

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

VOLUME 20

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, JAN 8, 1891.

NUMBER 47

BILL ARP'S LETTER

HE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

He Talks About the Good Old Christmas Times, and the Way the People Made Merry.

For forty years I have been wrestling with old Santa Claus every Christmas, and he always gets me and takes away my pocketbook and sends my money and throws the purse back to me empty and laughs and shakes his fat sides and wrinkles his nose and puts his thumb in his nose and wiggles his fingers at me and says, "Goodbye for a year," and is gone. The old rascal. He sets my wife against me, and while we are wrestling, she stands off and laughs and says, "Hurrah, Santa—go it, my Santa, get his pocketbook, Santa, for she knows that her children are to share in the money, and she puts me on the cheek so lovingly and sings,

Christmas comes but once a year. Well, it is all over now. Christmas has come and gone. The banquet hall is deserted. The Christmas tree has served its night and now lies dishonored and wilted on the wood pile, with none so poor as to do it reverence. How stately and proud it stood erect in the parlor, illuminated with its little candles and bending with its burden of dolls and toys and books and candy and fruit for the children and richer gifts for the parents and kindred and the servants of the household! It was a family tree and only two of the household had charge of its secrets. Old Santa had chosen them his deputies.

The parlor doors were locked and ever and anon mysterious messengers came with mysterious packages that were slipped in at a side window while the little chaps were frolicking in another room. Out doors the silver moon was giving its holy light. Bright lamps were burning within, and soon the clans began to gather and get ready for the feast and the frolic. The expansion table had been stretched to its utmost limit and was laden with good things that Mrs. Arr and the good old cook had prepared. At each end reposed a large brown, oily turkey. With legs pinioned and knees drawn up in posthumous prayer and wings closed serenely upon the breast, they seemed reconciled to their fate and meekly surrendered to the sacrifice. How kind it is in Providence to keep all animals in tedium for food in ignorance of their destiny! Good things abounded in all the space between the turkeys, and every body enjoyed the feast and lunched at the festive board. Ever and anon there was a bang of fireworks, and a flash from a rocket and some rebel yells in the distance, and all of a sudden the children heard a rattling on the roof and a rattle on the shingles and a jingle of bells in the parlor, and their appetite was gone. The doors were thrown open wide and there was an eager rush to see the old man, but he was gone. Amazed and bewildered, the chaps stood off and looked and wondered. The paternal and maternal ancestors were given the patriarchal chairs and lent their dignity to the scene. It was worthy of a picture to see the happy faces that beamed expectant all around, and the servants in the background and old Uncle Sam bringing up the rear with his big, massive, antiquated frame, and his dark face fringed with his snow-white beard. Good, kind, old-fashioned ante-bellum Sam. He slipped a package in at the window, the last of all, and said to Jessie: "Put dis down darsummars for your ma and mark it from Uncle Sam. She has been good to me and he reached in the darkness. It was a fireplace set of shovel and coal tongs and poker and a stand to hold them. He knew how she loved to clean up the ashes and push the fire.

By and by the tree was stripped of its treasures. The wags and dolls and furniture and chairs and knives and scissors and handkerchiefs and gloves and rings and breastpins and books and dressing gowns and other presents had found their delighted owners and every body's things and talk and talk and admire. Verily, it is more blessed to give than to receive, but receiving is powerful good and has more willing advocates. It is mighty hard for some folks to open their hearts and their purses too, but if anything is easier than to accept a

gift. I have never discovered it. They always make me calm and serene. "The world is getting better, I verily believe. The people are more unselfish and humane. It is easier to gather up funds for charity. Dr. Jacobs writes that the Christmas money came pouring in for the orphans, and it was all because the good people were told of their wants. Folks give more sily than they used to. Many sent money to the orphans and gave no name. One sent five dollars and signed: "Only a drummer. A friend saluted me on the street and took me by the hand and left a dollar in it as he hurried on, and whispered orphans. An old man from the country, who was my neighbor, and worked hard for a living, and has a good kind heart, met me with a smile and said, "Hi read about the orphans and I've brought you a dollar for them." "Hold Hengland" lost a good citizen when she lost John Allen, but we gained one. I know he is a good man, for we had a poor fence between us and he had a bad cow and I had run her out of my corn several times and sent him word to put her up, but he was working away from home and didn't get the word, and the next time she was found in my field I shot her, I was mad I was. The alliance knows I was mad, the alliance always gets mad under such circumstances but John Allen didn't. He looked hurt in his feelings when he met me. He looked disappointed and said with a trembling voice: "Hi know she were a bad animal, but the fence were bad too, and Hi were away and didn't get the word. I reckon it is all right, Major, but I wouldn't av shot yo'."

The cow got well and John forgave me and we remained friends. A man who loses John Allen's good will is not much of a man. But the worst disfigurement I have met with of late was the loss of my bill before the farmers' legislature. It wasn't even read the first time. It never found a friend. It was a bill requesting each member to give a dollar for the soldiers' monument at Fredericksburg. The 1,800 graves have all got marble headstones, with the soldiers' names, and company and regiment, and there are 600 graves right in the center, with no names. They are the unknown dead, and Mrs. Barry wants \$800 for a single monument—a soldier on a pedestal, who will stand guard over his sleeping comrades. She wants \$100 each from eight southern states and has already received it from North and South Carolina and Arkansas. Our legislature has adjourned. Maybe the speaker of the house and the president of the senate forgot it. Maybe they want to give all they have to spare to that encampment fund of \$20,000, or maybe they don't care a doggon about our dead soldiers. I wonder what was the matter. Only a dollar? Why, I could get that much from Job, or Lazarus for a cause like that. Half a dollar would have raised the money, but I didn't want the farmers' legislature to split up their patriotism, and look small before their countrymen. Maybe I could get the 50 cents. Who knows, but that money must come and it will come. There are a few people outside of the Georgia legislature and I will enter an appeal to them. There is a poor widow up here in Pine Leg district whose husband was buried in one of those graves, and she wanted to send \$2 to Mrs. Barney for a headstone. His name was on the book, but not on any grave, and she could do nothing. There is something to me that is peculiarly touching about these unknown and unrecorded dead. The dim distance of twenty-nine years has not obliterated our sympathies for those humble patriots, who, foremost fighting, fell and were buried into their shallow graves and quickly covered and left alone as the order to march to their surviving comrades. No wife, no mother, no child, no sister, no tears, no flowers, not even a board with rude letters to tell his name. In his last agonies what would the soldier have given for a mother's kiss or a wife's embrace, and what would the mother or the wife have given for the precious presence of these widows and these orphans all over the land. The world was electrified to tears when Wolfe's beautiful lines on the death of Sir John Moore appeared.

"Not a drum was heard—not a funeral note." But there were thousands of our boys laid away in their graves with less attention than

Moore. Of those 600 at Fredericksburg the poet could say: "We carved not a line; we raised not a stone, But left them alone in their glory." BILL ARP.

SUICIDE.

In olden times the burial of a suicide was characterized by impaling the body with a stake. Happily nowadays no such horrible method of disinterment is practiced. In the act of self-slaughter is practiced, though it is rare, and the virtual suicides included in the list with the actual ones, staked graves would be largely in the majority. Virtual suicides in the conventional means that class of people who die rather than save themselves by a specific such as Radam's Microbe Killer, which, according to responsible authorities, will cure all diseases if taken in time. Radam's Microbe Killer testimonials are well worth reading and give hope to the afflicted, who will find it to their interest to send for circulars. For sale by Doane Herring.

LEBANON, KY., April 2, 1890.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co., Nashville, Tenn. Gentleman—I have used part of three jugs for indigestion and general debility, and am now in usual health. Used it with my little daughter for catarrh of the stomach, and it has entirely relieved her when everything else failed. Very respectfully, Mrs. W. W. WATKINS. For sale by Doane Herring.

We Caution All Against Them.

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head—has induced many adventures to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market, or in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. Many of our immediate locality will testify in highest commendation. A particle is applied to each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents.

From St. Joseph Hospital.

A young girl here had been suffering for 12 years with Blood Disease until she had lost the use of her limbs and was subject to many troubles incident to the disease. The physicians declared her case incurable and predicted that her life would come to speedy end. After taking S. S. S. she recuperated so fast that it was plain that she had obtained a new lease on life, and she has continued to grow better until her permanent cure is assured. Many other patients in our hospital have obtained similar benefit from S. S. S. and it has become quite a favorite in our house. THE ST. JOSEPH HOSPITAL, Highland, Ill.

THE FIRST STEP.

Perhaps you are run down can't eat, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what all you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and the kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50 cents at Rowlands Drugstore.

THE NEW DISCOVERY.

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

A RAY OF HOPE.

For all who are held by the chains of scrofula or other disease of the blood comes from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by imparting the elements of good health and strength to the vital fluid, dissolves the bounds of disease and sets the captive free. No other remedy in existence combines the positive economy, the peculiar merit and the medicinal power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The editor who works all day and all night, says the Richmond State, is always ready to advocate the early closing movement of clerks who are tired of doing nothing so many hours in stores where the proprietors do not advertise. Of course they are—the standstills in business at least save coal and weary, hopeless watching for customers.

Growing Poor Gracefully.

Growing poor is actually harder than being so. Poverty is not dangerous unless it strikes in. Sometimes the system is strengthened afterward. There is a great deal of sentimentalism in the talk about success at poverty. Poverty of pocket is much less often a subject of ridicule than poverty of soul. People will be apt to think of you pretty much as you do of yourself. If because you cannot entertain as you once could, you show solicitude lest you should be neglected; if you take friends to task and ascribe to unworthy motives what may or may not have been meant for rights; if you endeavor to enlist their sympathies, ten to one they will drop off.

If, on the other hand, you meet them as of old; if they find the same sunshine about you, you will not mind a few inconveniences. Do not let life narrow down. Do not let the necessary carelessness strike in. Surroundings influence spirits, and we long to have grace and fitness and the poetry of convenience about us. But the best gifts are every man's. We can all have air and sunshine, and with a moderate share of labor we can all command most scrupulous neatness.

If we cannot travel we can let the life and light of the busy world in upon us through books, magazines and papers. To grow poor gracefully is to bring our wants within our income. Reach out and bring them in as did Noah his doves until the waters abate and you shall ride safely over the mountain tops.

But you can no more grow poor in a graceful way by making debts than you can go down stairs gracefully on stilts. Small debts are so convenient, you know, but they are like swarms of insects—constantly buzzing in your ears. People will know you are on stilts at the time. You will hate to come down, but how much freer you will be on your own footing to feel you have a divine right to all you have and are. —Baltimorean.

Inconspicuity.

Yes, sah; hit do beat my time. What's the matter, old man? Boss, does you see dem niggers gwins long de road out dar? Dem hyperdram' ornery coars is gwine to church. Well, what about it? Little jess dis way Dem niggers will wuk out in de harvest field in er July sun all de week without any hat. Den wen Sunday come dey will list er \$2 ambreller over er 50 cent suit up clothes. Dats what mek me say wut I does.

A Lie From Detroit.

A Detroitier who was in a collision on the Baltimore and Ohio road two or three weeks ago, says he was sitting just back of a farmer and his wife. The train was running so fast that the couple were nervous, and by and by the woman turned about and inquired: "Mister, d'you think there's any danger?" "No, ma'am—not in the least," he said. "Five minutes later the speed having perhaps increased a little, the woman again turned with: "Mister, where are you from?" "Detroit, ma'am." "And there is no danger?" "None, whatever." Ten seconds later came a grand crash, and the coach reared up and fell over. As it went with everybody shouting and screaming, the woman of the woman was heard above everything, crying: "Oh! William, what a liar that man from Detroit has turned out to be!" —Free Press.

From Centennial Headquarters: "I find Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup excellent, having a ready sale and rendering more satisfaction than any cough syrup I have ever sold." A. B. Malony, M. D., 15th & Carpenter Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

An article based on true an honest principle is Salvation Oil. Price only 25 cents.

No one can complain at the price of Old Sam's Catarrh Cure it is within the reach of every one. Sold every where at 25 cents.

Parents cannot always carry the baby on a trip, for the recovery of its health. But they can keep Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup in the house, and it will compensate for the trip by its prompt relief. Catarrh in the head is a constitutional disease and requires A constitutional remedy Like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, makes the weak strong, restores health, Try it now.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

The Winston Daily has been burned out. The paper will not be discontinued however.

The round house of the R. & G. R. E. at Raleigh has been destroyed by fire. The loss was very heavy.

A conspiracy to flood the country with counterfeit silver dollars has been unearthed in Pittsburgh, nine teen persons are under arrest.

The Atlantic Coast Line has purchased for \$61,000 a lot in Washington city, on which will be erected a fine building for general offices.

M. A. Dauphin, who has for a number of years been connected with the Louisiana Lottery, died at his residence in New Orleans, on Sunday last week.

The contract for constructing the Raleigh Electric Street Railway has been finally closed with Edison General Electric Company, and work will begin in a few days.

The New Bern Journal recommends the following for hog cholera: One ounce each of tobacco, capsicums, asafetida, bismuth, saltpetre, salt, sulphur and soda.

The Goldsboro Argus says that under cover of men from the turpentine fields of the South to hire hands, there are several runners from Texas getting colored people.

The bottom cause of all those business troubles is the new universal tendency to legislate for speculative interests. The new tariff is simply a tariff dictated by speculators. —Philadelphia Times.

A Topeka dispatch of December 29 says the president of the Kansas State Alliance has given out that the scheme for a third party has been abandoned. The present is that it is evident that the South is not for it.

The Southern Pine Chewing Gum Co., of Kinston, turns out a nice and healthy article from the health giving pine balsam and tar of our native forests. It is really a meritorious article and will in time reach a mammoth sale, as it deserves. —Free Press.

Sanford has a negro brass band of six or eight pieces. Some time ago a music professor came here from Wilmington to instruct it. Every night the band met and was opened with prayer, and if any member was not present promptly he was usually flogged. —Sanford Express.

The Gazette says that Mr. E. S. Huffstetter, of Gaston, has a cow, an Ayreshire and Durham cross, which gives 72 pints of milk a day. Since February Mr. Huffstetter has sold from this cow 85.00 worth of butter and milk, besides supplying a family of nine, all of whom drink milk.

The young men get to the front Mr. W. T. Doroh, of Goldsboro, was the first to settle taxes this year, and Mr. J. L. Currie, Sheriff of Moore, is among the first. The young men in North Carolina always show themselves worthy of every honor shown them. —State Chronicle.

Mr. Edwards Alcott is running three miles within a few miles of Scotland Neck and one of his managers said to the Democrat a few days ago that they have now enough timber to last them six years. He ships direct to Liverpool, London and Glasgow. —Scotland Neck Democrat.

The shortage in the accounts of C. D. Upchar, late Superior Court Clerk of Wake county is estimated at \$16,000. The only one of his bondsmen who is responsible is Col. A. W. Shaffer, now Republican Postmaster at Raleigh. Shaffer has taken possession of the residence and personal property of Upchar.

There are some people so conscious of the fact that there every public action and utterance is prompted by a mean motive that they not think it possible that any other man can be guided in his public life by sentiments of honor and patriotism. —Progressive Farmer.

Because men take our paper we are under no obligations to them, for we feel that we give them full value for the money paid for subscription. If they think differently and choose to stop, that is their right, and we ask no question. If they stand it we can. But they are, in our opinion, the greater losers. —Salisbury Truth.

The academy and gymnasium buildings of the Bingham School were burned on the morning of the 24th ult., supposed to have been caused by a defective flue. The contents of the houses were burned except the libraries which were saved. There were no other buildings burned. The loss is nearly covered by insurance.

The barn in Pitt county of Mrs. Gen. Bryan Grimes was recently destroyed by fire—the work of an incendiary—it was a very large barn, which contained 6,000 bushels of peanuts, 100 barrels of corn and 50 tons of hay. The contents belonged jointly to Mrs. Grimes and Mr. J. J. Laughinghouse, we learn from the Greenville Reflector.

The Statesville Landmark learns that J. A. D. Stephenson, Esq., an accomplished mineralogist, is preparing a cabinet of North Carolina minerals for exhibition at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1892. It is not too much to prophesy that it will attract the attention of the world and bring many investigators to North Carolina.

William E. Lewis, of Bladen county, had an encounter Saturday evening with a big black bear. The battle lasted thirty minutes and the bear was not overpowered until it had received eight or nine blows with the blade of an axe, after being crippled with shot from a gun. It weighed 280 pounds. We get this from the Wilmington Star.

The Scotland Neck Democrat says that a Philadelphia party has been making inquiry as to certain tracts of Roanoke lands, their purpose being to buy 35,000 acres with a view to starting a stock farm. The Roanoke lands are among the most productive in the State, but for some reasons they have been neglected and permitted to run down.

The Charlotte News says that this year Mr. Jas. M. Rice of Providence township, Mecklenburg county, worked eight mules, planted 92 acres in cotton and got 100 bales. On one premium acre he made three bales of 450 lbs. each. In addition to his cotton Mr. Rice made 2,000 bushels of corn, much oats, wheat, clover, hay and grasses.

Last Saturday Tom Dunn, son of Mr. Frank Dunn, of this place, sat down to dinner, when his younger sister, Marie, got down a thirty-two calibre revolver and began snapping it at him. At the third snap the pistol was discharged and the ball hit the skin on the left side of Tom's forehead just above the left eye. The old pistol had been lying in wait for the past two years, unnoticed and forgotten, over the kitchen door. —Mt. Holly News.

The Charlotte News gives the following account of the Christmas festivities of a colored citizen of that county: George Ransom, colored, who lives about six miles from the city, was in town today with a load of wool to sell. He told a News reporter that he was bound to sell that wool, for there was trouble at his house and he needed a little cash to buy necessities. Christmas eve his wife went on to chop off a rooster's head. She drew the rooster's neck across a stick of wood and put her left foot on the rooster's head. Then she raised the axe and in the uncertain light it came down and not only took off the rooster's head, but three of his wiles toes. About the time he had her fixed up in bed his 8-year old son John Sherman Ransom went out to the barn to feed the mule. The mule was not in a very good humor and let his heels fly. The boy's leg was broken between the ankle and knee. George got the boy to bed and started off for a doctor, but half a mile from home his buggy broke down and he was thrown out, his head striking on a stump. A piece of skin two inches long was torn from his forehead. He wanted to sell the wool to buy liniment plasters, bandages etc., for his household.

Alliance Resolutions.

Whereas the members of our State Legislature and of the U. S. Congress are only servants of the people and should ever be ready to enact such laws and advance such measures as their constituents demand. Resolved therefore that we the members of the Farmers Alliance in Nash county assembled at Nashville do hereby demand of our members elect, to the Legislature that they vote for no man for the U. S. Senate unless he is in hearty sympathy with the Alliance and in favor of the sub-Treasury Bill, the abolition of National Banks, the free coinage of silver, the repeal of the Internal Revenue, free trade on the necessities of life and the issuing of money direct by the government and of loaning the same direct to the people on proper security at 2 per cent. interest.

The above Resolution was unanimously adopted by Nash County Farmers Alliance convened in call session January 1st 1891. S. R. HILLIARD, Sec'y. Nash Co. F. A.

Blackguard Journalism Rebuked.

The Durham Globe of the 23rd inst. makes a most wanton and cowardly attack upon Rev. Baylus Cade, editor of the Progressive Farmer, which the press of the State cannot afford to let go unrebuked. We say the attack is cowardly for two reasons:

1. The Globe insinuates that the editor of the Progressive Farmer might go elsewhere than in North Carolina by some other name than the one given him by his parents, and which he has never disgraced by a questionable action during a public professional life of twenty-five years. The editor of the Globe knew that he dare not charge upon Mr. Cade what he meanly insinuates. Now, any man who insinuates against another a delinquency which he dare not charge against him; openly acts like a coward.

2. Second—The editor of the Globe knew that Mr. Cade's character forbade him to resent any attack the Globe might make upon him, no matter how dirty that attack might be. And we say that a man who attacks another when the character and calling of that other forbids him to visit his assailant with corporal punishment, acts like a coward.

This dirty attack upon Rev. Baylus Cade was entirely unprovoked. The Globe attributes to the Progressive Farmer language which the Progressive Farmer did not use, and then says the editor of the Progressive Farmer "lies like a horse thief." The annals of journalism in North Carolina might be searched in vain for anything that will equal in baseness this attack upon the editor of the Progressive Farmer. For one, we desire to record our indignant protest against this attempt of an unknown interloper, upstart and blackguard to come into this State and defoul the names and characters of good men; and we call upon the citizens of Durham, and upon the people of the State in general to see to it, that the editor of the Globe finds no opportunity to use an alleged newspaper to defame the men who are trying to elevate and ennoble every class of our citizenship.

If a man of such pure and upright life as Rev. Baylus Cade cannot escape the detraction of the Globe, who is safe from its stream of misrepresentation and foul slander? Mr. Cade came to North Carolina five years ago to become pastor of the Baptist church at Louisburg, and is still pastor of that Church. About a month ago he added to his labors and his field of usefulness by becoming editor of the Progressive Farmer. He is highly esteemed by all who know him, and is upright, sincere, courageous and able. Outside of Wake and Franklin, and among the great army of Baptists of the State, Mr. Cade is not generally known in North Carolina; and if it were not for the fact that defraction by the Globe is a sure sign of integrity and honor, this base slander might injure Mr. Cade where he is not known. As it is, the slanderous article of the Globe is proof positive of Mr. Cade's high character and pure patriotism.

If this dirty attack had been made upon us, we would not have noticed it. But when it is made upon one of our friends and also threatens the dignities and deceptions of journalism in the State, we cannot do less than hold the author of it up to public scorn and contempt. —Raleigh State Chronicle.

The Way They Turn Out.

Some of the members of a certain Baptist church in this State refused to read the Recorder last year on the ground that the paper was not sufficiently outspoken on temperance—did not endorse the third party movement. Since then, a number of three persons have been expelled from the church either for drunkenness or other disorderly conduct. We recently heard of one of these brethren being so drunk on an excursion that his pastor had to take care of him and his baggage, and in his grip sack the following strange combination was found: A good copy of the Bible, a pair of brass knucks, a prayer book, a bottle of whiskey, two pistols, a lot of Y. M. C. A. literature. He may be taken as a sample of those who do not like the Recorder. —Biblical Recorder.

The strike of railroad employes in Scotland was seriously affected the shipping trade of Glasgow owing to the lack of coal, which together with the closing of mills, factories and docks, makes the outlook for the poorer classes very desperate.

Home-Spun Yarns.

We know now of a surely that the reports which were current in Scotland about a year ago that our friend, the Rev. Israel Hoffer, of Wilkes, was preaching the early destruction of the world, were false for he recently wrote a note to the register of deeds of this county asking him to send him a pair of marriage licenses in order that he might wed in due form one of the daughters of north Ireland. He has since been happily married to a young lady of 65 years, (himself being somewhere up in 90), so it is clear that he has no idea of the early end of the world. —Statesville Landmark.

Eucost Man

Old Abraham Dillingier sued Bill Hilliard for calling him a liar. He thought his character had been damaged to the extent of fifteen dollars, and for that amount brought suit before a justice of the peace. Just before court met, Hilliard approached Dillingier and said:

"Look here, Abe, you know your character ain't been hurt fifteen dollars worth. Yes, blamed if it hain't. Now, Abe, I believe that five dollars will kiver up all damages; fur, Abe, you know well enough that you are a liar."

"Yes, I know all that, Bill, but it's one of them sorter truths that I despise. I don't want no lawyer er pickin at me, Abe. Tell you I will do. I will give you five dollars. Taint enough Bill. Well, now, I want to do what is right. We are both honest men and good citizens. I will give you fifteen dollars if you will go before court, say that you was a liar and withdraw the suit. Give me twenty Billie, and blamed if I don't do it. I am your man. The money was paid, and after the court had been called to order, Abraham stated that as he most have told a lie, he would withdraw the suit. Well, said he, after making to acknowledge, I believe I will be going, as it is getting long toward the shank of the evening. Go in out my way, Bill! Not right now, Abe. Say, hold on a minute. Judge I was this man tuck up for false arrest. He has acknowledged that he is a liar. Let me see you a minute, Bill, called Abe. Bill went out and Abe said: Look here, what is the matter with you? Nothing but I am going to have the clamps put on you. I will give you ten dollars to wipe the thing out. Now, Abe, I want to be fair an' squair. Gimme thirty dollars an' out she goes. I ken send you to the pen for this, Abe, an' I consider thirty dollars mighty cheap. I'll give you thirty five. Thrifty, Abe. You must be a fool! All right, Abe. Say, Well. Here's your money. I'm getting tired of this blamed law business, fur that ain't no honesty in it. Settle her up and let's be traveling. I wouldn't be a lawyer fur nothin'."

The following extract is taken from George William Curtis's great Vassar address: "Our dogmatism in sheer speculation is constantly satirized by history. Education was not more vehemently alleged to be absurd for women than political equality to be dangerous for men. Happily, our own country has played havoc with both beliefs, however sincerely supposed to be ordinances of nature. The century began with saying contemptuously that women do not need to be educated to be dutiful wives and good mothers. A woman, it is said, can dress prettily and dance gracefully even if she can not subjugate the Greek verbs in mi, and the ability to calculate an eclipse would not help her to keep cream from feathering in hot weather. But, grown older and wiser, the century asks, as it ends: 'Is it then true that ignorant women are the best wives and mothers? Does good wifehood consist exclusively in skillful baking and boiling and neat darning and patching? No,' says the enlightened century, 'if the more languages a man hath the more man is he, the more knowledge a woman hath the better wife and mother is she.' And if any skeptic should ask, 'But can a false woman endure the hardships of a college course of study?' it is a woman who ingeniously turns the flank of the questioner with a covert sarcasm at her own sex. 'I would like you to take thirteen hundred young men, and lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds of clothes upon their waists, perch them up on three inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats and mice, and stick ten thousand hairpins into their scalps. If they can stand all this they can stand a little Latin and Greek.'"

Home-Spun Yarns. We know now of a surely that the reports which were current in Scotland about a year ago that our friend, the Rev. Israel Hoffer, of Wilkes, was preaching the early destruction of the world, were false for he recently wrote a note to the register of deeds of this county asking him to send him a pair of marriage licenses in order that he might wed in due form one of the daughters of north Ireland. He has since been happily married to a young lady of 65 years, (himself being somewhere up in 90), so it is clear that he has no idea of the early end of the world. —Statesville Landmark.