

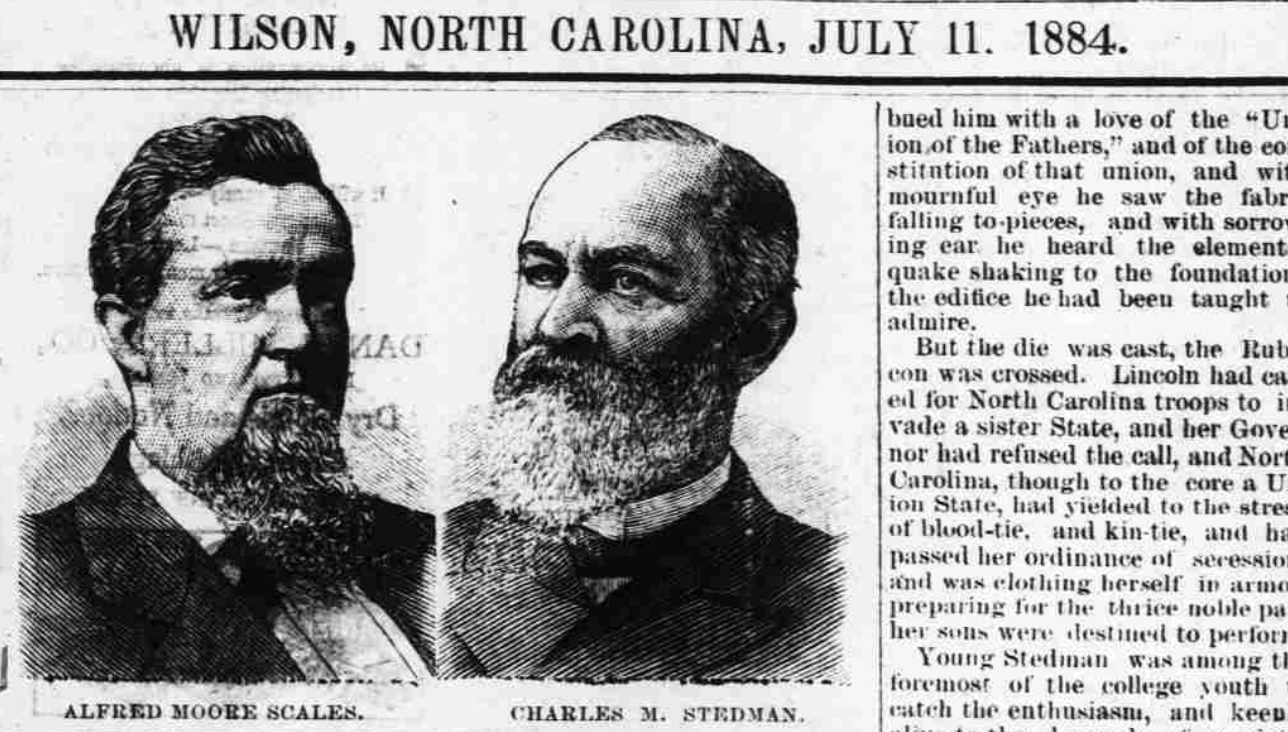
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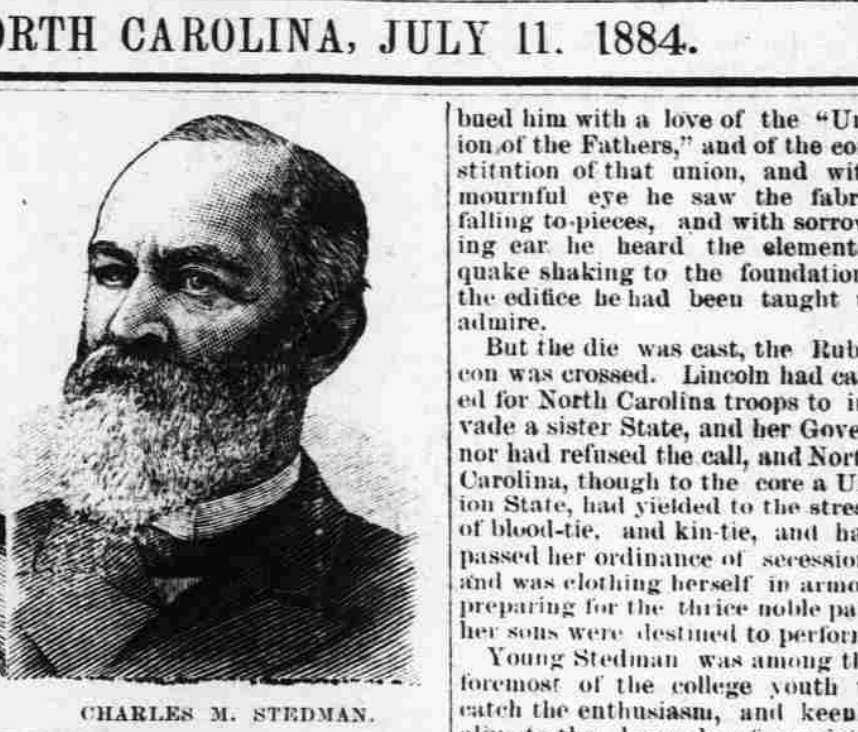
NEWS OF A WEEK. GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

A couple whom a quarrel separated fifteen years ago, but who were never divorced, were reunited at Aftonian, Tex., recently, and went off on a second honeymoon. The husband and wife were aged 70 and 60 years respectively. A dash, a crash, 'twas awful crash, but the roller skates upset her. A ship, a tip she cut her lip, but the next time she'll do better. A male she tried; the skates were snide; they proved to be a fetter. No more she'll snort the link all o'er because her ma won't let her.

THE CANDIDATES. ALFRED MOORE SCALES—OUR NEXT GOVERNOR. LIEUT. GOVERNOR STEEDMAN.



ALFRED MOORE SCALES.



CHARLES M. STEEDMAN.

Alfred Moore Scales was born at the old homestead of his father, Dr. Robert Scales, six miles southeast of Reidsville, in Rockingham county, on November 26, 1827, and is a little over fifty-six years of age. He is descended from a very numerous and distinguished throughout the Piedmont section, and remarkable for virtue, honesty, and devotion to religion. After a preparatory training at the neighborhood schools he received a liberal education at Greensboro, he entered the University of North Carolina, completing the course in that institution up to the senior class half advanced. On leaving the University he taught a free school in his native county. At the close of the first session his salary was largely increased, but he declined it to accept a subscription school in the same vicinity at a still greater compensation. This school he taught until after he left college in 1846. He was elected County Solicitor and also in 1852 he was elected to the lower house of the General Assembly from Rockingham, and again returned in 1856. He was the Democratic candidate for Congress in 1854 against Puryear, and was defeated by a majority of only 366, although the District had been laid off as a Whig district with one thousand to twelve hundred majority.

He dismissed them. In his report of the same battle, General Pender says, "Col. Scales, of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment was wounded, and that I was deprived of as gallant a man as is to be found in the service." On account of his wound Col. Scales was sent home the day after the battle, and while there recovering from its effects, he was made Brigadier-General. General Garland, of Virginia, who was in command of the brigade, which embraced the Thirtieth North Carolina, in his report of the battle of Gettysburg, says: "Colonel Scales, of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, was conspicuous for his fine bearing. Seizing the colors of his regiment at a critical moment, he advanced to the front, and his most inveterate political enemies cannot detract from his personal or political integrity. His conservatism in politics and integrity of character are the prominent characteristics of the man. He commenced his political career with such men as David S. Reid, George D. Boyd, and Daniel W. Courts as his exemplars and his models, and he has illustrated the creed, that the Democratic party is a party of the people, and devoted to the protection of their rights and liberties." After the war he resumed the practice of his profession as a partner of his brother, the late Colonel James I. Scales, a most successful, amiable, generous, and gifted man as ever adorned the Bar of any State. While General Scales was under the common "ban" of all our leaders, he has obtained a conservative record, illustrated by counsel and example, did much to inspire confidence and hope among the people of his District. His disabilities having been removed, he was nominated for Congress in 1876, and was elected by a majority of 1,620. In the campaign of 1872, Judge Settle had lost the district by a very small majority in favor of General Leach. Col. Wm. C. Scales was renominated and defeated James E. Boyd by a majority of 2,245. His majority over A. W. Tourgee in 1878 was 2,646, and over Thos. B. Keogh in 1880 was 1,934. In the last campaign his majority over Col. Wm. C. Scales was 2,601, Capt. Ball having received 180 votes. It is well understood in State politics that the Fifth district is the pivotal district. The maxim was uttered by a speaker at the caucus presiding at the meeting of Judge Bennett, that "the going the Fifth district so goes the State." General Scales is a powerful political factor in this district. In the "final" vote of 177 Governor Vance carried the district by 1,186 votes, and the same year the majority of Scales was 2,245, or about one-sixth of Vance's entire majority in the State. Governor Jarvis beat Judge Buxton in this district in 1880 by a majority of 3,614, in the same campaign Scales received a majority of 2,646, although he had Keogh, Cooper, and the whole revenue service to fight, in his special, desperate effort to defeat him.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR. CHARLES M. STEEDMAN. Charles M. Steedman, now a practicing lawyer in the city of Wilmington, was born in the county of Chatham in 1841. His father, Nathan A. Steedman, Sr., is yet living, a resident of Fayetteville, and is yet an active man of business and honor, who has spent his four-score years. In his former country, Mr. Steedman, Sr., was for many years a public functionary, and was widely known throughout the State. In the animated and spirited contest for Governor in 1868, when politics were national and the issue was the supremacy of the Whig or Democratic party, Nathan A. Steedman was a fervent strength to the Whig party. His influence was such that he was elected to the legislature for the year 1868. A devoted admirer of Henry Clay and an ardent advocate of the American system, and on terms of the most intimate and confidential friendship with such great leaders as Badger, Morehead, Hugh Waddell, Charles Manly and Edward J. Hare, he was looked to by the Whigs of his county to balance the scale. His public sentiment was closely identified with the Union, and ways waged fiercely and where the result was always doubtful. And more than once the watchword "Remember 1860," was heard as he urged the Whig cause, and the smoke was clearing in the hands that sit in darkness, and the political complexion of the legislature hinged on the single popularity of Nathan A. Steedman. It was from this affectionate tie of friendship and fraternity between the father and the son, that the subject of this sketch derived his name—Charles Manly Steedman. This it was that Charles Steedman, when young in life, was brought in contact with the most distinguished men of the State, was enabled to see the mastery of great minds and to catch inspiration to be like them. At an early age his father sent him to be taught in English and the classics at a preparatory school kept by the Rev. Daniel McGilvray, a man who has since devoted his life to spread the gospel in the West, and whose noble and high career as a missionary has adorned the pages of Christian enterprise. About the year 1852, Mr. Steedman, Sr., removed with his family to Fayetteville, and young Steedman passed his boyhood in that ancient and celebrated town among the classic scenes of Cross Creek. It was here, thus advantageously placed, that young Steedman passed his early years, and received for college at the Donaldson Academy, under the tuition of the Revs. George McNeil and Daniel Johnson. In 1857, at sixteen years of age, he entered at the University and proceeding through the regular term of four years he graduated in the memorable year 1861, being admitted to deliver his senior speech and receive his diploma, though he did not attend commencement exercises. As we have said, he had been brought up of a Whig from his cradle, all his influences and example in life were in favor of association, had im-

BILL ARP'S TALK. HOW THE WEATHER INTERFERED WITH FARM WORK. THRESHING WHEAT.

Our harvesting is over and the traveling thrash has been along for four days has been unspasmodically rattling its wheels on our premises. One good day would have done the work but when they got fairly begun the white capped clouds would rise and then the rolling rumbling thunder would break the air and soon the big drops of rain gave warning to quit and so we had to wait until everything dried off and it was this way every day. But it is all over now and I am glad to say that we have managed to get a full crop of wheat. I thought I had an easy berth to keep the tally sheet, and so I planned off a white pine board and ruled some lines and got all ready for figures, but I soon found out it was easiest to count by sacks, and as hands were scarce they very kindly put me at holding the sacks open to put the wheat in from the half bushel measure, and when the sack had a bushel and a half measure I counted them up and got an empty one quick for the next measure, and the first thing I knew they were rolling out two bushels a minute, and the second thing I knew I was all a sweat of perspiration, for I tell you a hundred pounds of wheat may be light enough at first but it keeps getting heavier and heavier and the ends of my fingers kept on getting numb and my eyes got so sore I could not see to count, so I got everybody else had a hard time too, except the boss. It was nator Freeman's thrash and he knows how to run one and he knows how to take care of himself in to boot. His good wife thinks he is working awful hard and exhausting himself every day, and looks awful out of it and exclaims, "poor man!" How creditous these good women are and how easy it is to fool 'em. I've watched nator Freeman for four days as he perambulated around and all I've ever seen him do was to oil the machinery occasionally and to hold the darkies and en - some young leather to sow up a broken bond. When he gets hungry he mounts his horse and goes to breakfast or to dinner, but the rest of us had to take care of ourselves as best we could. Playing boss is a popular avocation in this sabbinary world. I like to play boss. All the white folks like it, and that's the reason they like to see a man that can handle his own affairs. Some times I go into a field under great pressure of business, to regulate things and keep things going, and Mr. ARP thinks I am working mighty hard and is sorry for me, but she don't know that I am lying down on a pile of straw in a mulberry tree, eating pickles and berries and so when I get most home you ought to see how tired I can look, and how weakly I can walk, and how languishingly I can sit on the sofa in the hall. "Care, go right on sleeping and bring your papa some fresh water, Jessie, get a fan and cool your papa off."