

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

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 15, 1883.

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NEWS OF A WEEK GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

A Texas county is not necessarily a multitudinous affair. Youakum county, by census of 1880, has two inhabitants, Terry five, Lamb four, Howard seven, Hosley five, Hale three, Gaines five, Dawson seven, Cochran five, Sublock five, Bailey three and Andrews six.

A Jamestown hen has laid an egg encircled by a red band. On the band the word "devil" appears clear and distinct. The imprint is apparently on the inside of the shell, as scratching the outer shell does not efface it at all. Who can solve the mystery?

An unmarried daughter of Ben Brookens, of Baldwin county, Georgia, yesterday gave birth to a child of which a negro named York Cooper was the father. Brookens used his shot gun on Cooper, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Mrs. Elizabeth Felton, the last of four sisters who were granddaughters of Gov. Caswell, died in Raleigh on the 5th inst., in her 86th year. She was the daughter of William White, who was for many years Secretary of State for North Carolina.

While population doubles in this country, the number of lunatics increases six fold. Taking these bases of calculation, the Toronto "Globe" readily deduces insane conclusions. It will not be long before the madmen will run the country and build asylums for the same.

Handelman is a town in this State of about 2000 inhabitants. It has a factory which employs about 600 hands. It is not on a railroad. Manufacturing there pays, and they will soon have railroad facilities. There was no town there when the factory was projected.

A colored woman in Charlotte named Sophie Johnson, died last week almost immediately after having been baptized by the pastor of the Church Street Baptist (colored) church. She had been sick for a long time and a few days ago became greatly concerned about the future and insisted on being baptized.

General Grant being interviewed, expresses the opinion that Logan is a very conspicuous and a highly probable candidate for President. Considering the devotion of Logan to the political interest of Grant in times past, we do not see how his old commander could have said less.

There is a tooth-pick factory at Schen, Maine, that turns out a two-hundred daily, uses over a thousand cords of poplar and ash yearly, employs 10 or 12 men, and gives employment to as many girls as can afford to pack a hundred boxes at 25 cents and feed themselves.

THAT BAD BOY. HE MAKES ANOTHER EFFORT TO REFORM HIS PA.

THE OLD MAN SWEARS OFF

"If the dogs in our neighborhood hold out I guess I can do something that all the temperance societies in this town have failed to do," says the bad boy to the grocer.

"Well for Heaven's sake, what you been doing now, you little reprobate," asked the grocer man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with a pound and four ounces of cheese and two pounds of crackers.

"I saw an old man pass by, Says, 'I, sold man you're going to die.' Says he, 'I do, they'll tan my skin; if they don't I'll see you agin.'"

"How was it," asked the grocer man, as he charged up a pound of primes to the boy's father. "Well, I'll tell you, but if you ever tell pa I wont trade here any more.

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THE MISSIONARIES

THE LABORS OF MOBBON ELDERS IN WESTERN N. C.

Among the passengers who arrived in city yesterday afternoon on the Richmond & Danville train, were two smooth faced, keen eyed, middle aged men, whose peculiar dress and odd appearance attracted general attention.

State Senator Nelson, of Wayne county, Pennsylvania, is a good Methodist preacher. He officiates as chaplain of the Senate. Last week he assailed President Arthur and said that the accidental, not providential, President of the United States, spreads his costly lingers before his guests at state dinners with six wine-glasses to every cover.

"What has our loved pasture done to hurt yer feelings, Widly Trippet asked Uncle Mose, who is a steward in the church. "He is a triflin, onrelieable pasture. He may be as wise as de sarprint, but he an not as harmless as de dog mentioned in de scriptures an I pronouncem belfo dis heah distracted meetin, as a deceiver. When my husband was alive dat an b'loved pasture would come ter my house mos' every day, an hug and kiss me and tell me to keep on walkin' in de narrer path, and then he'd tell me that if I wasn't married he would lead me de altaw, an' now b'redd'n, my husband has none been dead mos' a month and de pasture haint said de first thing 'bout dat ceremony, an' he don't neber come to see me no mo'."--Texas "Siftings"

How He Got His Wife.

The Philadelphia "Times" thus briefly presents a romance that many writers would have made a book out of. A rattlesnake was the inciting cause of the climactic event in the romance by which a young woman was led to choose a husband from among many suitors.

A party of people, retiring from a basket picnic, stopped on the hill-side to gather wild flowers. Two young men and a young woman sat down on a large rock to rest.

In reaching out his hand to a bed of moss, one of the young men touched something cold. Instinctively he knew that he had placed his hand upon a rattlesnake.

Speaking of incidents of their trip through Rutherford county, they stated that on one occasion they halted two white women who were hoeing cotton in a field, got into a conversation with them, and before they quit, they had converted the two women, took them to a neighboring creek and baptized them after the usual fashion, when the women returned to the field and the "Mormon missionaries" proceeded on their way.

The young man however, had no desire to die, but remained at a safe distance and shouted lustily for help.

SHOOTING AFFRAY

WILLIS BARNES SHOOT AND KILLS HIS BROTHER IN LAW.

The shooting of Clarence Boyd by his brother-in-law, Dr. W. W. Barnes, shortly after ten o'clock this morning caused intense excitement. Boyd is a quiet-mannered, womanly sort of a man and the last person one would expect to be engaged in a deadly quarrel.

DR. BARNES JEALOUS.

About two months ago unfortunate differences caused a separation. Whether there were causes is not known, but it is stated that Dr. Barnes grew jealous. His wife went out to the new York custom-house as Arthur in the White House. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin nor the leopard his spots.

"I have come to kill you." Boyd responded: "I have come to kill him and am not going away until I do." A scuffle ensued and it is said that Boyd made a motion as if to draw a weapon. Barnes drew a revolver and fired twice, one ball taking effect in his left shoulder, the other striking him near the spinal column, passing entirely through his body and emerging from the lower portion of the abdomen.

Rules of Riding.

In mounting, face the near side of the horse. The near side is the nearest yourself. If you stand on the right side of the horse which is the wrong side, when you mount, you will face the crupper. Then everybody will know that your name is Johan Gottlieb Ernase-Felger.

THE WOUNDED MAN UNARMED.

BOY WILL PROBABLY DIE.

His father stated this evening had of late been talking about his wife and her brother, and had kept this up until the latter, going to remonstrate and growing excited at sight of Barnes, had doubtless have said, "It is probably that boy will die. The actors are young men, each with a large circle of friends. Dr. Barnes this afternoon, is said, expressed an earnest hope that Boyd would recover from his injuries."

A Novel 'Sault.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his bills long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston.

"Gentleman of the Jury: If you and I are plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these are lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come and doctor my wife's leg. And he come, an' put some salve truck on it, and some rags, but never done one bit of good, gentleman of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors sure enough, but this man don't earn his money; but if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro as was worth \$1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with the slow accents of a judge with the black cap on. The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded:

"I was sayin', gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton, has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors ain't none too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor nohow."

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

REMARKS ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE DISASTER.

"I TOLD YOU SO!"

The 4th chapter of James 13th and 14th verses furnished the tabernacle preacher with his text Sunday.

"Go to now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow, for what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

The eighth wonder of the world has been built. People who had been compelled to spend all their lives in this city, and who had never seen many of the cities and the wonders of the world, had the satisfaction of seeing the greatest--Trajan's passage across the Danube, Darfus passed the Bosphorus, Xerxes bridge across the Hellespont, seems to have been eclipsed by these two great cities. The opening ceremonies had just closed. The roar of cannon had hardly ceased its reverberation; the two cities hardly taken off their coat of mourning, when all our hearts were shocked with a great tragedy. 13 human lives sacrificed, 40 people reported as wounded; a long roll of casualties that will never be known. A woman stumbles and falls, and there is an outcry, and people imagine there is something the matter with the bridge; and others impelled by a morbid curiosity rush and others are trampled. Bereavement of many households, fathers, mothers and sisters pushed out of life in the rush; a horrible one. Is there anything the matter with the bridge? No! that stands as firm as the eternal hills. The next generation will have no power to weaken it. This generation will cross it and the next, and the next, and the next. As in that case as in 999 out of a thousand, there was nothing the matter; absolutely nothing. When will people learn that in great excitement the safest and the best thing is to sit or stand still? What a sad thing it is that one fool or one ruffian can turn thousands of people into a herd of buffaloes. Our deepest commiseration is aroused for the victims and our deepest prayers for the bereft.

To go out on a bright excursion and come home with only a part of the family. Some of us know the horror of the contrast. These people who were sacrificed were in no wise to blame, but they were the victims of a heedless crowd, victims of a vast multitude of people rushing there to see what was the matter. Persons crowded around to see what was the matter. A person taken ill in some public assembly. Five hundred people arising to see what is the matter. Horses running away with the vehicle. Who gets hurt? Those who jump. Who comes off with the fewest scars? Those who sit still. These people trodden under foot by a great crowd, heedless ones rushing ahead to see what is the matter.

There is to this great calamity a worldly side and a religious side. Keep cool, never go to see what is the matter unless you can be of practical help. If there be a riot on Twelfth street, go down Sherman street. If people fall on the bridge walk the other way, unless you can help them up. Your curiosity will make matters worse. Some say this was the work of pick pockets, and others charge it to the incompetency of officials. It was a pure accident, and no precaution could have prohibited it. As good, as wise, and as smart men as are in our cities made the place and gave it their entire time, and made every reasonable precaution. A crowd to see what was the matter brought up a great multitude who trampled those poor victims to death. The tendency of such a time is to blame the bridge trustees. Your blaming the trustees at this time is unfair. For 14 years they were heaped with calumny and they need no new installment of abuse, and they were no more responsible for the disaster than you or I. Oh! how wise people are after anything has happened. I told you so! To hear us talk you would think we were greater engineers than Laßberg, and feel that they made a mistake in not calling us into their confidence.

Dr. Talmage continued by applying a lesson of the accident in a religious and moral way.

A fine assortment of Guns and Pistols at Jacob's Hardware Depot, Wilmington, N. C.

For Pocket Knives or Table Cutlery, go to Jacob's Hardware Depot, Wilmington, N. C.