

The Wilson Advance.

\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE.

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

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

VOLUME XXIII.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., FEBRUARY 9, 1893.

NUMBER 6.

STATIONERY RUN!



In the Original Store YOU WILL FIND A NEW STOCK OF

Stationery

JUST RECEIVED—PRICES AS USUAL.

We Have Only 4 Ladies Cloaks Left. Sizes 32, 36, 38, 40.

Our price was \$5.25; sold elsewhere at \$7.50. We now offer them at \$4.20 to close as we don't want to carry one of them over.

Now is your chance if the price is right. You will find them in "The Corner Store."

In the Back Store

We have a Specialty in Ladies Dong. Buttoned Shoes at \$25 per pair.

The Cash Racket Stores.

J. M. LEATH, Manager. Nash and Goldsboro Streets, WILSON, N. C.

DR. W. S. ANDERSON, Physician and Surgeon, WILSON, N. C. Office in Drug Store on Tarboro St.

DR. ALBERT ANDERSON, Physician and Surgeon, WILSON, N. C. Office next door to the First National Bank.

DR. E. K. WRIGHT, Surgeon Dentist, WILSON, N. C. Having permanently located in Wilson, I offer my professional services to the public. Office in Central Hotel Building.

Pianos.

at the most reasonable prices, write to us for prices and catalogues. Our instruments are carefully selected and our guarantee is absolute.

Cabinet Organs.

We carry an immense stock and offer them at lowest prices. For particulars address, E. VAN LAER, 402 and 404 W. 4th St., Wilmington, N. C.

We refer to some of the most prominent families in Wilson. 10-27-31

NEW MAN, NEW STORE, New Prices.

I take this method to inform my friends and the public that I have opened a fresh stock of GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, FRUITS, ETC., FRUITS, ETC.,

at the stand on Tarboro street recently occupied by Mr. John Gardner.

KEROSENE, per gal., 10c. TOBACCO, per lb., 25c.

All other goods proportionately low. Highest cash prices paid for country produce.

Respectfully,

W. R. Best.

Ladies and gents collars and cuffs, at cost, at Young's.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THEY CAN'T ANSWER, AND PEOPLE OUGHT NOT TO REMEMBR THOSE WHO ARE DEAD.

This is not the time of the year for the dog days, but the malignant star called Sirius seems to be in the ascendant. Notable men are dying all about and notable preachers and editors are criticizing them with caustic pens, and other caustic pens are writing for the critics, and outsiders have come into the fray and are hunting around to find out who struck Billy Patterson, and they are all raking under the muddills of character and filling the newspapers with crimination and recrimination. Well, I think that some of them have used most too much language on Jay Gould and Ben Butler and President Hayes, considering that they are dead and can't fight back, but I reckon they did it with good intention as a warning to the living, and, if their zeal has outdone their charity, we will have to overlook it, and not go to damning them because they condemn others. I have great respect for Dana and Hawthorne and Candler and the editor of The Nashville American; I have too much regard for their friends and followers to make war upon them, and I wish the country was check full of such zealous men—such sentinels on the watchtowers whose grand absorbing idea is the preservation of the public morals.

Chauncey Depew told a good story about the old spiritualist who died and his nabors thought he ought to have a decent christian burial, and so they got an old village preacher to officiate, and he prayed at the open grave and sang a hymn, and then was making a few sympathetic remarks about the uncertainty of life and the duty of preparing for death, and so forth, when suddenly the bearded widow, who was a spiritualist too, rose forward and said: "Stop, stop right now, Mr. Johnson. I've just had a communication from my deceased husband in the coffin there, and he says you are an old fool, and everything you have said is a lie."

The good old preacher was set back and embarrassed for a moment, and his voice trembled and his eyes got watery as he said: "My friends, I have been preaching the gospel for forty years, week in and week out and I have helped to bury most every man, woman and child who has died in this settlement, but this is the first time in all my life that I was ever sassed by a corpse—and now you may throw in the dirt, for I'm done."

Well, I don't think that a corpse is justified in sassing the preacher, nor should the preacher sass the corpse, especially when the corpse is not a spiritualist and can't fight back. It's bad enough to sass the living, especially when the sasser hasent got any newspaper. If every man had a newspaper, I reckon the editors would be more careful who they lampooned, and it would be a good law to make every editor give an open column in his paper for the replies of their victims. Nobody ought to sass another behind fortifications, whether it be a pulpit or an editors chair, or a lawyer's license or a petticoat. I have heard lawyers beam and lampoon and scandalize parties and witnesses in the court-room and say things they wouldn't dare to say out of it, and it is a wonder to me that they don't get sassed back with a stick oftenner than they do. Many of them cross examine a witness upon the presumption that he came there to tell a lie, and they will twist him and turn him and make him tell one if they can, and if they can't then they will tell a lie on the witness in the argument of the case.

Public sass behind these fortifications is just as bad as private slander. The bewildered countrymen feels helpless, but he has to nurse his wrath, and all he can do is to say, "You jist come out of the corporation lines and I'll lick you."

It was rumination about this when the sad news of Justice Lamar's death came over the wires. There was a model man, a gentleman, a scholar, a hero and, withal, as lovable as a woman. What southern man but him could or would have pronounced an eulogy on Charles Sumner, an eulogy so eloquent, so touching, that for a time it electrified the nation, and did much to restore peace and harmony between the North and the South. He was a grand, broad man, and breathed an atmosphere higher and purer than most of us. The great men of the nation were his friends and admirers. I suppose there is no question about where his spirit is, and even the agnostics will say: "Yes, if there is a heaven to which the good spirits go, Mr. Lamar's is there." No malignant shaft will be hurled at him from press or pulpit.

How much better for a man to live that way. How much more honored is his memory than that of Gould or Butler or Hayes. I know that Georgia is proud of having given birth and education to Justice Lamar. Emory college is proud of being his alma mater. Georgia is proud of his noble father and of his Uncle Mirabeau Lamar, the herb of San Jacinto and the president of Texas. She is proud of Judge Longstreet, whose daughter Justice Lamar married, and of Judge Longstreet's father, who was the first inventor of propelling boats by steam power, and did actually have a boat on the Savannah river before Fulton had one on the Hudson. She is proud of all these Lamars and all the Longstreets, including "Old Pete," whom our veterans loved and followed to the bitter end.

The Lamars were of Huguenot ancestry, and I would ask no nobler pedigree than that. The 16,000 French exiles who settled in Charleston, and nearly as many more in Savannah and the interior, gave character to the society of those cities that they have never lost. Character for truth, justice, integrity, courage and honor; what names were more honored in our southland than the Bayards, Bogets, Duprees, Duboses, Gailiards, Hugers, Legaris, Lawrences, Marions, Mangaults, Porchers, Ravenels and Travezants. The descendants of these Huguenots now flock the land, and, wherever they have intermarried, the blood of the honor of their ancestors have maintained. Justice Lamar never forgot that he was a Huguenot, and that his ancestors were baptised in the fires of persecution because of their Protestant faith.

I believe in blood—in blooded stock—whether it be in man or beast, but I have no patience with a man who has nothing else to boast of. I know many men who sprang from very humble parentage and have made their way to the front unaided and with no family influence. Such men command respect everywhere, but still it is a comfort to any man to have a noble ancestry, and it is an incentive to him to do right and keep up the family record. If he fails or falls, he has scandalized the pedigree and become a scub.

Speaking of ancestors, it is most astonishing how little we know of them. My children have of late been trying to make up a family tree, and I was ashamed that I could tell them so little. I could go back two generations on the paternal side and then had to skip over to a Salem newspaper of 1772 that is in the family, and it had thirty-six coffins pictured on the margin across the top, and every coffin has a name and the names were of the volunteers who fell at the battle of Concord. One of them was my father's name, and was his grandfather or his uncle, and so my daughters haven't been exactly certain whether they could slip in among the daughters of the revolution or not. You see, that is stylish now, and a big thing in society; but, somehow, I never took much stock in it. To be a confederate veteran was honor enough for me. You see my father was a full-blooded yankee, and came South when he was a young man and taught school, and never went back to Massachusetts. He married a native of Chaleston, S. C., and from that union I sprang, which made me high-tempered. My mother was Scotch-Irish, and her father, an exile from the persecution that followed the death of Lambert, but that is all I know about myself.

But when I come to the maternal side, which is my wife's, I come to quality people, for my wife's mother was a Holt, and they were blooded stock. Considering that I was about half an Irishman and half a yankee, I don't know how I ever got into the Holt family. But I did, and it wasent very hard work either; she was as willing as I was. Her good old father, Judge Hutchins, was one of these self-made men and, dident have a very long line of notable ancestors, but the Holt's had lands and negroes and carriages and silverware and gold watches and gold-headed canes and pedigrees from away back, and my wife knew it, and she knows it yet. She loves to tell her children about her grandpa, who was Hines Holt, and her grandma, who was Polly Holt, and how princely they lived at the Cowpens in Walton county, and how many splendid boys and beautiful girls they raised, and how they once lived in Eatonton and their children grew up and married the cream of the land and settled in Macon, Columbus and Talbotton and Tuskegee and Montgomery, and how the Holts were kin to Dixon H. Lewis and Coling Hall and ever so many more, etc.

Well, as the girls were making up the family tree, and putting everything down in black and white, they asked their mother for the maiden name of her Grandmother Holt. Her name was Polly Dixon Seward, she said. "Any kin to William H. Seward," said I. "No," said she emphatically. "He taught school in Eatonton about that time," said I, "and I didnt know but what they might have been related." "No, indeed," said she, "my Grandmother Holt was just the best woman in the world, and every body loved her."

"Well, the girls kept writing all over the country, and finally they got a copy of the record in the old Holt family Bible, that is still in the Holt family at Columbus, and there it was in the hand-writing of the old ancestor: "I married Polly Dixon Seward in Eatonton, Ga. She was a daughter of Samuel S. Seward, and her mother was a Miss Jennings."

The girls then turned to Appleton's biography to run down the Seward's of Georgia, but found nothing. So they read up on William H. Seward, and found where he taught school in Eatonton, and how his son, William H. Seward, Jr., was now a wealthy banker at Auburn, N. Y., and, before anybody knew it, they had written to him for his pedigree, and he wrote back a nice friendly letter and sent them a printed book that said his grandfather was Samuel S. Seward and his grandmother was a Jennings. Well, if that don't make my wife's grandmother a sister of William H. Seward, what's the reason. I'm

having high old fun now, for, you see, I've been sorter overshadowed about this pedigree business. It was never thrown up to me that I was a yankee—not exactly but I had been one sometime, or my father was, and the South Carolina stock had sorter redeemed me. At all events, it was never intimated that my folks were as good as the Holts, and I've always encouraged my children to hold up the family blood, which was the Holts, and I generally claim kin with all the Holts I come across from Virginia to Texas. But, now, these investigating girls have run their mother's pedigree right square up to William H. Seward's father, another full-blooded yankee, and this thing has been smothered and kept from me for forty-four years. The little book says that old Samuel Seward was a slave owner, and he had a most faithful servant whose name was Chloe. Well, that's all right, my wiefs mother had a slave whose name was Chloe, and she is in the family yet, and I reckon is a grandmother of the other one. The little book says that William H. Seward taught school six months and then went back to finish his college course; but old Eatonton people told me he fell in love with a Georgia girl and she kicked him, and he went back rejected and dejected. But it seems that his sister, who came with him I reckon, captured a Georgia boy, and there was never a happier union. So it is according to love and scripture: "One shall be taken and the other left," and I'm proud that the blood of old Samuel Seward and of Colonel Jennings is in my children's veins, for they were not only slave owners, but they were fighting stock in the revolutionary war, and that lets my girls in among the daughters of the revolution and, of course into first-class society.

We are about even now—me and my wife on ancestry—half yankees all round. I'm holding my head up and aa calm and serene, but if any body asks you what Mrs. Arp says about these unexpected proceedings, please tell him that you don't know.

BILL ARP.

Dress buttons at cost, at Young's.

Receipt for a Good Town. Grit. Vim. Push. Snap. Energy. Schools. Morality. Cordiality. Advertising. Talk about it. Write about it. Cheap property. Speak well for it. Help to improve it. Advertise in its papers. Good country tributary. Patronize its merchants. Elect good men to office. Help all public enterprises. Honest competition in prices. Make the atmosphere healthy. Faith exhibited by good works. Fire all loafers, croakers and dead beats.

Let your object be the welfare, growth and promotion of your town and people. Speak well of the public spirited men, and also be one yourself.

Pad locks, knives and forks at cost, at Young's.

RALEIGH, N. C., February 1. To-day the body of Captain R. James Powell, the prominent Alliance-man, whose death occurred yesterday afternoon, was taken to Pittsboro, his former home.

Persons from Wilmington and Southport are here to antagonize the appointment of Dr. W. C. Curtis as quarantine officer for the port of Wilmington.

There is decided opposition on the part of the legislative Committee on Health to the bill submitted by the State Board of Health asking for an increased appropriation for the current year. In all about \$9,000 is asked for.

Table clothes at cost at Young's. This is meant for you. It has been truly said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Comparatively few of us have perfect health, owing to the impure condition of our blood. But we rub along from day to day, with scarcely a thought, unless forced to our attention, of the thousands all about us who are suffering from scrofula, salt rheum and other serious blood disorders, and whose agonies can only be imagined. The marked success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in these troubles, as shown in our advertising columns frequently, certainly seems to justify our use of this excellent medicine by all who know that their blood is disordered. Every claim in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully backed up by what the medicine has done and is still doing, and when its proprietors urge its merits and its use upon all who suffer from impure blood, in great or small degrees, they certainly mean to include you.

One night a nobleman pinned his hand to the table with a dagger just as he was laying down a hidden card that would have made him the winner of thousands. Many people in Vienna remember him, and the photographs shows his portrait among their collections of notoriety.—London News.

Ladie's rubber gossamers, ladies rubber shoes, childrens rubber shoes at cost, at Young's.

I suffered for more than ten years with that dreadful disease, cataract, and used every available medicine that was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which Ely's Cream Balm has afforded me. Emanuel Meyers, Winfield L. L. N. Seward, what's the reason. I'm

highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ONLY AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

How a Good Hearted Girl Saved a Painter When He Was Starving.

Before a man's work is established in value among the picture buyers he has very often great hardships. There are tragedies in the studios that seldom get into the newspapers. One of our best known and most prosperous portrait painters lived for months on the meager fare when he came home from Paris, too proud to let his friends know his straitened circumstances and too little of a business man to dispose of his sketches.

What little money he had was spent in hiring a model. Had it not been for the quick wit and kind heartedness of that young woman her employer would probably have starved. One morning she came hurriedly into the squalid studio, crying:

"I have sold it! I have sold it!" "Sold what?" asked the young painter, looking wearily up from his canvas.

"That sketch you made of me last week," continued the model breathlessly. "An old friend of mine met me in the street just now and said he would give \$50 for a picture of me, and I closed the bargain with him at once. Here is the money. Now I will bundle up the picture and take it to him at once."

Before the astonished artist could utter a protest she had disappeared with the model returned, and declaring that as she got the money she should have the picture, she sprang to a door and rushed to the nearest restaurant, where she bought a luxurious breakfast and had it sent to the studio.

The painter and his friend had a merry meal together. It was his first stroke of good luck since he came back from Paris, and it put such fresh ambition in to his brushes that he presently obtained several commissions for pictures and became comparatively prosperous.

In the exultation of his success he quite forgot the poor girl who sold his first picture. One night as he was going to a fashionable reception a grimy newsboy came to his studio and whispered hoarsely:

"Who's dying?" asked the painter.

"Why?" continued the youngster, "her as used to stand fur her picture. She's a-dyin. I tells yer, an she keeps a-ravin an a-ravin about yer name that I thought as how I'd come an tell yer. An I found out where yer lived, an I com. If ye doano were Cherry street is, I'll show ye, if ye wants to see her afore she croases."

Piloted by the newsboy, the artist made his way to the attic of a tenement in one of the poorest quarters of the city. On a mattress stretched on the floor the model lay, delirious, in the final stage of consumption.

Sending the newsboy hurriedly for a physician, the artist knelt by the girl's side and tried to recall her wandering senses. But the dying woman looked at him blankly and turned away, moaning some confused thought about saving somebody's life.

"He was so good and kind, and I loved him so until the grand ladies took him away from me," she whispered. "Maybe he has forgotten me, maybe he has forgotten me, but I have got it still, and when I get over this I'll give so money I mean to get it framed."

A few minutes later the poor creature threw back her head and was still. As the painter drew in and of the ragged coverlet over her face he gave a cry of agony. The starry eyes of the dead woman were staring at a canvas hung on the wall. It was the sketch she had bought from him out of her meager earnings when he was on the verge of starvation.—New York Cor. Boston Globe.

Singing Helps a Consumptive. The time will soon come when singing will be regarded as one of the great helps to physicians in lung diseases, more especially in Italy some years ago statistics were taken which proved that the vocal artists were especially long lived and healthy under normal circumstances, while of the brass instrumentalists it was discovered that consumption never claimed a victim among them.

Those who have a tendency toward consumption should take easy vocal exercises, no matter how thin and weak their voices may seem to be. They will find a result at times far surpassing any relief afforded by medicine. Vocal practice in moderation is the best system of general gymnastics that can be imagined, many muscles being brought into play that would scarcely be suspected of action in connection with so simple a matter as tone production. Therefore, apart from all art considerations, merely as a matter of health, one can earnestly say to the healthy, "Sing, that you may remain so," and to the weakly, "Sing, that you may become strong."—New York World.

Pinned His Hand to the Table. Regarding the man executed by electricity at the Sing Sing prison and known to the authorities as Ernest Steinberg, a Viennese by birth, our Vienna correspondent says that after his disappearance from Vienna, where he had a comfortable theatrical connection 10 years ago, he went to Ostend, where he drove about in a troika as Baron Trubetzkoi and kept a gaming table.

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All grades of buggy harness at cost, at Young's.

Canvas jeans and sateen at cost, Young's.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

ONLY AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

Neck ties, suspenders of all kind

Getting Along in the World. "No man with the least bit of enterprise need go broke long in this country," said Alonzo Gentry, a member of the Reminiscence club, which was holding a session at the Lindell. "In 1888 I was out with a comedy company in western Iowa. Business was bad, the ghost refused to perigrate, and finally a stony hearted boniface attached our baggage and props. There were twelve of us, and not the price of a round in the party. I paired off with the heavy villain, and we walked to Atlantic, a town of 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants. There I pawned a ring for two dollars, and with this cash capital we started to work our way back to the Rio. We invested fifty cents in cocktails, ten cents in tobacco and ten cents in wire. The heavy villain took the latter up to our room for we put up at the best hotel—and cut it into short pieces, which we twisted into fantastic shapes.

"Then he started out and made a house to house canvass, selling his great invention for lightening labor. He actually made the women believe that one of those wires hung on the wheel of a sewing machine would increase the speed and lighten the labor of treading. He sold them at fifty cents apiece, and as he was a good talker he fairly coined money. We left Atlantic two days later with a receipted hotel bill and tickets to Chicago among our assets. Perhaps it wasn't exactly in conformity with the most approved code of ethics, but when I thought of the tie counting it saved me I hadn't the heart to quarrel with him."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Toy of Alaska Children. "The natives of Alaska may not suffer from a surfeit of civilization," said James H. Wardell of Fort Wrangell, Alaska, at the Lindell, "but there are some things in which they excel, notably in the way of children's toys. Every baby in Fort Wrangell has a plaything that would be the envy and admiration of any child in America. It is an odd and curious contrivance—rather a mixture of a jumping jack and a rattle. It is made of a piece of ivory or walrus tooth. It is about 4 inches long and about 1 inch in diameter. A hole is bored in it from one end only. In this there is a rod with a crown shaped top, surmounted by a small knob of ivory.

"At the bottom of the rod is a stout though small leather string, which passes through a hole in the side of the hollow walrus-tooth. When the child pulls the string, the rod, crown and ball jump nearly out of the tooth. The length of the string prevents its being pulled out entirely. Then, when the string is loosened, they clatter down with a rattling sound and strike the bottom with a clug that fills the heart of the budding Eskimo with glee. It is a very funny device for a toy, and is not only popular, but popular, and the man who first struck the idea is getting rich, although his scheme is not patented."—Exchange.

Tourist Hate in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia pearl tourist hats, kept on late in the season, were an anachronism. But they were nevertheless a crate, and were worn in the Quaker city with the double breasted frock coat and the full dress suit. Such a hat on the streets of New York evoked one word from the genus Manhattan—"Philadelphia." Was it not one of those reliable reflections upon the slowness of that town which proved that its gilded youth were one season behind, and being so were a season further on—paradoxical though it may seem—for they were exhibiting a summer hat in winter and actually forcing the fashion. There has been nothing more daringly against the canons of good form put forth of recent date.—Clothing and Furnisher.

The Old Venetian Carnival. The carnival lasted six months, and masking was a universal habit. It has been said that in the beginning the mask was a token of fraternal condensation on the part of the rich and noble toward their inferiors. If leveled all ranks, like the grave, though in a more agreeable manner. But this utilitarian justification of it soon passed out of date. It became instead the very best possible vehicle for intrigue and social corruption. That in effect was what it was. During carnival time no one thought of going out of doors except in disguise. The maid sent on an errand must first don her mask—of which no doubt her lover, or lovers, had the key. The mother with a child in her arms masked both herself and the child.—Fortnightly Review.

Racials in Churches. An application was made at the consistory court of London for a faculty to authorize the removal of a large quantity of human remains from underneath the Church of St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, London street, which were caused by the cholera epidemic. Two thousand one hundred and five bodies were proved to have been buried under the church and churchyard, part of which had been taken in 1830 for the formation of King William street, and the rest during divine service the congregation had been startled by hearing leaden coffins crash through wooden ceilings which had given way through corruption and decay.

The church was in so pestilential a state that it was intolerable to enter it in warm weather, and the effluvia were so foul as to account for the deaths of several of the church officials, the rector himself having suffered from an affection of the throat attributable to the decomposition of the bodies.—London Tit-Bits.

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ONLY AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

Neck ties, suspenders of all kind

Getting Along in the World. "No man with the least bit of enterprise need go broke long in this country," said Alonzo Gentry, a member of the Reminiscence club, which was holding a session at the Lindell. "In 1888 I was out with a comedy company in western Iowa. Business was bad, the ghost refused to perigrate, and finally a stony hearted boniface attached our baggage and props. There were twelve of us, and not the price of a round in the party. I paired off with the heavy villain, and we walked to Atlantic, a town of 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants. There I pawned a ring for two dollars, and with this cash capital we started to work our way back to the Rio. We invested fifty cents in cocktails, ten cents in tobacco and ten cents in wire. The heavy villain took the latter up to our room for we put up at the best hotel—and cut it into short pieces, which we twisted into fantastic shapes.

"Then he started out and made a house to house canvass, selling his great invention for lightening labor. He actually made the women believe that one of those wires hung on the wheel of a sewing machine would increase the speed and lighten the labor of treading. He sold them at fifty cents apiece, and as he was a good talker he fairly coined money. We left Atlantic two days later with a receipted hotel bill and tickets to Chicago among our assets. Perhaps it wasn't exactly in conformity with the most approved code of ethics, but when I thought of the tie counting it saved me I hadn't the heart to quarrel with him."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Toy of Alaska Children. "The natives of Alaska may not suffer from a surfeit of civilization," said James H. Wardell of Fort Wrangell, Alaska, at the Lindell, "but there are some things in which they excel, notably in the way of children's toys. Every baby in Fort Wrangell has a plaything that would be the envy and admiration of any child in America. It is an odd and curious contrivance—rather a mixture of a jumping jack and a rattle. It is made of a piece of ivory or walrus tooth. It is about 4 inches long and about 1 inch in diameter. A hole is bored in it from one end only. In this there is a rod