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 TRUTH'S."

VOLUME 14.-- WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 25. 1884. --NUMBER 12

WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Inch, One Insertion	$1 00
" " One Month	2 00
" " Three Months	3 00
" " Six Months	5 00
" " One Year	8 00

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

—Raleigh has fourteen newspapers.

—There were more lynchings in the United States last year than [illegible] legal executions.

—Durham county has appropriated $500 to make a county exhibit at the State Exposition.

—Mr. Eli Patton, of Transylvania county, was gored to death last Friday by his Jersey bull.

—Mr. Curry, agent of the Peabody fund, will attend the meeting of teachers' Chautauqua at Asheville in June.

—Charles Reade, one of England's novelists, died last week. His best work was "Put Yourself in His Place."

—"Miner and Mechanic" says Mr. Bennett declines to put the carpet for the nomination.

—[illegible] are becoming [illegible] killed himself [illegible] because his [illegible] for being out of [illegible]

—[illegible] of the Roanoke bar[illegible] works at Williamston burst at 10 o'clock last Wednesday, killing one man and wounding two.

—We [illegible] from the "News-Observer" that Mr. Arp will lecture soon in [illegible] in aid of the Edenton street Methodist Episcopal church.

—A military company has been organized in Greenville with Mr. A. N. Ryan captain. It was decided to call it the Greenville Guards.

—The national Republican convention will meet in Chicago June 3rd. The national Democratic convention will meet in the same city July 8th.

—Strawberries are so called from a custom long ago prevalent in England, of children stringing the berries on straws, and selling so many strings for a penny.

—The Greensboro "Patriot" says, Joe Turner made a speech in the Court House of such fiery eloquence as to melt the judge and cause the jury to shed tears.

—An unusual thing—significant of the negro's love of home—was the bringing of a colored man's corpse all the way from Chicago to Edenton, at a cost of $150.00.

—The New York "Times" says of Mr. Belford, of Colorado, that it is a pity that a man with such a voice for driving mules should be spending his time in Congress.

—Dr. Dabney, State Chemist, has returned from New Orleans, having secured space at the World's Exposition for North Carolina. The State will make a superb show there.

—Oscar Turner, of Kentucky, has introduced a bill in the House to tax incomes above $5,000 three per cent., on all over $10,000 five per cent., on all over $100,000 ten per cent.

—The Wilmington "Star" says a colored boy in Pender county cut his foot with an axe and put axle grease on the wound. The grease permeated his system and caused his death.

—Mr. W. T. Blackwell, the rich original Durham Bull, has 42 houses under contract, and the Durham "Reporter" says this is but the beginning of what he expects to build this summer.

—And now a man in Kinston whose name is Mr. C. Bailey has patented a combined baby-carriage, cradle, chair and crib. He is in the proper part of the world to make a thriving thing of it.

—Eighty years ago North Carolina had as many representatives in Congress as New York. North Carolina now has nine, or one less than she had in 1800, while New York has thirty four.

—There is much suffering for bread in Marion county, S. C. The Pee Dee "Index" reports hundreds as being without a sufficiency of bread, whilst actual starvation in some instances have begun.

—A self-constituted philosopher says, If men knew what women think they would be twenty times more audacious. If women knew what men think they would be twenty times more coquettish.

—It may not be generally known that Horace Greely was married at Pittsboro in this State. The bride was a New England school teacher who had come South to pursue her avocation. This was about fifty years ago.

—Charles Pearsall, a young man in New York, finished recently the task of eating three hundred eggs in five days. He won a wager of twenty five dollars, and now claims to be the champion egg eater of New York.

—The latest use of paper is in the manufacture of carpets. A Connecticut man is reported to have taken out patents for processes by which beautiful and substantial carpets can be made of paper at very low prices.

—The Indiana Democrats in Congress and employed at the capitol are jubilant over the returns of the spring elections in that State. Mr. Dalton, Postmaster of the House, says the returns show that the Democrats have increased their majority of two years ago, which was 17,000; that they have carried counties hitherto Republican, and that the Democratic party is in much better fighting trim than their opponents.

—The Wadesboro "Intelligencer" says, we counsel every young man to never chew or smoke tobacco, but we also counsel every old man in this region to grow all of the weed he can for somebody else's boys to chew and smoke.

—Capt. J. R. Thigpen, one of Edgecombe's live and progressive farmers, offers to be one of 10, 15 or 20 to furnish the necessary amount to have Edgecombe represented at the State Exposition. North Carolina hath need of many more such men.

—A Kentuckian in Mexico tells how he taught a Mexican girl how to kiss United States fashion. The next time she saw him she told him she wished she had been born in the United States. In Mexico instead of imprinting the kiss on the lips the lover kisses the feet of his adored one.

—The marriage ceremony was performed between a dead man and a live woman in Maine last week. The reason was that the lady, as the widow of the dead man might draw the pension from the government which he had been receiving. For sharp tricks commend us to a Maine yankee.

—The intelligent and trustworthy Washington correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun" says it is considered certain among politicians in Washington that if Mr. Tilden will consent to allow his name to go before the national Democratic convention, no other man will be thought of in connection with the nomination for the presidency.

—The Kentucky legislature is considering a bill to make it a penitentiary offense to keep a gambling house. The bill changes the offense from a misdemeanor with a fine, to a "felony." It looks like a long step for Kentucky to take, and there are many States which can well take note of the discussion.

—The "Citizen" says Maj. E. W. Herndon, of Asheville, who is at present in New York city, had his pocket picked on the 5th inst., of $1,013, while in one of the museum rooms in Central Park. The major at once discovered his loss, gave the alarm, the doors were closed, he pointed out the thief to a policeman, had him arrested and secured the money.

—Mrs. Roger Atkinson was knocked down and dragged into the middle of the street in Washington by a would-be robber last Saturday evening. Her assailant was a negro man, who has not yet been identified by the detectives who were promptly put on his track. She is the widow of Bishop Atkinson's brother, and a lineal descendent of the distinguished George Mason, of Gunston.

—The Philadelphia papers publish the affidavits of George Gillespie and Robert Hughes, animal-keepers, of Liverpool, who swear that the alleged white elephant of Adam Forepaugh is a common Indian elephant, artifically colored with Paris white. The men allege that they were employed to color the animal, and that they gave him several coats. A veterinary surgeon has also made an affidavit that the coloring will probably cause the elephant's death.

—The Mountain Island cotton factory, situated in Gaston county, ten or twelve miles from Charlotte, has been sold by the Messrs. Tate to Mr. Wm. J. Hooper, of Baltimore, for $125,000. The property is valuable and splendidly located, and "we think," says the Charlotte "Home and Democrat," "both the sellers and purchasers have done well. It will not be long before many other capitalists from the States north of us will come into this section and make investments. All are cordially welcomed."

—Thomas Davis, age fourteen, of Spartanburg county, S. C., began digging a cave in the bank of Tiger river several days ago, to make a place of safety from cyclones. His parents did not know it. He was missed. He had told some children of his intention and a clew was thus obtained. Upon searching along the banks of the river it was found that the cave had fallen in and that the boy had been crushed beyond recognition. Hundreds of similar pits and caves are being made throughout the country in which the recent cyclones did such great damage.

—Bedlam broke loose in the Republican county convention for Mecklenburg county, held at Charlotte last Saturday to appoint delegates to the State and district conventions. Postmaster Jenkins and Dr. Norment led the opposing factions. The convention cursed and threatened for five hours and at one stage of the proceedings the police had to be called in. The Norment crowd finally got control of the convention and the Jenkins crowd withdrew and issued a call for another convention. J. W. Gordon, colored, the route agent on the Charlotte and Statesville Railroad, a Norment man, was chairman of the meeting and was charged by the Jenkinsites with partiality in his rulings. It was a nice mess as it was served up in the Charlotte "Observer" of Sunday last.

—Rev. D. A. Long, A. M., late of Graham, now the President of Antioch College, Ohio, was dangerously injured in a terrible railroad disaster on the Dayton & Richmond branch of the Panhandle railroad route at the crossing of the Miama river in Ohio, April 11th. Some fiend wrecked the train and caused it to go down the embankments into the river. Quite a number were hurt and two or three killed or left in a dying condition. The Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette" of April 12th says: "Of the passengers the most seriously injured was Dr. D. A. Long, President of Antioch College, Yellow Springs. He went down in the passenger coach, and was badly jammed between seats, sustaining internal bruises of the bowels and left lung. His case is regarded as critical by the attending physicians."

POLITICAL POINTS

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON

The papers report that Sergeant-at-arms Cannaday is becoming very unpopular among the republicans in Washington.

They Want Office.

At a meeting of the colored citizens of Statesville, (Dr. Mott's home) the following resolutions were unanimously adopted;

WHEREAS, We have been courted and used in times of need, like election times, to be ignored in the hour of prosperity, after the campaign had been waged, the ballots cast and the election won; and.

WHEREAS, Viewing with supreme abhorrence the manifest indifference of the national Republican party towards us for the past eight years:

BE IT RESOLVED, That we shall henceforth support no party, be it Republican, Liberal, or what not, unless said party pledge itself to protect us at the ballot box and give us a fair representation in the political offices.

State Democratic Committee.

RALEIGH, April 16, 1884.

Pursuant to the call of the central executive committee, the State executive committee of the Democratic party met this day. At noon the chairman, Capt. Octavius Coke called the committee to order. The following members were found to be present.

Messrs. R. H. Battle, George H. Snow and J. J. Litchford, of the central executive committee.

First district—Harry Skinner, of Pitt.

Second district—A. J. Galloway, of Wayne.

Third district—H. B. Short, Jr., of Columbus.

Fourth district—J. S. Battle, of Nash.

Fifth district—A. E. Henderson, of Caswell; M. S. Robins, of Randolph.

Sixth district—J. D. Shaw, of Richmond; W. J. Yates, of Mecklenburg.

Seventh district—W. B. Glenn, of Forsyth.

Eighth district—Jordan Stone, proxy for R. M. Furman, of Buncombe.

Mr. R. H. Smith, of Halifax, represented as proxy S. J. Pemberton, of the sixth district. Mr. E. R. Stamps represented Mr. Charles M. Busbee of the central committee and Mr. John D. Stanford, of the third district.

Lt. Gov. J. L. Robinson, of Macon, and Maj. S. M. Finger, of Catawba, being in the city, were invited to seats in the meeting.

The appointments made by the central committee, of Harry Skinner of the first district and John D. Standford of the third district, to fill the vacancies were ratified and confirmed by the committee.

At this stage of the proceedings the chairman, Capt. Coke, called Mr. W. J. Yates to the chair, and in an appropriate speech tendered his resignation as chairman of this committee and then retired.

Mr. W. B. Glenn offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED. That this committee duly and highly appreciate the able, honest and efficient services of the Hon. Octavius Coke, chairman of the State executive committee, and his resignation as such chairman be not accepted: that they fully recognize the fact that he has made efforts for the party which heve been successful, and that his personal sacrifices for the party have been such as to entitle him to the gratitude of the Democratic party of the State.

Messrs. Glenn and Battle were appointed to wait on Capt. Coke and inform him of the action of the committee. Capt. Coke, returning, urged the committee to accept his resignation, giving the reasons that influenced him, and stating that he was ready and willing to aid in any and all legitimate ways the objects of the committee. The committee then accepted the resignation.

Mr. R. H. Battle was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy and assumed the duties of the chair.

On motion, Wednesday, the 25th day of June, was fixed for the meeting of the State convention, and Raleigh designated as the place of holding the same.

The following resolutions, offered by Mr. Galloway, of Wayne, were unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED, That individually and as a committee we heartily approve the plank in the platform of the Democratic party advocating the abolition of the internal revenue system of the general government as onerous and oppressive to the people of the State.

RESOLVED, That the policy of the party in this State on this question has been repeatedly declared both in its platform and in numerous memorials from Democratic legislators, addressed to the Congress of the United States, and the position of the Democratic party in this regard is too well known to admit of doubt or misconstruction.

RESOLVED, That we heartily commend the earnest and faithful efforts of our Democratic representatives from this State to secure a speedy repeal of the taxes imposed by this oppressive system.

RESOLVED, That the people of North Carolina are too enlightened to be deceived by the pretended claim of the coalition and Republican parties of this State to desire a repeal of this system. They asserted in their platform and maintained upon the canvass two years ago the justice of continuing said system, and their sudden announcement an opposite policy is a recognition of the validity and justice of the position of the Democratic party upon this great question.

The resignation of Col. L. D. Stephenson, of Wake, as a member of the central executive committee, was tendered. It was accepted, and R. G. Dunn, Esq, was chosen to fill the vacancy.

The following resoution, offered by Mr. W. B. Glenn, was adopted.

RESOLVED, That it be recommended to the conventions that when they meet to send delegates to the State convention, they also appoint delegates to attend a congressional convention of the district as now constituted to be held at the same time and place with the State conventien, for the purpose of organization in the congressional districts, and also to elect delegates from said districts to the national convention.

It was understood and announced that the congressional conventions alluded to in the above resolution, are solely for the purpose of organization and electing delegates to the national Democratic convention, and not for nominating candidates for Congress.

R. H. BATTLE, Chairman.
J. J. LITCHFORD, Secretary.

"Drawing Trade."

A merchant in town wants a clerk. What for? Has he more business than he and his partner and the bright boy, reared up in his store, can attend to? Oh! no. They three could do twice as much business as he has; indeed the one clerk could do it all, and would be glad of the opportunity, if his wages were correspondingly increased. What then does he want another clerk for? To "draw trade from the country." He keeps his former clerk on small wages, and casts about in his mind for a lad in the country who is popular, has a good address, and is extensively connected. He is not long in finding one. The young man, allured by the prospect of living in town and "seeing things" and wearing good clothes every day, readily accepts a small salary and moves to town. What comes of this? Some things, always; some other things, frequently. A promising boy is taken from the field, his plow is stopped forever; a producer of corn, cotton, wheat, oats, fruit, milk, poultry, and all other kinds of farm products, is drawn to town to stay. The most active Sunday school scholar, who has done most to keep his class together and to encourage the superintendent and pastor, is drawn off and leaves the little church in the country weak and discouraged. He adds nothing to the volume of trade in town—that is lessened by whatever amount he would have produced on the farm. He simply "draws" trade away from some other house in the same or neighboring town, to the house with which he is connected. The competing house must now seek to recover the lost trade by getting some other young man from the same country neighborhood. Thus the result is, two, three, or four young men are drawn from the fields where their labors were productive and remunerative, to town where their labor adds not a cent's value to anything. The whole business of the town could have been done as well, probably better, without them. Now of the things which frequently happen, we may mention as the saddest of all, the bright, promising boy is ruined. He is there to draw trade; competition is sharp, and to succeed, he is tempted to hold out false inducements to his customers, to discredit the competing house, to become "hale fellow well met" with men from his neighborhood, whose example is poison, to invite them to places of amusement and worse places. He has no prominence in the Church, thinks himself of no importance to the town church, assumes to be slighted by the pastor, distrusts the simple heart religion of his boyhood, and goes headlong to the devil. If his course be not so downward and short, in forty nine cases out of fifty, he becomes at least only a tolerable merchant, his life being more of a failure than a success. "Drawing trade" has drawn him from a useful and peaceful vocation into the perils and troubles of an unprofitable life.—Ex.

"Bimeby Dey Ketches Yer."

In the "Tarboro Southerner" we find the following: "A dusky individual of the bucolic persuasion came in from Coneto the other day, wearing a lugubrious visage. "What's the matter, uncle?" enquired a "Southerner" reporter. "I wants ter borry some money, boss." "Want to buy a mule, eh?" queried the reporter eyeing the animated mass of osseous matter between the shafts of his shadowy vehicle, by country dubbed with the nomenclature of cart. "No, sah! I wonts to make er crop dis year." "Why don't you get a merchant to run you on a crop mortagage?" "Run, run! Mortgage! Tell yer how 'tis, boss: Dey runs you an' bimeby dey ketches yer. Den yer's down sho' nuff. 'Twon't do, boss." We drew the moral: "Bimeby dey ketches yer."

A Novel Feature at Commencements.

H. H. Williams, Principal of La Grange Collegiate Institute, writes to the "Chronicle": "We will have a somewhat novel and I think interesting feature at our commencement. Young ladies of the school will have a public debate—they have a literary society of their own—but they will read their arguments. This gives them the opportunity to show their skill and attainments without the unnatural strain on their modesty which anything like speech-making causes. * * We have a public library at the Institute which is gradually growing. I find it almost impossible to do full teaching work without a library."

BILL ARP'S TALK.

ABOUT HIS VISIT TO ASHEVILLE AND THE MOUNTAINS.

WHAT HE THINKS OF US.

Hail, gentle spring! I've started to sing that song several times of late, and it hails sure enough just before I get ready. The poet says, "ethereal mildness come!" but it is all ethereal wildness this vernal season. There is nothing settled yet. Last week I thought the winter was over, and so I ventured out amoung the mountains of North Carolina for a little pleasure and recreation. After I left Charlotte I traveled over a little railroad that runs, or walks, or pokes along from Charlotte to Statesville. This road is 42 miles short and six hours long, and has been entered and registered as a second-class concern in all respects. It has no switches or side tracks and but one locomotive, and always carries its freight before and its passengers behind, and never shows a red flag in front or a lantern in the rear. It shuns the day and runs at night, leaving Charlotte at 8 p. m. and arrives at the other end at 2 p. m. We stopped one hour and a quarter at one station to unload guano and at the other stations according, and it was jerk and bump, and bump and jerk nearly all the time, so that a man couldent sleep if he wanted to. I wonder what syndicate that road belongs to! Well, after all, I reckon they do the best they can, and it is better than the old way of staging it at four miles an hour and being crowded on your seat by day and by night. This road is a near cut, and is one side of a triangle, but a traveler can go round by Salisbury for a dollar more and lose no time and unload no guano. After we boarded the Western North Carolina, we steamed along in good style, and by sunrise found we were rising higher and higher among the mountains. The eye feasted upon the beauty and grandeur of the far off ranges, and as we rose higher and drew nearer to them, we became transfixed with solemn wonder and admiration. Afterwhile we reached the breakfast house at Round Knob, and had a delicious morning meal, and saw the fountain that plays 270 feet high—the highest in the world—the water that goes up and never comes down but vanishes into mist or freezes into ice. This house is solitary and stuck on to the cliffs, and is two stories high on one side and a good many more on the other. The mountain peaks close it up, as it were, in this romantic gorge where the sun doesent rise until next day and gets down before dinner. On leaving the breakfast house we began the serpentine ascent of the highest ridge of all, and winding around and around and crossing frightful ravines, and boring through several tunnels we gained two miles in distance by traveling eleven. At one point we saw four tracks below us that we had just come over, and they looked like little parallels drawn on a series of terraces. The last tunnel was 1,800 feet long, and when we emerged from that we were on the other side of the range and could almost see over into the lap of Asheville. The engineering of this road was a masterpiece of science, and the engineer a master of his profession. It is enough to say of any man that he surveyed and located this road. Indeed it seems impossible for human feet to have found sufficient footing upon these steep down cliffs and slopes to have ever dragged a chain or planted a tripod. But the work is done, and seems to be well done, and now they are filling all the trestle crossings with earth, and draining off the sluices and water ways that bring their torrents down with a mighty rush.

The opening of this wonderful thoroughfare has brought two regions together that have been as far apart as if an ocean had rolled between. Tennessee and North Carolina have been introduced to each other and shaken hands, not across a bloody chasm, but over the peaceful crest of mountains that reached a peaceful sky. I had heard of Ashville for many years as a far off village among the hills, but now it seems to me a new found land, and has all of a sudden put on her beautiful garments and come forth as a bride. They tell me that the summers are always cool in this land of the sky, and I reckon that is so. I know that the day I crossed the mountain was warm and fair at home, and my folks thought spring had surely come, but the mountains over there were covered with snow, and I could have broken from the cliffs that were but a foot or so from the car windows icicles a yard long, and as large at their base as the wrist of a man.

On arriving at Asheville I found the temperature more pleasant and the fruit trees all in bloom, and saw the gardeners at work, and the spring seemed fully as far advanced as I had felt it at my home in north Georgia. But I saw hardly any sign of farming going on. Indeed, I dident find out to my satisfaction where the people of that section did farm, for the whole country seemed as mountains upon mountains—mountains without valleys. Even the French Broad and the Swannanoa rivers had to struggle hard to get in and harder to get out, and there was little or no bottom land to border these beautiful streams. I did see a little long, narrow ribbon of land in one place on the bank of the French Broad, and the eager settlers grabbed it and built a town upon it and called it Marshall and made it a county seat and put up a court house and a jail. This ribbon is just wide enough for the railroad and one street and one row of houses a half mile long. There was one little bench of land up on the side of the bluff, and so by blasting out on one side and walling up on the other they did find room enough to build a church and it looked right proud up there and was a witness that the people remembered their maker and gave Him the best they had. This is the town and this the place where they say pegged shoes were first invented, and it came about because the town shoemaker dident have room enough to pull the waxed ends out their full length without hitting his elbows against the mountain on one side or the other and so he invented pegs that he could strike up and down perpendicular and have plenty of room.

Asheville is the county seat of Buncombe, the county that long years ago sent a man to the legislature and he made a speech half a day long, and everybody but the speaker and the clerk left the hall and after while the speaker called his attention to the vacant seats and he said he didn't care for that for he came there to represent Buncombe and he was speaking for Buncombe and should continue to speak for Buncombe until he got through. Well, they have some of the same sort of folks left in Buncombe yet. Folks who are proud of their town and their rivers and mountains and climate, and lots of them talk in Asheville and it wouldent be exactly safe for a stranger to go there and holle "school butter" in their presence. They say that after dame nature got through making mountains and ravines and had piled them all around in grand profusion she had a few hundred acres of choice earth left and a big lot of delightful climate and a couple of beautiful rivers that she had saved for the last and so she quit working because she was tired and threw these treasures down right where Asheville is, and they are there yet.—That is what Judge Aston told me and my opinion is he believes it. Asheville is a growing, thriving town with a winter population of 3,000 souls and about twice that number in the summer time. They have several hotels and about five hundred first class boarding houses. In fact, almost every house in the town is opened wide for boarders when the time comes, and even then they can hardly lodge all who apply. Entertaining travelers in search of health and pleasure is the principal business and they know how to do it. I never domiciled in a cleaner house or had better fare and attention than I found at the Swannanoa hotel. The town has doubled its population and thribled its business in three years. It now has an opera house and a public library and a club room and a brass band, an art gallery and a dozen or more large tobacco warehouses where the farmers bring in their leaf tobacco and have it auctioned off to the highest bidder every morning, no private sales are made. I saw tobacco in the leaf sold at eighty four cents a pound and five hundred pounds were made on an acre, and made on the steep mountain slopes that our people would think utterly worthless for cultivation. King cotton has no subjects in that country. A Buncombe man will swear that Buncombe makes the finest tobacco in the world. A Haywood man will swear the same of Haywood; and so of all the other counties in that tobacco region. Well I like Asheville and her hospitable contented people. I like the grand and charming scenery that everywhere meets and satisfies the eye and the aspiring longing soul that thirst for peace and beauty. I was told that from June until November the tourest from the north and the seaboard throng that region and the railroad has provided open canopy cars that give the travelers a full view of every changing panorama. Artists with their sketch books and photographers with their new lightning cameras may be seen perched upon the cliffs and peaks along the line and so the world is furnished with views of this land of the sky in minature. I want to go there next summer in the leafy month of June or when the leaves begin to turn and I want to take Mrs. Arp along with me and let her feast herself upon something outside of the chimney corner, something not so sweet or so sacred as the old family room and hearthstone, but still more sublime and charming for a season.

BILL ARP.

He Wanted To Be Appointed As A "Census."

One of the queerest applications for position that has been made is the request of an Oregon citizen, to the effect that he be appointed as "census." The Congressman looked through the list of all the offices in the gift of a member of Congress, and could not find any office by that name. He inquired of all the other members of Congress if they had had applications for the position of a "census." They all denied that they had ever been applied to to fill that office. He finally wrote to the applicant and asked him what his application meant. The man answered that he had been reading that the last census embraced fifteen thousand women, and he thought he would like to be a census. The Congressman decided if there were any such position as that in his gift, he would resign his position and take it himself.—Peck's "Sun."

"Here's Your Mule."

Mary and Alfred Chadwick, of Detroit, are a sweet-scented couple. Each applied for divorce. The husband showed that his wife wasn't "loyal;" but she turned the tables by proving that he used to harness her to a plow with a steer, and thus plough their market-garden. He proved that it was common among Michigander truckers to yoke their women with a steer or mule for such purposes. The court decided that Mary might go free and hunt up another driver.

ABOUT FARMING.

WHAT THE FARMERS ARE DOING AND TALKING ABOUT

PICKED UP NOTES.

A well informed writer in the "Mobile Register" says: "I believe as firmly as I do in my own existence, that if the cotton States will plant more land in corn and oats, raise hogs and mules, as before the war, they will, in five years be independent of banks and city merchants; their lands will be worth 100 per cent. more than now, and all of the industrial interests of the country will prosper as they have not since 1865."

The Jones county farmers are using this season a large amount of kainit, says the New Berne "Journal." You may approach Trenton on any road that leads there and you will be certain to meet some farmer with a load of kainit. Just enquire of him what kind of crop he is going to use it on, and nine times out of ten he will tell you cotton, that there is no money in corn and meat; and he will inform you that times are very hard; that pork is tremendously high in Trenton, on the; so is corn; that he had to buy both pork and corn; that cotton was so low a price last season that it took all he made to square up for his fertilizer and his farm supplies, but this year he expected to do better.

Triangular Farming.

We have often thought that good farming was a triangular process. The land feeds the crop; the crop feeds the stock, the stock feeds the land. Any deviation from this process may be attended with temporary benefit but a persistent deviation from this triangular rule in farming must result in failure in the end. If either side of that triangle is wanting there is a serious defect in the system. If by imperfect tillage, bad plowing, bad hoeing, bad drainage, the land is not allowed to feed the crop, failure results immediately. If the crop does not feed the stock from the scarcity of it, owing to its scanty feed by the land, the stock must perish. If the stock does not feed the land with manure, because it has perished for want of food the land will become more and more impoverished until finally it will come to nothing for want of food.

Now what is the sequel lesson to this proposition of triangular farming in which there must be no missing link? It is this. Stock raising is the basis of all successful agriculture.

In Belvidere, where the shrewd Quakers live, it is an agricultural axiom that corn sold in the shape of a beef cattle beast always pays one dollar a bushel and a margin of pork. Prosperous farming is assured when grain goes off of the farm on the hoof. Gilt-edge farming, extra-prosperous farming follows the investment of surplus capital in the grain of noodle farmers who will sell their grain and send it away on the hoof after feeding the land.—E. City Economist.

Some Convincing Comparisons in Favor of a Stock Law.

An improved stock or no fence law should be in force not only in Greene, but in every county in the State.

There are so many arguments in favor of the system that one hardly knows upon which to write. But laying all others aside, if you will permit me I will give some statistics and comparisons, which, if viewed from the standpoint of ECONOMY alone should cause it to be universally adopted.

According to the last census there are in North Carolina 157,600 farms and 6,500,000 acres of improved land, an average of about 42 acres to each farm, supposing the "improved land" to mean that which is in cultivation. The cost of building and repairing fences in the State for the census year was $2,000,000, an average of $12.70 to each farm, or 30 cents per acre of cultivated land.

Take the county of Mecklenburg. As I understand it, it is under the operations of the no fence law. In this county there are 2,645 farms and 146,243 acres of improved land, an average of 55 acres to each farm. The cost of building and repairing fences for the census year was $6,215, an average of $2.35 per farm, or 4 cents per acre of cultivated land.

For the purpose of comparison, I will take the counties of Granville and Edgecombe, as they are nearer the size of Mecklenburg and practice the old system of fencing the crops.

Granville had 2864 farms and 150,127 acres improved land, being an average of 52 acres to each farm. The cost of fencing was $55,407, an average of about $20 per farm, or 38 cents per acre of cultivated land.

Edgecombe had 1,866 farms and 136,015 acres improved land, an average of 72 acres to each farm. The fencing cost $35,005, very nearly $20 per farm, or 28 cents per acre of cultivated land.

Take Greene county, which was under the old system in the census year. It had 1079 farms and 75,942 acres improved land, an average of 70 acres to each farm. The cost of fencing was $17,829, an average of $16.52 per farm, or 24 cents per acre of cultivated land.

Of course the reader will understand that the cost to large farms is much more than smaller ones, but the average cost per acre will determine the cost to each farm, either small or large.

Now let Mecklenburg be taken as a sample and the no-fence law in operation in every county throughout the State, let us compare results: The cost per acre for fencing in Mecklenburg is 4 cents; the average cost in the State is 30 cents per acre, making a total of $1,000,000. Under the new system if at 4 cents per acre it would only be $260,000, an annual saving of $1,700,000; the interest on which at 6 per cent would amount to $104,400, nearly half enough to keep up all the fencing in the State.

Greene county, instead of paying out $17,829, would only pay $3,027, which would be an annual saving of $15,792.

These comparisons, it seems to me, are sufficient to convince the most bitter opponents of the new system of its utility, practicability and economy.—R. W. Best in Snow Hill "Telegraph."

Trouble at Hamilton.

Hamilton and vicinity are in a fearful state of excitement.

About two weeks ago a man, claiming to be an Indian doctor, announced that he would give an entertainment to the colored people at Hamilton. Posters to that effect were freely distributed.

Accordingly, when the time came, he had quite a considerable audience of colored people. Outside of the building in which the entertainment was to take place several white people gathered, thinking they would see a magic-lantern sort of an affair. When the crowd was assembled the Indian doctor arose, and instead of an entertainment, made, as several persons present said, the bitterest speech they had ever heard. He urged the colored people to stand together, to unite, and to visit vengeance on those who opposed them. The whites on the ontside, who knew that so far as their country was concerned the colored man had nothing to complain of, and that such talk was only calculated to bring trouble to all, so expressed themselves. A burly negro, who apparently had been stationed near the door, made his appearance with a pistol in his hand, and said that no white man should come in; if he did he would shoot him down. This produced great excitement. A pistol was fired, and the guard rushed back into the house screaming that he was shot. This terrified the Indian doctor, who had already heard his speech condemned by the people on the outside. He wilted and left. The congregation had no desire to remain longer, so that in a shorter time thon it takes to tell it, the house was empty.

But the medicine man, alias Indian doctor, did not leave. He continued his ministrations in a quiet manner, giving the same advice, until several of the citizens resolved that they would put a stop to his machinations. In a short while the physician of the red man was seen departing. The next day, which was Saturday, the negroes could be seen gathered on the streets of the town in groups, talking and acting in a manner that could excite only the gravest apprehensions.

Sunday it was evident that excitement among the negroes was still at fever heat in every direction. They could be seen gathered in groups, earnestly talking. Monday followed with the burning of Spring Green church, the setting fire to Mr. Tim Ward's dwelling and the attempting to fire several houses in the town of Hamilton. The white people in that section firmly believe that the burnings and attempted ones all arose from the causes heretofore detailed. They, one and all, deprecate a race conflict or anything that tends to it, but excitement is running now so high that only a spark is needed to give the worst passions of all an outlet.

We advise the people to be prudent, that they should be tardy rather than hasty in doing anything that will precipitate matters. We do this because it is our duty; our race is the superior. More is to be expected of us than of them, the tools of designing scoundrels. We hope that by a prudent and discreet forbearance any trouble may be avoided. Let the people be just and fear not. If, however, forbearance ceases to be a virtue the white man will not submit to the rule of the Ethiopian.—Tarboro "Southerner."

To The Public.

THE OXFORD ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Official notice having been received from Mr. J. H. Mills of his declination of the Superintendency of the Oxford Orphan Asylum, to which he had been elected by the Grand Lodge of Masons and again by the Directors of the Asylum, B. F. Dixon, M. D., of King's Mountain, Cleveland county, has been elected Superintendent, and is hereby commended to the confidence and support of the people of the State, as is in every way qualified to continue the work, which, under the management of Mr. Mills, has won so warm a place in the hearts of our people. There are now one hundred and forty orphans in the Asylum, and there is an unusual large number of applications for admission on file.

We therefore feel warranted in calling upon all Churches, the Masonic fraternity, the Odd Fellows, and all benevolent societies and upon all benevolent individuals to make contributions in money, clothing, provisions, &c., for the support of this great and noble charity.

As about half of the children and all the teachers in the Institution are females, we especially commend this work to the ladies of the State, and suggest that committees of ladies be appointed by the Churches or in such other manner as may be convenient, to solicit funds and to visit the Asylum, in order that they may have the opportunity of inspecting it and examining its management.

R. BINGHAM,
THOS. S. KENAN,
J. S. CARR,
H. H. MUNSON,
H. T. BAHNSON,
A. H. A. WILLIAMS,
Directors Orphan Asylum.

Oxford, April 1st, 1884.

A TRAGIC AFFAIR

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR WITH A TRAGIC SEQUEL.

LOVE AND MURDER.

Morganton, N. C., April 10th.—In a quarrel near hear to-day between Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Bird, the wife, in her passion, blurted out a statement which has caused her husband's arrest for murder committed seventeen years ago, the victim being ex-Federal soldier, Capt. Ralphia Livingstone, said to be from New York. The developments disclose a romantic affair with a tragic sequel. During the war Capt. Livingston was confined in the Confederate prison in Salisbury. He was good looking and intelligent, and was seen by Miss Rose Austin, the pretty daughter of one of the officers of the Guards. At the time he was convalescent from a severe fever, and woman's heart pitied him. She gave him some delicacies and the result was that he formed a friendship for her which ripened into a love that was returned. She dared not speak to her father, but managed to effect the captain's escape. Before he left for the Federal lines he gave her a ring, and promised to return after the war was over and claim her as his bride.

After the war was over Miss Austin waited anxiously for her lover. She wrote to New York, but could hear nothing of him, and gave him up for dead. She had declined several advantageous offers in the meantime. Among her most persistent suitors was Charles Bird. He was the favored one, but she could not bring herself to agree to marry him. In 1867 Captain Livingston visited Salisbury and lost no time in finding his promised bride. Bird was told that Livingston was her betrothed, and seemed to acquiesce. The Captain was not in well-to-do circumstances, and therefore the wedding could not take place at once. Suddenly Livingston disappeared, and Miss Austin was made to believe he had deserted her. About a year afterward she married Bird.

To-day, after quarreling with her husband, Mrs. Bird gave information to the effect that Bird and two companions had murdered Livingston, and, with the aid of a colored boy, buried the body in a grave near by. The negro was at once taken into custody, and corroborated Mrs. Bird's theory. All of the parties were arrested this evening, and are now in jail at Wilkesboro. The arrest has caused intense excitement, as the principles are prominent people. Mrs. Bird is about 35 years of age and very handsome.

A Horrible Crime.

The slanderous charge that southern criminals of means and social standing escape punishment is not strengthened by the fact that the Supreme Court of Georgia has affirmed the sentence of death against Alfred Inman, of Mannel county, who was convicted of the murder of his wife about a year ago. When Mr. and Mrs. Inman were married about twenty five years ago, they were both wealthy and belonged to that class of southern society which found its main pleasure at the springs. The husband contracted habits of dissipation from which his fortune suffered, and soon the once proud couple found themselves forced to seek humbler quarters. At last when Inman's means were thoroughly dissipated he attempted to make similar work of his wife's fortune. Under advice of friends she refused to place her legacy in danger. This aroused her husband's bitter hate, and he plunged more desperately than ever into dissipation and subjected his wife to cruel personal treatment. Mrs. Inman carefully looked after the plantation and deposited her money with a country dealer six miles distant from her home. One evening in the close of the cotton season of last year ago, Mrs. Inman mounted her horse with several hundred dollars on her person. She did not return home that night, and searching parties were dispatched to look for her, and on the roadside her lifeless body was found, two deep dentations having been made in her head, from which a pool of blood flowed. Near by a lightwood club was found covered with blood and hair. The husband was suspected of the crime, arrested, convicted and sentenced to death. Relatives of Inman came to his aid and have made every effort to save him but all without avail. He will suffer the penalty the law demands for the crime he has committed as would in a similar case the humblest citizen of Georgia.

Remarkable Death in Martin County.

Several days ago in Bear Grass township, Martin county, there was a remarkable and strange death. Mr. Jonas Rawls, a gentleman about fifty five or sixty years old, had an invalid wife to whom he was very devoted. It seems he has for years expressed a desire and prayed that when she died he might die at the same time. The day of her death he was in the field at work she not appearing worse than usual, when he went to work; suddenly she was taken very ill and one of the children ran to the field and told her father that mother was dying; he went to the house in time to see her die, knelt beside the bed as his family supposed to pray. Suddenly when his wife's one of his sons told the other care of father as he fell heard a rattling noise in his throat and went to him on the bed and he died in a few minutes—but died in a fit. Wife and husband were buried in the same grave.