

IS BETTER EQUIPPED  
THAN ANY EAST OF  
RALEIGH. ALL OR-  
DERS WILL RECEIVE  
PROMPT AND EFFI-  
CIENT ATTENTION.

TRY US.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

WHAT HE SAW AND LEARNED  
AT SALT SPRINGS.

*He Talks of Normal Gatherings  
And the Good Work They are  
Doing—He Talks of His School  
Days, etc.*

I have been to the Peabody Institute at Chautauqua and enjoyed the visit. A man never gets too old to learn, and I don't know what school he can go to for a month where he will learn so much as at one of these normal gatherings, where eminent teachers and lecturers instruct and entertain the people. Judge Hook has done well in establishing this institute at Salt Springs, where everything is so lovely and attractive—where the air is so pure and the water so healthy. Georgia teachers are fast coming to the front as lecturers and instructors in art and science, and interspersed with their morning talks or evening essays, they have discussions from some of the most eminent philosophers in the country. It is a grand scheme for the diffusion of knowledge, and every teacher in the State should eagerly embrace the privileges offered there. What an instructive feast it was to listen to Dr. Calhoun tell of the eye and all its beautiful and wonderful organism—or to listen to Judge Bleckley as he discoursed on evolution, or to Dr. Payne, as he charms us with new and broader views of life and knowledge. Verily the people of this day cannot fully appreciate the blessings that are within their reach—blessings that were unknown and undreamed of in our youth.

A thousand times have I wished that I was a teacher—a school teacher—not that I was vain and thought that I could teach better than others, but I am conscious of loving the youth of our land, and I wished to mould them for usefulness and happiness. Another reason came to me from observation. The teachers are the taught. They are their own pupils. They are going to school all the time. The scholars are put behind them and press them forward. A faithful teacher is the best student in his school, and every year takes the first honor and deserves the highest medal. For many years I have noted these teachers—the educators of the land—and they are the best, the noblest, and the most useful of all the secular professions. You can ponder them out with almost unerring certainty. You may consider the statesmen, and preachers, and lawyers, and editors, and almost every one who attained distinction, and was loved and honored by his people, has been a teacher. Their profession makes them precise, exact, thoughtful. They become the best thinkers and the best writers, and are always prepared to prove their positions on all great questions. Besides this they become paternal, philanthropic, unselfish, and have broad, considerate views of life and its duties. A teacher is a kind of patriarch, and loves the family of which he has charge. He watches them long after they have ceased to be his pupils, and if they succeed he is proud. If they fail he is mortified. How many honored sons of this great State can Richard Malcolm Johnston point to and say with conscious pride: "I taught that man in his boyhood. I marshaled the way he should go." What an honor to have been the teacher of Webster and Clay and Calhoun, and ten thousand others, who have dignified and adorned their callings.

But all are not teachers who profess to be. The art of imparting knowledge is as important as to have knowledge. It is in some measure a gift—just like oratory, or music, or invention. It requires force of character, will power, the gift of speech and a kind, considerate regard for children and youth. That regard that inspires patience and perseverance—that will endure more and suffer more from a dull pupil or a stubborn one than from a bright or willing one—that makes allowance for those whose parents have but little education or who take but little interest in assisting their children with their studies. This indifference is perhaps the greatest embarrassment the teacher has to contend with. This stingy mistake that many parents make who say: "I pay the teacher to teach my children and if he was any account he would do it." The poorest scholars in school are those who get the least help at home. By help, I mean encouragement, pride of scholarship and, if possible, assistance over the hard places.

The world is progressing in everything, and of course is progressing in the arts and methods of imparting knowl-

## THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 18.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 26, 1888.

NUMBER 26

But he who with patient and inquiring mind  
Would seek the stream of science  
To ascend,  
Must count the cost, and never  
Hope to find  
Rest to his labors or to his  
Wandering end.

The foundation can be laid, but whether it will be built upon or not depends upon the boy or the girl. Scholarship acquired from books is but a small part of education. As a man can master the art of music and be no musician, just so can he understand trigonometry and be no surveyor. Practice, experience and observation must all come in to the education of a successful man. A long time ago I knew an old farmer who could hardly write his name, but he was self-reliant, and his habit of observation had stored his mind with useful knowledge. He knew the peculiar qualities and uses of the trees of the forest and would tell you which were tough or strong or elastic—which were good for the axle-tree of the wagon and which for the hubs or the spokes or the felloes, which would last longest in the ground or out of it. What vines wound the pole with the course of the sun and what the reverse and what wove both ways and crossed each other. He knew that the lateral limbs of a tree never grew any higher from the ground and the surveyor's marks were just where they were chopped half a century ago. He knew that a cane got its full growth in a year and the number of rows of corn on the ear was always even. He knew that the bat built a nest, but laid eggs, and the rainbow laid eggs, but built no nest, and a whip-poor-will never set across a limb, but lined it. If he found where a serpent had crossed the road he could tell

"Whether the snake that made the track  
Was going North or coming back."

He had experimented with the supposed influence of the worm on vegetation and found it had none. Illiterate as that man was I always felt that he was fit to be a teacher.

What a comfort it is to have knowledge, to be full of knowledge. A great poet said, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But ignorance is never bliss. It cannot be, for bliss is the highest grade of happiness. It is heavenly joy and utterly incompatible with ignorance.

Shakespeare says: "Ignorance is the curse of God and knowledge is the wing with which we fly to heaven."

Bulwer says: "The pen is mightier than the sword."

And Lord Brougham says: "The schoolmaster is abroad in the land and I will trust him against the soldier in full military array."

Lord Bacon says: "Knowledge is power," and the Scriptures abound in injunctions to increase our knowledge, even though much study is a weariness to the flesh.

BILL ARP.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at A. W. Rowland Drug Store Large bottles \$1.

Mrs. Cleveland's Inspiration of the Campaign.

From Editor Grady's Speech at Atlanta: We cannot let Mrs. Cleveland out of the campaign. She is at once its inspiration and its argument. I do not hope to describe her to you. The pointing out of her excellencies is a task from which I shrink. Why, if the bees of Hyettus were swarming on my lips and my speech and soul soared as the eagle soars, when the eye unquailing, he looks into the sun, and the eye rises higher and higher until he darkens the burnish'd ceiling of the sky with the shadow of his wings, I could not hope to interpret to you the sweet and gracious courtesy of the first lady of the land.

Nothing Equals It.

Zalaha, Fla., June 27, 1887.

N. E. VENABLE & CO.

I have been using B. B. in my family as a blood purifier.

Having never used any medicine to equal it. Respectfully, Mrs. R. M. LAWES.

Makes An Old Man Young.

[Extract from a Letter]

P. S.—I bought 3 bottles of your Botanic Blood Balm from my friend H. D. Ballard, at Campobello, S. C. I have been using it three weeks. It appears to give me new life and new strength. If there is anything that will make an old man young it is B. B. I am willing to sell it. I earnestly and honestly recommend Botanic Blood Balm.

BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

OUR NEXT SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.



MAJ. SIDNEY M. FINGER.

THE HEAD OF OUR SCHOOLS.

Maj. S. M. FINGER, Supt.

OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Under His Wise and Excellent

Management Our Public Schools

Have Grown in Popularity and

Efficiency.

We present to our readers a picture of Maj. Finger, present Superintendent of Public Instruction in North Carolina, and nominee of the Democratic party for Secretary of State, never voted for a negro. In the second convention at Weldon he refused to vote in common with the delegates from the Southern counties. A colored gentleman from Warren who was not a delegate insisted that Mr. Stanton should vote. He finally arose and voted for Cheatham, as no other name was before that august body. We have often read of negroes being made to vote by white men, but this is the first instance in which a white man was made to vote by a negro. Which rail is on top now, eh?"—Newbern Advocate.

Alas poor Stanton. We knew him well in days gone by when his boast was, although a Republican, that he never had and never would vote for a negro. But Stanton is a candidate for Secretary of State and it would not do to offend the negro vote. He tried to dodge the terrible ordeal, but the negroes were watching him. They had heard of his boast and were determined to put him to the test. A colored gentleman insisted that Stanton should vote. Visions of an exasperated negro vote cast against him flitted before Stanton, and he sacrificed his pride and voted for a negro. Well may the Advocate, which is edited by negroes, boast that the negro is on top now. They have got the majority in their party and they drive their hapless office-seeking white associates with a steady hand a lash that 'writhe and quivers and writhe' over them. Stanton did not want to vote for the negro. He was not his white associate's want negro in office. 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