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, JULY 18. 1884. --NUMBER 24

WILSON ADVANCE.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE
One Year..... 2 00
Six Months..... 1 00

Money can be sent by Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk.

OFFICE—Tarboro Street, in the Old Post Office Building.

WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Inch.	One Insertion	$1 00
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" "	Six Months	8 00
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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

—Greensboro has the largest dairy, fifty cows, in North Carolina.

—Rev. W. A. Rogers has been elected President of Yadkin College.

—Gen. Scales thinks the Blair Educational Bill will pass the House. He favors it. Good.

—The venerable and well known Cyrus P. Meadenhall, ex-Mayor of Greensboro, is dead.

—Mr. J. T. Barron, originally from Edgecombe, is a successful lawyer in Columbia, S. C.

—Gen. Scales weighs over two hundred pounds. When he "sits down" on Yorke poor Tyre will be squelched.

—It is said that John A. Logan and Senator Matt Ransom are kinsmen. This fact will do Ransom no good.

—Mr. P. L. Shamburger, of Randolph county, has a kid a week old that has three legs, and no more, says the "Courier."

—Michelet writes that "woman is the salt of man's life." There is a proverb that every time you upset the salt there is a fight.

—Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, who is to deliver the opening address at the State Exposition, is a native of Richmond county, N. C.

—Georgia gives us watermelons; New York gives us paregoric. Everything has its compensation, and our juvenile stomachs are entirely cosmopolitan.

—The Tarboro "Southerner" tells of a farmer in Edgecombe county who last month milked from his cows 900 quarts of milk.—a land of milk, if not of honey.

—A Charlotte negro attempted to murder his wife by pouring melted lead into her ear; but she was only pretending to be asleep, and spilled the lead for him.

—Efforts are making to construct a branch of the W. & W. Railroad from Warsaw to Clinton. A survey has been ordered and we hope that the road will be built.

—The Pittsboro "Home" is responsible for the statement that Mr. Leu. H. Ray of that county has a heifer that gives between a quart and a half gallon of milk a day.

—The Democrats had a grand ratification meeting in Raleigh last (Thursday) night. Speeches were made by Scales, Jarvis, Coke, Fowle, Kitchen, Cox, Staples and others.

—At a recent encampment of Indians in California fifty bushels of grasshoppers were eaten. This settles the question of the utility of the grasshopper and the utility of the Indian.

—The Democratic convention of the first Congressional district will be held at Plymouth on Thursday, 14th August, to nominate candidates for Congress and electors for that district.

—North Carolina is a great State for names. There is a post office named Dude, and one county boasts of Noise and Quiet. As to streams, there are Matrimony creek and Batchelor's Delight creek.

—Gen. Grant's creditors have granted him the use of the Long Branch cottage, his friends keep him supplied with cigars, and the old fellow will thus get through the summer very comfortably.

—Perry Belmont nails the first lie of the campaign to the counter. He was reported as saying that "Cleveland's nomination was Blaine's election." He believes otherwise. It means Blaine's defeat.

—Since the Scotland Neck "Commonwealth" passed from Mr. Hilliard's management it has suspended. The people of the town and community want a paper. The town will guarantee $700 advertising to a live man.

—Only 11,223 votes were cast for female suffrage in Oregon to 23,176 against. It would do more to injure the character and influence of women to invest them with the right of electors than anything that could happen.

—The most stylish Blaine club so far organized hails from Steubenville, Ohio. The members wear white plug hats, linen dusters, and carry canes and lanterns. They are probably looking like Diogenes, for an honest man.

—Harper's Weekly, of July 5th, has an excellent article and illustrations of the coming State Exposition. From all indications the Exposition will exceed by great odds all that the originators of the enterprise expected.

—The Richmond Grain and Cotton Exchange have issued a warning to farmers against threshing their wheat before it dries after the rainy weather we have had. Let your wheat dry thoroughly in the shock before threshing, or you run the risk of spoiling the entire crop.

—Everybody in Hyde county is named Gibbs that ain't named Spencer. A traveler came into the country for the first time and was introduced around and went through the country on his business and when he got home from traveling all through Hyde county, and had formed the acquaintance of all the people said that every man he met was Gibbs or Spencer, except two, who were introduced by their full names as Mr. Spencer Gibbs and Mr. Gibbs Spencer.

—The Greenville 'Standard' says, we have in our office a cotton stalk nearly three feet high that grew on the farm of Mr. R. A. Bynum, in Farmville township. It has upon it a multitude of squares and blossoms and is a very fine specimen.

—It is the custom among a certain caste of Hindoos to cut off at the first joint the third and fourth fingers of a woman about to marry. This very much lessens the hair pulling power of a Hindoo woman and renders her grasp upon the handle of a broomstick exceedingly uncertain.

—The Methodists will hold a big Centenary Conference in Baltimore, Dec. 9th-17th, 1884. North Carolina will be represented by Revs. Drs. R. O. Burton, E. A. Yates, and N. H. D. Wilson, and by laymen Julian S. Carr, Donald W. Bain and ex-Congressman W. M. Robbins.

—Mr. F. R. Cooper has now charge of the Clinton "Caucasian," his associate, Rev. J. N. Stallings, having removed to Thomasville, to be associate Principal in the Thomasville High School. Mr. D. B. Nicholson will continue as local editor of the "Caucasian."

—Little Johnnie Mann caught a big rattlesnake in a dead-fall in the Highland Mountains, and now they call him "Col. Johnnie Mann." We see no reason why a man should not be promoted for this kind of heroism as well as for hiding behind trees during a battle.

—Mr. C. H. Wood, an artist, has made a great many landscape views in Hyde county, and the Washington "Gazette" reports that enterprising citizens have contracted with him to make views of about forty of the most handsome residences in Hyde, which they will send to the State Exposition.

—We regret to learn that Mr. Mont Bizzel, an industrious farmer of Johnson county, while ploughing in the field, last Thursday, fell dead between his plow-handles. Mr. Bizzel was about sixty years of age, and leaves a large family of grown children and many friends to mourn his sudden calling off.—"Messenger."

—The River and Harbor bill, as finally passed, gives to North Carolina rivers: Cape Fear above Wilmington, $200,000; Beaufort, $20,000; Edenton Bay, $10,000; Trent River, $10,000; Contentnea or Moccasin River, $5, 000; Currituck Sound, $5,000; Neuse River $20,000; New River, $5,000; Pamlico and Tar Rivers, Roanoke River, $3,000; Scuppernong River, $2,000.

—What a capital story the Charlotte "Observer" tells of a frolic at a church at Piedmont last Sunday! George League, a robust youth, made his plans to steal the daughter (fifteen, fresh and venturesome) of Mr. Berry Pool, while the old gentleman was at his prayers in church. The couple started quietly towards the door. But Mr. Pool seized one arm of his daughter, the lover held to the other, and the men ware soon fighting in the aisle of the church. Well, the young fellow didn't get her that day.

The Name For a Girl.

If we granted the following request, which comes to us from Kentucky, we should do the baby referred to a poor service:

"Please send me some pretty names for a girl baby—something novel and uncommon—and you will much oblige a reader of the "Sun."

Novel and uncommon or merely pretty and fanciful names are the names of all others for you to avoid. You may make your girl an object of ridicule, and cause her mortification which will do serious injury to her disposition, if you give her some old and romantic name.

The old and simple and homely names are the best for girls—the names which have been borne by women for thousands of years, and which are both beautiful in themselves and sweet in their associations. There is a dignity about them which befits womanhood, while a great part of the fanciful names which have of late come into fashion are not appropriate, except in the nursery as the pet appellation of babies.

There are scores of common names which are far better than any of those manufactured by romancers. They are good and all suitable, and because thousands and millions of women have been known by them are none the less attractive. Those which are most commonly used are, indeed the most agreeable to the ear—like Mary and Margaret, Catharine and Harriet, Jane and Lucy, and Elizabeth. They are dignified, and their homeliness makes them all the more charming. They will be as common a thousand years from now as they are to-day.

We therefore advise our friend to give up his plan for distinguishing his girl or burdening her with some "novel and uncommon" name, and if she grows to be a sensible woman she will thank us for our refusal to assist him in finding such an appellation.—"New York Sun."

A Level Headed Editor.

Some persons in Georgia wish to nominate Mr. Estell, the proprietor of the Savannah News, for Governor. He says the people wish Gov. McDaniel. A newspaper man loses his grip on the public when he seeks or holds office. Holden was King in the Democratic party in North Carolina until the bee began to buzz in his bonnet. We think an editor who does his duty well is a "bigger man" than many an officeholder with a fat salary.—"Wilmington Star." [That's so.]

CATHOLIC COLLEGE.—Mr. J. D. Kingsley. Sec'y, Holy Cross College Gymnasium, Worcester, Mass, writes: Every member of our club frankly admits that St. Jacobs Oil, the conqueror of pain, is the best cure they have ever used, and all speak of it in terms of the highest approbation. 50 cents a bottle.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

THE COUNTRY BOY, THE NEW GENERATION &C.

A LETTER WITH A MORAL.

Its most astonishing how our folks are getting along. Here is this big frolic at Rome—this military fandango that makes a man feel like everybody down south was rich and brave, and just as leave have another fight as not. Our people are getting on a swell. They are feeling their oats and getting braggish. If they cant ride much they can out walk all creation, and are betting on that. It looks like the old Roman spirit of sports and games is coming over our people, and I reckon it is a sign that our boys are prospering. Only a few days ago we went about like a dog who dident have spirit enough to wag his tail. The whole country was desolate and the people all hacked. There were no cows or hogs or sheep or roosters to crow, no fences, no wagons, no cotton presses, no traveling threshes, no balls or parties or picnics, no excursions, no Christmas or Fourth of July, no time of day, no nothing hardly. These very chaps who are parading around in uniform so big were, most of them, little boys when the war broke out, and they never knew anything but trouble and hardship in their youth. They had to eat roots and drink branch water and go bare-headed and barefooted, and wear one-gallus breeches and sleep three or four in a bed, and go hungry half the time. They never saw a circus for ten years, nor rode on the cars, and all the schooling they got was in the cornfield. But them sort have come to the front—they have—and lots of them have got rich. I was setting down talking to Rhode Hill about it the other day, and Rhode said that mighty nigh every rich man in Atlanta was raised a poor boy. "There goes one now," said he, "who is worth a hundred thousand and lives on Peachtree. He used to plow barefooted over treadsafts and dewberry vines. He never wore a shoe until he was twelve years old. He hasent got nary nail on his big toes. Stumped 'em off, I tell you. Dont you see how sorter clumsy he walks. And there goes another one worth a hundred and fifty thousand, and he come from this same barefooted stock. I tell you what's a fact, Bill, mighty nigh all these Peachtree nabobs are the same sort of folks. They havent got any bigtoe nails. When one of these poor groundhog boys stumps his bigtoe, and before they get well stumps 'em again, and keeps on stumpen and stumpen until the nails slough out by the roots, he looses the spring of his walk and goes stiff-like over these pavements and I can tell one of 'em as far as I can see him. There goes another one who has made his jack. They are going up to dinner now. That man carries one shoulder lower than the other, and that comes from carrying bark to cook with before he was big enough to stand it. He begun to carry bark and old rails when he was about five years old, and it pulled one side of him down a little. He hasent got any bigtoe nails either, and I'm inclined to think they are gone on the next toes too. Some of them fellers have the second toe longer than the bigtoe, and the second and third toes tied together about half way up. When you come across one of them sort do you look out for yourself, for if you trade with him he will get you shore."

Ive been thinking about that. Dr. Darwin says that man before he developed and evoluted dident have any fingers or toes. His hand was like a mitten with a thumb and a graball and his foot had one bigtoe and the others were all glued together. So I reckon that some of us are evolutin yet, and some of my own ancesters away back must have begun late or traveled slow, for there is a pair of my toes that havent got entirely divorced. Ive heard it said that if a woman's second toe is longer than the first she will rule her husband shore. I asked Rhode about his own youth when he used to rough it up in Chattanooga, and he said that was what was the matter and why he talked that way about other people, for he knew all about it from experience, and wasent ashamed of it either. Rhode wasent raised in a band box. He never wore knee breeches and long stockings. I dont think he wore any sort for a good while after he came into this subloonary world. The first time I ever saw Rhode he was clerking down on the river bank at Rome, and it was a dull time and Rhode got up a bet of half a dollar that he could hide a hen's egg on Shorter's Jake where nobody could find it, and he agreed to give Jake a dime of the money if he won it. And so he put the egg on the back of his neck just under his collar, and the boys hunted all over Jake and then gave him a slap that broke the egg, and that was the joke of it. Jake got the dime, and the boys laughed and took on amazin, and I did too. Rhode lives on Peachtree now, and wears slippers in his store and is happy, and grows old as gracefully as anybody, toenails or no toenails.

But I'm getting sorter tired of these shows—this walking and cavorting, and all these military doings in time of peace. The boys may frolic as much as they please, and I like to see 'em have a good time occasionally, but you see they raise such a rumpus about it in the newspapers that my folks get excited and want to go, and so I have to surrender and then comes the tug of war. Why for three or four days they were sewing and fixing and fitting garments, and dident have time to talk to anybody or walk with me to the fields or the blackberry patch, or do any writing for me, and they quit cooking dinner and put me off with cold vittels and lunch, while the garden was all in a strut with the finest vegetables we ever had. And the sewing machine was rattling away until late in the night and I couldent sleep, and it did look like the whole thing would be a failure at Rome if my folks dident get ready in time. But they got ready and departed these coasts with bright hopes and good wishes, and now I wander around feeling gloomy and peculiar, and count the days that shall bring them home again. There are many things that I used to enjoy that seem tame and foolish to me now, and so I do not forget my youthful joys and loves, and when my children want a frolic I surrender as gracefully as I can.

BILL ARP.

Advice To A Son.

Few men ever lived who were better fitted by character and education to advise their sons how to act, think and believe than the lamented Gen. Robert E. Lee. In writing to his son, George Washington Curtis Lee, in 1852, he thus wisely advises the boy as to his future course in life:

Your letters breathe a spirit of frankness; they have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you do it right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if possible; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with one, tell him, not others of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to do one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should act, live and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but is the path to peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as the dark day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by the eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one in the consternation of the hour moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that the candles be brought in so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was a quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom, to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more.

The Great Penny-Hill Farm.

Capt. James R. Thigpen was in town a few days ago. Capt Thigpen is known throughout North Carolina as one of the most successful, enlightened and progressive agriculturists in the State. What he does not know about farming is not worth knowing. He says that his cotton and corn crops are very fine—better even than they were last year. One of his fields, containing three hundred acres, is filled with cotton that will average more than knee high. Last year he put up 21000 pounds of meat and made a very large crop of corn and small grain. He sells large quantities of lard and deliciously cured hams for which he gets a good price. He has a flock of 160 sheep and every year sends off 800 pounds of wool to be manufactured into cloth and sold in his own store. He manufactures the greater part of all the fertilizers used on the farm and keeps his land in better condition than those who rely on imported fertilizers. Capt. Thigpen says that he will compare crops with any farmer in Pitt or Edgecombe.—Greenville "Standard."

The Price Of Funeral Sermons.

The High Point "Enterprise" tells of a very original church controversy among the colored brethren. On this particular Sabbath two funeral sermons were preached (lumping the memories and virtues of the dead, so to speak,) and the pastor gracefully yielded his pulpit on such an important occasion to Bro. Welborn. It was too capital a chance to take up a collection to be missed, funeral or nor funeral. The stewards collected $9,44, of which it now turns out Bro. Welborn got only $2,22—or $1,11 per funeral. The other $7,22 went to the pastor, who did not work at all that day. And now the brethren angrily aver that the pastor has cheated them and Bro. Welborn, and that unless he gives Bro. Welborn at least $5, they will never pay him another cent. Surely $4,72, they very reasonably maintain, is cheap enough for a funeral sermon, even when a man can preach two at a once.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most effective blood-purifier ever devised. It is recommended by the best physicians.

THE CONVENTION.

COMPLETES ITS WORK AMID GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

CLEVELAND AND HENDRICKS

CHICAGO, July 11.—The Convention was called to order at 11 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, of Grace Church, Chicago.

The Chairman said he had received, among other letters and telegrams from all parts of the country, one from Mr. Goodwin, of Mississippi, with the presentation of a gavel made up from wood and relics from different parts of the world.

A delegate from Pennsylvania moved that the Convention now proceed to the second ballot. Ordered.

Mr. Snowden, of Penn., with thanks to those who had voted for Samuel J. Randall, withdrew that gentleman's name.

The second ballot was commenced at 11:20, with the following result:

Alabama gave for Bayard 14 (cheers); McDonald 1, Cleveland 5.
Arkansas—Cleveland 14 (cheers)
California—Thurman 16.
Colorado—Cleveland 6.
Connecticut—Cleveland 12.
Delaware—Bayard 6.
Florida—Cleveland 6, Bayard 2.
Georgia—Cleveland 14 Bayard 10
Illinois gave Hendricks 1. Here there suddenly broke out a scene of wild, general and enthusiastic cheering. It was impossible for the chair to suppress it, although he tried. Most of the delegates and spectators took part in it. It was the first exhibit of genuine enthusiasm in the Convention. It was renewed again and again, and finally the band joined in the demonstration with "Hail Columbia" and other patriotic airs. Umbrellas were also brought into requisition, and banners were carried around. In fact the Blaine demonstration of five weeks ago was repeated *con amore*. The interruption of the proceedings must have occupied fifteen minutes. Mr. Hendricks himself was not present, having left the hall just previously.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, and while the uproar was at its height, Mr. Voorhees mounted the platform and announced that at the request of the Indiana delegation, he would withdraw the name of Jos. E. McDonald, for the purpose, at the proper time, of casting the vote of Indiana for Thomas A. Hendricks. This renewed the cheering, which was kept up for several minutes longer. At length the rest of the vote of Illinois was announced as follows: for Cleveland 38.

This was the opportunity for the friends of the New York candidate, and they availed themselves of it, the delegation from that State rising to their feet and cheering lustily, while they waved fans, hats and handkerchiefs. The spectators took part in the demonstration, but not to the same extent as in the case of Hendricks. After awhile the band joined in with "We won't go home until morning," which seemed to stimulate the enthusiasm. This scene lasted three or four minutes.

Illinois continued—Bayard 3, McDonald 1, one vote less than the full number.

The remainder of the States were called. When North Carolina was reached it gave Bayard its solid vote, 22. However, before the result was announced it changed and gave its 22 votes to Cleveland.

The vote of the States in detail was then (1 oclock) announced by the clerk for verification. The general result was announced as follows at 1:10 p. m.:

Whole number of votes cast 820; necessary to a choice 547. Cleveland received 683, Hendricks 45½, Bayard 81½, McDonald 2, Randall 4, Thurman 4.

The question was then put on Mr. Menzie's motion to make the nomination unanimous, and it was carried triumphantly.

Mr. Wallace, of Penn., moved a recess till 5 p. m., in order to give time for consultation on Vice President. Carried.

CHICAGO, July 11.—There were great crowds outside the Convention hall to hear the result of the balloting and heavy cheering followed. It was half past five before the evening session was called to order, and the first business done was the adoption of a resolution electing Mr. Vilas, chairman of the Convention, as chairman of the committee to notify nominees of their selection as candidates. A telegram was read from the President of the New York Produce Exchange stating that the business men of New York were solid for Cleveland.

A delegate from Louisiana offered a resolution providing that in case of a vacancy on the ticket for the office of President or Vice President a majority of the National Committee shall have power to fill the vacancy. There was so much opposition made to the resolution that it was withdrawn.

A delegate from Texas offered a resolution declaring that the Democratic party, in convention assembled, endorse the Morrison bill for a reduction of war taxes. There was a storm of opposition to the resolution, and the chairman ruled that it must be referred to the committee on Resolutions.

The Convention then proceeded to a call of the roll for nominations for a candidate for Vice President.

Mr. Searles, of Cala., came to the platform. He said that California was a loving mother to her children, and they in turn were devoted to her. On her behalf, and as a representative of the delegation from the Pacific coast, he presented for their suffrages a man who had been eminent among his fellow men; who in the councils of the nation had been preeminent; who had led their soldiers to battle; who had assisted in upholding the banner of the country. He presented the honored name of Wm. S. Rosecrans, the hero of Stone River; the faithful soldier, grand old commander, whose image was impressed on the hearts of all men who served under him. [Cheers for Rosecrans.]

Mr. Branch, of Colorado, nominated Jos. E. McDonald.

Mr. Bacon, of Georgia, said he was commissioned by his delegation to present the name of a man eminent in war and peace; the distinguished commoner and gallant soldier—Gen. J. B. Black, of Illinois. [Cheers for Black.]

Judge Black expressed his appreciation of the high and unmerited compliment paid him. It was absolutely a surprise to him; but he had come here as the spokesman and representative of another citizen of the republic. He had put his hand in the hand of Jos. E. McDonald, and while that gentleman's name was before the convention he (Black) could not appear as in any sense his rival for any position. He, therefore, respectfully declined the nomination.

Mr. Munn, of Illinois, hoped that the declination would not be received. He paid a high compliment to Gen. Black, saying that when the surgeon was operating on his arm after a battle, he declared that although he lost an arm, his whole body was firm and true for the Union and firm and true for Democracy. He was without exception the most gallant son that Illinois possessed.

A letter was read from Council Bluff, Indiana, stating that the nomination of Cleveland had been received with the wildest enthusiasm; that thousands of Democrats and hundreds of Republicans were equally captivated with it, and that Council Bluff would do her part toward carrying Iowa for the Democracy.

A delegate from Missouri seconded the nomination of McDonald.

Faulkner, of Miss., seconded the nomination of Gen. Rosecrans. No other candidate, he said, could come so near bringing together all the old brave soldiers who fought on either side in the late war.

An Oregon delegate said the united voice of Oregon was in favor of Rosecrans.

Senator Wallace, of Pa., said he nominated as candidate for Vice President a man conversant with public affairs throughout his whole life; an honored statesman, pure and upright citizen; the victim of the grossest fraud ever perpetrated on the American people—Thos. A. Hendricks. [Cheers.]

Mr. Waller, of Conn., seconded the nomination of Hendricks, and said that the Democratic party would, in defiance of fraud and in accordance with law, place him in the chair of the Vice President.

The presentation of Hendricks' name was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, the convention repeating in a lesser degree the scene which took place at the morning session in honor of that gentleman.

Mr. Menzie, of Ind., declared, emphatically, that Hendricks was not and could not be a candidate for Vice President. He had been authorized by Hendricks himself to say so. He, therefore, warned the convention not to do that which it would have to undo.

Mr. Walsh, of Ga., asked Mr. Menzie whether he was authorized to say that Mr. Hendricks will not accept the unanimous nomination of the National Democratic Convention for the office of Vice President?

Mr. Menzie repeated his statement.

Mr. Waller, of Conn., said his State had surely no desire to force upon Indiana a candidate against its will, but this was not an Indiana convention. It was a national convention. The Democrats of the country had a right to take a fit man from any place in it. [Cheers.] If any man said that he knew that Hendricks at this time was not patriotic enough to take the nomination tendered upon these circumstances, he would withdraw his name, but with humiliation.

Mr. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, said that Hendricks had been once chosen Vice President and had been despoiled of office. The Democracy of the republic demanded of him again his name as candidate and they would not take no for an answer. He moved to suspend the rules and nominate Thos. A. Hendricks as candidate for Vice President by acclamation. [Cheers.]

Mr. Harris, of Va., united the voice of Virginia with that of the Keystone State. [Cheers.]

Mr. Searles, of Cala., withdrew the nomination of Rosecrans. The other nominees were all withdrawn, one by one, so that Hendricks alone remained before the convention

Mr. Hubbard, of Texas, made a spirited speech in favor of giving to Hendricks the office out of which he had been cheated.

Mr. Weed, of N. Y., suggested that the roll of States should be called and put on the record as the unanimous vote for Hendricks.

Mr. Wallace accepted the proposition and withdrew his motion to nominate by acclamation.

It was moved that nominations do now close. The motion was agreed to and the clerk proceeded to call the roll of States. The result was the unanimous nomination of Thos. A. Hendricks as the candidate for Vice President.

Mr. Menzie, of Ind., asked that that State be excused from voting. [Loud shouts of "no, no."] He then asked whether there was any name but Hendricks before the Convention, and on receiving an answer in the negative from the Chairman, said, "Then, sir the State of Indiana casts 30 votes for Thomas A. Hendricks." This was at the close of the call, making the result a unanimous vote.

The demonstration that succeeded surpassed in vehemence and enthusiasm any similar scene that has taken place during this eventful day. Flags and banners were gathered around the section occupied by the Indiana delegation, and there waved, amid the shouts of the large audience and strains of patriotic music from the band, ending with "Auld Lang Syne," the words of which were sung with feeling, the chorus being rendered by several thousand voices. Then the band struck up "Old Hundred," and all joined in the solumn hymn of praise. This was followed by music and the song "America," and that again by "Home, Sweet Home."

Finally, the Chairman got a chance to make the formal annoucement of the vote. He said that there had been 816 votes cast; all of them for Thos A. Hendricks, and that Mr. Hendricks was therefore the candidate of the National Democratic Convention for Vice President of the United States. [Cheers.]

Resolutions of thanks were passed to the temporary chairman, permanent chairman, and clerks and officers of the Convention, and also to the reportorial corps, and to the press of the country for their accurate and impartial reports of the proceedings.

The Chairman, on his own behalf, moved a vote of thanks to Sergeant-at-Arms Bright, of Indiana. Adopted. A vote of thanks was also passed to the mayor of the city, Carter Harrison, and the Chief of Police and to the citizens of Chicago for their hospitality.

The convention, then, at 7:25 adjourned *sine die*.

Social Equality.

A young friend is responsible for the following case which illustrates the principle of compromise and good understanding between the whites and the blacks in the South when things are allowed to work freely and adjust themselves naturally.

He says he was traveling in a certain section of North Carolina inhabited chiefly by colored people. Night overtaking him and the country being strange to him, he was compelled to seek for lodgings at the cabin of a colored man.

"Can I stay all night with you, my friend? I'm a stranger in these parts and it is very dark."

"Well boss, 'pears like you got ter stay, caze der haint no whar you can git to, but I don't mean for you to think dat I'se in de habit a takin in trablers. But den you see, boss, what's de use a batin de question when dar ain't but one side to it. Spec we'll hab to let you in if you can git in for de chilluns."

Our young adventurer was soon seated along with the "chilluns" in front of the blazing cabin fire, with no less than about eighteen eyes shining at him, which sparkled in the glow of the blazing lightwood knot like so many diamonds.

Already the vision of new difficulties had begun to take shape in the stranger's mind as he watched the sable woman of the house spreading a clean table cloth and bringing out the best dishes from a high old cupboard in the corner.

"Well, boss," at length proceeded the host, "I spec maybe you aint been usen much to eaten long wid colored people, but pears like I don't see no way to keep you frum it to night, kaze you see dar haint but one table and de chilluns is all got dat aready."

"No I thank you," said the guest, "I'll not sit at the table with you. If you were to come to my house I should give you a plate in the corner, and I want you to treat me the same way."

It was done as he requested and he took his supper alone in silence as he had seen the darkies do many a time.

The night drew on and retiring time came when the stranger was politely invited to occupy the best bed in the house which seemed to have been specially provided with clean linen for his particular comfort.

"No I thank you," he replied, "I cannot consent to occupy your best bed. If you were to come to my house I should n t treat you that way. I should give you a pallet on the floor by the fire and I want you to treat me the same way."

Accordingly a pallet was made and on it he passed the night listening at the cold wind as it sighed and whistled through the crevices of the cabin, and thankful that he had been permitted to enjoy the hospitalities of a "negro cabin."

The morning came and our guest was preparing to depart. After thanking the landlord and landlady for their kindness he drew out his pocket book and asked his bill.

"Well boss, I spec it I was to come and stay all night wid you, you wouldn't charge me nuffin for it, and I shant charge you nuffin, kaze you see one good turn deserves anodder. Dat's what ole massa use to say, an I neber went back on ole massa sence I been sot free."

News From the "State of Duplin."

We have often heard that whiskey was a sure cure for a snake bite, but we had our doubts about its virtue, even in that respect, until two weeks ago we saw it fully exemplified. A little darkey at Duplin Roads, while hoeing corn, was bitten on the leg, just above the ankle, by what is known to some as the rattle snake pilot, and to others as the white oak snake. Whiskey was procured immediately, and enough of it poured into the boy to make him beastly drunk.—The swelling and pain ceased, and the boy has experienced no trouble from the bite since.

Duplin can boast of an apple tree one hundred years old, and still prolific. It is on the plantation of our good friend, Mr. Dickerson S. Register, in Rockfish township, and is of that variety known as the "rusty-coat," which is a very eatable apple at first frost. Mr. Register tells us of men, who, if now living, would be between ninety and a hundred years of age, have told him that they ate fruit from this tree when mere school boys, and that it then had the appearance of being an old tree. It has an abundance of apples on it this season, and we would suggest that he send specimens of them to the Fruit Fair, as a matter of curiosity, and also to the State Exposition.

Talking about big collards; if Mrs. David H. Williams, of Rockfish township, has not got them, then we are no judge. She has one in her garden that measures eight feet across the top, one leaf of which is eight feet in circumference. It is not to say that she has only one of these huge fellows, for her garden is filled with them. She has cabbage ready headed that cannot be put in a half bushel measure. That is the way to cultivate a garden.

On last Tuesday several men and boys went down to Rockfish creek, in the vicinity of Duplin Roads, to go in swimming. The creek being very full, none were so venturesome as to go in except Ben. Stallings, a negro man, about twenty-five years of age. Upon jumping in, it is supposed that he was seized with cramp, as he came up screaming for help; but before assistance could be rendered, he was drowned. His body was soon after recovered near the spot where he sank.—G. M. C., in Goldsboro "Messenger."

Why Educated Negroes Preach.

The market seems to be crowded with colored preachers—why don't some of the educated ones take to medicine? Paul Miller says that the reason is, the colored M. D. can't get up a crowd and take up a collection. The colored preacher goes among de bredren on Sunday and preaches and gets up an enthuse, and while it is hot, has the hat passed around, and generally scoops in from a dollar and a half to twenty-five dollars. A Concord darkey about a year ago was in Rowan county and strapped. He had on a second hand black casimere suit of clothes, suitable for a colored preacher; so he borrowed a bible and hymnbook and went on a Missionary tour among the colored sinners. He soon was an object of interest among the colored people, particularly among the sisters, had a 'pintment in de grove for next day, went to de place of worship, preached 'ceptably, got up a hallelujah shout, and den, after de 'citement spent itself, the hat was passed 'round and de crowd ob rejoicin' people turned in 35 dollars. The lucky darkey soon left for home. He is satisfied that preachin' pays a darkey better than medicine.—"Concord Register."

There may be some truth in the above, but there is a great deal that is untrue.

Give Thanks.

We have much to be thankful for. There is to be no State tax this year; isn't that a cause for thanksgiving? We have gotten through with the great expense of building the asylums and the penitentiary; isn't that cause for congratulation? We have peace and quiet and harmony among our population; and the State is filling up more rapidly than ever before, and that too is pleasant. And then generally the condition of our people is excellent, lands are appreciating in value, the schools flourish, education is becoming general, railroads are being built and the old State is on a boom, and we are thankful.

If You Had a Whistling Wife.

Old Commodore Garrison's young wife whistled him into being her husband; and this is the story of it, as told by the Baltimore 'American:' "Garrison had been for forty years a widower. He was a testy old fellow and had not been suspected of caring a rap for women. The possession of somewhere from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 had harassed him all winter and spring, and he had come down to the seaside for rest. He took a suite of the best rooms in the Long Branch cottages, calculating that he would be a little removed from the bustle of a public house. Then the family of John M. Randall, of St. Louis, took possession of the adjoining apartments. They numbered half a dozen persons, including a whistler. Through the thin partition the Commodore heard and was annoyed by the whistling. He disliked it exceedingly. He was driven by it to exasperation. There was a boy in the Randall family. Randall was an acquaintance of the old Commodore, and one day he said to him as they sat chatting on the veranda: "That boy of yours will be the death of me, John. Won't you plug his mouth just to please me?" Oh, it ain't the boy, replied Randall, but my daughter. "Here, Letitia!" It was a lovely girl of 20 who responded to the call, and was presented to the Commodore. She whistled for him that evening to a piano accompaniment, and it was no longer irritating to him. They were married in the ensuing October. His wedding gift was a million dollars in sound securities."

Characteristic Letter.

The Little Rock "Gazette" has unearthed an old letter, written by Andrew Jackson—characteristic of the old fellow's love for the Lord and hate for his enemies. The following is a fair sample of Andrew's private correspondence:

"I was glad to hear from you, and to know that the good Lord, in His divine mercy, had thus far spared you. May he ever bless us and damn our enemies. We must all lean on the cross for support, for man is weak. Did you ever see such a d—d scoundrel as John Q. Adams? I am pleased to hear that you have professed religion, and joined the church. This more effectually elevates you above the d—d Whigs."

PHENOMENAL.

A GEORGIA LADY'S WONDERFUL POWERS.

THE POWER OF TOUCH.

Miss Lula Hurst, of Georgia, having amazed the people of her native State, has gone to Gotham to excite her wonderful powers. She is a well-made country lass, with rosy cheeks, bright, laughing eyes and dark brown ringlets—and just turned sweet sixteen. Her powers afford an exemplification of that subtile and mysterious force which occasionlly is met with among the fair sex and still more rarely among the less magnetic males. What it is one may not say. The performance of Miss Hurst, does not seem to be accompanied by a visible sign of mysterious action upon her nervous system. She exhibits no physical distress; not a drop of moisture was discernable on her face during an hour's continued effort, and says a New York editor: "Her Southern laugh was as clear and unimpeded by anything like 'bellows to mend' at the end as at the beginning."

This account given by the New York "Post" is substantially the same as that found in the other papers and the incidents are certainly remarkable. When one of the men held an open umbrella above his head, grasping the stick with both hands, Miss Hurst would lay her open hand upon it, and the umbrella would apparently be endowed with life. It would twitch and plunge about violently, and the holder would be dragged over the stage in his efforts to hold it still. When a professional athlete of local note clutched a billiard cue firmly with both hands, holding it in front of him horizontally, Miss Hurst laid her palms upon it, and the cue became affected like the umbrella. It required a powerful exertion of the athlete's strength to force one end of the cue to the floor. When he held up a common wooden chair with both hands, and Miss Hurst touched it lightly, he was unable to hold the chair still, and found it no easy task to set it down on the stage. Men of less strength than the athlete were whirled about the stage ignominiously while struggling to hold the object which Miss Hurst touched, and in several instances the men were thrown to the floor. In one case four or five men together were unable to force a chair to the floor when she was touching it with one hand. When a heavy man sat in the chair, she placed her palms against the chair-post, and both man and chair were propelled forward a considerable distance, being lifted completely off the stage. All who took part in the test agreed that Miss Hurst possessed a very remarkable force of some kind, but no one undertook to explain it. The medical men assume that there is nothing "in it," and Dr. Hammond declares that if the young lady will submit herself to an examination the result will explode the idea that she possesses any unusual power.

If perchance the doubting Doctor should fall a victim to his incredulity and be hauled over the stage at the end of a billiard cue, perhaps he would come to a different conclusion.

His Lost Leg Re-Visited Him.

A one-legged ex-Confederate soldier from one of the mountain counties was in Statesville a few days ago on business, and in one of our wholesale stores was engaged in conversation on the subject of politics. He expressed his perfect satisfaction with the Democratic State ticket and announced his purpose to vote it throughout. Continuing, he said he had been cured, in a very singular manner, of voting for Radicals and broadtails. He has always been a democrat and though in 1882, a little cold the on trail, he still expected to vote the Democratic ticket, but a parcel of fellows got around him at the polls, over-persuaded him, and almost before he knew it he had voted for York. "That night," said he, "I dreamed that the leg that I lost at the battle of Sharpsburg, got up out of its grave and kicked me all over the county. I had the