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The Wilson Advance
FOR 1889.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 18.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JAN. 10, 1889.

NUMBER 49

FOR ALL KINDS OF
JOB WORK—
SEND YOUR ORDERS
TO THIS OFFICE.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

HE TALKS OF MOBILE AND BREWTON.

Two Southern Towns Compared by the Old Philosopher.

Forty-two years ago I visited Mobile, one of the oldest cities of the south. It is there yet, but not changed. I recognized many of the same venerable buildings and I spotted the very place where I bought a mule from a wagon—a mule that I was to ride 125 miles to my destination in Mississippi. I noted the ambiguous brute and politely invited him to go, but he did not feel inclined to leave his companions in the team and the more I urged him the more he declined. In fact, he did more receding than proceeding, and the clerks in the stores took a lively interest in my welfare. They advised me to whip him on the hazy side and to turn him round let him advance backwards and so forth. I could have whipped any two of them and wanted to do it, but my father had told me to keep my temper while in any body, and have no fuss with anybody. A good hearted man came up to me and sympathized and said I had better get me a pair of spurs, and I did. He held the animal and helped me to put on the spurs. I roveled that mule's flanks with vigor and he departed those coasts with alacrity and I and my friend were parted forever. I hope to meet in heaven and recognize each other, but if those devilish boys are there and recognize me, I reckon they will apologize—I reckon they will. Young men—you boys, I mean—be careful how you make sport of a stranger, for you don't know how lonesome he feels. For forty-two years I have had bad feelings towards those Mobile clerks. They may be good, but they are in the changing, they may have suffered all sorts of trouble and misfortune, but I am not reconciled. I rode forty miles that day—forty miles through pine woods and over corderoy roads, and stopped over night in a shanty that had a dirt floor and a pile of straw in the corner—a table made of split boards, and we had roasted potatoes for supper. The man was clever and his wife was kind. They apologized for the scanty fare, for the man said he had hunted all day and didn't find "nary squor nor nary deer." A pet fawn laid down by me on the straw, and I slept well, for I was tired. Just think of the changes that 42 years have made. It took me three weeks of hard work to make that trip, and now it can be made in three days with ease and comfort. Saw times I feel and in a few folks ought to be allowed to grow up again and have a good easy time like this generation of young folks. Forty-two years ago I took stage at Barnesville and rode on to all night going to Montgomery. The great United States mail was carried on the foot boot of that stage. There was no railroad from Atlanta to Montgomery then. From Montgomery I went to Mobile in the new and beautiful steamer, the *Orline*, St. John. Before I returned she was burned to the water's edge, and many passengers perished in the flames or in the water. Here is John Taylor, the barber in my town, who was on that boat and who is proud to tell how he followed Henry R. Jackson to Mexico in the war of '46, and has shaved Judge Law and Judge Berrien, and all the notable men of Savannah.

Mobile is a good old town and always will be. Her people are not progressive like the people of inland towns, because they don't have to be. The great Gulf protects them. No rival cities can ever be built south of Mobile. She is at least secure on that side. No railroads can take commerce away from the ships that anchor there. I saw a great ocean steamer there the other day—the *Victoria*—loading with cotton and in a few days will unfurl her sails for Liverpool with eight thousand bales of cotton on board. Just think of eight thousand bales on a single vessel. There are five great compartments water tight and fire proof, and the compressed bales are packed in with jacks screws that make the whole mass solid—so solid that you can hardly insert a knife blade between them. Two hundred years ago Mobile was the capital of the Mobiles and the southern republicans will unite with the democrats in ruling him out. But he has got his muscle safe and can always rely upon that. He has got his good nature and his contented disposition, and so we need not worry about him. I saw one the other day in a side-show to a circus. He had his big black head sticking through a hole in the wall for a target to be thrown at with a ball or egg. "Step this way, gentle-

men, and kill the coon," the manager said to the gathering crowd, and for hours the boys paid a nickel for a shot and fired away. The coon was allowed to dodge but his dodging soon was very limited. If he was hit the marksman gets a dime. It hit twice in succession he got a quarter and for three good shots the refund was fifty cents. "Step this way gently, and kill the coon." When eggs were used the price was a dime a throw. I saw one fellow pop the coon square in the mouth with a ball and it hurt I know it did for the coon pulled in his head and struck struck for higher wages and got them. I couldn't tell whether his lips were swollen or his nose flattened, but his big face seemed puffed and bumpy from the daily pounding. I see him now like a photograph and imagine that I hear that significant, prophetic speech of the yankee manager. "Step this way, gentleman, and kill the coon." BILL ARP.

That Ended It.

Some of the greatest orators the world ever produced have shown their brightest when some incident or impertinent question drew them out. The eloquent and erratic Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, was once delivering an address in Buffalo, N. Y. As was usual, he began in a low tone of voice. Some one in the rear of the hall yelled, "Louder, louder," several times. Marshall stood the interruption some time, then advancing to the front of the platform, he raised his impressive voice to a tone that everybody could hear, and said: "When the last great day comes and the angel Gabriel blows his trumpet to waken the quick and the dead, then, I suppose, some d—d cuss from Buffalo will yell louder, louder." That ended further interruption.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Good Dog Story.

We have a good story to tell on Sam Telfair, Governor-elect of Georgia. He was twenty-two years ago he went to school at Finley High Academy in Lenoir. A few weeks before he was to leave for home it was industriously circulated over the country that Sam Telfair wanted 25 dogs to carry home with him and that he would give \$5 for every dog brought to Lenoir on a certain day. On the day before the day set for the dogs to come to Lenoir, Sam went home. Next day Lenoir was full of dogs, all high and low degree. All sorts of dogs were here with strings around their necks and frequent inquiries were made for "Mr. Telfair." But he had gone without the dogs.—Lenoir Topic.

A Farical State.

Nevada was admitted to the Union to serve a political purpose, but those responsible for its admission can hardly be satisfied with result of their work. In the last election its total vote for presidential electors was 12,278. In 1880, with a population of 62,266, it cast 21,660 votes for electors, the vote being about 35 per cent. of the population. The fall to 12,278 indicates a decline in population since 1880 from 62,266 to 35,000. Of the 35,000 some 8,900 are Indians and Chinese. Yet this handful of people—and not a very wise or select people, either—send two senators to Washington and one Representative and has three electoral votes.

Justice in Clinton, According to a Darky.

On last Saturday night, on Grog Row, two of Clinton's "fast men" got into a quarrel, which grew so warm after a while it was thought by those standing by that they would hatch in an old fashioned way, when an aged darky said to them, "Gemen, gemmen, don't do dat, the mayor and police are out of flour, and you don't have it to pay for." They didn't fight.—Clinton Caucasian.

Some Facts About Food.

A pint of white beans, weighing one pound, and costing 7 cents, contains as much nutriment as three pounds and a half of roast beef, costing 37½ cents. Of all the articles that can be eaten, the cheapest are bread, butter, molasses, and beans. A pound of corn meal goes as far as a quart of flour. If corn and wheat bran and all, were made into bread, 15 per cent of nutriment would be saved, with much great healthfulness.

"Joe" is Thankful.

However it may be with the average individual, the average North Carolina newspaper has cause to thank God and take courage. So many of them have died within the past six weeks, you know.—Statesville Landmark.

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neighborhood news.

Events That Happen Near us of Interest to You.

Pitt County.

(FROM THE REFLECTOR.)

During the month of December the Register of Deeds issued licenses to 35 couples, 17 white and 18 colored.

The man who made good resolutions yesterday and intends keeping them will pay what he owes the newspaper.

On account of the railroad boom the Reflector thinks it would pay property owners to provide house room enough and to spare.

Mr. J. B. Mills killed a hog the week before Christmas that weighed 860 pounds gross 716 net. Pitt County as usual, takes the lead in porkers.

Reuss & Harris, doing business at the Cross Roads two miles from town, made an assignment last Friday. Liabilities \$1,800 assets claimed \$1,000.

Mr. E. W. Smith was married at the residence of the bride father, in Pactolus township, Dec. 16th, Rev. Geo. J. Dow officiating.

The pupils of Miss Motte Rouse's school gave an art exhibit Tuesday of last week. The Reflector pronounces it magnificent and is very complimentary to Miss Rouse.

A real estate owner was last week heard to remark: "I am certainly a railroad man, I have two vacant houses for rent and have received ten applications for them. The moneyed men should build more houses."

Rev. Mr. Oglesby, the presiding Elder for the Washington District, has preached in Greenville and the congregation were very much pleased. Socially he is a pleasant affable gentleman, and will make many friends in Greenville.

It looks perfectly natural to see Minister Jarvis on a street of Greenville, shaking hands with the people who love and honor him. The ex-Governor is enjoying splendid health and looks equally as well, as vigorous and as young as when he last left here for Brazil, nearly two years ago, and he looks capable of doing just as good and faithful work the State and party as he ever done. Since getting a look at him the Reflector is still stronger in favor of his being elected to the U. S. Senate.

Nash County.

(FROM THE ARGONAUT.)

Mr. B. H. Sosby moved into the Farmers' Hotel and opened it on the 1st inst.

A young man was fooling with an air gun and hit a colored man in the forehead sending him to the doctor. He was 100 yards away but a bullet hit him plumb in the forehead.

On Dec. 27th at the residence of the bride's father, Capt. W. A. Farmer, of Springhope Mr. J. J. Spivey and Miss Mary E. Farmer were married. Rev. M. J. Willoughby officiating.

Nash county has nearly 200,000 acres of wood land, the larger portion of which is the finest pine timber. Only about one third of the area of the county is in cultivation. On nearly every farm there is pine timber which in the near future will sell for much more than the land can now be bought for.

Edgewood County.

(FROM THE SOUTHERNER.)

The fertilizer factory has begun operations.

Receipts at the cotton yard from September 1st to January 1st were 8,711 bales, against 8,104 bales for the same period last year.

Ed Gorham superintendent of the Flag Marsh farm near Rocky Mount began making butter January 1st, 1888 up to the first of this year he had sold 1294 pounds.—Dauring pays.

An Upright Judge.

At a murder trial:

Judge: "Before you begin your testimony, Mr. Prisoner, it is my duty to instruct you that you are not obliged to give any statement criminating yourself. Proceed sir, with your story."

Prisoner: "Well your Honor, I'll own up at the very outset that I shot the man."

Judge: "Oh, you acknowledge that, do you? And upon what provocation, pray?"

Prisoner: "Well your Honor, it was only ten days after election, and he came in the stairs, cornered me in a seat, and began to talk tariff."

Omnes: "What!!!"

Prisoner: "Yes, your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury! and when I warned him, he yanked out what he called a trahlated statement of the comparative compensation of all the wace workers of the world and began to dish that out to me, and—"

Judge: "Great Scott! Gentlemen of the Jury, you are instructed to a verdict of justifiable homicide."

What we Got.

A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whiskey. It sells for \$16 at retail. The government gets \$3.80, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad \$1, the manufacturer \$4, the vender \$7, and the drinker all that is left.—Miller Tremens—Warner

The lay of the land is what darkness broods over.

VAGABOND JACK.

THE LIFE OF THE WAYWARD LOVER.

A Story of a "Whiffles, Ne'er do Well" Beautifully Related.

This story was begun January 2nd.

The origin of this custom is lost in the mists of antiquity; but it is more than probable that it is a remnant of the worship of Cybele, still holding its ground after almost twenty centuries of Christianity. Formerly the festival was celebrated on the 1st of May throughout all the county of Venesque, both in towns and villages, and I have a perfect recollection of the pretty bakeress who was the last queen at Carpentras, now nearly forty years ago. Nowadays the custom is losing ground everywhere and one requires to go far up the mountain in order to find it in its primitive simplicity.

Jack emptied his pockets to the last copper into the wooden bowl that circled gaily round him, and with his brain quite confused went and stood leaning at the other end of the square beside the fountain. His fascinated eyes saw nothing of the light in white; and the throng of laughing, talking and repressed before him without exciting his attention in the least; he felt his breast heaving with the pulsations of his heart, and a strange heat pervaded his whole frame. "Felise!" he repeated, with his eyes not noticing that he pronounced the sweet name aloud; "Felise!"—Poor Jack was over head and ears in love.

The fair Felise on her part returned home in a very dreary mood. She had been unable to see without emotion this bold fellow regard her so obstinately with his large eyes that sparkled like burning coals. Involuntarily she compared Jack to the other young men who paid court to her little cousin, but the comparison was hardly to their advantage. They seemed clownish and awkward, without grace or elegance, even on fast-days and in their best clothes. Only she then beside Jack! With that an angel negligently thrown over his left shoulder; and how straight he stood during the service. Jack had never bent his back to the hard labors of the fields, and it was wonderful how well he had preserved his youthful appearance, suppleness and activity. In place of the horny paw covered with knuts of those accustomed to pulling madow, Jack had the fine and sinewy hand of the fields, and it was a pleasure to feel the delicate fingers of one's own hand, but could an honest girl dream of Jack with honour and propriety? What would be thought of Felise if her secret preference were discovered? Jack the field hand, the one who was so uncleanly with, without heart or home, game for the gendarmes, and nothing but a cave for his abode—that truly was a lover to be preferred to all others by the fair Felise! How the gossips would laugh at them when they met together in the evenings; and the wedding-party would be almost mobbed! And suppose they did jeer and whisper maliciously—what then? Was Jack not worth the bride's father's money? He was esteemed by all the country round; and the village folks that held their heads highest shook hands with him cordially. Besides, he could make talk together in a manner of settling down to a regular course of life! Does not a man who is in love do everything to please his sweetheart; and would Jack be the first on whom love had worked a complete change?

But indeed what was he thinking of? Was it not the feverish excitement caused by want of sleep that was putting such ideas into her head? Jack in love—what reason had she for thinking that? He had looked at her so earnestly, and his manner was so nature of which women are rarely deceived; but was this enough to build so many fine suppositions hang hopes upon? Poor thoughts, and somewhat ashamed of herself in the bargain. Before long all her anxiety disappeared, her cheeks grew pale and thin, making her eyes—in which burned a sombre fire—seem larger than ordinary, and she suffered from languor and lassitude that had no apparent cause.

"Felise may please herself," said old Martin, without appearing to be much surprised at the request; "but I believe your time will be wasted, my lad."

"That's my affair," said Jack. "Tell Felise that I shall be back this evening."

"Over all the mountain and far into plain, this is the way in which gallants in quest of a wife introduce themselves to the families. The young people talk together for a longer or shorter period, sometimes carrying matters farther, sometimes they talk for years without any thing coming of it; or the talking may be formally broken off without damaging the reputation of the girl

in the least. Everything goes on openly in the simplest manner possible; the lover comes after supper and passes the evening, the girl makes room for him at her side, and continues her spinning or knitting as if nothing were in the wind at all. Now and again they exchange a word or two, but usually observing each other watching for any little occasion when the real disposition will betray itself, wholly engaged in trying to become acquainted with each other, and both carefully keeping their weaknesses as much as possible out of sight. When it is time to retire the lover bids the company good-night, and goes home, singing by the way the expressive of the joy he feels; and so on for night after night till he makes up his mind to take the decisive step. It is clear that nothing could be simpler than these courtships. Jack's entry in the character of a lover authorized to talk and made quietly and without fuss. He proceeded to seat himself by the side of Felise on her mate invitation, and maintained a shy silence all the evening, hardly uttering a word, but very happy nevertheless, as any one may suppose. Felise sat and spun, twirling her spindle with astonishing rapidity. Old Martin seemed asleep but kept a corner of one eye open at the slightest movement of the young people. Everything went on according to ancient use and wont, and as custom would have it.

The last days of July were at hand, and in spite of the burning heat of the sun, the cattle were kept treading out the grain on the thrashing-floor from dawn to nightfall. Jack, full of praise-worthy zeal, would take part in these labours and show his skill; and he was not without success in managing the mules. Felise blushed with pleasure and said to herself, "He'll make an excellent husband. I am sure, whatever they say of him."

Old Martin did not take quite the same view of things as his daughter did. "Tas by fit of his is all very fine, no doubt," said he, "but what makes a better blaze than straw? Wait till the poaching season comes on, and you'll see if the old man is really dead. I won't believe it till I see Jack following the plough instead of catching hares."

Martin's doubts were not the first that came into the old man's head. He had seen Jack at the first marks of the annual excursions of the hares. Jack felt himself seized by a violent desire to regain the mountain and renew his past exploits. He suggested against the temptation and resisted with himself, but in the clear moonlight, after a day of harassing toil, how was it possible to hear unmoved the sound of poacher's gun? At the cry of a passing flock of quails he would utter a terrible shriek in his mbs; and it was sometimes as much as he could do to stick to the plough and not leave the furrow half made.

What had a still greater effect on him, and inspired him even to the point of leaving the field, was the mute portestation of Mariphan, his old companion in adventure, who, as if he had been the renegade sportsman's conscience in bodily form made him almost blush for his steadiness as he ceaselessly followed him with a—now becoming now indignant.

Mariphan was a large lean dog of the lurcher breed, bold, hardy, and almost wild, with the feet dry and nervous, the breast full and strong the belly hollow, the loins vigorous and supple, the tail straight like the ears mobile, the eye inquisitive and restless, and sparkling under a pent-house of dense grayish hairs, fangs pointed, projecting, and of dazzling whiteness, and the nose that shined like a silverberry and as black as a coated chestnut. As well known as his master, the villagers vied with each other in pampering him, and he had always plenty of delicate morsels ever since it was noticed that he returned even from the longest run he would rather stretch himself out and go to sleep than touch any vulgar mess in which the bread was not irreproachable. The princely air of disdain with which this vagabond would then turn up his nose at the most dainty food he had gained him the name of Mariphan (bad bread), under which he shared the celebrity of Jack, and with him formed the subject of many a fireside story.

No longer finding an outlet for his activity, a second dividend of 10 per cent. in the tariff reform bill, at the least whiff or scent which met his nose, the least rustle in the bushes, he was off like lightning, jumping, braking, and joyfully wagging his tail, but in vain. His appeals met with no response, and he had always to return disappointed and discouraged to take his place at his master's heels whom he would piteously follow with his tail between his legs and his ears hanging down. Something, however, he revolted altogether. On such occasions he would pass the plough with a vigorous bound, plant himself beyond it with his two fore legs firmly supporting him in the energetic attitude of one who demands an explanation, and then gravely sitting like a judge, with his neck proudly raised his head inclined as if he waited for an answer, his eyes wide open, and his ears erect, he would gaze reproachfully, on his master as much as to say:

"Oh, you are laughing at me are you? But if you pleased to give up our fine wandering life, do you think that I was made to turn the spit and serve as a plaything for the village brats?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Comptroller of Currency has declared a second dividend of 10 per cent. in favor of the creditors of the State National Bank, of Raleigh, making in all 30 per cent. on the claims proved.

ALL SORTS.

Diverse Clippings and Comments. Both Stolen and Original.

We understand that Congressman John Henderson, of one of the Western districts says that the Blair Bill will never become a law, and also that such is the opinion of leading Republicans at Washington City.

Mrs. Harrison has not yet arrived at the unenviable distinction which generally appertains to prominent women in this country. No tobaccoist or soap-maker has yet used her picture to advertise his wares.

The Georgia Legislature has declared in favor of text books by Southern authors for the Georgia public schools. North Carolina can go a step further and declare in favor of text books by North Carolina authors.

Mr. Powderly says: "Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, the order of the Knights of Labor is neither bankrupt nor extinct. What has been lost to the organization in numbers has gained in strength, devotion and determination. We have weeded out the anarchistic element. He generally knows what he is talking about and we trust he is right in his conjectures."

The Senate of South Carolina has adopted a measure punishing with expulsion any member who may accept a free pass whereat the Philadelphia Record recalls the fact that a provision of the Constitution of Pennsylvania prohibiting free railroad passes to members of the Legislature remains a dead letter. Now, in the event that such a provision is made by our Legislature, shall it become a dead letter? And who is to see that it is enforced?

Here is a clause from the inaugural address of Gov. Richard King, of South Carolina, that strikes us as sound doctrine, and the proper stand for the people of the South to take. He says: "It is to be assumed efforts will be made either by coercive or conciliatory measures to break the solid South, but that the position of the State should be one of unceasing vigilance and watchfulness, anticipating neither evil purposes nor unfriendly action, but standing ready to resist, by every constitutional means, any encroachment upon the right of States to manage domestic affairs in the own way." "South Carolina, in its pure loyalty to the Union and submission to the constitution, maintain the integrity of the only government that ever has, or can give her peace, safety and prosperity, her Democratic government, ruled, directed, and controlled by the all-pravailing, all-quering Anglo-Saxon race."

The Biggest Hog Yet.

John Adams living in Harnett county has plowed 77 summers in succession and never took a dose of medicine in his life. He is strong, healthy and able to plow another summer. He has a son who has a little shoot and the lowest guess of his weight is 800 pound.—Wilson Advance.

The editor of the Democrat knows Mr. John Adams like unto a sort of grand-father. He was guardian for our father, and we remember him with great reverence and love. He is one of the noblest of God's nobles. As to his "son who has a little shoot, and the lowest guess of his weight is 800 pounds," well we've sojourned there often times. Mr. J. J. Adams, is the son's name, and if there is any home in North Carolina where you can find more and all better of the substantial of life than with Mr. Adams who has this "shoot," we would have to see the cribs, barns, smoke-houses, cellars, kitchen, dining-room, &c., before we would believe it. This white man boarding in that home when Tilden was elected and yet was not President. If the wind of chance were advised to drift us anywhere without previous warning, we know no place in all this land where we would prefer to lodge than in the home of J. J. Adams.—Scotland Neck Democrat.

Our Grover.

Grover Cleveland stands today as the grandest living man. His letter to the tariff Reform League of Boston is the delivery of a statesman. He went down in defeat but he rises to say that the principle for which he stood is eternal—the principle of equal and just taxation. How high he stands above the horde of petty politicians, trimmers and time-servers, who curse the country!—Statesville Landmark.

Where Ignorance Was Blind.

A little girl, when told for the first time of the identity of Santa Clause, looked up in disappointment and surprise, and with a tear in her little eyes, hesitatingly asked, "And is it all story about Jesus, too?"

THOMAS L. CLINGMAN.

One of The Noted Men of North Carolina.

The Reporter of the New York State, happening in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel last week, says there sat on the sofas two men remarkable examples of the past and present in American politics. One of them was a statesman of an almost forgotten era—the other, an energetic, pushing representative of the public life of to-day. They were ex-Senator Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, and Congressman Richard W. Townsend, of Illinois.

The ex-Senator is three score years of age and over, but he is still little stalwart and vigorous, and stands erect as steadily as he did a little more than twenty-seven years ago, when, with the other Southern members of the United States Senate he left the Chamber to cast his vote for the Confederacy. Of all the men who will live on that summer's morning bade good bye to their places in the National Capitol, only one other besides himself survives until this day. That other is Jefferson Davis. When Mr. Clingman reached home from Washington he entered the Southern Army, and when the war was over he returned to find home a torrid hell and his property destroyed. He took up his life again, as thousands like him did, and the struggle ever since has not always been a happy one. Younger men took his place in political life; the generation with which he had been influential and powerful disappeared with the war, and the white-haired old statesman and soldier lives to-day only in the memories of the times when he was one of the noted men of the country.

CLINGMAN'S CURSE RECALLED.

Dr. McDonald, The Insanity Expert in The Famous Cases, Becomes Insane.

An evening paper says: Notwithstanding the carefully studied efforts to keep the fact from public knowledge it has leaked out that Dr. Alexander McDonald, general superintendent of the insane asylum Ward's Island, has become insane.

It is hoped that the affliction is only temporary, and the once brilliant mind of the great specialist will be restored to its normal condition, but the prospect at the present time is not encouraging. Dr. McDonald has for many years been one of the universally recognized authorities in this country on the subject of insanity and its treatment. It seems like a true exposition of the irony of fate that he himself should have been visited with an affliction that no one was supposed to know better than he how to cure.

Dr. McDonald was one of the experts whose testimony convicted Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, and it is noteworthy that he is another of those, who participated in that trial, and who have apparently fallen under the ban of the assassin's curse.

PLAIN TOM AGAIN.

Has Given the Readers of the Advance a New Year's Greeting.

CASTALA, N. C., Jan. 1st, '89.

DEAR ADVANCE:—The holidays with all have passed away quietly in a social way notwithstanding that the community has been excited and shocked at the discovery of an undressed female child, which brought to light one of the most shameful and diabolical crimes ever perpetrated in this quiet and law-abiding portion of the county. Coroner Crocker was sent for who got a jury and made the following investigation: On the 8th day of December a white girl from Franklin, named Pattie Harris, aged 15, gave birth to a child in the house with her aunt, Jane Hedgepeth, her husband, W. T. Hedgepeth. The girl and the two last named were taken before Justice T. J. Braswell, Jr., and Tom Collins. The girl confessed the birth and said her child was taken from her against her will. The jury's verdict was that Pattie Harris, the mother, and Jane and W. T. Hedgepeth were all guilty of concealing the birth and murdering the child by drawing in a well and are all in jail.

The Senator has been talked of by many in this county and it is thought the contest will be warm, as many think the time for a change is expected and wanted. Messrs. C. W. Dennis and G. H. Rodger are working in this section with pretty prospects in taking options on timbered lands for a Northern syndicate who are thinking of building a Railroad from Suffolk through the timber belts of the State.

I, with many of his warm friends, are anxious that Joe in the State Chronicle should be given the State printing at the hands of the present Legislature. Joe is deserving honors at the hands of the Democratic party.

PLAIN TOM.

Measurements of Independent were taken to-day. The square is to be paved with Belgian blocks, which will be cut at the city's quarry.—Charlotte News.

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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.

There are 231 preachers in the North Carolina Conference. The removal of Trinity College to Raleigh is being seriously mooted.

Anna Ellis, the patriotee, will be hung in Clinton, Tuesday, the 29, inst.

The Durham Daily Tobacco Plant has absorbed the Daily Recorder, of that town.

It is whispered that there may be an independent daily morning paper started in Raleigh.

Col. Holt and Judge Fowle were born in the same year, the former being four months the elder.

Wilmington has an artesian well that has reached the depth of 500 feet. Work will be resumed again soon.

It is said that there are over forty candidates for the position of door-keeper of the Senate and House.

Clinton has a vengeer faculty.—The first piece was cut December 27th, 1888, so we learn from the Caucasian.

A colored woman dropped dead while leading in a sunrise prayer meeting in Craven county Christmas morning.

The land purchases for the Van derbilt near Asheville have been quietly going on until 2,000 acres have been secured.

Adjutant-General Jones is in favor of having the North Carolina State Guard attend the inauguration of President Harrison.

A negro boy in Caldwell county was driving a load of apples to market. The wagon upset and the boy was caught under it and killed.

Governor Scales and Governor-elect Fowle have agreed upon Tuesday, January 15th, as the day for the inauguration of the latter.

The Christian Sun states that Graham College, having secured a tract of 150 acres at Mill Point, near Burlington will be moved to that place, and the name changed.

The Caucasian says during the year 1888 thirty houses were built in Clinton, 100 lots bought by parties, tending to build, the volume of trade doubled, two factories built and the death rate was only 5 in the thousand.

The Methodists will probably establish a publishing house at Raleigh. The matter is now being carefully considered. The Baptists already have a large printing house, which is doing a good business.

The Confederate Veterans' Convention will be held in Raleigh, January 22nd. The railroads will give the delegates free transportation and an effort is being made to get the citizens of Raleigh to entertain them.

The North Carolina Millstone property in Moore county has been purchased by Mr. M. Schall, a wealthy capitalist of Pennsylvania, who will reorganize and push it with both capital and energy.

The following military companies having signified their intention of participating in the inauguration: Charlotte, Goldsboro, Oxford, Wilmington, Reidsville, Greensboro, Henderson, Durham, Fayetteville, Elizabeth City, Lumberton, Maxton and Raleigh.

Valuable silver deposits have been found about Valle-Cresce, Watauga county. Gen. Leventhorpe has taken an option on the farm of Mr. Joseph B., and for \$10,000. Lands in the neighborhood have appreciated in value enormously.

During 1888, in North Carolina there were 2 agricultural implement works built; there were 6 breweries erected; tobacco and cigar factories; 41 cotton and woolen factories; 8 electric light plants; 12 mining and quarrying companies; 13 oil mills; 45 water-works and 5 railroad companies organized. And we say that with the Wilmington Star in saying: This is commendable and encouraging progress.

Compromised.

President Lincoln used to tell about the influential citizen who wanted a Cabinet position, but compromised by taking a suit of clothes. That statesman's successor still lives, and is very numerous.—Cincinnati Telegram.

"He's Been There."

An intoxicating drink is any beverage which, taken in such quantity as men usually drink, will produce an obfuscation of the cerebral centres with a consequent hypertrophy of the tongue and a general bewilderment of the legs.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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