

Table with subscription rates: One Year \$2.00, Six Months \$1.00, Three Months \$0.50, Single Copies 10c.

Greenville will give a grand ball May 9th.

There were 41 failures in the south last week.

The Charlotte graded school numbers 1,340 pupils.

Work will commence May 1st on the Government's mansion.

Ex-President Hayes declines to be a candidate for Governor in Ohio.

Scotbury seems to be in dead earnest about having a cotton factory.

Tim is a good deal like a mule. It is better to be ahead of it than behind it.

Elly Malone will, it is said, demand the Vice Presidency on the republican ticket.

B. T. Spencer, of Hyde county, while in the act of shooting a sheep-killing cor dropped dead.

Socialism is defined as doing up to every one as you would that no body should do unto you.

Mr. Edmunds declines the Presidency; but then Cesar refused a crown three times upon the Luperical.

The Mecklenburg "Times" tells of the finding of the body of a white infant in a hollow tree, near that place.

H. L. Coble is Chief Manager of Trinity commission, and W. J. Egan, of Wayne, is one of his assistants.

Antares has doubled her population in the last ten years, and is ranked as the fourth cotton State in the Union.

Dr. H. McDonald will deliver the address before the Egypt society at Wake Forest on May 12th.

Rev. A. C. Green, of Baltimore, will deliver the address before the Alumni of Wake Forest College at the next commencement.

Jefferson Davis will deliver the opening address at the meeting of the Southern Historical Society in Nashville on May the 2nd.

Dr. Cox, of Laurens county, S. C., breeds of a cow that gives six gallons of milk a day regularly, leaving a sufficient quantity for the calf.

Col. Walter Clark, of Raleigh, will deliver the address at the commencement of Clinton College at the 18th of May.

A railroad tyrod on Lake Huron a few days ago, and the first person saved was a dressmaker.

Survival of the fittest, as usual.

The stockholders of the Durham Tobacco Firm declined to accept the subscription of \$500 offered by the State Board of Agriculture.

Texas is a big State and grows some pretty big men. She reports a farmer seven feet and seven inches and a half tall. He wears a number 15 boot.

Mat W. H. Malone, a prominent North Carolina lawyer, has written a treatise on "Real Property Trials"—a book of 700 pages. It will be ready May 1st.

Correspondents of a daily paper are discussing the question, "Can a man marry on \$10 a week?" He cannot if the girl is aware of the amount of his income.

Miss Peter Fink, Cabarrus county, took arsenic for quinine and died from the effects of the dose. She dosed her husband with the same drug but he survived.

James Lawson, of Danbury, was struck on the leg by the rear end of a mule and will be crippled for life. The leg looks like it had been struck by a great lightning.

An old judge told a young lawyer he would do well to pick some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination, and stick them into the tail of his judgment.

Steamboats now ply regularly on the Neuse river between Kinston and Newbern. At an early day communication between Goldsboro and Newbern will be established.

A sardonic officer: "Don't pull me around so," said the thief to the policeman, "I have a fellow on my finger." "And I have my finger on a fellow," remarked the policeman.

We have just received a sample copy of a new song, entitled, "Put your arms around me, dear." Any lady who desires to try it can do so by calling at our office—we mean the song of course.

We learn that the receipts of the road during the last fifty days it was run by the Midland Company amounted to somewhere near \$16,000, and not a cent was paid to the employees—"Journal."

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 13.--

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 27. 1883.

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A GAY SWINDLER.

HIS OPERATIONS IN CHESTER, SOUTH CAROLINA.

ARRESTED AND JAILED.

The recent arrest and exposure of one W. J. McDermott, president of the Chester, S. C., cotton seed oil mill, and the late disappearance of one Beno, president of the Southern Ore Company, at Wilmington, N. C., ought to serve as warnings to our people in dealing with perfect strangers to the extent of putting their business and money into their hands. McDermott turned out to be a great scoundrel and swindler, according to a letter in the Charleston News and Courier. He went to Charlotte and tried to get up an oil mill company, representing himself to be the head of a Memphis house which manufactures machinery for oil mills and generously offered to take a large part of stock of the proposed company. He gave the most glowing accounts of the success of the Chester mill, which he had supplied with machinery at a cost of \$23,000, which had been built under his supervision, and of which he was cautiously president after taking \$6,000 of the stock. He had also previously supplied the machinery of a mill at Hawkinsville, Georgia. The following extract from the letter in the News and Courier, above referred to, gives the result of McDermott's "enterprise" in Chester: "After awhile a Mr. Milburn, of Memphis, president of the Milburn Iron Works, visited Chester and entered suit against McDermott for \$18,500 due him on the machinery with which the Hawkinsville and Chester mills had been supplied. Milburn, it seems, employed McDermott to introduce the machinery for him, and McDermott collected the money and kept it, representing to the purchasers that he was the real manufacturer. And then it leaked out that the mill, which McDermott had represented as a 20 ton mill, turning out 650 gallons of oil daily, could only turn out 300 gallons a day. He cheated not only Milburn but the stockholders who, of course, knew nothing of oil mills. The stockholders further ascertained that McDermott had sold them the machinery at double the market price; that is, its capacity was half what was guaranteed. The elevator, which McDermott bought for \$275, he sold to the company for \$675, and in other details the swindle was the same. The company requested McDermott to resign, and his resignation was to date from midnight on Saturday, the 7th instant. Before day on Sunday morning—a few hours after this—the watchman of the mill discovered McDermott removing the patented valves, without which the oil presses could not be operated. He was arrested for this offence, as stated in the county papers, and held for grand larceny, the valves having been secreted and being valued at \$400. On the next day (Monday) he was also taken with a bail writ for \$2,000 damages done to the mill. He failed to give bail and was put in jail, but on the following day, by lodging securities in the hands of certain gentlemen, he succeeded in bailing himself and departed forthwith from Chester. McDermott is evidently a thorough rascal. Six days after he was elected president of the mill he transferred all but one share of his \$6,000 in stock to a man in Georgia. This stock at a latter day Mr. Milburn endeavored to have held for his debt, and it was then discovered that McDermott had outwitted him. When decapitated McDermott essayed revenge on the company by stealing and destroying the machinery. The people of Chester have had a sad experience with this bustling stranger, but the stockholders are not as badly off as they might have been had he remained with them a little longer. The mill, honestly conducted, will undoubtedly be a paying concern. It is now in good hands, and this result is to be hoped for.

How to Tell an Editor. A young lady friend asks: "How can I tell an editor when I see him? Why, bless your sweet, sparkling eyes, it is the easiest thing in the world. You can tell him by his gait, by the perfect fit of his clothing, by his elegance of manner, and his profound silence when surrounded by the common herd of promiscuous society. You may recognize him by the way he spends his money, scattering handbills as lavishly as shavings from a planing machine. He generally drives a double team to a park buggy and makes things hum. He also keeps setters, pointers and a pet bull-dog with a brunette nose. He is decked in profusion with the most expensive jewelry, and sports a gold-headed cane with a rose solitaire in the centre. He is as modest as a school girl. But the chief point is, he always speaks the truth. Follow these directions and you cannot mistake.

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Eating Match in Hyde County. In an eating match in Hyde county between Capt. R. W. Howard and C. F. Benson, Howard got on the outside of 42 birds—robins—12 rabbits, 11 sweet cakes eighteen inches long, 13 biscuits and 15 cups of coffee, and excused himself by saying he had just ate dinner and was not hungry. Benson put away 23 birds, 13 biscuits and 33 cups of coffee, and paid the cost of the whole lunch. Texas is ahead on meters but North Carolina takes the cake on eating matches.

The Fruits of Exodusting. The Greensboro "Patriot" tells a sad tale of the fruits of exodusting. It says: "Three destitute looking colored women came in on the Richmond train this morning, all the way from Liberia. They were accompanied by nine children who were in a condition of semi-decay. The feet of the little ones were rotten with sores caused by the bite of a poisonous insect that is found in Africa. They presented a horrible spectacle. The women went from Cabarrus county about two years ago, and they tell a horrible story of suffering and destitution whilst living in Liberia."

All About a Woman. R. T. Gibbs committed suicide at Fort Worth, Texas, because Mattie Johnson, a woman of the town, refused to marry him. He made his quietus with a decoction of landanum, arsenic, morphine and sulphate of zinc. Wm. P. Rayner, a son of the Solicitor of the United Treasury, killed a Fort Worth gambler in a fight over the same woman about a year ago.

The Front Gate. It was night; the sable goddess stretched her leaden sceptre over the silent, slumbering world, and they were still swinging on the old front gate. He had placed his arms around her waist and drew her close to his throbbing breast to protect her, from the falling dews of heaven. Her head was resting on his strong, manly shoulder, and the love light was shining in her lustrous eye as bright as the headlights of a locomotive. He looked her earnestly in the eyes, and passionately murmured, "Gemima, is your folks had a mess of spring peas yet?"

The celebrated "Fish Brand" Pills Twine is sold only at Jacob's Hardware Depot.

THAT BAD BOY.

HIS PA GOES OUT ON A LARK AND IS CAUGHT.

"IF YOU LOVEME, KISS ME."

"Where have you been for a week back?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as the boy pulled the tail board out of the delivery wagon and let a couple of bushels of potatoes roll out into the gutter.

"I haven't seen you around here, and you look pale. You haven't been sick, have you?"

"No, I have not been sick. Pa locked me up in the bath room for two days and two nights, and didn't give me nothing to eat but bread and water. Since he has got religious he seems to be harder than ever on me. Say, do you think religion softens a man's heart, or does it give him a caked breast?"

"I s'pect Pa will burn me at the stake next."

The grocery man said that when a man had truly been converted his heart was softened, and he was always looking for a chance to do good and be kind to the poor, but if he only had this galvanizing religion, this roll plate piety, or whitewashed reformation, he was liable to be a harder citizen than before.

"What made your Pa lock you up in the bath room on bread and water?" he asked.

"Well," says the boy, as he ate a couple of salt pickles out of a jar on the sidewalk, "Pa is not converted enough to hurt him, and I knowed it, and I thought it would be a good joke to try him and see if he was so confounded good, so I got my chum to dress up in a suit of his sister's summer clothes. Well, you wouldn't believe my chum would look so much like a girl. He would fool the oldest inhabitant. You know how fat he is. He had to sell his bicycle to a slim fellow that clerks in a store, cause he didn't want it any more. His neck is just as fat and there are dimples in it, and with a dress low in the neck, and long at the trail he looks as tall as Ma. He bustled one of his sister's slippers getting them on, and her stockings were a good deal too big for him, but he tucked his drawers down in them and tied a suspender around his leg above the knee, and they stayed on all right. Well he looked killin', I should prevaricate, with his sister's muslin dress on, starched as stiff as a shirt, and her reception that with a white feather as big as a Newfound dog's tail. Pa had had to go down town to get some of the old soldiers of our regiment, and I loafed along behind. My chum met Pa on the corner and asked him where the Lose Shore Park was. "She" said she was a stranger from Chicago, that her husband had deserted her, and she didn't know but she would jump into the lake. Pa looked in my chum's eye and sized her up, and said it would be a shame to commit suicide, and asked if she didn't want to take a walk. My chum said she should titter, and he took Pa's arm and they walked up to the lake and back. Well, you may talk about joining the church on probation, all you please, but they get their arm around a girl all the same. Pa hugged my chum till he says he thought Pa would break his sister's corset all to pieces, and he squeezed my chum's hand till the ring cut right into his finger and he has to wear a coat plaster on it. They started to the Court House park, as I told my chum to do, and I went and got Ma. It was about time for the soldiers to go to the exposition for the evening business, and I told Ma we could go down and see them go by. Ma just threw a shawl over her head and we started down through the park. When we got near Pa and my chum I told Ma it was a shame for so many people to be sitting around lally-gagging right before folks, and she said it was disgustin', and then I pointed to my chum who had his head on Pa's bosom, and Pa was patting my chum on the cheek, while he held his other arm around his waist. They was on the iron seat, and we came right up behind them and when Ma saw Pa's bald head I thought she would bust. She knew his head as quick as she set eyes on it. My chum asked Pa if he was married, and he said he was a widower. He said his wife died fourteen years ago, of liver complaint. Well, Ma shook like a leaf, and I could hear her new teeth rattle just like chewing strawberries with sand in them. Then my chum put his arm around Pa's neck and said, "If you love me kiss me in the mouth." Pa was just leaning down to kiss my chum when Ma couldn't stand it any longer, and she went right around in front of them, and she grabbed my chum by the hair and it all came off, hat and all, and my chum jumped up and Ma scratched him in the face,

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE GOSPEL OF LIVING FOR AND HELPING OTHERS.

GOV. STEVENS' LAST ACT.

Mr. Talmage selected his text from the 5th chapter of Gallations, a part of the 2nd verse.

"Bear ye one anothers' burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Every man for himself. If there be room for only one passenger in the life-boat, get in yourself. If there be a hundred to lift, you super-vise while others shoulder it. In opposition to that theory of selfishness, Paul advanced in my text a gospel theory, "Bear ye one anothers' burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." Every body has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders, sometimes they come down upon the head, sometimes they come down upon the heart. Mr. Talmage then related a story of Ellis Appleton, a daughter of Daniel Webster, who though on a bed of great illness, received the great lawyer for going out into the cold without an overcoat, which caused him to say while in tears, "Dying, yes to think only of me." Oh! how much more beautiful the care of others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves.

Encourage the merchant if he has a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he has with his clerks adorned the show-windows and the shelves, compliment his taste. If he has a good business locality, if he has had good business success, if he has brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed up by your approval and your encouraging words. Before night shopping persons will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant, and that his shop windows give far better promise than the inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to the merchant, there will be some crank, male or female, who will come into the store and depreciate everything—and haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit a family all winter without buying a cent's worth. If a merchant be a grocer there will be some one before night who will come into the establishment and taste of this and taste of that and taste of something else, in that way stealing all the profits of anything that they will purchase, buying three apples while they are eating one orange. Now encourage that merchant not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant things said to keep him from becoming appletic with pleasure of praise. Mr. Talmage then enjoined his audience to be affable to and encourage newspaper men even when they had no axe to sharpen at their grindstone. If it was only known to what extent they were annoyed, sickened often at the approach of men who wanted complimentary newspaper notices, or of men who demanded newspaper retraction; one day sent to report a funeral, the next day to report a prize fight; a precarious life to his thinking. He spoke of the mechanic, the doctor and the lawyer in their respective order, who should receive encouragement where they now receive abuse.

GOVERNOR ALEXANDER STEPHENS

a few weeks ago persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. There was on his table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal, signed by distinguished men. There was also on the table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary written and signed by herself. Dying, Alexander Stephens said, "You think because I have been ill so many times I will get well now, but you are mistaken, I will not recover. Where is that letter written by that woman in the penitentiary? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell she has no friends. Bring me that paper that I may sign a pardon." A gentleman standing by thought this too great a responsibility for the Governor, said: "Governor, you had better wait until to-morrow." Then the eye of the old Governor flashed, and he said, "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to the pardon, he wrote the last word that he ever wrote, for the pen fell from his dying hand forever. How beautiful his closing hours of life spent in serving one that had no helper.

A Busy Preacher.

A clergyman without a vacation is a novel thing in these days, especially when the clergyman is pastor of a popular church in a big city like New York. Yet, there is one such in the person of Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers. He never takes

A LOVE STORY.

A CURIOUS STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

In the year 1400, Genevra de Amier, a Florentine beauty, married under perteral pressure, a man who had failed to win her heart, but she had given to Antonio Rondinelli. Soon afterward the plague broke out in Florence; Genevra fell ill apparently unconcerned by the malady, and being pronounced dead, was the same day conveyed to the family tomb. Some one, however, had blundered in the matter, for in the middle of the night the entombed bride woke out of her trance, and badly as her living relatives had behaved toward her she still less to her liking, and lost no time in quitting the silent company upon whose quietude she had unwillingly intruded. Speeding through the sleep-wrapped streets as swiftly as her gliding ceremonies allowed, Genevra sought the home from which she had so lately been borne. Roused from her slumbers by a knocking at the door, the desolate widow of a day cautiously opened an upper window, and seeing a shrouded figure waiting below, in whose upturned face he recognized the lineaments of the dead departed, he cried, "Go in peace, blessed spirit," and shut the window precipitately. With sinking heart and slacker step the repulsed wife made her way to her father's door, to receive the like benison from her dismayed parent. Thence she crawled on to an uncle's, where the door was lightly opened, but only to be slammed in her face by the frightened man, who in his hurry forgot to bless his ghostly caller. The cool night air penetrating the mdrass of the hapless wanderer, made her tremble and shiver as she thought she had waked to life only to die again in the cruel streets. "Ah," she sighed, Antonio would not and have proved so unkind." This thought naturally suggested that it was her duty to test his love and courage; it would be time enough to die if she proved like the rest. The way was long, but hope renewed her limbs, and soon Genevra was knocking timidly at Rondinelli's door. He opened it himself, and although startled at the ghastly vision, calmly enquired what the spirit wanted with him. Throwing her shroud away from her face, Genevra exclaimed, "I am no spirit, Antonio; I am that woman you once loved who was buried yesterday—buried alive!" and fell senseless into the welcoming arms of her astonished and delighted lover, whose cries for help soon brought down his sympathizing family to hear the wondrous story and bear its heroine to bed, to be tenderly nursed until she had recovered from the shock, and was beautiful as ever again. Then came the difficulty. Was Genevra to return to the man who had buried her, and shut his door against her, or give herself to the man who had saved her from a second death? With such powerful special pleaders as love and gratitude on his side, of course Rondinelli won the day, and a private marriage made the lovers amends for previous disappointment. They, however, had no intention of keeping in hiding, but the very first Sunday after they became man and wife, appeared in public together at the cathedral, to the confusion and wonder of Genevra's friends. An explanation ensued, which satisfied everybody except the lady's first husband, who insisted that nothing but her dying in earnest could dissolve the original matrimonial bond. The case was referred to the bishop, who, having no precedent to curb his decision, rose superior to technicalities, and declared that the first husband had forfeited all right to Genevra, and must pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with her—a decree at which we may be sure all true lovers in Florence rejoiced.

Fatal Accident.

The northern bound through freight jumped the track Wednesday morning three miles this side of High Point. The train was rounding a curve when a cow was discovered on the track. Breaks were blown, but before the speed of the train could be checked it ran over the cow and was derailed. Appreciating the danger of being ditched the fireman sprang from the engine and narrowly escaped with his life. Hardly had the fireman leaped when the engine dove into a ditch followed by two box cars. Engineer Gayle stood to his post and was crushed to death between the cars. When found his body was lying against the steps of the engine, with his head crushed and right arm cut off below the elbow. Life was extinct. The news was telegraphed here to Capt. Smith, who at once procured the professional services of Drs. C. M. Glenn and Schenck, and repaired to the scene of the accident by special train. One of the trainmen Sandy Williams, was seriously injured about the legs. The remains of engineer Gayles was brought to this place about noon to-day and will be sent to Danville, Va., where his mother resides. The deceased was a young man, unmarried, and was highly esteemed by his associates and employers. Eighteen cars were thrown from the track and some of them considerably damaged. The track will be cleared as soon as possible, and in the meantime arrangements will be made for the transfer of passengers.—"Greensboro Patriot."

A Sagacious Dog.

Here is a Charlotte dispatch.—This morning Mrs. Dunston, of Warwick, left her baby, 18 months old, on the floor of the front room playing with its toys and a little terrier dog. The mother was away just three minutes, but when she returned and opened the door her infant's head, arms and shoulders were hanging beyond the stone sill of an open window, and near it with its feet on a chair, stood the dog holding on to the child's dress with his teeth. The child unconscious of any danger, was crouching at some objects in the yard, fifty feet below while the dog, holding fast to the dress, looked a mute appeal for haste and help. When the dog had been relieved of his burden, it tranced around the mother and child with delight.

A Prigntful Collision.

A railroad reporter in Chicago was detailed on a special occasion to take the place of the society editor and report a marriage in high life. Among the wedding notices the next morning was the following: "Last night a large number of high joints blockaded the residence of Col. D'Oille to witness the marriage of his lovely daughter, Jeanne Baptiste, to the Hon. John Quincy Jeems, Jr. Col. D'Oille was general manager of the entire guest system, and had his headquarters established in the dining-room, and only left his post and the sideboard, where the gentlemen were frequently side-tracked for repairs, to go through the parlor on a tour of inspection. Mrs. Col.

For Pocket Knives or Table Cutlery, go to Jacob's Hardware Depot. Wilmington N. C.

A fine assortment of guns and Pistols at Jacob's Hardware Depot. Wilmington N. C.

Wilmington N. C.