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# 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, JANUARY. 16. 1890. NUMBER 51

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

## BILL ARP'S LETTER

:o:

*MRS. ARP PRIZES HER JEWELS VERY HIGHLY.*

*The Old Man Takes A Back Seat When The Boys Are at Home*

The boys haven't come yet. They wrote that they would come as soon as their bosses had had their Christmas. One came, but he lives in Atlanta, and we see him pretty often, and so there wasn't much fuss made over him. There is one in New York and one in Cincinnatti, and we are looking for them every day. Two big fat turkeys are in the coop and there is a big fat fruit cake hid out somewhere. The Atlanta boy got some—his mother cut it for him. She gave me a slice about as thick as a knife blade, and said a little went a long ways. That seems to be a peculiarity about fruit cake. That excites my curiosity—if a little goes a long ways I want to know how far a big chunk of it will go—and I'm going to find out some of these days. Every good thing seems to be kept for these boys; I'm of no consequence compared with them. Has a man got to go off and stay a long time before he can get a piece of veal in his own house? Is no fatted calf to be killed for me? Am I too old to appreciate turkey and fruit cake and oyster pie? One of these boys sent his mother a barrel of apples, and she declares that they are the best apples in the world; can't buy any such in Cartersville. I'll fool her some of these days. I'll get some country butter, and pack it in a can, and let it come from the express office with a New York mark on it, just to see her take a fit over it. "Can't get such butter as this in this market. Victor knows what good butter is!" I'll bet she will say that. Her boys are better than kings or princes. A lady called on her the other day, and asked her where that handsome son was living now. "I don't know which one you mean," said she. "I have six sons, and they are all handsome." Well, that's all right, and according to the scripture. If a mother is not proud of her children, she is to be pitied, indeed. They are her hope, her life, her joy or her sorrow.

1890! There is a meaning in those figures. Every time they are written on a letter head or a ledger or a bank check or a note or a hotel register or printed on a newspaper they mean something. The pens of Christians and infidels and agnostics and Jews and Gentiles are all writing it visible upon the paper. Every day, every hour, every minute, it is being written all over the world, and every mark establishes a fact—a great fact—that 1890 years ago there was a birth—a notable birth—and old Father Time began a new count and called it Anno Domini. What a wonderful event it must have been that closed the record of the ages and started time on a new cycle! How in the world did it happen? The Greeks had their calendar and the Romans had theirs, and the Jews had one that was handed down by Moses, but all of them were overshadowed by the one that a handfull of Christians set up, and for 1890 years the Anno Domini has given date to every birth and death and event in the civilized world. It seems to me that if I was an infidel I would not place these figures at the top of my letters. I would not dignify the birth of a child that way. I would rather write 5894 as the date of the creation. But, no, if I did not credit Moses and the prophets I couldn't choose that date, and so I would have no date—no era to begin with. The Greeks had their Olympiads to date from and the Romans the birth of their ancient city, and the Mohammedans the flight of Mahomet but a modern agnostic has nothing. If he was an American, I suppose he might begin with the declaration of independence and say January 114. The Jew is better off, for he has a faith—a faith as strong as the ages—and his era goes back to Moses and the prophets, but even he has to conform to the Anno Domini of the Christian in all his business relations with mankind. If he was to date a business letter or make out a bill of goods according to his faith, it would be returned to him for explanations. What a wonderful thing is this date; these four simple figures. We write them and re-write them but we seldom ponder on what they prove.

On New Year's night I was talking to the children about these things and about the long journey we had taken since the last New Year. We have gotten back to the same place in the universe and have traveled nearly three hundred million of miles. Talk about your cannon ball trains, and your lightning express. Why, we have been running a schedule of thirty thousand miles an hour and never stopped for coal or water, and never had a jostle nor put on a brake nor greased a wheel. Other trains have crossed our track and we have crossed theirs, but there was no danger signal, no sign board, no red flag, no watchman. Was there ever an engineer so reckless of human life? Fifteen hundred millions of passengers aboard, and they sleep half the time. Did ever passengers ride so trustingly? And, what is more wonderful still, our train has a little fun on the way and every day turns a summersault twenty five thousand miles around just for the enjoyment and health of the passengers. Turns over as it goes, turns at a speed of a thousand miles an hour and never loses an inch of space or a moment of time. Wouldn't it be big fun if we could stand off away from the train and see it roll on and turn as it rolled and see the passengers all calm and serene? It seems to me that if I was an infidel or an agnostic I would want to get off this train; a train without an engineer; a train that has got loose from somewhere and is running wild at the rate of 500 miles a minute. Talk about your Pullman sleepers and vestibule and dining room cars. Why this train carries houses and gardens and fruit trees and everything good to eat. It is a family train, and the family goes along with their nabors and the preacher and the doctor and the graveyard is carried along, too, so that if anybody dies on the way the train don't have to stop for a funeral. It is well that it don't, for the passengers are dying at the rate of a hundred a minute, and the train would never get anywhere if it had to stop to bury the dead.

Then we children got to talking about the centuries away back, when the months and the years were unsettled, and nobody seemed to know how long a year was or how to divide it. When the changes of the moon were a bigger thing than going round the sun; when there were only ten months in a year and a year was only 360 days, and so January kept falling back until it got to be summer instead of winter; when there were no weeks, except among the Jews, and the month was divided by the Greeks and Romans into three decades of ten days each. When Julius Caesar tried to regulate the calendar and made the year 365 days and gave a leap year 366. But that did't work exactly right for it made leap year eleven minutes too long, and so, as the centuries rolled on, it was found in 1582 that old Father Time had gained twelve days on himself or on the sun or on something else, and Pope Gregory concluded to set the old fellow back a peg or two, and he did. If a pope could make us all twelve days younger when he pleased to do it he would be a very popular man, I reckon. But the calendar is all right now, and the civilized world has adopted it. It is eleven minutes fast every four years, but as the year 1900 is not to be a leap year the gain will be canceled when that year comes. Leap year used to double the sixth day of March instead of adding a day to February, and so it was called the bis sextile year. It is well for the children to know these things for they are worth knowing.

And now it is a good time to right a wrong. It is late but it is never too late to do that. A year or so ago I wrote about the wonderful power of Bishop Capers over his hearers, and made mention of what was told to me about old Martin Marshall, who loaned money at usury, and was a hard, exacting man; and he ventured out to hear the Bishop, and was so overwhelmed and convicted of sin that he went around among his debtors and restored the usury he had taken, and published a notice in the paper for all to come whom he had not seen, and so he refunded several thousand dollars. I penned it down just as it was told to me, but not long afterwards I heard that this story was greatly exaggerated, and that some of the old man's grandchildren were grieved. I met one of them lately, and in a kind and gentlemanly manner he told me how I had been deceived, and how the numerous descendants of a good old man were hurt, but had remained silent, for they knew that I had no intent to do them wrong. It seemed that there was a foundation for the story, just enough to build upon. Martin Marshall was one of the best of men, and was honored and respected by all who knew him. He was an humble, devoted Christian, a member of the church, and for many years sat in his accustomed seat on every Sabbath. He was liberal and kind to the poor as long as he lived, and left bequests to them when he died. His negro slaves loved him and were proud to call him "Massa Martin." He was just and exemplary in all his conduct, but it seems that he did sometimes lend money at usury. Ten per cent was his charge, and it was freely and willingly paid. There was no suit, no rupture, no hard feelings, no oppression. When the bishop was illustrating brotherly love, and dwelt upon the Mosaic law that forbade them exacting usury, except of strangers, his words found a lodgment in Martin Marshall's mind, and he pondered upon it, and concluded that perhaps he had done wrong in charging the extra two per cent on the loans he had made to his brethren, and he did go round among them quietly and restore it and hence the story. But the amount was only a few hundred dollars all told. The people loved to dwell upon and embellish the sublime eloquence of Dr. Capers and so, long after Martin Marshall's death, the story grew and grew until it was the same as told to me. It does me good now to remove the stain that I unwittingly placed upon Martin Marshall's memory. It is a good trait in our humanity that prompts us to say good things of the dead. Sometimes we sneer at the epitaphs upon the tombstones, and mockingly inquire where are all the bad men buried, but it is right. When we cannot speak well of the dead it becomes us to be silent. He has appealed his case to God.

BILL ARP.

## THE REPUBLICAN CATSPAW.

**How Mahone Rode Abram Jasper to the Gates of Heaven—Then Hitched Him Outside While he Entered.**

Yes, he is in hard luck. Whatever happens he is sure to get the butt end of it. He is the only perpetual hewer of wood, who is always crowded away from the fire; never gets a drink. Yet, as patient as a camel, he goes on voting the Republican ticket from year to year; and if one of his race takes a notion to protest he is straightway bounced for a traitor, and driven out with staves and stones, lucky if he escapes with his life. How long, oh, Lord, how long?

It is none of our funeral. We know that. But it does stick in our gizzard to see the colored brother so set upon. It was bad enough to be ignored by the Administration. That however, was to be expected. Mr. Harrison is an aristocrat. He hates a poor man one degree less than he hates a nigger But there was a hope that Congress, the Republican Congress, would, when it met, do something to make things even. now, what do we see? We see all the black contested election cases in the House, except one, put down at the foot of the calendar, where they will never be reached, and that one exception placed sixth on the list of seventeen not by the Republicans, but by the Democrats.

It is just as Abram Jasper said in his speech to the colored pic-nic at Shantytown, in the late Virginia campaign.

"Feller freeman," says he "you all know me. I are Abram Jasper, a Republican from way back. When there have been any work to do, I has done it. When there have been any votin' to do, I has voted, early and often. When there have been any fightin' to do, I has been the thick of it. I are above proof, old line, and tax paid, And I has seed many changes, too. I has seed the Republicans up. I has seed the Democrats up. But I is yit to see the nigger up. 'Tother night, I had a dream. I dreamt that I died and went to heaven. When I got to de pearly gates, ole Salt Peter, he says;

"Who's dar?"

"Abram Jasper," says I.

"Is you mounted, or is you a-foot?" says he.

"I is a-foot," says I

"Well, you caint git in here," says he. "Nobody's 'lowed in 'cept them as comes mounted,' says he.

"Dat's hard on me," says I arter comin' all this distance. But he neber says nothin' more, and so I started back, and 'bout half way down de hill who does I meet but Gen'l Wilom Mahone.

"Whar is you gwine Gen'l?" says I.

"I is gwine to heaven," says he.

"Why Gen'l taint no use, I I'se just been up dar, an' nobody's alowed to git in 'cept dey comes mounted, and you's a-foot."

"Abram I tell you what let's do. You is a likely lad. Suppose you git down on all fours, an' I'll mount and ride you, and dat way we kin both git in?"

"Gen'l" says I "do you think you could work it?"

"I know I kin," says he.

"So down I gits on all fours and de Gen'l gits a-straddle, an' we ambles up de hill agin; an' prances up to de gate, an' ole Salt Peter, he says:

"Who's dar?"

"Gen'l Mahone of Virginey," says he.

"Is you mounted or is you a-foot.

"I is mounted," says de Gen.

"All right" says Peter, "all right, says he; just hitch your horse outside, an' come right in."

And so it goes. Shunned by the Republicans in this world, the colored brother will be, if they have their way, shut out from heaven itself in the world to come. How long, oh, Lord, how long.

## FOR THE FARM.

:o:

*MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.*

*Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farmig.*

**We learn that a great many of our farmers have burned their plant beds, and are making extensive preparations for a tobacco crop.—Nashville Argonaut.**

**Wm. Finch, of eastern Cabarrus, recently killed a hog that weighed 675 pounds. It was three years old and was of the Berkshire breed. — Concord Staudard.**

**We say that farming and planting intelligently conducted here, and backed with sufficient capital to insure the best result, will yield a larger per cent. upon the money invested than anywhere else.—Nashville Argonaut.**

**The Kansas farmer sits by the cheerful light of his corn fire, with corn at 11 cents per bushel and thanks his Creator for the blessings of a high protective tariff which gave him a home market.—Wilmington Star.**

**Mr. Henry Godfrey, a tenant on Mrs. S. J. Richardson's place, near Waxhaw, ran a one horse farm last year and raised 18,286 pounds of seed cotton, which made fourteen good bales of cotton, and in addition he raised 125 bushels of corn. This was first-rate for an "off year.—Monroe Enquirer.**

**We learn that Colonel Clark, of Cleveland, raised three crops on a piece of ground last year. He gathered a crop of early potatoes, planted the ground in corn, got a fine crop of roasting ears, and the volunteer potatoes that came up produced a third crop equally as fine as the first.—Salisbury Truth.**

**The people and farmers of Bertie held a meeting to see what could be done in these hard times. They resolved that with close economy and hard work they could go though 1890 without absolute suffering; asked the merchants to give all the aid possible; and advise the people to raise their own supplies and live cheaper.**

Hard times in the cotton counties is inducing the farmers to diversify their crops. The Tarboro Southerner says that the tobacco acreage will be increased many fold this year. A well known tobacco farmer of another county wrote the following to Mr. O. C. Farrar: "I know your county well, and its capabilities for producing the finest types of tobacco are not fully developed yet. Your whitish gray soils can be far more profitably utilized producing tobacco than cotton."

HARD TIMES FOR THE GOAT.

**The postmaster at Pink Hill, Mr. W. A. Jones, told us Saturday that his neighbor, Mr. R. W. McGowan, is stall-feeding a goat, getting Mr. Wm. Goat fat for the table. Hard times will develop all the food resources of the people.—Kinston Free Press.**

SOURCE OF POCKET MONEY.

**Farmers in many parts of the West are devoting more attention to poultry and the profits from this source, and in many cases, keep their homes supplied with numerous useful articles. The poultry yard is certainly worthy of attention from all farmers. Poultry-raising is profitable, if it is sensibly and methodically pursued. It is a branch of farming which requires but little hard work and space, while it carries with it much enjoyment. I know of nothing equally profitable which can take its place. In running a farm, either large or small, to leave out poultry would seem, to me, to omit one of its best features, and, also, cut off a steady supply of ready money for household purposes which would soon be missed.—H. L. Brown in Farmer and Scotish Chief.**

WHEAT-GROWING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

**We frequently hear it asserted, "there is no money in growing wheat in this or that section, and it is useless to attempt it," and to many farmers I admit the assertion to be largely true. But the fault is not so much in the locality or soil as probably in something else. What one has accomplished, others may with proper management; and if wheat can be grown to profit by one, another may, in the same section, under similar circumstances. Lieut. Gov. Holt, of this State, has probably beaten the record as to wheat-growing upon this continent this side of the Rocky Mountains. Upon 80 acres, the past season, he gathered over 46 bushels of wheat per acre. Col. Holt informed me that the crop was made without the application of any fertilizer whatever, but** he continued: "I sow no land that is not clover-sod." If 25 or 30 bushels of wheat can be grown on land that is clover-sod without the appreciation of manures, will it not pay to seed land to clover for the purpose of growing wheat, since the crop taken from land seeded to clover amply remunerates for the trouble and expense incidental to seeding.

Lieut. Gov. Holt has proved himself to be a successful planter as well as a successful manufacturer. — Agricultural Bulletin.

SOW GRAIN.

We cannot urge too often or too much the importance of sowing all unoccupied lands with winter grains. Where it is too late to sow oats, sow barley, rye or wheat. When one is looking chiefly to the improvement of the land, rye is the grain to sow. It is hardier than any other; it is deeper rooted than the others, and it will make more root and stem than any other. In every particular it is a good recuperating crop—a winter recuperating crop.

We are very anxious to educate our farmers up to the point of sowing rye to improve land, just as they plant peas for the same purpose. In a country like ours, where the land has been deprived of its humus by long-continued cotton culture, we are not sure but rye would help it more than peas—for rye checks leaching in the winter, and checks washing, in addition to supplying humus to the soil. There is little or no leaching in summer when peas are growing, and they contribute nothing to the stoppage of washing. Nevertheless, the pea has its value as a recuperating crop, and we would not decry it. We would urge the general and free use of both peaes and rye. One does its work in the summer the other in the winter and spring. They are not antagonistic, but co-operative.

After cotton and corn are gathered, there is no obstacle in sowing the land they occupied in rye. The stock is not occupied by other work, and the hands are not busy. If washes have started in cotton or corn fields from defective laying off the rows, now is a good time to stop them by sowing down the land and plowing down the beds. Left until spring, they will get deeper and deeper. Sow grain along the washes decidedly thicker, stronger and apply manure heavier also, to get a thicker, stronger growth

This is also an excellent time to lay off and establish the border terraces, both because one has the leisure to attend to it, and because if the borders are made now and rye sown on them they will become quite firm and strong by spring. Each successive year's experience strengthens our faith in terracing as the best means of preserving land from washing. If it did nothing more than secure horizontal rows and level culture (which it does,) it would be of inestimable value. Had terracing been practiced when the country was cleared, there would now be no gullied fields or galled spots to meet or displease the eye.—W. L. J., in Atlanta Constitution.

Cancer of the Nose.

"My father had cancer and my husband died of cancer. In 1875 a lump appeared on my nose, and from its appearance and rapid growth I became alarmed, that I too, had cancer. I consulted my physican about it, and he gave me an ointment to put on it, and when this did not relieve me, he then burnt it out, but the place would not heal. It gradually grew longer and worse, and I fully made my mind up that I must also die of cancer. Friends prevailed on me to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) This I finally consented to do. After taking a few bottles I was entirely cured. Swift's Specific S. S. S. cured me when doctors and all medicines failed."

MRS. M. T. MABERN.
Woodbury Hall County Texas.

Four Years on Crutches.

For fifteen years I was afflicted with rheumatism, four years of which I was compelled to go on cruches. Words are inadequate to express the suffering I endured during that time. During these fifteen years of existance (it was not living). I tried every known remedy without receiving any benefit. I finally began on Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), which from the first gave me relief, and to-day I am enjoying the best of health, and am a well man. I candidly believe that S. S. S. is the best blood purifier on the market today.

J. D. TAYLOR, Cuba, Mo.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed FREE.

SWIT'S SPECIFIC CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

To Mothers.

For upwards of fifty years "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething with never-failing safety and success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. "MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" is for sale by druggist in every part of the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

## HOME CHAT.

:o:

*N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR EXCHANGES.*

*Comments on current Events and Expressions of Opinions.*

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Carnegie has taken the grippe. He has always had a taking way with him.—Raleigh News and Observer.

BOODLE SENATORS.

There are 44 Republican Senators and they are not men of brains but of large wealth. Shades of Webster, Calhoun and Clay!—Wilmington Messenger.

NO GOOD TO BE EXPECTED.

Nothing good and honorable may be expected of this fat Speaker (Reed). His adipose tissue is all filled with bile, and it would kill him if he were not a Radical. He is already conducting his leadership of his party from the Chair of the Speaker; a most disgraceful performance—Wilmington Messenger.

LET US BE HONEST.

The Register is getting tired of seeing every traveling opera and theatrical troupe, &c., spoken of in the most complimentary terms, regardless of merit. Where praise is meritoo, let it be bestowed, but indiscriminate puffing is disgusting, and no self-respecting newspaper should indulge in it.—Monroe Register.

JIM IS STILL IN THE RING.

Mr. James G. Blaine has not abandoned the hope of becoming President, by a good deal. It is said that he has become very reserved and difficult of approach lately, but for all that he keeps his eyes open, and if any one imagines that James G. is asleep because he doesn't cavort as much in public as was his wont in former days, they will find themselves very much mistaken.—Wilmington Star.

STIFFENING DIET.

One of our young men, fearing he would be too late to go with her to church, left home without supper Returning late at night, he called for food and was told that there was some buttermilk in the sideboard, but he got hold of the starch and swallowed two glassfulls before discovering the mistake. He had too keep in the shade next day to keep from getting too stiff for any use.—Burlington News.

WANT TO COME HOME.

There is no end to the number of letters being received here and east of here from negroes who have gone South with the exodus movement. They tell various and doleful stories, but all wind up with "send money for me to come home on." Some of them say they are treated like dogs, and reports say that some of them are beaten by their masters. And still they continue to emigrate.—Raleigh News and Observer.

ON THE JUST AND THE UNJUST.

It certainly does look like this nation is being punished for its sin Floods cut off the corn crop last year and frost the cotton, and as a consequence of the warm winter the fly is in the young wheat and much of the freshly-butchered meat has spoiled. It is true that considerably less than a majority of the people of the country elected Harrison but the misery of the business is that God's judgments often fall as does his rain: alike upon the just and the unjust.—Statesville Landmark.

### Good Old Times.

But there was evils in them days, too. There was a system of kidnapping in them times. A man in them days who was low enough to sell his vote got something worth talking erbout for it. A month before the election come off these low fellows would be taken charge of by one party or the other, the first that caught 'em, and fed high and "watered" strong. It was the business of one party to steal these fellows from the other party, and a strict guard was kept over them. They were usually kept in some hall at the county seat, and all their wants cared for till their votes were cast. Many er time the democrats would feed and "water" a hall full of 'em for a month, and the night before the election the whigs would get ladders up to the windows and steal 'em out and vote 'em the next day, but it took er mighty peart whig to out steal a democrat, and that's what made me smile when old Hays got er way with 'em.—Progressive Farmer.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores. Ulcers, Salts Rheum, Fever, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns and all Skins Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 centsper box.

$500 or a Cure.

For many years the manufacturer's of Dr, Sage's Catarrh Remedy who are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by enquiry, have offered, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of $500 for a case of chronic nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The remedy is mild and soothing, cleansing, antiseptic, and healing. Sold by all druggist at 50 cents.

### DEPEND ON YOUR SELF.

Do Your Duty and Friends you will Have

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of anyone, and you will succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will help you as you help yourself, because no one is so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one, perhaps; but, carving your way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had five or six thousand dollars given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well earned dollar or two.

Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for or given in public spirit. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who with love do their own wooing; and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else work with our hands, and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.—Wilmington Messenger.

### Perfunctory Kissing.

Heaven preserve me, however, from the perfunctory kiss of two women. There is something about a kiss of this kind that is as dismal as the desert of Sahara. There is not even one oasis in it to mark the dreary waste. It is worse than melody measured out with yard-stick or poetry doled out by the quart. There is no inspiration about it---none whatever of any kind. What a dull, sodden affair is the face of a pretty girl! How the same face becomes illuminated with the fire of the soul when it is kissed by---well, perhaps this is getting to be an over-delicate matter, and something ought to be left to the imagination of the reader. However, there is no rhapsody in the kiss exchanged by two girls or two women. It is as uninviting as the fields in winter.---Detroit Free Press.

### Senatorial Gall Bladder

Ingalls, the satiric and vinegarish, is after poor little Benny Harrison and even "grandfather's hat" cannot shield him from the venomous chat of the Kansas Senator. Here is his latest:

"Gen. Benjamin Harrison deserves more thanks from the Democrats than from his own party. The measure of Gen. Harrison has been taken; a stuffy, common place. Hoosier is visible, but nothing more. As brilliant as a blue book, as inspiring as fire-damp as commanding as an old cow. Gen. Harrison toddles along his narrow path of politics with no more majesty than Baby McKee, his most trusted adviser displays from the dizzy height of Cheap John Wanamaker's velocipedes."

### A Costly Error.

A well known Australian writer—a very bad penman—in mentioning the name of a certain lady in an article, said she was renowned for her graciousness and charity. For 'charity' the compositor read 'chastity.' The author, on seeing the proof, recognized at once that there was an error; but unable to remember the word he had used in the place of 'chastity,' marked the proof with what is called a 'query' —?—to refer the printer to his MS. When the article appeared the writer—who had intended to pay a pretty compliment to the lady—was suprised to read that she was 'renowned for graciousness and chastity(?).' Verdict for plaintiff £2,500 sterling, with cost.

### Love.

Centuries of civilization have succeeded in remoulding every other passion known to man; they have been pruned and trained and nailed up against the wall of custom. Love alone has remained defiant and and indomitable, swaying us now with the same remorseless strength as in the days of savagery; the one free-growing natural thing that civilization with its religious and its social codes has left us.

### The Full Extent of the Law.

"He threatened to throw half a pie at me."

"He did? And what did you do?"

"Had him bound over to keep the piece."

## MONTE PETE.

:o:

*THE STRANGE TURNS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.*

*An Incident of Frontier Life in the Early days of the West.*

The reputation which the small town of Ogalalee on the Union Pacific railroad, bore some years ago was not calculated to induce quiet and law-abiding citizens to go there in search of home comforts. It was known as a town where the big herds of cattle were driven from Kansas and Texas. It was known as a place towards which the homesick hearts of the cowboy turned with longing, but it was never known as a peaceful town,

For several months at a time Ogalalee would remain a quiet little frontier village. Then one day a big herd of cattle would be driven into the pens near the railroad. The cowboys would be paid off and Ogalalee would put on its most festive appearance. The sound of pistols would be heard in the streets and everybody was happy. When, as occasionally happened, several herds arrived at the same time, the fun increased in proportion and the few citizens who thought more of their lives than they did in securing a share of the cowboy's dollars, generally made it convenient to visit some neighboring town for awhile.

When I found that business required me to visit Ogalalee and pass a few days, then I prayed devoutly that I might find the village in its dormant state and not crowded with cowboys full of bad whiskey, armed with pistols and looking for an opportunity to use them as the acme of felicity.

I arrived, and even before I left the cars, I realized that my prayers had been quite useless. I saw at a glance that the town was being painted a deep vermilion color and for a moment I half determined to remain on the train and be taken to Laramie City. After a second's thought, however, I concluded that my business was too urgent to be delayed for any fancied danger, and I alighted half reluctantly on the platform. As I watched the red light on the last car rapidly disappearing in the darkness, a feeling of terror came over me, and I felt that if I lived to get out of Ogalalee no power should ever bring me west of the Missouri river again.

The town was too busily engaged with the cowboys to pay any attention to a stray visitor. I therefore, took my grip in my hand and went in search of a hotel. There was not much choice, as every place along main street seemed to be crowded with half-drunken men, all of whom appeared greatly excited over some event which had recently occurred. Finally I chose a resting place, and before I had time to register I was told that I had just arrived in time to take part in a first-class lynching. I pretended to be glad, but I was not.

I was told that the night before, while some cowboys were playing Mexican monte, in a saloon at the end of the main street, a difficulty arose between the dealer, who was known as Monte Pete, and the players. A few hot words passed, then the revolvers flashed in the dim light of the oil lamps and the loud reports echoed from the door of the low, one-story tavern. As the crowd rushed into the street Pete and his assistant gambler stood in the center of the room with their smoking revolvers in their hands and on the floor lay the bodies of two dead cowboys.

Soon the news of the shooting spread through the town and the friends and companions of the dead men gathered in force and returned to the saloon to seek vengeance on the men who had done the killing.

They found the place closed and barricaded and the two bodies lying in the road where they had been thrown. A volley was fired at the saloon, but the only answer was a derisive laugh from the inside and a warning shouted through a chink in the heavy board shutter that the first man who came near the door would be killed.

All that night the crowd remained out side the place firing sometimes and devising means to drive the two men from their refuge. When daylight came it was evident that nothing could be done until dark, as the gamblers could see any one approaching from either side, and the person making the attempt would be killed.

I was informed that an attempt to dislodge the men was about to be made, and I was invited to take part. My refusal was met with so many scowls that I immediately altered my mind and accepted the invitation, determined in my mind, however, to remain in the background as much as possible.

The street outside the hotel was rapidly filling with men. Some were on horseback and some were on foot, bearing torches, and all were wild with excitement, and determined to draw the men who had murdered their companions from their hiding place and execute what they deemed justice on them.

With wild yells the crowd moved down the street and halted in front of the beleagered house. For a moment they were quiet, as a man on horseback rode forward and demanded an unconditional surrender. His only answer was a shot so well aimed that he reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground, while his frightened pony dashed down the street. A great shout arose as the cowboys saw their leader fall and from that moment the fate of the gamblers was settled,

While the crowd in front and behind the house were firing at the doors and windows I noticed several dark shadows appear at the sides. Each shadow was carrying something. Cautiously crawling along the ground they approached nearer and nearer the beleaguered building. For a few minutes they lingered, then they stole back and joined their comrades. A moment later and a red glow appeared at the sides of the building. The dense black smoke of burning oil rose and formed an impenetrable cloud above the retreat of the gambler. Great tongues of flame illuminated the night and suddenly the building burst into a blaze. Still the two men remained behind their shelter. As the flames rent the boarding the two men could be seen running up and down seeking some means of extinguishing the fire. Finally they could stand the heat no more, and half burned, half suffocated they dashed from the building into the awaiting arms of their foes.

A cheer of triumph greeted them. Quickly their hands were tied behind their backs and a rope was passed about the neck of each. They were led to the outskirts of the town where a huge tree spread a limb across the road. The cowboys gave the two gamblers a few minutes to prepare for death and the younger of the two was led under the tree and the rope wore round his neck was thrown over the limb, the crowd seized hold of it and a moment later I turned my eyes away from the struggling, twitching figure suspended in the air. For several minutes the attention of the cowboys was riveted on the dying gambler. Then they turned to mete out the same justice to Monte Pete. As they approached him, the man's body seemed to swell with an almost superhuman effort and he burst the bonds that held him. With a single spring he reached a horse tied to a sage bush near him. A second later he was in the saddle and flying across the prairie before a storm of bullets,

It took several minutes for the cowboys to recover from their surprise and to get into their saddles. Madly they rode after their escaped prisoner, but the next morning when the sun was high they rode back again empty handed. In the darkness of the night and confusion Monte Pete had escaped.

A year after that night, in one of the new towns of Colorado, I came face to face with a man whose whole appearance seemed strangely familiar to me. I asked who he was, and I learned it was one of the city's founders, a man highly respected and of reputed wealth. I tried to recollect where I had seen that face before. Suddenly the dark night and the scene under the big tree in Ogalalee appeared before me agrin, and I knew the respected citizen was Monte Pete!

Convincing Proof.

In many instances it has been proven that B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), made by Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., will cure blood poison in its worse phase, even when all other treatment fails.

A. P. Brunson, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I had 24 running ulcers on one leg and 6 on the other, and felt greatly prostrated. I believe I actually swallowed a barrel of medicine, in vain efforts to cure the disease. With little hope I finally acted on the urgent advice of a friend, and got a bottle of B. B. B. I experienced a change, and my dispondency was somewhat dispelled. I kept using it until I had taken sixteen bottles, and all other horrors of blood poison have disappeared, and at last I am sound and well again, after an experience of twenty years of torture."

Robert Ward, Maxey, Ga., writes: "My disease was pronounced a tertiary form of blood poison. My face, head and shoulders were a mass of corruption, and finally the disease began eating my skull bones. My bones ached, my kidneys were deranged. I lost flesh and strength, and life became a burden. All said I must surely die, but nevertheless, when I had used ten bottles of B.B.B. I was pronounced well. Hundreds of scars can now be seen on me. I have now been well over twelve months."

### Womens Sphere.

Wm. Y. Sneed, editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, was asked if women would probably do important work on the newspaper of the future. He answered: "Women in the future will take a more important part in everything. In the lower callings of life, where there is the carrying of heavy weights and that sort of thing to be done we see very little difference between the sexes in Europe. It is only in the higher callings where there is better pay, that the difference comes in and women are barred out" It should not be so.

Miss Lakestreets. "Refused him! Why, I thought he owned the largest abattoir in the city."

Miss Moperne—"He does, but he actually offered me a marriage certificate without a single divorce coupon attached, and I knew I never could be happy with one whose ideas were so old styled and conservative.—Judge.

Uncle James: "Well, Bobby are you gaining any prizes at school now-a-days?" Bobby: "No, sir; the other fellows get them all." "But you will keep on trying of course?" Bobby: "What's the use? The other fellows keep on trying too."—Boston Saturday Gazette.

The papers say that Mr. Wm. Graham, a stenographer, of Cartersville, Ga., and Miss Annie, aged 17, daughter of Rev. Sam Jones were married at Chattanooga, Tenn., Christmas night, and that "the parents were opposed to the match." In the light of this event Mr. Jones subsequent denunciations of parents who do not make their children obey them as low-down, dirty scoundrels, trifling, flop-eared hounds, &c., will be more picturesque than even.