

REMEMBER!
THE ADVANCE
FOR ONLY
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS
WHEN PAID FOR
Cash in Advance.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

BILL ARPS LETTER

LET THE COUNTRY FOR
A DAY.

Let the Disasters Consequences
of the South be felt. Let the
People of What Every Farmer
Should Be.

It does look like the farmers
are to be happy. They made
the best wheat crop that has
been made for years, and now
the fields are heavy with corn
and all sorts of white wheat.
The cattle are all fat and
the fruit crop was never
better in Georgia. I reckon
they are happy, for they are
getting pines and barbeques
about and reunions among
the soldiers, and the camp
meetings have begun early and
will keep on till cotton picking
time. The farmers' clubs and
the Alliance men seem to be
masters of the situation financially, religiously and practically.

A prosperous farmer is to be
envied. The other day my wife
and I were invited out to our
friend Billy Hood's to eat grapes
and melons, and we went. He
lives at the foot of the mountain,
two miles from town, and we
found the front yard swept
and the back yard, too, and
the water tank and wash pan
had been scoured, and the
children had to put on clean
clothes, and everything was in
apple pie order, for that is the
way country folks do when
town folks are coming to see
them. We know all about that.
But it is rather embarrassing
when town company takes
their measures on a week day
for cleaning up. I remember
that on one occasion my
wife could hardly get one of
the girls to go to the door and
when she did go she opened it
and stood behind it and asked
the company to walk into the par-
lor until she could change her
garments.

Billy Hood is my ideal of old
fashioned farming. He is neither
poor nor rich. He is all
comfortable and had to
work hard to keep so. He is
always cheerful and so are his
wife and children. His good
old mother lives not far away,
and his married daughter is in
sight. He lives in a cottage
that is shaded by some large
oak trees. The well water is
in a wooden bucket in the back
yard and the garden and orchard
are near at hand. Chickens
of all sizes are meandering
around, and the ash-hopper and
the dairy and the cider press
show signs of clean things and
good things. There is nothing
new enough to be afraid of—
nothing poor enough to excite
your sympathy—everything is
comfortable and that is all
I need if there is peace to be
had in the world. A heart
that was humble might hope
for it here.

Billy Hood was a good soldier
in the war and he is a good
farmer in peace. He always
has his premium ears in cotton
and in corn. I think that he
can safely count on two bales
of the one and sixty bushels of
the other this year. He has a
whole crop of peaches as good
as any good citizen and never
grouches about his taxes or
having to work the road. He
is a good Christian and his
children come to Sabbath
school and he always pays his
full part to the preacher on his
first day of every month. What
if the world was full of such
families, such farmers and
such mothers and children?

Beautiful, luscious grapes
lined the garden fence on every
side. I began at the gate at
all the way round, and after a
while I had to stop to sample
the grapes, and in course of
time I had eaten a whole bushel
of them. The peaches were
pecked on top a red and
the order was brought forward
to make the home complete.
But I got home safe, and as
I had only a lunch for dinner,
the girls had prepared an extra
supper with a green corn
budding attachment. When
the doctor left me next day
he thought I was asleep, but I
heard him whisper to my
wife that he thought there
was a chance for me to pull
through, for my constitution
was good one considering how
I had imposed on it. Many
nursing friends called to see
me, and while the morphine
was working I thought I heard
somebody say that the hearse
had come, and I clutched the
sheet to see if I was really in
it. It took me about a week
to get straight again, but there
is no good with the bad. I
found that I had more friends
than I knew of, and I have
received lots of congratulations
especially from the agent who
found my life.

Now Billy Hood is just a
common man with enough
education to serve all his pur-
poses. He reads the Bible and
the newspapers and the Sunday
school books, and no modern
book, and is content. What
he wants with more? Some-
thing that the world is on
about education, high
education, classical education.
It is said that Georgia heads
the list of illiteracy. Well, that

is bad I know, but Massachusetts
heads the list of crime, and
that is worse. If some of
our people can't read and write,
they are good citizens. Educa-
tion is not a guarantee for good
citizenship. Right now the
overcrowding of the learned
professions is giving trouble in
Germany. Their press is dis-
cussing the matter very seriously,
and trying to find a remedy.
Too much education they say,
and it is breeding discontent
and socialism among the
graduates who can't find em-
ployment to suit their high
culture. There are seventy-one
universities and twenty-eight
thousand students in attend-
ance, and the number is increas-
ing five times faster than the
population. What does this mean?

Pope said: "A little learning
is a dangerous thing; drink
deep or taste not of the foun-
tain of knowledge, for he who
drinks deeply will never be
satisfied, but he who tastes
will be content." But now here is a
new theory which says that too
many are drinking deep, and
the professions are all crowded
to an alarming extent. Is it
possible that knowledge is
coming to a discount, and much
learning is making people mad?
Is it a fact that the number of
graduates in the universities
ought to be limited for the sake
of endangering the safety of the
government? Has a young man
less stability and less
patriotism because he has been
through the university? Ger-
many boasts of the best educa-
tional system in the world. She
has compulsory education, and
requires five years schooling
and seven years of special at-
tention is given to the moral
training of her pupils. The
illiteracy of her population is
only 2 per cent, which is a
smaller ratio than any state in
our union and yet Germany is
dismayed at the spread of
socialism.

It looks like there is
another problem to solve. How
much education shall we give
to our children? Pope is not
infallible even though he was
a Pope. A little learning is
not a dangerous thing. It is a
good thing, a safe and harmless
thing and every human being
ought to have it. To read and
to write and to cipher adds to
the usefulness, the independ-
ence and the happiness of
mankind. We can all agree
upon that. A common school
education does not put the man
or the state in any peril. It
does not produce any discip-
les to work for a living—to work
in the common vocations of
life. But suppose we could by
some enchantment, give every
man and woman a collegiate
education, would we dare to do
it? Old Uncle Sam chops my
wood and cleans out my stable
and gets his daily wages and is
content. If he was suddenly
endowed with my learning
would he chop my wood any
more? If not what would he do
for a living? who would do the
cooking and washing, and
scour the dishes and
plow and carry the mules
and haul the wood and pick the
cotton and butcher the cattle
and hogs and work in the
factories? Who would be
brakemen on the railroad or
firemen on the engines? Who
would be porters and draymen
and hack drivers in the cold,
sleazy days of winter? The col-
lege graduates won't do it now
—would they do it then. In
fact, does not a high degree of
culture unfit a man for laborious
or menial pursuit. If it does
then what pursuit is left him
when the professions are over-
crowded as they are in Ger-
many.

Now neither the state nor
the people are responsible for
the unequal condition of man-
kind. Some vessels are born to
honor and some to dishonor.
Work has to be done—hard
work, dirty work, unhealthy
and perilous work, or else
everything would stop and the
human family would perish.
We cannot help this. Fortu-
nate and misfortune move
along together.

"Some rise by sin, and some
by virtue fall." I have no just
cause of complaint that I can't
move in the first circles, I am
happier in my own, and so is
everybody even down to Uncle
Sam, the wood-chopper. Our
white people are getting along
pretty well and the professions
are not yet overcrowded to any
alarming extent. There is
still room at the top. But the
negroes of the south are fast
approaching the condition of
the whites in education. Their
colleges are turning out scores
of graduates who can find nothing to
do—nothing that is congenial to
their educated feelings. Is
a young man, white or black,
has acquired a high strung
education and can find nothing
to apply it to he begins to
brood over the condition of
things. He sees a class around
him who are mentally his inferiors, but
who have accumulated property
and are reveling in wealth.
He sees another class around
him who have made fortunes
by crooked practices, by extor-
sion, speculation, monopoly
and political intrigues. His
thoughts fester and fret in

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO
THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Bofrowed, Stolen and
Communicated Articles on
Farming.

It is not yet too late to sow
rutabaga seed for a fall crop.

The Government will not
furnish any turnip seed this
year.

Ensilage is steadily growing
in favor. It will not be ten
years before silos will be as
common in this section as fod-
der stacks.

Sowing winter wheat is intel-
ligently described in the Ameri-
can Agriculturist for Septem-
ber, and some sound advice
given as to the proper fertilizer
to be used therewith.

It is said that the farms of
the Northwestern States which
are valued at \$5,000,000,000, are
mortgaged for nearly \$3,000,-
000,000. It will take a lot of
wheat, corn and oats to lift
these mortgages.

The farmers all over the
country appear to be more de-
termined than ever not to use
the jute bagging. We hope
that they may succeed. It is
year even more truly than they
did last, and that the "trust"
may be "busted all toinders."

Messrs. C. C. Tally & Sons
have one of the finest orchards
of fruit that is in this country.
They have already made over
1,000 gallons of cider from the
fruit that has dropped off. Oh,
how nice it would be to have a
little of it; we could save so
much time in drinking it—
Chatham Record.

A mass meeting of the farmers
of the State has been called
to take place in Raleigh, Octo-
ber 15th, at the same time the
State Fair will be held. The
object of this meeting, as we
gather from the Call, is to give
the farmers of the State an
opportunity to come together
and discuss and hear discussed
subjects bearing upon the
agricultural industry.

The National Economist has
this to say to Capt. Alexander's
speech at the meeting of the N. C.
State Alliance Convention: The
address of President Alex-
ander is an Alliance document
worthy of full consideration.
His statement that the object
of the Alliance is to protect
the producers against
monopoly and not to make
merchants, is full of meat for
those who propose entering up-
on co-operative distribution.

Mr. Edmund Foil, of Mount
Pleasant, raised on one and
three-fourth acres of land
sixty-four and one fourth bush-
els of wheat. This is an aver-
age of nearly thirty-seven
bushels to the acre. The lot
on which this was raised was
about eight years ago full of
gullies large and deep enough
to hide a common-size horse.
Good farming and elbow grease
made this land capable of pro-
ducing such crops.—Concord
Standard.

It is but natural that we
should feel pride in the beauty
of our country, in the size of
our cities, in the magnitude of
our commerce, and the vast-
ness of our wealth. We should
not forget, however, that the
true glory of a nation does not
consist in the extent of its do-
minion, the fertility of its soil,
the splendor of its architecture,
or the extent of its commerce,
but in the moral and intellectu-
al development of its people.—
National Economist.

TOO LARGE FARMS.

The Home and Farm thinks,
and we agree with it, that as
a rule farms are too large. One
hundred acres is enough for any
farm. This amount of land
well cultivated will produce
more and better crops than 200
acres half cultivated. With
this land the farmer with one
hired man can do all the work,
except in harvest, when he will
need an extra man. He would
find time to cut bush along the
fence and clean out the fence
corners, blast and draw off large
stones that he has worked over
leaves, and grows out of his
stumps and get them out of
the way of the plow and
mowing machine, dig patches,
repair the fences so as to keep
his cattle on his own land and
prevent a law suit with his
neighbor.

GRADING UP THE FLOCK.

It is easier to change from a
mongrel flock to a pure bred
one than it is generally supposed.
The simplest way is to raise
gradually from capital breeding
stock enough birds to justify
one in selling all but that sort.
What is called "grading up"
the stock has the disadvantage
of the fact that the grade-up
birds would not be of establish-
ed breed for many generations,
and during those years would

NAUTICAL LIFE.

THROUGH THE MAGELLAN
IN SOUTHERN WATERS.

Sea Soundings. The Strait of
Magellan. The Rio de la
Plata. Spanish American
Scenes.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.
It was a long sail of forty-two days
across the Southern Pacific, from
the islands of New Zealand to the
lower extremity of Southern Amer-
ica. Our course lay on this for-
ty-eight parallel of latitude, in
order to catch the westerly winds
that sweep over the ocean, but ad-
verse storms compelled us to
change the route farther toward
the south. The long days and
short nights followed each other
in close succession, for it was
nearly the end of the year. Sev-
eral terrific storms and gales
caught the ship in their embrace,
and the westerly winds often laid us
and heavy seas, frequently forty
feet high, rolled across our
path, and kept the vessel bob-
bing up and down to such an extent
that it was necessary to come to
an anchor, and a quarter of a mile
away, would a storm of rain and
wind, and the following day
was Monday also, a day of forty-
eight hours, as a compensation to
the time and an offset for the
loss of a day in turning our clocks
ahead when we came into this part
of the world.

A line of sea soundings was run
along the coast at intervals of less
than twenty-four hours, during
which it was necessary to come to
an anchor from one to two hours,
in order to make a plummet line.
Fifty-seven soundings were made
and an average depth of twenty-
seven hundred fathoms, or over
two miles, was found. Many
marine specimens, shells, corals
and weeds, were brought up from
these great depths. In the act of
sounding, the lines, which are
made of piano-steel wire, are
drawn up by means of a
machinery run by steam power,
and measurements are taken with
great accuracy. The greatest depth
reached in any of the seas, in
which the ship was dropped was in
the Southern Atlantic, where a dis-
pression of fifty-two hundred fath-
oms, or about six miles, was found.

Our ship entered the strait of
Magellan at Cape Pillar, where lo-
t rocks, on the west side of the
strait, are a mile wide, and a gate-
way from the open Pacific.
Though its entire length of three
hundred and fifty miles, the width
of the strait varies from one to
two miles. The strait is bordered
by steep mountains, and the
impression that, once joined
together, they have been torn as-
under by some great convulsion of
nature. Ranging from few feet
to many hundred feet in height,
the mountains are covered with
towering peaks, and the jagged
tops of the mountains behind them
on the north and round
topped hills on the south, the jag-
ged shore-line marked the separa-
tion of Tierra del Fuego from the
continent. At its eastern extremity
the lands become low and sandy,
where a stormy gulf unites the
strait with the open sea. Along its
course a changing panorama is
presented, and scenes of pictur-
esque beauty are revealed. In the
lofty snow-covered moun-
tain ranges, in the high cloven
peaks, in great icy glaciers, and in
the valleys of somber forests, which
glide away in view of passing steam-
ers.

Midway in the strait, lying on
the northern shore, is the little
Chiluan town of San Pedro de
Atacama, a trading post with the
natives and a stopping place for
the mail. Here we made a brief
landing. Here is a penal colony
of the Chilean government, and to
the west is Port Famine, which
was the scene of a sad tragedy of
the war of a few centuries ago.
The archipelago of Tierra del Fuego
or Land of Fires lies to the south,
a group of irregular, wild and deso-
late islands, with broken and storm
beaten coasts, with high volcanic
cones and jagged peaks, and
forests, and with rivers of ice creep-
ing down from the heights to
mingle with the waters of the two
oceans, which meet in contention at
the lower point of the Americas.
The remotest extremity of these
islands is Cape Horn, in rounding
which the distance is six hundred
miles greater than by the strait
route that is safer for sailing
vessels than that of the Magellan
with its tops and rocks and sudden
squalls.

The people of south lands, sepa-
rated by the strait are widely differ-
ent in appearance and in modes of
life. The Fuegians are short of
stature and repulsive in looks, with
black hair and red-colored skin,
who live in mud huts with dogs for
companions and with wives and
children as menials, and subsist on
fish and oysters. Polygamy is
common among them, for one woman
may have several husbands, and
to provide for a husband in a be-
coming manner, who lingers by the
wigwam fire while the wives
are gathering fuel and procuring
food for the family. The children
are left to the mercy of the
reason of exposure and neglect,
in infancy less than half of them
reach adult years. Bows, arrows
and lances are their weapons of
war and chase, which, together
with the use of the club and the
implements, are of the rudest kind.
The natives of Patagonia north of
the strait are of larger size and
of better form, and occupy a little
higher plane of life.

Leaving Sandy Point, with all
the savagery of its surroundings
suggestive of the very dawn of
civilization, with something of the
feeling of having been transported
back to the early prehistoric ages
of the world, with the damp of the
glacial epoch upon us, we passed
out into the waters of the Atlantic
continuing the course of the ship
northward up the great ocean
with ninety-six degrees of latitude
or nearly seven thousand miles,
between us and home in the
mouth of the Rio de la Plata,

It is said to be an actual fact
that tramp printers are reforming
and are gradually retiring
from the road.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Political Chat at the National Cap-
itol by Our Regular Reporter.

Senator Gorman is said to have
presided over a secret meeting of
prominent democrats held at a
country house in Maryland this
week to arrange a programme for
the democratic majority in the
House. An informant says that
while it was not definitely settled,
it was generally understood that
the republicans would not be per-
mitted to make any radical changes
in the present rules of the House,
nor will they be permitted to re-
construct democrats without good and sufficient
reasons.

If "the who hesitates is lost,"
somebody should be prepared to go
in search of President Harrison for
he still hesitates, and hesitates, as
to whether an extra session of
Congress shall be called. Some
people do not mind saying it is fear
and not hesitation that ails the
President. Perhaps it is and per-
haps there will be no extra session.

Today we have as many as three
cabinet officers in town at one
time, for the first time in several
weeks.

Frank Hutton has printed a fac-
simile of a letter written by Civil
Service Commissioner Roosevelt,
to the effect that he knows of Com-
missioner if the writer could pass
the examination for copyist. From
the looks of his writing Mr. Roose-
velt must have taken lessons from
the late Horace Greeley.

Society people, the few that are
at present in the city are discussing
the important (to them) announce-
ment, just made, that Mrs. Harrison
will not shake hands at the White
House receptions this winter.

It is stated that the building of
the war ship "Texas," about which
there is so much mystery, will be
investigated by Congress. The
Navy department is at present
trying to find out whether she will
float if finished under the present
plans, which were purchased of an
English firm of ship builders, and
cost \$15,000. The vessel when
completed, if it is ever completed,
will cost over \$2,000,000.

Everybody argues that the
World's Exposition of 1892 should
be the property of the city of Wash-
ington, and in a representative American
City. This is a strong double argu-
ment in favor of its being located at
Washington, which is only city
completely controlled by the Gov-
ernment, as well as the only city
in the United States of more than
200,000 population that can be strict-
ly speaking, called an American
city. More than 90 per cent of the
inhabitants of Washington are native
born Americans.

The fight on the Civil Service
law which is being made here got
rather personal, this week when
some inquisitive newspaper man
was raising around at the War de-
partment found a copy of an order
issued in 1885 dismissing Civil Ser-
vice Commissioner Lyman from the
Army. He sent it to his paper
as a special and it was telegraphed
to a local paper. It was how-
ever a sensational and not a sensa-
tional as a little investigation at the War
department brought another order
to light revoking the first one and
granting Lyman an honorable dis-
charge. It is a very nice way to
make such attacks. Had the man
found the first order made any in-
quiry at the department he would
have learned of the existence of
the second, but that would have
spoiled his sensationalism. To the credit
of the most prominent opposition to
the Civil Service law, be it said
they oppose all such methods as
that adopted by this sensational
monger. They are fighting the law,
not the gentlemen who are Com-
missioners under the law.

The country will breathe freer
now that the Treasury department
has announced through acting
Secretary Batcheller that it will not
permit a financial panic during the
present administration. The an-
nouncement was made to allay the
fear caused by a newspaper report
of a Wall street trust formed to
either raise the price now being
paid by the Treasury for bonds or
to throw the country into a finan-
cial panic. The Wall street sharks
may quake in their boots, or shiver
when they hear about what this
brave acting Secretary has said,
but it is more probable that they
will laugh in their sleeves and go
on in their scheme just as if he
had said nothing.

The name of the new democratic
weekly paper to be issued here
next week is to be the National
Democrat. It is intended for na-
tional circulation and is endorsed
by Speaker Carlisle and other promi-
nent democrats.

The republican state associations
are making things very lively
around the departments here.
They are bolder than ever before
notwithstanding the civil service
law.

Break the News Gently.

Mahone's resolutions in Vir-
ginia pledged the Republican
party's "sympathy and support"
to the "disables and orphans"
of dead Confederate soldiers. Break
it gently to Foraker. Tell it
softly to the bloody-shirt shakers.
—New York World.

Mississippi leaves all her convicts
—that is, all but Sullivan. She
simply releases him.

HOME CHAT.

N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR
EXCHANGES.

What the Brethren of the Quill
are Thinking and Saying.

A PARALLEL.
Between Eugene Harrel and
Eugene Grissom, North Carolina
made a reputation for its desire to
kill every rank of women.—San-
ford Express.

SOME EXPERIENCE.
Can a newspaper prosper and be
a credit to a town when it is the
last one to be paid? The one first
of all to throw cold water on and
run down the paper is he who does
not subscribe for it, and who most
likely has been a subscriber for
time but has stopped and failed to
pay his subscription.—Mt. Olive
Telegram.

OF COURTESY.
Why is it that a city that gets
\$1,000,000 revenue from liquor shops
will send out an elaborate adven-
turer of its Banks, Churches,
Colleges, Hotels, Factories of var-
ious kinds and other inducements
to home seekers, and not say a
word about the wholesale and retail
liquor establishments?—Hickory
Press and Carolinian.

A NEW SYSTEM DESIRED.
The old system of working roads,
which has been the only system of
our country, is a failure so far as
good roads, besides working many
hardships. The man who inaugu-
rates a system, void of the evils of
the old, and giving us public high-
ways, will have accomplished a
work of importance to the people
second in its benefits to none other.
—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

OF COURSE IT HAD.
The fact that we have money
that can be handled by speculators
in that way ought to open the eyes
of the people. A dollar ought to
be neither more nor less
than a dollar, no matter in what
hands it may be found. The money
power ought to be out of the
power of speculators, to effect its
value either in the one way or the
other.—Concord Times.

IN ALL LINES.
The best evidence we have of the
firmness of the Ohio Democracy
and its devotion to principle is the
determination with which it holds
to tariff reform. This issue is an
issue that will live on until the
reform is accomplished, and we are
constantly seeking evidence of its
growth in popular favor. The peo-
ple are being educated and that
rapidly.—Winston Daily.

THE KIND NEEDED.
Our country needs emigration of
farmers from New England, who
know how to make farming pay.
The kind of farming in our midst
is good in many ways, one of
which is the example they set
for our farmers. In the next place
many of our people are land poor—
they have too much—and we want
to send a good many of them
in and by small farms, one of
which is the example they set
for our farmers. In the next place
many of our people are land poor—
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which is the example they set
for our farmers.

LET THEM GO.
A curious notion of the negro
exists in North Carolina, and
it is to make him a citizen. It is
unquestionably democratic with
out effort on the part of the whites.
Cheatham, the colored representa-
tive from this State, says that from
1870 to 1880 he will leave North
Carolina during the coming fall,
the majority of whom will go from
the strong negro counties in the
Eastern part of the State.—Ashe-
ville Citizen.

BAD IN EVERY WAY.
The credit system is bad in many
ways. It encourages improvident
and extravagance on the one hand,
extortion and many on the other.
It makes them respectable, wrecks
business and ruins homes. It
should be abolished. If every man
in business got his dues from those
who are able to pay, he could afford
to give to those who were not and
still realize a handsome profit.—
Oxford Orphan's Friend, one of
the best.

THEY ARE IT.
Yet, it might be unreasonable
to hold the Yankees responsible for
and also encourage in the same
way, paying some attention to the
topography of this immediate sec-
tion of North Carolina in its rela-
tion to the abolition of the South.
That topography has not
escaped the observation of others,
a straight line from Atlanta to
Baltimore, passing through the
mountains, in the line of least
resistance, through North Carolina,
and by Asheville.—Asheville
Citizen.

OUT OF THE FASHION.
We are not surprised in the least
that the impression abroad is that
North Carolina has sent her best
men to enrich other states. For
some half a century or more it has
been the fashion among certain
young editors to deride North Car-
olina. Without desigining intending
it, they have succeeded well in
belittling their southern State until
now people abroad have accepted
the stigma as just and believe that
North Carolina is a poor State at
best, not knowing its jewels, and
is filled with people who do not ap-
preciate genuine merit. We have
done what we could to prevent this
and to persuade the good and
true young men to remain and
stand by the good old State. But
we are an "old lady," a "mam-
moth," South has been the center
of the world, the graybeards who
love North Carolina, would uphold
her good fame, and would defend
her from assaults from home or
when abroad "witnesses defend her."
—Wilmington Messenger.