

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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## THAT BAD BOY.

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE HE BECOMES A WRECK.

HE SICKENS HIS PA.

"Now you git right away from here," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came with a hungry look on his face, and a wild look in his eye.

"I ain't afraid of you. I wouldn't be surprised to see you go off halfcocked and blow us all up. I think you are a devil. You may have a billy goat, or a shot gun, or a bottle of poison, concealed on you. Condemn you, the police ought to muzzle you. You will kill somebody yet. Here take a handful of prunes and go off somewhere and enjoy yourself, and keep away from here," and the grocery man went on sorting potatoes, and watching the haggard face of the boy.

"What ails you any way? I he added, as the boy refused the prunes, and seemed to be sick to the stomach.

"O, I am a wreck," said the boy, as he laid his teeth, and looked wicked. "You see before you a shadow. I have drank of the sweets of life, and now only the dregs remain. I took back at the happiness of the past two weeks, during which I have been permitted to gaze into the fond blue eyes of my loved one, and carry her rubbers to school for her to wear home when it rained, to hear the sweet words that fell from her lips as she lovingly told me I was a terror and as I think it is all over, and that I shall never again place my arm around her waist. I feel as if the world had been kicked off its base and was whirling through space, liable to be knocked into a cocked hat, and I don't care a darn. My girl has shook me."

"She! You don't say so," says the grocery man as he threw a rotten potato into the basket of goods on one that were going to the Orphan Asylum. "Well, she showed sense. You would have blown her up, or broken her neck, or something. But don't feel bad. You will soon find another girl that will discount her, and you will forget this one."

"Never!" said the boy, as he nibbled at a piece of codfish that he had picked off. "I shall never allow my affections to be entwined about another piece of codfish. It unman me, sir. Henceforth I am a hater of the whole girl race. From this out I shall harbor my revenge in my heart, and no girl shall cross my path alive. I want to grow up to become a school ma'am, or a milliner, or something, where I can grind girls into the dust under the heel of a terrible despotism, and make them sue for mercy. To think that that girl on whom I have lavished my heart's best love and over thirty cents, in the past two weeks, could let the smell of a goat on my clothes come between us, and break off an acquaintance that seemed to be the forerunner of a happy future, and say "fat-a" to me, and go off to dancing school with a telegraph messenger boy who wears a sleeping car porter uniform, is too much, and my heart is broken. I will lay for that messenger some night when he is delivering a message in our ward, and I will make him think lightning has struck the wire and run in on his beach. O, you don't know anything about the wo there is in this world. You never loved many people, did you?"

The grocery man admitted he never loved very hard, but he knew a little something about it from an aunt of his, who got mashed on a Chicago drummer. "But your father must be having a rest while your whole mind is occupied with your love affair," said he.

"Yes," says the boy, with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasure of the chase any more, though I did have a quiet fun this morning at the breakfast table. You see pa is the contrasted man ever was. If I complain that anything at the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I took the syrup pitcher and emptied out the white syrup and put in some cod liver oil. That Ma is taking for her cough. I put some on my pancakes and pretended to taste of it, and I told pa the syrup was sour and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and he poured out some on his pancakes, and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the syrup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancakes in it, and fired some down his neck. He is a gaul dander hypocrite, that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cod liver oil was nearly killing him, but he said that syrup was all right, and if I didn't eat mine he would break my back, and by gosh, I had to eat it, and pa said he guessed he hadn't got much appetite, and he would just drink

## THE CONVENTION.

THE EPISCOPALIANS IN COUNCIL AT CHARLOTTE.

THE DIOCESE DIVIDED.

The Episcopal Convention which was in session last week at Charlotte, was largely attended.

The question of the division of the Diocese was the most important matter that came before the body which was composed of educated, influential representative men. After mature consideration the Diocese was divided, the Bishop and those opposing withdrawing their objections. In this connection we note that our townsman, J. B. Stickey, Esq., made a very eloquent speech in opposition to the division. We think so highly of Mr. Stickey's effort, entirely impromptu, that we publish it as reported by the "Church Messenger. He said:

"I came to this convention, though physically too feeble to have undertaken it, for the sole purpose of entering my solemn protest and of casting my vote against this very unwise, ya, I might say foolish step about to be taken by the diocese of North Carolina.

The idea of dividing a diocese already too weak to sustain herself, and that too without one single weighty reason for it, is to my mind so absurd, and I might say cruel, that I shudder for the consequences. I think I see some members of this convention ready to assert that this diocese is self-sustaining, and not only so but prepared to reach out her arms and double her expenses. Does it look like a self-sustaining diocese when many of her parishes are languishing for want of ministerial help where it has become impossible to sustain a clergyman? Are such parishes ready to enter into new obligations and lay upon themselves a double burden?

Have the parishes famishing for episcopal help called upon this convention to send them more relief for classes thirsting for the bread of life? Whence comes this great cry for division? Does it come from the head of the church? Does he threaten to resign if you cannot lighten his labors? With what face, let me ask, can the clergy take it upon themselves to lay the heavy burdens upon the laity, knowing that they are powerless to lighten these burdens in the smallest degree?

Show me the parish with an overflowing treasury, one that cheerfully and readily meets all its obligations, pays off its minister and meets all diocesan calls without a ruffle or a murmur. Show me the parish where it is not a considerable effort to meet all these obligations. The laity know something about these troubles. The clergy are not presumed to know, although, he it regretfully said, they are often compelled to know too much of them to make their places comfortable. Ask any vestry in this already feeble diocese if it gives them no trouble to gather up these annual requirements. It is not an unheard of thing that a call from some other parish to the incumbent comes to their aid and enables them to once more collect the needed sum to keep the body and soul of their minister together.

No, sir; this diocese is in reality a missionary field. Waste places are stretching out their hands unto God and asking for help. Is she ready and able to give this help by sending out missionaries to these weak places? Is it not common for your bishop to turn his back upon applicants desiring to enter this field, because there is nothing to sustain them?

Would it not be sensible to try and gather up those three or four thousand dollars which this new move would impose upon us and call in some eight or ten more clergymen to try and build up the waste places and give the church, with her beautiful ritual and soul satisfying services, to those hungering and thirsting souls too scattered or too feeble to sustain a minister among them.

For illustration go to some of our oldest parishes in the diocese—some whose walls were built with British brick in colonial times. Go to St. Thomas, of Bath, the mother of the church in this diocese, and see her fallen estate. No minister serving at her ancient and sacred altar. Why? Because they are weak—weak if possible than eighty years ago. Go to old Zion parish near by, once the cynosure of all eyes in that section, sustaining herself in the beauty of holiness. Has she one serving at her altar? Go with me to old Trinity, Beaufort county, the parish once served by the beloved and now sainted "Parson" Blount, and let us see her strength. Weaker to-day than twenty-five years ago. Go to all those parishes throughout that section, not even excepting Edenton,

## WATERMELONS.

INSTEAD OF COTTON, "THE WATERMELON IS KING."

A LUSCIOUS CROP.

Watermelons promise to be king down in Georgia this summer. We find in the "News and Courier" an article on the production of the melon and the prospects of that crop in Georgia this year that will be sure to interest our readers. It is as follows:

Truck farming has become, during the past five years, one of the most important and remunerative industries in Georgia. Prior to this time it was wholly undeveloped. Henry Grady, of the Atlanta "Constitution," has published some interesting statements about the progress of the industry and its prospects this season. Mr. Joseph Taylor, general freight agent of the Savannah, Florida & Western Railroad, says:

"From reliable data furnished, it is estimated that a crop of melons along the line of the road will reach for this season from 3,000 to 3,500 car loads."

Without counting other points of culture it is safe to say that Georgia will produce this year 6,000 car loads of melons or more than 7,500,000 separate melons. The price of melons ranged in Chicago last year from twenty-eight to twenty cents. Averaging the crop this year at twenty cents and putting 1,250 melons to the car, each car will be worth \$250. This will make the crop worth \$1,500,000. This amount of cash poured into the State in the middle of the dull summer will be of incalculable benefit.

How to get the crop to market is a serious problem. The shipments will begin about the middle of June and end about the middle of August. The bulk of it must be moved in forty days. This will give an average of 150 cars or 160 solid cars of fifteen each a day. Grady has no doubt that the roads will frequently be called to move twenty melon trains a day. It will take at least seven days for a train to reach the market and return. We may expect, therefore, to see, during the month of July 100 trains of fifteen cars each loaded with Georgia melons on the road and from the market. At the same time cars will be needed at the melon stations to load for the new trips. The facilities of the roads are thought to be equal to the emergency. The truck and melons for the Eastern markets will find their way mainly by the ocean routes. The East Tennessee and Virginia and the Kennesaw and Air-Line routes will carry to the East whatever surplusage is offered. To accommodate the great rush to the Northwest there are three routes open—the Louisville and Nashville, the East Tennessee and the State Road, and each of these has provided special equipment.

Fast freight schedules have been arranged so that twelve hours' time is now saved between Atlanta and Cincinnati, and a corresponding reduction has been made in the running time to other important commercial points in the Northwest. The freight rates have been reduced so that they are less than two years ago. Direct schedules and direct rates have been established to more than five hundred cities in the West, so that instead of breaking the car load as under the old style of doing things to freight is carried directly through to its destination without change.

The progress in the cultivation of vegetables and berries has not been so great as in the melon business, but there has been a heavy increase and several shipments have already been made this season. The Illinois Central Road carries into Chicago ten car loads daily of berries that come three weeks to a month later than berries can be shipped from Thomasville. In the one item of Irish potatoes Davidson City, Tennessee, shipped 100,000 bushels last year against 500 bushels six years ago.

Mr. Joseph M. Brown, the general freight agent of the State Road, says that the West has grown so rapidly in favor as a market for fruit that he has received notification from the South Carolina Road that perhaps four hundred car loads of melons will be shipped west this season. One man on that line, a Mr. Nixon, has planted one thousand acres in melons. He had three hundred acres last year, and sold the crop on the ground for \$7,000.

A Wild Woman.

A wild woman was seen in the woods near Hamburg Mills yesterday by two Greensboro fishermen. She appeared to be about 20 years old, was as black as midnight and, with the exception of a few rags artistically arranged, was entirely nude. She was ignorant of her name or whereabouts, but showed great terror at the sight of a shot gun. While talking to her she foamed at the mouth and bit and gnawed sticks and the bark of the trees like a wild animal. In a moment she was on her feet and with the fleetness of a deer she disappeared in the woods.

## THE INCREASE IN RAIN.

"P. W. M.," the Raleigh correspondent of the Fayetteville "Observer," is secretary of the State Agricultural Department, and speaks by the book when he writes:

Reports from 75 counties made to the commissioner of agriculture shows a very satisfactory increase in the wheat, oats and corn crops. This means more than would appear on the face of it at first reading. The drought of 1881 drove the farmers, by necessity, to a large acreage in grains and their better cultivation. The result was that, with favorable seasons, the wheat crop of 1882 ran up to 5,494,800 bushels, as against 4,679,100 in 1881. With the average increase of 10-15 per cent, in acreage indicated this year, and the wholesome weather for wheat reported by the press all over the State there is every prospect of a 6,000,000 bushel crop. The increase in the acreage planted is fully 15 per cent, and if the destruction of the tobacco plants by the fly continues as it has begun it will be still further extended. The crop of 1881 was 36,799,000; that of 1882 34,260,700. The crop of this year, if the seasons are favorable for the corn crop, will not fall far short of 40,000,000.

A Heavy Slam.

Maj. John Gatling, was speaking to an old section master, a few days ago, about putting new engines on the Atlantic & N. C. Railroad, when the old man, who was a very knowing chap, told him it would be the height of folly to put new engines on. "The old ones," he said, "show the way to Maryland by the iron rust on the ground but that if he put new ones on they would run in the woods certain." A heavy slam on the mullet road.—Kinston "Free Press."

Frightened to Death.

A little 12-year-old girl in Knoxville, Iowa, was frightened to death by a severe thunder storm a few nights ago. She had been quite well the day before, but awoke during the storm and besought her mother to take her to bed, for she was afraid of thunder." Her applications were unheeded, and soon she mother was aroused by the child's difficult breathing. Approaching the bed with a light, she found her dying, and in a few moments she breathed her last.

Tough on the Young Men.

In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. This is rather rough on the young man, says the Norristown "Herald," but it prevents the newspapers of Egypt from making jokes about the girl enticing him into an ice cream saloon and bankrupting him.

A Short Time since, says the Rutherfordton "Banner," the recruiting officials of Mormonism were in this county, holding prayer meetings and other services, and the result is that several women from Duncan's Creek township have pulled up stakes and joined the Saints and are now on their way to Utah. Immersion was their mode of baptism, which was done at 12 o'clock at night—the parties baptised being divested of every article of clothing. What is the use of hunting up the heathen in foreign lands when we have them at our doors?

Rutherford College has conferred the degree of D. D. on Rev. J. T. Bagwell, of Charlotte, and Rev. Wm. M. Robey, of Goldsboro.

A Losing Business.

There is a gentleman in town, says the Durham "Plant," who has been in the habit of taking three drinks a day at a cost of thirty cents. His good wife being desirous of saving all she could, proposed to supply him with dram if he would give her ten cents every time he took one. He was agreeable. Thereupon she invested fifty cents and commenced business. When he took his fourth drink, to her astonishment she discovered that the stock was exhausted, and instead of making a profit, she had lost ten cents on the investment. She has gone out of the business.

A Preaching Railroad.

Col. Bennett H. Young, of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad, has taken a new departure in railroading. He orders that as far as possible no work shall be done, or trains be run on that

## SIMPLE STORIES.

ABOUT EDITORS, PRINTERS AND OTHER QUEER FOLKS.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

The man at the desk. He is an editor. What is that in his hand? It is a microscope. What does the editor want of a microscope? He is looking for his salary.

See the elevator. It is not running. How the man sweats. He is an editor. Do elevators ever run? Oh, yes, when they are first put in a building, and before they are paid for.

This is the man who has had a notice in the paper. How proud he is. He is stepping higher than a blind horse. If he had wings he would fly. Next week the paper will say the man is a measly old fraud, and the man will not step so high.

Here is a valise. It does not weigh four hundred pounds. It is the valise of an editor. In the valise are three socks and a bottle and a book. There is something in the bottle. Maybe it is arsenic for the editor's sore finger. The book is "Baxter's Saint's Rest." The socks got into the valise by mistake. Perhaps the bottle will get into the editor by mistake.

Behold the printer. He is hunting for a pickup of half a line. He has been hunting for two hours. He could have set the half line in twenty seconds, but it is a matter of principle with him never to set what he can pick up. The printer has a hard time. He has to set type all night and pay pedo for the beer all day. We would like to be a printer were it not for the night work.

Is this a corner lot? No, it is a towel. It has been serving an apprentice in a printing office for the past four years. The horse are dragging it away. A man will take an ax and break the towel into pieces and boil it for soap suds. Then he will sell the towel for tripe. If you find a piece of tripe with a monogram in one corner, you may know it is towel.

Has the printer any tobacco? He has, but he will not tell you so. He carries it in the leg of his boot, and when he wants a chew he sneaks down in the back alley where nobody can see him. When he spits tobacco it sounds like a duck diving in the water. The printer is a queer man. He is a little pet on. Sometimes he has ten thousand ems on his string, but they are all ways his dupes. If you are a printer do not be a blacksmith, or you will get fired.

Here we have a business manager. He is blowing about the circulation of the paper. He is saying the paper has entered upon an era of unprecedented prosperity. In a minute he will go up stairs and chide the editor for leaving his gas burning while he went out for a drink of water, and he will deck a reporter four dollars because a subscriber has kicked him and he cannot work. Little children, if we believed business managers went to heaven we would give up our pen in church.

Here we have a knife. It looks like a saw, but it is a knife. It belongs to an editor, and is used for sharpening pencils, killing roaches, opening Champagne bottles, and cutting the hearts of bad men who come into the office to whale the reporters. There is blood on the blade of the knife, but the editor will edibly lick it off, and the blade will be as clean and bright as ever. The knife cost 70 cents, and was imported from London, Connecticut. If you are good, perhaps the editor will give it to you to cut the cat's tail.

Here is a castle. It is the home of the editor. It has stained glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the castle is a park. Is it not sweet? The lady in the park is the editor's wife. She wears a costly robe of velvet trimmed with gold lace, and there are pearls and rubies in her hair. The editor sits on the front stoop smoking an Havana cigar. His little children are playing with diamond marbles on the tessellated floor. The editor can afford to live in style. He gets seventy-five dollars a month wages.

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