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The Wilson Advance.

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

VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1880

NUMBER 22

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1880



Poetry.

'He Will I am Sure Propose To-Night'

She stands before the mirror, fair In girlish innocence and grace, Preparing with ingenious touch To heighten charms of form and face.

She quickly plies the gleaming strands, And as the rose-hues tint her cheek, She says: 'He surely loves me, and I wonder why he does not speak.'

A leafy bud she now selects, Disposing it as if by chance Amid the curls, then bird-like gives A quick and scrutinizing glance.

The silken robe before unworn Is laid, and bows coquettishly Serve to embellish and adorn, And then—no, no, I'll never tell The little secrets beauty knows To give the last enchanting touch From which she blossoms like the rose.

Enough that every moment fair, And fairer still indeed she seems— A sight the fairies might invoke To haunt our brightest, fondest dreams.

No wonder that she smiles and nods Back to the face she knows is fair; No wonder she her head uplifts With such a proud, unflinching air.

'If you please ma'am won't you give me a drink of milk?' Miss Fydet had just come in from a long and bootless search through the pasture for a wandering brood of young turkeys which had been missing since morning.

She was warm and tired; one boot was burst open on the side; her sun-bonnet hung limp at the back of her head; her gay curls were in true artistic confusion, and a vicious black-berry briar had torn her hands until she looked as if she might have been in a skirmish with Zulus.

Just then the mild voice of an old man sitting on the well-curb broke in upon the thread of her reflections—an old man, in a shabby gray coat, buttoned closely across his chest, shoes thickly coated with dust, and a rude cane cut from the woods, upon which he rested his folded hands.

Miss Fydet stared at the old man; the old man returned her gaze, deprecatingly. 'Perhaps you're deaf, ma'am,' said the stranger, elevating his voice a semi-tone or so higher.

'No more so than yourself,' said Miss Fydet, naturally somewhat irritated. 'Would you have the kindness to give me a little milk.'

Miss Fydet bethought herself of the floating rumor she heard. Perhaps this venerable vagrant was one of the very band now marauding the vales and glens of Rochemount; perhaps even now he had a corps of blood-minded coadjutors hidden behind the stone wall, or under the moss-grown roof of the ancient smoke-house.

'My turkeys!' shrilly enunciated Miss Fydet; 'my brood of sixteen white turkey chicks.'

'I am sure I cannot say,' said the old man, with a puzzled countenance. 'That is false!' said Miss Fydet imperially. 'If you don't know your gang does, and I insist on having my turkeys back again.'

'The old man looked bewildered.—Miss Fydet eyed him with a gaze calculated to strike dismay into the most obdurate heart. 'Madame!' he began, but Miss Fydet interrupted him.

'There's your milk and bread. If you can eat and drink with a good conscience, knowing that my turkeys are gone do so.'

'But I wish to say to you—' By way of answer Miss Fydet took up the rusty gun, placed it on her shoulder, and pointed the barrel full at her guest.

'If you don't take yourself off, I'll fire!' said Miss Fydet, resolutely. And upon this unmistakable hint, the old man took up his cane, and trudged away as fast he could go.

'The old woman must be a maniac!' said he to himself. While Miss Fydet made haste to take a dose of valerian to settle her perturbed senses.

'I've had a narrow escape of it,' said she, 'but I must get rested as quick as possible and go to Lavinia Thorpe's for tea. The Bishop is to be there, and I wouldn't miss the opportunity of meeting him for a thousand dollars.'

And, between the stimulus of the valerian and the calm afforded by a half an hour's nap, Miss Fydet managed to array herself in a stiff black silk dress with a white ribbon cap; and set out for Lavinia Thorpe's a few minutes past four.

'There they come now,' said Miss Fydet, with a momentary twinge of conscience in regard to the tramp.—'However it's all over and gone now, and what's done can't be undone.'

The company was all gathered at Lavinia Thorpe's; the best china and silver were out and great bunches of cabbage roses decked the mantle in gilt vases, that were at least a century old.

'Is he here?' nervously whispered Miss Fydet, as she removed her hat in the front chamber up stairs. 'The dear man—yes,' said Miss Thorpe, enthusiastically clasping her hands. 'Walked all the way from Silinstown Station, and met with all sorts of interesting adventures. What do you think of his being taken for a—'

'But here some called her away. When Miss Fydet descended, serene and smiling, she was led up to a pleasant old man, with grey hair and a cordial blue eye.

'Miss Fydet,' said Miss Thorpe, fussily. 'Let me make you acquainted with Bishop Playfair, of Chirita Territory.'

'Bless my soul!' cried Miss Fydet, dropping her fan and smelling-bottle, it's the tramp!' The Bishop smiled serenely. 'Miss Fydet,' said he, 'you never can guess how deliciously that milk tasted to me. And, by the way, I met a brood of young turkeys in a stubble field as I crossed through the highway which I concluded must be yours.'

Both joined in irresistible laughter and in five minutes Miss Fydet set at her ease by the Bishop's tact and kindness, was chatting away regarding the Chirita Missions.

'But to think,' said Miss Lavinia Thorpe, afterwards, 'that you mistook the Bishop of Chirita Territory for a tramp.'

'The trial of Marie Biersé has been one of the recent sensations of Paris. This woman, described as a somewhat handsome person, about 32 years old, was trained as a singer, appeared before the public with considerable success, lost her reputation, and resolved upon revenge. She waited for hours in a cab outside her faithless lover's house, and shot at him as he stepped into the street, seriously wounding though not killing him.

After three months' imprisonment she is brought before a French jury, with Maitre Lachaud as her advocate. He tried to prove that her mind had been unbalanced by the treacherous treatment to which she had been subjected. The public prosecutor did not press for the extreme penalty awarded by the law; he merely asked for a verdict of guilty, 'with extenuating circumstances.'

Upon this, naturally, counsel for the prisoner joined issue, declaring that the finding must be one of 'not guilty' altogether. It must have been a bad quarter of an hour for M. Gentien while Maitre Lachaud was speaking, and a perplexing moment for the court when he concluded by referring to the unhappy woman as one whom the law might consider guilty, but in whom human conscience would only see the martyr to her own heart.

The president summed up, and the jury retired. In five minutes they came back with a verdict of complete acquittal. Marie Biersé, on her part, kissed the triumphant advocate, and was set free. Such a spectacle might appear an exaggeration if set forth upon the stage.

Not only does the vast majority of Russian peasants believe firmly in witchcraft, but the name of its superstitious in legend. There is now scarcely a village in Russia without its 'Jurodiva,' or inspired idiot, its 'Kaldunja,' or sorceress, and its 'Klikusha,' a hysterical screaming woman subject to fits, who is an especial object of fear and reverence to her neighbors.

A strange illness, attributed by some of the eminent Russian pathologists to the effect produced upon the nerves by all these silly superstitions, has made its appearance in several of the provinces of the empire among the hardy and robust rural populations. No efficacious method has as yet been devised for treating this malady, which generally culminates in insanity.

The village priests regard it with indifference, and never try to discourage the demoralizing credulity in which it originates. The district surgeons shrug their shoulders over it, and confess their inability to comprehend the phenomena of its genesis and incubation. Meanwhile, it appears to be rapidly spreading, and largely recruiting the ranks of the 'Chisti,' a fanatical sect which practices fasting and self-castigation with the most shocking results to its followers, especially those of the female sex.

The wedding of a widow differs in some respects from that of a girl. She cannot wear orange flowers, or a simple veil, or be married in white, but must select gray, violet, lavender, or some other color, and wear a bonnet with a veil. She can have no bridesmaids, nor are favors given and, as a general rule, the wedding is a quiet one, and there is no breakfast. The wedding of a widower is in no respect different from that of a bachelor, but if he has a daughter it is not in good taste that she should be a bridesmaid. After the departure of the bride and bridegroom the party at once breaks up, and in London it is not customary to have any festivity in the evening.

General Jackson was once visiting a Kentucky town where, among the gentlemen presented to him, was Major Lewis, who desired to impress Jackson and his admirers with his own independence. Taking a dignified attitude, he said, 'Well, General, I have all my life been voting against you.'

Jackson courteously bowed to him, and said, good-humoredly, 'Well, Major Lewis, I have all my life been fighting the battles of my country in order that you might enjoy that privilege.'

A lady told a single gentleman that his wit was pretty. 'Why so?' asked he. 'Because,' replies the lady, 'you have so little, and whatever is little you know, is pretty!'

Curious Epitaphs. In wandering through the various resting places of the dead, one might well exclaim: 'Where are the sinners buried?' Surely their graves are not here; the inscriptions on marble, shaft, or slab indicate the resting places of the good alone. But in going here and there through old cemeteries, especially in England, one often comes across inscriptions strangely unlike those of the present day. Let us pass by the ordinary ones and read some of the extraordinary. The two wives of Thomas Sexton are buried in a churchyard near Newmarket. Upon the stone over the grave of the first one is the following:

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton— She was a wife that never vexed one. I can't say so much for the one at the next stone.

In the cemetery of the Old Grey Friars, Edinburgh, we find: Here song in the grave my wife doth lie. Now she is at rest and so am I. Here is another: Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew; If I said I regretted her I should lie, too.

On a tombstone in Cyford; Here, deep in the dust, The old mouldy crust Of Ned Bachelor lately shaven; Who was killed in the arts Of pies, puddings and tarts And knew every use of the oven, When she had lived long enough She made her last puff— A puff by her husband much praised— Now here she doth lie And makes a dirt pie In hope that her crust may be raised.

But these are rather unjust toward the fair sex. Let us look for something more truthful. We find in St. Michael's churchyard, Coventry: She was— But words are wanting To say what. Look what a wife should be, And she was that.

Longevity of Fishes. Some days ago I had occasion to make some inquiry into the age of fishes, and was surprised to find that they lived so long. Thinking that there are others who know as little about the subject as I did, I append a letter I received from Prof. Spencer W. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, who is the best authority in the world on fish. He writes:

'There is, I believe, authentic evidence to show that carp have attained the age of two hundred years. There is a tradition that, within the last fifty years, a pike was living in Rhode Island whose age dated back to the thirteenth century. The fish is said to have been some eighteen feet long. This, however, is not considered very reliable. But there is nothing to prevent a fish from living almost indefinitely, as it has no period of maturity, but grows with each year of life. In species like mammals and birds, where there is a limit, a definite term of years is generally the rule.'

There are now some gold fish here, in the aquariums of the United States botanical garden, that are fifty years old. A gold-fish dealer in Baltimore showed me some gold-fish that he had kept in his aquarium for thirty years.—Washington correspondent.

A Cleveland lawyer, defending a handsome young lady charged with larceny, closed his appeal to the jury thus: 'Gentlemen! you may have seen the ocean on a grapevine to dry. I saw an avalanche, pin a napkin to the mouth of a volcano, skim the clouds from the sky with a tea spoon, throw salt on the tail of our noble American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of our nation, paste "For Rent" on the moon and stars, but never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that this charming girl is guilty of the charge preferred against her.' The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

The Philadelphia Record to-morrow will continue its exposure of the bogus medical colleges by detailing the experiences of its reporters in passing through an electrographic school chartered by the Philadelphia courts. The reporter paid \$150, attended seven lectures, took two doses of electrical treatment and received a diploma authorizing him to treat and cure diseases, all in twenty-five hours time actually spent in reading and attendance at the school.