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 TRUTHS'."

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WILSON ADVANCE.

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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE.

PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS

President Arthur wants to marry.

The State Medical Society meets at Tarboro in May.

"Why not," is the novel name of a post office in Randolph county.

State Senator Jas. S. Battle has been elected one of the Trustees of the University.

The Durham "Tobacco Plant" thinks that Senator Jas. S. Battle has the Confiressional bee in his bonnet.

"Consecutive polygamy" is what Dr. Dix calls the frequent marriages following divorces in New England.

We sympathize with Brother Davis of the "Torchlight" in the death of his little boy—only child—aged 18 months.

One of the gravest cases of omission by our legislature was the failure to increase the number of Supreme Court Judges.

Mr. James D. Murphy, of La Grange Academy has been offered a professorship in a College at Lamartine, Nebraska.

The Rome, Ga. city council has raised the license tax on bar-rooms to $600, and compells them to close at 10 o'clock at night. Good!

The latest absconding cashier has improved on the general run of things by adding a pretty girl to the peoples funds traveling with him.

If President Grevy carries out his intention of resigning his office, the French will be in a stew. A stew without Gravy will be a bad mess.

Senator David Davis, who married Miss Burr last week, is 68 years old and weighs 320 pounds. Miss Burr is 40 years old and her weight is 160.

Wm. Sprague, of "Conkling" notoriety has married a divorced woman and been nominated for Governor of Rhode Island on the Independent ticket.

The business of the Tarboro "Southerner" has been arranged and will not be sold at public auction as advertised. Frank Powell, Esq., is now editor and proprietor.

The legislature passed a law to the effect that no State tax shall be levied or collected in 1884, provided the $600,000 due is paid by the owners of the Western N. C. R. R.

The Charlotte "Observer" tells of a Baltimore drummer named Johnson who was put off the cars for riding in his shirt-sleeves in the ladies' car. He sued for damages. He was stuck for $200 in costs. Good.

Chicago has a society craze. A Professor Benson has reduced tattooing to a fine art, and is making piles of money by picking the names of their lovers in unmarried ladies' arms.

Sixty years ago, the Methodists of this county had but one denominational school. Now, they have fifty seven colleges, with 4,500 students, and own $11,000,000 in college property.

The Roanoke "News" has entered upon its twelfth volume. We can bestow no higher compliments than to say that we clip from its columns more than from any other weekly in the State.

The "Robesonian" favors the nomination of Col. William L. Saunders, Secretary of State, for Governor in 1884, and pays a just tribute to the services of that able, and truthful public officer.

The Boston *Herald* says that a lady passing the burial ground at Quincy on the cars, complacently remarked to a stranger, "I've got three of the best husband's lyin there that ever a woman had.

Lucy Williams, a negress, is under arrest in Washington for holding her new-born infant over a stove until it roasted to death, when she concealed the charred remains in a closet. The oder of burning flesh revealed the crime.

A little child five years old was raped by a negro school teacher named Alexander Yancy. She was not pure white, and he got off with two years in the penitentiary. He deserved death. This occurred in Baltimore.

A Guilford county member of the legislature, who served four years in the war and fought where the battle was thickest, says he feels happier over the adjournment of the legislature than he did when the war closed.

Tom's logic staggers: Husband (2 a. m., after a curtain lecture.)—"Well, all I've got to say, is, if you are a person of such refinement and good breeding you ought to be above talking to a drunken fellow this time of the night.

There is a Chicago divorce suit because she wanted to call the baby John Frederick, and he was determined to name it Edward Gordon. It would perhaps be a good scheme for young couples to name the baby before they get married.

An order has been received here says the Greensboro "Patriot," from a firm in Newberry, S. C., for 500 cats. The rats are playing havoc with the cotton seed in Newberry, and unless exterminated, there will not be enough seed to plant a crop.

The Durham "Tobacco Plant" says: Col. W. T. Blackwell and Mr. P. A. Wiley, of Raleigh, will, on or before the first of April, commence the banking business in Durham. They will have a cash capital of $150,000 and that amount will be increased whenever the business requires it.

Two hundred girls have left Limerick for this country. There is plenty of room here for all the nice girls in Ireland, and of course all the girls in Ireland are nice. They may even be able to find husbands in some of our nice young men when they get able to support husbands.

One of the substantial farmers of Sparta, Ga., when he was married, twelve years ago, had to borrow money to pay for his marriage license, and, not having a decent suit of clothes, the young woman whom he was to marry tore the wool from sheepskins, spun, wove and made him a suit of clothes.

Mrs. Partington and the judge: "Are you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a judge of probate. "I am a judge of probate." "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady: "You see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

The Russians have a model liquor law. The degree regulating the liquor traffic jrst signed by the Emperor, is peculiar. There must be only one liquor shop in a villiag, and where two or three villiages are almost contiguous, one shop must suffice for the group. The seller must be a native of the place, appointed and paid by the common council.

A German has patented an invention which stamps him as a Yankee by nature if not by birth—it consists of a little book whose leaves are made of perfumed toilet soap, and is meant especially for travelers. When he wants to wash his hands he simply tears out a leaf—one is sufficient for the purpose—and the book can be put back dry into the pocket.

Last Thursday night the hearse and coffin were sent after says the Kinston *Free press*, one of our citizens who was sitting by the fire "eating goober peas" when they arrived. He very quietly informed them that if it would suit them just as well he had no objections of waiting a short while longer. After a little persuasion they concluded to wait.

Elizabeth City, N. C. says the Norfolk *Landmark* is the place where nobody ever dies. The *Economist* tells of two old men, aged 100 years each, who can "dance a jig like a couple of boys." The residence of the town once held a meeting, it is said, and drew lots to decide upon the person who should kill his grandfather, that the people might see what a funeral was like.

Mr. Stilson Hutchins, the proprietor of the Washington "Post" recently married a Miss Brady, who is said to be an accomplished lady of 35, and one of the remarkable features of the wedding was the receipt of a kind letter from his divorced wife wishing for him all the happiness he had failed to enjoy in his first marriage. He and his bride have gone to Europe.

One of the most important State elections of this year will be that Ohio. A Governor, Treasurer, Auditor and two judges of the Supreme Court are to be chosen, and, if the Democrats succeed, they will have full control of the State Government for the first time in over twenty years. The temperance question is troubling both parties, but the Republicans are likely to suffer the most from it.

If the young men in these old States who are looking westward with longing eyes would make as complet sacrifice of their pride, and put forth their energies as fully here as they would have to do to keep from starving in the west, fortune would smile upon them, and the brierpatches and fields of broomsedges would be dressed in living green, and the old land would bloom in beauty.—*Nash Advocate.*

LAND OF FLOWERS.

A FORMER WILSONIAN IN THE FLOWERY LAND.

ALLIGATORS AND SNAKES.

VEGETABLES ARE SCARCE.

Mr. W. H. Barbee, a former resident of Wilson has recently made his home in Florida, and from the following which was written to a friend in this place, it will be seen that he is not a very great admirer of the land of flowers:—ED.

DEAR SIR:—

According to promise I will drop you a few lines this morning to let you know what I know, and what I have seen since I have been here. Florida, "the land of flowers"--it is a lie, for I have not seen half a dozen natural flowers since I have been in the State. To tell you the truth there are no flowers here and the land is so poor it will not bring them, for it is a land of water, aligators, snakes and a few oranges and lemons. By the way, water is the most precious thing here, for people in this place have to buy all their drinking water. They pay 30 cents per barrel for it. Think of it, the land of flowers and no drinking water! I have not had a good drink of water since I left home and there is nothing but water here either. There is not but one man in this place who has a garden, and I will bet my head off of my shoulders that I can eat every thing that there is in it, in a week, raw. This is the land of flowers where invalids come at death's door and are generally carried confined in coffins. I have seen three since I have been here, who came for the benefit of their health, who died here. This part of Florida is a poor place for a poor man to come to settle and expect to make a living. All the land that will make oranges is owned by Yankees who have plenty of money. I will tell you what it would cost you to buy an orange grove. There is a grove about one and a half miles from here of four acres and the man has been offered $65,000 for it and will not take it. He says he will take $75,000, but is not anxious to sell at that, so you can judge what it will take to settle here. All of the land that will bring oranges is owned by people who will not sell, and the other land I would not have. But these land agents get a greeny once in a while, and get from $25 to $50 per acre for land that will not sprout cow peas. They could not make me a present of it and compel me to pay tax on it.

They had a Fair here last week and it was a Fair, too. The only things that I saw that reminded me of North Carolina was two corn shucks on exhibition and they drew more attention than anything else. Why the people in this part of the country think that corn grows in hulls like peas.

I have not seen as much hog meat since I have been here as you buy in one month. There is no stock at all, although we have fair beef and it sells from ten to twelve and a half cents per pound.

Tailors can charge their own price for clothes and make them pay for it, for you will never get more than one job out of a man. As soon as you come here and get a look at the country he leave, that is if he has money enough to get away with. When any one leaves here he has to have money to leave with, for he cannot walk, he is bound to take a boat or railroad car, for we are completely surrounded by water. To tell you the truth there are not much here and but little of that. Oranges sell at two cents a piece for the best and and from one to one and a half for second best and the largest lemons you ever saw for one cent a piece.

W. H. BARBEE.

Sanford, Florida, March 4, '83.

The Terrible Fight Between Stevens and Conne.

When the late Alexander H. Stephens returned to Georgia from Washington in 1848, where he had opposed the admission of California and New Mexico, he heard that Judge Cone, of Georgia, had called him a traitor to the South, and he told the latter if it were true, which the juge had denied, he would "slap his face." Afterward, a misunderstanding arose between them on the same subject through the miscarriage of a letter and also a feeling on the part of the judge and his friends that he had been bullied; and the gentlemen met at the Atlanta Hotel and fought. Cone demanded a retraction of his threat, which was not made. "Then," said Cone, who was a powerfully built man, "I denounce you as a miserable traitor!" The last words had hardly left his lips when Stephens hit him with his cane. Wild with pain and passion, without uttering a word, Cone drew a keen pointed dirk knife and made one furious thrust at his weak little adversary. Instantly as he did so, however, Stephens, seizing a stout umbrella which he held in his left hand, interposed it as a defense and was able for a moment to hold him at arm's length. Once more it was thrust at Stephens, cutting a deep gash in his orm; eighteen times it cut deep into his breast, arms and body, but still he did not fall. Then he could hold out no longer, No courage, no spirit, however firm and unyielding, could long withstand such attact. Cone was determined to finish his work. He threw all his great weight against the umbrella, which broke; Stevens, half fainting, fell upon his back. The giant Cone was at his throat in a moment, his head, by a grip of iron was held against the cruel floor. "Retract, or I'll cut your cursed throat!" hissed Cone. "Cut! I'll never retract!" gasped the almost lifeless Stephens. The knife came down. With an almost superhuman effort the prostrate man cought it in his right hand. Clean through the muscles, tendon, and bones of the hand it cut, then stuck fast and reached no vital part. With desperate strength Cone tried to wrench it free. In the struggle Stephens was once more dragged to his feet. The blood was rushing in streams from his many wounds. At this moment others came to his relief and saved his life. The wounds which Mr. Stephens received were examined. It was found that one of them had penetrated to within a sixteenth of an inch of his heart. An intercostal artery had been cut. When he recovered he refused to prosecute Cone, and that person, instead of getting his deserts in State prison, was fined $1,000, and, with his "honor vindicated," was allowed to go free. To the day of his death Mr. Stephens spoke of him in terms of consideration and forgiveness. Not long ago, showing the great hole in his mangled hand, he said: "Poor Cone! I'm sure he'd be sorry if he knew what trouble I have to write with these stiff fingers of mine."

A Giddy Thing of Fifty Elopes With a Masher of Sweet Sixteen.

The confines of East Washington were invaded this morning by a reversed scandal from a neighboring town Maryland county. From information obtained by a reporter, it appears that Mrs. Margaret EcDuffrey, a portly and heavy-weighted counery lass of fifty summers and as many bleak winters, the wife of a well-to do Prince George's county farmer, became infatuated sometime ago with one of her husband's employes, Charley Britt, who is only eighteen.

Her attentions finally became so open that Farmer Mack, as he is called by the neighbors, objected, and he ultimately ordered the handsome Charley to leave his employ and the neighborhood. The youth left the farmer's employ, but not the neigborhood, for he still hovered around like a giddy fly about the web of some tricky and gaudy spider, and thereafter the youth frequently met his aged "mash" on the roadside and in friendly thickets, where they "billed and cooed" to their hearts' contents. The husband was on the alert, however, and one day caught the couple. His indignation knew no bounds, and it is said that he thrashed both his wife and her "young feller," and declared that he would kill the latter on sight by pouring two loads of buckshot into his body if he found him in the neighborhood again. The youth disappeared from the vicinity for awhile, but yesterday returned and eloped with Mrs. McCaffrey, the pair coming to the city in one of her farm wagons, and stopping at the residence of the giddy but aged Margaret's sister, on the Navy Yard.

A Healthy Lamb Story.

The Wilmington "Review" comes to the front with the following: A short time ago in an adjoining county, a farmer had a sheep which gave birth to twin lambs and died soon after. The lambs were bright and healthy, and what to do with the little motherless creatures became a matter of concern. The wife of the farmer happened, as is sometimes the case, to have a nursing infant, and she concluded to try the experiment of letting the little lambs share with the little one for nourishment from her own breast. The trial was entirely successful, and the little creatures now come to her regularly for nourishment and are thriving under their novel nursing.

There seems to have been a very wide range between the foresight and hindsight of Mr. George T. Hathaway, of Fall River, Mass., whose estate shows liabilities of more than a million and a half, and assets of five thousand dollars.

WILLIAM R. COX.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE FROM THE NEW YORK "SUN."

A CLEAR-HEADED MEMBER

A GOOD RECORD FOR HIM

The New York "Sun" pays the following compliment to Gen. W. R. Cox, of the Metropolitan district:

In the Forty-seventh Congress there were two members named Cox. Everybody knows the Samuel Sullivan Cox who represents the Seventh, Eleventh, and thirteenth wards of this town. They call him Sunset, but his sun never sets. The Forty-seventh Congress is the twelfth in which he has served; it is a qurater of a century since he first carried into the House of Representatives his wit, his philosophy, his knowledge, of what interests men, his industrious habits, his incorruptible conscience, his honest purpose to speak and vote right.

The other Representative Cox hails from the hill country of North Carolina, and his name is William Ruffin. We learn from the Congressional Directory that he is a new member. He has been a cotton planter, a rebel Brigadier, a practising lawyer, a Judge of the Superior Court, and a chairman of the Democratic State committee. He has finally made his way into Congress, where he is likely to stay, inasmuch as he appears to be an old-fashioned Demecrat, of the sort frequently encountered in the visions of the virtuous and the patriotic, but that does not materialize with great frequency.

As far as we are aware, Mr. Cox of North Carolina has made no long speech since he went to Congress. We have read his brief remarks on the reduction of the internal revenue. They are to the point. He opposed the sham bill of last session because it failed to give relief to the overtaxed laborer and producer. He favors the repeal of all internal revenue taxation, believing it to be anti-republican in its tendency, and burdensome and oppressive in its mode of collection. He regards the present machinery for collecting the internal revenue as altogether odious—"a system of espionage, information, and oppressive agencies which frequently leads to conflicts and bloodshed, and proves most oppressive to that class who are least able to bear the expenses of litigation." He will take part at the next session in a movement to wipe out of existence the present revenue machinery and officers. He looks upon the surplus revenue of the Treasury, not as a foraging ground provided by Providence for Congressman and their constituents, but as "a continual invitation to corruption and extravagance."

Mr. Cox is old-fashioned in his notions of the duty of a Democratic Representative, for he sees no difference in principle between going in for big jobs and going in for little ones. There were ninety members who voted last Friday morning against the River and Harbor steal of 1883. Of the ninety members only five were from Southern States, and Mr. W. R. Cox was one of the five. Turning to the record on the River and Harbor steal of 1882, we find that Cox voted against that too.

We have a copy of Mr. Cox's speech against the petty and contemptible robbery of the public funds by means of the habitual appropriation for the Botanic Garden—the florist's establishment which supplies Senators and Representatives with boquets. He pointed out to the House that the Sundry Civil bill contained an appropriation of $10,000 for the Botanic Garden swindle, the Legislative bill $11,700 more; while a sporadic item in the Sundry Civil bill give $2,500 "for the storage and protection of palms and other tropical and sub-tropical plants." "Now," said Mr. Cox, with great good sense, "I insist that when appropriations are made for a specific object, all those appropriations should be put together, so that the House can understand what it is doing."

A Southern Democrat who has creeks and trout streams in his district and yet votes against the River and Harbor bill on principle; a new member of the House who has the courage to stand up and manfully opposed a petty abuse that many of the older reformers are glad enough to blink; a clear-headed man who can talk solid sense in plain English—that is Mr. William Ruffin Cox of North Carolina. We are glad to say that he is re-elected.

His Last Court.

Old Judge Greyson, a justice of the peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas a year ago, before the "carpet-baggers" began their reckless ways, and year after year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practised in his court never joked with him, because every one soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar which, with his own hands, he had made, and every evening, just at a certain time he closed his books and went home. No one ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one even went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in the city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who even lived in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because, having once been summoned in a case of arbitration, he exhibted the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the name of the "hard justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his decisions. His rulings were never reversed by the higher courts. He showed no sentiment in decision. He stood upon the platform of a law which he made a study, and no man disputed him.

Several days ago a woman charged with misdemeanor was arranged before him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexations of a court much longer"

"I am not well to-day," said the Judge, turning to the lawyers, "and any cases you may have you can dispatch them to the best, and let me add, quickest of your ability."

Every one saw that the old man was unusually feeble and no one thought of any scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to almost reverence him.

"Is this the woman!" asked the Judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defence, Your Honor," the woman replied. "In fact I do not think I need any, for I am to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, and I am willing to submit the case. I am dying of consumption, Judge, and I know that any ruling made by the law can have but little effect on me:" and she coughed, a hollow, vacant cough, and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore. The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped and he did not raise them, when the woman continued: "As I say, no man can defend me. I am too near that awful approach, to pass which we know is everlasting death to soul and to body. Years ago I was a child of bright promise; I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was the admired of all the gay society known in our neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I don't say this, Judge, to excite your sympathy. I have many and many a time been drawn before courts, but I never before spoke of my past life." She coughed again and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know that this is the last on earth before which I will be arraigned. I was fifteen years old when I felll in love with the man My father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said he should come no more I ran away and married him. My father said I should never come home again. I had always been his pride and had loved so dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home my home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him; How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was 'I do not know you!' My husband died—yes, cursed God and died! Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy, I went out into the world. My child died and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again, but he answered: 'I know not those who disobey my commandments.' I turned away from that letter hardened. I embraced sin. I rushed madly into vice. I spurned my teachings. I was time and time again arrested. Now I am here."

Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer "he is dead." The woman was his daughter!

The State of Kansas is to have a railroad commission.

THAT BAD BOY.

THE HEALTH OFFICERS AFTER HIS MISCHIEF.

LIMBERGER CHEESE.

HIS FATHER IN TROUBLE.

"What was the health officer doing over to your house this morning?" said the grocer to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collects garbage in the alley.

"O, they are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have got plumbers and other society experts till you can't rest, and I have come away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy?"

"Well, in nine cases out of ten they would hit right, but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest?"

"S-h-h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul or I am a dead boy. You see I was over to the dairy fair at the exposition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum helped to carry boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave each of us a piece of limberger cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. O, it was the offulest smell I ever heard of, except the smell when they found a tramp who hung himself in the woods on the Whitefish Bay road, and had been dead three weeks. It was just like an old back number funeral. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went to church, too, and sat on a back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn pa's cheese began to smell, a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book, and ma held the other; and pa he always sings for all that is out, and when he braced himself and sung "Just as I am," ma thought pa's voice was tinctured with biliousness and she looked at him, and hunched him, and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose, cause his breath was enough to stop a clock. Pa stopped singing and turned kind of cross towards ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said, 'whew,' and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled frowy. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman who used to be a nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled pa's cheese she looked at him as though he had the small pox, and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, he was a stranger from Racine, who belongs to our church, and he looked at ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed, and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me he said, something in a whisper about a female glue factory. Well, sir, before the sermon was over everbody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and they looked at pa and ma scandalous, and the two ushers they come around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon and wiped the perspiration from his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after meeting, as there was same business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up, and he presumed the congregation had noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he had spoken of the matter before, and expected it would be attended to before this. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot where the master decided, but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone boiling establishment. He said that religion was a good thing, but no person could enjoy religion as well in a fattening establishment as he could in a flower garden, and as far as he was concerned he had got enough. Everybody look of everybody else, and pa looked at ma as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and ma looked at pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her underclothes, and a piece in the spare room, under the bed, and a piece in the bathroom, in the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library in a book anp I went to the dining-room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for bear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where pa was, she sad she hoped he had gone around a block to air hissilf. Pa came home to dinner, and when he got a smell of the house he opened all the doors, and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some cabolic acid. Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him, and then they decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning pa went down to the health office and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there was dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and ma went out to a neighbor's to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to dig up the floor in the basement I came over here If they find any of that limberger cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and ma says she is going to break up keeping house and board. That is just into my hand. I want to board at a hotel, where, you can have a bill-of-fare and tooth-picks, and billiards, and everything. Well, I guess I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley with my coat tail full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gass."

Selecting A Wife.

Who marries for love takes a wife; who marries for fortune takes a mistress; who marries for position takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, your lady your debts. If you are dead your wife will weep, your mistress will lament, and your lady wear mourning. Which will have?—*Ex.*

How our Rich Men Began Life.

Many of the wealthiest men in New York began poor. Jay Gould was a cow-boy, James R. Keene came from England with $20 in his pocket, Rufus Hatch began dealing in "garden sass," D. Appleton kept a grocery store, James Watson Webb was a country clerk, Henry Villard was a reporter, Lenoard W. Jerome was a printer, H. B. Claflin was a Vermont school teacher, Charles O'Conor was born of the poorest of Irish parents, Peter Cooper was a hatter's apprentice, and the editor of this paper began life without a dollar. Now he owes many times that amount. Let the country emulate the example of the above named successful men.

A Little Peace-Maker.

A little girl applied at one of our drug stores the other day for "Love-Powders" says the Winston "Leader." The druggist informed her that there was no such thing, but inquired of her why she wanted it. She said that her mamma and papa quarrelled so much she really wanted something to make them love each other. There is a whole sermon, in that little girl's desire, for parents to ponder.

Little angel! She was indeed a peace-maker and she shall be rewarded.

Married the Man she loved.

The rich New York millionaire whose daughter slipped away from home one morning last week, and married the man she loved, was reported as very much prostrated by the shock. If the report is true that he wanted to force her to marry, for the sake of his title, the French Marquis Tallyrand-Perigord, whose title and whose vices are all that remain to him of his famous grandfather's possesions, the American public will not sympathize with the prostration of any old paternal Cræsus, who is anxious to sell his daughter to a broken-down foreign libertine with a broken-down title. Such fathers ought to be invariably prostrated with some sort of a shock that will interfere with the operation of their Caucasian slave market.

COLLOSSAL THIEF

HE IS ONE THAT THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD IT.

NO RESPECTER OF PERSON.

HE HAS GONE TO EUROPE.

TROY, N. Y., March 14.—It has been discovered that Emmet O'Neill, the Schenectady broker, who recently failed, has fled, and that he has victimized parties in Schenectady and Duanesburgh out of not less than $250,000. Having the handling of his father's estate and being presumably wealthy, he was elected a director of the Schenectady Bank. From the books of the bank he learned that many farmers in Duanesburgh had funds to invest. He obtained possession of their money on plausible representations and gave as security forged mortgages. Where further proof was asked he would even forge assignments of mortgages, including the county clerk's certificate and a copy of the record. He also forged notes. He had eight notes out as collateral, purporting to be signed by Col. Church, and each being for $5,000. Only two of these notes were genuine. Ten years ago O'Neill sold a farm in Duanesburgh to Joseph McQuade for $9,000, $2,000 being paid in cash, O'Neill taking a mortgage for $7,000. McQuade has paid $2,000, besides interest. Last fall O'Neill told McQuade that the original mortgage for $7,000 was so covered with endorsements of small payments that he had better execute a new mortgage for $5,000 and he (O'Neih) would destroy the old instrument. McQuade executed a new mortgage and supposed that O'Neill had destroyed the original one. He did not do so, however, and both are recorded in the county clerk's office. The original mortgage bears no endorsement to show that a cent was ever paid.

John Beverly, a flagman, purchased a little house, giving a mortgage for $800. He died soon after, first directing that the proceeds of a $2,000 life insurance policy be used to pay off the mortgage, the remainder to be used to be invested. O'Neill got the money pretended to raise the mortgage and invest the balance, and appropriated the whole of the little estate.

Widow Charles Van Vranklin entrusted O'Neill with $1,50 life insurance money for investment, which was lost.

O'Neill had another method. He would make a short loan to a responsible party, take a note as security, skilfully forge a copy of the note, and when the money was paid surrendered the forged note and negotiated the genuine. New schemes of his devising are still being exposed. Nearly every person in the town of Duanesburg who had money is a victim. In Schenectady the losses are counted by the scores.

Miss Frost, O'Neill's cousin, lost $3,500 invested in the West, and spoke to O'Neill about placing it at home. She did not authorize him to act for her, but mentioned who her western agents were. A short time ago she got a letter from the West saying that she had made a mistake in withdrawing her money. O'Neill had represented himself as her agent and secured the money. She could get no satisfaction. His mother and sisters are also left penniless. Before leaving Schenectady on the midnight train, O'Neill taking a hundred dollar greenback in his hand, went from store to store asking to have it changed. No one could change it, and he borrowed a few dollars from each storekeeper. He victimized over twenty residents of Schenectady by this game. O'Neill went to New York, where, it is said, he made an unsuccessful attempt to raise $20,000 on forged securities. It is believed that he has gone to Europe. His wife, two daughters and son, are still in Schenectady.

Gone to Fight a Duel.

Rumor has it, says the Williamston "Times," that George A. Sparrow and C. F. Warren have left their home in Washington N. C. to fight a duel. The cause is unknown to us, but we are satisfied of the truth of the rumor from the fact that Mr. Warren and his second Maj. L. C. Latham and their surgeon Dr. O'Hagan passed through town Wednesday night and the last accounts of them they were making for Virginia. If these two young roosters are anxious to fight, a less expensive and a more certain method would have been to have gone back of the old Academy pulled off their coats and waded in. This all amounts to a farce in one scene from the fact that the authorities will have them.

The "News-Observer" credits its locals to the Wilson "Siftings" that should be credited to the ADVANCE. Be a little more careful, Brother Ashe.