

## THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 13.--

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 9, 1883.

--NUMBER 7

McAdoo has sold his french plate glass that cost him \$31,000 to James Gordon Bennett, of the New York "Herald" who will present it to Patti as the biggest thing in this country.

Mr. W. A. Nash, of Chatham county, has the largest egg that we have ever seen. It weighs exactly three quarters of a pound, and measured twelve inches lengthwise and nine inches around.

The Tennessee Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of obscene literature and classes as such literature the "Police Gazette" and "Police News." The penalty is not over \$100 nor less than \$25.

When a man dies suddenly "without the aid of a physician," the coroner must be called in. If a man dies regularly, after being treated by a doctor, everybody knows why he died, and the coroner's inquest is not necessary.

On Tuesday evening, 6th inst., while officiating at a marriage at Fern, Ill. Rev. George F. Bronson, pastor of the Congregational Church of La Salle, fell dead at the feet of the couple, just as he pronounced them husband and wife.

Gov. Cameron has added to his popularity among the negroes, by appointing two of them "on the School Board of Richmond, Va. which directs and controls the instruction of the children of the white people of that city.

A miller in Peru, Ind., fell asleep in his mill, and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery and was yanked out; and of course it awakened him, and his first bewilderment exclamation was, "Durn it, wife, what's the matter now?"

A gentleman entered a Portsmouth, N. H., drug store and asked for the "dark possibility of bright ideas." The clerk looked nonplussed and said he hadn't it in stock. The customer then explained that he wanted a bottle of ink.

A man called out to his creditor "Get out, you ornithologists!" The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An ornithologist," "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as a 'beast' with a bill."

Washington "Gazette." We know a plain, honest farmer in Beaufort county who has loaned this season more than \$2,000. He is one of those who raises his own supplies, and whose expenses never exceed his income. That's nothing, Wilson is full of just such farmers.

We will agree with the Wilson "Stings" when it says that Randolph A. Shotwell is dearer to the people of North Carolina than thirteen Tom Jarrises, if he is Governor. We want to see him in Jarvis' place. We think the people of Eastern Carolina have had enough of Jarvis.

Col. Wharton J. Green, president of the Society of Ex-Confederates, issues a short address relative to removing the remains of Col. McLeod Turner from Georgia to Raleigh, and urges the members to attend the funeral on the 9th of March.

In that strange and fascinating book, "The Gypsies," by Charles G. Leland, of Philadelphia, the common slang word "mash" now used, we regret to say, by young ladies, is thus explained: "Mashing—A word of Gypsy origin (mashav), meaning fascination by the eye or faking in."

The Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist says: "The word 'tariff' is derived from Tarifa, a seaport of Spain, about twenty miles from Gibraltar, where the Moors, during their supremacy in Spain, levied contributions according to a certain scale, on vessels entering the Mediterranean."

The following persons from North Carolina were created M. D.'s at the recent Commencement of the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons: Needham F. Bodille, Wm. H. Bagwell, M. L. Gaites, Peter R. Hatch, Thomas B. Love-lace, Neil M. McLean, Wm. E. Powell, Everett B. Udey, Willis J. Vestal and W. P. Craven.

Mrs. Sarah Wood, aged 121 years, died at Buford, Ga. recently. She was a slip of a young woman when the Declaration of Independence was signed, and her husband fought at the battle of King's Mountain. She had eleven children. She lived 102 years in Buford and was for fifty years a member of the Baptist Church.

The Raleigh "News-Observer" says the defeat of the railroad commission bill will be regretted. No doubt of it. By a careful estimate there were 394 candidates for commissioners and 483 candidates for clerk, representing ballots enough to have turned the last Democratic victory into a Republican Waterloo.

Hickory "Press" says, that with the assistance of a crippled mule and one boy 3 months a farmer of Iredell county made last season eleven bales of cotton, averaging 440 pounds each, three hundred bushels of corn, thirty-eight bushels of wheat, two wagon loads of oats and sixty gallons of sorghum molasses.

## THAT BAD BOY.

PA AND THE OLD TOM CAT HAVE A PITCHED FIGHT.

PA GOT THE WORST OF IT.

THE BOY INDEPENDENT.

What's your mother going to do with that three yards of court plaster I saw her buy this morning?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy.

"O, I guess she is going to patch up so he'll hold water. Pa's temper got him into the worst muzz you ever see last night. You see Pa wants me to do all the work around the house. The other day he bought a load of kindling wood and told me to carry it into the basement. I have not been educated up to kindling wood, and I didn't do it. When supper time came, and Pa found that I had not carried in the kindling wood, he had a hot box, and he told me if that wood was not in when he came back from the lodge he would warm my jacket. I knew when Pa came home he would search for me. So I slept in the back hall on a cot. But I didn't want Pa to have all his trouble for nothing, so I borrowed an old tom cat that my chum's old maid aunt owns, and put the cat in my bed. The cat isn't afraid of anything, and can whip a New Foundland dog quicker than you could put sand in a barrel of sugar. Well, about 11 o'clock I heard Pa tumbling over the kindling wood, and knew by the remark he made, as the wood slid around under him, that there was going to be a cat fight real quick. He came up to Pa's room and sounded ma as to whether Henery had retired to his virtuous couch. Pa is awful sarcastic when he tries to be. I could hear him take off his clothes, and hear him say as he picked up a trunk strap, "I guess I will go up to his room and watch the smile on his face, as he dreams of angels. I yearn to press him to my aching bosom." I thought to myself, maybe you won't yearn so much directly. He came up stairs, and I could hear him breathing hard. I looked out around the corner and could see he just had on his shirt and pants, and his suspenders were hanging down, and his bald head shone like a calcium light just before it explodes. Pa went in my room and up to the bed, and I could hear him say: "Come out here and bring in that kindling wood, or I'll start a fire on your base burner with this strap." And then there was a yowling sound as I never heard before, and Pa said, "Helen Blazes!" and the furniture in my room began to fall around and break. O, my! I think Pa took the tom cat right by the neck, the way he does me, and that left all the cat's feet free to get in their work. Pa's shirt was no protection at all in a cat fight, and the cat just walked all around Pa's stomach, and Pa yelled "police" and "fire," and "turn on the hose," and he called ma and the cat yowled. If Pa had had presence of mind enough to have dropped the cat, or rolled it up in the mattress it would have been all right; but a man always gets rattled in time of danger and he held on to the cat and started down the stairs yelling murder, and he met ma coming up. I guess ma's night cap, or something, frightened the cat some more, cause he stabbed ma on the night shirt with one hind foot, and ma said "mercy on us," and she went back, and Pa stumbled on a hand-sled that was on the stair, and they all fell down, and the cat got away and went down in the coal bin and yowled all night. Pa and ma went into their room, and I guess they anointed themselves with vaseline, and Pond's extract, and I went and got into my bed cause it was cold in the hall, and the cat had warmed my bed as well as it had warmed Pa. It was all I could do to go to sleep, with Pa and ma talking all night, and this morning I came down the back stairs, and haven't been to breakfast, cause I haven't been to see Pa when he is vexed. I have passed the kindling wood period in a boy's life, and have arrived at the coal period. I will carry in coal, but I draw the line at kindling wood."

A Valuable Invention.

An ingenious Carroll county man has invented a patent hen's nest. Never within the scope of our memory has an act been so opportune. Just in the midst of Lent when there is such a strain on over-worked hens for eggs an invention like this is a boon to every female fowl in the country. The great need of the world for centuries has been a patent hen's nest. We have patent stables, and patent beds for our cattle, our horses, our mules, our sheep; we have patent cages for our canaries; we have patent collars for our cats, and lap robes and sleeping cots for our poodle dogs, but until the happy

## IS IT PROTECTION?

WHAT A WORKING MAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIGH TARIFF.

HE DOES NOT LIKE IT.

TO THE WASHINGTON POST

TO THE EDITOR OF THE POST:—Your recent publication of the protective parable which I sent you has given rise to much discussion and to one occurrence at least which I think ought to be generally made known. As you have so many things to occupy your time you may not remember all the points, and I think it my duty to reproduce them. Every one will see that the interview sets forth just what ought to have been expected, that you need not certify to its accuracy.

It is not long since that three plainly dressed men entered the editorial rooms of the *Post*. The taller of the three, straightening himself up, as a man is very apt to do when he has something very weighty to communicate, said:

"We have come to talk to you about important business. This gentleman on my right is Mr. Jones, a laborer in a woolen mill; Mr. Smith, on my left is a laborer in a cotton factory, and I (my name is Wilson) am in a knit-goods factory. Now, to come right to the point. We laborers get some time to read on Sundays, and we saw in your paper of Saturday a parable. Every body knows that the parables in the Testament are true. We are told that the man who wrote this one was a long while in Congress and must know all about these things. Besides, we knew that if it had not been true you would not have printed it in the *Post*, for, as the *Post* is printed right here at the Capital, it could not afford to print anything that was not true.

"Now, sir, we see in that parable that under the laws of Congress the farmers and mechanics of the country are taxed to raise money to pay us factory laborers two dollars a day. I need not tell you that we do not get that nor half of it. Why, you have printed this in your paper of last Monday yourself. From what you have printed there you will see that the woolen laborers get in a year only \$293, the cotton men only \$240 and we knit-goods men only \$282. You will see that after you even throw out all the Sundays and holidays, we do not get eighty cents a day. Now the point is, who gets the balance of our pay, being over a dollar a day for each of us?"

"But I want to tell you further after reading this parable we determined to do something, and we have this morning been to see some of the men on the Avenue who sells the goods we made to the people, and we told them what we had read in the *Post*, and that we had come to get our money to make up our two dollars a day. What do you think they said to us? They one and all declared that they did not have a bit of money for us. They said as how that they had to pay all the entire price which the tariff put on the goods to the owners of the manufacturing establishments of whom they bought. Did they tell the truth about this matter, or are they trying to cheat us out of our rights? Just tell us the plain truth."

The editor of the *Post* who had been listening attentively said, in reply, "Oh, I have no doubt but that they told you the truth, and that in buying their goods they have to pay the manufacturers the high prices which the tariff causes. In fact, the owners of the factories are constantly asking Congress to keep up a high tariff so that they can get money enough to pay high wages to the workmen they employ."

"Then," said Mr. Wilson, with great apparent indignation, "these men who employ us must be dishonest men, for they pretend that they are paying us as much as they can afford to. Now what are we to do? If a man were to pay me money to give to you would I not be bound to pay the money to you? As this is a free country must there not be some way for a man to get justice? It's of no use for us to go to our employers and ask for more money, for we have tried that, again and again. In fact, they have of late been cutting down our wages. We have made strikes for higher wages, but it does no good, for as they have a hundred dollars where we have one, they can hold on longer than we can, and they always compel us to return to work to keep our wives and children from starving to death. In God's name what are we to do to get justice? I will tell you. We have determined to go right up to Congress and tell them that the money they have had collected for us is kept back by our employers. Will

To be Pardoned Because of his Dogs.

A gentleman of this city who has just returned from a visit to Plymouth, N. C., says that there is in jail at that place a colored man who has been confined there for eighteen months for having been engaged in a threatened riot some time ago, to suppress which, it will be remembered the State troops were called out. The particulars of the affair have gone out of the public mind. The colored prisoner referred to, previous to his incarceration, devoted much of time to coon hunting, and owned two coon dogs which were so strongly devoted to their master that they never left him even during his trial, except when driven away. This attachment became so evident in these creature's persistent efforts to cling to their master, that it became a matter of general remark and public admiration in the place and the dogs were finally looked upon with kindness by all. They are of the mongrel species. When the prisoner was finally locked up in his cell for his term, his two dogs took their position on the outside of the prison building, and have remained day after day for eighteen months unmolested. This faithful devotion of the dogs has attracted such admiration from the people of Plymouth that a kennel has been built for them. At night they wander away for something to eat, but the coming day finds them at their post. An effort is making to induce the Governor of the State to pardon the man, and will probably be successful, as it is said the Governor's wife, on a recent visit to the place, was so struck with the evidence of canine affection for the prisoner that she actually shed tears.—Richmond correspondence of the Petersburg (Va.) *Index-Appel*.

Out in Ohio, the sheriffs seem to be made out of very unsuspecting material. One of these officials, having a criminal in charge, allowed him to go into a hotel to talk to his wife and seemed much chagrined when his charge failed to return. This is the first instance of an Ohio officer letting go of anything that he had his paws on.

they not immediately order it to be paid to us? This is a free country there must be some way for men to get their rights. Tell me, will Congress do this right off? We wish to know for we are poor men and cannot afford to stay here more than one week."

At this moment an interested listener remarked: "Pardon me, but my own opinion is that you could not get what you desire even if you said till the end of the session."

"Is this so?" exclaimed Mr. Wilson. "Why when we elected these men they told us they would carry out the wishes of the people and do every thing they could for us. If now they intend to break their words, what are we to think? Why can't we answer them?"

The interested listener quickly answered. "You must know that many of these members of Congress are owners or stockholders in the manufacturing companies, and others own their elections to the support of capitalists. Even those who have no interest in the mills do not wish to offend the wealthy men whose opposition might defeat them. Again, I ought candidly to say to you that at present many of the leading men in Congress are trying to make political capital for the next Presidential race. They are now more anxious to carry the next elections, so as to get the control of the offices, than anything else. In fact, the great parties are fighting each other more or less, on political issues, and it will be useless for you to attempt what you propose."

"Well," said Mr. Wilson, "if we cannot get our rights from this Congress, we will try this plan.—First let me tell you, that up in Massachusetts where we live, since 1860 wages have advanced thirty-one cents, while the cost of living has increased forty-one per cent. This present high tariff has hurt our living ten per cent. I remember enough to prove that this is true. Now I will tell you what we can do. They tax the poor farmers of the country, who are only getting fifty cents a day, on the pretense that they intend to give us the money, when in fact they are keeping it for themselves. Now this is as great an outrage on the farmers as it is on us. We can join these farmers and by all pulling together we can stop this whole rascally business. We will determine not to stand this thing any longer. We will just make a party of the people and turn out all these politicians and have justice done all around. We have heard lately some talk about a Washington party, which means, they say, that just like they did in Washington's time, they are to elect good men and tell them to go for their country and do justice to all the people. We are not enemies of the rich, but we do not wish them to be too greedy."

T. L. CLINGMAN.  
Washington, Feb. 2d.

What an Energetic Woman Did.

A Boston woman, the daughter of a once wealthy man, being reduced to the necessity of providing for her own wants, resolved to manufacture pickles and preserves for the market. She told her friends and they promised to become customers. She found no difficulty in selling all that she could make with her own hands. The next year she enlarged the business, and the third she expanded it still further, condiments having by this time acquired a reputation in the market. Now she is making a net profit of about \$19,000 a year.

One of those fearful and fatal accidents occurred at the railroad at about 2 o'clock this afternoon, in which Mr. Bissett, an engineer on the W. & H. Railroad, lost his life. He had been at work upon his engine in the round house during the forenoon and had started across the yard to go to his dinner. When he got upon the last track on the southern side of the yard, which he reached just as engine and tender was backing from the south side of the shed, he stood still, apparently watching a train which was at the time going down the hill, and although the car coupler on the tender shunted to him he seemed not to hear the warning and in a moment he was struck by the rear end of the tender which knocked him flat upon the track, and engine and tender both passed over him, leaving him a mangled corpse where he fell. Both of his legs, his back and neck were broken under the terrible weight.—Wilmington *Review*.

You may say what you please, but there is luck in horse shoes. A man nailed one up on the fence not long since, and a week afterwards his wife, who used to wear out the furniture on him, eloped with a friend to whom he was owing \$10, so he got rid of two encumbrances at once.

Fatal Accident.

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The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no. I believe that the world was not made, and that the world made itself; that it had no beginning, and that it will last forever without end.

I believe that man is beast; that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither soul nor body.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only, and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophy; I believe not in the evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Mindland, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbs, Shaftesbury; I believe in

## TO THE FARMERS.

HOGS AND HOMINY—THE SURPLUS IN COTTON.

TO THE RAISERS OF COTTON.

READ IT AND REFLECT.

All the cotton factors of St. Louis have united in the following circular in the hope of influencing the growth of food products in the South the coming season:

St. Louis, Mo., February 24, 1883. To the Merchants, Farmers, and Tenants of the Cotton Belt: The South is now on the eve of planting another crop, and after an experience of seventeen years it seems advisable that some change should be made in her manner of farming, and we call your careful attention to the following facts, which are offered with the sincere hope that the people will give them proper consideration.

Your section possesses the finest farming lands and the most salubrious climate in the world, and should be to-day financially independent; instead of having to borrow on a crop before it is made, should have her corn-bins and larders filled before commencing a crop.

Compare your situation with the farmers of the North and West.—They by systematic labor are growing richer each year, while you with patient toil and close economy are neither so thriving nor prosperous as you should be.

There is a cause for these troubles, and we, as cotton men, whose interest is closely identified with yours, believe we are in a position to note many of the evils that exist, and offer, without presuming, the following suggestions:

1. The credit system, as at present in vogue throughout the South, is disastrous to the planters and tenants, forcing them to pay extravagant prices for supplies, and causing their crops to be forced into market with such rapidity and in such quantities as to break prices almost invariably below cost of production.

2. After noting for years the effect of large crops of cotton, we find that the over-production of this staple is the key-note to the situation, and we strongly advise all parties interested in the prosperity of the South to discourage the planting of a large acreage this year, and devote their labors first to the raising of grain, cattle and hogs; and give the balance of their time to the culture of cotton.

This policy will bring good results in many ways; for instance, many small farmers, and large ones also, are so heavily in debt when their cotton is ready for sale that they are compelled to let it go even though the price is below its intrinsic worth; while, if they had supplied at home, produced, and not bought on credit, they could afford to hold their cotton until they felt justified in selling.

The price of cotton to-day is fully 15 per cent. below the average of the past five years, while, on the other hand, corn is 33 per cent. and provisions 50 per cent. above the average. Thus are you losers both ways.

With the production of enough provisions on each farm, cotton would become a surplus, and soon the men of debt would be lifted from your people, and each year would record rapid strides in wealth.

Decreased production of cotton, and increased production of bread meat and other necessities will bring about a more prosperous condition of affairs for the South, and instead of sheriff sales to satisfy the mortgages that the poor laborers must now give, we would see grinding poverty banished forever, and plenty would pour in upon you.

We ask that the merchants and planters of each State, by calling a convention, or in some practical manner, agitate this question until the influence is felt throughout the entire cotton belt.

As it cried the little mouth opened and two separate tongues, one over the other, were exposed. Neither one is well developed. The lower one seems to be split partially in the middle. In addition to the tongues there is a double row of lower gums. These, too, are clearly distinguishable. The most serious malformation was yet to be seen. Looking to the roof of the mouth it was found that there was no palate. This interferes with the child's feeding. Most of the nourishment administered returns through the nasal organs. Dr. Leavitt, the attending physician, says it is doubtful whether the baby will live. Mrs. Thompson is inclined to the same opinion.

An immense bed of phosphates has been discovered in Brunswick county, on the line of the Carolina Central railroad, about eleven miles from Wilmington.

Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not in St. Paul. I believe not in revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Koran; I believe not in the Bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sancoianthian; I believe in Mohammed; I believe not in Christ.

Protecting Dogs.

The dog law in Indiana creates a fund out of which losses of sheep killed by dogs are regularly paid, and besides that contributes \$100, a year to the school fund. Dogs in the South are above the law. They are under the special care and protection of the State Legislature—Wilmington *Review*.

What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the beds, and darn the socks, cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all when a young man calls to see a lady send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made, send him to inspect the needlework and bed making; or put a broom in her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by him and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies, and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; who put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life, through storms and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favorable winds, a man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and a mother's love will hardly supply the needs. Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives, surprised by bearing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.—From *Our Home Paper*.

How to Handle a Liar.

The only way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game.—That is, of course, unless he is the editor of a pious newspaper. What started this item was reading about an American who had been to Europe, and who was telling a friend, who knew he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how, on the 25th of the month they encountered a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried every stick of the canvass off the ship. The listener looked thoughtful a moment, and then said, hesitatingly: "Yes I guess we met the swarm of locusts the next day, on the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvass pants. The first larva went around the corner and kicked himself.—Peck's Sun."

The fact is there is no place like a great city in which to achieve a great success, but unless a man have some money or much brain and great tact the city will crush him to death. The vast city is attractive. People flock from all quarters. There are ten applicants for every place. There are at least 15,000 adults in New York between whom and starvation there intervenes only the helping hand of public and private charity. These people can afford to work for almost nothing. There are boys here whose parents must support them, and are willing that they should work for a dollar a week rather than do nothing. Strangers must compete with them. Advertise that you want a clerk for \$10 a week, and the police will be compelled to guard your door from the throng that will come sweeping up at the hour. Advertise for a boy, and men will come in platoons, sometimes gray headed.

There is room enough in New York for men who can hold it, but a man must come prepared to hold his position a long time without help. A great city is a great soil to man who has so much sap that he can live on his sap through a long drought. But it is a dreadful place to drowse in. Men work for years and do not rise an inch, and then if hard times come and they are thrown out there is nothing there.

If you can get the use of a blind mule and two acres of land, do not come to New York. Do not come without money to bring you and carry you home, and keep you until you go home. If then you have a trade or profession, you may succeed. It is no joke to be thrown penniless on a vast city.

Through the good agencies of a friend who knew them both well, Mr. John W. Mayo, a prosperous young business man of Washington, N. C., and Miss Jennie Pentz, of Baltimore, have been in friendly correspondence for some months met for the first time in Baltimore and were formally introduced. On Monday afternoon they were married, and it is to be hoped will live together ever hereafter.

One Inch, One Insertion	\$1.0
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