THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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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 ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

Gov. Hendricks is improving.

The Legislature met Wednesday.

The *Journal* speaks of the church going heathens of Newberne.

Vance has gone to Ohio to grapple in argument with a noted protectionist.

The Winston Sentinel is twenty-seven years old. "May it live long and prosper."

Birdegroom's motto (very free translation)—Veni! vidi! vici! I've been! and gone!! and done it!!!

That wonderful man Edison has a contract to light the city of Mexico by his famous electrical process.

Prof. G. M. Smithdead will shortly open a Business College in Greensboro. It should be well sustained

Daniel G. Fowle is named as Ransom's successor by a newspaper correspondent. Thats about all there will be of his candidacy.

Judge Tourgee, in "Our Continent," pronouces "the late Republican party as dead to-day as if Cheops had been built over its ashes."

An amateur editor has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief on reading one of his editorials, and left him $150,000.

A white man in Liberia must feel funny. He cannot vote in the land of a black man's rule. The colored brother fares better with us.

The Baltimore *Sun:* Outside of North Carolina Senator Ransom has won the reputation of an able, conservative and honest Senator."

A Pennsylvania paper chronicles the attempted suicide of one Agnes Wunder. Of course, Agnes will recover, Wunders, you know, never cease.

The Winston *Leader* is four years old. Its editor is one of the most talented young men in the state and richly deserves the success he is receiving.

The Petersburg *Index-Appeal* favors Hancock and Jo Johnson for 1884 and says that the ticket could carry every Southern State. Very likely. But would it not lose every Northern State?

Some idea of the size of Texas may be gathered from the fact that she holds in trust for the benefit of her free schools a territory 6,000,000 of acres larger than all the New England states combined.

This time he lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., and he only took $250,000. He was the ex-Secretary of the Board of Education and his name is Stuart and a bad steward he was. The disease spreads.

Mrs. Elizabeth Andrews died in Montgomery county, and in great poverty it was supposed. A bag was found in her mattress which contained $5,000, as we learn from the Wadesboro *Intelligencer.*

They mobbed the widower who, at Waterloo, Iowa, while erecting only a pine slab over his wife's grave, presented a handsome piano to the girl who had been very kind to him during his sad affliction.

The people of Uniontown, where Dukes killed Mr. Nutt, the cashier of the Pennsylvania Treasury, are talking of lynching him. Dukes first ruined Miss Nutt, then assassinated her father. Lynching would be a deserved fate.

Commissions were issued to the following Congressmen elect: R. T. Bennett, at large; W. F. Pool, 1st district; J. E. O'Hara, 2d; W. J. Green, 3d; W. R. Cox, 4th; A. M. Scales, 5th; C. Dowd, 6th; Tyre York, 7th; R. B. Vance, 8th.

The widow of Chief Justic Harden of Kentenky, once a lady of affluence and high social position, is now living in the upper story of a deserted rookery, struggling to support herself and little daughter. Such are the ups and downs of life.

Take heed, ye beer drinkers; One of the recently imported ostriches was allowed to swallow a glass of New York lager and died from the effects of it in a few hours. A beverage which will kill an ostrich is certainly something to be shunned.

Dr. William Woodard, of Buncombe, was suffering from toothache and neuralgia. He took a dose of aconite and went to sleep, from which he never awakened, as we learn from the Asheville *Citizen.* He was a very promising young physician.

The Goldsboro *Messenger* says Hon. W. T. Dortch left for Raleigh Tuesday to meet and consult the gentlemen constituting with him the "Code Commission." The book is now being printed and will be ready to be placed in the hands of the members of the General Assembly by next week. "The Code" as it is called, is a magnificent work—a volume nearly as large as the United Staies Statutes—and bears evidence of ability and much hard work on the part of Messrs. Dortch, Manning and Henderson.

Cotton pickers multiply. Capt. O. R. Smith, of Durham, has used his new patented picker in the field, and the Durham *Plant* says it is a success. Mr. Charles Price of this town, is at work on a picker of his invention, that some of our citizens have taken stock in.—*Eliz. City Economist.*

While a young girl in Thomas Morrison's school, near Manly, was standing with her back to the fire her dress caught from the flames and her clothes were literally burnt from herbody, before the flames could be extinguished. She was a daughter of Thomas Walden.—Carthage *Gazette.*

The Greenville *Reflector* denounces Wm. Davidson & Co., dealers in Fertilizers, 118 W. Lombard St Baltimore, as frauds. We beg leave to deny it. We have had business transactions with the firm and have found them always prompt and reliable. Our bills were always paid without waiting for us to "dun" them.

Since Dickens' death, twelve years since, 4,250,000 copies of his works have been sold in England alone. "Pickwick" heads the list and the "Tale of Two Cities" is the lowest. But it is the most artistic, natural and dramatic of all his works. It lacks the humor and exaggeration which makes him so popular a writer.

The NewBerne *Journal* says A correspondent urges the selection of Gov. Thomas J. Jarvis for United States Senator. There are two reasons why this should not be. 1. The Governor don't want it. 2. The people don't want him to have it. This has been sufficiently indicated in the steady Democratic loss throughout the State under his leadership.

It seems to be understood that Congress at the present sesssion will pass a general Bankrupt Bill. A few days since a motion was made in the Senate to indefinitely postpone its consideration, which was defeated by a vote of 34 to 26 and the bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee for revision. That there is a necesity for some kind of bankrupt law cannot be denied.

Quiz says that woman's waist, to be beautiful should measure twenty-seven to thirty-one inches. We infer that the lady who formerly edited *Quiz* has been superseded by a young man, as the male sex are more addicted to measuring ladies' waists. When a young man's arm won't go entirely around the feminine waist it may be taken for granted that it—the waist—is not beautiful.

Correspondency of the Petersburg *Index-Appeal*: Weldon N. C., December 29, 1882.—I learn that one night last week the notorious Eaton Mills, who has served one or two terms in the penitentiary, shot another negro named Henry Ponton. Mills fled, and is said to gone on one of the excursion trains towards Petersburg. Ponton died in a day or two and was buried yesterday.

Housholders will soon have an opportunity of buying light by the box, as they now buy kerosene oil by the can. What is known as the storage system of electricity, which has attracted especial attention during the two years since the wonderful discovery of M. Faure, seems about to be perfected. The electrician says this system will eliminate the element of danger involved in stringing electric wires through buildings, and make use of electric light perfectly safe, as well as surpassingly convenient.

The latest heretic is a pastor of a Baptist congregation of Poughkeepsie, who has been driven from his pulpit because he wore "a flannel shirt next to his vest at a watering place," "put his food into his mouth with a knife instead of a fork," and "was seen sitting on a sofa with his wife, both eating from the same banna." Exactly wherein these practices run counter to the Apostles' creed which is supposed to be the foundation of the theology of the Baptist Church it is difficult to see.

"The fact that the *State Journal* opposes Senator Ransom," says the *Granville Free Lance,* and advocates Dortch for the United States Senate is well calculated with a Democratic Legislature, to advance the interests of the former and destroy the prospects of the latter. The course of the *Journal* during the late campaign was not such as to commend its advice or suggestions to the consideration of any Democrat." This calls to mind an incident that occurred during the campaign. The editor of the *State Journal* sent his paper to a resident of Wilson, a Democrat whose democracy is unquestioned, and after reading it a few times, he ordered it discontinued. The publisher continued to send it and after a few weeks the gentleman wrote to the editor saying that if he sent it to him again he would sue him for libel. This had the desired effect and the gentleman was not again inflicted with the paper.

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

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

Jno. R. Dail & Sons, leading merchants of Snow Hill, have failed.

The Midland road is running a telegraph line from Goldsboro to Smithfield.

Mr. John H. Morris' store in Goldsboro was burned Tuesday. Loss $1,000.

The directors of the Colored Insane Asylum met in Goldsboro Wednesday.

Kirby Smith, of Goldsboro, received the gold medal for oratory at the Chapel Hill High School.

The total crop of Wilson county is estimated this year at 12,750 bales; of Johnston at 14,610 bales; of Pitt at 13,442; and of Wayne 14,671.

The Tarboro *Southerner* has entered upon its 60th volume. Its publishers are among the cleverest journalists in the State, and we wish for them abundant prosperity.

Judge McRae has presented Capt. Swift Galloway with a beautiful gold-headed cane as a memento of his friendship and esteem for his efficient and able services as Solicitor.

Scotland Neck *Commonwealth:* The arbitrary action of the county commissioners in refusing to grant license was a grievous blunder, and most grievously have the democracy of Halifax suffered from it.

Warrenton *Gazette:* While partridge shooting the other day Mr. Peter H. Allen was shot by the Rev. Mr. Glenn or Mr. T. F. Rodgers of Norfolk. One shot struck the lower lid of the left eye and buried itself in the eye ball where it has taken up winter quarters.

Mr. Allen Taylor, a good man, liked by all who knew him, and a man who was ever ready to help a friend in need, died at his home near Battleboro, Wednesday, Dec. 20th., at the ripe old age of 92 years, leaving several children and grand-children, and a large circle of relatives and friends who will mourn his death.—*Reporter.*

We are reliably informed that a young man named Perry left his wife in Franklin county, several years ago, and went to seek his fortune in the far west. He returned home a few days ago, to find that his wife, who had despaired of his ever returning and mourned him as dead, was wedded to another man.—Rocky Mt. *Reporter.*

Tarboro *Southerner*: There is quite a number of guests at the Tarboro House from Boston, who have come here to spend the winter. A number more are expected from the same section.—The useless, worthless dogs in this county costs the people, for the feeding of them, enough to array every inmate of the poor house in the costliest of apparel, and to furnish their table with the choicest viands in profuse abundance.

Suicide of A Prominent Citizen of Greensboro.

Many will read with regret of the suicide of Mr. C. G. Yates, of Greensboro. It seems that his son who was a sheriff in Texas was a defaulter. Mr. Yates was one of his bondsmen. This trouble with many others, it is supposed, caused him to take his own life. The *News-Observer* says: "On Saturday night last Mr. C. G. Yates, of Greensboro, committed suicide there by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been sick for some weeks, and was also embarrassed by family troubles, to such an extent that for some days prior to his death he had eaten nothing. The pastor of his church called on him Saturday evening, and urged him to eat, expressing a belief, also held by others, that he would starve to death. Soon after the clergyman left, it is thought, Mr. Yates went to the cellar and there cut his throat from ear to ear. When found he was covered with blood, and it was at first thought a hemorrhage had killed him, but when the blood was washed away the horrible wound was plain. Mr. Yates was an estimable gentleman. He was a director of the State penitentiary and filled that position, as he had others, with energy and integrity. His sad death is deplored by all."

Fire in Wilmington.

The Wilmington *Star* says: The sash and blind factory of Mr. R. W. Price, at the foot of Walnut street, and the steam saw mill adjoining, the property of Mr. J. W. Taylor, were destroyed by fire Tuesday night. The factory, machinery and stock are a total loss, estimated at $13,000, with insurance for $7,500 on building stock and machinery, and $500 on lumber in yard. Mr. Taylor's saw mill was entirely destroyed, but no lumber was lost; the steam boiler of the mill remains intact, and it is thought that the engine was not injured. The loss on saw mill and building is estimated at between five and six thousand dollars, with insurance of $2,000.

This makes the third time the mill located on the same spot with Mr. J. W. Taylor has been destroyed by fire, while the fourth one was hurled to destruction by an explosion. The first one belonging to Col. John McRae, was burned before the war, probably about 1853; then came the explosion in 1872 or 1873, which caused the death of several persons; then the second burning of the mill of Colville & Co., on the morning of the 22nd of November, 1879; and now the third catastrophe of the kind hampers the energies of the enterprising proprietor, as well as his companion in misfortune, Captain Price.

The Millionaire State.

Colorado may be fairly called the millionaire State. A seat in the United State Senate as a representative of Colorado probably cost more than in any other State. The prominent candidates to fill the unexpired term of Senator Teller, now Secretary of the Interior, are all millionaires. Lieutenant-Governor Tabor is thought to be worth about $10,000,000. He became rich by being a grub-staker. Grub-staking is going into partnershi, with a miner and furnishing him with food on condition of being allowed half of all he finds. Governor Tabor grub-staked for the two men who discovered the Little Pittsburg mine.

Then General Hamill, with two or three millions, is another candidate and Governor Pitkin, who is said to be able to kiss more babies, shake more yeomanry by the hand, and ask after the health of more unknown families than any other man in the State, will also strive to follow in the footsteps of Millionaire Chaffee, who a little while ago, represented Colorado. The indications are that the $2,000,000 of General Hamill will beat the $10,000,000 of Lieutenant-Governor Tabor or the captivating solicitude of Governor Pittkin.

President of Trinity College.

Statesville *Landmark:* A student of Trinity College who passed through this place a few days ago on his way home to spend the holidays, informed us that the opinion at the college was that Hon. Wm. M. Robbins would be elected president of it if it were ascertained that he would accept. The student said that a letter from Gov. Jarvis, who is one of the trustees, was read in the chapel last Monday, and that this letter gave the intimation that the presidency of the colledge would be oftered to Maj. Robbins. We have no idea whether he would accept the position, but as a fellow-townsman, and knowing him very well, we take the occasion to say tuat Maj. Robbins is—what the general public does not give him credit for—gentleman of splendid scholar ship, and one who possesses all the other requisites to an able discharge of the duties which the presidency of a first class college imposes.

When You May Celebrate.

For the benefit of our young readers who contemplate matrimony and also of those who have entered the blissful estate, we reprint a list of the various anniversaries connected with connubial joys:

The paper wedding, or 1st anniversary.

Straw wedding, or 2nd anniversary.

Candy wedding, or 3rd anniversary.

Leather wedding, or 4th anniversary.

Wooden wedding, or 5th anniversary.

Tin wedding, or 10th anniversary.

Linen wedding, or 12th anniversary.

Crystal wedding, or 15th anniversary.

Floral wedding, or 20th anniversary.

Silver wedding, or 25th anniversary.

Pearl wedding, or 30th anniversary.

China wedding, or 35th anniversary.

Coral wedding, or 40th anniversary.

Bronze wedding, or 45th anniversary.

Golden wedding, or 50th anniversary.

A horrible Christmas story comes from Portland, Oregon. Near that town three young men went to bed drunk Monday night, leaving a large fire burning, which communicated to the building. Two of the men were burned to a crisp and the third was so badly injured that he is not expected to recover.

The Fayetteville *Observer* will be revived by E. J. Hale, Jr.

THE FARM AND COUNTRY.

How to Save Burning Cotton.

We frequently hear of gins burning up and the loss of all the cotton stored in the gin house. A simple expedient may save much of the cotton. Hasten the destruction of the building so that it will fall, and then cover it with dirt. A gentleman from Scotland Neck telling us of the destruction of the gin of Mr. Isaac Smith, said the fire originated by accident in the gin house, which contained some 50,000 pounds of seed cotton, and 1,000 bushels of cotton seed. In a few moments the entire building was in flames, and the heat drove the men away.—They would have cut the posts and stanchions, but they could not approach the fire, but eventually the building fell in, and the men fell to work with shovels, spades, scoops, etc, to cover the fire with dirt. In this they quickly succeeded, using water to stop the flames that at times spouted up through the cracks of dirt. They saved entirely uninjured 20,000 pounds of seed cotton, which had suffered no detriment at all, and also 800 bushels of cotton seed. The engine was but slightly damaged. The loss was thus but partial, and Mr. Smith's share was entirely covered by his insurance. Since then in the same neighborhood there was a second gin destroyed, owned by Mr. C. F. Lawrence. The loss there was total—about 12,000 pounds of seed cotton, no insurance, entailing an absolute loss of about $1,800. There was no attempt made to cover this with dirt—perhaps it was impracticable. But in the same neighborhood a year or two ago another gin caught on fire, and when the house fell it was promptly covered with dirt, and out of fifteen bales of cotton in the seed ten were saved, and most of his cotton seed was also saved uninjured. The idea is certainly worth keeping before the public.—*News-Observer.*

Subjects to Study and Learn.

Most farmers think they know all there is any need of knowing about farming. And yet the simplest and really the most important facts are but partially understood. When a farmer knows what to raise on his farm and how to raise it; what stock to raise as well as how to raise it, he will certainly be a wiser man than the average farmer is. This simple part of the farm embodies a vast amount of skill and long and careful experience. The more the farmer knows about these two great questions in farming the more successful he will be. This knowledge requires understanding the elements of his soil, and what it is best suited for; how to improve it the most at the least cost; how the peculiar soil of which it is composed should be treated to render the best results. Then to know what will yield the most with the least labor; what variety is best; what will make the least drafts on the soil in comparisen to the value of the crop. The same is the case as to what class of domestic animals are most profitable, taking into consideration capital, labor, injury or benefit to the farm and the net profits Thus it is seen that when a farmer masters the subjects to which we here call attention he will be a wise man and may become a successful farmer. And yet you will meet men every day who think they are good farmers who cannot answer either question satisfactory to themselves or anybody else.—E. City *Carolinian.*

Useful Things for a Farmer to Know.

Wheat weighs 60 lbs to the bushel, Shelled corn 56, Corn in the ear 70, Peas 60, Rye 56, Oats 32, Bran 20, Dried Peaches 38, Dried Apples 24, Onions 57, Hair for plistering 8, Unslacked Lime 30, Cornmeal 48, Turnips 55, Beans 60, Clover Seed 60, Timothy Seed 45, Flax Seed 56, Irish Potatoes 60, Sweet Potatoes 55, Salt 50, Stone Coal 80, Malt 38. A barrel of Flour 196 lbs., A bbl. Pork 200 lbs., A bbl. Rice 600 lbs. Firkin of Butter 56, and Tub of Butter 84 lbs. A hand is 4 inches, a palm 3 inches, a space 3 feet, and a span 10½ inches.

The time has passed in this country when a man may buy a few hundred acres of land and go upon it with his ax-men and fell the trees and roll up great heaps and burn them. It has already come to pass that the timber on an acre of land is equal to or more valuable than any crop the land can produce.—The word now, and it comes from a thousand pens throughout the South, is—take care of your timber and set your old fields in timber trees. Pine timber land in Michigan is quoted at $35 per acre. In Massachusetts pine timber is recommended as a valuable investment. North Carolinians having valuable timber lands should bear in mind facts like these in order not to undervalue their possessions.—*Carolina Watchman.*

EDITOR HENLEY,

AND HOW HE SHOT REVENUER PERKINS.

Last summer we published the particulars of an illegal raid by a South Carolina revenue officer into North Carolina, and therein used the name of John Perkins, one of the deputies. He tried to get in a fight with us, but when we offered to meet him, backed out.

About two months after this occurrence the Perkinses sent us word that they were willing to let the matter drop if we were willing. We assented to this proposition for peace, and offered to meet them half way in the matter of reconciliation.

We thought the whole affair was at an end until last Friday, when we were told that John Perkins was in town, inquiring for us and expressing his determination to kill us before leaving.

He went into one store and asked an entirely responsible gentleman to decoy us into a back lot. This being peremptorily refused, he next accosted one of our friends on the street, made the same request and offered him twenty-five dollars for his services, stating that he waited to shoot us.

This party came to us at once, and notified us of what had been said. We were then at Cevington's hotel. We left there, attended to some business on the streets, and then came at once to our office and went to work—not fearing Perkins certainly, but not caring to seek a difficulty with him.

At about half-past 4 o'clock, when we supposed Perkins gone, a boy came to our office and stated that a gentleman desired to see us up town, but was unable to tell upon what business. We went, in obedience to the summons, not knowing what was ahead. Just as we passed the store of Craig Bros., we saw Perkins in a wagon with another man and a barrel of whisky, in the act of driving off. As soon as Perkins espied us he exclaimed. "There comes the ——, now," at the same time reaching his hand behind him and drawing a pistol. Whether or not he meant to shoot is what we didn't stop to enquire, but stepping quickly to the curb stone, we remarked to him, "This is Henley," and before he had time to fully comprehend what was going on, we had whipped out a No. 38 S. & M., taken deliberate aim at his left eye and cut loose. The bullet went on a trip out west, carrying a small part of Perkins' neck with it. Before he could get in his first shot, we had a second bead on him, but Mr. A. G. Bruner, who is stronger than S. H. Barrett's five ton rhinoceros, rush upon us quicker than a flash of lightning and took the pistol from us. Perkins then fired a random shot, which passed harmlessly, none knew whither.

This is about all of the fracas, and is a correct statement of the whole affair. The evidence before the mayor was in strict accord with this statement.

The people may now decide for themselves if we were right in shooting Perkins, or whether or not we should have given the gentleman time to shoot us.—Wadesboro *Intelligencer.*

The English Empire.

The Queen of Great Brittian is now sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers and 10,000 island. She waves her hand, and 500,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head, and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth and 120,000,000 of human beings feel the slightest pressure of her foot. Come, all ye conquerors, and kneel before the Queen of Britian, and acknowledge the superior extent of her dependent provinces, her subjugated kingdoms, and her vanquished empire! The Assyrian Empire was not so populous. The Prussian Empire was not so extensive. The Arabian Empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian Empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish Empire was not so widely diffused.

Sayings by Josh Billings.

If you kan't trust a man for the full amount, let him skip. This trying to git an average on honesty haz always been a failure.

Thare iz no teaching in silence—silence iz a hard argument to beat.

Don't mistake habits for karakter, the man of the most karakter haz the fewest habits.

Thare's cheats in all things—even pizen is adulterated.

The man who iz thouraly polite iz 2-thirds of a Christian ennyhow.

Kindness iz an instinkt, politeness only an art.

Thare iz a grate deal ov larning in this world which iz nothing more than trying to prove what we doan't understand.

My dear boy there are but few who ken commence at the middle of the ladder and reach the top—and probably you and I doan't belong to that number.

Blaine, of Maine, looks younger, stronger and better than for years back. This he attributes to the absence of the cares incident to public life.

WHERE TO PLACE A KISS.

An esteemed young friend of the *Times* asks a funny question. He wants to know where he shall put his kisses. Probably any number of people, without much thought, would rush rashly forward to tell him all about it and consider the conundrum a perfectly easy one. The problem, however, is really very difficult, and any one who has had experience enough to know what kissing is will shrink from quick or direct advice on the subject.

As a matter of course the young man who has kisses to give away will give them to his girl if she is willing; if she isn't willing—but that is so improbable that it would be a waste of time to say anything about it. If a young man has no girl of his own he will naturally—such is the waywardness of human nature—find some one else's girl or girls, and to some a good many girls are not any too much of a good thing. They say it isn't such a bad thing sometimes when you find you have kissed the wrong girl in a matter like that.

But the trouble on the young man's mind seems to be regarding the proper place for the kiss. He does not feel certain whether he should kiss his girl on the lips, or the forehead, or the chin, or the cheek, or the hand. There are some young men who would regard the poorest of all these chances as the extreme of bliss. But such young men lack the snap and enterprise which a wide awake and desirable girl rather likes. The young man who hesitates and trifles with uncertainty about the proper site up on which to build his kiss will lose the delight of kissing. If there were a worse fate he would deserve it. There is, however, no worse fate.

Kissing the hand is a very neat but colorless sort of compliment. It is unsatisfactory to both parties, they say. We are also reliably informed that kissing the forehead or the chin is a cold sort of thing and not largely indulged in by people of good taste. The cheek, if not too hard, is understood to be very fair kissing ground, but good judges have very generally agreed upon the lips as offering superior inducements. If his mouth is not too large or his girl's mouth too small, or if his girl's mouth is not too large and his too small, perhaps the young man who wants the *Times'* advice had better stick to the lips. If there is anything sweet in a kiss—and doubtless there is—he will find it there.—Philadelphia *Times.*

How Vanderbilt Made Himself Feel Good.

The *Journal* relates an incident of Mr. Vanderbilt's drive. While he was passing through the Park a small boy attempted to cross the road in front of his flying horses. The boy, in attempt to avoid the horses, fell down on the road, but was not hurt, and Mr. Vanderbilt, the Journal says, was frightened. He doesn't care much for human life but on this glad Christmas day he did not want to run over anybody. Bad enough for his railroad to crush pierce and bore the life out of them.

There was a difference between that and actually doing it himself. He felt so glad when he saw the lad safe and sound that he, who had just been preparing to rush on in the hope that he had not been recognized, pulled up and beckoned the boy to him.

"Here, Johnny," he said, "here's a dollar. Don't you try to cross roads that way."

"Why, sir, I was running for a doctor. Father told me to hurry up, 'cos he'ad to go out, and mother's all alone."

"Why does your father go out on Christmas day? To the rum shop, I suppose." said Mr. Vanderbilt frowning.

"No, sir; father works on the railroad, and if he misses a day he gets docked."

"Even Christmas, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Vanderbilt don't let up on nobody cos it's Christmas.

"He works for Vanderbilt, does he?

"That he does, and mother's the bad luck of it, as he says.,'

"Why?

"Well, you see, mother's sick and father has been staying up at nights with her, and then he'd take a nap, and twice he got late to the switch and got fined a quarter each time."

"How much does he get a day?"

"One dollar, sir."

"Twenty-five cents a day—Good God! and a sick wife at that"—thought Mr. Vanderbilt, and his heart misgave him. Was this right, after all?

"And what sort of a Christmas dinner will you have to-day?" he asked.

"We don't get none. Father ain't at home and mother's sick. Money's got to for to buy medicine, you see, sir,"

This was hard, and no mistake.

"Will you take me to your house?" asked Mr. Vander bilt?"

"Yes, sir; its right here, sir," said the boy.

A picture of desolation, but cleanly. No carpet' but a good, substantial cottage; a small sprig of fire, woman sitting in an easy chair, thin, pale, but cheerful. When Mr. Vanderbilt entered the woman exclaimed: "Why, you're not the doctor, sir.?"

"No, my good woman, but I'm from him; he is very busy. Now, what is the matter with you?"

"Weakness, sir."

"What from?"

"Well, sir, I hate to say, but I think its from the want of food,"

"I thought so" and Mr. Vanderbilt turned around and put a fifty dollar bill in an envelope and also his card. "In half an hour open this and send it around to the store. You will find a prescription that will do you good. There is also a card in here. Send your boy to that address to-morrow and I'll give him something to do. You shan't starve any more."

Before the sick woman could say anything he was out and off. But as he rode back to his palace yesterday afternoon his face looked the picture of good nature. He smiled and laughed to himself so that people turned round and exclaimed, "What can be the matter with William H.?" When anybody looked at him he did not pale, and the rattle of his wheels over the hard road made rythmic music to the joyous beating of his heart. It was the merriest Christmas day Mr. Vanderbilt has spent this many a year.

The Durham Fair.

The Reidsville Times, speaking of the Durham Tobacco Fair says: Mr. Julian S. Carr, the live president of the Tobacco Association, said to the Times Reporter yesterday that the Fair would be held in Durham some time in May, and the day will be fixed on the meeting of the Vice Presidents who are to assemble in that town this week. "We expect President Arthur," said Mr Carr, "we can put him to breakfast, leaving Washington the night before, and he can get back home to breakfast the next morning. I think we can get him, and also Gen. Sherman has promised a visit to Durham, and why not have him with us at that time?"

"What is the object of the fair?"

"Why, in the main, to give a boost to the North Carolina Tobacco—it all goes around now in the name of Virginia Tobacco. Why, Capt. W. Parrish was in Cincinnati some time since and happened in one of the warehouses and there he saw several hundred packages which he recognized at once as having been shipped from Durham, and it was exhibited on the floor labelled "Virginia tobacco." He just called the man at once and told him to pull it off right there and relable it "North Carolina Brights." The man didn't want to do it at first but Parrish told him it had to be done, that he knew the tobacco, and so he labeled it "North Carolina Brights." We want to show the world too the way to Durham."

The Sleep of the Just.

THE LAWYER.

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
When no other chanced to be such;
How I thought, as I tumbled the editor's bed,
How easy editors lie!

THE EDITOR.

If the lawyer slept on the editor's bed
When no lawyer chanced to be nigh,
And though he has written and naively said,
How easily editors lie,
He must then admit, as he lay on that bed
And slept to his heart's desire,
What'er he may say of the editor's bed,
Then the lawyer himself was the liar.

[Chambers' Journal.

The Western Insane Asylum.

The completion of the main portion of the southern wing of the Western Insane Asylum, near Morganton, and the assured completion of the northern wing, on the foundation of which $10,000 has already been expended, places North Carolina in the lead of any Southern State in the noble charity of caring for the insane. $285,000 have already been expended upon the grounds and the finished portion of the magnificent structure and the next legislature will be called upon to appropriate $75,000 more for the completion of the northern wing. The architectural proportions of the building, the elegance of its interior and exterior finish and the minute attention which has been paid to every detail, adding to comfort and convenience in the work for which it is designed, render it by long odds the finest asylum for the insane in any Southern State.

The Board of Commissioners to whose hands the work has been entrusted have turned over the buildings and grounds to Gov. Jarvis.—It is hoped to have the Institution ready for patients by the first of February. The law requires that one hundred persons shall be taken from the asylum at Raleigh from among those now there from the western counties. The completed portion of the building will afford accommodation to from 200 to 250 patients.—Charlotte *Journal.*

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

WAITING.

Learn to wait! Life's hardest lesson,
Conned perchance through blinding tears,
While the heart-throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait! Hope's slow fruition
Fail not, though the way seems long!
There is joy in each condition:
Hearts, though suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow
Aims not at a happier state:
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow—
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from Life's sunny side.
Heroes must be more than driftwood
Floating on a waveless tide.

Fireside Reading.

It stares at the passer from every news-stand and street corner. It greets the loiterer by every book sellers' window. It is shouted in one's ears in the street cars. No business office is so crowded; no flight of stairs so high, as to deter the book agents, male or female, from their periodic raids. On trains and steamboats literature, alternating with peanuts and gift packages of peppermint candy, is thrust in the traveler's face. Everybody reads and books are everywhere.—The readers are not the rich and idle alone who may order from the favorite publisher "parcels of everything that's freshest and most desirable," and luxuriate in arm chairs by the fireside, dreaming away the comfortable hours. The shop girl beguiles her ride in the street car with a book; the workman who has paused to take his dinner from his tin pail fills up the measure of his hour of rest with a newspaper story. The messenger boy carries his dime novel in his pocket, and it comes forth whenever his ticket commands him to ride Half the people on every railway read as they go, and especially in the colder season do people seem to be striving to drown discomfort in a book.

If quantity alone were to be considered, the wants of the reading world would certainly be satisfied, but the more thoughtful among readers take note also of the quality of the supply. The best come from the press in a stream. The streams overflow the whole land, and it is of the utmost importance that they be at least free from things that vitiate and pollute.—That we are to be more and more a nation of readers is evident. What shall be read will depend upon the demand. If trash can be sold, trash will be written and printed. Everything favors the spread of the cheap volume. The buyer does not prize it, therefore the second reader and the third may borrow it, and to the fourth and fifth it will probably be given away. If it is a good book, its goodness goes from heart to heart. If a bad one, its mischief does not stop with one. If simply a foolish book—and the tide of foolish books is by far the deepest and strongest of all the literary currents—then its weakening influence is nothing short of a positive harm. The weakness that yet disclaims actual wickedness is hardly less demoralizing in its tendency than is the latter. The shocking unreality of so-called pictures of life—the perpetual stimulant to the imagination—the encouragement to dreaming—combine to render the ordinary novel a harmful recreation, and especially injurious to the young.

If for one season only, the mothers could find time to select the books and periodicals that shall be taken into the family, it would be a blessed thing for the boys and girls. There seems to be time for everything else, always time for choice of pretty attire. The sash must accord with the frock; the hose must harmonize in color with the suit; ribbons and feathers must match the color of hair or eyes; but the garment of thoughts in which the mind shall be clad—the views, ideas, sentiments, that, absorbed, give the soul its hue and tone, for choice of these the mothers have no time.

If for once the better educated and better read buyers of books would set their faces against the purchase of the tales devoid of merit, and designed only to fill the idle hour, it would mark a new era in publishing. But the weakness lies in the fact that the public, who really want good books, will not take the trouble to select them—the seekers of cheap books will not encourage by their purchases the publication of good books in cheap form, and so the evil oversweeps and swallows up the good.

Sooner or later, this question has to be considered by those interested in general welfare, and especially by those who care for the young. We are looking for sweet waters and allowing the spring to be poisoned at the fount, and this not wilfully, but through ignorance and neglect. It is the time when there seems "no end to the making of many books," yet who shall show us how and what to read?