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—BY—
J. A. & C. C. DANIELS, Editors and Proprietors

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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.

ARP TELLS OF THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

He Warns Young Men Against the Pretty Girls With Hazel Eyes. The Yankee School Marms and why they taught for so Short a Time.

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The older we grow the oftener do we reverse the telescope and look back. How distant seem the scenes of our youth. If I did not know better I would say it has been a hundred years since I was a little boy trudging along to the first school I ever attended. The old school days are a notable part of everyone's life. My wife and I frequently indulge in these memories, for we went to school together, though I was six years her senior. We tell over to the children all the funny things that happened, and discuss the frailities and the virtues of our school mates and magnify the teachers, and she tells them as how I was a smart boy and stood head in the spelling class for a month at a time, and she remembers the speeches I spoke and with a pretended regret says: 'Children, your father was a very handsome boy, with black, glossy hair, and he had plenty of it then. The girls used to cast sheep's eyes at him then, but I dident, for I was too young to be a sweetheart then, but he had them. Yes, he was smart and good-looking too, and he knew it. Yes, he knew it. He had a fight once at school about his sweetheart. Her name was Penelope McAlpin and another boy called her Penny lope just to tease your pa, and he hit him right straight and they fought like wildcats for awhile. When he was a young man and I was in my teens, he was the dressiest youth in the town, and wore the tighest boots. Oh, my! I had no idea he would ever notice me, and I don't know yet what made him do it.'

Well, you see the like of that called for a response, and so I had to put in and tell what a beautiful hazel-eyed creole she was—what long raven hair that fell over her shoulders in waving tresses, and what beautiful hands and feet, and how fawn-like she locomoted about-and-about, and how shy and startled she was when I began to address her, and what juicy lips that seemed pouting for a lover, and then her teeth—her pearly teeth—that were almost as pretty as those she has now. I told them how hard it was to win her until she found out I was in earnest, and then how suddenly she surrendered with tumultuous affection, and I recited with tender pathos those beautiful lines of Coleridge:

"She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame,
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breath my name.

She half enclosed me in her arms;
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head looked up
And gazed upon my face."

Just then Mrs. Arp stopped sewing and gazed at me sure enough, as she said: Was there ever such a story-teller? Why, you know I didn't do any such thing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

'I was just telling how 'Genevive' did,' said I, 'and how Coleridge won his 'bright and beauteous bride.' She had hazel eyes, too.'

Young man, you had better not try to flirt with a pair of hazel eyes. It is a waste of time and dangerous. They are less susceptible than the blue, and when once deceived do not pine away in grief, but rally for revenge and take it out in scorn. If you tackle them you had better go in to win or leave the country. And while I think of it, I'll make another remark: When you woo and win and wed, you had better keep on wooing and winning afterwards or leave the country. It takes a power of love to do them.

We little chaps used to go to school to female teachers—to Yankee school marms, who were well educated and smart. But they never taught school very long, for our widowers married them about as fast as they came. You see, our high-strung blooded girls wouldn't marry widowers, for they could always get young men to their liking, but a well-to-do widower had a fancy for a settled woman who was raised to economy, and would be so grateful for having bettered her condition in life. Of course they did not all marry widowers, but they married, and they made good wives and good mothers, and their descendants are all over the sunny land, and have proved a splendid cross between southern blood and northern energy.

The first teacher I ever went to was a Yankee woman, and she had a dunce block set up in the middle of the room for the lazy scholars to sit on. The mischevous ones were made to stand on the table or in the corner with face to the wall. She never whipped us and was a kind motherly woman. Jim Wardlaw 'fit' her once and she laid him on her lap and tried to spank him, but he bit her on the knee and she screamed 'mercy' and let him go.

The other day I chanced to be one of a party of assorted gentlemen and they took it by turns telling of their schoolboy frolics and adventures. One said, 'while I was going to school to old Greer I picked a lot of wet mud off my shoe heels and made it into a ball and thought I would just toss it over and hit Ed. Omberg, who sat on the other side of the school room. Old Greer was on that side too and right between me and Ed. but I thought I could flip it over his head while he was leaning over his desk setting copies, but somehow dident flip it hard enough and it came down on old Greer's head kerflop and flattened out like a pancake. I never saw a man more astonished in my life, and I was scared mighty nigh to death I ducked down to my book and dident dare to look up. My ducking down was what caught me, for the other boys were looking up in wonder, and they would look at old Greer and then look at me, and a pointer dog couldn't have spotted a bird any better. 'Come here,' said he. 'Come here; come here; come right along here;' and he met me half way and gave me about twenty-five that lasted and lingered for a whole week.

Jim Jones was a stuttering boy, and chock full of mischief. Early one morning he fastened the historic pin in old Greer's split-bottom chair, and when he came in and called the roll and then took a seat in his accustomed seat, he didn't stay there long, but rose up with great alacrity. His eyes flashed fire as he gazed around the room, and he caught Jim in the same way he caught me, and seizing a long, keen, supple hickory said: 'Come up here, sir. You villainous scamp. I'll show you—come along, sir.' Jim approached trembling and slow. 'Come along, I tell you, sir.' Jim stopped and stuttered with pitiful accents: 'Yer ger-ger-gwine to wh-wh-wh-whip me.' 'Come along, I tell you, or I'll——'

'Ger-ger-ger-gwine to wh-wh-whip me hard.' Old Greer started towards him, but Jim had lost confidence, and wheeling suddenly made tracks for the door with old Greer after him. Jim bounced over two benches to get there first, but Greer had to turn a corner around the benches, and in doing so tripped and fell broadcast and rolled over besides, and we boys just cackled. He bounced up as mad as Julius Cæsar and said in a towering passion: 'I'll whip every boy that laughs. Now laugh again, if you dare.' And we dident dare.

Well it is curious that most every deveeish boy in every school is named Jim. The very name seems to make a boy develish. They generally make notable men, and some of them climb very high. There is James Madison and James Monroe and Polk and Buchanan and Garfield. And Jimmy Blaine is cavorting around and thinks he ought to be president just because his name his Jim. If there is any other good reason I don't know it. And I went to school with Jim Wilson and Jim Alexander and Jim Wardlaw and Jim Linton and Jim Walker and they were a sight. There is another thing to be noted about schoolboys. They always call their teaeners 'old.' They called Dr. Patterson 'old Pat,' and Professor McKoy 'old Mack,' and Professor Waddell 'old Pewt,' and there was old Nahum and old Beeman, and old Fouch and old Isham.

We were talking about old Isham, and one of our party said: 'I went to school to him, and sometimes he would slip up on a boy as slyly as a cat upon a rat, and catch him making pictures on his slate. He would hover over him a moment, and then pounce down upon him like a hawk upon a chicken, and catch him by the ears and shove his face down on the slate and wipe out the pictures with his nose. One day Jim Harris was up at the blackboard blundering along and making all sorts of mistakes, and old Isham got mad and, seizing him under the arms, lifted him up bodily and mopped the blackboard with him and rubbed out all his figures, and set him down again and sent him to his seat.

I went to school to old George, said another, and there was a fire place at one end of the long room, and when it was cold weather the small fry were allowed to sit up near the fire and the big boys had to do the best they could at the other end. Tom Jackson was a big, trapping, freckle-faced boy, who was everlastingly hungry. One morning he brought a big, long, sweet potato to school and so he pretended to be very cold and said, 'Mr. George, mayn't I go up to the fire to warm.' 'Go along, sir,' said George. Tom took the shovel and pretended to be punching the fire, but he was slyly operating a hole in the ashes and suddenly dropped the potato in and covered it up. Some of the little boys saw him and whispered: 'Gimme some, Tom, when its done gimme some.' 'Hush,' said Tom, 'and I will.' In about half an hour Tom got very cold again and asked to go up and warm. 'Go along, sir,' said George. 'You must be very cold this morning. Tom warmed awhile and took the shovel and pulled out the potato and put it in his pocket. 'Gimme some, Tom; gimme some,' was whispered all around as he marched back to his seat. 'Gimme some, or I'll tell.'

The little boys began to snicker and point at Tom as he was peeling and blowing on his 'tater' behind his deek. 'What are you boys making all that racket about?' said old George, as he approached them with his hickory. 'We was laughing at Tom Jackson over yender eatin' his 'tater.' He roasted it here in the fire and promised to give us some if we didn't tell, but he didn't.' 'Aha,' said old George, 'come up here, Tom Jackson, you sly, deceitful rascal. That is what you were so cold about. What is that sticking out of your pocket?' 'A tater, sir.' 'Give it here, sir I'll have you to know this schoolhouse is no cook kitchen. You are so cold I think a little warming up will do you good, sir.' And he gave him about a dozen over his shoulders and lower down, and then divided the tater among the little boys.

These school boy tales would fill a book, and I wish that 'Philemon Perch' would write another.

BILL ARP.

NEEDED THEM.

He Believed "a Powerful Sight" The Efficiency of Prayer.

During a revival at Calico Rock meeting house, an old fellow, whom no one had ever before seen at church, came forward and knelt down at the mourner's bench. He seemed to be so much in earnest that he soon attracted the attention of the leading exhorters. The exhorter finds his highest enjoyment in "working with" a mourner who has crossed the frontier line of despair.

"We are glad to see you here," said an exhorter, as he got down beside the earnest mourner. "You have come to the right place to seek comfort.

"So I've hearn," the earnest mourner answered in blabbering accents.

"Do you feel that you have only one course to pursue, my dying friend?"

"Yas, an' I've tuck this as the last chance."

"When did you fall under conviction?"

"I wa'n't convicted a tall. They took me up and snatched me befo' the gover'ment jedge, but airter hearin' uv the case the jury 'lowed that mebbe I did't make the whiskey."

"You don't understand me. When did you first feel that you were lost?"

"When I got down in the bottoms an' couldn't find the way out. Staid thar two days an' the best part uv another one, but we got the coon all the same, and had a fight that did us all a power uv good.'

"My friend, my deluded friend, I may say, when did you feel that you must pray?"

"Night afore last wife 'lowed that ez it couldn't do no harm, it mout do a power uv good."

"Your wife then wants you to lead a better life?"

"Didn't say nothin' about that. I live the sort of life that suits her I reckon. I git her a caliker coat ever' spring, a pa'r of shoes ever' fall, an' divide my terbacker with her. Don't see what mo' she could ax fur, and don't see why she shu'd wa nt me to change my life."

'But you say that your wife thought it would be better for you to pray?"

"Yas. You see our steers got away from us two weeks ago, an' ez we have hunted and s'arched, and kain't find them, wife she 'lowed that mebbe pra'r would fetch 'em.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the disappointed exhorter.

"Why, jist becaze I want them steers? You folks pray for rain, don't you? Why? Caze you need it. Wall, I'm praying fur them steers, becaze I need 'em. Oh, if you don't want to talk to me, all right," and placing his head on the bench, he said: "Oh Lawd, thy servant would like powerful well to to have them steers, for he is needin' 'em to haul some apples to the still house."—Arkansaw Traveler.

He Knew Nothing About it.

An honest politician has been found in Alabama. Just after having announced himself as a candidate for congress and while standing on the court house steps making a speech, some one in the crowd yelled out:

"Say, what do you think of the tariff? Give us your views."

"My friends," said the orator, "I don't know a blame thing about the tariff."

He was elected by a large majority.

The Outrage.

The 'outrage' of making Mr. Lamar an Associate Justice is, of course, much greater than the appointment of the guerilla Mosby a representative of this government at a foreign court, or helping Mahone to rule Virginia, or Moses to rule South Carolina, or Wells to steal the vote of Louisiana.—New Press.

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.

There was outcry and crowd enough in the cell the next day. The coroner and his jury, the local editors, Kirby himself, and boys with their hands thrust knowingly in their pockets, and heads on one side, jammed into the corners. Coming and going all day. Only one woman. She came late, and outstayed them all. A Quaker, or Friend, as they call themselves. I think this woman was known by that name in heaven. A homely body, coarsely dressed in gray and white. Deborah (for Haley had let her in) took notice of her. She watched them all—sitting on the end of the pallet, holding his head in her arms—with a ferocity of a watch-dog, if any of them touched the body. There was no meekness, no sorrow, in her face; the stuff out of which murderers are made instead. All the time Haley and the woman were laying straight the limbs and cleaning the cell, Deborah sat still, keenly watching the Quaker's face. Of all the crowd that day, this woman alone had not spoken to her,—only once or twice had put some cordial to her lips. After they all were gone, the woman, in the same still, gentle way, brought a vase of wood-leaves and berries, and placed it by the pallet, then opened the narrow window. The fresh air blew in, and swept the woody fragrance over the dead face. Deborah looked up with a quick wonder.

"Did hur know my boy wud like it? Did hur know Hugh?"

"I know Hugh now."

The white fingers passed in a slow, pitiful way over the dead, worn face. There was a heavy shadow in the quiet eyes.

"Did hur know where they'll bury Hugh?" said Deborah in a shrill tone, catching her arm.

This had been the question hanging on her lips all day.

"In t' town-yard? Under t' mud and ash? T' lad 'll smother, woman! He wur born on t' lane moor, where t' air is frick and strong. Take hur out, for God's sake, take hur where t' air blows!"

The Quaker hesitated, but only for a moment. She put her strong arm around Deborah and led her to the window.

"Thee sees the hills, friend, over the river? Thee sees how the light lies warm there, and the winds of God blow all the day? I live there—where the blue smoke is, by the trees. Look at me." She turned Deborah's face to her own, clear and earnest. "Thee will believe me? I will take Hugh and bury him there to-morrow."

Deborah did not doubt her. As the evening wore on, she leaned against the iron bars, looking at the hills that rose far off, through the thick sodden clouds, like a bright, unattainable calm. As she looked, a shadow of their solemn repose fell on her face: its fierce discontent faded into a pitiful, humble quiet. Slow, solemn tears gathered in her eyes: the poor weak eyes turned so hopelessness to the place where Hugh was to rest, the grave heights looking higher and brighter and more solemn than ever before. The Quaker watched her keenly. She came to her at last, and touched her arm.

"When thee comes back," she said, in a low, sorrowful tone, like one who speaks from a strong heart deeply moved with remorse or pity, "thee shall begin thy life again,—there on the hills. I came too late; but not for thee,—by God's help, i. may be."

Not too late. Three years after, the Quaker began her work. I end my story here. At evening-time it was light. There is no need to tire you with the long years of sunshine, and fresh air, and slow, patient Christ-love, needed to make healthy and hopeful this impure body and soul. There is a homely pine house, on one of these hills, whose window overlook broad, wooded slopes and clover-crimson meadows,—niched into the very place where the light is warmest, the air freest. It is the Friend's meeting-house. Once a week they sit there, in their grave, earnest way, waiting for the Spirit of Love to speak, opening their simple hearts to receive His word. There is a woman, old, deformed, who takes her place among them: waiting like them: in her gray dress, her worn face, pure and meek, turned now and then to the sky. A woman much loved by these silent, restful people.; more silent than they, more humble, more loving. Waiting: with her eyes turned to hills higher and purer than these on which she lives,—dim and far off now, but to be reached some day. There may be in her heart some latent hope to meet there the loved one here,—that she shall find him whom she lost, and that she will not be all unworthy. Who blames her? Something is lost in the passage of every soul from one eternity to another,—something pure and beautiful, which might have been and was not: a hope, a talent, a love, over which the soul mourns, like Esau deprived of his birthright. What blame to the meek Quaker, if she took her lost hope to make the hills of heaven more fair?

Nothing remains to tell that the poor Welsh puddler once lived, but this figure of the girl woman cut in coal. I have it here in a corner of my library. I keep it hid behind a curtain,—it is such a rough ungainly thing. Yet there are about it touches, grand sweeps of outline, that show a master's hand. Sometimes—to-night, for instance—the curtain is accidentally drawn back, and I see a bare arm stretched out imploringly in the darkness, and an eager, wolfish, face watching mine: a wan, woful face, through which the spirit of the dead korl-cutter looks out, with its thwarted life, its mighty hunger, its unfinished work. Its pale vague lips seemed to tremble with a terrible question. "Is this the End?"—they say,—"nothing beyond?—no more?" Why, you tell me you have seen that look in the eyes of dumb brutes,—horses dying under the lash. I know.

The deep of the night is passing while I write. The gas-light wakens from the shadows here and there the objects which lie scattered through the room: only faintly, though; for they belong to the open sunlight. As I glance at them they each recall some task or pleasure of the coming day. A half moulded child's head; Aphrodite; a bough of forest leaves; music; work; homely fragments, in which lie the secrets of all eternal truth, beauty. Prophetic all! Only this dumb, woful face seems to belong to and end within the night. I turn to look at it. Has the power of its desperate need cammanded the darkness away? While the room is yet steeped in heavy shadow, a cool, gray light suddenly touches its head like a blessing hand, and its groping arm points through the broken cloud to the far East, where in the flickering, nebulous crimson, God has set the promise of the Dawn.

[THE END.]

BROTHER GARDNER.

His Bits of Wisdom in the Lime-Kiln Club.

A solemn silence fell upon Paradise Hall just before the meeting opened. All the old members felt that something was wrong somewhere, and the new ones held their breath and wondered if the plaster was to fall off. Brother Gardner looked very serious as he mounted the platform and removed his overcoat and pulse warmers, and his tones were very solemn as he picked up a memoranda from the desk and said:

"De follerin' members will please step dis way: Samuel Shin, Cassowara Johnson, Peaceful Davis an' Judge Holdback.

The parties named limped forward, and after a painful silence Brother Gardner said: "Brudder Shin, you has bin goin' around pledgin' dis club to de Baptist Church. Ize heard of you in fo' or five cases. What hev you to say fur yerself?"

'I—I thought we was mostly Baptists,' replied Samuel.

'Dat makes no diff'unce, sah! You had no 'thority to state that this club would stand by de Baptist Church till de roof fell in. Brud der Shin, you am fined $2,900 and de costs amount to $2,584.21. Take your seat. Brudder Johnson!

"Yes, sah."

"You has been makin' some free trade speeches, an' you has gibben de people to understan' dat dis club would wade in blood fur free trade. By what 'thority did you make such statements?"

"I reckoned we was free trade sah."

"You had no figures to reck' I, shall fine you $3,500, sah, and we shell want the money at de next meetin.' Brudder Davis!"

"Yes sah."

"You has bin sayin' around dat Mexico orter be annexed to this kentry, and dat you had de club behind you."

"Yes sah, but I heard Elder Toots and Judge Cadaver say so.'

"You are fined fo' thousand dollars, sah, and if you repeat de offense your name will be struck off the rolls. Judge Holdback!"

"Yes sah."

"When did dis club eber declare in favor of protecshun?"

"I—I dunno."

"An' yet you has been tellin' aroun' dat we hadn't a free trade man in de club. I shall fine you $3,000. You kin sot down. I will now remark, for de bentfit at large dat dis organization am pledged to to neither religion nor politics, an' de member who seeks to use it to furder his own eands will find himself up a tree befo' de week at' haf out.'—Detroit Free Press.

Not North Carolina Ways.

The Texas editors seem to be in advance of their editorial brethren in some of the older States in the ethics of their profession. They are scrupulously careful to give credit for the smallest paragraph clipped from an exchange, and yet we know some along the Atlantic Seaboard who will slash out a half column editorial and appropriate it as their own, without even so much as the tinge of a blush. Don't ask us who they are.—Wil Star.

The Common People.

The people that Lincoln use to call "the common people"—those making up the masses in the rural districts are thinkin, THINKING, and they are doing it strong. They are relizing that somethi ngis wrong, and they are making earnest inquiry as to the cause—are reading more and investigating as they never did before. This as it should be.—Elizabeth City Carolinian.

News Editor, Daily Civilizer—Here is a four or five column report of a prize fight coming along. What shall I do with it?

Conscientious Editor—Well, it is the duty of a newspaper to print the news no matter what it is. It would be almost dishonest to suppress it. We can't help it if prize fights do happen. It isn't our fault. Put it all in.

But if we print all this there will be no room for the report of the Christian Endeavor society.

Well, leave that out.—Omaha World.

EDITORIAL TALK.

OUR BROTHER QUILL DRIVERS ON PASSING EVENTS.

What they say of Politics, Religion and Other Things that Contract their Attention.

The Charlotte Hornet mentions Capt. Syd B. Alexander as 'the next Governor of North Carolina."

***

The New York Tribune thinks the Blair bill will pass the Senate, but says "there is absolute no interest taken in the matter in the House."

***

If the high tariff doctrine were caried out to its logical conclusions, all commercial intercourse between the different nations of the earth would cease and ships would disappear from the ocean.—Augusta Gazette, Dem.

***

The fight for the Democratic nomination for Governor is narrowing down to a contest between Clark and Stedman while the massive figure of ex-Gov. Jarvis still remains prominently in the back ground.—Asheboro Courier.

***

The quickening of public indignation against the greedy and omnivorous Trusts is fitly reflected in the multiplication of bills before Congress to prevent the formation of such pools, trusts and combines.—N. Y. World, Ind. Democrat.

***

Senator Chandler's present labors in behalf of honest elections and "a fair count" are calculated to excite much interest. His patriotic labors in Florida in relation to the Tilden-Hayes count are still held in lively remembrance.—N. Y. World.

***

Charlotte, having got ready to start her cotton factories and canning factory, the Chronicle advocates a soap factory. We make a suggestion: Get the operatives in the canning factory to patronize the soap factory *before* they peel the tomatoes.—Tobacco Plant.

***

A negro convict in prison stripes driving a team to a wagon and a white guard at $20 per month seated in the wagon to prevent the escape of the prison bird. Fifteen dollars per month would pay the wages of a teamster. Economy is greatly to be commended.—Washington Gazette.

***

Mr. Cleveland's bid is tariff revision, in the interest of the people, free raw material, to make better wages, steadier employment and greater prosperity for American industries. That's a pretty good bid, Mr. Cleveland. It looks as though American people would accept it.—N. Y. Herald, Ind.

***

The new Cotton Factory business for Charlotte is on a safe footing, and it is no mere speculative, buble-boom. The men engaged in the new enterprise have plenty of money, and they know how to manage affairs. Now, let us start some other Factory, not Cotton—"diversify" as the farmers say.—Charlotte Democrat.

***

It is a fact that the removal of wool duties is favored by the leading carpet and blanket manufacturers, the Government statistians, a strong minority of wool-growers both east and west of the Mississippi, practically the whole of the importers, many of the leading dealers of Boston and many of the largest woolen manufacturers.—Battleboro Reformer.

***

Judge Wm. M. Shipp is being spoken of by his friends as a very suitable candidate for one of the places on the Supreme Court Bench, which will have to be filled at the election this fall. Judge Shipp, as all know, is a fine lawyer, and he has one qualification that would commend him to the favorable consideration of the bar, and that is, his disposition to be brief.—Goldsboro Argus.

***

"Trusts," that is but another word for monopoly, is a viper that has been warmed into baneful life upon the hearthstone of the Republic by the protective tariff system of our government, and is now strangling to death the great masses of laborers throughout this broad land, upon whose earnings it has grown to python proportions. Reduce the tariff and save the people.—Goldsboro Argus.

***

We notice that several of our exchanges mention the name of Judge James E. Shepherd, of Washington, N. C., for a seat on the Supreme Court Bench. The Record seconds the motion. We know of no better man in the eastern part of the State, and of no one more entitled to advancement than Judge Shepherd. He has made an honest, conscientious and upright judge of our Superior Court, and the people of the State would honor themselves in honoring him.—Beaufort Record.

***

The blizzard is a terrible source of human suffering. I don't refer to the Oil City Blizzard, but to the plain, everyday blizzard of the Wild and Wooly West. It is responsible this year for the loss of several hundred human lives and is answerable to the charge of mayhem on a large number of counts. The Western boom itself has had its value impaired some extent by the recent storm. There is one thing, however, for which the blizzard will not be held responsible. The loss of sheep this winter will probably be credited next fall to the President's low tariff message.—Hatchett.

***

Unfortunate for our State she has so many great (?) men in her borders that they don't permit each other to stay in Congress longer than four years. This Congressional district for example has sent five different men in the last twelve years to the House and all of them have done little if any good, not for lack of ability but lack of experience. Just so it is in all the other Congressional districts of the State, her oldest Representative not having been four years yet and most of them are serving their first term. Now are you surprised that North Carolina got no chairmanships of note?—Laurinburg Exchange.

***

The Executive session must go and the sooner the Senate reaches this conclusion, as the people already have, the better it will be for that dignified body's reputation. If there ever was an excuse for this rusty relic, it has long since passed away. As an heirloom of the days of stilted formality, it should be relegated to the garret of history where all useless governmental heirlooms belong. In a country like this a strong-box for the safekeeping of public officials from criticism is an insufferable anôma. ally. The opinion of Senators, not less than of Representatives, on everything pertaining to the public weal belong to the people.—Washington Hatchet.

A BLACK EXODUS.

A Million Negroes About to Emigrate to South America.

A dispatch to the New York Star from Topeka, Kansas says:

Three years ago several colored men of means, met to consult as to the best method of relieving their people from the worse than servitude that prevails in the extreme Southern States, especially Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. After carefully studying the plan of government of the various countries open to them, they arrived at the conclusion that South America was the land that would give them shelter and home. They were not called upon for contributions, but these men sent out educated agents, whose reports are now coming in. The Guianas, Brazil and the Argentine Confederation were examined as to climate, lands, laws and privileges.

While these agents were out their principals quietly effected a secret organization, whose head is at Topeka, for the purpose of spreading the news by means of trustworthy agents, throughout the Southern States. The men thus organizing represent nearly $2,000,000, their own money and property. Before the end of 1888 is reached an exodus from the Southern States will have commenced that will carry off more than a million laborers from the cotton, sugar and rice fields, where they are now at work, while the tobacco fields will yield their full quota.

While there will be two colonies or outfitting points established in Honduras and Costa Rica, the main efforts of this new organization will be directed to moving the colored people to South America. There will be settlements established in the Guiana Highlands directly north of the equator, and in the Brazilian Highlands, on the Southern tributaries of the Amazon to which will be directed those people coming from Florida and Southern Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. Farther south immigration depots will be established in the Argentine Confederation for people from Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina and northern Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana and Texas.

Important concessions will be made by the Brazilian and Argentine Governments in the way of lands and immunity from taxation, and aid in transportation, which will place this new haven within the reach of all who can secure money enough to carry through the first season. Their rights and privileges are guaranteed, and, owing to the mixed blood already existing in some of those countries, their color will not debar them from political and social preferment.

Cheap Living.

Ex-Secretary Holcomb, of the American Legation at Pekin, says that out of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese Empire, fully 300,000,000, spend less than $1.50 a month for food.

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.

It is proposed to establish porcelain works near Asheville.

The Baptists are building a new $6,000 church at Durham.

Oxford is evidently on a boom. She proposes to have electric lights.

Belva Lockwood, the woman lawyer, lectures at Raleigh on the 17th inst.

The next General Assembly of Knights of Labor will be held in Goldsboro.

The Salisbury Methodists have increased the salary of their pastor Rev. C. W. Byrd, to $1,000 a year.

Onslow county has voted $6,000 to the Onslow and East Carolina Railroad. That county sadly needs a railroad outlet.

The residence of G. S. Bradshaw Esq., Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph county, has been burned, we regret to see.

Charlotte has a canning establishment. It will employ only about twelve hands at first. This is a step in the right direction.

The Kinston Free Press gives the following cheerful evidence of the good sense the farmers of that section are exhibiting:

The Goldsboro Argus says the truck farmers of that section have been pretty busy. Truck farming is a profitable business.

Judge Lowry says that Indiana is solid for Cleveland. He thinks the Democrats, if they are watchful can carry that state.

Mr. Marcellus Moore one of the oldest business of Greenville, died last Thursday. Mr. Moore has been in bad health a long time.

A negro woman died in Greensboro, a few days ago, we see from the Patriot, who weighed 700 lbs. Her coffin is described as looking like a piano box.

The News-Observer says it is reported that the the net earnings of the Blackwell Durham Tobacco Co. of Durham, for the year 1887 were more than $278,000.

The Washington Gazette has discarded its double sheet patent business and returned to an all home print newspaper. We call this a decided improvement.

The store of Mr. W. A. Deans, near Goldsboro, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night last. Loss $6,000; insurance $3,500. The fire was probably accidental.

The Goldsboro Argus says the Furniture Factory and Broom Factory are both doing well. These are enterprises that have recently been established in that town.

The Tennesee papers speak in very flattering terms of Dr. Dabney and his work. Dr. Dabney long served North Carolina at the head of the Experiment Station.

M. H. Tuttle, sheriff of Caldwell county, has tendered his resignation for the purpose of entering the ministry. He will take a course at Randolph Macon College first.

Gray Pool, a deaf and dumb negro, was probably fatally burned in Raleigh last week. He fell into the fire, while having a fit, and was badly burned, being alone in the room.

The Asheville citizen says that over seventy thousand dollars worth of city property changed hands—was sold to new comers—in ten days. The growth of that town has been phenominal.

Immigration agent Patrick has been notified by a New Hampshire man, that he will come to this State at an early day and put up a clothes pin factory with a capacity of 300 gross per day. The location of the factory has not been selected.

Wake Forest now has 213 students. Steadily and surely is that institution of learning growing in popular favor. The Baptists of the State work for their college as do the people of no other denomination and their work tells in results.

Mingo David, an old colored man, was found dead on Wednesday of last week in a pond of water in Joshua's creek Jones county. He was not of sound mind and left his house during the night, and is supposed to have accidentally drowned.

The Winston Republican says very few persons have an idea of the number of prisoners that are confined in Forsyth jail from one year's end to another. Jailor Bradford in summing up his first year's record as keeper of the jail, finds that 450 prisoners have been confined within its cells during the past twelve months.

The New Bern people are making big preparations for their Fish, Oyster and Game Fair which will be held next month. The Journal says the following officers were elected: President, George Allen (one of the most public spirited men in the state.—Ed.) Secretaries H. S. Nunn, D. S. Willis.

A stock company has been organized in Gaston county for the purpose of establishing an extensive knitting factory, to manufacture all kinds of knit goods, cotton and wool. Work will commence on the building in the next thirty days, and when started it is expected that about four hundred hands will be employed.

The Weldon News tells of the death of a negro boy in that county, who drank a quart of whiskey and died from the effects of it. Whiskey is sometimes a very slow killing out its victims, but it usually 'catches 'em' if they stick to it. It does not treat all that way however as is illustrated by this example.

A white man at Asheville was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and go to jail for three months for slandering a sixteen year old girl near that place. There is no more despicable character than the deliberate, malicious slanderer of pure woman. The severest punishment of the law is not too harsh for such a consciencless devil.

We see it stated in an exchange that the abstract received from all the counties in the State show an increase in the tax valuation of the property of $7,342,000 over 1886. The amount of taxes collected in 1887 is, however, $86,500 short of the amount collected. This was caused by the rate being reduced from twenty five to twenty cts. on the $100 worth of property.

We gaze upon the prosperity of North Carolina with no small degree of pleasure. During the year 1887 there were established in this State 12 carriage and wagon works, 27 cigar and tobacco factories, 26 cotton and woolen mills, 21 flour and grist mills, 13 ice factories, 53 mines and quarries, 13 railroads, 9 street railroads, and 67 wood working establishments.

At Palmer's Springs, Va., thirteen miles north of Warrenton, N. C., while Jacob Chavis, colored, driver for J. W. Hendricks, was engaged in hauling coal, the mules became frightened and ran, throwing the wagon body from its bed and catching Chavis under it, breaking his neck and fracturing his skull, resulting in instant death. Chavis was 19 years old.

The News-Observer says the completion of the Hatch Law by Congress gives to the State experiment station, located in this city, an annual revenue of $15,000 from the United States Government, commencing October, 1888. This will be a great relief to the Department of Agriculture, of which the station is a sub department, and which has hitherto been maintained from the funds arising to the State by the sale of fertilizer license.

The Oxford Torchlight says: A corps of surveyers were into A town a few days since running lines to locate Oxford on the proposed railroad from Henderson to Danville. This line, as we have been informed, will be built by the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company and will run via Roxboro and probably take in Oxford. The company has not fully decided to come by here but are making this survey to ascertain if such a route be practicable.

From present indications but few commercial fertilizers will be sold in this section this fall. Some of the business men who used to deal in them have bought none this season and those who are still handling them are buying in a near as large quantities. This is a good sign. If our farmers would buy less commercial fertilizers and utilize the material they have on their farms they would be much better off, and we believe they are beginning to do so.

We have received a copy of Dr. Grissom's Report for the year ending November 30, 1886. The Dr. states that since the Asylum was opened in Febuary, 1845, the total number of admissions amounts to 1,892. Of these 1,043 were males and 849 females. The total number of discharges for the same time is 1,600, of which 897 were males and 703 females. Of those discharged 503 were considered cured, 260 much improved, 335 improved and 501 died.

The Lenoir Topic, which is, by the way, one of the newsiest papers in the State, says: Mr. John Rees of Gastonia, who has fallen heir to to that bit Teaan estate, was in town last week. He feels very sanguine of being able to prove that he is next of kin to the late Tom Bean, who left over a million dollars worth of land and other property in Texas. His prospective possessions embrace the greater part of counties, and the rents of the farming lands alone yield $25,000 annually.

The following we clip from the Fayetteville Observer: Miss Collier the efficient tele aph operator, was badly frightened last week while sitting at her desk. Just as the electric light was turned on the current of electricity was communicated to the Wilson instrument by the wires coming in contact, and the instrument was in a few minutes melted and rendered useless. Miss Collier was afraid to touch the cut off, and no one else would so the instrument was left to burn. The wires of since been regulated.

The Washington Gazette tells of a diabolical son. It says: The 17 year old son of John Page had been suffering with the itch. The father had ordered the son not to visit among the neighbors until he was well, but the stubborn fellow disobeyed, whereupon the father rebuked him sharply. The rebuke was met with an impudent sally from the son, and the father very justly struck the disobedient youth. This infuriated the young fiend and he instantly sprang at his father and cut a severe gash in his throat, threw him down and would have killed him probably had not the mother and sister interfered. Mr. Page was improving at last accounts.

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of a large illustrated treatise by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps. It teaches successful self treatment.