THE WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA

—BY—

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, - - Editor and Proprietor.

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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THE ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

Register yourself and make your neighbor register.

Dr. Talmage favors and Mr. Beecher opposes prohibition.

A liberal is simply a shelved democrat dissatisfied with his position.

A Brooks county colored man has made $10,000 in Florida during a few years farming.

Honora wants to know "on which is the right side to milk a cow?" The udder side always.

In Ohio one Congressman was elected by three majority, and another by eight majority.

Mr. J. W. Floyd, a promising young lawyer of Lumberton and city editor of the *Robesonian* is dead.

The State Fair last week was the best in years. Gov. Colquitt, of Ga., who was orator failed to come to time.

Gov. Foster, of Ohio, republican says it was not the temperance issue that defeated the republicans in that State.

The Clinton "Caucassian" with J. N. Stallings editor, has just made its appearance at Clinton. We wish it well.

The corn crop of Kentucky this year is the largest ever made in that State. The distillers are the principal buyers and they fix the price.

In one respect at least, I am like the late John W. Forney: he had two papers, "both daily," and I have two parties, both weakly.—*J. J. Mott.*

Mr. Franklin Edson, the democratic nominee for Mayor of New York, is a native of Vermont, and one of the leading merchants of N. York City.

In Ohio, Neal, democrat, was elected to Congress by a majority of only three. This shows the importance of every democrat voting and registering.

High appreciation of the culinary art is shown in the last will and testament of Mr. Bennett, of Mississippi, who leaves $5,000 to his cook and $200 to his wife.

It is now announced that the cost of converting heathens has been reduced to about $25 per head. Perhaps it is an adulterated religion which is being served out.

Gen. A. M. Scales of North Carolina, will deliver the annual address before Virginia's Confederate Veterans this year, his subject being "The Battle of Fredericksburg."

D. A. Jenkins has written a second letter in which he says that while he is a Republican he will vote the democratic ticket rather than support the coalition and the Revenue ring.

Some of the Republican journals are beginning to discover that the use of money in elections is debauching political morals. But still the debauchery by the machine goes on all the same.

A St. Louis editor was last week obliged to stop right in the middle of a long article and kill a man. We know it is awful disagreeable, but then it is sometimes a duty which one owes to society.

Floating item: A man in Moore county, N. C., whose first wife was his father's second wife's sister, has capped the climax, and further mixed the genealogical tree by wedding his son's wife's sister.

Americans are becoming frog eaters. In the course of the season New York receives from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds per day and this does not supply the demand, which is constantly increasing.

Thus far ten States have voted. Of these Vermont, Oregon and Rhode Island gave Republican majorities, while Alabama, Arkansas Georgia, Kentucky, West Virginia and Ohio went Democratic.

Two Philadelphia tavern keepers are disputing as to which enjoys the honor of owning the site upon which originally stood the house in which Wm. Penn took his first drink upon landing. We didn't know he drank.

It is tolerably certain now that in Ohio the Democrats elected fourteen and the Republicans seven Representatives to Congress. The election of McKinley, Republican, who claims eight majority, will be contested.

A young man in Western Illinois advertised for a wife, his sister answered the "ad," and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, while the old folks think it's pretty hard to have two fools in the family.

The first jackasses imported into this country came from Spain, and were a gift from the Spanish government to George Washington. But all the jackasses that now figure before the public are not descended from those.

A chandelier holding twelve oil lamps fell in the Roxboro Baptist church during service Wednesday night. Several ladies and an old gentleman were badly injured by the falling chandelier. Numbers of others were burned by the oil, but up to this hour no deaths are reported, but it is feared that four of those present, all young ladies, will die from the effects of the flames.

What is a Liberal? A liberal is one who, beholding his natural face in the Democratic glass, goeth his way, after an office, into the Republican, camp, and straightway forgeteth what manner of man he was. —Clinton "Caucassian."

Josh Billings has nosted a sign over his spring in the White Mountains to which he has contributed a cup, "Tak a drink, mi frend, but don't tak the cup," and for fear people would not be able to read his writing, he tied up the cup with a log chain.

Dennis Kearney, the "sand-lot" orator of San Francisco, who became so notorious several years ago as a political orator, has been silenced by getting employment at the Custom House in that city, or, in the words of Joe Turner, has been struck by a pone of bread.

Three newspapers in Strackville Miss., employ women compositors only.

The editor of the ADVANCE is anxious to follow the example of these Mississippi papers. Lady typos should send in their applications at once.

A hint to subscribers! (borrowed:) "Subscribers of the ADVANCE who find cross-bones and skull with crest of metallic burial casket drawn in blood on the wrapper of their paper will know that their subscription has expired and that something has got to be done.

Col. Cash, Greenback candidate for Congress in South Carolina is denouncing on the stump the anti-dueling and anti-concealed weapon laws of that State. He cultivates the negro thus: "The negro is our shade in the summer and our fire in the winter—our meat and bread."

A Statesville correspondent of the Greensboro Patriot says a scheme is on foot to defeat Robbins in that district. It is to announce on the day of election at all the voting precincts that Mr. Cook has withdrawn and thus secure for Mr. York the votes of the Republicans who would have voted for Cook.

It is somewhat staggering to the hopefulness of moralists to hear as some church-goers did last Sunday in New York that in that great city, full of churches and schools, there are seven thousand rum shops, five thousand dissolute women, three thousand professional criminals and nearly as many professional gamblers. Such figures convey the impression that New York is one great sink of inquity.

Important if true. The Charlotte *Journal* says: General Clingman is a very candid man, as appears by a remark he made to a gentleman on the train last Sunday. The gentleman, who is a distinguished democrat, was talking to Clingman and Leach, and expressed surprise at their course, whereupon General Clingman said: "Well, when Leach and I agreed to help those fellows, the break in Ohio and New York had not taken place!"

The Episcopal church will hold its eighth congress in Richmond, beginning Tuesday, the 24th inst. Among the topics announced for discussion are "The Relation of the church to the Colored Race." "The Inspiration of the Scriptures," and "Christainity and the Criminal." The last congress was held in Providence, R. I.

At a meeting of the officers and members of the State Agricultural Society held in Raleigh last week. Dr. S. S. Satchwell was invited to address the Society on Tuesday evening, of the fair of 1883 on the subject of "Immigration," and Capt S. B. Alexander was invited to prepare an essay on the "Preservation of the Forests."

Senator Bayard expresses the opinion that the political conscience of the country is being aroused. He feels very well satisfied with the present prospects of the Democratic party, and thinks they have seldom been more favorable. In New York he regards them as particularly favorable.

The "New South" says that publishers are now protected from the taunting defiance of subscribers who refuse to pay their subscriptions to newspapers. A new postal law authorizes publishers to arrest for fraud this class of rascals. A movement will be made at the next meeting of the North Carolina Press Association looking to the uniting of editors throughout the State to enforce this law.

A great many hard things are said about Chicago and its peculiar civilization, but the following extraordinary announcement, contained in a dispatch last Sunday, from that city, surpasses anything we have seen in regard to police regulations, and contains as pitiful a story as could be crowded into the same space: "Lizzie, the pretty and attractive daughter of Captain Jackson, commander of a Lake steamboat, was arrested last night, and confined in the station for flirting on the street. The girl was not at all bad; only indiscreet and but 18 years of age, Left alone in the station she became overcome with grief and mortification, and hanged herself with her handkerchief from the cell bars."

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

The Weeks Wealth of Near News Gathered by Our Reporters and Neatly Nipped from our Numerous Neighbors.

The case of Dr. Geo. J. Robinson at Smithfield court was continued to Spring term. Judge Gilmer fixed bail at $20,000, which was given.

The speaking in Nash county is progressing finely. Bunn and Battle and others are pouring hot shot into the republican camp from every side and with telling effect.

Mr. W. D. Hyman a very promising young man of Goldsboro, was united in marriage on the 18th instant to Miss Annie Steele of Fayetteville. The ADVANCE extends congratulations.

The editor of the Tarboro "Southerner" has been having chills. We commend to him the remedy used by Chatham colored people who tie pieces of red pepper on their thumbs and big toes as a remedy for chills.

The Goldsboro "Messenger" says "The young man Howard, who was so seriously burned by the explosion of Kerosene oil used in starting fire, resulting also in the destruction of Mr. Enoch Edgerton's house died last week from his injuries.

We are indebted to the Wharee Club, of Tarboro, for an invitation to attend the annual ball during fair week there, Nov. 2. The officers of the club are: Julian M. Baker, president; J. Y. Paris, Secretary; J. R. Staton, Treasurer; Jas Norfleet, Louis R. Jordan, George Matton, P. P. Norflee, Octavius Battle, executive committee.

A WOMAN KILLED.—Thursday afternoon, as the train was leaving Williamston for the river, a colored woman was walking on the track. The engineer blew his whistle and reversed his lever. The woman stepped out on the end of one of the cross ties, but not far enough to prevent the tender from striking her. She was knocked down the embankment and died in less than an hour. She was an old woman between 70 and 80 years old.—*Guide.*

SHOT.—Tuesday, Mr. J. J. Dunford was deputized as constable to arrest Louis Guilford, colored, for the larceny of one jar of brandy peaches. Guilford was at work in the cotton field of Mr. Stephen Crisp when Dunford went to arrest him. He was told what the warrant was for and to consider himself under arrest. He said "alright," and went along with the officer for thirty yards when he turned and said to a colored man named Arnold "take my sack." Before he reached Arnold he put his hand behind him and drew a razor which at the time was thought to be a pistol. Mr. Dunford, an officer, and James Corbett, whom he had called on to assist him in the arrest, immediately seized him. He easily threw both of them off and ran; they ran after him telling him if he did not stop they would shoot him. Whenever they would get close to him he would turn and strike out with his razor. After being warned several times to stop and he did not, Dunford fired. The ball struck Guilford over the sacrum a little to the right of the medium line, or in the small of the back, the ball went upward and inward to the right.

Next to the sacrum lies the sectum and the abdominal viscera. Unless the ball has penetrated one of these the wound will probably not be fatal. The pistol has a calibre of 32.

Dr. L. L. Staton examined the wound and probed it. He thought it not advisable to cut the ball out for fear of fatal consequences.—Tarboro "Southerner."

VISITING GOOD FARMS.—The many fairs that are being held in various sections of the country are doing much towards advancing a far more enlightened agriculture. We have already pointed out some of the advantages to be gained by a careful study of the exhibits, and the importance of taking an active part in these fairs. Another suggestion to the same end is here offered, which, if acted upon, will suplement the work of the fairs and do much good to all progressive farmers. It is a duty of every farmer to visit yearly some of the best farms in the county, and there gather practical lessons in improved agriculture. There is no method of learning about any farm subject equal to being on the farm where it is practised and having it explained by the one who has made it a success. It may be the way of feeding stock, or a plan of preserving roots, ensilage, or other fodder. A farmer may contemplate a system of underdrains for his wet fields in this case it would be best to make a visit to some farmer who has thus drained his farm, and gain from him many valuable hints and suggestions in this important work. Such visits not only give new ideas, but are a wholesom recreation, and many a farmer who at the first thought may say, "I can not afford it!" will find by experience that he has spoken too soon. Take a day to go and visit some one of the best farms in the county, and this will open the way for further visits and a wider knowledge of the best methods of farming.

Intensive Farming.

Mr. Farish Furman, an intelligent young Georgian, who abandoned politics in order to engage in agricultural pursuits a few years ago, gives some facts, gathered from experience, which are worthy of consideration. Mr. Furman shows that five years ago he took 65 acres of thin "scrub" land, producing less than one bale of cotton to eight acres, and this land he has brought to produce a bale and a half to the acre. It is better that he has done this with home made manure, costing less than $4 a thousand pounds, and that yields every year double the cotton the manure cost, and in the fifth year $3,600 surplus cotton on $942 worth of manure. That he started with less than $2 worth of manure to the acre, and achieved his highest result with $14 to the acre puts his system within the reach of the poorest farmer. He did all this with two mules, and estimates his land to be worth now $100 per acre, while five years ago it would not have brought $5 per acre. Intensive farming, as Mr. Furman has put it into simple practice, means rich acres, broad meadows, herds and flocks, happy country homes and prosperous farmers.

Some Homely Truths.

"Bill Arp" is a level-headed citizen, and contributes some very sound philosophy to the press, now and then, in regard to current events. The last emanation from Bill's pen we find in the Atlanta "Constitution." It touches a very serious question which will ere long have to be settled, and which involves consequences of the gravest importance to the American people. He says: "It becomes every man to take some interest in politics. It don't matter how busy he is, or how poor he is, or how rich he is, he should keep one eye open to the affairs of government and give some thought to what is going on. I don't mean that he should go caverting around blowing a horn like the world was coming to an end, but he shouldn't shut his eyes and go it blind upon the idea that the government would take care of itself. Governments have been destroyed by ambitious and designing men; and tyrants have risen up and oppressed the people, and the people would rise and rebel when it was too late, for their chains were forged. For the sake of our children and their children we ought to see to it that good are put in office. I was thinking specially about governments and the great political questions that agitate the country, and will have to be settled by the people sooner or later. There are three things that disturb my cogitations, when I ruminate over the future and see my posterity growing up around me so careless of all fear. The great question of a conflict between the State and the Federal Government, that Mr. Stephens says is now pending, is taking shape for battle. The States have been gradually weakening and giving away to Federal power, and we read that the President has determined to have our elections this fall superintended by the U. S. marshals again, a humiliation that would have been resisted with indignation and bloodshed before the war. A United States deputy marshal can murder a man now in Georgia, and go about and boast of it, and be kept in office and protected by his Federal masters. I only mention this to show how we are sliding along into the giant's power, how unconcerned we are about it. We send our representatives to Washington, and it would seem that they had enough interest in the States they go from to stand up and say thus far shalt thou go and no farther; but somehow else it ain't done, and they don't say it, for the republican members and office holders can't perpetuate themselves in office except by force and corruption and bribery, and what Jay Hubbell's money can't do the power of the government must do, and I don't see much chance for us in the near future. I don't care who fills the 100,000 offices but I do feel concerned about the way in which they fill e'm, and about their impudence and defiant bearing and the contempt they show for State laws and State officials. We used to speak of the "free and independent and sovereign States," and thought the government at Washington was their agent, but we don't now. The agent is now the master, and the States are his humble and obedient servants. How far is this thing to go?

Rev. Robt. Paine, D. D., senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, died at his residence at Aberdeen, Miss., last week.

The Boston *Globe* brings this item Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

An English Girl of the Period.

People do say it is the constant companionship with men, and mixing with them in their field sports, that give the fashionable English girl of the day her love for "mannish" ways, and make her the slangy, horsy, rapid creature we often find her. Perhaps people are right. Yet what real harm, after all, if girls do wear stand-up collars and scarf pins, and hunt, fish, shoot, play billiards and smoke? None, certainly, if their hearts are all right. Besides, look at the models they have. The Empress of Austria seems only happy in the saddle, and no less personages than the Princess Louise and Beatrice smoke cigarettes. Such actions are, of course likely to shock the sensibilities, not alone of our grandmothers, but of a certain type of young lady whose conversational powers are limited to understand replies of "yes" and "no," and whose proper bringing up is exhibited in a painfully studious avoidance of either showing her feet or separating her knees while sitting down. But a woman now-a-days does not care to please her own sex as much as the other, and it is only clear which sort of young lady is most attractive to men, and which kind of girls gets the dances at balls and the most attention everywhere. Men are pretty good judges of women, and if they don't object, and are willing to make their wives out of girls who know more of horse than they do of botany, and prefer a whiff of tobacco smoke to ylang ylang or Atkinson's white rose, it is their own look out and no one else's business.

I know a young lady who lives down in one of the southern counties. She is one of the prettiest girls in England, has five thousand a year in her own right, is just three and twenty, and the daughter of a peer whose pedigree goes back to the conquest, and whose country house is the show-place of the county. To look at her you would think her the quietest of the quiet, and that she had'nt an idea beyond crochet and weak tea. But she hunts, has her own stables, keeps four hunters, now and then rides a steeple-chase, buys and sells her own horses without help from any one; has her own wine merchant, wine cellar, and tobacconist; fences boxes, skates, and rows; has her boudoir decorated with foils, gloves, whips, horseshoes, and hunting trophies, smokes cigarettes during the day and cigars after dinner; is a capital judge of claret and port, and can tell Amontillado from Marsala with her eyes shut; is a first-rate shot with a shot-gun or rook rifle; draws her own charges, and pays her own bills; and last, though not least, has a delightful way of letting you see her foot and ankle when she puts one leg over the other on sitting down, that would make a prim old dowager faint, and get her sat upon directly by the sly ones. Yet she has never been known to flirt, has refused more offers than the quiet ones ever dreamed of receiving, and once, it is related, taught the Prince of Wales a lesson by stopping in the middle of a waltz with him at a state ball at Buckingham Palace, and refusing to go on, because he held her tighter than she considered proper. You can't call a girl like that fast. But she knows enough to take care of herself, and if her companionship with the young swells of the day and her imitation of their talk and ways, has taught her to prefer their friendship to their love, it is not unlikely she is nearer right in her estimate of her fellow beings than are the dragonesses of propriety who regard her with abhorrence, but are willing to sell their bashful maidens to the first libertine or titled scapegrace whose establishment and rent roll make him in their eyes a desirable *parti.*—*San Francisco Argonaut*

A Wild Woman in the Woods.

For more than a week the ear of the *Journal* reporter has been assailed with stories of a hideous apparition which had terrorized all the women and children in the neighborhood of Arlington Baptist church in Clear Creek township. The women say that for two weeks they have been subject to terrifying visits in the absence of their husbands from a little shiny black negress with long hair and gleaming eyes. She would ask, in hardly distinguishable gibberish, for a baby to eat, and would make efforts to get hold of the children. The men getting tired of the fears of their wives determined to try to catch the creature, and for the last week crowds of men have been daily and nightly chasing her without success.

The first effort to catch her was made about a week ago by a man by the name of Roberts, a blacksmith of the vicinity. The wild woman had appeared several times at a fire, which it was the habit of Carey Moor, colored, of the neighborhood, to light after dark in the yard of his house for the preparation of his meals. Roberts was put there to watch for her and she appeared even before the flames were well kindled. She presented such a wild look in the half light and asked for food in such a wild fashion that Roberts was demoralized. He recovered, however, made an outcry, and attempted to seize the woman, but she slipped through his hands and disappeared in the dark shadows of the woods.

The very next morning Mr. Steve Crowell caught sight of and chased her across an open field. He says she out run a buck and would clear four corn rows at a leap. That same night she was again enticed from the gloom of the woods by kindling of a fire and was chased by thirty men without success. It was attempted to run her down on another occasion with hounds, but they refused to chase her, which deepened the superstitious feeling with which the men as well as the women began to regard her.

Mr. Marsh Allen, of the neighborhood, declares that he met her one day with her face torn and bleeding and a long bloody knife in her hand. She was not more than five feet high and with her long kinky hair, black, gleaming eyes, bare feet and torn, disordered dress she was terrible to look upon.

There is little doubt that she is a poor, crazy creature, who has become terrified by these chases and flees from all her kind as a hunted creature. Indeed she has met and told one or two people that she came from Concord, but yet so great is the excitement in the community that yesterday an attempt was being made to get together 400 people to endeavor to capture her. One thing that has added to the excitement is the suggestion that it is the negro Joe Ross, one of the Dick Hennegan murderers, who a year or more ago was said to have been about Charlotte dressed in woman's clothes. It will be remembered that a stampede among the colored women was created here at that time.

Old man Robert Simpson, the Clear Creek "Liberal," was in the city yesterday, and on being asked what he thought about it, expressed the opinion that it was "one of these d——d guerrilars."—*Charlotte Journal.*

Withdrawal of Mr. Hubbs.

NEWBERN, N. C., Oct. 14, '82.

To the Voters of the Second Congressional District:

I take this method of advising you of my withdrawal from the contest in this district, and for the following reasons:

1. It is obvious that our democratic friends intend to make the heated contest for Congress in this district a means of trading off our State and Legislative tickets.

2. It is equally certain, from information I have received, that they intend, at the proper time, to put a candidate in the field, in time to profit by our dissensions.

3. Believing, as I do, that harmony and unity in this district are indispensable to the success of the republican party in North Carolina, and seeing plainly it is the purpose of my opponent to remain in the field, I cannot consent to remain and endanger my party, although fully assured of my success in the contest if left between my opponent and myself.

I was nominated fairly and am the choice of the district, yet every consideration of party fealty and patriotism appeals to me to make the sacrifice. I do so after mature deliberation, and beg of my friends a charitable consideration of my action. I shall never forget their unflinching zeal and devotion, and nothing but a higher duty to my party, the success of which I deem paramount to all personal considerations, could prompt this action on my part. I have served you in the past with what ability I possessed. It grieves me now to do that which may seem, to some, unmindful of past preferment; and I repeat, nothing but a firm belief that a continued struggle will give the district and State to the enemy could cause my withdrawal.

Very Respectfully,
ORLANDA HUBBS.

A Just Fate.

EASTMAN, GA., October 20.—At 1 o'clock to day Riddick Powell, Simon Aguinn, Joseph King, Robert Donaldson and Ella Noore, negroes, were hanged in the jail yard for complicity in the riot which occurred at this place on August 6th, during a camp meeting, in which an innocent young white man named James Harward was set upon by an infuriated mob, and after being shot by one of them, was beaten almost to a jelly by the others. The woman raised the first howl which excited the mob to the desperate work. No attempt was made to rescue them, and not more than 50 negroes, from whom violence was expected, were in town. A detachment of military from Macon were present for protection.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Mr. Charles Reid, No. 1611 Second Carondelet avenue, this city was cured by St. Jacobs Oil after sixteen years suffering with rheumatism.

A Draped Locomotive.

"To me," the sad passenger said, "there is something inexpressibly mournful in a draped locomotive; and especially so when it is draped for a dead engineer. The president of a railway company stands a long way from the engine, and when he dies the engine mourns as we sorrow for a rich uncle whom we never saw and who left us nothing. But the man who was a part of the engine's life, who spurred her up the long, steep climbling mountain grades, and coaxed her around dizzy curves, and sent her down the long, level stretches with the fight of an arrow, who knew how to humor all her caprices, and coaxed and petted and urged her through blinding storms and rayless nights, and blistering heat and stinging cold until engine and engineer seemed to be body and soul of one existence —then when this man at last gets his final orders and crosses the dark river alone, with only the radeless target lights of sure and eternal promise gleaming brightly on the other side; and a new face looks out of the engineer's window, then I think I can see profound and sincere sorrow in the panting spirit of power, standing in the station, draped with fluttering emblems of woe, waiting for the caressing touches of the dead hands that it will never feel again. And engineers tell me that for days the engine is fretful under the new hands; it is restless and moody, starts off nervously and impatiently sometimes, then drops into a sullen gait and loses time; that no man gets so much out of an engine as its own engineer.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Josh Billings on Marriage.

History holds its tung as to who the pair wuz who first put on the silken harness, and promised to work kind in it thru thick and thin up hill and down, and on the level, swim, drown, or flote. But whoever tha waz, tha must have made a good thing of it, or so many of their posterity would not have harnessed up since and drove out.

But there ain't but phew folks who put there money in matrimony who could set down and give a good opinyun whi on arth tha come to did it.

Sum marry for love, without a cent in their pockets, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game.

If marrying for love ain't a success, then matrimony is a ded beet.

Sum marry bekawse they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live tew wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry tew get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling game —the more they put down the less they take up.

Sum marry to be happy, and missing it, wonder where all the happiness goes to when it dies.

Sum marry they can't tell why, and live they can't tell how.

Origin of the Word Honeymoon.

Lily asks: "What is the origin of the term 'Honeymoon?" Well, Lily, we will be tetotally amalgamated if we know what the origin of the term was. What the word honeymoon may have to do with that period when the young husband and wife are getting acquainted with each others' home styles of meanness, we are free to state that we do not at this moment exactly know. Think of waking in the dead hours of the night during this blessed time called by the poets and other connubial saints the honeymoon, to find that you noble Adolphus, whose whole being seems to you, Lily, to be the very *ne plus ultra*, the ultima thule, and the pro bono publico of perfection—think of finding him in the stilly hour, we say, when all nature is hushed, Adolphus snores loud enough to crack the eternal granite foundations of the universe. There are places, no doubt, Lily where you can find out by ascertaining, what the origin of this word is, but at this moment the required information has escaped our mind.

A Card.

It having been reported that my name would be used at the coming election in connection with the office of Superior Court Clerk, and that I desired the election to said office, I deem it necessary to say to the people of the county, that, having submitted my claims for nomination to the democratic convention, I could not now consent to the use of my name in any manner calculated or intended to defeat the will of the party and could not accept any position if elected against the will of the party. I shall vote for the nominees of the county convention.

EXPLANATORY.

One week ago to-day I received a communication, informing me that my name was being used to defeat the will of the party and its nominees. In that communication were certain interrogatories marked 1, 2, and 3. I immediately conferred with friends, who advised me not to answer the same. I have yet to see but one man who thought I ought to have done so, the party who composed them himself acknowledging that I did right I then requested Messrs. John T. Barnes, H. G. Connor, and F. A. Woodard to either answer that communication or prepare a card such as would satisfy the demand made upon me. Mr. Connor being absent and before they could consult and do as requested the day of publication of the ADVANCE (5th of July) passed, but in the mean time certain parties made themselves very active in declaring me an independent candidate and as being unfaithful to the party and ungrateful to the people who put me in office. If there is any combination or organization of my friends or any body's friends or enemies in the county to defeat the ticket and elect me as Clerk, I certainly know nothing of its origin and it was without my knowledge, consent or authority. I have always desired that the will of the people should be obeyed whether resulting in my success or defeat.

I am not an independent candidate, nor any other sort, and those who repeat the charge hereafter, will do so knowing the same to be false. I have counseled men to support the ticket and told them I expected to do so myself. If I have ever by any act word or deed of mine influenced any man in the county of Wilson to vote against any man on the ticket or if I have ever brought any charges against any one on the same, then it would be time enough for *some* of my friends to abuse, villify and trumpet my name throughout the county and State; but if I am to be held accountable and responsible for the personal predilections and feelings against men on the ticket and those who do not choose to vote for them, for reasons not known to myself and over which I have no control, my lot will certainly be a hard one.

Hoping that the good people of Wilson county may see where their troubles lie and reconcile all their difficulties for the good of our county.

I remain as ever,
H. C. MOSS.

Hand Cut.

Mr. E. A. Moye of Farmville had the misfortune to get his hand caught in his gin, one day last week and so badly cut that several of his fingers had to be taken off. It is thought that Mr. Moye will lose his hand. These accidental cuttings by gins are becoming quite common, and it is high time that the people should learn to be more careful while around them.—*Greenville Reflector.*

We gather the following practical thoughts from the Petersburg *Rural Messenger:*

There is yet time to sow some of the later kinds of turnips, for use in the late winter and salad in the spring. Should the winter prove tolerably mild, they will grow the season through.

Use all dilligence to get all ripening crops gathered in as fast as they become fit. Do not let them be wasted in the rains. It will pay you to look after the little things in time—the beans, field peas, potatoes, fodder, hay and grass.

Begin to feed stock more liberally now. The hogs, muttons, and beeves intended for slaughter need more muscle and fat, and now is the time to begin to lay it on. Give them the pickings of the fields as early as you can, and save your corn to the final fattening up process. Give a little copperas to all the hogs weekly, and to other stock if need be.

Smear all the plows, hoes, and other iron implements that need become rusty with plenty of kerosene oil. Two or three applications will completely rid a plow of rust.

Clear the poultry houses of all accumulated rubbish and filth, kill the vermine with kerosene, make new laying nests, and whitewash the buildings inside, using a little carbolic acid in the mixture.

A man in Iowa has invented a new fastening for horse collars. It is lucky that the horses collar does not fasten to a button in the back of his shirt, because if it did, judging from human experience, when it flew off after breaking his thumb nail trying to crowd it into a new buttonhole, he would just kick the stuffing out of anything he was hitched to, even if it was a freight car.

"Perfectly Wonderful."

MOBILE, ALA., Feb. 21, 1880.

H. H Warner & Co.: Sirs—Your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has entirely cured me of a chronic kidney and bladder disease. Its effect is perfectly wonderful.

BENJ. M. STEVENS.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

Duty.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

How base to fly and leave a friend
Alone where battle's thunders blend!
Yet that were little dying there
On glory's front, with trumpets' blare,
And battle's shout blent wild about;
The sense of sacrifice, the roar
Of war, the soul may well leap out—
The snow-white soul leap boldly out
The door of wounds, and up the stair
Of heaven to God's open door,
While yet the hands were bent in prayer.
But oh! to leave a soul o'erthrown,
And doomed to slowly die alone!

The body is not much. 'Twere best
Take up the soul and leave the rest.
It seems to me the man who leaves
She soul to perish, is as one
Who gathers up the empty sheaves
When all the golden grain is done.

Be good sweet maid and who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life and death and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

Chas. Kingsley.

HEAVEN.—"When I was a boy I used to think of heaven as a glorious golden city, with jewelled walls, and gates of pearl, with nobody in it but the angels, and they were all strangers to me. But after awhile my little brother died; then I thought of heaven as that great city full of angels, with just one little fellow in it that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew there, at that time. Then another brother died, and there were two in heaven that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the number of my friends in heaven grew larger all the time. But, it was not till one of my own little ones was taken that I began to feel that I had a personal interest in heaven. Then a second went, and a third, and a fourth; and so many of my friends and loved ones have gone there, that it seems as if I know more in heaven than on earth. And now, when my thoughts turn to heaven, it is not the gold and the jewels, and the pearls that I think of—but the loved ones there. It is not the *place*, so much as the *company* that makes heaven so beautiful.

Have any of us lost dear little brothers and sisters, too young to learn about Jesus here? We shall find them in heaven. Did you ever think of this, that there are more more children in heaven than there are grown people? It is so. Do you ask me how I know it. I will tell you.

It is very well known that more than half of the people born into this world die while they are children. *But Jesus takes all little ones to heaven.* He taught us this himself when he took them in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them, saying, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'—*Rev. Richard Newton. D. D.*

CHEERFUL WOMEN.—When men choose a wife they should select a cheerful, happy tempered woman, no matter whether she is handsome or not. They make a great mistake when they marry for beauty and style, or for talent and accomplishments, if there is not a cheerful heart to go on with them, a bright, sunny soul. The sweetest, most loveable wives are those who possess the magic power of being bright and cheerful under almost every circumstance, provided their husbands treat them with courtesy and forbearance, which is their right.—Rich or poor, high or low, it makes little difference, provided the bright little fountain of cheerfulness bubbles up like a continual spring in their hearts and scatters its drops everywhere. Was ever the stream of trial and trouble so dark and deep that the sun-shine of a cheerful face falling across its turbidness would fail to awaken an answering gleam? No indeed! So cultivate a joyous, cheerful, happy disposition, friends, and see for yourselves how much good you can do in this life by its aid.

The girl raised with no profession or trade feels that unless she catches a husband while her young beauty lasts, she will be an old maid and a failure. The way to give her a fair chance is to give her a larger life, and let her feel that, though a good marriage may be the highest estate of woman, a bad one is her greatest curse, and that she need not marry for a home. If the gentlemen who go about marrying two or three wives a year, had women of this kind to deal with, it would be better for them and society.

To read, to think, to love, to hope, and to pray—these are the things that make men happy. They have power to do these things; they never will have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things, but upon iron or glass, steam or electricity, is no wise.—*Ruskin.*