THE WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA
BY
JOSEPHUS DANIELS. - - Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE
One year $2.00
Six months 1.00

Money can be sent by Money Order or Registered Letter at our Risk.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOL 12. WILSON, N. C, FRIDAY DECEMBER 22, 1882. NO. 48

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One Inch, One Insertion, - - $1.0
" " One Month, - - - 2.0
" " Three Months, - - 5.0
" " Six Months, - - 8.0
" " One Year, - - - 15.00

Liberal Discounts will be Made for Larger Advertisements and for Contracts by the Year.

Cash must accompany all Advertisements unless good reference is given.

THE ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

The steamboat epidemic continues. Eight destroyed within a month.

The Durham Recorder has been changed to the Recorder and Tobacco Journal.

It is said that the next National Republican Convention will be held at Richmond, Va.

Two children, one of fifteen and the other of fourteen, were recently married in Fayette county, Pa.

The late Thurlow Weed bequeathed in his will $100 to each of his 18 infanticide namesakes.

An Omaha man found $3 on the street, advertised the find $7 worth and made the loser foot the bill.—So much for honesty.

And now it is officially stated that it will require one hundred and fifty millions of dollars to pay the pension list next year.

If there is to be a change, says the Tarboro *Southerner*, Judge Geo. Howard, of Edgecombe, ought to succeed Senator Ransom.

The editor of the Lumberton *Robesonian*, who has been threatened with the loss of his eye, is, we are glad to know, much better.

Thomas H. Haffler, a colored republican, was elected a county commissioner by a democratic board of magistrates of Perquimans county.

A correspondent of the *News-Observer* urges Dr. John Milton Worth, State Treasurer, for U. S. Senator, to succeed Ransom. And still they come.

Texas claims to have 35,000,000 sheep, yielding 100,000,000 pounds of wool, which is a low average per head, being less than three pounds per fleece.

Jay Gould bought a cemetery lot at a big price, and the Chicago *Times* is afraid that he is about to get control of the route to the land that is fairer than day.

Boston has done a neat thing. The Hub elected a democratic mayor, board of aldermen and majority of the common council. The democrats of the old Bay State are lively.

A permit has been refused to a young Jewess in New York, who had fixed next Sunday for the celebration of her marriage, including the wedding feast, music and dancing.

The Asheville *Citizen* publishes the names of forty one men living in the small county of Jackson who are 70 years old and upward. There are but two over 84, and their ages are respectively 87 and 96.

The office of the Hickory *Carolinian* was destroyed by fire Wednesday night of last week. In addition to printing material the editor sustains the loss of his law office and some very valuable papers.

Mr. John Tisdale, who is well known throughout the county, for his genial hospitality, says that a constant diet on rabbit will cure the most stubborn case of gout without fail, in a very short time.—Reporter.

The Charlotte *Journal* says a pointer pup died in that place from eating one-fourth pound of shingle nails. There are about 1,000 worthless "pups" in this county that are deserving a dose of the same medicine.

Governor-elect Butler, of Massachusetts, is reported as saying that he will be a Republican Governor. We hope Governor Bagwell will do the same the next time.

New Jersey scientists have concocted an invention to fight the lazy, with it getting out of bed in the morning. How could the lazy be induced to use it? By getting a woman to sit on one hundred and forty pounds!

Our people may as well peep up their barns and look after the undermining in their houses, as the prophecies heretofore made by Dr. Wiggins, the astronomer, who predicts the big storm on the 9th of March next, have all been fulfilled.

Miss Mary Hobart is now lecturing in Philadelphia on "How to wash a Baby," borrowing a live baby from some mother by way of illustrating her remarks. She will be followed by a well-known old bachelor of that city on "How to dress a Wife."

Maurice Burgen, of Monroe, La., had so strong a presentment that his earthly course was almost run, that several months ago he made a bet with a friend for a suit of clothes against a coffin that he would be dead before December 1st. He won the bet, and was handsomely buried a fortnight ago.

Will somebody yoke a pair of high land terrapins and go to Watauga after the official vote of that county for Congressman at large? More stringent legislation is needed to hurry up the election returns all over the State. Why, we can learn the vote of the entire North and West before we can hear the vote of this county and Person.—Milton *Chronicle*.

The Post Master-General recommends that newspapers shall pay no postage. We are of the same opinion.

A resolution favoring the reduction of letter postage to two cents has been adopted by the House of Representatives.

Maj. Barrett of Kinston is urged for Engrossing clerk of the house. He has filled that position—he has the necesary qualifications and we hope that he will be elected.

Our level headed contemporary, the Wilmington *Star*, opposes making any new counties by the next legislature. We add our protest. 96 counties in North Carolina are enough.

Arabi Pasha was condemned and sentenced to death by the court martial; the Khedive commuted the sentence to exile for life; it is believed that he will retire to some part of the British dominion.

During the year there have been present at the Oxford Orphan Asylum one hundred and eighty seven orphans. Forty of these have been discharged, finding "abundant employment and reasonable wages."—Two have been adopted by good people. The total receipts in cash have been $14,451 92. Not all of this has been expended, for there was on hand December 5th, $419.26. In addition to this the new building for the boys has been completed.

A man in Conyers, Ga., claims to be the boss swapper. Ten years ago he bought a pocket knife, for which he paid $2. He swapped this for a pistol; he swapped the pistol for a shot-gun, the gun for a cow, the cow for a horse, and sold the horse for $500. He invested the $500 for the first five years, and drew out $2,000. He has had the $2,000 out at interest for five years at 10 per cent., and he now has the result of his knife trade—$3,000.

T. C. Evans, editor of the Reidsville *Times*, is a candidate for re-election as Reading Clerk of the House. He says: "A lead pencil is all my capital. The winter is hard on my business and money tight.—I need the place. These are the facts. I have no talent for button holing and electioneering. If you honor me I in return will do my full duty by you, and those who have once tried me are certainly 'George Washingtons enough to say this is so."

The fifty-seventh session of the Annual Conference of the North Carolina District, Methodist Protestant Church, met at Shiloh, Davidson county, November 30th, 1882. President J. R. Ball; Secretary J. L. Michaux. Rev. D. A. Highfill preached the Conference Sermon.—There were forty ministers and thirty laymen present. R. H. Wills was chosen President for the next Conference year. The next Conference will meet at Enfield, Nov. 28th, 1883.

Col Waddell says in the Charlotte *Journal*: "It will no doubt be a matter of surprise to some of our readers to learn that a Congressman is not required by law to live in the District for which he is elected, but such is the fact. There were three Congressmen recently elected in New York, neither of whom lives in the District represented by him and there is one in Illinois, and possibly others elsewhere. 'Sunset' Cox does not live in his District, and never has since he has been a Congressman from New York.'"

They tell a number of good things on Congressman Ochiltree, of Texas, but the best we have yet seen is as follows: George Alfred Townsend made Ochiltree the butt of ridicule in one of his "Gath" letters, and spoke of him as "the greatest liar in America." "Did you see my husband's reference to you in his letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*?" asked Mrs. Townsend of Tom. "Yes, madam, I did," said the Congressman-elect. "There are three great liars in America. I am one of them; your husband is the other two."

The complete poems of Paul H. Hayne, the poet of the south, have just been issued from the press of D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston. It is published in several elegant styles of binding, rich, embellished with many choice engravings, making a volume of rare value. It is sold only by subscription. Agents are desired in every city and town in the Southern States. Any one desiring to be of service to the poet, should send their subscription or application for an agency to the publishers.

The newspaper men are getting their names in the papers. One or two have been elected to the legislature, one in Wilson had a difficulty last week, and now we read that Mr. Wm. Henly, editor of the Wadesboro *Intelligencer* had a fuss with a revenue officer named Perkins and shot him in the neck. This is, we believe, the second time Mr. Henly has been fighting this year, having once had a fraternal fight with a a brother editor. He evidently has "blood in his eye," and always "whips his man."

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

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

The Goldsboro *Star* and *Enterprise* have been consolidated.

Mr. J. N Taylor has been appointed Post Master at Rocky Mount *vice* L. B. Pennington.

Rev. W. S. Lacy has been called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Goldsboro. It is thought he will accept.

We learn from the Weldon *News* that the gin house of Mr. Chas T. Lawrence, near Scotland Neck, was recently burned by an incendiary.

John H. Small Esq. has bought the *North State Press* and changed its name to the Washington *Gazette*. He starts out well and will make a good paper.

Kinston has two excellent schools with about 300 pupils in both, and now a new one is to be opened. Miss Whitehurst is to be Principal and Miss Alice Grady assistant.

It seems that the Edgecombe radicals worked like beavers to get the office for Mr. Taylor, who is a democrat, expecting him to render assistance in going their bonds. The result was that he got the office but did not aid the radicals elect to give bond. He will make a good Post Master.

We understand says the Washington *Gazette*, from good authority that the J. & W. R. R. has been sold. A gentleman in town this week who is generally conversant in railroad matters gave us the information. He said he heard Mr. King say that Mr. Fisher had been ordered to turn the road over to another party. That party is supposed to be the E. C. & N. R. R. We wait for further information.

An exchange says that Gen. Cox, Represenative in Congress from the Raleigh district has introduced a bill in Congress to abolish the internal revenue system. Now let him introduce a bill, and let all our delegation urge its passage, to prohibit any man from contracting to carry mails through the country by what is known as "Star Route" who is not a *bona fide* resident of the section through which the route passes.

A Wonderful Family.

Atlanta has a wonderful family of four brothers. These four boys started a few years ago selling newspapers. They made ten cents a piece the first morning they went to work, and for two winters there after they went, barefooted, through the snow and sleet in the freezing dawn, on their morning rounds. From the very first they saved a certain percentage of their earnings, which they wisely invested in Atlanta real estate. The oldest is now eighteen years of age, and the youngest twelve. They have supported an invalid father and their mother all the time, and now have property worth considerably $5,000, houses from which the rent is $20 dollars a month, and $200 stock in a building and loan association. What these boys have done, other boys may do.

Modern Courtship.

The Rev. R. C. Goss is the author of the following on "Modern Courtship:" The different circumstances of the people cause a difference in their manner of courting. There are thousands, for example, who are compelled to do their courting on the seats in public parks, and our servants do theirs leaning upon the gate railing in front of our dwellings. Love is, however, a law unto itself, and should be left to act naturally and without restraint.

In these courting arrangements young ladies too often feign a coldness when they are burning with love, doing this for the purpose of drawing on the young man. This is entirely wrong, as it may end rather in driving him off.

Young ladies and gentleman should be entirely frank in their courtship, and should practice no such wiles.

They should cultivate affection, for love is of God.

Another fault in our methods of courtship which should be condemned is the want of conversation with respect to the peculiar traits of each other. The young man should describe to the young lady his weak points, and she may, in return, speak of his good qualities. This will prevent, after marriage, many mutual recriminations.

The young man should state frankly to his affianced his financial condition. He should also be informed if she has any property, and its nature and value. They know, mutually, their exact financial condition. The idea should be scorned that the young man may deceive the young lady as to his affairs. For the sake of comfort after marriage they should act toward each other with entire candor. There is too much holding back upon the subject of money matters.

A young man should also undeceive a lady if he has no serious intentions in reference to her. She will, really, respect him for his frankness in regard to what he might propose doing.

If he has no thought of addressing her seriously he should let the fact be known without delay. Young men should also be careful what they say or do in the presence of these giggling girls, for they often make the best wives. Six out of ten of them marry sedate men and soon settle down into staid matrons.

Men of sober sense do not want wives of sober sense, and giggling girls do not want giggling boys. There is, however, no one rule as to the manner of conducting courtship. All will court as they please in their own way.

In conclusion, take as your motto the golden rule, and do to the young lady in all your intercourse with her what you would like her do to you. The golden rule is a rule made in heaven, and it is applicable to courtship as well as to all other affairs of life. Do not think a thought or commit an act in reference to her that you would not have her think or commit in reference to yourself. This makes character the basis of courtship, and the character is a sacred thing.

The Latest in Dances.

There has been much talk of the late fashionable dances, and some people, who have never indulged in or seen the "Racquet," may desire to get an idea of it. The waltzing of the period is startlingly unlike that of a half dozen years past. The "racquet," strictly speaking, is neither a waltz nor a polka, the best parts of both are preserved. Some cynical person, who has only looked at the new dance, thus describes it:

"The music strikes up with a crash, as though a new volcano had broken out, and the girl will cling tightly, as though frightened, if she understands the dance, and the young man will reassure her by a gentle pressure, if he understands the dance, or knows anything at all. At the second crash, they dodge, as though some one had thrown a blacksmith shop at them, and they start in. They begin by imitating the struggle for life, representing a person who is drowning, but, at each crash of the cymbals and bass drum, they dodge and shoot to one side, then dart back again, jam each other sideways, and then, as the crash becomes more terrific and deafening, they try to drive each other through the floor by main strength, get desperate and claw and tear and pull, and, then all at once, they go raving mad with hydrophobia and delirium tremens, and gnash their teeth and rave and suffer the most terrible agony—and it is all over. It is a short dance, as the design is amusement, not murder. But short as it is, it is said to be very sweet."

The above is from the *News and Observer*, and describes the dance to perfection.

The Tramp's Plea.

'Have you got time to do a little figuring for me?' asked a seedy man, leaning over the book keeper's desk. 'Just a little figuring?'

'What is it?' demanded the book-keeper, impatiently.

'Put down 23,673,' replied the seedy man humbly.

'Go on,' said the book-keeper.

'Got it down already?' You are quick at figures. Now put down 7,621.'

'Go ahead.'

'Now make another column. Put down 642.'

'Come, come, hurry up!'

'And 2,463. Put that under the 642.'

'Well, what next?'

'Commence another column with 1,466, and add the whole business up.'

'How's that?' demanded the book-keeper: 'add up the separate columns and then add them together?'

'Add 'em all at once, if you'd rather,' replied the tramp, with humility. 'How much does it make?'

'It makes 34,817,' replied the book-keeper.

'Could you walk that number of miles?' asked the seedy man.

'I shouldn't like to try,' rejoined the book-keeper.

'If you saw a man that had got that far to walk before he could plant a stem on the grave of his poor old mother, wouldn't you lend him a quarter until he got back?'

The stony heart of the book-keeper was not proof against this appeal, and the mourner went away happy.

It is said that the homeliest babies make the handsomest adults. Every girl that reads this will remember how homely she used to be when a baby.

THE FARM AND COUNTRY.

New Grain for the South.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE NEW CEREAL BROUGHT FROM SOUTH AMERICA BY REV. H. H. PRATT.

The Rev. H. H. Pratt, of South Carolina, was for sometime missionary in South America, he presented to the public a new cereal, milomaize. It is found in Columbia in large quantities, and forms the common food of the working classes there, and is also used for working animals. Mr. Pratt has been successfully growing it in South Carolina for several years.—The cakes made from it, ground into meal, are preferred to corn meal bread. The Savannah Guano Company's chemist pronounces it superior in food qualities to wheat. Experiments show that from 50 to 100 bushels of clean seed per acre can be raised. Mr. Pratt describes the plant as follows: "The plant is allied to the sorghum and Guinea corn families, and should not be planted where there is any danger of mixing them. The grain is smaller and more mealy than the Guinea corn, the heads are larger and more compact, and the color is milk white instead of red. It differs from the sorghum in this, that the sugar it contains is fully converted into corn when the grain matures—so that the pith of the green stalks becomes as dry and tasteless as that of Indian corn when the stalk is dead. In Baranquilla, on the coast, where we have a dry season (which is really a drought,) of five or six months' continuance, I have had it planted in my garden, and after it had ripened one crop of seed, I have cut it down to the roots; in the midst of this dry season, and had a second crop, of inferior quality of course, to shoot up at once from the roots. I have been told that a third crop of fully ripened seed can thus be made from a single plant. I do not know what this can imply (for the soil at that season gets dry as a potsherd and nearly as hard,) unless it means that above most other plants this lives off the atmosphere, which there is certainly charged with moisture from the sea. It was this unlimited capacity to stand drouth which induced me to bring the seed home, in the belief that it would be of incalculable service to our southern States, when our crops so often fail from drouth.—Southern Lumberman.

The south has caught the cue of prosperity, to wit: Make everything you eat, drink and wear; sell off the surplus to your friends who live in an inhospitable clime. Encourage your own merchants and manufacturers: try and inaugurate and establish direct trade with foreign countries: build your own ships and have your own foreign commerce. We are our own masters by the blessing of Providence.—Lynchburg Advance.

"Farmers are opening their eyes," says the Carolinian, "to see that intensive farming is the opposite to extensive farming. Less land and more work; fewer acres and a greater supply of fertilizers; not so much careless crop raising and more diligent culture. One acre, well prepared and carefully cultivated, is worth five acres indifferently prepared and carelessly cultivated."

A real estate agent of this city received a telegram last night from the manager of a New York land company, inquiring if 500,000 acres of wild land could be had in North Carolina, in a solid body.—Charlotte Journal.

Re-Districting the State.

RE-DISTRICTING the State will engage much of the time and attention of the Legislature at its approaching session. The State must be divided into nine Congressional districts and each of these districts ought to have the same number of inhabitants, or as nearly so as possible. In every State the dominant party is always charged with "gerrymandering," that is making the districts in the interests of the party without due regard to their contiguity or population, and this charge is too often well-founded. For the honor of our State and party we hope that our Legislature will not render itself liable to this charge. Of course the democrats will wish to make as many democratic districts as possible, but in doing so they should not make any district disproportionately large or small. Let every Congressman represent, as near as can be, an equal number of constituents. This can be done, and yet the democrats can have eight out of the nine districts. A correspondent, who is thoroughly posted and is fond of figures has furnished the *Record* with the following plan for re-districting the State. He gives the names of the counties in each district, the population of each district, and the majorities for Jarvis and Buxton in 1880, and of Bennett and Dockery in 1882, as follows:

FIRST DISTRICT.—Beaufort, Camden, Currituck, Dare, Gates, Greene, Hyde, Lenoir, Martin, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Pamlico, Pitt, Tyrrell and Washington. Population 150,975. Jarvis majority 958. Bennett's 503.

SECOND DISTRICT.—Bertie, Chowan, Edgecombe, Granville, Halifax, Hertford, Northampton, Warren and Vance. Population 166,000. Buxton's majority 5,507. Dockery's, 8,725.

THIRD DISTRICT.—Carteret, Craven, Duplin, Johnston, Jones, Onslow, Sampson, Wayne and Wilson. Population 153,000. Jarvis' majority 791. Bennett's, 615.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—Anson, Brunswick, Cabarrus, Columbus, New Hanover, Pender, Richmond, Robeson, Stanley and Union. Population 161,000. Jarvis' majority 1,095. Bennett's, 687.

FIFTH DISTRICT.—Caswell, Durham, Franklin, Nash, Orange, Person, Rockingham and Wake. Population 163,000. Jarvis' majority 98. Bennett's, 538

SIXTH DISTRICT.—Alamance, Chatham, Cumberland, Guilford, Harnett, Moore, Bladen and Randolph. Population 150,164. Jarvis' majority 577. Bennett's, 872.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.—Catawba, Davidson, David, Gaston, Iredell, Lincoln, Mecklenburg, Montgomery and Rowan. Population 158,000. Jarvis' majority 2,473. Bennett's, 1,22

EIGHTH DISTRICT.—Alexander, Alleyany, Ashe, Burke, Caldwell, Forsythe, McDowell, Stokes, Surry, Wataga, Wilkes and Yadkin. Population 150,000. Jarvis' majority 2,06. Bennett's, 2,106.

NINTH DISTRICT.— Buncombe, Cherokee, Clay, Cleveland, Graham, Haywood, Henderson, Jackson, Macon, Madison, Mitchell, Polk, Rutherford, Swain, Transylvania and Yancey. Population 149,000. Jarvis' majority 3,005. Bennett's, 2,596.

The population of the proposed districts is nearer equal than is the population of our present districts. —*Chatham Record.*

Marry a Gentleman.

It was excellent advice, I saw lately, given to young ladies, urging to marry only gentlemen, or not to marry at all. The word was used in its broadest, truest sense, it did not have any reference to those who had fine raiment and white hands, and the veneering of society polish, merely to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true, manly qualities, however hard their hands and sun brown their faces. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters, and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. A man may be ever so rustic in his surroundings, if he be a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent to such a character, which everywhere commands respect, and makes its owner pass for what he is, one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair girls; there are such men still in this world. You need not all die old maids. But wait till the prince passes by. No harm in a delay. You will not be apt to find him in a ball room and I know he will never be seen walking from a liquor saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not time to become a "champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else. Be very wary in choosing girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for enduring love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the "interference" of parents. You'll travel long and far in this world before you will find any one who has your truest interest at heart more than your father and mother; age and experience has given them an insight into character which is much beyond your own. It is very unsafe to marry a man against whom so wise a friend has warned you. I never yet knew a runaway match that was not followed by a deep trouble in one way or another, and matches made "in spite" are pretty sure to end in life-long repentance.—*Woman at Work.*

He dallied with her dimpled hand—
Looked in her liquid eyes—
She, halfway blushing, turned her head,
And glanced at him sidewise;
He squoze her dainty hand some more—
Abashed she stood the while—
"Dost love me little one?" he chirped,
She gurgled, "I should smile."—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

MISS CARROLL'S FATE.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

Carrol Lindsay stood at the window of Aunt Nabby's tidy sitting-room, and flattened her pretty nose against the pane disconsolately

There was the great village street with a double row of sedate-looking houses guarded by prim little trees whose bare boughs were sternly outlined against a wintry gray sky.

A few wandering snowflakes hovered in the air. Within the sitting room where Carrol stood, a coal fire burned softly in the grate, and a bright, yellow canary fluttered in an old fashioned square cage, and executed ecstatic trills.

Carrol was suffering voluntary exile. She had been educated with expectation of one day becoming the wife of Mr. Wilton Jeffers, who was some ten years her senior.

Now she had never seen Mr. Jeffers, but he was expected at her home in Boston, to spend the christmas holidays, and Carrol had declared that she would rather die than meet him, and had worked herself up into a fine state of heroics over a young dry-goods clerk in the city, with whom she imagined herself to be desperately in love, and had finally actually run away from home to Aunt Nabby's in Vermont, from whence she had sent a little willful letter over which the family laughed, and then settled down to receive Wilton Jeffers, wisely concluding that a visit to Aunt Nabby's in December would be a good thing for their madcap.

Carrol had been there four weeks, and she was heartily weary of it, but as letters from home still alluded to Mr. Jeffers' presence, she would not return. To tell the truth, she was rather disappointed that her escapade was taken so quietly at home.

She had imagined herself quite a heroine, and had exchanged sentimental notes with her dry goods clerk, in which she anathematized Wilton Jeffers as a "hateful tyrant," who would "force her into a distasteful marriage," and it was rather humiliating to find the "tyrant" was evidently not at all anxious to see her, and that she was being most decidedly let alone.

She was rather taking, was Carrol; slender and graceful, with an arch, brunette face, laughing hazel eyes, a quantity of soft, brown hair coiled low at the back of her head, and good teeth in a very kissable mouth.

This afternoon as she stood absently pulling the little curl over her forehead with, as I have before stated, her pretty nose flattened against the window-pane, a gentleman, moving very deliberately through the falling snowflakes, looked at her in approval. He was a young man, and a stranger. Carrol decided at a glance. None of the young men of the village had that easy, self-assured gait, or that lordly carriage of the head. He was fine-looking, too, with a bold dark eye, and a curling beard of reddish brown.

Carrol was a born coquette; she was bored half to death with her four weeks, uneventful life at Aunt Nabby's. She caught the stranger's lingering look of admiration, and utterly forgetful for the moment that she had vowed eternal fidelity to her dry goods clerk, she smiled so sweetly and archly that the gentleman—he was a gentleman—may be forgiven for lifting his hat and smiling in return.

The next day as her way to the postoffice Carrol lost her veil. The wind which whisked it off blew it against the knees of this strange gentleman, who was coming from the opposite direction. Of course he returned it and received another smile accompanied by Carrol's thanks.

After that there was rarely a day in which they did not meet, until it became a common matter for him to join her on her way to the post-office.

His name he informed her was Will Harris. He was stopping at the hotel for a few weeks, and appeared to have no particular business, and Carrol came to the decision that he was wealthy.

For a time this acquaintance progressed famously. Will Harris made himself very agreeable, and foolish little Carrol, who had begun the flirtation out of sheer desperation, began to wish that she had never met him, or at least that she had been introduced to him in the orthodox fashion.

She was quite sure that she admired the dark-eyed Harris more than any one she knew. She quite neglected her drygoods clerk, who after penning one or two approachful letters to his fickle love, returned all his cream-tinted epistles, demanding his own in return, and renouncing her forever.

Devoutly thankful for the turn of affairs, Carrol bundled up all the youth's tender billet-doux and sent them off.

About this time she received a letter from home stating the fact that Wilton Jeffers had left Boston, therefore she might return as soon as possible.

Singularly enough Carrol didn't seem to care about going home.—Hillton seemed a charming little spot to her, and when she spoke to Will Harris of leaving it, her dainty chin quivered suspiciously, and she winked two bright drops from her eyes.

It was just dusk and they were crossing the windy little common together, where the colored lights of the village drug store made a broad pathway, and shone full for a moment on Carrol's troubled countenance.

"Don't cry, my little Carrol," said the young man tenderly, as he pressed the slender hand upon his arm.

"Why! I'm not crying!" asserted Carrol, stoutly; and Harris wisely refrained from contradicting, although a tender and amused smile lingered in his eyes.

"My dear little girl," he began.

"Hush! You must not speak to me like that," interrupted Carrol hastily, with quivering tones. "I have been very weak and silly, Mr. Harris, and I know you cannot have much respect for me; but indeed, I meant no harm; I was so dull at auntie's, and I never thought to carry this flirtation so far——

"Carrol is this nothing but a flirtation to you? Answer me truly!"

He had halted, his face looking pale, and his eyes stern and cold in the dusky light.

She turned away, a sudden sob shaking her from head to foot.

"Darling!" he whispered, drawing her hand once more within his arm, "you love, it is useless to deny it. Carrol, I am your fate; nothing can divide us," and he laughed outright with an air of mingled amusement and exultation that puzzled the girl.

"Something will divide us," she said despondently. "I have told you of Mr. Jeffers. My parents hope, in time, to bring us together. They will not receive you."

"Will not? We will see, my dear. Now listen to me. You just pack up your trunk and go home like a good child, and in just one week from to-night I will call at your house in Boston with a mutual friend to properly introduce me, and you will see what you will see. Only, whatever comes to pass, you truly love me, Carrol?"

He detained her gently for a moment. She met his smiling gaze with two tearful eyes, and nodded silently, not daring to trust herself to speak.

He raised her hand to his lips and walked away, while she ran on to Aunt Nabby's little cottage.

When Carrol reached home, she found that Ned, her elder brother was absent.

She had been at home three days when they received a telegram stating that Ned had met Wilton Jeffers in New York, and would bring him back with him on Wednesday. Carrol remembered that Wednesday was the day of Will Harris' promised visit, so she could not run away from the dreadful Mr. Jeffers this time.

Wednesday evening came. Carrol fluttered up and down the long parlor restless and feverish.

She was charming and dainty enough to please either suitor, in an exquisitely fitting dress of wine-colored cashmere, relieved at throat and wrists by frills of soft lace.

She listened nervously for the ring of the bell which should announce the arrival of Will Harris.

But she heard instead the sound of footsteps in the hall as the door closed, and Ned's laughing voice calling:

"Come on Jeffers! We shall find Carrol in here!"

Carrol stood in sudden dismay. That hateful Wilton Jeffers had come.

The door opened and Ned sprang forward and kissed her, then stepping aside announced with a flourish:

"Our dear friend, the best fellow in the world, Wilton Jeffers!"

And the tall gentleman who came forward with outstretched arms, and laughing, tender eyes, was Will Harris himself.

Carrol looked from one to the other, then back to her parents, who stood in the doorway.

"Was it a plot?" she faltered, holding Jeffers back with one hand.

"Yes, honey, it was!" confessed Ned, falling on his knees. "Do forgive us. Wilton is such a jolly fellow, and you were so determined not to meet him. He went up there on purpose to get acquainted with you, and succeeded. His name is Wilton Harris Jeffers, but you didn't know that.

"You cannot run away from fate, Carrol," but she allowed him to kiss her."

Washington correspondent Pittsburg *Post*: Senator Joe Brown said to-day that the defeat of Ransom, of North Carolina, would be the greatest loss the South could sustain in the Senate. His personal influence in the Senate is remarkable. He is the soul of honor and the wisest of Southern politicians.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

Guardian Angels.

There are two angels that attend unseen,
Each one of us; and in great book record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action, closes
His volume and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent, which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
—*Longfellow's Golden Legend.*

Advice to A Young Man.

I think, my boy, that just about at your age is the time for you to learn what you are good for. And when you have found what it is, go at it and stick to it. I want to see you at work.

"I have no secret," said Turner, the great painter, "but hard work."

"Nothing," said Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will. This is the only law of success."

"There is but one method," says Sidney Smith, "and that is hard work."

"The difference between one man and another," says Dr. Arnold, "is not so much in talent as in energy."

And do you direct your energy in one channel. Don't be diffusive in your work. There is power in concentration. A handful of powder scattered on the ground makes a great smoke when it is fired, but nothing more. It is the few ounces compressed in the blast or gun-barrel that counts for something when it goes off. If you are a lawyer, a physician, or a carpenter, and make up your mind that you will know as much about one particular line or profession, you do well. Because, if you know as much on one point as any other man, surely as the heavens are above us, you will know much more about it than thousands, and immeasurably more than millions of other men, and this makes you an authority.

Be ambitious as you will, but be ambitious in some particular direction. You can make any sphere of labor honorable. A good, honest, earnest man can shovel sand with credit to himself and profit to his employer, and honor to his country. Many a good blacksmith and harness-maker have been spoiled by schools of law and medical colleges; and let me tell you, Telemachus, right here, that society, your country, humanity and God need good carpenters and shoe-makers and stone cutters and farm hand, more than poor doctors and poor preachers and poor editors. If you have to choose between a poor lawyer and a good deck hand, be a good deck hand every time.—*Hawkeye.*

Early Marriages.

Early marriages give the greatest promise of happiness. This is the voice of nature, which is the same as saying it is the voice of God. There are good reasons why some may decline altogether to marry; there are reasons why others may defer marriage; but it is an inspired word that says: "Rejoice with the wife of thy youth."—But the extravagant habits of many of our young people of both sexes are an insuperable bar to matrimony. They waste in dress and amusement what might build them homes, and so, drifting upon the tide of life homeless and aimless, our young men fall into vice and our young women into—what we find them to be. Love, health, and industry, are capital enough for any young couple to begin with.—With the blessing of God these will win.

So let the young people marry—let them marry for love and for life.—Nashville *Christian Advocate.*

Some Strong Words to Young Women.

The Rev. J. Hervey Beale, of the First Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, said some plain words to young women on Sunday. He condemned vigorously tight lacing and tight shoes. He said that many came to hear him preach whose feet and forms were so compressed that they could not hear the word of God. He condemned the habit of gossipping in these words: "When women are together they breathe observations not affecting the worth of another woman, but her appearance. Something is always wrong. This one has no pedigree. That one is foolish because she talks too much. Another has hair of a wrong color, or a nose that has been put on wrong. Some open their mouths too much when they talk, and others have bangs too large. They are always sneering, and cannot pass one another on the street without making unpleasant remarks." This last is a very sweeping assertion.

Sometime ago we saw this saying by Dr. Deems, "Of two evils choose—neither."