

THE WILSON ADVANCE FOR 1889.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE BOYS PLAY PRANKS ON THE OLD MAN.

And He Recalls Those in Which He Engaged When He Was a Boy.

Last Monday morning the breakfast bell rang as usual, and when we sat down at the festive board we found the chairs all tied to the center legs of the table so that we could not draw them back to take our seats. Two mischievous chaps were peeping at us through the crack of the door, but we never noticed them. I quietly stooped down and cut the strings and we took our seats and I invoked the time honored blessing upon the food—but the fish was not there. When the dishes were removed the dishes were empty and the coffee pot gave us nothing but hot water. The stifled giggling behind the door told us that it was an April fool, but it didn't last long for the empty dishes were soon replaced and Jessie asked me if I hadn't better ask another blessing. Quinine is a good medicine, but it does not go well in a glass of milk. Salt is a good thing but will not sweeten coffee, but those chaps enjoyed the frolic so much we never got mad, for there is but one All Fool's day in a year. Once upon a time I caught a mole in the garden and shut him up in the sugar dish, and when Mrs. Arp removed the top, the sweet little varmint stood up on his hind legs and gave the clapper of the dish, and as he was a scene that the children have not forgotten, and so as they had my paternal example they take a good many liberties. There never was very much dignity in my household, no how. Sometimes I try to look solemn, but the children know it is all put on, like a thin clothes and I noticed that the school bell didn't ring last Monday morning, and that evening I asked the professor what was the matter. He said it didn't ring because he couldn't find the chapper. The boys had worked right hard in the dark to get the clapper off and they thought there would be no school, but he called them in and made no sign. The professor is mighty good, and said he was going to give holiday and go fishing with the boys if it had not rained. The dogwood has not blossomed yet, but the holiday will come before long. I like that. I like for a teacher to steal a day sometimes and go out in the woods and fields with the pupils and have a good time. It looks like a sin to pen up the children every day in this blessed month when all nature like a thinking maid, is putting on her summer clothes. April comes from a Latin word that means to open. The earth is opening for the spring corn, the trees are opening their buds, flowers are opening into beauty and the birds are opening the balmy air with music. I wish that I could be as free as the woods and meadows and gather flowers and sweet shrubs and fish in the creeks and branches and picnic upon the grass and be happy in communion with nature. What is the use of hurrying through life? What is the use of so much cooking and cleaning and making a fine clothes and living on a strain. I knew that the boys were up to some mischief about that school bell, for Jessie was singing "The Cowboy will not ring in the morning." I asked Carl about it, and he said they were just going to have a little fun like I used to have when I was a boy—that is, the chickens always come home to roost. When a father tells his children of his own youthful frolics and colors them up a little and makes himself out a hero, it is like a hen laying eggs. They are going to hatch some time. It is like planting seed in the ground. They will come after a while and bear fruit. I remembered telling the children how we college boys tied a wire to the chapel bell one night and out it through the lattice of the belfry and down to the ground and then across to the college and up to the third story window and drew it tight so that it was away in the air and when the bell rang the wire broke and out it went at midnight. Tom King whose room was close by, began to yell the bell for a fire signal, and aroused the town and the police and the fire company and when they couldn't find the bell and hunted all round for the stamp but couldn't find him. The next night it rang out as usual, but the bell was not in the chapel again and went away up into the belfry with a lantern but couldn't find anybody and the next night a man slept in the next night and we boys knew it and didn't ring and so they watched and we watched and the ringing was kept up off

THE MUSIC DID THE WORK.

The Yankees Frightened off by the Sound of Music.

In the winter of 1863, a band belonging to the army of Northern Virginia, was in camp at one of the hospitals in the suburbs of Richmond, Va. The members had seen long service, and were ordered to this point for rest and practice. It was at this time that Richmond was threatened by a raid under Colonel Dahlgren, who came with explicit instructions "to kill Jeff Davis and his cabinet, and to release the prisoners on Belle Isle." Every available force was called out to meet the expected raid. Perhaps the only organization left in the city save the necessary guard for the prisoners and stores was the band above alluded to. The weather was severely cold, the ground was covered with snow and the soldiers of the band were hovering over scanty fires. The leader of the band was Capt. Bill Smith, of Robeson county. Among others are remembered the names of Wat, McPhaul, of Red Springs, and Arnold, of Moore county. The entire number was about 24. Rod McMillan, private in Co. K, 28th N. C. Regiment, had been wounded in a recent fight and was located in a hospital near at hand, and visited the band with a request for some music. In response to the invitation, the band commenced playing, and had given "Dixie" when the report of a gun was heard, followed by the explosion of a shell. "What does that mean?" asked a soldier. "Oh, nothing, only some drunken soldier taking Christmas and saluting the band." In response to this suggestion, the band rushed out of the hospital upon the snow and played several lively airs. The shells continued to burst till at last the band ceased playing. "I tell you, boys, that must be Yankees," said one. "Officers would never allow shells fired by drunken artillerymen in that way." A few hours afterwards it was discovered that a part of the raiding force had approached to within sight of Richmond and hearing the band playing, threw a few shells in that direction, and supposing that a large force was gathering, retreated with the result of the death of the bold rascal and dispersion of his force. The city was defenceless, and if the raiding party had entered, the object of the expedition might have been realized. Many of the band alluded to are still living, who remember the incident above related.—Scottish Chief.

COUNTY INSTITUTES

NEW DEPARTURE IN EDUCATION.

The Chronicle is always glad to see any advance movement in the education of the people. It believes in education of every kind. It is a friend to all educational institutions, public and private. It believes that a system that will put education within the reach of energetic boys and girls in North Carolina will do more for our people than they dream of, and that it is the solution of many social and political problems that now seem difficult to solve. EDUCATION MEANS FREEDOM. FREEDOM UNDER THE MOST FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES IS THE SLAVE OF INTELLIGENCE. If the people could always remember this it would be well for them and for the State. Whatever can be done for the education of the people ought to meet with the approval and hearty endorsement of every citizen who loves his State. The Chronicle never lets an opportunity pass when it can aid or show its sympathy for such a movement. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the proposed County Institute work about to be inaugurated by the State Board of Education in accordance with an act passed by the last General Assembly. This act provides that all the white Normal Schools in the State shall be abolished and that the \$4,000 heretofore annually appropriated for the purpose of holding these Normal Schools be appropriated for the purpose of holding County Institutes and conducting examinations of teachers and for such other work for the instruction of teachers as may be deemed advisable in the various counties of the State. The State Board of Education is giving the full power of carrying this law into effect. It is conforming thereto they have employed two prominent and well furnished and enthusiastic educators who will hold these Institutes in the different counties in the State, beginning about the first of July. The Chronicle desires to say that it believes great good will come to public education from this work. Not only will the teachers of every county in the State be benefitted and encouraged, but what is of as great importance, the people will have the question of education and especially of public education constantly before them. As it is, the people of North Carolina hear little of public education except in campaign politics. The most prominent politicians, and those who know the people best, of whatever party they be, make no political speeches without trying to show that their party is the friend of education, and that it therefore deserves the support of the people. We do not condemn this in the politicians. It is right that this question should be made important. For the greatest and most momentous question to the average citizen is the education of his children. What ever party gives this in his best friend, and if government is for the greatest good to the greatest number, such a party deserves the support of all men. But it is a matter for regret that the people do not hear some of the eloquent speeches for education at other times besides campaign seasons. One of the most important things to be done is to keep the people alive and awakened on this great subject. We think that this will in a large measure be accomplished by the work of the Institute conductors. Another good feature of the work is the examination of teachers. As we understand it, every party is compelled to stand an examination under the conductor of the Institute, but those who wish to secure a first grade certificate good for three years may stand an examination given by the Institute Conductor and the County Superintendent. The present public school teachers are obliged to stand an examination under the County Superintendent every year. Those who prefer to continue this method can do so, but there are many complaints against it and we doubt not that many of the best teachers will feel that it is much better to secure the first grade certificate for three years. We believe that this and many other features of the work will greatly benefit the profession of teaching, will advance the cause of education and will therefore be of great advantage to the State. The gentlemen selected for the work have a rare opportunity for service to their State and the teachers throughout the State and the people ought to do everything in their

THE MUSIC DID THE WORK.

The Yankees Frightened off by the Sound of Music.

In the winter of 1863, a band belonging to the army of Northern Virginia, was in camp at one of the hospitals in the suburbs of Richmond, Va. The members had seen long service, and were ordered to this point for rest and practice. It was at this time that Richmond was threatened by a raid under Colonel Dahlgren, who came with explicit instructions "to kill Jeff Davis and his cabinet, and to release the prisoners on Belle Isle." Every available force was called out to meet the expected raid. Perhaps the only organization left in the city save the necessary guard for the prisoners and stores was the band above alluded to. The weather was severely cold, the ground was covered with snow and the soldiers of the band were hovering over scanty fires. The leader of the band was Capt. Bill Smith, of Robeson county. Among others are remembered the names of Wat, McPhaul, of Red Springs, and Arnold, of Moore county. The entire number was about 24. Rod McMillan, private in Co. K, 28th N. C. Regiment, had been wounded in a recent fight and was located in a hospital near at hand, and visited the band with a request for some music. In response to the invitation, the band commenced playing, and had given "Dixie" when the report of a gun was heard, followed by the explosion of a shell. "What does that mean?" asked a soldier. "Oh, nothing, only some drunken soldier taking Christmas and saluting the band." In response to this suggestion, the band rushed out of the hospital upon the snow and played several lively airs. The shells continued to burst till at last the band ceased playing. "I tell you, boys, that must be Yankees," said one. "Officers would never allow shells fired by drunken artillerymen in that way." A few hours afterwards it was discovered that a part of the raiding force had approached to within sight of Richmond and hearing the band playing, threw a few shells in that direction, and supposing that a large force was gathering, retreated with the result of the death of the bold rascal and dispersion of his force. The city was defenceless, and if the raiding party had entered, the object of the expedition might have been realized. Many of the band alluded to are still living, who remember the incident above related.—Scottish Chief.

THE SERPENT IN THE GRAPE

"It Bitch Like a Serpent and Sting Like an Aider"

Who would imagine that disease, ruin and death could be hidden in the clustered globes of the vine—so fair to look upon, so delicious, so refreshing! But if there be evil in anything, perverse man is bound to have it on. Out of grapes—brandy. The worm of the still—first cousin to the worm that never sleeps—arises from the exquisite juice of the fruit a mortal poison. Everybody knows it is a poison, but it is not the less popular on that account. Every body knows, too, that its poisonous qualities are quickened and intensified by adulteration. For every man who eats grapes, ten more drink cheap brandy. Tell them there is stychine in it; prove the presence of the drug by analysis; still they drink it. Take them to the delirium tremens ward and show them a man possessed of demons, bottle in hand, and yet fatal as fire, as something evil, as the abysmal ocean, is this same brandy and all its spirituous kin. The ordinary means of suicide slays at once, but these slowly and with torments unspeakable. Body and soul they kill; yet they are swallowed eagerly. In spite of Poverty, Crime, Shame, Paralysis, Madness, Everlasting Ruin, menace them from the goblet's fiery brim, yet they press it to their lips. Wonderful, most wonderful! Men do not walk into the fire, or leap into boiling caldrons, or fling themselves into the raging sea, and yet fatal as fire, as something evil, as the abysmal ocean, is this same brandy and all its spirituous kin. The ordinary means of suicide slays at once, but these slowly and with torments unspeakable. Body and soul they kill; yet they are swallowed eagerly. In spite of Poverty, Crime, Shame, Paralysis, Madness, Everlasting Ruin, menace them from the goblet's fiery brim, yet they press it to their lips. Wonderful, most wonderful! Men do not walk into the fire, or leap into boiling caldrons, or fling themselves into the raging sea, and yet fatal as fire, as something evil, as the abysmal ocean, is this same brandy and all its spirituous kin. The ordinary means of suicide slays at once, but these slowly and with torments unspeakable. Body and soul they kill; yet they are swallowed eagerly. In spite of Poverty, Crime, Shame, Paralysis, Madness, Everlasting Ruin, menace them from the goblet's fiery brim, yet they press it to their lips.

THE OLD NORTH STATE

She's a Grand Old Commonwealth

And the Old North State is a grand domain—rich in its broad acres, rich in its timbers and minerals, rich in its water powers and waterways, and blessed with a thousand advantages denied to other sections. She is today working gold mines in thirty-one counties and silver mines in five others. She mines and markets seven-eighths of the mica used in the United States. She supplies this country with the emery of commerce. She has 112 varieties of native timber which are usable and marketable. She has 176 varieties of minerals. She has water power estimated at 3,000,000 horse power. She can grow any grass, fruit or vegetable known to the United States. She has an honest, conservative administration, a low death rate, a high standard of morality, and in no State in the Union is the law more respected or more closely obeyed. She has the coal and iron and timber to invite manufacturers—the climate and soil which promise the best reward to the farmer. So much for the State at large.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

THE COWBOY'S TICKET

They were telling experiences the other night, but Governor told one of his.

They were telling experiences the other night, but Governor told one of his. He made the trip through the Southern country here just after the road had been opened. The festive cowboy had just begun to enjoy the evening of the train in the rough region, and at one of the stations a formidable specimen of that tough human breed rode up. The conductor came along, punching the tickets, and the cowboy did not pay any attention to him. At last the conductor laid his hand on the cowboy's shoulder and said, "Ticket, please." The cowboy turned out his revolver, pulled out the conductor. "Here's my ticket," the conductor walked on and punched everybody else's coupon. Then he disappeared. The ticket inspector had been forgotten by almost everybody on the car. The cowboy was in a quiescent state, and the car was quite still when the conductor came in. He walked leisurely up the aisle and suddenly stopped before the cowboy, placed a great big knife down on the table in front of him and said, "Lemme see that ticket again." The cowboy paid his fare.

A SCRAP OF PAPER SAVES HER LIFE

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of paper she had written the name of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and now she is perfectly well, weighing 140 pounds. For full particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith, Tenn. Bottle of this wonderful Discovery Free at A. W. Rowland.

DEMOCRACY WILL NEVER DIE

If we could have beaten the Republican party this time it would have died, but the Democratic party will never die.

If we could have beaten the Republican party this time it would have died, but the Democratic party will never die. They will burn up Democrats when the world is on fire.—Sam Jones.