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 JANUARY 12, 1883. NO. 50

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

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THE ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

Gambetta is dead.

The health of Paul H. Hayne, is very poor.

11,000 miles of rail road were built last year.

Ex Judge Gilliam has located in Tarboro to practice law.

The idiotic goose Oscar Wilde has sailed for England.

The Durham *Plant* has discontinued it semi-weekly editon.

The emigrants last year foot up about half million—increase of 32,000 over 1881.

The Mayor of New York has very sensibly refused to allow the 'Passion play' put upon the boards.

The Granville *Free Lance* has suspended. Its publisher, L. Thomas, will publish the *Orphan's Friend*.

The dogs have had their day in the State ever since its settlement. The time has now come to give the sheep a showing.

A howl goes up from every sheep pasture in North Carolina for the summary extermination of every worthless dog in the State.

Greensboro did an unprecedent business in the dried fruit trade the past year. The total shipments amount to nearly 11,000,000 pounds

It ain't a dies leaving twelve children and gives each of them a million like Sir Hugh Allen did recently, might they to mourn like those without hope.

When Dr. Bliss received the $6,000 offered instead of the $25,000 demanded, his respiration was slow, his pulse rapid and his puscavity extended with bile.

Women always break into business transactions. A Tennessee man offered to sell his wife for $7, but she bursted the sale by falling of the fence and breaking her neck.

We have received the first number of the *Recorder and N. C. Tobacco Journal* published by Hackney & Webb, Durham. It is well gotten up and we think will succeed.

Mr. E. E. Hilliard, the new Editor of the Scotland Neck *Commonwealth*, is one of the most fluent writers on the state press. We gladly welcome him into the ranks.

Forty Chinese woman disguised their selves and slipped over to America to get married. Neither laws nor treaties can keep a woman out of this country when she wants a husband.

If Gen. Leach dont let Brother Eldridge of the Lexington *Dispatch* alone, we move that the press gang repair to Lexington and give the editor and General a lesson he will not soon forget.

This is going to be a lucky year. Why? Because there's luck in odd numbers, and 1883 begins and ends with an odd number, and the first two and the last two figures added together both make odd numbers.

A New Orleans fruit seller says he sends annually to New York, 150,000 cocoanut shells to be ground up into black pepper. This is a new industry but will probably not injure the wooden nutmeg makers.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, with a party of friends, including several artists and writers, will take a trip through the South in a special car this winter. Mrs. Leslie is a Southern lady, and she will be an accomplished writer.

Mr. James Jackson, of New York, sent a check for $5,000 to Judge Kelley, Wilkes Beagun, of Atlanta, Ga., which he distributed among the Republican editors of that city, without any kind of a preface.

The boys in the Philadelphia Mint manufactured a dollar made of nickel, which they believed would win them rewards and promotion, but they failed to take into account the love of justice.

A gentleman of means and leisure in Kansas, twice married, twice jilted, has offered to write to him, and furnish a sheet of paper and a postage stamp. By return mail he got the following on a postal card: "Paper and stamp received; please send an envelope."

The average salary paid to female school teachers in Vermont is only $18.21 a month. The natural consequence is that only incompetent teachers can be hired and the schools are failures. No—where in the country is there greater need of educational reform.

The first and imperative duty of the Legislature says the Greensboro *Patriot* is to appoint a working committee on "Dog extermination." The people want the committee composed of horny-handed farmers who are not squeamish about constitutional quibbles.

A new enterprise, in the form of a Silk Exchange, has been established in New York. It will furnish silk worms' eggs, cuttings off the trees on which the worms feed, and full directions for beginning silk culture, and then will buy all the cocoons from producers. A good idea.

Mr. H. E. Meyer, a Mexican railway contractor, who arrived in New York the other day, takes anything but a rose colored view of the situation. He tells a *Tribune* reporter that Americans had better keep their money in their pockets than invest it in Mexican enterprises.

Wilmington *Star*: When the farmers of the South learn the lesson thoroughly that production of cotton, or anything on the farm, will result in a lower price for the same, they will have learned the first lesson in true reform. The next thing will be to illustrate the lesson practically.

Hog raising is not altogether a lost art in North Carolina, but the returns from that business are altogether too light. It is hoped that with the new year the farmers will make preparations to do something more creditable in that line. Farmers should raise their own hog and hominy.

North Carolina has had fifty-six Governors all told. Of these Halifax, Craven and Warren have furnished three each, and Lenoir Orange, Guilford, Moore, Chowan Buncombe, New Hanover and Wake two each. Of these, since 1776, twenty-three have been from the east and sixteen from the west. The rest were Governors before the Revolution.

The New York *Sun* says that the *Congressional Record* is a cloak of indecency, a tail feather for vanity, a stalking horse for dishonesty, a salve for wounded self-love, a crutch for lame dignity, a step-ladder for personal ambition, a convenience for shirks, a waste-paper basket for unappreciated oratory. In short, it is anything and everything except what it expects to be.

Raleigh Visitor: Mr. W. H. Worth of Kinston, sends to Col. L. L. Polk a bunch of oats with 136 stalks, 4 feet 6 inches high and yielding 8,340 grains—all the products of one single grain. If the product of this one grain were sown for nine years successively it would yield more oats that is now produced throughout the world.

Judge Gildersleeve of New York, in passing sentence on a young pickpocket in that city recently, said: "It has been urged on your behalf that you are a young politician, and consequently entitled to the clemency of the court. If you begin stealing as a politician so young, I don't know where you will end. My opinion is that you should be nipped in the bud.

An exchange dated Dec. 24th, says King Omoro, of Africa, who recently died, left seven hundred widows. If each one was pestering him for a seal skin sacque for a christmas present, we are not surprised that he died at this particular season of the year. And he leaves seventy-seven children. Imagine this number of youngsters going about the house on the joyous Christmas day blowing tin horns.

We have received from Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Son newspapers advertising agents, Philadelphia, a copy of that valuable work, the 'American Newspaper Annual,' for 1883. It is full of information relative to the newspapers of the country, giving accurate lists, together with statements as to the circulation &c. Advertisers will find the book invaluable. The work shows an improvement over former volume, and its appearance and make up reflect credit upon Ayer & Son.

Few people understand that as a nation we have a pleasure ground containing thousands of acres, rich in all that makes a landscape beautiful, known as the Yellowstone National Park, from its location along the wonderful Yellow Stone river away out in the northwest.

Gen. Sheridan has recently visited it and urges the importance of prompt action for the preservation of its game and timber. Senator Vest seconds the efforts of Sheridan and Congress will no doubt adopt such recommendations as will commend themselves to its judgement.

Women Demanding Marriage.

THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS TRY TO ESCAPE BUT FAIL.

It is one of the curiosities of the female heart that sometimes they insist on marrying men who have refused over and over again to do so. The Indian girl who pursued a man with a pistol and threatened to blow his brains out unless he married her, must have had peculiar ideas of the happiness of married life under such circumstances. Another case quite as strange is that of a young woman in Ohio, who falsely deformed herself in order to compel a marriage between her and a man who now applies for a divorce on the ground that he was made to marry her under false pretenses.

NEWSY NEW YORK NOTES.

WHAT FRANK WILKERSON THINKS OF THE NEGROES AS A RACE.—WATERING STOCK DECLARED ILLEGAL.—BLACK BALLOTS AND WHITE LETTERS.—THE TARIFF QUESTION AND FREE TRADE.—THE YOUNG DEMOCRACY, &C.—

[Special to the ADVANCE.]

EDITOR ADVANCE:—

A number of articles written by Frank Wilkerson and published in the New York *Sun* have attracted much attention. They describe the morals and customs of the Sea Island negroes, and are dated from St. Helena Island, off Charleston. I quote the following extracts from them: "The negroes as a race are thoroughly dishonest. It is no disgrace for a negro to be imprisoned for theft. The crime consists in being caught. * * I judge from what I have been told that the black race is devoid of the sense of gratitude. They can be fed when starving, clad when they are naked, nursed when they are sick, protected from assault, aided in all conceivable ways, and a negro who has been so benefitted, will rob his benefactor on the first favorable opportunity. Of course there are exceptions to this broad statement, but the assertion that the race, as a race, is devoid of gratitude is true. * * As house servants they are the most aggravating creatures in existence. They are slow, stupid and thievish. All provisions must be locked up or they will steal it and carry it home. * * As I have said they are thievish, liars and cowards, and I now add, that almost without exception, the women of these islands who have negro blood in their veins are prostitutes. * * These people are devoid of shame. * * As is the well known case of the almost total extinction of the natives of the Hawaunk Islands by syphilis, and the diseases that spring from it a similar fate is in store for these negroes. They will probably be exterminated by their licentious habits. * * The ambition of the young black men who are playing at going to school, is to become preachers, or members of the legislature, or clerks, or storekeepers. The little education they receive unfits them for field labor. * * To educate a negro is to spoil a good plow hand."

By the above extracts you can judge the tenor of his remarks. They form the most complete and comprehensive description of the negroes that I have ever seen. As regards their truth you of the South are best qualified to judge.

The decision of Judge Arnoux in the matter of the Western Union watered stock is of great importance, and was the subject of much comment in yesterday's papers.—He declares such issue illegal and void, and the stock (about 150,000 shares) valueless, and enjoins the Company from paying dividends on it.

Another very important decision has been made by a Judge in Connecticut, who decided that the ballots used by the democrats in the municipal election in New Haven were illegal, and gives the offices balloted for to the republicans. As the ballots were identical with those used by the democrats in the State election, (a black ballot with white letters) the affair has more than a local importance. Threats were openly made yesterday by prominent republicans of Connecticut that the democratic State officers would not be permitted to take their seats.

A large meeting of the Revenue Reform club, of which Henry Ward Beecher is president, was addressed Wednesday night by Prof. Perry, the great free trader.

I am glad that the southern papers are continuing to agitate the tariff question. It is of vital importance to the South. The late elections demonstrated to what an extent free trade has taken hold in the west. I would that the South had another Calhoun. The Senators from South Carolina should tread more closely in the footsteps of the great nullifier.

A dinner was given the Hon. Perry Belmont Saturday evening at Delmonico's by the young democracy of New York. Your correspondent was present. The young members of the democratic party North are beginning to tire of the "policy" of their old leaders, and taking the reins in their own hands. I gave notice to Mr. Belmont that I expected to interview him after a short time for the benefit of the WILSON ADVANCE.

The weather is unusually pleasant for winter.

D.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"It agin becomes my paintul dooty to announce de fack dat death has invaded our ranks," said the President as the last notes of the triangle died away. "Word has bin received dat Elder John Spooner, of Winchester, Varginny, am no mo'. He jined dis club about two years ago, an' his interes' in it was unabated up to his dyin' hour. In his death we has lost a good man, but we has at de same time gained some waluable experience, in case we feel like accepting it. Elder Spooner believed in de motto: Honesty am de bes' policy; an' he died poo'. He loved his naybur as bimself, an' his naybur had altogether de bes' of it. He had charity fur all, an' dat kept his chill'en without shoes an' his wife tied down to a kaliker dress for Sunday. His motto was Excelsior, an' his Sunday dinner was as thin an' hard as sheet iron."

"Doorin' de summer sezun, when fuel doan' cost nuffin, folks kin go barfut, an' any sort of a man kin airn a dollar a day it it am well 'nuff to hang "God Bless Our Home" ober de doah an' spank de chill'en wid a boot-jack labeled: 'Dar am room at de top;' but arter winter has shet down, de man who won't trade proverbs fur 'taters an' mottoes fur bacon may make up his mind to feel hungry half de time. Elder Spooner was honest, an' darfore poo'. He was conscienshus, an darfore ragged. He was full of mercy an' pity an' sympathy, an' darfore had de reputashun of bein' weak in de second story. I doan' advise any man to be wicked, but I desire to carelessly remark dat de real good man who am obleeged to turn his paper collars am shunned by society an' laffed at by de world. Let us now purceed to bizness."'

Two Families.

BEING THOSE OF MR. AND MRS. MABIE AND OF MR. AND MRS. KELSEY.

Among the papers of the late Thomas Atwater, of New Haven, Conn, the following memoranda were recently found:

Mrs. Mabie, of 100 Twenty ninth street, New York, of the firm of Topping & Co., has been married forty-eight months.

July 24, 1856, had	1 child
July 30, 1859, had	2 children
March 29, 1860, had	2 children
March 4, 1861, had	3 children
February 13, 1862, had	4 children
Total	12 children

These children were all born within three years and seven months, and are all living and healthy. This is a copy from a memorandum given by the father, Mr. Mabie.

(From the Montreal Witness)

Among the immigrants arriving at Bonaventure depot yesterday were George Kelsey, a native of the West of England, and 42 years of age, and his wife, from the same part. The twain have been married eighteen years. Within six years they have had twelve children, namely, triplets no less than twice, twice doublets, and twice "singlets." The children were all healthy and robust, and the father and mother might be described as the same.

A Horrible Death.

HOW THE SHAH OF PERSIA CONVINCED AN ARTIST.

A young French painter was showing the Shah of Persia his picture of Herodias bringing in the head of John the Baptist. The Shah asked him how many minutes were supposed to have passed since the head was cut off. "Two minutes," said the painter. The Shah then told him that the lips ought to be wide open and of an ashy white. As the artist was unwilling to be convinced, the Shah clapped his hands and a slave, appearing, drew his sword, and with one tremendous sweep severed his head from the body. He then pulled out his watch and two minutes after stooping down, picked up the bleeding head, and, walking to the picture, held the real head by the side of the painted one, and said to the Frenchman: "Monsieur, you can see for yourself that the lips ought to be ashy white and wide apart, and you will learn to believe the Shah in the future." Then he tossed away the head and calmly walked out, leaving the painter more dead than alive to take himself and his unfortunate picture back to his own apartments.

In A Bad Fix.

A well known Boston merchant on his way to New York with a piece the other night was arrested at the Hartford station and transferred to the police station. He demanded to know the cause of this interruption of his journey, but could get no satisfaction, except that he was Mr. So and So—which wasn't his name—and that he was eloping with Miss So and So—which wasn't his neice's name. They paid no attention to his explanations and, as he was not acquainted with any one in the city, his prospects looked dismal. However, he remembered selling some goods to a Hartford man, whe had his signature, and, on comparing them, the police acknowledged the mistake and the chief of police set out a fine champagne supper to make things square.

HOW THE DOCTOR WAS PAID

"Two dollars a visit!" cried Dot in dis may, forgetting entirely that she had come to look for a spool of No. 40 in Mama's drawer, and opening her brown eyes wider and wider as she read the heading of an old bill of Dr. Cogswell's.

"Two dollars a visit!" she repeated. "Oh, why doesn't Donnie get well? And where is all the money to come from?" she asked herself, sadly. "We will get very poor'" continued Dot, shaking her little brown head slowly over the bill. After thinking awhile, she slipped the paper in her pocket and went down stairs.

Mamma and Sister Margie were sewing. Dot went quickly to Mrs. Ledyard and whispered:

"We'll feel very poor afterward, wont we, Mama?"

Mama smiled. A sad smile, Dot thought, as she replied: "You're better at guessing than we supposed. Now, why dont you take your trimming, little daughter and go into the library? There's a nice fire on the hearth, and you can work away like a little bee. We'll need it soon, you know," added Mamma, for Dot was rather inclined to dream when she was alone.

"We'll need it soon," repeated Dot, as she climbed up in the big library chair. "We'll need it soon. And to think I never once thought that Mamma and Sister Margie were making those things to sell, nor how much't was costing to have the Doctor coming every day, and sometimes twice a day. Poor Donnie! Perhaps he's worse than they tell me. Perhaps,' and there was a great lump in her throat, 'he's going to die, and they are leaving me to find that out,'

Tom went into the barn to clean his gun. Dot saw him. 'I'll ask him," she said, as she put her work hurriedly in a little silk handker chief, and started with it for the barn. He wont tease me when he knows how badly I feel."

"Hallo!" was Tom's greeting. Been crying?"

"Yes," addmitted Dot, in a voice that could leave no doubt of it in any one's mind.

"What's up?" continued Tom, as he rubbed away at his gun. "Want any help?"

"Well, you know' Tom." began Dot, in her sweet, timid voice; "there's a secret in there," pointing toward the house, "and I never found it out till this morning."

"So you found it out, did you? Well, I told 'em you would-"

"I wouldn't, but for the bill."

"You wouldn't what?" asked Tom, who was rubbing away again.

"I'll tell you about that afterward. When I went into the sitting room, Mamma and Margie were sewing."

"That certainly didn't surprise you?"

"O Tom! how can you make fun of it all? Mamma looked just ready to cry, and—oh, oh oh, what can we ever do about it?" as she threw herself face downward on the hay, and sobed as though her little heart would break, while Tom stood by in speechless astonishment, wondering why the words "Two dollars a visit" seemed mingled with her sobs.

"Come, Dot; said he, tenderly. "Don't cry. You haven't told me yet what the matter is. Now we'll sit right up here while you tell Tom all about it."

After a while Dot managed to say;

"Doesn't Dr. Cogswell charge people who are ill two dollars every time he goes to see them?"

"Something like that, I believe," answered Tom, wonderingly.

"It's exactly that," said Dot feeling for the bill. "O Tom, we must owe him hundreds of dollars!"

There was a queer look in Tom's eyes.

"I suppose we do," he said.

"But have we got the money to pay him?" questioned Dot, the brown eyes swimming again.

"No, I dont believe we have."

"Then, what are we going to do?" said Dot, with another sob.

"There, Dot, said Tom, soothingly. "Don't be so foolish as to cry. It's all coming out right. I can't tell you now just how, but it is."

"Tom," called Mrs. Ledyard, "they're all waiting for you."

"The boys have come, Dot," said Tom, giving her a hasty kiss. "Now remember not to worry. It's coming out all right.

Dot sat a long time on the hay.

"Tom always thinks everything's to come out all right," she said, determined to be miserable. "I just know he thinks Dr. Cogswell isn't going to charge, but he is, for here's one bill and he's probably got another all ready.

"He could just as well not charge,' she went on, "for Edith Olcott told me he was ever'n' ever so rich, and that he's got a house in the city even prettier than this. But how could one be!" she wondered. "How could any room be lovelier than the one Mrs. Crane took Edith and me into the other day? the little one with the window looking the lake, and the little bed with curtains and everything blue,—carpet and all. Dr. Cogswell calls it his little sister's room, and she's coming in the spring. Tom just wanted to comfort me. He doesn't know how hard they're working and crying."

That night Dot added her prayer the words, "O God, please don't let it be more than we can pay." "Let what?' asked Mamma.

"The doctor's bill," whispered Dot.

The young doctor must have heard of it in some way, for he happened in the next morning after breakfast, and the first thing he said was:

"I'm going to have my bill settled to-day, little Miss Dot," as with quite a grave face he took out his memoranda.

"Now, how much should you think it would come to?"

"Hundreds!" said poor little Dot, faintly.

"We want to be business-like," said Cogswell; "suppose you get your slate and figure it."

Dot ran. "He is'nt going to let us off a penny" she moaned.

"Now, let's do a little sum in rith metic," said the doctor. "What does M stand for?,'

"One thousand," said staggered little Dot, pushing the crochet-work way down in her pocket.

"Very good, said the doctor. 'Now, what does C stand for?

"One hundred," said Dot, trying to be brave.

"H'm," coughed Dr. Cogswell. "Now, can you think of anything else they might stand for?"

"No, sir," said Dot,

"Why, yes you can' Dot," cried Donald, who had just been wheeled into the room. "M. C." clapping his hands. "Why, *Merry Christmas*, don't you see?"

Dot smiled.

"Then there is'nt any bill?" she asked Tom.

"Nary a bill," said Tom; "but can't you think of anything else the letters might stand for?

"No," said happy, stupid little Dot.

"I can," cried Don, catching sight of some glances being exchanged, and Margie's pretty cheeks aglow. "Margie Cogs well!"

Dot had to submit to a good deal of teasing, but she was very happy notwithstanding, and wrote in her diary that night, in such big letters that she went right over two or three of the following days.

"The doctor wasn't coming to see Donnie, after all, and there wasn't any bill. I am going to be brides maid and wears white. There is'nt any little sister but me, and I'm going to have the little blue room, whenever I want to go there to visit.

A Woman's Romance in a Nutshell.

He was introduced to her at a ball; she danced with him and forgot him.

She met him again at a reception, was reintroduced remembered she had seen him before Where? She knew not. Yet for some moments his arm had been around her slender waist.

At the reception she talked with him and found him dull. She looked at him, he might be called handsome, was awkward. When he sat down, he was prone to sprawl. He stood with his head forward, and stumbled ungracefully in his walk. She flushed wit' annoyance, left and went into the conservatory with a man more to her taste.

She found him one evening at the house of a friend. She conversed easily on topics of general interest. He sat in a chair too low for him and his feet were painfully apparent. She disdainfully turned her shoulder toward him. Presently she rose to go and dropped her handkerchief. He bent lightly forward and caught it up almost before it touched the carpet. As an intimate friend of the house he prepared to see her home. He arranged her cloak with eager deference, and she smiled. He trampled on her skirt as she passed out of the door, and she frowned.

They arrived at her gate; he pushed it open, took off his hat and almost ran away.

One day she was coming home from a shopping expedition with a small parcel in her hand, he bowed awkwardly, blushed, and asked if he might take her parcel. He did not say much, but listened in adoring silence. When he left she laughed and said he was tolerably stupid, but not a bore.

Pretty soon he began to call often and attended her to the theater and opera when she would permit him. He was always near her and anxious to be of service. He was manly and among men a favorite. He rode well, but danced indifferently. The other girls laughed at him, but he did not heed it. She danced perfectly, was talkative, daring, impulsive.

She snubbed him, and shook him off for more accomplished men.

He finally said he loved her. She laughed, said 'impossible, tormented him, refused more eligible suitors, and finally married him for all time.

Of such is the nature of woman.

AN INNOCENT MINISTER.

HOW A CRAZY WOMAN CAUSED THE DOWNFALL OF A PREACHER.

A very sad affair occurred on an Arkansaw railroad the other day—an affair which we dislike to mention, but which our devotion to fact and the frankness of the Arkansaw Traveler in general, urge publication. A young and rather handsome woman, whose mind had become so affected that a well-known physician declared her mental organization out of wrack, under the watchful eyes of two prominent citizens, was en route to an insane asylum.

The two watchful and prominent citizens, wearied by travel and previous conviviality, dropped into their respectful dozes, and entering another car she approached the Rev. Mr. Buckwheeler, a preacher of great revival ability and peculiar twinkle of optic when he talked to ladies.

"Can I occupy a part of this seat, sir?" she said, with a smile so sad and sweet that the good man immediately made room for her and affably replied:

"Yes, madam; I will be glad of your company. A minister of the gospel is always willing to accommodate——"

"A woman," she suggested, with another sad, sweet smile.

He answered the smile with a good humored expression of countenance, and then his face assuming its wonted ham-like gravity, he said:

"Are you a church member?"

"Yes, sir, and am now on my way to take charge of a mission station. But I fear that I am in need of more religion than I have at present. I was in a hurry when I made my public profession of the faith, and sometimes think that I drew off before my cup was filled to that glorious overflowing which gives such joy."

"How was that, madam?" asked the minister with evident interest and cordial warmth of inquiry.

"Well, you see, just as my cup was receiving its dose, my mule, which was hitched to one corner of the church, jerked out a log and let one end of the meeting house down."

"That was indeed sad," replied the minister, who still did not perceive that the woman was insane, and naturally so, for it is difficult to detect insanity in religion, as weakness of mind and consequent incoherency of conversation is often mistaken for religion, and is frequently the only evidence that some people have.

"I want you to pray for me,' said the woman leaning on the minister's shoulder in affectionate confidence

"Look out, madam, look out! We are not in a tunnel. People are looking at us."

"I want you to get right down here and pray for me with a rush," she said in a dreadful whisper. "If you don't I'll bite your ear."

The good man was horrified and attempted to leave the seat, but she held him with a fierce grip.

"Pray right now," and she snapped at his ear.

The other passengers regarded in amazement the performance, and some of them swore that the minister was drunk and that he ought to be expelled from the church.

"Are you going to pray?" she asked, in another dreadful whisper. "Get down on your knees."

Again the minister attempted to free himself, but she seized him in her arms. Just then the conductor came along and said:

"I'll have to put you off, sir. I cannot allow such conduct on this train. Oh, yes, I know that you are a preacher, and all that, but no man would seek such disgusting intimacy with a crazy woman can be termed a gentleman. Come, sir," and the conductor pulled the bell-cord. The minister resisted, but a heavy set of brakemen seized him, and the conductor shoved him. He was dropped in the woods where the shade was thick and where the mosquitoes sang in blood thirsty chorus. Of course the gentleman was innocent, and the railroad company may be compelled to pay for the delay and indignity, but money cannot wipe out the effect of vile slander. It is said that the injured man has received notice from his congregation not to appear at the church again.

A Court Room Marriage.

HOW A RASCAL TREATS A COMELY ATTRACTIVE AND BEAUTIFUL SINGER. SHE TRIES TO COMMIT SUICIDE AND HE HAS A FIT.

The curious marriage in a New York court room between Miss Merizen, a young German girl who was arraigned under the new penal code for attempting to commit suicide because her lover, Huber, had refused to marry her, does not, in view of previous circumstances, bode much for her happiness. She was engaged to him before she left Germany and came to this country in answer to his persuasive letters. In September last he bought a saloon and rented a house near by, where, under promise of marriage in a month, the two went to living together. He also gave her a wedding ring, and gave her brother to understand that they were married. But he failed to keep his promise and shortly after they began house keeping the neighbors became aware that they were not living happily together. Disturbances were heard in their apartments, and women say that one evening they heard Huber knocking the young woman's head against the wall and swearing at her. They consulted about going in and giving Mr. Huber a lesson he would remember.—They saw him throwing her around and shoving her into the bedroom and closing the door. He laughed at her when she spoke of marriage and proposed giving her money to send her back to Germany. This she refused, as she said it would break her mother's heart if she knew that she had been living with him without the sanction of marriage. She became heart-broken and crazy; determined to end her life, as Huber's first wife had done, by taking poison, which she did ineffectually; was about being tried for it when her lover walked into court and offered to marry her.—Then he had a fit, on recovering from which the ceremony was performed. In spite of this ending of the affair she is not to be envied, although she is comely, attractive and a beautiful singer.

The New Speaker of the House.

WHO HE IS.—WHAT HE IS.—AND WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED OF HIM.

The House of Representative have elected, says the *News-Observer*, to the high and responsible position of Speaker of the House Honorable George M. Rose, of Cumberland. Mr. Rose was born in Fayetteville in 1846, entered Davidson College in 1861, and remained there two years, when he entered the Virginia Military Institute. Before he was seventeen years of age he joined the army, becoming Adjutant of the 66th N. C. troops, Col. A. D. Moore commanding, forming a part of Kirkland's brigade in Hoke's division. Capt. Rose served gallantly with that command until the end of the war, when peace being restored, he applied himself to the completion of his education which had been interrupted by the call of duty to fight in defense of his country. He entered Chapel Hill in 1865 and graduated in 1867, delivering the salutatory of his class.

Having chosen the bar for his profession, Mr. Rose obtained his license at January term, 1868, and located at Fayetteville, where he soon laid the foundation of his present lucrative practice.

His first public service was in the House of Representatives in 1876-'77, when as a leading member of the judiciary committee he gained a reputation for judgment, discrimination and legal attainments. He was again elected to the House in 1880, and enhanced his reputation as a debater and a careful, prudent manager on the democratic side of the House. He took a very prominent part in the proceedings of the session being chairman of the committee on County Governments; chairman of the committee on the Insane Asylum, and chairman of the committee on redistricting the State. He was also a member of the committee on Privileges and elections, and of the Judiciary Committee. In the absence of Speaker Cooke, he was elected Speaker of the House *pro tem*, and discharged the duties of the chair with great acceptability. In all positions to which he was assigned he displayed a ripe judgment and a comprehensive intellect, combining these gifts with universal courtesy and moderation in his bearing. And so, judging the future by the past, we may congratulate the House upon having selected from among its bevy of fit and competent members one who promises to give such entire satisfaction as a presiding officer. Firm, cautious, quick, familiar with the rules and practices in legislation, Mr. Rose will fill the Speaker's chair with credit to himself and with honor to the people of North Carolina.

The Story of Robin Adair.

A young Irish physician of the name of Robin Adair, walking to London stopped at an inn, where there was a countess whose leg had been broken by the overturning of a stage coach. His proffered services were accepted, and he performed his work so skillfully that she insisted he should not leave her. Ultimately she took him to London and introduced him to the best social circles. He became enamored of an earl's daughter, and taught her to sing "Eileen Aroon," Afterward he was parted from her by a cruel fate. She connected his name with the song, thus changed it was picked up and carried by a celebrated tenor upon the English stage, where it met with the same instantaneous success as did "Home, Sweet Home."

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

Uncle Nathan's Creed.

R. T. BENTLY.

Dar's a mighty seus question dat de folkses can't decide,
An' is vidin' ob de 'pinion ob de 'ligious mighty wide:
Fur I hear 'em say in meetin', wid er mighty happy look,
Dat er man is safe in heben ef his name is on de book.

Now I 'fess I'm mighty ignorant, but I knows er thing or two,
An' I'm gwine to take dis subject and I'm gwine to run er through;
Fur I neber did believe it (an' yer knows its mighty thin),
Dat er man kin git to heben while he's 'mittin' ob er sin.

Dus yer spose, ef I was walkin' through a watermelon patch,
Belonging ter a neighbor, and 'los take a little snatch—
An' de comic come a rushin' like de injun on de track,
Dat I could walk in heben wid er millon on my back?

Dus yer suppose ef I was comin', 'bout de hooting of de owl,
An' stoppin' fer ter listen at de crowin' ob de fowl,
Wus ter rech my han' right easy, an' pull him off de rail,
Dat I could go to heben wid dat rooster by de tail?

So der sin't no use in talkin', den, yer's got ter do de right,
A walking through de millon patch or 'long de road at night;
For I neber did believe it (an' yer knows it's mighty thin),
Dat a man kin git to heben while he's 'mittin' ob a sin.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Continuous Providence.

Dr. Guthrie has the following beautiful passage on Divine Providence: Providence has no Sabbath. No night suspends; and from its labor God never rests. If I may compare small things with great, it is like the motion of the heart.—Beating our march to the grave, since the day we began to live, the heart has never ceased to sleep; it never sleeps. Needing no period of repose to renew its strength, by night and by day it throbs every pulse; and constantly supplying nourishment for the frame, with measured, steady, untiring stroke, it drives the blood along the bounding arteries without any exercise or will on our part, and when the consciousness of our own very existence is lost in dreamless slumbers. If this be a just view of Divine Providence, may we not rest securely? Shall we not bid our troubled spirit be quiet? "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," says the inspired volume.—There is an unslumbering eye upon us; there is a heart of infinite love beating responsive to every need of our earthly life; there are arms of Omnipotence underneath and around us. Let us be still—quiet as an infant in its mother's arms. Let us commit all our interests to the keeping of our heavenly Father.

Above all Make us Stylish.

A little girl in Louisville was recently saying her prayers, and after going over the well-known verses, "Now I lay me," &c., she proceeded to ask God for various things she wanted. She prayed the Lord to "bless mamma and papa and sisters and brothers," and added, "but, above all, oh! God, make us stylish." The dear little girl but gave expression to what was the supreme desire in that household. And, alas, in how many mouths, even of church members, would that prayer fit, although they do not venture to formally express it like the honest little girl! People want to be good, yes, it is well, to be good, but to be "stylish"—ah! that is something worth while, and worth striving for. Too much piety is sometimes inconvenient, but too much style—ah, that is impossible. Even if certain things are wrong, so they are fashionable, what matters it? People must enjoy themselves, and what is the use of being so careful always to do right? This is the spirit—"above all, make us stylish." Character, righteousness, everything must be made subservient to style.

Thoughtfulness for the Old.

I wonder we are not always tender and thoughtful of the old? I wonder why people forget so, and seem to think that the romance and the dream days all belong to the young, none seeming to have a thought for the stories written on hearts that are hidden by wrinkled, careworn faces—never seeming to think of the pathos of lives grown silent and tired with the long journey—never thinking of the struggles, the noble deeds which are written everywhere—written in the old faces looking from dim eyes, sounding in voices from which the music has gone, in steps grown slow and halting, hands trembling and strengthless. Oh, I wonder we ever forget all this! I wonder we are not always tender of the old.

Some Short Proverbs.

Russian.—Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore.

Sanskrit.—Silence is the ornament of the ignorant.

Chinese.—There are two good men. One dead, the other unborn.

Tamul.—The handle of the axe is the enemy of its kind.

Persian.—One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.

Arabian.—It is hard to chase two hares.

Modern Greek.—Two watermelons cannot be carried under one arm.