

The Wilson Advance.

Wilson, N. C., March 23, 1883.

The Old Coat of Gray.

It lies there alone; it is rusted and faded. With a patch on the elbow, a hole in the side...

It is ragged and rusty, but, ah! it is shining in the sunlight when he wore it away.

There's a rip in the sleeve, and the collar is tarnished.

The buttons all gone with their glitter and gold.

It was a thing of the past, and we reverently lay it away with the treasures and relics of old days.

Who wore it in the van in the ranks of the Gray?

Shot through with bullets—right here in the shoulder.

And down there the pocket splintered and soiled.

It is memory's sweetness and sorrow commingled.

To me it is precious—more precious than gold.

In the rest and shot-hole volume is written in the stains of the lining is agony told.

That was ten years ago, when in life's sunny morning he rode with his comrades down into the fray.

And the old coat he wore and the good sword he wielded were all that came back from the ranks of the Gray.

And it lies there alone! I will reverence it ever.

The patch on the elbow, the hole in the side, for a gallant heart never breathed than the loved one.

Who wore it in honor and soldierly pride; let me turn off the dust from its tatters and tarnish.

Let me fold it up closely and lay it away—It is all that is left of the loved and the lost one.

Who fought for the right in the ranks of the Gray?

Why he Didn't Marry.

In the first place I am superstitious," said Colonel Blenkins, a well-known drummer, in reply to a question concerning the narrowness of his escape from an unhappy marriage.

"You see it was this way," the colonel continued. "Some time ago I stopped at a little hotel in the country. High water, bad roads and other circumstances, over which, as the preachers say, we have no control, caused me to remain some time at the place.

It was particularly struck with the appearance of the landlady's daughter, a tall sprawy woman whose age seemed to linger among the semi-shady places situated between thirty and thirty-five.

Every movement I made, her eyes would follow me.

"Why have you never married?" she asked of me one night, turning her eyes upward with a kind of imploring languor.

"Because I have never found the right person," I replied.

"My unfortunate destiny. I once thought that I might learn to love, but the heavy-lugging years passed with leaden tread and still I am standing in the misty night, loving not and unloved."

"Maud, that's what you read out a book, for I heard you," said the young lady's brother.

"Robert, will you please leave the room!"

"Well, didn't I hear you when you read it out the book, and didn't I hear you tell it to Lige Short one night?"

"The young lady arose and her brother disappeared."

"No," she said, turning to me, "I fear that I can never love unless—that is, unless, but she blushed and turned her face away."

"Unless what?"

"I don't want to say."

"No harm in telling me."

she leered at me.

"I cannot marry her."

"The next moment the old woman was gone. Unable to sleep I sat up all night. I did not speak to the landlady in regard to the apparition, but told Maud. She was greatly excited and declared that she was not surprised. She told me, even as a child, she could call up spirits and hear their strange voices.

"Of course I would not marry you unless you loved me," she said. "When I said that you would regret your decision I felt compelled to make the remark. I don't know why, but a strange feeling rushed over me. Probably you will never see the spirit again. Let us hope that you shall not. I am thankful that you were so frank with me and I shall never cease to pray for your happiness and prosperity."

"Her manner was so earnest that I deeply pitied her, and when I sought the haunted precincts of my little, dreary room and sat down to think, her sad face came up in my mind so vividly that I was tempted to speak. The wind blew mournfully. I looked up. The horrible old woman, dwarfish and terrible, sat in the window. She crossed her bony hands, moved her miserably deformed feet, leered at me and said:

"Marry Maud or I will haunt you night after night during your entire life. I will follow you everywhere and when you die I shall dance on your grave. The girl loves you. You have sprung her spirit, and in anguish it cried. I came and will remain on earth until you consent to marry her or die." The old woman disappeared. I walked the floor that night. I knew that the old woman would keep her word.

"When morning came, I sought Maud and asked her to marry me. She declined. I told her that I had learned to love her, and that my happiness was in her keeping. She consented.

"The old woman did not appear the next night. When I lay gone to bed and had just begun to doze, I heard soft music.

"The wedding day was drawing near. Maud was devoted. The landlady was delighted. One evening I went to an old closet to see if I could find a pair of over-shoes. Maud was in the kitchen, singing. 'Happy girl, I mused. When I straightened up in the closet, something fell. I stooped to investigate. Horrors, the old woman looked closer. She was a doll whose mouth could be worked by a spring. I drew her out. Maud still sang in the kitchen.

"What is this?" I asked holding up the doll.

Maud fainted and fell.

When she recovered she made a confession. She purchased the doll of a strolling ventriloquist and learned to 'ventril'! I did not marry her."

Peterkin's Suit.

Some twenty years ago—I do not know how many exactly, but it was some time during the war—I heard a story which a soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him, to their great enjoyment. I shall tell it to you briefly, though I remember well the filing in was a good part of it, which will be missing in my recital.

Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous young man of business who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was in his way in society more than in trade, he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he has set his heart upon a lovely young lady, whose sweetness was like her name, which was Violet.

He had often called upon her, and resolved again and again that he would make her an offer of his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. Through the whole of the evening he would sit and

"Gaze upon her as a star.

"Whose purity and distance make it fair; and come away without any progress in his suit. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Captain Latham, of one of the South steamers, was often at the house when he called to see his charmer, the charming Violet. At last he could not bear suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but decided determination, to ask her if she would be his. With remarkable coolness, she replied:

"You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The Captain will always be glad to have your company."

Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the Captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the Sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow.

A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly, and quietly remarked, "My dear Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard to make up my mind between him and his friend the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would

be his at the end of the year.

So poor Peterkin retired once more; the widow Latham became Mrs. Jones, and so remained, while the disappointed Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him.

Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted by the coping of a new building; the rope gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men. Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were of the widow. He turned; he ran; he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he began:

"My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on the streets, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead; but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine, my Violet, at last."

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am sorry; but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begin me to marry, I took the doctor, and promised Mr. Bright, if anything happened to Jones, I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I do think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin."

Perkin was very calm and self-controlled. He said, "And will you promise to be mine when that lawyer is no more?"

"Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul."

"Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of bright, and you are mine at last."—EDITOR'S DRAWING, in Harpers Magazine for April.

Judge's Advice.

In a recent case in which two young men were on a trial before Judge Higley, of Cincinnati, for accomplishing the ruin of two girls who had accompanied them to a ball; the judge, after expressing his regret that there was no law in Ohio under which the offenders could be punished, advised the mothers of the girls to have their sons or husbands force the men to marry their victims by the moral suasion that cowards or a pistol exercise, or take the law in their own hands and give the despoilers the sunniest thrashing they ever had in their lives.

In speaking of the attendance of girls and young women at public balls, and said his experience as a police judge showed this to be one of the most fertile sources of female degradation.

Get out of her Sphere.

"I had the worst luck of any man I ever seed," said old Isom.

"What's the matter now?" asked the Governor.

"Why, sah, my wife run away an' sprained my shoulder."

"It was dis' way. Some time ago my hoesed, an' since den I had been workin' my wife ter do 'wagin' she's a powerful stout woman an' could pull twice as much as de ole nose hoss. Well, de odder day, while I was drivin' round, we met a preacher in the road, my wife-she, turned the wagin ober an' sprained my shoulder."

What They Are

Thad Manning and Jim Robinson are sentimental. Hall is amiable. Greeley is chivalrous. Frank Vaughn is polite. Dr. John is practical. Morton is voluble. W. H. Rich is quick. Small is reflective. Geo. Latham is enthusiastic. Nunn is active. Daniels is thoughtful. Bonitz is comprehensive. The Telephone man is wise. Cate Carraway is warlike. Thomas is clear, and we are—we are good natured.—Battle, Tarboro Guide.

Willie, son of Mr. J. Stansill, was thrown from a mule and nearly killed. The Charlotte Journal says: "The little boy fell, but his foot becoming entangled in the chain, he was dragged on the ground for some distance in a most frightful manner. The unfortunate little fellow was thrown violently against stones and stumps on the way, and was so bruised and mangled that he was thought to be dead. There was a compound fracture of the bone of the right leg, and about one third of the boy was severely injured. Dr. Wilder, who left the little patient at 5 o'clock in a comatose condition, thinks his case very critical."

Speaking of the hospital of the Dukes, who seduced Miss Nutt, of Uniontown, Pa., and killed her father, the Washington Critic remarks: "It has been judicially—if not judiciously—settled that in Pennsylvania a man can seduce a man's daughter and then kill the father without incurring any penalty whatever. That jury ought to be seduced with a half-inch rope, dangling from a high tree, so that they may take a higher and wider view of matters and things generally."

A school mistress in Spring Valley, Minnesota, ordered a boy to prepare an oration. He selected one of Bob Ingersoll's. She refused to allow it. He said that it was that or nothing, whereupon he was expelled. The Attorney general says he must be reinstated, as his conduct did not furnish sufficient cause for expulsion. The school mistress did perfectly right and should have been sustained by the Christian community.

This is the spreading which a Texas paper extends to a new pastor: "The Rev. Mr. Glass, the preacher for the ensuing year, has come. He has pretty good clothes, doubtless purchased with means saved by systematic starvation from his salary of last year; for he looks a little lank. It is perhaps quite proper that the world," and especially his church members, should take his good clothes into consideration and dead-beat the Lord this year.

The following persons were elected members of the Board of Agriculture: Z. W. Wharton, of Deamfort county, 1st district; A. G. Brooks, of Wilson county, 2d district; J. A. Oates, of Sampson county, 3d district; W. F. Green, of Franklin county, 4th district; L. W. Anderson, of Stokes county, 5th district; J. Robinson, of Anson county, 6th district; A. Leazer, of Iredell county, 7th district; B. Blanton, of Cleveland county, 8th district; C. D. Smith, of Macon county, 9th district.

On Monday last, says the "News Observer," William Stroud, from Duplin county, was discharged from the penitentiary on the pardon by Gov. Jarvis, after having been confined there for over eight years. His crime was stealing a small Bible from a church which he was passing while under the influence of drink, for this Judge Kerr sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary. There is probably not a similar case in the United States.

An Elder was cramped with an ache. St. Jacobs Oil did the pain sake; He was so highly pleased, That again he was grasped, And took a lot home to Salt Lake.

A soldier on guard at Fort Wayne, was suddenly stricken with pain. He thought he was gone, But when he rubbed on St. Jacobs Oil, was all right again.

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