

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

John S. Leary

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BILL ARP'S LETTER

LET THE FARMERS RUN THE MACHINE.

Things are getting tangled up in this country. The fact is a common man don't know exactly whether he has got any party or any policy. He can say he is a democrat or a republican or an alliance man, or that he is for protection or against it, but the old lines are so crossed up that he can't tell where he belongs. He is like the soldier who went home because he couldn't find his company. We are all just waiting for something to turn up and slide down. The farmers are speaking things powerfully but they are tangled up too. The Kansas farmers, through the alliance, have sent their memorial to congress and demand more silver coinage, and more pension money. Their cardinal principles are to fight capitalists and punish rebels. The Illinois farmers have sent their memorial and demand a tax on income—a scaling tax that will make the millionaires support the government, and leave the rest of the farmers to take care of themselves. But, of course, they want some things protected; such as wool, for instance. It would never do for foreign wool to come in free, for it would bring the price down so low that a sheep killing dog would quit his business. I like that scaling tax on incomes. I don't believe a man ought to be allowed to accumulate more than five or ten million dollars in this republican country. Not because I am envious of his wealth, but because I am afraid of his power. If a man has accumulated a million his income would hardly be less than \$50,000, and he ought to be willing to pay the government \$5,000 for the protection he gets—protection to life and liberty and property in general and wily. If he was worth two millions he ought to pay fifteen per cent on the second fifty thousand in addition to ten per cent on the first. And the tax ought to go on increasing as his wealth increased and when he had got to twenty million the tax on the last million ought to take all of its income. But he would still have a quarter of a million of income left. That's enough, I reckon. The wealth of the country in concentration too fast. It is not idle. Most of it is used for good purposes, but it gives too much power. The love of dominion is as strong a passion as the love of money, and we common folks don't want anybody to have dominion over us or over our children after we are gone. That's what's the matter. We don't envy the millionaires. I don't, I know. I have as good clothes as he has—at least they suit me as well. I have as good eating at my house, for there is nothing better than home-made spring chickens, and wax beans and peas, and onions all from your own garden. Then there are the strawberries and raspberries that I pick every day, and it makes me so calm and serene to bring them to Mrs. App, and listen to her grateful surprise. Jay Gould knows nothing about the like of that. But where are we all anyhow? Are the two great parties now divided on the line of protection or no protection? Is the issue made up between the manufacturers and the consumers, or is the party a bigger thing than any issue? May be the issue is going to be made by the farmers against congress and they are going to call for a new deal and turn the rescals out. All the rescals—democrats and republicans, for all seem to be opposed to the sub-treasury scheme. I want to see that fight—the farmers against the two great parties. If they will turn out the whole concern we are willing for our democrats to go, but won't the north get alarmed and re-elect ever rescals they have got in, and can a new set from the south hold their hand with them? Suppose the Georgia farmers turn out Crisp and Mount and Turner and Clements and all the rest, and put in a new set who don't understand over-rolling rescality, will we ever get another appropriation to clean out a branch or build a post-office? Of course nobody expects anybody to vote for the sub-treasury scheme, but it is a right good horse to ride in on, though I think our aspiring rescal-seekers ought to do the clean thing and say they want to go just because they want to go, and because they want

have been in long enough. That is reason enough. Why give a wrong reason for a right thing? There is no good sense in the farmers trying to make martyrs of themselves. Some of their organs talk like they were all penned up in a stockade and the rest of mankind were outside pegging away at them like a passel of Comanche Indians. If anybody has done anything to the farmer more than to other people I don't know it. I farmed for eleven years and nobody done me any harm that I know of. I moved to town for schools yet it was the most honest and most independent business upon earth—that is if a man owns his farm and has got a little outside income for an aspiring family. That is all the trouble I found. It was the aspiring family trying to keep open house like we used to in days "when niggers was," and the chickens and ducks and turkeys meandered in droves all round the premises. I know more farmers who have got better off in the last ten years than any other profession. I see that the Sheriff of Sumter county has been examining the tax books and took a list of thirty-nine farmers and within eight years their property has increased \$180,000, and not one of them has suffered a decrease. Some men will accumulate at anything and some will fail at anything. There is more in the man than in the farm. Some are shifty and thrifty and some unshifty and unthrifty. Things are not going to be even all round in this world. It takes two worlds to strike balance sheet between Dives and Lazarus, and even then Lazarus got the best of it. Some folks have hard luck and a hard time, but if I was going to hunt for a class of people who had a harder time than any other class, I wouldn't pick out the farmers. Sometimes away in the dead of a cold winter night I hear the freight train rolling by, and I know there are men at the brakes and firemen at the tender, and they are exposed to the rain and the storm, while I am warm and comfortable in my pleasant home and it makes me sad and sorrowful. And just so when I ruminate over the thousands of pale-faces girls working in the cotton factories far a bare living, and thousands of working women who are bending over needles and thread making the shirts that I wear for three cents a piece. Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! What can we do for them?

But this alliance business is the most harmless upheaval we have ever had in politics. There is no anarchy or communism in it. They just want to run the machine awhile, and I think we ought to let them run it. Maybe they will clean up the monopolies and trusts when they get to congress. Maybe they will stop the corners on meat and bread. We see the book men have just formed a big trust in school-books, and the Harpers are in it. Maybe the Georgia Alliance will take hold of that and print our own books. When our farmers fill up our legislature, maybe they won't stay there 180 days and spend two hundred thousand dollars. We will all stand off and see what they will do and what they will do. We have got to stand off, for they have ruled everybody out of the ring, except farmers and country preachers. Town preachers were not considered sound on the goose, but I am glad they let the country preachers in, for the good book says: "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

BILL ARP.

She Backed Out.

The present flood in the South leads the Nashville American to recall an incident of the great flood of 1882. A boat coming up the Mississippi lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darky rammed his head up through a hole in the roof where a chimney came out and yelled at the captain on the boat: "Whar de debil is yer gwine wid dat boat? Can't yer see nuffin? Fust thing yer knows yer gwine to turn dis house ober, spill de old woman an' de chil'en out in de flood an' down 'em. Wat yer doin' out here in the country wid yer boat anyhow? Go on back yonder fer de co'n field and get back into de ribber wid yer b'longs. Ain't got no business sevin' miles out in de country foolin' round people's houses nohow!" And she backed out.

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

On an average, says a New York egg dealer, the largest and best eggs come from Indiana. However, North Carolina leads the market, Texas comes next, and then the Shenandoah Valley. These are the first eggs in the spring market, after which the eastern shore and Pennsylvania eggs arrive.

THE POTATO BUG.

Either Paris green or London purple sprayed upon potato vines will kill the Colorado beetle as effectually as if dusted on them mixed flour, lime or land plaster. It is now pretty well settled that one half pound of Paris green or London purple to fifty gallons of water is sufficient. It needs to be kept stirred while being sprayed, otherwise the poison will sink to the bottom, as neither dissolves in water except to a slight degree.

COW PEAS FOR WHEAT.

Ever farmer knows that peas are good to improve the soil. Many have used them on ground prepared for wheat. Who can tell how much benefit they were to the crop? From an experiment made at the North Carolina Experiment Station at Raleigh, it was found that the increased yield of grain from the use of peas plowed under whether alone or in conjunction with various common fertilizers was almost exactly 10 bushels per acre. This is the fertilizer to use. Who is going to use it?—J. R. Chameliant, Agriculturist.

THE VALUE OF JAPAN CLOVER.

Japan Clover is a plant that is not fully appreciated by the farmers of North Carolina. There are probably in waste land and old field in North Carolina more than 700,000 acres which are being gullied and leached by washing rains. If this land was sown in Japan Clover, as it might be with little trouble and at small expense, the land would be rapidly improved and at some time furnish excellent pasturage for cattle, sheep or hogs. Japan Clover will grow on soil too poor to produce a crop of broom-sedge if only the land contains some clay. It will in a few years run out all the weeds and grass in a field, not excepting Bermuda grass and nut grass. The plant, though an annual, reseeds itself from year to year and stays with the farmer. The seed should always be sown in spring. The seed costs but twenty-five cents per pound, and five or six lbs. will sow an acre. Bulletin No. 70 contains a full description of Japan Clover. Sent free to those who request it.—Gerald McCarthy, Experiment Station.

ECONOMY IN GOOD ROADS.

The English horse, employed in the streets of a city or on the roads of the country, does twice as much work as the American horse similiary placed. How? Why? Is the English horse better than the American? Not at all. Is he overworked? I have seen no evidence that he is. I have seen but one lame horse in London. The simple explanation is, the English has invested in perfect and permanent roads what the Americans expend in perishable horses that require to be fed. We are supporting hundreds of horses to drag loads through holes that ought to be filled, over sand that should be hardened, through mud that ought not to be permitted to exist. We have the misery of bad roads, and are actually or practically called upon to pay a premium for them. It would be demonstrably cheaper to have good roads than poor ones. It is so here. A road well built is easily kept in repair. A mile of good macadamized road is more easily supported than a poor horse. But, after all, the broad tires of the English vehicles have much to do with saving the roads, while our narrow ones cut them up badly.—Springfield Republican.

MR. EDITOR:—It strikes me that there is quite a change in the feelings of the drones and money manipulators in regard to farming at present. The fact seems to have dawned upon everybody that farming is the foundation stone of all pecuniary success of this country, and it is really so. Agriculture is being talked

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

There are 17 candidates for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court in Wayne county.

Miss Jennie Edwards, who was taken that Greensboro of infantile cholera has been acquitted.

The House has passed the bill appropriating \$125,000 for a national military park at the battle field of Chickamauga.

It is proposed to build a new hotel in Hickory to cost \$100,000. The Press and Carolina gives a cut of the new building and it is a beauty.

Sixty-four fertilizer licenses have been issued this year in North Carolina. Heretofore about 85 companies have done business in this State.

Gov. Richardson and Adjutant Gen. Boham, of South Carolina, will attend the encampment of the North Carolina State Guard at Wrightsville.

Matters are now assuming definite shape for work to be commenced at an early date on Winston's 400,000 hotel building in West Winston.

A Pamlico county man went riding with a colored woman of bad character and his neighbors took him out one dark night and beat him until he was black and blue.

Mr. D. A. Batts will not ship any peaches this year from Fairview stock farm. The crop is a perfect failure. Last year he sold from three acres \$277 worth.—Toilet and Rural Home.

Hon. George P. Davidson, of Old Fort, McDowell county, a prominent lawyer and legislator, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest living graduate of the University of North Carolina. He was one of the class of 1823.

The Concord Standard says that Nathan Allman died at his home near Enochville, of blood poisoning. A tick in his shoe hurt his foot and from this came a sore, which resulted as above stated. He had only been sick since Sunday.

At Mr. D. C. Shaw's in Greenwood Township, this county a wild partridge lays an egg each day in a nest near the house. The hen eggs and the partridge eggs are taken out regularly, which refutes the theory, that if a partridge nest is touched, she will desert from using it.—Jonesboro Leader.

A day or two ago a little ragged urchin walked into the express office with a goat and said he wanted to send him off. On being asked where the goat was to be sent he said he had around him a time or two, but he had no express agent, scratched his head and said: "I don't know, goat don't know express company don't know; goat done et up de tag.—News and Observer.

The Wake county Farmers' Alliance have adopted resolutions pledging themselves not to attempt, inside the Alliance, to nominate any candidate for any political office in the gift of the people of that county, and to attend the primaries and use their influence to elect such men as can be best trusted to work for the best interests of the county. They are also pledged not to use their influence for or against any candidate because of the profession to which he may belong.

Twelve months ago James Dillon of Tyrrel county spread his life for \$3,000 and shortly after was thought to be drowned. A body answering his description was washed ashore and was identified by twenty-five people. The company were about to pay the policy a few days ago when Dillon showed up. If he had remained in hiding a life-long beggar would have been the result. Such is a gist of the facts told the State Chronicle by Sheriff J. C. Meekins.

We are in receipt of a letter that is assuring that Rev. Sam P. James will hold a series of meetings here upon the invitation of the twelve hundred Methodists of this city some time during this year. On last Monday night Trinity Methodist Church at Durham agreed to release him from his present engagement with that church in order that he might accept the earnest and repeated invitations from the Wilmington Methodists. It may be earlier but we do not believe it will be before last of September or in October. A large Tabernacle will be built for him.—Wilmington Messenger.

"Peg-Leg" Williams was in the city yesterday. In conversation with him we are informed that the colored exodus movement will be renewed in the early fall, and that the demand will be as great for the next few years as it has been in the past. He says that the number of negroes taken from North Carolina within the last twelve months has been (men, women and children) between thirty-five and forty thousand—much larger than from any other State. The majority of them have been taken to Mississippi and Arkansas, but large numbers had also been taken to Louisiana and Texas.—New Berne Journal.

EXPOSING THE ALLIANCE.

A Full-Grown Plagiarism of the Most Pronounced Type.

Some time ago a correspondent sent the following list of questions to the Lexington Dispatch. Josh Billings would doubtless feel complimented did he know that a Cabarrus county Alliance respected and esteemed him so highly that they asked candidates for membership the questions he was asked when he applied for an insurance policy. They may do so, but he would probably doubt it. The correspondent says: "I know to the conclusion, that for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to join the Alliance, and after answering the following questions I became a member:

"1st. Are you male or female?" "I am a male and how long you have been so."

"2d. Are you subject to fits, and if so do you have more than one at a time?"

"3d. What is your precise fighting weight?"

"4th. Did you ever have any ancestors, and if so how many?"

"5th. What is your legal opinion of the Constitutionality of the ten Commandments?"

"6th. Do you ever have any night inares?"

"7th. Are you Married and Single, or ar you a Bachelor?"

"8th. Do you believe in a future state? if you do state it."

"9th. What is your private opinion of a rash of rats to the head? can it be did successfuly?"

"10th. Have you ever committed suicide, and if so how did it seem to affect you?"

"After answering the above questions I thanked him and smiled one of my most pensive smiles."

These Car-Heels.

The Richmond State of the 28th ult. says: "Three thousand soldiers from North Carolina! Those North Carolinians were splendid fighters. They liked the hottest places. They went in shouting the 'Rebel Yell,' and what execution they did! A gallant and many set of fellows they are, and Ole Marse Bob loved them and knew he could rely on them. In the annals of glory so richly told in the Confederate Edition of the State, the North Carolinians had no small share. 'The history of the Confederacy could not be written without them. All hail, brave and true men! We honor you! We greet you! God bless you, boys!"

A gentleman in New York city who is over 80 years of age, a retired merchant and very wealthy. In a letter written by him to his Galveston relative a short time ago he gives some excellent advice to any man, but especially to young men, as follows: "The grand secret of my life and my success is that I made myself so useful that my employer could not do without me and made me a partner in a successful business, and I never spent my income, hence my wealth.—Galveston News.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

It is a fortunate thing that all men do not have the same taste in female beauty, for otherwise they would all fall in love with the same woman, which would be awkward. Although the preferences of men for different styles of form and feature vary greatly it is, undoubtedly, a fact that an appearance indicative of health is pleasing to all alike. A woman may be without regular features yet, if healthy, she will be beautiful to some one and pleasing to all. A delicate complexion, a full eye, system debilitated by unnatural discharges in short, all the ailments upon the irregularities and "weaknesses" peculiar to the sex, can be banished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Ask your druggist.

He Blowed Too Late.

There is a time for everything and the secret of success in life lies in doing things at just the right minute.

A veterinary surgeon had occasion to instruct a colored stableman how to administer medicine to an ailing horse. He was to get a common tin tube—a bean blower—put a dose of medicine into it, insert one end of the tube into the horse's mouth and blow vigorously into the other end, and so force the medicine down the horse's throat.

Half an hour afterward the colored man appeared at the surgeon's office, looking very much out of sorts.

"What's the matter?" inquired the doctor, with some concern.

"Why, boss, dat hess, he—he blew fust!"

THE EDITOR'S DESK.

TIMELY COMMENT ON IMPORTANT EVENTS.

Short Paragraphs on Topics of Lively Interest for Busy Advance Readers.

Incall isn't certain whether he'd rather be buried in the American flag or in a gas balloon.—Phila. Times.

The meanest man in Ohio lives at Newton Falls. His wife tumbled into the Mahoning, and on being rescued a four-pound bass was found entangled in her dress improver. When her husband found this out he wanted to set her again.

Joe Howard, a badly spayed journalist who writes for the New York Press, says the display of the Confederate flag at Richmond yesterday is ungentlemanly. Speaking of gentlemen, one never hears the name of Joe Howard mentioned.—Charlotte Chronicle.

A young lady in New Berne made a venture in trucking this year. She invested \$18. When her crop was sold the gross receipts amounted to \$3. She is now experimenting in beans. If these are not a success, we hear she intends to try marriage, and see what her fate is a failure.—Washington Gazette.

Our national tendency to exaggeration was perhaps overstated, but certainly in a picturesque way, in a letter sent by an eastern man in Colorado to his brother: "This is indeed a great country; every hamlet is a town, every town is a city, every farm a ranch, every mountain a peak, every mound a mountain and every man a liar."

It is generally believed that James K. Polk, the 11th President of the United States was born in Tennessee. But he is a native of North Carolina, and was born in Pineville township, eleven miles from Charlotte, where the Polk family lived in 1795, in a log cabin. The old cabin has long since decayed, but the door, made of heart pine, is still preserved and is now in the possession of Mr. H. W. Wood, of Charlotte.

The New York Sun is approaching "praying ground." It tells its readers that "one hoe in the hands of a muscular farmer would do more for agriculture than all the acts of Congress that could be passed from now until the week after never." A person with less perspicacity than the Sun thinks there are many other industries in which similar things may be truthfully said.

Mr. Clarkson, Wanamaker's assistant, complains that "in the South no Republican papers are printed." Well, what of that? Who forbids it? The essential element of success is a constituency who can read. The Republican voters in the South have not this accomplishment at present and the Northern Republicans refuse to help them by passing the Blair bill. Mr. Clarkson's utterances recall the remark of ex-Governor Holden when asked to subscribe money to help run a Republican paper in Raleigh, just after the war: "What is the use of publishing a paper for a set of niggers who cannot read a word?" Aye, what's the use?

A correspondent to the Macon Advocate says that "It is Puritanism and not the race question that is troubling the country. The Puritan in general is the same yesterday, today and forever, a fraud and a humbug. The negro is here because he brought him here. He is in the South because the Puritan could not hold him conscientiously in slavery as long as the negro could be profitably sold to the Southerners. I believe it was Usher who said, 'When the Indian wouldn't go to the Puritan, the Puritan went for him.' Bishop William described him better in saying, 'The first thing he did after reaching the shores of America was to fall upon his knees; the next was to fall upon the aborigines.' Puritanism, not the race question, is disturbing this country. It is the birth-place of perpetual chronic complaint.' Puritanism is simply Yankeeism. Advance readers will remember that Mr. W. J. Peete advanced this idea some time ago. And we may incidentally remark that he "bit the nail squarely on the head."

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 pain, regulates the bowels, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is for sale by druggists in every part of the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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