

# THE WILSON ADVANCE

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

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1881.

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**THE WILSON ADVANCE.**  
WILSON, Friday, August 26, 1881.

## POETRY.

### THE TWO CHURCHES.

An old gentleman, with "coarse clothes but one the worse for wear," chanced to be in a great city on one Sabbath morning, and when the "old bells in the steeple began their chimes for the meeting," he strolled into a church near by with thoughts bent on worship. It happened to be a "stylish one"—where Fashion went, on worldly steps, to worship its own goddess—style—with all the pomp and circumstance of a "perfected" priest. That afternoon the old gentleman communicated with his wife; and in lines full of vigor and grace and faith, and resonant with the thunders of disapprobation, he gave a graphic description of the visit and the impressions made thereby. On the next Sunday, he found another church which he called a "modest one" and in another communication, he pictured, with the glowing brush of fervid poetry, the beauty, the tenderness, and the solemnity of that pure sweet hour of deep and earnest worship, over which perhaps the listening angels bent and smiled, then caught the strains and mingled them into the rapturous strains of that Heavenly minstrelsy, which breaks in endless ripples upon the throne of God. The lines are beautiful, and they very echo the words of the "magnificent voiced sweet" when the winds, which bath sweet it, are gone.

### THE REVISED ONE.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day, been to a stylish one. And knowing you'd like to hear from it, I'll tell you what was done. You would have been surprised to see what I there saw to-day. The sisters were dressed up so fine, they didn't bow to pray.

I had those coarse clothes of mine, not much the worse for wear. But then they knew I wasn't one they called a millionaire. So they led the old man to a seat way back behind the dock. 'Twas bookless and unmentionable, a reserved seat for the poor.

Pretty soon, in came a stranger, with diamonds and clothing fine. They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine. It didn't look exactly right to seat him up so near. When he was young and I was old and very hard to hear.

But then, there's no accounting for what some people do. The finest clothes now-a-days will get the finest pew. But when we reach the blessed home and undressed by sin, we'll see wealth begins at the gate; while poverty goes in.

I could not hear the sermon, I sat so far away. So through the hour of service, could only watch and pray. Watch the doings of the Christians, near me, round about. Prayed God to make them pure within as they were pure without.

While I sat there looking upon the rich and great. I was thinking of the rich man and the beggar at the gate. How all, but by a beggar's dress, the beggar's form grew dear. When angels bore his spirit, to mansions built of gold.

How at last the rich man perished and his spirit took to flight. From the purple and fine linen, to a home of endless night. When he learned, as he stood gazing at the beggar in the sky. It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.

Our heads are growing gray dear wife, our hearts are beating slow. In a little while the Master will call for us to go. But when we reach the pearly gate, and look with joyful eyes. We'll see no stylish worship in that temple in the skies.

### THE MODERATE CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've found the moderate church; I worshipped there to-day; It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray. The minister's house was fixed more than they were years ago. But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me 'way back to the door; He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor. He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through. The long aisle of that crowded church, to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singing—it had the old time ring; The preacher said with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing." The tune was "Gloria," and the music upward rolled. Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire; I joined my feeble, trembling voice with the melodious choir. I sang as in youthful days, "Let all the people praise the Lord of all."

I told you, wife, it did me good to sing the hymn once more; I felt like a wrecked mariner, who gets a glimpse of shore; I almost wept to lay aside this wealth of beaten floor. And anchor in that blessed port, forever free from storm.

The preacher! Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said; I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read. He hadn't time to read it for the light of his eye. Went passing long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth; It fitted poor old me like me; it fitted hopeful youth. 'Twas full of consolation to weary hearts that bleed; 'Twas full of invitations to Christ and to Creed.

The preacher made sin hideous, in Genesis and in Jews; He shot the Golden sentences down on the finest pews; And though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear. That told me he was some way off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place; How brightly beamed the light of Heaven from every happy face. Again I longed for that sweet time when friends shall meet with friend; When a congregation after break-up, and Sabbaths have no end.

I hope to meet that minister—the congregation too—In the dear home beyond the skies that shine from Heaven's blue. I don't not I'll remember, beyond life's evening glow. The happy hour of worship in that modest church to-day.

circulars and letter heads, and start out a lot of agents. A few hundred dollars is sufficient. Agents scour the country, scatter the splendidly worded circulars broadcast, and in a few months, 1,000 young people have joined class A, and paid \$1 each to become participating members. Some companies do not charge as much. Out of this \$1,000 paid in, the agents receive their very large percentage for commissions, say \$1,000, and the balance goes to the directors. Whenever any one member of class A is married, he or she sends in the certificate of marriage, duly witnessed by the local agent, and the company at once proceeds to collect \$1 from each of the 999 other members of that class. They promptly respond, and the directors, after deducting 20 per cent. of the \$999 so collected, send the balance to the member who is married. The company is expected to do this if it is governed by honest principles of business. Hence the directors receive nearly \$200 from every member who marries, as their charge for collecting the assessments; and return about \$800 to the beneficiary. The better kind of company charges but 5 per cent. The person marrying drops out of the class and as fast as marriages occur, new members are substituted to keep the class 1,000 full. Some successful companies have three full classes going.—Children 15 years of age are received as members and assessed so much.—The younger the person is, the less the rate, and the older the higher. The officials pretend to have a system, based upon careful calculation, as to marriage probabilities, just the same as the old life companies have as to death probabilities.

Hence it will be seen that a young woman engaged to be married a year from date may join a company, pay initiation fee, run the chances of half a dozen assessments, and when she is married she will receive, if she's fairly dealt with, about \$200. If her intended is smart, he too, will join a company, and he, too, will receive \$200 sixty or ninety days after sufficient proofs have been received of his marriage.

Thus far the experiences of some young men and young women in the marriage insurance business is interesting. A Schuykill county young lady left her home because she could not bear to be ridiculed about her misfortune with her intended. She thought she was to be married last month, but the young man ran away and left her. Now she has neither \$200 that she would have received nor a husband. The details of her bad luck looked out, and she went to Philadelphia to escape the taunts and gibes of her ruder acquaintances.

Across in the next county, Lehigh, two young people were married. They belonged to different companies. In less than thirty days they fought and separated, but the proofs of their marriage had been sent into the home of each, and in due course of time each received the amount of money due, and they are now separately enjoying it. The young woman is off on a trip to Europe, and the young man started a harness-making shop. There are many who now charge that the young woman just married to get her money and never intended to live as a wife to that man. Some say that she boasted of the trick she was going to play to get money to see Paris.

A young woman of Lehigh county was compelled to withdraw from her class membership because, she said, she had 100 assessments in two months and to pay \$1 for each was a tax heavier than she could bear. "Why, it seems to me," said she, "that all the members of our class were getting married at once. My father refused to help me any further, so I was compelled to drop out of the class after I had paid \$83."

An industrious young mechanic, working in the shops in Lebanon, joined a company six months ago. Three months ago he was married, and yesterday he received \$900, which he is using to improve his home. He said: "I am about \$750 ahead of the investment, and I consider myself lucky. It's all right for a young man to go in. If his girl 'goes back on him' he can very easily get another, and he will do so rather than continue to pay the heavy drain of assessments." But a modest young woman can't go courting and choose a husband as man can a wife. If she has a fall out with her intended, or her deserts her, she has got to wait until another man offers.

A gentleman who is largely interested in the business made this statement: "The business is perfectly legitimate. A thousand unmarried people agree to pay \$1 to each member of the class as soon as they are married. We simply do the organizing and collecting and charge a small percentage for it. No bad results are at all likely to happen, as in the wild-cat death-bed insurance, so-called. Some companies have it so arranged

that if persons do not get married in a certain number of years they will be entitled to quite a nice sum in time which the company will pay. There may be some companies that may have been imposed upon, as we have heard about, but nearly all the companies are very strict and do not take people without any character or who have no respect for the marriage vow. The companies heretofore are all honest and trustworthy."

**Popping the Question.**  
The custom which reserves the right of proposing to the stronger sex is not so universal as many suppose. An Israelitish widow had, by law, a power of claiming in marriage the brother or her deceased husband, in which case, as the privilege was transferred to the female, that of the female was likewise transferred to the male. He had the power of refusing; the refusal, however, was attended by some mortifying circumstances; the woman whom he had thus slighted was to come into him in the august presence of the elders of the city, and to loose the shoe from his foot and spit in his face. A custom somewhat similar to this remains at present among some of the Indian tribes. When the wife dies the husband is obliged to marry the sister, or in her stead the woman whom the family of the deceased wife shall choose for him.

In the state of New Granada the right of asking is promiscuously exerted by both sexes, when they feel the passion of love, declare it without the least embarrassment; and among the Cossacks the same thing is said to be carried on still further, and the women more generally court than the men. When a young lady falls in love with a man she is not in the least ashamed to go to his father's house and reveal her passion in the most pathetic manner and promise submissive obedience if he will accept her for a wife. Should the man prefer any other woman, she tells him she is resolved never to go out of the house till he gives his consent; and according to takes up her lodging there. If he obstinately refuses her, his case becomes exceedingly distressing; the Church is commonly on her side, and to turn her out would provoke all her kindred to revenge her honor; so he yields or flies.

**Red Snow in Colorado.**  
The Denver Railway and Mining Gazette gives the following explanation of the scarlet colored snow, which it appears is not an uncommon phenomenon in the mountain regions of Colorado. It says: "Ignorant people have sometimes been alarmed at a phenomenon which to prospectors about the Holy Cross has of late been a very common sight, namely, red snow. Red snow has been occasionally seen in the neighborhood of Mount Shasta in California, and these two places are the only ones in which it is known in the United States, though it is an every day occurrence in the Asiatic regions, froth which travellers have returned with very vivid accounts of its strange appearance. The cause of this blood-red is the presence in the snow of animalcules, visible only to the microscope, but though a microscope can reveal them, nothing can give a satisfactory account of the source from which they come or the reason of their coming. The red snow in the Holy Cross district may be seen in patches of various sizes and different shades—from deep scarlet to delicate pink. Held in the hand it dissolves, leaving a clear red water, which makes no stain. The red snow in this region has come during the last two years, as old prospectors before that time never noticed it. It is an interesting problem to solve how these little creatures floated there from their Arctic home, or why they found a resting-place under the Holy Cross, from whatever spot the started."

**The Garfield Cooling Machine.**  
The machine by which President Garfield's room is cooled, says Hoyton, was furnished by Mr. Jennings of Baltimore. It consists of a cast-iron chamber, about ten feet long and three feet wide and three high, filled with vertical iron frames covered with cotton tery or Turkish toweling. These screens are placed half an inch apart, and represent some 3,000 feet of cooling surface. Immediately over these vertical screens is placed a coil of inch iron pipe, the lower side of which is filled with perforations. Into a galvanized iron tank holding 100 gallons of water is put finely granulated or shaved ice. This water is sprayed upon sheets in the lower tank constantly. In each end of the iron chamber are openings thirteen inches square; to the outer end of this chamber is a pipe connecting with an outdoor air conductor. To the opposite end is connected a similar pipe leading into an ice chamber at its tip, and from the bottom of the same pipe leads to a small exhaust fan, and from the fan no cold and dry air is forced directly into the President's room through flues some twenty feet in length. The air received at ninety-nine degrees temperature is supplied at the rate of 22,000 cubic feet per hour at the register in the President's room at fifty-four degrees, and with the windows and doors open the temperature at the President's bed, twenty-five feet away, is maintained steadily at seventy-five degrees day and night.

**The Flea.**  
This insect belongs to the genus Pulex. When he gets on your arm you pull excitedly at your sleeve. You are anxious also for the insect's leave. The flea has a strong love for man, but he manages to get over his attachment. He is a leper. In olden times they used to drive the leper out of the synagogue. When the flea gets on you, he sees sin agog in your heart. The flea is a parasite. You have not got to cross the ocean, therefore, to see a Paris sight. Fleas are very plentiful. You remember that Mary had a little lamb whose fleas were white as snow. In ancient times, however, the golden fleas were very scarce, and consequently much sought after. There can be no doubt about the habit of this social insect, for does not the Bible speak of it as the "flea from the wrath to come?" And again it is referred to as the "wicked flea" which "no man pursueth." But are you not to dwell on this subject. Near-day we will have this subject dwell on us. We might, ere long, have a flea in our ear, should we not see?

**The Toy Pistol.**  
The following touching fable, the description appeared in a recent number of the Chicago News. Here lies LITTLE TOMMY JONES, aged seven years and three months. If he had bought his little sister fifteen cents worth of candy instead of investing his money in a Toy Pistol, he would have been playing mumblety-peg in the back yard with Johnny Fitzgibbons. We hope to meet him where there are no Fire-Works.

**Dr. Hammond's Talk—He Says That the President is Doomed to Die.**  
Dr. William A. Hammond was seen this morning in reference to President Garfield's condition. He said: "I am sorry to say I have great fears for alarm. In fact it is no use disguising the matter—the President is dying slowly and in my opinion, if the dispatches are correct, he will not live more than two or three days; if that, I am sorry to say so. The statement that he is now suffering from dyspepsia is all moonshine; he is suffering from nothing else but pyemia, and has been ever since he had the severe chill some three days and which was followed by others. He has been simply starved from the first in place of having good food to build up his constitution, and the result is he is seventy-five pounds lighter."

The most serious thing about his case is the condition of his temperature. The pulsation does not amount to much, even if it varies from 100 to 150, but it is clear he has not vitality enough to get up a very high fever. The violation to the presence of the ball in the stomach, and this has brought about pyemia.

Any good lawyer could save Garfield from the gallows by proving bad surgery; but I would not go a step to save him, as he meant to kill Garfield; but the latter should have had different treatment, and the bullet should not have been where it now is. No, poor fellow, he is bound to die, there is no help for him now."

**A Fever Patient Who Called for Cold Water.**  
Mr. Caldwell tells us of a man named Crow who was with him in Terika County, California, and who was down with typhoid fever. The doctor had given him up and told Mr. Caldwell to tell him he was bound to die. Caldwell told him: "The man said he couldn't help it, and then told what to do with his body and his feelings. 'I wish you'd give me as much water as I can drink before I die,' said he. 'I will,' said Caldwell, and he went to the spring under the mountain and got a pitcher of clear water. 'Give me the man half a glass—the man wanted more—he told him he should have it directly—in about an hour he had given him half a gallon of cold water. 'Get a rag and put it to my head,' said the man. 'He did so,' said Caldwell. 'Pour it on my body,' said the man. He did so, throwing a blanket whenever he pulled it, the water running down on the floor. About midnight the man fell asleep; the doctor came about day—asked if the man was dead yet—told him no, he was going to get well. He saw the water all on the floor, and smelt the fever as it filled the room. The doctor exclaimed amazed, 'Why, what've you been doing?' 'Pouring cold water on him,' said Caldwell. 'Why, you will kill him that way.' 'You said he was going to die, didn't you? Now get out—It's in charge of this case. The man's going to get well,' and he did get well. Cold water did it. The man craved it. This was in 1859. *Beaumont Times.*

**Who is Man and Where is He.**  
Man that is married to woman is of few days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening he holds it all gone. It is a tale that is told, it vanishes, and no one knoweth whither it goeth. He riseth up clothed in the chilly garments of the night and seeks to the somnolent paragon, where with to heal the colic, bowels of his infant offspring. He mistaketh the horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his posterity. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen and purple to cover the bosom of his family, yet he himself is seen at the gates of the city with a sumpder. He cometh forth for a flower, and is cut down. There is hope for a tree when it is cut down, that the tender shoots thereof will sprout again, but man geth to his home, and what is he then? Yes, he is altogether wretched.

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