THE WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA
BY
JOSEPHUS DANIELS, - - Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE
One year.....2.00
Six months.....1.00

Money can be sent by Money Order or Registered Letter at our Risk.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOL 12. WILSON, N. C, FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 22, 1882. NO. 36

THE ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

The Baltimore Oriole was a great success.

Wilmington wants a canning factory.

Charlotte's Graded School opened with 335 pupils.

A new brick Episcopal church is to be built at Henderson.

Since 1877, 45,640 dogs have been drowned by the authorities of New York.

The Moore *Gazette* has been revived at Carthage with N. M. Dunlap editior.

Shelby, N. C., man is making a splendid quality of brandy from the lucious watermelon.

The *New South* says that the fish industry of Wilmington is assuming gigantic proportions.

Arabi Pasha has surrendered unconditionally and is now a prisoner. The war is virtually over.

A Virginia paper Mahone "wants to be President." That's where the people and Mahone differ.

Rev. Dr. Deems will lecture in Raleigh October 5th for the benefit of Edenton street Methodism church.

Confederate bonds command $7 per $1,000 in Richmond. Common sense is lower, with no appreciable demand.

The Greenbackers will meet in Newberne Sept. 20th., to nominate a Congressman to be beaten by Hubbs or O'Hara.

At Brownsville, Texas, the fever does not abate. The new cases average about fifty a day. The deaths are about 8 a day.

The old and popular Boyden House, at Salisbury, has been closed. Col. Brown will open a hotel in Asheville.

Two circuses, Sell Bros, and Cole's are heading for North Carolina. They will both be here about the middle of October.

The Chatam *Record* had entered upon its fifth volume. It is one of our most valued exchanges, and we wish it long continued success.

In Cobb county, Ga., a natural ink is found which neither corrode, fades nor freezes. The record of the county are kept with it.

Alex. H. Stevens says that we Americans have "the best government in the world," which is probably true; but it is still mighty far from perfection.

A Nevada paper tells of a man who was eaten up by a bear while asleep. He will be a much astonished citizen when he wakes up and find where he is.

The *New South* says that the Wilmington peanut is the best on the market; it has more of the taste of the nut and less of the taste of the pea or bean than any other.

D. D. Ruth, city treasurer of South Bend, Ind., has absconded with $20,000 of public funds. The story of the gleanings of Ruth is not popular with the Hoosiers of that section.

A hat flirtation is the latest idiocy among the girls. There is no way that a man can wear a hat that doesn't mean something, and the only way you're safe is to go bareheaded.

The special jury has returned a verdict of 99 years in the penitentiary against Samuel Hazel, who brutally murdered his five year old child at Anna, Ill. He ought to have been hung.

The Advertiser talked friskily the other day about "a gain of two republican Congressmen" at the late election in Arkansas, when Congressional candidates were not voted for at all.

Morse invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf mute wives, which leaves a man to observe: "Just see what a man can do when everything is quiet."

Michelet says that "woman is the summer of man; not his repose only, but his joy; the salt of his life," to which he might have added the rest of the seasons, including mustard and vinegar.

In Gaston county, within the last ten days, 100 new babies have been ushered into this vale of tears. Nine of them appeared last Monday in one township, which is still demoralized from the effects.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Florida making all railroad property in the State subject to taxation, will, it is thought, increase the taxable property of the State some five millions of dollars.

Miss Lizette C. Bernheim has severed her connection with *at Home and abroad*. An exchange says she "is about to weld other ties." Does that mean get married? If so we extend best wishes in ADVANCE.

As Josh Billings grows older in years he grows in wisdom. Read: When a young man ain't good for anything else, I like to see him carry a gold-headed cane; if he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle.

A FORCIBLE COMMENTARY.—A convict says he was sent to prison for being dishonest, yet is compelled every day to cut pieces of pasteboard to put between the soles of shoes made there and palmed off on the innocent public as leather.

The following occurred in a San Francisco court: "Have you," asked the Judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before the sentence is passed?" "No, your Honor," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last cent."

The Greensboro *Patriot* says a man in Swain county stole some property one evening not long since, and was captured early next moruing, tried and sentenced to the penitentiary, and was placed on the Western road at work by 3 o'clock the same day.

A boy fell into a creek at Oxford, Ind., and went home in wet clothes. His angry mother said that she wished he had stayed in the water. Taking the remark to heart, he returned to the stream and drowned himself. Then the thoughtless mother drowned herself in unavailing tears.

At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Temperance Union, held at Springfield, Guilford county, N. C., September 3, 1882, *Resolved*, 1. That it is the sense of the meeting that in the present campaign there must be temperance candidates in the field in the counties here represented (Guilford and Randolph.) *Resolved*, 2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the press for publication.

This is how they raise children in some portions of Virginia: A man will get up early in the morning and after stretching and waking himself good will say: "Johnnie!" "Sir!" "Have you given the calf some fresh pine straw to eat?" "Yes, sir." Then wash your face in the branch like a pretty fellow, and go to the persimmon tree and get your breakfast."

Some men have tact. Said the bridegroom who didn't wish either to offend his bride or die of internal disturbance; "My dear, this bread looks delicious; but it is the first you have ever made. I cannot think of eating it, but will preserve it to show to our children in after years as a sample of their mother's skill and deftness."

President Arthur gave a brief impromptu reception to the people in Bangor, Me., Tuesday afternoon. In the midst of it, the *Commercial* says, he found time to compliment a little Miss upon her "Tam O'Shanter hat," and to say to some very small boys who were sliding through the room. Come boys and shake hands with me. I like boys."

A man never loses anything by kindness. The Greensboro *Patriot* says that a gentleman at the depot awaiting for the Danville train saw a woman slip upon something and nearly fall. He hurried to assist her to rise, and as he did so she dropped a valise, which proved to be his own, which he had left in the waiting room a few minutes before, and which she was attempting to steal.

The Philadelphia *American*, one of the leading Northern republican papers, says the republican party in some parts of the South is not a pleasant object of contemplation. In Virginia, it has committed suicide for the benefit of the repudiators. In North Carolina, it has organized an alliance with all the vice and ignorance of the State, to prevent the passage of laws to restrain drunkenness.

Can nothing stop these fatal mistakes in drugs? The *North State Press* says that a blind man by the name of Ballance, at or near Lake Landing, Hyde county, sold a few days to a person calling for calomel, some strichnine. A portion was given to a young lady and the balance taken by Mr. Thos. Midgett. The woman died but by successive treatment Mr. Midgett was saved. The next Legislature will fail to do its duty unless it makes it a misdemeanor for men who are ignorant and inexperienced. to handle drugs

When the time comes, Mr. Chairman, that the officer seeks the man; when the use of money in buying votes are unknown, then, indeed we will have "a free ballot and a fair count." Sin and wrong never make a man free. Under their dominion he is bound soul and body. The only freeman is the one who is the gentle and merciful; whose glad eye drinks in with joy the beautiful creations of his Maker as they glow in the rainbow, flash in the streamlet, and blush in the rose, conscious that all men are his brethren.—*Bob Vance.*

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

The Weeks Wealth of Near News Gathered by Our Reporters and Neatly Nipped from our Numerous Neighbors.

There are five flourishing schools in Scotland Neck.

Wayne county will nominate county officers Sept. 30th.

Mr. J. H. Jones, of Battleboro, will shortly open store in Rocky Mount.

The Tarboro *Southerner* complains loudly of its poor market, and calls for a city market house.

Rev. D. R. Bruton has been conducting a revival in the Methodist church at Scotland Neck.

Mr. Titus W. Carr, has resigned as a Commissioner in Greene county. Col. R. C. D. Beaman was elected in his place.

The Tarboro *Guide* publishes the remarkable fact that not one of the prominent merchants of that place is a native of the county.

Capt. John S. Dancy has resigned his place as one the directors of the Tarboro Fair, and Dr. J. H. Baker has been appointed in his place.

The *Reporter* says it is rumored that Frank Powell, of the *Southerner* and Post master Williamson, of Tarboro, are about to fight a duel. We suppose its all fudge.

The Kinston *Free Press* says that Humphrey, Wassom and others who oppose Hubs are manoeuvering with a view to putting a second radical county ticket in the field in Lenoir county.

Tarboro has a Bennett—Phillips club which is in a flourishing condition. Dossey Battle, Esq., addressed the Club last Friday night and J. L. Bridgers, Jr., will speak Friday night, Sept. 22nd.

The Wilson correspondent of the *Sunny Home*, said in his last week's letter "money is very scarce"—Wonder if said correspondent is "hard up." We might very appropriately keep such a notice standing at the head of our columns all the year round.

We learn from Mr. C. T. Willis taxt he has recently fitted up his Opera House in Tarboro with gas fixtures. He has also opened another entrance to the hall for the convenience of parties having reserved seats. He thinks Tarboro a better place for troups than Wilson.

The Kinston *Free Press* records the shooting of Mr. Herman Bryan in that place last Wednesday night by a negro named Silverton Lawhorn. The ball penetrated the lungs. There is great indignation on the part of the citizens against the negro. Mr. Bryan will probably live.

The Rocky Mount *Reporter* says that Jerry Cox, colored, the noted criminal, who is confined in the jail at Nashville, it is said breaks his chains, &c., almost as fast as they are put on him. He was chained to the floor of his cell last Wednesday, but by some means broke the chain and was lying in wait to kill the jailor when he brought his supper.

BATTLEBORO NO FENCE MEETING.—At a meeting of the farmers of Edgecombe and Nash counties held at Battleboro Saturday Sept. 9th 1882, for the purpose of discussing the fence question Capt. Wm. H. Powell of Edgecombe was called to the chair and Theo. Hobgood of the *Sunny Home* was requested to act as Secretary. Mr. Joe Powell of Edgecombe and Mr. J. B. Phillips, of Nash, speaking for their respective sections thought that all with the possible exceptions of two in Nash, were in favor of doing away with the fence. J. P. Phillips read a letter from D. H. Barlow endorsed by W. G. Lewis stating they would sell their lands before they would replace their fences. On motion of T. P. Braswell, the chair was requested to ascertain who were in favor and who were opposed to the fence. Only one dissenting voice. On motion of G. L. Wimberly a committee of three from Edgecombe and three from Nash were appointed to ascertain the views of those who were not present and also to find out the necessary steps to be taken to establish the no fence law, committee to report at next meeting to be held Thursday, Sept. 21st., at 3 o'clock P. M. G. L. Wimberly, J. J. K. Lawrence and W. H. Whitehead were appointed on the Committee from Edgecombe and J. B. Phillips, G. W. Ward and W. P. Davis, from Nash. Meeting adjourned to meet Sept. 21st.—*Southerner.*

What are Boys Good For?

The whourchin answered: "They are good to make men out of," made an admirable reply. But the sort of men we are to have in a few years, depends upon the sort of boys we have now.—A man is but a grown up boy. The present crop of boys contains some hopeful specimens, who gives promise of useful and noble manhood. But it also shows a large percentage of boys who must be reconstructed before they can possibly develop into a manhood that can fill any honorable or useful position in society. Boys who shun or shriek useful work or improving study, and spend their time in idle dissipations or vivacious activities, can never become useful men. Boys who, being obliged to do something for their support, are not hopeful prophesies of manhood. They will never amount to much. When we see the tendency of cities, boys industrious only in playing billiard or bace-ball, or in some other useless or demoralizing pursuit; and the disposition of country boys, to seek in the city for easier or more respectable(?) employment than the country offers, we feel unhopeful of the future. It is from these two classes that the constantly increasing armies of shyster lawyers, quack doctors poor preachers, bummer politicians, drunken loafers, petty thieves, tramps, dead-beats, *et id omni genus*, are chiefly recruited.

Boys, is you want to be men of worth, don't be afraid of hard work or hard study.

"Lives of great men all remind you.
You can make your lives sublime."

Read the lives of the great men of the past and present, and emulate the virtues and imitate the example of their boyhood. Dr. Benjamin Franklin went from a soap-boilers shop, through a printing office to fame world-wide and immortal, by dint of industry and study.

What boys have done, boys can do.—*Selected.*

Was It An Insult?

In a voice full of deepest emotion the Secretary than announced the following:

RIDGEWAY, N. C., Aug 31.
BROTHER GARDNER:

HONORED SIR—Some time ago I noticed a discussion in the proceedings of your club to the effect that your honorable body was at a loss to decide on an emblem. Allow me to suggest a chicken retiring to roost, with Giveadam Jones' open hand for a background. I think this picture on the banners of your club would look very handsome, and at the same time be very appropriate. Hoping my humble suggestion will meet with your entire approbation.

I am truly yours,
CAL. NED GOODREN.

Several members of the club were on their feet before the Secretary had finished the epistle, and until Pickles Smith fell over a stool and spralled on his back it was impossible to tell who had the floor. Giveadam Jones declared that it was an insult which he would wipe out with blood, and Judge Cadaver was trying to read a resolution to the effect that the club dispatch three delegates to North Carolina to demand a retraction, when the President called for order, and said:

"Gem'len, doan' be so thin skined I doan' see nuffin strange in a chicken retirin' to roost. Chickens can't stan' aron' on de co'ners all night any mo' dan cats kin. Neither do I see any thing out of de way in Brudder Jones' hand fur a background. Kase his hand am dar am no sign dat he is arter de chicken. If he was arter de chicken his hand would be in de foreground. Doan holler till yer hurt, an' if ye am hurt while prowlin' round anoder man's premises doan' holler if ye kin help it."—Detroit *Free Press.*

Wilson's Taxable Property.

The following itemized statement of the taxable property of Wilson county and the taxes received thereon will prove of interest to our readers. The statement was very carefully prepared and given us by Mr. B. F. Briggs, and may be relied on as correct in every particular:

STATE GENERAL TAXES.

NO.	KIND.	VALUE.	TAX.
282,978	Acres Land.	$1,141,395	$684.82
549	Town Lots	424,996	255.00
1,378	Horses	77,020	46.21
1,383	Mules	85,219	51.13
4	Jacks	125	7
4	Jennies	45	3
9	Dogs	95	6
1,127	Goats	1,066	64
3,677	Cattle	25,976	15.05
18,595	Hogs	20,842	12.50
2,353	Sheep	2,351	1.40
Value farming utensils, &c.		214,679	128.81
Money on hand		90,615	54.37
Solvent credits		610,030	366.02
Stock in Incorporated Cos		18,575	11.15
All other personal property		268,801	161.28
Railroad transportation		22,800	13.68
$2,500 net income and profits			25.90
Total			$1,828.12

SPECIAL STATE TAXES.

Insane Asylum	$3,003,700	$3,304.07
Penitentiary	1,003,700	1,501.85
Interest on 4 per ct b'd d'd	3,003,700	1,802.22
Total		$6,608.14

SCHOOL TAX PAYABLE TO COUNTY TREASURER

1,460 White Polls at	1.21⅞ cts	$1,773.90
1,029 Colored Polls at	1.21⅞ cts	1,250.24
$43,800 Bank Stock		54.75
$3,003,700 Val Tax Propat	12½ cts	3,754.62
Total		$6,833.51

COUNTY TAX.

15 per ct on $100 real and personal property and bank stock.
One per ct on net income and profits.
45⅞ per ct on the poll.
Total $5,729.64

GRANDMA'S PARTY.

Grandma had a party the other day! It was the funniest thing I ever heard of in all my life, which hasn't been very long yet, seeing I'm just a slip of a girl, only turned 16, and Bob Andrews says—Bob says—oh, pshaw! I'm not telling about him, but about Grandma's party. You see, she was 82 years old that day. Eighty-two—mercy me! I wonder what I'll look like when I'm 82? My hair is black as night and her's is whiter than anything I ever saw, for there is a silvery gloss about it that I cannot describe, and she is so old and small and yet every one says she has a lovely face; it is just as if all sorrow, and regret, and disappointment, and care had been taken out of it. It makes me cry sometimes, it is so sad; but then Bob Andrews says I cry at anything! As if *he* knows.

And it's queer, isn't it? but Grandma's cheeks are red sometimes, or at least they are pink, and it always reminds me of the sunset shining on new snow, and when she looks out of the window a long time her eyes grow large and look almost young. I was telling that silly Bob Andrews about them, and he said if I would look close into them I would see an angel. I did, and all I saw was my own face, and I kissed Grandma and told her something I had read one day that made me think of her:

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

For sometimes I think Grandma prays much of the time. What else can such old people do?

But about her party; there were eight old ladies invited to it, and they were all as old as Grandma, or very nearly so, and they trembled when they walked, and they stooped and had wrinkles and were dressed—oh, dear, if you could have seen them! Little old-fashioned black silk gowns, with skimpy skirts and white neckerchiefs, and work bags and strings of gold heads, and watch chains made of hair, and they wore brooches with miniatures of such funny looking young men in them, and they talked in such pathetic wheezy voices, as they shook hands with Grandma, and wished her "many happy returns of the season, dear." You see they didn't any of them seem to think they were old. One very old lady said, "It's so strange that I should have the rheumatism; none of my family ever had it. What would you advise me to do, Mrs. Lindsey?" she asked of one of the company.

"I'm sure I couldn't tell," said the other old lady. "I never had a touch of rheumatics in my life. Can't be you're getting old?"

"Old? Me old? Why, I haven't seen 75 yet! No, it's a cold I've taken. I'll just take care of myself through the winter, and come out like a lark in the spring."

"I had such a fall the other day," chirruped a frisky little old maid, with dark, false curls and a bit of rouge on her cheeks. She was nearly 80, but as straight as I am, and Bob Andrews says I lean back I'm so straight. "I was coming through our hall, tripping along in a hurry, and I fell over the door mat and down the steps. It gave me quite a shaking up."

"You should look where you are going next time," said one of the old ladies.

"Oh," said the aged spinster bridling, "that's what the doctor said, but girls will be girls, you know!"

Mrs. Lindsey is a cranky old Scotch woman, and she put in her word just then:

"Fools will be fools," she said with a sniff of disapproval, "and there's no fools like old fools, as I told Sam McCullugh when he asked me to marry him last year; deaf and blind and not a tooth in his head; he'd 'a' been a gift for anybody to take up with!"

I could'nt see where Mrs. Lindsey differed from her own description and I was thinking it over, when the little old maid spoke up:

"Girls," she said in her affected falsetto voice, "do you remember Bruce Conway?"

Then there was a chorus of "Poor Bruce!" "It only seems yesterday I saw him!" "Such a handsome young fellow," etc.

"I've heard," said Mrs. Lindsey, "that he was engaged to Sophia Lamb when he died."

"Indeed he wasn't," spoke up a very old woman who sat on the sofa knitting stockings for her grand-son—"he never was engaged to Sophy."

They didn't notice a blush on the wrinkled old cheek, but I did—let me alone for seeing all such things, as Bob Andrews says—and then the old hands dropped into her lap, and she ceased to knit.

"Bruce has been dead fifty years," said grandma, musingly. "It doesn't seem a day. I used to go up meeting-house hill to put Southern wood and lilacs on his grave—poor Bruce!"

Then I saw a tear on the cheek of the knitter, and I went and asked her about her work—who was the little stocking for?

"It's for my granddaughter's little boy," she said; then turning to me trembling and eager, "There wasn't a word of truth in what they told, my dear; Bruce Conway was engaged to me when he died. He gave me this ring"—twisting a bent and warped gold wire on her thin, veined finger. "I've worn it all my life, and, please God, it will be buried with me when I die! You're the only one I ever told, my dear!"

I think when they went out and saw the supper-table with its lights and the grand birthday cake with eighty-two tapers burning, they became more cheerful, for they laughed and told stories and recalled old times, the parties they used to have and the cakes they made, and they said no one knew how to make such good cakes now, and I'm glad they don't, for I shouldn't like caraway seeds in my tea-cakes, and pound cake as heavy as lead would kill me!

When tea was over, the little spinster sat down at the piano and played. Oh! I wish you could have seen her. She bobbed up and down and sideways, and pounded at the keys; but, worse still, she sang a sentimental song, in her little cracked voice. Even Grandma had to smile. But then she sang the "Land of the Leal!" Grandma had been a great singer in her day, and although the power and music had gone out of her voice, it had a soft, sad sweetness that would have made me cry if that Bob Andrews would have given me my own hand. As it was I just kept the tears back as the dear old soul sang it:

"I'm wearin' awa, Jean,
Lige snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin awa,
To the land of the leal.

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cuald nor care Jean,
The day is ane fair
In the land of the leal.

"Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean—"

Then they all broke down, and—and—and—that ended Grandma's party. They said they had a lovely time, but I never saw anything so sad in my life, and when they were all gone I cried too, and said:

"Oh, I never, never, never; want to be old!"

"And you never shall be," said Bob Andrews—silly fellow!

"I should like to know how you can prevent it," I asked, scornfully as I could.

"By taking such good care of you, darling, that you—" But, pshaw! you don't want to hear what he said.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Comfort to Old Maids.

Old maids are useful. They can cook, sew and take care of the children and nurse sick people, and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood.

Old maids are amiable. If one wants anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it.

Old bachelors are ill-natured. They snub children, despise babies and hate young mothers, and are always so busily employed in seeing that other people take care of them that they have not a moment to give to any one else.

Old maids are nice looking, and young for their years. Old bachelors have red noses, rheumatism in the knees, bald heads and mouths that turn down at the corners.

Old maids can make a home of one little room, and they cook delicious meals for one over the gas jet, in cunning little tin kettles, besides making all their own wardrobes. Old bachelors need an army of tailors, waiters, cooks and distant relatives to keep them comfortable.

When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pocket handkerchiefs, take homeopathic pellets out of two bottles alternately, and get well again. When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for four doctors, have a consultation, a mantlepiece full of black bottles, all the amiable married men who belong to the club to sit up with them at night, besides a hired nurse; they telegraph to their relations, and do their best to persuade the world that they are dying.

When an old maid travels she takes a sandwich, a small piece of pound cake and a bottle of lemonade in a basket, and lunches comfortably in the carriage. When an old bachelor travels he orders a meal in courses at the station, and raves because he has not time to eat it before the "fifteen minutes for refreshments" has expired.

Old maids drink tea, and it cures their headaches.

Old bachelors drink strong liquor, and it gives them headaches.

Old maids are modest. They think their youth is over and their beauty gone. If after awhile some autumnal love is given, then they take it as a sort of miracle, and hope people will not laugh at them for "marrying so late in life."

WHAT THE SOUTH WANTS.

The following from the pen of a distinguished Kentuckian we heartily endorse, and such should be the sentiments of every true Southern man.

"I am tired of hearing the depreciating cry of 'We want Yankee brains and enterprise.' We don't want any such thing. We want Southern brains and enterprise. What the South wants is common sense and action. The old ruling class was not and is not a more inefficient class than the same strata in New England. On the contrary history shows that when we applied ourselves to the thing in hand we excelled the North. We had more good statesmen and orators than the North. Our military men were the foremost. In manners and taste the South, with all her smaller cities and sparse population, was at least equal and abroad, held superior to the North. In physical development they are and have been superiors to the North. Slavery prevented manufactures and commerce and interferred with common education, and therefore, was a block to most of the progress of modern civilization, mechanics, arts, roads, buildings, ships and all that It prevented inventions and the intelligent use of the methods already known. It warred against economy and self-restraint. But slavery is gone, and gone forever and the road to progress lies full and free before us. If we take the old slave line as the border of the South, we have a larger and better surface and soil than the North and also better climes. We are the place of the great world staples—cotton, corn, (maize,) tobacco and rice. There are vast fields yet to be occupied with the sugar cane. The cotton and all these other other staples should reach their highest preparation for consumption here. We have all the minerals of the world. We have the clime for the best peaches, apples, and cherries, not to speak of the orange banana, lemon and the watermelon and many small truits. The vine and the silk culture must succeed here, if anywhere in America. The South has the best timber; the wood of the sunny clime is firmer, stronger and more varied than in the North and its growth more rapid. When forestry becomes an art and culture as it will the South will be the place of its highest success. When sorghum and the sugar beet, the one for stock and the other for sugar, shall become the great staples, and they will in time, the South will be the place for their culture. We have also the site for flax and hemp and the best wheat and barley. There is plenty of capital in the South for all legitimate purposes. Where comes the money for our foreign travel, our summer watering places, our extravagance in household and personal decoration? We have enough to begin with, and more will join us if need be."

A Marvelous Circumstance.

An old style camp meeting of the Methodist Protestant Church was held at Bethel church, thirteen miles south of Graham, commencing on the 2d inst., and ending on the evening of the 6th. It was very successful and largely attended. Over 4,000 people were present on Sunday. Among the converts at the meeting was a boy 14 years old. He was naturally a very bright and intelligent lad but unfortunately stuttered so badly as to prevent his attending school. His speech could only be understood by members of the family, and then with great difficulty. Just at the moment of his profession he spoke clearly and without any impediment whatever, in every respect as well as if he had never had the defect at all, and continued to do so until our informant left the ground. This circumstance seemed so marvelous to his friends and acquaintances, who knew of his impediment of speech, that it created a great sensation among them and in fact the entire assembly.—*News Observer.*

The Alamance "Gleaner" published a week after the above occurrence, says that the cure is a permanent one.

Annoying Attentions.

A young Brooklyn widow is the object of attentions, which are becoming not only annoying but intolerable. On Thursday thirty-nine quarts of ice cream, fourteen tons of coal, three kegs of beer, forty wagon loads of kindling, seven insurance agents and a twin infant's outfit were sent her in small quantities from scores of dealers. On Friday a carpet-cleaner came early, then two more, then florists, bakers, confectioners, coal carts, beer wagons, etc., as before. On Saturday the first caller was a wet, nurse, who rang the bell at 5:30 in the morning and was succeeded in the course of the day by about thirty others in search of the same infant. There were also three more lager-beer dealers and two soda-water peddlers. In the evening the express-men began calling, three being there at the same time for trunks directed to different points varying from Babylon, Long Island, to Montreal, Canada. On Sunday came twenty-one quarts of ice-cream and an undertaker. Since that time all has been quiet, but the lady's nerves are so unstrung in consequence of the excitement that she will leave the city. The detectives have been put on the track in the hopes of arresting one of the widow's discarded suitors.

True Woman's Rights.

A young married woman down in Kentucky, being asked if she did not have a sort of uncontrollable hankering to march to the ballot box and cast her vote for law, and liberty, and freedom, and equal rights, both civil and military as viewed from a womanly standpoint, said: "Ballot box be smashed, I'd rather rock a cradle with a good baby in it, than rock the throne of every principality on earth by my suffrage." That's the kind of a woman to have around the house, according to the anti-woman's suffrage idea. It is claimed that such a woman lays over the thin-faced, dyspeptic novel reader of a history, who demands the ballot, by an overwhelming majority in both houses and the mind of the young man looking for some one to split the kindling, build the fires and fry doughnuts for him.

Lying About Snakes.

A Swansboro item in the Newberne *Journal* furnishes a good idea of how a man can lie about snakes—thus:

More snakes this week. Mr. T. Marshall was getting fodder last week when a large coach-whip snake attacked him and his boy; the monster had a white rabbit in his mouth, and was twelve feet long, He attacked the boy, who is about 13 years old, and if it had not been for Zeph, probably would have whipped the boy to death. The rabbit was a genuine white rabbit; don't know where it came from. The snake was killed, and Bryce Morris killed a large rattle snake twelve and a half feet long with fourteen rattles and measured twenty-two feet around; his rib bones were five inches long; inside was a live raccoon and a dead blue herron. J. H. Littleton saw another snake yesterday near Maj. Fonville's sixteen feet long, but did not succeed in killing him.

Kisses.

To steal a kiss, that's fair.
To buy a kiss, that's stupidity.
Two girls kissing, that's waste.
To kiss not at all, that's bad taste.
To kiss another man, that's nasty.
To kiss your sister, that's necessity.
To kiss your wife, that's correct.
To get caught kissing, that's dreadful.
To kiss the baby, that's unsatisfactory.
To kiss an ugly woman, that's courage.
To kiss the chambermaid, that's dangerous.
To kiss your mother, that's the purest kiss of all.
To kiss the girl you're engaged to that's expected.
To kiss a rich old maiden aunt, that's hypocrisy.
To kiss a blooming girl, that's peaches and cream.
To kiss your mother in law—equivalent to highway robbery.

The Reidsville *Times* says Bennett is a good and true man. What he says he'll do or as he vows die trying. That's his grit. True he has proven so far a most unequal speaker. In Raleigh almost a failure, but down last lashing like a storm-king, and again in the sudden calm of reason and truth, like a sea at rest, the people in crowds anchoring to him. Then at Fayettville another flat. But from there to Durham where he fairly roused the woods, lawyers, farmers, mechanics all agree that Bennett at Durham was glorious. Right from there to Greensboro where another cold wave struck him. But what odds whether his stomach is in order for a lively speech to-day or a labored one to-morrow? The man's the same and R. T. Bennett is a man. The people can safely trust him.

The rapid destruction of our forests has become a matter of National, or we may say, international concern. The American Forestry Association has for its object the checking of this wholesale annihilation by devising methods for the preservation of existing forests and propagation of others. The annual congress of this association was held at Montreal, Canada. August 21 and 22. The Hon. George B. Loring, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, is president of the congress, and the Governments of Ontario and Quebec sent special representatives to attend the meetings of the congress.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

Reality.

Lift me, loved Jesus! for the time is nigh
That I must climb unto Thy cross at last;
The world fades out, its lengthening shadows fly;
Earth's pomp is passing, all its joys have past
Phantoms flock round me, multiplying fast;
Nothing seems tangible. The good I thought
Most permanent hath perished. Come away,
O sated Spirit! from the vacant scene.
The curtain drops upon the mimic play.
The benches are deserted, we will go
Forget the foolish clown, the king, the queen.
The idle story, with its love and woe,
I seem to stand before a minster screen.
And hear faint organs in the distance below.

So prevalent and extravagant has indiscriminating praise become that when an honest and sober man attempts a just account of any one, he is looked upon as little less than a monster; and he will be happy if some one does not shy a rock at him, with the complimentary counsel.—*Dr. Lafferty.*

A well-known financier in New York, who died lately, was noted during life for lavish and unceasing liberality, as well as for the wisdom with which he gave to individuals, to charitable and religious purposes in a word, to every worthy cause. On one occasion, when a friend spoke to him of his generosity, he said, bluntly: "You mistake. I am not generous. I am by Nature extremely avaricious. But when I was a young man I had sense enough to see how mean and belitting such a position was, and I forced myself to give. At first, I declare to you, it was torture to me to part with a penny; but I persisted, until the habit of liberality was formed. There is no yoke like that of habit. Now I like to give."

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.—She could teach them in Sunday school, but she will not attend it. She could collect money for the missionary work of the church, but she will not. She could visit and nurse the sick, but she will not. She could attend the prayer meeting and help the singing, but she will not. She could contribute freely to the ordinary expenses of the church, but she will not. She could read many valuable books, but she will not. She might be a member of the Ladies' Society to aid the poor, but she will not. Yet she expects her Lord to say to her at the last day, "Come thou good and faithful servant." But how can it be and be truthful?"

A BACKWOODS ADVENTTUE.—A Virginia banker who was chairman of a noted infidel club, was once traveling through Kentucky, having with him bank bills to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars. When he came to a lonely forest where murderers and robbers were said to be frequent, he was soon lost through taking the wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatening danger he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, light, and urging his horse onward, he came at length to a wretched cabin He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman who said that her husband was out hunting, but would soon return. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the hut, but with feelings that can be imagined better than described. Here he was with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of one of the very robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer skin shirt, bear skin hat, seemed fatigued, and was in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would rather sit up by the fire all night. The man urged but the more he urged the more the infidel became alarmed. He felt assured this was his last night on earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman arose and reaching over to the wood shelf he took down an old worn book and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed I will. But it is my habit to read a chapter in the Bible before going.

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind. Although avowing himself an infidel, he now had confidence in the Bible. He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent the knee in prayer, was neither a robber nor a murderer. He listened to the prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and lying down, he slept as calmly as he did under his own roof.

From that time he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a Christian, and often related the story of this incident to prove the folly of infidelity.