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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILINGS-GLEANINGS

Always possessed of a devil-A printing office.

Virginia "straight-out" Republicans want Blaine for President.

A. McCabe, a former prominent Republican of Edgecombe, is dead.

The Warrenton "Gazette" is eleven years old. May it continue to prosper!

The Grand Council A. L. of H. held their second annual session in Tarboro last week.

Ex-Senator Thomas Clugman has been very sick in New York but is now better.

A "single wheel buggy company" with a capital of \$1,800,000 has been formed at Chicago.

It is easy to see there is always a man in the honeymoon. He is there because he was stuck.

Robt. Heller took a glass of ice-water at Savannah, Geo., July 14th, and fell dead from congestion.

A man from California, is in Washington for the purpose of showing how to bring rain from the skies.

Even the sands of the sea are hardly more numerous than the man who thinks he can edit a newspaper.

The body of John Sweeney, the young man drowned in Wilmington last Friday, was recovered Sunday.

Poor Tom Thumb is dead and his little widow faints at his grave. The scene is described as very touching.

The number of men in the standing armies and reserves of European States is estimated at twelve millions.

Three bears were killed and one wounded a few days ago in Martin county, about seven miles from Jamesville.

The threatened duel between C. O'H. Cowardin, of the "Dispatch," and John S. Wise has been amicably settled.

The next session of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association will meet in Wilmington on the 8th of August.

Mr. J. H. Petty, of New York, has been appointed Superintendent of the A. & R. Railroad, in place of Mr. Dorsch, resigned.

Madness is struck with color blindness. He cannot see the difference between a Virginia darkey and a Virginia gentleman.

Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, believes that high taxes on liquors are better as temperance measures than prohibitory legislation.

Chicago is trying to organize an air company with \$2,000,000 capital. Passengers and freight are to be carried above the earth.

A boat at Morehead capsized with a lot Georgia militia aboard. They were fatally rescued. Capt. Bell who rescued them received \$40.

All the sycamore trees now in Scotland have sprung from a little tree which Mary Stuart brought from France and planted in Holy-wood.

His name was Spring, and he told her that hers ought to be Winter, because Winter sometimes lingers in the lap of Spring, and she immediately sprung.

At Monterey a Mexican mob entered the office of the American consul, Rev. Mr. Shaw, and beat him nearly to death. Redress, countrymen, redress!

The Daily Postal "Bulletin" states that the following post offices in North Carolina have been discontinued: Dickson, Caldwell county, and Bissett, Nash county.

Patti draws \$5 out of her manager's pocket every time she breathes. She signs sixty-two minutes and receives \$5,000 a night. She is a fortune to any man who holds her.

Four large ware houses were burned in Wilmington on Tuesday evening of last week, caused by lightning. Several thousand dollars worth of naval stores were burned.

"As we go to press," facetiously remarked the young journalist, as he put his arm around her waist, "You do not make a good impression," she replied as she slapped his mouth.

The towns of Utica and Deer Park, Illinois, having refused to pay for a bridge jointly contracted for by them, the courts have given the builders permission to take their structure down again.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 13.--

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 27, 1883.

--NUMBER 24

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Duration (One Inch, One Month, Three Months, One Year) and Rate (\$1.00, 3.00, 8.00, 25.00).

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HALF A ROMANCE.

SAVING AN HEIRESS' LIFE BUT MARRYING A POOR GIRL.

IT'S ONLY DONE MY DUTY.

A Long Branch (N.Y.) telegram of Saturday says:—Miss Millie Coombs, a beautiful orphan of seventeen, and an heiress with some \$100,000 in her own right, arrived here from St. Louis with her aunt on Monday last week.

They found that at the West End, at which it was their intention to stop, no rooms could be obtained, so they took rooms temporarily at the Morris Cottage.

Just before sundown the other evening Miss Coombs, accompanied by two ladies and a male cousin, went into the surf. The surf was somewhat rough, but Miss Coombs did not heed it.

When about 200 feet from her companion a scream from the young lady told every body that she was in danger. The young man, her cousin, hastened with the other two ladies, who were on the point of fainting, to the shore.

In the meantime the keeper launched the life-boat and rowed to the girl. The screams ceased and it was believed that the sea had swallowed her. Suddenly a dark object was seen to mount a wave, and a cry was heard, "Here! Here!"

The boat was directed towards the spot, and two persons climbed into it. They were Miss Coombs and her rescuer, William Whittlesey, who had been swimming some distance out in the sea.

Before the boat reached the shore Miss Coombs was cool and collected, pouring out her thanks to her brave rescuer. When she reached the arms of her aunt, who was standing on the beach, a shout went up from the crowd.

The consist of Miss Coombs approached young Whittlesey, and shook him heartily by the hand and, placing a well-filled wallet in Whittlesey's hand, said: "Here, take this."

"Oh, no," replied the young man, "I've only done my duty," and all the persuasions could not tempt the young man to accept the proffered wallet. The young man was persuaded to accompany Miss Coombs and her friends to their cottage, where he blushed like a school-girl under the praises poured upon him.

He finally consented to accept a gold watch and chain, which the girl he saved will purchase for him. Whittlesey is twenty-one years of age, and is a clerk in a railway office at Iowa City.

To a reporter Miss Coombs said: "I have been doing all my life to be the victim of some real romance, and I guess I have got one that will last me for some time."

The ladies who heard the story explained that it was a real shame that Mr. Whittlesey was engaged to be married to an estimable young lady residing at Sioux City. The young heiress herself at first did not seem to like it, but it is said, obtained young Whittlesey's consent to stand as bridesmaid at his wedding. There is every likelihood that young Whittlesey will start out on his voyage with much better prospects than a railroad clerk's salary can give.

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SHOOTING AFFAIR.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE SHOOTING AT MOREHEAD.

AN UNTOWARD EVENT.

Fuller particulars of the shooting affair at the Atlantic Hotel, Morehead, Tuesday night, show that Mr. Ward, of the Gate City Guard, was shot by Mr. Willie Jenkins, now of Norfolk, Va., formerly of Warrenton in this State. It appears that during the day some person, not Mr. Jenkins, had made slighting remarks about that company. To this we learn that Mr. Jenkins replied that he had not, but on the contrary had spoken of them in complimentary terms. His statement was rather questioned and he then asked the spokesman, who was twice his size, who was his informant. At this another member of the company said he was the man. Mr. Jenkins then informed him that he was a de-lirium. At this the one who first spoke hit Mr. Jenkins and knocked him down. He rose and a scrimmage ensued, in the course of which Mr. Jenkins fired at the large Georgian. The bullet missed its mark, passing between his arm and body, and unfortunately struck another member of the company who was endeavoring to separate them. The bullet struck him in the fleshy part of the thigh, making a painful but we hope not a dangerous wound. The matter is to be greatly regretted. We hope that this untoward event will not have the effect of marring the pleasure of the first visit of the Gate City Guards to this resort. We trust that the wounded gentleman, who is the recipient of unbounded sympathy, will suffer no great inconvenience from his injury.—News-Observer.

For the ADVANCE.

Elegant Simplicity.

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS.

It is a dangerous thing for the male sex to discourse on the subject of female attire.

Every man of even the least cultivation delights in seeing women well dressed. The difficulty lies in settling the question on what it is to be "well dressed," and that difficulty arises from the masculine ignorance of the details. As women pass before a man's eyes he knows at once whether the impression made upon him is pleasing or otherwise. But he cannot tell why. He does not know how much of an artist that woman had to become in order to be able to array herself in different garments that should have perfect adjustment to her person and perfect harmony of coloring. She has had to study, first, other women; secondly, herself; thirdly, the masculine intelligence, in order to reach the consummation she has attained.

Sometimes it costs pecuniarily to make such an achievement. The cost will vary according to the female artist's skill in using her materials. The men who have to pay the bills, the husbands and papas, know something about this; and we in the course of years secure a valuable education in this department of art and economy; and, ordinarily, this class of gentlemen, if thoughtful and discreet, deliver tolerably rational criticisms on this subject. The men outside, the bachelors generally, are those who make mistakes in uttering their dicta on dress. As an example of this, a young man says to his sister: "Why can't you imitate the economy and the elegant simplicity of the Van Bocker girls? For don't dress in silks as you do? For I saw one of the Van Bocker girls at Saratoga, ought to cost. I learned that it was thirty-five cents a yard, and they did look so sweet and fresh."

"Quite true," said his sister; "but you must recollect that few ladies indulge in that kind of toilet; they must have several changes and each dress must have a large quantity of furbelowing and fixing to make it look well; and the laundrying of dresses of that kind costs more than the mere washing of pocket-handkerchiefs. So that if economy is what you have in view, dear brother, a good dress that costs more at the beginning may last longer and in the end cost less."

The fact is, we may as well understand that elegant simplicity in dress as in manners requires an outlay which demands a good income. Showiness is cheap. Elegance must be paid for by both money and taste; but still more costly is elegant simplicity, which

DAVY CROCKETT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS FAMOUS COON-SKIN TRICK.

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

In 1827 Davy Crockett was elected to Congress from Tennessee and during the canvass played the famous coon-skin trick, which he related as follows:

"I started off to the Cross Roads dressed in my hunting shirt, and my rifle on my shoulder. Many of our constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates at orating. Job Snelling, a gander-shanked Yankee who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay, and had been shipped to the West with a cargo of coffee and rum, erected a large shanty and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I had arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his specious and his treating, when they spied me about a rifle shot from the camp, sauntering along as if I was not a party in the business. "There comes Crockett," cried one, "let us hear the colonel," cried another, and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down for the occasion, and began to bushwhack in the most approved style. I had not been up long before there was such an uproar in the crowd that I could not hear my own voice, and some of my constituents let me know that they could not listen to me on such a dry subject as the welfare of the true nation, until they had something to drink, and that I must treat 'em. Accordingly I jumped down from the rostrum and led the way to the shanty, followed by my constituents, shouting, "Huzza for Crockett," and "Crockett for ever."

"When we entered the shanty Job was busy dealing out his rum in a style that showed that he was making a good day's work of it, and I called for a quart of the best, but the crooked critter returned no other answer than by pointing at a board over the bar, on which he had chalked in large letters, "Pay to-day and trust to-morrow." Now that idea brought me all up standing; it was a sort of cornering in which there was no back out, for ready money in the West in those times was the shyest thing in all nature, and it was most particularly shy with me on that occasion. The voters, seeing my predicament, I was left deserted and alone, as the Government will be when it no longer has any offices to bestow. I saw plain as day that the tide of popular opinion was against me, and that unless I got some rum speedily, I should lose my election as sure as there are snakes in Virginia—and it must be done soon, or even burned brandy wouldn't save me.

"Well, knowing that a crisis was at hand, I struck into the woods with my rifle on my shoulder, my best friend in time of need, and as good fortune would have it, had not been more than a quarter of an hour before I treed a fat coon, and in the pulling of a trigger he lay dead at the root of a tree. I soon whipped his hairy jacket off his back, and again bent my way towards the shanty, and walked up to the bar, but not alone, for this time I had a half dozen of my constituents at my heels. I threw down the coonskin upon the counter and called for a quart of rum, and Job, though busy dealing out rum, forgot to point to his chalked rules and regulations, for he knew that a coon was as legal tender for a quart in the West as a New York shilling any day in the year. My constituents flocked about me and cried, "Huzza for Crockett," "Crockett, forever," and finding the tide had taken a turn, I told them several yarns to get them in a good humor, and having soon dispatched the value of the coon, went out and mounted the stump without opposition, and a clear majority of the voters followed me to see what I had to offer for the good of the nation.

"Before I was through one of my constituents moved that they would hear the balance of my speech after they had washed down their first part with some more of Job Snelling's extract of cornstalk and molasses, and the question being put up, it was carried unanimously. It wasn't considered necessary to tell the yeas and nays, so we adjourned to the shanty, and on the way I began to reckon that the fate of the nation pretty much depended on my shooting another coon. While standing at the bar, feeling sort of bashful while Job's rules and regulations stared me in the face, I cast down my eyes and discovered one end of the coon skin sticking between the logs that supported the bar. Job had slung it there in the hurry of business. I gave it sort of a quick jerk, and it

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followed my hand as if I had been the rightful owner. I slapped it on the counter, and Job, little dreaming that he was burking up the wrog tree, shoved along another bottle, which my constituents quickly disposed of with great good humor, for some of them saw the trick, and then we withdrew to the rostrum to discuss the affairs of the nation.

"I don't know how it was, but the voters soon became dry again, and nothing would do but we must adjourn to the shanty; and as luck would have it, the coon-skin was sticking between the logs, as it Job had flung it there on purpose to tempt me. I was not slow in raising it to the counter; the rum followed, of course, and I wish I may be shot if I didn't before the day was over, get ten quarts of the same identical skin, and from a fellow too, who in those parts was considered as sharp as a steel trap, and as bright as a pewter button.

"This joke secured my election; for it soon circulated like smoke among my constituents, and they allowed with one accord that the man who could get the whip hand of Job Snellings in a fair trade could outwit Old Nick himself, and was the real grit for them in Congress. After the election was over I sent Snelling the price of the rum, but took care to keep the fact from the knowledge of my constituents. Job refused the money and sent me word that it did him good to be taken in occasionally, as it served to brighten his ideas; but I afterward learned when he found out the trick that had been played upon him he put all the rum that I had ordered in his bill against my opponent, who, being elated with the speeches he had made on the affairs of the nation, could not descend to examine in the particulars of a bill of the vender of rum in a small way."—Forest and Stream?

Another Visit to Mr. Tilden.

NOT FROM THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.

Mr. Tilden's hair is long, curling, and raven black, and there is not a wrinkle in his face, not a furrow on his brow. He is passionately fond of bicycling, and rides as far as fifteen miles a day. His favorite bicycle he keeps in a room adjoining his own, and feeds it with his hands. He sings superbly, and has a childish way of running to the piano to dash off some sparkling little improvisation. As I looked at him I could not help saying: "Mr. Tilden, you bear your age remarkably well, can it be possible that you are really forty-one?"

He shook his head with a semi-mourful reflection and said: "Ah, my dear boy, time is relentless. I shall be forty-eight years old next December."

Had I not received the assurance from his own lips I could not have believed it.

When I left him he insisted on shouldering my trunk and carrying it to the station. As I pressed his hand at parting, I said to him: "Mr. Tilden, if the next Democratic National Convention should follow its own wishes and the earnest desire of the American people and nominate you for President would you accept the nomination?"

He answered my hand in his mighty grasp, until the blood oozed out under my finger nails, and shouted: "WOULD I?"

Then he slapped his hands together like a clap of thunder, and sprang straight up into the air.

They Kissed and Made Up.

Three weeks ago a neat, pretty, modest young woman, came to the St. Nicholas Hotel, in Portsmouth, Ohio, and engaged a board. She gave her name as Laura Martin, of Poplar Grove, Ky. Without loss of time she sought and obtained employment in a clothing factory. Her manners were exceedingly reserved and she made no acquaintances, but worked assiduously and earned money. Yesterday Albert Finley, a tall, well clad, handsome Kentucky farmer from Richmond, in that State, put up at the same hotel. The stranger and the young farmer met. She saw in him a husband from whom she had run away in a petful meeting to both. They made up, and kissed, and took passage on the steamer, both perfectly happy.

The Nevada (Cal.) "Transcript," of June 26th, says: "Miss Lizzie Frazier, a blooming and pretty young lady, who lives between this city and Blue Tent, has been engaged to take her father's moving machine over to Getchell's sleekens ranch and cut seven or eight acres of alfalfa. Miss Frazier left school last year, having obtained a good enough book education for all practical purposes, and since then has been helping her father on the farm. She is worth a ten acre lot of lah-de-dah girls, and the young man who gets her for a wife will get something worth having."

POLK'S CRIME.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE \$400,000 STEALAGE.

POLK ON TRIAL.

A jury has at last been secured in the case of the State of Tennessee against Marsh T. Polk, and the trial promises to be an exciting one. Polk's crime can be very briefly described. He was Treasurer of his State, and he stole between \$400,000 and \$500,000 of the taxpayers' money which had been placed in his hands. Polk was one of the most popular democrats in Tennessee. He was a graduate of West Point and the nephew of a man who had been President of the United States. He had served in the Confederate Army. A few days before the discovery of his crime he publicly announced, to the great astonishment of the people of Tennessee, that he would not pay the interest, soon to become due, upon the new bonds which the State had compelled its creditors to take in lieu of the full amount to which they were entitled. There had been collected from tax-payers and placed in his hands \$600,000 with which to pay the interest on these "scaled" bonds. It soon appeared that he would not pay because he had stolen the money.

When it was reported to the legislature that the State Treasurer had stolen more than \$400,000 of the thrifty Polk was on his way to Mexico. He was captured at San Antonio, but in spite of the large reward offered for him he was able to buy off the detective who had interrupted his flight. Before he reached the border, however, he encountered other officers, whom he failed to corrupt, and in January last he was brought to Nashville and indicted for embezzlement. His friends asserted, although his little transaction with the detective had been concealed, that Polk had not been trying to escape, but had undertaken a trip to Mexico for the purpose of visiting some mines in which he was interested.

The official examination of his office revealed the fact that he had been stealing the State's money for five years, and that he had even surpassed his predecessors in cool rascality. Four out of the five who had preceded him in the office of Treasurer had robbed the tax-payers with both hands, but Polk was no ordinary thief. He had simply regarded the money collected by taxation as his own, and had scattered it in all directions. He had invested it in all sorts of enterprises, and had loaned it to any prominent democratic politician who asked for it. He was probably forced to divide the spoils in this way, in order to protect himself. When the investigators began their work they found the floor of his safe strewn with the due bills of Polk's political cronies. He returned to Nashville in good spirits, and it was said that his political influence and the influence of his friends who had shared with him the fruits of his crime would shield him from punishment.

The jury system is again to be on trial, and the test is to be made this time at Nashville. Of course there was no intelligent citizen of the State who had not heard of Polk's crime and formed an opinion about the thief's guilt. No person of this class was placed on the jury. Those who had opinions were not wanted. For two weeks the court endeavored to find twelve men so ignorant that they had not read anything about the great robbery of tax-payers' money, and had not formed or expressed an opinion about the guilt or innocence of the defendant. Out of the first hundred men examined only two were accepted, and more than one thousand men rejected before the panel of twelve was completed. No one of these twelve men has read anything about the robbery, and two of them are so ignorant that they do not know in what district they live. The selection of so stupid a jury was a bad beginning, and it was followed by the mysterious disappearance from the State Treasurer's office of the account book containing Polk's false entries. The volume is said to be evidence of the greatest importance, upon which the prosecutors relied for conviction. They have offered the paltry reward of \$250 to any one who shall return this evidence of the theft of \$400,000.

One of the Stock Stories About Webster.

Daniel Webster's financing is the subject of many anecdotes at Washington and one of them thus describes how he one day assisted his friend Rufus Choate. Choate needed \$500, and he applied to Mr. Webster. "Five hundred dollars," said Mr. Webster. "No, I haven't

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE \$400,000 STEALAGE.

POLK ON TRIAL.

A jury has at last been secured in the case of the State of Tennessee against Marsh T. Polk, and the trial promises to be an exciting one. Polk's crime can be very briefly described. He was Treasurer of his State, and he stole between \$400,000 and \$500,000 of the taxpayers' money which had been placed in his hands. Polk was one of the most popular democrats in Tennessee. He was a graduate of West Point and the nephew of a man who had been President of the United States. He had served in the Confederate Army. A few days before the discovery of his crime he publicly announced, to the great astonishment of the people of Tennessee, that he would not pay the interest, soon to become due, upon the new bonds which the State had compelled its creditors to take in lieu of the full amount to which they were entitled. There had been collected from tax-payers and placed in his hands \$600,000 with which to pay the interest on these "scaled" bonds. It soon appeared that he would not pay because he had stolen the money.

When it was reported to the legislature that the State Treasurer had stolen more than \$400,000 of the thrifty Polk was on his way to Mexico. He was captured at San Antonio, but in spite of the large reward offered for him he was able to buy off the detective who had interrupted his flight. Before he reached the border, however, he encountered other officers, whom he failed to corrupt, and in January last he was brought to Nashville and indicted for embezzlement. His friends asserted, although his little transaction with the detective had been concealed, that Polk had not been trying to escape, but had undertaken a trip to Mexico for the purpose