

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE... One Year \$1.00... Six Months .60... Three Months .30... Single Copies 10c

NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILINGS GLEANINGS

Hon. Abram Rencher died at Chapel Hill Saturday.

The vote on the graded school question was defeated in Monroe by a vote of nearly two to one.

Three families near Raleigh own upwards of 25 head of dogs. It is safe to say that the children often-times go to bed hungry.

The Oxford Torchlight announces the death of Prof. C. D. Grandy, which occurred on Monday of last week at his home in Oxford.

Col. Alfred M. Wauvelt has retired from the Charlotte "Journal Observer" and the paper will be run by R. H. & H. W. Harris.

The Local Minister Conference of the M. E. Church will be held at Winston beginning July 18th, and continuing through the week.

Efforts will be made by the proper authorities of Augusta county, Virginia, to convict Biene and Elam of fighting in that county.

The toy pistol was heard from on the glorious Fourth. In Chicago about 350 casualties, five of them fatal, with other cities still to hear from.

Commenced us to the Washington woman who "switched" her 17-year-old son for getting married; he was old enough to know better, but he didn't.

Maryland may not be the most progressive State in the Union, but she initiated a grand reform when she established the whipping post for wife beaters.

Rev. J. B. Boone has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church of Salisbury and accepted the presidency of Ambler Female College at Hendersonville.

A new paper, the Concord Times, has made its appearance. Mr. H. T. J. Ludwig is the editor. The paper presents a good appearance and starts out well.

Mr. Blaine will stump Ohio for the Republicans. This announcement may be taken as a declaration that Jas. G. is going to try to be President again.

They now have what they call "shand parties" in the interior of Michigan. The young man who can hold a girl's hand the longest is rewarded with a sweet cake.

Rev. T. W. Guthrie, of Rockingham, has been appointed presiding elder of the Charlotte district in place of Rev. M. L. Wood, elected president of Trinity College.

The National Exposition at Denver, Col., promises to be exceptionally good; the Richmond & Danville R. R. Co. will exhibit its cabinet of minerals, said to be the finest in the country.

Now the Statesville Landmark reports that he that quit laying and when she was killed and opened they found 18 eggs with a thin shell on each and larger than the usual size.

Seven doctors were gathered around a man who fell on the walk. Four called it sunstroke and the others said it was a fit. Along came a small boy and proved it was a banana peel.

Gen. Grant recently walked over the Brooklyn bridge and paid his toll like a man. The toll was one cent. This acquits Gen. Grant of a charge of being the great National dead beat.

There is a carpet establishment at Kings Mountain, in this State, which is making quite a quantity of carpets, beautiful in design and guaranteed to outlast that made by the northern mills.

Major Ches. M. Steadman, of Wilmington, is being spoken of as the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor next year. It would be well-nigh impossible to make a stronger nomination.

Wilson Glenn is the boss farmer of California and perhaps of the world. Her wheat crop this year will bring her in \$700,000. In this instance the advice to beware of widow's is not applicable.

The Greensboro Petrol says that Miss Lizzie Seal's, of Mt. Airy, returning on a picnic one day last week, jumped from a wagon and sustained injuries which resulted in lockjaw and caused her death.

A young man in the state of New York, being on trial for failing to support his wife, set up in justification an ante-nuptial agreement on her part, that she was to support him in consideration of his marrying her. This is a useful innovation, and will strike a soft place in men's hearts. A good many wives do so without having contracted to that effect.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIN'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

VOLUME 13:-

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 13, 1883.

-NUMBER 22

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Duration (One Inch, One Insertion, One Month, Three Months, Six Months, One Year) and Price (\$1.00, .50, .30, .15, .10, .05).

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

THAT BAD BOY.

HIS PA'S SAD EXPERIENCE ON ROLLER SKATES.

HE SPREADS HIMSELF.

"What is that stuff on your shirt bosom, looks like soap grease?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the grocery the morning after Christmas.

The boy looked at his shirt front, put his fingers on the stuff and smelled of his fingers, and then said, "O, that is nothing but a little of the turkey dressing and gravy. You see after Pa and I got back from the roller skating rink yesterday, Pa was broke all up and he couldn't carve the turkey, and I had to do it, and sat in a stuffed chair with his head tied up, and a pillow amongst his legs, and he kept complaining that I didn't do it right. God darn a turkey any way. I should think they would make a turkey flat on the back, so he would lay on a greasy platter without skating all around the table. It looks easy to see Pa carve a turkey, but when I speared into the bosom of that turkey, and began to saw on it, the turkey rolled around as though it was on castors, and it was all I could do to keep it out of Ma's lap. But I rassed with it till I got off enough white meat for Pa and Ma and dark meat: enough for me, and I dug out the dressing, but the most of it flew into my shirt bosom, cause the string that tied up the place where the dressing was concealed about the person of the turkey, broke prematurely, and one oyster bit pa in the eye, and he said I was awkward as a cross-eyed girl trying to kiss a man with a hair lip. If I ever get to be the head of a family I shall carve turkey with a corn sheller."

"But what broke your pa up at the roller skating rink?" asked the grocery man.

"O, everything broke him up. He is split up so Ma buttons the top of his pants to his collar button, like a bicycle rider. Well, he no business to have told me and my chum that he used to be the best skater in North America, when he was a boy. He said he skated once from Albany to New York in an hour and eighty minutes. Me and my chum thought if Pa was such a ringer on skates we would get him to put on a pair of roller skates, and enter him as the "great unknown," and clean out the whole gang. We told Pa that he must remember that roller skates were different from ice skates, and that maybe he couldn't skate on them, but he said it didn't make any difference what they were as long as they were skates, and he would just paralyze the whole crowd. So we got a pair of big roller skates for him, and while we were strapping them on, Pa he looked at the skaters glide around on the smooth wax floor just as though they were greased. Pa looked at the skates on his feet, after they were fastened, sort of forlorn like, the way a horse thief does when they put shackles on his legs, and I told him if he was afraid he couldn't skate with them we would take them off, but he said he would beat anybody there, or bust a suspender. When we straightened Pa up, and pointed towards the middle of the room, and he said, "leggo," and we just give him a little push to start him, and he began to go. Well, by gosh, you'd die to have seen Pa try to stop. You see, you can't stick in your heel and stop, like you can on ice skates, and Pa soon found that out, and he began to turn sideways, and then he threw his arms and walked on his heels, and he lost his hat, and his eyes began to stick out, cause he was going right towards an iron post. One arm caught the post and he circled around it a few times and then he let go and began to fall, and, sir, he kept falling all across the room, and everybody got out of the way, except a girl, and Pa grabbed her by the polonaise, like a drowning man grabs at straws, though there wasn't any straws in her polonaise as I know of but just pulled her along as though she was done up in a shawl-strap, and his feet went out from under him and he struck on his shoulders and kept a going, with the girl dragging along like a bundle of clothes. If Pa had another pair of roller skates on his shoulders, and castors on his ears, he couldn't have slid along any better. Pa is a short, big man, and he was rolling along on his back, he looked like a sofa with castors on being pushed across a room by a girl. Finally Pa came to the wall and had to stop, and the girl fell right across him, with her roller skates in his neck, and she called him an old brute, and told him if he didn't let go of her polonaise she would murder him. Just then my chum and me got there and we clumped Pa from the girl, and lifted

BOOMING.

THERE IS LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES.

The Charleston (S. C.) Iron Works are very busy at present. The steel works at Chattanooga commenced operations on the 18th of last month.

The Catawba Oil Mill of Chester S. C., turns out 600 gallons of cotton seed oil per day.

A cedar barrel factory is talked of at Savannah, Ga. The material will be brought from Cedar Keys.

Anderson, S. C., is raising \$100,000 to build a cotton factory. Col. J. N. Brown is in charge of the enterprise.

Fifty thousand spindles will be operated by the Central Falls Manufacturing Company, in North Carolina.

The Southern Exposition offers \$1,000 for the best bale of long cotton; \$500 for the second best, and \$250 for the third best.

Manufacturing interests in Baltimore are rapidly increasing, by reason of the increasing demand for manufactures in the South.

The lumber business in Georgia has within the past few years reached such proportions as to be classed as one of the leading industries of the States.

The owners of the Dade coal mines, Tennessee, have 400 men at work, 350 of whom are convicts. The company expects to have 1,000 miners at the works next winter.

The cotton mills at Greensboro, N. C., are succeeding finely; and some patterns of their goods are in great demand, not only in the South but by Chicago dealers.

A company has been incorporated at Charlotte, N. C., with a capital of \$2,000,000, for the purpose of conducting gold-mining business in this State on an extensive scale.

Within the next six weeks Chattanooga expects to have a stove foundry capable of making 125 stoves per day. W. W. Baldwin Cleveland, Ohio, is president and general manager.

The Paeolet Manufacturing Company, Paeolet, S. C., has increased its capital stock from the amount upon which the first orders for machinery were placed, and has now doubled the orders.

A company intending to erect factories of all kinds at Ten Island Shoals, on the Coosa river, near the site of the old Whiteman Mills Ala., is to begin operations with \$500,000 capital, which may be extended to \$1,000,000.

The net earnings for the past year of the Clifton cotton factory at Clifton, S. C., were 16 per cent. During the year dividends aggregating 8 per cent, were paid, and the balance put aside for improvements, including the building of comfortable homes for the employees.

The Texas Association of Wool Growers adopted a resolution that the wool-growers should establish woolen mills in the South, and especially in Texas. That is the right sort of resolution. Let the South rival the North by building up manufactures on southern soil to use all southern raw products.

The St. Martin's Cotton Mills is the name of a new corporation at St. Martinsville, Miss. The incorporators are F. Rossau, P. L. DeClonet, T. L. Broussard, Charles Lacaze, Eugene Duchamp, and Chas. L. Gauthier. The capital stock of the corporation is fixed at \$200,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$20 each.

The East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad Company have made a contract for 500 new cars, to be built by the Southern Car works, at Knoxville. The Knoxville Car Wheel Company will furnish 2,000 axles and 4,000 wheels. The cars must be delivered in the next few weeks. A number of new engines have been ordered.

The cotton mills at Columbus, Ga., are crowded with orders. The Eagle and Phoenix mills received orders that footed up \$100,000. The principal portion of these orders came from St. Louis and the cities in the northwest, and the goods are to be delivered as rapidly as possible. The sales of woolen goods made by these mills in one day amounted to nearly \$40,000.

The net profits of the cotton factory at Piedmont, S. C., during the past year are 2 1/2 per cent on the capital stock of \$500,000. Of the earnings 10 per cent was paid out in dividends, the rest placed in the reserve fund. The mill now has 540 looms and 23,024 spindles. The cost of the property now stands in relation to the capital stock of \$500,000 at \$21.2 a spindle, and in relation to the total cost of \$710,171.45 at \$30.84 a spindle. The difference between the total cost and the capital stock has been paid out of the net

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

PREACHES HIS LAST SERMON OF THE SEASON.

THE PATHS OF THE FEET.

Dr. Talmage preached his last sermon of the season, this morning preparatory to his departure on his summer vacation, which he will spend at Saratoga and at Easthampton, Long Island, and also in attending a series of religious conventions, to be held in the West and Southeast. He will return to the Tabernacle on the first Sunday of September.

"With twain he covered his face with twain he covered his feet, as with twain he did fly" he used the basis of his text.

In a hospital, said he, Uzzi had died and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity. Theologians and the prophet Isai were thinking about religious things as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons who made up a family, he has a dream, not like dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from suggestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of hand of Almighty God. T place—an ancient temple. A building, grand, and awfully majestic. Within that temple, a thrice higher and grander than that cupied by any Czar, Sultan or Emperor. On that throne—eternity. Christ. In lines surrounding the throne, the brightest celestial cherubims, but better than they. The most exquisite radiant of the heavenly intelligences, the seraphims that are called burners because they look like fire—Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the ten of limbs which suggests a human being, there are pinions which suggest the most buoyant of all creation. Each seraph had three wings. Each two of the wings of a divine purpose. The probability is that these wings were all united at once.

When we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, it comes the lesson of humility and imperfection. The brightest angel of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly.

seraph so far beneath God, and so far beneath the seraphs in glory, we ought to be plunged in humility utter and complete.

Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service. C feet in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked. Our feet, how many mistakes they have taken. Neither God seraph intended to put dishonor upon that which is one of the most precious of Almighty God—human foot. Physiologist anatomists are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization.

The Bridgewater Treatise written by Sir Chas. Bell on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen.

With his large bequest, inducing Sir Chas. Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could not afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he could induce some other Sir Chas. Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness in the construction of the human foot. I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for enunciation. With it the tailor reaches his work.

With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shrivelled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The bible knows it. "Especially care, "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone;" "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;" "Thy feet shall not stumble."

Special charge: "Keep thy feet when thou goest to the house of God."

Special perit: "Their feet shall slide in due time," connected with the world's dissolution; "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth." Give me the history of your foot and I will

A Sensible ex-"Liberal."

Some time ago a gentleman from the country in conversation with one of our citizens, "went back on" the "Liberal" party and his share in it in a most emphatic manner. He said in substance that when the Liberal movement was first inaugurated he believed it to be a good thing. The Democratic party, he thought, was not equal to the times and was perhaps corrupt. Thus he embraced the new party, hoping to find in it the best elements of both the old ones. But he had not long to remain in the concern to find it a mere Radical trick. And his bitter denunciation of the fraud and his mortification at having been drawn into it, were evidently sincere. He finished by saying that "as long as he lived he would never vote any other ticket than the Democratic"—his old party.

The feelings and convictions of this gentleman in regard to Liberalism accord with those of the few intelligent men in our county who were for a time deceived by the fraud. They have come to realize sooner, some later—that the Liberal party, so-called, is a farce and a political absurdity. Before the next election all those who do not desire to gradually let themselves down into the Republican line again under the old Democratic standard, a result fully sustained by reason and common sense.

Dead and Damned.

Geo. B. Everett, late internal revenue collector for the 5th district of North Carolina, has been appointed land agent for Dakota. His "guide philosopher and friend" Dr. J. J. Mott, says George is perfectly satisfied, that the position is every way better than the collectorship; but it is not in the nature of sane humanity to accept the statement as unadvised fact. A prominent official in another department says Evans and the President "let him down easy," but stuck him away in the corner.

The consolidation of districts is much begrimed. It is, however, the grandest humbug in the way of reform ever attempted. True, a show of economy is made in reducing the number of districts by one third; but mark you, in every change effected, so far as I can see, the Arthur-Stalwart Administration comes off more than conqueror. There is one consolidation in Virginia—Brady, Mahone's man Friday, and a new Mahonite, between them, take all the emoluments and the power of the great machine, displacing some collectors who were known to be unfriendly or at least not so available. So it was with North Carolina on possibly a smaller scale. Young and Wheeler with Keough run the strate with such ease as they can pick up the Stalwarts are in full control, and opposition is now dead and damned.—Goldsboro "Messenger"

It Revived Him.

"Just as the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy train stopped at Galesburg one day recently, and everything was still for a moment, a man sitting near the forward end of the car was heard to groan as though in terrible anguish. Some of the passengers went over to him and found him speechless. One of the men pulled out a flask of brandy, and two others, prying open his teeth, forced about a pint of the liquor down his throat. He immediately revived.

"Do you feel better now?" inquired the man with the brandy. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "What do you think was the matter with you?" "I wanted a drink."

Watermelons.

Thousands of acres in watermelons are planted this year in Eastern North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. In the last State there are 23,000 acres of them in Burke county alone. If Edgewood will turn their attention to raising fine melons, there would be money in it. The business is very profitable elsewhere. Try something besides cotton.—"Farmer and Mechanic."

AGONIZING SCENE.

THE STRUGGLES OF AN INVALID SANE GIRL.

TRUE HEROISM.

Mrs. Staver and her two daughters, both grown and one an invalid, occupy an upper suit of apartments in the sixth story flat house No. 121 West Eleventh street. Early yesterday morning the mother and daughters were in their rooms awaiting the arrival of some friends who were to take the invalid girl to a hospital for treatment. Suddenly she got up from her chair, and, saying, "Mamma, dear, I can not stay in this room; it is so close—let me go for a little air," ran lightly up stairs and disappeared through the attic door. The younger sister followed some time after, apparently not fearing any danger. As she reached the roof she was horrified to see the girl sitting on the coping. She called her mother, and as the latter reached the roof, the girl, bending down and catching hold of the cornice with her two hands, swung herself over. The paved yard was six stories below. The mother, with a shriek, rushed forward and caught the girl by the arm just as she was relaxing her grasp on the cornice. The daughter struggled violently. "Let me go! I want to die! I want to die!"

The mother, with a strength that seemed supernatural, still held the girl, although her whole weight now depended upon the mother's grasp. But the sister came to her assistance and both called hysterically for aid. Their cries—"Save her! Help, help!" rang through all the neighborhood. Some children in the yard below shrieked. Men came to the windows, and after a brief look, rushed for the stairs and to the street. Everybody shouted for help.

A lady in the apartment below, with a gentleman beside her, leaned far out from a window directly under the struggling girl. But she could barely reach her. She could secure a slight hold upon one of Miss Staver's ankles, and this hold she kept at great personal danger, somewhat checking the hapless mother's efforts to get free from her mother's frantic grasp. It was evident to the shuddering spectators that in a moment the strength of the women above must give out and that the crazed girl must plunge down to death, carrying with her, by her weight, the brave lady below, and perhaps the mother and sister. In this supreme moment of suspense, above the cries of mother and daughter and onlookers, the girl shrieked loudly—"let me drop! It will be better for me! I want to go!" Then a young girl rushed on the roof and gave her feeble aid to the two ladies, and then a head and shoulders appeared through the trap door and the first of the rescuers swung himself on to the roof. There was a glad shout and then profound silence, except for the cries of the mother. In an instant he was at the edge of the roof, and, leaning far over, had his arms about the girl's shoulders. A second stalwart man came to his assistance. The mother and sister fell back fainting. The two men drew the still struggling girl over the parapet and to safety.—New York "Herald."

A Wife Obtained by Advertising.

Col. C. J. Carraway, a citizen of Polkton, N. C., put an advertisement in the Baltimore Sun, a few weeks ago, wanting a wife. A day or two after the advertisement appeared, Col. Carraway received a letter from a Baltimore lady, enclosing her photograph with a description of herself, and he was so pleased with all that he concluded to go to Baltimore and see the lady in person. He went last week and when he returned he brought the lady home with him, having married her.—Charlotte "Observer."

A Generous Gift.

The "News and Observer" says it is very gratifying to know that the generosity and particularly of the gentlemen, and particularly of the generous and patriotic Julian S. Carr, the remains of the North Carolina soldiers at Arlington are to be removed to our own cemetery.

In this labor of love Mrs. Cicero Harris has taken a large part, for indeed she has been indefatigable in her exertions and the large-heartedness of Mrs. Carr, who herself a soldier, has not only seconded Mrs. Harris' efforts to lay the heroes at rest in their native soil. The occasion will be a sad memorial day.

Titular Greatness.

It is to be hoped that the Assyrin host of individuals who within the last ten days have been adorned L. L. D., or D. D. or A. M., or fresh water colleges, or salt water or hillside or prairie colleges, feel better and more learned than they felt before they got their titles. It is a big thing to have a title, even though it be General or "Squire, Minister or Colonel, Doctor or Major, Captain or Reverend, or boss. How are ye, General? How d'ye do, Doctor? Hello, Squire! Hot day, Governor! What'll ye take Captain? Be easy boss!

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

ROCKY MOUNT.

Are now in successful operation.

STEAM

Repaired at short notice. Age Steam Engines which took the Gold medal at the Alabama State Fair repaired. Manufacturers of the

ADVANCE C

And ROCKY MOUNT TURN IN We keep in stock a full line of connections. Also brass fittings. Our Planing Mill is in full of kiln dried flooring and ceiling put for past patronage and guarantee

S. K. FOUNTAIN, Manager

We call attention to our

FIGURE SHIRT

Try one on no other will suit you. I will send you one like a hoodlum. Not a variable you will see. Yours truly, BRYAN, DANIEL & CO.

CENTRAL INS FOR YOU

The Spring Term begins Monday, Jan. For further information and catalogue

CELSIOR

obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind does not cure him, the second will be sure to do it.

3. To cure a balky horse simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go then let him go.

4. The brains of a horse seem to entertain but one idea at a time, thus continue whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg, just below the knee, and tie it in a bow-knot. At the first check he will go dancing off; and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the twine to prevent injury in your further drive.

It is to be hoped that the Assyrin host of individuals who within the last ten days have been adorned L. L. D., or D. D. or A. M., or fresh water colleges, or salt water or hillside or prairie colleges, feel better and more learned than they felt before they got their titles. It is a big thing to have a title, even though it be General or "Squire, Minister or Colonel, Doctor or Major, Captain or Reverend, or boss. How are ye, General? How d'ye do, Doctor? Hello, Squire! Hot day, Governor! What'll ye take Captain? Be easy boss!

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

The celebrated "Fish Brand" Gills Twines is sold only at Jacob's Hardware Depot. Wilmington.