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 TRUTHS'."

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WILSON ADVANCE.

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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE.

PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS

Peach trees are in bloom in New Berne.

H. S. Grant has been confirmed Post Master at Goldsboro.

Steel sells are to be placed in Wayne jail, at a cost of $8,350.

Mr. L. D. Knight, of Tarboro made an assignment last week.

The *News-Observer* has been re elected public printing acclamation.

The Wilmington *Star* says that Dr. Talmage will lecture there soon.

There have been six cases of small-pox two of which died, at Trenton.

The Winston *Sentinel* has been sold to a company of gentlemen of that town.

Graded schools are the boom all over the State and they are a boom in the right direction.

A call has been issued for the formation of a new party to be known as the anti-monopolists.—

Toney Gatlin, at Edenton bet he could drink one half a gallon of whiskey. He won his bet and died.

An Alabama judge decides that a stchel reserves a car seat, unless removed by a bigger man than its owner.

The State Treasury was enriched to the extent of $8,100 being the sale of drummers licenses during January.

An offer of marriage so delighted one Michigan girl that she fell dead of joy—hear disease they called it.

Col. Dockery has decided not to contest Judge Bennett's election and has so notified Bennett. Sensible decision.

Strange to say there is but one man named Smith in the Legislature. He is a Republican and hails from Wayne county,

The Charlotte "Observer" states that a meeting of grand lecturers of the Grand Lodge of Masons has been held at Mebaneville.

A Boston dentistress is so pretty that "she could coax a man's tooth out by just putting her hand under his chin and asking for it."

Colorado and Kansas papers are demanding in tones of thunder that the legislature regulate Pullman sleeping car fares and extortion.

The Tarboro "Guide" says an Edgecombe man is so tall that when he catches cold in his feet it takes it a fortnight to reach his head.

A colored man was licensed to practice law by our Supreme Court last week. Another colored man failed to stand an approved examination.

Returns of the Agricultural Bureau indicate a cotton crop of 6,800,000 bales; of which North Carolina is credited with 452,000 bales

Blaine of Maine is said to be writing a book all about national legislation from 1861 to 1881. It will the most valuable book issued since the war.

The New York "Star" says: "We are in favor of the best Democrat in the country as candidate for President in 1884." So are all other good Democrats.

A bill legitimatizing children born out of wedlock, by a subsequent marriage of their parents has passed the New York Legislature with only five dissenting votes.

The meanest keeper in the United State resides at San Francisco He acquired this distinction by prosecuting a woman ninety-six years old for stealing three cents worth of snuff.

There was a man in Tarboro the other day who ate a barrel of oysters, and said he would tackle a barrel at some one else's expense. Some one offers to wager that he can eat more than any man in the State.

A correspondent at Wadesboro writes us that one man in Anson county made last year with one horse 18 bales of cotton and 350 bushels corn. Another made 19 bales of cotton and 180 bushels of corn. Another with five horses 100 bales of cotton and a years supply of corn.

A St. Louis judge reproved a lawyer for thanking a jury when it returned a verdict in favor of his client. The lawyer meekly remarked that he thought politeness always in place. "No, sir," broke out the judge. "you have no more right to thank the jury when you win, than you have to damn the jury when you lose."

Rev. A. G. Haygood, D. D. President of Emory College, Ga., will preach the annual sermon and James W. Reid, Esq., of Wentworth, N. C., will deliver the annual address at Trinity College, at the next commencement.

Shelby "Aurora" says North Carolina is called a slow, sleepy State, but there is no other State in the United States that is rich enough to build two railroads on marble. The Western North Carolina Railroad and Marietta and North Georgia route at Red Marble Gap near the Georgia line will run for over a mile on road beds of variegated marble of the finest quality.

An Illinois town has passed an ordinance requiring saloon keepers to pay the cost of sending every man home who is found drunk in or about their saloons. The hackmen watch so closely in order to make a dollar that a number of places have had to close, Those that are running have inner rooms where the inebriates are stored untill sober enough to go home alone.

The conference will be held at Chicago on the next Independence day. The platform will be based upon opposition to confederated monopoly; the grant of public lands to actual settlers only; suppression of gambling in the necessaries of life; opposition to a protective tariff and the election by the people of President, Vice President and Senators.

A great howl is being raised all over the State because State officials and members of the Legislature accept free passes on railroads.—For our part we see no impropriety whatever in it and think that this terrible howl which has been raised is more "gush" than anything else—we do not believe that any official or legislator in the State could be bribed with a free railroad ticket. If we did we would favor their impeachment.

A gentlemen from New York has written a letter to a citizen of Weldon which appeared in the last issue of the *Roanoke News* in which he pays a high compliment to pure Nash brandy.

MY DEAR SIR:—"My way of life has fallen into the sear and yellew leaf," but nevertheless I still enter, tain a faithful weakaess for the very best quality not of "Apple Jack" as it is called in Jersey and Connecticut, but a superb quality of venerable apple brandy. The very mention of this subject must strike you in a tender spot.—Nash county, (Old Nash is immortal. Now why? All, on account of its immortal apple brandy. Now My dear sir, and if you love good old Apple brandy, perhaps I ought to say, "Dear friend and brother—"I am a Mason, an Odd Fellow and all that, but what are such ties compared with the ties good old apple brandy can spin into or out of a human soul, when it spreads itself in the right direction in sufficient quantities. Now the Ransoms, both brothers, are my friends The Senator, when I asked him to whom to write to get the right information about the right sort of good old apple brandy, gave me your name, which said name I have lost, but he mentioned you was P. M., at Weldon. That gives me a hitch on a fact that I can freeze to and pan out on; at least the expense of one modest little note of enquiry as to the possibility of getting from you, or some friend of yours, the age and price of the "best" quality of Nash county Apple brandy to be had. I want it—want it very much—not to sell but to drink and offer to my friends. I am a right royal, upstaving, hell-tearing, unreconstructed Old Rebel whom no amount of reconstruction can ever wean from such apple brandy as they know how to make and do make, in immortal Old Nash county. Please then address me at —— New York City, and give me answers to the questions I have herein propounded First, what is the age of the oldest Apple brandy you can get for me and what is the price of it They sell Apple Jack at 50 cents a gallon in Jersey and they ought to, its dear at that. It will kill round the corner, first crack 200 yards off-hand. I want something that will not kill so d——n quick and will cost a trifle more. Enclosed I send you the expense of answer.

Yours truly. ——

Better Get Married.

In the case of Miss Burr's will in New York, the other day, where the plea of insanity was set up, Dr. Hammond and Dr. Clymer testified that an old maid who did what Miss Burr did, must have been crazy. They also testified that celibacy is a recognized case of insanity. In view of the last named opinion, we would advise every girl, if she don't want to go to a lunatic asylum, to seize the first convenient opportunity to snake in a husband. She may go anyhow, but she'll have the chance to make the top of some man's head a howling wilderness before she's locked up.

OUR LAW-MAKERS

BILL "FOR LEVYING, EQUALIZING & COLLECTING TAXES."

ON COUNTY GOVERNMENTS.

ABOUT COTTON FUTURES.

One of the best bills before the committees is by Mr. Alexander, the Senator from Mecklenburg county, "for levying, equalizing and collecting taxes," says the Charlotte *Observer* correspondent. I hear that the bill received high compliment from Chief Justice Smith. It is now before the sub committee of finance of the Senate who are at work on it. There are one hundred and sixty-seven million dollars worth of property in the State on the tax list and this bill is drawn to put five hundred millions there without imposing a double tax on anybody. It would bring everything to its true value in money of every species of property within the borders of the State. Why I am told there are lands in the State that have had the same assessment on the tax lists ever since the grant in 1798, and frequent instances occur of land selling for cash down at thirty and fifty dollars an acre while on the tax lists the very same land is only at from two to six dollars an acre. So too in all other business; there are twenty-five of the forty-six counties west of the railroad between Danville and Charlotte that do not give any purchase liquor tax at all. Again merchants are found who give a purchase tax of seventy-five thousand dollars while their ad valorum tax on the list is only put at twenty-five hundred; such a system of wild cat taxation in North Carolina should be reformed and equalized at once. It would help all classes—rid the merchant of his license tax, drummers tax, and the "devilish" tax as they call it, that goes to the sheriff and register of deeds, and in short by putting five hundred millions of dollars of property on the tax lists where there's now only one hundred and sixty-seven millions, reduce the tax from twenty-eight cents on the hundred dollars to ten cents on the hundred and thus draw capital from abroad to North Carolina in a rush, because of the low taxation. Mr. Alexander's bill is a phamphlet of sixty-three pages;—the approaching campaign of 1884 will prove a bugbear in its way, for members while they acknowledge the inequality of taxation (I would rather say humbuggery of taxation) in their own counties, still they fear to "make a stir" among the people at this time.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT SYSTEM.

The present system will, it is thought be slightly changed. Each township is to have two additional Justices of the Peace and also one additional Justice for towns of 1000 inhabitants.

By the new law Wilson county will have 21 new Justices—not as many as it had before the war.

The bill proposed allows the white people of a district to elect committeemen for white schools, and the blacks to elect committeemen for colored schools. This will throw the entire management of the schools in the hands of those most concerned.

COTTON FUTURE CONTRACTS.

Representative Tate has introduced a bill to make it unlawful for any person in the State to make or cause to be made, or in any manner to become a party to the purchase or sales of what is commonly known as "Cotton Futures" whether such futures provide for the actual delivery of the cotton or not, and whether the contract is made partly in this State and partly in another State. Any person violating the above law shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and, on conviction finded or imprisoned, or both. It is hardly probable that such a bill will become a law in the "Speculative Era of the world."

W. N. C. R. R. BILL.

The committee for the relief of the above named road will report a bill which provides that if the Western North Carolina Railroad Company completes its road to the Tennessee river, at the mouth of Nantahala, and pays to the State the $520,000 of mortgage bonds; and accrued interest, at par, on or before the 29th of March, 1884, that then the provisions of the Best contract declaring that the bonds shall not be foreclosable until the road is finished to Murpey and Paint Rock, shall be stricken out, but that no part of this act shall have any force or effect unless the road is completed and the payments made on or before the 29th of March, 1884. That upon its completion and the payments as above stated, they will be authorized to build down and up the Tennessee river branches of the road, and shall place a force of convicts and keep them continuously at work upon the lines west to the town of Murphy until completed.

SCRAPS.

The bill to incorporate the town of Sharpsburg has passed its third reading.

A bill has been introduced to establish a Graded School at Endfield.

The bill to incorporate Palmyra, Halifax county, passed its third reading.

The contested election case of Moore vs. Williams from Granville was decided in favor of seating Williams by a vote of 49 to 48. Bunn and Standford made strong speeches in favor of seating Williams.

Pretection in Parable.

A FEW POINTS ADOPTED TO THE COMMONEST PERCEPTION.

As no coffee is produced in the United States, if a tariff tax were imposed on it, all the money paid by the consumers would go into the Treasurer of the United States No tax, however, is levid on coffee. because it is said that old women are fond of it, and Congress, wishing to be very kind to them, allows coffee to be as cheap as possible. But suppose that Congress, to obtain more revenue, should levy a tariff tax of fifty percent, on coffee, and should also provide that hereafter the taxes should not be paid at the place of importation, but to the merchants who sell directly to the consumers? An old woman comes to a country merchant in December and says.

"We are very bad off at our house, and my husband sold some of his corn at forty cents a bushel, and I have brought a little money to buy some necessaries. Let me have two dollars worth of coffee to carry us through the winter."

The storekeeper replies: "Well, madam, you shall have the coffee, but Congress has put a tax of fifty per cent on coffee, and you must also pay a dollar of tax, making three in all.

The woman says: "Then I reckon I had better give up the coffee and try to do with parched rye. We need a pair of blankets very much, as my husband has the rheumatism and our children complain a great deal of the cold these nights. You used to sell blankets at $2 a pair, and I suppose you can let me have them for that. But tell me, will I have to pay $1 tax on them?"

"Madam." replies the merchant, "I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that you will have to pay much more than one dollar on them, for three-fourths of the blankets are made in New England and seventy-five cents of the dollar has to be paid to the manufacturers of the blankets, so that there is only one quarter of the dollar left to the government, hence, to make up your share of the public taxes you must buy four pairs of blankets, which will cost eight dollars." Thereupon the woman says:

"And will I then have to pay another dollar, so as make nine in all?" The merchant answers:

"Oh, that will not do, madam, for then the government will only get its quarter of a dollar, you must pay four dollars more, making twelve in all. Then I can pay one dollar to the government, three to the manufacturers, and have eight dollars left to pay me for the four pairs of blankets."

"But," exclaims the woman, "why am I obliged to pay three dollars to the manufacturers, for I never owed them anything?"

The merchant says, "Madame, they are American laborers and want two dollar a day for s their wages. As their work is only worth a dollar and a quarter, the government has to give them three-quarters more to make up the two dollars a day."

"Oh, well, then," exclaims the delighted woman, "my husband and I were both in America and have always lived here, and I suppose we eat get our share of these taxes, can we not? My husband works as hard as anybody—in fact, he got his rheumatism by working out too much in bad weather. And remember that when he got sick he had to hire some men to save his crop, and paid them fifty cents a day, and he said that was as much as he could afford to pay them, and they were very willing to take it."

"Madame," replies the merchant, "I am very sorry to be obliged to tell you that the government only gives bounties to manufacturers and does not give any to farmers and mechanics in the country. On the contrary, you are all compelled to pay the taxes so that the manufacturers may get this additional sum to increase their wages."

"My God, exclaims the poor woman, "what are we to do? I have no the twelve dollars and we are in very great distress?"

Does not this illustration fairly present the case as made by the present protective system? A dozen hard working farmers and mechanics are taxed for the benefit of one man who gets two or three times as much as they do.

T. L. CLINGMAN.

Washington, Feb. 9.

The meanest slight a girl can put upon an admirer is to use a postal card in refusing an offer of marriage. It proves that she dosn't actualy care two cents for him.

THE NOBLE WORDS

OF SENATOR VANCE IN BEHALF OF WOMAN.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

"TAXATION, O TAXATION."

Thread is an article in daily use by the women of America. It seems to be a trifling and inexpensive item, but we doubt if there is a sewing woman in the United States who out of every dollar's worth of thread she consumes is obliged to pay a tax of seventy cents in order to protect the rich manufacturer, but will thank Senator Vance for his noble words in her behalf. In the debate upon that portion of the tariff bill, a few days since, he said:

Mr. President, I have heard a great deal since I have taken a seat on the floor about the necessity of encouraging struggling infant industries. Our sympathies are appealed to in behalf of American men who have money and put it into a certain direction and are asked to aid them to make it profitable, and they are called struggling infants. Is there any commiseration in the breast of the American people or of Christian people anywhere for struggling manhood or womanhood? Is there anything in the situation of a desolate woman who makes her living by her needle that appeals to the manhood of the American people? Why, Mr. President, if there is any class of people on God's green earth that calls for the exercise of every particle of human manhood in its behalf and protection it is that class of women who make their living by the needle, for as a general rule they are unprotected women.

It is known to be the least remunerative of all human labor, and owing to the peculiar constitution of our society most of the avenues in an honest livelihood are shut up to unprotected women, whether educated or otherwise. If they lose their property, if they lose their natural friends and protectors there are few avenues open to them whereby they can maintain themselves in honor and in competence. Almost the last resources and certainly the poorest paid of all other labor is that of the needle.

Now, Mr. President, I have a little testimony here that I want to read to the Senate. It was not taken before the Tariff Commission; but it is much more true and much more graphic and much more descriptive of the merits of the question that is now before the Senate than any that was taken before that famous commission. Perhaps the Senate will recognize the authority when I read a portion of it.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Taxed 70 per cent. for the benefit of Coates and Clark—
Stitch! stich! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing about!
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarious Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work--work
Till their eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

Seventy per cent. favor of Clark and Coates.
On, men with sisters dear!
Oh, men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives,
Stitch!—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with double [taxed] thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly share this terrible shape:
It seems so like my own,
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Now, Mr. President, we propose for the benefit of these struggling infants in the North to invade the garret of that desolate woman and add to her already short allowance the cost of the protection to these gigantic institutions. We propose that, and profess to be Christian men. The chairman of the Finance Committee gets up and says. "What is all this fuss about? It only makes the difference of a twelfth of a cent, or a mill on each spool." Then, Mr. President, if it only makes the difference of a twelfth of a cent on each spool, in God's name let us give it to the poor woman and not to Coates and Clark. If it is small enough for these giant monopolies to invade the garret and wrest it from the clutches of despair and starvation, then in God's name it is not great enough for American Senators to protect?

It is all done, however, for the ultimate good of the women who use thread. Of course it is; because you say in order to give them cheap thread it is necessary to levy a high tax. It is the old story always. It is not for the benefit of manufacturers! Oh no; the cheapness is all in favor of the consumer! The manufacturers do not reap any benefit from it. Why, then, are their representatives here to claim it?

Is not that the most wonderful thing known to mankind, physical or metaphysical, material or spiritual, this great fact of taxation. Nothing in this land can be done without taxation; no enterprise can flourish without taxation, no genius can reap its reward without taxation; everything is done by a good, stiff, sound taxation, and that is to make cheap the price of everything. That is the doctrine. Why, Mr. President, I think there ought to be a new version of the old missionary hymn for the benefit of my friends on the other side. It should be somewhat this way:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral stand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
By the high taxation plan.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
Free trade alone is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Prefers cheap goods alone.

[Laughter.]

Taxation, O taxation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt protection's name.

Resurrection of Hope.

The tolling bell of the tower has rung,
The funeral ended and requiem sung;
And broken and lone,
The soul has gone—
The harp of life in death unstrung,

Life, in sinfulness, had proven a blight,
And the soul went down in the darkness of night;
And hope had cried
In anguish, and died—
Vanquished in the strife of wrong and right—

And clad in its pinions so broken and soiled,
By the touch of the soul for whose life it had toiled,
In its grave it lay.
Awaiting the day:
But sunlight anon had over it smiled—

For deeds of charity in life had been done,
And a kindly heart in the Great Heart of One,
Sweet recognition
In fullest fruition,
And Heavenly Charity, in mercy, had won.

Anon the Daylight of Heaven will o'er it gleam,
And the demand of death in their flight shall scream,
"Saved"—'Tis mercy given
From the throne of Heaven;
And hope shall awake from its Sad-Sleeping dream.

Champion Gluttons.

A "catfish eating match" has been started in St. Louis. The contestants are John H. Evill and Joseph Ambs, and the wager is that Ambs can "out eat" Evill until the latter shall cry "hold, enough!"

Alexander Sherman, of Athens, Ga., proposed to eat a ten-pound fish raw if Shelton Jester would give him a fish of the same weight. Jester told Sherman to go ahead, and Sherman at once devoured the fish, declaring that it was the best meal he had eaten in a month of Sundays.

Some young men of Monroe, Ga., offer to wager all their pocket money that Cicero Edwards, of that town, can eat sixty partridges in thirty days. He has been known to eat sixty eggs at one time, and also to eat during one night six chickens, a fourteen pound ham and a bushel of biscuit.

A citizen of St. Louis makes the following offer: "I will eat five pies within one hour for thirty days, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, or, if that don't do, I will wager $500 in a match, go as you please, that I will eat more pies in a given time, say ten hours, than any one man in St. Louis."

George Edwards, who was employed at the North Carolina warehouse in Goldsboro, bet that he could eat a quart of oysters and "wash them down" with a quart of whiskey. He accomplished the undertaking and fell into the hands of the undertaker. The fool-killer seized him shortly after the monstrous meal had been devoured.

A Long Island man has been sent to prison for three months for kissing a woman on the street. A distressing lack of details in the account leaves the reader in doubt as to whether kissing is of itself a criminal offence in Long Island, or whether the woman was, so ugly that the offender could not plead mitigating circumstances, or whether the salute would have been permitted in the seclusion of a parlor with the lamp turned down.

THAT BAD BOY.

HE GOES WITH HIS PA TO SEE CHICAGO.

A POLICEMAN GRABBED PA.

PA MADE A BIG MISTAKE.

"What is this I hear about your pa being arrested in Chicago?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in with a can for kerosene and a jug for vinegar.

"Well, it was true but the police let him off after they hit him a few licks and took him to the station," as he got the vinegar into the kerosene can and the kerosene in the jug. "You see pa and me went down there to stay over night and have fun. Ma she'd ruther we would be away than not when they were cleaning house, and pa thought it would do me good to travel and sort of get tone, and he thought maybe I would be better and not play jokes, but I guess it was born in me. Do you know I actually think of mean things to do when I am in the most solemn places. They took me to a funeral once and I got to thinking what a stampede there would be if the corpse would come to life and sit up in the coffin, and I snickered right out, and pa took me out doors and kicked my pants. I don't think he orter kicked me for it, 'cause I didn't it do for a purpose. Such thingshave occurred, and I have read about them, and a poor boy ought to be allowed to think hadn't he?"

"Yes; but what about he being arrested? Never mind about the funeral?" said the groceryman, as he took his knife and picked some of the lead out of the weights on the scale.

"We went down on the cars, and pa had a headache, because he had been out all night electioneering for the Prohibition ticket, and he was cross and scolded me, and once pulled my ear, cause I asked him if he knew that girl he was winking at across the aisle. I didn't enjoy myself much, and some men were talking about kidnapping children, and it gave me the idee and just before I got to Chicago I went after a drink of water at tother end of the car, and I saw a man who looked as though he wouldn't stand any fooling; and I whispered to him and told him that the bald-headed man I was sitting with was taking me away from my home in Milwaukee, and I mistrusted he was going to make a thief or pickpocket of me. I said 's-h-h-h,' and told him not to say anything or the man would maul me. Then I went back to the seat and asked pa to buy me a gold watch, and he looked mad and cuffed me on the ear. The man I whispered to got to talking to some other men, and when we got to Chicago a policeman came up to pa and took him by the throat and said 'Mr. Kidnapper, I guess we will run you in.' Pa was mad, tried to jerk away, but the cop choked him, and another cop came along and helped, and the passengers crowded around and wanted to lynch pa; pa wanted to know what they meant, they asked him where he stole the kid, and he said I was his kid, and asked me if I wasn't, and I looked scared as if I was afraid to say no, and I said, Y-e-s, s-i-r, I guess so. Then the police said the boy was scart, and they would take us both to the station, and they made pa walk spry, and when he held back they jerked him along. He was afful mad, and he said he would make somebody smart for this, and I hoped it wouldn't be me. At the station they charged pa with kidnapping a boy from Milwaukee, and he said it was a lie, that I was his boy, and I said of course I was, and the boss asked who told the cops pa was a kidnapper, and they said damfino, and then the boss told pa he could go, but not to let it occur again, and pa and me went away, I looked so sorry for pa that he never tumbled to me that I was to blame. We walked around town all day, and went to the stores, and at night pa was offul tired, and he put me to bed in the tavern and went out to walk around and get rested. I was not tired, and I walked around the hotel. I thought pa had gone to the theatre, and, that made me mad, I thought I would play a joke on him. Our room was 210 and next room was 211 and there was an old maid with a Scotch terrior occupied 212. I saw her twice and she called me names, cause she thought I wanted to steal her dog. That made me mad at her, and so I took my jack knife and drew tacks out of the tin thing that the numbers were painted on, and put the old maid's number on our door, and then I went to bed. I tried to keep awake, so as to help pa if he had any dificulty, but I guess I got to sleep, but woke up when the dog barked. If the dog had not woke me up the woman's screams would, and if that hadn't pa would. You see, pa came home from the theatre about 'leven, and had been drinking. He says every body drinks when they go to Chicago, even the minister. Pa looked at the numbers on the doors all along the Hall till he found 210 and walked right in and pulled off his coat and threw it on the lounge where the dog was. The old maid was asleep, but the dog barked and pa said, "That cussed boy has bought a dog,' and he kicked the dog, and then the old maid woke up, "What is the matter, pet?" Pa laffed and said, "Nothin' the mazzer with me, pet," and then you ought to have heard her yelling. The old maid covered her head and kicked and yelled, and the dog snarled and bit pa on the pants, and pa had his vest off and his suspenders unbuttoned and he got scared and took his coat and vest and went out into the hall, and I opened our door and told pa he was in the wrong room, and he said he guessed he knowed it, and came in our room, and he said he guessed he knowed it, and he came in our room and I locked the door, and the bell-boy, and the clerk and the porter came up to see what ailed the old maid, and she said a burglar got in her room, and they found pa's hat on the lounge, and they took it and told her to be quiet and they would find the burglar. Pa was so scared that he sweat like everything, and the bed was offul warm, and he pretended to go to sleep, but he was wondering how he could get his hat back. In the morning I told him it would be hard work to explain it to ma how he happened to get into the wrong room, and he said it wasn't necessary to say anything about it to ma. Then he gave me five dollars to go out and buy him a new hat, and he said I might keep the change if I would not mention it when I got home, and I got him one for ten shillings, and we took the eight o'clock train in the morning and came home, and I s'pose the Chicago detectives are trying to fit pa's hat on to a burglar? Pa seemed offully relieved when we got across the State line to Wisconsin. But you'd a dide to see him come out of that old lady's room with his coat and vest on his arm, and his suspenders hanging down, looking scart. He dassent lick me any more, or I'll tell ma where pa left his hat."

Geo. D. Prentice's Advice to a Young Man.

To a young man, away from home friendless and forlone in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time; for the moon and the stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all composed of tender and sooting images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall and the weary laborer to his rest but to gentle hearted youth who is throw upon the rocks of the pitiless city, and stands homeless amid a thousand homes, the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulse becomes a snare to him and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus dircumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is a home to the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will influence you with their wisdom and charm you by their wit; who will sooth you when fretted, refresh you when weary, console you when perplexedl and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits in the middle ages were exercised and driven away by bell, book, and candles, and you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.

The Bible.

Reader! Do you prize, love, revere and humbly, thankfully and regularly read your Bible—the oldest, truest, and the best of books; read it for the rules it gives for this life, and the hope it inspires for a better life to come? It is adapted to all classes and should be prized alike by all. Within the lids of the poor man's Bible there is a treasurer, a greater wealth of happiness, of honor, of pleasure, of true peace, than is concealed in all the mines of the earth. These mines, however rich, cannot buy the pardon of sins, cannot purchase the favor of God, cannot secure rest for the weary sin-sick soul, but the Bible tells how all this may be procured. If a millionaire had died and you were named in his will, how carefully would you listen to, or read every sentence, every line, every word? But Christ has died and left a will; you are particularly named in it. Go read, and study and learn where your treasures is, what it is, and how you may obtain it. Go quickly.

"And let these sacred pages be your souls eternal food."

EDUCATION IN N. C.

WHAT THE NEWS-OBSERVER HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

THE NEWBERNE JOURNAL.

STATESVILLE LANDMARK.

RALEIGH NEWS-OBSERVER.

We are not of that class who shriek education as the only good thing in life. We do not believe that a population is bound to be unhappy, mean, law-breaking, turbulent, a menace to government, a menace to property merely because a large proportion are illiterate. The history of the world—of Europe, of America, of North Carolina, contradicts such suggestions. The facts are it was illiterate Englishmen, who won their liberties; it was illiterate Americans who adopted the constitutions of the States, and illiterate Americans who founded the government of the Union These were the days before public schools were in vogue. The great bulk of the American people were illiterate a century ago, and who will say that the old revolutionary patriots were less worthy because not learned in the alphabet? And so, coming home to North Carolina, where an unusual proportion of the people are unable to read and write—who will say that they are worse citizens—less happy, less amenable to the dictates of justice, more dissolute and more given to riot and violence than the people of other States?

NEWBERNE JOURNAL.

An amendment to the Constitution allowing each race in a community to vote special taxes, each race voting separately, to be appled to their own schools, could not be objectionable. If the white people of any town or neighborhood desire to vote additional taxes for their schools, the colored people should have no voice in it. If the colored people want additional taxes for their schools they should be allowed to vote it on themselves without interference of the white people. But in the distribution of the general funds let the negro have his share.

STATESVILLE LANDMARK

We set our face as a flint against any scheme to amend the constitution so that more tax can be levied for school purposes. A part of the white people of this State bear nearly all the burden of this government. Few colored men pay poll-tax, and there are thousands of white men like them. When these persons are made to come up to the scratch the school will swell and reach respectable proportions, but until all those who are liable are made to pay, it is as unjust as it can be to talk bout increasing the burdens of those who do. It should be required of every citizen of this State that when he goes up to the polls to vote he shall exhibit his receipt for poll-tax.

We cannot subscribe to the doctrine taught by some of our most eminet men, that education is as necessary and its blessings as great to one race as another. The negro if in Africa or any other place, is not by nature susceptible to the improvement which education conferes upon our race. If there were no other reason than this, it would to some degree at least show the mistake of those wise men, who in their zeal for education lose their judgments.—Education does almost everything for the highest plane—socially, intellectually, morally, religiously It does not do this for the blacks as a race, therefore it is not so important and essential to educate that race.—Clinton *Caucasian*

There is one common error men are prone to fall into which should be eradicated from the minds of those who consider this subject. The error is this—that illiteracy and crime go hand in hand; that education promote virtue; that the wiser the people the happier they grow. • • • The ability to read write and cipher do not make a man. The most consumate villains in the land are often men of culture. The forgers, the burglars, assassins, the bank robbers, the defaulters, the blackmailers, seducers of women, political corruptionists, swindlers, and cheats, and all the host of accomplished scoundrels, are not all illitgrate.—We believe it is a fact that the ratio of crime and pauperism in Massachusetts where education is carried to a very high point, is greater than in North Carolina.

The county Commissioners of Guilford refused to grant license to negro bar-rooms. This, it is claimed, is a discrimination on account of color, says the *Patriot*, which is prohibited by the Fourteenth amendment. It will probably be carried up to the Supreme court of the United States.

Ex. Gov. Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, is dead. He was a prominent Republican and was Post Master General under Grant.