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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILLINGS—CLEANINGS

Blaine has the govt.

Edgecombe has a Medical society.

The new law taxes Skating Rinks \$20.

46 failures in the South last week.

Edinburgh is to have two new daily papers.

The Kingston Rifles have re-organized.

There are 66,000 acres of land in Wilson county.

Rev. Father Ryan will lecture in Wilmington soon.

Lenoir farmers are planting less cotton this year than usual.

The railroads are going to build a \$50,000 depot at Charlotte.

J. A. Gray has been elected President of the C. E. & Y. V. R. R.

Mr. C. C. Lanier, a prominent business man of Tarboro, is dead.

Mr. Jas. D. Jenkins, Supt. of Public Schools in Edgecombe, has resigned.

Ed. Oldham's "Sentinel" is a model of typography and is well edited.

All the Easter eggs in the West appear to have hatched out Democratic roosters.

There are worse things than a scolding wife but we have forgotten what they are.

Gen. W. R. Cox and bride have sailed for Europe where they will spend their honeymoon.

The "Star" says that Geo. E. Badger was the greatest man yet born in North Carolina.

Some men are born rich, some have riches thrust upon them and some become newspaper editors.

Wake county voters on the proposition to give \$100,000 to the Wilmington and Raleigh railroad May 7th.

Octavins (Coke, J. S. Carr, W. L. Saunders, A. M. Seales, J. J. Davis and L. L. Polk are named for Governor.

The Tolson people will vote May 7th, as to whether they wish to be taxed to keep up the graded school.

It is said that the Universalists believe in eternal bliss, but that the genuine Calvinist believes in eternal blister.

The public fence in Greene county, under the stock law, cost the county about \$1,500. The length of it is nearly 75 miles.

A Louisville woman, a convert of "Mountain Evangelist" Barnes, has named one baby after him, and the other "Jesus Christ."

General Grant has been elected President of a rifle association. General Grant's ambition ought to be satisfied by this time.

Mr. Geo. P. Hart, a talented and promising young lawyer, has assumed editorial control of the Rocky Mount "Reporter."

A Texas editor eats ink rollers when his country produces runs out. He is not the only Texas editor who has a patent inside.

N. S. Morse, business manager of the New York "News" committed suicide April 4th. Bad health and insomnia were the causes.

Work has commenced on the new Goldsboro Methodist church. It will cost \$20,000 and will be one of the handsomest churches in the state.

Always return good for evil. A Missouri editor hearing that a delinquent subscriber was about to die, sent him a new patent fire escape.

Judge Dick has conscientious scruples about traveling on Sunday, and often does not arrive at his court until Tuesday on that account.

Russian Revolutionists are determined that the Czar shall not be crowned. Dynamite factories have been discovered in Moscow and other towns.

The first woman ever executed by hanging in Vermont, is Mrs. Mesker, who was hung on Monday at Windsor, Vt., for the murder of her daughter.

They tell of a woman who simply looks at food, and her hunger is appeased. She would make a splendid wife for a poor editor in these days of high prices.

The President invited all the members of his Cabinet to join him in his trip to Florida except Attorney General Brewster, who is left out because of his weakness for the dent. This looks like reform in one of the ways much needed.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 13, 1883.

---NUMBER 12

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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NEW YORK LETTER

SAVINGS AND DOINGS IN THE METROPOLIS.

PETER COOPER'S DEATH.

EDITOR WILSON ADVANCE.

In the death of her great philanthropist, Peter Cooper, New York has sustained a severe loss. Although he died full of years and of honors and had lived far beyond the allotted age of man, one cannot help regretting that a life so precious to the community could not have been spared a little longer. Born in 1791 near what is now Coenties slip he had seen the small colonial town assume the proportions of a great city and become the metropolis of the new World. Full of love for the place of his nativity he was ever first to advance her interests and promote her prosperity. The greater part of his life was spent in her service not as a politician, but as a true and faithful citizen who was willing to make any sacrifice for the city of his birth. He is said to have expended in Cooper Union alone over two millions of dollars. Although his life was one of untiring energy and all his numerous business ventures wonderfully succeeded he left but a small fortune behind him. No charitable subscription was complete without the name of Peter Cooper. Truly if "wisdom covered a multitude of sins" he shall stand before the throne of his creator with clean hands. He was in the highest sense a "good" holding his masters property in trust. He gave as freely as he received. It is said that he put seventy-five dollars in his pocket every morning to be devoted to charitable purposes during the day. The highest honors are being paid to his memory. The city is covered with flags at half-mast and the Legislature, civil and criminal courts, board of aldermen and other civic and judicial bodies adjourned out of respect to him. In what bright contrast his life stands compared with that of Steward or Vanderbilt. They lived for themselves he for others. They hoarded up millions to be dissipated by their successors, he laid up treasure "where they cannot break in and steal." Of course you have read of that exhibition of stoddiness in the Vanderbilt dress ball. Such an exhibition of snobbishness is an eminently characteristic of the Vanderbilts family as the building of Cooper Union was of the character of Peter Cooper. To spend a \$100,000 in advertising one's riches is as consistent with the one as the expenditure of \$2,000,000 for a public building with the other. New York merchants are complaining that for some reason or other the "bottom" seems to have been knocked out of Southern trade. The continued decline in the price of cotton probably explains this depression. Pedestrianism has been succeeded in the affections of the people North by pugilism. I suppose you saw an account of the "magnificent" reception tendered "Silvanus" by the "Athens of America." Had such an expression of appreciation of a vulgar, brutal prize fighter occurred in a Southern city the organs of the Halls of the Universe would have held up their hands in holy horror. Politics are in rather a "stagnant" present North. The freetraders and protectionists in the Democratic party and half breeds and still warts in the Republican party are doing a great deal of noisy quarrelling. I think, however, that before the next Presidential election on the account of the aggressiveness of the Western and Southern freetraders all the protectionists will be weeded out of the Democratic party, and the stalwarts will have swallowed the half breeds. The tide of emigration is still pouring into New York and instead of flowing towards the fertile South rolls towards the prairies of the West. I see by the census report that N. C. has a smaller foreign born population than any other State in the Union. Such is not a desirable state of affairs. North Carolina should be represented in New York by a Commissioner of Agriculture. Mr. Wilkerson's article on the negro are exciting a great deal of adverse criticism. Some of our able writers should send us some articles supporting his views. D.

LETTER FROM EX-GOVERNOR BROGDEN.

Brogden's Mill Wayne Co., N. C. April 6th, 1883.

JOSEPH DANIELS, ESQ. EDITOR WILSON ADVANCE.

DEAR SIR:—I notice your call on delinquent subscribers to pay up. That is perfectly right, and I cheerfully heed your request because an Editor ought not to be expected to publish a newspaper for nothing, and those who subscribe for it and read it ought in justice and honor to be willing to pay for it when called on to do so.

I like the size of the print of THE ADVANCE, because it is large and plain and easy to read, and I like generally its political course. There was one article, however, in the issue of March 16th, in regard to the next nomination of a candidate for Governor of North Carolina, which I am not at present prepared to endorse. We have yet older if not better soldiers in this State, who have seen more service and who carry with them the prestige of past political victories. They are honest, capable and faithful, and have worked manfully to win the day for the right cause in many popular battles. There is yet time enough in the future for the full development of the principles and services of your favorite candidate and as he is now a young man, he can afford to wait several years longer.

The course of the republican party in this State in discarding their best men for office, has helped to destroy their party. As soon as any honest republican has become prominent in their party, the whole swarm of Republican office-seekers, white and colored, have made war on him to kill him off and get him out of the way for some of the rest of the hungry swarm. They have pursued this course till they have got about all the respectable white Republicans out of the way and have degenerated to almost entirely a party of negroes.

Let the Democratic party take warning from the suicidal course of the negro party.

I notice a little paragraph in THE ADVANCE of March 30th, as follows: "Nobody ever heard of an absconding editor. The reason may be obvious, but the fact is nevertheless true."

I cannot agree with that statement. Eight or ten years ago a printer by the name of J. L. Garrett, who pretended to publish a paper a while in Goldsboro, caused me to have to pay for him about \$500.00 in cash as security to his bond as guardian for his brother-in-law, and he has never paid me back one cent of it.

Another printer by the name of T. B. Garner, in 1876, obtained \$18.00 from me under false pretenses. He pretended to me that he had made arrangements for publishing immediately a paper to be called the Tarboro Press, and he wanted the money to pay the freight on the type to Tarboro. I let him have the money and have not seen Garner or the money since. I know not and I presume it matters not which is the most of a rascal, Garrett or Garner, and if they were both out of the State it would I think be "good riddance of bad rubbish."

Yours truly, C. H. BROGDEN.

A great many persons use the expression "them molasses," and the Evening Visitor is led to believe that if common schools were not in existence, folks would say "them water" and "those vinegar."

DAMAGES FOR \$4,750 HAVE BEEN AWARDED AGAINST THE RICHMOND & DANVILLE RAILROAD FOR KILLING A NEGRO BOY WHO WENT TO SLEEP ON THE RAILROAD TRACK.

The Tarboro Southerner is very near right when it says that it is the lack of business system with our farmers and not the production of cotton that keeps them poor.

Mrs. Ella K. Trader, who spent \$100,000 of her own money in aiding the wounded soldiers during the war, now lives in poverty in Asheville, N. C. This should not be.

Hurray for President Arthur! He has suspended Judge Conger of Montana, because of drunkenness and gambling. He is a brother of Senator Conger of Michigan and a big Republican.

The Ferry-Hubbell struggle seems to have broken down the Republican party in Michigan. In the election last Tuesday the two Democratic judges of the Supreme Court were chosen.

Mr. James Kelton, of Sparta, in Edgecombe county, was hurt in a railroad accident on the Cincinnati Southern railroad last Friday morning. J. C. Roberts of Cherry Lake, North Carolina was also hurt.

That naughty man, Hussey, of the Greensboro "Patriot" says:—"A GAUQUER schoolmaster kissed the girls as a punishment, and he would cause him to swear. She said she thought a person, when they was on a probation, ought to be a martyr, try and overcome all temptations to do evil, and if Pa could go through six months of our home life, and not cuss the hinges off the door, he was sure of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. She said it wouldn't be wrong for me to continue to play innocent jokes on Pa, and if he took it all right he was a Christian, but if he got a hot box, and flew around and he was better out of church than in it. There he comes now," said the boy as he got behind a sign, "and he is pretty hot for a Christian. He is looking for me. You had ought to have seen him in church this morning. You see, I commenced the exercise at home after breakfast by putting a piece of ice in each of Pa's boots, and when he pulled on the boots he yelled that his feet were on fire, and we told him that it was nothing but symptoms of gout, so he left the ice in his boots to melt and he said the morning that he felt as though he had sweat his boots full. But that was not the worst. You know, Pa wears a liver-pad. Well, on Saturday my elum and me was out on the lake shore and we found a nest of ants, these little red ants, and I took a pop bottle half full of the ants and took them home. This morning, when Pa was dressing for church I saw his liver-pad on a chair, and noticed a hole in it, and I thought what a good place it would be for the ants. I don't know what possessed me, but I took the liver-pad into my room, and opened the bottle, and put the hole over the mouth of the bottle and I guess the ants thought there was something to eat in the liver-pad, cause they all went into it and they crawled around in the brand and condition powders inside of it, and I took it back to Pa, and he put it on under his shirt, and dressed himself, and we went to church. Pa squirmed a little when the minister was praying, and I guess some of the ants had come out to view the landscape over. When we got up to sing the hymn Pa kept kicking, as though he was nervous, and he felt down his neck and looked sort of wild, the way he did when he had the jim-jams. When we sat down Pa couldn't keep still, and I like to divide when I saw some of the ants come out of his shirt bosom and go racing around his white vest. Pa tried to look pious, and resigned, but he couldn't keep his leg still, and he sweat under a pair full. When the minister preached about "the worm that never dieth," Pa reached into his vest and scratched his ribs, and he looked as though he would give ten dollars if the minister would get through. Ma looked at Pa as though she would bite his head off, but Pa he squirmed, and acted as though his soul was on fire. Say, does ants bite, or just crawl around? Well, when the minister said amen, and prayed the second round, and then said a brother who was a missionary to the heathen would like to make a few remarks about the missionaries in Bengal, and take up collection, Patold Ma they would have to cuss him, and he lit out for home, slapping himself on the legs and on the arms and on the back, and he acted crazy. Ma and we went home, after "the heathen got through, and found Pa in his bed room, with part of his clothes off, and the liver-pad was on the floor, and Pa was stamping on it with his boots, and talking afful.

"What is the matter," says Ma. "Don't your religion agree with you?"

"Religion be dashed," says Pa, "as he kicked his liver-pad. It

THAT BAD BOY.

HIS PA GETS RELIGION—HE GOES TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ANTS IN PA'S LIVER PAD.

"Well, that beats the devil!" said the grocery man, as he stood in front of his grocery and saw the bad boy coming along on the way home from Sunday school, with a clean shirt on, and a testament and some dime novels under his arm. "What has got into you, and what has come over your Pa. You haven't converted him have you?"

"No, Pa has not got religion enough to hurt yet, but he has got the symptoms. He has joined the church on probation, and is trying to be good so he can get in the church for keeps. He said it was hell living the way he did, and he has got me to promise to go to Sunday school. He said if I didn't he would maul me so my skin wouldn't hold water. You see, Ma said Pa had got to be on trial for six months before he could get in church, and if he could get along without swearing and doing anything bad, he was all right, and we must try him and see if we could cause him to swear. She said she thought a person, when they was on a probation, ought to be a martyr, try and overcome all temptations to do evil, and if Pa could go through six months of our home life, and not cuss the hinges off the door, he was sure of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. She said it wouldn't be wrong for me to continue to play innocent jokes on Pa, and if he took it all right he was a Christian, but if he got a hot box, and flew around and he was better out of church than in it. There he comes now," said the boy as he got behind a sign, "and he is pretty hot for a Christian. He is looking for me. You had ought to have seen him in church this morning. You see, I commenced the exercise at home after breakfast by putting a piece of ice in each of Pa's boots, and when he pulled on the boots he yelled that his feet were on fire, and we told him that it was nothing but symptoms of gout, so he left the ice in his boots to melt and he said the morning that he felt as though he had sweat his boots full. But that was not the worst. You know, Pa wears a liver-pad. Well, on Saturday my elum and me was out on the lake shore and we found a nest of ants, these little red ants, and I took a pop bottle half full of the ants and took them home. This morning, when Pa was dressing for church I saw his liver-pad on a chair, and noticed a hole in it, and I thought what a good place it would be for the ants. I don't know what possessed me, but I took the liver-pad into my room, and opened the bottle, and put the hole over the mouth of the bottle and I guess the ants thought there was something to eat in the liver-pad, cause they all went into it and they crawled around in the brand and condition powders inside of it, and I took it back to Pa, and he put it on under his shirt, and dressed himself, and we went to church. Pa squirmed a little when the minister was praying, and I guess some of the ants had come out to view the landscape over. When we got up to sing the hymn Pa kept kicking, as though he was nervous, and he felt down his neck and looked sort of wild, the way he did when he had the jim-jams. When we sat down Pa couldn't keep still, and I like to divide when I saw some of the ants come out of his shirt bosom and go racing around his white vest. Pa tried to look pious, and resigned, but he couldn't keep his leg still, and he sweat under a pair full. When the minister preached about "the worm that never dieth," Pa reached into his vest and scratched his ribs, and he looked as though he would give ten dollars if the minister would get through. Ma looked at Pa as though she would bite his head off, but Pa he squirmed, and acted as though his soul was on fire. Say, does ants bite, or just crawl around? Well, when the minister said amen, and prayed the second round, and then said a brother who was a missionary to the heathen would like to make a few remarks about the missionaries in Bengal, and take up collection, Patold Ma they would have to cuss him, and he lit out for home, slapping himself on the legs and on the arms and on the back, and he acted crazy. Ma and we went home, after "the heathen got through, and found Pa in his bed room, with part of his clothes off, and the liver-pad was on the floor, and Pa was stamping on it with his boots, and talking afful.

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would give ten dollars to know how a pint of red ants got into my liver-pad. Religion is one thing, and a million ants walking all over a man, playing tag is another. I didn't know the liver-pad was loaded. How in Gehenna did they get in there?" said Pa, as she through down her hymn book, and took off her bonnet. "You should be patient. Remember Job was patient, and he was afflicted with sore boils."

"I don't care," says Pa, as he chased the ants out of his drawers. "Job never had ants in his liver pad. If he had he would have sworn the shingles off a barn. Here you," says Pa, speaking to me, "you head off them ants running under the bureau. If the truth was known I believe you would be responsible for this outrage." And Pa looked at me kind of hard.

"O, Pa," says I, with tears in my eyes, "do you think your little Sunday school boy would catch ants in a pop bottle on the lake shore, and bring them home, and put them in the hole of your liver-pad just because you put it on to go to church? You are too bad." And I shed some tears. I can shed tears now any time I want to, but it didn't do any good this time. Pa knew it was me, and while he was looking for the shawl trap I went to Sunday school, and now I guess he is after me, and I will go and take a walk down to Bay View."

The boy moved off as his pa turned the corner, and the grocery man said, "Well, that boy beats all that I ever saw. If he was mine I would give him away."

Tax on Liquor-dealers.

The following circular has been sent out by our State Treasurer, explaining the new law as to taxes on liquor-dealers:

The following are the provisions in brief with a construction of section thirty-four, Schedule B, of "An Act to Raise Revenue":

Every person, company or firm, for selling spirituous, vinous or malt liquors, or medicated bitters, is taxed as follows:

1st. For selling in quantities less than a quart, twenty dollars for each quarter.

2d. For selling in quantities of one quart and less than five gallons twenty dollars and fifty cents for each quarter.

3d. For selling in quantities of five gallons or more, fifty dollars for each quarter.

4th. For selling malt liquor exclusively, five dollars for each quarter.

The taxes are to be paid quarterly in advance on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and the licenses are to be issued as on those dates.

Licenses heretofore granted to persons to retail liquors which expire during a quarter, can be renewed to operate until the first day of the succeeding quarter, on paying the proportionate amount of tax; and this rule will apply to all new licenses obtained before the expiration of a quarter, under any of the four paragraphs of section thirty-four of the present law.

All registrants dealing in liquors are required to conform to the above law, except only in cases where liquor is used in compounding medicines.

A Fiendish Deed.

A strange tale comes from Scotland Neck full of horror if true.

We give it as we heard it on the streets: A short time since Mrs. Bell died suddenly and was buried by her husband. Suspicions were aroused as to the cause of her death and parties went to the grave to exhume its remains that an examination might be had. Bell met them at the grave with a shot gun and threatened to shoot them if they attempted to open the grave.

The crowd went off and got reinforcements, returned, took Bell's arm and dug up the corpse. The neck had been broken. Bell was arrested and lodged in the county jail. It is said that he killed his wife because she would not sign a deed. He told her to sign and upon her refusal he became so enraged that he assaulted her with the result above stated. Bell has lived in this section many years and is known as "preacher" Bell. He was formerly a member of the Primitive Baptist Church and we believe did preach for a season, but he has long since ceased to be a member of this church from which he was expelled for his misconduct.—Southerner.

"James Henry William, ain't it a mystery to you how they set type? You get the paper and the type is changed every week," said a green looking youth, who was standing near Dr. Weyer's drug store last Friday evening, as he tucked his pants in his boots and gave his suspenders another hitch. "Lor, no," boy," answered his companion, "I've seen them in Goldsboro, and they set type jes' like sowing cotton seed."—Kinston "Free Press."

A VERY SAD CASE

THE SAD RESULTS OF A LOVER'S PERFDY.

DEPRIVED OF REASON.

To-morrow the doors of the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Asylum will open to admit a young lady whose intellect has been dethroned by the perfidy of a recreant bridegroom. The name of the demented girl is Anna Peterson, a member of one of the most prominent families of Harbor Creek, near Erie. Miss Peterson is nineteen years old, and has been most liberally endowed by nature with a handsome form and a sweet disposition. About a year ago a young man named P. Dullea paid her marked attentions, and in due time she promised to wed him. Dullea is possessed of considerable property, and the match was generally considered a most happy one.

The 7th of March was set for the wedding day, and many friends and relatives were invited to be present at the ceremony. The bridegroom was very zealous in making preparations, and left nothing undone that would add to the affair. The eventful day arrived at last, and Anna Peterson arrived herself in her bridal robes. The morning train brought many friends, who assembled in the handsomely-decorated Peterson parlors as the hour drew nigh. The marriage was to be solemnized at noon. At ten minutes to 12 the bridegroom had not arrived. The minister was in waiting to perform the ceremony and in an upper room the bride sat elegantly attired amidst friends who were waiting for the bridegroom. Just before noon a stranger rang the bell and, handing the servant a letter addressed to Miss Peterson, hurried away.

This excited considerable suspicion, and not without foreboding of evil did Mr. Peterson deliver the missive to his daughter. She tore it open hurriedly, glanced over its contents, and then, with an agonized shriek, fell into a swoon. The fatal letter was picked up and read to the guests. It was a curt, heartless epistle.

"My Dear Miss Peterson:—Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to forego the honor of wedding you to day. This morning I was informed of the great necessity for my presence elsewhere. At some future time, if all goes well, I may see you, and then, if our feelings for each other are unaltered, our relations can be considered the same as though this little hitch in our arrangements had never happened. Yours truly, P. DULLEA."

"P. S.—I am going to travel." Restoratives were applied, and the deserted bride regained consciousness. When she came out of the faint she astonished her friends by quietly re-adjusting her wreath of orange flowers, and taking the hand of an aged neighbor, addressing him by her false lover's name, and announced herself ready to repeat the words that should make her his wife. Then it flashed on the minds of all those present that the shock had deprived her of her reason. They led her away, like poor Ophelia, smiling and chatting in an artless way that was heartrending to see and hear. The house of rejoicing was changed to one of sorrow.

During the night Miss Peterson was attacked with paroxysms, succeeded by periods of insensibility. Her parents are prostrated by the weight of sorrow. Nothing further has been heard of Dullea, and the community is wild with excitement over his perfidious action, —Phila. Press.

The capacity of thoroughbred horses for jumping is wonderful, says the Charlotte "Journal." The most extraordinary leap we ever saw was the one made by General Robert Ransom's mare "Fanny," when the Yankee surprised his brigade below Kinston, N. C. He put her across a gap where a railroad culvert had been torn up at full speed, and the distance, afterwards measured, according to our recollection, was over twenty-five feet.

Business is Business.

When the President reached Wilson on his journey southward he was forcibly reminded that under the new order of things "business is business?" in North Carolina. The conductor who took charge of the train at the point mentioned, as the representative of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, when he reached the President's car proceeded to "strictly business" by demanding fares. Of course there was astonishment and a suggestion that there must be some mistake. The conductor, "an old gray-headed, gray-bearded

man," counted seats for eighteen persons and said that he must collect \$47.50 from somebody, and not until Bellfield, further on, was reached and telegram explanatory was handed him would he abate one jot or tittle of his demand.—"News Observer."

Bellfield is not on the W. & W. R. R. We presume it was the conductor on the Petersburg and Weldon Road who demanded fares. The affair did not occur in North Carolina, because Bellfield happens to be in Virginia. With these corrections the above paragraph may be correct.—Ed.

Bully for That Girl.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., March 30.—C. A. Kennedy was a suitor for the hand of Miss Margaret Caldwell. Her parents forbade the attention. The couple decided upon a runaway. Kennedy drove to her house this morning. They were betrayed, when Kennedy reached the front gate and got out of the buggy two men fell on him and badly beat him. He managed to get into the buggy and drove away. Miss Caldwell had witnessed the assault from her window, and as soon as her lover left she ran out the back door, fled a cross the field, and meeting him at the cross roads, got in the buggy, and the lover, despite his severe wounds, drove her to the Middle Institute, where they were married.

The Queen of Home.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brows, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but she is not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world; the eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother! The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any other person on earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out! You cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love when the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disgraced by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer the declining years with holy devotion.

Fastidious Punctuality.

"Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, has quite a reputation for fastidious punctuality. He was to make the prayer at the unveiling of the statue of Franklin in Printing House Square. His watch lost time. The cars were obstructed. He reached the Astor House just in time to see that he had a minute and a half to meet his engagement. The roads were blocked by crowds gathered to witness the unveiling. The Doctor worked his way through Nassau street to the corner of Spruce. In the meantime, all the other gentlemen who were to take part in the exercises had assembled in the room from the ground. It wanted but a few minutes to twelve when one of them said: "We are all here but Dr. Deems." Horace Greely said: "He lives up town. Give him ten minutes."

"Yes, gentlemen," added Dr. Prime, of the Observer, "give him ten minutes, and if he is not here then, send for the coroner, for you may be sure the Doctor is dead." At that moment the City Hall clock pointed to twelve and Dr. Deems opened the door.

The Texas "Sittings" tells of a preacher who got a little mixed in his quotations, and said: Broderick, Barkis is willing but de flesh am weak." This is, probably the same clerical gentleman who said in one of his sermons, "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was obliged to haul his shirt off over his head because it didn't lace up in front."

A Great philosopher says in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look the bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments, and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in a little compass, so that I can carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and let them never annoy others."

Sam Cox says he once heard this toast from a colored orator: "Here's to Gen. Butler though he has a white skin, black throat, and that a live church has a flourishing Sunday school, Mr. Talmage spoke of the architecture of a live church which he said

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

"A LIVE CHURCH AND WHAT CONSTITUTES IT."

HIS 14TH ANNIVERSARY.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle was filled yesterday morning with its customary large gathering of worshippers, many, no doubt, being drawn there by the announcement that the Rev. Dr. Talmage would preach his fourteenth anniversary sermon. He took his text from the second chapter of Revelations, a part of the eighteenth verse: "Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write these things saith the first and the last."

Smyrna was a great ancient city. It was bounded on three sides by mountains. It was the great center of the Levantine trade. In that brilliant and prosperous city a Christian church was established. After a while it was rocked down by an earthquake, then it was rebuilt, then it was destroyed by a conflagration which swept down the entire city. The church was again rebuilt. The fact was, that the church had in it a living, active, Christian principle. On this the fourteenth anniversary of my past