

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

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

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 4, 1881.

—Josephus Daniels, Esq.

VOL. 11—

Wilson, Friday, November 4, 1881.

## POETRY.

### "THE BROWN HANDS."

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long shady lane,  
Where the equal whistles loud in the  
wheat field  
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses  
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry  
grows,  
They gather the earliest snowdrops,  
And the first crimson buds of the  
rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,  
They gather the elder bloom white,  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang  
ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit hangs the  
thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry  
vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful shells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to  
land.

They wave from the tall, rocking trees,  
Where the oriole's hammock-nest  
swings,  
And at nighttime are folded in slum-  
ber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest—  
The humble and poor become great;  
And from those brown-handed chil-  
dren  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman  
The nose and wise of our land—  
The sword and counsel and palette  
Shall be held in the little brown  
hand.

### "Mr. Overskip's Introduction."

"By the way, Ri, my old friend,  
Anthony Blake, lives down that way.  
He's got a fine farm and an only  
daughter, exceedingly pretty, they  
say. I'd give you a letter to him—  
You won't want to be all the time  
popping away at the snipes or throw-  
ing  
deceptive flies in the way of un-  
suspecting trout, and might find  
worthwhile for a change than occa-  
sionally crop up on Tony. He'll  
give you a hearty welcome, for sure,  
and if you and the daughter should  
change to a new home, I don't think either  
wishes to see any 'blaring up' by  
the old folks."

"So Berzelus Overskip to his son,  
Uriah, as he called, with the former's  
blessing, was setting off for a fort-  
night's visit to his old home."

Mr. Overskip went to his desk and  
wrote a proper, class and caption:

"DEAR BLAKE: Let me introduce  
my son, Ri. He goes to carry have  
through your meadows, and depopu-  
late the forest at least such is his  
mischief. Don't be alarmed, though,  
I'm so much as bags a tomato-  
cat for a stick-back 'til more  
than I ought."

"This chip of the old block; and  
I've promised him your kind recep-  
tion for the old block's sake. If he  
takes a shine to your handsome daugh-  
ter, and tent to one he says, if she's  
half as pretty as they say—don't you  
go to getting down the family shot-  
gun and warning him off the premises.  
Remember you were twenty-one  
yourself once. As for Ri, I'll warrant  
him getting kind and true, and espe-  
cially tried to work well in double  
harness. Your friend,

BERZELUS OVERSKIP.

Uriah put the letter in his pocket,  
saw his gun-case, fishing-tackle, and  
valise safely stowed in the cab called  
to take him to the depot, bade his  
governor good-by, jumped in, and  
was rattled off.

After a day's trial of his luck with  
his gun and another with his rod  
without encouraging results, Uriah  
bought himself of his father's letter.

"Can you direct me to Mr. Blake's—  
Mr. A. Blake's?" he inquired, re-  
freshing his memory by a glance at  
the superscription.

"Yes, sir!—you bet!" returned the  
shock-headed longer of whom he in-  
quired. "Jest take that road leadin'  
up the hill, but don't go up the hill,  
but turn to yer left when the road  
splits. Then dust ahead till you come  
to the creek, but don't cross the creek,  
but nosy right on up it till you come  
to a house. Well, that's not Blake's  
house, but Bije Boozley's; an' if you  
happen ter ketch Bije ter hum, an' not  
dead drunk—which more'n likely you  
won't—he kin tell you the rest of the  
way to Blake's."

Uriah reached Mr. Boozley's just in

time to see that convivial soul roll off  
his own doorstep into 'mere oblivion.'  
He tried to rouse him, but the only  
answer he got was a snore like a concert  
of bassoons.

At last an urdlin on the creek bank,  
bobbing for crawfish with a pin hook  
and a pack-thread line, gave sufficient-  
ly lucid directions to enable Uriah to  
find Mr. Blake's.

The house was large and of respect-  
able appearance—evidently the abode  
of well-to-do people.

"Mr. Blake is not at home," was the  
answer Uriah received to his inquiry  
for that gentleman from a tall, angu-  
lar, not very young, and decidedly not  
handsome lady, who met him at the  
door.

"When will he return, may I ask?"  
"Not till to-morrow."

"Could I see Miss Blake?"  
"I am Miss Blake."

Now, had Miss Blake in any wise  
resembled his preconceived ideal of  
her, Uriah would have found it easy  
enough to introduce himself, and  
might have spent a very pleasant half  
hour notwithstanding the paternal  
Blake's absence. As it was, he had  
but one desire, and that was to get as  
gracefully as possible out of a position  
he began to feel embarrassing.

"I have a letter for Mr. Blake," he  
said; "I presume I can leave it?"

The lady bowed and took the letter,  
and Uriah bowed and took his leave—  
chuckling, as probably he would not  
have chucked had he known all that  
was in the letter.

A few days later Berzelus Overskip  
received two letters; one from his son,  
and one from Mr. Blake. Thus ran  
the former:

"DEAR PA: I called at your old  
friend's and left your letter. He  
wasn't at home, but his daughter was.  
Now, you know you were such a quiz;  
it's perfectly disgraceful at your time  
of life! Handsome—well, I won't tell  
downright flattery. I've written to  
ask your leave first, but there wasn't  
time. It came like a flash. On my  
way back from Blake's, I met an angel—  
an angel on a brown filly. The filly  
must have been of this world, for she  
sided at a rabbit skipping across  
the road, and was on the point of  
plunging down a precipice, to the im-  
minent peril of the angel's neck when  
I grasped the rein and checked her."

"You've no idea how beautiful a  
scarlet-ank looks, nor how sweetly she  
can tangle her deliverer, though he  
be but a mortal."

"Such eyes, such lips, such—but no!  
I give it up, I won't try to describe  
her. To be realized she must be seen.  
I haven't discovered her name yet,  
but shall never rest till I do."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you in the  
matter of Miss Blake; but, like Tony  
Lunkin, would be much sorer to  
disappoint myself, as I should do ex-  
tremely by giving up for that no  
doubt estimable creature my unknown  
enchantress. Your affectionate son,  
Ri."

The other letter inclosed Mr. Over-  
skip's own, and was in these words:

"Dear Ri, my old friend, you doubt  
your worthy son—worthy of yourself,  
at least—left at my house, in my ab-  
sence yesterday. I've written to in-  
quire his name here, and he's returned."

"The impertinent reference to my  
daughter is impudent beyond endur-  
ance, and shall receive due acknowl-  
edgement in the shape of a sound  
horsewhipping should you ever chance  
to encounter."

Yours, with respect of respect,  
A. BLAKE."

Mr. Overskip swelled with conflict-  
ing emotions. That his old friend,  
Anthony Blake, should have written  
such a letter to him with sorrow as  
well as rage. But more perplexing  
still was Ri's confession of having  
fallen in love with a woman whose  
very name he didn't know. Mr. Over-  
skip resolved to go at once and have  
it out with Tony Blake, and at the  
same time, if possible, bring Uriah  
to his senses.

Some three days after dispatching  
his letter, Uriah was scouring the  
country ostensibly for snipe, but really  
hoping to gain another glimpse of  
the fair equestrian, when, behold!  
there she was alighting before a spacious  
dwelling, on the veranda of which  
—and that was another surprise—stood  
his respected parent in animated con-  
versation with a gentleman of about  
the same age.

"I wouldn't have believed it of  
you!" vociferated Mr. Overskip, in  
not anger. "I wouldn't have believed  
you capable of writing such an an-  
swer to my letter!"

"I tell you I got no letter and sent  
no answer!" returned the other, warm-  
ing up in turn.

"Don't equivocate, Tony! You  
used to be a man of truth. Why here's  
my own son's letter in which he says  
he left mine at your house with your  
daughter. By the way, maybe you  
think her too good for Ri. If so, it's  
some consolation to know what he  
thinks of her. He says here she's as

ugly as—"  
"Hold, there, Berzelus Overskip!—  
There stands my Almira; and whoever  
says she's ugly lies!"

"And let me tell you, Tony Blake!"  
shouted Berzelus, without so much as  
looking at the lady, "whoever says  
my Ri lies, has got to answer to  
me!"

The two advanced with doubled  
fists. The young lady began to cry,  
and was just going to scream, when  
Uriah rushed between the would-be  
combatants and held them asunder.

"What do you think, Ri?" cried the  
elder Overskip, as soon as he beheld  
his son. "Tony Blake here says you  
didn't leave my letter?"

"It is this Mr. Blake's I certainly  
didn't leave it here," said Ri. "Is  
there another Mr. Blake in the neigh-  
borhood?"

"Yes, there's Squire Abimelech  
Blake on the hill, over by the creek,"  
said the other delirious, on whom  
light began to break."

"Exactly where I left the letter!"  
said Ri, with a hearty laugh.

The light had fully broken now—  
Berzelus Overskip and Tony Blake  
shook hands warmly and laughed at  
their recent quarrel. The young peo-  
ple were introduced, and, in an in-  
credibly short space of time, came to  
a thorough understanding.

### Marriage Extraordinary.

An extraordinary marriage cere-  
mony recently took place at Portsmouth,  
England. A Miss Malinwaring, the  
daughter of an army officer, was about  
to be married, and her trousseau had  
been prepared and all other arrange-  
ments made, but a few days before the  
time fixed for the wedding she sick-  
ened and died. Nevertheless, it was  
determined to go through the mar-  
riage ceremony as far as possible to-  
fore the interment. Her body was,  
therefore, taken in the coffin to church,  
followed by her friends in wedding  
costume, the deceased's wreath of or-  
ange blossoms being placed at the  
head of the coffin. Several clergy-  
men officiated, and, after reading the  
marriage service, time for funerals was  
proceeded with, after which the cor-  
ge proceeded to Portsmouth ceme-  
tery, where the interment took place.

### A Word of Warning.

Mormonism is spreading rapidly.—  
The Utah Annual Conference of the  
M. E. Church, Bishop Wiley presid-  
ing, passed very strong resolutions  
against polygamy and declared that it  
is spreading and threatens to possess  
itself of other Territories besides Utah.

It is said that 75,000 foreigners have  
already connected themselves with  
Utah and polygamy. Their Book of  
Mormon has been published in French,  
German, Italian, Danish, Polynesian  
and Welsh. Their proselyters are go-  
ing up and down in several of the  
states preaching their obnoxious doc-  
trines and persuading persons to go  
to Utah to indulge in their iniqui-  
tous practices. Georgia has found it  
necessary to pass a law forbidding  
such methods of proselyting within  
the bounds of the state. But what is  
still more practical and important to  
us is that in several counties in North  
Carolina these proselyting agents of  
Mormonism have been and are now at  
work. Many of our young people, es-  
pecially, are being deceived by them  
and by their persuasions and misrep-  
resentations some of our young wo-  
men are being carried off to Utah to  
awake too late to the shame and mis-  
ery of Mormon life. Such a proceed-  
ure is shameful and our next legisla-  
ture ought to pass a law positively for-  
bidding any Mormon agent, or any  
other person, from persuading any one  
whatever into polygamy. We ought  
to take hold of this matter at once  
and "nip all such work in the bud."

Some may think that we are unneces-  
sarily alarmed, but unless this great  
iniquity is checked and put down the  
very foundations of our social life will  
be overturned. We lift a warning  
voice and call upon the press and all  
good people to agitate the question  
until the last Mormon emissary shall  
be driven from our State and until we  
have a law that will keep them out  
forever.—*Raleigh Advocate.*

### A Family Poisoned.

A special dispatch from Hannibal,  
Mo., says: while the family of Hiram  
Westfall were seated at breakfast  
yesterday morning they were suddenly  
attacked with sickness and commene-  
d vomiting. The persons at the table  
were Mr. Westfall, his wife, a  
young lady and a hired man. Their  
symptoms became more violent and  
death certain when Mr. Westfall,  
whose attack seemed the lightest,  
mounted his horse and summoned  
physicians, who immediately suspect-  
ed the cause to be the eating of poi-  
sonous food. Mrs. Westfall died last  
night and the hired man is not ex-  
pected to live. A dish of oatmeal  
which had been prepared by a colored  
servant with whom there had pre-  
viously been trouble, is thought to  
have been poisoned with arsenic. The  
servant left the house, but has since  
been arrested. She tells contradictory  
stories and the evidence points to  
her guilt.

### A Kentucky editor bought his ink

by the jugful, because he could get it  
cheaper, but his wife went to fill his  
inkstand one morning and found it  
was not ink by a jugful.

### BEAR CREEK.

There is a shady little creek  
'Neath Carolina's sky,  
Which I was wont alone to seek  
In boyhood days gone by.

Off have I jumped into the boat  
And drifted with the tide,  
And watched the leaves and blossoms float  
Like wee boats by my side.

Then would I jar my old canoe  
To see them ride the seas,  
And when the fitful lightwinds blew  
They'd whirl and catch the breeze.

So on down the stream I'd float,  
Reclining in the bow,  
My old oars crossed across the boat,  
Of would those days were now!

But alas! I float down another stream  
Full of real boats and men,  
And this one is no pleasant dream  
As the one I sailed on then.

I am floating now on the stream of  
life  
Where storms and passions rage,  
Where avarice and penny and strife  
Stain the current of our age.

Yet this one also has its joys,  
And beauty which no storm de-  
troys,  
Where is peace forevermore.

### The End of the World.

Many predictions have been made as  
to the approaching end of the world,  
but unlike most other prophets, Dr.  
Howard Crosby, of New York, rests  
his prediction upon the Bible. His  
Sunday evening expositions of the  
book of Revelations are attracting pec-  
uliar interest, and the congregations  
who listen to them are induced by  
knowledge that Dr. Crosby is one of  
the best Greek scholars and Biblical  
students now living, to place much  
confidence in his interpretation of a  
book of very deep mysteries. He is  
now giving an exposition of the part  
of Revelations which relates to the  
present age of the world. According  
to his view but two periods of prophe-  
cy remain to be fulfilled, the first ex-  
tending from the completion of the  
present period, in 1900, a thousand  
years, and constituting the millennial  
age, and the second extending from  
2290 to the year 3000, at which time  
Dr. Crosby believes the end of the  
world will come. There are few emi-  
nent Biblical scholars who venture to  
announce scriptural authority for a  
specific date as the end of the world,  
and therefore Dr. Crosby's prediction  
will attract very general attention.

### A New Mother Ship.

When lawyers fail to take a fee,  
And juries never disagree;  
When politicians are content,  
And landlords don't collect their rent;  
When parties smash all the machines,  
And Boston folks give up their beans;  
When naughty children all die young,  
And girls are born without a tongue;  
When ladies don't take time to hop,  
And office-holders never stop;  
When preachers cut their sermon short  
And all folks to the church resort;  
When back subscribers all have paid,  
And editors fortunes have made,  
Such happenings will sure portend,  
This world must soon come to an end.

### Another Prolific Woman.

We mentioned last week that there  
was a negro woman in Gulf township  
who had nineteen children. We can  
now beat that, for there is a negro  
woman near Lockwood, who in twenty-  
four years had twenty-one children.  
Who next?—*Chatham Record.*

### The International Congress of Socialists

met in Switzerland last month. The  
American delegates gave a most  
despondent picture of the feebleness  
of the socialist party in this country.  
—In North Africa there is continued  
conflict. The Tunisian war is raging  
with increased ferocity, and the rage  
of the natives against the invading  
christians is increased by their per-  
petration of fresh atrocities. The Sultan  
is still sending troops to Tripoli.  
—East-spoken shocks have been felt at  
Galilee, and Adriaopolis. Balti-  
more is importing cabbage from Eu-  
rope. —France allows her President  
\$200,000 a year. —The wheat crop  
this year will be 100,000,000 bushels  
short. —Colored Cadet Whitaker, of  
ear notoriety, is a negro concert man-  
ager. —Vermont predicts that this  
winter will be a mild, open one. —W.  
H. Check, Worthy Master of the N. C.  
State Grange Patrons of Husbandry,  
is delivering lectures in the West-  
ern States in the interest of the order.  
—Judge Tyler's resignation as As-  
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cepted. —Frank Hutton, the editor of  
the *Burlington Herald-Examiner*, has  
been appointed to fill his place. —The  
annual session of the Woman's Chris-  
tian Temperance Union met in Wash-  
ington, D. C., last week. Mrs. Fran-  
cis E. Willard delivered the address.  
—R. K. Scott, Ex-Governor of  
South Carolina is on trial in Ohio for  
the murder of W. G. Drury in Janu-  
ary, 1880. —The English army in Ire-  
land numbered 50,000. —Nine Gov-  
ernors were present at the Atlanta Ex-  
position last Thursday. —Secretary  
Blaine does not expect to remain in  
the Cabinet longer than December 1st.  
—Judge Folger, of New York, has  
been nominated by the President as  
Secretary of the Treasury, and his  
nomination has been confirmed.  
—James H. Beck, ex-Governor of  
Kansas, has been confirmed as Post-  
master General. —There is no letter  
man in the country for the post-offi-  
ce and Arthur has acted wisely in re-  
taining him in the Cabinet. —The  
prices of Confederate bonds have ad-  
vanced; large sales are reported at  
Richmond, Va., from \$70 to \$80 per  
\$100. —The N. C. Military roads re-  
sected the same officers. —The Presi-  
dent desires Attorney General McVeagh  
to retain his position until after the  
trial of the Star Route cases. —A me-  
morial to President Harrison in the  
shape of a Methodist church is to be  
created at South Bend, Ind. —The  
Virginia Revisers claim that they  
will have 15,000 majority. —Four  
duels have occurred in Virginia dur-  
ing the present canvass. —Ex-Gov.  
W. W. Holden has been ordained a  
deacon in the Missionary Baptist  
church. —The General Conference of  
the Free-Will Baptists of North Caro-  
lina will be held with the church at  
Howell Swamp, Greene county, com-  
mencing Thursday, Nov. 10th. —Dr.  
Blaine wants \$25,000 for attending the  
President during his three months of  
illness. —Blaine proposes to invest  
largely in southern enterprises this  
winter, it is reported, and to let pol-  
itics alone. —Hon. Francis F. Schuber  
of Salisbury is Chief Clerk of the Sen-  
ate. —The U. S. Senate has ad-  
journcd. —The Atlanta Exposition  
is proving such a success that it is  
thought that the time will be extend-  
ed to March. —Mr. H. Sparrow, a  
carpenter in the employ of W. T.  
Blackwell & Co., of Durham, while at  
work on a house Saturday, fell and  
broke his collar-bone and was other-  
wise injured. —It is claimed that  
New Bern has more money in man-  
ufacturing machinery than any town in  
the state. —The Greenbacks polled  
7,000 votes in Ohio in the recent elec-  
tion. —The voters of Nebraska will  
decide at the coming election whether  
women of that State shall have the  
right to vote. —A mild winter is pre-  
dicted by meteorologists. —The Re-  
visers are appealing to the Republi-  
cans for money to carry on the cam-  
paign. —Marshall Jewell has promised  
them \$10,000. —The Baptist State  
Conventions will meet in Winston, Wed-  
nesday, November 10th. —The Synod  
of North Carolina is now in session at  
Salisbury. 150 delegates are reported  
present. —The North Carolina Con-  
ference meets in Durham, Wednesday  
November 23rd. —Miles Palmer, a  
negro employed at the cotton gin of  
Lynn Adams, in Wake county, was so  
terribly injured by work on a gin Fri-  
day that his hand had to be amputated  
Saturday. —The steamer *Calista*  
is on a voyage to Sidney founded;  
all on board, twenty-two in number,  
perished. —A Frenchman named  
Doubly committed suicide in Tarboro  
last Friday. —Warren Memorial  
Presbyterian church, the finest in St.  
Louis, burned at cost \$150,000.  
—Great loss of stock and corn and  
produce by the break at the levee at  
Hannibal, Mo. —The demand for Con-  
federate Bonds continues. —The  
Cashier of the Mechanic's National  
Bank, Newark, N. J., is a defaulter to  
the extent of \$2,000,000. —An earth-  
quake shook Monday in New Hamp-  
shire. Two thirds of the town of  
Elizabeth, S. C., destroyed by fire Sat-  
urday night; loss \$100,000. —Wm.  
York shot and killed his son Thomas  
in Whitfield county, Georgia; the  
murderer has made his escape. —Jeff  
Davids was acquitted on a new trial at  
Aberville, S. C., for the murder of  
George Franklin, under a former con-  
viction for the same crime in 1872.  
—Harrisburg, Pa., was on the edge  
of a fire.

### THE NEWS IN A NUT-SHELL.

The International Congress of Social-  
ists met in Switzerland last month. The  
American delegates gave a most  
despondent picture of the feebleness  
of the socialist party in this country.  
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itics alone. —Hon. Francis F. Schuber  
of Salisbury is Chief Clerk of the Sen-  
ate. —The U. S. Senate has ad-  
journcd. —The Atlanta Exposition  
is proving such a success that it is  
thought that the time will be extend-  
ed to March. —Mr. H. Sparrow, a  
carpenter in the employ of W. T.  
Blackwell & Co., of Durham, while at  
work on a house Saturday, fell and  
broke his collar-bone and was other-  
wise injured. —It is claimed that  
New Bern has more money in man-  
ufacturing machinery than any town in  
the state. —The Greenbacks polled  
7,000 votes in Ohio in the recent elec-  
tion. —The voters of Nebraska will  
decide at the coming election whether  
women of that State shall have the  
right to vote. —A mild winter is pre-  
dicted by meteorologists. —The Re-  
visers are appealing to the Republi-  
cans for money to carry on the cam-  
paign. —Marshall Jewell has promised  
them \$10,000. —The Baptist State  
Conventions will meet in Winston, Wed-  
nesday, November 10th. —The Synod  
of North Carolina is now in session at  
Salisbury. 150 delegates are reported  
present. —The North Carolina Con-  
ference meets in Durham, Wednesday  
November 23rd. —Miles Palmer, a  
negro employed at the cotton gin of  
Lynn Adams, in Wake county, was so  
terribly injured by work on a gin Fri-  
day that his hand had to be amputated  
Saturday. —The steamer *Calista*  
is on a voyage to Sidney founded;  
all on board, twenty-two in number,  
perished. —A Frenchman named  
Doubly committed suicide in Tarboro  
last Friday. —Warren Memorial  
Presbyterian church, the finest in St.  
Louis, burned at cost \$150,000.  
—Great loss of stock and corn and  
produce by the break at the levee at  
Hannibal, Mo. —The demand for Con-  
federate Bonds continues. —The  
Cashier of the Mechanic's National  
Bank, Newark, N. J., is a defaulter to  
the extent of \$2,000,000. —An earth-  
quake shook Monday in New Hamp-  
shire. Two thirds of the town of  
Elizabeth, S. C., destroyed by fire Sat-  
urday night; loss \$100,000. —Wm.  
York shot and killed his son Thomas  
in Whitfield county, Georgia; the  
murderer has made his escape. —Jeff  
Davids was acquitted on a new trial at  
Aberville, S. C., for the murder of  
George Franklin, under a former con-  
viction for the same crime in 1872.  
—Harrisburg, Pa., was on the edge  
of a fire.

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