THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company— "LET AL'. THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S." Josephus Daniels, Manager

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, - Friday, July 15, 1881.

POETRY.

Stolen Kisses.

In silence and hush of a dream,
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gleam
Of the fire, and never a word;
The echo will ever repeat,
Breaking the silence in twain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

For a kiss would a maiden wake
From a charm of a dreadful sleep,
And the touch of a true love would break,
The peace that the blue eyes keep;
Forever the echoes shall greet,
Like songs of a ripening rain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

When hearts and lips have grown cold,
And love lives but an hour,
When life's romance has been told,
And kisses have lost their power
Then shall soft memory fleet,
No more a dream to enchain;
Yet stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain.

EDWARD GRAY'S WIFE.

"And you refuse me, Ethel?"

The speaker's voice was low and his face was pale—evidently with the shock of a bitter disappointment; the girl to whom he spoke looked up piteously into his sorrowful, honest eyes, her own suffused with tears the while, and, as she answered him, her voice and her whole form trembling with emotion.

"I can do nothing else," she said, naively. "I have no choice, Frank, because"—her face drooped and crimsoned—"because——"

"Because I am so poor?" he asked, reproachfully. "Is that it?"

"Oh, no, no, no! How can you think so ill of me? What have I, a poor seamstress, known for years but poverty? And what true-hearted woman ever yet feared poverty, when it went hand in hand with love? But—"

He interrupted her and seized her hand; his blue eyes flashed joyfully.

"With *love!*" he repeated. "You confess that poverty would be sweetened by love if shared with *me* then? Ah, my darling, God bless you for those honest words! I always knew you loved me, Eth! Even though you refuse me, you love me! My precious little girl-sweetheart of five years ago! Why, pet, when I went to California, and thence to the diamond mines, it was for *your* sweet sake.—What chance had a poor friendless fellow, such as I was, of making a home for his love, such as she was born to, and such as she deserved, in any other way? And I wouldn't tell you all I hoped, or bind you by a word of love or by a promise, because you were so young—only fifteen, pet! I feared to stand in the way of a brighter fate for you, if fortune should refuse to favor me. And when I came back at last, only a poor fellow still, indeed, yet not so poor but what I can cherish my darling wife, and find some comforts for the mother, too, if *that's* what you're fearing, dear—when I come back, and read in your sweet eyes that, without promise and without betrothal you have remembered and loved me still—when I find you still unmarried, still free!"

She stopped him there.

"Alas! not free!" she said. "*That* is why I can do no other than refuse you, Frank—I am not free. I am engaged in marriage to a rich man whom I can never love, but whom (not knowing that you loved me, dear; alas! why did you not speak?)—whom I accepted for my mother's sake. We are poor, and I can earn so little—what would become of her if harm came to me, I thought; and she urged me to accept him—he would restore us to the position we lost when poor father died; I did not even know that you were alive, how could I guess that you loved me? I was *ashamed* of my own fidelity, that remembered *you* so well—you, who had (as it seemed to me) forgotten your little playfellow—and so—and so"—her head drooped, and her tears fell fast—"I have been engaged, for three months past, to Edward Gray, and next month I have promised to marry him."

Edward Gray was a rich and influential man. Rich in his own right, without any occasion to follow any business. It would have made a great stir and talk in the fashionable world, if the rumor had got abroad that he had proposed marriage to a little sewing girl; although that sewing girl had been originally born "among the lilies and roses," like himself, and was undeniably a lady, beautiful, intelligent and sweet. Edward Gray had no intention of inviting the gossips of society to canvass his affairs, however: he kept his intentions—whether good or bad—locked in his own breast.

"My mother resides in the city," he said to Ethel and her mother, "and, although I am very rich, she is still richer, and, if I do not offend her, at her death I shall be her sole heir. She has ambitious projects for me, which my marriage with Ethel will disappoint. Still, when the thing is *done*, I hope for her forgiveness, and if not—content in the society of my sweet bride—I shall do without it. Meantime keep our engagement a secret, I beg of you; let none know you are to be Edward Gray's wife!"

And Ethel and her mother had complied, not doubting that he was speaking truly and dealing fairly with them, and knowing him to be a man of mature years and knowledge of the world, who had a right to be considered his own master.

But Ethel, who, even while her heart was free, had never loved him. Ethel shrank woefully from the thought of this marriage now; and, despairing of an appeal to his generosity to set her free (instinctively she felt it was rather herself than her love he coveted, and that he would surely hold her bound), she began to build a kind of hope upon this proud mother, whom hitherto she had only feared.

"If somehow, without breach of faith on my part, she could learn his intentions, might she not induce him to give me up?" she thought; and she began to long to see Mrs. Gray.

The opportunity came to her. Mrs. Gray sometimes dealt at the store where Ethel was employed, though the girl's duties confining her to the work-rooms, the two women had never met. One afternoon an order came up-stairs that certain work of Mrs. Gray's should be sent home at once; and the regular fitter, who should have accompanied the messenger, was out.

Impulsively Ethel rose up in her place, and offered her services.

"I understand the duties thoroughly: I can do quite as well as Miss Brown," she said; "and my head aches so that I long to get into the air. Pray let me go."

And her offer was accepted.

She went th a splendid mansion on Madison avenue, and was shown into an elegant *boudoir*, where the first thing that attracted her attention was an admirable portrait of Edward Gray—a stern, handsome man of forty, probably. Ethel stood gazing at it, wondering why *she*—whom he loved—could see no beauty in it. She had come here with no definite idea or hope. If she should meet him here, before his mother's face, something might come of it to separate them, perhaps—that was her vague, instinctive thought. She wondered whether his mother would look as stern as he did:—a stately, silver-haired old lady, probably. At that instant the rustling sound of silk behind her made her turn,—a lady had entered the room—a lady, stately and haughty enough, certainly, but beautiful and young. She surveyed the girl's fair face with a glance of displeasure, as she noted where her attention had been drawn. Her own eyes sought the portrait with an expressive glance.

"You seem much occupied with my husband's portrait, young lady," she said, coldly. "Pray, do you know him?"

Ethel stared at her for a moment in blank dismay, then uttered a cry of uncontrollable surprise.

"Your *husband!*" she cried. "Edward Gray your *husband*, madam? Is it possible?"

Then she paused in sudden confusion. If this was his *wife*, why pain her with the knowledge of his villainy—she crimsoned, and would have muttered some excuse, but it was too late.

For Mrs. Gray, with her jealousy thoroughly aroused, sprang to an adjoining door and flung it wide.

"Edward!" she cried. "Come here, and tell me what this means? Who is this girl, who doubts that I am your wife?"

He entered carelessly, and met his intended victim face to face. Villain as he was, that encounter confounded him—he muttered a curse, and then stood silent and ashamed. Ethel spoke—

"Madam," she said quietly, "I do *not* doubt you in the least. I am willing and *glad* to believe you Mr. Gray's wife. As Heaven sees us, however, he told me you were his mother, and won my promise to become his wife!"

With those words she turned and left the room and house, and the husband and wife to their own devices.—And that evening a happy little note was handed to Frank Hamilton, which said—

"Come to me, if you love me still, for I am once more free; I shall never be Edward Grey's wife!"

Need it be told that he came quickly.

"My darling," he said, when she had told him all, "and are you so glad over the loss of fortune? Does my love compensate you for his wealth, Ethel?"

She pouted at that.

"When was I ever mercenary?" she said. "*You* are more to me than all the world beside, and I can never be anything but rich while I possess your love!"

And she *did* possess *that*, beyond all question.

They were married very quietly indeed, without any fuss, as, Ethel said, became poor and humble lovers; and it was not until *after* the wedding, when Frank led her to a splendid home, that Ethel learned she had married—in Frank Hamilton, the successful miner, the California millionaire—a far richer, as well as a worthier man than Edward Gray could ever have been—even had "Mrs. Gray" proved to be indeed his mother, instead of—how Ethel blessed Heaven for the discovery!—his lawful wife.

Some of the Great Bridges.

Robert Stephenson, great engineer as he was, reported that suspension bridges would never do for steam.—John A. Roeling answered with the Niagara suspension bridge, the cheapest structure and one of the best ever built for such a necessity.

In Menai straight, which divides an island from the northwestern corner of Wales, the tide rises to the height of thirty feet sometimes, and generally twelve feet. The British government erected a bridge on the great high road from England to Ireland over this straight in 1826. It is a suspension bridge built by Telford on chains, and cost $600,000 (gold at that time. It is 100 feet above water.—Twenty years afterward George Stephenson began to build the tubular bridge three mile above, spanning the same straight. It took five years, and trains crossed it in 1850. It has four spans, the two in the middle being 560 feet wide each, and the whole bridge is about 1840 feet long. It is 123 feet above high-water mark, and cost $3,000,000.

The Niagara suspension bridge, built by Roebling in 1852, cost only $500,000, is 800 feet long, 230 feet above the river, and its towers are about eighty-four feet high. The Niagara foot bridge, built in 1869, cost $175,000 and was said to be, when opened, the longest suspension bridge in the world or 1,268 feet between towers.

The Cincinnati suspension bridge, by Roebling, stands next to the East river bridge, and is 1,057 feet between towers and 2,252 between the ends; the bridge is 103 feet above low water the towers are 230 feet high, and each is taller and larger than the Bunker Hill monument, and the structure cost $1,800,000; it was built by a company, and charges three cent toll per man. This bridge has been in most useful operation since about 1867; it was eleven years between its commencement and opening.

Koebling, the projector of the Brooklyn bridge, was the greatest bridge-builder in the world. He started the making of wire cordage in America, and built suspension bridges to carry the acqueducts of canals across rivers, and engineered the Pennsylvania railroad across the mountains. The Brooklyn bridge, between towers, is 1,595 feet long.—Behind the towers there are 940 feet each side, back to the anchorages. The whole length of the bridge and approaches is 6,000 feet. It is one of the widest bridges in the world, eighty-five feet, with a promenade thirteen feet wide, two railroad tracks and four carriage and two horse-car tracks. It is 135 feet in the center above the water. The rock on which the towers rest is about ninety feet below the surface of the water on the New York side, and half that depth on the Brooklyn side—the most stupendous thing about the structure. Each tower is 134 feet long by fifty-six wide and at the top of these dimensions are reduced to 120 feet by forty, or the size of a very large house. Each tower is 268 feet above high water.—It is 1,336 feet from the beginning of the caseway on Chatham street out to the anchorage on the New York shore. The architect of the bridge received his death wound almost at its inception.

Who Saw it First!

The question of who discovered the present comet has become a most momentous one. Over 500 persons have laid claim to the honor and the Warner Prize of $200, and all of them are them are within compsratively the same time. It is desirable that no injustice be done in this matter, and to this end all parties who saw the comet during the week ending June 25th, or previously, will please forward their claims without delay to Prof. Swift, of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y. It is certain the discovery was made by a private individual, but who that individual it remains to be seen.

Society Fibs.

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D.

Truth is truth. And everything else is something else, no matter whether it be uttered by the prim lips of the diplomat, or the budding mouth of a young beauty. You may call paste diamond, but that does not make it less paste or more diamond. You may call a lie "a fib," but it is a lie all the same. You may whitewash a mud wall, but that does not change the mud into marble or granite. "White lies" are lies even if they be as white as lillies.

It is wrong to give mitigating names to bad things. It begets a color-blindness in morality. It breeds loose ideas of right. A lie "a fib?" The words are of the same length. Each is as easy of utterance as the other. The former has this advantage over the latter, that it conveys to the hearer a distinct idea, the very idea which is in the mind of the speaker. "Fib" is the exact synonym of "lie," or it is not. If it is, then we have already assigned a reason for preference of the latter word. If it is not, what does it mean? It is supposed to signify a proposition which is neither a lie nor a truth? There is no such thing. The word leads to the supposition that there is, and therefore is bad.

What then are we to do in society? We must always be truthful. Can we be so, and not be rude? Most certainly. There comes that dreadful bore, whose company is so disagreeable. Just before he enters, two acquaintances have been discussing him; that is to say, not quite cursing him. Why should they "gush" at his entrance? Why should they take him in their arms in rapture. Will that cure him? Will it not confirm him in his intolerable habits? They suppose that they have been polite. They will relieve themselves by malediction on him who he shall have departed. It would be better to sit still in silent martyrdom until his heart became touched with a sense of your sufferings. That might cure him. If it did not, it would, and least, save your conscience.

"Not at home," says the servant to the visitor. But the lady *is* at home. She is deep in a novel which she must finish. How could she die in case, if she should be called to depart this life, without knowing which of the characters married and which were killed? She certainly has the right to prefer her book to her visitor, but she has no right to put a lie in the mouth of her servant. It simply teaches the servant that the mistress regards a lie as no offense. When the maid practices on the mistress what the mistress has taught the maid to practice on visitors, what has the mistress to say? Will she turn off her servant and refuse to give her a "character?" Will she state that she discharged her because she was untruthful? Who brought her servant to be so?

If it be replied that no one is deceived by "society fibs," then the answer is ready: Why use them? Why not state the facts? The visitor can take no offense if the person shall return the word that he or she is engaged, will appoint a time when the visitor may call.

It cannot be said that no one is injured. No lie can be uttered, with whatever concomitant of wit or suavity, which does not hurt the utterer's character and reputation. Men come to learn that the fibber is not quite trustworthy, to say the least.

"Fibs" to children are outrages on the innocent. When Dr. Chalmers was staying at a great house where there was much company, a lady was desirous of hearing his conversation through the evening, but her child was sleepy. The mother accompanied the little one to the chamber and soon returned to the drawing-room, where she boasted of her quick success by the strategem of putting on her gown and night-cap and seeming to go to bed with the child, and the *ruse* had the desired effect. The good and great doctor had the moral courage to rebuke her for letting the least thing which the child heard from its mother be a lie.

A gentleman made it a rule to have his children hear nothing but the truth if practicable. A visitor endeavored to coax a reluctant child to come to him, promising her a trinket which hung to his watch-chain. The child yielded. When the visitor rose to go, the father reminded him of his promise. O, he had no such intention! It was just a playful fib! The trinket was a costly piece of jewelry! "You should not have promised, but, having promised, you are bound to do as you have said. I never permit lies to be told to my children. For the whole value of your piece of jewelry, I would not have my child suppose that I could encourage the visits of a liar." He gave the trinket. It was a severe lesson. I say nothing as to the propriety of the father's course but the visitor should not have 'fibbed' to the child.

Seven Babies at a Birth.

NASHVILLE, June 20.—The *Courier Journal* printed a special telegram, some days ago, in which it was stated that a woman living in Jackson county had given birth to seven girl babies. Of course those who read the statement considered it a newspaper joke, and dismissed it without further thought. I confess that when I wrote the telegram making the startling announcement that I did so with many misgivings as to its truth. Since then, however, I have been convinced that I wrote wiser than I knew.

From a gentleman who has just arrived in this city from the neighborhood where this remarkable woman resides, in Jackson county, I learn the following facts: I am under promise to suppress the names, as the husband is peculiarly sensitive on the subject:

About two weeks since, the gentleman states, he was appealed to about 11 o'clock at night to go for a physician for Mrs. B. He consented to do so, and having practiced medicine once himself, accompanied the physician, on his invitation, to the house. When they arrived, about midnight, Mrs. B. was in labor, and preparations were immediately made to deliver her.—Without going into details, it is sufficient to relate that the child was born, but singularly enough the pains of labor continued. An examination convinced the physician that there were two, instead of one, and the woman was soon delivered of the second child, both girls. Convinced, of course, that there was no further need of his assistance, the physician gave certain directions as to the care of the mother and children, and prepared to take his leave. Before reaching his horse, however, at the gate, he was recalled and delivered the woman of another girl baby. Again the physician took his leave, and again he was recalled bringing to light another girl baby.—This was considered remarkable, and the physician was greatly puzzled over the matter. He, however, congratulated his husband on his good fortune and departed for home. He had not gone more than a half mile before he was overtaken by the excited husband of the woman, who in breathless haste informed him that there was still another child to be born. Hastening back, the physician arrived in time to aid in delivering the woman of her fifth child. The physician was then prevailed on by the husband and father to stay during the remainder of the night. He was not slow to accept the invitation, and sat down to await developments. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes he was again called to the bedside of the woman, and very soon the sixth child was breathing the breath of life. Morning dawned, and the doctor took his leave. Having had no sleep during the night he threw himself across the bed, on his arrival home, and was soon sound asleep. About 8 o'clock he was aroused by his wife, who stated that Mr. B.——was at the gate, and wanted to see him immediately.

"What's the matter now?" inquired the doctor.

"Mary appears to be going—you know," replied Mr. B.

"What! another one?" exclaimed the doctor, excitedly.

"That's it," said Mr. B., a smile spreading his mouth from ear to ear.

The doctor mounted his horse and was soon at the house of Mr. B. He was too late, however, to be of any service, as the seventh child, a girl, was born just a few minutes previous to his arrival. The doctor remained about the premises during the rest of the day, but his services were not again needed.

The gentleman who made the above statement, and it is given almost in his exact words, says he has seen the seven babies several times, and while not large—weighing from four to five pounds each—they appear to be healthy, well developed children The occurrence has created considerable excitement in the neighborhood, and the people for miles around flock to see the woman and her babies. The husband is described as being small, in fact, exceedingly thin, while the wife is said to be strong and healthy. The physicians here are considerably excited over the affair, and some are talking of paying the family a visit. A most singular feature of the children is, that all of them have blue eyes, and so closely resemble each other that it is hard to tell "which from the other."

If you wish to behold God, you can see him in every object around; search in your breast, and you will find him there. And if you do not yet perceive where he dwells, confute me, if you can, and say where he is not.

In Russia "hello" is rendered "Tsijakanfitkrajanzski." At that rate a man wants to begin to hail an omnibus two blocks ahead of it.

A Model Will.

The will of an English wife is given as a model, as follows: "As I have long given you my heart, and all my tenderest affections and fondest wishes have always been yours, I have nothing to give but my heartiest thanks for the care and kindness you have always shown me, whether in sickness or health, for which God Almighty will I hope, reward you in a better world. However, for form's sake, I hereby give and bequath you as follows: First, the £10,000 left me by Sir R. H——; the £200 a year left me by my father; the large gold cup and ten lesses gold chocolate cups and stands, which I wish you would sometimes look upon in memory of my death and the fondest and faithfulest friend you ever had."

The Largest Man on Record.

McCabe's History gives the following account of a gigantic North Carolinian: "The largest man on record was Miles Darden, a native of North Carolina, who was born in 1798, and who died in Tennessee in 1857. He was 7 feet and 6 inches high, and weighed 670 pounds. At his death he weighed a little over 1,000 pounds. In 1839 his coat was buttoned around three men, each of them weighing over 200 pounds, who walked together in it across the square at Lexington.—In 1850 it required 18½ yards of cloth, 1 yard wide, to make him a coat. Until 1863 he was active and lively, able to bear labor, but from that time was compelled to stay at home or be hauled about in a two horse wagon. His coffin was 8 feet long, 33 inches across the breast, 18 inches across the head, and 14 inches across the feet. It required 24 yards of black velvet to cover the sides and lids of the coffin.

Found Dead.

We learn from the Kinston *Journal* that William Pate was found dead at his residence in Vance township, in Lenoir county, Tuesday of last week. It seems to be the result of a quarrel, between him and West Vause, colored. Pate struck Vause several times—Pate was drunk, Vause was about sober—Vause told him if he did not quit hitting him he would cut his dam throat—Pate struck him and Vause cut him in three places, a slight wound behind left ear, a wound in the hip about 3 inches deep, another wound about 3 inches above the deep wound in his back, about 11 in depth. They were separated by Phillips, all went home to Phillips' house in the buggy. Pate was so drunk that he was left in the buggy. Phillips and Vause went into the house, had supper and went over to Mewborne's store, afterwards returned and went to bed. Pate went to the house at 3 o'clock in the morning and asked Phillips to take off his pants. Phillips saw that he was bloody. He went to sleep on the floor in the next room where Vause was sleeping.—Next morning he was discovered with his head and arm out of a window and the sash across his neck. Vause took him out of the window and helped him to the floor. He asked Vause if it was day. Vause went to work, leaving Pate in the house. Phillips got up and went to the field; returned about one hour to sun and found Pate dead. Dr. Pollock thoroughly examined the wounds and neck and in his evidence stated that he did not think that the wounds were sufficient to have caused his death, but his opinion was that it was caused by the dislocation of the neck from the head. Vause is now in jail and the coroner's jury up to this writing have not agreed upon a verdict.

Pungent Paragraphs.

Good deeds may be forgotten by men but God never forgets them.

There are but few men in this world but who will bear watching.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks silence.

Whilst we look upon our sins and mikeries, we cannot but blush and bleed before God.

He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named their baby Pent, so that he would want to hold it.

The self-emptied soul drinks in God's message of free grace as eagerly and as sweetly as the thirsty traveller drinks in water.

Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne of the great High Priest.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on the tomb is not so fair as the offering of good deeds.

Dare to Say No.

Dare to say nō when you're tempted to drink;
Pause for a moment, my boy, and think.
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed
For answering yes without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;
Think of her heart, ah! how cruel the blow!
Think of her love, and at once answer NO.

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl
Think of the danger to body and soul;
Think of the sad lives once as pure as the snow,
Look to them now, and at once answer NO.

Think of the manhood with rum cursed breath;
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;
Think of the homes now shadowed with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been so!

Think of the lone graves both unwept and unknown,
Hiding fair hopes that were fair as your own;
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,
That still might have been here had they learned to say NO.

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul;
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
When you are assailed by the tempter say NO.

The Science of Hugging.

Too much care cannot be exercised in putting arms around the young girls of to-day, and we would wish to impress this fact upon the minds of the young men who are just coming upon the stage of action. Of course men along in years do not need advice. The boys are apt to put more force in the right arm than they are aware of in such cases, 100 per cent more than they would be apt to do in sawing wood or carrying up a scuttle of coal. They should bear in mind that girls are too valuable to be used for developing the muscles as you would a gymnasium. You don't have to squeeze girl till her liver is forced from its normal position, and she chokes up and catches her breath, to show that you love her. A gentle squeeze of the hand, the stealing of the arm around her waist when she is not looking, and the least pressure upon the belt as all the law requires. She can tell by your face whether you love her, as you sit there in the twilight looking into the gulfing star eyes, as well as though you grabbed her as you would a sack of wheat and hung on like a dog to a root. Don't make a barrel hoop of yourself, and try to break every stave in the girl you think you love, and you will not have cause for the sorrow that poor young man in Iowa had, who meant no harm, but lacked a governor to equalize his power. Hug easy till you find that the patient will stand more, and then you can apply the proper squeezure. Sometimes we think there ought to be a professorship in our female schools for testing the capacity of scholars for the trying ordeals which they must pass through. If there was such a professorship, and girls were given a ticket or certificate showing just how much hugging would be good for them it might save many valuable lives, but we don't know of many who could hold such a professorship with credit. Then, if the girls were given certificates, they might alter the figures and get more hugging than was good for their health. The best way is for young men to use their good judgment, and then all will be well.

Like Men or Like Brutes.

Sheridan, the English statesman and author of "The School for Scandan," once rose at a banquet and said:

"Now, gentleman, shall we drink like men of like brutes?"

"Like men, of course!" exclaimed several.

"Then," replied Sheridan, "we'll all get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they should."

The best press ever made—Two loving arms.

No man reads a paper that he could not improve.

An editor without a backbone don't amount to much. It's his principle column, you know.

No place, no company, no age, no person is from temptation free. Let no man boast that he is never tempted, let him not be high minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that instant wherein he boasted that he was never tempted at all.