THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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ILSON ADVANCE.
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—BY—
EPHUS DANIELS, - Editor and Proprietor
—:o:—
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EWS OF A WEEK

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GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PE CILLANGS—GLE NINGS

—A gang of thieves ... ir respects to Wilmington.

—Cabarrus county is ... has a surplus of $ ... ury.

—Sheriff Fields ... in over and kil ... n ... ck.

—Sherford Colle ... has ... e, ... erred the de ... of Dea or ... upon Dr. M ... A. Henry, ... York.

—Juggins who killed Dr. ... Onslow county, has ... ed, the verdict being ... micide.

—... son of Gen. Lee is a ... r near Richmond, ... son of Gen. Grant ... Wall street.

—... charged with ... at Lenoir, N. ... d Carlton in ... have been ...

—... son of Con ... literary fel ... nd has written ... dy entitled "Burr ...

—... P. Burnside, disburs ... of the Post Office De ... partment at Washington has been removed and arrested upon the charge of having embezzled $45,000.

—A Laurinburg correspondent of the "News Observer" nominates Col. Thos. S. Kenan for Governor. He does not desire the position, but will be nominated for Attorney Genral.

—We have not yet heard of a working journalist losing a million dollars in the Wall Street crash.—There is something singular about this, but there may be a good reason for it.

—S. M. Shoemaker a prominent business man of Baltimore and Director of the W & W and Columbia & Augusta railroads died at Old Point June 1st. He was worth $3,000,000.

—Two explosions of Dynamite took place in London on May 30th killing three people injuring many more, and causing intense excitement. The Irish Agitators are keeping things stirring.

—A North Carolina negro named Fletcher Lowery, formerly of the Henry Berry Lowery gang, was convited of murder in Georgia last week. He killed another negro in a quarrel about a woman.

—It is thought that Cain was a base ball umpire. Remember his words, "I shall be a fugitive and vagabond in the earth: and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me."

—Business men in New York have ceased failing and are now looking over the ruins resulting from the crash. Some of the rascals have been arrested and all of the dupes are sadder but wiser men.

—A religious weekly tells "how to keep from going to sleep in church." One way is to change your minister; but the most effective way is to go fishing in the morning and remain home at night to rest.

—Gen. Grant, it is stated in the Boston "Herald," is worth all of $750,000. The old man can stand a few more shake ups on Wall street, especially if his property is safe from the clutches of the creditors.

—The Oxford "Torchlight" is eleven years old. It was begun by Mr. W. A. Davis when a lad. He announces his retirement and hereafter the paper will be published by the "Torchlight" Publishing Company.

—A novel runaway is reported by the Waynesville "News." An engine on the top of Great Balsam Mountain became frightened, ran away down the mountain side, into to a freight car and both were badly smashed.

—The Methodist General Conference at Philadelphia adopted the report on marriage and divorce, recommending that divorces should not be granted but for adultery, and that the guilty party in such a divorce cannot be married again by any minister of the church.

—On Sunday morning the steamer Wave sunk at Wannts Landing on the Cape Fear River and out of about 20 people on board 3 were drowned, Mr. Emple Hill of Bladen, Ned Beede and Lucy Brewington being the names of the unfotunates. The last two were colored.

—The strangest of recent marriage belles is Constance Bell, of Boykin, S. C., a handsome twelve year old girl, who has married Dr. Jasper Benson, a widower of eighty, and, strangest of all, with the full assent of her parents. Benson must be very rich as well as feeble.

—An Indiana girl was seen swinging in a hammock when a man passed her on horseback with a gun across the pommel of his saddle. The horse stumbled and jarred the gun. It went off and hit the girl in the hammock. Her mother, who was in the kitchen washing the dishes, was not hurt.

One year ago when the last census of Asheville was taken, 3,874 inhabitants were returned. At the late election over nine hundred voters were registered, which would indicate a population of 5,400. This increase of 1,526, or about 30 per cent. in one year, is without a parellel in the history of the State.

—The Greenville "News" is watching with interest the building of Mason's cotton harvester, which, if successful, "will cause results far more reaching and important than the introduction of the cotton gin did." An agricultural revolution is forecasted, involving industrial changes and a solution of the negro labor problem.

—"Father," remarked a promising youth to an Ohio wool raiser, "I guess you're going to have opposition pretty soon." "Eh," returned the old gentleman with a look of alarm. "Farmer Hays is going into the sheep business." "Who told you so?" "Nobody. I heard him talking to a friend this morning about introducing hydraulic rams on the farm."

—The Beautort county people are stirred up on the fish question. At a meeting held in Washington May 27th, Senators W. T. Caho and Theo. W. Poole and Mr. E. S. Simmons were present and made speeches. A resolution was adopted instructing the representatives in the next legislature to repeal the laws prohibiting the use of Dutch nets.

—When the present Czar of Russia ascended the throne in 1881 the Nihilists warned him that he must grant a constitutional form of government and organize a parliament of the people or else be assassinated like his father. Now, the Czar having done nothing for reform, he has been doomed to death. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

—Washington "Gazette": Mr. W. H. Burnett, of Beaver Dam township, Pitt county, left Greenville last Monday evening in an intoxicated condition, having a barrel of pork in his cart, and on Tuesday morning he was found dead on the roadside with the pork lying by him. It is supposed by some that he fell from his cart and the barrel of pork rolled out on him causing his death.

—The wife of Bob Burdette, the humorist of the "Burlington Hawkeye," is dead. They were married 10 years ago when she lay at the point of death and could only nod her head in the responses of the service. Since that time she had been a confirmed invalid, the object of a devotion and tenderness which has few parallels in the record of wedded lives. The man is greater than his writings—though they are of that high humor which is tempered with wisdom.

—The following paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers: It was related of the late Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, who died in Paris last Wednesday, that when the war was fairly on, one of his associates remarked: "I feel sure that the statesmanship of the South will be equal to this emergency." Mr. Benjamin replied: "If we be found deficient it will not be in statesmanship, but in the ability to manufacture our supplies. The man who knows how to make a percussion cap is of more account than a hundred statesmen." It would be hard to find a shrewder observation, or a more piercingly correct statement of the condition of Southern States during the war.

—Sir Garnet Wolseley, the greatest English General, writes according to the "Star," graciously as follows: "I have only known two heroes in my life, and Gen. R. E. Lee is one of them, so you can well understand how I value one of his letters. I believe that when time has calmed down the angry passions of the North, General Lee will be accepted in the United States as the greatest General you have ever had, and second as a patriot only to Washington himself. Stonewall Jackson, I only knew slightly, his name will live forever in American history when that of Mr. U. S. Grant has been long forgotten, such at least is my humble opinion of these men when viewed by an outside student of military history who has no local prejudice."

A Snake Story.

A gentleman living in the northeastern part of the city, near what used to be Mordecai's grove, is the owner of a turkey hen which had a nest some distance from the house. The turkey disappeared, but after some days turned up. The nest was visited, when to the surprise of all it was found that a highland moccasin had taken the turkey's place and was "setting" upon the eggs in a most motherly manner. For some reason the snake was not killed. Five days later the cries made by very young turkeys were heard, and the astonished people saw the snake leading her happy brood along a hillside. The reporter was told this story yesterday by the gentleman in question, who declarad that it was the most remarkable occurrence of which he ever had knowledge.—"Raleigh Observer."

Send Him Back on Freight Car.

In 1876 when it was annouced that Jim Keene had started from San Francisco in a palace car with $5,000,000 to clean out Wall street, Mr. Gould is credited with saying: "We'll send him back in a freight car." Keene, with many ups and downs, lasted eight years, but Wall street has finally "downed him," and the prophecy suggested in Mr. Gould's remark has nearly been fulfiled.

His Evidence Could not be Doubted.

There was a reception going on in the parlor. Little Jim having been arrayed for bed got away from the nurse and ran in to his parents for a good-night kiss. He kissed a good many people before he was discovered. The discovery was made simultaneously by all in the house. Little Jim had asked his big sister's beau for a kiss. The gentleman replied that he never kissed people, quite audibly. There was much music when little Jim yelled out: "Do too. I saw you kiss my sister Belle, so now."

SO SHOULD IT BE.

—:o:—

A GOOD STORY WITH A BETTER MORAL.

AMBITION VERSUS LOVE.

"A firm touch and an artistic eye—your daughter has talent which should be cultivated," said an artist to Mrs. Wayne, as he was looking at some of her daughter Lucille's drawings.

Such were the words, carelessly spoken and soon forgotten, which, falling upon a young girl's ear, decided her whole future destiny.

In Lucille Wayne's mind, young as she was, ambition ranked first. To be famous, the admired of every assembly—not for her beauty, but for her talent—such, she thought, would be an end worth striving for. The child of wealthy, idolizing parents, she had only to desire, and the thing she had set her heart upon was hers; and so, never thinking but that Fame would be equally kind in coming speedily to her solicitation, Lucille determined to direct her whole powers to the cultivation of her talent for painting.

But confinement and too steady application soon stole away the hue of health from Lucille's fair cheek, and the anxious mother insisted that for the summer all work should cease, and she should go and regain her roses in the fresh country air.

So to the quiet home of Dr. Brougham, her mother's brother—a venerable minister of God's word—Lucille went.

Dr. Brougham was old, and of late had not been in his usual health, and a year before he had taken an assistant, Reuben Hart, to help him in his pastoral cares. The young man had grown in a short time very dear to the old minister and his wife, and thus, when the city niece came to the personage, upon Reuben devolved the greater share of her entertainment. If Lucille had expected to find the hours hang heavily upon her hands, she was mistaken. Each day saw some fresh amusement gotten up for her benefit, and, like a chapter out of a story the time flitted by.

To the grave young man, who, orphaned in his boyhood, had never known the tender ties of mother or sister-love, this girl, with her fair face and dark, dreamy eyes, came as a revelation.

He had never imagined anything mortal could be so beautiful. And so, thrown constantly in her society, almost before he realized it he had drifted deeply, desperately into an engrossing passion.

At last the golden days of summer began to shorten, and it was near the time when Lucille should return to her own home.

Quite unconscious of the feelings with which Reuben regarded her, it was a startling surprise to Lucille when, during a ramble through the woods, her companion suddenly disclosed to her his a dent love. The tide of his passion swept by, and left her unmoved and coldly quiet. There was a moment of silence. Then she said:

"I am sorry for this, Mr. Hart—very, very sorry; but I am not, as other girls, looking forward to marriage as my ultimate destiny. One cannot serve two masters, and Art is mine. I have determined never to marry".

"Lucille," the young man exclaimed, "it cannot be that you mean to sacrifice for ambition all the tenderest, noblest emotions of life!"

The calm depths of her dreamy eyes answered him as decisively as her words:

"It will be no sacrifice. To me the laurel wreath of fame is more to be destred than a husband or a home".

A stern look flashed into the young man's eyes. "Some day you will be punished for these words," he exclaimed. "In the years to come, though the laurel wreath encircle your brow, it will not bring you contentment. Then, in your loneliness, you may repent that for ambition you rejected an honest, loving heart".

During the few days which remained before she returned to her city home Reuben never once sought Lucille's presence, and, strange to say, strange to say, as she remembered the restrained agony which had thrilled through his tones in those parting words of reproach, a vibration of pain stirred in her own heart.

Back to her chosen life-work with feverish energy the girl went, but the pallette and brush seemed to have lost something of their fascination, and at length she was obliged to confess to herself that the heart she so proudly had declared beat for ambition only had bowed before a new shrine.

Too late she learned that she loved.

But was it indeed too late? Only a short year and once more she would be an inmate of her uncle's home, and then, with a soft glow rising to her very brow, she thought to herself how different her answer would be.

The next letter which came from her aunt said that her husband, much to his regret, had lost his trusted assistant.

Years went by, and Lucille's parents died within a short time of each other and their daughter found herself left alone in the world.

Though she had labored assiduously in her art hitherto she had achieved nothing which could surround her name with the lustre she had dreamed of. Upon her easel now rested the first picture which had attracted any notice. It had been judged worthy of being hung upon the line at the approaching exhibition. But though success was at last hers, as Lucille stood before it, pale and sad in her sombre mourning robes, she felt that there was a void in her breast which gratified ambition could never fill.

A few days later, with a friend she visited the gallery in which her painting was exhibited. A small group had collected about it. Suddenly a familiar voice fell upon Lucille's ear. Without turning she knew it was Reuben Hart who was speaking.

"Look around, Lucille," whispered her friend. "Just behind you is the 'lion' of the season. You have read the book by 'R. H.' which every one pronounces such a masterpiece—that is the author".

That night, alone in her room, before her mirror, Lucille pushed away the dark masses of hair from her brow, and gazed long and earnestly at her own features.

"I am beautiful no longer", she murmured, sadly. "This pale, colorless face can never hope to win again what the girl's foolishness lost".

A few weeks later, at a reception she unexpectly came face to face with Reuben for the first time since, seven years before, he had rebuked her for her words of ambitious pride.

He had changed, too; but time in passing had only given fresh power and greater manly beauty to his noble face.

As he pressed her hand with a few indifferent common-places of greetings, it was with difficulty Lucille could repress the bitter tears from welling up to her dark eyes.

"He despises me," she thought; "and I cannot blame him".

Only a few moments he was left by her side. The talented young minister, whose powerful book had attracted such universal notice, could not be allowed to hide his light in a corner, and Lucille soon found herself alone.

Unnoticed she bent her steps toward a distant conservatory, and there, secured from view amid the drooping tropical foliage, she restrained no longer her tears of regret and disappointment.

Suddenly a quick tread sounded upon the tiled floor. With a hasty movement Lucille dashed the tears away, but not before they had been seen.

It was Reuben Hart. He came to her side.

"Weeping Lucille? Then, when I thought that I read in your eyes, as we met to-night, that you were not happy, I was right. I saw you come here, and I followed you; for, Lucille, yours is an expressive face, and it told me something besides—something that caused a hope which I had thought could never revive again to spring to sudden life".

He took her hand and forced her to look up into his face.

"Lucille', he said, earnestly, 'have you not learned that far beyond worldly ambition, beyond the love of fame or gold, is human affection. Did I read your eyes aright—that during these years of absence you have learned to prize the heart you once rejected?"

A sudden color restored to her face, which of late had grown so pale, its girlish loveliness; her soft fingers trembled in his clasp, but the hand was not withdrawn; and Reuben knew that the prize which had once been denied to him, but which he had never ceased to covet was his at last.

He clasped his arms about her, and in that embrace all Lucille's unhappiness vanished, as the dark cloud melts beneath the rays of the sun.

So it is, and so it should be.

When Love, equipped to conquer, enters the lists, pride and ambition had best take heed, for their downfall is decreed, and will sooner or later inevitably be accomplished.

The Old Woman Puts In A Word.

The following is said by the "Times," of Madisonville, Ind., to have occurred at the place: The other night when one of our young prominent society young men called to see his girl, he found her mother sitting quietly before the fire. After bidding him "good evening," she looked him full in the face and said. "Do you really love my daughter Emma?" "Well—ah—my dear madame," stammered the youth, turning red in the face, "I have only been coming to see your daughter two months, and I really think you are a little premature in propounding such a question." "That's where we differ, young man. If the seed of your sowing now will bring forth a matrimonial harvest, I'm willing to put up with you a while longer, but if you are coming 3 nights out of the week just to pass away time, you had better cease coming at once," "Yes Well, really, madame," put in the youth his voice all in a quiver, "since you press me so closely for an answer I must admit that I must admit that I am very fond of Emma, and that I live for her alone—" "Yes," broke in the anxious mamma "that's the trouble with you young men; you waste too much time living for a girl alone when you ought to be living with her. I'm a plain, old-fashioned woman and always say what I think. Now I'm willing to give you a month longer as a trial, but if at the end of that time I don't see a spankin' new ring on Emma's finger, your visits to this house will be cut off." And then, to the great relief of the young man, she left the room and sent in her daughter, who of course, was utterly unconscious of the "good licks" her mother had been putting in for her.

What Jeff Davis Thinks.

If Mr. Lincoln had lived the South would have had a President that understood her condition, and he would have been of more benefit to her than any other man could possibly have been. He was an honest man. His death was a great misfortune to the South.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

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WHAT ARE THE POOR GIRLS OF THE COUNTRY TO DO?

WHAT SOME HAVE DONE.

"What shall we do with our girls?" I have heard a good many fathers ask that question. I dont mean rich fathers who have no anxiety about their daughters, but I allude to folks in the middle walks of life whose daughters have had an education and the father has nothing else to give them. What is a poor girl to do when she quits school or comes home from college. It is right hard for her to descend from the beautiful heights of astronomy and the fields of history and botany and the chambers of music down to the drudgery of housekeeping and sewing and darning and patching old clothes. But suppose she is a good dutiful girl and is willing to do that and more, the question is what does it amount to and can't she do better. Can't she take hold of something that will excite her ambition and interest her and make her some money. Girls are just human and they want to do something. Girls who do not marry and whose fathers are poor will need some money after while when the roses begin to fade, the roses on their cheeks. Some are independent enough to go to millinery and dressmaking, but this gives employment to but a few. Some paint flowers and do fancy work and sell what they make, but not many have the gift of genius in that line and so the question still comes up what can the clever country girls do to make a living for themselves and feel independent.

Not long ago I was over in eastearn North Carolina and I found the question answered in some places. I found some nice well educated girls cultivating small fruits and vegetables for market. They dident plow the ground but they planted and hoed and weeded and gathered the crop. I saw an acre of strawberries that two sisters had planted and they made a frolic of it, that is they went at it with a will and took a lively happy interest in it and they gathered 4,000 quarts and said they would get a thousand more and they packed them in the little baskets and the baskets into the crates and sent them north and their sales had averaged 30 cents a quart. Their total expences for hire of help and costs of baskets and freight to market was $200 and this left a thousand for their work and watching and constant care. Well those girls are proud and independent. Their father had five acres and he was making money—a good deal of money. I never saw a nicer business nor one so simple and sure. The land was poor and sandy. The rows three feet apart, when the plants get well set a plow opens a furrow close by on each side and this furrow is nearly filled with cotton seed and then the earth is thrown back on the cotton seed, after that the vines are mulched with pine straw and that is all, I never saw vines as small or berries as numerous, I counted 240 on one plant. They layed on one another. This vine had been picked three times and there were 240 left. They frequently picked a quart from 3 plants and left many not ripe. They picked until 8 o'clock in the morning and the girls averaged 15 quarts by that time. They begin again at 4 in the afternoon and get 15 quarts more. When they hire pickers they pay 2½ cents a quart to girls and 2 cents to boys for the girls are more careful and do not mash the berries nor spill them and do not eat every big nice one they come across.

But this is not all. These girls have got a crop of raspberries just behind and they will make two or three hundred dollars off of them and they are growing currants and gosberries and talk about going into potatoes and beans and grapes and all that, well why not. Fruit growing is a nice business for girls and so in raising vegetables. Those girls have the advantage of ours for the market is nearer, but I have never seen the time that nice strawberries couldent be sold, at home for 20 cents and that will make lots of money. And then again the exercise is so good for their health and the occupation is so cleanly and delicate and suits their nimble and delicate fingers so well. Woman was the first gardener we read about, that is to say she was the first to pick the fruit and I have always thought she ought to have been forgiven, for her first thought when she found the fruit good was to give her husband some. But he like an old rascal went and laid all the blame on her and tried to get out of the scrape. Now there is a chance for our girls to make some money. Let them try a small patch, say one-fourth of an acre. Plant out in August and have a good crop of fruit next spring. It can be done. I heard a Nashville man say that two year ago there was no such business around Nashville as growing berries for northern markets but now there are 150 bushels shipped a day from one town, the town of Franklin, and they netted 20 cents a quart or six dollars a bushel and the girls did most of the work. I wish the dear creatures were all rich enough to live without work and only had to work when they felt like it, and I never see ladies of culture and refinement doing drudgery but what it shocks my humanity and I want a society established for the prevention of cruelty to angels. But work is the common lot for man and for woman too and I reckon they are happier for it.

I was ruminating over these things to-day when I met Sanford Bell on the train. Sanford, the old reliable conductor who everybody knows and everybody loves, and we got to talking about the times and the crops and when I mentioned John H. James and his bust up. Sanford said yes that is mighty bad on James and bad on the poor fellows who had their money in his bank. He had a thousand dollars there he said, a thousand dollars the savings of ten years and now he had to take a new start and his plans and his hopes were broken up for he was going to take 200 dollars of that money and send Clifford to Moore's business college and the 800 dollars was for his daughter who had been so good and so kind to him and her mother and worked so willingly and faithfully at home, and he had picked out a nice little place to buy for her and let her enjoy the rents but the money was gone and the prospect was bad, very bad.

After telling me of the dark side he brightened up and said "well I wont give up too soon for Mr. James failed in 1873 and he owed me 500 dollars then and he paid it in full with interest and allowed me a premium of 12 per cent for my gold, just what it was worth when I put my gold in there, although it was worth only 4 per cent premium when he paid it back. He is a good man, James is, and will do the best he can and he cant do any more. Some folks abuse him for speculating on our money but I notice they never abuse a man until he has had luck and breaks. James speculated in Georgia railroad stock two years ago and made, they say, a hundred thousand dollars and everybody smiled and said James is a long headed man, nobody said a word against him, but now they abuse him for being a speculator.

About this time we met the down train and the engineer, Mr. Adams came up to Sanford and said, "whats the news my friend, will we ever get anything."

And Sanford cheered him up a little and then told me that Adams had $2,500 in there and it was his hard earnings in cold and heat and winter and summer and day and night while he stood at his post of duty, which is the post of danger.

Well all this is bad, very bad and there are many worse cases. Sanford told me about them and said he was sorrier for some others than he was for himself.

"But then" said he, "Mr. James is young enough and smart enough to rise again and I believe he will do it and I'm not going to say a word to hurt his feelings or harrass him, for he has load enough to carry now and my wife says I will get that money some day, she has faith and she cheers me up when I am down and that is what a good wife always does. She believes that money earned honestly is not going to be lost.

"What have you done about your claim," said I. "Nothing, there is nothing to do that I know of. I gave the certificate to Mr. James and said I have heard about your troubles and I thought I would bring you this and let you manage it for you know better how to do it than the lawyers or anybody else.

Well I wish everybody had as much faith and charity as Sanford Bell, I reckon his boy will get to the college some way and if his daughter will go to raising strawberries I think she will make the 800 back in two or three years. I hope so.

BILL ARP.

He Didn't Want To Get Married.

BUT THE GIRL WALKED BACK 47 MILES, AND HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

Luray, Va., May 24.—Miss J. Ellis Storm and Mr. Rudolph Clayccy got on the Shenandoah Valley train at Patterson on Wednesday. The girl is a pretty brunette, aged 25, and he is a red-headed and not handsome young man of 21. They got aboard the train early, bound for this place to get married. Soon after the train started the young man suddenly left the side of the expectant bride and took a passenger in the corner of the coach and informed him that he had arrived at the conclusion that he did not want to get married. He asked the passenger if he could not suggest some way by which he could get out of the dilemma. The man advised him to get on the south train when the two passed each other at Marksville, and in that way get out of the reach of the young lady. The passenger promised to give the deserted girl enough money to return to her home. Claycey, acting upon the suggestion, stole away undetected and got aboard the down train, and was ten miles away before the young lady discovered his desertion. At the next station she left the train, refusing indignantly the offer of escort and money for her return. She then started to walk down the track in the direction her recent lover had taken. She reached Patterson today, having walked forty-seven miles. She went at once to the store in which Claycey was a clerk, and asked him pleasantly to step outside. The result of the conversation was that he joined her an hour afterward, and the two got on the train for another direction. They reached Hagerstown this evening and were married. The bride is pretty, popular, and modest. It is said that the parents of the groom objected to her because she was older than Claycey and not his equal in social position.

The Hon. James B. Eustis, who is to succeed Mr. Jonas in the United States Senate from Louisiana, already has been a member of that body, the predecessor in fact of the gentleman whom he will displace. He is a son of a former Chief Justice of Louisiana. Mr. Eustis is a graduate of Harvard, and a man of wealth and recognized ability.

THE DOG MUST GO

—:o:—

PROTECT THE SHEEP—WISE PROPOSITION.

DOSSEY BATTLE'S VIEW.

Mutton and wool are bound to grow.
The bell law says the dog must go.

"For a cur-cursed country and cowardly legislators, commend us to Tarheeldom."

Thus groaned this writer, addressing his *compagnon du voyage*, Dr. Barker, the phrenologist, returning from Nashville at the close of spring term of Nashville Superior Court.

The occasion was melancholy and gore-painted.

Sheep gore. Samuel M. Westray lives six miles from Rocky Mount, on the Nashville road. A man of large means, he had purchased rams of pure strain and crossed on native ewes until he had obtained a valuable flock of sheep.

SICKENING DETAILS.

A fine sheep struggling in the throes of death, bloody and mangled, in Mr. Westray's pasture lying on the road, evoked the opening ejaculation. Passing on we counted fourteen of the flock weltering in their gore, dead or dying. This was all in sight of the road, but whether any were left was beyond our ken. We certainly saw none that had escaped the terrible fangs of the bloody thirsty, ferocious curs.

The wanton work of destruction had evidently been wrought the night before.

Non-political, unlegislatorial and, hence, humane reader, we ask you ever brought face to face with a flock of sheep recently killed by dogs. Ever survey a field dotted with the carcases of slaughtered, mutilated innocents? Yea, the personification of innocence. Harmful to nothing, destroying nothing only the herbage God intended for them. Useful to man for food and clothing, even enriching the soil that grass may return to sustain them.

Say, were you ever so situated without having your warmest-hearted feelings of humanity bubble over with indignation, that our legislators should leave such defenceless and invaluable animals totally at the mercy of worthless, vagabond curs? Is there the most attenuated adumbration of excuse?

OH, MY SCALP!

Mention a remedial measure to a politician—suggest dog taxation for instance—and he peers cautiously around and his hand involuntarily feels for his scalp, which he manipulates tenderly. "Twon't do," he whispers, "the people wouldn't stand it. They would never vote for a man who advocated it—they would elect a legislature to repeal such a law.

Verily, a bitter indictment against the people.

This must refer to that class of voters who own no sheep, nor, in fact, anything else save dogs.

No man ever gets too poor to own a dog. Possessed of not enough land to bury him in, it is always in his power to whistle up his dog, put out his fire and migrate.

Being migratory, he perhaps is of the sort that votes early and often, and variously over the country, and is most feared by the politicians. Non-political property-holders would not oppose a preventive law.

In localities, where now established, the fencing stock law was exceedingly odious to the poor people at first. The demagogue stuck out his hydra head and asseverated that no poor man's cow could pasture on the rich man's land, forgetting the great burden of taxation that rested on the poor tenant, or cropper, to keep the fences about his crop.

But the law, where adopted, is immensely popular with all classes.

Perhaps the h. h. d. will tell the poor man his dog can't browse on his neighbor's sheep and eggs.—Let him also tell him that the scraps and refuse gulped by a dog would raise and fatten in twelve months a 150 pound pig.

There's nothing like trying.

UNTAXED LUXURY.

No tariff bears on the dog. He is sedulously excluded from the lists of high protectionist, low protectionist, low tariff, no tariff, or tariff for revenue only, man. He is not taxed as a luxury, as a necessity, nor as an infant industry. His stupendous multiplicity has long since grown out of proportion and dimensions of swaddling clothes.

The dog is a daisy many view.

As a sheep-killer and egg sucker, the luxury costs the country way up in the millions of dollars every year.

The benfit he returns is *nil*.

HE POSES IN A NEW ROLE.

The destructive accomplishments of the dog are many and varied. A gentleman, well known in the county, informed the writer a few days since, that a valuable (?) New Foundland, he had purchased for his wife arose about 2 o'clock the night before his relatal, stretched himself, and for amusement, hied him to the poultry yard where he killed one large gobbler, a pair of duck and a setting hen.

The good dog meant no harm, twas all done in a spirit of gushing playfulness. He was fat, well fed and kept.

In order to prune his luxuriant vastness and circumscribe his limits for evil, and as a panacea for the politician, that he may dodge the taxation question, this writer has proposed the bell law. That is a law requiring all dogs to be belled.

It is not designed to exterminate the people's darlings, nor will it so work. Thinning them, that there may be more sheep to go 'round—giving a larger share to those left—is what is aimed at.

The bence legged fice and the yaller cur now get more than their proportion.

This is not in the eternal fitness of things.

NOT SO D—D FAT.

While no sane being who had a choice between anything (except a turkey-buzzard) and a dog would think of eating the latter, his very hide is hardly marketable. All have heard the story of the darkey who offered a dog-skin for sale, "Oh, the dog was poor," said the applied-to individual.

"No sah," responded the dog-skin man "he was a fat dog."

"Oh! well," answered the other, "the skin of a fat dog is utterly worthless."

"But sah," came back, "dat dog was not so d—ned fat."

So, whether in a condition of much adiposity, or extensive spectrality the hide is no good.

The favorable notice taken of the Bell law proposition by the press is gratifying and promises a glorious, prosperous future to sheep raisers.

An Enoch Arden Story.

It seems from the Philadelphia journals that two grass widows residing near the Jersey coast have recently committed bigamy unawares, Both were the wives of sailors, and although their jolly jack tars had been absent only three years, the mothers of their children who they had left behind them, became impatient and again placed their heads in the noose matrimonial. Here are the particulars as forwarded from Philadelphia, under date of May 18th:

Over three years ago the schooner Joseph Maxfield, owned principally by Jonathan May, of this city, sailed out of the Delaware upon a voyage to the West Indies.—Lemuel Williams commanded her and George Daisey was her first mate. Each left behind a wife, living near the little village of Cape let of Ocean View, soon after sailed behind Henlopen. The vessel sailed beyond the breakwater, and the two wives might have seen her spreading canvas as the schooner passed their seaside home out to the treacherous ocean. It was a fatal voyage, and, as week succeeded week and month followed month without tidings of vessel or crew, dread succeeded anxiety, and as the months grew into years a gloomy certainty settled upon the homes of those who had gone down to watery graves. Mrs. Daisey, the wife of the mate, was less than 20 years of age, and was the daughter of Captain Williams. Mother and daughter, thus widowed by the sea, were the last to abandon all hopes of the return of the unfortunate master, mate or crew of the ill-starred schooner.

One day last year the wife of Isaac Wharton, a wealthy resident of Ocean View, suddenly died, and a few weeks afterward the widower asked Mrs. Williams to marry him. After a little struggle with recollections of the past she consented. Soon afterward Mrs. George Daisey married young Luther Evans, and the memory of the two unfortunate sailors began to fade away. The neighbors and friends had long since ceased to speculate upon the fate of the Maxfield and her crew.

A few months ago Captain Eben Williams, the son of the lost captain, sailed in the "Mary E. Fenwick" for the same port to which his father had started upon his last voyage. As nothing was heard from his vessel for a long time it was supposed that he also had been lost at sea. The good people of Ocean View and the surrounding country have been, therefore, thrown into almost a tumult of excitement upon the receipt of information not only that the Captain of the Fenwick, but that Captam Lemuel Williams and his mate, George Daisey, have been found.—The former was reported safe at Trinidad, while the other two were on their way to their homes from a far Eastern port. Mrs. Lemuel Williams, now Mrs. Isaac Wharton and George Daisey's wife received this wonderful news with mingled feelings of dismay and pleasure.—The gossips have been busy every hour of the day, and the end of the dreadful complication in the two households has been the theme of all tongues. The return of one of the crew of the Fenwick on Thursday settled beyond question the truth of the news as to the safety of Captain Eben Williams, and more definite information is awaited as to the facts about the other two missing husbands, Mrs. Wharton has not as yet been satisfied of the truth of the information so far received, but says that as soon as it is verified, if it ever is, she will leave her present home. Her daughter, the wife of Mr. Evans, has not yet made up her mind what course to pursue in case her first husband turns up.

The affair appears to have affected the mind of Mr. Wharton, who went to Frankford, Del., on Thursday and wanted to have the justice of the peace send a constable out to his house to take away the little old women who were plaguing him. One especially he desired to have removed, an old hag, he said, who sat up on the head of a rail and pestered him almost to death. He was assured that some one would be sent out and he went away satisfied.

How to Rub out Corns.

How many people go hobbling about with corns on their feet! And the deacon, after thirty years, is cured sound and well. How simple! Salicylic acid, thirty parts; collodion, two hundred and forty parts. Apply four nights, then a warm foot bath, and rub off the collodion. If the corn does not come out easily, repeat till it does. It will come. It has to come. Does not hurt at all nor prevent for a moment the use of the stocking.

POLITICAL POINTS

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WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON

Both Parties.

Senator Ben Harrison, of Indiana, who is in the city, said to a reporter in reply to a question as to his opinion on the political outlook:

"While I have no concealments, I have very little to say. It appears very probable that Mr. Blaine will be the republican nominee."

"Who will be nominated by the democrats?"

"Sam Tilden, if he is alive and will accept. His refusals are growing fainter and fainter. But his silence & coyness have acted on the democrats like a maiden's 'no' to her lover, which serves only to make him the more impetuous. I am not certain whether Tilden would be strong or weak. It would have to be tested here in New York. He would be weak with us except as Hendricks would strengthen him. If the democrats are to elect a man, Tilden would be the best possible candidate."

Sunset Cox's Views.

Hon. "Sunset" Cox in ... the question as to what ... Tilden do about being a ... fo the presidential nomin...

"That is something tha ... can answer. I confess I a ... forced to the belief, howe ... despite the assertions to ... trary he will yield to the ... from all parts of the coun ... accept the nomination."

"Do you think he would ... nominee if it were undera ... would accept?"

"Undoubtedly. I don't ... there's a question as to that.

"And be elected?"

"As certainly as he is nomi ... The New York democracy ... united for him this time ... dissenting voice or vote, ... would be a great thing in his ... you know. Oh, I don't think the ... least doubt of his election ... is the ... d, or of his nomination ... nominated ... nt." if he will acce...

Looking To Tilden...

THE DEMOCRATIC FEELING IN BEHALF OF THE OLD TICKET GROWING STRONGER.

Washington, May 20—One thing Democrats of every stripe are pretty well agreed upon, to wit: The nomination of Tilden. Only a small number as yet intend more than a mark of respect for the man whom they believe was defrauded of the presidency. But for Mr. Tilden's physical condition the nomination would be in dead earnest and in the expectation that it would be accepted and Mr. Tilden elected. Till very lately the intelligent Democrat has supposed that Mr. Tilden would take ... convention at its word and ... Of late it has been whispered that he is getting into a frame of mind favorable to such a course. It is furthermore said that some of his most devoted and intimate friends have changed their views and urged their views and urged on him such a course as the only one for harmony in the convention and sucess in the canvass. That Mr Tilden's physical condition is impaired is admitted. But his intellect is as sound and bright as ever, and intellectually he is as capable of filling the office of President as when nominated for it in 1876.

That prominent Democratic managers are contemplating such a solution of their difficulties there is no question. Almost the only reason for hesitation is the predicament they might find themselves in with a candidate who could not stand the test of scrutiny before the public, according to the manner parties display their candidates.

What next, should this idea be given up? is the question which is being no less earnestly discussed. Ex-Speaker Randall has many friends, and it is a part of the history of the presidential movement that the list is growing. The logic of necessity is working in the minds of Democrats who till lately have not been disposed to listen to its conclusions.

The Prohibitionists, having waged a more or less successful warfare in a number of States, have taken steps to stand in battle array on the presidential field. The National convention will be held in Pittsburg July 23. They believe they can demonstrate that they hold the balance of power in Iowa, Kansas, Ohio, and the other States, and that the decision of the presidential question is in their hands. Seasoned by local contests and profiting by experience, they say they will stand in the ensuing presidential contest more formidable in numbers and organization than did the liberal party when it first let its banner up. The prohibition leaders expect the support of great numbers who do not pretend to follow the banner of temperance. They assert that the only way to fight the whiskey ring is through prohibition, and that but for it the ring would not have been beaten in Congress. Not as a question of morality solely, nor yet as a question of temperance, but as a question of sound policy, relating to the general welfare in the broadest sense, they intend to present the principle of prohibition and their candidate in all the States.

The bolt in the Anti-Monopolist convention at Chicago after Gen. Butler's nomination was led by a clerk of a distinguished Democratic member of the House of Representatives, by an employe of a politician opposed to Butler, and by employes of certain great corporations, who, it is alleged, were smuggled into the convention to make disturbance.