THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 14.-- WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 14 1884. --NUMBER 6

WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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"	Three Months	5 00
"	Six Months	8 00
"	One Year	15 00

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WEEK

ALL PARTS WORLD.

GLEANINGS

—ang, a prominent ...rd, is dead."

—Prichard, son of Rev. ...richard, is a full fledged

—Mr. F. F. Pescud, of Raleigh, known in insurance circles, ...Monday.

—...m is to have a cotton seed ... The Odells and Julian S. ... it.

—...in the Mississippi is 5 ... The people in New ... the worst.

—...crop in and around ...as been badly damaged ... cold snap.

—...s to be made a perma... ...or fish hatchery.— ...gs will shortly be

—...son county, says ...e a mortgage ... of two

—...on, Texas, ...ren, is about ...ma widow with ...n.

—...indignation in ...in Philadelphia ...es" has employed ...d reporters.

—...ans, of Concord, ...nator Ransom's ... the place tem... ...Fab. H. Busbee,

—"Aurora" says that ...ey divine, preach... ...sermon one day ...ole a horse. He

—...n who had been ...oung lady's beauty, ...to follow the in... ...kiss the rod that

—...eard it stated that ...hronicle" has a ne... ...who is correspondent ... book keeper and

—... of teaching every ... a piano and every ...ook-keeper will make ... dollars a bushel in

...nty years.

—Mr. Jas. W. ...ch of Rocking... ...n county, will ...for the com... ...ncement address at ...Rutherford College May 21st. He will leave there an LL. D.

—Georgia is bad off. In ...Clarke county alone there are one h...ndred divorce cases. If Georgia d...es not be careful it will become e...nal to Connecticut or Illinois.

—Just after the late storm ...a man approached the depot age...t at Banford, Moore county, a...d enquired, "How about that ...icycle that has been killing people ...of?"

—A Baptist preacher in ...North Carolina carries his opposi...on to titles so far that he will no...allow his pupils to call him "Mr..." and requires them to address ...im as "Bill."

—Warrenton honors her ...editors. Brother Foote has been re...elected solicitor of the Inferior Co...rt and Brother Hicks is Mayor ...of the town. It's good to be an editor there.

—The destruction of the chemical works of Powers & Weightman, of Philadelphia, the largest manufacturers of quinine in this country, has advanced the price of that drug 40c. per ounce.

—Greensboro "Workman" That great curiosity in the way of a calf with eight legs, 4 ears, 2 bodies and 2 tails, is to be seen here today. It has no head, and yet it hears anything ever seen before.

—Hon. Geo. F. Pierce, Jr., solicitor-general of the Sparta (Ga.) circuit, and a son of Bishop George F. Pierce, of the M. E. Church South, died Monday last. He was one of the most promising men in Georgia.

—"Look before you Leap," is the name of a leap year society of old maids, and the members go around with field-glasses in their hands, scrutinizing every male individual that comes within a half mile of them.

—In Greensboro they have sensible ways of doing things, to be sure. A man was required to give bond to keep sober twelve months; and if he fails his securities are to turn him over to the sheriff or pay $200.

—Whiskey, pistols and a couple of men in Madison county had a collision last Saturday night, near Walnut Creek, in which the pistols came out victorious. Two men were shot, one dangerously—Asheville "Advance."

—Blind Tom, it is said, has been swindled out of $40,000, by his former managers. He is not worth a dime after all his playing. His mother lives in a hovel. This is based upon statements in the Washington "Post."

—The Kernersville ...ews says that a report was in circulation last Saturday that the wife of John Macy, living about 2 miles from town had attempted to take the life of her husband by cutting his throat with a butcher knife.

—The Goldsboro "Bulletin" is a year old. Its editor, in reviewing the year, facetiously remarks, "This issue carries us through one year. Twelve months ago we started the "Bulletin" with a dollar, and we can say that at the end of the time found almost in a fix. But we have cause thankful."

—Wilmington contibuted 1,577 to the cyclone sufferers. Well done!

—The "Church Messenger" and "Herald," organs of the Episcopal church in N. C. and S. C. will not be consolidated as was reported.

—Wilmington has had a cowhiding affair. Two sisters, one of whom had a grievance against a sergeant of police, took matters into their own hands and gave the offender something to think about. They nearly wore him out.

Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville "Courier Journal," will deliver the Annual Address at the next Commencement of Rutherford College in June, and Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., of Richmond, Va., will preach the sermon.

—The Mt. Airy, Surry county, "News" is informed of a little negro in Wythe county, Va., who has such a fashion of sucking all the cows he encounters that the people have found it necessary to muzzle him as folks do a calf which they are trying to wean.

—A down country exchange says "editors and doctors are living on thin air mixed with a little saw dust and sweetened with a right smart of last year's old granulated sugar—"I will pay you when I sell my cotton." A cup of it makes a fellow shiver these cold mornings."

—"Blow your Hon" Billy Smith tells the "Chronicle" that he is "out of politics"—just as the jilted young man eschews courting the damsel—and that a Republican Governor will be elected in North Carolina if the straight onts prevail and the liberals are relegated to back steats.

—Commenting on the failure of the Greensboro Daily "Patriot," the Lenoir "Topic" sensibly remarks: "We have all heard how inexpedient it was to try to run a nonpareil paper in pica town and now brother Hussey is doubtless convinced of the folly of publishing a daily journal in a weekly town."

—The "News-Observer" says Conductor Drummond last evening said that as the Raleigh & Gaston train was just beyond Wake Forest coming here, some person threw a large stone which struck a panel between two windows. Had it struck four inches on either side of the spot it hit, it would have gone through a window and injured perhaps fatally, a passenger.

—Maj. J. F. Stansill, in Rowan county, was forced to shoot and kill in self-defence one Miles Lyerly, a desperate negro, who was advancing upon him after having hurled a stone at him. Maj. Hall also fired and shot one Chal Cowan through the arm. The Majors were protecting a negro family while the husband had gone for a warrant to arrest Miles.

—The Goldsboro "Messenger" says: Another instant of stoneing passenger trains at this place occurred here last Friday night. While the eleven o'clock train from the South was passing the old fair grounds a stone was thrown through one of the windows of the second class car with such force as to carry broken glass clear across the car. A passenger in the seat opposite the broken window had shattered glass hurled in his face, but fortunately with not sufficient force to inflict any cut or injury."

—There is one estimable gentleman whose friends can never say, with truth, that his "heart is in the right place." Whatever they may say about his legs being twisty or his head being lost—they can never add that common make-weight that "after all, his heart is in the right place." The fact is, his heart is under his right arm, and other vital apparatus is found where his heart ought to be. He is Major Pocker, of the United States army, and the discovery was made only two or three years ago.

A New Kind of Doctor.

We learn that near Seabord, in Northampton county, lives a man who has the faculty of curing warts and all kinds of sores and ulcers by a touch of the hand or fingers. Mr. Parker, for this is his name, is a quiet gentleman, living on a farm which he cultivates, and discovered his power some years ago, but has never paraded it. There are many instances in Northampton of his cures. He never charges any fee for his work.—Weldon "News."

Why Marriages are Declining.

A. T. Stewart has sold twenty shawls this season worth $3,000 each, and one worth $4,600. One woman ran up a bill for $20,000 at his store in a couple of months.—At the recent Charity ball in this city a lady paid ten thousand dollars for diamonds to shine in on the occasion.—Ex.

All bosh. Marriages are declining because young men are cowards—because they are effeminate.—They are not willing to marry a good sensible woman and then go to work to make a living. They want to make a fortune first—then marry. They fail in making the fortune, do not marry, and accomplish but little in the world. Poor young men are not willing to make sacrifices, to deny themselves luxuries, and therefore there are fewer marriages. It's not because of the extravagance of the woman. Its because of the pride of men and women, and the pride of the young has the most to do with the falling off.

Was he Strictly Sober?

The "Register" says Mr. Lum Cline, of Cabarrus swapped horses in Concord, and did not start home until after nightfall. Finding it pitchy dark and his horse not knowing the way, he made up his mind to stop at acquaintance's and rode into the yard. His friend was digging a well, horse and rider went to the bottom. His calling for help brought the family out, who succeeded in bringing them again to terra firma, worsted by a few bruises and a good wetti

POLITICAL POINTS

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WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON

Chairman Randall says that none of the contingent fund of the Senate shall be used to pay Senators' private secretaries. Good. Let him stick to it!

Murat Halstead, editor of the Chicago "Tribune," thinks Sherman and Payne will be the opposing nominees for President. He thinks Sherman can carry Ohio.

The Asheville "Citizen" says Mott's organ, the Statesville "American," is his property from paste pot to editor. This is rough on editor Latham, but none too rough.

Judge Thurman says he neither expects nor desires the nomination and does not wish to be considered in connection with it. He says his public life is ended and "his thoughts are on other things."—Wise old man!

Senator Pendleton declines to employ a clerk at the public expense. He says when he was elected he knew what his duty and his salary were to be, and he proposes to fight it out on that line to the end of his term.

The "Chronicle" says, "There is no mistaking the drift of the Democratic preparatory action for the campaign. It is to dodge the tariff issue, or to compromise with the protectionists. 'Anything to win'—this has never yet won."

An "Eastern Democrat" nominated Dr. Kemp P. Battle for Governor. He thinks he is the man above all others. We think, with due deference to the "Eastern Democrat," that Mr. Battle ought to stay where he is—President of the University.

The Kentucky legislature will investigate the charge that Joe Blackburn used money—resorted to bribery—to obtain his election to the U. S. Senate. Resolutions to that effect have been passed. That is right. If he is guilty he is not fit to sit in the Senate

A New Berne correspondent of the "News Observer" puts up Alfred M. Scales, of Guilford, for Governor and Clement Manly, of Craven, for Lieutenant Governor. This correspondent says of Mr. Manly, which we endorse as true, that "he is a young, vigorous man of brilliant intellect, honorable, high minded and honest, popular with the masses and competent for any position in the gift of his fellow citizens."

A letter in Greensboro "North State," dated at Greensboro, proposes the following State ticket for the Liberals and Republicans:—Governor, Chas. Price; Supreme Judge, Chas. C. Clark; Treasurer, the present Adjutant-General, Johnston Jones, of Buncombe; Secretary, Tyre York, of Wilkes; Auditor, Jas. M. Leach, Jr.; Attorney General, Hugh Murray; Sup't-Instruction, Frank D. Winston.

Senator Wade Hampton says that in the Democratic National Convention a caucus of the delegates from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Indiana, and California should be allowed to say what man would be most likely to carry the greatest number of them for the Democracy, and that the Convention would do well to take that man as its candidate for President, wherever he may come from. Mr. H. thinks that Mr. Bayard could carry the doubtful States.

It was Mr. Flannagan, of Flannagan's Mills, Texas, who gave the "grand old party" away at the Chicago convention of 1880 which nominated Garfield, by demanding in a stentorian voice to know "What are we here for except the offices?" It is now given out that Mr. Flannagan, of Flannagan's Mills, Texas, is again packing his grip sack with reference to another national Republican convention, and that the grand old party, remembering how he brought confusion upon their councils four years ago, are trying to devise ways and means to suppress him.

It is curious how closely the "solid North" matches the "solid South" so much talked of. Sixteen Southern States make up the solid south and sixteen Northern States make up the solid North, the six remaining Northern States being the real debatable ground. The sixteen southern States counted as the solid South cast 153 electoral votes; the sixteen northern States which form the solid North cast 153 electoral votes. There remain six debatable or so-called doubtful States—California with 8 votes; Indiana, with 15; Nevada, with 3; New Jersey, with 9; New York, with 35, and Ohio, with 23.

Southern Congressmen on the Internal Revenue.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston "Advertiser," who is usually well posted, thinks there may be a modification of the machinery for collecting the internal revenue taxes. Some of the Congressmen from various Southern States have made arguments before the ways and means committee relative to the internal revenue laws. Several of them favored the abolition of the entire internal revenue system, others advocated simply the repeal of the tobacco taxes and the tax on fruit brandy, and some said they would be satisfied with a modification and reform of the existing system of collecting the internal taxes. The burden of their talk was not so much opposition to the internal taxes as it was to the alleged harsh and inquisitorial methods practiced in some of the out of the way districts of the South by agents of the government. They did not object so much to the taxes as to the administrative abuses which they asserted have grown up in the collection of the taxes. While it is well known that a majority of the committee, says this correspondent, is not in favor of abolishing the internal taxes, the committee may be disposed to modify the existing laws relating to the machinery of collection. From what the "Tribune" says of Judge Bennett's speech before the committee, we gather that he made a hit.—"News Observer."

Mr. Tilden and the Presidency.

Mr. Chas. A. Dana, of the New York "Sun," who is considered to be one of Hon. Samuel J. Tilden's confidential friends, says "it is surprising how the people all over the country are insisting upon the old ticket," Mr. Dana says "this feeling has been much strengthened by the rumpus about the tariff," and that "everybody feels that if Mr. Tilden could be nominated the tariff business would be pushed by such a nomination into the obscurity proper to theoretical abstractions." Indeed, as the case now stands, nothing seems to Mr. Dana more probable "than that the Democratic convention will nominate Mr. Tilden and wait for his reply before proceeding any further." In this connection, the declaration of Mr. John Kelly, on Thursday last, becomes of interest, which was to the effect that Tammany Hall will cordially support the nominee of the Democratic national convention. He thinks New York should have the candidate, in which event he is confident the State will be Democratic, and that Tammany Hall does not care who the man may be, Tilden, Hewitt, Flowers, or anybody else.

The Suicide of Warren Davis.

Hendersonville, N. C., March 3.—A few days since a brief telegram appeared from San Antonio, Texas, announcing the suicide of Warren Dawkins, alias J. W. Walker, in the Vandeville Theatre of that city. It is learned that the suicide was Warren Davis, recently a postal clerk in this town and son of one of the most prominent citizens in this section. In December last a locomotive was stolen from the station of the Ashville and Spartanburg Railroad at this place. A posse of citizens, with a detective, commenced a pursuit, and at Saluda, 10 miles from Hendersonville, it was ascertained that the thief had stopped at the tank to fill the boiler, but on the approach of employes of the road suddenly turned on steam and plunged down a steep grade, perhaps the steepest in the United States, being 367 feet in three miles. He reached the bottom of the grade in safety, and abandoning the engine coolly proceeded to return to Hendersonville. Here he remained until a reward of $500 was offered for his apprehension.—Fearing arrest and having cause to believe he was suspected, he left town, and passing through Atlanta went to Nashville, Tenn. At Nashville, he met a young man by the name of Reynolds. With Reynolds he went to San Antonio, Texas.

Reynolds wrote to Detective Bryson in Hendersonville, offering to surrender Davis if he would insure him the reward. Bryson telegraphed to the San Antonio Chief of Police to see Reynolds and secure Davis. During the entertainment at Vandeville Theatre Davis saw the Chief of Police enter the building with Reynolds. Satisfied that he was betrayed, and determined to die before being carried back to North Carolina, he drew his pistol and blew his brains out. His act caused great excitement in the theatre. Davis was a bright, handsome lad of 18 years of age, and much liked here. His mother who idolized him, for he was an only son, was terribly shocked, and is in a critical condition. It is impossible to assign a cause for his mad freak, but it is suspected that whiskey was at the bottom.

Distributing the Surplus.

WHAT MAJOR BINGHAM SAID TO THE "STATE CHRONICLE"

Major Robert Bingham was in Raleigh this week, and when asked about his address before the school superintendent at Washington and about the Willis bill and national aid to education, he said:

"I am in favor of it. There is a clear precedent in the management that has been made by the General Government of public lands for educational purposes. We are burdened with a dangerous ignorance—the greater part of it thrust into our citizenship by the General Government. And, although we spend as much for public education in proportion to our taxable wealth as any of the Northern States, see what a slow fight we must make against it!

"I told them that I spoke simply the plain truth. The educators in the North do not know our condition.

"North Carolina would receive the first year, under the Willis bill, about $600,000—every cent of it, mind you, to be managed, not by the United States, but by the State Government, and to spend not in bricks but in brains.

Wonder if He "Swore a Swear."

The "surprisedest" man that Lincoln county has held within her borders in many days was Mr. Henkel, of Lowesville. A correspondent of the "Press" says he had taken off his shoes and socks to go to bed but concluded to give the fire a parting punch, and as he did so a coal popped out, lodged between two of his toes and stuck there.—He hopped about like mad and hasn't been able to wear but one shoe since.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the spring of the year to purify the blood invigorate system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the whole physical mechanism.

ON MIRACLES.

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CAPT. HURRICANE JONES' LUCID EXPLANATION.

IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

There was a great deal of pleasant gossip about old Captain "Hurricane" Jones, of the Pacific Ocean, peace to his ashes! Two or three of us present had known him; I particularly well, for I had made four sea voyages with him. He was a very remarkable man. He was born in a ship; he picked up what little education he had among his shipmates; he began life in the forecastle, and climbed grade by grade to the captaincy. More than fifty years of his sixty-five were spent at sea. He had sailed all oceans, seen all lands, and borrowed a tint from all climates. When a man has been fifty years at sea, he necessarily knows nothing of men, nothing of the world but its surface, nothing of the world's learning but its A B C, and that blurred and distorted by the unfocused lenses of an untrained mind. Such a man is only a gray and bearded child. That is what old Hurricane Jones was—simply an innocent, lovable old infant. When his spirit was in repose, he was as sweet and gentle as a girl; when his wrath was up, he was a hurricane that made his nickname seem tamely descriptive. He was formidable in a fight, for he was of powerful build and dauntless courage. He was frescoed from head to heel with pictures and mottoes tattooed in red and blue India ink. I was with him the voyage when he got his last vacant space tattooed. This vacant space was around his left ankle. During three days he stumped about the ship with his ankle bare and swollen, and this legend gleamed red and angry out from a clouding of India ink:—"Virtue is its own R'd." (There was a lack of room) He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore like a fish-woman. He considered swearing blameless, because sailors would not understand an order unillumined by it. He was a profound Biblical scholar—that is, he thought he was. He believed everything in the Bible, but he had his own methods of arriving at his beliefs. He was of the "advanced" school of thinkers, and applied natural laws to the interpretation of all miracles, somewhat on the plan of the people who make the six days of creation six geological epochs, and so forth. Without being aware of it, he was a rather severe satire on modern scientific religionists. Such a man as I have been describing is rabidly fond of disquisition and argument; one knows that without being told it.

One trip the captain had a clergyman on board, but did not know he was a clergyman, since the passenger list did not betray the fact. He took a great liking to this Rev. Mr. Peters, and talked with him a great deal; told him yarns, gave him toothsome scraps of personal history, and wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neutralities of undecorated speech. One day the captain said, "Peters, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Well—yes."

"I judge it ain't often, by the way you say it. Now you tackle it in dead earnest once, and you'll find it'll pay. Don't you get discouraged, but hang right on. First you won't understand it; but by and by things will begin to clear up, and then you wouldn't lay it down to eat.

"Yes, I have heard that said."

"And it's so, too. There ain't a book that begins with it. It lays over 'em all, Peters. There's some pretty tough things in it, there ain't any getting round that; but you stick to them and think them out, and when once you get on the inside, everything's plain as day."

"The miracles, too, captain?"

"Yes, sir! the miracles, too. Every one of them. Now, there's that business with the prophets of Baal; like enough they stumped you?"

"Well, I don't know but—"

"Own up, now; it stumped you. Well, I don't wonder. You hadn't had any experience in raveling such things out, and naturally it was too many for you. Would you like to have me explain that thing to you, and show you how to get at the meat of these things?"

"Indeed I would captain, if you don't mind."

Then the captain proceeded as follows: "I'll do it with pleasure.—First you see, I read and read, and thought and thought, till I got to understand what sort of people they were in old Bible times, and then after that it was all clear and easy. Now this was the way I put it up concerning Isaac (this is the captain's own mistake) and the prophets of Baal. There was some mighty smart men amongst the public characters of that ancient day, and Isaac was one of them.—Isaac had his failings, plenty of them, too; it ain't for me to apologize for Isaac; he played it on the prophets of Baal, and like enough he was justifiable, considering the odds that was against him. No; all I say is, 't wa'n't any miracle, and that I'll show you so's't you can see it yourself.

"Well, times had been getting rougher and rougher for prophets—that is, prophets of Isaac's denomination. There was four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in the community, and only one Presbyterian—that is, if Isaac was a Presbyterian, which I reckon he was, but it don't say. Naturally, the prophets of Baal took all the trade. Isaac was pretty low spirited, I reckon; but he was a good deal of a man, and no doubt he went a-phophesying around, letting on to be doing a land-office business, but t wa'n't any use; he couldn't run any opposition to amount to anything. By and by things got desperate with him; he sets his head to work and thinks it out, and then what does he do? Why, he begins to throw out hints that the other parties are this and that and t'other, nothing very definite, may be, but just kind of undermining their reputation in a quiet way. This made talk, of course, and finally got to the king. The king asked Isaac what he meant by his talk. Says Isaac, 'O, nothing particular; only can they pray down fire from heaven on an altar? That's the idea.' So the king was a good deal disturbed, and he went to the prophets of Baal, and they said, pretty airy, that if he had an alter ready, they were ready; and they intimated he better get it insured, too.

"So next morning all the children of Israel and their parents and the other people gathered themselves together. Well, here was that great crowd of prophets of Baal packed together on one side, and Isaac walking up and down on the other, putting up his job. When time was called, Isaac let on to be comfortable and indifferent; told the other team to take the first innings. So they went at it, the whole four hundred and fifty, praying around the altar, very hopeful, and doing their level best. They prayed an hour—two hours—three hours—and so on, plumb till noon. It wa'n't any use; they hadn't took a trick. Of course they felt kind of ashamed before all those people, and well they might. Now what would a magnanimous man do? Keep cool, wouldn't he? Of course. What did Isaac do? He graveled the prophets of Baal every way he could think of. Says he, 'You don't speak up loud enough; your god's asleep, like enough, or may be he's taking a walk; you want to holler, you know,' or words to that effect; I don't recollect the exact language. Mind, I don't apologize for Isaac—he had his faults.

"Well, the prophets of Baal prayed along the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tuckered out, and owned up and quit.

"What does Isaac do now? He steps up and says to some friends of his, there, 'Pour four barrels of water on the altar!' Everybody was astonished; for the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got whitewashed. They poured it on. Says he, 'Heave on four more barrels' Then he says, 'Heave on four more.' Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads—'measures,' it says; I reckon it means about a hogshead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray; he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state of the country at large, and about those that's in authority in the government, and all the usual programme, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then, all of a sudden, when nobody was noticing, he outs with a match and rakes it on the under side of his leg and puff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of *water? Petroleum*, sir—PETROLEUM! that's what it was!"

"Petroleum, captain?"

"Yes, sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayfully to work and cipher out how 't was done."

A Serious Charge.

"The Asheville "Citizen" distinctly charges that Mr. John T. Patrick, State Commissioner of Immigration, is abusing his authority by working in the interest of one particular section of the State (the Pee Dee section) to the disadvantage of the balance of the State. As he is a State officer the "Citizen" holds that it is his business to represent the whole State impartially, and calls on the Agricultural Department to look into his conduct. It alleges that he withholds information which people desire concerning the western part of the State, if he does not misrepresent it.

Diversification.

Mr. T. E. Beaman, living a short distance from Whitakers, in Edgecombe county, planted one and one-fourth acres in peanuts last year. From this he made $170 worth of peanuts, retained twenty-five bushels, and has now on hand a large quantity of pea vine hay. He says that he has been feeding the hay to his cows since it was gathered and his cows doubled their quantity of milk on it. He also states that his neighbor, W. T. Taylor, will plant 500 acres in peanuts on his three plantations in Nash, Wilson and Edgecombe counties, this season. His threshing machine can thresh out three hundred bushels a day for which he charges 10c a bushel

A Case of True Love.

After all, the article called love, is a funny thing and is often as unaccountable as the decision of a jury. It is strange how, or why, two people will become indescribably attached to each other, prefer the company of each other to all the world besides, and yet be able to give no real reason for it. Some times fate turns against them, and years of anguish are taken to settle the contest. The lovers generally win, however. As an instance:

"Probably the longest lovers' quarrel on record came to an end the other day in Bradford, Connecticut, when Miss Jennie Durand and James O. Smith were married.—They quarreled in 1825 and did not meet again for thirty-eight years. The groom is 80 and the bride 77."

ABOUT FARMING.

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WHAT THE FARMERS ARE DOING AND TALKING ABOUT.

PICKED UP NOTES.

It is stated that Maj. W. W. Rollins, of Yancey county, has cleared $28,000 on his tobacco crop this year, but we guess that this in an amiable western fable.

The Shelby "Aurora" says "that thirty of Shelby's most prominent business men have formed a company to plant a few acres in tobacco, to show Cleveland county farmers what tobacco will do. The Iredell acreage, the "Landmark" says, will be larger than ever before.

Beecher says that the only way to exterminate the Canadian thistle is to plant it for a crop and propose to make money out of it. Then worms will gnaw it, bugs will bite it, beetles will bore it, aphides will suck it, birds will peck it, heat will scorch it, rains will drown it, and mildew and blight cover it.

The Statesville "Landmark" notes as one of the best signs of future prosperity in Iredell "the sub division of farms, which is constantly going on. Two lots of land in the county which were formerly owned by two men, are now owned by forty or fifty. Our land owners are taking in their horns. The old system of scratching over three or four hundred acres of land, getting nothing off of it, is played out. The people are cultivating it better."

The Pittsboro "Home" notes facts to encourage tobacco planting in Chatham. Mr. W. F. Strond sold the tobacco off six acres for $1,800, while the cotton he gathered off twenty acres he sold for only $400. He says he received $400 for the tobacco that grew on 4,000 hills planted in an acre, which he prepared with special care. This crop grew last year. Mr. J. W. Atwater, of Rialto, sold in Durham last week 1,900 pounds of tobacco at an average of 31¾ cents per pound. The best quality of his tobacco sold for 82 cents a pound.

The Fence Law.

The fence law of North Carolina is a great injustice to, and burdensome tax on the farmer, who is forced to keep up extensive lines, no matter whether he is a stock owner or not. The law as it stands to-day, makes him a tribute payer to other men as the tariff does. In order to build and keep up his fence lines, he is compelled to own wood land upon which there is a considerable run annually extorted from him in the way of taxes and interest on capital invested. Large planters must own extensive contiguous wooded lands. It is not practicable to enclose these lands, as that would make his burden greater than he could bear. Adjoining him a stock raiser may live, upon one or two acres of land, sufficient to build upon, and graze his flocks and herds with impunity upon that of his neighbor, who by the laws of this grand old Commonwealth is not only to fence this man's stock, (out of his premises) but is actually forced to graze them for him. Is this just? Is this equitable? Is there a shadow of fairness in it?—Fayetteville "Sun."

Relating to Sheep.

The Statesville "Landmark" says, "Mr. John Dunlap, of Bethany township, exhibited in this office a few days ago a fleece of wool which he had pulled at random out of the back—not the side—of a sheep on his father's place, which fleece measured 12 inches. The sheep is an average one of a lot, and Mr. Dunlap thinks it will clip 8 pounds of wool. It is a cross of the Cotswold and Southdown. The gentleman referred to has very good success in sheep husbandry. Dogs are scarce in his neighborhood and no sheep have been killed by these pests in his vicinity for a number of years, though there is no telling what night they may take the trail and kill all the sheep in the township. He believes as we do, that but for the fear of the dogs our farmers would raise sheep very much more largely than they do, and would find them very profitable. They cost nothing except about two months feeding in a year; there is always a ready market for their wool; the meat is the best and most healthful meat we have, and all of the mutton not consumed on the farm can be sold with very little difficulty.

Interview with a Peanut.

AN F. F. V. DESCRIBES HIS CHARACTER, HABITS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

Only a peanut. True, sir; but I want to call your attention to the fact that there is a vast difference in peanuts, said the peanut to the reporter. Do you suppose for an instant that I would associate with one of those little miserable scraggy Fourth of July and cattle-show peanuts which comes from Tennessee and sell for five cents a quart? No, sir. A quart of us will cost you from fifteen to twenty cents, according to the idea of the dealer of what his profits ought to be. I was raised in old Virginia, and I am proud to say that I belong to a family that has no superior in the world. We are all fat, healthy, well-conditioned individuals and everybody likes us. You would scarcely believe it, but there are five hundred bushels of us brought into Boston every week, taking an average for the year round. That means 2,400,000 bushels of peanuts, almost a pint for every man, woman and child in the city. But the fact is, only about half that quantity are eaten by Bostonians. The other half go round into country towns to be gobbled up by the insatiable populace. We are nothing in this world but a large bean with a shell around us, and grow on a root in the ground. We are not at all popular in a raw state, but we have the advantage of keeping pretty well preserved until the time comes to bake us; so they don't bake us now until they are ready to sell us. That is the reason why you can no longer find us in stores as you used to. The Italian peddler with his little roaster and his cheap prices has cut the regular dealer out entirely. So we have come to be Bohemians, and if anybody attempts to eat a bag of us in a horse-car or theatre, folks laugh. If they knew more about us they would not laugh. If they knew how many farmers had made a fortune off of us in Virginia they might be more respectful.—We are much more profitable than cotton or tobacco, and folks eat all they get of us. You may not think we are a necessity, but facts show otherwise. During war times, when they couldn't send us up North from the Southern States, they sent away to Africa and Spain for us. Our foreign cousins were quite popular for awhile, but we demonstrated our superiority by running them out of the market in a jiffy after the war closed. Who do you suppose is our chief rival in commerce? You would never guess it. The peach. Just as soon as peaches come we fall away in the public estimation, and while the peach is in the height of its favor there is scarcely any show for us at all, but the moment the peach disappears the children begin to cry for us again. And, between you and I, it is the girls and boys, who know a good thing when they see us, who are our admirers. Countrymen on a spree are also said to be partial to us, but that is a libel I think. The best way to have some fun with us is to guess how many of us it takes to fill a quart measure and then buy a quart and see how ignorant you are about the commonest things."

A Cure for Drunkenness.

There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness by which thousands are said to have been enabled to recover themselves. The receipe came into notoriety by the efforts of Mr. John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen in such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At last he sought the advice of an eminent physician, which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had for many years been led captive by a most debasing appetite. The receipt which he afterward published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, 20 grains; magnesia, 40 grains; peppermint, 44 drams; spirits of nutmeg, 4 drams. Dose, one tablespoonful twice a day.

The Word "Brindle Tail."

The phrase "Brindle Tail" has come into popular dispute. We see that Mr. George Lea dubbed it on to Mayor Johnston of Danville, with the prefix adjective of "brindle tail." Well, ladies and gentlemen, the Hon. Joe Turner, of the Raleigh "Sentinel," manufactured that word. He's a poor man now. And when he did his heaviest writing the north was too much engaged with its carpet-baggers to attend to his words. But Joe's the boy that got off that term, "Brindle Tail!"—Milton "Chronicle."

The Power of the Press.

The danger of buying a boy an amateur printing press is well illustrated in the story of a lad, who, a short time ago, overheard his mother and eldest sister talking about the young lady's approaching marriage and who they should invite. The mother insisted that the McFadden tribe should not be invited, while the marriageable daughter was positive she did not want old Mr. Wilkinson.

So it was finally settled that all friends of the family should receive an invitation (of course they would bring flowers the mother said) with the exception of the McFadden tribe and Mr. Wilkinson.

The boy, who was the happy possessor of an amateur printing press, and imagined he had the head of a Benjamin Franklin, thought this was the time for him to get his work in. He listened to the conversation of his mother and sister with more than ordinary attention. Then he went down into the cellar, to his mammoth printing establishment and was not seen about the house for the remainder of the day. The next morning the neighbors were surprised to see the goats licking off the paste on the following "poster" which adorned every fence and bill board for blocks around:

Miss Susan Brown announces that
she will marry Mr. James
Travers at the
church next Thursday at 7:30 sharp.
All the Friends of the Family
with the Exception
of the McFadden tribe and old Mr.
Wilkinson are invited.
Come early and bring lots of flowers.

The wedding was postponed.—The boy sent off to a boarding school, and the printing press and types were sold for old junk.

Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.

The Raleigh "Chronicle" says, "In the little back room of the old French-roofed house on Cabarrus street, between Blount and Person, a negro baby was born on Tuesday. In the same room about eighty years ago an urchin was born, who by energy and accident, chiefly the latter, became President of the United States.

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by intelligent people for over forty years. It has indisputably proven itself the very best know specific for all colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

LEAP YEAR RIGHTS

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HOW A GIRL TRIED TO MAKE A MAN MARRY HER.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.

We are disposed to concede to woman all the rights and privileges that leap year, under the delusion which prevails, affords her. But it is important we opine that the extent of these privileges should be clearly defined. Nothing is more firmly settled than that they do not go beyond the point of proposal. Hence, when a woman, after declaring to a man that his love is necessary to her existence proceeds to force him into matrimony, she manifestly transcends the authority vested in her for the year.

These reflections are suggested by the violent action of a girl at Elkton, Pa., which is thus described in certain public prints: Finley Small was a resident of Elkton and boarded with a family named Jordan. Elizabeth Galloway, aged 19, has worked as a servant in the family for several years. Last week Mrs. Jordan's father died and the family all went to the funeral, leaving Small and the servant in charge of the house. As the funeral was in a distant village the Jordans were obliged to remain away over night. At the supper table Friday night the Galloway girl suddenly remarked to Small that she wanted to get married, and asked him if he would marry her. He laughed, and said he was not in need of a wife just yet. She replied that she wanted a husband and that he must marry her. Small made response that it required two to make a bargain of that kind. Small thought at first that the girl was joking, but presently became aware that she was in earnest, and when he positively refused to be her husband, she became extremely angry, and declaring that "if he did not marry her he would never marry any other woman," she arose from the table and left the room. Small retired to bed about 8:30 o'clock. He soon fell asleep, but was awakened some time in the night by a bright light shining in his eyes. It came from a lamp which was held by the Galloway girl, who was standing by Small's bedside. The lamp was held above her head in her left hand. In her right hand she grasped a large butcher-knife, which she held as if about to strike. Small sprang up and caught the girl by the wrist, and tried to take the knife from her. She declared that she had come to kill him because he had refused to marry her. In the struggle that ensued the lamp fell to the floor, but fortunately went out without igniting the oil. Small dragged the girl to the door of his room and succeeded in getting her out, but he had not been able to secure the knife. There was no lock on the door and as the girl took up a position on the outside and declared that she would wait until he came out and then kill him, Small was obliged to hold the door all the rest of the night

When daylight appeared the servant left her post and went down stairs. Small then dressed himself and stole away from the house. The girl was taken into custody and was found to be insane, and it is believed that the disappointment in love is the cause of her derangement.

Of course the case of the girl is a sad one, and that Small must be more or less stony-hearted to have resisted her appeal, we admit. But that the passion of the aforesaid carried with it the right to demand, at the point of the butcher-knife, the hand with all the worldly goods of the last mentioned, we fail to perceive and hence our desire in the interest of that numerous and this year unprotected class—the bachelors—that the metes and bounds within which women must restrain themselves, even under the subversion of law now obtaining, may be sharply defined.

A Surprise in the Court House.

A very unpleasant incident occurred in the court house Wednesday afternoon. A young man by the name of Nathan Deal was on trial for stealing an axe. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty." The Judge after requiring the defendant to give bail for his appearance to answer the charge of perjury, turned to the jury and in a very angry tone ordered them out of the jury box and told them to go home and not come back again. Now whether the verdict of the jury was correct or not, the conduct of Judge Shipp was very unkind and uncalled for. The jury was composed of some of the best citizens of the county and we feel certain they were satisfied that they were rendering a verdict in accordance with the testimony. A new jury was summoned Thursday morning, and the people generally feel very indignant over the insult to twelve of our most respected citizens.—Newton "Enterprise."

The Richest Man in America.

Mr. Vanderbilt said to a reporter in New York the other day: "I believe I am the richest man in the world. In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth $200,000,000, but it is mostly in lands and houses. It does not yield him 2 per cent. A year from now I shall be worth more than $200,000,000 and will have an income of 6