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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILINGS—GLEANINGS

The Wilson section is getting to be one vast truck farm.

And now the colored people propose to exodus from Kentucky into Kansas.

And now the "Messenger" comes out with a snake story, and tells of one six feet long.

The Graded School carried in Winston by 250 to 88 and in Washington by 350 to 15.

The Hebrew citizens of Goldsboro have formed a congregation and elected Dr. Bloch as Rabbi.

Mr. Jesse R. Grant, mother of General U. S. Grant, died at her home in Jersey City a few days ago.

It was Sweet Evelina who from the suffocating embrace of her lover, cried out: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Clark McPherson of the House thinks that Randall will be the next Speaker. Will the "Star" please stick a pin here.

The "Herald" says that gold thistles are to be used as bonnet trimmings? This make bonnets more expensive than ever.

The freshets of last February are estimated to have caused a loss of \$50,000,000 on the tributaries of the Mississippi, chiefly on the Ohio.

The Pittsburgh "Telegraph" says that the finest bridge in Pittsburgh is receiving a coat of sky blue paint.

It will be a rare thing to cross on.

The works of Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Southworth have been banished from the Cleveland public library as being too trashy.

Soap bubble parties are among the social entertainments of Illinois now. We would like to see David Davis engineer a soap bubble.

The Salt Lake "Tribune" predicts, if the Mormons are not soon put down, it will cost a great war and thousands of lives to subdue them.

The glory of manhood is its royal kinship over the realm of self. Make the kingdom of your soul glorious, and real greatness will come to you.

Two great evils follow the Chinese wherever they go. Leprosy and opium smoking are introduced by them in all places where they live in any number.

A sheep pasture in Dummitt and Webb counties, Texas, contains 300,000 acres and feeds 300,000 sheep. It is believed to be the largest in the world.

The printed argument of Mr. W. W. Ker, of counsel for the government, in opening the star route case, makes 270 pages, occupying seven days in delivery.

Senator Conkling recently made a speech in New York in which he said that the failure to nominate and elect Grant in 1850 had set the country back ten years.

On Friday 39,430 ounces of quinine, one and a half tons, sold in New York as follows: foreign, \$1,323 per ounce; American, \$1.61. There are 480 grains in an ounce.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has gained her suit against the city of New Orleans. Mrs. Gaines gets judgment against the city for \$1,925,967, of which \$566,797 is interest.

The Charlotte "Journal" is of the opinion that before the year 1900 the North will make a determined effort to get rid of negro suffrage, because it did not pan out according to expectation.

Senator Fair's divorce case is said to be similar to Senator Taft's. Both senators married in their early days of poverty, and now that they are rolling in wealth they are ashamed of their wives.

A Kentucky woman has nearly reformed her husband by persuading him to use bottles of whiskey as weights for the dock. The officer he drinks, the slower the clock goes, and the longer he has to wait for his meals.

Mrs. Langtry says she sees many more pretty faces in America than in England. She thinks the women have pretty hands and feet and their manners are charming.

Mrs. Langtry has seen a good deal and ought to know.

The San Francisco "Post" is responsible for the story that during the latter part of the war David Davis was challenged to fight a duel by a fire-eating Southern member of Congress. The former, it is added, very properly declined, because his antagonist refused to permit him to stand three-fifths behind a stone wall.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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Liberal Discounts will be made for Large Advertisements and for Contracts by the Year. Cash must accompany all Advertisements unless good reference is given.

THAT BAD BOY.

PA CARRIED ME TO THE EXPOSITION.

HE HAD VERY BAD LUCK.

"Well, everything seems to be quiet over your house this week," says the groceryman to the bad boy, as the youth was putting his thumb into some peaches, through the mosquito netting over the baskets, to see if they were soft enough to steal. "I suppose you have let up on the old man, haven't you?"

"O, no. We keep it right up. The minister of the church that pa has joined says while pa is on probation it is perfectly proper for us to do everything to try him, and make him fall from grace. The minister says if pa comes out of his six months probation without falling by the wayside he has got the elements to make the boss, christian, and ma and me are doing all we can."

"What was the doctor at your house for this morning?" asked the groceryman. "Is your Ma sick?"

"No, Ma is worth two in the bush. It's pa that ain't well. He is having some trouble with his digestions. You see he went to the expositions with me as a guide, and that is enough to ruin any man's gestions. Pa is near-sighted, and he said he wanted me to go along and show him things. Well, I never had so much fun since pa fell off the boat. First we went in by the fountain, and pa had never been in the exhibition build before. Last year he was in Your-yp, and we was astonished at the magnitude of everything. First I made him jump clear across the aisle there, where the stuffed tigers are, by the fur place. I told him the keeper was just coming along with some meat, to feed the animals, and when they smelled the meat they just clawed things. He run against a show-case, an then wanted to go away.

He said he traveled with a circus when he was young, and nobody knew the danger of fooling around wild animals better than he did. He said once he fought with seven tigers and two Nubian lions for five hours with Mabec's old show. I asked him if that was afore he got religion, and he said never you mind. He is an old liar, even if he is converted. Ma says he never was with a circus, and she has known him ever since he wore short dresses. Well, you would a diled to see pa there by the furniture place, where they have got beautiful beds and chairs. There was one blue chair under a glass case, all velvet, and a sign was over it, telling people to keep their hands off. Pa asked me what the sign was, and I told him it said ladies and gentlemen are requested to sit in chairs and try them. pa climbed over the railing and was just going to sit down on the glass show case over the chair, when one of the walk-around fellows, with imitation police hats, took him by the collar and yanked him back over the railing, and was going to kick Pa's pants. Pa was mad to have his coat collar pulled up over his head, and have the set of his coat spoiled, and he was going to sass the man, when I told Pa the man was a lunatic from the asylum that was on exhibition, and pa wanted to go away from there. He said he didn't know what they wanted to exhibit lunatics for. We went up stairs to the pancake bar, where they broil pancakes out of self-rising flour, and put butter and sugar on them and give them away. Pa said he could eat more pancakes than any man out of jail, and wanted me to get him some. I took a couple of pancakes and tore out a piece of the lining of my coat and put it between the pancakes and handed them to pa, with a paper around the pancakes. Pa didn't notice the paper nor the cloth, and it would have made you luff to see him chew on them. I told him I guessed he didn't have as good teeth as he used to, and he said never you mind the teeth, and he kept on until he swallowed the whole business, and he said he guessed he didn't want any more. He is so sensitive about his teeth that he would eat a leather apron if anybody told him he couldn't. When the doctor said pa's digestion was bad, I told him if he could let pa swallow a seamstress, or a sewing machine, to sew up the cloth, he would get well, and the Doc says I am going to be the death of pa some day. But I should split when pa wanted a drink of water. I asked him if he druther have mineral water, and he said he guessed it would take the strongest kind of mineral water to wash down them pancakes, so I took him, to where the fire extinguishers are, and got him to take the nozzle of the extinguisher in his mouth, and I turned the faucet. I don't think he got more than a quart of

REV. DR. TALMAGE

"OUR RELIGION IS ALL RIGHT INSIDE."

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

There was a great throng gathered at the Tabernacle yesterday day to hear Brooklyn's great preacher expound the gospel.

Doctor Talmage seems to understand how to cater to the tastes of urban people as well as possessing the knack of preaching and opening the eyes of his congregation to the widespread dishonest practices of the world at the present day. He chose for his text James v.; a part of the 20th verse: "Faith without works is dead."

"Our religion," said he, "is all right inside, but it comes to the surface wrong. We don't want a new religion, but the old religion but the old religion applied in an opposite direction."

People will tell how good they are and of the many temptations they have overcome; they are like the ocean craft, with an enormous spread of sail, but even with their mizzen spanker and flying jib, they have an unsuccessful voyage, for they lack tonnage. This practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise, but will serve to make right all toil, and the time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You can tell very well whether the hackman is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If it is an excursion he drives very fast so that he can get another customer. All the styles of work have to be inspected, ships inspected, houses inspected, mechanism inspected; bosses to watch the journeymen. Capitalists coming around unexpectedly to watch the bosses. Conductors of city cars sound the gong to prove his honesty as a passenger hands up to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted, only to be put on three times. Shoes sandwiched with pasteboard between the soles in his dining-room warmed up for the public palate, he would have asked satisfaction from the editor who dared to take such liberties with his household gods to set them up for a public show. A man's house was then his castle. There was a feudal spirit in the home, pervading good society. It is no longer so. A man's house is the public's. All may gaze at his pictures, see his plate, count his dishes, enumerate his servants, and report price lists of his wines. There is nothing hid from the publicity thereof. Him who desires to live the life of a king, what is the thing expected? Editors are expected to give the finishing touch to the entertainment by a swelling notice in the next day's paper, and columns of such matter would not be too much for those who attended to read. Vanities vaintitudes. Twenty years ago, had a gentleman seen his sister's name printed in full as Miss So-and-so, of Such-and-such street (do, vulgar of vulgar) he would have settled with the editor in very short, if not sharp, fashion—but now! Nothing more pleases a charming young lady than to see herself in print; to hear herself described in tout personnelle, in detail, even to the hair of an eyebrow or the curve of a nostril.

Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.

In contrast to Col. Ingersoll's funeral orations is the following letter, which Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol sent to his people in Boston:

For the first time, when at home and in health, I am not at my post for the Sunday service. My companion has ceased to mortal that breath on earth which mows that ignorantly call life. Her spirit passed away yesterday toward night. Connected by blood and marriage with three worshiping generations, and with as many ministers, of the West church, for nearly half a century she has been herself, as much as her husband, your minister, and identified with you all in a constant love and service. It is not enough to call her pure and sincere; she was inescapable and incapable of untruth. In dying she had no knowledge of death, but was translated not perceiving the chariot in which she sat. She slept on her way. Pain stayed back from her pillow and she was all herself, smiling to the last. Her individuality of nature and character suggests immortality, as her being here was nothing but duty.

He Forgave Her.

"No, Alfred, dear, I dare not, cannot let you kiss me."

"You doubt my love, Estella Angelica? Then let the staffs fall and I will perish in the ruin of a busted universe!"

"Not so, not so, my sweet."

"Are you weary of me—speak!"

No, but dearest, listen—forgive me, Alf, my own—I—I—I—I've been eating spring onions!"

It was cruel, but his great love nerved him to tender compassion.

The Poisoned Sausage.

The old Dutchman slept placidly. His head reclined upon the table amid some empty glasses, while his long white hair fell over his arm like a fleece of silver. A brace of medical students entered the saloon and glanced at the sleeper. They noticed the end of a Bologna sausage peeping out of the aged man's pocket. Here was an opportunity for a practical joke which no regulated student could permit to escape. They secured the sausage and ate it. Still the old man slept. They had him aroused. He arose and prepared to depart. He missed the sausage. A wave of anguish swept over his mellow countenance. The joke was taking splendidly and the enjoyment of the young men was keen. The old man searched all his pockets, under the table and under the stove. The look of anguish was rapidly assuming an expression of horror. The students were positive ly being consumed by the inexorable fire of it all. At last the old man gave up the search, and approached the bartender, said in tones of intense excitement: "I had a sausage. Did you see him?"

"Yaw."

"Did you take him?"

"Nein."

"Thunder unt blizon! Dot was poisoned to kill rats! I think it was tangerous to leaf him round loose!"

Immediately that saloon contained the sickest pair of students in Baltimore. A physician was summoned, emetics administered to the sufferers, who were enduring all the agonies resulting from too much strychnia, and they were just pulled through, they were assured, by the skin of their teeth.

When it was all over, the poor fellows were pronounced out of danger. The oldest doctor at the door he turned and flung back this parting shot:

Dot sausage was as good unt nice sss never vas. It vas not poisoned. I think you heaf to raise up a leedle early mit de day, you blay de leedle of me. I think de tuff vas on my side mit de house."

True, True! Times Will Change.

Twenty years ago, if a private gentleman had taken up a public print and seen his house laid bare, the names of his private friends and what they were regaled with in his dining-room warmed up for the public palate, he would have asked satisfaction from the editor who dared to take such liberties with his household gods to set them up for a public show. A man's house was then his castle. There was a feudal spirit in the home, pervading good society. It is no longer so. A man's house is the public's. All may gaze at his pictures, see his plate, count his dishes, enumerate his servants, and report price lists of his wines. There is nothing hid from the publicity thereof. Him who desires to live the life of a king, what is the thing expected? Editors are expected to give the finishing touch to the entertainment by a swelling notice in the next day's paper, and columns of such matter would not be too much for those who attended to read. Vanities vaintitudes. Twenty years ago, had a gentleman seen his sister's name printed in full as Miss So-and-so, of Such-and-such street (do, vulgar of vulgar) he would have settled with the editor in very short, if not sharp, fashion—but now! Nothing more pleases a charming young lady than to see herself in print; to hear herself described in tout personnelle, in detail, even to the hair of an eyebrow or the curve of a nostril.

His Own Grandfather.

A young man, who is his own father, explains, through the press: "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she married my father."

"Sometime afterward, my wife had a son. He is my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he is the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, namely, my step-mother had a son. He is my brother, and at the same time my grandfather, for he is the son of my daughter. My wife is my grandmother, for she is mother's mother. I am my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time; and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I am my own grandfather."

"During the honeymoon a man can come home from a lodge at a late hour, fall down, roll under the bed and tell his wife that he is looking for his collar button, but after that period the explanation wears an extremely gauzy appearance."

The expenses of the Government in the star route cases up to the present time are estimated at \$550,000. The special prosecutors get \$400 a day and \$30 a day for their expenses. The total cost is \$1,000 a day, exclusive of the cost of the witnesses. Over 300 witnesses have been summoned by the prosecution, most of them from west of the Mississippi, involving an outlay of nearly \$150,000.

ROBT. INGERSOLL.

WHAT THE INFIDEL HAS TO SAY OF DEATH.

HE GROWS ELOQUENT.

Again we are face to face with the great mystery that shrouds this world. We question, but there is no reply. Out on the wide waste seas there drifts no spar. Over the desert of death the sphinx gazes forever but never speaks. In the very May of life another heart has ceased to beat. Night has fallen upon noon. He who lived, he loved, he was loved. Wife and children pressed their kisses on his lips. This is enough. The long life contains no more. This fills the vase of joy.

He who lies here clothed with the perfect peace of death, was a kind and loving husband and good father—a generous neighbor, an honest man; and these words build a monument of glory above the humblest grave.

He was always a child—sincere and frank—as full of hope as Spring. He divided all time into to-day and to-morrow. To-morrow was without a cloud, and of to-morrow he borrowed sunshine for to-day.

He was my friend. He will remain so. The living oft become estranged—the dead are true.

He was not a Christian. In the Eden of his hope there did not crawl and coil the serpent of eternal pain. In many languages he sought the thoughts of men, and for himself he solved the problems of the world. He accepted the philosophy of Auguste Comte. Humanism was his God—the human race the Supreme Being. In that Supreme Being he rested. He believed that we are indebted for what we enjoy to the labor, the self-denial, the heroism of the human race, and that as we have plucked the fruit of what others planted, we, in thankfulness, should plant for others yet to be. With immortality was the eternal consequences of his own good acts. He believed that every good thought, every disinterested deed, hastens the harvest of universal good. This is a religion that enriches poverty, that enables us to bear the sorrows of the saddest life, that peoples even solitudes with the happy millions yet to be—a religion born not of selfishness and fear, but of love and hope—the religion that digs wells to slake the thirst of others—that gladly bears the burdens of the unborn.

In the presence of death, how beliefs and dogmas wither and decay; how loving words and deeds burst into blossom. Pluck from the tree of any life these flowers, and there remains but the barren thorns of bigotry and creed.

All wishes for happiness beyond this life. All hope to meet again the loved and lost. In every heart grows this sacred flower of eternal love. Immortality is a word that whispers to love. The miracle of thought we cannot understand. The mystery of death and hope we cannot comprehend. This chaos called the world has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges and on shadowy rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless—destiny is dumb—and the secret of the future has never yet been told. We love, we wait, we hope. The more we love, the more we fear. Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall. All paths, whether filled with thorns or flowers, end here. Here success and failure are same. The rag of wretchedness and the purple robe of power lose difference and distinction in this democracy of death. Character alone survives. Goodness alone lives. Love alone is immortal.

But to all there comes a time when fevered lips of life long for the cool, delicious kiss of death. Tired of the dust and glare of day, they here with joy the rustling garments of the night.

What can we say of death? What can we say of the dead? Where they have gone, reason cannot go, and from thence revelation has not come. But let us believe that over the cradle nature bends and smiles, and lovingly above the dead in benediction holds her outstretched hands.

Saved Only To Be Lost.

A STORY THAT ENDS SO SADLY AS TO CAUSE THE HEART TO DROP WITH A DULL THUD.

"Kiss me, darling."

Richard Irwin had toiled slowly and wearily up the two flights of stairs which led to the poor abode and looked long and longingly into the pale but beautiful face of the girl who had given up parents, home and everything that had made life happy to become his wife. And

THOUGHT-RIPPLES

ON THE THROBBING OCEAN OF SENTIMENT.

DRIFTING HEART-WARD.

Under is the poisonous foam from the venomous mouth of malice.

Gold is the curtain which hides all defects from the eyes of the world.

A frown casts out the sunlight of the soul.

Perseverance is the golden speck which puts in the cap the steed of success.

A smile in sleep is the reflected gleam of a life-ripple upon the current of a dream.

A determined look in the face of duty frequently hides from us the darkest scowl of trouble.

A meteor, flashing through space, is the funeral of some dead star on its way to everlasting burial.

Sympathy is that rosi-fraint flood, which baptizes the night of disappointment with refreshing waters.

The evening star is the messenger the sky sends forth to herald the approach of the army of shadows.

Sarcasm is the thorn which is left, when the frosts of ill-nature have withered all of the soul's sweet flowers.

Wrinkles are the furrows which age plows across the face, when it begins to make ready for the eternal harvest.

Dimples on a lady's face are the eddies in the stream of beauty, around which the loveliest waters of witchery ripple.

Charity is of the perfume which comes from the sweetest and rarest and loveliest flower that blooms in the human heart.

Respect for woman is that grand avenue which leads to the pinnacle of an elevated manhood. Lose that and the avenue is closed forever.

A blush on a maiden's cheek is the ruby signal nature makes when the least infringement has been made upon the hallowed domain of modesty.

A pun is the silver thread in the needle of conversation, which gives a radiant and embroidered stitch to the whole texture of a social entertainment.

Kind words are the sunbeams of a good heart and they irradiate life with fringes of lustre and fling a halo of angelic beauty around human character.

Friendship is that rare flower which blooms as sweetly and as beautifully amid the Decembers of misfortune as it does amid the genial May of prosperity.

A woman's influence is that blessed season which ripens and mellows with lucious flavour the sweetest and purest feelings that ever bud and blossom in the human breast.

Love is the odor-laden wreath of marriage, and when it is worn, dripping with the dew of devotion, it makes life gleam with heaven-borrowed hues of happiness, and breathe the very atmosphere of the sweetest and serene peace.

A mother's tone of endearment lingers in the memory forever, and long after she is gone, and often amid the sleepless watches of the night its echo comes back sweeter than the strains of recollection music, and brings a benediction as pure as that which follows a prayer.

Death is the tunnel through which all must pass to reach the immortal life beyond. To the Christian it is glory lit from end to end with the rosy gleams of celestial lamps, held by waiting angels. But to the sinner, it is like a hole in the night—dark and full of shadows, and heavy with the fogs of doubt and dread despair.

Accusation and distrust from those we love, like lead sinking in to the bosom of the sea without ruffling the surface of the waters, goes down and down and down to the lowest caverns of the heart, and from those sorrow-reefed caves no eye-messengers come back to repeat the story of the deep hidden ebblings which are surging below.

The holiest feelings are those which rise from the heart at a mother's grave, and the sweetest memories of life are those which enshrine the little acts of affectionate devotion we have shown to her. And when the grave—death's everlasting prison-house—has closed over her its sodded doors forever, these memories will then be glorious star-beams of comfort, twinkling down upon the dreary night of separation, lending their softening light to brighten the gloom of the hours.

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