WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA.
—BY—
JOSEPHUS DANIELS, - Editor and Proprietor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE
One Year..... 2 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Money can be sent by Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk.
OFFICE—Tarboro Street, in the Old Post Office Building.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 13.-- WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 28. 1883. --NUMBER 33

WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Inch.	One Insertion	$1 00
" "	One Month	2 00
" "	Three Months	5 00
" "	Six Months	8 00
" "	One Year	15 0

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

NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS

An apple tree in Buncombe county produced 153 bushels.

632 Mormons or polygamists arrived in New York last week.

The Scotland Neck train runs to Weldon now instead of lying over at Halifax.

Mrs. Annie Lewis, mother of Sheriff Lewis, died at Halifax, last week, aged 76 years.

Since it was a College Wake Forest has given 224 Diplomas and Trinity has given 280.

Rev. F. W. Eason has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Fayetteville.

A mule in Pennsylvania, afflicted with malaria, chills and fever, was cured by a diet of quinine.

The "Biblical Recorder" has put on a new fall suit of clothes. It is the best printed paper in the State.

In the last issue of "Harper's Weekly" was a page of illustrations of the North Carolina exhibit at Boston.

The Blackwell Durham Tobacco Company will soon erect a $30,000 addition to their immense establishment.

John Wesley said that if he were to preach in one place three years both he and the people would grow dead as stones.

North Carolina has 146 publications of which 113 are weeklies, 13 dailies, 3 semi-weeklies, 17 monthlies and semi-monthlies.

Since the establishment of a Graded School is a fixed fact in Winston the "Sentinel" says some property has increased 100 per cent.

Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson" and daughter are in Boston, the guests of Ben Butler. If old "Stonewall" knew this he'd rise up out of his grave.

An intoxicated man named Jonah Borba county, Cabarus was missed from home and on search being made he was found in Rocky River.

The Massachusetts legislature has passed a law against the tanning of human skins. May the necessity for such an act never arise in North Carolina.

Maj. Jub. C. Winder has resigned the office of President of the N. C. Car Company, at Raleigh and Gen. R. F. Hoke has been elected to fill the vacancy.

A negro was tried at the last term of Camden court for having a white wife. He was sent to jail four months and the woman was ordered to leave the State.

The telegraphic news conveys the information that Greensboro was slightly shaken by an earthquake Thursday morning of last week. No damage was done.

Rev. Dr. Munday, pastor of the Baptist church in Warrenton, has accepted a call to Greenville, S. C. He is an able preacher and we regret to see him leave our State.

The Tarboro "Southerner" says: "It is rumored on the streets of Raleigh that the Albemarle & Raleigh railroad has changed hands, but we can get no definite information one way or the other."

A proclamation has been issued by the President for the opening of the World's Cotton Exposition at New Orleans, to commence on the first Monday in December, 1884, and continue until May 16th 1885.

The Postmaster General orders the Post Master at New Orleans not to deliver registered letters or money orders to the New Orleans National Bank or M. A. Dauplin. What will the Louisiana lottery do next?

The Statesville "American," republican, will suspend after October 1st. A prominent republican once said to the editor of this paper, "It is useless to attempt to publish a newspaper for a party that can't read."

A cranky tramp who said he was from Colorado visited the White House last week and told President Arthur that Jesus Christ had commissioned him to prepare a crown for him (Arthur) as King of the United States.

The Wilmington "Post," Radical organ, regrets that Gov. Jarvis represented North Carolina at Boston. We have no patience with such utterances. Gov. Jarvis represented our State creditably and is highly complimented by the New Englanders. We are bold to say that we could not have had a better representative.

A negro outraged a young girl in Sumter county, S. C., and stabbed her sister who tried to protect her; a party of citizens captured the negro, tied him to a tree and shot him to death. Correct proceedings.

A young man named John Williams, in Scranton, Pa., "didn't know it was loaded" and pointed a pistol playfully at his sister, saying, "now look, I shall shoot." The ball entered her head and she cannot live. He is insane.

The "Farmer and Mechanic" says: Sixteen of the twenty graduates of Trinity College, class 1882-'83, are teaching two are reading law, one is keeping books, and the twentieth, we presume, is traveling about for his health.

Gov. Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, presented Gov. Jarvis with a lot of Coltswold sheep. And now when his term expires our Governor will have to go back to old Currituck and go to farming again. Then his sheep will be worth something to him.

There is an uneducated negro in Carteret county who can build a mill, repair a watch, tune a piano, print a newspaper, and quote scripture for hours at a time, without making a mistake, says the "Telephone." As a prodigy he beats Blind Tom.

The representatives of L. E. Riddick, who was killed by the Norfolk & Southern road Nov. 1, 1881, have obtained judgment against the road for $3,600. A Camden jury rendered the verdict and we may presume that they estimate a man's life at $3,600.

The Wilmington "Star" is seventeen years old. It is an excellent paper, ably edited, and while we often disagree with its learned editor, there is always something about his editorials strong and forcible, and the general make up of the paper is attractive, fresh and newsy.

At Milwaukee a young woman actually married the wrong man, not being able to tell the lower from his brother. The brothers are twins and it is almost impossible to distinguish between them. The bride is twenty-nine is named Matilda Pope. The youth is under 21, and is named William Colin.

The New Berne "Nutshell" tells of a singular dream in that town by W H. Pearce that $800 in bonds were in an old trunk in the house of Mrs. Polly Chadwick and that they were stolen. He told Mrs. Chadwick of it next morning when she examined the trunk and found that her bonds were gone.

Henry Askew and Nellie Gotthold were married in East Hampton, Texas, last Monday. When he first popped the question the young lady referred him to ma. Henry wouldn't stand the racket, though, and said "No, I Askew." She accepted him, and that's how Nellie Gotthold of a husband.

Young Andrew Hall, of Brooklyn, whose mother is wealthy, has married a negress and the family are endeavoring to have the marriage set aside on the ground that he is a lunatic. But Andrew vows he is not a lunatic and that he "would rather loose $200,000 than his black Mary." The fools are not all dead yet.

There are a great number of fools in this country, and of almost endless variety. One of the latest discovery, but by no means small in her line, is a woman from California on a visit to Saratoga in company with a little black dog with a gold collar, studded with emeralds and pearls, worth $3000 and diamond earrings which cost $2000.

The State Fair will be held at Raleigh, Oct. 15; the Agricultural and Mechanical Fair at Rocky Mount, Oct. 23; the Guilford Fair at New Garden, Oct. 24; the Edgecombe Fair at Tarboro, Oct. 30, the Roanoke and Tar Rair Fair at Weldon, Nov. 6; the Cumberland county Fair at Fayetteville, Nov. 6; the Dixie Fair at Wadesboro, Nov. 14 and the Sampson Fair at Clinton, Dec. 5.

Boston is not the only place where our State is making a show thanks to the enterprise of the Richmond & Danville Railroad Company. The exhibit made by this Company at the Atlanta Exposition in 1881 attracted a great deal of attention—more, probably, than any single exhibit there.—And the exhibit which this Company has at the Colorado National Mining and Industrial Exposition at Denver is also attracting the attention it deserves.

Brother Mills, of the "Orphan's Friend," thinks all ministers of the gospel ought to shave. Good preaching seems to depend on shaving the face. The Wilmington "Star" takes issue and asks if the Apostles, Moses, Solomon, David, Isaiah and other preachers of the olden times, shaved. The "Star concludes, "some of the greatest preachers we have ever heard wore their beard. Shaving or not is a fashion or a whim, or a conviction of duty."

POLITICAL POINTS

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON.

Pitt county endorsed Latham for Congress in the first district.

Col. W. C. Carter, of Hyde, is talked of for Congress in the first district.

Abram S. may be a dyspeptic, and all that, but he'd make a tolerably good President, rough Hewitt as you may.

There are thirty-two papers in Indiana opposed to the nomination of ex-Senator McDonald for the Presidency. If this be true the cry will be "not for Joe."

Thurman is especially popular among the Pacific coast Democrats. The San Francisco "Call" believes he would carry California against any man nominated by the Republicans.

The Hickory "Press" thinks that Scales for Governor and Steadman for Lieutenant Governor will make a strong team for 1884. An equally good team would be Gilmer and Short.

When Judge Foraker, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, was a student at Delaware College he bolted and left because a negro was permitted to matriculate. The negro voters of the State want to know all about this now and the Judge declines to elucidate. He will lose enough votes in consequence to offset Judge Hoadly's malaria.

Maj. Chas M. Steadman, of Wilmington, is in Rome. He visited the Pope the other day, and, the Wilmington "Review" says, "the Pope laid his hand upon his head and blessed the handsome Wilmingtonian, and then complimented him upon his phrenological development." The Greensboro "Patriot" says this may be serious business should Steadman receive the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor.

HARMONY IN NEW YORK.

Tammany has exhibted a very commendable spirit in the matter of securing harmony in New York city. The resolutions and speeches breathe the right spirit. The differences between Democrats, they say, are not of principle, but are nominal and trivial, and they resolved that Tammany would make every effort and every concession consistent with honor looking to an adjustment of differences, and that "we tender the right hand of fellowship to the county Democracy and the Irving Hall Democrats," and they then appointed a committee to consult with the other organizations so as to secure united action and a single harmonious delegation to the State convention. That's right. Let Tammany stick to that and the Presidential election can have but one result. The nominee of the Democratic party will be inaugurated President on the 4th of March, 1885.

CHEEKY! CHEEKY!

Mr. Patrick Henry Winston, an erratic local politician of North Carolina, has recently announced his adhesion to the Republican party. Mr. Winston is a peculiar genius, and the Elizabeth City (N. C.) "Falcon" relates the following true story about him. The "Falcon" says he was once hissed and hooted from the hustings, while attempting to speak. The circumstances were these- It was on some public occasion at the North, [in Baltimore, at a Democratic meeting held in front of Guy's Hotel.—"Virginian",] Several speakers were invited to make addresses. Winston was on hand—in fact he had just moved there from North Carolina to live, and was yet an utter stranger. With the cheek calculated to draw tears from the eyes of a brass monkey, our impertubable hero "mingled" freely in the crowd and asked them to call for "Winston of North Carolina." Thus beguiled, the unsuspecting citizens did call; but the hour of triumph was short. Winston hadn't got out the first sentence before he was ordered off the rostrum by the indignant crowd. Then he folded his tent and silently stole away.—"Norfolk Virginian, The event occurred in Pennsylvania, and not in Baltimore as the "Virginian has it.—ED.

CONKLING TELLS AN ANECDOTE

Ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling was in the city a few days ago and argued a case before the Commissioners of Patents. After he had concluded his argument and repaired to his hotel two or three of his personal friends called on him. During the evening one of them said to him:

"Senator, do you expect to go into politics again soon?"

"Oh, no, I am just where I want to be at this time. I am engaged in repairing my finances, and am doing very well. I may enter the field again, but certainly not for four or five years. I now feel about politics a good deal like the milkman's horse. There was a poor but honest and energetic man over in my city who went into the milk business. He started by carrying his milk vessels around in his hand. In time his business grew to such proportions that he had to buy a horse. The horse had been in the service of his country at one time. The old milkman went on doing well, his horse doing him good service until one day he stopped in front of the house of one of his customers and went in to deliver his milk. While in the house the fire alarm struck and the horse started down the street as hard as he could go. Away went the milk cans, wagons and all. This old horse had been in the fire department service, and when he heard the call he went. So, you see the application: "When the people call I will go."—Washington "Critic.

GEN. GRANT TALKS.

Grant the silent has disappeared, and we have instead Grant the loquacious. To a correspondent last week he spoke freely and positively about political matters and political candidates. He freely declared that he would rather see Conkling President than any other man in the United States: that he thought that the Democrats had so good a chance this time that he wanted to see them make a good nomination, so as to assure a good President if they are victorious; and that, of the Democrats prominently talked of, he thought Randall would make a good, safe President, if the country had to take a democrat. When asked what he thought of Bayard he flatly declared that he would rather see any other man in the country President. Speaking of Tilden's candidacy, he said if he got elected and delivered his inaugural he would never give his Vice-President any chance of the succession, but would keep himself before the country as the President for his full term of four years, even if he died the day after the inauguration. About the part he took in coming to the rescue of Garfield after the nomination he admitted that it went greatly against the grain, in consequence of Washburn's and Garfield's coquetting with the convention while pretending to serve other interests than their own.

Roll Call In Heaven

An incident is related by a chaplain who was in the army during one of our hard fought battles. The hospital tents had been filling up as the wounded men had been brought to the rear.—Among the number was a young man mortally wounded, and not able to speak. It was near midnight, and many a loved one from home lay sleeping on the battle field that sleep which knows no waking until Jesus calls for them.

The surgeons had been serving their rounds of duty, and for a moment all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, calls in a clear, distinct voice, "Here!" The surgeon hastened to his side, and asked what he wished, "Nothing", said he. 'they are calling the roll in heaven, and I was answering to my name.' He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Reader, in the great roll call of eternity, your name will be heard. Can you answer "Here?" Are you one of the soldiers of Christ, the great Captain of Salvation?

Wanted His Money Back.

The Register of Deeds of Rockingham, says the "Rocket," received the following postal card a few days ago:

——, N. C., Sept. 12th, '83.

MR. REGISTER:—

Dear Sir:—I write to fine out if there is any way to get my money back as I will have to Return These License as the girl has went back on me and is Run away. Let me know soon.

Respectfully,

A young man in Wilson, not a century ago, had the same experience, although he did not make application to have his money refunded.

The debating society of a rural village has decided that it doesn't look consistent for a girl to be member of church and wear powder on her hair to catch the young men.

ABOUT FARMING.

THE FARMER'S CONVENTION TO BE HELD AT RALEIGH.

PICKED UP NOTES.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Company will soon erect a $30,000 addition to their immense establishment.

A box of corn has been shipped from Warsaw, Duplin county, to Boston, which contains a number of stalks which average 16 feet in length, with the ears of corn on them just as they grew in the field. They were raised in Sampson county.

A farmer must feed his fields to get good crops, just as he feeds his cattle to get good beef. There is a great deal of judicious and paying work that might be done on a few acres. Sixty acres well tilled is better than 160 poorly tilled.

Mr. J. J. Battle has on exhibition at his store, a stalk of corn bearing 11 ears, and has a 10 acre field of the same kind, about one mile from town, which he thinks will average 5 or 6 ears to the stalk, notwithstanding the bad seasons and droughts of the past crop year.—Rocky Mount "Reporter."

Prof. Baird, of the National fish Hatchery, announces that all applications for German Carp must be on file in the department, by October the 15th. He thinks there will be enough for all; but those who wish to stock their ponds should lose no time in applying through Gen. W. R. Cox Raleigh.

Undoubtedly the bright tobacco of this state and a portion of Virginia is the best paying crop known to agriculture. Mr. Robert Tilley, of Granville, has obtained an average of $622 per acre for six acres. This, with a possible $50 per acre yield, shows the vast difference in the money power of the two crops.—"Citizen."

Deep plowing was recommended over one hundred years ago by Dr. Franklin, when he said:

"Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you will have corn to sell and to keep."

Again, he gave the farmers a broad hint when he said:

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

We were shown Tuesday, says the "Southerner," a pea vine which came from an ordinary black pea, covering over two hundred square feet of ground. About one-half of the peas have been gathered, these measured a little more than three pints, and numbered 5700. When all the peas are gathered it is certain that the increase from this one pea will be at least ten thousand fold. The vine will be on exhibition at the fair.

We don't know that the Indian Bureau will benefit the Red man greatly by depriving him of his fire-water, if the case of Skumka, chief of the Umatillas of Oregon, be a sample of the average results. This noble son of the forest was suffering from something akin to cramp-colic, and after pleading in vain for whiskey, with which he had been accustomed to ease his pain, turned, in despair, to Jamaica Ginger, and disposed of 26 bottles. The ginger did not make the cure but it killed the chieftain, who died in great agony. He was buried with Indian pomp, and his horse killed in order to give him a free ride to the happy hunting grounds, and the entire tribe is in mourning and wofully lament his untoward death and the absence of whiskey.

TERRIBLE RATE OF INTEREST.

We know of a merchant who pays not to exceed 8 cents for meat and compels those who trade with him under the lien system to pay 14 cents—nearly "one hundred per cent" and that too when he will get his money in two months. Is it wonderful that there is a growing demand that the lien system be abolished by law? This way of doing things will ruin the labor in any country. 100 per cent for two months is 600 per cent per annum.

THE FARMERS' CONVENTION.

A mass convention of the farmers of North Carolina will be held in the grand stand, at the next State Fair. The first meeting to be held on Tuesday, the 16th, and from day to day during the week. The objects of this convention will be to unite the farmers of the state in inexpensive State, county and neighborhood organizations for mutual improvement and co-operation as farmers. We like this idea, and think some farmers from every township in the State should attend this State mass meeting, and thereafter, organize county, and township meetings for mutual improvement and protection. Why not? Merchants organize themselves into boards of trade; the Physicians form medical societies; the Lawyers legal societies; the Printers and Telegraphers into unions; the Druggists into societies, and, in fact, most every avocation or calling in life of any importance have organized societies for their mutual protection and improvement. And yet, the farmers the hard-fisted yeomanry, till the soil—the most important of all other callings, for upon the farmers depend all other vocations. Still they stand single and independent—having no separate societies of their own for their development and protection.

A "Pickwickian" Speech.

The monotony of the court room, says the Morganton "Mountaineer" was unexpectedly relieved last Tuesday evening when the case of the State vs. Felix Fleming and Andy Walton for an affray was called, and the accused announced they did not want any counsel, but would conduct the defense for themselves. Andy ascended the witness stand, bowed reverently to the judge and saluting the jury with a broad wave of the hand, addressed them as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF DE JUROR:—We resires in few circumspicerus remarks to 'lucidate to you honible genelums jist how dese circumstancers was renacted on de occasion ob de combat. On de arfternoon of de day in dispute me an' severel oder cullud genelums had impaired to de confectionnery down b'lown town here whar dey merchandises on licker, and as wese returning frum de confectionnery as I aforesaid, me an' my honible competitor gits into an animating argification consarnin' of verracity, and Mr. Flemmin remarked dat I was a lier or some such incumpattible langweg, and from dat de combatification, hit commenced. I 'saulted and battered de front ob his physiognomity 'an him a strikin' an' a clawin at me wid no effec' till all of a suddent he lit out an' hit me on my abdominal, an' genelmens ob de juror, dat kinder assassinated my indignation, [uproar in court and cries for "ord r" from the sheriff], an' wid dat I downed him an' kicked him kinder vigrus on de substerior ob de centre ob his grabity an' dats 'bout all de combatibility as come under my observatory, an' dis Ise willin to swar on de holy evangelers, contrary to de peace and dignity ob de stattus made an' pervided for sich cases as Mr. Fleming.

Edgecombe Items.

FROM THE TARBORO GUIDE.

We are going to have the best fair in the State, "and don't you forget it!"——H. H. Shaw will open a provision store next week.——Hon. L. C. Latham's wife is very ill in Richmond. Dr. O'Hagan doubts if she will recover.——Elder F. A. Chick will preach Oct. 5th.——Mr. W. P. Williamson was elected 1st Lieutenant of the Edgecombe Guards. He will give $50 towards paying for the new uniform. Orren Williams is Captain, J. Y. Paris 2d Lieutenant, and P. E. Edge Junior 2d Lieutenant.——Steamboat communication to Washington is complete.——Mrs. Ida Thigpen, wife of J. H. Thigpen, died on the 15th inst. of typhoid fever, in the 25th year of her age. She leaves an infant child.——The races at the coming fair will excel those of previous fairs.——A 12 year old son of J. T. Proctor, five miles from Tarboro, fell from an apple tree, his foot striking a stubble on the ground, pierced it to the bone.——The "doubting Thomases" are busy over the delay of the A. & R. Railroad moving on to Raleigh, and declare that the company have or are about to sell out to the W. & W. R. R. This same report has become stale in our ears. We have heard it for nearly ten years at least.

What is sincerity? *Sine cera*; without wax, as when a piece of furniture is cut out of the solid wood; neither worm eaten or defective, so that the holes must ever be filled with wax, and then varnished over to give a false appearance of soundness. But sound from surface to core; this is to be sincere. As in the wood, so in the man—his sincerity is the source of his strength. There are beautifully varnished Christians. In health and prosperity they seem all right, but the trial-strain of temptation is too much for them and their defectiveness becomes apparent.

'No,' said the sad-eyed man 'I never press a young woman to play upon the piano. I tried it once, to my sorrow.' "Why, what followed?" asked half a dozen eager voices. "She played," replied the sad-eyed man. "I shall never forget the lesson I learned that day."—Boston "Transcript."

GOVERNOR JARVIS.

HIS SPEECH AT THE BOSTON DINNER.

A SENSIBLE SPEECH.

Governor Jarvis, of North Carolina, who left this city for New Haven on Saturday evening, was in the afternoon, the guest of the Middlesex club at its regular weekly dinner. In his farewell address in Boston, he said I came to your city ten days ago for the first time in my life. I knew before I came of the courtesy and hospitality of New England, but I was not prepared for the warmth of the reception I have received from all classes of the people of Massachusetts. The public attentions have been pleasing, yet it were possible that they should come of formality and for courtesy's sake. But when I have looked the people of New England in the face, felt the warm grasp of their hands, and seen the welcome in their eyes, I have experienced, and I will go back and tell the people of the South that I have experienced, that we are friends once more. (Applause) In my speeches here I have endeavored to express what I know to be the sentiment all through the South, and that is that we want all our past differences to be buried in the grave of oblivion. Here in your magnificent cities of the North, your splendidly developed country, you may not feel the need of this absolute reconciliation as much as we do at the South. Yet I am sure that, if you stop to think for a moment, you will see that from a business point of view, the time has come when we all should stand as American citizens, recognizing our mutual and common interests. Let the questions we are to discuss be economic questions, questions leading on to the future, and no line or pathway turning to the past. [Applause.] I am sure that great and prosperous as is your section of our common country; both your interests and pleasure are to see the Southern section of our country lifted up, and like yours prosperous. [Applause.] The great inherited questions we settled in the war in the best blood of both sections of our country. It may be—I know not how it was—but it may be that there was no other method of settling them. But they were settled forever, and settled by us, leaving nothing for the generations who come after us to be divided upon. [Applause.]

We want to see our section of the country great, prosperous and wealthy, as your section. We have come to learn something of how these were achieved by you, and we have learned one important lesson—that in New England you have no room for idlers and loafers; that New England has been built up by the energy, push and perseverance of her sons and daughters. All through North Carolina I have tried to inculcate that lesson, to impress upon our people that while we look for capital and labor from the North, and stand ready to welcome them, yet, after all, the destiny of the South remains with the people of the South. And that destiny can only be made grand by observing two principles. It must be recognized in good faith, with a fixed purpose to live up to it, that there is to be no separation of the sections of this great country. All the mountain ranges of the country run North and South; nature made no lines of separation, and God in his wisdom has decreed that there shall be no imaginary separation. And from the day the flag which I followed in the storm of battle for four years was furled in 1865, to me it was furled forever, and I stood again beneath the fold of the Stars and Stripes, the flag of our common country. [Applause.] The other great lesson that I have tried to impress upon the people of North Carolina is that the destiny and prosperity of the State and the whole South depend upon the energy and enterprise of our sons and daughters; that her wasted fields must be made to boom again by work, and that work is honorable in all men in every section of the country. [Applause.] These sentiments, I am happy to be able to assure you, as a visit to our State demonstrates, are taking hold of our people. It is prospering; new interests are being built up and old ones revived.

I understand that this is, to some extent a political club, but I did not come North to talk politics. I came to shake hands with the people, to speak of North Carolina to them and to show her resources as you will see them represented in the great Institute exposition upon your Back Bay. Notwithstanding that I was not to talk politics, I may say it is an old custom for candidates for Governor to go North Carolina to go about the State together and assail each other on the same platform, before great crowds. I call your attention to this peculiar custom to say that even on such occasions the best of good feeling prevails between the contending parties. Our colored people are satisfied. We have organized for them normal schools and a State agricultural bureau. If, indeed, you could witness the development we are making, I am sure it would be peculiarly gratifying to you, as it is gratifying to all our people. [Applause.] And may I reiterate in conclusion that, rejoicing in the progress of my own State, I also rejoice in the splendid prosperity of New England because it is a part of this great country of mine, for the welfare of which I have the same interest, and to the integrity of which I have the same development as yourselves. [Applause.] Boston "Advertiser"

A Little True Love Story.

Yesterday as trade had quieted down, a clerk in one of the dry goods stores stepped back to the water bucket, and as he did so he observed a couple stowed away in a corner having a sweet little time all to themselves. She wore a light pink dress and a red hat, while the young man was rigged in his best Sunday black, and the apple in his throat was hidden behind an agonizing high paper collar. It took the clerk a long time to drink a glass of water, but he finally went back to the counters, and it was noticed that every clerk in the house began to get thirsty. The head of the firm finally went back to see what it all meant, and reached the water bucket just in time to see "George" withdraw his arm from around his sweet heart's waist, while he licked a kiss from his mustache with his tongue. She had been sticking him with a pin and after seeing him squirm and wriggle to her heart's content, she gave him the pin with this remark:

"Tick me, George, tick me."

"Hucuck-err Piggie," replied her George, "I love you too much to stick you." And just at this juncture the cold-hearted merchant stepped up to submit his estimate for a wedding outfit to them, when George took his love by the hand and sauntered out.—They went into a furniture store and got away back, where they remained until the heat of the day was over, when they repaired to Esquire Maxwell's office and George paid $2 for a license. No doubt at some dear little country home last night, George and Peggy stood up before some country Squire and the golden knot was tied. Sweet be their honeymoon and happy their days in these lowlands of sorrow.—Charlotte "Journal-Observer."

The Wilson "Short-Cut."

Mr. Galloway, of Goldsboro, an official of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway Company, was in Fayetteville a few days since. Mr. Galloway has been going over the line of the Wilson & Florence Railroad securing the right of way, and he states that work on the road will certainly soon be commenced.—Fayetteville "Observer"

A little boy in one of the city German schools, while engaged in the delightful exercises of defining words, a few days since, made a mistake which was not all a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whiskey, or any other kind of intoxicating liquor." He was probably thinking of demijohn, but he hit the truth just the same.—"Nashville Advocate."

A pretty orphan girl with over $2,000,000 has been advertising in the German papers for a husband. She describes herself as 21 years old, orphan, Catholic, with a fortune 12,000,000 francs. She wants to marry a young man with a very honorable name, she may be addressed as NOON, at the post-office, Brusseals. In the United States she wouldn't remain single long.

The average young lady wants at least four feet of seat in a street car for a ride of six blocks, but she will ride half a day, squeezed in a buggy seat beside her young man and not find the least fault.

A young and beautiful woman named Victoria Virder, of Wisconsin, poisoned her husband. She has been arrested and has made a confession. She killed him because he would not set up housekeeping on his park bank, as she did not like his parents with whom she resided.

Woman's mission—to want to will, bring them home early and worship money for the sake of power.

BILL ARP TALKS.

LAMENTS THE LOSS OF THE MEN OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

OLD FOLKS PASSING AWAY.

Most every body is dead—that is, all the old folks. There are mighty few left of the old stock that used to move around so lively and take the lead in business and public affairs. Some of us are getting lone, some now. The ranks keep filling up, but we don't know the new recruits. Old Father Time is a conscript officer, and he won't take any substitute nor give anybody a bomb-proof place. There are no quartermasters, nor commissaries, nor potash getters in this war, but it is fight, fight, fight, all the time. Sooner or later all of us have got to go. We can't desert, nor dodge, nor play sick, nor shoot a finger off, and there are no furloughs, and no pensions, and no discharge. There is not even a promotion for good conduct or noble daring. There is nothing but to do and die. Well, it is all right I know, or it wouldn't have been so, but it grieves me to hear the bell tolling all about and to see the old stock passing away. Thirty-two years ago I moved to Rome, and it was a right smart town of 3,000 people. They are not there now. What are left I can count on my fingers, hardly a dozen of the old settlers, and they move about very slow. Old Mother White died the other day. The oldest of them all. She was always going about doing good or trying to. She outlived her old "Maun", the Scotchman, and she outlived her children, but she never surrendered to grief or trouble. These old Scotch people have habits and principles like castiron. They never change. The old "Maun," as we called him, was always merry, and always at work making harness, and he died in harness. He had his time to eat and to sleep and to pray and to sing and to read the Bible and his time to work, and he never neglected the regular programme. Old Maun White couldn't sing, but thought he could, and he considered it as much a duty as to pray. He was always in his seat at the church. He was a heavy man, but he waddled up the hill to the meeting-house with alacrity, and took his seat like he meant business—and he did mean business. He said amen and amen all through the preacher's prayer, and then he opened his hymn-book with eagerness and stood up right in front of the choir and sang from way down. He tried to follow, but was sure to get a little ahead, for he enjoyed it and wanted to do more than his share. The choir did their best to smother him but they couldn't. His bellows were strong and blew loud. His kind of singing wouldn't have been tolerated from any other man, for he was always a little up or a little down, and he tapered off. His voice was a good deal below bass, and came up like there was a cog wheel in his throat. But everybody that knew the old man enjoyed his singing, for it seemed to do him so much good, and at times when the words were very tender the old man would say "Amen" at the end of the stanza. I remember that one time when Henry Gartrell and George Stovall were leading music the old man turning two leaves in his hymn-book and got from long into short meter, and the words didn't fit the music. There wasn't enough of them, and the old Maun shook his head and gave a grunt and filled out with a couple of amens. He heard a titter behind him, and, looking round, muttered audibly, "Thar's sumthin' wrong about here." We joked him about it the next day, and he laughed as he said, "Ah, well, you know that David said sing unto the Lord a new song, and I deed it. Yes, I deed it." I wonder how many children old Mother White has taught in Sunday school. She has had a class of little ones ever since I knew her, and she taught them all the same thing, to love God and tell the truth and do right. I don't think she ever improved on that—she didn't know anything about the science of religion or the evidences of Christianity, and she didn't want to know. It was enough for her that she loved her Maker, and loved everybody and her Maker loved her, for her faith was genuine; she lived in it and she died in it. If I would trade to change for heaven, I would be willing to trade for here. She is there, I reckon, and some of the children who taught are there, too, and they make the old lady a welcome that comforts her heart.

Charley, said he, Brownlow's cyclopedia hope is a good one for young people. You might read the outlines of Christian evidences and the Bible and Christian biography and Church history and Methodist polity and Methodist hymns and Methodist sermons and Methodist exhortations and Methodist prayers and Methodist preaching and Methodist shouting and Methodist singing and Methodist testimony and Methodist class meeting and Methodist love feasts and Methodist tracts and Methodist tracks and Methodist Methodist and you will be a good Methodist.