WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT WILSON NORTH CAROLINA.
—BY—
J. & C. C. DANIELS, Editors and Proprietors

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE
One Year 2 00
Six Months 1 0
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Office—Tarboro Street, in the Old Post Office Building.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 17.-- WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 17, 1887. NUMBER--42.

WILSON ADVA

RATES OF ADVERTI

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SKILLED FARM LA

Education and Intelligence at Premium on the Farm

No idea has been more to repress farming progress than the idea that a farm laborer need not be skilled, that brute strength is the main requisite. This never was true, and is less so now than ever before since improved machinery has to be handled. But even in handling such old-fashioned implements as the axe and the hoe efficiency depends as much upon skill as upon muscle. It is by no means the largest hired man who will do the most work in a day. And when help is hired that is entirely unused to our methods of farming, its experience greatly detracts from its value. The truth is that farming is a trade, that has to be learned if the workers at it would be effective. It requires knowledge and skill in a far larger number of things than most other kinds of business. In fact it is never fully learned. The oldest and most successful former is generally the most ready to learn something new about his business, and it is usually this habit which he has kept up through his life that has given him his success. That farmer shows only his limited idea of his ... who thinks that he knows so much about it that he cannot learn anything more. And though skill in farm help is desirable, it is sometime better in rough work to have a green hand willing to do as he is told, and to learn, than one self-conceited with the idea that he knows everything already. Much depends upon employers. Some are themselves so conceited that few hired men are willing to try to learn from them.—Cultivator.

NORTH CAROLINA FORGOTTEN.

That is Usually the Way With Our Useful Men.

It is claimed that the Germans discovered the process of vulcanizing rubber, but the discovery was an accident. There is an old house standing in the town of Newberne (or was a few years ago) whose roof was lined with vulcanized rubber long years ago by John Gill, and who was the real inventor of revolving fire arms. It was from Gill that Colt got his idea which brought his over $13,000,000 through the sale of Colt's revolver. Gill died penniless and his name is not known to one in a thousand even in North Carolina. We have school books which teach the children in Newberne that Colt and Goodyear were great lights in the world of invention, but the name of Gill is not mentioned. It is thus that North Carolina preserves the name and fame of her worthy sons. —Progressive Farmer.

The Best Newspaper M

The best newspaper man in Colorado is said to be Jennie Rayman, a bright young woman employed as reported on the Denver Republican. It should be remembered, however, that she can write with impunity and not be liable to receive a load of buck shot in her brain, as would be the case if she were a male and employed her powers of ridicule and satire too freely on newspaper rivals. Gender goes west has a great deal to do with the effectiveness of a newspaper man's work. Many brilliant male lights have been suddenly extinguished out there just as their powers of pathos and fund of humor are coiling themselves around the sympathizing hearts of an admiring public.—Charlotte Chronic

Changeless Love.

The stars may fade in the sky above, the breeze may die away, the swallows may cease to sing of love, and the sun to illume the day, the heavens way never weep a tear, the ocean may cease to roar, may in desert sleep, may lie pillow a naked stone. Fate may change her bull ab ship be without a mast, never go back on you, my long as your wealth may last. coln Journal.

Too Expensive.

Scotch thriftiness is illustrated in this new version of an old story given in the San Francisco Chronicle: A scotchman died and went to heaven. St. Peter opened the door and he saw the streets paved with gold and the mansion in the distance. "What do you think of it?" St. Peter. "Weel, I'm a wee bit hered and I dinna ken exactly richt to the reception, but thinkin' a' this is fair guess." —Exchange.

A Valuable Toothach

What swells your face so painfully boy? "Jumpin' toothache." "Doesn't it hurt?" "Nearly kills me." "Come into my office" ... the young dentist, and I'll cure it for you in a minute. "Don't want it cured," replied the boy; "want it to keep me out of school a few days. It's mighty rough on a fellow at nights, mister, but I would take $10 for this tooth, just the same."

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HIS BUDGET OF WIT AND COMMON SENSE.

A Little Familiar Talk. About Tricks in Trade.-A Kindly Feeling Between Men.

Every trade has its tricks and a man has got to keep his eye skinned to dodge 'em. It's an old proverb that when you trade with a man trust nothing to conscience; and there is another one that says set a rogue to catch a rogue, and Solomon says that a lie sticketh in the joints between buyer and seller. Of course there are honest men who deal fairly and squarely, but they are exceptions to the general rule. When a man trades he wants to get the advantage, and he will conceal the truth to do it. He presumes that the other fellow will out trade him if he can, and so it is a kind of friendly fight between 'em—a struggle of sharpness and smartness to see who can get ahead without lying. The morality of the thing is lost sight of. It is like the smugglers who dodge the custom house officers: if they succeed it is all right, and if they fail they go to jail, and that's the end of it. It's like the illicit distillers dodging the revenue. Time and usage seems to have settled it down that deception in a matter of trade is allowable, and so another maxim prevails which says, that if you make a bad trade stick the closer to it; don't go back on your judgment—don't admit your own weakness. There's a standard work on the horse, and the author has a chapter on sweeney, and how to cure it, and says flatly, 'sell him if you can,' which, of course, is confidential advice, and means that you must fool some unsuspecting feller if you are smart enough. I bought a sow from a nabor, not long ago, and paid him fifteen dollars, which was full price, and she went to eating chickens as soon as I got her home, and eat up 5 dollars' worth before I could stop her, and when I complained to him he laughed and said: 'Yes, she is powerful bad on fowls, and I never said she wasn't; you had better sell her or kill her;' and he laughed again, like it was a good joke. Well, of course he had no idea that he swindled me, but only got the best of a trade.

'Which is the sharpest?' is the prominent idea with most persons who make a business of trading. The Jews understand it, and act upon it. They fortify against every customer; they understand human nature in all its weakness. I heard of one who would put an old pocket book in an overcoat, and tell his customer it was a coat sent there for sale, and the customer after trying on several overcoats always bought the one with the pocket book in it. The Jew tricked him, but the customer was just as willing to trick the Jew, and get a pocket book full of money. There are but a few traders who habitually show up the bad side of anything they have to sell, and they find fault with everything they want to buy. Solomon understand it when he said: "'It is naught, it is naught,' saith the buyer, but aster he buyeth he goeth his way and rejoiceth." If Solomon never traded in horse flesh, he must have stood round a livery stable right smart.

I never knew a butcher to say his beef was poor, but if you want to sell him a yearlin' he will say he is too poor for beef, and get the price down as low as possible. The most respectable merchants do not feel called upon to tell you that the calico you have picked out will fade. I saw a lady go into a store with a sample to buy more like it, but he told her it was all sold, and persuaded her to buy another kind. After she was gone his clerk said: 'Williams has got the pattern she wanted, in the next store.' 'I know he has,' said he quietly. Well, I never knew a better merchant than he was, take him all in all. He wouldn't sell you damaged goods for good goods, but he never volunteered to say that this thing or that thing had gone out of fashion, or that his nabor was selling the same thing for less money. Merchants are generally good citizens, and are kind and polite, and make everyboy think they are their friends.

I knew a man once who couldn't refuse a man credit right square down, but would make up some story or other about it. An old shoemaker come in one day and wanted a pair of shoe pinchers, and he told him he didn't have any—had sold the last pair; for he knew the old fellow wanted 'em on credit. The shoemaker was very sorry, and as he looked along the shelves he saw a pair tied up on the outside of a paper full.

'Why, John,' said he, 'there's some shoe pinchers right up there.'

John studied a moment, and one lie called for another, and says he: 'Yes, I know, but them are cast-steel, and are worth a dollar a pair.' The old man begged to look at 'em—he looked at 'em a long time, and finally remarked: 'Well, John, they look mighty like the ones I've always been buying for a quarter of a dollar, but I reckon they must be better if they are steel, and so I'll take a pair,' and he walked out with them. John charged 'em up to him, remarking: 'The old rat got me that time, but if I never git it, they are mighty well sold.'

Merchants sell shoddy goods and adulterated goods, and they know it, but they don't put up any signboard and say 'danger?' or 'lookout for the engine!' Sugar and coffee and lard and cheese are tampered with, and we see by a late exposure that quinine is only half and half Peruvian bark, and one firm sells annually 150,000 cocoanut shells to be ground up with black pepper.'

Jesso. But merchants and tradesmen are no worse than any other class that I know of. Lawyers are paid to help one man defraud another, and they have their ways that are dark and tricks that are vain; but they are all honorable, you know. Doctors charge more for killing a President than curing a pauper, which shows their consideration of the nation's purse.

And the farmers keep up with the rest of 'em, according to opportunity. Most of 'em have to buy more than they sell, but they learn some few tricks as they move along. I heard one say he could make a bale of cotton weigh ten per cent. more by letting it lay on the damp ground a month, and there would be no deduction for wet. Unsound corn is sometimes ground into meal; sick chickens are hurried off to town, and the best eggs are put on top of the basket. They don't false-pack cotton near as much as they used to, for it got to coming back on 'em with a certainty that was uncomfortable. I see by the Augusta paper that a darkey boy went to sleep in a cotton press one day when it was half full of lint and they put more on top of him without knowing he was in there, and they screwed down and packed him in the bale, and wouldn't have known it if a piece of his coat tail hadn't stuck out of the bag. I was a thinking what a howl it would have raised if the bale had gone to a Northern factory before it was opened. What a first-class Southern outrage—false-packing cotton with dead niggers—just like the Louisiana planters bile 'em up into molasses.

But all these tricks of the trade are by no means a general thing amnng our people, though folks do say we are learning mighty fast. Farmers can't trick much, for they deal only in corn and cotton and hay and potatoes, and that can't be adulterated. I don't know what they would do if they could, for human natur has been human natur ever since old father Jacob cheated Laban in the cattle trade—jesso!

BILL ARP.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The Farm Raised Boy Better Off on the Farm.

"God made the country and man made the town, is an old truism; and yet it is a curious fact and one to be deplored, that our young men in the country are always too anxious to move to town. They abandon the homes where they were born, their parents and kindred, the soil from which they and their fathers before them derived their sustenance, and want to flock to our cities and towns solitary and alone, to seek their fortunes and a new mode of existence, and of subsistence.

They never committed a greater mistake in their lives. The people of the country can't dig their living and prosperity out of the soil beneath their feet for which providence charges them nothing but the "sweat of their brow," when it is certain that they will have a much harder time of it when they plunge into the busy whirlpool of cities, and seek a new mode of life and fortune. In nine cases out of ten they go under, and their life and fortune is not as good as the honest clodhopper who makes his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Far better would it be for the present and rising generation if the youths of the towns and cities would go to the cities and learn to wield the hoe and the plow, instead of waiting, like Micawba, for something to turn up to their advantage while indulging in idleness and dissipations of city life.—Lynchburg Advance.

"Fools Rush in Where Angels Fear to Tread."

So impetuous youth is often given to folly and indiscretions; and, as a result, nervous, mental and organic debility follows, memory is impaired, self-confidence is lacking; at night bad dreams occur, premature old age seems setting in, ruin is in the track. In confidence, you can, and should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the author of a treatise for the benefit of that class of patients, and describe your symptoms and sufferings. He can cure you at your home, and will send you full particulars by mail.

THE TWO GIRLS.

HOW THEY SUCCEEDED IN THE BATTLES OF LIFE.

Kindness and Politeness Never Fails to Win the Admiration of Everybody.--Peggy's Success.

Nora Rod sat in very showy and well-fitting attire on on a bench in Mr. Binny's Intelligence Office; little Peggy Bird sat near her, sobbing. The kerchief with which she wiped her tears was of Irish linen, but coarse as sacking, and her big blanket shawl was fastened with a black headed pin. On her head was a green bonnet, with red roses. On her hands no gloves. On her feet thick, heavy, "old country" shoes.

"So you want a place, do you? What sort?" asked Nora "You hadn't much of a one, had you?"

"Oh," said Peggy, "an illegant one. She took me from the Castle Garden, an' I've been wid her iver since. An' she was that kind I'll never forget it; but the baby is dead. Well one night, and took with croup and gone before morning. Och! I'll break my heart over it—the purthy craytber."

"It's a pity, but so many babies die," said Norah. "It really oughtn't to set you off like that. It was none of yours."

"Oh! don't cry," said Nora, impatiently. "But that's the way with you green ones; you're always crying. You'll get a better place. There are finer homes in New York city than you've ever been in, and where they have men folks and all. Your lady only lived in a bit of a flat, where they don't have an elevator. Good enough no doubt for a greenhorn, but look higher next time;" and Nora tossed her new bonnet. "For my part, I'm not going much west or east of Fift Avenue," she added. "I just told Mrs. Smithers so. She wanted me to go the grocery on an errand. 'No ma'am,' says I; 'I'm nurse maid, not errand girl.'"

"It wasn't obliging of you," said Peggy.

"Oh," said Nora, with a laugh, "it doesn't pay to be obliging.—You'll find that out very soon."

"When I did anything extra for my lady, she'd smile as pleasant," said Peggy, "an' say, 'Thank you, Peggy,' and that paid me. I'd have stayed with her to do any sort of work, but she didn't kape house any more. She's going to travel for her health. Oh, oh!"

Poor Peggy's nose was red, and her bonnet all on one side, and her coarse handkerchief soaked through and through. And Nora thought to herself what a very ungenteel figure the girl make, and how much more elegant she looked, smiling and bright and independent as she was.

Meanwhile an old lady in a plain merino dress and fur cloak, with an old-fashioned grandmother's bonnet tied under her chin, had stepped into the office and lingered a moment near the spot where the girls were talking; then took her place on the carpeted half of the office devoted to employers.

In a moment the proprietor of the place was at her side.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" he saip.

"I want a maid," said the old lady. "That nice, good-natured Amelia is married and gone to California. Now let me look about, Mr. Binney, and tell you who to bring me. There! The rosy little girl in the corner, with the green bonnet and plaid shall, who has been crying?"

"Peggy Bird," said Mr. Binny. "Well, Mrs. Rush, I don't think she'd suit you. Indeed I do not.—No, indeed. She's a greenhorn, and has had only one very plain place to mind a baby. Now, Nora Rod, that pretty girl, she can turn her hand to anything, speaks well, looks nice, if you want her about you. I recommend Nora Rod."

"Send her here," said the old lady.

Mr. Binny beckoned.

Nora advanced, bridling. She did not like the old-fashioned bonnet. She noticed the old lady had not a bit of jewelry about her, and wore Jersey gloves, not kid. She made but a half civil courtesy, and instantly sat down without being asked to do so, and did not leave it to her employer to begin the conversation, as is usual.

"Well, ma'am," she said, pertly, "What kind of a girl do you want?"

"A good one," said the old lady, putting on her glasses.

"And for what work?" asked Nora.

"Anything I tell her to do," said the old lady.

"Oh, general housework," said Nora, scornfully.

"Well, I don't call it that," said the old lady, "but if I say do this, the girl is to do it if she knows how."

"Oh, indeed," said Nora, tossing her head.

"And if she doesn't know how, she is to ask how it is done," said the old lady. "In fact, what I want is an obliging person about me."

"How many other servants?" asked Nora.

"None," said the old lady.

"Oh, dear, said Nora, "all the washing."

"There is no washing," said the old lady—"nothing to speak of."

"I suppose you wear red flannel," said Nora, hautily, "and use table oil cloth—a thing I can't endure.—I might as well tell you plainly I'm looking for a stylish place, with plenty of company in the kitchen, and my duties just that or this, not anything I'm told."

She arose with a stately air, and swept back to her place.

Mrs. Bush nodded to Mr. Binny. "The girl with the green bonnet," she said.

"I thought you would like Nora," said Mr. Binny. "Indeed, Mrs. Rush, if you'd try her I think you would."

"She doesn't want to come. She wants more style," said Mrs. Rush.

Mr. Binny bowed and rubbed his hands and looked politely and astonished, and called Peggy.

Peggy stood before Mrs Rush with her sweet little, flushed face, redder than ever in her confusion.

"Sit down, child," said Mrs, Rush.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Peggy, taking the edge of the chair.

"I want a girl to wait on me," said Mrs. Rush—"to do just what I say. I never give orders that are too hard to be carried out; but it is exactly what I mean. If you come with me you must just mind me and do as you are bid."

"I'll be glad, ma'am," said Peggy; "but I'm very green, Maybe I wouldn't suit at all, at all."

"Of course I shall teach you to do everything my way," said Mrs. Rush. "I like to teach a young thing my ways. Let me look at your hands, child. Yes, they are capable hands. You can learn; I know that by your eyes. Mr. Binny, I shall engage this young girl."

Mr. Binny pocketed the cash offered, made out the receipt, gave Peggy the address of the old lady, and bowed the latter out and into a little cab that stood at the door.

"Have you hired with her?" asked Nora, as Peggy returned.

"I have," said Peggy.

"Well, child, you'll leave before the week is up," said Nora. "You'll have a time of it. No fun—no company. Poor living! Hard work. See if you don't. There's no style about that lady."

"Sure, I'm not use to style wid me mother at hom," said Peggy; "and I want the wages, an' the lady looks kind."

"It's very easy looking kind," said Nora. "Give me style and a footman in the house."

The lady with which Nora engaged had dyed her hair golden and was all ablaze with diamonds. She wanted "a chambermaid," and told Nora "her appearance pleased her, and she must always dress well." And Nora went home rather sorry for poor, foolish little Peggy, by that time beginning to drudge at the old lady's.

"You ought to have done better for little Peggy," said she to Mr. Binny.

"Why, you idiot," said that gentleman, who was not always entirely amiable, "you don't know what you are talking of. I don't think Mrs. Rush will keep poor, green Peggy; but if she does, the girl may say hallelujah."

"Oh, psha!" sneered Nora, and went her way.

Ten years passed by. The Intelligence Office stood in the same place; the same crowd of employers sat on one side of the great room, the same crowd of employees on the other.

Amongst them sat Nora. She was not so well dressed as before, and her contemptuous expression spoiled her face. Now that the first bloom of youth was gone, she was not attractive as she had been.

Amongst the employers sat a comfortable, rosy-looking young woman, to whom Mr. Binny advanced politely.

He was not altered, except that his whiskers were gray now, and he wore eye glasses.

"A nurse for baby, Mr. Binny," said the lady, with a slight but pretty Irish accent. "That's what I want now. It takes two to take care of him."

"There's a girl here, Mrs. Hough, that would, perhaps, be glad of the place. She's chambermaid, but she's had hard times. She got married, and she man turned out badly, and she's been—well, a little upsetting, you know; but she's tidy and nice."

"Let me see her," said the lady.

Mr. Binny nodded to Nora, who advanced. She looked at the lady. The lady looked at her.

"Oh!" said Nora: "It's you Peggy."

"Oh!" said the lady, pleasantly. "Why it's Nora!"

"Yes, it is," said Nora, sharply; "and, Mr. Binny, I'm astonished you'd ask me to hire with one that has been a fellow-servant of my own. I want to live with real ladies—none of your set-ups. Put a beggar on horse-back, indeed! No, thank you."

"Go out of the place," said Mr. Binny, with repressed fury.

"No, no" said the lady, mildly. "No, Mr. Binny. Maybe it is a natural feeling. I ask it as a favor to say nothing to her. I never concealed from any one that I once lived out. It was honest work. No one should blush for that."

She called a young girl near by to her, engaged her, and left the office.

"Well," said Mr. Binny, to the other ladies who wonderingly looking on, "there goes a lady that has had great good luck in her life. You know Mrs. Rush—she was very, rich, and had not a relation in the world; she outlived them all. She lived at a hotel in her last days, and kept a maid to wait on her. She had one ten years. Then the girl married, and she came to me for another. She engaged that lady you saw just now. She was then what we call a greenhorn—young and poor; I never fancied she'd do, but Mrs. Rush took her in hand, and you see what she looks like now. Well, when the old lady died, she left a great deal to charities and all that, but she left two hundred thousand dollars to her faithful maid and dear friend Peggy Bird. That's what the will said; and the girl put herself to a boarding-school at once, and is quite an accomplished person, I'm told. She's married now—a very gentlemanly young doctors—and they're very happy. It's a case of great and good luck."

Nora, not far off, heard and sighed.

"Mine's all bad," she thought. "If I had gone with the old lady she might have done the same by me."

But at the same time she glanced contemptuously at a plainly dressed lady who entered, and thought to herself: "I wouldn't hire with any one that dresses like that, I'm sure."

Nora had, though she did not know it, only her wrong views of life, and her contempt for everything but show and glitter, to thank for her ill luck.

CALL AGAIN.

He Would Find Out What He Might Do.

Applicant for work—Do you want to employ any more help, sir?

Proprietor—Yes, I believe we are a little shorthand. Are you sure you understand the business?

Applicant—I ought to. I've worked at it for twenty years and I can bring you recommendations from every man I ever worked for.

Proprietor—Can't you come in again? The office boy is out just now, and the porter and the private watchman are holding a labor meeting. I'll state your case to them when they are disengaged, and if they are willing I shall be glad to hire you. But I'll tell you frankly that though I may be able to get the consent of the private watchman and the porter, I'm somewhat in doubt about the office boy. He's awfully particular. However, it will do no harm to call in again.—Boston Transcript.

WORK WITH JUDGMENT.

That is the Way to Make Money on a Farm.

Hard work alone may never bring large returns from the farm. Good management can often effect more in a day than hard work can effect in one month. Farming is a science which must be studied closely. When work is to be done, the farmer ought to know what the effect of that work will be. For instance, land may be plowed long before seeding time. Why? How many farmers can explain that? Now, unless he understand that, he may plow his land at a very great disadvantage. He may plow his land when it is too wet, or with a total disregard for utilizing the vegetation that may be growing upon it. But if he knows what is to be effected by the plowing, what changes may be made in the soil to advantage, he is better prepared to perform that work. Just so may a proper knowledge of the subject be of great profit of seeding, cultivating and harvesting a crop. And we maintain that with the proper attention and management Rutherford county farmers can produce twice as much on their farms as they now do.—Forest City News.

THE HOMESTEAD LAW.

It is a Curse to Every Interest of Our People.

The homestead law is a curse to every honest citizen in the State of North Carolina, be he either white or black, rich or poor. It has long since outlived its usefulness and the purpose for which it was created. It is a duty that the people owe to themselves and the business and industries of the State to see that the law is abolished as soon as possible. The Abolition of this odious law would have a marvelous effect for good on every branch of business in North Carolina and would work a wonderful change in business relations. It must be plain to all that the the law protects the rascal and at the same time bars the honest citizen who regard it his duty to pay his debts. It is the policy of the Enterprise to condemn in the strongest terms every bad law, and among several bad ones with which the people of this State are afflicted it regards the homestead law as the worst. While it is the duty of a good citizen and a loyal newspaper to respect the laws of his country, it is equally their duty to condemn and seek to abolish a law when the effect is for evil instead of for good.—High Point Enterprise.

Still Room for Hope.

There is still hope for the Massachusetts spinsters. Last year there were 18,018 marriages in the State, or 996 more than in the year previous The old maids are evidently getting aroused to the occasion Six hundred and fifty men and women were married after having reached the age of 50 years; seventeen men and two women were over 75 at the time of marriage, and eight men were over 80.

Plant More Wheat.

The Gold Leaf hopes the farmers of Vance will seed a large crop of wheat. Every farmer who possibly can should raise his own supply of bread and meat. Most of them can raise their own bread at any rate. Sow plenty of wheat this fall and winter.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

He Was Convinced.

Prohibitionist (to saloon keeper:) "I wish I could convince you, my friend, that liquor inflicts untold misery upon countless thousands; that water, pure cold water, is what we all should drink; that—

Saloon Keeper (convinced:) You are right, water is a good thing. (To bartender:) Kelly, pour about four or more gallons of water in that barrel of whiskey.

To Ladies

suffering from functional derangments or any of the painful disorders or weaknesses incident to their sex, Dr. Pierce's treatise, illustrated with wood-cuts and colored plates (160 pages), suggests sure means of complete self-cure. Sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

How to Spend Money.

To make money properly is a difficult task—to spend it properly is still more difficult. By contributing to the wants of the poor you may be sure of properly spending your money.—Goldsboro Argus.

THE ANARCHISTS.

THEY WERE HUNG AT CHICAGO LAST FRIDAY.

Four Pay the Penalty of Their Crime on the Gallows, Two Go to the Penitentiary for Life and One for Fifteen Years,

The execution of four of the bloody-minded Anarchists at Chicago last Friday was an event that has been looked forward to by the people of the entire country—but especially by the people of the city in which the execution was to take place—with trepedation and fear. The numerous threats of the Anarchists of that city and the finding of several dynamite bombs gave the people good grounds to fear that trouble might be expected.

Our readers remember that eight of these Anarchists were convicted, and seven of them sentenced to be hung. One of the number. Oscar Neebe, who the newspapers described as a polished, attractive German—American—was sent to the penitentiary for fifteen years. The seven who were sentenced to be hung availed themselves of the benefit of every court possible, were given the benefit of that law which they so malignantly denounced and persistently endeavored to destroy. The seven "martyrs"—as their deluded followers called them—were August Spies, a keen, cynical Hessian, with a subtle and vigorous intellect. He was the editor-in chief of the Arbieter. Albert R. Parson, the only American in the lot, was a daredevil sort of fellow. The newspapers give him three or four States from which he is said to hail. We cannot therefore tell what State has the honor of claiming this Anarchist. Parson presided over a paper, the Alarm. George Engel is described as a coarse, brutal Hessian. He was at the head of the Anarchists, and the utterances of that paper were more bloodthirsty even than the others. Adolph Fischer was foreman of the Arbieter. Michael Schawb, the assistant of Spies in editing the Arbieter, is described as a guant Bavarian. Samuel Fielding is described as a sullen looking Englishman. Louis Ligg, the manufacturer of the bombs, was only 23 years old and is said to have been very handsome.

Every possible effort was made to secure the pardon or get Gov. Oglesby to commute the sentence of the convicted Anarchists to imprisonment for life. Gov. Oglesby finally commuted the sentence of Schwab and Fielding to imprisonment for life.

On Wednesday before the fated Friday, the prison authorities were startled by the report of an explosion in the cell of Lingg. When they looked in the prisoner was lying on his bed with his face and head blown almost to pieces. He had put a small bomb in his mouth and touched it off with a candle.—The mangled form of the Anarchist lived for some time after the bomb exploded.

THE EXECUTION.

The excution of the four, Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer, took place in the jail, surrounded by a heavy guard of armed men.

It lacked just seven minutes and a half of the hour of high noon when a single white shrouded figure, above which was a face of yellowish pallor, the face of August Spies, passed the first post of the gallows. The gaping crowd ten feet below half rose involuntarily from their chairs at the first glimpse of the apparation advancing across the scaffold. Spies looked calm and glanced at the reporters with a trace of his old time cynical smile. He walked firmly over the drop, guided by the grasp of a deputy, to the furthest edge of the gallows.

Following close came Fischer, close enough to touch Spies' shroud had his hands not been pinioned under the white muslin. Fischer's countenance had a peculiar glisten totally unlike the ashiness of Engel's heavy features, and in strange contrast with the dead lack of color in the pinched liniaments of Parsons.

The once jaunty, vivacious Texan came last, a withered old man. He had aged twenty years since the day scarce twelve months before when he tripped lightly and flippantly declared he was ready to be tried at once for his life. The moment his feet touched the scaffold, Parsons seemed to completely lose his identity and to feel that his spirit was no longer a part of his body. He had wrought himself up to an ecstacy of solemn self-glorification, only he—the one American—seemed to realize to the full that he must die in a manner to impress, if possible, on all future generations the thought that he was a martyr. No tradegian that has paced the stage in America ever made a more marvelous presentation of a self chosen part, perfect in every detail; the upward turn of the eyes, his distant, far-away look, and above all an attitude of apparent complete resignation that every fold of the awkward shroud only served to make more distinct, was by far the most striking feature of the entire gallows picture.

The squat form of Engel alongside with the stupid, wide-jawed face made a hideous contrast to Parson's assumption of the halo of a martyr.

Fischer was head and shoulders taller than the other three, making his occasional looks of too evident bravado more noticeable than they might otherwise be, and at a sorry disadvantage compared with the steady coolness of Spies. The latter's exhibition of quiet, thorough nerve far surpassed as a wonder the demeanor of any of his comrades.

The four burly deputies standing to the rear of the four condemned men began without delay to adjust the ropes, Spies' noose being the one first placed. He did not appear to regard it as of any more consequence than a new linen collar. The knot was slipped down the cord close against his neck. Spies did not show a tremor, but when the same process was being carried out with Fischer he turned and quietly whispered to the bailiff some suggestion concerning the rope. Fischer's occasional ardor was quite noticeable less when he felt the hemper strand and Engel bit his under lip hard when his turn came.

Just then Dr. Murphy, a young physician standing at the back of Engel, whispered a joke at Engel's ear. Incredible as it may seem, the low-browed anarchist laughed outright, with the rope around his neck, and while another was being fastened on Parsons by his side.

But the grotesque laugh stopped in a single instant, and Parsons, meekly as a saint, turned his eyes upward at the dangling line above him. Before the four anarchists had an inkling of what was to be done, the white caps were deftly slipped upon their heads, and drawn down to the necks, shutting off the view of each as completely and with less warning than does the camera cloth of the photographer.

August Spies was the first of the four doomed men to make use of his wits while he could. In a tone of intense bitterness of spirit he, the man who wrote infamous revenge circulars, hissed out between his tightly clinched teeth, "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are strangling to death.' The last syllable of Spies' concluding words, hoarse with suppressed passion, had not reached the end when Engel, raising his voice, wildly cried: "Hurrah for Anarchy."

Fischer caught the fire of utterance and still more loudly exclaimed: "Hurrah for Anarchy," adding, "this is the happiest moment of my life."

There was silence like the grave, broken abruptly by the slow measured intonation of Parsons, like a white robed priest before the altar of sacrifice. Not as a dying request, but rather like a commander warring, he soundeth forth, "May I be allowed to speak?" Then with slow entreaty came, "Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson?" There was another agonized pause. Though muffled in a shroud, he broke out in an unnatural hollow accents, "Let the voice of the people be heard."

A crash as of a falling house thundered through the corridors, the slender ropes were taut, and in full view of the two hundred men in front were four white, writhing shrouds. The ropes could be seen slowly tightening about the necks that, between the cap and shroud, could be noticed blackening and purpling, and Parsons, Engel, Fischer and Spies, the convicted Haymarket murderers, had paid the penalty of their awful crome. They were throttled by the law—that self-same law that they had hoped to throttle.

Fischer died very hard and Spies and Parsons struggled and kicked fearfully. The pulse of all the anarchists stopped beating in 13½ minutes.

There was very little excitement in the city after the execution.—There was no outbreak of the Anarchists and it is devoutly hoped that the execution of these men will have a sanitary effect upon these bloodthirsty men who defy and denounce all law and order.

Bran For Feeding.

Very many farmers consider bran as of little value as a feeding material. In fact, for all farm animals except hogs, its cheapness renders it one of the best, especially when mixed with corn meal weight for weight. While its chemical composition from the analysis of Professor Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, would seem to show it better adapted as a fat former and heat producer, than for muscle and milk, nevertheless in connection with corn meal it is practically found most valuable and economical in these latter directions. Prof. Brown summarizes the value of a bran as follows:

Bran is a concentrated food, which, though variable in composition, posessive high nutritive value.

Roller process bran is, on the average, richer than old process bran.

Its excess of ash or mineral matters eminently fits it for bone building, in growing animals, and for supplementing the lack of mineral matters in roots.

Its chemical composition points to the conclusion that it is somewhat better adapted to the formation of fat and production of heat, than to the formation of muscles or of milk.

Both its chemical composition and its physical form adapt it admirably as a supplementary food to be used in connection with poor and bulky fodder, such as straw and roots. Its manurial or fertilizing value alone repays its cost.

By retaining and feeding the bran upon the farm, the objection to selling the grain is partly overcome, viz.: the exhaustion of the soil, since the bran retains most of the mineral matters which cannot be derived from the air.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

The One Thing Needful.

Eastern man (who has been invited to take a hand in the game)—I know very little about poker. I suppose the chief requisite in playing the game successfully is a knowledge of human nature?

Western Man—A knowledge of human nature helps, stranger, it helps; but the chief requisite is cash.—Tid Bits.

The State Chronicle says: "In Edgecombe county. Cotton gin. Negro. Hands and arms caught. Blood spilled. Sad."

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A condensed report of the news as gathered from the columns of our contemporaries, State and National.

Durham has a new bank, capital $100,000.

The bulldog has been decided a deadly weapon.

The Salvation Army in Durham has 25 members.

A town named Soonover has been started in Colorado.

Paris is to have 200,000 lights planted in the streets.

A resident of Brooklyn has a collection of 16,000 butterflies.

$7,548.91 have been subscribed to the Grant monument fund.

There was a severe earthquake shock in north Italy on the 10th.

The school population of the South has increased over 300 per cent since 1870.

A bycielist named Gray has ridden from New York to San Francisco on his machine.

A Calcutta millionaire recently had a solid glass bedstead made at Birmingham, England.

The number of cities containing over 6,000 inhabitants has risen from 6 to 300 since the year 1800.

A colored boy named White was shot near Danville on the 9th, for trapping robbins on another man's land.

It costs high to entertain a President. St. Joseph is out $1,000 by entertaining Grover and his wife one hour.

The Swananoa tunnel—the longest tunnel on the Western North Carolina Railroad—fell in a few days ago.

Reidsville had a seventy thousand dollar fire on Monday of last week. Insurance covered the greater portion of it.

The Asheville Advance has made an assignment and the paper will go into the hands of the Republicans, it is stated.

A new incorporation has been organized in Goldsboro, known as the "Enterprise Lumber Co." They intend to do good work.

A colored citizen of Davidson county got his ear between a post and the sweep of a cane mill, and had that appendage torn off.

It is reported that Judge James H. Merrimon of the twelfth district intends resigning his seat on the superior court bench in about sixty days.

W. T. Blackwell—of bull reputation—was interviewed by a reporter of the Washington Post. He believes that Mr. Julian S. Carr is the strongest man that could succeed Senator Ransom in the United States Senate.

The packing of sweet corn has grown to be a large industry in the State of Maine. They have eighty canning factories and put up 20,000,000 cans this season, requiring 20,000 acres of corn. That is reason why North Carolina could not make canning a big industry.

The grand Leaf Tobacco Fair will be held at Danville, Va., on the 24th, 25th and 26th inst., we see it stated. The people of "Old Virginia" do not understand—evidently—that the place to hold a tobacco fair is where none of the seed is raised. They should learn from North Carolina.

The peanut crop of this year is now estimated at 2,825,000 bushels, of which North Carolina raises 75,000 bushels. Our crop last year was 100,000 bushels, and the total crop of the peanut raising States, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, was 2,650,000 bushels. The largest crop raised since the war was that of '84, 3,550,000 bushels.

The Greensboro Patriot says it is said that illicit distilleries in certain parts of Chatham county are very lawless. As a result a band of a dozen, disguised, attempted a few nights since to lynch a good citizen. They believe that the people inform the revenue authorities of their unlawful work; hence their anger. They are regularly organized, and are a menace to good order.

The Goldsboro Argus learns that the Messrs. B. J. & R. E. Best had the misfortune to lose their gin house, saw and grist mill situated at Shine, in Greene county, by fire on Tuesday morning about six o'clock. We learn that they had just begun to gin, having ginned only about 200 pounds of cotton, when the gin was discovered to be on fire. The loss is variously estimated fro $2,000 to $3,000. No insurance.

The Hickory Press and Carolinian are to be consolidated, we note with pleasure. The great bane of the newspaper business is that there are too many newspapers in the State. There are few towns that can support decently more than one newspaper, and when there are several that attempt to exist in a town, neither can accomplish much. The Press and Carolinian have acted wisely in consolidating, thereby enabling the publication of a much better paper than it would be possible for either one to publish.

Farmers and others who have a little leisure time for the next few months will find it their interest to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, whose advertisement appears in another column. They offer great inducements to persons to work for them all or part of their time.