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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'."

VOLUME 13.-- WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 11. 1883. --NUMBER 16

NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILLINGS GLEANINGS

Raleigh has 31 barrooms.

208 students attended the University this year.

That new paper, the "Corset," is said already to show signs of a bust.

Obey Blackwall, Durham, is hatching 250 eggs by artificial heat.

The telegraph line between Halifax and Scotland Neck is completed.

Up to now the Star Route trial has cost the government only $622,000.

A telegraph office has been opened at Nazareth—the first one in the Holy Land.

The State Dental Association meets at Morehead City on the 12th of June next.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Lander, of South Carolina, is named for President of Trinity College.

The Southern Telegraph Company's wires will soon reach Weldon having arrived at Margarettsville sometime since.

It is never too late to do good and therefore two people in Baden county, aged 74 and 76 years have just got married.

Rev. Dr. Deems has been invited to deliver the baccalaureate sermon this year at the Vanderbilt University, of Nashville, Tenn.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States, will convene in Lexington, Ky., on the 17th day of May 1883.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the Musical Convention of Virginia and North Carolina, to be held at Petersburg May 29th.

A national bank at Marion, O., the State national bank of Raleigh, N. C., and a national bank at Newberry, S. C., have women presidents.

Dr. R. H. Lewis, principal of Kinston College, has been appointed lecturer on Physiology at the next session of the University Normal School.

The Newton Normal School will open June 26th. Prof. N. C. English will be Supt., and Prof. M. C. S. Noble of the Wilmington Graded School, will assist.

A negro, in Green county, says the "Free Press," is very much in favor of the "no fence" law because says he, "when a poor negro steals a hog now he don't have to lift him over the fence."

The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer sensibly suggests to the Southern young man who is proud of his family that he should try to do something to make his family proud of him.

There is, says the Boston "Herald" a good deal of fitness in the selection of Mr. Evarts as the orator for New York at the opening of the big bridge. He can suspend a sentence in the air longer than any other man in America.

We learn from the Philadelphia "News" that it takes "four ladies of the bed chamber, every one a peeress, eight common ladies of the bed chamber, and twelve bed chamber women to put Queen Victoria to bed." This implies a horrible state of affairs in the royal palace.

A new South Wales journal has this advertisement: "Wanted—A cultured gentleman, capable of milking goats; a university man preferred. Applications, with testimonials to proficiency, to be addressed, etc., etc." Now the boys will see clearly the value of having a sheepskin.

The Republican Mayor of Vincennes, Ind., went out yesterday and hung himself because the day before he had been beaten by a Democrat. If every Republican who is beaten by a Democrat in the next few years follows this example, there will be a rapid diminution of our population.

A Louisiana planter in a recent issue of the New Orleans "Picayune," very sensibly says: "In order to prosper, a planter should plant first what is of prime necessity for his domestic wants, and afterward whatever he likes. Having abundance of corn, he adds, I can afford to be perfectly unconcerned about the possible failure of my other crops, but if I have no corn, I shall be compelled to suffer." This gentleman declares that he raises everything essential to his subsistence except sugar and coffee and would not buy those if he could raise them.

Fred Bean, a young Iowa farmer, desired a wife, but did not take a fancy to the girls of his neghborhood. He aspired to something different, and wrote to an Indian agent in Dakota, inquiring whether a reasonable good-looking squaw could be obtained. An exchange of letters and photographs ensued, and he is to be married to the daughter of a Sioux chief.

A cubic inch of gold is worth $210; a cubic foot, $362,308; a cubic yard, $9,797,762. This is valuing it at $18, an ounce. At the commencement of the Christian era there was in the world $427,000,000 in gold. This has diminished to $57,000,000 at the time America was discovered, when it began to increase. Now the amount of gold in use is estimated to be $6,000,000,000.

A new invention for building purposes is called "terra cotta lumber." It is a kind of brick so soft that it can be sawed and worked with edged tools as readily as wood and nails can be driven into it and will hold as well as in wood. Its makers claim that it has tenacity and resistance to strains greater than oak lumber. It is made from a kind of clay found in abundance in New Jersey and elsewhere, is as cheap as brick and has many other advantages as a fire-proof building material.

CASTALIA.

DEAR ADVANCE:—

The heaviest rainfall that has visited this section in thirty or forty years fell on Sunday night, the 22nd., and the freshet which followed was the greatest and most destructive known to the oldest citizens. Col. J. F. Jones' mill was considerably damaged by washing away his saw mill and playing havoc with his dam and foby that runs his cotton factory, and also the county bridge all of which was on Sandy Creek at Laurel about ten miles from here in Franklin, and in the same county, the bridge at Sandy Creek Church was carried away and two others, viz: Jack Gupton's and Bass', and Drakes' bridge in this county, leading from Nashville to Ransom's bridge was swept away by the flood besides otherwise causing great destruction to the farmers by washing away thousands upon thousands of pannels of fence.

After a four hour's ride through the county, via Red Oak, your correspondent was landed at the Falls of Tar River on Sunday last, where had gathered about one thousand people of Nash and Edgecombe upon attendance of the Union Meeting of the Primitive Baptists. I noticed that the farmers on the road were making unusually slow progress with their work and scarcely any cotton had been planted owing to the unfavorable rainy seasons, and the cold and backward spring. The present outlook is anything but promising and flattering to the tillers of the soil.

The selection of Joe Daniels, the brilliant, youthful and unmarried editor of the ADVANCE as Chief Marshal at the next Fair at Rocky Mount is a good and wise one, and we feel sure he will succeed in finding a wife, as the eyes of the women are upon him.

We ought to omit this "taffy" but as we know Plain Tom to write only what he wants printed, we let it pass this time. We join our friends in the wish that "he may succeed in finding a wife." He evidently does not know that the women have resolved not to marry any poor editor, unless they can't get anybody else.—Ed.]

The fruit crop of all kinds except peaches is O. K., and bids fair to be a bountiful yield.

One William Perry, hailing from the west a few months ago, after an absence of twenty years, found his wife, who thought him dead, married to a man named Spencer Demby in Halifax, who was persuaded to leave her second husband and return to her first love, Perry. Now it turns out that Perry has a living wife and three children in Texas, and he is missing and has not been heard from in several weeks. Wonder if she thinks now she is married, and whose wife she thinks "that she am," &c. and how she will enjoy her fourth honeymoon, and with which husband? By which name can she and ought she to be called?

When your girl wants to know the number of your hogs she simply means that you ought to plant more hog and hominy.

Mr. G. H. Newell, who has been here with his tent taking the pretty faces of our little burg, has moved to Nashville.

The present mail schedule is anything but convenient and satisfactory between Louisburg and Nashville, and it is hoped by all that the much wanted change will soon be effected and that we may get our local papers on Saturday and not two days later as it now is.

No deaths or marriages to report.

PLAIN TOM.

May 1st, 1883.

GOOD FARMING.

WHAT AN INTENSIVE ALABAMA FARMER DID.

AHEAD OF FURMAN.

Last February we published from the *Southern Cultivator* the "Furman formular," by the use of which Mr. Furman of Georgia, produced wonderful results. We learn many farmers will use the same combination on their land this year, and we hope to hear of large crops being gathered by the use of this compost. By the request of one our of most intelligent and successful farmers, who appreciates the great advantages of reading of the experiences of those engaged in similar pursuits, besides illustrating what the Southern farmer can do by intensive farming, we publish the following taken from the same journal:

"On a high hill, about a half mile from the city limits of Troy, Pike county, is the residence of J. P. Hill, a cosy frame building, with necessary farm houses in excellent repair without much to attract particular attention, except the tidy appearance of the yard and house and comfortable surroundings and the large number of mounds and heaps which which greets the eye. These are the potato hills and compost heaps, and it is the latter to which we desire to call particular attention, as well as the results they have accomplished.

This farm, under Mr. Hill's excellent management has become the nearest to a model farm of any in this section, and for several years has produced the largest crops gathered from the same acreage of any farm in Alabama. The yield of 64 bales, 500 pounds average, from fifty acres, is the largest made in the State, if not in the South, from the same acreage; and his hill compost land even exceeded that in ratio of production, being 41 bales from thirty acres.

The land is what is known as "sandy with clay foundation." Last year his crop from eighty acres, cultivated by two mules, was as follows:

50 acres cotton, 64 bales, at $50,	$3,200 00
30 acres oats, 900 bushels at 50 cents	450 00
8 acres sweet potatoes, 2,060 bushels at 40 cents,	800 00
10 acres corn, 220 bushels, at 74 cents,	165 00
12 acres field peas,	120 00
Total,	$4,735 00
Premium,	200 00
	$4,935 00
Total cost of fertilizers,	688 00
Total cost of cultivation, etc.,	1,500 00
Total profit,	$2,547 80

Thirty acres of oats were replanted in potatoes, corn and field peas, with the results indicated above. The fertilizer used on the oats was a compost made as follows: 20 bushels of cotton seed and 100 pounds of Ashepoo phosphate, in alternate layers. The first layer on the ground being top soil from the forest, cotton seed next and then the phosphate; then seed layer and phosphate layer alternately, with soil from forest on top, and no other covering. Of this compost he used 1,050 pounds to the acre.

The same land was fertilized the second time before being planted in corn, potatoes and peas, with compost as follows: 25 bushels top soil from forest bottom, 5 bushels cotton seed second layer, 100 pounds phosphate third layer, 50 bushels top soil from forest fourth layer, 25 bushels stable manure fifth layer, 50 bushels top soil from forest, top. This compost stood two months in a rail pen uncovered. It was used on the potato land at the rate of two 2-horse wagon loads on the acre. On corn, at the rate of four loads to five acres, or twenty bushels to the acre. The fertilizer was put only in the hills on the corn land.

His cotton lands were divided into 30 and twenty acre lots. On the twenty acre lot he used one thousand pounds of Alabama fertilizer to the acre—competing for a premium of $200, which was awarded to him. This twenty acres produced 37,700 pounds of seed cotton—weighed as picked—which ginned out twenty-three bales of 500 pounds average. On the thirty acre lots he used a compost made as follows: 50 bushels top soil from forest bottom; 15 bushels of cotton seed layer; 200 pounds phosphate third layer; 75 bushels top soil fourth layer; 75 bushels stable manure fith layer; 200 pounds phosphate sixth layer; 75 bushels top soil, top.

Of the compost he used three hundred bushels per acre. The 30 acre lot yielded 41 bales, 500 pounds average.

The reader will notice in the results of this crop that the cost of commercial fertilizers was $425 for twenty acres and the yield was 1.15 bales of cotton to the acre. The The cost of fertilizers for the other forty eight acres was $263,20, about $5,46 per acre. The yield of cotton was 1.35⅔ bales per acre. The cost for commercial fertilizers was $21 per acre.

Mr. Hill experimented on kainit in one pen of compost, in connection with stable manure, cotton seed and phosphate—almost identical in proportion to Furman's formula. He regards top soil from the forest as better and much cheaper. In fact he now uses top soil entirely for kainit, and his experiments have fully satisfied him that it is more valuable. He estimates the value of muck from branches or ponds as more valuable than either, and in future he will use it exclusively, if he can get it, in the top soil.

Mr. Hill regards the value of his team and four hands in making compost as equal to a ton of guano or a bale of cotton per day. The results of his farm show that he does not overestimate their value. He is now making his compost for the present year, and will have one compost to every three acres. He is making it as follows:

Fifty bushels muck or top soil, bottom; 5 bushels cotton seed, second layer, 50 pounds phosphate, third layer, 25 bushels stable manure, fith layer; 50 pounds phosphate, sixth layer; 25 bushels muck or top soil, seventh layer.

Maintaining the same order as above until built as high as desired, remembering that the compost is of six layers, and that the bottom and top of the pile should have fifty bushels of top soil, but for layers in the middle of the compost only twenty-five bushels should be used. He will use ten loads of this compost—250 bushels—to the acre. He estimates the cost per acre at $7,70, and will get better results than if twice that amount in value of commercial fertilizers was used.

Theodore Parker on Marriage.

Men and women, says Theodore Parker, and especially young people do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even the most loving and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual—a traction of us at a time.

A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of.

Youth is the tassel and the silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also, is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposite in temper and general character, and such a marriage is generally a good one. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed to blue, and my overvehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself.

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars and from calculation, each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out of the way a great many times, and both will charm the other back again, and by-and-by they will agree as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks; if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with.

The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, then a large fraction.

Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and excitement. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a winter to mellow and season. But a real happy marriage of love and judgement between a man and a woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

THAT BAD BOY.

INDUCES HIS PA TO JOIN THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

MAKING THIS PA BETTER.

"Don't you think my Pa is showing his age a good deal more than usual?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he took a smoked herring out of a box and peeled off the skin with a broken bladed jackknife, and split it open and ripped off the bone, threw the head at a cat, and took some crackers and began to eat.

"Well, I don't know but he does look as though he was getting old," said the grocery man, as he took a piece of yellow wrapping paper, and charged the boy's poor old father with a dozen herrings and a pound of crackers; "But there is no wonder he is getting old. I wouldn't go through what your father has, the last year, for a milhon dollars. I tell you, boy when your father is dead, and you get a step-father, and he makes you walk the chalk mark, you will realize what a bonanza you have fooled yourself out of by killing off your father. The way I figure it, your father will last about six months, and you ought to treat him right, the little time he has to live."

"Well, I am going to," said the boy, as he picked the herring bones out of his teeth with a piece of a match that he sharpened with his knife. "But I don't believe in borrowing trouble about a step-father so long before hand. I don't think ma could get a man to step into Pa's shoes, as long as I lived, not if she was inlaid with diamonds, and owned a brewery. There are brave men, I know, that are on the marry, but none of them would want to be brevet father to a cherubim like me, except he got pretty good wages. And then, since Pa was dissected he is going to lead a different life, and I guess I will make a man of him, if he holds out. We got him to join the Good Templars last night."

"No, you don't tell me," said the grocery man, as he thought that his trade in cider for mince pies would be cut off. "So you got him into the Good Templars, eh?"

"Well, he thinks he has joined the Good Templars, so it is all the same. You see my chum and me have been going to a private gymnasium, on the west side kept by a Dutchman, and in a back room he has all the tools for getting up muscle. There, look at my arm," said the boy, as he rolled up his sleeve and showed a muscle about as big as an oyster. "That is the result of training at the gymnasium. Before I took lessons I hadn't any more muscle than you have got. Well, the dutchman was going to a dance on the south side the other night, and he asked my chum to tend the gymnasium, and I told Pa if he would join the Good Templars that night there wouldn't be many at the lodge, and he wouldn't be so embarrassed, and as I was one of the officers of the lodge I would put it to him light, and he said he would go, so my chum got five other boys to help us put him through. So we steered him down to the gymnasium, and made him rap on the storm door outside, and I said who comes there, and he said it was a pilgrim who wanted to jine the sublime order. I asked him if he had made up his mind to turn from the ways of the hyena, and adopt the customs of the truly good, and he said if he knew his own heart he had, and then I told him to come in out of the snow and take off his pants. He kicked a little at taking off his pants, because it was cold out there in the storm door dog house, but I told him they all had to do it. The princes, potentates and paupers all had to come to it. He asked me how it was when we initiated women, and I told him women never took that degree. He pulled off his pants, and wanted a check for them, but I told him the Grand Mogul would hold his clothes, and then I blind-folded him, and with a base ball club I pounded on the floor as I walked around the gymnasium, while the lodge, headed by my chum, sung, 'We won't go home till morning.' I stopped in front of the ice-water tank and said "Grand Worthy Duke, I bring before you a pilgrim who has drank of the dregs until his stomach won't hold water, and who desires to swear off.' The Grand Worthy Mogul asked me if he was worthy and well qualified, and I told him that he had been drunk more or less since the re-union last summer, which ought to qualify him. Then the Grand Mogul made Pa repeat the most blood-curdling oath, in which Pa agreed, if he ever drank another drop, to allow anybody to pull his toe-nails out with tweezers, to have his liver dug out and fed to dogs, his head chopped off and his eyes removed. Then the Mogul said he would brand the candidate on the bare back with the initial letters of our order, 'G. T.,' that all might read how a brand had been snatched from the burning. You'd a dide to see Pa flinch when I pilled up his shirt, and got ready to braud him.

"My chum got a piece of ice out of the water cooler, and just as he clapped it on Pa's back I burned a piece of horses hoof in the candle and held it to Pa's nose, and I guess Pa actually thought it was his burning skin that he smelled. He jumped about six feet and said, 'Great heavens, what you dewin',' and then he began to roll over a barrel which I had arranged for him. Pa thought he was goin down cellar, and he hung to the barrel, but he was on top half the time. When Pa and the barrel got through fighting I was beside him, and I said, 'Calm yourself, and be prepared for the ordeal that is to follow.' Pa asked how much of this dum fooling there was, and said he was sorry he joined. He said he could let licker alone without having the skin all burned of his back. I told Pa to be brave and not weaken, and all would be well. He wiped the perspiration off his face on the end of his shirt, and we put a belt around his body and hitched it to a tackle, and pulled him up so his feet were just off the floor, and then we talked as though we were away off, and I told my chum to look out that Pa did not hit the gas fixtures, and Pa actually thought he was being hauled clear up to the roof. I could see he was scared by the complexion of his hands and feet as they clawed the air. He actually sweat so the drops fell on the floor. Bime-by we let him down and he was awfully relieved though his feet were not more than two inches from the floor any of the time. We were just going to slip Pa down a board with slivers in it to give him a realizing sense of the rough road a reformed man has to travel, and got him straddle of the board, when the dutchman came home from the dance, fullern a goose, and he drove us boys out, and we left Pa, and the dutchman said, 'Vot you vas doing here mit dose boys, you old duffer, and vere vas your pants?' and Pa pulled off the handkerchief from his eyes, and the dutchman said if he didn't get out in a holy minute he would kick the stuffing out of him, and Pa got out. He took his pants and put them on in the alley, then we come to Pa and told him that was the third time the drunken dutchman had broke up our Lodge, but we should keep on doing good until we had reformed every drunkard in Milwaukee, and Pa said that was right, and he woul see us through it cost every dollar he had. Then we took him home, and when Ma asked if she couldn't join the Lodge too, Pa said, 'Now you take my advice, and don't you ever join no Good Templars. Your system could not stand the racket. Say, I want you to put some cold cream on my back.' I think Pa will be a different man, don't you?"

The grocery man said if he was that boy's pa for fifteen minutes he would be different boy, or there would be a funeral, and the boy took a handful of soft shelled almonds and a few layer raisins and skipped out.

A Solution Of The Southern Problem.

The first and most important thing needed is a reform of the abominable credit system that obtains here. Of course in every progressive country, such as this ought to be, we cannot get along without a proper system of credit, but it would astonish the industrious, intelligent people of the North to know how loosely it is managed in this country. A person without property, without character, without industry, and without anything except unbounded laziness, can at the beginning of the year rent land and mortgage his prospective crop before he has struck a lick of work, run his "credick," as he calls it, for supplies, spend two-thirds of his time in idleness and the result is he generally makes a poor crop, and the merchant comes out loser at the end of the year.

But this is gradually correcting itself, and in a few years we will see the tenant system abolished, unless in exceptional cases where the tenant is able to supply himself. While as a general thing the negro, as a renter, is a failure, if he can be made to good service when hired for wages and promptly paid and when the present system is done away with, and the negro compell to go to work for some one able to pay him, our farms will be kept in good order, thorough culture adopted, better crops made, more stock raised, and we shall have less "credick" and more money.

When we can secure a radical change in the credit system now in vogue we can make money, even in raising cotton as well as in numerous other ways; capitalsts and mechanics will settle among us, politics will take of itself, and the Southern problem will be solved.

COCKING MAIN.

THE BARBAROUS FIGHT ENDED BY THE LAW.

FOUGHT TO THE END.

There was renewed interest in the big main yesterday, the people being divided into two classes; believers that fighting was a harmless pastime, and people who thought it brutal in the extreme.

The former resented any interference with the progress of the match, while the latter, deprecating the fact that the main was allowed to go on at the State fair grounds and in sight of the capitol, demanded prompt and severe legal interference. There was no concealment about the fight, large posters containing the particulars adorning posts and wall in many parts of the city for weeks. On Thursday the main began, one fight being had, won by Halifax, Wednesday, when there were seven fights, the excitement began. A warrant sworn out before Justice M. B. Barbee, was served by deputy sheriff James Rogers, after two attempts.

Sidney B. Holt, of Alamance, and James A. Falton, of Halifax the principals, were arrested and and taken before Justice Barbee, who held them in $500 bond to appear before him yesterday afternoon at 5:30 p. m. This bond was given. All Tuesday there were remarks about the attempt of the legal officers of the State and county to stop the match. Many persons termed the attempt a signal failure, and some very harsh terms were used.

Yesterday matters looked pretty quiet, but there were whispers that the gauntlet thrown down was to be picked up by the law. The authorities in charge of the State fair forbade the use of the grounds. The crowd of spectators numbered some hundreds. About 2 o'clock Hon. Thos. Ruffin, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, issued a bench warrant returnable before him at chambers. This was placed in the hands of Sheriff Rogers, who served it. He arrested S. B. Holt, J. A. Falcon and Gid. Arrington, as principles, and several others as witnesses. About 5 o'clock the trial commenced in the Supreme Court room. Only one witness was examined, when Judge Ruffin deeming the evidence sufficient, held Falcon and Holt in justified bonds of $1,000 each, and Arrington in a justified bond of $500, to appear at the next term of Wake Superior Court.

The cases before Justice M. B. Barbee were dismissed.

There were, as we have stated, several battles in the main fought on Wednesday, of these four being won by Halifax, and three by Alamance. Yesterday there were 8 fights, of which Halifax and Alamance won four each. This gave with Tuesday's battle, Halifax a total of nine fights against seven for Alamance. The main was fought to the end. The betting all three days was exceptionally heavy, it is said, many thousand dollars changing hands on the various events.—It is said that the backers of the Alamance birds lost heavily. The entire affair may be put down as the biggest "sporting event" Raleigh ever saw. The display of birds was superb, it is said, and the utmost attention paid to the matches, the arrangements being in charge of veteran sporting men.

It should be said that for many years cock fighting has been permitted in North Carolina, no law against it existing on the statute books until the adoption of the act of 1881, forbidding cruelty to animals, &c. Many have been fought in hundreds of places in the State from year to year, and some of the finest cocks ever raised have been bred here. They are noted all over the country. At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia Mr. Arrington's game cocks took the highest prize in their department.

We give the law under which the arrests were made:

Sec. 2, chap. 368, laws 1881, is as follows: "Any person who shall keep, or use, or in any way be connected with or interested in the management of, or shall receive money for the admission of any person to any place kept or used for the purpose of fighting or baiting any bull, bear, cock, or other creature; and any person who shall encourage, aid or assist thetein, or who shall permit or suffer any place to be so kept or used, shall, upon conviction thereof, be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Sec. 11 reads: "Upon complaint under oath or affirmation, to any magistrate authorized to issue warrants in criminal actions, that the complainant has just and reasonable cause to suspect that any of the provisions of law relating to or in any wise affecting animals are being or about to be violated in any particular building or place, such magistrate shall immediately issue and deliver a warrant to any person authorized by law to make arrests for such offender or offenders, authorizing and directing him to enter and search such building or place, and to arrest any person there violating any of said laws, and to bring such person before the nearest magistrate of competent jurisdiction, to be dealt with according to law."

The Protest of the Negroes.

A call for a national convention of colored men was issued on Saturday by a committee of negroes fairly entitled to represent the race. Among the signers are Frederick Douglass, the Hon. George W. Williams, author of the "History of the Negro race in America," and Prof. Richard T. Greener. The convention is to be held in September next at Washington. The basis of representation is one delegate to every 25,000 of colored population, three delegates for every State where there are not less than 10,000 negroes, and one delegate for every other State. By this plan of apportionment the convention would consist of nearly three hundred members.

Here is the interesting thing about the proposed convention: It is intended to be an organized expression of discontent with the political and social treatment of the colored people by their fellow citizens. The signers hold it to be "an undeniable and lamentable fact that the present condition of the race is insecure, and the future still more alarming;" and they bring against the white majority five distinct and specific charges. We condense the several complaints:

1. Negro labor at the South is not fairly remunerated. The Southern negro is not protected by law in the collection of money due him.

2. In most parts of the country the negro does not have a fair show in the public schools.

3. The negro is not protected in his civil rights, notwithstanding the laws passed by Congress.

4. His political rights are ignored. Six and half millions of people are without representation in Congress.

5. The negro does not get his share of Executive protection and encouragement.

No fairminded man, black or white, will deny that if these allegations are true it is time for united action on the part of the negroes of the thirty-eight States. They form about one-eighth of the entire population of the country. Equal rights are guaranteed them by the Constitution. The laws are sufficient for the purpose. If these laws are systematically ignored or evaded, and the negroes kept out of full citizenship by a conspiracy of white officeholders, it is none too soon for an organized movement to secure just treatment. The colored people have a million and a quarter of votes which they may make.

The conclusion of the signers of this call is interesting.

"According to the signs of the times, the country is on the eve of a great political revolution, and it behooves us, as a race, to make our interests paramount to those of any party or sect; that it is our duty to unite and strike out some bold policy and line of action which will bring us nearer to the estate of full citizenship and power when this great revolution is over.

It strikes us that the boldest policy and most promising line of action open at this time to the colored voters of the United States is to cut the thongs which have bound them so long to the wheels of the Republican party. The Republican party has flattered the negro and bamboozled him; it has wept over him and blundered him; it has claimed him as its own and swindled him without compunction; it has made use of him and flung him aside.

Negroes in several of the States are beginning to find this out, and to act for themselves. If the Washington convention is a representative body sincere in its purpose and independent in its action, it can do a great deal for the race.

A New book styled "Forty-five Ways of Popping the Question," has been published in England. Oh, well, that may do for England, but you might scatter those books broadcast over America, and many a young man who had bought it, and committed its contents to memory would, at the critical moment, forget the whole forty-five ways, and blunder along until the girl helped him out.

The feminine habit of looking under the bed—we mean the rumored habit—has been proven a wise one in one instance. Miss Maggie Henley, of Randolph county, found a negro named Henderson Brower under the bed; and he was promptly jailed, we learn from the Ashboro Courier.

LET US SMILE.

HOW SMILING MAKES A MAN BETTER.

UNAFFECTED SMILES.

A paper called the "Golden Rule," has an article on smiles which contains the following:

"The world is suffering for smiling faces. The age is too intense in the business direction, too sarcastic in its political tendency, too aimless in its religious life, too heartless in its literature. The world needs more smiles and fewer frowns, more sunshine and less lighting. It costs nothing to allow a smile to play restfully upon the features when trading or voting, when talking or reading. It pays infinitely more than it costs in friendship, in finance, in individual growth. We can win more people by a smile than we can frighten by a frown, just as the sunshine grows more trees than the lightning shatters."

No paragraph ever contained more truth than the above. A good healthy smile, one that comes naturally, without being sent for, or coaxed, one that seems to bubble up among the dimples like the water at the bottom of a spring, showing pearly teeth like the little pebbles thrown up by the water of the spring, a smile that goes rippling along the face like the afore said water among the daisies and water cress, on its way to the sea, is worth more to the world than a gold mine. Who is there in the world who has not been made better by a smile? A smile is a legal tender anywhere, and a person who smiles naturally, is as safe from harm as it is possible to be. Men who grow tired of their homes, sick of the world, and ready to give up the battle, can be strengthened and made ready for the fight of another day by a smile; if it comes without being sent for. One man, with a good natured smile, can go into a crowd of grumbling, growling, business men, who think the country is all going to the dogs, and change the whole atmosphere in ten seconds. A man with a good smile can stop a fight between angry men, when policemen would faik The smile of a good woman, when she comes upon a party of gossipers of her own sex, will change the subject in a moment, and make them ashamed of themselves. Sometimes we think it would pay a city to hire more smiling faces and less policemen, to keep the peace. With a hundred good, natural smilers walking around, going into places where men were liable to get a hot box, with a pleasant word where it would do the most good, there would be very few rows. Of course it would be necessary for our smiler to be able to back his smile with muscle, so if an unruly person did not take kindly to the smile, and knocked it around under the smiler's ear with a chair or a long starter, the smiler could wipe the floor with the wretch. There would be times when a smile would fail to do its work, as there are times now when a smile fails to accomplish all that it desires to, but take it on the whole the smile would be better than the club or the revolver. There are some men who are continually and constitutionally devoid of smiles, who would be sick if they should accidentally smile, and such men should be compelled to pass two hours a day in the presence of good, single handed smilers, and learn to be happy. If there is anything in the world that has more power than a smile, when it is shot off from the right kind of a gun, we have never seen it. The smile of a girl will draw a young man from his mother, and from bad company. It will teach him to be a man, and he will, if he loves the girl, do nothing that would chase the smile away. The smile of a mother can conquer the wayward child, and compel it to come into camp to be spanked or caressed. The smile of a teacher can do more with a pupil than a bundle of hazel brush. A good, old fashioned, natural, unaffected smile costs nothing, wears out no costly machinery, but rather oils it and makes it run smooth, and it is a medicine that we all like to take, and it leaves no bad taste in the mouth. Blessed if we wouldn't like to see one this very minute, as late as it is and sleepy as we are, as the clocks toll the wee small hours and the compositors yawn and say this is copy enough for to-night.

The "Visitor" states that the Rev. F. L. Reid, one of the accomplished editors of the Raleigh "Christian Advocate," has been invited to preach the Commencement Sermon before Asheville Female College on Sunday, June 10th.