

Edgewood Court next week Judge Shepard will preside.

A machine lately patented turns out 150 cigarettes a minute.

The colored people's fair will be held in Raleigh Nov. 16th and 17th.

A negro man and white woman were put in Nashville jail last week for living as man and wife.

Another extension of Pennsylvania farmers will be made to North Carolina Nov. 12th.

There was a baby born down in Georgia last week that weighed only a pound and a quarter.

A negro boy, died in Alamance last week from the effect of eating champagne. He ate a gallon.

The town elections in Connecticut, held on Monday, resulted as usual favorably to the Republicans.

Mayor Lott of Baltimore, has been nominated for a fourth term by the Democrats of that city.

The Mormon saints in conference assembled have solemnly determined to stand by polygamy and defy Congress.

The fair of the Roanoke District will be held at Woodland, Northampton county on October 23rd, 24th and 25th.

Col Folk, the "liberal" candidate for supreme court judge last year is to open a law school in Yadkin county.

Dr. Abernathy, of Rutherford College, is said to be so great a sufferer from sciatica that he cannot turn over in bed.

The Greensboro "Workman" says there were seven deaths from diphtheria in the Mebaneville neighborhood last week.

The Augusta "Chronicle" says Jefferson Davis has made \$10,000 out of his "Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy."

Twenty-six young men were licensed by the Supreme Court last week to take out a previous existence at the practice of law.

The Washington "Gazette" is to be enlarged and, the editor says, improved. The enlargement is all the improvement it needs.

Ed. L. L. Bodenhamer, of Forsyth county, has bought Mr. Luster's springs near Statesville. He will make it a summer resort.

The Greensboro "Patriot" says that it will soon be enlarged, take the telegrams, become a penny paper and that the Republican party must go.

Miss L. J. Robinson, a lawyer of Boston, has been nominated by Governor Butler as a special commissioner to take depositions and administer oaths.

We learn from the "Mirror" that two Mormon preachers were driven out of Greene county last week to preach their pernicious doctrine—Welfare.

The first edition of the portraits of distinguished Methodists which Rev. E. L. Bell, of Marion, ordered has been finished. They will be ready to be sold within a week.

Mr. M. W. Page was elected by the county commissioners of Wake county Thursday to the post of Register of Deeds in place vacant by the death of Capt. W. W. White.

In the Grand General Convention at Philadelphia, a memorial relative to the division of the Diocese of North Carolina was referred to the Committee of Dioceses.

The work of removing the Confederate dead from Arlington to Raleigh will take place on the 15th, of October, and a portion of the Star-Guard will take part in the services.

A serious warning to tipplers is involved in the action of a late Boston Monday night debaucher, who was discharged for going home intoxicated.

A young man who weighed 120 pounds has taken him to wife a New York damsel who weighs 517 pounds. How much better is the young man than a Mormon? He wants too much wife at one time.

Prof. John Duckett writes the "Messages" from Hamilton, Maryland, as follows: "A party of surveyors are surveying a line for the railroad from Norfolk to Goldsboro in a mile of this place. It will cross Roanoke river at 'Forked Gut,' and follow a ravine near the suburbs of Hamilton. It reported that 3,000 Irishmen will commence grading in a few days."

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Duration. One Inch One Insertion \$1.00, One Month \$2.00, Three Months \$5.00, Six Months \$8.00, One Year \$12.00.

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A FINE ART.

HUGGING TERMED A FINE ART BY A CHICAGO FATHER.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

A queer case has just come to light in Chicago. A young man spent an evening with his girl, and during the evening, while the family was present in the parlor, he was as demure and bland and child-like as could be wished. The mother came into the room after the family had retired to get a handkerchief she had left, and the young man was seated in a chair in the middle of the room, while the girl was seated on a sofa, and nothing the mother could see in the actions of either led her to think they were more than passing acquaintances. It seemed to her as though the young people had met before, but there was no evidence that they were very well acquainted. All night after he had gone, the girl complained of a pain in her side and in the morning a doctor was called, and he found that two of the girl's ribs were broken. How it was done nobody knew. The girl could not tell for the life of her, though she blushed when asked about it, and the mother looked very wise as she looked at the doctor. The doctor made some inquiries, set the ribs and went away, and the girl proceeded to recover. That evening the young man called and was astonished when informed of the extent of the girl's injuries, and wondered how it happened, though the mother watched his face close as he spoke and detected not only a blush but a profuse perspiration on his face. She had been a girl once herself, and though she never had any ribs broken she had been hugged some. It was a trying position for them. The father was away on a trip to Wisconsin, and when he came home the matter had to be explained to him. He was told that the ribs just simply broke themselves, and that neither the mother nor the young man could account for it, and yet all three of them blushed terribly. The father patted his girl on the head, told her she would be better when she got over it, and called the young man into the library. The young man was so weak he could hardly walk, and when he sat down he took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow and wished he was dead. The father looked the young man over and was sorry. "Young man, I guess I can give you some points on hugging. You must first learn that a girl is not constructed on the same principle of an iron fence or a truss bridge. A girl is a delicate piece of mechanism, like a fine watch, full of lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man, twenty five cents for an hour run and a little consent by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want!"

But just here the loud whistle of the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting: "Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indiana, polis!"

Fun on the Wrong Side of the Mouth. The Washington Press tells of an affair at Greenville, Pitt county: "Several of the young men made a raid on the policemen, stripped them of their badges, we believe forced them to resign. This had happened several months before and the citizens thought it had gone far enough. The parties were indicted and tried upon several charges, but acquitted on a charge of conspiracy. Mr. F. A. Cherry, a young man who is twenty-five who appears to be a conspicuous offender, was tried upon another charge and convicted. Judge Phillips sentenced him to twelve months solitary confinement in the county jail. It was a severe penalty, but it is said to be fully sustained by public opinion.

A muff is defined as a "thing which holds a girl's hand and don't squeeze it." Correct, and any fellow is a "muff" who will hold a girl's hand without squeezing it.

Waste no time; delays have dangerous ends! If a member of your family is suffering with a slight cough or cold, don't wait until it develops itself into consumption, but procure at once a bottle of Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup and cure that cough.

POLITICAL POINTS

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALD RON.

Senator George, of Mississippi, thinks the Democrats should not touch the Tariff.

A Kentucky paper thus announces its platform: "Tariff for revenue and whiskey for snake bites only."

Gen. Sherman says Arthur is his choice for the Republican nomination. He says Grant "ruined himself" by being elected President.

The other opinion of the state press is that Gov. Jarvis acted wisely in appointing Judge Merrimon to succeed Judge Ruffin.

A man named Holton, whom the Maryland republicans have nominated for Governor, is distinguished for being rich and "generous on election day."

Bob, Ingersoll will take the stump for the republicans. Between denying the existence of a hell and fighting democrats Bob will have a pretty tough time.

The Massachusetts Republican State committee announces a list of 150 speakers residing in that State, who are to take an active part in the campaign. The committee also promises the services of distinguished men from other states.

Tecumseh Sherman, remarks a Philadelphia paper, is being boomed for president by some indiscreet friend who is probably not aware of the fact that kissing pretty girls and shaping the destinies of a great and glorious country are entirely different things.

The Hon. Daniel Russell has been kind enough to inform the Chronicle that the next National Democratic ticket will be B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, W. W. Holden, of North Carolina, Mr. Russell is inclined to be facetious at the expense of his Democratic friends.

The nomination of General Butler as the Greenback candidate for Governor of Massachusetts is an awkward circumstance; but we suppose a man in his peculiar situation is bound to shake hands with every political polecat that slides up to him.—Philadelphia "Record."

Quite a novel and ingenious device is that adopted by the Democrats in some of the southwestern counties of Virginia. A small white flag is nailed upon the house of every Democrat and the consequence is that these designs are displayed upon almost all the houses of well-to-do people. The "subject lesson" is said to disturb Malone very much, as it is a vulgar proof that his party is opposed by the respectable classes.

The Mahonite negroes in Virginia are intimidating negroes who are disposed to vote the Democratic ticket. Here is what occurred in one locality:

"A colored society called the Emancipated Farmers yesterday held a meeting in Hanover. In ordinary speeches were made in behalf of Candidate Jones. In one of them it was given out, it is asserted, that if any negro advocated the cause of Wickham he should be beaten to death. Aaron Branch, a member of one of the Wickham clubs in the county, despite that warning, attended the meeting and attempted to advocate that candidate's claim. He was violently taken down and almost beaten to death."

For State Treasurer. A Nash correspondent of the "News Observer" says it will be a long while before the meeting of the State Democratic convention but it is not too soon for the people to consider and discuss who will be suitable nominees of the party, who will reflect the honor conferred on them.

When Nash county was honored with one of these nominations reaches in the past beyond the memory of middle-aged men to-day, hence it is within the bounds of modesty to recommend for the office of State Treasurer James S. Battle, our present State Senator, who is efficient and popular, and already has a State reputation for integrity and fine character.

The New York Democracy. Republicans who hoped for a split and bolt in the Democratic convention at Buffalo last week were disappointed. The committee on credentials decided

ABOUT FARMING.

THE NEGRO SHARE FARMER AS SEEN BY A NORTHERNER.

PICKED UP NOTES

The Negro Share Farmer. The changes wrought by the civil war in the South have produced one character whom we found one of the most interesting studies of a recent trip through the South. We allude to the Negro Share Farmer.

At home, in his ramshackle cabin among his lean pigs, his bony cattle and his always numerous family, or in the market place, with spike team, often composed of a mule and a cow, which he has driven a long day's journey to sell a dollar's worth of wood or a couple of bushels of potatoes, he presents a grotesque and interesting type. It would be difficult, probably, to get down to poorer and less profitable agriculture than the share farmer practices. But he manages to scrape a living out of the ground, exactly how he would perhaps sometimes find it difficult to explain himself.

You come upon his cabin among the pine woods, with a patch of scraggy corn behind it, and the ground around strewn with faggots, among which peek a straggling crew of rusty fowls. A couple of curs bark furiously at you and a couple of pigs, which look like dogs, treat you as a long-legged, trotting stray into the brush. The mossy roof is sagging on its yielding beams; there are great fissures in the mud-plastered chimney, and the wind finds ingress through the cracks between the slabs and loes of the walls, from which the mud has fallen. The common yard approach has aroused brings a troop of children tumbling over one another out into the road, to watch you with wide open mouths and eyes, and shrink back when you look at them. A sturdy negress, with a cob pipe, gives you a cursory in the doorway behind her you see a figure like the witch of a fairy tale cowering in the big fireplace; the figure of some old grandmother or grandfather, carrying the weight of nearly a century on a bent back. As you ride on, you perhaps come upon the farmer, sturdy and uncouth, hoeing in his potato patch, or wandering among his corn or cotton.

The share farmer obtains his title from the tenure by which he holds his land. He rents it at the simple price of half yield. It is commonly a portion of some large plantation, often of the same one on which he once labored.

Such as it is, the existence of the negro share farmer is not devoid of elements of picturesque interest. His labor is hard and his life coarse, but he is a tough, rude, man, and has no longing for unknown luxuries. Among the fogs of early day he is at work when night falls he fiddles or croons his simple melodies before the yawning fireplace of his cabin. He generally has an old gun and wages war upon such game as the woods around him shelter. What little leisure he has he spends in sleep. In the scale of education he ranks very low. He cannot read or write. His ideas are frequently clouded by superstition, though quite often he exhibits a peculiarly keen native wit and cunning which make him a great bargainer, and stand in good stead in his dealings with men of better knowledge. His dress is a mass of patches and of rags. But he is as well dressed as his neighbors, and has no ambition to do so. His children wear a single garment a shirt of coarse cotton; apparently never washed. The women folks own a dress of calico each, and a cotton handkerchief and shoes for state occasions. If the farmer has any money he ties it up in old rags and hides it in holes in his fireplace or under the hearth. Raking out his money at night and counting it by the firelight is his greatest perhaps his only luxury.—American Agriculturist for October.

Prof. J. T. Lewis, of this county, informed us a few days ago that he killed a sheep last week, common stock, that weighed eighty pounds when dressed. He gotten pounds of tallow and so! th: sheep for \$5.20. He sheared five and a half pounds of wool from the sheep last season. Sheep husbandry would be a profitable business in this county if it wasn't for the fact that there are many worthless dogs. We hope to see the time when it can be said, in this connection, that the dogs have had their day.—Toisnot "Sunny Home."

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CHURCH CREEDS.

A BRAKEMAN GIVES HIS OPINION OF CHURCH CREEDS.

CHURCHES AS RAILWAYS.

The peculiarities of denominationism force themselves upon the mind of the world, and we often find these set forth in the parlance of men, whose work and habits give rise to a terminology well understood by certain classes. An instance of this comes from Bartlett's article on a "Brakeman at church" we submit. It will be remarked, that while it indicates peculiarities, it makes no irreverent allusion to the Sacred Name, and on this account may be enjoyed by our readers. There is a lesson in it.

On the road on a nice, with Lebanon riding in the lister, the fast passenger dream ag idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World" and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors—"A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, said:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said with that interested inflection that asked for more. And what church did you attend?"

"Which one you guess?" he asked. "Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Now, he said, 'I don't like to run these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on a main line where our run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but don't like it.'"

"Episcopal," I guessed. "Limited Express," he said, "all palace cars and two dollars extra for a seat, fast time and only stop at the big stations. Nice line but too exhaustive for a brakes man. A train man in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductors, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road though. Don't often hear of a re-conductor being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested. "Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stop at all stations and won't run into anything but a Union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along, well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked. "Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, straight as a rule, tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it, spiral level grade, passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; and no room in the aisle to dance."

Then there are no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of accidents on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Free Thinkers?" I said. "Scrib road," said the brakeman; "dirt road bed and no ballast, no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side-tracks, and switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please, and off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but don't like the line. I don't like to travel on the road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent and if he had he didn't know any thing more about the road than

the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said nobody. I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run her to the ditch. Now, you can see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, or makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. It may all be right, but I have railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church?" I said. "Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on the road two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said. "Now you're shouting, he said, with some enthusiasm: "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a plenty of steam and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard' you can hear him at the headlight. Stop and checks given on all through trains as often as he likes, do it every two or three times, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors, ain't a road in the country where the passenger feels more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan air brakes on all trains, too, pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more. "Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's daisy, isn't she? River road, beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a single side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes heaps of water to run it through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pond or run a mile with less than two gallons. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads do river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountainhead of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man, twenty five cents for an hour run and a little consent by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want!"

But just here the loud whistle of the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting: "Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indiana, polis!"

Fun on the Wrong Side of the Mouth. The Washington Press tells of an affair at Greenville, Pitt county: "Several of the young men made a raid on the policemen, stripped them of their badges, we believe forced them to resign. This had happened several months before and the citizens thought it had gone far enough. The parties were indicted and tried upon several charges, but acquitted on a charge of conspiracy. Mr. F. A. Cherry, a young man who is twenty-five who appears to be a conspicuous offender, was tried upon another charge and convicted. Judge Phillips sentenced him to twelve months solitary confinement in the county jail. It was a severe penalty, but it is said to be fully sustained by public opinion.

A muff is defined as a "thing which holds a girl's hand and don't squeeze it." Correct, and any fellow is a "muff" who will hold a girl's hand without squeezing it.

Waste no time; delays have dangerous ends! If a member of your family is suffering with a slight cough or cold, don't wait until it develops itself into consumption, but procure at once a bottle of Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup and cure that cough.