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 TRUTHS'."

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WILSON ADVANCE.

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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS

A woman 93 years of age has been jailed in Charlotte for stealing a chicken.

Dr. W. A. Duggan of Tarboro has been placed in the asylum. We hope soon to hear of his restoration.

The Raleigh papers say that the colored fair last week was a success, both as to exhibits and attendance.

It is given out by the agricultural department at Washington that the corn crop will be fifty millions of bushels short.

"A baby," says the New Journal "is the oasis of married life." This does away with the popular notion that an oasis is a quiet place.

Geo. A. Latham Esq., formerly editor of the "Newbernian," has accepted the editorship of Dr Mott's organ the Statesville "American"

The "Christian Leader" puts it this way: "It is not the long sermon that wearies the congregation; it is the short sermon 'long drawn out.'"

This is the season for gin houses to burn. Mr. Thomas Whitehead, of Halifax and J. K. White, of Edgecombe, lost theirs by fire last week.

Some people prefer death to marriage. This is probably because after death there is no pain, but after marriage there is nothing but payin'.

Matrimony being considered a lottery, it is said that Postmaster General Gresham will issue orders prohibiting the delivery of love letters through the mails.

"You are as full of airs as a music-box," is what a young man said to a little girl, who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply; "but I don't go with a crank."

New College Joke.—Professor says: "Time is money; how do you prove it?" Student says: "well, if you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps that is a quarter to two."

The negroes stoned the Democratic procession in Richmond. One or two persons were hit and painfuly injured. These attacks occurred at several points atong the march.

Cleveland has a young lady who has had a bullet in her head for three weeks. That's nothing. Some society young ladies, who are fond of dancing, have their "heads full of balls" all winter.

The negroes in Raleigh had a debate on the query: "Resolved That the negro should withdraw from the Republican party," and decided the question in the affirmative. And now let the withdrawal commence.

During the last five years twenty three persons have been killed and fifty-three have been wounded in putting down the unlawful manufacture of whiskey. Most of those have occurred in the South. In 1882 four were killed and one was wounded.

The Asheville "Citizen" says that last Monday the town of Hendersonville voted favorably on a proposition to issue $50,000 in town bonds, for the purpose of erecting a magnificent hotel with all the modern improvements and comforts, and to construct water works.

A Chicago man wanted a divorce because his wife persisted in singing hymns. The court just laughed at him, and he would have lost his case had not his lawyer summoned the wife to the witness stand and started her singing. At the end of the fifth verse the court threw up the sponge, and the divorce was granted.

Mrs. J. J. Sanders, of Johnson county, we learn from the Smithfield "Herald," heard that yellow jasmine was good for the palpitation of the heart. She made a tea of some, drank it, and soon thereafter died of poisoning. Her sister, to whom she had given some of the tea, narrowly escaped death.

It is not generally known, but it is said to be a fact, that Georgia and Mississippi are the strictest temperance States in the Union. There are eighty-seven counties in Georgia where a man cannot buy, beg or steal a drink of whiskey, and none can be purchased in the State except in the larger towns. In Mississippi they tax billiard tables $1,000 a piece, under the belief that they are a device for the encouragement of drinking.

A Denver girl advertised for proposals of marriage. Her father published a card to say that her advertisement was merely a freak and that nobody should regard it seriously. Then the girl came out with a declaration that, being of legal age to choose a husband for herself, she had taken her own means of getting suited, and did not mean to abandon the plan.

Now, here is Romance indeed A beautiful young Italian woman of San Francisco, was married four weeks ago by the command of her parents to a rich man she did not love. On Tuesday she invited the young man she did love to her house, swallowed a cup of cold poison in his presence and dropped to the floor a corpse.

The Lenoir "Topic says: Mr. Clarence M. Buel, "Old North," late superintendent Elk Knob Copper Mine Company, manager Portis Gold Mine' Franklin county, dropped into our office Saturday. He says that the exposition at Boston has sent the Old North State one century ahead. Five gentlemen from Boston came into the State with him and invested $1,000,000.

It is put down to the credit of Rutherford B. Hayes that he traveled a considerable distance to attend the funeral of the late Gen. J. B. Sledman, of Ohio, week before last. Gen. Stedman was an uncompromising and unwavering Democrat and had named one of his children for the man whom Hayes and his crowd defrauded out of the presidency.

A young lady was sitting with a gallant Captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In the adjoining room, with the door open were the rest of the company. Said the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice: "Auntv, kiss me, too." Evidently something happened. "You should always say twice, Ethel, dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder.

An old gentleman at Harlem, N. Y., has had a narrow escape. He was afflicted with rheumatism, he says, and on the advice of a neighbor drank half pint of kerosene oil. He then lighted a match and on blowing out the match his mouth caught fire. He drew his breath in astonishment, and then began to feel a burning sensation in the stomach, but with great presence of mind he seized his nose, closing his nostrils and mouth, and put himself out. It is lucky he did so for if he had burned up, aside from the horrible agony he experienced, the community never would have know what a liar he was.

An Heiress Elopes.

A Virginia heiress, named Annie Johnson, eloped with a fellow from Long Island named Thomas Pearsall, after an acquaintance of six weeks. The old story. Betrayal, abandonment, and now she sues for $10,000 damages. But can money bring back her good name and her happiness? Here is a part of her pitiful story:

"Miss Johnson says that at midnight on Saturday last she was by force carried from her bed and out of the hotel by three men who subsequently ill-used her, and kept for two days a prisoner in a fisherman's hut, near Christian Hook, owned by one of the men named Charles Rhodes. Regaining her liberty she made her way back to the hotel, a distance of three miles, but was denied admittance. She subsequently applied to the Queens Poor House, on Barnum Island, but was refused because she was not a resident of the county. Almost starving she wandered to the residence of Mrs. Mott, at Pearsall's where she was given food and shelter."

Girls.

A good girl—Sal Vation.
A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.
A fighting girl—Hittie Maginn.
Not a Christian girl—Hettie Rodoxy.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity.
A Summer' girl—Hellen Blazes.
A sick girl—Sallie Vate.
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.
One of the best girls—Ella Gant.
A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.
A geometrical girl—Polly Gon.
A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron.
A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
A profound girl—Metta Physics.
A star girl—Meta Oric.
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Annie Mation.
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescant.
A serene girl—Molly Fy.
A sad girl—Ella G.
A big girl—Ellie Phant.
A warlike girl—Millie Tary.
The best girl of all—Your Own.

POLITICAL POINTS

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON.

Mr. John Gray Bynum, of Morganton, will be a candidate for postmaster of the next House of Representatives.

The politicians of Indiana are hard at work making tickets for 1884. Democrats are for the old ticket or for McDonald and Hewitt. Republicans for Arthur, Gresham or Sherman.

The New York "Sun" is an accommodating sort of a paper. It not only nominates a ticket for the Republicans next year thus:

For President—James Gillespie Blaine, of Augusta.

For Vice President—John Alexander Logan, of Chicago.

But also supplies the platform thus:

Platform—Let the Eagle Scream!

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, who has just returned from New York, says he is satisfied, from his own observation and from conversation with gentlemen from all parts of the country, that the only thing for the Democrats to do is to re-nominate the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks. He says the opinion on this point was almost literally unanimous, and he thinks the late election makes the nomination of Mr. Tilden an imperative necessity.

The Philadelphia "Record," a remarkably able independent paper, observes: "With New York as the pivotal State next year the Democrats have a decided advantage. As the vote of Philadelphia is used to swing the State of Pennsylvania into the Republican column, so the vote of New York city may be used by the Democrats. The magnificent Democratic majority in New York city, when its vote is polled, cannot be overcome by the Republican vote of the rural districts."

The Rum and Beer Power.

Whatever may be the result of the voting for Secretary of the State, one feature of the contest for that office will be as a fire set in a dry forest. We allude to the shameless appearance in politics of the rum and beer power, openly striking at a candidate for Secretary of State on the ground that he has dared to vote for limiting the ravages of the giant evil of modern times by restrictive legislation.—"New York Mail and Express (Ind.")

The Outlook for 1884.

The result of the election of Tuesday is to add largely to the number of States in which the presidential contest of 1884 may be expected to be close or doubtful. Virginia has been added to the Democratic column, making the South again solid, and creating a firm basis of 153 electoral votes on which to begin calculations for the 201 needed to elect. New Jersey has just demonstrated that she may fairly be relied upon to cast her 9 votes in 1884 for the Democratic candidate. California may be expected, with some confidence perhaps, to add her 8 votes, bringing the total of tolerably certain votes for 1884 up to 170. Of the other States which are commonly reckoned Democratic, and which in 1882 or later gave Democratic majorities Connecticut on Tuesday last apparently committed herself to the Republican cause, but apparently only. There remain Indiana with 15 votes, Nevada with 3, Ohio with 23 and New York with 36, from which to draw the 31 votes required, in addition to those of the South, New Jersey and California, to make the 201 needed under the last apportionment. In view of the failing Democratic majorities of November 6 in New York, Connecticut and other Northern States, all the States just mentioned will be most safely accounted doubtful. Should Ohio and Indiana go Democratic and Nevada and New York Republican the Democrats would have more than enough votes to elect a Democratic President. On the other hand, if New York should go Democratic no votes would be required from either Indiana or Ohio. In brief, Democratic success in 1884 would seem to require absolutely, apart from victories not to be expected, that New York should go Democratic, or in default of that, both Indiana and Ohio, and, in addition to these, of Northern or Pacific States the following: New Jersey and California. There is a fighting chance in all these States. Less of the self-confidence which operated so badly in some States on Tuesday and more hard work may enable the Democrats to win these States and perhaps others. There is certainly no cause for democratic discouragement.—"Baltimore Sun, Ind."

Didn't Tech It.

He lives in Johnson county, but we won't call his name. He had occasion some time since to stop at a well-to-do farmer's house and stay all night. After supper there were several sitting around the fire, and this particular man stood up behind a chair to which he was holding. He never spoke a word but it was noticed by the rest that he kept his eyes intently fixed on a large clock standing on the mantle piece. As the pendulum swung backwards and forwards, and the click, clack of the clock kept up, his excitement grew intense. He watched it for nearly an hour, when all of a sudden the clock commenced to strike. Without a word of warning he let go to the chair and fell to the floor, and at the top of his voice, to the amusement of the crowd, he exclaimed: "I didn't do it; I didn't tech that thing, I didn't now. Oh, Lordy!" And he closed his eyes and hid the clock from his sight. He had never seen a clock before.—Raleigh "Visitor."

A Modern Miracle.

Rev. A. D. Cohen, in a letter to the Biblical Recorder, tells about a miracle that is said to have been wrought at Haywood, in this State, as follows:

"During an interesting revival in 1882, Mr. Wm. Drake's wife was converted and received to baptism by the New Hope Baptist church. This enraged the feelings of her husband, and he affirmed that he would shoot Mr. Hicks if he drowned his wife (a thing he was fearful of). When the baptism took place he followed them into the water to a considerable depth. But God blessed the ordinance to his conviction. He went home and took his bed sick. After some time he sent for Mr. Hicks who preached in his house, and after which Mr. Drake expressed a desire to be baptized. He was received then and there when Mr. Hicks said he would attend to his baptism tomorrow. Mr. Drake said, no, not, to-morow, I want it done to-night. Torches were provided, and unable to walk he was carried down to the river and was baptized by torch light. After being brought up out of the water, he felt able and walked home.

A Bird Alights on a Bride's Shoulder.

An incident worthy of note occurred here to-day during the nuptial ceremonies, at the Catholic Church, of Mr. James Knowles, a policeman, and Miss Maggie Brenan, of this place. When the bride and groom had taken their places, and the groomsman and bridesmaid were taking their position, a bird flew into the church and alighted upon the head of the bridesmaid, Miss Mary Brenan, a sister of the bride. The bird then flew to another part of the church, and, fluttering a moment above the head of Mrs. Brenan, mother of the bride, rested upon her head; then, flying, it settled upon the shoulder of the bride and remained there during the ceremony, and then took its flight through the open window. Whatever the mission of the uninvited feathery guest, or whether it had a mission, or what omen, good or ill, the incident is true and vouched for by scores who saw it.—"Lake Geneva (Wis.) Letter."

Wooing and Cooing and Mating.

A pleasant story of old love made young again comes from Statesville. In his youth Mr. J. W. Mitchell, of Alexander county loved a young lady there, but some how or other it happened that he married somebody else and went to California, and the young lady married and passed the bloom of her youth as Mrs. Connor in Iredell county. He became a widower and she a widow. A correspondence between them was begun and the other day Mr. Mitchell came from California and they were married at the lady's house in Iredell on Wednesday of last week.

Fully Insured

The Drawer would not credit this story, illustrating the business aptitude of the gentler sex, if it did not come from a church member: A young wife at the East, who had lost her husband by death, telegraphed the sad tidings to her father in Chicago in these succinct words, "Dear John died this morning at ten. Loss fully covered by insurance."—Harper's Drawer.

Light-Headed Girls.

A San Francisco man advertises for "three hundred and twenty red-headed girls—must be good looking." He evidently wants to make up a torch-light procession, or go into the head light business.—"Exchange."

But for that purpose light-headed girls would be the best, and surely there are millions of them everywhere.

ABOUT FARMING.

WHAT THE FARMERS ARE DOING AND TALKING ABOUT.

PICKED UP NOTES.

The machinery for expressing the oil from cotton seed is manufactured at Atlanta, Ga. The seed after being divested of its hulls by machinery is next crushed, and then placed in boilers and cooked. After the cooking process is complete the soft mass is subjected to compress by powerful hydraulic presses, thoroughly squeezing the oil out of it. The residue is food for cattle. The hulls are used in making steam for running the ginning and oil mills. Thus the seed is entirely utilized.

Maxims for Farmers.

"I believe in digging my living out of the ground. It may not be rapid but it is safe."

"If a fellow works he won't starve even on poor land."

"Every farmer ought to raise his own food."

"We must raise more fruit.'

"And have a plenty of children. You can't raise men except on a farm."—"Raleigh Chronicle."

Both Dollars and Sense are Necessary to Success in Farming.

In "An Autobiography, by Anthony Trollope," just published by the Harper's, we find the following very true and sensible paragraph:

"While I was at Winchester my father's affairs went from bad to worse. He gave up his practice at the bar, and unfortunate man that he was, took another farm. It is odd that a man should conceive—and, in this case, a highly educated and a very clever man—that farming should be a business in which he might make money without any special education or apprenticeship. Perhaps of all trades it is the one in which an accurate knowledge of what things should be done and the best manner of doing them, is most necessary. And it is one also for success in which a sufficient capital is indispensable. He had no knowledge and, when he took this second farm, no capital. This was the last step preparatory to his final ruin."

A Cotton-Picking Machine.

THE GREATEST TRIUMPH OF INVENTIVE GENIUS SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF THE COTTON GIN—HUMAN FINGERS NO LONGER NECESSARY FOR GATHERING THE SOUTHERN STAPLE.

A machine for picking cotton in the field has just been completed and recently tested at Sumter, S. C. Practical farmers say that it is destined to create a revolution in the agriculturalists of the cotton States. A syndicate of Charleston men have purchased a controlling interest in the patents, and the machines will be put upon the market for sale or lease next season. A charter has been secured, and the company will be organized within a few days and the necessary capital furnished to enable the rapid manufacture of the machines.

THE INVENTOR.

The inventor of the machine is Charles T. Mason, Jr., a native of Sumter, S. C., and a master machinist of extraordinary skill and ingenuity. He is at this time only twenty-eight years of age.

THE FIRST IDEA.

As early as 1874 Mr. Mason conceived the idea of constructing a machine for the harvesting of cotton which would take the place of the slow and expensive process of picking the staple by hand. Attempts had been made to construct such a machine as early as 1854, but had proved futile, owing to the apparently insuperable obstacles in the way. As is well known to every one acquainted with the growing of cotton, the bolls containing the staple open at different times, and on different portions of the plant at the same time. Thus there are open bolls, ready to be picked, green unopen bolls, blooms and embryo bolls (known as "forms") on the plant at one and the same time. The requirements, therefore, of a machine for harvesting cotton are that it shall be so constructed as to discriminate between the open cotton and the unopen bolls, blooms and forms. That is to say that the machine shall be able to pick out the cotton from the open bolls without injuring the green bolls, blooms and forms, without tearing the foliage of the plant and without picking with the staple any trash or dead particles of the plant which may lower the grade of the cotton. To accomplish such a task by mere machinery seems to be an impossibility, and in fact, up to the construction of the machine now described, out of nearly one hundred patents granted for cotton harvesters not one had upon being tested, shown merit enough to warrant their manufacture for use.

WHAT THE MACHINE WILL DO.

A staff reporter for the "News and Courier" saw the machine tested in a cotton field on Mr. Mason's place at Sumter a few days ago, and although the cotton was very wet from the long spell of wet weather and had been open ready for picking for the last six weeks, the machine, which was operated by one horse and one man, harvested cotton at the rate of 200 pounds an hour, which would be at the rate of 2,000 pounds a working day of ten hours. Mr. Mason is by no means satisfied with the present capacity of the machine and changes are now being made which it is believed, will increase its capacity to about 4,000 pounds of seed cotton a day, which is equivalent to three bales of lint. It can be very easily seen, even by one unfamiliar with machinery, that the proposed changes will increase the picking capacity of the machine. Whether it will harvest three bales of cotton a day remains to be proved. Striking a fair average and putting the capacity at two bales a day, any cotton planter who is subject to the intolerable trials and enormous expense of harvest time will readily appreciate the almost incalculable value of such a machine.

It is superfluous in an article like this to go into an argument to prove to the cotton planters the value of a machine which will render them independent of the uncertain and high-priced process of hand picking. The cost of picking the last crop was nearly $50,000,000; or at the rate of about $7 a bale. The cost to the farmer of picking a bale of cotton with this machine will be less than one dollar. For years the need of some appliance for harvesting the increasing crops has been keenly felt. Year by year the negro labor has become more and more unreliable and high-priced in this respect, and in some of the States it is estimated that one-third of the crop is frequently left in the fields from sheer inability of the farmers to secure picking hands at any price. This is said to be frequently the case in portions of Texas and Mississippi. Planters are now, in several portions of this State, paying sixty cents per hundred for having cotton picked, and some planters, in order to secure hands even at this price, are compelled to furnish conveyance to transport the hands from their homes, miles away, on Monday morning, and take them back to their homes on Saturday night.

WHAT THE MACHINE WILL COST.

It is difficult at this time to state what the machines will cost, as the price put upon them will depend very much upon the capacity that is attained—that is to say, upon the quantity of cotton that each machine will harvest in a day. It will be the effort of the syndicate, if the machines are sold outright, to place them at such a figure that they can be paid for in one season by the saving to the cotton planter in the cost of harvesting his crop. It may be, however, that the policy of those controlling the patents will be to lease the machines. These are matters which the company will determine later. In the meanwhile every nerve will be strained to make the machines perfect.

THE FIRST MACHINE-PICKED BALE.

The first bale of cotton picked by the machine and the very first bale ever harvested by machinery is expected to be on exhibition to-day or to-morrow at the Charleston Cotton Exchange. The grade of the cotton is not the best, no particular attention being paid to its cultivation. It was planted merely for experimental purposes, and much of it was allowed to remain open in the field for several weeks before it was picked. Its condition as to cleanliness and freedom from trash, however, will show that the machine has practically solved the great problem of harvesting cotton by machinery.—"Charleston News and Courier."

Young Man Don't Shoot.

Young man, lay down that pistol. It is neither smart nor brave to shoot at a fellow man. He that lives by the sword will die by that sword. Remember that. O that the young men of this generation would get their ideas to shoot, and et the little pistols alone.

Heavenly Rest.

The Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan, of New York, assistant rector of Heavenly Rest, has just refused an offer to go to Chicago and take charge of Trinity Church at a salary of $10,000 a year. Mr. Morgan has $6,000 a year. Any man who has Heavenly Rest and $6,000 a year should never tackle Chicago

This a free country! sure, but you can't get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup free of charge, it costs you a quarter every time.

FEMALE HUSBANDS

WHY SHOULD NOT WOMEN MARRY EACH OTHER?

NO MORE SPINSTERS.

Now that the Waupun, public has succeeded in ascertaining that Mr Dubois, the husband of Mrs. Dubois, is really a woman, it is assumed, as a matter of course, that the pair must separate. Public opinion will not tolerate the marriage of two women, and Mr. Dubois has escaped probable imprisonment and threatened tar and feathers by confessing her sex and agreeing to abandon her wife.

At this distance from Waupun it may strike unprejudiced people that Mr. and Mrs. Dubois have been subjected to rather harsh treatment. If Mrs. Dubois choose to marry a woman, whose business was it? Such a marriage concerns the general public less than the normal sort of marriage, since it does not involve the promise and potency of children. It has been well established that if a woman choses to wear trousers she has a right to wear them, and no one will venture to deny the rights of any two women to live together if they prefer the society of one another to solitude. Why, then, has not Dubois the right to live with another woman who wears lawful trousers, and why should so much indignation be lavished upon Mrs. Dubois's female husband?

There are many women who, if they had the opportunity, would select other women as husbands rather than marry men. The women who regard men as dull, tiresome creatures, incapable of understanding women, would find sympathy and pleasure in the society of female husbands.

The marriage of women would solve the problem which renders wretched the superfluous women of New England. Those unhappy women cannot marry because there are not enough men in New England to be divided fairly among them. The New England men, to a large extent, abstain from marrying their fellow New England women, and prefer to seek wives in other States. If half of these neglected women were to put on trousers and marry the other half, the painful spectacle of a hundred thousand lonely spinsters would forever disappear. The female husbands and their wives could read Emerson's essays to each other, and thus completely satisfy the wildest longings of the female New England heart. What more could a New England spinster desire than a husband who never smokes, swears, or slams the door; who keeps his clothes in order, and does not stay out of the house until late at night, and who reads Emerson, understands the nature of women, and can discuss feminine dress with intelligence and appreciation.—New York "Times."

[For the ADVANCE.]

A Rich Man's Wealth--What Shall He Do With It.

This question was addressed to me in a letter from a personal friend, who, I think, is going to be a very rich man, with the desire that I should answer it. My whole reply can be put in a solitary sentence: A rich man should do with his wealth what a poor man should do with his, namely, get the good of it.

Wealth does not always mean money. It sometimes means prosperity, happiness, and well doing. But in any sense of the term, I adhere to my answer. If the mere money were the thing in the eye of my friend when he wrote his question, my answer still holds good.

A poor man has some money, a prosperous man has more money, a millionaire has exceedingly much. Now there is one rule which should govern each. Each must consider the capabilities there are in money, and each must devote his intellect to the discovery of how he can so employ these capabilities as to get the very greatest possible good out of it.

To do that, it is very plain, in the first place, that money must be used. Unused money is just as valueless as any other unused thing. A million of dollars laid away in a safe are just as useless as a million of pennies, or a million of wafers, or a million sand-grains. In none of these cases is there growth for the future. In none of these cases is there utility for the present.

It has seemed to me that money is very much like the water in the skin-bags which a traveller carries on his journey across the desert. He may spill the whole in the sands where it can never be gathered up; or, he may send all his bags of water untouched to the place which he set out to reach. In both cases he may perish in the wilderness. There is a third thing he may do. He may use it all along, at each stage, as may be best for him, and so by exhausting his water, preserve his life. He is reduced to the alternative of doing the one or the other. If he be a prudent man he will use his water, not lavishly but discreetly, and thus get the whole good out of all that he starts with.

It is so with money, whether a man have it in small quantities or large. What good can I get out of this money? is not a mean question. If God gives any man large wealth, it would seem to be an indication of his providence that man should have large enjoyments. Every pleasure becoming him as a rational, responsible, and immortal person he may safely take out of his money. He will not go into excesses because he has excessive riches, for that would be to get the evil there is in the money.

But no man can have lived in the world without discovering that the greatest enjoyments which a man can possibly have are not those which consist in taking care of himself, great as they are, but in what he does for others. If there were no higher motive than the purest and best self-love, a man should spend much of his time and much of his money in considering and supplying the wants of others; but he who has never done that has never known life's highest rapture. He has only known what the sleek and petted horse in his stable has enjoyed.

Men of wealth ought to take time to consider how they are to spend their money; whereas, it seems to me, that in a large majority of cases the only question they consider is how to increase their money. There is a moral responsibility connected with all possessions. A man must answer to God as well for every dollar of his money as for every minute of his time. It does not seem to me that the wisest way is for a man to spend all his lifetime accumulating immense estates which he intends shall go into benevolent work after his death, and then transfer the whole responsibility of the management of those estates to the shoulder of others, after his death, by a few sentences written in his will. He fails to discharge the duty of managing his money. He fails to have that most divine joy of seeing his self-sacrifice produce blessings for others.

Nor should a rich man, say "I have accumulated a very great deal of money; I will set apart enough to carry me through lite, and then I will give the balance away;" and having so said, commence to give to every beggar that comes, and simply ease his conscience by allowing others to ease him of his money. That would not only be foolish, but it would be absolutely criminal. It would be that premium on mendicancy which so many easy, lazy people now make, with the thought that they are liberal. A man should think where each thousand dollars will do the most good, not simply in relieving the pressing immediate wants of those about him, but in opening fountains of benefactions that shall run years after he is dead. There is no blessing pronounced on the person who gives to every poor man. The Holy Scriptures say, "Blessed is he who considereth the poor," who studies their peculiar wants in order to relieve them in the best way.

I have a number of acquaintances in my circle to whom it would be easier to draw a check for a thousand dollars than to spend one hour in bending their intellects to the consideration of a case that already has some claim upon them. A rich man ought no more to bestow his money thoughtlessly upon what are called charities than a business man ought to bestow his money thoughtlessly upon what are called investments. When a man bestows his benefactions thus, it is, so far as he himself is concerned, as when a thirsty man has a pail of cold water thrown over him; but when he places his money thoughtfully, and knows how it is doing good—the best he can make it—then he is like a thirsty man who quenches his thirst with draughts of water.

So my answer is, that a rich man must do with his wealth that which will cause him to have the good of it. The question for him to decide is, what is having the good of it? If he were merely an animal, and not a rational, moral, responsible animal, then when he got from money what his horse gets namely, food and grooming, he would get all the good he is capable of receiving. But a man is not a brute. He is capable of aesthetic and moral enjoyments which the brute does not possess, and he has influence over his fellows which the brute does not exert; and it must always be in remembrance of these steadfast, solemn facts that he is to ask himself how shall he get the greatest good out of his money?

Mr. Carlisle thinks the speakership lies between Randall and himself, and that Mr. Randall will not win.

HIS HAND STAYED.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN A FALLEN MAN'S CAREER.

THE STORY OF A RING

Some time ago the wife of a merchant was suddenly awaken in the night by the sound of footsteps in her bedroom, and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face so near that she could almost feel the heat and hear the suppressed breathing of the intruder. Her husband was from home, and the only other person in the house except herself was a servant girl, who slept in the story beneath. Her presence of mind did not, however, forsake her. It doubtless required a great amount of resignation and fortitude in a woman to listen to, without screaming, the ransacking of her store of valuable laces and the appropriation of her jewelry; but the lady very rationally deemed her life worth all the lace and diamonds in the world, quietly closed her eyes and awaited the result.

The light was withdrawn from her face, and she heard the rustling of silks, the picking of locks, and occasionally the low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was a silence of a full minute—it seemed an hour to her—and a soft footstep approached the bed, and the glare of the lantern again fell upon her face. Through the closed lids of her eyes she saw the light, but remained calm and motionless in its scrutinizing rays, fearful that the least movement might imperil her life. What a moment of suspense! The light was removed from her face and she felt that some one was leaning against the bed. Still she remained motionless, nor did she stir when the warm breath of the burglar fanned her cheek. Not until his lips pressed her forehead did she spring up and shriek.

"Who is in this room?"

"Hush!" responded a voice in a hoarse whisper, while a rough hand was laid on her shoulder. "Speak nothing and fear nothing." The next moment she heard the sound of retreating footsteps and the creaking of a shutter, then all was still again. Satisfied that she was alone she sprang from the bed and touched a lighted match to the burner, then sank into a chair, completely prostrated with the danger through which she had passed. Recovering she looked around to ascertain of what she had been plundered.

The drawers were all in the utmost confusion, but strange to say, little or nothing was missing. A casket of jewelry was open on the bureau, but the diamonds and gold were all there. Beside the casket she discovered a little roll of paper containing a ring which had been given to her many years before, and which had been in her possession ever since. Half bewildered at the singular proceeding she was about to cast the paper from her when her eye caught the marks of a pencil upon it. She carefully opened it and read:

"This ring, which once was mine, tells me in whose house I am. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it, and I do not care to deny it; but, fallen as I am, I cannot rob you, Maria. Forgive me and God bless you.

HENRY."

This explained all. Falling on her knees, she prayed for him who had written the scroll. And who was "Henry?"

Ten years ago he loved that same Maria, and he would have made her his wife—for she had promised to be his—had he not take not drink and gambling and finally forged the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in a convict prison. When he was worthy of her love he gave her that ring, and she had kept it in remembrance of what he had been. This is the story of the ring.

On the return of the husband the wife related to him the adventure and showed him the note; but he never attempted to arrest the burglar.

Rescued From Agonizing Death.

New York—Mr. James White, 1552 Broadway, formerly chief instructor in Dickles' Riding School, in this city said to a newspaper reporter: "I broke my shoulder, arm and elbow, splitting the socket in four parts. Rheumatism set in and I employed the best physician. He tried everthing, but I grew worse, and at last he said: 'I have one more thing to try and if that fails nothing can give you relief, and that is St. Jacobs Oil.' I used this great pain-reliever, and am able to use my arm, free from all rheumatic trouble. I have also recommended the remedy to a number of people, and in every case they have been speedily and effectually cured."