THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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BY

JOSEPHUS DANIELS. Editor and Proprietor.

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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 29, 1882. NO. 37

THE ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

Bishop Lyman is in California.

Reidsville is moving for a Graded School.

Asheville wants and should have a graded school.

North Carolina has one drinking saloon to every 708 people.

The *Sentinel* says that the four ugliest men in Forsyth county are running for office.

Andrews, Buford and Logan—rich capitalists—have bought the Warm Springs Hotel for $90,000.

If Jack Frost, who has opened his campaign in Minnesota would swing around to Florida, it would be a cold day for the yellow fever.

The North Carolina Industrial Association will hold its forth annual fair at Camp Russell October 9, and continue through the week.

The 66th annual session of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina will commence its session at Asheville, on the 27th of September.

Mississippi has the proper mode to stop wife whipping. Five hundred dollars' fine and six months in jail is the penalty for each offense.

Beecher has earned in the thirty-five years he has been before the public about $1,000,000, and yet he never has much money. He lacks the talent of saving.

Sam Bradshaw, editor of the Ashboro *Courier*, and President of the State Press Convention, has been nominated for Clerk of the Court in Randolph county.

At Randleman, the Lowell of North Carolina, 4,608 spindles are running and 100 looms are at work on plaids and checks for Philadelphia and New York markets.

"In choosing a wife," says an exchange, "be governed by her chin." The worst of it is that after choosing a wife one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

A Chatham man, of course, killed a rattlesnake last week 13 feet long and 22 inches around. He counted 22 rattles. The snake was skinned, the skin stuffed and sent to Barnum.

Poor old Christiancy whose wife has just gotten a divorce, has lost his political prestige, his fortune and his wife. It is a rough but truthful saying that "there is no fool like an old fool."

W. C. DePaw, of Illinois, a prominent democrat and prosperous merchant, has given one million dollars to Asbury (Methodist) University, on certain conditions that will be complied with.

Judge Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, has been nominated by the republicans for Governor of New York. The outlook for success in the Empire State is encouraging to the democracy.

"I have followed the republican flag through dust and heat and have supported it faithfully, but if that banner must have a barrel or a still house for a motto it no longer floats over me."—*Judge Dick.*

A son of Bishop Wiley, of the Northern Methodist church, was burned to death by the explosion of a barrel of oil in Cincinnati. He was in the cellar and had a light with him—hence the explosion.

Take it up tenderly
Handle it with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
It could not stand wear.
—The liberal party.

Ex-Senator Ben Hill when challenged by Alexander H. Stephens to fight a duel replied: "I decline your challenge, for the reason that I have a family to support and a soul to save. You have neither."

Senator Vance said he had in his experience fought every thing but a circus, but even that he had to encounter at Concord the other day. As a consequence the circus has gone to pieces at Columbia, we observe.

The cotton crop for the year ending September 1st was one million two hundred thousand bales less than the preceding year. This year the indications are that the crop will not be any greater than the year just ended.

Daniel Webster declared it to be "a great abuse to bring the patronage of the general government into conflict with the freedom of elections." This administration, however, is not running things on the Websterian plan.

Oscar Wilde signs his name without capitals. (He ought to sign it jack ass) If a man is rich or famous he can do such a thing as that and simply be termed eccentric. But if a man without capital writes his name without capitals he is thought an ignorant slouch.

Edgecombe radicals are badly split up. They held a second convention and endorsed James O'Hara The following ticket, after much wrangling, was agreed upon: For the Senate—R. S. Taylor; for the House, Mitchel Dancy and Aaron Bridgers; for Sheriff, Battle Bryan in place of Taylor. All the other nominations of the first convention was endorsed.

This is about the coolest thing connected with the late President Garfield's sickness: An ice company has sent in a bill for ice furnished from July 10 to September 7; amount, 535,070 pounds; cost $1,516.92.

James B. Noe, republican, who was nominated for Sheriff of Carteret county by the liberals, is out in a card in the *Telephone* repudiating the liberal party, and announcing his intention to support Julius F. Jones, the democratic candidate.

A man named Miller issued a card announcing himself an independent candidate for sheriff in Buncombe county and the Asheville *News* with its usual wisdom (?) says "this is one instance where the office has sought the man and not the man the office."

A Danville woman gave a tramp a bogus quarter to get rid of him, and he made it cost her an arrest and $50 in cash before he was satisfied. Honesty is the best policy. Deal squarely even with a tramp. Rush at him with a redhot poker in your hand and blood in your eye.

Alex. Stephens defines a "Bourbon" to be "an idiot who seriously believes that Confederate money will, if the democratic party gets into power, become as good as gold, and that the time is not far off when he will be allowed to wallop a nigger as in the glorious antebellum days."

Emanuel Katzenstein, a merchant of Warrenton, N. C., was arrested in Philadelphia Tuesday upon a charge of obtaining goods under false pretences, preferred by Levi Goldsmith, of the firm of Goldsmith Brothers, wholesale clothiers of that city. He was held for a further hearing and entered security for his appearance.

A negro named Nathan Bennett, aged 17, who entered the house of a white citizen at Williston, S. C., at midnight, and attempted to rape his daughter, was taken from the town jail on Wednesday night by a body of lynchers, who overpowered the jailor. Bennett, who had confessed his guilt, was immediately hanged and his body riddled with bullets.

The editor of the Statesville *Landmark* is in luck. A short while ago he was contemplating changing his base to Charlotte. The people of Iredell county got the wind of it, subscribed $1,000 and presented it to him. With this amount he bought a new $1,000 Campbell cylinder press, which he expects to have running in a few days.

A jute factory is to be erected at Vandemere, Pamlico county. The Newberne *Journal* notes the arrival of the machinery and says that Mr. W. H. Oliver, who has labored for several years to get this industry started, tells us that this fibre is used in making the finest ladies' dress goods, broadcloaths, doe skins, etc. About ten or twelve inches of the butt of the stalk is used for making cotton bagging.

A war of races is about to be inaugurated in St. Louis. The negroes say they intend to send their children to the white schools, and the whites say they shall not. Every time the schools are opened the negro scholars present themselves, and the school is promptly closed. The whites offer separate schools but the offer is declined by the negroes.

The *Landmark* says that Dr. York usually devotes about fifty minutes of his hour to talk about prohibition. Then Maj. Robbins gets up and says: "I once had a dog that after the balance of the pack had run a rabbit into a hollow log and had twisted it out and gone on, would come up to that log, stick his head, in and stay there and bark all day. I gave that dog away." This usually settles it.

An Indiana farmer, like other foolish fathers before him, recently gave his son and his son's wife a deed of his farm, on condition of their supporting him the rest of his life. No sooner was it in their possession than they told the old gentleman it was time to light out for the poor house. He begged to stay one night longer, to which they reluctantly assented. In the night he arose, got posession of the deed, burned it up, and in the morning kicked his unnatural children out of the house and proceeded to disinherit them.

The temperance question has been added to the debt issue in the Tennessee political campaign. Hawkins, the republican candidate is a temperance man. Fussell, the State-Credit candidate, is a prohibitionist. Bate, the democratic candidate, is opposed to regulating a man's appetite by sumptuary laws. Mr. Bate might utilize to benefit the doggerel that once contributed so materially to the success of Horatio Seymour's gubernatorial campaign in New York.

"Horatio Seymour is the man for you and I;
He eats when he's hungry, and he drinks when he's dry."

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

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

Rocky Mount has a dancing school.

The Rocky Mount Graded School has now nearly 200 pupils.

A ten year old boy in Edgecombe went hare hunting and killed a deer.

Price had 30 negroes and 15 whites to hear him at Rocky Mount.

L. H. Fisher, a colored merchant in Kinston, sells $12,000 worth of goods annually.

Our young friend Oscar McCullen, formerly of Wilson, has been promoted to a position in the telegraph office in Raleigh.

J. E. N. Gorham and R. G. Briggs, of Wilson, visited Toisnot last week, a distance of seven miles, on bycicles. Wilson is coming.

Martin county democrats nominated for the House, Col. D. Worthington; Clerk, T. H. Crawford; Reg., W. H. Bennett; Treas., N. S. Godard; Sheriff, W. H. Hardison.

Mr. W. W. Brown, of Edgecombe, killed a wild cat on Monday of last week. It measured from nose to tail three feet and seven inches, and weighed twenty-seven pounds.

Mr. J. R. Sorsby, of Rocky Mount, accidently fell from a building, which he was inspecting last week and broke two of his ribs. At last reports, he was doing well.

The Kinston *Free Press* says that Mr. Herman Bryan, who was shot in that place by the negro Sylvester Lawhorn, last Wednesday night, is convalescing. The ball has not yet been extracted. Lawhorn, who is a turbulent and noisy negro, is in durance vile.

The Wilmington *Star* says that Mr. Landin, recently from Rocky Mount, while working yesterday in the sun at the Wilminton & Weldon Railroad shops, where he is employed, was overcome by the heat, and was taken home. At last account he was improving.

The *Reporter* says that Mr. S A Arrington, who lives near Red Oak, Nash county, informed us yesterday that he planted this season about one gallon and a half of peas, from which he will save at least 25 bushels; and that three families eat off of them during the green pea season.

On Wednesday of last week, at Elizabethtown, Bladen county, Dr. Robinson, who killed Mr. Dan Laughlin, at Smithfield, last week, was taken before Judge Gilmer, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, that the matter of bail might be considered. We learn that Dr. Robinson was admitted to bail in the sum of $5,000.

The *Southerner* urges the Tarboro people to offer inducements to the Seaboard and Raleigh Railroad to build the shops in Tarboro. If the road is built to Raleigh *via* Wilson we will ask that the shops be located in Wilson and our people will as usual offer greater inducements than Tarboreans, and will get the shops.

At a convention of the people in a neighboring county an aspirant for the suffrages of the patriots thus delivered himself: Mr. President and gentlemen of the convention: I announce myself a candidate for the office of sheriff, and if elected I will serve you to the best of my skill and ability.

"We are a band of brothers, native of the soil,
Fighting for the liberty we gained by honest toil."

Thank you for your attention. (Great applause.)

A telegram from Tarboro dated Saturday says, the heaviest rain storm since 1842 struck us yesterday and last night. Seven and seven-tenths inches rain fell. The crops are deluged and damaged. The creek bridges and roads are washed out. The Tarboro Branch train last night ran into a washed out culvert, ditching the tender and express car, near Hartsboro. W. D. Bryan, the express messenger, was badly bruised, and it was a narrow escape for all. The mail was brought here in a wagon. Many culverts are destroyed.

The Toledo, (O.) *Bee* says: Col. J. Dorse Alexander, editor Barnesville (Ga.) *News*, has been cured of rheumatism, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

What Presence of Mind Did.

The two incidents narrated below show how two engineers averted railroad accidents, by the presence of mind. A passenger train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road was rounding a sharp curve, just under a piece of tall timber. The watchful engineer saw a tree lying across the track sixty feet ahead of the locomotive.

The trainwas running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and to check its momentum before reaching the obstruction was out of the question.

The engineer knew this, and he acted promptly. He threw the throttle wide open, and the engine shot ahead with the velocity of an arrow, and with such tremendous force that the tree was picked up by the cow-catcher and flung from the track as if it had been only a willow withe.

A man with not so cool a head would have made the best possible use of those sixty feet to check the speed of the train. That would have caused a disaster.

Bradford, an engineer, was bringing an express train over the Kankakee line from Indianapolis. As the engine shot out from the deep cut and struck a short piece of straight track leading to a bridge, a herd of colts was discovered running down the road.

The distance to the river was only one hundred feet. Bradford knew he could not stop the train, and also knew that if the colts outran the locomotive to the bridge, they would fall between the timbers, and the obstruction would throw the train off and probably result in a frightful loss of life.

It took him only half a second to think of all this. The other half of the second was utilized in giving his engine such a quantity of steam that it covered that one hundred feet of track in about the same time that a bolt of lightning would travel from the tip of a lightning-rod to the ground.

The colts was struck and hurled down the embankment just as they were entering the bridge.

Why Eve Didn't Need a Girl.

A lady writer in one of our exchanges furnishes some of the reasons why Eve did not keep a hired girl. She says: There has been a great deal said about the faults of women and why they need so much waiting on. Some one (a man of course) has the presumption to ask "Why, when Eve was manufactured out of a spare rib, a servant was not made at the same time to wait on her?" She didn't need any. A bright writer has said, Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged slackingor to be darned, buttons to be sewed on, gloves to be mended "right away, quick, now?" He never read the newspapers until until the sun went down behind the palm trees, and he, stretching himself yawned out, "Is supper ready yet, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates He never stayed out till 11 o'clock at night and then scolded because Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates.

He never loafed around corner groceries, while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. He never called Eve up from the cellar to put away his slippers. Not he. When he took them off he put them under the fig tree beside his Sunday boots. In short he did not think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting upon him, and he wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it is the reason her descendants did.

Bill Carraway's Latest.

Capt. W. W. Carraway told us Saturday of an amusing scene he witnessed on the train near Mt. Olive. "Tickets!" cried Capt Cutts as he entered one of the coaches. An elaborately dressed darkey arose, and drawing from his pocket a package of enormous envelopes, took from among them a paper which he handed the conductor. "That," said he, "bears Mrs. Garfield's official seal, and she sent it to me saying it would pass me to Washington city. Last winter I met Mrs. Garfield in Goldsboro, and she employed me as a servant. I suppose the pass is good." The conductor drew a long breath and asked: "Who the d—dickens are you, anyhow?" "I am A. S. Hicks, Esq., of Falson's Dépot, a school teacher by profession, and bound to Washington city." "I dislike to forestall a man of your aspirations," said the captain, "but I think it would be best for you to pay a quarter and get off at Mt. Olive," and when the train reached that point the Garfield waiter struck the ground with a face as long as a bill of indictment.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

Complete.

SAVANNAH, GA., Feb. 21, 1881.

H. H. Warner & Co.: Sirs—I have been completely cured of stone in the bladder and kidney difficulty by your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

J. D. AUDUS.

RUMORS OF R. R. ROUTES.

So many rumors are afloat about North Carolina railroads and projected lines, that I am inclined to believe some of them are worth printing, and, as best I can, I shall place a few at your disposal. Some time back it was generally believed that the Elizabeth city and Norfolk R. R. would be extended through Washington to Newbern, and thence to some point on the South Atlantic coast. This project has been abandoned, and that line may be considered, at least for the present, completed. The line from Suffolk to Goldsboro continues to show occasional signs of life, and its friends insist that Mr. Clyde will certainly construct it in the near future. If constructed it will cross the Chowan below Winton, and the Roanoke near Williamston probably below it about seven or eight miles where it is said a satisfactory crossing has been found. The Seaboard and Ralelgh R. R. is fast completing its line between Williamston and Tarboro, and the work being done is pronounced excellent by judges who have had the pleasure of riding over it. This line is exciting more than usual interest, because sundry rumors are afloat about it. Some say it is certainly going to be pushed through to Raleigh, while others believe it will pass into the hands of the Wilmington and Weldon R. R. as soon as it is finished to Tarboro. Others however, state that the W. & W. will sell its Tarboro branch to this line and use the proceeds of sale to construct a line from Tarboro to Scotland Neck to connect with its new branch to that place, and thereby serve both Tarboro and Scotland Neck with one branch. This rumor has so much practical sense in it that the writer is inclined to believe it has a very sound foundation. By this trade the Seaboard and Raleigh would only have to construct [after reaching Tarboro] about forty miles to get to Raleigh from the point it would cross the W. & W. and the W. & W. would prevent or frustrate the building of a parallel line, or a line tapping Wilson, which is one of its most important points. It is said one of the leading spirits of the Seaboard and Raleigh scheme has an old [illegible] tem" to settle up, and that he is determined to get even by tapping Raleigh. This grudge was inherited by Robinson from Hawkins, and was caused by some transaction with Baltzer & Tach about iron for the Chatham Railroad. By this transaction Baltzer, it is said, lost a large sum of money, but how the writer knows not. It would be well for North Carolina if others who have grudges against railroad people would use their means to get even by constructing new lines of road to different sections of the State that are now suffering from oppressive rates and poor, very poor, accommodations. Another rumor says the Virginia and Carolina Railroad from Richmond, Va., to some point on the Raleigh & Gaston [near Ridgeway] will certainly be built, and that when built will form a part of a new line from New York via Washington city, Richmond, Raleigh and Hamlet, to Columbia, S. C., and Augusta, Ga. This line would be about the shortest practical line between the points named that could be constructed for any reasonable sum. This move would be grand for the "Robinson System" because it would secure it a valuable Southern connection, a thing it has not, and must have to make it the success it eminently deserves, for under great disadvantages it maintains itself nobly. Another rumor is that the W. & W. has offered to build a branch from Wilson to Greenville, Pitt county if the people along the line will subscribe a satisfactory sum, say about fifty thousand dollars. The effect of this move would be to bury Wilson and its surrounding country by placing it permanently under the heel of the W. & W. Greenville, too, would soon find that it had scattered its money to the winds, so far as progressive good was concerned; for without Wilson and its tributary country as an ally it can not hope or expect to gain much from a railroad.

A railroad independent of the W. & W. is the only kind that will bring prosperity, and its attendant blessings to that portion or any portion of Eastern North Carolina now tributary to it. This remark applies to all lines that oppress those who cannot help themselves, and is considerate only of those that have other means of transportation

The writer hopes some of these rumors will become actual facts, for the more railroads that are constructed in North Carolina the sooner will come the day when emigrants will avail themselves of her wonderful advantages, and the legislature establish a commission to so control matters that justice will compel a proper consideration for the rights of the shippers of the State.—Correspondence of the *Farmer and Mechanic.*

The Girl Fishing for a Husband.

The season's husband fishery at the Summer resorts is generally reported a failure. One reason why the fishery failed was that the bait was two gorgeous. While it compelled admiration, it dazzled those who admired it. Its glitter was beautiful, but a glance at it was enough to drive the poor fellows away with feelings of thankfulness for their escape. While plainer and less expensive girls meet their mates, the elegantly over-dressed lady remains solitary.

If the girl who is fishing for a husband makesany mistake it is of thinking that the young man who is looking for a wife wants a costly piece of goods for show. Some young men wants this, but there are few who can afford it, an even those who can are in many instances afraid to yoke themselves to it. They know that a too showy young women, even if she has wealthy parents, is apt to have troublesome whims and notions very difficulty to satisfy. Even if they be so sordid that they would like to marry for money these young men know enough to reflect that riches sometimes takes wings and go out of sight. They stop and consider that if there be wealth and whims, when wealth flies away and leaves nothing but the whims, the residue is an exceedingly undesirable piece of finery.

Every summer there is a complaint of the lack of young men at the watering places. This year the complaint is louder than ever. One the reasons is that the extravagant display made by some of the girls frightens them away. They cannot afford such expensive luxuries as these girls appear to be. They go fishing or boating or hunting by themselves, or take long pedestrian tours out of reach of the girls. The girls meanwhile sit on the fashionable hotel porticos, with papas and mammas, and lament and wonder.

The woman who lets nature take its course; who avoids putting herself on exhibition as if for sale; who makes no more display than is consistent with gracefulness, beauty and good common sense, is reasonably sure of one of two things. Either she will make a delightful wife for some sensible and worthy man, or she will turn out a happy and lovely old maid. Better be a nice spinster than an unloved wife, married for money or show.—

They Are Strangers Now.

A Middletown young lady never tires of relating an amusing occurrence of the sleighing season last winter. She was enjoying a ride in company with two Hartford gentlemen, and she was driving. One of the gentlemen slyly inserted a hand in her muff and lovingly pressed her disengaged hand. She blushed and withdrew it just as the gentleman on the other side slipped his hand in the muff. She knew by the action of her adorers that the hand pressures were frequent and loving within the silk lining of the muff, for first one and then the other would bob forward to catch a look at the sweet face and eyes which prompted, as they supposed, the tender pressure of the hand. The by-play lasted until the young lady quietly remarked: "If you gentlemen are through with my muff, I will trouble you for it now, as my hands are getting cold." And the two gentlemen, who had been comfortbly warm up to this time, suddenly felt an Artic chill creeping up their spinal columns, and mercury of their feelings dropped to 180 degrees below zero. The two gentlemen are strangers now. *Hartford Times.*

Seats with Backs.

A correspondent of the Reidsville *Weekly* "goes for" the Superintendent of Schools with gloves off because he urged school committees to have backs to the seats. He opposed the innovation, and says, "Now I maintain that you cannot place a pupil in a better position to study his lesson, than to put him a straddle of a naked bench, with his back bowed up with his lesson immediately under his nose and his lexicon in front of him. Perhaps there may be another position equal to this. Let the student lie flat of his belly on the grass with his book as before. I do not think any man can study with his spine perfectly erect."

The Right Kind of a Wife.

I like a woman or a man who can adapt themselves to all phases and places in life. A woman who can grace a man's parlor with her presence or cook him a good dinner; sew on his buttons or do up his linen, if needs be; who can be his pet and plaything in sunshine and prosperity, or cheerfully bear and share the toils, privations and trials that are to be met in life. A woman who can idly dawdle away her time in looking after her own comfort while her husband is troubled and toiling is no woman at all; is coarse, self-willed, and selfish.—*From T. Faithful.*

"BONNIE BESSIE."

BY MAUD B.

"Bonnie Bessie" everyone called her, and rightly enough; for of all the Highland lassies who gathered at the little kirk Sabbath mornings not one was half so pretty and winning as Bessie.

'Squire Renfrew, of the Red Pass, was desperately in love with Bessie, and sought to make her his wife in spite of difference in rank. The herds at the Red Pass were the finest and largest in the neighborhood; the barn and storehouses were always well filled. He was a bachelor, something over two score years old. And he wanted "Bonnie Bessie" for his wife.

"If the lassie thinks she can fancy me," he said, addressing Bessie's grandmother, as he stood under the low, brown rafters of the little Black Lynn cottage, a hot flush mounting to the shining crown of his bald head, "if the lassie thinks she can fancy me, the bargain's made. I'm ready and willing to lead her to the kirk to-morrow; and if a good, true husband, and some gold and silver will make her happy, she'll be as happy as a queen at the Red Pass."

Bessie listened, with wide, startled eyes, burning cheeks and quivering lips. She held her peace, tall and slim, in a sort of stunned silence, until her gray haired lover had taken his leave. Then she burst forth into vehement, passionate protest.

The old grandmother suffered her to storm until her passion was spent.

"Well, 'tis o'er now, and ye'll simmer down and keep quiet, mebbe. I've let ye have yoer say, and now I'll have mine. We're poor folk, me and you. I found it hard to get bread when I had but my own mouth to feed; and since I've been burdened wi' you I've gone to bed many a night fit to cry wi' hunger. But I've borne it all an' done my best, an' always been willing to gi' you a share of my last crust."

"But dearest grandma—"

"Now, lookee here, my lass," interrupted the old woman, lifting her bony finger, and glowering fiercely upon Bessie; "if ye'r fule enough to refuse this good fortin, pack out of my house, and never cross the threshold agin,"

Bessie was silent. The great world beyond the Highland peaks seemed so dim and far away, and the old home seemed so familiar.

The autumn days drifted on, and in the spring time she was going to the kirk with 'Squire Renfrew and be made his wife.

The spring time came and the wedding day was close at hand, when, one evening, just before the gloaming, Bessie went to fill her pitcher, as usual, at the rocky spring near by. She had accomplished her task, had lifted the pitcher to her shoulder, and had started for the cottage, her white, shapely feet twinkling prettily below the short petticoat as she stepped from stone to stone in crossing the little brawling stream, when suddenly she uttered a stifled cry, and staggering to a moss-grown bowlder, sat down and put the pitcher hastily on the ground, pressing her hand on her heart and trembling all over.

"It's his ghaist it's his ghaist," she cried, "and oh, how sair he looked at me!"

Whatever she had seen, or fancied she had seen there was nothing in sight when she looked up; nothing but the overhanging rocks of the glen; the brook shimmering in the evening light, and the white birch trees swaying spectrally against the sky.

"He has come from his grave," she cried, glancing fearfully around. "I dare no do it. Oh! forgive me, Jamie, that I ever thought of it."

She drew a silken cord, which encircled her throat from her bosom, as she spoke, and kissed the slender hoop of silver which depended from it. "I'll never ha' peace if I marry the 'Squire," said she; "and I ought not to have it; I shall feel I'm traitor. And, oh! Jamie, after all I love no one but you," and never can."

Suddenly she rose, with resolution stamped on every feature.

"I must give the 'Squire his ring again," she said, brushing the last tears from her eye. "It is hard for him, but there is no other way. Then, Jamie, then, perhaps, you'll forgive me, dear."

Leaving her pitcher there, she tossed back her abundant locks, as she finished this adjuration, and went speeding away, through the falling darkness, with the light foot of a chamois.

When she reached the Red Pass, the bright glow of the warm inglenside lit the window. She approached the nearest one, and pressed her sad, tired, yet resolute, face against the glass.

A minute, and she tapped lightly against the glass. The 'Squire turned quickly, stared, and then started to his feet.

"Well now, well now, what's the meaning of this!" he cried, rushing across the room and throwing up the window, "Bessie, my lassie, what's happened?"

"Something that never should of happened," she answered, looking at him with a sort of desperate defiance, and drawing the gold ring from her finger, as she spoke, "I've come to give this ring back to you, 'Squire Renfrew, I was wrong ever to let you put it on."

"Why, child, what do you mean?"

"Take your ring," she said, "you have heard of Auld Robin Grey, maybe, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have. But what then?"

"Well, I had a Jamie once," she went on, clutching at the little silver ring suspended from her neck, a great throb of pain shaking her; "he gave me this, and I can't ever wear any other ring. He—he—went off to seek his fortune," with another repressed sob, "and he was lost at sea. I tried to forget him, but I cannot. I can't keep my promise to you' 'Squire Renfrew—I—I couldn't feel like she did to Auld Robin Grey—I should hate you—I should——"And here she broke down completely.

He took the ring she offered, and paused for a moment. He could not hide a look of unutterable pain and regret.

"So," he said, slowly, you have come to tell me this, and to ask for your freedom? And you really think, too, you have seen Jamie's ghaist?"

"Yes. And I shall never return to grandmother again. I dare not. So I am going away."

"Bessie, my darling," cried a voice, as his strong arm clasped her. The next moment she was on the breast of her lover, who had come back alive and safe.

A few days after, there was a happy marriage at the kirk, 'Squire Renfrew himself giving away the bride, our "Bonnie Bessie."

Here's What you Might Call Business.

When the town of Poker Valley, Nevada, sent out one of the men into Nebraska to find and hire a preacher, he had his instructions, and he asked:

"Can you give sluners h—l—right from the shoulder?"

The clergyman modestly replied,

"And do you play a fair game of seven up?"

"Mercy, no!" He was horrified at the thought.

"Well, I didn't know," replied the delegate. "The boys said that as how if you played poker or seven up or wanted to run a sweat board the salary would only be $500 a year, but if you was one of the sort as squared off at salvation and had a claim in heaven all staked off and a shaft all going down, they'd make it $800 and throw in the rent of a cabin. It's a matter of business with us, you see. We are bound to get hold of some one who can out howl and out preach that thar fellow at Davis Hill, if we have to go up a thousand a year and furnish him a mule and a bar'l of whiskey."

An Editor's Business.

An editor is a mule whose bizness is to investigate a nuspaper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deths and weddings, sorts manuscript, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "slevil," steals matter, fites out other people's battles, sells his paper for two dollars a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay when he can get it, razes a large family, works nineteen hours out of twenty-four, noze no Sunday, gets dammed by everybody, lives poor, dies middle-aged and often broken-hearted, leaves no mummy, is rewarded for a life of toil by a short but free obituary puff in nuspapers.—*Josh Billings.*

Misdirected Religious Fervor.

A sad case of misdirected religious fervor is reported from Ontario. Miss Sarah Elstone, the daughter of respectable parents, deliberately committed suicide by building a fire and standing over it until horribly burned from head to foot. Her last words were: "I am going to Jesus." She left a note saying she was tired of this world and had made up her mind to sacrifice herself. How much more could she have served the purpose of her being had she bravely devoted herself to deeds of charity, and ministering to the afflicted after the pattern of the Saviour.

Apt to be Confusing.

Two countrymen from Onion Creek came to an Austin lawyer to consult about bringing a joint suit against a neighbor. The first granger began to tell the lawyer the cause of the trouble, embellishing it rather liberally.

"Don't tell him any lies, Bill," interrupted the other. "It is his business to put in the lies. You will get him confused if you go to mixing your lies with his."

Mr. W. A. Forbes, Greenfield, Mass., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism.—*Cincinnati Christian Standard.*

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

"Bad New York."

BY REV. CHAS. F. DEEMS.

The reputation of this metropolis in the rural districts is not good. Even some of the old residents sometimes speak disparagingly of their own city. In Great Britain, it is "Bad London." In Germany, it is "Bad Berlin." In France, it is "Bad Paris."

Well, New York is not good, but so far as I know, it is as good as any other place in America.

Visitors report a place as they have seen it. A man went to a town, with letters to the best families, had a warm welcome, enjoyed cultivated society, saw only the brightest part of the place, and went away with the impression that it was a little Eden. During his stay, at the same moment, there was a forlorn traveler at the inn who had lost his money and had his baggage distrained to pay for his lodging, and left the town with the feeling that it was so wretched a place that he trusted he should never behold it again.

We take from things what we bring to them. A man may come to New York, stay at a hotel of a bad reputation, spend his days among sharpers and rogues, his evenings at the theatre, and a large portion of his nights at houses of illfame, and go off, representing New York as a Gomorrah of wickedness. Another man, visiting the city at the same time, finds morning prayer in many a church, and noonday prayer in the very heart of business, and Lenten lectures delivered by earnest clergymen to large and serious congregations; finds Young Men's Christian Associations, mission chapels, great public gatherings to promote large philanthropic and religious designs, and every single hour of the day athrob with work, and goes away feeling as if he had been dwelling in the very suburbs of the new Jerusalem.

It would be just as unfair to say "Good New York," thus lifting it above all the other places in the country, as to say "Bad New York," sinking it below the other places. If I should render a verdict of the city only from my personal intercourse with the inhabitants, I should say it was the best place on earth I had lived in, and yet that would be exceedingly unfair to other towns where I have had my residence. They have been smaller. I am personally acquainted with more good, refined, cultivated wise, active, liberal people in the city of New York than the entire population of any other town in which I have lived. That should not blind my judgment to the fact of the wickedness of the criminal classes. In making judgment I must take all together.

On the other hand, the city is not to be damned with a single epithet, by a judgment founded upon an inspection of those evils which exist in the human heart everywhere, and are simply aggravated by the very multitudinousness of a city population.

People abroad judge New York very much by our newspapers. They see crime after crime reported, with their details of horror recited at large, and comments and controversies thereupon coming, until a decent stranger might well be as fraid to cross the ferry and walk our streets, as to trust himself to the inhabitants of a cannibal isle.

But, with regard to the newspapers, it must be remembered, that they publish what is sensational because the one solitary single reason for publishing a daily paper is to make money. The editors, therefore, feel bound to produce a marketable article; and it is because they know that readers in the quiet towns and rural districts will snatch up and read with avidity, picturesque descriptions of the horrors of crime, that column after column of such matter is printed.

Whenever country readers hear of the badness of New York, let them remember that there are men and women and children by the hundreds and thousands doing works of charity that have no memorial except in the thought of God. Let them think of the Howard missions, the Sunday schools, the Newsboy's lodgings, the Sisters of the Stranger, and various other sisterhoods; the Guild of St. John and various brotherhoods; the Young Mon's Christian Association, and various other benevolent societies of men; of St. Luke's and the various other hospitals.

Why, I have some knowledge of twenty-three societies to relieve the poor, seventeen to help children, eleven asylums for the aged, three for women, three for the blind, three for deaf mutes, two for lunatics, one for inebriates, and one for soldiers, besides fifty-two for benevolent societies, sustained by Israelites and Christians.

When we call this city "Bad New York," recollect these and the many thousands of individual charities daily dispensed. I know men who, through me, "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." All this is in "Bad New York."