

Dukes left \$1,000 to his sweet heart, Miss Mary Benson.

Father Bess offers the literary address before the University of Virginia.

Cost Turkey over \$15,000,000 annually to support the Sultan and his harem.

The single eyeglass is worn by theophile. The theory is that he can see with one eye much more than he can comprehend.

The Internal Revenue Districts in Virginia have been consolidated to suit Mahone and with an eye to coming elections there.

Blue Jeanes' Williams is to have a monument at his old home in Wheatland, Ind. The monument will be unveiled on July 4.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 500 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

Ex-President Davis, who was some time ago prostrated by a dangerous illness, has entirely recovered and is now in excellent health.

Ex-Governor Hendricks, of Ind., is said to be about to follow the example of Mr. Blaine and write a book, dealing with political history.

Judges Hoody and Forker, the rival candidates for Governor of Ohio, are said to be intimate friends, and reside in the same ward in Cincinnati.

The great question of the day at present is to wear a high all round collar and still be able to see without cutting your throat.

One of the sweetest pictures of domestic economy is a post blocking a white stocking so that it won't show through the fissure of his boot.

The effort of some of the Radical journals to make political capital out of the unveiling of the Lee monument at Lexington is beneath contempt.

The New York Mail says that "Adam was the King of Eve." On the ground, we suppose, that his rule in the Garden of Eden was Elysian.

For nearly ten years Geo. Train has sat on the same bench in Madison Square fourteen hours a day. He wears no hat and his face is burned with the sun.

Georgia has 2,846 factories, working 17,571 hands, with a capital invested of \$18,292,000, paying in wages \$1,841,508, yielding annually of products \$1,965,125.

"Happer's Weekly" says the star route verdict is a sorry conclusion for the interests of justice and public honesty, for the country and for the Republican party.

The Mississippi river is still rising at St. Louis, but more slowly. Wheat and potato crops in that vicinity have been lost and many will suffer unless they receive aid.

A negro named Isaac Bynum, was arrested in Norfolk and brought to Goldsboro June 29th, for killing Tom Saunders, col. in Wayne county about five years ago.

The production of beer in the United States last year amounted to five hundred and twenty five million gallons, an average of more than fourteen gallons for every inhabitant.

The largest cotton seed oil mill in the world was set on fire by lightning and destroyed. It was at Algiers, in Louisiana. Loss \$1,000,000. Several adjoining cottages were burned also.

"Alvord" says the old man of experience, why I never had any one to come to me for that article who, before he got through, was not willing to give me twice as much as his asked for.

Alvord King of Spain wants the 1892 celebration of Columbus' first landing on this side of the world held in Spain, which country sent him to sea, and not in Italy, where he happened to be born.

An exchange tells of a young lady being the sole of her slipper while crossing the intoxicating whirl of the wall. Of what profit was it to her if she gained the whole world if she thereby lost her sole?

General Sherman is reported as saying that Washington was full of hollows, hypocrisy and snobbery. If General Sherman has just made this discovery he does not deserve his reputation for sense.

Probably he knew it before but only wanted to say it until about to give up his residence there.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 13.--

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THOUGHT-RIPPLES

FROM THE DEEP THROBBING OCEAN OF SENTIMENT.

DRIFTING HEARTWARD.

It is upon the smooth ice we slip the roughest path is safest.

Every time man does a good act God cancels one of that man's bonds.

Sin is like a river, which begins in a quiet spring, but ends in a tumultuous sea.

Prosperity treads upon the heels of energy when it makes the pathway of honesty.

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects a woman's softness.

A true and faithful friend is a living treasure, a comfort in solitude and a sanctuary in distress.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Two soft hands, whose rose-leaf fingers were first to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white bands, quietly folded in confined rest.

A good woman is a practical poem, planting tenderness, hope, and eloquence in all whom she approaches.

The sun which ripens the corn and fills the succulent herb with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the rose.

Severely is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equitable and silvery as at the instant before it becomes a cataract.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the softener of disquietude.

The discipline of adversity points to that transcendent rest, where every passion dith the sway of virtue seated on her sov'reign hill.

Good manners are but the outside coverings of a good heart—the natural graceful gliding and drapery of inward refinement and elegant delicacy.

Revenge is a momentary triumph, in which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

Christian living and Christian character without Christ are an impossibility—with Christ they have been made a reality, before which the world has ever offered the homage of its admiration and respect.

The most winning smiles are those which play around a moistening eye and tell of sorrowing thoughts beneath and the saddest face is that which wears in its expression an air of remembered joy and speaks of the darkened shadows which fill the inner courts of the soul.

If home life be filled with little deeds of kindness, with gentle, loving helpfulness, the "small, sweet courtesies" of hourly intercourse, they will descend from father to son, and from mother to daughter. Home will borrow a radiance that is the best foretaste of the blessedness of the heavenly world.

Silence is older than speech and many of the greatest men have been noted for it. "A word unspoken is a word in the scabbard; a word uttered, is a word in another's hand. The lips of those who think much and speak little, are apt to drop dainties as sweet and rich as the fabled honey of Hyacinthus.

Sin perpetuates itself. Like the ocean ripple, its influence is beyond all calculation. Yet there is this difference between them, the ripple grows fainter and sinks lower as its circle widens and recedes from the centre. Not so with sin. What was a ripple at first, soon wells into a wave, ever rising higher, till we behold the huge dark mountain billow upon the eternal shore.

What a glorious little heaven springs up in the breast of a lover when he begins to pay heart-whispers to a woman whom he esteems to be better, higher, nobler, purer than himself. Such love is holier and far more sacred than the finest emotions of religious feeling. His tender words, so soft and low and so full of heart-thrill, his looked unto devotion, his spell bound rapture, drunk with the subtlety of the mellowing influences of golden sunsets, or intoxicating witcheries of Beethoven's Symphonies—all these bring with them the consciousness that they are but waves and ripples of feelings from that unfathomable, unmeasured and unbounded ocean of love, and then it is his finest moments, passes from the dull prose of expression into the softly lulling poetry of silence, and every thought sleeps in the spell of a sweet and holy mystery.

THAT BAD BOY.

HE AND HIS CHUM PLAY ANOTHER JOKE ON HIS PA.

A MAD WIFE.

"When is your Ma coming back?" asked the grocery man, of the bad boy, as he found him standing on the morning, taking some pieces of brick out of his coat tail pockets.

"O she got back at midnight, last night," said the boy, as he eat a few berries out of a case. "That's what makes me up so early, pa has been kicking at the pieces of brick with his bare feet, and when I came away he had his toes in his hand and was trying to go back up stairs on one foot. Pa ain't got no sense."

"I am afraid you are a terror," said the grocery man, as he looked at the innocent face of the boy, "You are always makin your parents some trouble, and it is a wonder to me they don't send you to some reform school. What devil try were you up to last night to get kicked this morning?"

"No deviltry, just a little fun. You see, Ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired, and telegraphed she would be home last night, and pa was down town and I forgot to give him the dispatch, and after he went to bed, me and a chum of mine thought we would have a 4th of July.

You see, my chum has got a sister about as big as Ma, and we looked some of her clothes and after pa got to snoring we put them in pa's room. O, you'd a luffed hard work that had done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed from the list of things. Those neglected things that gave you the first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened into eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

"All to your boats!" should old Capt. Dixon, "and never a son of a man turn back until that child is brought to its mammy!"

"I, I, I, I, I," responded six as brave and daring boatmen as ever reefed a sail, and all with boats seaworthy for any waters.

Minutes appeared as hours, and the baby flying southeast like a kite, and would be out over the great Atlantic ocean in less than no time. Away went twenty or more well manned boats amidst the shouts of men and screams of women and children. These boats were joined by a like number from Beaufort, all of which kept as near under the little angel in the cloud as possible. By an act of Divine Providence, Mr. Chas. J. Voorhees, of the Southern Express Company, was out taking a sail. Mr. Voorhees is one of the most expert riflemen in the country, and as God ordained it he had on board his Smith & Wesson rifle. He at once took in the situation, remarking "six miles out at sea and going at the rate of ten miles an hour and now four hundred yards high and every minute going higher, higher, higher. I can't cut those balloons, and will do it or die. Steady the boat, throw her leeward of the squadron, 'Squire Wade!"

"Let us all join in prayer before he shoots," says Setve Turner, the colored minister and mail carrier.

"I don't put much confidence in lagoon when danger is about," says Frank.

By this time the boat had gotten in position to give her the most protection from the stiff breeze then blowing.

"Now's your time!" shouted Piver, "don't you see them two off to themselves."

"Bang!" went the rifle—but no change in position. Again, again and again—the fifth shot one balloon disappeared amidst the shouts of the boatmen. At the eighth shot it became evident that the balloons could not long carry the weight of the little floating angel as she was gradually descending not in a straight line but in a southeasterly direction, towards Hawker's Island—but whether dead or alive none could tell. Down, down, down, she comes, as gentle as if handled by human hands—and to fall in a cradle of sand.

To land, to land, and all put to shore as fast as the sails would propel the boats. Before they reached land most of them had jumped overboard and waded ashore. Then began the race for the babe, as she came down on a sand bank only a few hundred yards distant.

With fear and trembling all ran up. Ben Piver in front. "Gentleman," says he, "I will be dinged if she ain't alive and kicking." There sat little Birdie—playing with a lot of shells, and she was picked up she clung on to a handful, saying, "Dese sels for mamma."

With the prize all returned to

THRILLING SCENE.

A CHILD ACCIDENTALLY CARRIED UP IN A BALLOON.

A HEROIC RESCUE.

Morehead City June 27.—At the still hour of midnight had the trump of Gabriel summoned us all to a final worldly reckoning, more excitement, consternation and weeping, could not have come over the many good people who were present and witnessed the most wonderful and miraculous escape that ever happened in this or any other country, and I fervently pray that I may never live long enough to witness the like again.

Mrs. Robert Elliott, of Texas, has been here for the past ten days or more, to restore the health of her little child—Birdie—a bright sweet little cherub less than three years old, who is much emaciated from a spell of Texas fever.

Little Birdie, by her general sprightliness, has endeared herself to every guest of the house—she is a pet and favorite with every one and no one passes her without a kind word, which she readily recognizes. This morning about 10 o'clock a strolling Italian (and cursed be his memory), made his appearance in front of the hotel with a large cluster of those red bladders like to balloons. Maj. Hawkins of Alabama, to amuse little Birdie who he, at the time, had in his arms, tied the cord around her waist, and then, as is so often done to amuse children, gave her a toss of five or six feet in the air, and held out his hands for her return. "Great God she is gone," cried the Major, as he saw her rapidly going up, up, up, until she passed the house tops. Floating in the clouds with outstretched hands the little angel could be heard distinctly calling "mamma! mamma!" until her voice became drowned by the whistling of the winds.

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HOW HE GUSHED

AND HOW A STERN EDITOR SAT DOWN ON HIM.

A DREAM BLIGHTED.

Probably no class of men are thrown into more intimate relations with poets than editors of newspapers. A hand-made patent poem came into this office recently, and he had his manuscript with him. He cleared his bronchial tubes, threw on a few tragical, dute, vox harmonica and other stops, and commenced:

"Under the willow a maiden fair, Was trailing her wealth of yellow hair."

"That won't jibe with the tone of this paper," we said sharply.

"It won't!" inquired the poet in a tone of surprised suddenness.

"Why, no. Don't you realize that this journal isn't a second-hand music box? The rhythm is all right, enough, but you don't seem to catch on the true ring. Don't you think this would be better?"

"Down in the kitchen a maiden fair, Out of the bath was picking a hair."

"Well, possibly, the why you put it," said the poet, shifting uneasily in his chair.

"Why, of course it would. Give us the next stanza."

"She thought of the flowers, the stars above, And kissed the maiden on cheek and mouth."

"Oh, she did, oh! Well, we shall have to get you to fix that up this way:—"

"The thinking of Miss, who was off beak, The kissed maiden and mopey in the kitchen."

"The poor poet gushed away, and then he thought of the power of love."

"The poet, practical common sense views of life, we had had him at an advantage; and he couldn't help himself either. Warble the next stanza," we said curtly.

Breathing hard like a pacing horse just in from a dash, the poor wretched poet proceeded:

"The wind came up from the sunny South, And kissed the maiden on cheek and mouth."

"That verse will do well enough if you'll only make one little change in it."

"What is it?" inquired the perspiring poet, brightening up a trifle and exhibiting a little more animation.

"Say you make it read this way:—'She embed it up with a real growl, And wiped it out with a Turkish towel.'"

"That is quite a little change," said the depressed poet. "Do you think it would improve it?"

"Certainly. Swing in with the next carman."

"The maiden rose from her cradle seat, And silently passed through the lonely street."

"That's the close," he said timidly, and with a long sigh of relief. "Oh, that's the close, is it?" Well, you will find we are right along with you. Just after that this way:

"Down on the girl the housewife bore, And freed her through the kitchen door."

"Now, you see, with the aid of a few minor suggestions which we have made, you can trim that thing of yours into some respectable kind of shape. Beside that, you have got a poem which you can't split—a kind of double-barrelled poem—and sell half to one paper and the other half to another."

"That kiss! It made me a painter!" was the grateful tribute the world-renowned Benjamin West gives to his mother, who in his first grade sketch recognized her cradled babe, and, perchance, simultaneously, the dawning light of genius, which that tender maternal kiss brought to such a glorious fruition.

"That kiss! Ah, there is scarcely a life, however forlorn, that has not at some time felt the deep heart-sanctifying and inspiring power of some special kiss—either the gentle impress of mother love, the fervent seal of cherished friendship, or the impassioned pledge of deathless devotion. It touched a thrilling chord within the heart which must ever vibrate at the recollection, and open a fresh well of emotion into which no drop from the Lethæan fountain can ever find its way. Its record is inscribed within the life volume as with a diamond pen; and even in our dreams we feel its faint touch upon lip and brow as if fanned by the wings of angelic visitants.

But these are not all; there is a kiss that is a farewell to the life for ever ended—the life of love!—given in token of a subtle kinship of soul that all the mournful vicissitudes of life, and even the solemn death-throes of humanity can never destroy. The only visible exponenters are generous lips, the divine moisture of eyes, and the faint glow of smothered feelings; but in the soul that kiss shall live forever as an emblem of life's holiest love. How strangely does its recollection stir the depths of our nature, and smooth away the shadow of despair, and lift the burden of unrest from brow and spirit. It bridges over the love.

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Very respectfully, LIDIA ANN GARDINER, Old Sparta, N. C., June 15, '83.

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

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