WILSON ADVANCE.

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—BY—
JOSEPHUS DANIELS, - Editor and Proprietor

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# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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WILSON ADV

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## NEWS OF A WEEK

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GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

*PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS*

—Princeton College gave Arthur the degree of LL. D.

—Mr. R. A. Hunter, of Buncombe county, is a grandfather at the age of 34.

—Nearly 100 lots of whortle berries were shipped from Magnolia one day last week.

—It is said that the Scotch crofters who have settled in the Pee Dee country are well pleased with their new homes.

—Alexander county has a forest of white pines. Some of the trees are two feet thick and from 100 to 125 feet high.

—Rev. G. W. Sanderlin has been invited to deliver the alumni address at Wake Forest College next year. A good selection.

—A druggist with an eye to the public needs advertises "Arnica, sticking-plaster, splints, bandages and other base ball goods."

—The annual meeting of stockholders the North Carolina Railroad company will be held at Hillsboro this year, on July 10th.

—There is a chicken at Graham, N. C., with only one wing. The other side, where the other wing should be, is perfectly smooth.

—One great peculiarity about young people is that they can see how to make love better in the dark than they can in the light.

—There is a great deal of flap doodle in the Blaine organs about "the white plume of Navarre." But Mr. Blaine will navarre be President.

—Rutherford College conferred the degree of LL. D., on James W. Reid Esq., of Rockingham. He is the most eloquent man in North Carolina.

—Bob Ingersoll says President Arthur will take with him from the White House, when he retires, what no other President ever did: 180 pair of pants.

—Three hundred men are employed in South Florida in killing alligators for their hides and teeth. The year's business in that section amounts to about $45,000.

—Exchange says, "What will bachelors do to escape the awful fate?" Well, about the easiest way is to marry a handsome one at once. The awful ones won't trouble you then.

—The Danbury "Reporter and Post" is informed that 600 lbs. of cherries, the product of one tree, were shipped from Kernersville to New York, where they were sold for 60c per pound, $360.

—Gen. John B. Gordon, of Ga., says: "The negro is to-day the most favorably circumstanced, the best fed and most independent laborer to be found, not only in this country, but in the civilized world."

—Well informed Washington statesmen predict that Congress will not adjourn before the first of August. There will be a great deal of speech making after the Democratic National convention.

—Charlotte Bronte wrote: "Women feel just as men feel." Don't believe it. We cannot conceive of a woman ever feeling as a man does when his back suspender button parts company with his trousers.

—The Statesville "Landmark" says a young man who yesterday bet a merchant $1 against a bushel of peaches that he could eat five soda crackers in five minutes, without water, failed and lost his dollar.

—The degree of A. M., was conferred by Trinity College on P. L. Groome and M. L. Edwards, and the degree of D. D., on Rev. G. W. Hall, of Missouri, and Rev. R. O. Burton, of the North Carolina Conference.

—Rev. Dr. Deems tells his congregation to go to sleep if they feel sleepy in church: both he and the Lord will forgive them; but that they must sleep quietly. The line must be drawn somewhere and the tolerant Doctor draws it at snoring.

—An old man in Salem recently married in four weeks after the death of his wife. He had visitors that night, and they were young and vigorous, and they had cow bells and things with them and they made the old man wish he had never been born.

—The Germantown woman who has deserted her husband because he played the trombone has established a bad precedent. Taking all the pianos, banjos, cornets and accordeons of the country into consideration, there is no estimating the complications that her example may lead to.

—Bishop Simpson, whose death was announced in two or three lines by telegraph, was one of the greatest pulpit orators Northern Methodism has produced. He was a great man—the most intellectual and vigorous of all Northern Methodist Bishops. He was born in Ohio in 1811. He had a collegiate education, was an author and editor, and was Bishop 32 years.

—The big hotel at Atlantic City, N. J., would seem to be the baldest folly, yet is said to be already a success. It is shaped like an elephant. The legs are hollow, and conceal the stairway by which you ascend into the stomach of the beast to get your dinner. The interior is splendidly furnished. The back is 70 feet from the ground, the trunk or proboscis stands far out, the roof of adjacent houses, and an observatory giving a view.

—While Rueben Estes, of Caldwell county, was hauling sand, one day last week, both of his horses were struck by lightning and killed, and the shirt was stripped off his own body, and he was severely burned. This is what the "Piedmont Press" says.

—The citizens of Lenoir have presented the editors of the 'Topic' a new power press, costing one thousand dollars, to replace the one recently destroyed by fire. This is honorable to the citizens; more honorable to the editors as having proved worthy of such distinction.

—A war which has been set on foot against gamblers in Dallas, Texas, culminated Monday in Jas. Wilkerson, one of the indicted gamblers, paying $5,000 to Dallas county and agreeing never again to gamble in Dallas. All the other gamblers left rather than compromise. One gambler, from whom the county demands $10,000, has sailed for Europe for his health.

—"The Ten White Men and Two Negroes who Defrauded the American People out of Their Choice for President in 1876," is the title of a picture as artistically arranged as it is a historical reminder. It is 20x28 inches in size, and just issued by the Advance Publishing Company, Nos. 5 and 7 Murray street, New York. Price 30 cents a copy, prepaid to any address. Twelve copies, prepaid to one address $3.

### Home.

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D.

What happy thoughts have been in thy mind, from all eternity, O Father! And what happier thought than that of home? When our first parents came into the world they found a home which thou hadst prepared for them. When thy son, Jesus Christ, came into the world He wrought in the home and for the home. When thou presentest to our minds the inducement of heaven it is in the form of home. The home is the happiest place on earth or else a very miserable place on earth or else a very miserable place. The home is the foundation of human civilization. For it the State exists, not it for the State. For it the church exists, not it for the church.

Lord, have I so kept these truths before me as to do my duty in my home as being the highest duty to man? Have I always felt that it is possible for me to do more good in the home than anywhere else? Have I felt its claims paramount? My conscience troubles me. I fear that I have made many mistakes about this matter and that I have confirmed my fellow-men in their mistakes. Have I not made unsatisfactory excuses for neglect of home duties? Have I not neglected my home for the school, the society, the order, or the church? Can a man be very useful as a teacher, as a temperance or missionary worker, as a mason, as a church member, who does not have daily family worship? If the homes be broken up or spoiled, what can the State do, or the church?

Increase in me, O Lord, the sense of the sacredness of the marriage tie. May I never do or say anything that shall weaken it. May I never lead such a life that my father and mother shall become sorry that I ever married, seeing that I am the fruit of that marriage. Every time they look upon me may the sight of me increase their love for each other. And now I pray for wisdom and grace so to order my life in my home as to avoid everything which annoys any member of the family, however young or humble. Not even in sport would I give an instant of pain. May I be an example of patience and courage, of hopefulness, of courtesy and dutifulness. May I never do what I should not be pleased to know that every other member of the family is doing. May I have no selfish enjoyments, but may I study how to increase the happiness of every member of the family by rendering all the little attentions that are so pleasing. And may I do all by the help of the Lord and for the glory of the Lord.

In a special manner may I care for the children in the family, not considering their trials and troubles insignificant, not neglecting them nor putting them off to the last, but from the moment a child is born into the world, seeking the proper time and way of bringing that child to Jesus. Lord, may I in some way of bringing that child to Jesus. Lord, may I not in some way bring Jesus to the child? O that I were Christ-like Jesus-like! O that when the children saw me they should at once have suggested to them the meek and lovely Son of God, the good Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep.

### The Second Largest.

The second largest source of revenue to the States Government from any one branch of business is derived from the production and manufacture of tobacco. Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Campany, of Durham, N. C., claims to be the largest manufacturer of Smoking Tobacco in the world. The reputation of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is too firmly estabished to need any commendation at our hands. In another column our readers notice their new announcement, which is of interest to all lovers of the weed. The company are perfectly responsible, and when they announce that they will give away $11,950 in cash, it is an assured fact that they mean just what they say. Smokers will find an opportunity of combining business with pleasure by reading their announcement.

Mr. E. G. Conyers has been re-elected Superintendent of Schools in Franklin. The following Commissioners were elected: J. S. Joyner, C. A. Nash, W. P. Bridgers, T. S. Collie and S. J. Crudup.

## BILL ARP'S TALK.

—:o:—

HE RUMINATES OVER LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

RAISING THE LITTLE ONES.

Married and gone. It is the same old story. Love and courtship. Then comes the engagement ring and a blessed interval of fond hopes and happy dreams and then the happy day is fixed—the auspicious day that is never to be forgotten—a day that brings happiness or misery and begins a new life. Then comes the license, the permit of the law which says you may marry, you may enter into bonds. The state approves it and the law allows it and it will cost you only a dollar and a quarter. Cheap, aint it, and yet it may be very dear. Then comes the minister, and the happy pair stand up before him and make some solemn vows and listen to a prayer and a benediction, and they are one. In a moment the trusting maid has lost her name and her free will and is tied fast to a man. Well, he is tied fast, too, so it is all right all round I reckon, but somehow I always feel more concern about the woman than the man. She is a helpless sort of a creature and takes the most risk, for she risks her all.

We gave him a cordial welcome into the family, and we kissed her lovingly and bade them good-bye, and the children threw a shower of rice over them and an old shoe after them, and they were soon on their way to the land of flowers. She was not our child but was almost, for Mrs. Arp was the only mother she ever knew and we loved her.

I sat in my piazza ruminating over the scene and I wondered that there were as many happy matings as there seemed to be. Partners for life ought to be congenial and harmonious in so many things. When men make a partnership in business they can't get along well if they are unlike in disposition or in moral principle, or in business ways and business habits. But they can dissolve and separate at pleasure and try another man.

A man and his wife ought to be alike in most everything. It is said that folks like their opposite, their counterparts, and so they do in some respects. A man with blue eyes goes mighty nigh distracted over a woman with hazel eyes. I did, and I'm distracted yet whenever I look into them. But in mental qualities and emotional qualities and tastes and habits and principles and convictions and the like they ought to class together. Indeed it is better for them to have the same politics and the same religion. And so I have observed that the happiest union as a general thing are those where the high contracting parties have known each other for a long time and have assimilated from their youth in thought and feeling. When a man goes off to some watering place and waltzes a few times with a charming girl and falls desperately in love and marries her off hand, it is a long shoot and a narrow chance for happiness. Why, we may live in the same town with people and not know as much about them as we ought to. I never made any mistake about my choice of a partner for the dance of a life, but I've thought of it a thousand times that if Mrs. Arp had known I loved codfish and got up by day break every morning she never would have had me. It was nip and tuck to get her anyhow and that would have been the feather to break the camel's back. Well, I'm mortal glad she dident know it, though I am free to say that if I had known she slept until the second ringing of the first bell for breakfast and was fond of raw oysters, it would have had a dampning effect on my ardor for a few minutes, only a few. But I have seen some mighty clever people eat oysters raw and sleep late in the morning. But still a man and his wife can harmonize and compromise a good many of these things, and it is a beautiful illustration of this to see Mrs. Arp cooking codfish for me and fixing it all up so nice with eggs and cream, and it is a touching evidence of my undying devotion to her to see wandering about the house lonely and forlorn every morning for an hour or two, and forbidding even the cat to walk heavy while she sleeps. That codfish business comes to me honestly from my father's side, and my mother puts up with it like a good, considerate wife, and we children grew up with an idea that it was good. I've heard of a young couple who got married and went off to Augusta on a tour, and the feller stuck his fork into a codfish ball and took a bite. He choked it down like a hero, and when his beloved asked him what was the matter, replied: "Don't say anything about it, Mandy, but as sure as you are borne there is something dead in the bread."

Well, we can make compromises about all such things as habits and tastes, but there are some things that wont compromise worth a cent. If a girl has been brought up to having a good deal of freedom and thinks it no harm to go waltzing around with every gay Lothario who loves to dance, and after she gets a feller of her own, wants to keep at it and have polluted arms around her waist, she had just as well sing farewell to conjugal love and domestic peace, for it is against the order of nature for a loving husband to stand it, and he oughn't. There is another thing that ought to be considered, and that is age. A few years makes no difference, but an old man had better be careful about marrying a young wife. He wont be happy but about two weeks, and then his misery will begin and it will never end. It may be better for a woman to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, but she had better be neither. When a young girl marries an old man for his money she has gone back on herself, for money don't bring happiness. Money helps, but money with a dead weight is a curse—an aggravation. I was talking one day to an old man, a Frenchman, who had made a hermit of himself and was living all alone in the woods, and he said: "Mine frien, I hav make one grand meestake. Mine first wife whom I marry ven I vas young vas an angel from heaven, God bless her, but mine last wife vas a devel from" and he pointed downwards. "I vas old and she vas young. I had money and she had none. I marry her in haste and repent at my leisure. I try to live wid her tree years but we were not compatible. It was against the order of nature and I find myself a fool and a prisoner, and so I geeve her half my monies and run away from her and hide in dis vilderness and here vill I live and here vill I die, and ven I go oop to St. Peter and tell heem how dat voman devil me on earth de good man vill open de garden gate and say come in my brother for you have had trouble enough."

Country marriages are generally happier than those made in cities among the families of the rich. Children raised to work and to wait on themselves make better husbands and better wives than those raised in luxury. It is mighty hard for a man to please his wife and keep her in good humor if she has been petted by her parents and never knew a want and had no useful work to do. She soon takes the ennui or the conniptions or the "don't know what I want," and must go back to ma. A young lady who never did anything after she quit school but dress for company and make visits and go to the theater or the dance will never make a good wife. This wife business is a very serious business. It is right hard work to play wife. The mother of six, eight or ten children has seen sights. She knows what care is and work is, and one of these do nothing women can't stand it. If she is a used up institution with one child, two will finish her and if it wasn't for condensed milk the children would perish to death in a month after they were born, and sorter like the cows in Florida. I heard a Florida man say the other day that a Florida cow dident give enough milk to color the coffee for breakfast and they had to raise the calves on the bottle. Getting married ought to be a considerate business. Folks oughten to get married in a hurry, neither ought they wait four or five years; six months is long enough for an engagement. I don't mean children. I mean grown folks who have settled down in life and know what they are about. There is no goodlier a sight in all nature than to see a good looking healthy young man who is making an honest living standing up at the alter with a pure sweet good tempered, affectionate industrious girl and the parents on both sides approving the match. Then the big pot ought to be put in the little pot and everybody rejoice.

BILL ARP.

### An Age of Progress.

And now comes a man from Pittsburg, Penn., a German by the name of Peterman, who has discovered a way of solidifying whiskey, so that we may buy it by the plug, like tobacco. A plug of whiskey is rather light in color and can be carried in the vest pocket. You can even dissolve it in water or chewing gum or tobacco. The inventor claims that it will be impossible for him to make any other than the pure article, for various reasons, which he explains. This will be convenient for those who drink, to say the least of it. Just imagine the convenience it would be to those young men who run out of the theatre every time the curtain falls to get a clove. They can should this prove a success, go down in their vest pocket and draw forth a 'chew' at any time during the performance, while picking up a handkerchief which has fallen on the floor. It would also be a matter of great convenience to fishing parties who are now compelled to carry great bottles of 'bait' in their pockets. Whoever says we are not a progressive people, and live in an age of enlightenment, do not know us; that's all.

What we now need is for some one to invent or discover a means by which we can get the extracts of various vegetables, meats, breads eggs, &c, compressed into small pills, so that we can take several good square meals along in a pill box, and do away with all this trouble of cooking and of going home through the cold or heat for dinner. Then we could dine on the street corner while talking business, and not be compelled to lose so much time. We could then invite our friend up to the post office or town pump to dine with us at any time, for all we would have to do would be to swallow a pill and then walk off arm in arm, chewing our drink of French brandy.—"Evening Visitor.

### A Demoralizing Fraud.

The Sumter (S. C.) Watchman says: With all the respect to Generals Beauregard and Early, we cannot see how any honest man can consent for his name to be placed under that scandalous, demoralizing fraud, the Louisiana State Lottery. Gen. Gran's record as partner of the rascally firm of Grant & Ward is just as good as that of Messrs. Beauregard and Early."

The convention to nominate a candidate for Congress in the third district will be held at Burgaw, July 2nd.

## PUCK ON BLAINE.

—:o:—

WHAT THE GREAT HUMOROUS PAPER THINKS OF HIM.

THE CURSE IS COME UPON US.

The curse is come upon us, and the great party that has so long guided the nation may now indeed set its house in order and prepare for the end; and the end is close at hand.

* * *

For a quarter of a century, for the twenty-five most pregnant years of this turbulent century, it has held the reins of government over the greatest Republic of the world. It came to power in the darkest days of the nation's life. Fresh, young, strong and pure; filled with the noblest enthusiasm, led by the greatest and most self-devoted soul of our time, the Republican party took up its great task, and, in despite of every obstacle, laboring faithfully and earnestly, with single-mindedness of purpose, it did its work, achieved its highest ambition, and was honored of the people.

* * *

For the people were grateful.—When the mighty work was rounded by the sacrifice of the great leader's life; when the victory was hallowed by a high and unselfish grief; when the bond of peace was strengthened by the sympathetic grasp of Northern and Southern hands across Lincoln's bier—in that hour could there be too much to give to the men to whom we owed all that we held dear? Into their hands we gave the government, gladly and trustingly. To-day we ask their successors for an account of their stewardship, and in November we shall take back our gift, finding them unworthy.

* * *

For the party that we trusted for its loyalty in adversity has turned ingrate and unfaithful in the season of prosperity. Not content with the confidence of the people, with honor and with power, it has waxed gross with selfishness and fat with corruption. It has smirched beyond all cleansing its bright record; it has sold its honor for a bribe; it has maladministered the power intrusted to it. It has been deaf to every remonstrance, to every entreaty that it would turn from its evil ways. From being the one great exponent of unselfish principle, it has sunk into a shameful and sordid materialism. It has taught itself to laugh at what is right and true; it has set up for itself only the basest standard of self-interest. It has had no higher morality than the thief's fear of the halter; for it has feared nothing; nothing has kept it from doing its own will but the dread of the people's anger. And this, at last, in its sensual prosperity, it has become fatuous enough to defy.

* * *

For years we have seen this evil growing, and for years we have tolerated it. We have borne with the party for the sake of the past, and because we have clung to some hope that there was yet good in it—that some day it would awake from its folly and be again what we knew it once. We saw that there were still men of the old spirit in the party, and we saw that they were awake to the danger of their fellows. "We will plead with them," these wiser men said: "we will arouse them; we will bring them back to wisdom. Do not condemn us yet. We, who are within the party, will cleanse and reform it." And they meant well; and they did what was in them to do; but it was not to be. The disease, the itch of gold, was among those others; it had caught their flesh, it had eaten into and tainted their souls. There was no curing them; the ailments grew worse and worse. Now is the crisis.

* * *

What is this that the leaders of the Republican party have done?—Assembled in convention at Chicago, to choose their candidate for the Presidency of the United States, they have, amid the howling of hirelings and the clamor of hot-headed fools, made choice of the one man whose very name stands for all that is wholly bad in their organization. They have chosen a man whose nomination is an insult to the country, whose election would be an ineradicable disgrace. In these first days, before the flush of their over-heated foolishness has cooled away they do not realize what they have done in one mad moment. Later they will see it, and be afraid, and, it may be, some will have the grace to be ashamed. Then, having got out of the fever and glare of the convention hall, they will look at the man of their choice in the chill light of truth.—And what will they see?

* * *

A man who has dishonor for an ally, on whom corruption fawns for favor. A man whose name for years has been bandied about in bold and confident accusations of dishonesty. A man whose trickiness, whose unworthy cleverness, whose shifty craft have been the theme of common jest. A man who will now have to meet clear and specific charges of dishonesty. Will he meet them? Nay, he will shrink away from them, he will evade them, he will slip out of them and around them and under them, and affect not to see them; and if he be made to see them, make out somehow to put them aside with bluster and bullying—do anything, try anything—anything but meet them fairly and bravely. A man against whom every honest voter in the party will rise up; a man whose friends are the notorious foes of decent government.

* * *

Such is the candidate that the leaders of the Republican party will find they have chosen when their muddled brains are clear enough again to find out anything. Let us say for them still, as a body, that this was not their unanimous choice. There were some few among them who fought, earnestly and bravely, against the crime which the majority have committed. To them, all honor, all respect, all cheering friendliness in their honorable and proud defeat. Never more noble than now was that reverend white head on which lies the light of purity at which the trading, bartering, bribing rabble jeer, in their sordid small wisdom. Honor be to that high and clear-minded, courageous gentleman! Honor to the young men who fought under his banner; taking most of the generalship into their stronger hands!—They have done their duty well; their failure has not stripped them of the people's trust; and some day they may lead to other victories these whose hearts have but now followed them to defeat. For is not this brave struggle of theirs the sign of the coming of the Independent New Party?

* * *

And now, what remains for us to do, who feel the indignity that has been put upon us? There is only one course to take, and the conscience of the plainest man may tell him what that is. To swear in our own souls that, whatever may be the noise and the ridicule of those who can take their disgrace lightly, we will fight by vote, by argument, by speech and by writing, by all fair and honest means, against the consummation of the wrong that is proposed by those who would put James Blaine into the chair of Abraham Lincoln. And if the great party must die, let it die under the daggers of its own sons, who kill it to save it from the worst dishonor.

### Lotteries—A Sad Story.

In Cincinnati not long since there died an old pauper known as Yellow Jim, from the color of his skin which assumed a peculiarly saffron tinge when his hair and beard became white. He begged at the corner of one of the principal streets, and died in a cellar.

Few knew his history. Forty years ago he was one of the most brilliant men in one of the Southern States, a lawyer with an increasing practice and a flattering future before him.

One day he bought half a ticket in the grand lottery, won the grand prize and was ruined. From that day he lost all zest in his profession and lived only to gamble in the lotteries.

The money he had won speedily melted away. He inherited a large estate from his father, but neglected it, and in course of time it too disappeared, swallowed up by reckless habits, and in one "Mammoth Lottery Scheme" or another the end was want, rags, misery and death in a squalid cellar.

The inhabitants of the Eastern States have little idea of the extent to which this kind of gambling although forbidden by law in the North is carried on in some of our large cities. In the South and Southwest it is openly indulged in, for very little disgrace, if any, attaches there to the buying of lottery tickets. In some States, indeed, lotteries are legally sanctioned, prominent men lend them the influence of their names.

In every city the opportunities are open to the young men, from the "Grand Consolidated Corporations," where the prizes held out are enormous, to the little under ground haunts, where the negro in vests his pennies.

No matter what garb these temptations wear their history is the same. They begin in idleness, they generally end in disappointment and wretchedness.

### Josh Billings On Infidelity.

Impudence, ingratitude, ignorance and cowardice makes the kreed ov infidelity.

Did you ever hear ov a man's renouncing Christianity on his death bed and turning infidel?

Gamblers and free-thinkers haven't faith enough in their profession to teach it to their children.

No atheist, with all its boasted bravery, haz ever dared to advertise his unbelief on his tumestun.

It is a statistikal fakt that the wicked work harder to reach hell than the righteous do to reach heaven.

I notiss one thing: when a man gits into a tite spot he don't never send for his friend, the Devil, to help him out.

I'd rather be an idiot than an infidel; if I am an infidel I have made myself one; if an idiot I was made one.

I never saw a free-thinker yet who didn't believe a hundred times more nonsense than he can find in the Bible eny where.

It is alwus safe to follow the religious belief that our mother taught us; there never wuz a mother yet who taught her child to be an infidel.

### Dr. York vs. Satan.

In a sermon Dr. W. H. Milburn said: The Devil had cold, steel grey eyes. The Statesville "American" says: "Dr. York has a cold steel grey eye." One would be left to suppose these two celebrated persons are closely related, as the "American" says, "he (York) is h—l on facts." We do not desire to have a Governor who has a "cold, steel grey eye," or one who "is h—l on facts."
—New Berne "Journal."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe, reliable, and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints, and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

## A LOVE STORY.

—:o:—

THE COURTSHIP OF MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

A correspondent of the New York "Journal" has interviewed Mrs. Frank Leslie, but did not succeed in ascertaining when the marriage was to take place. What he did find out reads as follows: "It was nearly three years ago that Mrs. Leslie and the Marquis first met, and the manner of their meeting and the subsequent betrothal is as interesting as it is romantic. The Marquis de Leuville had come to this country to enlarge the scope of his literary and scientific studies. One day while in this city he started out to call upon a friend. As he was about to ascend the stoop at his friend's house a carriage dashed up to the same house.

"The door flew open and the prettiest little foot I had ever seen in my life was placed daintily on the carriage step, and the next instant the most charming little being eyes ever rested on sprang out all done up in crape," said the Marquis in describing the meeting to a friend. "We both stood on the steps a moment before the door was opened," he continued, "and I caught a glimpse of two beautiful eyes almost hidden by a big crape veil. We went into the parlor. I was so infatuated at first sight that I walked up and down the room with the utmost impatience until our mutual friend came down and introduced us. I really don't know whether it was that dainty little foot or the large, dreamy eyes that first captivated me."

After their introduction the Marquis paid the most devoted attention to Mrs. Leslie, but she was so deeply immersed in the cares of business at that time, and so earnestly engaged in extricating the enormous business that had been left to her charge from an almost hopeless tangle, that she had little time to think of matrimony.

One evening a theatre party was enjoying a play at an uptown theatre, and among them was Mrs. Leslie and the Marquis de Leuville. Mrs. Leslie, being in the deepest mourning, preferred to sit in the back part of the box, and the Marquis, as usual, occupied a seat close at her side. When they got up to go Mrs. Leslie drew off her glove, and in doing so drew her wedding ring off with it, and it fell to the floor. A hunt was immediately made for it, but the Marquis, gallantly slipping up to the anxious little lady while the others were busily hunting, and drawing his family-crested ring from his finger, gently put it in place of the missing circle, and, leaning over, softly whispered to her to wear that as a wedding ring in place of the one she had lost.

Mrs. Leslie, however, would not at that time entertain the idea of matrimony, until she had vindicated her late husband's honor by placing his enormous business upon a firm financial footing. Over a year ago she achieved the victory, and her success has placed her to-day among the wealthiest as well as the best known business women in the world.

About a year ago Mrs. Leslie was lying almost at the point of death, and the chivalrous Marquis, on hearing of it, hastened to her bedside, and by every little attention conceivable endeavored to soothe her bed of sickness. Still, the little lady's heart was not altogether won, and it was only when the Marquis de Leuville came to this country for a third time two weeks ago and pressed anew his suit that she finally consented to become his wife.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is one of the most remarkable women living. She possesses far more business sagacity and acuteness than most men, and at the same time she combines with it the delicate refinement which the highest culture alone can give. Her literary attainments alone would have won for her an enviable reputation had she not become renowned for her business ability. In personal appearance she is a most charming little lady. Beautiful blue-gray eyes peep out from between long dark lashes, and sparkle as quickly in an appreciation of pleasantry as they soften at the touch of a tender sentiment. Her long, slender, aristocratic-looking hand is of the kind artists rave over, while the pretty, little, gracefully arched foot that peers from beneath her dress may well excite the envy of school-girls in their teens.

When Mr. Frank Leslie was about to die he called Mrs. Leslie to his bedside and said to her: "Go to my office and sit at my desk until my debts are all paid." The weeping wife gave her solemn promise to the dying man to fulfil his wish. That was five years ago. Immediately after the funeral she took her seat at her late husband's place, and to-day the mammoth publishing house that still bears his name is free from debt.

Both Mrs. Leslie and the Marquis de Leuville are extraordinary linguists and speak several languages besides their native tongue with remarkable ease and grace. Marquis de Leuville says that Mrs. Leslie is the first lady who ever captured his heart on this side of the Atlantic. He never before proposed to an American girl.

The Marquis de Leuville is a handsome, manly looking fellow, fully six feet in height. He is an adept in all the manly sports, as well as a tamed writer, painter, and a descendant of one of the oldest families in Europe. With his pistol at twenty paces he can shoot his initials in a board as easily as his soft brush can paint the most charming of water colors, or his facil pen write the most fascinating of verses. A book of his poems entitled "Entre Nous" ran through eight editions in England, and received the highest encomiums from the press of this country.

When they are married the Marquis and Marquise de Leuville will reside in New York, and the fair wife of the gallant chevalier will continue to carry on the business of Frank Leslie, publisher, but will devote about one half as much time to her desk as she does at present. From her husband's death up to the present time she has spent a portion of every day at her office, but after her marriage she will only go there every other day.

The weekly publications owned by Mrs. Leslie, each of which has an enormous circulation, are: "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," "Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner," "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Zeitung." The monthly publications are: "Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine," Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly," "Pleasant Hours," "Frank Leslie's Budget." The annual publications are: "Frank Leslie's Chatterbox," "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac," "Frank Leslie's Comic Almanac."

### The Reward Of Kindness.

A recent Louisville (Ky.) letter tells this romantic story: Miss Fannie G. Porter, daughter of Mrs. Porter, postmistress at Russelville, Ky., has just been married at Ocala, Fla., to Mr. Clem Dickey, of Colorada. There is quite a romance in Miss Poter's life. Over a year ago, late in the evening, she was walking with some young lady friends, when an old gray-haired ragged tramp approached the party. Her companions screamed and ran away, but she walked leisurely along and returned his salutation. The next day, and for several days afterward, the tramp took up a position in front of the postoffice and spent hours in watching Miss Porter. Finally he came to the window where she was writing and spoke to her. She responded pleasantly, and, taking courage from from her courtesy, the old man asked her name. "Please write it out for me," he added. She did so, and he placed the sheet of paper away in his pocket.

"You are a good girl, and a mighty pretty one, too," the old man continued, "and I like you. Don't you know that you are the only person that has treated me with any kindness for years? They say I am old and crazy, but don't you believe 'em. I have got lots of money, and I am going to leave it all to you." Miss Porter's mother coming in at this point, he repeated his remarks to her, and, shaking hands with the ladies, left.

Time passed on; the old fellow had disappeared, and no one thought about him. A few months ago the sheriff of Logan county, Miss Porter's home, received a letter from a certain town in Kentucky. The letter said that a tramp was found dying in the woods near there; that he had been taken in and cared for; that a letter was found in his pocket which explained that money sufficient to pay his doctor's bill and burrial expences would be found hidden away in his clothes. The sheet of paper containing Miss Porter's name was also found, and with it instructions to send all the papers to her; also that he had so many thousand dallars in the bank in Tennessee, naming the town and bank, and that it was his wish that Miss Porter should accept it. Miss Porter a short while ago received a letter offering her $3,000 for her interest in the old man's estate if she would forfeit all claim to it. The offer was not accepted, and so the affair rests for the present.

### The Round Dance.

The Norfolk "Virginian" contains the following sensible remarks on the round dance.

"We believe the great sin of this age is irreverence, and that society is not as strict in its proprieties as a reverential age would demand. Men do not pay to women, as a class, enough of that chivalrous respect and deference which is the very ground work of our society. We believe the reason is to be found in the old home proverb, which teaches us that "familiarity breeds contempt." Don't construe this in a harsh sense, but we all know that there is too much familiarity between the men and the women of society. The old-timed barriers seem to have been broken down, and some how the men of the day do not feel that degree of awe and reverence in a woman's society which once characterized the Southern, at least.

"A reform in this matter is needed, and we do not believe the round dance is contributing much in that direction. We believe the round dance is responsible for much of the irreverence of which we speak. If a woman is raised in a pure atmosphere, within the strictures of pious home influences; if she is reared to believe her person is too sacred to be touched, she will have a maidenly shrinking from a man's embrace, but if as a girl of fifteen she is allowed to go to the ball and waltz indiscriminately with men, she is apt to become more or less careless as she grows up, and when her modest retirement is gone, she has lost that which marks her distinctively as woman. This is the one thing which men love in women, and her power to wield a healthful influence over men is gone. We write in a spirit of pleading. Most men are no better than women make them, and we would soon lose our refinement if the ladies did not spur us up all the time."

Mr. W. S. Hemby, editor of the Waynesville "News," will issue a daily during the session of the Teachers Chatauqua. The subscription price for the two weeks will be 30 cents.

## POLITICAL POINTS.

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WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

*THE POLITICAL CALDRON.*

The Tilden letter is the general topic of conversation at the Capitol. It was not received with surprise on the House side, and most of them express satisfaction that it has come at last. They generally say "it is an able letter; we expected it. It is a pity the old man's physical condition is not as good as his mental." As to the situation now, Mr. Cox, of New York, meets it characteristically. He says it reminds him of the school girl's definiton of chaos—"A big pile of nothin, and no place to put it." There are a few democratic congressmen who cling to the idea that Tilden can yet be prevailed upon to accept the nomination, but the great mass consider his letter to be final and irrevocal. "Now whom shall we nominate?" was the question that almost every democrat puts to a political associate. The names of Bayard, Cleveland, Flower, McDonald, Hoadly, Thurman, Field, Slocum, and Rosecrans are mentioned, but the decided drift of sentiment is towards two men—Bayard and Cleveland. If the opinion of democratic Congressmen is any criterion the party is very likely to take one of these two men. The only point raised against Bayard is fear of his war record. The opinion prevails that if the nomination goes to a New York man, Cleveland will get it, but should New York give its support to Flower, then the nomination will go out of the state and settle upon a western man. Various reasons were brought up why McDonald should not be the man, and there is more talk in favor of Morrison than any other, in the event of Cleveland's failure to get his state. The remarkable thing about this is that those who praise Morrison most were known supporters of Randall during the tariff contest.

But it is very probable that before the July convention meets some other states beside New York will pluck up a spirit and press the claims of favorite sons. Ohio is already in the front ranks, and suggests that if an old-fashioned war horse is desired there is Judge Thurman, "old Snuff" as he is affectionately called by his admirers, if the party is after reform, Judge Hoadly might do; if a "war" is the thing, Senator-elect Payne is eligible. Indiana reminds the country that she too is a doubtful state, and asks a vote for McDonald. Massachusetts is always ready with her Jumbo Ben. The Pacific coast spreads a little "boomlet" for Judge Field, and calls attention to Gen. Rosecrans also as a likely man. Pennsylvania and Illinois confront each other with Randall and Morrison, frowning in rivalry like Centa and Gibralter at the mouth of the Mediterranean; while last but not least, little Delaware wishes the country to remember that the largest trout are often caught in the smallest brook.

There is an interesting rumor here to the effect that, when Minister Foster sailed last Saturday for his post at Madrid, among other important instructions which he received before leaving Washington was one relating to the acquisition of the Island of Cuba by the United States in case Spain shows any desire to dispose of the "jewel of the Antilles." It is said that if the Island of Cuba can be acquired peacably President Arthur would be pleased, for he would like to have his administration marked by the purchase of really valuable territory; and besides he would then be the first Republican President under whose authority the first really valuable territory was gained to the United States by purchase. Alaska does not count for much, and it seems that the only reason for the purchase of that corner of the frozen zone was that it was important at that time Russia should remain friendly to the United States, and the $1,500,000 sterling paid for this bit of ice and snow went a long way with Russia toward maintaining the *entente cordiale* between the two nations. The precedent was set by the Alaska matter, and now when Cuba gets ready to join the Union of States there will probably be no difficulty either upon the question of precedence or of obtaining the money for its purchase.

The House experienced two startling novelties this week in the week in the debate upon the river and harbor appropriation bill. Mr. Hewitt furnished one sensation by urging an amendment reducing a New York appropriation from $500,000 to $50,000, but Mr. Ochiltree "saw" the New York member and "raised" his sensation by moving that the entire appropriation of $250,000 for the improvement of Galveston harbor be stricken out on the ground that the work was useless. The House was probably so overcome by these unheard of motions that it almost unanimously agreed to adjourn June 30th. But the inclination to adjourn will meet with opposition in the Senate and the chances are that the session will be prolonged until August. LENOX.

Washington, June 16, 1884.

COMPANY SHOPS.—Mr. M. M. Shofner, Postmaster and Justice of the Peace, Company Shops, Alamance Co., N.C. writes, he has used St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, cuts, swelled ankles and knees, pains in the back and sore throat. One or two applications in each case has always cured, and he believes the Great German Remedy is the best in the world. "As long as I can get it," he adds, "I never intend to be without it."