as being very tall, very thin, and wholly unable to cast a shadow when one of her edges is presented to the light. This may all be true, but it by no means proves that the ghost is a New-England school-teacher. It might with equal force be quoted to prove that she was formerly a Boston poet or an eminent female philosopher. The ghost of a New-England woman of any kind would never be guilty of kissing.—*New York Times.*

LET US SMILE.

Old Nickelpinch says he has often seen men buck the tiger, but for his part he would rather buckwheat cakes.

A negro teamster in Nashville declares that he must give up driving mules or withdraw from the church the two positions being incompatible.

In the year 1900 February will have but twenty-eight days, although a leap year. This phenomenon occurs once only in two hundred years, and always in the odd 100.

There is a woman in Jersy so economical that the other night, while her husband was abed, she turned and made over his last pair of pantaloons for one of the children.

"Will you take 'em on the half shell?" asked the agreeable oyster opener. "No," said the stranger, regardless of expense, "whole shell or nothing."

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adam laid all his troubles to the same source. Adam we are ashamed of you! Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.

"Providence helps a man who helps himself," except when he helps himself to some one else's property. Then he has to depend mainly on his legs.

A Montana Indian, who was recently convicted of murder, expressed his opinion of the lawyer who defended him with delicous frankness—"Lawyer too much talk; heap fool."

John G. Saxe, the witty poet, thus advises: "In going to parties, just mind what you're at, beware of your head and take care of your hat, lest you find that a favorite son of your mother, has the ache in the one and a brick in the other.

It was in the Theatre. The two gentlemen were from the country. After the curtain fell on the first act, one of them, who had been reading the programme, said in an excited manner: "It's an infernal swindle, just go up to take in strangers." "What's a swindle?" "Here it says the next act is two years later. I wonder if they think we are going to stay here, at $ a day for two years, just to see this thing out." They went out and saw the ticket man about it.

DR. E. L. HUNTER.

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Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

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It does not destroy the draft.

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It will not choke up and requires no cleaning.

It requires no direct dampers to be opened when raising steam (dampers being objectionable, as they may be left open and allow the sparks to escape.)

It requires no water to extinguish sparks which, by condensation, destroys the draft. Besides, when water is used, if neglected, the efficiency is destroyed by evaporation of the water, and the boiler is kept in a filthy condition.

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Ap,25-1y.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Rail Road.

TRAINS GO'NG WEST.

Date, Sept. 26, '80	No. 40, Daily	No. 42, Daily	No. 20 Ex. Sun
Leave Goldsboro	10 10am	6 34 pm	
Arrive at Raleigh	12 25pm	10 45 pm	
Leave "	2 35pm		
Arrive at Durham	4 43pm		9 00am
" Hillsboro	5 20pm		11 00 "
" Greensboro	7 40pm		3 57am
Arr " N W N C	8 30pm		
Arr Salem N W N C	10 30pm	10 05 am	
" High Point	8 30pm	11 20 am	
" Salisbury	10 16pm	10 25 am	
" Charlotte	12 27am	1 28 am	

No. 48.—Connects at Goldsboro with trains on W. & W., and A. & N. C. R. R's. at Salisbury with Western North Carolina Railroad, at Air Line Junction with A & C A Line for all points South and South-west

No. 42.—Connects at Air Line Junction with A & C A L R R, for all points south and south-west, at Charlottee with C C & A R R, for all points south and South-east.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Sept. 26, '80	No. 47 Daily	No. 45 Daily	No 19 Ex Sun
Leave Charlotte	4 05AM	4.30PM	
" Salisbury	6 23AM	6.39PM	
" High Pt	7.50AM	7.54PM	
" Salem NW N C	8.00AM	5.00PM	
Arr Greensboro "	9 20AM	7.00PM	
Leave Greensboro "	9.53AM		5 00PM
Arr. Hillsboro "	11.53AM		10 22PM
Arr Durham "	12.29PM		11.57PM
Arr. Raleigh "	1.40PM		3.00AM
Leave Raleigh	3.40PM	6.00AM	
Arr Goldsboro "	6.00PM	10.00AM	

No. 47.—Connects at Charlotte with trains on A & C A L Railroad from the south and south-west at Salisbury with Western N C Railroad, at Greensboro with R & D R R, for all points north, east and west, at Goldsboro with W & W R R, and A & N C R R.

No. 45.—Connects at Charlotte with C C & A and A & C A L R R, from all points south, south-east and west, at Greensboro with R & D R R, to all points north, east and west,

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LEAVE PORTSMOUTH DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

Mail train at ..... 10 [illegible] P M
Accommodation Train ..... 6 00 P M

ARRIVE AT PORTSMOUTH DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

Mail train at ..... 5 20 p m
Accommodation Train ..... 8 30 p m

Accommodation Train leaves daily except Saturday.

Mail train connects at Weldon with the Mail Trains of the Wilmington & Weldon and Raleigh and Gaston Railroads.

And on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays at Franklin, with steamer for Edenton, Plymouth and Landings on Blackwater and Chowan river.

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OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT,
PETERSBURG, VA., March 31, '80

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS.

TO TAKE EFFECT MARCH 31st.

GOING SOUTH.

New York Express
Leave Petersburg daily at ..... 1.07 P. M.
Arrive at Weldon at ..... 3.30 P. M
Southern express leave Petersburg daily at ..... 11.45 P. M.
Arrive at Weldon at ..... 2.00 A. M
Freight with passenger Coach attached, leave Petersburg daily, except Sunday, at, ... 10:30 A.M.
Arrive at Weldon at ..... 3:25P M

GOING NORTH.

New York express
Leave Weldon at ..... 1.10 P M
Arrive Petersburg daily at ..... 3.30 P M
Southern Express leave Weldon daily, at ..... 3:55 A M
Arrive at Petersburg at ..... 6.20 A M
Freight, with passenger Coach attached, leave Weldon daily, except Sunday, at ..... 5:40 P. M.
Arrive at Petersburg at ..... 11:50 P. M.

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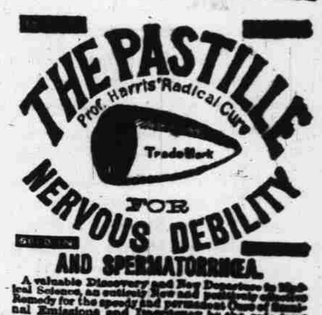

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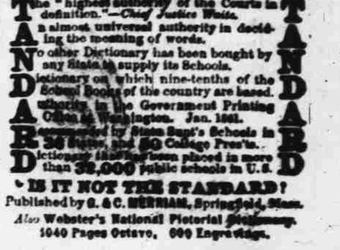

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