State Library

—NOW IS THE TIME TO—
SUBSCRIBE FOR
The Wilson Advance
FOR 1889.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 19. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, FEB. 14, 1889. NUMBER 8

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

BILL ARP'S LETTER

PROTOPLASTIC ANCESTORS

A French Scientist Says They Were 128 Feet High.

The world is still perplexed about Adam and Eve. Darwin hasn't settled it, nor Dr. Woodrow. Mark Twain thought he found the grave of our illustrious ancestors, but according to late discoveries he shed his tears on the wrong tomb. The book of a learned Frenchman has come to the front and created a sensation in France. He says that Father Adam was 128 feet high, and Mother Eve only five feet lower and that ever since they evoluted into existence the human race has been on the down grade, getting shorter and shorter, and smaller and smaller, as the centuries roll on. Well, it does look reasonable that people 900 years old should be 900 years big, but they were not. The largest men are not the longest livers in our day. In fact, they do not live as long as the medium size. Among animals, we know that a goose that is not of much consequence lives five times as long as a horse, and a turtle lives longer than a whale. I wish we did know more about our first parents. I wish that Moses had told us more. He gave us thirteen chapters about the history of Joseph and only two about the creation. I was talking to a scientific gentleman about this and he said he supposed that Moses told all he knew, and that he could not have known so very much about what happened before the flood and all he knew was buy uncertain traditions that came along down the centuries and gathered some and lost some on the journey. He said he thought it very probable that the people who lived before the flood were of very large stature, for Moses said that there were giants in those days.

Well, it is astounding how men of science ignore the Bible—not all of them, but most of them. They do admit that there was a flood and an ark, and Adam and Eve, and Noah, and they got that from the Bible, but they depend upon science to unravel all the mysteries and what science does not prove they do not consider proved even though Moses wrote it. They do not believe in miracles although the movement of the hand or the growth of a flower is a miracle. Now, here is this new theory that Mother Eve was 123 feet high and large in proportion. This beats the old preacher that Henry Gray told about in his speech at the banquet for he made Eve 30 cubits high and lined inside and out with pitch.

I asked my scientific friend if he didn't think such a great height was very inconvenient to Adam about tieing his shoes and walking through the forests. "Oh, no," said he, "the trees were larger and taller in proportion, something like the redwoods in the Yosemite Valley, that are 300 feet high and 150 feet to the first limb." But how about the animals, said I—the horses and cows? How would Adam manage to ride one of our horses or ever milk one of our Jersey cows." He smiled and said: "Well the animals were no doubt of a corresponding size to the lords of creation." "Elephants and camels and giraffes too?" said I "Of course," said he, "and boa constrictors and rattle snakes" said I. "Yes," said he, but I thought he was weakening a little. How about that ark, said I, "that was only 30 cubits high and had three stories of ten feet each, how did those large creatures get in there?" "Oh I suppose," said he, "that that those cubits were very different from our cubits."

He reminded me of the fellow who came back from his travels in the unexplored west, and said among other marvelous things that he got on the borders of a valley where everything was petrified, and turned to stone, and he did not dare to venture in for he saw stone horses and buffalos and goats and serpents and bears, and in fact everything was petrified; even to the trees and grass, and he saw a hunter who had strayed in there unawares, and he was standing stock stone still with his gun pointed to an eagle in the air and the hunter and gun and the eagle were all petrified and all turned to stone.

"Oh, pshaw, Jim, that won't do," said one of his hearers. "Don't you know that gravity would have pulled that eagle down?"

"Gravity, the dickens," said he, "why gravity was petrified harder than anything. I saw a streak of it hanging down from the eagle to the ground."

But our Frenchman says that every generation fell off a few feet, and so we must suppose that as Adam lived to see Lamech, of the ninth generation, it was like Gulliver in his travel, when Adam wanted to talk to Lamech and tell him about the Garden of Eden and the appletree and about Cain and Abel he didn't stoop down but just lifted the little fellow up on his little finger and set him on his shoulder and told him all about it. How scared Lamech must have been for fear he would fall into that great mouth that was five feet wide, or into that ear that looked like a cave with boogers in it. And just to think what a time they had in burying the old gentleman when he died; what a long, wide, deep grave and what a coffin, for he must have been about fifteen feet high when he was lying down. Think of the levers and prizes and the great derric they tbuilt to swing him down into the grave. I wonder if the Frenchman has found some of his bones or his teeth. Mark Twain was not looking for a grave like that and so wasted his tears.

Now, it does look like Moses would have mentioned it if Adam had been such a giant. He tells us about the age of man being reduced after the flood to 120 years, and is very particular about the size of the ark. Josephus says the Lord taught Adam language and letters and figures and science and Moses says that Jubal made harps and organs and Tubal Cain was an instructor in working brass and iron. Noah could not have built the ark if he had not been a good mechanic and had plenty of tools to work with.

But to come down to facts—what was the trouble about Moses receiving the truth of history even though he was not inspired. For certainly Adam told it straight to Lamech who was Noah's father, and so Noah got it straigh and he lived to see Abraham, who was nine generations father down and told everything to him and that covered twenty generations and composes 2,000 years of time and history and all the facts passed through only two persons—Lamech and Noah—well Levi was Abraham's great grandson and he was Moses' great grandfather.

I think it must have come down pretty straight.

Now, if these scientists were all like Dr. Woodrow, and would study the Scripture with a reasonable faith, then science would become the handmaid of inspiration, and not its enemy. But it looks like they had rather pull down than build up, and they are encouraging scepticism and agnosticism, and all kinds of infidelity in the minds of the young.

Young man, you had better stand by the faith of your fathers. It sustained them and made them good men and good women. They lived by it, and died by it. It does not matter so much how high Adam was nor whether he evoluted or not, do you take the Bible and study it; try to live by its precepts, and be happy. Go to church every Sabbath and listen with humility and reverence to some good preacher. The church and the preachers are the hope of the world. There was a time when there was but one preacher, and the earth was filled with violence, and the flood came and destroyed everybody but him and his family. And just so the world would be filled with violence now if it were not for the church and the preachers. The righteous men would have saved Sodom, and it is the preachers who save us only.

I was thinking about our preacher and what a family record he has got. Nearly 200 years ago his ancestors came over the waters and went to preaching to Cotton Mather. He died and his son took on his mantle, and from that day to this there has hardly been a time when some descendant of the first James Hillhouse has not been standing up before the Lord in the Lord's house. And now here is James Hillhouse preaching in our church. He is the son and the grandson if preachers who came from the same old John Knox stock, and he just had a son born to him, and his name will be James, and he will be a preacher, too. I have no doubt about that, for it runs in the stock. I like that,—everybody likes it. I like the Caldwell and the Waddells and the Battles and the Bakers, because wherever I go, from North Carolina to Texas, I find them teaching or preaching. They are holding the fort and doing good in their day and generation.

Well, we have gotten our organ. The Estey Organ Company took us up so quick that I was almost sorry we offered fifty dollars for a hundred dollar organ. Maybe they would have given it to us. I felt like the Dutchman who asked a man eight dollars for a coat. When the man paid it without jewing, he went out and kicked himself because he didn't ask him ten. But they gave us a hundred and thirty dollar organ, and it makes splendid music, and our choir is happy and every body is calm and serene. Long live the Estey company to gladen the world with harmony.

BILL ARP.

Take Action.

If the people will not take the selection of the railroad commission in hand, they will have no one to blame but themselves, if the railroad lobby in Raleigh get men whom their employees prefer. The lobby is there, citizens, in all their seductiveness. The Atlantic Coast Line is represented, the Richmond & Danville system has its agents, and John Robinson's roads have men there to look after the interests of his railroads. You needn't send lobbyists there, but you should meet at your county seats and demand that your representatives shall select as railroad commissioners, men who will be just, fair and equitable to the masses and the common carriers who hold charters granted by you. Let us have no blind prejudice or petty spite. We want the railroads to build up North Carolina and not to damage her. We want them to be run in the interest of North Carolina and her people, but not with a view to having termini beyond the State.—Tarboro Southerner.

How Long First.

Donn Piatt, in Belford's Magazine prophesies that the time will come when the rich Roodlers will hide themselves in caves. He says:

"Violence follows fraud as surely as night follows day, or a thunder storm a poisoned atmosphere. The day is not far distant when these millionaires will be hunting holes in which to hide from the very mobs they are now so assiduously calling into existence. God in His divine mercy forgives us our sins when we are repentant, but the law that governs our being, called nature, knows no forgiveness."

Teacher—Now, children, I will give you three words—Boys, Bees and Bears; and I want you to compose a sentence which will include all three words.

Small Boy—I have it

Teacher—John McCarthy, you can give us your sentence.

John McCarthy—Boys bees bare whin they goes in swimming.—Harper's Bazar.

Holds them Liable.

The Supreme Court of Virginia made an important decision the past week. It was held that bank creditors must direct, and that "gross inattention negligence, allowing fraud or misconduct on the part of agents, officers or codirectors, which could have been prevented if they had given ordinary care and attention to their duties," makes them liable to depositors. This is a good law, good business doctrine and good marality.—Ex.

Judge D. L. Russell, of Wilmington, N. C., and a prominent lawyer of our State, has written a letter to the New York Tribune in which he severely criticises the Democratic party of the South and comes out as the special advocate of negro domination in the South, painting a horrible picture of how they are cheated out of their political rights, as he says, and surprisingly, it must be to every one, he takes a fierce stand against his white friends and neighbors and the land of his nativity.—Laurinburg Exchange.

The Republican Aim.

We think before many years the South will be no better than the protection, vote buying, labor striking, pauper filled and money devil North. The great aim is to decoy the South in the net of protection and create a few millionaries and thousands of half starving paupers. Protection will do the work.—Wilmington Star.

Why, Certainly it Was a Failure.

A young couple in Winston, who were married four weeks ago, have resolved that it is best to live live lives of "singleness," and have separated and now speak of applying for a divorce. The blushing young bride is yet in her teens while the groom is but a few years the elder. Such marriages are usually failures.—Winiston Daily.

Chicago Captured it.

The Libby prison is to go to Chicago after all. The work of taking apart the old structure is now going on in Richmond, Va., and as the bricks and beams are displaced they are numbered, so that the building can be put together again, just as it stood in Virginia. The interior of the old prison is to be used as a sort of war museun.—Ex,

THE LEGISLATURE

WHAT OUR REPRESENTATIVES ARE DOING.

A Summary of The Work of The General Assembly Now in Session at Raleigh.

Tuesday, Feb. 5th

SENATE.

Mr. Thomas reported as properly enroled and the President ratified bill to pay certain claims against the University of North Carolina; to incorporate the town of Hot Springs, Madison county; to change certain law-books from the State to the Supreme Court library; to amend the charter of the town of Smithfield, Johnston county; resolution in relation to the boundary lines of North Cerolina; to prevent fraud in the sale of mortgaged property; to amend the law to compromise, compute and settle the State debt.

S. B. 106, to amend the constitution and to provide for an election on the proposed amendment was taken up. It provides that no member of a legislature which creates an office of profit or trust shallbe eligible to the first term of suchoffice. Again it provides that the commissioner of Agriculture shall be of equal dignity with other State officers. And third, it provides that the term of office for State officers shall begin on the third Wednesday after the first Monday in January.

The bill was vigorously supported by Mr. Means, the introducer, as well as by Mr. LeGrand. It was opposed by Tunrer, Kerr, Little and Lusk. The bill failed to pass.

A message from the House o. Representatives announced itf concurrence in the Senate resolution to attend the New Berne Oyster and Fish Fair, and that it had appointed on the joint committee proposed Messrs. Lyon; Cooke, Baird, Madison and Wall. The President appointed Senators Kerr, Twitty and Lusk as the Senate branch of said committee and requested that they make an early report of its action.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The bill authorizing the commissioners of Pitt county to appoint a tax collector was reported unfavorably.

The following bill were introduced: Incorporating the Bank of Goldsboro; relating to bastardy; to prohibit the sale of liquor within three miles of Free Mission church in Greene county; to prevent hunting on the lands of another.

The bill incorporating Spring Hope, Nash county, passed second reading.

The following bills pessed their third reading: to remedy defects in wills in certain cases; relating to joint stock companies (allowing shares of stock to be five dollars and over, which will allow Alliance men and others to take stock in manufactories, the old law fixes the amount at not less than fifty dollars) relating to preserving the reports of State officer s(requiring that two copies of each report shall be deposited in the State Library;) amending the charter of Greenville, Pitt county; relating to the practice of medicine in the State (regarding registration). H. B. 431. The billto enable the penitentiary to become self-sustaining. After adopting some amendments relative to clerical errors; the bill was put upon its passage. Mr. Hoke, the author of the bill, spoke, giving the purport and effect of the measure. He said 1,400 able-bodied men, under perfect control, should be able to make a living; that the State had been donating the services of convitts to the railroads for many years, and it amounted to the same as taking the money out of the public funds; that the appropriation would be cut down fifty thousand dollars, and in view of the many appropriations, such as pensions, etc., it was imperative that there should be economy, and this was the place to cut down the expenses. The section relating to the hiring out of convicts elicited considerable discussion. Mr. Carter opposed striking out this section. He said the railroad company now building the Western North Carolina Railroad to Murphey would be relieved from going to that place if the State should take away the convicts now at work there. The people of Cherokee expected this legislature to stand by them and see that their hopes of the early completion of the road should not be disappointed. Mr. Cooke also spoke favoring the passage of the bill without further alteration. Mr. Hoke called for the previous question. The bill was placed upon its readings and passed its final reading.

A message was received from the Governor transmitting a report from Gen. W. G. Lewis asking the legislature for an appropriation for a permanent encampment at Wrightsville. Referred to the committee on military affairs.

A message was received from the Senate, in which the House concured, relative to the legislature visiting in a body the Fish and Oyster Fair to be held at New Berne, N. C.

A resolution was adopted creating a joint committee on roads—two from the Senate and three from the House.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.

SENATE.

The followieg bills passed their third reading: a bill for relief of sheriffs and tax collectors and heir legal representatives; bill to amend chapters 395 and 399, Laws of 1885, in relation to the stock law: bill to repeal chapter 159, Laws 1887, in relation to freight rates; bill to repeal chapter 126, Laws 1887, restoring the bonds of the clerk of Superior Court and register of deeds of Halifax Co. to $15,000.

A bill to punish the keeping of houses of ill-fame and those who rent houses for the purposes thereof was taken up. An amendment offered that all visitors to such houses for immoral purposes should be classed as keepers thereof and be liable to the penalties provided for in the bill, was adopted; the vote by which the amendment was adopted was reconsidered and the same amendment was again adopted, the bill passed its second reading and upon a call of the roll the bill passed its third reading, ayes 32, noes 14.

A message from the House was read in which they did not concur in the resolution to attend the New Berne Fish and Oyster Fair. A resolution for the Senate to attend was tabled.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

There were half a dozen petitions presented prohibiting the sale of liquor within certain distances from churches; several asking the repeal of the purchase tax: about fifty from Farmers' Alliances, in as many counties, asking a repeal of the law giving away convicts, railroad commission; also asking for 100 convicts to work on the public roads in Lenoir county.

Reports of Committees—Finance, favorably—preventing hunting on the lands of another; requesting Congress to appropriate an amount for the erection of a monument to Nathaniel Macon. Agriculture—favorably, repealing all laws relating to the tax on fertilizers; preventing trespass; relating to the sales of wood incorporated towns: for the better protection of landlord and tenant. Unfavorably, relating to ex sheriffs: an act to encourage sheep husbandry, Corporating—incorporating the Bank of Goldsboro, favorably. Insurance—amending the insurance law of the State. Fish and Fisheries—H. B. 565, protecting fish in Martin county H, B. 549, improvement of the shell fish interest of the State.

Bills Introduced.

To protect lanos adjoining railroads of the State; to prevent the sale of liquor in localities in Greene county; to regulate the public schools in Tarboro township in Edgecombe county; levying a special tax in Greene county; incorporating the Pender and Onslow Land and Improvement Co; to require surveyors to have their chain sealed by the standard keeper; in relation to the fees of standard keepers; explanatory to the act in regard to sheriffs and tax collectors; regulating the sale of liquor in Greene county; to prevent the throwing of dead bodies of animals in Roanoke river, changing the Superior court of Harnett county, incorporating the Farmers' Co-operative School of North Carolina; creating a free school district at Rocky Mount; to make ten (10) hours a legal working day, where women and children are employed, to prevent fishing with nets in Greene county.

The committee on propositions and grievances reported unfavorably, on the stock law questioning Edgecombe county.

Mr. Lyon moved a reconsideration of H. B. 431, relating to making the penitentiary self sustaining, he objeced to furnishing convicts to the Western N. C. Rail Road and withdrawing them from the east. Mr. Hoke (author of the bill) spoke in defence of the bill, and moved to table the motion to reconsider. Mr. Stephens, upon this motion, called for the yeas and nays. The motion to reconsider failed upon a vote of 55 to 49.

The bills incorporating Spring Hope, Nash county and Jason in Greene county passed third reading.

Bill to promote the efficiency of the State Guard, after considerable discussion, and upon the yeas d nays, failed to pass by a vote of 39 to 65.

Did Not Know Her.

As Mrs. Cleveland was entering the Palais Royal, a little street arab, who makes his living by selling five cent packages of lavender, approached her and asked her to buy a package. She inquired as to the price, took one and dropped a dime in the boy's dirty hand. He did not have a five cent piece to give her in change, so said: "You hold my basket and I'll run and git the change." Mrs. Cleveland told him it did not matter about the change and passed on into the store. Just then another street arab ran up and told the first the name of the lady whom he had asked to hold his basket. The lavendar boy not one bit abashed, exclaimed: Dog-gone my buttons, if I'd er knowed it was her I'd er giv her one, and not charged her a cent."

North Carolina at New York.

Governor Fowle has made the following appointments as commissioners to represent North Carolina at New York, April 30th inst., when there will be a celebration on a grand scale of the centennial of Washington's inauguration as President: W. T. Dortch. Wayne; Frank Coxe, Buncombe; E. R. Stamps, Wake, James Edwin Moore, Martin; J. A. Forrey, Rutherford; R. O. Gregory, Granville; Charles C. Clark, Craven: Josephus P. Caldwell, Iredell.

Judge W. M. Shipp was sick and the sheriff was campelled to adjourn Lenoir Court. The Free Press says the county is put to an expense of $300, besides a great inconvenience and expense to individuals. The law is deficient and some provision should be made for such cases.

VAGABOND JACK

THE LIFE OF THE WAYWARD LOVER.

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

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"I mean that he should have been here already. Yes, yes, it is he, he is running by the scent, but he is held in leash. We must look out, Lise, it is us they are after, and Maripan too is a traitor!"

It was only too true; the dog was following on the track, and was acting as a guide to his master's enemies. There was no time to lose, they must take to flight at whatever cost. Felise quickly made up bundle of her best clothes, and Jack, lifting an enormous stone, hid his implements for making gunpowder; then having put two loaves into his game-bag, he took Felise by the hand and marched straight for the heights.

It was a keen frost, and the moon, now in her last quarter, glittered on the hardened snow. The barking of the dog reached them more and more distinctly the farther up the mountain he came, and by and-by he uttered a series of barks so peculiar in tone that Jack stopped to listen. "They are at Maraval," he said, "and the dog is yelping as he finds the scent warm, however we have good start, Lise, and unless the devil helps them they won't over take us."

Judging only from the voice of the dog, the pursuit never slackened, but continued with untiring with perseverance. Jack and Felise were still marching along in silence long after daybreak, and fatigue began to gain visibly on the young creature. Several times already she had been obliged to stop and take breath; in spite of her courage the poor child felt that her strength was exhausted. She hung more and more heavily on Jack's arm, retarding his progress, and at last he stopped altogether. "Jack," she said, "I cannot go a step farther, leave me here and save yourself. They will not do me any harm, and you will easily find me again."

"What! abandon you? never, never. Let us see if you can't make one effort more, my girl."

"It's no use, Jack, I have already done more than I was able. Save yourself, save yourself I conjure you."

"No, a thousand times no; we are hardly a hundred yards from the hut of the Holy Cross, come and rest yourself there, and never mind me."

Felise dragged painfully along to the hut—the entrance of which was half filled up with snow—and sank down, utterly worn out on the soft bed of lavender and wild thyme which the shepherds always took care to have in this rude abode.

"Remain there and wait for me without impatience; with Heaven's help I shall not be away long."

Jack had just formed a great resolve. Turning on his step he quickly re-descended the mountain in the direction of Maral, and hastily posted himself behind a rock which way and forced it to take a sharp turn. He had not long to wait. Maripan, held in by a gendarme, soon made his appearance, as barking he followed up the scent his tongue hanging out as if in the dog-days; the corporal and his men came behind streaming with perspiration. Jack raised his gun and slowly took aim, and the poor brute fell, shot with a bullet right through the forehead.

"This way, boys," cried the corporal, darting forward, "after him, Berard; after him, Bassy look alive, my men!" But Jack, more active than a chamois was already a long way off in the direction of Curnier, leaving the hut of the Holy Cross behind him intentionally and the corporal, perceiving that the game was lost, gave his men the signal to retreat. The carcass of Maripan already stiffened by the frost, was left alone, with its feet in the air, to serve as a feast for the first passing wolf.

Jack was not able to rejoin Felise at the hut until nightfall. He found her half dead with cold and terror, shivering with fever, and repeating disconnected and meaningless words, such as people utter when in deliriam. He quickly lighted a great fire, and brisky chafed the ice-cold limbs of his poor wife, calling her by the tenderest names, but Felise remained insensible; her eyes were fixed in a vacant stare, and she seemed only to answer the questions of invisible interlocutors. To crown Jack's misforunes the wind had just risen, the wind of Mount Ventoux, an icy wind that ground the snow into powder, and blew in about in violent eddies. To think of descending the mountain again at such a time was impossible, and nothing remained but to stay there till morning.

Jack, with a heart full of anxiety and misery, arranged some armfuls of dry lavender in the most sheltered corner, and there laid poor Felise covering her up with some of his own clothes aad keeping a good fire burning all night at the entrance of the miserable hovel. Every moment the tempest shook the walls with redoubled fury and seemed to draw from them melancholy groans, while the these miseries was added the danger of suffocation, the smoke being driven violently back into the interion of the hut. Felise, who was tormented with a raging thirst, was asking for water every moment and poor Jack had nothing to give her but lumps of frozen snow which he broke down small with his knife.

At last this dreadful night came to an end, and the unhappy man went outside for a moment to look about him a little. The wind had fallen as the sun rose, but his situation was no less terrible. There he was, alone, on the top of Mount Ventoux, his wife ill, delirious unable to move, and he himself utterly worn out and exhausted with the fatigues of the preceding day and the anguish of such a night, and no one to look to for assistance, no one to save him but himself. For the first time in his life Jack felt his heart fail, and large tears trickled down his hollow beeks. He raised his eyes to heaven with a desparing glance, and entering the hut again sat down in utter misery beside Felise, who far the hundredth time called for water.

This excessive prostration lasted but a short time; Jack was soon himself again, and looking his cruel position in the face. Before all, it was necessary to leave the hut at any cost, and to do this he must recover sufficient strength. Having eaten half a loaf and drunk two or three mouthfuls of melted snow, he uttered a short prayer, and lifting Felise in his arms placed her on his shoulders, then, using his gun by way of staff, he slowly descended the steep slope.

Strong and sure-footed as he was Jack was obliged to stop from time to time to recover breath. He then deposited his precious burden on someadj acent rock and manfully resumed it after a short rest. In this way he reached the cave of Maraval, after a harassing march of five mortal hours, an was glad to find that the enemy in their passing visit had not greatly disturbed his favourite abode. It was time Jack's strength was literall exhausted. Having recovered a little from his first fatigde he turned his attention exlusively to Felise, whose state inspired him with increasing anxiety. A profound torpor had followe the violent fever and delirium. Felise seemed overpowered with a lethargic drowsinass, and she lay without sense or motion. Jack did all he possibly coule ta raanimate his poor wife and exhausted all the resources of a heart rendered inenious by necessity. But all in vain and his despair soon equalled his fear. Day was declining; was he then to pass a second night of anguish and terror alone, abandoned by all, unable to afford the dear sufferer any relief, a helpless witness of all her pain. Jack rushed from the cave and scanned with eager eye the whole surrounding scene but, alas! not a soul, not a shepered, not a flock, not a dog was to be seen, nothing but silence and solitude!

Down below in the valley the evening angelus was slowly tolled on the bell of the village church, and for the first time in his life Jack felt a bitter smile rise to his lips at the sacred appeal. In his storm teased soul the evening bells seemed a gratuitous irony, the tranquil mockery of establis hed order triumphing in its selfish regularity.

"Away, vagabond!" said the little bell distinctly, die like a dog on your mountain! Our cares, our services, our assistance, our doctors, our priests, are not for you! We owe no help except to those who live our life, share our duties, bend under the same burdens as we, and do not claim, like you, the right of living as they please, free from all laws and all duties!"

As Jack was about to re-enter in despair, two shots were fired near by, and an unfortunate from the cave. Jack ran to pick it up, and met the sportman who had just left his post. Imagine his joy when he found that it was Siffrein, a comrade, a brother poacher, a friend! In a few words Siffrein was informed of the state of affairs, and at once promised his assistance and it was arranged that he should see the doctor and the cure, and tell them in what state he had left Felise. Comforted by the certainty of soon obtaining help, Jack re-entered the cave, and, worn out by fatigue and emotion, soon fell into a deep slumber by the corner of the fire.

He was awakened by heart rending cries. Felise was writhing on her miserable bed; the delirium had left her, but with the return of reason terror had entered her soul. "I am going to die," she cried "Jack do not leave me to die! Jack, I am afraid. Jack, I am dying! Help me, help me! Do not let me die, Jack, I conjure you"!

Felise, Felise!" replied Jack in depration; "calm yourself, I am here, I shall not leave you! what is there to frighten you!—I am—Oh, you are suffering cruel pain, my poor Lise!"

She clung to him with extraordinary force, clasping him spasmodically in her arms so as almost to choke him. A convulsive sob arose from the depths of her chest and issued from between her closed teeth in violent gasps, with a rattling sound, a white froth moistened the cornres of her mouth.

"Ah, Jack!" cried Felise with an accent of despair, "adieu, Jack, adieu! It is all over!" Her arms all at once relaxed their hold, and she sank back lifeless on her couch.

When the cure and the doctor at length arrived—about midnight—they were too late to render any assistance to poor Felise. Jack's agony was great, but very quiet and it was a long time before he could be roused to speak of the necessary preparations for the funeral. Then, with painful earnestness, be begged the cure, if it could be done, to consecrate a little bit of ground beneath a tall juniper which grew near the cave, so that Felise might be buried there, and he might be always near her as he had promised to be the day of their betrothal. The cure consented and Jack himself dug the grave, resolutely refusing all assistance in in that melancholy task.

All the people of the village, and many from the neighbouring hamlets, marched up to the cave of Maraval to attend the funeral. Old Martin was there too, and at the grave he flung himself into Jack's arms, manifesting extreme grief, which was no doubt more poignant by remorse. Simon Fifteen Ounces flung into the open grave the knife which had tempted him to become a traitor, and in the name of Felise implored Jack to forgive him.

"You have done us much harm, Simon," said Jack, sadly; "but it shall not be in vain that you invoke the name of Felise, I pardon you from the bottom of my heart."

Felise's death finally determined the course of Jack's life. But for that event the refractory conscipt, the despiser of social trammels—circumstances aiding—might have become like other men and entered on a settled life. Married, and the father of a family, Jack would have been the first to recognize the necessity of reconciling himself with society, and would certainly have taken advantage of the general amnesty that followed the revolution of 1830. But wifeless, alone, and no longer having any reason to struggle against this natural bent, Jack was bound to return to the life of vagabondage which had for him become a second nature. He lived a life of hardship on the inaccessible mountain, where the bees had ended by leaving him quite unmolested, yet he was dependent on no one—he was truly his own master in the full sence of the word.

By building some pieces of dry stone-wall to keep out the wind, he had made of the cave of Maraval an abode that a human being could almost live in. He had his head quarters there, his provision store, and his workshop, he came there every evening to sleep, often from a long distance, and in all sorts of weather. In the morning, before starting on his excursions, he knelt beside the tomb of Felise said his prayers devoutly, then pionsly threw a stone on the shapeless heap, which being augmented by a stone from every passer-by, was soon, and is still called The Dead Woman's Cairn.

Thus he lived for many a long year in this wild solitude, alone with the remembrance of her whom he had lost, seldom descending to the village except on Sundays and holidays for the purpose of hearing mass. He spoke little, and avoided society as much as he could, but by a sort of tacit agreement he seemed to be constituted the natural guardian of all the old customs of the country—on Easter even, for example, he was always sure to be found posted at the corner of the square with his finger on the trigger of his gun, waiting till the bells should ring the return from Rome, in order to shoot Lent—Lent being represented by egg-shells, fish-bones, and dried vegtables suspended to the hoop of a barrell at the hight of the roofs. It was he who gave the morning serenade of the brothers of St. Mark, and he had not his equal at beating a rod on the big drum of the brotherhood. When St. John's day came it was he again who lighted the first bonfire on the mountain it honor of his patron saint. He was also a bombardier, and on St. Antoine's day, the patron of the village, or on that of St. Barbe, the patroness of artillerymen, it was Jack who discharged the mortars of the commune, into which it is thought he put but little government powder. He knew the rhyme for making swarms of bees come back, and the prayer by which objects that have been lost are found. He was also something of a bone-setter, had a secret way of dressing wounds, discovered springs with the divining rod, and had a drug that was a sovereign cure for the bite of a mad dog.

Everyone loved him for ten leagues round, and he was often consulted in difficult circumstances, for he was known to be as prudent as he was clear-headed. The young men were unanimous in proclaiming the superiority of Jack's powder to that of the government; and the girls gave him always the preference if the proclamation of a robbage had to be made. So when harvest was over, and went about from farm to farm, sack on back like a medicant hermit, he was sure to received his peck of grain, his handful of olives, or his bottle of new wine. When a pig was killed, Jack got always a good price for fricassee, and there was hardly a marriage or christening party of any consequence to which he was not invited as if of full right. So that this man who possessed nothing under the sun, neither lands nor houses: who, like the ancient philosopher, carried about with him all that he had, this vagabond beyond the pale of society, half smuggler, half poacher, without recognized trade or avowed employment—this man lived in comparative abundance, and undoubtedly enjoyed the cordial esteem of his neigbors.—From the Revue des Deux Mondes.

THE END.

A Sensible Suggestion.

A widow, who has murdered her husband, is entitle to her dower and distributive share in his estate. Such a decision of our State Supreme Court as reported in the last volume of reports. We would therefore suggest to the Legislauure the propriety of amending the law, in this particular.

There is an old law maxim that "No one can take advantage of his own wrong" and it seems abhorrant to all ideas of all right and justice that a woman who kills her husband should be rewarded for her unnatural crime by the law giving her a portion of his property?—Chathom Record.

The only men who have the courage to wear shabby clothes are millionaires and candidates for office.—Atchison Globe.

You can often determine the value of a man's character from the character of his enemies.—Tuscon, Ariz., Star.

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.

The Topic wants a Furniture Factory in Lenoir.

The Argonaut says a movement is to build a new Methodist church in Nashville is on foot.

The Banner says the four Sunday School in Tarboro have an average attendance of four hundred.

The Farmer's Alliance has opened a Tobacco warehouse in Durham. The opening sale was a success.

The Clinton Caucasian is to have a power press. It is a readable paper, full of posh and vim, and it seems to be paying.

Rocky Mount has one cotton factory and is preparing to build another. A bottling establishment is the latest enterprise.

The wooden plate, dish and box factory of Mr. O. F. Johnson, at Clinton is booming. Such enterprises in the South pay.

The Shelby Aurora says wisely and well: "Let our farmers raise more grasses and give less mortgages, more clover and less cotton.

Mr. Ben Webb, formerly of Kinston, now of Birhmington, Ala., has applied for a patent for a machine to utilize the force of running water.

The Gleaner says the Building and Loan Association of Graham is moving off splendidly, and is of the opition it will do much for Graham and community.

The last issue of the Weldon News records two cases of negro children being burned to death in the absence of their mother from the house. The old, old story.

A petition has been sent to the Legislature by Osgood Alliance, Chatham county, to pass a law requiring every person to show his tax receipt before he is qualified to vote.

The Weldon News says there are over one hundred and sixty cases on docket for trial by the Inferior Court next week.——A negro brakeman was caught between two cars and badly mashed last Monday morning. He will live.

The Scotland Neck Democrat tells of a man who killed a hog that weighed 528 pounds, and was only about 2 years 2 months old. He was over six feet long and three tall, and was of Poland China breed crossed with native.

Sampson county has a Trucker's Association. It has prepared an address to the State calling on them to send delegates to a general convention to be held in Clinton the 4th and 5th of April. This looks like business.

Mr. Simmon's bill to pay Mr. J. C. Thorne, of Littleton, N. C., $12,800. full payment for cotton seized during the war by the U. S. Government in 1863, has been favorably reported and it is likely will pass both Houses of Congress.

The Gold Leaf says the Henderson Smoking Tobacco Company is booming and pushing things with a vim. They are using electric light and running night and day with orders ahead for one hundred thousand pounds of their goods.

The Wilmington Messenger gives an itemized statement showing that the theft of a chicken valued at fifteen cents cost the tax payers of the State $604.70 before the State was finally rid of the offender. What an argument in favor of the whipping post.

Brother, of the Rocky Mount Phoenix, is farming this year and we suppose he will put in practice the following advice, which we clip from his paper: "Our farmers should grow at home this year, as many of the necessaries of life as possible. Let them sell more and buy less, and keep out of debt.

The citizens of Morehead City have organized "The Farmer's Co-operative School Company," of North Carolina for which they propose to obtain a charter authorizing a capital of $150,000, to be raised by subscription on shares of stock at $10 each. They propose to make it an institution of learning second to none in the State.

The Jones County Alliance, considering the homestead law the parent of the present burdensome morigage system, and that it has a tendency to drive capital and manufacturing enterprises from the State, resolved to ask its repeal at the hands of the present Legislature, and requests the co-operation of all Alliences in the State.

The Scotland Neck Democrat says there was over 37 marriages in Halifax county during the month of January.——During the session of the Commissioners Court a colored man asked the privilege of asking the Board some questions and his request being acceded to, he asked them very gravely, how he could make money by tilling rented lands. They referred him to the Farmer's Alliance as the proper source of information.

An Embryo Merchant Prince.

Teacher—And when the prodigal son's father found that his son was lost to him, what did he do? Willie, you may answer.

Willie—Advertise.—American.