WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 14.— WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 13. 1884. —NUMBER 19

WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Inch.	One Insertion	$1 00
" "	One Month	2 50
" "	Three Months	3 00
" "	Six Months	5 00
" "	One Year	15 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

—Robeson subscribes $800 and Guilford $500 for the State Exposition.

—Rutherford College has made Rev. M. L. Wood, President of Trinity College, a D. D.

—The North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association will meet in Charlotte on the 9th of August.

—Wilmington is at last to have an elegant new hotel on the corner of Third and Dock streets. Good!

—Truth is mighty and must prevail. A Baltimore man has been fined $25 for lying in a horse trade.

—Dr. Wm. B. Phillips, of Wilmington, has been elected a member of the German Chemical Society, of Berlin.

—The ice factory in Raleigh is nearly completed. This is a new enterprise for North Carolina. Is it not the first?

—A fight over an organ in Cleveland county has cost, first and last, the "Aurora" says, $190, including attorney's fees.

—The next session of the University Normal School will be held at Chapel Hill, in the University Building, from June 17th to July 17th.

—Twenty years ago there were twelve women doctors in the United States. Now there are 800 in the field and an army of recruits in training.

—A violent storm in Dinwiddie county, Va., Sunday a Baptist church near Poplar Grove was blown down and a woman killed by lightning.

—It does not cost much to get married in New Jersey. The license fee is only 12 cents. But six States, including Pennsylvania, have neither license nor fee.

—Sheriff B. Hill, of Sampson, escorted four convicts to the penitentiary last week, viz: Troy Carver, eight years; J. Dam, 2 years; Arry Herring, 4 years.

—"Just before a Hindoo woman dies a cow is brought in so that she may hold its tail as her soul leaves the body.' Perhaps under that she might realize the [illegible] of her dream.

—Edmund Richardson, president of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, at New Orleans, is the largest cotton planter and cotton factor in the world. Estimated worth 10,000,000 dollars.

—Oxford "Orphan's Friend": We are glad to say to the friends of the Orphan Asylum all over the State that every thing is moving on harmoniously and pleasantly at the institution. The health of the children is good.

—The family of Mr. J. H. Barnes of Rockingham, together with some guests, were made very sick, last Sunday week, says the "Rocket", by eating ice cream. It is believed that the poisoning was caused by some adulteration in the lemon extract.

—The Goldsboro "Messenger" says, it is rumored there that Wiley Crumpler, Jr., whose home is but a few miles from town, drank a quantity of laudanum the early part of last week, and immediately left his house, since which time no tidings have been had of him.

—The Asheville "Advance" says, Mr. Richmond Pearson stated before the board of commissioners and magistrates, that he knew positively of $600,000 that had been invested in Buncombe county, as a consequence of the erection of the new iron bridge across French Broad river.

—The curlew bug is doing much damage to corn in the eastern part of the State. The Stonewall "Enterprise" tells of a citizen of Pamlico county who is paying 10c. per 100 for all he gets them that can be caught in his four acre field of corn belong to him. The curlew bug attacks the corn at the root and sucks the sap out of it.

—The Goldsboro "Messenger" says, the Executive Committee of the State Fruit Association have decided to ask Senators Ransom and Vance to be present at the State Fruit Fair. The annual address is to be delivered by Senator Ransom and a lecture for the benefit of the Fruit Growers Association by Senator Vance. The Fruit Fair will be held in Goldsboro July 30th and 31st.

—The catalogue of Davidson College for 1883-4 shows that the institution has a faculty of seven, and 116 students who come from eleven different States and one foreign country. During the past year the Trustees have begun the work of adding $75,000 to the permanent endowment, $50,000 of which they expect to raise in North Carolina, and $12,000 of which have already been raised in this State.

—Senator Coke, of Texas, has a remarkably powerful voice, and it is said that when he was discussing the pluero-pneumonia bill and his throttle valve wide open, the pages put cotton in their ears and wedged the window sashes to keep them from rattling and breaking the glass. The Senator is a brother to Capt. Octavius Coke, of North Carolina, who himself has a voice which is like the rushing of mighty waters.

The sure effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are thorough and permanent. If there is a lurking taint of scrofula about you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will dislodge it, and expel it from your system.

A Romance of the Senate.

THE STRANGE HISTORIES OF THE INMATES OF TWO CALIFORNIA BOARDING HOUSES.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, I think, at Marysville, Cal., which was then an established yet shanty-like town, lived Judge Stephen Field, and in his law office was a young fellow named George Gorham who boarded with a plain family, and at the same table another guest was a florid, welsh-looking stranger. In the next house lived an Irishman named Murphy, who had a bright, interesting daughter, but he was fond of paddling her when anything went wrong with him. This paddling had been going on for some time, and one day the boarders held an indignation meeting and resolved to go next door and see old Murphy, and tell him that if he did not stop correcting that child on every and all occasions they would take him down to the stream and duck him. None of the guests were especially brave, but they put on a very brave front, and held the indignation meeting.

Several years afterwards one of those parties, Field, was called to be justice of the supreme court. Still later, by several years, the republicans in California nominated Gorham for governor, and they put on the ticket with him the present United States Senator, Jones. When Jones met Gorham he said: "Are you the little fellow from Long Island who boarded at Marysville with us?" "Don't you know me?" "No, I don't think I do" Why, I'm Jones, the Welsh-looking fellow who formed one of the posse to go in and make old Murphy stop keeping that child screaming." They shook hands warmly, and then Jones said: "Gorham, do you know what has become of that Mary Murphy?" No. "Why she is now Mrs. William Sharon."

My informant says that consequently there met at Washington city, Jones and Sharon in the United States Senate, Gorham secretary of the Senate and Field on the supreme bench—all brought out of that boarding house. Mary Murphy grew up to be an interesting woman, and the paddling was only temporarily disadvantageous.

Cupid's Odd Capers.

Springfield, O., was thrown into a flutter by the appearance of a beautiful young woman, elegantly dressed, walking arm in arm with a negro through the streets. She proved to be Maggie Burton, of Mechanicsburg, and soon become Mrs. Jefferson Strothers, the negro becoming her loved and loving husband.

Miss Constance Bell, a handsome 18-year-old girl of Boykin, S. C., came home from boarding school and found Dr. Benson, an 80-year-old stranger sick in her fathers house. She nursed the old gentleman, and at the end of two weeks, as soon as he was able to walk they were married, the girl's parents giving full consent.

Mary Sullivan, aged 23, a New York domestic, is sueing William Hayes, aged 70, for breach of promise. She claims that Hayes made love to her, and that about July 1, 1883, made an agreement with her that if she would marry him within a reasonable time he would transfer to her all his real estate, his bank accounts, and all other property he owned in the world.

Walter Barden and Miss Fanny Swallenberg, a young heiress, eloped from Long Island City, and being married in New York, sent a messenger to notify the young lady's widowed mother. The couple were much surprised soon afterward to receive a long and warmly congratulatory telegram from Mrs. Swallenberg, and the additional information that all the members of both families approved the match.

Mrs. Mary Duffy, of Philadelphia, drew a pension as a soldier's widow until she was re-married to William Chambers, when by law the pension was discontinued. She has now learned that William has another wife living and that her marriage to him, being illegal, is void. Hence she claims to be still a soldier's widow, entitled to the pension for all the years that she supposed she was Mrs. Chambers instead of widow Duffy.

Ella Wheeler's marriage had its romance behind it. When the Army of the Cumberland held its reunion in Milwaukee Mr. Robert M. Wilcox, a young manufacturer from Connecticut was present. He had read Miss Wheeler's poetry and wished to see her. It happened that she contributed a poem to the occasion and was pointed out to Mr. Wilcox. On his return home he wrote to her, and, though she had never met him, she liked his letter and replied. A pleasant correspondence followed, and soon a meeting was brought about. It proved a case of mutual love at first sight.

"Heroes."

Can anybody imagine the possibility that Gen. Rob't E. Lee would, for any consideration, lend his name to a lottery scheme? He was not that sort of a "hero."—"Nashville Christian Advocate."

The imagination would be impossible, for the greatest trait of the greatest hero of modern times was his deep religious convictions—and religion and lottery can no more mix than oil and water—they are utterly repellant, the former is of God, and the latter of the evil one. No; General Lee would rather have severed his heart-strings with his own hands than have given his influence to a fraud to rob his fellow-men.—"Jackson Tenn Whig."

A whisker dye must be convenient to use, easy to apply, impossible to rub off, elegant in appearance, and cheap in price. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers unites in itself these merits. Try it.

BLAINE AND LOGAN

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES NOMINATED.

THE PLUMED KNIGHT.

The Republican Convention in Chicago last week was probably the most enthusiastic ever held by that party. The hall was densely packed throughout the entire session. Intense excitement prevailed and it was evident from the first that Blaine was the choice of the Convention. Whenever his name was mentioned the hall rung with shouts and huzzahs. A negro named Lynch was made temporary chairman of the convention, and Ex-Senator Henderson, of Missouri, was permanent chairman. The Mahone delegation was admitted from Virginia. Friday at 4:30 o'clock Blaine was nominated for President on the fourth ballot. The following were the ballots cast:

THE BALLOTS.

	1st Ballot.	2d Ballot.	3d Ballot.	4th Ballot.
Blaine	352½	349	375	544
Arthur	278	276	275	207
Edmunds	93	85	78	41
Logan	63½	61	60	7
Sherman	30	28	19	
Hawley	12	13		15
Lincoln	4	4		2
Gen. Sherman	2	2		

The vote was received with enthusiasm, the band playing and cannon booming. The streets were thronged with excited people, all cheering wildly. At 4:45 Blaine's nomination was made unanimous. The convention adjourned until 8 p. m.

The evening session began at 8:15 and the call of the States for the presentation of candidates for Vice-President began. No response was made until Illinois was reached, when Senator Plumb, of Kansas, took the stand to present Logan's name. The mention of this name was received with great and long-continued cheering. Houk, of Tennessee; Thruston, of Nebraska; Bradley, of Kentucky; Horr, of Michigan; Lee, of Pennsylvania; Pettibone, of Tennessee, and Lee, of South Carolina, all seconded Logan. A motion was made to nominate Logan by acclamation, but a call of the roll was demanded and the motion was withdrawn.

At 9:32 p. m. Logan was nominated by acclamation. The result was received with cheers and the convention at once began breaking up.

The convention was again called to order after the chairman had announced Logan's nomination by acclamation and on a roll-call of States all voted solidly for Logan, except New York, which cast 1 vote for Foraker and 6 for Gresham. The convention formally adjourned at 9.55 p. m.

There is great disappointment among the Arthur wing and other opponents of Blaine. The New York "Herald," the New York "Times," the "Evening Post" and other leading papers, have already declared against the ticket. Geo. W. Curtis and Henry Ward Beecher of New York say they will not support Blaine. So say leading Republicans all over the country. Logan adds no strength to ticket, especially South. His "bloody shirt" record can but weaken him everywhere. Lincoln as Vice-President would have made the ticket stronger.

The democrats everywhere feel satisfied with the ticket they are to beat.

Speaker Carlisle said that the democrats would have an easier time than he expected. "If," said he, "we can't beat the nomination made to day, we can't beat anything. I was very much afraid they would nominate John Sherman, Hawley, or some such man but Blaine."

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE.

James G. Blaine, the Republican nominee for the Presidency, was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, January 31, 1830. After a preliminary tutelage he entered Washington college, in that State, from which he graduated with distinction. Circumstances led him to adopt the profession of a journalist, and he soon drifted to Maine, where he became editor of the Portland "Advertiser" and afterwards of the Kennebec "Journal." In 1859 he made his advent into active political life as a member of the Maine legislature, and served continuously until 1862, when he was elected to represent his district in the Congress of the United States. He remained a member of the House until 1876, when, on the resignation of Senator Lot M. Morrill, who was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, he was elected to the Senate of the United States and was then re-elected to the same high office. In March, 1881, was appointed Secretary of State by President Garfield and remained at the head of Garfield's cabinet until President Arthur succeeded to the Presidency, when he retired.

He early displayed a bitter antagonism towards his brilliant rival, Roscoe Conkling, then a representative from New York, and fastened upon him the sobriquet of "the strutting turkey gobbler"—a piece of malevolent wit that Conkling neither forgot nor forgave.

As violent however, as were his personal antagonisms Blaine yet managed to control the majority of his party in the House and ruled it with uncommon power. The period of his regime was the corrupt era in the history of our country. Jobbery flourished. Great grants of public lands were made to corporations. Important questions affecting the railroad corporations chartered during the war, and involving large amounts of money in which the government was interested, were brought forward for legislation. Speaker Blaine, it is alleged, always was favorable to these measures. The public treasury was being milked by the adroit manipulators of railroad magnates and the Speaker, it has been regarded, promoted their designs. How far he feathered his own nest is not known. When the Democrats became the dominant majority in the House the judiciary committee was instructed to make some investigations and Judge Thomas Allen was on a sub committee to investigate some questions that appeared to involve the integrity of the ex speaker. It was during this investigation that the notorious "Mulligan letters" came before the public. The incidents of that occasion are not entirely fresh in our memory, but as we recall them, Mr. Blaine when a crisis was reached suddenly suffered a stroke of apoplexy or dangerous illness that arrested the proceedings. Later on he recovered somewhat, and having by a disreputable trick obtained possession of the damning proofs of his guilt, he flaunted them in the face of House and then was restored to health with marvelous rapidity. It goes without saying that the written evidence of his guilt contained in the Mulligan letters which he thus secured, was never made public by him. But the voice of the country was pronounced, and many of his own party friends regard him as a very disreputable person. The "Evening Post" and the New York "Times," both leading Republican papers along with numerous other Republican sheets have never hesitated to speak of him as a disgraced and dishonored man, and as one unworthy of the support of decent citizens.

Transferred to the Senate in 1876, Mr. Blaine lost no time in measuring strength with his old adversary Conkling, who had been called to the Senate chamber some years before. In 1876 Mr. Blaine was first brought forward as a candidate for the Presidental nomination, on the first ballot in the convention of that year, 379 being necessary to a choice, he received 285 votes and on the seventh ran up to 351; but the field being against him there was a stampede to Hayes, who received 384 votes and was nominated. Blaine's defeat at that time taught him a lesson, for Hayes was controlled by those leaders who had made him President. And so when the next issue came, he determined that if unsuccessful himself, he yet would dictate the President. In the following convention therefore, he held his 284 votes against Grant's 306 until the 35th ballot when he threw his strength to Garfield and named the President.

As the fruit of this stroke of policy, Garfield selected Blaine as the leading figure of his administration and he entered the cabinet as Secretary of State. The effect of this alliance between the President and Conkling's personal enemy was to throw Conkling and his followers, among them Vice-President Arthur, into violent opposition, and upon a trifling pretext the New York Senator resigned and appealed to the strlwart wing of their party for a vindication. Blaine with much adroitness marshaled the "Half-breeds" and with consummate skill managed to defeat both of the retiring Senators and to obtain for Garfield a dominant influence in New York politics.

One of the results of this episode was the assassination of the President by a deranged Stalwart and the elevation of Arthur to the Presidency followed by the retirement of Blaine to private life.

During his short career as Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine exhibited an activity unknown to the public men of his party. He sought to signalize his administration by a foreign policy that would be a departure from all of our traditions. He aimed to subordinate the entire Western Hemisphere to the influence of these United States, and announced the purpose of establishing the doctrine that this Union would interpose to preserve the peace of the New World, and to control its affairs, while European interference would not be tolerated. A policy leading so inevitably to distant warfare and threatening to involve us in all sorts of difficulties did not receive the approbation of the American people—and yet it was audacious and calculated by its very boldness to win favor. The wheel of fortune however that turned Blaine out of his high office put a quietus to these wild dreams, and President Arthur quickly returned to the old ways of "nonintervention," while announcing a firm adherence to the Monroe doctrine. To this rapid and hasty sketch of Mr. Blaine's career, we must add a word as to his personal appearance. He is a large, well made man, with a striking carriage, quick in his movements, of dark complexion approaching the olive, and full of vigor.

The strength of his nomination lies in his record in opposition to the Chinese, which gains him favor on the Pacific coast; and in his aggressive foreign policy which is calculated to win to his support those Irish voters who hope that he may embroil this country in a war with Great Britain. While his relations with President Garfield were such that he might be regarded as Garfield's political heir, and thus find a strong support in Ohio, that very circumstance is his greatest element of weakness, for it renders his candidacy without hope inasmuch as the stalwarts of New York will not vote for him. It is quite impossible for Blaine to carry the Empire State; and although his adherents claimed in the convention that they could elect him without New York, yet when they concede that New York will cast its vote against him, they admit his defeat.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

MONEY AND ITS USES IN THE FAMILY.

MONEY AS A STIMULANT.

Money is a right good thing and no sensible man will turn up his nose at it. Money brings comfort and leisures and Solomon says in leisure there is wisdom. A man who has to be digging away every day for a living don't have much time to read and reflect and ruminate. It don't matter whether he is a merchant or mechanic or farmer or a professional man, if he works hard all day he wants to rest all night.

Money promotes domestic tranquility and that is the biggest and best thing I know of. But money ought to be hard to get, so that its real value may be appreciated—money has to be earned to be prized. If it is inherited or drawn in a lottery or won at games of chance or found in the road or obtained by lucky speculation in stocks or bonds or cotton futures, it goes at a discount. It is undervalued and don't stick to a man long. A fortune gained in a year rarely sticks to anybody. Luck is a right good thing when it follows along with labor and honesty, but luck by itself is a deceiver. "Trust to luck" is the devil's maxim. I knew a hard working man who was so anxious to get ahead that he stinted his family and invested part of his earnings in the Louisiana lottery for five years and never drew but ten dollars. He told me he had lost five hundred dollars that way, and every time he saw the list published of the lucky men who drew the prizes it fired him up and he tried it again. Sometimes I wish Uncle Jubal and General Beauregard would tote fair and publish a list of them fellows who dident draw anything. But I reckon that would be so long and occupy so many columns in the newspapers they couldent afford it.

It is just human I know to want more money than we have got, especially if we are hard run and living on a strain. I want more myself, and if I was to find a hundred dollars in the road I couldent help hoping that the owner would never miss it, and never call for it. Just like a boy who finds a pocket knife and feels like it is his, but that sort of money is not as solid and satisfactory as money we work for. I know an old preacher who had ten dollars and his son had ten dollars and the young man went down to Atlanta and took all the money to buy some things and he came across a wheel of fortune and saw a fellow win ten dollars just as easy, and so he was persuaded to try his luck, and sure enough he won ten dollars, and it hope him up mightly and he tried it again and won some more, and he kept on until he had won fifty dollars and became a fool, for right then his luck changed and he lost it all and his ten dollars and his daddy's ten besides, and had to borrow a dollar and a half to get home on, and liked to have perished to death in the bargain. Well, he belonged to the church and they had him up and tried him, and he made a clean breast and told how he was overtaken and tempted and how he went on and on until he had made fifty dollars clean "And right there" said the old man is where John's sin begun. If he had stopped right there it would have been all right but like a fool he went on and on to destruction. Well, John wasent such a dreadful sinner after all for he wanted the money to buy something to please the old folks. But money dont come that easy very often. I know a man who has been kept on a strain for five years working out of his losses on cotton futures. Sometimes luck runs along with a man for ten years and more and that makes him vain and he thinks his judgment is infallible and suddenly he collapses like Seney and Eno and Keene. No money is safe except made by honest men.

The rewards of labor are mighty good and sure. Here I set in my piazza and look over my farm and see the wheat and the oats all in a strut and waving so beautiful in the breeze and I feel proud and serene for I sowed that wheat myself and helped to prepare the land and it is my wheat and my oats and come honestly and wasent made out of somebody else, and it does me good to cut a few choce heads and bunch 'em and take 'em to town and show the folks what I can do. It beats money made by luck all to pieces, and so does walking in my garden and digging the potatoes I planted and working them ever so nice and bringing them in the house to show to my wife and hear her say, "they are very fine." She never says much on that line, she don't, but a little goes a great ways with me. She never indulges in rapture, she never uses adjectives to any excess, such as lovely, exquisite, splendid and the like, but I know what she thinks about anything just as well as if she did. I'm going to get her a mess of rasberries to-day, the first of the season, and I'll surprise her with 'em at dinner time. She likes that. Women like those little thoughtful attentions. They are like oil on the axletree, and makes the machinery run smooth. But then there ought to be a little money to mix up things. Money is a good domestic lubricator itself. A man feels more like a gentleman with some change in his pocket, and he ought to always have a dollar or so just to feel of. It stiffens him up and keeps him from feeling like a vagabond. And woman wants some too. When a pedlar comes along with tin ware or a wagon load of jugs or the Gypsies come along with lace or the book agent comes along with pictures, and besides it is such a dignified comfort to have a little hid away for the children when they are just obliged to have something to wear and dont want to ask papa for money, for he is so hard run and talks so poor all the time.

This is the kind of money that goes for all it is worth. Money that comes hard, money that is earned. Even woman does not prize money when she has oodles of it and has every want supplied. Folks must be cramped to be happy. They must have something to stimulate them. Something to provoke economy and industry, and I'm thankful we've always had these stimulants at my house.

BILL ARP.

Temperance In Washington.

"A Washington letter to the Springfield Republican notes that both Randall and Carlisle, who used to look upon wine when it boweth its color in the cup, are now total abstainers. The writer also reports that of a dozen Senators who used to tipple, not one has drank a drop for two years, and that all the Senators, except perhaps one or two, are very prudent in the use of liquor. It is so in the House, so with most public men. According to his authority there has grown up a sentiment in our public life that "that a man is a fool who uses liquor immoderately, and that all men are better for not using any." We quote from the Republican's letter:

"Three years ago I saw one of the most brilliant members of the Senate staggering drunk in front of Willards Hotel. The other day I saw that he left his champaign untouched at a dinner. Said he: "I haven't touch alcohol in any form for three years. I woke up one morning realizing that what pretty much all the temperance lectures have said was true, and I simply said to myself that I have had enough. And I have. I have never seen the time from that day to this that I have not felt a repugnance for liquor." Garland, the learned lawyer from Arkansas, is a teetotaler. Said he: "I was passing by the cemetery near my home one day, and I saw the graves of a dozen brilliant men who had begun life with me, every one of them hastened to his end by whisky. I made up my mind that I had drunk my share, and stopped."

Marrying Early.

The New York Evening "Post" says observation among one's acquaintances shows the fact to be that people do not marry early nowadays, and, indeed, as a general rule, do not marry early enough. In many cases that event takes place as a result of prudence and calculation.

The New York "Ledger" rejoins: We cannot agree with our contemporary in regarding time as so important an element in marriage. A girl can afford to wait a great many years rather than marry any one but the right man; while, on the other hand, it may be wiser for a man to marry the right girl as soon as he is sure he has found her, no matter how early. As Herrick sang, so he may say to himself:

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may:
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day.
To-morrow will be dying.

"Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

Our contemporary speaks of prudence and calculation in the same breath, as though each was equally objectionable in the selection of a wife, but we cannot go so far. Surely prudence should be an element in every matrimonial arrangement.

A Sensible Old Man.

"BRANCH—the offshoot of anything, as of a river."—*Worcester.*

The educational advantages enjoyed by the boys and girls of North Carolina during the earlier decades of the present century were of a very limited kind. There were, however, at that day, a very few institutions of learning whose reputation extended beyond the limits of the State, and whose standards of education were among the best. Notable among them was one located in the seat of justice in the county of B——, which still maintains its reputation. A certain planter, resided in a contiguous county whose eldest son had attained to the age when at the present day young men are fully prepared to enter college, whose education was sadly deficient. What he had learned was acquired by occasional and intermitted attendance at the "log school house" in his vicinity, at such times as an old-fashioned school-master "taught and birched" the boys and girls.

The father of the lad in question, possessed of ample means, determined that his son John should be placed at the aforesaid school in the village of A; and accordingly accompanied by his son, carried out his design, leaving him with ample means and prepaid tuition under charge of the worthy principal. On taking leave of his son he was informed that monthly reports would be sent him by mail of his son's progress in study, etc. At the expiration of the first month the reports were accordingly sent, and a note, as follows, accompanied the report: "When you placed your son John under my charge, you forgot to elect what branches you desired him to be put in."—This note of reminder rather confused the worthy old gentleman, whose own education barely enabled him to read and write (the latter by no means an easy task for him.) Consulting his wife, and after with her reading and re-reading the report and the note, he replied thereto as follows

"SUR.—We got the letter and see you want to know what branches we want our son put inter we doant care what they are so you keape him outen Lativer.

S.

—Harper's Drawer.

SUPERSTITIONS.

MR. W. G. RANDALL'S SPEECH AT THE UNIVERSITY.

NORTH CAROLINA FOLK LORE.

We are glad to be able to publish extracts from the graduating speech of Mr. Wm. G. Randall, of Burke, on "Popular Superstitions, or North Carolina Folk Lore," delivered at the University commencement last week:

"The last remnants of superstition, whose natural home remote from cities, must be sought in forest glens, and amid mountain peaks, on the lonely frontiers, among the mists of the ocean, and in the recesses of mine, are fast fading before the steam engine, the printing press and the Bible.

When the newspaper reaches the remotest home, and politics supplies materials for the evening gossip round the farm-house faggot, the truth of christianity diffuses itself through the daily lives of all classes, superstition has lost its hold on the imaginations of the people, though all are more or less influenced by superstitious custom. Sailors retain most of their old superstitions about things lucky or unlucky. Soldiers still carry charms against lucky bullets. Students try to get the lucky numbers in a raffle. Our Professors and Faculty all, be willing to hold a meeting consisting of thirteen.

It is astonishing to consider that various superstitious beliefs that to-day are secretly cartied in the bosoms of all classes—even the educated among us. A few of them we will mention:

Some called doctors recommend as a cure for a child with the rickets, to split a standing sapling and push the child through the opening, the child gets well and the sapling takes the rickets. If you have the rheumatism, just carry an Irish potato in your pocket. No cure, no pay! Farmers are much given to superstitions—at least in those places in which the same family line has lived for generations. The like pretty and touching custom of telling the bees of a death in the family is still adhered to in some places. Plant your seed in the dark of the moon to prevent too much stalk or vine. If you kill your hogs in the wane of the moon the meat all turns to gravy. If you nail on boards in the new of the moon they will cup up and make your roof look like a sheared porcupine. You will seldom see a man so much in a hurry that he will not stop to pick up a horse-shoe. One sees this ancient charm against evil spirits in many households, and it has become the popular symbol for good luck. In the country there are still found persons plying the trade of fortune-telling; while the number of haunted houses is still great. The wishing bone of a chicken is still in wide repute.—Plenty of old women will cure you of a burn by blowing the place and repeating,

"There came three angels out of the north,
One brought fire and two brought frost;
Come out fire, come out frost,
In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Or they will tell your fortune by shaking up the coffee grounds in a tea cup—finding out all about your future husband or wife, how rich, and a great many other things, by the money, houses and so on pictured in the scattered grounds.—The resemblance is very striking; about as striking as that between the constellations and the figures of bears, goats and heroes, which the ancient astronomers saw in the heavens. A great many young ladies really believe that if you can form a wish while a meteor is falling, the wish will surely be fulfilled. They will not pluck the common field-lily, for fear it will cause them to be freckled. Plants and flowers—those beautiful emblems of immortality—have from time immemorial possessed the magical virtues. There are the mystic plants and there are symbolical ones, like the evergreens used in church decorations and cemeteries.

Superstition is nowhere so conspicuous as in the affairs of love. Lovers have always been fond of enchantment. It would puzzle the most profound antiquary to discover what could give birth to some of the strange notions cherished by fond nymphs and swains. Shakespeare has represented Othello as accused of winning Desdemona by "conjuration and mighty magic;" and Theocrites and Virgil have both introduced into their pastorals, women using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. Charms, genii, witches, fairies, and all the instruments of magic have constantly been employed by lovers in the business of love. Very few maidens fail to get a peep at the new moon over the right shoulder, so that they may be able to catch a sweetheart during the month; and they will be sure to bow to a certain large black bird, when they see him flying near, that they may have an early call from their "dear boy." Here is quite an effective charm to repeat on seeing the new moon for the first time:

"All hail to the moon, all hail to thee!
I prithee, good moon, reveal to me
This night, who my husband shall be."

Young men need not be discouraged, they can vary it by substituting wife for husband and the potency of the charm is in no way injured. It works equally well both ways. Here is another:

"New moon, true moon,
Bright and clear,
If my true love is near,
Let me hear a bird sing,
If far off,
Let me hear a cow low."

"Swear not, by the moon, * * lest thy love proves likewise variable." If you wish to dream of the one you will marry, put daisy roots under your pillow and hang your shoes out at the window. You would not think it, but a great many dainty slippers are found with dew or frost on them. Cut your hair when the moon is in Leo, your locks will like a lion's shag, when in Aries they will curl like a ram's horns. If it rains while the sun is shining, the devil is whipping his wife.

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Will always come to some bad end."

When the hen crows, good men expect a storm within doors and without. Put a flint rock in the fire to keep the hawks away. If you dream of losing a tooth, you will lose a friend. To dream of killing a snake signifies that you will gain a victory. If you want to raise a big rain to make the crops grow kill a big snake and hang him up—a big black snake is the best kind. If the dog howls it is a sign of death. If the cat washes her face there will be a wedding in the family. If the cat sneezes there will be a cold in the family.

There is a spirit in the room for the candle burns blue.
If your tooth aches your love is untrue;
Pull out the tooth and bid your love adieu.

If the head itches it is a sign of rain.
If the head aches it is a profitable pain.

If your right eye itches you will laugh to-morrow.
If your left eye itches you will cry for sorrow.

If your right ear burns, your left friends say you are rude.
If your left ear burns, your right friends say you are a Dude.

If your nose itches, you will shake hands with, or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a church door, or miss them all four. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground; or if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

There is nothing so small and inconsiderable that it may not appear dreadful to an imagination filled with omens and prognostics. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; the chirping of a cricket has struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

Such are some of the popular beliefs, which neither skepticism, education, science, nor religion have been able wholly to eradicate.—They belong exclusively to no age or class and have been transmitted from generation to generation through the medium of an unwritten language, to which the natural impulse of the human mind towards the supernatural is the common interpreter."

No Use.

There is no use in putting up the motto, "God Bless Our Home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by the parents to the children, and by the older to the younger. "There is no use in putting up a motto, "The Lord Will Provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls occupy themselves over gewgaws and finery. There is no use of putting up the motto, "The Greatest of these is Charity," while the tongue of the backbiter wags that family, and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-table. There is no use in placing up conspicuously the motto. "The Liberal Man Deviseth Liberal Things," while the money chinks in the pockets of the head of the house groaning to get out to see the light of day, and there are dollars and dimes for wines and tobacco and other luxuries, but positively not one cent for the church. In how many homes are these mottoes standing—let us say hanging—sarcasms, which serve only to point a jest and adorn a satire! The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful, hopeful, free-handed, free-hearted charitable lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they shall remain fresh and fadeless when the colors of pigment and the worsted and the floss have faded, and the frames have rotted away in their joints.

A Jewess Elopes With A Negro.

The New York "Sun" records another case of miscegenation:

Three weeks ago John Good, a mulatto, eloped from Easton with a young Jewess, Paulina Lewis. While serving as a waiter in a restaurant Good met Miss Lewis and began to court her. Mrs Lewis forbade her daughter's seeing him. The couple soon afterward disappeared. Yesterday Chief of Police Bell of Newark received from Easton a telegram saying that they were living together at 22 Canal street, Newark.

Last night Good and the girl went to Police Headquarters in Newark, accompanied by the Rev. W. L. Hoff, colored, and exhibited a marriage certificate, showing that they were married in this city to-day by Mr. Hoff. The bride, who is a plump and handsome girl of 19, was neatly dressed. Both she and Good are intelligent.

A Sheet-Iron Hen.

The "Inter-Ocean" describes a novel invention of an ingenious fellow in Ohio, who has constructed a sheet-iron hen that promises to lay him a golden egg. "It is finished up to life, full size, cackles, and looks with one eye at a time so naturally that it will deceive the oldest hawk in the country. It is so arranged that when a hawk, mink or polecat pounces on to it the back springs open and the wings fly up and force the assailant on to a ravenous buzz saw that makes 1,700 revolutions per minute. After moving half a minute the saw stops, the hen closes up, folds its wings and begins to cackle as though it had just laid an egg. One winding up will answer for three massacres, provided the rather delicate machinery does not get clogged up too much with the blood, bones and feathers. He set a freshly painted one out in the sun to dry the other day, which attracted the attention of a fine old cat belonging to a doctor who had been poking a great deal of fun at the fool thing. The hen is there, but the cat is hence."

POLITICAL POINTS.

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON.

Onslow has declared for Wharton J. Green for Congress.

Jones county, by resolution, supports Capt. Wm. A. Darden for State Auditor.

Lot W. Humphrey is the North Carolina member of the new National Republican Committee.

The Asheville "Advance" says, It is rumored here that Dr. York, Mott's candidate for Governor, will not accept the nomination on the Mongrel ticket.

The Washington "Post" insists that it "has authentic information full and complete" that "Mr. Tilden will not be a candidate before the July convention, and he will not accept the nomination under any circumstances A letter containing these statements over his own signature will be read at the New York Democratic convention of June 18th."

Alas Poor York.

A Northern exchange has the following concerning the Republican candidate for Governor:

"York, the Republican nominee for Governor of North Carolina is a model politician. He rode a mule all over his Congressional district two years ago, and posed as the poor man's friend. He told them in a speech in Ashe county, that if it were not for protective tariff mules would be brought into that region and sold at $15 per head. In the lower counties he told "the poor laboring people' that but for a protective tariff this country would be flooded with foreign cotton and the price of this staple would be run down below the cost of production."

Mr. Tilden And The Tariff.

All signs point to the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency by the Democratic national convention. This being so it is very well to recall the clear record of the great ice-breaker on the tariff question.

Twenty-nine years ago Mr. Tilden was a candidate for office on the Democratic ticket in his own State, and on October 3, 1855, in a letter upon the principles and policy of the Democratic party, he used this language: "Devoted to the rights of our American industry, which is now beginning to fill the world with the renown of its achievements, it has refused to direct its application by a prohibitory or protective tariff, proferring that each man should judge how he can make his own labor most productive, and trusting for the aggregate result to those natural laws which enable one of our millions of the city population to daily choose his food and yet furnish buyers for everything that has been provided beforehand."

Nineteen years afterward Mr. Tilden was a candidate for the Governor of the State of New York on a platform which declared for "revenue reform, Federal taxation for revenue only and no government partnership with protected monopolies." During the progress of that exciting and successful canvass Mr. Tilden, in response to a serenade, made a speech in which occurred this passage: "The Federal government is drifting into greater dangers and greater evils. It is rushing onward in a career of centralism, absorbing all governmental powers and assuming to manage all the affairs of human society. It undertakes to direct the business of individuals by tariffs not intended for legitimate taxation, granting special privileges and fostering monopolies at the expenses of the people." Here can be found no inconsistency. The Tilden of 1874 was the Tilden of 1855. The Tilden of 1884 is the Tilden of 1874 and 1855, and in the light of his record the charge that he is in favor of a protective tariff or the principle or the policy of protection per se must fall to the ground.—"News Observer."

Found His Watch By Means Of A Dream.

The miller at Glenn's Mill, Mr. Elisha McDanald, was a few days since grinding, and two or three other persons were in the mill, and they and Mr. McDanald were proposing to swap watches. Mr. McDanald had a heavy case silver watch and handed it to some of them to examine, they handed it back to him, and he went to fill up a sack of meal for an old darkey. A few hours after Mr. McDanald missed his watch and thought some of the crowd had taken it. So he took out a search warrant and searched some of their houses, but discovered no trace of the watch. That night he dreamed that the watch was in the old darkey's sack of meal that he had filled, and so next morning he searched through the meal and to his own surprise found it. It was still running.—"