

# 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

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 2, 1881.

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## THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, Friday, September 2, 1881.

### POETRY.

#### A NATION'S PRAYER.

BY H. WILEY.

God save our wounded President,  
And spare him yet awhile,  
Stretch out Thine arm, Omnipotent,  
And cheer him with Thy smile.

Millions bow before Thy throne,  
Beseeching Thee his wounds to heal;  
Prepare him Lord to wear a crown,  
And fill his heart with holy zeal.

A darling wife, and mother's tears,  
Suppressed in terrible suspense,  
Watching on through hope and fear,  
Trusting in Thine sure defence.

The statesman lingers by his side;  
In silent prayer he stands alone,  
With trusting faith in Him that died,  
He murmurs: Lord, Thy will be done!

The church bell rings its sweetest chime,  
Calling thousands by the way,  
And two worlds join in faith sublime,  
And round the altar watch and pray.

Thou wilt spare the wounded  
Thou wilt spare the wounded  
Thou wilt spare the wounded  
Thou wilt spare the wounded

#### Watt Wemyss's Rival.

Their had been a stormy courtship. Watt Wemyss was one of our fidgety, self-asserting sort of lovers, and so jealous—why, had Miranda been his sweetheart, ten to one but he would have counted a rival in the "freaked, hag-horn" Caliban. But his sweetheart was Diantha Drew, of a temper widely different from the gentle Miranda's.

Her moods were as capricious as an April day. Seldom or never was hapless Watt allowed to tuck over an hour at once in the sunshine of her smiles. Her theory of keeping a lover up to this work, was to keep him constantly on the rack—not quite to drive him to despair, but the nearer to the verge of it the better.

More than once Watt had seriously debated the pros and cons of turning his back on the freakish beauty, and seeking some gonyou softie wherein to sit, like a lovesick Volney, amid the ruins of his hopes, and sigh away his days in melancholy broodings. But just at the critical moment Diantha would vouchsafe a gracious look—so soft of tender meaning, so irresistibly enchanting, that before he knew he found himself again at her feet, and more than ever her submissive slave.

One day Watt, after a longer than usual season of calm between Diantha and himself, resolved to make an end of his worries that were worrying him to skin and bone bodily and to a green and yellow melancholy mentally or to know the reason why. He would pluck up courage and ask Diantha to name the day, if it ran in the family he had heard it said, to be shrews before marriage and angels afterwards. He could himself avouch what a loving gentle wife Diantha's Aunt Elinor had been from the day Abdiel Meigs led her to the altar till death did them part; yet many could recall the woes of Abdiel's wooing, and how he confessed that he had gone at last, with a dose of ratbane in his pocket, determined if the froward fair one didn't put an end to his suspense, to end it for himself.

Diantha Drew lived at her Aunt Elinor's, and it was thither that Watt Wemyss hid his steps, big with the resolve already mentioned.

Could he see Miss Drew? he inquired of the servant who answered his ring. Miss Drew was engaged just then, the girl believed, but if he would wait, she would carry in his name.

He would wait, and for that purpose was conducted to the front parlor.

He picked up a book, but had hardly opened it when the sound of voices through the door that led to the library arrested his attention.

In an instant the fire of his jealousy rose to a white heat. One of the voices was Diantha's, as softly modulated as a cooing dove's; the other—it maddened him to hear it—was Ichabod Bligh's, deep-toned, impassioned, earnest, like that of a pleading lover on his knees.

Watt had long suspected Ichabod of being none to good to seek to be his rival; but good heavens! had it come to this? Had the villain presumed—

But hark!

"Perhaps there is another?" hoarsely queried the voice of Ichabod.

"No, let me assure you there is no other," answered hers, with earnest warmth.

"Because," Ichabod furiously thundered, "if I had thought that sneaking

wretch whose name vile rumor links with yours had but the smallest ground for hope, I'd—I'd—"

"Pray calm yourself, he is nothing less than nothing—to me," Diantha hastened to interrupt.

There was something sepulchral in Ichabod's voice when next he spoke:

"My life hangs on the question I am about to ask! Do not, I entreat you, answer it lightly. Adorable creature, do you love me?"

The answer came in a voice so still and small that Watt Wemyss's ears, strained as they were to catch the slightest sound, failed to hear it. But the sequel made it easy to divine the purport.

"Your words have thrilled my soul with joy!" cried Ichabod, in ecstasy. "Come, darling, let me clasp you to this bosom, henceforth to be your resting-place!"

Watt could bear to hear no more. His first impulse was to rush in and throttle his supplanter with the faithless Diantha in his arms; but on reflecting that Ichabod was a strapping, brawny fellow, whose prowess had more than once been proved, he gave way to his discretion, and made a rapid advance homeward.

"No! I'll not let her drive me to despair and strychnine," Watt wisely concluded, after an hour's cool reflection in the quiet of his chamber. "I'll bear it like a man, and let her see I do."

The next evening was that of Mrs. Blount's party. It was a grand affair. Everybody was invited, Watt Wemyss among the rest. He was to have seen Diantha Drew's escort on the occasion, but that was out of the question now. Of course Ichabod Bligh would supply his place. Still he wasn't going to stay away, and he would put on a stiff upper lip and go, if it was to show Diantha how little he cared for her defection.

Watt's get-up was something stunning, and there was a noticeable swagger in his air as he strode up and down Mrs. Blount's capricious parlors. Just let him see Diantha Drew; that was all! Wouldn't he freeze her with a stare? He'd been keeping one on ice all day for her!

It was already late when Diantha made her appearance. She didn't come with Ichabod Bligh, after all, but in company with her aunt, and looking anything but cheerful. Possibly she had been crying at least her eyes looked red enough.

"And no wonder," thought Watt Wemyss, "if she had any conscience!"

The frigid stare was thrown away on Diantha, who was swept into the crowd, and Watt saw her no more till some hours later.

At last there came a lull in the music and dancing, and the word was passed to the guests that if they would assemble in the main parlor there was a little surprise in store for them.

When all had found places, a curtain at the farther end was drawn up, revealing a miniature stage, with appropriate appointments, and a lady and gentleman entering from a wing.

Watt's heart, in spite of the discipline he had put it through, leaped to his mouth as the two performers turned to face the audience, and he recognized Diantha Drew and Ichabod Bligh. But judge of his surprise when he heard them repeat the very dialogue that had been such a gall and wormwood to him the day before! He saw and heard but little of the play; for he hung his head, overwhelmed with confusion, and felt more like a donkey than he had ever done before.

He was too completely abashed to risk meeting Diantha in the presence of spectators, and took advantage of the rush to supper to steal away unobserved.

He made an early call next morning, though, and made a clean breast of how he had played the spy on Diantha and Ichabod's rehearsal, and, taking for real, had run away in a mad fit of jealousy. Then Diantha up and told how she had cried her eyes red because Watt hadn't come to take her to the party. Then they both laughed, and promised never to distrust each other again; and a month after they were married, and Diantha made as good a wife as Aunt Elinor had been to the late Abdiel Meigs.

A maiden who lived in Accord  
The sight of a spider abhorred;  
But her lover made bolder,  
Brushed one from her shoulder,  
And she gave him kisses in reward.  
Next night as he sat by her side,  
And let his arm artfully glide  
Round her trim, belted waist—  
"Oh George, now make haste  
And pretend there's a spider!" she said.

Every trade has its special disease;  
Says a writer on health; and then he adds:  
"Printers usually have the hardest type, probable on account of the amount of 'dead matter' lying around."

#### Two Capital Offenses in Back-Burglary and Rape.

Our community was shocked Monday morning at the announcement that Jim Greenlee, colored, the one-eyed vagabond who has infested our town for some years, had attempted rape upon a young white girl in the family of T. G. Cathey, residing on Main street. He forced the window to her room, entered, and attempted the act. She sleeps very soundly, and Greenlee had almost succeeded in outraging her before she awoke, whereupon she began to scream and he ran. He had lived on the lot awhile, and was well known by the girl. Some time ago, about daylight, he entered her room by the door, and awoke her feeling of her arms and body. The girl proves a good character, having been in Mr. C's family for some four years. Greenlee is guilty of burglary and rape—both capital offenses. Monday the Grand Jury took the matter in hand, and returned two bills, one for burglary and one for assault with intent to commit rape. His trial was set for to-day.—Asheville Citizen.

New Haven has been the scene of a mysterious death which attracts great attention. A beautiful girl, Jennie Cramer, who moved in good society, and up to two days before her death was certainly a virtuous girl, was found dead on the beach near New Haven on the 5th. The evidence was at first conflicting, but now James and Walter Malley, nephew and son of Edward Malley, a wealthy and highly esteemed merchant, have been arrested on the charge of murdering her. They played a deep game to accomplish her betrayal, bringing over a New York woman to help them, and drugged her with wine and perhaps narcotics. It was originally supposed that she might have committed suicide in remorse; but the arrest of the Malleys on the charge of murder seems to mean that the theory is abandoned. Mr. Edward Malley had offered \$1,000 reward for the arrest of the murderers, and now his son is arrested. Great interest prevails about the matter, for the girl was betrayed under circumstances calling for sympathy. She was a belle and a great beauty, and while not prudish in her deportment had always been careful and circumspect. She had one rule which up to the fatal night, two days before her death, she always adhered to—never to break away from her parents' house. She broke this rule and in forty-eight hours was found dead on the beach, with the smell of laudanum about her.

#### At the Insane Asylum.

There is one man at the insane asylum in Raleigh who fancies himself Napoleon Bonaparte. He gets out early in the morning and with a corn-stalk in hand, charges across the grounds crying, "Charge! Bring up the right wing!" and tires himself down at it before he returns to his room. Another imagines that he is to be hung by the sheriff at 1 o'clock unless he can wind up a spider web by that time and there he sits going through the motion with his might, and cries, if spoken to, "Hush! don't bother me! I must have this done and it is most one." A lady who wears a trailing dress shaped like a peacock's tail imagines herself the Virgin Mary, and to every visitor she says, "Touch but the hem of my garment and all thy wounds shall be healed." Dr. Jarrette is allowed the whole grounds but stays with stony gaze in his room, indifferent to everything, and considered by all clearly insane. He scarcely ever leaves the room, brooding, brooding all the time.

#### The Heroine of the White House.

According to Capt. Henry, of the Presidential household, the first stampede of the doctors occurred on Friday a little after noon. The symptoms were so extremely alarming that they held a hasty consultation and made one more effort to struggle against what appeared to be the inevitable decree of fate. In spite of every effort they could make, it seemed that the patient was rapidly sinking, and his tenure of life only a question of a few minutes or hours. The greatest crisis of all had apparently arisen. Another consultation, and it was decided that Mrs. Garfield should be immediately notified to prepare for the worst. Having come to this determination, two of their number visited Mrs. Garfield in her room and plainly laid before her what they believed to be the terrible facts in the case. They said that it was useless to struggle longer; that even what they could do was little, and the limitation of surgery had been reached. They stated the situation as tenderly as possible, and asked that she no longer delude herself with the idea of there being any hope of recovery. This was really the first time that they had formally given up the case. It was then that the pluck of this brave little woman came to the surface. Every feeling of

love, and duty, and tenderness of the wife and mother came uppermost in an instant. Rising erect before them firmly setting her lips against the expression of emotion that struggled for utterance, she bravely said:

"Gentlemen, you shall not give him up. He is not going to die; he is going to live. I feel—I know it. Go back to your post every one of you, and leave it not until every remedy is exhausted—until death itself has set his seal upon him, for I will not believe that he is dying. Go back and do what you can. You cannot do more, but don't give up. I am his wife and I say that we will not give up until the end itself is upon us."

"In this style," says Capt. Henry, "she met the first stampede of the doctors."

#### A Faithful Wife.

AND A HUSBAND RECLAIMED FROM POLITICS AND WHISKEY.

Some years ago there lived in Philadelphia a thrifty fair, the husband's business was one that his wife could assist in, so she was in every way his helpmeet, besides being his housekeeper and his saving bank. They were happy and prospering in their own little house—the Philadelphia's patient idea of comfort. After a time the man grew ambitious to get on a more showy footing. He took to politics—as is the duty of all citizens when this means politics and whiskey in his case, the sort of ward politics that is carried on in liquor saloons. He grew to be such an important man in this "combination" that he could not attend to his private business any more. If this were the story of "Malholby," the rest of it would be that, in spite of his empty shop and unfinished orders, he went on getting rich. But X was not a high politician of that kind. He was of the sort that is used—not a master in the political trade. His wife, left alone in the shop, did her best, but for the very fact that she was alone, that he never seen, customers began to suspect something. Orders that he had taken went wrong complaints were made of lost goods that had been trusted to him. She had to make them good. Here again, the story ought to turn that she built up the business herself again, and put up her own name as sole trader. But she was a poor heart-broken woman. She wanted to reclaim him, and not even the business was as important to her as what had become of her husband all the days and nights that he had stayed away from her. They were half-starved, but she kept up a decent appearance still, kept her children clean and herself tidy.

One day a strange thing happened. This respectable, neat woman, with her two pretty children, made her appearance in the tavern where his man spent his days. She did not make a scene; she did not come for that. She quietly took her seat there and waited for him. People came up to her and urged her to go home, saying that this low drinking place was no place for her and her children. "Wherever their father stays," she replied, "is the place for his children and for me." Of course he was ready soon to go home. Some men would have been brutal—have struck or cursed at her for interference, but this man was only weak, not cowardly. The next day he went to another place. She followed presently with the bright little children. This was kept up for some weeks. The tavern-keepers grew uneasy. They couldn't stand the mute witness of the man's weakness. They could not complain of her, for she did nothing, said nothing—only sat and watched. She did not cry or entreat while her husband lounged up to the bar to drink. She simply sat by, pained and intent, with the two children kept very close to her, as if she would shut out from their eyes and ears such talk and such sights. No tavern-keeper could stand it. One after another refused to sell liquor to a man so guarded. Finally it began to tell on him—this gentle, faithful watch. He stopped drinking, dropped his "political" associates that had led him to it, and began to turn over a new leaf. He picked up his old business again, but finally concluded to move to another place and make a clean start. He is now prosperous, and his experience is not the least part of his gains. This was the way one woman reformed her husband; with never a spoken word, she fairly shamed him out of his ruin, by letting him see that whatever he sank to there she and the children were bound to be, and that even in danger of foulness she still looked to him to protect them. For better, for worse, she had married him, and even when he took the worse there would she and his children be. It was an appeal to his manhood, and a very uncomfortable appeal to the manhood of all who stood around, or who dropped in to drink.—Not a crying woman—not even a praying one, as any one could see—but, by mute appeal of her presence there, finally conquering for decency and happiness again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Bill Arp on the Tragedy.

I'm glad the President didn't die. I like him better than I thought I did. He's nothing more than any other man to me, but I'm for any body that a brute tries to assassinate, and I wish the brute could be hung for it, crazy or not crazy. Its them kind of crazy folks that ain't fit to live, and it only shortens their lives a few days to hang 'em, as Guiteau said about the President. I reckon he is crazy after a fashion, and I don't see how the stalwarts or Conkling or Arthur, or anybody else is responsible for it any more than the rebels were responsible for Booth killing Mr. Lincoln. It was the devil and mean whiskey that got into the feller and that's the whole of it. I believe that General Garfield was going to try to purify the administration of the government—but he wasn't going out of his party to find any help to do it. I don't think he would tolerate such a crowd of thieves and plunderers as Grant had around him, and therefore I was hopeful of his making a pretty good President. May the good Lord deliver us all from any dynasty controlled by Grant and Conkling and Arthur in my prayer, and if General Garfield lives I shall feel that the country is safe for awhile whether the Democrats get any offices or not. I wish they could get a few. Good sakes ain't it been a long time since they got a nibbin' out of the national corn crib. But its all right I reckon or it wouldn't be so, and its best to be reconciled to what we can't help. Maybe if we had the offices, somebody would be shooting at us, and that's a perquisite of office I don't like. Now if Garfield had been away from a little farm he wouldn't have been shot at, which proves that it is safer to farm than to be President. Young men, go to farming and take the consequences.

#### Old Sayings.

A greedy man God hates. A great mark is soonest hit. A easy man never wants woe. A honey tongue, a heart of gall. A hungry man is an angry man. A great ship must have deep water. A great reputation is a great charge. A guilty conscience need no accuser. A happy heart makes a happy visage. A handful of trade is a handful of gold. A jest driven too far brings home hate. A handsome man and a fool may wear the same cap. A great man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones. A hand-saw is a good thing, but not to shave with. A joke never gains an enemy, but often loses a friend. A joyful evening may follow a sorrowful morning. A great man and a great river are often ill neighbors. A handful of sense is worth a bushel of learning. A great man will not trample on a worm nor speak to an emperor.

#### The Reason People Drink.

Mr. A. because he hates to refuse a friend.  
Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not to, and he hates such quackery.  
Mr. C. just takes a drop because he's dry.  
Mr. D. drinks because he's wot.  
Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.  
Mr. F. because he feels something sinking in his.  
Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off for Europe.  
Mr. H. because he has a friend come home from China.  
Mr. I. because he wants to.  
Mr. J. because he's so hot.  
Mr. K. because he's so cold.  
Mr. L. because he has a pain in his head.  
Mr. M. because he has a pain in his side.  
Mr. N. because he has a pain in his back.  
Mr. P. because he has pains all over him.  
Mr. Q. because he feels so light and happy.  
Mr. R. because he feels so heavy and miserable.  
Mr. S. because he's married.  
Mr. T. because he's not.  
Mr. U. because he's divorced.  
Mr. V. because he likes to be with his friends.  
Mr. W. because he has no friends and enjoys a glass by himself.  
Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy.  
Mr. Y. because his aunt did not.  
Mr. Z. (We should be happy to inform our readers as to Z's reason for drinking, but on questioning him he was found to be too drunk to answer.)

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.

#### A Strange Murder in Burke County.

On Friday, August 12th, while working the road leading from Morganton to Brimleton, and about six miles from Morganton, a man named Walker was killed by one Pearson. The facts, as we learn them, are as follows: Pearson with his axe was about to chop a shade or fruit tree, when Walker said: "Don't hack that tree." Pearson replied that it was none of his "d-d business," and immediately stabbed Walker with his knife cutting his throat so that he died in a few minutes. Pearson got on his horse and left in the direction of South Carolina, whither he was pursued by a deputy sheriff, Sheriff Brittain not being well. No cause could be ascribed other than jealousy. Last winter they had both courted the same woman and Walker had won. This was the first time they had met. Pearson is said to have been a comparative stranger in the county, having recently come into it.—Blue Ridge Blade.

#### An Attempt at Suicide.

There was quite a sensational attempt at suicide in this city Thursday night. A white lad, some eighteen years of age, had been observed to act in a somewhat strange manner in the afternoon. By some means he procured a two-ounce vial of laudanum and late in the evening went down to Tucker's meadow, half a mile from the city. There he swallowed the poison, and lying down beneath an immense poplar tree, fell into a stupor. He was found about 11 P. M. by some young men and taken home. A physician was hastily summoned, and soon appeared with that utterly romantic instrument, a stomach pump, with which he soon removed the dangerous drug, and brought the would-be suicide to his senses. No cause for the ridiculous and rash attempt to take his life is given by the lad, and hoping that he will make no more such attempts, we call his name —News-Observer.

#### A Model Speech.

"When in the course of human events it is necessary to be or not to be, a decent respect for the opinion of mankind compels us to declare that as far as we know evil communications corrupt good manners. The boy stood on the burning deck when there was a sound of revelry by night. I still live. I know not what others may ask. But as for me, give me liberty or give me death. My name is Norval. On the Grappian hills my father makes his pill. Whether it is better in the mind to suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or by opposing end them, Roll on thou deep blue ocean, roll. 'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch dog's bark. Man is prone to evil as the sparks fly upward. Vox populi. Cur homo. Quen Sabe? There is no safety safe in total abstinence. A stitch in time saves nine. But there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught. Remember me. Reading mends the mind. Act well thy part. 'Tis there true honor lies. Off with his head! So much for Frothingham. My terms are cash and unconditional surrender. Up, guards and at them. England expect every man to do his duty. For action speaks louder than words. Time and tide wait for no man. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks. All honest labor is honorable, even to cutting off coupons from government bonds. Beware of entangling alliances. Marry in haste and repent at leisure. Wine is a mocker and strong drink is Old Tom and Holland gin. I would rather be right than be President. But if I cannot be President I will not do right. Fire is a good servant but a hard master, and knowledge is justified of her children.

#### Cotton Mills in Arkansas.

Arkansas has several successful cotton factories which have been built within the past few years. The largest and most prosperous of these are at Little Rock, and capitalists have advertised for bids to erect another mill there to contain 500,000 bricks. Pine Bluff has a \$200,000 cotton manufactory on foot, with more than one-half of the capital paid in. Fort Smith is building a \$100,000 cotton seed oil mill. At Bayston, in Pike county, is the oldest mill in the state. It was handsomely and the owners are anxious to enlarge it.

#### Suicides.

An Alabama father committed suicide because he thought that his wife loved his daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a woman who was her father's; a Rhode Island man because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a sufficient quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse expected him; a Michigan florist because his husband of three days swore at her, and a Nebraska editor because a man called him a liar.

#### A Live Young Carolinian.

One of the pluckiest Thelwell boys who ever left the Old North State to make home and fortune abroad was Horace H. Rowland, Jr. About twelve years ago he went from Henderson, N. C. in Tyler, Texas, when it was a small village. He was a merd strapping man with a brief experience as a drug clerk, but with a resolute heart. He literally grew up with the thriving young city, marrying, building up a large double business, becoming an alderman and leading citizen. To-day he went with me to the Agricultural Department to procure information, which they did not have respecting grass seed suitable for the soil and climate of the interior of eastern Texas. He has 2000 acres of land which he proposes to put in grass and has already secured a number of varieties, but naturally wishes to get the best. Horace is going to establish a ranch for the purpose of utilizing some of his collections which are sometimes made in cattle. This will enable him to give full vent to that tireless energy which has made him wealthy in a few years and placed him in a commanding position as a business man. He had with him his wife, three children and his wife's sister. They are en route to Texas, via New York and Chicago. Mr. Rowland is a brother of A. W. Rowland, Esq., of Wilson, the well-known druggist.—Goldsboro Messenger.

#### Cotton Manufacturing in Georgia.

At Columbus, upon what is thought to be the finest water power in the land, are now the largest cotton mills in the South. Among the enterprises there is an incorporation which has grown from one little mill of two hundred thousand dollars capital in the past half dozen years, to a company of five mills to-day, with a paid up capital of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, paying twenty per cent. Other mills have been built up around them and are enjoying a successful career. Next to Columbus comes Augusta, with her splendid canal water power. In 1879 she declared a dividend of twenty-eight per cent. on eight hundred thousand dollars invested in factories. Since that time a company has been organized there with a capital of one million dollars to manufacture cotton goods, with privilege to increase its capital to three million dollars. Another manufacturing company of the same city have increased their capital from six hundred thousand dollars to one million dollars. The mills at Macon are being enlarged. Another splendid factory is to be built at Atlanta, where there is one of the best in the South now. The Chattahoochee mills at West Point, recently destroyed by fire, are rising Phoenix like from the ashes, and will soon be in operation again. Columbus has the only bagging factory in the State, which makes ten mills in all in that city. The enterprise mills of Georgia have been by double their capacity.

#### Arkansas Cotton Mills.

Within the past six months an Ohio man has started the splendid humming at Tusculum, Ala., spinning yarns direct from the seed cotton, and says he will make twenty-five per cent on his investment the first year. A five thousand spindle mill is being erected at Montgomery. The Tusculum mills have more orders than they can fill and want to double their facilities. The Selma mills are a success and they will shortly be erected there. Huntsville will soon have a fine cotton mill, the superintendent of which comes from Rhode Island and invests his capital in that handsome and healthy little city. He knows that it will pay.

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