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

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 19. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, OCT. 10, 1889. NUMBER 37

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

BILL ARP'S LETTER

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION FAVORED BY GEORGIANS.

Money Spent On Making a Woman Able to Support Herself is Always Well Spent.

Ohio, I'm so glad—I'm glad"—that is what my folks said when I told them that the bill for the girls' industrial school had passed. I expect a thousand women in Georgia said the same thing. That is about all they can do when a great moral measure is triumphant. They can just be glad—that's all. They can not take any part in great reforms, can't make laws nor vote for them—can't even cast a vote in a prohibition election. Thirteen hundred negroes can go to the polls in one town and vote for whisky and all that the wives and mothers and sisters can do is to plead and weep and listen to the beating of their hearts that are throbbing with hope and fear. If I was a law-maker I would vote for a bill that would let women vote on that question if no other. Yes, vote—vote at a separate place for women only. In fact, they ought to have two votes for they have a double interest at stake—one vote for themselves and one for their little children. In all moral question that affect the home and the fireside and woman's happiness the wife and the mother should have at least an equal voice. She is the queen of the home and ought to be. If she is not then it is not a home, but is simply a house and sometimes a prison. It is the place where she stays and bears the children and nurses them, and where she loses her beauty and grows old and dies. She lives mainly for those children and when tempration and vice robs her of their love she is robbed indeed. With some mothers it is a helpless pitiful grief. With others it is like a lioness robbed of her whelps. I know an aged mother in my own town whose son and grandson were enticed away, and, in her desperation, she seized the sword cane of her dead husband and went to the barroom of the town and staggered behind the counter and broke up every glass and bottle and mirror, and when the owner tried to stop her she drew the sharp dirk from the cane and ran him from the house and then completed her work. The love for her offspring had armed her with a wild frenzy and a super natural strength, and that is the same feeling that every mother has though they do not show it that way. Ah, the good mothers of this land! What a blessed world we would have if they could have their way about these things. But the world is making progress in the right direction. The time was when a married woman could own nothing—not even her watch or her clothing—everything was her lord's. But now she can have her own property without a trustee, and can make her own will. But that is not enough. She should have a voice and a vote in the protection of her children.

Now, here are hundred., yes; thousands of our girls, who wish to earn their own living and the door is shut. For a century they could do nothing but sew. It has been less than half a century since Tom Hood wrote:

"Oh! men with sisters dear,
Oh! men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out;
But human creature's lives.
Stitch, stitch—in poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But now our girls are waking up to a consciousness of their fitness for other things, and all they ask is an equal chance with the boys. I am more concerned for my girls than for my boys; so is every father—and I have a suspicion that those who voted against the bill were not fathers; or, if fathers, they have *no girls* who are likely to become dependent on their own labor for a support. I know of some women and some girls who are doing men's work in the stores and counting rooms, and they are doing it well and get only half pay because they are not men. Is there no remedy for this oppression? What our girls want is a wider field, more occupations and more independence. When a girl goes to an industrial school she means business, and the state's money will not be wasted on her. When a boy is sent to college he does not always mean business. Most generally he means to have a good time, and he has it. The money spent on our girls in training them to practical pursuits is well spent. It has proven so in Mississippi. It will be no experiment here, and Georgia can, with safety, follow the lead of a state that has always honored women with a peculiar chivalry. Georgia is three time as rich as Mississippi in taxable property and certainly ought to spend as much for her girls. If the women had a vote in electing the members of the legislature the bill would have passed unanimously.

I wonder what is the matter with our people anyhow. I'm afraid they are losing their sentiment. Not long ago the good ladies of Fredericksburg asked us for a little money with which to fix up the graves of Georgians. Only thirty-four have responded to that appeal. Only thirty-four and twenty of them are nonresidents. Just think of it! Only fourteen Georgians have shown enough regard for our dead to give a dollar to put a headboard to a grave. What shall I say to those ladies, who, for twenty-five years, have cared for those graves? Oh, the shame of it! Here I have a letter from them thanking me for what I wrote and telling me how many Virginia papers copied it and how glad they were at the bright prospect of getting the money, and how these ladies were getting up a concert to help, and how the recent floods washed away their bridges and destroyed their waterworks and ruined the crops in all the surrounding country, and how poor everybody felt, and they were so glad that the Georgians were going to take hold and help fix up these graves. Now, what shall I say to the like of that. But I have not given it up, and I expect to keep pegging away on this line if it takes all winter to get the money. My wife says she thinks the good people would have sent the money right away if I hadent called on the legislature. Everybody thought they would give it all, and be glad to do it, and so the rest of the folks dident want to interfere or embarrass their patriotism. But the legislature is absorbed in such great living issues that they havent had time to think of the dead. That is my wife's explanation.

An old soldier, who is seventy-eight years of age, sent me five dollars, and wrote that when he read the appeal he didn't have a cent, but he hurried up a bale of cotton and took it to Columbus and sold it so that he might pay his part of that patriotic debt. A friend near Macon did likewise, and so I have received fifty-three dollars all told—and more than half of it came from other states. Twelve confederate veterans from Ocala, Florida, sent twelve dollars. One dollar came from New York city, and one Massachusetts. Friends, please wake up, and send me a dollar! Don't wait on the legislature. A northern man writes to know if it will be safe to remit to Bill Arp, or has he got another man's name. Says he read in a paper that Bill Arp's son had stolen a horse and escaped from the sheriff, and that this has made him dubious about the family, and he wants to know about it. My boys are worried about that. Every now and then some devilish fellow asks them which one of the boys stole that horse and that is what I got for stealing a man's name. The chickens will come home to roost. My friend that horse thief, is no kin to me and I'm sorry he is kin to anybody. But if you will send the money to the undersigned the soldiers' graves will get it.

There is to be a big circus here next Tuesday and I wish the soldiers' graves had all the money that will be laughed away that day. But the folks must laugh sometime, I reckon, and the children do enjoy a show so much and there has not been one here in three or four years, so we are going to let them go and see the animals. Everybody loves to see wild animals. My wife says she wants to go and would like the pleasure of my company. Well, I don't want to go. My circus time is out, but I may be forced to go. I may be inveigled into it. The women and children need protection on such occasions.

My first great grief was because my father wouldn't let me go to a circus. The tent was very near to our house, and there was a great high rock not far away, and my mother let me climb upon it, where I could hear the clown and see a little bit between the upper and lower curtains, and I was happy. The other boys were all inside, and I could't exactly understand why it was right for them and wrong for me. My father came home and saw me perched upon that rock, and he relented and let me go in with my Uncle Jake, and my happiness was completed.

And so our school board voted to give a holiday to the pupils of our public school and now there are two or three hundred happy children in Cartersville.

"Evil be to him who evil thinks."

BILL ARP.

Rectitude Was His Pride.

"All your show cases are upright ones, I see,' said a customer to a Broadway storekeeper.

'Yes sir,' was the proud reply: 'we aim at consistent rectitute all through the establishment. Anything else I can do for you.—N. Y. Sun.

Tannerism.

'There was an old soldier named Tanner, who behaved in an indiscrect manner. He was hired for a tool, but he turned out a fool, and brought shame on the Star Spangled Rices.—"

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

Shall the North Carolina farmers have a cotton bagging factory of their own? Why not?—Raleigh Progressive Farmer.

The Beaufort Seaside understands that from twenty to thirty fine horses have died in this county during the past two or three weeks from "blind staggers."

Old Fuller or Dr. South, or some one else, said "hell was paved with good intentions." The American Agriculturist thinks county roads are paved with the same material.—Wilmington Star.

It does not pay to keep poor stock or cattle of any kind. It requires as much to feed one as the other and taking in consideration the difference in the yield any sensible man can readily see the leak.—Rocky Mount Plain Dealer.

We were shown yesterday by Mr, Joseph W. Carr, of Duplin Roads, a brier vine which sprouted from the ground in the early part of May and was taken from its roots on Monday. It measured forty-one feet.—Wilmington Review.

The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not for the strain backward of the neck. but because the animal can not see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.

Good road! How are we to get them? The winter is coming and the rains and the frosts may be expected to produce their usual effects upon the roads. Good roads leading to this town would benefit it more than any railroad now existing or any that could be built.—Salisbury Watchman.

When the pine forests are exhausted, our people will go to farming in earnest and then will begin real prosperity. The drain upon our people to pay for bread stuff raised elsewhere depletes us of money to that degree that for several months in year there is scarcely money enough in circulation to pay the taxes due the State.—Concord Times.

An exchange says that every paper in the State should publish the fact that burnt corn is a sure cure for hog cholera, and adds: It was first discovered by the burning of a pile of corn belonging to a distillery in Peoria, Ill. It was thrown to the hogs and eaten by them. Before that time a number had been dying each day with cholera, but the disease immediately disappeared. It is so simple a remedy that it can easily be tried.

CELERY IN WINTER.

To keep celery well during the winter, it must be kept in a cool temperatnre, say, 35 to 38 degs., dry overhead and only slightly moist at the root. Where a large quantity is stored together ventilation is necessary. Crisp and nice celery depends a good deal upon the variety grown and the cultural conditions before storing. After storing dryness wilts it, wet rots it. warmth sprouts and draws it and robs it of flavor. Celery stored when green will keep for months without bleeching crisp but celery that is half bleeched before storing will soon attain perfection after stored; and the celeries are better flavored than any white celeries.

FARMER BELL.

Farmer Bell did not believe in mental or moral sugar plums in his own family circle. He was quite willing to commend friend or acquaintance, but he had a theory that his own family would be best improved by a Spartan discipline. The children must learn to do their duty without praise; and as for his wife, she had toiled for fifteen years without once being told that she was a satisfactory housekeeper.

One night the two came home from a tea party at a neighbor's house, and Mrs. Bell, with the courage of the meek, said:

'Ezra, it seems to me I heard you praising the mottoes the Smith girls worked.'

'Yes, I did,' said Mr. Bell. 'Real pretty for nonsense.'

'Your own girls made some just like 'em. You'd better praise them. It'll tickle 'em to death. And didn't I hear you say that squash pie was powerful nice?'

'Well, Miranda, it was a good pie.'

'Was it a mite better'n mine, Ezra?'

'Well, no, can't say it 'twas.'

'When have you ever said one word to praise a pie or a cake I've ever set afore you?'

'Maybe I ain't praised you much, Miranda, but then I arn't complained.'

Yes you have! sayin nothin's complainin' sometimes. It's just like pushing a heavy load up hill besides what you agreed to carry, to go along day after day and not hear a word of praise.'

Ezra began to think, and although he by no means changed his spots entirely, he did from that time try to act on the theory that 'women folks' are fond of commendation.

SOME GOOD SUGGESTIONS TO THE FARMERS OF THIS STATE.

The following is Furman's Compost Formula and the manner of using it in Furman's own words:

Now, to give you the Formula upon which my compost is made: Take thirty bushels well-rotted stable manure or well-rotted organic matter, as leaves, muck, etc. and scatter it about three inches thick upon a piece of ground so situated that water will not stand on it, but shed off in every direction. The thirty bushels will weigh about nine hundred pounds. Take 200 pounds of good acid phosphate and one hundred pounds kainit and mix thoroughly, then scatter evenly on the manure. Take next thirty bushels green cotton seed and distribute evenly over the pile, and wet them thoroughly; they will weigh nine hundred pounds; take again two hundred pounds acid phosphate and one hundred pounds kainit; mix, and spread over the seed; begin again on the manure and keep on this way building up your heap, layer by layer, until you get it as high as convenient, then cover with six inches of rich earth from fence corners, then leave at least six weeks. When ready to haul to the field, cut with a spade or pickaxe square down, and mix as thoroughly as possible. Now we have thirty bushels of manure, weighing nine hundred pounds, and three hundred pounds chemical in the first layer; and thirty bushels cotton seed, weighing nine hundred pounds, and three hundred pounds of chemicals in the second layer; and these two layers combined form the perfect compost. You perceive that the weight is 2,400 pounds. Apply the first year 500 pounds per acre in the drill, the second year 1,000 pounds, and the third year 2,000 pounds; after this use from 4,000 to 20,000 pounds per acre, as you may be able to prepare.

We will add that the formula, reduced to the quantities of each ingredient necessary to make a ton of compost, would be as follows:

Stable manure, etc.	750 lbs.
Cotton seed (green)	750 lbs.
Acid phosphate	334 lbs.
Kainit	166 lbs.
Making a ton of	2,000 lbs.

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

Prof. Charles D. McIver on The Subject,

Referring to the opinion entertained by some people, that the public schools are of no benefit to the children of the State, and should be abolished, he said that there are 360,000 white persons of school age in North Carolina and not more than 20,000 are attending all the private schools in the State, from the University down. Abolish the public schools, and 17 out of 18 children in the State will be without the means of acquiring any education whatever. It is boasted, said he, that North Carolina is doing great things for public education, when the fact is that the average school tax of each citizen is 40 cents, against an average of $2.00 in the other States of the Union. South Carolina is the only State where the average is lower, and there it is only one cent below North Carolina.

Prof. McIver holds the opinion that an educated women is worth more than an educated man. Being fully impressed with this idea, he has reflected a great deal upon the fact that the State discriminates against the girls in favor of the boys in regard to higher education. During the past hundred years, the university has been maintained by liberal appropriations of State money for boys exclusively; and but recently, the Agriculiural and Mechanical College has been established with generous aid from the State, and that too, is for boys alone. While the law has placed it within the means of the boys of the State to obtain a liberal education with a small expenditure of money, legislatures have turned a deaf ear to all appeals on behalf of the girls. He believes that light is breaking through the darkness, and that it will not be long before the girls will be given a fair chance.—Lexington Dispatch.

The Concord Standard says that Sam Smoot, a colored religious crank, is preaching in some sections of Cabarrus county that "if you get the religion you ought to have, you will never die."

THE ALLIANCE.

THE SECRET OF THE ORGANIZATION REVEALED.

How Members are Induced into the Mystic order.

Ever since the Farmers' Alliance movement was inaugurated, the uninitiated and ineligible public has been racked with curiosity to learn the secrets of the order and their mode of breaking in new members. Somehow our Alliance friends have guarded their secrets with unusual vigilance, but it is left to the Star to tear away the veil of mystery that has surrounded this high and noble order, and lay before our inquisitive readers information never before published in any other newspaper. We have for months kept our best reporters on the alert, and employed the most experienced interviewers to unfathom the secrets of the Alliance, but without avail until last week, when, by chance, the Star editor discovered the carefully guarded secret.

It was our good fortune, during a recent trip to Oglethorge county, to spend, near the hospitable village of Crawford, a night with a friend who had just gone through the trying ordeal that separates the outside world from the Farmers' Alliance. The friend, whom we shall designate as McKeever, we found the most battered wreck of humanity we have ever met, while his usually handsome face wore an abject look of terror, misery and despair. We found McKeever in sad need of sympathy, and by pouring a few vials of pity and consolation on his head, succeeded in extracting from him the following history of his woes—but after we had applied the cork-screw of a professional interviewer, and sworn, on a pile of patent office reports as high as our head, that we would never divulge the information that he gave us.

You see before you, explained McKeever, a sewly-made, but only half-fledged Farmers' Allianceman. You know that during my checkered career I have been a regular jiner, and eagerly went into every secret organization that came along. I have ridden the Masonic goat, climbed the greased pole of the Odd Fellows, been thrown down the Knights of Honor stairsteps and fell sprawling over the fences built in my path by the Grangers, and actually took a drink of water when I joined the Good Templars; but these initiating programmes were as downy beds of ease compared with a trying ordeal through which I passed yesterday at the hands of the Farmers' Alliance. I had formed an idea that as soon as I joined the Alliance the mortgage against my farm, stock and crop would moulder into ashes, while that old long-standings store account would disappear from the face of the books; that I would have the privilege of fixing my own prices on goods, and force the merchant to pay twenty cents a pound for cotton. So I made up my mind to join the Alliance, and yesterday, donning my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, repaired to the school house, where the order met, and sent in my application by a neighbor who was a charter member. In due season the glad tidings were conveyed to me that I had been balloted for and accepted, and boiling over with eager gratification, followed by my conductor into the wood-room adjoining the main building. Here my guard made our presence known by picking up a section of a fence rail and rapping three times on the door. This gentle signal was answered by three raps from within and the query:

"Whom comes there?"

"A horny-handed son of toil, groping in darkdess, and anxious to have the light of the Alliance shed upon him," replied my guide.

"Break down the barricade that stands between a Brother Farmer and light, and admit the applicant." spoke a sonorous voice from within.

Just at this instant the old door, which had been moved from its hinges, was kicked over, and striking me on the top of my head, raised this lump you see here. I thought it was an accident at that time, and so made up my mind to grin and bear the pain.

Two stout men stepped forth and violently seizing me by the arm, I was carried into the middle of the main room. I saw that the house was pretty well filled with spectators. Sitting on top of a cotton bale was the Grand Mogul of the order, as I afterwards learned. On his right a section of rail fence had been built and astride of this was another officer. On his left sat a third official with a pile of guano sacks under him, which I believe was the Grand Secretary. I noticed that all the officers and their assistants were in their shirt sleeves, and wore jeans pants held up by one suspender each. These parties, I afterwards discovered, represented the present poverty-stricken condition of the farmers. In one corner stood six men, arrayed in their best store clothes and plug hats, and each had a feather pillow rammed into his pants to represent high living, who were to act as merchants. I had scarcely time to take a hasty glance around the room when a fellow stepped up and dashed about a pint of guano into my face, and before I had time to wipe my eyes or spit out the stuff, my sight was obscured by an old guano sack—that didn't smell by any means like the last rose of summer—being bound over my orbs of vision, I was then led three times around the room and halted in front of the Grand Tycoon on the cotton bale.

"Benighted brother farmer, who hath been groping in darkness, the light of organized agriculturalists is now about to break upon you—" spake the Tycoon. "You are now within the sacred precincts of the Farmers' Alliance, and in order to indelibly fix upon your mind great truths, we will proceed to carry you through the ordeal of initiation. That handful of guano cast into your eyes is intended to show you the folly of an undue use of this expensive commodity. A limited use of guano in the right place is proper; but you will not, I hope, soon forget the lesson taught you about its abuse. Now carry the benighted brother to the Grand Vice-Tycoon for further instruction."

I was then violently turned around, my guards released me, and I was told to go straight forward at a brisk trot. This I did, but soon ran against a ten rail fence that had been secretly built in my path, and in the fall was skinned from head to heels. I was soon brought up standing again, the guano sack removed from over my eyes, and I was carried before the fellow sitting on the pile of sacks. With a look of pitying contempt this Vice-Tycoon spake to me thusly:

"Benighted brother farmer, seeking the light of truth, we administered to you the Fence Degree, in order to impress upon your mind the fact that to be a prosperous farmer it is necessary to avoid a too close intimacy with a fence. It is the habit of too many farmers to sit astride a rail and watch a nigger work his crop. We trust that the lesson you have just learned will not be lost. The six well dressed men you see over in that corner represents the mercantile world, and we will now proceed to administer to you what is known in the Alliance as the Ox, or Hewer of Wood, Degree."

My guide then stepped up and tying a board over my eyes—like they do fence-breaking stears—I was led into the corner of the room. Soon I heard a great scuffling at the door, and the six fellows representing merchants forced into the room a little spotted bull calf, as wild as a Texas pony. He was brought up along side of me, and the pair of us yoked together, one of the merchants holding a rope tied in the ring of the yoke. I thought I had seen pretty tough times, but I soon knew that my experience was but child's play compared with the ordeal before me. That little bull and I were turned loose, and the time we made around that room would shame a race horse. I knew I had to keep up or my neck would be broke. It had always been a mystery to me how a steer could turn its yoke, but it is no longer a secret. The bull turned his twice and I turned mine three times. I yelled for some one to head us, but the louder I hollered the faster the little bull traveled. Just as I gave myself up for lost we were brought to a standstill, the rope removed from my bruised and bleeding neck, and I was again led before the Grand Tycoon, who consolingly addressed me thusly:

"Benighted brother, seeking wisdom, the lesson you have just received is to impress upon your mind the sad truth that you are but a beast of burden for the commercial world. The merchant has a yoke of servitude upon your neck, and you can only look for relief to a Farmers' Allianceman. We will now administer to you another degree showing the difference between cash and credit."

I was again taken in hand by two merchants, who forcibly tied a strong cord around each of my thumbs, and in a twinkling I was suspended to a riddle-pole. That I yelled with pain and begged for mercy, it is needless to add. One of my torturers demanded to know how much cash I would pay to be released. I offered all the money in my pocket, which was 35 cents. He agreed to let me down for $1 cash or $10 on credit, secured by a mortgage, lien, deed of gift and waiver note on my farm, stock, wife and children. I eagerly accepted, and on being released stepped up to the table, and in the presence of two witnesses signed the paper. I was then led before the officer astride the worm fence, who explained the Thumb-Swinging degree as follows:

"Benighted brother, the ordeal which you have just passed through is administered for the purpose of reminding you that there is a broad difference between buying for cash and buying on credit. One dollar in hand would have saved you from all that misery; but for a lack of the ready cash you were forced to pay ten times the required sum. This is the last degree we will administer to you at this meeting. There are yet seventeen other degrees required, illustrating the different trials in a farmer's life, before you are a full blown member of the Alliance. I will state that they are somewhat severer than the initiations through which you have just passed, but you will muster up the resolution to bear them."

Well, continued McKeever, I am entirely satisfied with my Alliance experience, and I don't think there is a log chain in Oglethorge county strong enough to draw me to another meeting.

How a Widow got Even.

The widow Green, of Covington, got a bad half dollar in a Cincinnati drug store. The druggist refused to take it back, and she found where he lived, dropped in on his family and claimed to be his first wife, and there was a row worth a hundred dollars and a separation lasting four weeks. Old Mr. Weller was dead correct.—Detroit Free Press.

Freights Against us.

We were shown yesterday some very fine Irish potatoes which were grown at Black Mountain, this State. They were very large, and we think superior to the Northern potato. It is a pity we can't buy them instead of sending to New York after potatoes. But North Carolina freight rates are against us.—New Berne Journal.

It is a remarkable fact that the hardest drinkers rarely like the taste of whiskey.

HOME CHAT.

N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

What the Brethren of the Quill are Thinking and Saying.

AN EMINENT COON.

The Statesville Landmark alludes flippantly to Frederick Douglas, U. S., Minister to Hayti, as an "eminent coon."—Lenoir Topic.

PROPOSITION TO BUST THE TRUST.

We'll take "our'n" straight for ninety days if the rest of you will do the same thing. Come, let's bust the sugar trust.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

Why not bring Geronimo's band here, and swear the braves in under Collector Eaves? They are "not afraid of the devil.—Charlotte Chronicle.

HOW ABOUT WHITE MEN.

Billy Mahone declares that the "colored man is by instinct a Republican." If the race instinct settles this thing what should the white man be?—Wilmington Star.

CONDOLING WITH THE MEN.

Trousers are being made narrower, says an exchange. What a pity. Just as men were about to enjoy the possession of a lap and learn how to catch a spool of thread without putting their knees together.—Oxford Orphan's Friend.

THE MOTTO OF THE TWO PARTIES.

Cleveland gave the country a key note that is still resounding throughout the entire land—"Public office is a public trust." Harrison's slogan is "to run the government to suit myself." That is get all you can, save all you can and be always on the make.—Wilmington Messenger.

A MERE HENCHMAN.

The President is not now expected to be a mighty, or even respectable statesman with lofty, or even a worldly wise outlook upon public questions. He is too commonly treated as, and too commonly is simply the party's agent for the bestowal of places to henchmen.—Durham Globe.

A True Tonic.

When you don't feel well and hardly know what ails you, give B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) a trial. It is a fine tonic.

T. O. Callahan, Charlotte, N. C., writes: "B. B. B. is a fine tonic, and has done me great good."

L. W. Thompson, Damascus, Ga., writes: "I believe B. B. B. is the best blood purifier made. It has greatly improved my general health."

An old gentlemen writes: "B. B. B. gives me new life and new strength. If there is anything that will make an old man young, it is B. B. B.

P. A. Shepard, Norfolk, Va., August 10th, 1888, writes: "I depend on B. B. B. for the preservation of my health. I have had it in my family now nearly two years, and in all that time have not had to have a doctor."

Thos. Paulk, Alapaha, Ga., writes: "I suffered terribly from dyspepsia. The use of B. B. B. has made me feel like a new man. I would not take a thousand dollars for the good it has done me."

W. M. Cheshire, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I had a long spell of typhoid fever, which at last seemed to settle in my right leg, which swelled up enormously. An ulcer also appeared which discharged a cup full of matter a day. I then gave B. B. B. a trial and it cured me."

The Three R's.

The Washington correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger gives the latest on Senator Vance:

"Here is a new story about Senator Vance. His first wife was a Presbyterian and very fond of church work. Zeb says he is one of her converts. Some years ago he married for the second time and got a wife who is a Roman Catholic. One of Zeb's Presbyterian friends in North Carolina said to him recently: "I hear your new wife is a Catholic. How, in the name of common sense, did you come to marry a Romanist? It caused much sorrow in the church.' 'Well,' said Zeb, 'I had tried rum and rebellion and I thought I would like to try Romanism.'

They Mean Business."

If any one has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial and has not been cured thereby, the manufacturers of that unfailing Remedy would like to hear from that individual, for when they offer as they do, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh which they cannot care, they mean just exactly what they say. They are financially responsible abundantly able, to make good their guarantee if they fail, as any one can learn by making proper enquiry. Remedy sold by all druggists, at 50 cents.

The Wrong Kind.

Brooks—I hear that you and the boys were out looking watermelons. Did you get a good load?

Crooks—You just bet we did, Brooks; and every bit of it was buckshot, too.

Many of the public wells of Raleigh have been filled up, the water in them not being fit to use.

LABOR AND LUCK.

Wins the Prize From the Votaries o the Lestless Sou.

The desire to amass a fortune at a single swoop is common to the genus homo. The principal idea is the same, whether it be to realize millions by a corner in the market by a stroke of busines, or drawing the principal prize in a lottery; that is, to get something for nothing, or a fortune without work. The evil genius who presides over such a man's destiny is the indolent god—Luck. The votaries of Luck are listless, and wait for something to turn up. They lie in bed wishing a favorite Deity would send them news of a legacy. They whine about hard times, bad luck, and are gloomy and morose.

The devotees of labor, possessed of keen eyes and strong will propose to turn up something. They are up early and late, and by their own efforts lay up a competency. They whistle and sing, and go about their duties cheerfully.

The difference between the two devotees is this: The sons of Luck are satisfied to exist if somebody else will come along and thrust riches and honor upon them; while the sons of Labor are not content except they can prove their right to manhood by the exercise of all the rights, duties and prerogatives that belong to it.

Make your own luck by your own labor. Do not ape the Jackdaw and sport borrowed plumage. Act for yourself and be a man in all that appertains to that high title. Discard luck from your vocabulary.

OF COURSE HE WOULD.

A Mere Conventionality That Paralyzed the Stranger.

A young gentleman the other day was relating his first experience at an ice cream table with a Philadelphia girl. He said: "I was utterly broken up and astonished, you know, when, after finding a strawbery in her half-finished plate of cream, she fished it out with a spoon and offered it to me.

"Won't you have it? she asked.

'No, indeed,' I replied, no doubt looking the horror I felt in my soul.

'Why not?' she demanded, seeming to be hurt by my refusal.

'Why, my dear girl, don't you know,' I explained, 'you have had the spoon in your mouth.'

'Well, what of that?' she pouted prettily as she made her perfectly paralyzing reply. 'You'd kiss that mouth if I'd let you, wouldn't you?' I confessed that I would be only too glad to do so, and since then I have made it my business to get better accustomed to the ways of the place.'—Philadelphia Press.

LET JEEMES GO.

All Hands "Were Willin'" and Jeemes Went.

The land we love gives a model letter from a young lady whose sweetheart was in the Fifth South Carolina Regiment to Mr. Davis, President of the late Confederacy, asking for a furlough for her lover to come home and get married:

"Dear Mr. President: I want you to let Jeemes Clancy, of 5th S. C., regiment, come home and get married. Jeemes is willin' I is willin' my mammy, she is willin' his mammy says she is willin', but Jeemes' captain, he ain't willin'. Now when we're all willin' ceptin' Jeemes captain, I think you might let up and let Jeemes come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done and got married and fight just as hard as ever. Your affectionate friend &c.

Mr. Davis wrote on the letter, 'Let Jeemes go," and Jeemes came home, married the affectionate correspondent of Mr. Davis, and returned to his regiment, and did fight as well as ever.

"THE COON BRIGADE."

The Sort of Appointments Harrison Makes.

At Delemar, Ala., a negro who can neither read nor write has been appointed postmaster. This is a fine specimen of Republican Civil Service Reform. The New York Evening Post says:

"So far Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson has been caught in appointing as postmaster a burglar, a convicted keeper of a disorderly house, a man who has been punished for sending obecene literature through the mails, and a man who does not live in the place where he is appointed (the law requiring him to be a resident.)"

The people will be so disgusted with the Harrison gang by 1892, that they will "turn the rascals out" in "a jiffey."—Wilmington Messenger.

Nearly 300 brandy distilleries are running in Wilkes.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A Condensed Report of the News From Our Contemporaries

It is said North Carolina has the best weather service of any State in the Union.

The Baptist State Convention will meet in Henderson November 13th.

An Ohio man has written Jay Gould a begging letter every day for the last 450 days.

Four hundred and fifty brakesmen are killed and 4,000 injured annually on the railroads of this country.

Mr. W. P. Fife, the evangelist, will hold a series of meetings in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. in Clinton.

There is now one lawyer to every 900 of the population. Either more litigation or fewer lawyers will become a necessity, or rations will run short.

The establishment of the Federal Court, of which John Jay was the first chief justice, will be celebrated in New York in February next.

Coal and oil are found in every county of Wyoming. The territorial geologist thinks the coal fields cover 30,000 square miles.

The Winston Sentinel says that in some bottoms along the Yadkin river the corn will not pay for the trouble and expense of gathering.

A fire at Butte, Montana, last Sunday, destroyed property to the amount of $300,000; insurance, $208,000. Three firemen were fatally injured.

The Governor has offered a reward of $200 for the capture of D. A. Cornatzer, who, about two weeks ago, shot and killed David Call in Davie county.

It is learned from the Danbury Reporter that at an election week before last, all of Stokes county that was not already in the boundary voted in favor of the stock law.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger says it is reported in Raleigh that Dr. Grissom will establish a private asylum for the insane, and that men of means will back him in his enterprises.

The Journal says that Silas Bumgarner lost his watch at Little River church, Alexander county about eleven years ago, and last Saturday week it was found, all in good order except that it had run down.

A citizen of Wilmington has written a communication to the Star suggesting that "in this day of progress and poverty it would be well to sell our church bells and give the money to the poor."—Durham Globe.

The King's Mountain Baptist Association has appropriated $700 for sending a missionary to Chicago. There is no place where missionaries are needed worse than in some of the large cities.—Newton Enterprise.

It is said that H. M. Smith, vice-president and general manager of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, has recently declined an offer of $35,000 a year from the Richmond & Danville Railroad because it was not enough.

Just as the balance of us were beginning to feel pretty good over being able to report an apple tree with a second crop of fruit, the Chatham Record comes forward with one which has produced two crops and is in bloom again!

Raleigh correspondence Durham Globe, 30th ult.: The steward of the insane asylum said to-day that that institution was full of patients there being 295, of whom 141 male and 154 female. This is a considerably larger number than the asylum was built to accommodate.

Governor Fowle and Col. L. L. Polk have been requested to extend to United States Secretary of Agriculture Rusk, a special invitation to attend the State Fair and deliver an address. Mr. Rusk will be requested to select the day for his attendance if he shall accept the invitation.

Mr. Josh Wright, of Vance county, an old man, went out squirrel hunting and did not return. Search was instituted and after two days he was found in the woods lying on the damp ground, helpless from a stroke of paralysis. The Henderson Gold Leaf says his condition was pitiable; but he may get well.

Two negro boys, sons of Geo. Allen and Tom Jenkins, were drowned in Beardsley's mill pond in Warren county Sunday. They, with two others, started across the pond in a boat. It began to leak and the two oldest being frightened jumped out and capsized the boat. They got out safely, while the other two who could not swim were drowned.

The cases against Cross and White will hardly be taken up at the present term of Wake Superior Court. The jail cases, of which there are a great number, engross most of the time of the court. Besides, the cases against Cross and White in the U. S. Supreme Court have not been taken up. They are to be argued in November.

Congressman Hemphill, of the fifth district of South Carolina, who has been making a tour of the Pacific coast, arrived at his home, Tuesday of last week. On arriving home he was escorted to the town hall, where a large number of his fellow-citizens had assembled to welcome him. Mr. Hemphill made a speech, giving an interesting account of his trip, the condition of the people where he had been, and their customs. He closed by saying: "I have an abiding, unswerving faith in Grover Cleveland as our next President.