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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

A VISIT TO THE THRIVING TOWN OF YOUNGSTOWN.

Some Thoughts Suggested by the Visit. How a Smart Lawyer Served Boyd Young, a Notorious Character of Former Days.

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Youngstown has turned over a new leaf. It has put on a clean shirt and changed its name and is Alexander City now. It is a growing, thriving place, situated on the railroad that is making its way rapidly from Opelika to Birmingham. It used to be a hard place, about as celebrated for bad morals as was Bird Young for original sin and fatal depravity. Bird Young was the genuine Simon Suggs that John Hooper made so famous in his book. Bird is dead. He always declared that Hooper made him out a heap worse than he was, and I reckon he did. The old settlers told me that Bird was a hard case, but not quite so hard as Hooper wrote him up. He was an illiterate, irrepressible eccentric freak of nature, and sprouted up in Tallapoosa, just after the Creek Indians left there.

He grew up before there was a county, and the county was built up around him. He was far more notorious than exemplary, and kept up a general commotion. He was too restless to be quiet, and if he had not been a bad man he would have been a good one, and would have waked up the sinners in regular Sam Jones style.

Charley McLemore, who was a smart lawyer, made a speech one day, in which he reflected on Bird rather sarcastically, and Bird swore in his wrath that he was going to kill him on sight. Charley dodged him for a day or two, but got tired of that, and went straight up to Bird and said, "I want to see you privately—let's take a walk." Danger, daggers, and death were in Bird's eyes, but he consented to the walk. Reluctantly and sullen, he moved along slowly, and when they were out of hearing of the crowd Charley said, "Bird, you have got mad with me for little or nothing. What I said about you don't amount to a notch in a stick."

"I said I was going to kill you and I haint took it back," said Bird, and he gritted his teeth. "Well, Bird," said Charley, "if you have made up your mind about that I don't want you to kill me there in that crowd, for they wouldn't care a cent. They wouldn't care if we was both to kill one another so they could see the fight. Now you know that. If there was nobody in the world but you and me you wouldn't harm a hair of my head, and I know that if we was to walk away off from that crowd your good nature would come over you and we could talk it all over by ourselves and be friends just like we have always been.'

'I said I was gwnie to kill you,' said Bird.

Then Charley made another little talk and Bird began to relent, and said: 'I said I was gwine to kill you, Charley, and if I had come across you then I most shorely would have done it.' About this time they were away out of town, and Charley said: 'Bird, let's set down here on this bank and rest awhile.' Bird was very willing, for his head was getting a little heevy and his legs in a twistification.

'What was you going to kill me with, Bird?' said Charley. 'Why, with this here identical weepun,' said Bird, and he pulled out of his right pocket a little derringer about four inches long. Charley took it and laughed. 'Why, Bird, this here thing won't kill anybody. 'Spose you had shot at me with this and not hurt me, what would you have done?' 'I've got another,' said Bird, and he pulled one out of his left pocket. Charley took that and laughed again. 'Why, Bird, these things are no account. I wouldent have run ten steps to git out of the way of these weepuns. Is this all you had?'

'Not exactly,' said Bird, and he pulled a bowie knife about ten inches long out from under his coat and showed it to Charley, as he said, 'how's that?'

Charley took it and turned it over, and said, 'Well, Bird, this does look sorter like business,' and suddenly rising up, with the two derringers in one hand and the bowie knife in the other, he said: 'Now, Bird, I've got you, you dogond cowardly assassin, I've got you, and I'll give you ten steps the start, and if you don't heel it to town I'm gwine to shoot you in the back, and if you don't outrun me I'll cut you all to pieces with this bowie knife,' and he feigned terrible passion. Bird was always a coward without weepuns, and seeing his helpless condition he bounced to his feet and made tracks for town. In the meantime some of the boys had followed along at a distance to see what happened, and as they saw Bird coming at desperate speed and Charlie after him they shouted and yelled, 'go it Bird—run Bird—go it Bird, he is gainin on you.' Just such a foot race was never seen in Youngstown. Bird fell down twice, but was up again and going for dear life with Charley close at his heels and the bowie knife waving aloft, and as a last stimulous to Bird's extremities, Charlie fired a derringer in the air and Bird hollo load 'Oh, Lordy,' and fairly flew into the nearest dogery. That is one of the tales they tell, but I reckon it must be taken with some degree of allowance. Bird belonged to a class that a new country always breeds—a class that is rough and strong and self-reliant. They are the pioneers and hew out the way. Many were the contests they had with the wily Indian; many midnight alarms; many hair-breadth escapes. Such a people were necessary in their day and generation, but they are fast disappearing from our midst. Civilization has encroached upon them, and now their children and their children's children have assimilated with a higher grade of humanity. Bird young's descendants are mild mannered, respectable citizens and contribute their share towards maintaining good government and the peace of modern society. One extreme follows another, and after civilization comes refinement and fashion, and along with that comes dudes, dandies and dilletante.

Alexander city was recently named for General E. P. Alexander as a compliment to his push and foresight in extending that line to Birmingham. Professor Dickson has a very fine school there, a kind of a West Point institution; where the boys dress in uniform, and the girls too, and he has a rifle company who evolute with the skill and precision of veterans. I witnessed their peformance with admiration and was present at a competitive drill between them and the Lee Light Infantry, of Opelika. The latter is an old company and ought to have taken the prize, and did, but by the skin of their teeth. Captain Dickson said to me: 'My boys would have taken the prize, but I made a blunder myself. It was all my fault, as General Lee said at Gettysburg.'

Sometimes I hear folks speak very slightingly of these military parades and drills, but to my mind a volunteer citizen soldiery is the best protection of any government. We had but few of them before the war, but they were the nucleus around which our army gathered. Every private became an officer, and every captain a colonel or a brigadier. But for them our raw recruits could not have been drilled nor disciplined in the arts of war. Russia has a standing army of half a million; Germany nearly as many; France has four hundred thousand, and England as many more. All these are fed and clothed and maintained by their governments, and they do nothing in time of peace but eat and sleep and drill, while the toiling millions are supporting them. How much better it is in this country! Our standing army aggregate only thirty thousand men, while our volunteer companies number over a quarter of a million and cost the government nothing, but their guns. Pride and patriotism keeps them up and when war comes they will be ready. They are the very antipodes of anarchy. Every community needs such a protection, for every community is liable to have mobs, outbreaks and dangerous disturbances. Then let us encourage our young men to form such companies, for besides protection it teaches the young men good manners and exemplary conduct. Even their uniforms are a restraint upon them and increase their self respect. It is curious what an influence good clothes have upon a man and especially a woman. A man with his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes on won't do questionable things that he would do in his everydays. And as for a woman she is nobody if she is not dressed neat and clean. Just let her get sloven and her ears be dirty and she will go to abusing the nabors right straight—I don't allude to finery and trills and flowers and furs and other tomfooleries for all the women can't afford them, but every woman can look neat. A snow white colar sets off a woman more than a whimmadeddle hump in the background. We can see the one and admire its surroundings, but the other is a terra incognita.

West Point is a pretty town. They have a splendid academy, just finished, and three hundred pupils, and they have a river and a beautiful open bridge; and they have Georgia and Alabama all mixed up, for the line runs through the town just like it does in Texarkana, and a bad man can have a fight and step over the line and is safe for a little while, but he can't come back again. He becomes an exile. There is a fort on the hill where was fought the last battle of the war. That is what the old settlers told me, the very last battle of the war and it was fought the 23d of April, 1865; General Tyler fell in that fort. He had about a hundred men and they fought with desperation and expended all their ammunition and then fought with bayonets and stones until overpowered. Colonel LaGrange of the Federal army declared he never saw such courage and he was a sincere mourner of Gen. Tyler's funeral.

Mrs. Florida Reid lives there, she is an editress, a bright mother and grandmother, and full of southern fire and patriotism. I was drawn to her because she was the sister of my collegemate Cole Ferrel, of LaGrange. I loved Cole. I used to help him write his love letters and he helped me to write mine. What words of tenderness and devotion—what idolatory—what promises—promises never to be fulfilled for we were both toyed with and tampered with and then declined and the promises were transferred to others who had more sense or fewer lovers, and were unfulfilled at last. Mrs. Arp kept my letters for a long time and ever and anon would read me some gushing paragraph and smile, but the Yankees got them when we run away from Rome and I have had peace, blessed peace and tranquility ever since. I shall always thank the Yankees for that service.

BILL ARP.

A FEMALE DRUMMER.

She is a Favorite, but She Won't Stand Being Snubbed.

A trim little woman skipped lightly from the steps of a Baltimore and Ohio passenger coach at the Chesnut street station the other night. Walking ahead of her were Senator Thomas V. Cooper and wife, who came in the same car from Washington. There was something about the female that would attract a second glance as she hurried off in her neat-fitting long plush coat, showing just the lower plaits of a stylish woolen traveling dress, and a jaunty bit of a brown velvet bonnet bobbing with her head as lively as the convenient gripsack rattled which she carried in her hand.

"That's a traveling saleslady," remarked a train hand. "Yes, she's a regular female drummer. She travels on the road regularly, and makes herself quite at home in the car. She's not over eighteen years old, though if you heard her talk you'd think she was twenty or more. She's as bright as a dollar, and a very pleasant and ready talker. She lives in Pittsburg, travels for a millinery house and is very populrr with her customers."

In all her traveling alone between Pittsburg, Philadephia, Baltimore and Washington she is said to have suffered no ananoyance or insult. Though quite free to make and pick acquaintance with fellow passengers of her own sex, she carries herself with ladylike dignity, and yet her manner might seem a trifle familar to strangers unacquainted with the fact that she virtually makes her home in the cars. It would be hard to tell just how many new comers on the line have had their journey shortened by the pleasure of her company. It is said that her bright and interesting chat has touched sparks of friendship in the bosom of many fair travelers whom she has met. Mrs. Senator Cooper and she parted great friends. An incident which shows her composure occurred on her last trip South. After traveling some distance with a party homeward bound from California she seated herself beside one of the women and opened up a conversation with some remark about the weather.

"I don't think I know you miss," exclaimed the woman, with a haughty air, and drawing herself away as if from a thing unholy.

"Excuse me, madam," said the young daughter of trade, jumping up like a flash "I thought I was addressing a lady."

Thoughts for Farmers.

Truth is mighty and will prevail. Hence there can be no harm in telling a few unpleasant truths to our country readers. The country has always been the section where rich milk and pure butter were produced: where fat turkeys and fresh, tender vegetables were raised; where fat beef and spring chickens came from; but under the present management these things are being reversed, and if the farmer would taste any of these common neccessaries of life in a high state of perfection, he must come to the city where they are raised and buy them. The fact is our friends—the farmers—are so engrossed with raising cotton that they neglect to give to these things the care and study that their importance and value demand.—Goldsboro Argus.

An Anti-Slang Society.

A large number of Chicago girls met one evening last week for purpose of forming a "ladies' Anti-Slagg Society." The meeting was called to order, and Miss Sadie De Polk elected President. Before taking her seat she said in a clear, calm, well-modulated voice. "Really, girls, I'm too badly rattled by the honor conferred upon me to give you much of my guff. It's the first time I ever tumbled to anything of this sort, and I hardly know just how to catch on. However, I'll try to be sufficiently up to snuff not to let any flies light on me while doing the President-of-this-society-act. I'm with you in this move, and don't any of you forget it. All over our land slang words and phrases are multiplying like flies in sorghum time and it is our duty to help knock this crying evil as silly as possible. Let our motto be Shoot the Slangist.'"

IN THE IRON MILLS.

A TOUCHING AND BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A Well Written Picture of Life in the Iron Mills.--The Strivings of a Divinely Talented Spirit to Escape from a Life of Slavery.

This Story was begun January 5th.

They looked a moment; then May turned to the mill-owner:—

"Have you many such things as this? What are you going to do with them? Keep them at puddling iron?"

Kirby shrugged his shoulders. Mitchell's look had irritated him.

I have no fancy for nursing infant geniuses. I suppose there are some stray gleams of mind and soul among these wretches. The Lord will take care of his own; or else they can work out their own salvation. I have heard you call our American system a ladder which any man can scale. Do you doubt it? Or perhaps you want to banish all social ladders, and put us all on a flat table-land,—eh, May?"

The Doctor looked vexed, puzzled. Some terrible problem lay hid in this woman's face, and troubled these men. Kirby waited for an answer, and, receiving none, went on, warming with his subject.

"I tell you, there's something wrong that no talk of 'Liberty' or 'Egalite' will do away. If I had the making of men, these men who do the lowest part of the world's work should be machines,—nothing more,—hands. It would be kindness. God help them! What are taste, reason, to creatures who must live such lives as that?" He pointed to Deborah, sleeping on the ash-heap. "So many nerves to sting them to pain. What if God had put your brain, with all its agony of touch, into your fingers and bid you work and strike with that?"

"You think you could govern the world better?" laugbed the Doctor.

"I do not think at all."

"That is true philosophy. Drift with the stream, because you cannot dive deep enough to find bottom, eh?"

"Exactly," rejoined Kirby. "I do not think. I wash my hands of all social problems,—slavery, caste, white or black. My duty to my operatives has a narrow limit,—the pay-hour on Saturday night. Outside of that, if they cut korl, or cut each other's throats, (the more popular amusement of the two,) I am not responsible."

The Doctor sighed,—a good honest sigh, from the depths of his stomach.

"God help us! Who is responsible?"

"Not I, I can tell you," said Kirby, testily. "What has the man who pays them money to do with their soul's, concerns, more than the grocer or butcher who takes it?"

"And yet," said Mitchell's cynical voice, "look at her! How hungry she is!"

Kirby tapped his boot with his cane. No one spoke. Only the dumb face of the rough image looking into their faces with the awful question, 'What shall we do to be saved?" Only Wolfe's face, with its heavy weight of brain, its weak, uncertain mouth, its desperate eyes, out of which looked the soul of his class,—only Wolfe's face turned towards Kirby's. Mitchell laughed,—a cool, musical laugh.

"Money has spoken!" he said, seating himself lightly on a stone with the air of an amused spectator at a play. "Are yot answered?"—turning to Wolfe his clear, magnetic face.

Bright and deep and cold as Arctic air, the soulof the man lay tranquil beneath. He looked at the furnace-tender as he had looked at a rare mosaic in the morning; only the man was the more amusing study of the two.

"Are you answered? Why, May, look at him! 'De profundis clamavi.' Or, to quote in English, 'Hungry and thirsty, his soul faints in him.' And so Money sends back its answer, too!—I think I remember reading the same words somewhere:—washing your hands in Eau de Cologne, and saying 'I am innocent of the blood of this man. See ye to it!"

Kirby flushed angrily.

"You quote Scripture freely.

Do I not quote correctly? I think I remember another line, which may amend my meaning 'Inasmuch as ye did i unto one of the least of these, ye did it until me.' Deist? Bless you, man, I was raised on the milk of the Word. Now, Doctor, the pocket of the world having uttered its voice, what has the heart to say? You are a philanthropist, in a small way,—n'est ce pas? Here, boy, this gentleman can show you how to cut korl better,—or your destiny. Go on, May?"

"I think a mocking devil possesses you to-night," rejoined the Doctor seriously.

He went to Wolfe and put his hand kindly on his arm. Something of a vague idea possessed the Doctor's brain that much good was to be done here by a friendly word or two: a latent genius to be warmed into life by a waited for sunbeam. Here it was: he had brought it. So he went on complacently:—

"Do you know, boy, you have it in you to be a great sculptor, a great man?—do you understand?" (talking down to the capacity of his hearer: it is a way people have with children, and men like Wolfe,)—"to live a better, stronger life than I, or Mr. Kirby here? A man may make himseif anything he chooses. God has given you stronger powers than men,—me for instance."

May stopped, heated, glowing with his own magnanimity. And it was magnanimous. The puddler had drunk in every word, looking through the Doctor's flurry, and generous heat, and self-approval, into his will, with those slow, absorbing eyes of his.

"Make yourself what you will It is your right."

"I know," quietly. "Wil you help me?"

Mitchell laughed again. The Doctor turned now, in a passion,—

'You know Mitchell, I have not the means. You know, if I had, it is in my heart to take this boy and educate him for—"

"The glory of God, and the glory of John May."

May did not speak for a moment; then, controlled, he said,—

"Why should one be raised, when myriads are left?—I have not the money, boy," to Wolfe, shortly.

"Money?" He said it over slowly, as one repeats the guessed answer to a riddle, doubtfully. "That is it? Money?"

"Yes, money,—that is it," said Mitchell, rising, and drawing his furred coat about him. "You've found the cure for all the world's diseases.—Come, May, find your good-humor, and come home. This damp wind chills my very bones. Come and preach your Saint-Simonian doctrines to-morrow to Kirby's hands. Let them have a clear idea of the rights of the soul, and I'll venture next week they'll Strike for higher wages. That will be the end of it."

"Will you send the coach driver to this side of the mills?" asked Kirby, turning to Wolfe.

He spoke kindly: it was his habit to do so. Deborah, seeing the puddler go, crept after him. The three men waited outside. Doctor May walked up and down, chafed. Suddenly he stopped.

"Go back, Mitchell! You say the pocket and the heart of the world speak without meaning to these people. What has its head to say? Taste, culture, refinement? Go!"

Mitchell was leaning against a brick wall. He turned his head indolently, and looked into the mills. There hung about the place a thick unclean odor. The slightest motion of his hand marked that he perceived it, and his insufferable disgust. That was all. May said nothing, only quickened his angry tramp.

Besides," added Mitchell, giving a corollary to his answer, "it would be of no use. I am not one of them.'

'You do not mean"—said May, facing him.

"Yes, I mean just that. Reform is born of need, not pity. No vital movement of the people's has worked down, for good or evil; fermented, instead, carried up the heaving, cloggy mass. Think back through history, and you will know it. What will this lowest deep—thieves Magdalens, negroes—do with the light filted through ponderous Church creeds, Baconian theories, Goethe schemes? Some day, out of their bitter need will be thrown up their own light-bringer,—their Jean Paul, their Cromwell, their Messiah."

"Bah!" was the Doctor's inward criticism. However, in practice, he adopted the theory; for, when night and morning, afterward, he prayed that power might be given these degraded souls to rise, he glowed at heart, recognizing an accomplished duty.

Wolfe and the woman had stood in the shadow of the works as the coach drove off. The Doctor had held out his hand in a frank, generous way, telling him to take care of himself, and to remember it was his right to rise." Mitchell had simply touched his hat, as to an equal, with a quiet look of thorough recognition. Kirby had thrown Deborah some money, which she found, and clutched eagerly enough. They were gone now, all of them. The man sat down on the cinder-road, looking up into the murky sky.

"I be late, Hugh. Wunnot hur come?"

He shook his head doggedly, and the woman crouched out of his sight against the wall Do you remember rare moments when a sudden light flashed over yourself, your world, God? when you stood on a mountain-peak, seeing your life as it might have been, as it is? one quick instant, when custom lost its force and every-day usage? when your friend, wife, brother stood in a new light? your soul was bared, and the grave,—a foretaste of the nakedness of the Judgment-day? So it came before him, his life, that night. The slow tides of pain he had borne gathered themselves up and surged against his soul. His squalid daily life, the brutal coarseness eating into his brain, as the ashes into his skin: before, these things had been a dull aching in his consciousness; to-night, they were reality. He griped the filthy red shirt that clung, stiff with soot, about him, and tore it savagely from his arm. The flesh beneath was muddy with grease and ashes,—and the heart beneath that! And the soul? God knows.

Then flashed before his vivid poetic sense the man who had left him,—the pure face, and delicate, sinewy limbs, in harmony with all he knew of beauty or truth. In his cloudy fancy he had pictured a Something like this. He had found it in this Mitchell, even when he idly scoffed at his pain: a Man all-knowing, all-seeing, crowned by Nature, reigning,—the keen glance of his eye falling like a sceptre on other men. And yet his instinct taught him that he too—He! He looked at himself with sudden loathing, sick, wrung his hands with a cry, and then was silent. With all the phantoms of his hearted, ignorant fancy, Wolfe had not been vague in his ambitions. They were practical, slowly built up before him out of his knowledge of what he could do. Through years he had day by day made this hope a real thing to himself,—a clear, projected figure of himself, as he might be one.

Able to speak, to know what was best, to raise these men and women working at his side up with him; sometimes he forgot this defined hope in the frantic angish to escape,—only to escape,—out of the wet, the pain, the ashes, somewhere, anywhere,—only for one moment of free air on a hill-side, to lie down and let his sick soul throb itself out in the sunshine. But to-night he panted for life. The savage strength of his nature, was roused; his cry was fierce to God for justice.

"Look at me!" he said to Deborah, with a low, bitter laugh, striking his pany chest savagely. 'What am I worth, Deb? Is it my fault that I am no better? My fault? My fault?"

He stopped, stung with a sudden remorse, seeing her hunchback shape writhing whith sobs. For Deborah was crying thankless tear according to the fashion of women.

"God forgi' me, woman! Things go harder wi' you nor me. It's a worse share."

He got up and helped her to rise; and they went doggedly down the muddy street, side by side.

"It's all wrong," he mutterad slowly,—"all wrong! I dunnot understan.' But it'll end some day."

"Come home, Hugh," she said, coaxingly; for he had stopped looking around bewildered.

"Home,—and back to the mills!" He went on saying this over to himself, as if he would mutter down every pain in this dull despair.

She followed him through the fog, her blue lips chattering with cold. They reached the cellar at last. Old Wolfe had been drinking since she went out, and had crept nearer the door. The girl Janey slept heavily in the corner. He went up to her, touching softly the worn white arm with his fingers. Some bitterer thought stung him, as he stood there. He wiped the drops from his forehead, and went into the room beyond, livid, trembling. A hope, trifling, perhaps, but very dear, had died just then out out of the poor puddlers life, as he looked at the sleeping, innocent girl,—some plan for the future, in which she had borne a part. He gave it up that moment, then and forever. Only a trifle, perhaps, to us: his face grew a shade paler,—that was all. But, some how, the man's soul, as God and the angels looked on it, never was the same afterwards.

Deborah followed him into the inner room. She carried a candle, which seh plaeed on the floor, closing the door after her. She had seen the look on his face, as he turned away; her own grew deadly. Yet, as she came up to him, her eyes glowed. He was seated on an old chest, quiet; holding his face in his hands.

"Hugh!" she said, softly.

He did not speak.

"Hugh, did hur hear what the man said,—him with the clear voice? Did hur hear? Money, money,—that it wud do all!"

He pushed her away,—gently, but he worn out; her rasping tone fretted him.

"Hugh!"

The candle flared a pale yellow light over the cobwebbed brick walls, and the woman standing there. He looked at her. She was young, in deadly earnest; her faded eyes, and wet, ragged figure caught from their frantic eagerness a power akin to beauty.

"Hugh, it is true! Money all do it! Oh, Hugh, boy, listen till me!

He said it true It is money!"

"I know. Go back! I do not want you hear!

'Hugh, it is the last time. I'll ver worrit hur again."

There were tears in her voice now, but she choked them back.

"Hear till me only to-night! If one of t' witch people wud come, jest them we heard of t' home, and gif her all hur wants, what then! Say Hugh!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean money."

Her whisper thrilled through his brain.

"If one of t' witch dwarfs wud come from t' lane moors to-night, and gif hur money, to go money,—out, I say,—out, lad, where t' sun shines, and t' heath grows, and t' ladies walk in silken gownds, and God stays all t' time,—where t' man lives that talked to us to-night—Hugh, knows.—Hugh could walk there like a king!"

He thought the woman mad, and tried to check her, but she went on, fierce in her eager haste.

"If I were t' which dwarf, if I had t' money, wud hur thank me? Wud hur take me out o' this place wud hur and Janey? I wud not come into the gran' house hur wud build, to vex hur wid t' hunch,—only at night, when t' shadows were dark, stand far off to see hur."

Poor Deb! poor Deb!" he said, soothingly.

"It is here," she said, suddenly jerking into his hand a small roll. "I took it! I did it! I shall be hanged! I shall be burnt in hell, if anybody knows I took it! Me, me! not hur! Out of his pocket as he leaned against t' bricks. Hur knows!"

(To be Continued.)

A Sad Case.

One of the saddest downfalls we have heard of in many years, is that of Mr. Wylie J. Palmer, who used to be Superintendent of the North Carolina Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institute at Raleigh. He left that institute several years ago to take charge of a Candian Asylum at a higher salary, and filled the place splendidly for some time, but his habits became bad, and finally he was so incapacitated by drink that lost his position.

Drink and family troubles so unsettled his mind that he has become insane, and his admission into the Western North Carolina Insane Asylum at Morganton was granted last week. Poor man! No one stood higher in this State than Wylie J. Palmer when he had charge of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Raleigh. A terrible warning.—Charlotte Democrat.

The Hickory Press Carolinian is now an 8 page, all homeprint, newspaper.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

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

The firm of Humphrey & Howa A of New Berne, has assigned;

The largest illict dittilery yet captured was captured near Leaksville.

The Franklin Dispatch is no longer edited by Rev. Baylus Cade

Three daring attempts were made at burglary in Monroe on one night.

Durham county appropriated this year $2 per capta for school purposes.

Miss Laura Wood, of Lenoir county, killed a deer, a few days ago, says the Kinston Free Press.

The Southerner urges the people of Edgecombe to come to the front again and have a fair in Tarboro again this year.

It is extremely seldom that negroes kill themselves. The Warrenton Gazette says one committed suicide in that county recently.

About $600 or $800 worth of cotton and corn was destroyed by fire at Clinton, Sunday of last week, says the Caucasian.

Another negro over one hundred years old has been found. She lived in Iredell county and her age is certified to at 116 years.

We see from an exchange that Rev. T. J. Gattis, agent of col-portage of the North Carolina Conference, has made Durham his headquarters.

Some one in North Carolina last year killed a hog that weighed 1,000 pounds. The largest this winter thus far reported is less than 650 pounds, says the Wilmington Star.

The Winston Sentinel says: A negro child was found in Belo's pond this evening. The child has been ascertained to be that of Adeline White, and circumstances fix the crime on her. The inhuman mother left for parts unknown this morning.

Edgecombe county appropriated $10,497.87 to the public schools, of which the white schools received $5,554.50 and the colored schools $4,940.37½. We wonder what part of the school tax of Edgecombe county the negroes pay? A very small proportion, we'll wager.

The Wadesboro Messenger thus describes the escape of a prisoner in that county: As one of our good officials was conducing Lee Ramsey—a colored brother—to jail, a few days ago, he broke away and ran. The officer fired a shot across his bow to bring him to, but he hoisted full sail, and in the language of Squire Crawford, "left with a fastidious levity that disdained pursuit."

From the Winston papers it is learned that Mr. Jake Hicks will be given his old position of engineer on the Raleigh passenger train. Mr. Hicks was put down some time ago on account of his deficient education but since has applied himself diligently and has learned to read and write, and passed a satisfactory examination. Mr. Hicks is between 50 and 60 years old, and deserves much credit for the success he has met with in studying.

The Wilmington Messenger says: During the year 1887 there have been established in this State twelve carriage and wagon works, twenty seven cigar and tobacco factories, twenty-six cotton and woolen mills (the State leading in this branch), thirty-one flour and grist mills, thirteen ice factories, thirty-three mines and quarries, thirteen railroads, nine street railways and sixty-seven wood working establishments.

The Charlotte Chronicle tells of one of the boldest robberies we have yet heard of. That paper says: At Gastonia, last Tuesday, one of the boldest cases of horse stealing on record was perpetrated. Mr. W. B. Holland was standing by the roadside, holding his horse, when a fellow named Rhodes came along, jerked the bridle reins from Mr. Holland's hands, mounted the animal and galloped away. He was out of sight before Mr. Holland had recovered from his astonishment. The thief was captured yesterday and the horse was returned to Mr. Holland.

The Fayetteville Observer tells of the shooting of a woman in that place. It says: Douglas Sellars, alias Revels, (col.) was arrested on Sunday night by officer Flowers on charge of shooting his wife. From what we can learn Sellars was suspicious of his wife, and returning home on Sunday morning about 3 o'clock, he burst open the door of his wife's room and fired, shooting his wife in the neck, just above the collar bone, and near the jugular vein. Dr. McNeill probed for the ball but was unable to find it. Thus far there seems hopes of the woman's recovery. The wound is a very serious one and came near being fatal.

A Justice of Peace has been tried in Chatham county for practicing law. The case went up to the Supreme Court. Two of the Supreme Court Judges decided in favor of the defendant and one against him. This is the first case of the kind that the courts have had to pass upon.

A HARTLESS DEED.

A Cruel Mother Kills Her Own Child—Persuaded by Her Paromour—The Woman Confesses All—Another Sensation in Edgecombe County.

The most revolting, unnatural inhuman crime in the annals of Edgecombe was committed week before last.

The determination of Lady Macbeth to dash out the brains of her smiling infant, if need be, appears less cruel compared with the act of Cora Wright committed only a hort distance from Pleasant Hill church in No 14 township.

Cora Wright is a bright mulatto woman and is good looking. William Ponton is a near neighbor of Cora's. He is a colored man about 35 years of age. Last year Cora worked for him, and other relations than those of master and servant existed between them. With the disappearance of the old year her neighbors noticed the absense of her child, an infant sixteen months old. Her different stories accounting for its absense first created a suspicion that harm might have befallen it. To some she stated she had sent it to relations, to others that she had given it to a white man. These stories proving untrue, Saturday, a warrant was issued for her and given to Constable Jno. N. Taylor to serve, and it is owing to his cleverness that the body was found and the crime brought home. Late Saturday night he went to her house and found a lively crowd assembled there and the woman with others engaged in a dance.

He called her out and inquired for her missing child. In a hesitating manner she said that she had given it to a man whose name she did..'t know, but that it was well. Taylor said, "You are not telling me the truth, I have found your child." With terror depicted on her countenance and in a trembling voice she ejaculated, "You have?" Mr. Taylor repeated his assertion and advised her to tell him all about it and he would do the best he could for her.

She then said that she did not kill it. Continued questioning of her brought out: that the man she lived with last year made her; that the child was a white man's child and he declared that she should not live with him nor would he have anything to do with her so long as she kept the child; that he found a place and she accompanied by him, carried the child and she put it in and buried it, first covering it over with bark.

She then without light—time about midnight, conducted the Constable and Redden Bullock to the place where it was to be found.

Two hundred and fifty yards from the house they came to a stump and pulling out of this stump made hollow by fire, some pine straw and leaves there was disclosed her child, Martha Ann, lying deep down in the hollow, dead, with its mouth stuffed full of rags and a string tied around its neck.

She had been missing seven days.

The woman was arrested and held. Constable Taylor in absense of the Coroner, who had not time to get there, late Sunday afternoon held an inquest.

During the inquest the Coroner arrived and was non plused that some one was acting in his stead. After thinking over it all night he summoned another jury to assist him with an inquest Monday.

The facts brought out at both of these inquests besides what have already been given are as about as follows:

No motive for the cold blooded, heartless act, other than her illict love and his dislike to a white man's child, was disclosed.

The child's father, who is a white man, it is said, made ample provision for it and the mother as well. On the very night the child disappeared he is said to have given her several dollars.

Beyond the disappearance of the child and finding it dead, nothing is known save what Cora Wrigut tells herself, and some contradictory accounts of Ponton as to his whereabouts on the child's disappearance.

She stated that she went several times to see the baby and nursed it; that when she would leave it it would cry a little, that it only died two days before it was found.

Examination of the body by Dr. J. M. Baker, assisted by Dr. E. T. Speed showed that the child died from exposure; one lung was found to be congested. She was not strangled by the string around the neck.

On Tuesday evening the prisoners, Cora Wright and William Ponton, were lodged in jail.—Tarboro Southerner.

Trying to Climb to Heaven.

One day last week a demented negro boy, about twelve years of age, wandered away from his home in the country and reached Kosciusko. The Methodist steeple now being finished, 120 feet in height, first excited his wonder, and he made a bee line for it. When first seen by the workmen he had climbed upward on the steeple to dizzy height, near 100 feet from the earth, with a bucket on his arm. The men below yelled to him to come down. His answer, "I'm gwine to heaven to kerry God some butter," somewhat surprised them. An Irishman, with commendable presence of mind, hollowed to him that he had gone up wrong, "come down and go up the other side," brought the would-be angel to solid earth, where he was kept.—Kosciusko, Miss., Messenger.

Congressional Sons of the Soil.

There are seventeen farmers in the Fiftieth Congress, and, despite all that has been said about indifference to agricultural interests, those seventeen men can attract more attention on questions that affect their rural constitutents than all the 216 lawyers of the house.—Manchester Union.

Published by request.]

TO MY SISTER MOLLIE

I often have wished that my frail
By sunlight, dear sister, to pen
But not a portrayed by the
(For ne'er has the sunlight so
As to do this unaided,) but called
By the bright light which
tion has shed.

I fain would have sent you a
glows
With the brightness and
mantled
Ere youths fond illusions have
gone;
Ere the cold frost of time has
head;
Ere the bright eyes dimmed; ere
the face;
Ere hope's e'en almost to despair
place.

But though youth has departed
ing
And the slow-moving footsteps
space,
Though science and sunlight and
bring
To the brown leaves of autumn
trous of spring;
Yet the grapes when the're ruddy,
yellow,
The ripe apples, peaches, pears,
mellow,
You taste and your stomach
suit
Then the hautiness of spring-time
bitter fruit,
Therefore I present you a
Not how I seemed erewhile, but
now.

'Tis surely a fitting companion
Who has been my companion
years;
Tho with me has travelled life's
pared
(Its sweets and its bitters
shared.)
To gratefully think of the
And trust trusting to the future
and brave.

She joins me in wishing you
life,
Loved friends and loved sisters
and wife!
And in praying that comfort
given
To you and to yours on earth and

J. T.

FOR US.

The Old Year went out weeping.
I heard him meaning loud.
As he gathered his cloudy garments
About him for a shroud.

The New Year came in weeping,
I heard him wail and sigh;
He came as the new-born babe
Whose speech is but a cry.

For us, the flesh of sorrow,
For us, the heirs of hope,
Born of the Light Eternal,
Who in the darkness grope,

For us who wait in bondage,
And draw our bitter breath;
Who yearn to go, yet linger,
Who live, yet long for death.

—Boston

WHICH SHALL IT BE

Which?
Wife or whiskey,
The babe or the bottle?
Home or hell.
—Poughkeepsie Eagle

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY

God made the country, man the
We often heard it said,
But God the country painted
Man the town paints red.

—Boston

LET HER LEAP.

Leap till the last armed male
Leap for your husbands and
Leap for a chance to build the
Fair once throughout the

—Old City

LET IT BURST.

"When the autumn leaves are
Let 'em rust,
If October winds are gusting,
Let 'em gust.
But a girl who's on her
Better never try to
With an air inflated
Let 'em burst.

Women's Sunday

It is often easier, says
bear our misfortunes than
ments of our friends
A woman realizes the
when she slips on the
church door and slides
ly down the whole flight
—Journal of Education.

New Members Must Not

Congressman Enloe, of
a new member, is
wag, and likes to show
members that it is just
that a fellow who has
his life in Congress may
grain or two of sense.
opportunity occasionally
at the popular notion that
Congressman is
"chump." They are telling
incident about a retort
ing the Democratic caucus
the first fight between a
members occured Enloe
to be sitting just at
where the actual combat
After it was all over the
old members fell to
him to know how it happened.
told them the details so
could recall them.

"But why in the world
terfere and prevent the
said one pompous old
severely.

"Oh," said Enloe with
cent look, "I had always
said that new members
interfere with the regular
ings, and I didn't know
was a part of the
gramme."

The Newton Enterprise
Railroad accident near
the Narrow Guage road,
of last week. The
The two passenger
baggage and express cars
cipated, and taking
broken lamps and stoves,
entirely consumed.
four or five passengers
All the passengers were
some extent, but fortunately none
fatally. The engine and tender
had cleared the trestle, but was
pulled off the track, down an
bankment. Both engineer Hill
and fireman Long were caught
under the engine. The engineer
succeeded in extricating himself,
but the fireman had to be dug out.
All express matter was consumed
in the fire, but the mail matter was
saved. Conductor Waddill and
mail messenger Grist received only
slight injuries.

A New Cognomen.

The Republican organs are firing their mud guns at James Russel Lowell because of his speech endorsing the President's message. He has been styled "the Mugwumpian ass."—New Orleans States, Dem.

The Raleigh News Observer says there has been a wonderful awakening in the business of Fayetteville during the past year. That town has put on new life and we rejoice to hear it, for there are no cleverer people than her citizens.