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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, MAY 2, 1889. NUMBER 14

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

BILL ARP'S LETTER

—:o:—

THE YOUNG IDEA AND HOW TO TEACH IT TO SHOOT.

The Value of Advertising Illustrated by the 47 Applications in Answer to a Single Advertisement.

When a lively, restless boy comes home from school about four o'clock in the afternoon, the first thing is to go to the pantry and eat up something. The children don't come home to dinner, and their cold lunch is not very inviting, and so they fill up as soon as they get home, for their mother never forgets them. What delicious memories cluster around the dinner basket of fifty years ago—the time when it was no hardship to walk two miles to school and stay all day, and get back about sundown! That basket was a treasure then, with its fried chicken and hard-boiled eggs and home-made sausage and turnover peach pies and beat biscuit and a little bottle of molasses to wind up on. Wouldn't it be splendid to go back and live that life over again for a while, and play townball at recess, and run foot races, and play tag and mad dog on the way home, and about this time of the year, when the sap is rising in the chestnut and hickory bushes, to make whistles and plait whips, and gather honeysuckles and sweetshrubs, and watch out for birds' nests, and run the lizzards and ground squirrels along the old rail fences, and dam up the branch, and give some school-boy sass to most everybody we met on the road. I haven't seen a striped-back ground squirrel in forty years—the squirrel that will skin along the bottom rails of a fence for hundred yards and disappear in a hole with no dirt round the top. The old darkies used to tell us they dug their holes by beginning at the bottom and carying the dirt the other way, but it was a great mystery to me. I believe it is a good thing for children to have a good long walk to school. I know those two miles by heart. Every hill and branch and chestnut tree and summon tree. Every sand bed and ditch and every half-hidden stone and root against which I stumped my big toe that was already sore from having been stumped before. What hurts a boy worse than to stump a sore toe and see the black blood ooze from under the nail. How comforting is a mother's sympathy as she tenderly ties it up with some sugar and turpentine in the rag. Those two miles are sweetly linked with my school days and I'm sorry for the boys and girls who have only a square or two to walk in a town or city, and have to eat dinner at home every day. They are not having their share of fun in this world. I am sorry for a town boy when he comes home from school and don't know what to do with himself the rest of the day—no fields or woods or branches; no colt to ride or bull calf to break; no snakes to shoot as they hang on the bushes on the bank of the creek. It is right sad to hear the boy say "Papa, what can I do this evening." I take pity on mine and some times let them help me dig in the garden by way of variety and some times I play marbles with them for I have not forgotten the old fashioned rules of roundance and kicks and fat and go last and vence your back killance, but I can't plump the middle man out from taw like I used to. It a is good idea to let a town boy have a few fine chickens to pet and raise from and make his own coops and nest and do his own feeding and fuss at everybody who interferes with them while he is at school. Or he might have a square or two in the garden for melons and strawberries, and he ought to have some good honest story books to read, and so acquire a love for reading, for there is no pleasure so cheap or so lasting. Parents should find time to read to the children at night—read something that will interest and instruct them—something from Goldsmith or Hood or Washington Irving or Oliver Holmes, or some other bright and cheerful author. I wish that I had done more of it in my family. Last night I read to them the original story of Rip Van Winkle by Washington Irving, and they were delighted and when they hear and see Joe Jefferson act it they will enjoy it all the more. It is much harder to entertain boys than girls. Boys will get tired of sling-shots and marbles and tops and balls, but girls never get tired of dolls. Their love of these little imitations is instinctive, and according to nature and necessity. It is a training school from the cotton and sawdust filling of those of flesh and blood. But the girls should have some variety, too for their spare time from the household duties. Some flowers and vines to grow and to watch as they bud and bloom into beauty—something that will be better than reclining half-bent over sentimental, love-sick romance that pictures an unreal life that never happened and never will. It is a perplexing care to raise up these children and keep them happy and satisfied with home. Some will go astray and grieve us in spite of all that we can do, and some will comfort us in our old age. There is no patent on this business, neither for saint or sinner, but we must all do the very best we can, and trust the rest to Providence. The blessings of life are pretty equally divided anyhow. The poor man in the country does not have as much anxiety about his children as the rich man in town. The working country boys do not get much education, nor much polish, but they grow up with habits of industry which are the best habits in the world.

We are trying to establish a new system of school in Cartersville, and our people are wide awake and taking a lively interest. We advertised for a superintendent, at salary of twelve hundred dollars, and in less than a month we had forty-seven applications. They came from Canada to Texas. Fourteen states were represented, and all of them had first-class credentials. Verily, the schoolmaster is abroad in the land, and as Lord Brougham says: "I will trust him, armed with his primer, against the soldiers in full military array." I was told the other day that the normal college, at Nashville, turned out about four hundred teachers every year. Our own state colleges are giving us an annual crop of about one hundred and they are good men and good citizens and have chosen a noble calling. Of course some of them have made a mistake, for the best scholars are sometimes the poorest teachers. One of the best lawyers I ever knew was the poorest practitioner and had to abandon the profession, and just so it is with many teachers and preachers. The faculty of imparting knowledge to the young is a gift, just like music and painting and oratory. A fair scholar with a good faculty of teaching is far better than the most profound one who has it not. I know a lady who can gather a flock of children around her like a hen brooding her chickens and teach them more in an hour than some other teachers would in a week. If a teacher does not love his calling he will never succeed in it. If a doctor does not love his profession he will never attain to fame. All the great surgeons are enthusiastic—such as Agnew and Mott and Battey and Calhoun. And so it is with teachers. We don't want a machine. We don't want a man who seeks the place solely for the money that is in it. Teachers and preachers should have a higher ambition than the average bread winner. I went to school to a Mr. Gray who afterwards studied for the ministry, and stood a splendid examination and was just about to be voted a license when old Dr. Goulding, the moderator, leaned forward, and said in solemn voice, "Brother Gray do you feel that the Lord has called you to preach the gospel to the people?" "Yes, I do," said Gray, if they will pay me for it." That reply ruined his prospects, for he stuck to it and was rejected. But, of course neither the preachers nor the teachers can work without pay.

We hope to make no mistake in selecting a superintendent from this large number of competent gentlemen, but if we do there is still one privilege left us—the if privilegs of paying taxes to a public school and paying tuition to a private one.

BILL ARP.

Concerning Sleepers.

Some railroad man has given to the world what he knows on the following: "A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper, by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper."

Where Women Are Superior to Men.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written an essay on "Women as Wives." No man will ever dispute the statement that as wives women are far superior to men.—Durham Sun.

An Unprofitable Crop.

The Oklahoma boomers are carrying more pistols than plows into the new territory. This looks as though they intended to raise more Cain than corn.—Philadelphia Times.

JEKYLL-HYDE-WANAMAKER.

The Postmaster Gen. in His Dual Role as Purist and Spoilsman.

The shocking indecency of an attempt on the part of the Postmaster-General to use the power of his office to make every postmaster in the country an active agent for the promotion of his private business is at once apparent. But to meet and refute the charges the members of the firm publish a card in which they state that John Wanamaker is not a member of the firm of Wanamaker & Brown, but merely a large stockholder, and that the circular was sent out without his knowledge. This, we hope, is a true statement of the case, but it is at least unfortunate that a firm in which the Postmaster-General is so largely interested should thus seek to advance its intersts and extend its business. It was no doubt thought that the name of Wanamaker would have a potent influence in bribing his subordinates activity to the aid of his private business, and if his associates resorted to the scandalous plan without his knowledge or consent they certainly were guilty of a most astounding piece of indiscretion, to say the least. If he knew it, if he winked at it, if he permitted it, he has disgraced himself irretrievally. His associates, or the members of the firm in which he is a large stockholder, had no right to resort to this method without his consent or without being pretty sure that he would not object to this scheme for utilizing his office for his and their gain. They evidently thought that the plan would not be objectionable to him whether they consulted him about it or not.—Nashville America.

The great Cabinet office of Postmaster-General is being used by John Wanamaker for the advancement and extension of his own private business interests. Competitors in trade are being removed from active business life by appointments to Federal positions and their business houses weakened thereby. We wonder if the Postmaster-General has ever heard the maxim, "Public office is a public trust?"—Albany Union.

The Jacksonville Times-Union says: Wanamaker of the firm of Wanamaker & Brown is a brother of Postmaster-General Wanamaker, but the latter admits that he is a stockholder in the firm of Wanamaker & Brown.

Isn't this queer business?
Great is Wanamaker!

The Medicine Man's Turn Next.

That is a good story from West Virginia about an evangelist who went over the State painting upon rocks, "What shall I do to be saved?" A patent medicine advertiser followed him and under the question added this reply: Use Blank's Cure for Consumption." When the text painter heard of the patent medicine man's pernicious activity he went over the ground again and painted below the advertisement: "And prepare to meet thy God." The medicine man will find it hard to beat this.—Petersburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Is Henry Going?

Our closely observant fellow-citizen, Col. Henry Watterson, of Looeyville, Ky., has been taking a profound look into the Oklahoma situation and comes up to say that "if hades itself were announced to be open for settlers and men could get there without dying, there would be no lack of immigrants." Well, if men could get there without dying, hades would have still another advantage over Oklahoma than those it already possesses.—Washington Post.

The Matter With Hannah.

A rather overcultured and overstrained literary and critical view which fell into our hands the other day was relieved at one point by the statement that "Hannah Moore was never kissed in her life." We suggest to the Browning club that in this fact may possibly be found a clew to the origin of that familiar classical saying: "And that's what's the matter with Hannah."—Boston Globe.

Agin Poker Rooms.

The Alabama Legislature has passed a law abolishing poker rooms in that State, and providing severe penalties for its violation. The Mobile Register, the leading paper in the State, rejoices over the passage of the bill and says: "Our people are grateful and will remember their trusted representatives for this great relief."

The Only Right Way.

The only way the Chronicle bolts a Democratsc ticket is to swallow it whole.—Charlotte Chronicle.

NAUTICAL LIFE.

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ALONG THE HISTORIC PERSIAN COAST.

Scenes in Bushire. A Persian Residence. Bunder Abbas. Palace of the Sheik. The Royal Group. Karrachi and the Indus.

BUSHIRE, Persia.—Barren hills and shores greet the eyes of the traveler along the Persian coast. The waters of the sea roll upon the lifeless rocks, and beat against the reefs and joyless islands that skirt the shores. During the summer months, when no rain falls upon the land, the scene is one of comparative desolation. No vegetation is seen on the burning sands, except in places where a system of irrigation is employed. The crops of the country are grown during the winter season, when a relenting nature yields a generous supply of rain to the parched soil. Further inland, along the river courses and the cities and towns, the vision is fairer to look upon, though far from attractive.

The city of Bushire, standing on a peninsula fronting the west, is the principal port of the country and an important center of trade. With an open harbor, it is not easy of approach, and in its shallow water a ship must needs anchor several miles from the shore. The town in its general appointments is anything but inviting. Its streets are narrow, tortuous and abominably dirty, some of which are covered over to shut out the rays of the sun. A pretense to order is made in the arrangements of the houses, shops and bazaars of the better portion of the city. The population numbers fully twenty thousand, of Persian blood, devoted subjects of the Shah and faithful followers of Mohammed. They seem to be a peaceful people, courteous in manner, indolent in habits, fantastic in dress, and are little imbued with ideas of progress. Here are numerous merchants who deal in genuine Persian rugs, that are handsome in design and moderate in price. The famous cats, which are brought in by caravans, although something of a rarity, are exposed for sale. Here are found many noble Persian horses, which receive the utmost consideration, a fine specimen of which it was my privilege to ride with a delightful exhilaration.

The English Residency, of whose hospitality we have no question to raise, is charmingly situated outside of the gates, and is surrounded with beautiful gardens in striking contrast with the barrenness of the adjacent country. Together with the offices of the Eastern Telegraphic company near at hand, it forms the nucleus of a small foreign settlement, which with fine lawn tennis grounds and an agreeable society, is made very attractive. The princely residence of an Armenian merchant, to which we had access upon invitation, is declared to be by far the finest and grandest establishment in the city, and is a fair type of oriental taste and refinement. The house is large and picturesque built of stone and mud. The rooms are spacious, with soft and beautiful rugs and carpets covering the floors, but without any show of decoration upon the walls. Easy chairs and divans, for the purpose of napping and lounging form the principal articles of furniture of the house, throughout which there is wanting an air of home-like and homely comfort. The sleeping apartments are destitute of all furniture except neat and comfortable looking beds. Numberless servants in white flowing robes, moving about noiselessly to administer to the wants of the guests, invest the place with a bit of oriental luxury, that prevails among the better classes in the east.

The country is little more than a waste, but in the native customs some interesting phases are presented. In the absence of rain, the land is irrigated with water drawn from the wells that abound in many localities. The novel contrivances, by which the water is raised to the surface, are operated by strong bulls in a decidedly primitive manner. The skin of a pig, forming a bottle shaped bag, is suspended at each end of a rope that passes over pulleys, and is so arranged that, when at the bottom of the well, the bag is right side up and fills itself, and coming to the top is turned over and emptied into ditches, by which the the water is carried to the desired fields. Thus little by little the water is raised to the surface of the ground and spreads itself over the parched soil, calling into being a sparse vegetation in the dry season.

A sail of a hundred leagues or more from Bushire takes one to the port of Lingah, the next in importance, a place without attractions and interest, at which our ship made a brief stop. Farther down the coast, opposite the Oman peninsula, the sea-farer nears the once famous town of Bunder Abbas, sometimes known as Gombroon. Surrounded by a wall and occupied by a few thousand Arabs, there is little about the place to remind one of the city, with ten times its present population, that became an important commercial center, in which several European nationalities secured a strong industrial foothold. When in the heighth of its glory some years since, the natives made a descent upon the foreign settlement and business places, ruins of which are still seen, driving out the new civilization and trade, and lapsing into their former state of barbarism, fanaticism and indolence.

It is a small and dirty town, with rude huts and a hot and stifling atmosphere, facing the quiet waters of the strait, and is tributary to the Sultan of Muscat. Its affairs of state are managed in an easy-going manner by a venerable Sheik. The saluting battery, that marks the approach to the harbor, consists of four very old guns which might have been used by Xerxes, had that enterprising conqueror been so formidably equipped, one of which is mounted on a field carriage and the others are stuck in the sand. They are accustomed to load and fire off the whole number in quick succession, then reload their guns after an interval for the next installment of four shots, continuing the fusillade for along period of time. With small charges of powder, with which sticks and stones are used to fill up, and careless firing, their missiles are likely to take flight almost anywhere, by reason of which their salute on our arrival was assuring to us of anything but safety. As it was, one of their gunners was injured by a premature discharge, and with faith in Uncle Sam's surgical skill came off to the ship for treatment.

Our presence in port excited something of interest among the natives, by whom we were treated with becoming courtesy. In paying our respects to the authorities of the place at the executive headquarters, we were ushered into a large bare room, the floor of which was covered with rugs. Along one side stood a row of chairs in which we were seated. On the opposite side the governor's attendants were sitting, with the Sheik himself, in court dress, occupying a platform at the end of the room and facing both lines. As none in attendance spoke a word of English, and as their language was a sealed book to us, we all sat staring at each other, lost in amazement if not in admiration, while messengers were out scouring the town for an interpreter. In half an hour the important personage arrived, and our interview with his highness was formally begun. The old Sheik seemed to be greatly pleased with the information we were able to impart to him about America, our ship and the object of our visit. Refreshments were served, consisting principally of sherbet, a kind of sweetened drink used in the east and coffee.

The photographic appliances, with which our party was provided, received the greatest of attention, and his majesty was delighted with the thought of sitting for a picture. To accomplish the object an adjournment was made to the roof of the building, a flat and uncovered surface, and chairs were taken up and arranged for the royal group. In one line were seated the court dignitaries, in another was our company, and between and at the head of the lines sat the Sheik himself. Drawn up behind him was his body guard, armed with various kinds of guns, both long and short, and with very long swords, and clad in crotesque uniforms, of which no two were alike. It was a royally impressive scene, without doubt, and the artist succeeded in making a fair picture, which probably will be cherished for a long time in the courts of Bunder Abbas.

From the quaint town on the Ormuz a sail of seven days, along the borders of the Arabian Sea and in the sweltering heat, reveals no port of any moment on the Persian and Beloochistan coasts. The same dreary and lifeless scenes stretch along the shores. Near the deltas of the Indus, reaching one hundred and thirty miles along the sea, through which are poured out the waters gathered from the Himalayas, the vision changes and a brighter outlook skirts the horizon. At the port of Karrachi our ship enters the northern-most gate of India, having explored the shores of the Persian Gulf and retraced the course of Nearchus of old, the first great navigator of historic times. The seas, the strange lands and cities and the barbarous peoples tell to us the stories of the past, setting forth the laws, customs, religions and institutions of a world and age far removed from our own fair, enlightened and glorious America.

SALISBURY.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you never have used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refused. Trial bottles at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store.

Knew Herself.

Stranger (at the door).—"I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, seashell ears, lovely eyes and hair, such as a goddest might envy."

Servant—"Really, sir, I don't know"——

Voice (from head of stairs).—"Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute."

Judge Thurman on Wanamaker.

"That breeches maker from Philadelphia — Wanamaker — seems to be running the guillotine on full time. I am told he is a pious cuss. Piety is a good thing to have in an administration, I suppose, but I am afraid I am drifting into politics."—Washington Post.

MOTHERLESS.

"Too Tired Too Kneel To-Night."

From a far away country town, a box of wild flowers had come to the "Children's Hospitality" in the city of B——. Just at dusk the new nurse stoped in her rounds before one cot, where a poor little sufferer lay, clasping in his thin hands a bunch of violets. The little follow tossed and turned from side to side. Ever and anon he would start up, murmuring something about "Little Jack," then fall back, whispering, "Too late; too late."

"Bad case; bad case nurse; father and mother both died of the same fever, baby found dead and the boy will go soon," and the doctor shook his head gravely.

"Poor little fellow!" murmured the nurse. "To die alone; no mother's hand to wipe away the gathering dews of death; no mother's arm; no mother's kiss!"

She brushed back the damp golden curls from the forehead. The blue eyes opened wide, and a faint voice whispered, "Mother!" The nurse bent pityingly over him; his eyes searched her face, then closed, wearily. "Oh I want my mother; I want my mother!" he moaned.

"Poor baby!" said the physician, "he will have his mother soon."

The child started up. "Rock me, mother!" he cried. Very tenderly the doctor lifted the little figure, and placed it in the nurse's arms. The weary head dropped upon her shoulder; the hands, still holding the violets, were folded lovingly around her neck. To and fro she cradled him. The room was growing dark. A faint streak of light came in at the eastern window, and slipped softly across the ledge.

"Sing to me," the child whispered. Very sweetly on the air rose and fell the music of that old, old hymn.

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide.
Till the storm of life is past."

Nearer and nearer crept the moonlight, till it touched the swaying figure.

"Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

The Song ceased. "Mother, I'm too tired to kneel to-night," murmured the child; then softly added, "Now—I—lay me---down---to---sleep---I,"—with a long sigh the blue eyes closed tiredly; the arms slipped down; all was still. The moon light flooded the room with silver; it lingered about the little white-robed child; it fell upon the gold encurles and half-closed lids; and the withered flowers had fallen loosely now from the tired hands. There was a faint, sweet perfume of violets as the rocker brushed to and fro; nothing stirred in the room save the swaying figure in the moonlight.

The doctor touched the nurse and gently said, "The child is with its mother!"

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge, Munday, Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved my life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50c. and $1. per bottle at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store.

He Was Choice.

A few days ago two men were in Smith's barber shop. One had red hair and the other was bald-headed. Red Hair (to bald head)—"You were not about when they were giving out hair?" Bald Head—"Yes, I was there, but they only had a little red hair left, and I wouldn't take it."

Papa "Got There."

"Oh, papa," said a vivacious East Liberty girl, "we want a good name for our young ladies' club. Can you think of one at once significant and appropriate." "Well, I don't know," replied the old man; "How would 'Giddy 'uns Band' do?"

Good for the Deacon.

"And now my dear brethren, what shall I say more?" thundered the long-winded minister. "Amen!" came in sepulchral tones from the absent-minded deacon in the back of the church.

Good and Bad.

Georgia paid over $128,000 to Confederate veterans this year. This is both good and bad. Good, because she paid so much. Bad, because she did not pay a great deal more.—Macon Telegraph.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Political Chat at The National Capital by Our Regular Reporter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 26, '89.

Senator Harris, who has been in Texas since the adjournment of the Senate, has returned to Washington. He will attend the Centennial in New York, after which he expects to begin work for the summer on a Senate Committee.

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It is a rare day now when either Commissioner Tanner or Assistant Secretary Buster-beg pardon Bussey does not reverse at least one decision of the late administration in the matter of applicants for pensions. Somebody's eyes will open very wide when the estimates for pensions for the next fiscal year comes to be made up for the next session of Congress. If there is not some high old kicking among the Republicans I shall be very much mistaken.

***

The open row between Senators Sherman and Quay over the distribution of patronage has been the talk of the week in political circles. Hear Quay, he says: "I consider Sherman's actions as discreditable and dishonorable and when I am found doing anything for him again the people of the country will know it." Quay claims that he gave up one place to Sherman with the distinct understanding that a Pennsylvanian should have another place, and that while he was out of town Sherman stole a march on him and had an Ohio man appointed to that very position. Sherman evidently does not want to quarrel with Quay. This is the way he replied to Quay's abuse of him: "If the Senator felt aggrieved, he should have come to me and we might have settled the matter without any dissention or difficulty. I have always regarded Senator Quay as a personal friend. I would be the last man in the world to say one word calculated to hurt Mr. Quay's feelings." Sherman's soft words has no soothing effect on Quay, who left here for his home with fire in his eye and vengeance in his heart. John Sherman has made a dangerous enemy; one who will allow no scruples to stand in the way of his getting even.

***

When the new cabinet took office, First Controller Durham, who has made a proud record in that very important office, tendered his resignation to Secretary Windom, to take effect upon the appointment of his successor. A few days ago in the regular course of business, the Controller received through the Department of Justice, a batch of vouchers presented by John A. Davenport, the notorious supervisor of elections in New York, aggregating $3,200 for "extraordinary expenses" incurred by him during the late presidential election. After careful examination Mr. Durham refused to pass these vouchers, notwithstanding his having been sent for by "Me too" Miller, Attorney General, and informed that they must be allowed. The result was that Mr. Durham has been informed by Secretary Windom that his resignation as First Controller of the Treasury has been accepted, to take effect at once. "Me too" Miller hopes to have better luck with the new Republican Controller in getting through the crooked vouchers of his New York subordinate. Mr. Durham retires from office with the respect of everybody and a good conscience.

***

W. W. Dudley, of "blocks of five" fame, is said to be successfully engaged in the very lucrative business of office brokerage in this city. He has more callers every day than the average cabinet officer. He does not go near the White House, but that is understood to be in deference to a request of Harrison, who is a great stickler for outward propriety, and does not diminish his influence, which is greater than that of any other man, not even excepting Blaine.

***

It is now started here that Harrison will probably extend the time for the Railway Mail Service to come under the Civil Service law. He has already extended the time once, but the post office officials have discovered that the time mentioned, May, 1 will—not give them time enough to replace all of the democrats in the service with republicans, so they have asked for another extension, and expect to get it.

***

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British minister has arrived here. Not being a Lord, he will probably know better how to mind his own business than Lord Sackville, the man whom he succeed. sdid.

***

The republican congressmen for the South are very much exercised because they have gotten none of the fat official plums, either in Washington or abroad, under this administration. Outwardly they show little singns of the trouble, but they hold meetings in secret at which they rage and make dire threats as to what they will do if they are not recognized. It is not likely their threats will seriously alarm anybody.

President Harrison's Way.

President Harrison has decided to eradicate the race question. His way of doing it is to appoint white men to office regardless of color.—Kansas City Times.

Surer Than the Weather Predictions.

When a woman steps out on the back porch with her arms rolled up in her apron, it is a sign to her neighbor that she has something to tell her.—Atchison Globe.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

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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.

A salt trust is the latest.

Henry George, the land gittor, is lecturing in Great Britian.

There are now 225 patients in the Raleigh Insane Asylum.

The Swain County Herald boasts of a blackberry vine 21 feet long.

Charlotte has a robbery every night in the week and two on Sunday for a rarity.

Cats are being shipped to Dakota by the car load to eat up the mice in the granaries.

The Winston Republican says the Centenary M. E. church will buy a $3,500 organ.

The Michigan legislature passed a law forbidding boys under 17 to smoke. A good law.

No men who enlist in the State guard after June 1st can go to the encampment this year.

New Berne is furnishing Winston Salem with cabbages. That is internal improvement.

A three year old son of J. D. Brevard, of Asheville, fell in a tub of water and was drowned last week.

Whitelaw Reid, appointed Minister to France, has resigned as editor in chief of the New York Tribune.

The Henderson granite quarries have contracts to furnish 12,000 tons of stone—all that they can attend so.

Poetic politics come to the surface in the case of Mr. Rosewater, of Omaha, who is said, wants to be Consul to Cologne.

The Concord Times says Prof. McAnalty has been offered $2,000 for his new plow invention. It is said to be an excellent plow.

V. V. Richardson, U. S. Marshal for this, the Eastern district of North Carolina, has sent in his resignation to take effect May 1st.

In dry air gunpowder will speed a bullet one thousand seven hundred feet in one second; in damp weather, one thousand two hundred feet.

There are 100,000,000 English speaking people, 60,000,000 who speak German, 67,000,000 who speak Russian, and 48,000,000 who speak French.

Raleigh will have a bird show next week. There will be on exhibition about one hundred and twenty-five different kinds of birds. This will be worth seeing.

Amelie Rives-Chanler received $5,000 for her last novel, "The Witness of The Sun." She is to get 10 cents for every volume of Lippincotts sold containing it.

Ex President Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland are expected to spend a week at Morehead City during the session of the Teachers' Assembly this summer.—Raleigh Call.

Gen. Cullen A. Battle, of New Berne, will deliver the memorial address in that city on the 10th of May. His subject is "Chancellorsville," so we learn from the Journal.

The prohibition amendment was defeated in Mass., the supposed centre of literary and intellectual development, by 40,000 votes, leaving the only remedy local option, as before.

The sun never sets in the United States. When the evening sun is going down in Alaska the next morning's sun is an hour high in Maine. This is a big country for a fact.

The directors of the Penitentiary have closed a contract with the Greystone Granite and Construction Company for one hundred convicts to be worked at the plant of the company.

The editor of the Lenoir Topic has seen a curiosity, in the shape of a peach tree limb six or eight inches long, which contained four hundred and twenty peaches of the usual size for the season.

It is said that the Jesuit Fathers, a Catholic order, have decided to build a church in Mitchell county, near Bakersville, and in connection with it a school which is intended to be the nucleus of a college.

Tim Lee and Mr. Banks had a fight at Washington City last week about the Raleigh post office. Lee favored J. C. L. Harris and Banks wanted his father to get the place. Lee broke an umbrella over Banks' head.

A lady of Aberdeen owns a pet dog. A few days ago a hawk attempted to catch a chicken from the yard and the dog put in his veto, choking the hawk to death. It measured 33 inches from tip to tip of wings.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, former owner of the Cleveland Springs, died at her home, three miles from Shelby, last week, from old age. She was 90 years old and leaves property valued at $60,000, says the Charlotte Chronicle.

A beaver weighing thirty-two pounds was caught in Stokes county, lately. The reporter says that until within the last ten years these animals have not been seen in that section for upwards of one hundred years.—Winston Republican

A man named Riddle, in one of the western counties stole the wife of E. M. Spoon and ran off with her. He swore out a warrant and had Riddle arrested for larceny, but the Justice dismissed the case on the ground that a woman is not personal property and therefore not the subjett of larceny.

At Wayne court week before last a man was indicted for affray and by consent of counsel a jury composed of one man was empaneled, heard the evidence, was charged by the Judge and returned a verdict of not guilty.

The Literary Address at Greensboro Female College this year will be delivered by Prof. J. Coke Smith, of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C. Diplomas will be conferred by Gov. Fowle, on Commencement day.

In the inter-State military contest at Jacksonville, Fla., the Southern Cadets at Macon, Ga., won the prize of $1,000 for the best drilled company, and the German Fusileers, Charleston, S. C., the second prize of $500.

Over $10,000 worth of asparagus was shipped from New Berne one day last week says the Journal.—Mr. H. Fowler is making his own fertilizer at home at a cost of $10 per ton. Last year it proved equal to manure that cost $30 and $40.

Prof. E. McK. Goodwin, a popular member of the faculty of the Institution of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind in Raleigh, has been elected a delegate from the Baptist Tabernacle to the World's Sunday School Convention which meets in London in July.

J. Lowrie Bell, the new superintendant of the railway mail service, was earning $20,000 a year as a railway expert, and accepted his present position as a favor to Postmaster General Wanamaker. His salary is $4,000 a year.—Phil. Times.

The Weldon News says that it is humored that the celebrated Ringwood Vineyard (of Halifax county) has been sold to the Mann-Arrington Gold Mine Company for $75,000. This is one of the largest and most valuable vineyard in the South.

The American Cotton Oil Trust will erect at Wilmington in time to use the next crop one of the largest cotton seed oil mills in the South. It will be constructed to use 200 tons of seed a day, it will be so built that it can be easily enlarged to consume 4000 tons.

Violating the local option law in some North Carolina towns is getting to be an expensive luxury. A doctor in Mount Airy last week was fined $75.00; one man $100 and another man $30. The people will learn after awhile that when a law is passed it will be enforced.

The Statesville Landmark has counted up twenty houses that were burned by forest fires during the recent wind storm that fanned the fire all over North Carolina. The greatest damage was in the turpentine country, about Moore, Richmond and Robeson counties.

One of our State editors, who has investigated Bishop Lyman's remedy of eating peanuts washed down with cow's milk just before retiring as a cure for insomnia, in a practical way, declares it is not half so sure a remedy as to have the nurse sleep in the garret with the baby.

The Shelby Era instances the following as a new industry inaugurated in that town: "[illegible] week a party here shipped by express to Charlotte nine cats. Another shipment of the same number of felines will follow next week. Will this affect the price of Bologna sausages?"

Dr. Battle, of the experiment station at Raleigh, says there is nothing in the law to prevent any person from ordering any unlicensed brand of fertilizer for his own use, but that it must be done at the purchase risk, as the station can offer him no protection in the way of analysis.

Uncle Robert McCree, one of our well-to-do, industrious colored citizens, has in his possession a time-piece of "olden times." It was made by Silas Hoadly. About the year 1790 Martin Cook, grandfather of our citizen, Mr. Billy Cook, was agent for these clocks, and among his sales was this one.

On the Albemarle Sound upwards of $250,000 has been paid out for fish during the season. Nearly all the netters have stopped fishing, though the Sound is almost alive with shad, and seinemen are hauling them up by the thousand, which will swell the season's receipts to a million dollars.—Wilmington Messenger.

The farmers are further advanced in their farming operations than we have known them in years. The corn crop has just about been pitched, the cotton land is about ready, while some have planted; the fruit promises a bountiful yield; wheat, oats and rye are doing well, and the prospect now is very promising.—Warrenton Gazette.

Warner Coleman, the president of the State Industrial Association, is the wealthiest colored man in North Carolina. He lives at Concord, and owns over one hundred houses there. His income from this source alone is $5,000 a year. He is constantly building new houses. Coleman may be called the representative man of his race in the State.

Lieutenant Francis Winslow, who has been engaged in the oyster survey of North Carolina, has retired from the United States navy for the purpose of becoming general manager of the Pamlico Oyster Company, composed of gentleman of North Carolina and New York, and will develop the oyster waters of this State in a most practical way.

Rev. B. Clade, the inventer of the system for telegraphing from one moving train to another, is preparing to make a test of his invention, and is now laying his wires, etc., along the track of the Raleigh and Augusta Railroad near the penitentiary. The wires will extend a mile in distance. We have seen the model, and system the seems to be a perfect success for practical use. Mr. Cadee will be ready to make the test in about ten days—State Cerhnicle.