CAMPAIGN.

THE ADVANCE FROM NOW UNTIL JAN. 1st FOR ONE DOLLAR.

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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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CAMPAIGN.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER

HE IS STILL IN ARKANSAS.

He Talks of the People in This State. Their Habits, Manners. Many There Are Who Have Come From Other States.

I am here personally this wonderful town. I see that Main street has it down for sixteen thousand inhabitants and Fourth street ought to know. It certainly is spreading east, and most of it looks as new and bright as if it was just built by Aladdin's lamp. It is the coming town of western Arkansas and has a manufacturing city before it. It will be a great wholesale depository, and have no rivals nearer than Little Rock and Memphis and Kansas City. The Indian territory, in a few years, be opened up to the white man, for that is manifest destiny, too, and the intelligent, educated Indian and half breeds desire it. They say there is no good reason why these peaceable, nationalized tribes should any longer be secluded or excluded. They want assimilation. They are rich in lands but poor in social enjoyment. I met Colonel Crossett, a prominent lawyer, a fine fellow, a gentleman of the first water, and he favors the perfect equality and assimilation of the races. He told me that his mother died in Vann's valley, and was buried on a hill near Cave Spring, and the hickory tree has grown out of her grave. His father was murdered by the tribe at the same time will Ridge, because they signed the treaty that gave up lands to the State of Georgia. Colonel Gondurot moves in the highest circles here, and is always welcome because of his good heart and genial, fascinating manners. I was impressed with him. Another reason why these intelligent Indians favor the opening of their country to settlers, is because of a desperate horde of outlaws that take refuge there and defy arrest. United States officers are hunting them down all the time and taking them to prison at Fort Smith. There are now hundred and twenty-six now confined and awaiting trial. Uncle Sam's court is all the year round, and cannot clear the docket or even gain.

These prisoners are white or black—no Indians. They have courts of their own for their own criminals. Most of these criminals are murderers, and a dozen boys of the worst kind. Three were hung yesterday and three more will be hung next Friday, and so on and so forth. The most of them are negroes.

But a more orderly city than Fort Smith I have never seen. They have only twelve policemen, and I never saw a drunken man or any impudent behavior. About half the population drop down from Kansas or Missouri, and the other half come from the sunny coast of the Mississippi. I met Carolinians and Georgians and Alabamians, but Mississippi is better represented than any Southern State. Most of the boys are prospering and contented. I call them boys because I am about twice as old as the majority of those emigrants from the South and have ten times as many children. Somebody must keep up the equilibrium.

Investments are rapid here. Money pours in every day and changes hands quickly, but I do not regard prices as exorbitant nor wild. Joe Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle here this week and quietly put twelve thousand dollars in and left. He called on Mr. Reed, a very prominent dealer in real estate, and introduced himself as Mr. Jefferson and had a general talk about property, and looked over maps and charts and said he would call next day and ride round and inspect the property. Mr. Reed was civil, as he always is, and when Mr. Jefferson rose to go Mr. Reed said, "well, while you are in the city, you might come to night to hear Joe Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle if you never heard him." The great actor smiled and said: "I have heard him until I am tired. I thought you knew me. I am Joe Jefferson." Mr. Reed says he never was so completely set back and embarrassed in his life. He says he had not taken off his hat during the interview, but he took it off so quick he dropped it, and Mr. Jefferson smiled again and bowed himself out.

When Barton, this great comedian and comic actor, was playing in New York to crowded houses, many years ago, a gentleman went to the celebrated Dr. Mott for advice, and told him he was afflicted with melancholy, and tired of life, and asked the doctor if he could not minister to a mind diseased. The doctor examined him thoroughly, and finding no organic trouble, advised him to seek cheerful company, and especially to go every night for a week and hear Barton play. "Doctor," said the man pitifully, "I thought you knew me; I am Barton."

A friend who heard Jefferson the other night, told me that two old men sat near him and the tears filled their eyes and ran over and trickled down on their noses, and as one of them wiped them away he said in a tremulous voice, "These here electric lights makes my eyes run water every time I get under 'em."

I found old Romans here, and boys from Cartersville and Griffin, and Marietta and Dalton, whom I used to know, or knew their fathers well, and they gathered around me with welcome smiles, and made me feel at home. Dr. Seals is one of the best known citizens, and delights to meet the Georgians who are hunting for a home and business, and gives them aid and comfort. He is a brother to the "Sunny South." His beautiful daughter came to the hotel after me to take me to the armory ball that was given in honor of the State medical association that was in session and she reminded me that it was leap year and she had chosen me in preference to all the other boys. Well you see I was embarrassed. To refuse a charming girl my company looked rude and uncivilized, but I had no regulation dress—no dickiette, except on top of my head, and then I thought of the proprieties of life and the sober dignity of three score years and I thought of Mrs. Arp and the newspapers that tell everything, and I thought of Sam Jone's sermon on dancing cattle and I was tired and sleepy besides, and I never did dance nohow, and I wasn't a doctor, and so I declined with as good grace as possible, and she reluctantly went after another fellow. I was not calm and serene nohow for a big fat Dutchman had trod on my shoe toe in the cars and mashed the blood out of it, and while I was at supper at the "Hotel Main," some impecunious sneak took my hat and left his old rusty thing in its place, and I had to go out and buy me another. There was my friend King, of Griffin, who is in the real estate business and doing well; and there was Blount, of Macon, and Bill Johnston, who was a poor boy from Rome, a cousin of Rounsaville, and about as poor, and now he and Rounsaville are rich—big rich—and are types of the modern self-made Southerner. They have prospered without the help of anybody. They are diligent in business and self-reliant. They are rich and will be richer, and have but one great peril to encounter. If they don't spoil their children it will be a miracle. In nine cases out of ten a father who was raised hard and poor and gets rich spoils his children, and they descend the very ladder the father climbed. I assert this on general principles, for it is the natural law of action and reaction. It is the swing of the pendulum. The father recalls his youthful struggles and says, "my children shall not toil and suffer and struggle as I did." Besides, this he has the pardonable pride of success and his children must rank with the best whether it be in school or church or society. I met Gabe Wright in Fort Smith. What old Roman does not remember Gabe. How he toiled and struggled. What a good fellow he was. Well, Gabe is rich and he has earned it all for it was earned with honest sweat with the trowel in his honest hand. He asked eagerly about his friends, beginning with Henry Grady and going through to old Joe Norriss. Gabe has a thousand acres of land on the river—and that is land—the creme de la creme—every acre of which will bring a six hundred pound bale of cotton or sixty bushels of corn. One of his neighbors told me that there was no better land in the world and no better man to own it. His daughters are happily married and live near to him. Hurrah for Gabie. Nobody envies his prosperity, for he is still the same humble unpretending friend and envies nobody.

I met a woman from Floyd county, and she said she had heard I was close about and wanted to see me and ask about the folks on Spring Creek. "I never know'd you in Georgy," she said, "but I know'd your brother 'Ruff' mighty well. 'Ruff' Arp didn't live afar off from us." Well, it took me a good while to explain to her the difference between the Arps and the Smiths, and at last I left her in doubt about the whole business. I am afraid she believes that I am a fraud, and sailing under false colors. I found Abner Woodruff and a whole lot of his Georgia kindred at Ozark. He, too, has got rich. He has 2,000 acres of land and two sets of children and wants more of both. At Conway I stumbled on Colonel Bruce, of Dalton, another man who has made a fortune in Arkansas. His daughter Lula, is a graduate of Shorter college and it is whispered that a Rome boy is coming after her soon and will carry her back to go to school to him. She had a beautiful album on the parlor table and as I glanced over its pages I was greeted with some loved and familiar faces, among them my own dear sister and her children. Of course I felt at home at Colonel Bruce's.

These are all beautiful and flourishing towns between Little Rock and Fort Smith. Morriston is as clean and stylish as Marietta and is only eight years old. In that vicinity is a German colony of about 200 families and they are workers. All work, men and women and children. One of their leading men lives in a fine brick house surrounded with fruits and flowers and has two daughters hired in town as cooks. The good lady I stayed with has one of them and is pleased. She says the problem is solved with her, and she has no further use for the negroes.

All this region, from Little Rock to Fort Smith, 165 miles, is a white man's country. They are about seven to one of the negroes. A good portion is very much like middle Georgia in its rolling, undulating surface—like Georgia was in her virgin youth and beauty. It is a great country for fruit. I saw the exhibit in the chamber of commerce that has taken the first premiums at all the great shows of fruit from Boston to San Francisco. Some of the apples measure twenty-one inches in circumference, and I found the same old seedling peaches that we boys used to climb on the smokehouse to get. They are as large as a good-sized orange and have a big nipple on the end. It has been so long a time since I saw them that I thought maybe their size and beauty was but the sweet, swelling fancy of my childhood. But no; they are here just the same. By and by they, too, will be dwarfed, I reckon, and get ripe on one side and be green on the other.

BILL ARP.

APPEALED FROM THE CHAIR.

How Parliamentary Insubordination Was Quelled in the Lime Kiln Club

For some weeks past Elder Shinbone Whitbeck has exhibited signs of insubordination. This is said to be owing to the fact that he drew $15 in a lottery and wants to establish a club of his own—a society with less formality and more lemonade. It was evident from his actions when the meeting opened that he had an axe to grind, and the triangle had scarcely sent forth its stricken voice when he was on his feet and addressing the president.

'Braddeus Whittleck, you air out of order,' replied the chair.

'Does de chair decide dat I air out of order?'

'It does, sah.'

'Den I appeals from the decishun of de chair.'

'Your bed air out of order, sah!'

'I also appeals from that decishun, an' I axes for a vote of the lodge.'

It was plain to all the members that Shinbone was out of order, and that he was seeking to force some issue. Brother Gardner looked at him in a dazed sort of way for a minute, and then asked:

'Does Braddeus Whitbeck know dat he is liable to a fine of from six to leben thousand dollars?'

'No, sah! I demand a vote on my appeal!'

'Does you intend to bulldoze dis chair?'

'I intend to hev my rights under the constitushun an' bylaws of dis club. I hev appealed from your decishun.'

'Does any passon second dat appeal?' asked the President as he looked up and down the aisles.

No one did.

The old man slowly removed his spectacles from his nose, took the rhinestone pin from his bosom and calmly descended the platform and approached the elder. The latter started to pull a brickbat, wrapped in alligator skin, from his hind pocket, but before he could get it out something serious happened. From the reporter's desk it seemed as if his heels hit the ceiling and his head the floor in rotation. One of his shoes sailed into the southwest corner and struck State Rights Green in the stomach, and the other flew in the east and upset Col. Pan Handle Jackson. Buttons, buckles, broken suspenders, boot straps and receipts for making root beer filled the air and were drawn towards the open windows and the humpety-bumps on the floor so alarmed the grocer down stairs that he ran out and sought to turn in a fire alarm. By and by a deep hush fell upon Paradise hall. Brother Gardner returned to his chair, Giveadam Jones put his coat under the head of the pulverized man and the floating fragments slowly drifted out into the solemn night.

'All guv'ments should rule by laws,' said the president, as he toyed with his spectacles, 'but when subjects defy the law an' de guv'ment too, de guv'ment should be ekal to de occasshun. Does any one else in dis hall want to 'peal from de decishun of dis chair under de head of communications?'

Not a hoot moved.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Disappointment.

"Miss Lucy," exclaimed the young man eagerly as the lovely girl made room for him to sit down by her side, "may I ask you a question?"

"I—I think you may, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady timidly, but with her heart throbbing wildly.

And the infatuated young man asked her the question about the hen and a half and the egg and a half.

WON BY A COW.

She Eat Some Hay Just in Time to Win $500,000 For a Poor Farmer.

In September, 1871, Griffith Jones, a farmer of Forestport, Oneida Co., N. Y., purchased at tax sale a tract of 360 acres of land in the town of Alleghany, Cattaraugus county. The tract was wild and barren, in an isolated region, and its owner, James Hill, had ceased paying taxes on it and had removed from it. Jones, who was a man of limited means, paid $150 for the property, but after visiting it he concluded that it was not worth putting any more money in, and he paid no more attention to the purchase beyond securing his tax deed on the 23d of September, 1873, two years after the date of purchase, which gave him legal title to the land. In 1879 petroleum was discovered in Alleghany. Hill assumed control again of the tract he had abandoned, and transferred it to the Bradford Oil Company. The company drilled wells on the tract, and it proved to be a valuable and large producer of oil. Jones was ignorant of the sudden great value the tract he held the deed for had been given by the oil discovery until 1880, it had yielded more than $300,000 worth of oil, and was still a great producer. Jones brought suit against the oil company in the Cattaraugus County Court to regain possession of the tract and for an accounting for the oil that had been taken from it and sold for the profit of the company. The company disputed Jones' title to the property in the clause in the tax sale law of New York State which makes a tax deed invalid if the purchaser does not serve on the occupant of premises bought at tax sale notice to redeem the land within two years. The oil company asserted that Hill was occupant of the premises when the deed was passed to Jones, and received the redemption notice within the required time, and the occupancy was claimed as the legal point of law that although Hill was not living on the tract, he had left a quantity of hay in a shanty on the place when he moved off of it, which gave him legal domicile.

This was the entire defense to the suit, and the Cattaraugus court decided that if the simple fact of there being hay on the place as claimed, could be established it would be ample proof of occupancy in law, and would destroy Jones' title to the property. The trial resulted in favor of the oil company in 1882. A new trial was granted, and Jones proved by six witnesses that on the 23d of September, 1873, one day before he came entitled to the property under the tax deed, Hill's cow had entered the shanty and eaten all the hay that Hill left there, thus depriving Hill of legal domicile, and leaving no one in occupancy of the premises on which redemption notice could be served. By that act of Hill's cow Jones' title to the property was established, and Jones obtained a verdict for an accounting for the oil, which amounted to nearly half a million dollars.

The oil company obtained an order for a new trial, but Jones was again successful, and his judgment was affirmed by the General Term, and a decision has just been given by the Court of Appeals sustaining all the points in the case in favor of Jones.

A Sweet Voice.

"There is no power of love so great as a gentle and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is dear and dumb, it may be rough in flesh and blood yet to the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often see boys and girls say words at times with a quick, sharp voice, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and strips off will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp tone voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls; "Use your best voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—Jewish Messenger.

In politics, this year will be memorable. The issue in national politics will be tariff reform, tax reduction, honest and economical government, and the vindication of Mr. Cleveland and his business, straightforward policy on the one hand; and protection and the continuation of high war taxes, a return to misrule, jobbery, and a renewal of the South-hating policy of Northern Republicans on the other. Democrats and lovers of good government will choose the former and turn their faces against the spoils system.—Alamance Gleaner.

The Greenville Reflector says: "Two negroes were arrested and brought to Greenville Tuesday night of last week, charged with breaking into the store of Dr. R. J. Grimes, at Bethel. They were committed to jail."

SENATOR VANCE.

ANOTHER ARTICLE ON THE NEEDS OF THE NATION.

The Combinations That are Made Under Cover of law to rob the Poor and Enrich the Wealthy.

A few reflections on the tendency of the times will not be out of place in connection with these observations on tariff taxation. No matter what thoughtful turn can with one the daily course of legislation, both State and Federal, without the recurrence of these reflections, and they will be of a rather melancholy nature if he sees things as they appear to me. The haste to get rich pervades every movement of society, and in so far as this desire involves a fair and square contest of individual genius and energy it is not only legitimate, but highly commendable. Out of such things grow wealth and prosperity and all of which civilization is capable. But when these riches are sought to be obtained by wresting the laws to the service of one man or combination of men, by means of which another man or set of men is placed in the power of the first, who plunder them at pleasure, this same laudable desire becomes, by its methods and results, against society. It deprives one portion of the people of the equal protection of the laws; renders it less possible for them to maintain the struggle for their fair share of the public prosperity, and converts a government of freedom and equality into a despicable tyranny. No man can deny that such an interference, whereby the law takes sides between its citizens in what should be an equal contest, is inevitably followed by such results.

The manufactures of our country furnish an indisputable illustration of this getting rich by legislation. I have already dwelt sufficiently on the methods by which they have heretofore thriven under tariff duties, with all of its inseparable evils and injustice to others, and have also endeavored to show how absurd and sophistical were their arguments, even when the pretext and cover for these duties was revenue for the government. Flimsy and unsubstantial as that veil was, it is now gone. The revenue is now many, many millions in excess of the expenditure. Every possible expedient has been resorted to for keeping that excess down; extravagant appropriations, refunding of direct taxes, pensions without limit, the payment of the due debt bearing three per cent. interest, with money which was worth six per cent. to the people from whom it was collected, and even reaching forward and paying the debt not yet due with a premium of 25 per cent. thereon, and still the excess over the needs of the government is gaining. Yet the manufacturers and their advocates in Congress refuse to reduce tariff duties. Having obtained an advantage over some forty or fifty millions of their countrymen by the pretext of public revenue, they propose to continue it after the pretext has long since disappeared. They say, "spread it, divide among the States, take it off those foreign products which do not compete with anything made by us, remove the direct taxes, do anything rather than take from us this advantage over our fellow citizens, and compel us to fight an equal fight, and scratch as other people scratch! What does a little too much in the treasury matter? Our revenue is not too large. We can spend it all. If you reduce the duties to only what the government needs what will become of us, who for a hundred years have been supported by taxation?"

Another method of getting rich by the aid of law is the creation of monopolies. Monopolies are created either by law or by combinations which are made possible by the law. They also exist sometimes by force of circumstances. These monopolies generally assume the shape of corporations chartered by legislation, State or Federal. It is true that there is no set limit to these charters. In theory, if one railroad company is incorporated, another may be between the same points. So of banks and all other business associations. In good policy they should always be multiplied, for the greater the number the less the monopoly; but in fact many corporations become sufficiently powerful to prevent the establishment of their rivals. Even where the Legislature is true to its duty and charters enough companies to give the people the benefit of competition, they combine among themselves and become to all intents and purposes a monopoly. In this form they are more dangerous than when acting singly, for their power to influence legislation is so much greater. Not only so, but being united in interest and under such simple executive management, they can easily destroy all competition by the weight of their combined capital alone, without regard to legislation. All they ask of the law is to be made a body-politic, by which a number of persons can act with the efficiency and convenience of a single man, and that the law should then stand off. The monopoly follows as a matter of course, and individuals, communities, States, and entire regions of country are plundered with absolute impunity. In this way the most powerful and beneficial agent of modern progress is converted into an engine of oppression, without conscience and without responsibility. For it must be admitted that no conception of modern times has done so much to promote human advancement in all that pertains to the accumulation of wealth as this association of individual effort which charters of incorporation afford.—But the greater the benefits of the system, the greater the need to see that they are not permitted to convert these benefits into positive evils—the more urgent the duty of legislators to keep them the servants, and not the masters, of the people. Among the few and highly intelligent, these combinations are easily effected and this is seen daily. Not only do the corporations created for the same purpose conspire to influence legislation or to control trade in the absence of legislation, but as a general rule, all other corporations whatsoever do the same. The banks, the railroads, steamship companies, the manufacturers and trust companies all make common cause, and that cause is to shape legislation and public policy in their interest. This gives to their peculiar interest such an apparent approval of public opinion that it is often mistaken for public interest, and legislators not seldom believe that in following their suggestions they are serving the public, when, in fact, they are simply serving the corporations.

Here is room for reform—quite as badly needed as in tariff taxation. The one is an outrage by commission and the other by the omission of the law. The one plunders by the direct command of the law; the other plunders because the law does not step in and forbid. Some idea can be obtained of the amount of unjust taxation collected from the people by protective tariffs, because the statistics pertaining to that part which goes into the public treasury enables us to form an approximate estimate of the vast remainder. But who can give a reasonable estimate of the untold—because unknown—amount of iniquitous taxation levied upon the American people and collected by distress by the great transportation companies, rings and trusts of this country? They keep no books open to the public, they furnish no statistics, they are responsible to nobody, they are amenable to official visitation.—Yet they collect more taxes, and by methods more discriminating and unjust, year by year, than is collected for all State and Federal purposes in these United States.—To all complaints by the public they reply by simply inviting the public to help itself. Things are perpetrated daily which if done by officials who were responsible in any way to the people or dependent on them, would hurl the perpetrators from their places with a velocity which would scarcely be expended until it reached a convenient tree with outspreading branches.

The first great illustration of a monopoly which exists by the omission of the law to interfere, which naturally suggests itself as a villainy of unrivaled proportions in all this earth, is the Standard Oil Company. Its history is well known to the public, though the quantity and profundity of its iniquities, like the diversified mysticisms of the Talmud can only be fathomed by the life long study of great and patient scholars. No man who is not willing to forsake both father and mother, family and for one generation at least follow only the record of its transactions, need hope to see more than the nebulous outlines of the oppressions and corruptions which the laws of a free civilized republic have permitted it to commit untroubled. Their monopoly of the oil trade over sixty millions of people and four millions square miles of territory is as complete as could be made by the ukase of autocratic czar. A man who attempts to sell oil obtained through any other source or at any other price than the one fixed by themselves receives at once an inquisitorial visit from the Standard Oil Company, whose apparitor notifies him to quit. If he be wise, he obeys and lives; if he refuses to obey, relying upon the laws of his country to sustain him in his rights as a man and a citizen, he is doomed. Profiting by this pernicious example, the brood of vipers has multiplied and will multiply. The Cotton Seed Oil Trust is another instance. When it was found that this glorious Southern plant, which not only clothed the greater part of the world, but furnished rich food for animals and fertilization for the fields, contained also a rich and palatable oil, mills for its extraction were established all over the South at once. Then the trust was organized to monopolize the business. A large combination of capital enabled it to buy all the mills that were willingly offered for sale and to force the sale of the rest.—A story is told of a mill owner in Alabama which is instructive. He refused to sell. The vehmgericht warned him. He shipped ten thousand gallons of oil from Mobile to Trieste; the vessel which bore it touched at New York for more cargo. The trust shipped by the same vessel ten thousand gallons of oil to the same place and the same consignees, with orders to sell below the stubborn Alabamian's price so far as to leave him no profit. A dead loss to him was the result, and he was notified that it should be the same thing every time. Not being able to keep up the fight against so great a combination, he surrendered and sold to it his mill. Can anything more outrageous be conceived short of highway robbery?

Then comes the Sugar Trust, formed for depressing the price of raw sugar and increasing that of the refined article. Every refinery in the United States but two, the newspapers tell us, has been subdued in the same way and forced to join the combination under penalty of bankruptcy and ruin. Whiskey Trust pursues much the same policy. One by one these combinations, conspiracies against the public welfare and the freedom of trade are being formed in respect to the production and sale of all the leading necessaries of life. Step by step the evil genius of monopoly is nullifying that freedom of trade among our own people which the policy of our fathers established by the constitution, and which all men, of whatever financial opinions, admit to be the chief source of our prosperity. Strange to say, whilst this tendency on the part of capital to create monopolies and suppress competition by combination is on the increase, the tendency of our legislation and administration of the laws is to favor it. Their influence in the enactment and the execution of our laws seems supreme. Those who favor their enterprises are described as practical statesmen, devoted to the business interests of the country, whilst those who oppose their schemes as dangerous are called cranks and demagogues.

Surely this state of things requires correction. There is a conservative element in our business society as in our political, and this element should be invoked. There are those who will give as well as take, live and let live, who, looking beyond the present things of selfishness, have respect unto the recompense of reward; who wish to see our country as free and its laws as just in fact as they are in theory. There are citizens who desire to encourage to the utmost all the forms and combinations of capital by which its great and beneficient powers can be made to serve our race, and who yet believe it both wise and patriotic to restrain it from that extreme use which crushes the weak, plunders the public and nullifies the law.

Z. B. VANCE.

A Card.

It has been, and is, the desire and purpose of the undersigned to maintain a modest and decorous attitude in the matter of the nomination for State Auditor by the Democratic State convention which meets on the 30th of May, preferring that his friends should present and urge his claims rather than seem in a public manner to do himself. The publication of this card, he hopes, will not be regarded as in contravention of such a desire and purpose, in view of the following explanations respectfully submitted. For the past two months inquiries have come in from all sections of the State as to whether the writer desired the nomination for Auditor, and these inquiries have invariably been accompanied with the assurances: "We are for you against the field if you want the nomination. Please let us hear from you." During these same two months I have been kept closely confined, and my attention entirely absorbed by the severe and, finally, fatal illness of a member of my family. It has been and is, therefore, utterly impossible for me to write to my friends singly and make known to them my desires and wishes in the premises. Hence the necessity for this card, which, as I am an Editor (Agricultural) and so, in some sort and measure, entitled to the courtesy which obtains among the editorial fraternity, I ask the publication of at the hands of the Democratic press throughout the State.

Twelve years ago I was laid aside by overwork from the active duties of the ministry, with a permanent embargo against engaging again in theological study or ministerial work, except in an incidental way, but with the full assurance by eminent advisers that I could very well engage in, and was fully competent for, any other sort of work. This withdrawal from the active ministry was, and is, fully understood by my brethren, who make it no cause for censure but rather take pleasure in honoring me whenever opportunity presents, as I am sure I shall ever glad to serve them in any and every way I can. This explanation is made for those who are disposed to adopt the sentiment of the old proverb that "the shoemaker should stick to his last," and who look with no favor, as I do not, upon a voluntarily secularized ministry. The explanation is made, too, because, the situation not being understood, this particular objection was used effectively last year to defeat me for an office which I much desired and which would have been peculiarly congenial to my tastes and training. After an enforced withdrawal from the active ministry in the manner stated I chose to be a farmer and that has been, and is, my only and exclusive occupation to date. My name will be presented, with my full consent, as a candidate for State Auditor at the Democratic State Convention which meets this month. I feel that I am fully competent for the office and that it will be generally so conceded. If I were not perfectly assured as to my competency I would neither seek nor want the position. To the old soldiers of the State with whom I sustained a fellowship of service and suffering throughout the four years of the war—from the beginning to the last day at Appomattox—and who, having manifested their appreciation of one soldier by giving him an eight-year term in office, now seem disposed to give another old soldier a chance; to the farmers and industrial classes of the State, for the promotion of whose interests I have wrought long and faithfully both with tongue and pen; to that largest voting element in the Democratic party, which, while having in its ranks an abundance of the best talent for the filling of any office in the gift of the people, has been allowed but one representative on the Democratic State ticket throughout the whole of the 23 years that have elasped since the war—to that element, as well as to people of other faiths who believe in fair play and do not construe the demand for "the separation of church and state" to mean simply and exclusively the separation of one particular church from participation in the honors and emoluments of the State; to the leaders and to the rank and file of the Democratic party of North Carolina—I present my most respectful solicitation for nomination and election to the high and honorable office to which I aspire.—If elected I pledge every faculty I possess to the faithful and efficient discharge of its duties.

Very truly, &c.,

G. W. SANDERLIN.

Benton, N. C., May 1st, 1888.

State papers please copy.

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

A Sensible Article by a North Carolina Woman.

At the recent "Woman's International Council," held in Washington City, Miss Mamie L. Hatchett of this State was present. She has given quite a lengthy account of what she saw and heard; and among valuable observations and remarks she has the following to say upon a topic of universal interest and importance in the South:

"There was only one feature of the convention to which I could really object, and that was the repeated reference to slavery and the negro race. While I do not believe the principle was right, and would not for worlds restore an institution which I am thankful to be I have never known, still as a Southerner, with a deep-rooted affection for my native land, it always makes my hot blood ferment to hear her people misrepresented, or the suspicion of a slur cast upon her fair and honored name. Since it was through the North that this savage race was first inflicted upon us, and since the people who lived at the time of the outbreak were in no way responsible for an institution legalized by their fathers, I consider it excessively bad taste for the same North, at this late day, to be continually throwing it in our teeth. It is ungenerous, it is unkind. The anti-slavery agitators have done their work—they have freed the negro and given him all the rights of citizenship, thereby creating a social and political problem which time alone can solve. Having not only made us as poor as they could, but set to rule with us, if not over us, an ignorant, depraved people whom we can never regard in any light but that of servants and inferiors, it does seem to us that they should be satisfied and let the matter rest. And I would warn these good sisters in all kindness and charity, that if they wish the women of the South to join them, if they desire their sympathy and co-operation, they must be content to let by-gones be by-gones and drop the negro question once and forever. Southern people never can, and never will, tolerate anything approximating social equality; they must choose between us; take one or the other, and let the other go."

A Warning.

The modes of death's approach are various, and statistics show conclusively that more persons die from diseases of the Throat and Lungs than any other. It is probable that everyone, without exception, receives vast numbers of Tubercle Germs into the system and where these germs fall upon suitable soil they start into life and develop, at first slowly, and is shown by a slight tickling sensation in the throat and if allowed to continue their ravages they extend to the lungs producing Consumption, and to the head, causing Catarrh. Now all this is dangerous and if allowed to proceed will in time cause death. At the onset you must act with promptness; allowing a cold to go without attention is dangerous and may lose you your life. As soon as you feel that something is wrong with your Throat, Lungs or Nostrils, obtain a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. It will give immediate relief.

"Did your husband get hurt in the riot, madam?"

"No, Sorr, in the stomach, Sorr."

Do not throw away your hard earned cash for every new cough Syrup, when that stanard remedy for cough, Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup is 25 cents.

A New York lawyer has written an article on "The Ethics of Insolvency." The whole business consists in dodging duns on the first of the month

"Hurrah!" said a little girl "I'm not to be kept in because of that horrid neuralgia. My mamma has bought a bottle of Salvation Oil."

The Uses of Paper.

If cotton is king, as one of the papers used to be fond of saying, surely paper is queen, for its reign is spreading over all the earth, and when some of the new inventions are perfected we shall find it taking the place of nearly every other material. Piano keys and knife handles are among the improbable uses of this apparently inappropriate substance; and it is said that a man is about to patent paper plates for false teeth.

The effect and quality of a scolding tongue were known ages ago. "Better to dwell in a corner of the house-top," said Solomon, "than with a brawling woman in a wide house;" and again, "Pleasant words are sweet to the soul."

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 Nation.

The Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad is 300 miles long.

Oxford is to have a grand tobacco exposition about October 1st.

Since the first of December, Morehead City and Beaufort have shipped nearly five thousand barrels of oysters, clams and escallops.

Senator Blair, the author of the famous Blair bill, has made $15,000 out of a book in advocacy of female suffrage, we see from the Wilmington Star.

Jackson, Miss., witnessed a tragic encounter between Gen. Adams and a young journalist by the name of Martin. They met on the streets and shot each other dead. Both men stood high.

The Weldon News gives the following remedy for insects on cabbage: "Get some finely powdered rosin, fresh rosin from a turpentine distillery is best, and sprinkle upon the plants early in the morning before the dew is off.

We see it stated the factory men of North and South Carolina will hold a meeting at Charlotte on the 15th inst, over-production of plaid goods is now the trouble among factories, and it is proposed to curtail the manufacture of such goods for a short time.

The Concord Times must bear the burden of the following—Mrs. P. M. Faggart has a hen that is not quite as valuable as the proverbial one who laid the golden egg, but she "gets there just the same." She lays an egg every day and every other day she presents her master with two eggs.

The Tobacco Growers' Association Committee which recently met in Danville, Va., earnestly recommended that the farmers everywhere curtail their tobacco crop, raising only a fine article if possible, and plenty of home supplies. This is sound advice, and upon the same line we have advised frequently.

The Lexington Dispatch time shows that editors are not always carried through this world on flowery beds of ease." The editor of the Greensboro Morning News has had a varied experience. We understand, he has been an inventor, served sometime in the lunatic asylum, been arrested several times, prints his paper upside down, believes he is terribly persecuted, is a very clever fellow, considered by all cranky, and has now moved his daily to Reidsville because he drew a pistol on policeman Weatherly and had to be bailed out of jail. Poor cuss!

ONE DOLLAR FOR THIS CAMPAIGN.

The ADVANCE will be sent from now until January 1st for **One Dollar.**

Our object in making this proposition is that we propose having considerable to say to the people during the campaign about the two parties. We propose showing up their records as clearly as it is possible for us to do and exerting ourselves to retain in the seat of government the Democratic party. We desire a larger audience than we now have—though we already have a large circulation—and we hope by means of this proposition to add many new names to our list. We expect furthermore to retain many of the subscribers we get from the campaign and it is by this means that we expect to get our money. The ADVANCE ordinarily goes for six months for one dollar, but by this proposition it goes about nine for the same money.

Will our correspondents and friends everywhere please make this fact generally known in their respective neighborhoods?

Will not all the friends everywhere, of the paper and the cause, now turn in and do a little solid work for both?

Will not the country postmasters every where incidentally remark, every now and then, in the hearing of the patrons of their offices, that the ADVANCE is going at a dollar from now until the 1st of January?

Will not Democratic Executive committeemen, county and township, canvass their territory a little and send us a club?

We want a thousand campaign subscribers during the month. We will get them if the present patrons and friends of the paper will help us. Will they?

If anybody sends us a club of ten new subscribers with the cash, we will send the paper free to that person throughout the campaign.

No name will be entered—no odds whose it is—until the money is paid. We can do very little more than pay expenses under this offer if we get the thousand subscribers and every one pays in advance, and we certainly cannot afford to have any deadheads in the enterprise nor and of the pay-one-in-the-fall fraternity.

Now, then altogether! and let's see what can be done.