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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILINGS—CLEANINGS

The are 275 female commercial travelers in this country.

An amateur census-taker says there are 550 babies in Raleigh.

There are 91 widows, out of a population of 299 souls, in the town of Augusta, Ky.

The races at the next Tarboro fair give promise of being exceedingly interesting.

So far there has been a decrease of immigration to our ports, as compared with last year.

New steel rails are being put down on the North Carolina Railroad between Raleigh and Goldsboro.

J. C. Price, the colored orator, is lecturing in Eastern Carolina, upon the "Future of the Negro Race."

Senator Edmunds says he likes to talk to newspaper men, because he always learns something. Sensible man.

Mrs. Allison, wife of the Iowa Senator, took her own life while insane. She plunged into the Mississippi river.

The meanness of this world is helped on by doing unto others as you think they would do unto you if they had a chance.

Rev. G. F. Romd, a Methodist preacher, was married last week to Miss Louisa Painter, the celebrated Quaker evangelist.

Prof. J. W. McLeod, who attended the Normal school in Wilson has taken charge of a school at Hintonville, West Va.

Rev. B. York D. D., President Randolph High school, has recovered his sight. He is 78 years old, hale and vigorous.

Nine young women of Huntsville, Ala., beat nine young men at ball by a score of 20 to 11. Such is Alabama gallantry.

The Jamesville and Washington railroad has been sold under execution. Ex-Judge Moore and Geo. H. Brown Jr., were the purchasers.

The Wilmington "Review" tells of a boy nine years old in Duplin county, whose hair whose hair has turned gray. He is as gray as a man of fifty.

She sang "I want to be an angel," and he swore that she was one already. To this she blushingly demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained.

Gen. Lewis said at the Texas Confederate reunion: "Butler is not a Democrat. I am glad he was not invited. I could never make peace with that man."

The Rutherford "Enterprise" has appeared. It is published at Rutherford College by H. M. Johnson. W. S. Hembly, an old amateur, is editor and manager.

Williamsport, Pennsylvania, is very much excited over the elopement of a prominent lawyer, a married man, with a young girl and thirty thousand dollars of his clients' money.

Edenton "Enquirer": On Thursday last the little child of Mr. James Hare, of Barnitz, Chowan county, fell from the bed, struck its head on a chair round and was instantly killed.

When the young lady who had eloped with James Buchanan, was dead, the future President asked her father to "afford me (him) the melancholy pleasure of seeing her body before its interment."

Two hundred and eighteen thousand persons lie buried in Greenwood Cemetery, New York,—it is the largest city of the dead in the New World; and about six thousand are added to it annually.

A birth was recorded at Tuscola, Ill., in which the physician certified that the father of the child was eighty-four years older than the mother, the former being 103 and the latter nineteen years of age.

John W. Mackay, the great Bonanza millionaire, enters the lists against the Western Union. He enters the Postal Telegraph company and proposes to organize a strong opposition against the first company.

The Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad has determined to make an exhibit at Boston during the coming Exposition there, of all the woods, grains, plants, minerals and other products of the sections through which it passes.

Our Zeb Vance is passing through deep waters. His wife is very ill and his son, who was out on an Asheville bar-keeper, is in a critical condition. In other days Vance would have said "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 13.--

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Duration. One Inch, One Insertion \$1.00; One Month \$3.00; Three Months \$8.00; Six Months \$15.00; One Year \$30.00.

HE WASN'T CRAZY

THE ADVENTURE OF A STEWARD OF THE ASYLUM.

SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM.

Once a week the mild patients at the Asylum, who are so disposed are allowed to have in one of the halls of the building, a dance and one of the attendants usually acts as the partner of the patient, to see that all things go on smoothly.

"I believe I have the honor of dancing with the President?" "Oh no, mam," he began, "I am the S—."

"Oh yes, excuse me, the Secretary of War?" said the young lady courtesying gracefully and smiling bewitchingly.

With a still more puzzled expression on his face the young man continued, "You—you are mistaken, mam, I—I'm the Steward."

"Steward?" continued the lady. "Steward? Oh yes, you mean the Treasurer, the Secretary of the Treasury. How stupid of me not to recollect that."

What could it mean? Perspiration was beginning to trickle down the brow of the nonplussed Steward and he began to twist his mustache nervously and give convulsive jerks at his cravat.

It was slowly dawning upon him that his partner was either crazy herself or that she thought he was a lunatic so with one of his most killing smiles he beamed on his fair partner with:

"Excuse me, Miss—, but you are laboring under a mistake; I am not crazy, but—"

"Crazy? why, you dear old boy, who ever thought you were crazy?" said Miss—, and she coquetishly tapped the steward on the cheek with her fan. "I didn't say crazy, I said you were Secretary of the Treasury."

That was a stunner. What could the unfortunate youth do but wait till the manager called out "promenade all," and then he promanaded to get the Superintendent to make an explanation in which he himself had so signally failed. — Morganton "Mountaineer."

A Rare Layout Here now is the "day-out" of a party that will soon be asking for votes.

The Boss Shepherd ring brands in the District of Columbia. The safe burglary industry. The whiskey brands, reaching to the White House.

The Freedman's Bank swindle. The Belknap impeachment. The Robeson naval brands.

The Sanborn brands. The Indian Bureau brands. The Pension Bureau brands.

The Black Friday rascality. The theft of the Presidency in 1876. The Indian bribery in 1880.

And the star route brands, not to mention a long list of other offenses, any one of which ought to and would overthrow any political party that ever existed in this country.

Gen. W. C. Wickham, a member of the straight-tie Virginia State Committee of Virginia, accepts a nomination to the State Senate tendered him by the Democrats of Hanover and Caroline counties.

Our Virginia friends have made a great mistake as they will find in the end. If they encourage democrats to vote for Republicans for policy, it will not be long before many will vote that way from preference. Defeat is better than victory gained in this manner.

The national party of New Jersey at their convention at Asbury Park, Thursday, control of railroads and telegraph lines, demanding that all money issued should be a legal-tender, and favoring a postal-telegraph service and equal taxation. A section in favor of female suffrage was adopted after a warm discussion, but one asking for prohibition laws was voted down.

ABOUT FARMING.

A SENSIBLE ARTICLE ABOUT DEEP PLOUGHING.

BOY FARMERS—TENANTS.

Two years ago the prospects of a good crop were turned to naught by the terrible drought. The people suffered. Indeed in this particular section the last three years have been remarkable for the drought.

This season it appears is not to be exception. From every portion of the State, and indeed from the entire South the news comes that far drought is severe, and the crops are being greatly damaged.

Droughts cannot be prevented, but they can generally be flanked. Their disastrous influence can be lessened. Now is the time for the farmers to realize and to appreciate that if they can whip droughts if they will, it is said that the crops in England are not affected by the weather ten per cent any year. The harvest is often interfered with, and the crops are sometimes lost after they have been made. But so far as the yield is concerned, a drought will not vary the harvest much.

How do they become independent of the seasons? Now this is the point. They prepare their land with the expectation that there will be a drought. To counteract its effects they underdrain so as to mellow the soil deep. They plough deep. They go down so that instead of having six inches of mellow soil to hold moisture, they have twelve inches. Neither droughts nor floods make any difference there. We do not mean that they turn up the poor soil, but they break it up, pulverize it, so that a surplus of water will readily percolate through it, and so that it will absorb and hold moisture against the evil day of drought. We want our friends to learn this lesson.—These dry times tell who is the good farmer. The farmer who has properly prepared, pulverized ploughed deep, manured well with home made manure, twenty-five acres of land will make more on it than his neighbor who has skimmed over a hundred acres. We invite our friends who have any practical experience in this matter who have crops that are now growing well, despite the drought, to write us about it. Our purpose is to direct attention in this channel. Who will give us the facts of this season?—Raleigh "News and Observer."

Up in Michigan William Garwood, a white Radical, married a negro girl, and, says the dispatch, "a party of our citizens, all good Republicans, took him from the bridal chamber in the negro quarters and treated him to a coat of tar and feathers," and then stoned him out of town.

The absence of telegraph operators recalls the story of the old darkey, who, hearing the instrument suddenly begin to click, while the operator was away, stepped up to it, and putting his mouth close to it, shouted with all his power of lungs: "De oppahratuh isn't hyar!"

In North Brazil, says an exchange, there are no professional dressmakers, the finest ladies usually making their own costumes. When a man buys his wife a two dollar dress, he doesn't have to give her ten dollars to get it made. There are some things in North Brazil worthy of imitation in this country.

Baseball has inspired the lawyers and doctors of Baltimore with a sudden desire to be famous. On Monday a match will be played between a pick nine of the briefs against a select nine of the pills. When a member of the briefs gets a noble pox on the nose the opposing nine will operate free of charge.

A woman living on the coast of Maine went down to the beach one day to commit suicide. She jumped into the breakers three separate times, but the tide was coming in and each time she was landed high and dry upon the shore—as alive as ever. After the third time she gave up the idea of suicide in disgust, and went home to dry her clothes.

General Tom Thumb was bright and witty to the last. It is said that just as he was getting on the home stretch and putting in his pneumatic lieks before expiring, he winked at his spiritual adviser, who was a converted barkeeper, and said: "If they keep me for a post mortem show for a week I reckon I'll be as great a draw as ever, only don't let Baranna get me and advertise me as the biggest thing on ice."

Thanks to Senator M. W. Ransom for volumes 1 and 2 of the Tenth Census of the United States. The total population of the United States is 50,155,773; in this number there are 13,492,570 whites, 6,687,795 colored; the rest being foreign.

North Carolina in 1860 contained a population of 992,622; in 1870, 1,070,261; in 1880, 1,395,750. Our increase in twenty years has been 403,128—the fifth largest increase of the Southern States.

The centennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, will convene in Christ Church, Philadelphia, on the 3rd of October of this year.—it was in this church that the first Episcopal convention in this country was held one hundred years ago. Bishop White was baptized in this church and his remains rest under its chancel. The edifice was erected in 1757. Washington occupied a pew in it when the seat of government was in Philadelphia. Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris were among its vestrymen when Bishop White was its rector.

Alex Stephens and the Countryman.

Soon after the entrance of the train containing the Great Commoner a countryman was sighted on the rear end of the back car, prominently perched on top of the bumper; gazing with a look of mingled admiration and awe into the face of Henry Grady, who was making his exit through the doorway. After a minute and gratifying survey of the noble physique of the Apollo of the local press, he lost all consciousness of his humble station and gave way to the heroic prompting of a patriotic spirit. He venturod; "Governor can I have the honor of shaking hands with you, bein' as I've come a long way to do it, and might not never have the chance of approachin' you agin'?"

"Certainly, sir; but I am not the Governor—here he comes now."

"Is that him?"

"That is Gov. Stephens."

"Well, I'll be darned!"

"What did you remark?"

"I'd hern he was a prodigy; but if that's the biggest man they could trump up for Governor of Georgia, I think we'd better leave the State, for the country's degeneration!"

"We don't estimate a statesman by his physical development, it's the brain the Governor has the greatest brain in Georgia."

"I don't care nothin' about brain; but the idea of a man bein' Gov. that's got to be carried aroun' like a bundle of old clothes."—Atlanta, Ga. "Post-Appeal."

Major Solman's Trick.

THE ONLY WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN IS BY AGREEING WITH HER.

The other day, when old Major Solman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of a church, his wife appeared wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's Mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you goin' to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready, and we'll go."

The old man went out into the kitchen took a couple of meal sacks out the bottoms out, sewed the tops together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment, and exclaimed: "Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?"

"Father Hubbard," the old man replied.

"You're not a goin' to wear them sacks, are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal bags as you have to go in them bran sacks."

"I'll take it off!"

"All right; off goes the Father Hubbard; and turning away, he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman, and that is by agreein' with her. If it hadn't been for the Daddy Hubbard I'd a been in a mighty bad fix."

Her Portrait.

A down her brainless forehead hangs A dollar's worth of golden bangs; Her big blue eyes, which open rare, Gaze at you with glassy stare; Her funny nose, too small to smell, Of very little scents doth tell; Her pointing rosebud lips scarce hide The rows of pearls and gum inside Her blooming cheeks would tempt a saint

To write on them "Look out for the pain!"

Her waxen arms and shoulders bare Display sweet dimples made with care;

Her perfect form so plump and round Is stuffed with cotton by the pound;

Her dainty little fairy's feet Might walk, but never on a street; Her taper snowy fingers show They cannot sweep or even sew.

Sometimes she'll let a favored chap Hold her for hours on his lap And squeeze her—then she'll only squeak

"Mama!"—for dolls, you know can't speak.

Senator Edmunds is to introduce next session a bill for the construction of a Federal postal telegraph system. Senator Sherman estimated that the government might duplicate all the wires and all the means of transportation by electricity in the country for about \$25,000,000. Senator Pratt says: "The telegraph to-day is the rich man's mail. The time is coming—and it is hastening rapidly—when the people shall demand that it shall be no longer the rich man's mail, but that it shall be brought within the reach of every individual in the land."

GOV. BEN BUTLER.

SENATOR BECK'S VERSION OF THE FAMOUS SPOON STORY.

IS IT A CAMPAIGN LIE?

Now that Ben Butler is making fight on the Tewkesbury Alms-house platform for the Democratic nomination for President, a story concerning his most notorious public record will be in order. Senator Beck of Kentucky, who has a great personal fondness for the Massachusetts statesman, is the authority for it. When Butler was in Congress he was sent to Nova Scotia, one member of a committee to look into fishery question and Beck was a Senate member of the same committee. The trip occupied some weeks and the two became exceedingly friendly so much so in fact that the report of it in Kentucky began to affect Beck's popularity and he arranged a very dramatic quarrel with Butler, which was duly reported for Kentucky consumption, and thoroughly cleared Beck's home atmosphere. The personal friendship of the two has never flagged, however. On their return from Nova Scotia, Beck stopped at Butler's residence at Newburyport, and there for the first time heard the origin of the famous "spoon story" as related by Butler himself. There is a tinge of romance in it which is quite creditable to the better feeling of Butler and presents him in the attitude of having endured a great deal of opprobrium rather than tell the true story, and thus, by acquitting himself, plunge the family of a neighbor into grief and shame. Senator Beck asked Butler for the origin of the scandal and it was told as follows:

"While I was in New Orleans there were a number of complaints brought to me of private houses being entered by soldiers and plundered of fine plate, pictures, and any other valuable ornaments that the fancy of the marauders. I referred these complaints to a young officer on my staff with orders to investigate them strictly. He reported to me that the complaints were greatly exaggerated and had originated from the impudence, trespasses of private soldiers. Complaints continued to come in and on investigation were similarly disposed of. One day, while I was in a rather bad humor, a prominent citizen of New Orleans came to my office and renewed the old cry. His house had been invaded and stripped of all its valuable ornaments and he came to me to recover them. If the United States," said he, "has sent an army of robbers down here and robbery is their object, very well; I can put up with it; but if robbery is not authorized, then I want my property restored."

"Being out of temper I answered him very gruffly and told him I did not believe a word of this story. That I had numerous cases investigated without finding any truth in the reports, and that I thought it was a system of d—lies to annoy the Union forces and attempt to awaken sympathy. In considerable passion I ordered him away and said I did not want to hear any more such tales. To my surprise he said he did not care a d—t who I was or what I thought; that his valuables had been stolen and he intended to complain whenever it was necessary. He was so much in earnest that a thought struck me, and I concluded to test him to the utmost.

"Get out of my office," said I, in feigned passion, "and stop these lying complaints or I'll have you taken out and shot."

"You may shoot and be d—d," respondent the indignant Creole; "but I shall complain as long as a band of robbers and thieves plunder me."

"Orderly!" I cried, an officer appeared. "Take a file of men and shoot this rebel immediately."

ROBBED BY A YOUNG OFFICER. The orderly went out and soon returned with a file of men. In the meantime the Creole was expressing his opinion of the Government, troops and myself in language so earnest and sincere that I could not doubt the truth of his complaint. He continued it even after the orderly had roughly seized him and was pushing him along to execution. At that moment I called him back, dismissed the file, and explaining the nature of the preceding investigations, asked him for minute details as to the robbery of his house and I told him I would investigate it myself.

"He identified the robber to his residence and removed the booty, and, acting on this clue I soon found the huckster and compelled him to tell the truth. He admitted that

he had driven an officer and soldiers to a number of houses on similar errands, and finally took me to a house where the plunder was stored. It was overflowing with the pictures, plate, silver spoons and valuable ornaments and bric-a-brac. He then told me who the plundering officer was and to my surprise it was the young staff officer to whom I had entrusted investigations and in whom, up to that moment, I had hoped every confidence. He was the son of a man that I knew well at Newburyport. I had the plunder removed to my warehouse until it could be claimed and restored. Then the staff officer was arrested, tried, sentenced and shot. I never sent any word home as to the manner of his death, and his people thought he had died or was killed in the service."

"Why have you never told this story before and cleared yourself of the offensive charges?" asked Senator Beck.

"Oh," said Butler, relapsing into his usual humor, "they would get some other d—d lie on me if I did."

How History is written.

The Eastman Times and the Dodge County Journal, give an account of a battle between a kingsnake and a moccasin. The former states that "the latter had entwined himself around the former, just below the head, and was slowly but surely choking it to death, when the lookers-on interceded and killed both of them," while the latter puts the matter thus: "The king snake first naded the moccasin by the jaw, and then tied a sailors knot around him which choked the old fellow to death. At last accounts he was lying swallowed nothing protruding but the tip end of his tail." This illustrates the great difficulty that even good men meet in getting a snake story down right.

Inconsolable Grief.

You'll neber marry agin, Susie, you grieve so arter Izick. Was it twice you fainted, or free times at de grave?

"Bless yo' soul, Lary, it was free times I fainted an' de las' time I neber like to kum to."

"Oh, Susie, you neber is gwine to marry agin is you?"

"Bless ye soul, Frank Dunn ax me 'bout dis before my husband died; an' I promised, when he died I'd have him. An' I belongs to de church an' won't tell a lie."

My Arabeller.

"My Arabeller, So ripe and mellow— And, goodness! Can't she love a feller!"

Her eyes are black— And pink her smeller— And, goodness! Can't she kiss a feller!"

Her cheeks are red, Her hair is yellor— And, goodness! Can't she hug a fellow!"

How He Stands It.

"Good morning, John," said one of the leading Presbyterian pastors in Saratoga, Pa., to a young friend whom he met on the street the first warm day of the season, "how does your father stand the heat?" The young man made no reply, but went his way with a clouded brow. And when the good pastor learned that the young man's father had died only a week before he understood why his cordial greeting was met so coldly.

"Miss Grundy" writes to the Washington "Star" that Representative A. Herr Smith, who is at Saratoga, represents the Lancaster district of Pennsylvania, the same which James Buchanan and Thaddeus Stevens once represented in the Federal House of Representatives. Mr. Smith like his two noted predecessors just named, is a bachelor, wherefore it has been suggested that his should be called "the district of distinguished eligibilities."

The Asheville "News" says a suit has been brought against the board of commissioners of Buncombe county to compel them to grant license to retail liquor in Asheville, under the act of 1883, which it is claimed leaves the commissioners without discretion. The commissioners base their refusal on the act of 1872, which gives them a discretion, and which they say is not repealed. It is a new question and its determination will be looked to with interest. It is to be argued before Judge Gogder at chambers during Madison court.

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding. "Gals is hittyity, and widders is kinder overruln' and uppsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

POLITICAL POINTS

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON.

Prof. R. I. Greenier is of the opinion, according to a dispatch in the New York "World", that there is ample chance for the Democratic party, National and State, to make inroads into the hitherto close column of the colored contingent of the republican party. As signs of discontent with their present allies, he recalls the threats made in the call for Fred Douglass' convention, "the meetings of the late colored convention at St. Louis, and the recent meeting and resolutions of the colored republicans of South Carolina." The Professor thinks the colored man is "sick of conventions," as they have done him so little good. Though in alliance with the party dominant at Washington, he has reaped little benefit from the connection. It remains to be seen whether he will prove faithful to that party in the future, when it is in the minority, out of office and in need of friends. It is not improbable that, once fixed in power, and possessing an opportunity to practice its principles, the democratic party will be found the sympathetic friend of the colored people, as, by tradition, it always has been of the laboring poor of other colors and antecedents.

JOHN A. GILMER.

Our sprightly cotemporary, the Milton "Chronicle," in a recent issue delivers itself thus: "We had the pleasure of an hour's ride from Reidsville to North Danville with Gilmer of Greensboro, last Monday. The Judge changed cars and went on a visit to New York. John A. Gilmer is an elegant man. From the day we first knew him as a student at Chapel Hill in "the auld lang syne" till the days that he led his regiment like a true son of old Guilford, and bathed in his blood in defence of the South and his own made—wielding a bright and untarnished sword that now scores him one leg—he has been the same ever still—John Gilmer the soldier, the scholar and the gentleman. He has a strong following for Governor next year. But like the man—he does not want the place. He is for Alfred M. Scales for Governor. He said as follows:

"Judge," said the reporter, "you promise to have a strong following for Governor?"

"Oh, I discourage that. I am for Gen. Scales for Governor—and I so try to impress my friends. There's but one thing that would make me accept, and that is the unanimous tendering of the State Convention—I am content with my circuit and an hearty for Gen. Scales for Governor."

Both Scales and Gilmer are citizens of Greensboro—members of the same church—both Presbyterians—and the word of each can be taken as his bond.

The readers of the ADVANCE know that several months ago we proposed Judge Gilmer's name for Governor. Since then, full half a dozen papers have declared for him.

THE PRESIDENTIAL OUTLOOK.

Mr. Tilden's announcement that he would not accept when the Presidency is offered to him Mr. Watterson declares to be genuine.

"He is too old and his health would not permit it," says Mr. Watterson. "When I went to Greystone I was genuinely astonished at the improvement in his health, but at no time since 1876 has Mr. Tilden been in physical condition to undertake the strain of a campaign or of office, if elected."

Mr. Watterson admits that he has pleased Mr. Tilden to see the nice things printed about him. "But he is an old man, with plenty of money, whose chief career is in health and whose chief enjoyments will be the ease of old age and the recognition of the fact that it was a blunder not to have renominated him by acclamation in 1884."

Mr. Watterson has also stated that Mr. Tilden will aid McDonald for the nomination and the Tilden forces will all be focussed on that point. "Tilden," he adds, "hates Tom Hendricks like the devil."

"McDonald is the legate of the Tilden following," said a prominent Democrat yesterday. "It is the understanding in the group of men through whom Tilden talks. His campaign is being carefully managed. He will not be 'boomed' to death before the battle opens. Dana diverts attention by naming William S. Holman, a safe man upon whom to centre attention. Holman will not be hurt by a premature boom."

Mr. Watterson, however, is outspoken for McDonald. His tariff ideas have undergone a modification, and now tally with the im-

pressions Mr. McDonald has left upon the public mind; that the tariff policy should be the wisest the Democracy can agree upon after having elected a President. When Watterson went East he was an advocate of out-and-out free trade, though he modified it in his paper into a "tariff for revenue only," because, as he explained, that was in nearly all respects free trade, and did not scare anybody off."

That this is the programme there is no doubt here among those in Mr. Watterson's confidence. That Mr. Watterson can deliver a great deal of strength to McDonald is true. Kentucky and Tennessee will swing into line, and, with New York favorable to the arrangement a nucleus would be established of sufficient strength to control the convention. But, besides these States, McDonald's strength in the West is almost universal, and he is the only available Democrat West on a conservative tariff platform.

TAPPY FOR THE PRESIDENT

Newspaper enterprise has recently been exemplified by the Chicago "News," in getting up a lot of cut and dried endorsements of President Arthur's administration, when that illustrious individual passed through Chicago on his way to Yellowstone Park. United States Marshal Thos. B. Keogh contributed to the batch of endorsements. We make the following extract from his letter.

"My