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WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880

VOL. 10. The Wilson Advance. FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880

Poetry. The Queen and the Beggar's Child

Silk and diamonds and trailing lace, Haughty carriage and fair, proud face;

Jewels gleam on her royal hands, Clasp her arms with their shining bands

Down the lawn in its shadow deep A beggar woman lies asleep.

Down on the green grass, kneeling low, Baring her bosom as white as snow,

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ster tell about it. Scotty was a stalling rough, whose customary suit, when on weighty official business, like committee work, was a fire helmet flaming red flannel shirt, patent leather belt with spanner and revolver attached, coat hung over arm, and pants stuffed into boot tops.

start fresh. Don't you mind my snuffing a little—becuz we're in a power of trouble. You see, one of the boys has gone up the flume—

"Gone where?" "Up the flume—thrown up the sponge, you understand."

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return! I recon not. Why pard, he's dead!"

"Yes I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"Again? Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No! Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat?"

"But you bet you he's awfu dead now, poor old boy. And I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back; and when I know a man and like him, I freeze to him—you hear me. Take him all around, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know, it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him."

"Scrapped him?" "Yes death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes indeed. It's a kind of a hard world, after all, ain't it? But pard, he was a ruster! You ought to see him get started!

He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever drawed breath—"

"Pard, he was on it! He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?" "On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight, you understand. He didn't give a continental for anybody. Beg your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss-word—but you see I'm on an awful strain, in this palaver, on account of having to cramp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that. I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obsequies is good. Yes. That's it—that's our little game. We are going to get the thing up regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch—solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box in a biled shirt and a plug hat—bows that for high? And we'll take care of you pard. We'll fix you all right. There'll be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want, you just scope out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard for anybody that knowed him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done mo'e to make this town quiet and peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes, myself—"

"If a thing wanted regulating, he warn't a man to go brewing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic. Scasely. He was down on 'em. His word was, 'No Irish need apply!' But it didn't make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's rights was—so, when some rougus jumped the Catholic boneyard and started in to stake out town-lots in it he went for 'em! And he cleaned 'em out too! I was there, pard, and I seen it myself."

"That was very well indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not—"

"Had deceased any religious conviction? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection. "I reckon you've stumped me again pard. Could you say it over once more and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was

he, or rather had he ever been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw, you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Lets have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?" "That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man and—"

NUMBER 20

From our Correspondent. SCALES AND WADDELL.

A Boom that's Come to Stay: WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, '80.

In looking over the host of prominent men in North Carolina for a strong, and at the same time worthy democratic candidate for next governor, your correspondent, intuitively turns to the honorable gentleman who now represents the 5th Congressional District, General Alfred M. Scales.

He is fully capable of filling the gubernatorial chair with honor to himself, to the dear old commonwealth he so faithfully represents in Congress, and to the political party whose principles none have adhered to with more honorable and praiseworthy tenacity. A man of the people, he possesses a popularity with all creeds and colors, not only in his own upland country, but down on the seaboard his praise is reverberated with an equal degree of appreciation, and North Carolinians may well point to him, not as a "coming man," but better, one who is already upon the scene of action, and the man who, whether in the walls of private life, or in the busy halls of legislation, still nourishes the same warm affection for the prosperity of his native State whose welfare he has ever labored to advance.

This is the man whom your correspondent would desire to see nominated, and once nominated, not all the Fowles, Jarvises and Burtons in creation could prevent his election. Fox popul, vox Dei!

With no disparagement to the other gentlemen who ably represent North Carolina in both chambers of Congress I here make assertion, with all due sincerity in the belief of its correctness, that Gen. Scales is by far, the most active, the hardest, the sincerest worker that we have here, being at present chairman of the committee on Indian affairs, and "first man" on that of the militia—two most important committees! Though it may seem to some an insignificant fact that General Scales has quite frequently of late, been called upon to fill the chair of the House, during sessions of the committee of the whole, on the State of the Union, still it is, notwithstanding, a straw which shows that his ability is recognized, and I maintain that it is to a degree complimentary to the State from which he comes, that out of nearly three hundred members he should be selected.

Having served many terms in Congress, always representing his State and district ably and honorably, it is now time that we raise him one round higher up the great political ladder, and make him our next Governor.

Hon. Alfred M. Waddell of the Cape Fear section is the right man for Lt. Governor, and in thus uniting the interests of mountain and seaboard, who can deny that this ticket would be an invincible one.

Very Respectfully, MARLOW OF N. C.

Facilities for Elopements.

If Chicago young people will elope, and there seems to be no help for it, we would call their attention to Milwaukee as holding out unusual inducements for business in that line. There are two railroads running to this place from Chicago, and every conductor will do all in his power to keep eloping parties out of sight, and if telegraphed to, inquiring if such a party is on board the conductors will immediately send word back that no such parties are on the train, but that he saw people answering to the description board a Rock Island train just before he left Chicago. That settles it and they get to Milwaukee unmolested. Then when they arrive here the hotel men, while they may "smell woolen burning," look as solemn as deacons and never give elopers away. If a father should come charging into a hotel and ask for his daughter, a clerk would ask him to go out riding, telling him he would trace the girl to her lair, and when he got the father about six miles in the country the clerk would ask him to get out and buckle a strap on the harness, and would then drive off and leave him, and hurrying back to town and give the alarm to the elopers, and before the old man could "hoof it" into town the parties could be married and on the way to glory. The residences of our ministers are connected with the hotels by telephone, and the ministers are on draught at all times, night and day, sleeping with their clothes on ready to jump out at a moment's no-

tice and tie a knot, on the most reasonable terms, and guarantee satisfaction. Everything is just as complete as it can be, and if Chicago young people know their business they will never go anywhere else.—Milwaukee Ex.

Why he Dismally Grieved. In this country, no matter where, reside two lawyers, no matter whom. Suffice to say these lawyers are young genial and deep in legal lore, and as such are occasionally sought after in criminal cases of small import. A very short time ago, no matter when, professional duties called them before a certain justice of the peace in the county. One was to prosecute and the other defend. The case was conducted with skill and ability, and the court unaccustomed to such, beamed with deep admiration upon the young lawyers, and was happy. The time arrived for the prosecuting attorney to deliver his speech, and he waxed eloquent on the subject of carrying concealed weapons, and made moving appeals in the name of the law that visibly affected the court, who wept much and mentally vowed vengeance against the culprit. All at once, however, and for some unaccountable cause his eloquence suddenly ceased. His left leg seemed to be troubling him beyond measure, and he affectionately grasped it with both hands and gazed dully toward the door, as if he desired above all earthly things to be on the outside. All at once the mystery was cleared up. An innocent revolver serenely glided out of the pants' leg on the floor. The young attorney was incontinently floored, and the court, who had been revolving in his mind the propriety of sending for all the doctors in the neighborhood, was astonished—wiped his eyes and abashed ominously. The young attorney was unable to offer any excuse, and the court promptly fined him twenty-five dollars and cost, and hereafter he will be more careful.

The Bible. The bible, aside from the factor of divine agency in its authorship, is the insoluble enigma of the literary world. It well may be. Think of it! It is the oldest book upon the earth, still read among men; going back beyond the Roman or the Greek literature; going back farther than any other, to parts of it toward the time when the waters of the deluge subsided from the hills of Western Asia; farther than any other toward the very morning of creation, when the sons of God shouted for joy. Yet its vitality continues, and its power over the human mind remains unwasting. It is a large book. It sets its stately front for two millenniums along the lines of chronology, history, biography, philosophy, and human science. It challenges assault at ten thousand points. It says to science, "Search the strata beneath and the stars above, and find a God more equal to the problems of the universe than Him I reveal!" It says to philosophy, "Find anything in human nature, any power or any passion, any mean, inclination or sublime possibility of which I do not give the manifestation and the explanation?" This challenging assault, and opening its line along the whole extent of it to any endeavor to overthrow it, it remains the most remarkable of books.

More Sunshine. The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains, and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a phial full, not a cup full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for failing fortunes or melancholy.

The girl puzzle is the latest. It consists in putting an average girl in front of the ribbon counter of a dry goods store and making her find the particular shade she is after.

An ingenious woman has hit upon a way to show off an old pair of pants shoe-buckles. She put one on her bonnet and another on her ornamental muff.