# WILSON ADVANCE.

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—BY—

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Editor and Proprietor

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# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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## NEWS OF A WEEK

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GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

*PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS*

The Winston "Sentinel reports a *white* blackberry.

Col. D. C. Parish, Mayor of Durham, died last week.

"As the swig is sent is the spree's inclined."—Dorsey Battle.

A Texas paper printed its Fourth of July issue in red and blue.

Rev. S. Simpson has resigned the Presidency of Yadkin College.

Senator Mahone's son is a regular Democrat, and has not inherited his father's re-adjusting proclivities.

Richlands, in Onslow county, has four churches and but one hundred inhabitants. Religious people!

The New Orleans "Picayune" is mean enough to say that old maids take to cats because they have whiskers.

Rev. Edward Schulken, of the N. C. Conference, a very promising young minister, died in Wilmington last week.

The most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

A Brooklyn boy can imitate the sound of a lawn mower. His father is going to try and imitate a threshing machine.

The Statesville "Landmark," is enlarged. There is no better paper in the State, and it is one of our most highly valued exchanges.

Mr. R. H. Purrington's house, near Scotland Neck, was struck by lightning, set on fire and the house and contents burned, last week.

Man is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this. One dog does not change a bone with another.—Adam Smith.

W. H. Vanderbilt has added $10,000 to the endowment fund of the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., making the total endowment $700,000.

That good, honest, Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, never drank a glass of grog, never smoked a cigar, never chewed tobacco, and never indulged in profanity.

It was fortunate for Mr. Beirne says a Boston punster, who has since died of softening of the brain, "that his antagonist was an Elamite and not a Hittite."

A season ticket to Morehead and return from Goldsboro is now sold for four dollars. A ticked good from Saturday night until Tuesday is sold for two dollars.

An Oshkosh maiden has a profile of her recreant lover cut out of gingerbread hanging on the wall of her bedroom. She considers it too sweet for anything.

The Mormons were to have preached near Shelby, but the folks objected and the two elders shook the dust of Cleveland from their feet in a hurry. Run the rascals out.

Mr. R. W. Chadwick, editor of the Beaufort "Telephone," at one time a resident of Wilson, has been appointed Clerk of the Court of Carteret county. Our congratulations!

The Methodists of all branches in the United States number about 4,000,000, while the Presbyterians of all kinds number about 3,000,000 and the Baptists of all kinds about 2,000,000.

The Oxford Torchlight is ten years old. We very well remember when it was a little sheet eight inches by ten. It has now grown to be one of the largest and best papers in the State.

"Where is the girl of long ago?" sings Joaquin Miller. We saw her the other day, Joaq. But she isn't a girl any more. She had grey hair and a wart on her nose, had no teeth and wore specs.

The independent damsels of Athens, Ga., formed a "spinster's club," which no men were suffered to attend. Then a batchelor's club was organized in self defence, and at last accounts they were holding a joint session.

The Macon, Ga., Telegraph tells of a man who wanted a drink of whiskey so bad that he sold the shirt off his back to a negro peanut vender for twenty-five cents, and then hobbled straight to a grogery to quench his thrist.

The Lenoir Topic states that a Caldwell county boy, son of Thos. Pennel, at the suggestion of a brother (the two being alone at home) blue down the barrel of a gun "to see if it was loaded." It was. The boy died two days afterwards.

A young man near Bethel, Pitt county, N. C., says the "Southerner", went to see his lady love the other night, and stayed so late that the girl's mother brought in a dozen eggs and asked him to hatch them for her. He left, and declares that he will never call again

The Journal-Observer notes that Gen. Leach has two sons in the revenue service. We suppose the General doesn't take much stock in all this talk about abolishing the "internal revenue." It is a domestic institution in more aspects than one.

Mr. Abell, of the Balimore "Sun" is put down as worth $15,000,000. If we had that sum to our credit catch us editing a newspaper with the mercury standing at 89 in the shade. He ought to retire and give some one else a chance.

Hon. W. T. Dortch, chairman of the Code Commission, left Friday for New York to be absent several weeks, says the Goldsboro "Messenger," looking after the printing of the Code, which contract has been awarded to Banks Bros., printing establishment in that city, for $16,300.

No, my young friends, the word "mash," as it has recently been applied to the sentiments of affection supposed to exist between a person of one sex toward that of another, is not a proper nor even a respectable word. It should not be tolerated and will not be among refined and cultivated people.

The "Visitor" says. Mr. Caswell Phelps, who lives just east of Raleigh, has made a bale of cotton every year since the war, and has never sold a bale yet. He is waiting for the price to advance. When cotton was selling at fifteen cents per pound he would not sell; he thought it would get even higher than that. The prospects now are that he will not sell this season.

Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn says: "I can name the next democratic ticket. Hoadly is going to carry Ohio by 20,000. That will make him the Democratic candidate for President; and Cleveland, of N. Y., will be the Democratic nominee for Vice-President. The Republicans will abandon party organization and nominate David Davis, and they will not carry seven States."

The Tarboro "Southerner" feels bad because there are 501,203 dogs and only 407,000 sheep in the State, not enough to go around, and suggests that perhaps the Legislature should provide better accommodations for the curs. The "Journal-Observer," on the contrary, declares that the dog is a very useful domestic animal when he is dead. You can't please everybody, you know, and it is useless to try.

A newspaper man called on Horatio Seymour, of New York: the other day and here is the way the old gentleman palavered him, "I love to think of the press and the great power that it wields. If I were younger and more vigorous myself I think I would give up farming and edit a newspaper."—The old man, evidently, is on the confines of another world. No sensible man would give up farming for the tread-mill life of an editor

We are gratified to see it announced in the Goldsboro "Advance" that Rev. M. H. Moore. of the North Carolina Conference, is preparing and will publish a volume to be entitled "Sketches of the Pioneers of Methodism in North Carolina and Virginia." It will contain forty sketches and will make a book of some 500 pages. Mr. Moore is a young minister of good parts and he has shown that he can do such work with taste, skill and ability.—Star.

Mr. Jas. H. Marr first assitant Post Master General, has issued a circular, that for the sake of uniformity and to put a stop to continued complaints received by the department, the sum of fifty-cents will have to be collected for each key given out. Postmasters at offices not located in government buildings will require a deposit of fifty cents for each key to lock boxes rented by them, and on the return of the keys they will refund the amount from the postal revenue, taking a receipt from the party to whom sitipsad.

### Mormon Women Working in the Fields.

At Providence, Cache county, Utah, there is a man having fourteen wives, and his progeny is so numerous that no one appears to know the extent. Six or eight of his women go to his farm at once and work in the field while he sits quietly on the fence and looks on, just as the overseer of the past kept watch of his slaves. We are assured this is no fancy sketch, but a veritable fact, which attracts the attention of all passers-by. Of course, the man prospers in the wealth of this world, and the Mormon priesthood are ready to attribute his prosperity as blessings from the Lord to reward him for living up to his privileges according to the latter-day gospel.—Salt Lake Tribune.

## A FARM ROMANCE,

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JOSEPH SCOTT TURNS OUT TO BE A WOMAN.

*HER EXPLANATION.*

About six weeks ago two men—one young and rather good-looking and the other apparently middle aged—came to a farmhouse near Rawlings' Station, in this county, and asked for employment. They were honest looking and apparently not afraid to work and as help was needed, they were employed, one having been put to work tending stock and doing chores about the house, and the other going into the field. The young man called himself Joseph Scott and the elder Henry Scott. Both proved good hands about the place, and the younger man in addition to being quick and active about his duties, was very jovial after work hours. Was a merry singer and whistler, and was always ready for a fishing excursion. All went well until last Sunday, when the mistress of the house was much astonished to discover that one of the three valises, which the hands had brought with them, contained woman's clothing. She at once suspected something wrong, and promptly charged the younger of the hands with being a woman. He (?) said at once that if dissmissal did not follow, he or she would tell all about it. The mistress promised immunity, and the young farm hand then acknowledged that she was a member of the gentler sex; that she had adopted man's attire as being more comfortable and convenient when traveling, and as making it easier for her to obtain employment. Her companion was, she said, her uncle, and he was going on a tour, she decided to accompany him and chance it working as a man hand. The pair are said to hail from Pennsylvania. The girl is of plump figure, good-looking with fair complexion, dark wavy hair, which is at present cropped close. Her name is Josephine, and when she underwent the masculine transformation she took that of "Joe." She has ben retained at the farm and now does woman's work, such as milking cows, etc. A gentleman of this city who saw her says she makes an excellent man, and her sex was never suspected until accidentlly discovered as above.—Cumberland "News."

### KENTUCKY ROMANCE.

THE LOVE OF TWO BROTHERS AND TWO SISTERS—HOW IT RESULTED.

In a certain part of our country there lived a family, in which there are two brothers just entering upon the prime of youthful manhood; a short distance from them—in fact in the same neighborhood—there lives another family, in which there are two sisters, also in the prime of womanhood, beautiful, fascinating and attractive. These young people being near neighbors and coming in contact with each other often, almost naturally, it would seem, fell in love with each other, the elder brother with one of the sisters and the younger with the other. All went smoothly for a time, and these young people enjoyed themselves and dreamed bright dreams of the future, and no doubt in imagination constructed fairy palaces of love, and gardens like Paradise, which should be only filled with beautiful flowers, and fruits of happiness, and unalloyed enjoyment.

Then as a matter of course, the question of marrying arose, which must be referred to the parents of the young ladies for approval. The eldest brother had no difficulty in obtaining their consent to his marrying the young lady, and the wedding day was fixed upon. Then the young brother went to the parents and made known his attachment for the other sister and their mutual desire to "splice and travel the road of life together.' But the old folks were decidedly opposed to having more than one of their girls marry into "that family," and plainly informed him that if he wanted a wife he must go elsewhere to get her, intimating that he should desist paying further attention to the young lady in question. But the young man was determined that if his brother married one of the girls he would marry the other. So he went to the young "lady of his love" and told her the circumstances of the situation, and desired her, if she loved him, to prove her love by running off with him. To this she agreed and the night was fixed upon when they should carry out the mutual agreement.

But now comes the strangest part of the story. The two young ladies resembled each other very much in looks, voice, &c., and by some strange freak when the night of elopement came and the young man went to the appointed place of meeting he found a woman there whom he thought was the right one, but she was not. Unconscious of this, however, he took her to the place where the marriage ceremony was to be performed before he found out that he was with the wrong girl. Most wonderful to relate, he thought that after he had gone to all this trouble he would get married any way, so he asked her if she would have him, and she in order to carry out the joke, said she would, and they were married then and there. It appears that she had overheard him making arrangements to elope with her sister, and knowing the place of meeting determined to go there ahead of her and thus fool the young man, for whom she entertained a secret liking, although she was engaged to be married to his brother. Our informant also states that after they had lived together for some time the elder brother, determined to make the most of his situation, took unto himself the other sister.

### David Davis' Bunion.

Sometwenty years ago DavidDavis was suffering with a severe bunion on his left foot. At least the Senator supposed it was a bunion, although, as he hadn't seen his feet for a generation, it was pretty much a matter of guesswork. However, it hurt him more than the Republican successes, so he called in a chiropodist, and when that specialist inspected the damage and came to the surface once more, he reported that the excresence was about as big as a ten-cent loaf and that nothing but the most careful treatment would save the foot. Mr. Davis accordingly procured a shoe of the six days go-as-you-please description, the toe of which he could almost see himself when he kicked out pretty hard. It was a sad sight to watch the presiding officer of our most dignified body hobbling up the Capitol steps, supported by a big cane and the leather pedestal referred to six months after that. It was a new edition of Bunion's Pilgrim's Progress, bound in calf. Sometimes the bunion would grow better, sometimes worse Meanwhile, the corn doctor sent in his regular bill for "digging out the Senator's foundation," as he facetiously called it. At last the sufferer became imbued with an absorbing desire to visually inspect the cause of his torments, and one day, yielding to a sudden impulse, he limped off to a photograph saloon, pried off his shoes, and then requested the operator to take a tintype of his foot.

When it was completed he almost fell off his seat in an apoplectic fit of rage, for the picture disclosed a little iron clamp attached to his little toe, the screw of which the chiropodist evidently tightened or loosened at pleasure. The Senator determined upon a frightful revenge, and the next morning when the corn doctor knelt to remove the shoe, the man of weight deliberately turned around and—sat on him. But why dwell upon the sad particulars? The corn doctor was removed to the hospital, where, three months after, he died to slow music, after having made a full confession, and in the full hope of a glorious immortality.

### A Brave Woman.

Commend us to the young wife of Amos Bidwell, Ostego Lake, Mich. We have no doubt as to her devotion to the babies and her ability to make pies and puddings and put up preserves. Although we do not enjoy the honor of her acquaintance, we feel confident that her husband's shirts are never to be found without their full complement of buttons and that the children's stockings are never allowed to go over Saturday night undarned. We reach these conclusions because such are the qualities of a brave and true wife. Mrs. Bidwell has proved her title to that character—and she handles her Winchester rifle with the skill and quickness of a frontier scout.

Young Mrs. Bidwell was alone in the house when a neighbor called and offered an insult. Under similar circumstances Mrs. C. Melnotte strikes a tragic attitude and informs the offender that a husband's roof, however lowly, is the temple of a wife's honor. Young Mrs. Bidwell did not do this. Probably she has never read Bulwer or seen the play of the "Lady of Lyons." But after giving the ruffian proper warning, which was unheeded, she seized her trusty Winchester, drew a bead on him and shot him dead.

All honor to the brave woman! If she had hesitated her life and the life of her husband would have been blighted. She was the protector of his happiness as well as of her own honor. She deserves a substantial proof that every true man and every honest woman in the nation appland her courage and approve her act.

## DRIVEN MAD.

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A YOUNG MAN AND HIS MOTHER SEE A GHOST.

*MADNESS EPIDEMIC.*

SNYDERTOWN, PA., June 19.—Last night Mrs. Moore, a widow, who lives with her young son in an old dilapidated house at Brush Valley, near here, was startled by hearing a shriek, followed by agonizing yells, in the room next to hers occupied by her son, a youth about sixteen years of age. In a fright she ran into the room and found the boy almost dead with fear and trembling in every limb. She quieted his fears and questioned him, and after considerable delay he told her that about 12 o'clock, while listening to the furiously raging storm, he was startled by seeing though the dim light of a lamp which burned in the room a man raising a window. Almost paralyzed with fear he sat up in bed unable to move, until by the aid of a vivid flash of lightning he perceived the features of the man to be those of his father, who was killed in the mines five years ago. With the shriek that had so startled his mother he sank on the bed and the intruder fled hastily.

THE MOTHER SEES THE FACE.

When the mother had heard his story she turned her gaze towards the window and beheld the identical face pressed against the pane. With a terrific yell she sprang to the window, and raising the sash jumped through, striking the ground, twenty-five feet below, with terrific force and injuring herself fatally. The shrieks and moans of young Moore brought a few neighbors to the spot, and they carried the limp body of the woman into the house and after a few hours' labor succeeded in bringing her to sensibility. As soon as she fixed her eyes on her son she burst into a violent fit of laughter, in which the son joined and which lasted until both fell to the floor exhausted. On the part of young Moore the fit of laughing was then followed by violent spasmodic attacks. He foamed at the mouth, barked like a dog and made vicious snaps at those who attempted to quiet him.

MADNESS EPIDEMIC.

A young farmer named Herrick went up to him and, while attempting to quiet him, caught hold of his hand. No sooner had he done so than he too was seized with fearful spasms and, writhed on the floor in intense agony, exhibiting the peculiar symptoms manifested by others. The other neighbors who had come to the scene were so badly scared as to be of little assistance, and they fled precipitately, leaving the three maniacs alone in the room, Mrs. Moore was stark raving mad and soon the two young man were at work demolishing the furniture and striking one another. One of the women who had first rushed to the scene ran home and returned with her father, an old army sergent named Billheimer, who run into the room and, grasping Herrick, threw him to the floor, and putting his foot upon his breast, bound him with the bed ropes. He then secured young Moore in the like manner. Mrs. Moore was bleeding from the wounds received from falling out of the window and lay on the floor insensible. Lifting her in his arms Billheimer carried the woman to the open air, the storm having ceased.

A PHYSICIAN IN ATTENDANCE.

One of the neighbors had mounted a horse about one hour before and ridden at full speed across the rough country road in search of a doctor. After a long search he found one and brought him to the stricken family. The young man Herrick was taken home by his father in the morning and another physician attended him. No hope is entertained of Mrs. Moore's recovery. Her son was unusually violent this morning and could scarcely be held by four men. The case has occasioned much excitement among the farmers throughout the neighborhood. Mrs. Moore's husband was killed in the mining region five years ago. She and her son are practical, steady people. Young Herrick is not so violent, but arrangement are being made for his removal to an asylum.—Mrs. Moore was in a sinking condition this evening, and she will hardly live until morning.

### issing a Festering Corpse.

New Orleans Special to the Chicago Tribune: Yesterday afternoon the attention of the sexton of St. Louis Cemetery, on Claiborne street, was called to an unusual noise in the yard. Following the direction of the sound he came upon a woman bending down in front of a broken tomstone. Before her was a coffin, the lid of which was wrenched off and layed on the ground. The woman was stooping over a dead body. The scene was a wild and ghastly one—the broken tomb, the long black coffin with the lid thrown on one side, and this strange woman, with strange gestures and appearances, holding a corpse in her arms and kissing the mouldering and bloating lips. The sexton at once placed the woman under arrest and took her up to the Fourth Station. There she gave her name as Mrs. Frank Ducoing. Her husband, a prominent Creole druggist, was informed of the affair, and going to the station identified his wife and explained her mysterious conduct. The corpse was the body of their child who had died from smallpox two weeks ago. The mother became crazed at the death of her child and was not able to see the body before burial. Mrs. Ducoing, when questioned in regard to her strange action, said she only wanted to take a look at her boy's face, and had not broken open the tomb with her fingers, removed the mortar and bricks, drawn forth the coffin, torn off the lid, and taken the body in her arms, with which she was about to flee from that yard when discovered. The woman is raving mad, and calls continually upon her poor dead boy by name.

### The State of Society in Arkansas.

A traveler on horseback, attracted by a large number of children huddled around the door of an Arkansas cabin, stopped and asked of a woman who suddenly appeared:

"Is this a school-house?"

"Did you take it for sich?"

"Yes, considering the number of children."

"Well, I reckon you've a right to your opinion,"

"But is it a school?"

"No, it ain't."

"Are all these children yours?"

"I reckin they air. 'Pears to me that way, anyhow."

"How do you make a living for all of them?"

"I don't. I turns 'em out an' lets 'em scratch."

"Where's your husband?"

"In town."

"In business there?"

"Yes, I reckin."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"About a year."

"Why doesn't he come to see you?"

"Well, you see, them deputy martins came along one day an' seed him bilin' some corn in a kettle, an' they lowed' he was makin whiskey, so they took him along. Look out there!"

The stranger dodged, but not quite soon enough. A boy fell from a tree under which the stranger had stopped, and struck him on the shoulder.

"I didn't know he was there," said the traveler, regarding with astonishment the youngster who arose to his feet and began to throw dust at the horse.

"I don't reckin you did," the woman replied, "but lemme tell you the woods is full of 'em, an' they're liable to drap down on you at any minit, an, as it ain't safe to stay in the timber, you'd better take to the big road an' moosy. Good day, You, Ike, put that lizzard down. Eph, that ar tarrapin'll bite you if you put your finger in his mouth. Drap that scorpion, John, and blow Tommy's nose."—Arkansas "Traveller.

### Bill Arp's Philosophy.

Mr. Carlyle says it is the unpretending masses of common working people who move the world and keep it safe. They may not think deep, but they all think, and when their thoughts come together and take shape they generally think right, and that is where the old maxim came from that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Great men and eloquent men may move us and charm us for awhile, but we are happier when we come back to simple faith and stand by the old landmarks. There are new inventions and new ways and new fashions, but there are no new principles. Human nature is just what it was 4,000 years ago. It gets better and gets worse and moves backwards and forwards like the swing of a pendulum but its average is about the same. We used to read about those awful wars in history. We thought they were a dreadful people, but we had one ourselves a few years ago, and it was as bad as any.—There are folks killing folks all the time and folks cheating folks. The papers are generally about half full of crime and patent medicine. If they can't kill us one way they will another. This reminds me that old Aunt Lyddy Pinkum is dead, but her picture keeps com ng along all the same. Poor thing, I reckon she must have taken some of her medicine by mistake.



was received by Clarkson N. Potter in the foreclosure of the Cananda-igua Railroad not many years ago. It is said that he received $100,000 in that case. It is reported that Charles O'Connor received $75,000 in the Jumel will case and $100,000 in the Parish will case. In the latter case Judge John K. Porter and Daniel Lord received large fees. It is stated that Henry L. Clinton charged $250,000 in the Vanderbilt will case. Judge Geo. M. Comstock, of Syracuse, charged and received $50,000. Mr. Scott Lord, the counsel for the contestants of the Vanderbilt will, received $100,000.

These immense fees are beyond anything ever known or heard of, not only in this country but in foreign lands. The famous lawyers of England or France have never received such large sums even in cases of much longer continuance. During the entire eight years in which the famous Warren Hastings trials went on none of the lawyers received such heavy fees. In the even most famous case of "Jarndyce and Jarndyce" the reporter on the case is silent in regard to the fees of the counsel; but it is to be presumed that they consumed the estate. Ersine, the leader of the English bar in his time, and one of the most brilliant advocates that Great Britain ever produced, never received a greater income than $12,000, and not more than $5,000 in any one case. Sir James Scarlet, afterward Lord Abinger, a very successful lawyer, had an income certainly not exceeding Erkskine's. The same is true of Garrows, another great English lawyer. Ballantyne received from the British government a very large fee for going to Calcutta to try a murder case, but apart of it was consumed in expenses.

### An Unjust Assault.

The New York "World" and certain other journals of smaller importance have objected to the election of Samuel J. Randall to the speakership of the federal house of representatives, on the grounds first, that his views on the tariff are out of harmony with democratic principle, and secondly because a speaker of the house during the electoral count of 1877 he ruled against dilatory motions intended to defeat the completion of the count.

It strikes us that these objections to the election of Mr. Randall are unfair and unjust. The recent deliverance of the Ohio democrats on the subject of the tariff has received the endorsement of the journals in question and will almost beyond doubt be incorporated into the platform of the national democracy in 1884. Mr. Randall will accept that view of the tariff; nay, he has on more than one occasion, in and out of congress, expressed opinions on that question identical with the doctrine enunciated by the Ohio democrats. The "World" and the other journals objecting to Mr. Randall's candidacy will therefore be obliged to withdraw their opposition to Mr. Randall on this ground.

As for the part which the ex-speaker played in the electoral count, it must be said that he acted with a large body of democratic representatives in congress who believed that after they had given their assent to the law authorizing the electoral commission they were in honor bound to submit to the decision of that tribunal. The mistake was not in failing to filibuster against the electorial count, but in consenting to the establishment of a tribunal unknown to the constitution and composed of men who could not rise above the level of the political partisan. If the opponents of Mr. Randall hope to defeat his election to the speakership they must change their tactics.—Harrisburg (Pa) "Patriot."

### Embezzlement.

Quite a sensation was created in Charlotte last week by the arrest on the charge of embezzlement of two of the most prominent railroad men and respectable citizens in that city. On the 3rd., Mr. J. E. Adams, ticket agent for the Air Line, Richmond & Danville, and C. C. & A. Railroads, and Capt. E. O. Nesbitt, conductor on the Air Line railroad, were arrested on the following charge: It seems that Adams has been in the habit of selling tickets unstamped which Nesbitt took up without punching them and they were returned into the office and sold over again, these two men sharing the profits. Some months ago Adams proposed to Capt. Wm. Clarkson, a conductor on the A. T. & O. Railroad, to enter into the same sort of arrangement, saying that Nesbitt and others did it and there was "big money" in it. Clarkson scouted at the idea and reported Adams the next day. Since then Adams and Nesbitt have been shadowed by detectives and sufficient evidence secured upon which to base an arrest. Adams was released upon $1,500 bail and Nesbitt sent to jail because he could not get no one to go on his bond.—"Journal Observer."

## FIGHT IN CHURCH.

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TWO MINISTERS FIGHT AND FALL INTO THE WATER.

*A DISGRACEFUL SCENE.*

Hartford, Conn., June 26.—The Rev. Dr. Parker and the Rev. Mr. Everts indulged in a fierce fight, in the baptismal fount of the South Baptist church Sunday afternoon. For a long time Congregationalism had been striving to capture the church. The Rev. Mr. Everts is pastor of the much coveted prize while the Rev. Dr. Parker is the leader of Congregationalism. It seems that Dr. Parker conceived the purpose of baptizing a score or two of young children in the baptistry of the South Baptist. He was possessed of this notion as his solemn duty, and he accordingly beguiled a large number of his parishioners and their children into his scheme. It was decided that it should be carried into effect, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. At the appointed hour a procession was formed. At the head of the procession was a double quartet, led by a hand-organ, which had recently been repaired at considerable cost. Besides nearly 200 children in the procession, there was fully that number of adults, men and women, mostly parents of the children.

Arrived at the church, the doors of which were unlocked, the procession entered and took possession. By this time the sacristan had notified the Rev. Mr. Everts, who quickly sent for the deacons. Meanwhile the Rev. Dr. Parker and his crowd had turned on the water, which was rapidly filling the great tank used for baptisms. Children were being prepared for receiving the rite, and the Rev. Dr. Parker was excitedly spurring on his followers in what he called a battle for Congregationalism.

Presently the Rev. Mr. Everts arrived, followed by his deacons. He protested to Dr. Parker against the outrageous intrusion, but the reverend doctor simply replied that he was determined to finish what he had come to do. Before the great tank had filled, the spacious edifice was resounding with inquiries, protestations and recriminations. Ranged around the baptistry were the children whom Dr. Parker had now begun to baptize.

The invading party could not be persuaded to leave. It became painfully evident that a fierce strife was to take place. While the women and elders of the two congregations were making pandemonium of the place, the two ministers carried on a bitter war of words between themselves, Dr. Parker proceeding all the while with baptizing the children who stood about with blanched faces and forms that shook with fright.

Suddenly a struggle between the two sides broke out in earnest. An indescribable scrimmage took place. The shrieks of children, the wailing infants, and the implorings of women mingled with the angry cries of pastors and officers of the contending congregations. Many women fainted, and many had their Sunday clothes almost torn off them.

Dr. Parker and Everts had a terrible struggle. They beat each other and tore each other's hair frightfully, and finally fell into the immense tank, firmly grasping each other. So busy were the other fighters that they could not observe the accident that happened to their pastors.

Policeman could not be found, but a few sober-minded men of either parish combined to restore order. By this time the mad fight in the tank was discovered, and some of the peacemakers turned their attention to the struggling pastors. It was found impossible to tear them apart, so they were taken out locked in a fierce embrace and both unconscious. They were finally separated—though they clung to each other with the tenacity of drowning men—and resuscitated. After a little talking, the ministers were reconciled.

A sad rumor prevailed that several of the young children were drowned in the baptistry, but a careful search made of the premises discovered no bodies. That several were not killed in the fearful struggle is a miracle. Many are confined to their beds from the effects of fright. Both clergymen are in a sad condition, mentaly and physically. The unfortunate affair has scandalized the whole Christian community.

Did the prophet Isaah ever eat at a railroad station? It certainly looks so, for how could he describ it so literally if he had not? "And he shall snatch on the right hand and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and they shall not be satisfied."