

Nag's head is the favorite resort for Tarboroans.

All the Calumet officers are absent from Washington.

Bartlett's circus is heading this way. It is to be in Weldon Aug. 15th.

Rev. D. A. Long accepts the Presidency of Antioch College Ohio.

There are no less than 306 localities in North Carolina where gold is found.

On the forty-second ballot Pike was elected Senator from New Hampshire.

A ball in honor of Mrs. and Miss (Stonewall) Jackson was given at Morehead last week.

The Grand Lodge Knights of Honor will meet in Greensboro Tuesday, August 13th.

Prof. Price Thomas, of Durham, has been elected Principal of the New Bern Graded School.

The Goldsboro "Messenger" acknowledges the receipt of the first sweet potatoes of the season.

Lenoir county is to have a second term of Court beginning the second Monday in September.

A Stokes county doctor has been practicing on an invalid for forty years, and the patient is still living.

R. W. Best Esq., has been appointed to a clerkship in the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing solid in it, but eases the jolts of the world wonderfully.

The Durham "Recorder" and Winston "Leader" are having a mimic war on which is the tobacco market of the State.

A beautiful marble shaft, eleven feet high, marks the resting place of the late Congressman Shackleford in Onslow county.

There are eleven burying grounds in the town of Washington and the doctors think that this is one cause of so much sickness.

The Concord "Times" says colored granges are being organized in Cabarrus county. The "Register" says they are political leagues.

There are between 300,000 and 400,000 women in England and Wales who possess the franchise and yet England is not happy.

A man has crossed the English channel—Smiths—on a water trike; or a machine like a velocipede with three wheels. What next?

The Morganton "Mountaineer" is five years old. Its talented editor, W. C. Ervin, is one of the most promising young men in the State.

The R. & D. E. R. is now owned by a syndicate composed of Geo. I. Senev, W. P. Clyde, Geo. E. Baker and four other equally wealthy men.

Prof. Riley, the famous entomologist, says: "I do not wish to make any reflections, but in the insect world it is always the female which stings."

There is to be an excursion from Wilmington to Washington, D. C., on the 13th, to return the 16th. The round trip fare from Wilmington is only 87.

Young George Vanderbilt, the fourth son of the rich man, is said to have the honest ambition to become a newspaper reporter. A laudable ambition.

There is only one case on record of a man's marrying his mother-in-law. An Indiana man was lately divorced from his wife and has just married her mother.

The Congregational ministers of Chicago have unanimously decided not to solemnize marriage where either party has procured a divorce on other than scriptural grounds.

Miss Sallie A. Jones, of Pitt, says the "Reflector," left her house and lot, valued at \$7,000, and her money and notes, valued at about \$200 to the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

The conviction and sentence of ex-treasurer Polk, of Tennessee, is bad news for defaulter Vincent, of Alabama, who if not already afar off, has doubtless ere this struck out for more distant parts.

An editor in Kansas, Orth Stein who killed George Fredericks of the Comique Theatre in June, has second degree and has been sentenced to 20 years imprisonment. If Stein had only remembered "the pen is mightier than the sword."

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

VOLUME 13.--

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST 10, 1883.

--NUMBER 26

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

Table with 2 columns: Duration (One Inch, One Insertion, One Month, Three Months, Six Months, One Year) and Rate (\$1.00, 2.00, 5.00, 10.00, 20.00).

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

THE EXPOSITION.

THE PRESIDENT OPENS THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

Louisville, Aug. 1.—President Arthur opened the Southern Exposition this afternoon at 12:35 o'clock, in the presence of 12,000 people. His parlor at the Galt House were thronged with prominent Kentuckians this forenoon. Among them were the ex-Confederate Generals S. B. Buckner and William Preston. The President was luxuriously quartered in apartments specially fitted up for his use. The bed on which he slept was of carved black walnut and cost \$2,000. The bedroom furniture alone cost \$4,000, and it was completed about two weeks ago. Secretary Lincoln, who finds himself among many of his father's boyhood acquaintances, has been cordially received, and was called upon by quite as many people as the President.

At 11 o'clock the President, Secretaries Folger and Lincoln, Gen. Gresham, Commissioner Evans, Gen. Sheridan, Senators Bayard and Beck, Gov. Blackburn, and Congressmen Morcy and Lotry of Ohio entered carriages in front of the hotel to start for the Exposition. As the President left the hotel on the arm of the Mayor the dense crowd in the streets sent up an enthusiastic cheer. Main street was impassable with people, and every house on the line of march was gay with colors. A military escort of five companies preceded the Presidential party, and a police guard followed. The crowd on Main street, composed of men at the start, was so enthusiastic that President Arthur stood in his carriage and bowed his acknowledgements. This enthusiasm soon died out, and the march was quiet and uneventful. There is considerable comment on the lack of popular enthusiasm for the distinguished visitor. His visit is compared with that of Grant, which was an overwhelming popular ovation.

On arriving at the Exposition President Arthur was conducted to the stand, embowered in shrubs and flowers. It was placed at the intersection of the nave, crossing the almost square parallelogram of the building, and faced the grand organ, in front of which were seated 500 choristers and the Seventh Regt. Band of New York. When the President appeared at the back of the stand there was wild enthusiasm. About 200 distinguished persons accompanied him. The only ladies were Mrs. P. H. Sheridan and the wife of Col. M. Sheridan. After a prayer by the Rev. E. T. Perkins, of St. Paul, the Hon. Charles D. Jacobs, Mayor of the city, addressed the President, briefly welcoming him to the State Exposition. In conclusion he said: "The Exposition is for the regeneration of the South, to give unto her beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and all on this day of rejoicing are grateful to you, sir, for your presence, which gives assurance that you are in full sympathy with its purpose. Mr. President, we of Kentucky are your people, as are those of Massachusetts, New York or Ohio. Whatever honors are heaped upon you illustrate us as American citizens. Whatever grief touches you sears our hearts as well."

The settlement was cheered and the applause repeated when the impulsive Mayor shook the President by the hand. Gov. Blackburn then introduced President Arthur, who, after a few moments' hesitation, said: "FELLOW CITIZENS:—I could myself be fortunate in that I am upon the borders of this beautiful city of the South on a day which must be henceforth famous in its history; for a great undertaking, an undertaking of national interest and importance, enters here and now upon its career. I congratulate the promoters and managers of this Exposition that even at this very threshold of its existence it gives abundant pledges of success. The zeal and enthusiasm which they have displayed in their labors of preparation, and the frequent tidings of encouragement and cheer by which those labors have been lightened and made glad, the splendid triumphs of American genius, activity and skill which are arising within these walls, the presence of the eager multitude who through these hospitable streets, all are tokens that the enterprise here inaugurated will be crowned with brilliant, far reaching and enduring results. After delivering his speech, the President started the Exposition machinery.

Why does one man harvest forty or even fifty bushels of wheat per acre, and his neighbor but fifteen? Why does one man raise 200 bushels of potatoes of fine quality per acre, and another but fifty inferior quality? Why can one farmer fatten a pig which at six months only will raise the beam at 300 pounds, and another who thinks he feeds well, will only raise 100 at the same age? And how does one dairyman make his herd of cows average an income of \$50 and \$75 per annum, whilst others will hardly return \$30? These are questions for the farmer to solve.

Why does one man harvest forty or even fifty bushels of wheat per acre, and his neighbor but fifteen? Why does one man raise 200 bushels of potatoes of fine quality per acre, and another but fifty inferior quality? Why can one farmer fatten a pig which at six months only will raise the beam at 300 pounds, and another who thinks he feeds well, will only raise 100 at the same age? And how does one dairyman make his herd of cows average an income of \$50 and \$75 per annum, whilst others will hardly return \$30? These are questions for the farmer to solve.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD HAS TALKED TO HIM.

HIS HEALTH IS GOOD.

Samuel J. Tilden is a grand old man. No one of New York's statesmen has ever commanded the respect at home and in the Union as he in the opinion of many. Whether he be an actual candidate for the presidential nomination or not, everything concerning him is eagerly, longingly sought by his countrymen. There has been much talk of late about the broken down condition of Mr. Tilden's health. In view of the interview published in the New York "Times" of yesterday the following from "World" is interesting. The editor of the World accidentally enjoyed the pleasure of Mr. Tilden's company while the latter came in yesterday from Youkers. We are prepared to dispose alike of the sensational stories of Mr. Tilden's weakness and of the equally sensational stories of his exceptional vigor.

In the first place Mr. Tilden must be an early riser, as he boarded the train that leaves Tarrytown a few minutes after eight. In the next place, Mr. Tilden's walk is perfectly easy and his figure more erect than that of most people of his age.

He walked down the aisle of one of the ordinary cars quietly and naturally. With his plain straw hat, his clean-shaven face, he attracted no more attention than any other of the thousand business men who come into New York on the morning train of the Hudson river road.

As to his health, we are not prepared to give a physician's diagnosis nor a physician's certificate. But if clearness of complexion and brightness of the eye are safe indications, Mr. Tilden is certainly as healthy a man as he was seven years ago. His complexion is certainly fresher and healthier and his look has no indication of weakness about it.

The partial paralysis or palsy, or nervous affection, or whatever it is of his right arm and hand, continues, and he is probably unable to make any efficient use of that arm. But as for his going to sleep or slipping from his seat or needing assistance, it is absurd. The "Southern Congressman's" description is so evidently borrowed from Dickens' description of Grandfather Smallweeds as not to need any notes.

Mr. Tilden's voice was not changed noticeably. It is hardly strong enough to be heard across the room amid the rattle of a railroad train speeding by the cuts and hill-sides, but his voice was never strong. When a man habitually talks in a low voice as Mr. Tilden has done always it is a sign that his low tone of vocal muscles and organs are not strong. A low voice is a type of character, just as a loud voice is a type of another kind of character. At no period of his life could Mr. Tilden have been a loud-voiced speaker like one of Shakespeare's orators, periwig, pated fellows, but his enunciation is not affected in any way by the noise of the train, his remarks reached his hearers.

He talked freely and fluently; whatever impairment his body may have suffered his mind is as clear as ever. His memory is remarkably retentive and accurate, extending to trifling incidents that one would hardly expect him to recall. He talked about politics, about the electoral commission, the dangers of interviewing and other natural topics of a half hour ride. There is no doubt that he still maintains the same keen interest in and intelligent attention to politics and to business.

A Plea for the Wife.

"To become a husband is as serious a matter to a man," writes Dr. James C. Jackson, "as it is for a woman to become a wife." Marriage is no child's play; it brings added care, trial, perplexity, vexation, and it requires a great deal of the happiness which legitimately springs out of it to make the balance heavily in its favor. Very few people live happily in marriage, and yet this is not because unhappiness is germane to the relation, but because those who enter it do not know, first, how to get married, and second, how to live happily. You have already made your choice—wise I am bound to believe. Those qualities of character which have attracted you to choose as you have, should make you love grow daily while you live together. "As to the second point: If you wish to live in harmonious union with your wife, start out with the avowed recognition of the fact that she is your companion, and co-

SUNDAY READING.

DR. DEEMS ON "HOW THEY SLEEP."

FOR YOUNG MEN.

One of the most important things to know about any man upon whom you are going to place any dependence is how he sleeps. Sleeplessness may sometimes be involuntary. There may have been some shock to the man's nerves which has made him insomniac; but sleeplessness is more frequently voluntary. Men choose to push their studies or their work into those hours when they should be asleep. It does not matter for what cause any man may do this; the mere fact of not sleeping spoils his case. He may spend his nights in the theatre, in the study, or in the "protracted meeting." It will make no difference; the result to the body will be the same. The sleep will not had, and for that the man must pay. One man may do with little less sleep than another; but as a general rule, if you want a clerk, hennant, a lawyer, a physician, legislator, a judge, a president, or a pastor, do not trust your interest to any man that does not take on an average eight good solid hours of sleep out of every twenty-four. Whatever may be his reason for it, if he does not give himself that, he will snap sometimes just when you want him to be strong.

The intellectual and moral conceptions of sleeping have, I think, not been sufficiently appreciated. Men and boys have been praised for "burning the midnight oil." Now this "midnight oil" is a delusion and a snare. The student who is fast asleep at eleven o'clock every night and wide awake at seven o'clock every morning is going to surpass another student, of the same intellectual ability, who goes to bed after twelve o'clock and rises before five. In sleep, the rate on which the picture is to be taken is to be taken is receiving its chemical preparation, and it is plain that which is the best prepared will take the best picture.

Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep are the widest awake when they are awake. Great workers must be great resters. Every man who has clerks in his employ ought to know what their sleeping hours are. The young man who is up till two, three and four o'clock in the morning, and must put in his appearance at the bank or store at nine or ten o'clock and work all day, cannot repeat this process many days without a certain shakiness coming into his system, which he will endeavor to steady by some delusive stimulus. It is in this way that many a young man begins his course to ruin. He must not necessarily have been in bad company. He has lost his sleep; and losing sleep is losing strength and grace.

The "Reason Why."

- Mr. A drinks because his doctor recommends him to "take a little." Mr. B because his doctor orders him not to drink, and he hates quackery. Mr. C takes a drop because he's wet. Mr. D because he's dry. Mr. E because he feels something rising. Mr. F because he feels a sinking. Mr. G because he went to see a friend off to America. Mr. H because he's got a friend just come from Australia. Mr. J because he's so warm in the evening. Mr. K because he's so cold in the morning. Mr. L because he has a pain in his head. Mr. M because he has a pain in his side. Mr. N because he has a pain in his back. Mr. O because he has a pain in his chest. Mr. P because he has pains all over him. Mr. Q because he feels so light and happy. Mr. R because he feels so heavy and miserable. Mr. S because he's married. Mr. T because he isn't. Mr. V because he likes to see his friends. Mr. W because he's got no friends. Mr. X because his uncle left him a legacy. Mr. Y because his aunt cut him off with a shilling. Mr. Z because he went to Llandudno" yesterday.

This refers to a neighboring town that long ago was a famous resort for merry-making, etc. The Kingston "Free Press" men lament the depression in the matrimonial market, and after recounting all our humane legislators reduced the price of marriage license from \$2.50 to \$2.25, asks "why this thimble?" Observe youth! The girls have resolved not to marry until they see how the crops pan out. Wait till the fall and then there will be marriage and giving in marriage until you can't rest.

acts upon his interest?

Our religious services, our business, our amusements, our police regulations, must all be adjusted to this great necessity of our nature. When the city is governed as it should be, no man will be allowed to make night hideous with loud noises. Not even policemen will be permitted in the dead of night for an hour at a stretch, at the top of their voices, to bawl for the carriages of people who set the laws of health at defiance themselves, and will not permit other people to obey them, a custom which is rendering property in the neighborhood of places of amusement unfit for residence. In this age of rapid transit and accumulated work we must more and more provide for the necessity of sleep.

An Inexhaustible Fish Supply.

In the opening lecture before the Fisheries Conference, in London, Prof. Huxley presented facts substantiating his statement that in fishing districts an acre of sea was more prolific in food production than an acre of land. He said that he had no doubt that there were some fisheries which were inexhaustible. Instancing the salmon rivers, he said it was quite clear that those who would protect the fish must address themselves to man, who was reachable by force of law, and that it not only might be possible, but it was actually practicable to so regulate the action of man with regard to a salmon river that no such process of extirpation should take place. But if we turn to the great sea fisheries, such as cod and herring fisheries, the case was entirely altered. He believed that the cod, herring, pilchard, mackerel, and similar fisheries were inexhaustible, and were entirely beyond the control of man either to diminish the number of fish or to increase them by cultivation. But there were sea fisheries capable of being cultivated and controlled, in part at least, by man.

John Ruskin on Courtship.

In a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight, and limelight—and anything but daylight—in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances, young people smirk and ogle, and whisper and whimper, and sneak and stumble, and flutter and fumble and blunder into what they call love; expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in danger of losing all the honor of life for a folly, and all the joy of it by an accident.

Biggest Feet on Record.

The largest feet in the known world are credited to a young lady named Fanny Mills. She is an Ohio girl and resides near Sandusky. Her pedal extremities are respectively eighteen inches and seventeen in length; their width respectively, eight and seven; and when Fannie sets her foot down, it is equivalent to a great fact in physical geography.

Men Will Have It.

A juryman in Nebraska, while on duty was discovered to be sneaking whiskey through a rubber tube from a flask concealed in his coat, and for this novel mode of quenching his thirst he was fined \$50. An opera glass has been so constructed that whiskey can be taken from it during a performance. Just see how popular opera glasses will be this season. The "dudes" are not left out in the cold either, for their dear, noble, little cans are made to contain liquor which can be drunk on the sly. In short, as long as a man wants whiskey he can get it, if he has to make a new invention and patent it everytime he wants a drink.

Worse than Cruelty to Animals.

Man's inhumanity to man is only exceeded by his inhuman treatment of his wife. A case in point well illustrates our meaning. According to Gail Hamilton "she saw the other day a stout German with his pale and feeble wife get into a crowded horse-car. A gentleman rose to give the wife a seat, but the big fat husband seized it, settled himself back and folded his arms, looking complacently at his wife standing alone. "Sir," said the irate gentleman, "I gave the lady my seat?" The husband looked surprised, shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Oh, dot vos all right; dot vos mine wife," and kept "his seat." It was too bad that some young America was not present to teach the brute a lesson.

Unique Advertisement.

The following placard hangs up in a Tennessee store window: Peppermint He for Hed aka Belle's Tote

Plantation Philosophy.

He who sleeps by day will hunger by night. Industry am de peg on which Plenty hangs her hat. Argument makes three enemies to one friend. Men who go to law must expect to eat deir faters' wid-out salt. De biggest balloon can be packed in a barrel when de gas an out. De rattle of de empty wagon can be heard farther dan de rattle of de loaded one.

A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT LOVE, UNDYING AFFECTION AND SO FORTH.

A HIDDEN GRIEF.

It was a glorious night in July. They had long been acknowledged and devoted lovers, and as they stood breathing words of unutterable and undying devotion with the soft rays of the moon glittering through the tall tree tops they looked the picture of conjugal love. Her head with its wealth of golden hair, leaning trustfully and lovingly upon his manly shoulders, there seemed to be an especial fitness in their mutual love. He, cast in Nature's manliest mould, graceful in every movement, with a physique such as few could boast, seemed a picture of protecting care while she, slight, graceful and sylph-like, was the embodiment of womanly devotion.

At their feet rippled a beautiful streamlet, known to the denizens of the aristocratic suburb through which it flows as "College-brook." At the trunk of a giant oak they kneeled and together they dreamed in that sweet communion of which only lovers know, all unmindful of the flight of time, until the moon had sunk far out of sight. She had lingered with delight upon the tender syllables which had rolled a fountain of unutterable joy from the lips of her darling, when, all at once, she began to manifest feelings of disquietude.

"What is the matter, my darling?" inquired her lover, as he noticed with alarm her continued uneasiness of manner.

"It is nothing of consequence, my love," she replied, but to his ever watchful eyes her actions betrayed her words, and he said:

"There is certainly something the matter, and I fear that I have wounded the feelings of my precious dove."

"No, no," she replied, while her tear-dimmed eyes looked their reproach to think he should suspect himself capable of inflicting pain upon her sensitive nature. "You are all the world to me, and the rich wealth of my heart's purest love is but a feeble expression of my sense of the debt I owe you. But, for to-night you must leave me. Do not think me cruel or fickle, my beloved, but it must be so."

"I will trust you, my darling," he replied. "But why this haste? If you love me, you will trust me and tell me of your troubles that I may sympathize with you, if I may not share them. Tell me, and I will heed your wish, although it breaks my heart to leave you."

"I will tell you and relieve you of your suspense, although it shocks me sadly to make the confession."

"What is it then, my love? Is there a hidden grief of which I have not known, gnawing at your dear heart?"

"No, darling, it is not grief that is gnawing at my heart, but there is a tick as big as your thumb nail gouging into my back."

When Woman is Simply Irresistible.

Woman is just too awfully lovely in newly laundered Wamsutta and lawn, when fresh from close communion with toilet soap and a crystal, watery bath. She has the ripe peach fragrance of paradise and the breath of the cape jasmine of the tropical empyrean. When a fellow passes to the windward of a lovely woman who is filling the air with sweetness and purity as she trips gracefully along, he delicately sniffs the air for an hour, as if he had got a splash of heavy, only perfume and was trying to woo another whiff over the celestial battlements. God bless the woman! If there were none on earth, baldheaded men and babies would be awfully scarce, and counting would lose more than half its flavor.—Bowling Green "Gazette."

A Politician's Prophetic Bride.

Few men in the country are better known than the Hon. J. Proctor Knott, recently nominated for Governor of Kentucky. The following incident was related some years ago, and the words seem prophetic: At the time of his marriage he was in moderate circumstances, but won the heart and hand of a highly accomplished lady. A short time prior to the marriage a lady friend said jocularly: "If I were you I would not think of marrying a man who would not some day go to the Legislature, to Congress, and be Governor of the state." She replied, with emphasis: "Mr. Knott will go to the Legislature." To the intimation that there was not much honor in that, she again replied, "And Mr. Knott will go to Congress. After further remarks made by her friend, with increased emphasis she said: "Mr. Knott will be Governor of the state."

The Difference In Farmers.

Why does one man harvest forty or even fifty bushels of wheat per acre, and his neighbor but fifteen? Why does one man raise 200 bushels of potatoes of fine quality per acre, and another but fifty inferior quality? Why can one farmer fatten a pig which at six months only will raise the beam at 300 pounds, and another who thinks he feeds well, will only raise 100 at the same age? And how does one dairyman make his herd of cows average an income of \$50 and \$75 per annum, whilst others will hardly return \$30? These are questions for the farmer to solve.

Bill Arp on Public Roads.

Let us work the roads by taxation like we build bridges and court houses and jails. Suppose the land owners do have to bear the burden of it. They ought to bear it. It is to their interest to bear it. We lose nothing by losing the poor man's labor or the nigger's labor, nor under our system it is all lost anyhow. My neighbor Freeman bought twenty thousand feet of lumber last winter, and he could haul only three hundred feet at a