

Subscription Rates in Advance... One Year \$10.00... Six Months \$6.00...

NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILINGS GLEANINGS

Senator Ransom's health is improving.

Durham will not hold the Tobacco Fair this year.

Maj. Wm. A. Smith, of Johnson, has gone north for medical treatment.

It is intimated that Holden will be connected with the "State Chronicle."

Edward A. Oldham is to assist W. H. Page on the "State Chronicle."

The weather is always very remarkable for the season of the year.

A Greensboro man shipped tons of dried blackberries to York.

A colored man in Winston cut thirty pounds of watermelon at one sitting.

Two Illinois young men fought a duel last week and both were killed.

The Winston "Sentinel," one of the best papers in the State, is to be enlarged.

A South Carolina preacher shot at a candidate organ because he couldn't play it.

Gov. Holden has \$50,000 in U. S. Bonds. So much in the republican row.

The Durham "Recorder" has a subscriber who has been taking the paper since 1824.

The "Tribune" "Sunny Home" tells of a man 15 years old, who has never received a letter.

The postmaster at Atlanta, Ga., has been removed on account of a deficit of \$5,000 or \$5,000.

Durham will spend \$10,000 in improving the roads leading into that town and it will pay well.

A Pitt county farmer refused to give lodging to Mormon preachers one night last week. Correct!

Mr. Josiah Evans will begin the publication of a weekly newspaper Sept. 26, at Fayetteville, to be called the "Sun."

Virginia, Delaware and Maryland are the only states that have the whipping post. Canada follows suit.

Gov. Jarvis having gone to the Boston Exposition, Gov. Robinson is acting Governor. Gov. Robinson sounds well!

The late cyclone in Minnesota is said to have destroyed over one million dollars worth of property and thirty-four lives.

The Roanoke "News" is enlarged and improved. We read no paper with more interest and we are glad to note its prosperity.

We are pleased to note that our young friend P. W. Wiley has been appointed to examine and pass upon printing done for the State.

He said he'd changed if her hands didn't hang out anything he ever saw this side of Bangor, where he once ran a "chick" of his own.

A lawyer in Elizabeth City recently bought a second hand law book from London which contained a card bearing the name, "J. P. Benjamin."

Some level-headed boys in Atlanta have associated themselves together and taken a pledge not to ice cream any girl who hangs her hair. Sensible boys.

Among the patents issued to North Carolinians in July we find one issued to J. C. Williams of Scotland Neck, on a machine for measuring bagging and other fabrics.

The eruption of the volcano on the island of Krakatoa continues; a part of Java is covered with ashes and stones; crops are ruined; several settlements have been swept away by tidal waves.

An exchange of many years' experience says that for every person that commits suicide from this appointment in love there are ten who do so because of insanity resulting from drunkenness.

Dr. Crosby says: "Those who are engaged in an unending course of fortune telling are in the dangerous class." We do not care to be referred to in that pointed way, and the doctor had better stop it.

There is a great deal of talk about the President's getting pay in retirement. Let this be stopped! He is about as efficient in Dakota as in Washington.

Second Lieut. Joseph B. Bateson, Jr., 24th Infantry has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Ringham School, Orange county, N. C., to take effect October 1st, 1883.

The strength of man's tendency to sleep in church was illustrated recently in Lewiston, Me., where a burglar was found in sound slumber in a pew of St. Peter's church, with his kit of tools scattered around him.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

VOLUME 13.--

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1883.

--NUMBER 30

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Duration. One Inch One Insertion \$1.00, One Month \$10.00, Three Months \$25.00, Six Months \$45.00, One Year \$80.00.

Liberal Discount will be made for Large Advertisements and for Contracts by the Year. Cash must accompany all Advertisements unless good reference is given.

POLITICAL POINTS

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON.

Jere Black described Garfield as "a sheep in wolf's clothing."

It is rumored that Pat. Winston, of Winston, is going over to the Liberals. Is it true?

The Asheville "News" hoists the names of Joseph R. Hawley of Conn. for President, and Robert Lincoln of Ill. for Vice President.

"Wood pulp" Warner, U. S. Senator from New York, says Blaine can get the nomination for the Presidency if he desires it. Well, he does desire it, so let the nomination proceed.

The Republicans, we hear, will perhaps choose E. A. White, late Collector of Revenue of the 2d district as their candidate for Congress, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of W. F. Pool, in the 1st district.

"On the other hand the Republican platform has never given an uncertain sound. It always has genuine ring," is the remark of the Washington "Republican." The fact is that there is just what the people object to.

A correspondent of the Boston "Herald" says: "If ever man hoped for a better candidate looked for, the presidential nomination, in my judgment, Mr. James G. Blaine is hoping for and looking for a presidential nomination to day."

Dr. J. J. Mott, Col. Wm. Johnson and Dr. Norman were "shot" in Charlotte last week. They are going to start a Liberal "organ," and the last two named are to be the editors. They have assessed the office holders \$17,500 to start the enterprise.

The Boston "Herald" says that to nominate President Arthur because he is a good fellow, and has done better than expected of him, would be to abandon the fighting chance for success—which is all the party has, from the present outlook.

At a conference in Washington City, at which Gen. Mahone, Longstreet, Chalmers and others were present, it was generally agreed that a determined effort should be made to extend the "independent movement" throughout the South.

Senator Ransom was in Washington recently and was interviewed by a reporter of the Washington "Crife." The reporter asked: "How is the political atmosphere?"

"All right. You see that there is more dissension among the Republicans than with us."

"How about the old ticket of 1876 for President and Vice-President?"

"North Carolina will go for it if nominated, but I don't know how it will stand in the convention. She may be for my old friend McDonald, of Indiana."

J. E. O'Hara, the colored Congressman elected from the second district, has been denied in Boston by some of the small darkies of that city, and in his post prandial speech said the colored man has little to hope for from either the Republican or Democratic parties, and that on the coming national election the policy of the negroes will probably be to stand aloof from both parties and so make themselves felt. He thinks that eventually they will become a political power, like Pat or Hans, whom both parties desire on election day.

HOW HANCOCK WAS DEFEATED.

The New York "Sun" of yesterday morning prints copies of twenty or more letters which passed during the presidential campaign of 1880 between Garfield, Dorsey, Blair, Allison, Foster, Morton, and other Republican leaders and the Republican National Committee.

The letters from Garfield are to Dorsey and Governor Jewell, and relate chiefly to the conduct of the campaign in Indiana. The "Sun" asserts editorially that these letters prove that General Hancock was defeated by the use of large sums of money illegally expended in Indiana and elsewhere with the knowledge of General Garfield and the managers of his campaign.

Why I Never Married.

A lady writes an article for the "Winston Leader" on "Why I never married." Her first offer was "a handsome youth of sixteen, but not well educated, and in very bad health."

It couldn't have taken a very smart woman to resist such a temptation as that.

The second offer was "a widower old enough to be my father, hand-

STARTING A PAPER

WHY AN ARKANSAW ENTERPRISE WAS ABANDONED.

THE EDITORS ACCOUNT.

Captain Lomuth has just returned from interior county, where he went sometime ago to establish a much-needed and long-dreaded newspaper. When he left Little Rock he was so full of hope, and so confident that his enterprise would prove a success, that his sudden reappearance and declaration that his venture was a failure, created an inquiring interest among his friends.

"Why did you give up the enterprise, captain?" he was asked the other evening.

"Well," he replied, blowing a cloud of smoke over the head of a short man who sat on the opposite side of the table, "I did not receive sufficient encouragement to continue, but received a great deal of it to quit."

Arkansas may be the future home of the country paper, but at present I am inclined to believe that the hand press and the roller are mistaking their calling, and misappropriating the wisdom of tradition, when they assume citizenship under the rural plow.

Sometimes ago I heard that Bugleville wanted a newspaper, and that the citizens of the prosperous place were so rife for a local publication that they would willingly contribute toward the permanent establishment of a weekly journal. I wrote to a leading citizen of the town, and his reply fairly blazed with encouragement.

"Of course we want a newspaper," he said, "and to show you how alive our citizens are, come over and see what they propose to put up way of a starter. I went over. Everybody was glad to see me, and with considerable ceremony I was conducted around the town, consisting of a few board stores, a saw-mill, a blacksmith shop, an undertaker's establishment, which seemed to be the liveliest institution in the place. Finally we met in a back lot, and held a meeting in regard to the paper. After numerous speeches, it was agreed to grant me twenty-five acres of land, situated near town, and then further to promote the matter, the mayor declared that he would give me a mule. This seemed encouraging enough, and I invested what money I had in an office. I soon got things in running shape, and by way of originality, I called my paper the "Shark." I did not attempt to canvass for subscription until the first number was issued, preferring to let the people see what I could do. When the paper came out, I went around town, having hired an apt penman to accompany me, and take down the names of the subscribers, while I solicited and called them off. The first man we struck said: "Certainly, you can put me down."

"For a year?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, or two years."

"An much, obliged to you," I gratefully replied.

"Not at all. Needn't write out a receipt, for you see, one acre of the forty-five given you, was donated by me. I don't think that you will have any trouble running a paper on forty-five acres of land, for I understand that some of the most successful papers in the country are operated on a basis of about five acres."

"I moved away, somewhat disappointed. The next gentleman, an intelligent looking fellow said:

"I have always been regarded as the most enterprising man in this community, and I must say that I am proud of the distinction. I was the first man to suggest the establishment of a newspaper, and I shall be by no means small in my support. Put me down for two subscribers—hold on, put me down for three, as I want to send a copy to my brother. No, a receipt is unnecessary. Ten acres of the forty-five, were donated by me. Just give me credit on your books for the balance."

This dug deep into my flesh, but I seemed to be so interested in my success that I could not tell him how I longed to stand tall-footed on the top of a barrel and spit an oak board over his head.

Thenext man we approached was very warm in his praise of my intentions; but I decided upon being careful. The land-racket had been worked on me just a little too often and was in a fair way to bankrupt my scheme.

"Did you contribute any of the forty-five acres?" I asked.

"Not a foot," he repeated, "but not because I did not favor the project. I am a surveyor, possess a fair degree of intelligence and shall be more than pleased when you have worked up a good circulation." It is demoralizing and should not be tolerated.

The Desecration of Sunday.

Abe Perry, (col) has left for parts unknown. He got to selling wine on Sunday during the big meeting at Union Chapel, and this being considered a nuisance by some of the good people in the neighborhood, he was ousted.—"Torch Light."

Good riddance! The people of Wilson county ought to work up such a healthy public sentiment that no man could sell whiskey, or cider or water melons at our "big meetings." It is demoralizing and should not be tolerated.

Aug. 27, 1883.

REVOLTING CASES.

WHITE GIRLS ENTICED FROM HOME BY NEGROES.

THREE OCCURRENCES.

Alas! there are abundant signs that the days of sorrow and disgrace from race adulteration and miscegenation, are fast drifting down upon us, says the "Farmer and Mechanic." It is a well-fixed law of nature that baser elements absorb the purer. Mingle a drop of water and a drop of ink, and you will blacken the water, and you will not elevate the negro, but only pull down the whites. The basest creatures whom God allows to walk the earth as men are the "half breeds," "spears" of Mexico, the Apaches with white fathers, and the Henry Berry Lowery classes.

For these reasons we have opposed the color-line by mixed Conventions like the Prohibition affair, the reviewing of negro troops by the Governor, and all such methods of procedure. We believe the tendency of them all is to break down the color-line; and it requires no prophet to see that when the race line begins to relax there will be daily scandals such as the two which last week caused the Old North State to be sneered at by thousands of the Yankee fanatics who made such occurrences possible by forcing the negro upon us as a political element. The day may come within the lifetime of nearly all read negroes will have white wives,—perhaps the granddaughters of their old masters; and rich negro women will have white husbands, perhaps sons of the very men who are now most prominent citizens.

Charlotte "Observer" says: The two walked into the city at an early hour but were not seen again until about noon when the girl was found to have taken temporary refuge in a house of ill repute the owners of which, having seen her passing by in company with a negro with the Matthews Station case fresh on their minds, called her in and sent for the police. The negro taking alarm fled and has not since been seen. The police arrested the girl and carried her to K. P. Osborne's office, where an investigation into the case was made. The girl was under the influence of liquor and it was impossible to get an intelligible account from her. She stated, however, that her name was Lizzie Henderson, and she came from Union county. Her father, Thomas Henderson, was dead, and since his death her mother married a man named Col. Kendall, and is now living near Davis' mine, in Union. She had been step-father, and her mother finally told her she had better go seek a home elsewhere, and yesterday morning turned her adrift, with a gift before leaving home. The negro who was with her, she states is named Bill Gregory, and she has known him all her life.

A STILL Sadder CASE.

Wilmington "Review" says:—On Tuesday a colored man and a white girl eloped together from Keyser, on R. & R. A. L. The man is named Frank Hollman and the girl is the daughter of Mr. Eli McLeod, a very respectable citizen, and a turpentine man at Keyser. Hollman had been employed by Mr. McLeod and on Monday last was paid off by him, receiving a considerable amount of money. That night he disappeared and the girl was also found on Friday morning to be missing. They were found at Matthews, on Tuesday afternoon, and the girl was taken into custody and Hollman fled, but was captured afterwards near Charlotte. The parties were brought down the road last night and were met at Hamlet by a party who took them on to Keyser, where there was some talk of getting up a nuptial party this morning.

Hollman is represented as a black, full blooded African, while the girl is said to be but sixteen years of age, although she appeared to be at least 20. She says, we understand, that it was her fault while Hollman is just as generous, and says that he persuaded the girl to elope with him."

The Charlotte "Journal-Observer" says: The girl was weeping bitterly, and for sometime would not answer a question, but finally she told them that she had been over-persuaded and had run away from her father's house, in Moore county, the night previous with the negro. Her father's name, she said, was Eli McLeod. A telegram was sent to him, and an answer was shortly received, requesting them to hold the girl,

ABOUT FARMING.

SOMETHING ABOUT COTTON PICKING.

PICKED UP NOTES.

A man at Littleton has a stalk of cotton which contains 355 bolls.

Mr. Henderson Rice, of Nash has twenty acres in rice this year which will pay well. Who says there's nothing in a name?

Mr. Callie S. Braswell, of Edgecombe, has cotton baskets, which he has been using for twenty consecutive years, says the "Home."

A Lenoir county man has a cotton stalk three feet high with ninety-three matured bolls and one hundred and eighty three blossoms and young bolls, says the Free Press.

A young farmer, named Harris in Mecklenburg county, tried Farmman's Method of Farming. He put 1,200 pounds of chumpest on one acre and, although the season was bad, he will make three bales to the acre.

The apple crop of Kansas is so large this season that it is expected to yield more bushels of fruit than ever before, despite the destruction caused by wind and hail storms. On a single twig about nine inches long, recently, 39 apples were counted.

A Putnam county farmer is making a hundred pounds of butter a week, which he sells at 35 cents a pound. He feeds his cows in summer on Bermuda grass, and in winter on Bermuda hay. He regards Bermuda grass the greatest blessing in his country.

We have been shown, says the Tarboro "Guide," by Mr. David Joyett, a stalk of corn on which were growing five good size and formed ears of corn. Mr. B. informs us that his father has five acres of this corn, on the farm in Halifax county, all the stalks bearing from three to eight ears.

We are reliably informed that the cotton-picker, invented and patented by Mr. B. O. Savage, of this community, is proving successful beyond expectations of many. We have not had the pleasure of seeing the machine, but are sure of one thing—if it is made to pick cotton successfully, Scotland Neck will have a millionaire in the person of Mr. Savage. We understand that he starts for Louisville next Monday, to place his invention on exhibition.—"Dorchester News."

COTTON PICKING.

DAVID DANIEL OF GREENSBORO, says: "No system can prosper without teaching all the operatives and laborers to be experts. The first thing to be done is to teach the laborers how to do it; the next thing, to do it with more care and to do better work every day. For instance, take a boll of cotton. They must be taught with the greatest speed how to throw the hand into the boll and pull out all the cotton with one lick, not wanting to see whether any is left in the boll or not. Always have in mind to strike but one lick at a boll and as soon as that is done to strike at another boll. I have in five minutes taught a hand to pick one hundred pounds more of cotton per day than he had picked on the previous day, and from that point he will continue to improve. The greatest efficiency in hands picking cotton was eight hundred pounds per day.

REQUIREMENT OF A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

A man must know something about farming before he can be successful. If he may desire to become a farmer or gardener, but before he becomes one he has something to learn. We are constantly meeting men, both old and young who say they would like to become farmers. They like fresh milk, butter and eggs, the country air and fresh strawberries. Oh, yes, they like all these good things, and many of them think that they can be had for asking, no skill being required in their production. "I would like," says another, "to be a doctor or lawyer." Well, do they become rich without study? No; nor does any one think of such a thing. Yet it would be just as foolish to think of becoming a scientific and successful farmer without study, as to become a successful lawyer or doctor. A love for the country is not enough of itself to prepare one for being a farmer. There is no business which requires a more thorough observance or clearer perception of nature than farming, except perhaps, that of being a physician; and the two professions are very much alike, for we must study the laws which control life in both.

The pig finds a living in his pen and so does the editor. The similarity, however, ceases at this point.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Dancin' as Was Dancin'.

A correspondent to the Greenville "Deflector" from the back woods of Pitt, thus very graphically and sensibly speaks of the "German" as danced at Morehead when he was down there:

"After that come dancin' as was dancin'." They had some sort of a funny dance called German, and it shored was funny to me. I never seen so much huggin' in all my born days. A gal would run up to er man an' the man he'd meet her half way, you bet, and they would come close together, he er huggin' her and she er huggin' him, and the music would rattle away, and here they'd go over that floor, both er huggin' an' er dancin' an' er sidin' an' er flingin' out their feet same as er mad mule kickin' horns. I looked at it until I couldn't stand it no longer, an' I went to bed er thinkin' that folks that live in the country has got a heap to learn yit an' there's some things I don't never want my folks to learn and this is one of em."

Breaking up an Elopement.

A young fellow from the country, whose manhood is a wreck and whose finances are more dilapidated, all from dissipation, had won the affections of a pretty country maiden, and insisted on meeting her against a stern father's will. A few nights ago they met and were arranging an elopement. The spot they had selected for their tryst was near an old family burying and the hour was near midnight. They made no definite plan, owing to the girl's perverseness, and the fellow was suing earnestly, when a groan was heard among the graves and a white form rose up and advanced toward the couple. Neither of them could speak or move. The figure moved slowly forward, the bones clanking as it stepped. When in a few feet of the lovers it spoke in a severely articulate tone, telling the youth to "begone!" as "this object was to destroy the girl's happiness after getting her money."

The young fellow slid on his knees, and promised to go if he was allowed. He was granted ten seconds to get out of sight, when the girl knelt over in a faint, run for home. Then the old man threw down a sheet on which some phosphorus had been rubbed and some old cow bones he had picked up, took his girl into his arms, and carried her into the house. The young fellow has left the country, and the girl is as quiet and gentle as a dove. The old man is happy, and gives his daughter all the presents and attention he can, but has never told his part in the transaction, and she has never spoken a word of the terror that drove her lover from her side.—American "Recorder."