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—BY—
JOSEPHUS DANIELS, - Editor and Proprietor

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NEWS OF A WEEK

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GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS

—A little colored boy was drowned in Tar river, near Greenville, last week.

—In both Germany and Austria paper is now being extensively used for the manufacture of bottles.

—The New York Produce Exchange took a vote for President a few days since. Result: Cleveland, 34[illegible] Blaine, 140.

—The All Healing Springs, 40 miles from Charlotte, was burned July 18th. The building cost $15,000; insured for $8,000.

—Prof. Robt. P. Pell, formerly an assistant professor in the University, has been elected to a position in the Raleigh Graded School.

—"We'll shout for our man and
his important appendix!
We'll whoop 'er up lively for Cleveland and Hendricks."

—The Democrats of the First Senatorial district have nominated for Senators, James Parker, of Gates, and W. M. Bond, of Edenton.

—Kinston "Free Press": Dr. R. H Lewis received an appointment to lecture on Physiology at the National Institute, Washington City next summer.

—The Richmond "Compiler" of 1820, says that, "barbecue" was derived, as to its etymology, from barbe, beard, and cue, tail: that is, head to tail—the whole hog, the entire animal.

—The place for holding the North Carolina Press Association has been changed from Fayetteville to Raleigh. President London announces that the session will begin October 7th, at 8 p. m.

—The Methodist District Conference at Thomasville subscribed $800 for the endowment of Trinity College and recommended that the entire District endeavor to raise $20,000 for that purpose.

—The Odell manufacturing company Concord, during the last year consumed 1,481,120 lbs cotton, and manufactured 1,405,878 yards of plaids, 59,328 seamless bags and 65,[illegible] towels. It declared a semi annual dividend of 4 per cent.

—The Californians are organizing a temperance movement against pie. There can be little doubt that the immoderate use of that deadly stimulant is bringing grief and sorrow into thousands of American homes. It is a rank poison.

—A man in Connecticut recently married his seventh wife. He didn't take any bridal tour, because he had become convinced life was too short for such foolishness. Nevertheless, he is quite sure that he is in the seventh heaven of bliss.

—An Apache Indian, it is said, can march from thirty to forty miles a day without becoming tired. It is really a pity that the Apache can't be civilized, for he would be just the fellow to accompany his wife on a shopping excursion.

—Brother Gardner of the Lime Kiln Club says, "Prejudice will beat facts nine cases out'en ten, and bigatry am de club which nocks down sense argyment, and that the average man will git mad quickly, and fite harder over what he don't kno, and has no chance to find out, dan for sumptin he am posted about."

—The Raleigh "Chronicle" is informed that one or two of the chief pine counties will send to the Exposition trunks of pine trees showing at a glance the whole process of the rosin and turpentine industry—how the trees are boxed and scraped and dipped—the tools used, as well as the process of distillation.

—The large well being dug at the factory of W. Duke, Sons & Co., at Durham caved in last Friday morning. There were seven men at work. Three of them have been taken out, one of them badly injured in the right shoulder. Four, were killed. One man could be heard begging to be released, that the water was rising around his neck and that he was drowning.

We have received a beautiful picture of the Southern Exposition which opens at Louisville, Ky., Aug. 16th, and continues until Oct. 25th. The view of the main building, which is one of the largest Exposition buildings ever erected. It covers thirteen acres of ground, and will be lighted throughout by five thousand electric lights.

—John Kelly was born in the city of New York on the 21st of April, 1814. John is 63 years of age, and is old enough to do much better than he does. He is at least old enough to distinguish between right and wrong doing—between the honest ticket and the "tattooed" ticket. John has served as city Alderman, served two terms in the U. S. House and four years as State Comptroller.

—When a married couple agree to disagree during the early years of their connubial infelicity, and part apparently to meet no more, the event naturally creates a jar in family and social circles. But when after eight years separation, as in the case of Miss Etta Rose and Mr. Vincent Nowattry, reported from Springfield, Ohio, the couple decided to venture once more upon matrimony poetical justice is satisfied and romance is glad. Let us hope that parting, which is such sweet sorrow, may have taught these twain and all who follow in their footsteps a salutary lesson of mutual forbearance.

THE WILSON

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'

VOLUME 14.--

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, AU

General Sherman has at last **paid his license** for extra street **washing water,** tendered him some **time ago** by the city of St. Louis. **He paid it** under protest, however **and, in his** letter, added a char**acteristic** sentence: "The city of **St. Louis** reminds me very much," **he wrote,** "of a hotel in Omaha. **whose** proprietor advertised: **Terms,** $4.50 per day: board and lodging extra."

A Lightwood Knot of North Carolina.

The following bit of wit upon the part of a North Carolina girl comes to us from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the fashionable Virginia summer resort and watering place:

"Among the regular habitues is **Col. B. ——, a well preserved, handsome old beau of uncertain age. His society record** is brilliant **and though he** has raised hopes, **yet season after season** has ended and the colonel yielded his liberty to none. His special strength is pride of family, boasting as he does, in season and out of season, not only the bluest South Carolina blood, but the most direct Huguenot descent.

During the past summer there appeared flitting about the broad piazza and through the long drawing room a bright, dashing girl from the 'Land of the Sky.' The colonel, as usual, began the scheme of monopoly, and the ambitions young belle seemed nothing loth to accord to him the coveted position as chief of staff. It began to be whispered about that the colonel was really in earnest for once in his life. Those who knew him best and watched him closest were sure that he was on the eve of a victory. His gait was more martial, his manner more lofty than ever before, and the poor ancestral Hugenots were dragged to the front without mercy.

Unfortunately a bit of eavesdropping in the dim star lighted seclusion of what the colonel thought to be a deserted corner of the piazza told the story of such woful discomfiture that he fled the place within twenty-four hours afterward. He had evidently proposed in his most pompous and condescending manner, and had heard with amazement a quiet negative from the young lady's lips.

"But, I think—I am sure," said the colonel, hardly able to control his indignant pride, "you do not understand, you do not appreciate, Miss, the honor that has been conferred upon you, that you so lightly decline. I am a Huguenot of South Carolina!"

"Ah, Colonel, it is you who forget," said Miss——, with her most roguish smile. **"You do not appreciate the honor to which you** aspire. **I am a Lightwood Knot of North Carolina."—"Harper's Magazine."**

A Wedding in The Mountains.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY OCCURRENCE.—THE CEREMONY.—THE SUPPER.—THE PRESENTS.

A lively correspondent of the Flemmington "Rambler" describes a wedding in the mountains. We extract.

THE CEREMONY.

"Tom, do you take this female for better or for worse?"

"Certainly, squire; I cum a purpose," responded Tom.

"Deliah, do you take this man and promise to stick to him through thick and thin?"

"Yo bet, old hoss," answered Deliah, "d'ye spose I'd have these fixins fer ennything less'n a marridge?"

"Then I pronounce you man and woman—no, husband and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Amen."

THE SUPPER.

The supper was excellent, consisting a part of pancakes, maple lasses, gingerbread, hominy and venison.

A toast, "bully for the bride," was drank standing; and thirty-three of the crowd were drunk sitting.

THE MAKE-UP OF THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

The bride was arrayed in a gorgeous calico of the Dolly Varden pattern, brilliant with all the colors of the rainbow; each separate color representing some feathered biped, from gobblers to peacocks. Instead of the customary orange blossoms in her hair, there was an enormous varigated imitation of hollyhock. Pinned on the top of her head, and extending to her waist was a scarlet ribbon four inches wide, doing duty as the bridal veil with the solitary and not worth noting difference that it was behind instead of before.

The bridgroom was gotten up without regard to expense; blue jeans coat, surmounted with brass buttons about the size of a silver quarter; said coat built on the "claw-hammer" or "scissor-tail" order of architecture; butter nut colored pants with red flannel stripes sewed down the seams of the legs; white flannel vest with eagle buttons and cotton velvet collar; brogan shoes, greased with lard and tied with coon skin strings.

THE PRESENTS.

The wedding presents were numerous and intended for use rather than ornament, as follows:

1 bread tray; 1 dozen iron spoons; sausage grinder; 2 wash tubs; 3 flat irons; ½ dozen brooms; ½ dozen tin cups and pans; 2 stew pots; 2 skillets, and a variety of other articles not now remembered.

There was one article the use of which your correspondent was not able to ascertain—a sugar trough with rockers on it.

Upon asking information of the bride, she blushed slightly, elevated her delicate nose and remarked: "Of all the fools I ever see editurs and preachers are the biggest."

BILL ARP'S TALK.

:o:

ABOUT THE COTTON PICKING MACHINE.

A CHANGE IN FARMING.

I have seen the cotton picker. Confidence is a plant of slow growth. I remember that when the newspapers first began to tell us about a sewing machine that Elias Howe had invented that would do as much work in a day as a hundred women with their needles I dident believe that a machine could imitate the nimble, delicate hands, and I felt like I dident want it to do it nohow. My good mother had been sewing for me years and years, and when she finished for her darling son, a nice pleated bosom shirt, I was proud of her and proud of the shirt too. But time rolled on and the Grover & Baker machine got to circulating around, and I found out that it was a good thing and would save a power of work, and so I bought one for my wife without any premonition. What a beautiful seamstress she was.

How nicely did she manipulate the needle and how dearly I loved to sit by and see her make stitch after stitch on the muslin or calico or them other garments and things that women and children and infants had to wear. We have had infants at our house, various infants and it has been a world of work to keep 'em a going and stop 'em from squalling, but still there has been pleasure in it. My good wife took it all naturally and like a maternal heroine as she is. I thought it was right funny for a while, but the fun wore off and I settled down to business. We have raised children by the pound and by the dozen and by the cord but we have never had one come to our house that wasent welcome, for they always come decently and in good order and they have grown up to be good boys and better girls and gladden our hearts with their presence. But I have got off the track of my thoughts. I have seen the cotton picker and I want to tell you about it.

Now I dident believe that any machine could take the place of human fingers in sewing and just so I have been incredulous about this cotton picking business. The truth is I made sport of it and told our folks that it was impossible, utterly impossible, for no machine could see, it dident have eyes and couldent find the bolls and some of the bolls were half open and some two-thirds and some hung down and some stood up and and some opened east and some opened west and some one way and some another and so I had no faith, not a bit.

While here at Sumter I was invited to walk out to Mr Mason's workshop and I went. Mr. Mason is a bright, intelligent man about thirty years old. He loves company and loves to talk and will lay down his tools and tell you everything he knows. I don't suppose he has any secrets from anybody, no doors locked, no private room, no hiding place for his wonderful work. He shows you everything and tells you what he thinks of doing that he has not done. He gave me one of the little revolving tubes that picks the cotton from the bolls. It is seven inches long and 1¼ inches in diameter. This little thing is the invention. All the rest of the contrivance is to put it in motion. Four dozen of them will be working at once on a cotton stalk and if there is any cotton open they will find it. There are two upright cylinders three feet high that straddle a cotton row like a sulkey plow straddles a row of corn and these little tubes revolve horizontally in the cylinders. They turn round and round rapidly. The cylinders revolve on their axis and these tubes revolve on theirs as they follow the cylinders round and round. They are sure to touch every boll and if the cotton has opened and swells out a fraction of an inch the little delicate points of the pickers get it and roll it all out in an instant and by a reversed motion unload it on a platform and from there it is carried up and put in a sack and packed until it is full. Horse power pulls the machine along the row. The machine weighs three hundred pounds. Some of them are made for three feet cotton and some for four and some for five. I saw the little spindles set to work on cotten bolls half opened and they left nothing, and yet they will revolve in your hand and not hurt you or prick you. There are 300 sharp points in each spindle. They are just under the surface and will catch the lint but not your flesh or the leaves or the stems. The imperfect machine of last year picked 300 pounds an hour. The perfect machine which he has now is expected to pick 600 pounds an hour. Mr. Mason has his own machinery, makes his own lathe and his dies and stamps and wheels and everything. He is backed by capital unlimited and has refused a million of dollars that was offered him. He is making large machines for Texas and Arkansas and similar ones for the eastern states. His plan is to charge a royalty and let the machines be made anywhere. It is a thing of life and sense and does just what you tell it to do. When the cotton is well open for the first picking it goes along and picks it and then you wait for the next picking. It takes in no trash or dead leaves, nothing but cotton. Now he has a gin that operates on the same principle. These little pickers have expanded into a cylinder as long as the shaft and as large round as a gin saw and they catch the lint and an iron bar keeps the seed from following the lint and forces them back. The lint is not cut or torn. He is using a Winship frame, taking out the saws and putting his cylinder in their place. It gins twice as fast as the saws and there is no danger to hands or arms. I put my open hand on the cylinder while it was making 2,000 revolutions a minute. He dropped a handful of shingle nails in the opening and they were carried through in an instant and did no harm. Experts from northern factories say the lint is worth ten per cent more than lint cut in the old method.

I was running over this new mode of picking cotton, and to my mind it is going to work a revolution in our farming. In the first place a poor man can't buy one. In the next place he can't afford to give fifty cents a hundred for picking when his nabor, who has got a machine can pick his for ten cents a hundred or less. Then again the machine wont work well on rough or hilly land, and so that kind of land will have to be planted in something else.

So I take it that poor folks and poor land will have to quit cotton and that will be a blessing. It may be, however, that some enterprising fellows will buy a machine and go about in the settlement picking for the farmer just like they go about now threshing their wheat. What will become of the nigger women and children in cotton time, I dont know; maybe we can hire them to cook and wash after a while when they cant get anything else to do, I hope so.

Sumter is a good old town; the best shaded town I know of; elms and water oaks everywhere, and lovely cottage homes set back in spacious lots and surrounded with shade and beautiful flowers and the sweetest girls sitting in the broad piazzas, and the prettiest children playing in the grass, and the good people are so hospitable and homelike and the preachers so gentle and kind and have such good eating and our jolly landlord of the Jervy house so merry and entertaining. There is no chance to be blue or homesick in Sumter. I never passed two days more pleasantly and had rather make an annual pilgrimage here than anywhere I have been. The best prospect for a coming crop that I have seen, is here. The cotton is splendid and the corn high and heavily eared all the way to Manning, which is another lovely town, though not so old or so large as Sumter. These people go slow but they go sure and live happily and content. They show content and leisure in their form and feature, in their walk and conversation. They are not in a hurry. They have time to talk to you. They love their state and their town and their people. They stand up to their preachers and their statesmen. Their boys are sober and diligent and manly, and their girls are modest. I wish the boys and girls were so everywhere, but they are not. I was in a town not long ago and a good man told me he had but one daughter, and there was not a young man in the town he was willing for her to marry, for they all drink on the sly and had no good principles to back them. Then I heard a young man in another town say he did not marry because he could not afford to, for the best girls did nothing but dress and visit, and he was afraid to marry one of them. Well, that is bad and sad, aint it? But maybe the picture is overdrawn, I hope so. One thing I know. The hope of the nation and its salvation is in these small, unpretending towns and the good farming country that supports them. The young folks are not afraid to marry there and they do marry and go to work and live happily and humble and do not strain to keep up with society, society! Fashionable, hypocritical society. I know of no greater curse to any land or people. I wish every young man when he marries had the courage to say to his society friends, "Now, see here, we have started out with small capital and we cant follow you. When you are sick I will nurse you, when you die I will help dig the grave and bury you, but don't you try to toll my wife off into your extravagant notions and your society ways."

BILL ARP.

Stranger Than Fiction.

The "Farmer and Mechanic" says, newspaper people see heaps of romance. (Yes, we knew you'd all laugh!) But fact is stranger than fiction, and the wide-awake newspaper lives on facts. (Don't have much of anything else to live on, nowadays.) Recently a lady wrote to us for a situation as governess. Soon afterwards a widower applied for a housekeeper. We put them into communication, and now the "twain" are "alne;" the lady becoming wife, housekeeper, and governess, all in one, —as a recent marriage notice stated. Quick work! Next?

Drummer Dudes.

The Kinston "Free Press" says, "Ye commercial evangelists are again beginning to infest our heretofore peaceful town. They have been giving us a rest since the Spring trade. Look out for 'dudes' now, however, for of all classes of men who love to "sport" and that revel in the name of "dude" the drummer, "extricates the dilapidated linen off the shrubbery," or in other words, "takes the rag off the bush."

CAPITAL COMFORT.—Washington, D. C.—Mrs. Mary K, Sheed, 1110 Maryland avenue, Washington, D. C., states that for several years she had suffered terribly with facial neuralgia and could find no relief. In a recent attack which extended to the neck, shoulders and back, the pain was intense. She resolved to try St. Jacobs Oil, the pain-reliever. Rubbing the parts affected, three times only, all pain vanished as if by magic, and has not returned.

·INDEPENDENTS.

GATHERING OF PROMINENT INDEPENDENTS.

OPPOSING BLAINE.

NEW YORK, July 22.—A meeting of independents opposed to Blaine was held to-day in University Club Theatre. For an hour before the time fixed there was an unusual stir in that generally quiet locality, and inside the corridors of the little theatre consultation of Independents was busily carried on. Among the more prominent faces noticeable were those of Geo. Wm. Curtis and Carl Schurz. The latter was the centre of an interested and animated group. Clarence Bowen, of the Independent, and others, members of the Brooklyn Young Republican Club, were also present. The secretaries made up the list of those who were to be present, which showed that Massachusetts was more numerously represented than any other State except New York. A few from New Jersey and Connecticut, and some from other distant States were on roll.

The admission to the hall was by tickets, but anyone signing the following formula, which was furnished on printed slips to each applicant, was given a card of admission without question: "Disapproving of the nominations made by the Republican National Convention at Chicago as unworthy of support, and believing that the interests of good government, and of public morals, demand the defeat of the Republican candidates for president and vice-president, and being therefore resolved not to vote for Blaine and Logan, I desire to take part with other Republican and independent voters in the conference to be held at University club theatre, Madison avenue and twenty-sixth street, New York, Tuesday, July 22, at 11 a. m."

Among the Massachusetts delegates were the following: Boston, Geo. W. Hale, F. C. Lowell, J. B. Gardner; Cambridge, Jabex Fox, George W. Wright, F. V. B. Kern, Colonel T. W. Higginson, A. M. Howe and J. B. Thayer; Concord, Samuel Hoar, Arthur J. Fuller and Messrs., Chapman and Hudsom; Fall River, S. Borden; New Bedford, F. B. Gummere and W. C. Lamson; Brookline, Theo. Lyman; Quincey, E. S. Huntington, Josiah Quincey, W. B. Rice, Wm. Everett and M. Slade; Woburn, W. V. Killen; Newton, Colonel A. A. Pope, J. R. Canter, J. F. Ober, F. F. Raymond, and J. S. Farlow; Chelsea, A. D. Bosson, Dedham, F. J. Stinson; Lexington, Cornelius Wellington and C. S. Osgood. There were also delegates from New Haven, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania. The hall was well filled when the meeting was called to order. The National Temperance Society circulated a memorial to the conference asking it to take cognizance of th alcoholic liquor traffic, and requesting that it would not endorse the saloon plank of the Democratic platform, which says: "We oppose sumptuary laws which vex citizens and interfere with individual liberty."

Among other prominent persons present were Benj. H. Bristow, W. C. Beecher and Francis C. Barlow. The members of the Independent Executive Committee of Massachusetts were all present. They are Charles R. Codman, president; Moses Williams, secretary; Phineas Pierce, Winston Warren, Geo. Fredrick Williams and Mansfield Strong. The appearance of George William Curtis on the platform elicited cheers and applause. Mr. Curtis called the meeting to order near noon, and welcomed the delegates. He read the call for the conference, and when he reached that portion of it which related to Republicans who will not vote for Blaine and Logan, he was interrupted by hearty applause. Chas. E. Codman was elected president. The list of vice-presidents and enrollment committee was read, including Carl Schurz, General Barlow, and C. J. Bonapart, of Maryland. The nominees were all elected.

Col. Codman made an address, in which he said: You confer great honor on me in choosing me to preside over the deliberations of, not a body of office holders, but of citizens, whose only desire is for the good of the whole country. We have decided to cast aside party affiliations for the time being. The nomination of the Republican party for President is an insult to American manhood. Blaine has not cleared his record from the charges that he used his public office for private gains, and we fear that he will continue in his usual methods. That he will prove no deadhead in any enterprise he may embark in, we make no charge against his private character, but Blaine is not fit to be President of the United States. There is no great issue clearly defined between the two parties, so that we have to confine ourselves to the question of the fitness of the candidates. We shall not give up our right to condemn and denounce lawlessness and oppression in the South, any more than our right to condemn political dishonesty in the North. We shall exercise both of these rights, We shall not support Blaine, nor shall we support any man who justifies the Copiah murder, if, indeed, such a man can be found for whom anyone would ask the suffrages of the people. We respect the conviction of others, but for ourselves we say that it is just as impossible for us to support Blaine as it is to lie or steal. We are assembled here to-day to confer together, and to consider what practical action we shall take. We have no purpose in view, and, as reasonable men, we desire to act

ADVANCE.

'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS'."

UGUST 1. 1884. --NUMBER 26

together; but we shall not, I think, make any attempt to demand pledges or to bind consciences; whatever is done here every man is free to follow his own course. No pledges will be asked and certainly none will be given. For myself I do not hesitate to say that the defeat of Blaine should be compassed by all honorable means. It seems to me that the cause of good government of pure politics of the American character, requires it to be done. There is but one way to do it, and that way must be obvious to us all. We desire, first of all, a President that is incorruptible, and if, beside that, he is able and independent, so much the better. We have not far to go to find the man who is all this. It has been said recently by some of the supporters of Blaine that no Democratic President was ever able to resist the pressure of party managers. It may perhaps be true, and possibly some Republican Presidents have been open to some criticism, but there is certainly one Democratic official who has shown the ability to successfully resist all the pressure that would interfere with the faithful performance of official duty, and he is now Governor of New York and the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.

When Mr. Codman had concluded Mr Schurz moved that a committee be appointed to act on the resolutions and address. Carried.

Mr. Curtis read the communication from the National Temperance Society referred to above, and it was referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

Mr Horace E. Deming, of Brooklyn, said he believed this conference would leave behind it some mark that would show that it intended to do some fighting during this campaign. He moved that a committee be appointed to report a plan of permanent organization. This was carried and the committee was appointed with Mr. Deming as chairman.

The committee retired for consultation, and Colonel Theodore Lyman, of Brooklyne, Mass., made an address. He said he had no objection to parties. It was a dangerous thing to be an independent for several reasons. There was even the risk of being called a crank. But we can only go so far with a party. When a party oversteps the bounds of decency it is our duty to leave it. When a party fails to fulfill its mission it will do anything. We want an honorable and able man for President, and I believe that Governor Cleveland is such a man.

Thos. Bacon, of New Haven, said that the independent movement had grown to an enormous strength. It had twice defeated Blaine's presidential aspirations within the party We are told that Blaine was not nominated by any wire-pelling or machine, and we fear that is true, and if the Republican party has reached the point when it takes a man of such damaged reputation as Blaine it is time for somebody to bolt.

Col. F. W. Higginson, of Cambridge, Mass., said he had never seen a more gratifying assemblage. It reminded him of the gathering that took place in the times of anti-slavery agitation. That movement was successful, and he believed that this would be. Continuing, he said: I have severed all allegiance for the time being to the party to which I have belonged since its birth. If at the end of ten years I find myself the humblest member of the new party, I shall accept it as inevitable. I think bolting is a good thing sometimes. The speaker declared that the weakest part of the enemy was Blaine, and the strongest force of his own army was Cleveland.

The Baptist Sunday School Convention.

The Baptist State Sunday School Convention is in session at Reidsville. The reporter for the “News Observer” says: Prof. F. P. Hobgood, of Oxford, is the good looking President, with Rev. H. W. Battle, of Wadesboro, as Vice President: J. M. M. Broughton, of Raleigh, Secretary; Rev. C. S. Farris, Treasurer. The address of welcome, full of hearty greetings, made by the pastor, Rev. B. H. Phillips, was responded to by Rev. Mr. Farriss. This is the semi-centennial of the Sunday school work among the Baptists of North Carolina. Nine years ago, at the Convention held in Raleigh, there were only 10,000 Sunday school members reported. This year the Corresponding Secretary, Prof, J. E. Ray, reported 60,000. Last night Rev. H. W. Battle, of Wadesboro, preached a very able sermon to a large audience. Dr. A. E. Dickinson spoke on the Sunday school work generally, and the morning session closed. In the aternoon a song service was held at 5 o'clock, conducted by Prof. Chas. Wilson, of Asheville. At night we had a very able address by Rev. Dr. S. A. Goodwin, of Danville, Va., on “The Rewards of Sunday School work.”

--The appearance of two new papers in the “Land of the Sky,” one called the Ashville “Exla vigator,” the other the Jefferson (Ashe Co.) “Appalachian Philosopher,”--shows that either the spirit of Waynesville “Chautaqua” has gotten entangled with the spirit of cornucopia, or else that the General Agents for Websters and Worcesters Dictionaries have pitched their tents amid the mists of the empyreanic mountain tops. We never said it!—“Farmer and Mechanic.”

—The Greenville Guards have been assigned to 1st regiment, of Company B. Mr. I. A. Suggs is captain.

Wild Western Mule's Ways.

An Eastern family received a telegram from the West, announcing the sudden demise of a relative, and then replied, “send on the remains at once.” No telegram was received in answer, but in a few days a letter came, saying simply, “There ain't no remanes. He war kick by a mul.”

A QUEER STORY.

———:o:———

HOW OBESITY OPERATES AGAINST MATRIMONY.

THE STOUT LADY'S STORY.

A very fat young woman came to my office and asked to see me privately. When we were alone she said:

“Are you sure no one can overhear us?”

“Quite sure.”

“You won't laugh at me, will you?”

“Madam, I should be unworthy of your confidence if I should be guilty of such a rudenes.”

“Thank you, but no one ever called upon you on such a ridiculous errand. You won't think me an idiot, will you, doctor?”

“I beg you to go on.”

“You don't care to know my name or residence?”

“Certainly not, if you care to conceal them.”

“I have called to consult you about the strangest thing in the world. I will tell you about it all. I am 23 years old. When I was nineteen I weighed 122 pounds; now I weigh 209; I am filling up with fat. I can hardly breathe. The best young man that ever lived loved me, and had been on the point of asking me to marry him, but of course he sees I am growing worse every day, and he don't dare to venture. I can't blame him. He is the noblest man in the world, and could marry any one he chooses. I don't blame him for not wanting to unite himself to such a great tub as I am. Why doctor you don't know how fat I am. I am a sight to behold. And now I have come to see if anything can be done. I know you have studied up all sorts of curious things, and thought you might tell me how to get rid of this dreadful curse.”

She had been talking faster and faster, and with more and more feeling (after the manner of fat women, who are always emotional), until she broke down in hysterical sobs.

I enquired about her habits--table and otherwise. She replied:

“Oh! I starve myself; don't eat enough to keep a canary bird alive, and yet I grow fatter all the time. I don't believe anything can be done for me. We all have our afflictions, and I suppose we ought to bear them with fortitude. I would'nt mind for my self, but it is just breaking his heart. If it wasn't for him, I could be reconciled.”

I then explained to her our nervous system, and the bearing certain conditions of one class of nerve has upon the disposition of adipose tissue. I soon saw she was not listening, but mourning her sorrow. Then I asked her was she willing to follow the prescription I might give her.

“Willingly! willingly!” she cried. “I would be willing to go through fire, or to have my flesh cut off with red hot knives. There is nothing I would not be willing to endure if I could only get rid of this horrible condition.”

I prepared a prescription for her, and arranged that she should call upon me once a week, that I might supervise her progress and have frequent opportunities of encouraging her. The prescription which I read to her was this:

1. For breakfast eat a piece of beef or mutton as large as your hand, with a slice of white bread twice as large. For dinner the same amount of meat, or if preferred fish or poultry, with the same amount of farinaceous or vegetable food in the form of bread or potatoes. For supper nothing.

2. Drink only when greatly annoyed with thirst, then a lemonade without sugar.

3. Take three times a week some form of bath, in which there shall be immense perspiration. The Turkish bath is best. You must work, either in walking or some other way, several hours a day.

“But, doctor, I can't walk, my feet are sore.”

I thought that might be the case; but if the soles of your shoes are four inches broad, and thick and strong walking will not hurt your feet. You must walk or work until you perspire freely every day of the week. Of course you are in delicate health with little endurance, but as you have told me you are willing to do anything, you are to work hard at something six or seven hours every day.

“You must rise early in the morning, and retire late at night. Much sleep fattens people.

5. The terrible corset you have on, which compresses the centre of the body, making you look a great deal fatter than you really are, must be taken off, which any dress maker can fit to you—a corset for the stomach, which will raise this great mass and support it.

“This is all the advice I have to give you at present. At first you will lose half a pound a day. In the first three months you will lose from twenty to thirty pounds; in six months, forty pounds. You will constantly improve in health, get over this excessive emotion, and be much stronger. Every one knows that a very fat horse, weighing 1200 pounds, can quickly be reduced to 1000 pounds with great improvement to activity and health. It is still easier with a human being. That you may know exactly what is being done, I wish you to be weighed, write the figures in your memorandum, and one week from now, when you come again, weigh yourself and tell me how much you have lost.”

I happened to be out of the city and did not see her until her second visit, two weeks from our last meeting. It was plain when she entered that already her system was being toned up, and when we were again in my private office, she said.

“I have lost six and a half pounds; not quite as much as you told me, but, I am delighted, though nearly starved. I have done exactly as you prescribed, and shall continue to if it kills me. You must be very careful not to make any mistakes, for I shall do just as you say. At first the thirst was dreadful; I thought I could not bear it; but now I have very little trouble with that.”

About four months after our first meeting this young woman brought a handsome young man with her, and after a pleasant chat she said to me:

“We are engaged; but I have told my friend that I shall not consent to become his wife until I have a decent shape. When I came to you I weighed 209 pounds; I now weigh 163 pounds. I am ten times as strong, active and healthy as I was then, and I have made up my mind, for my friend has left it altogether to me, that when I have lost ten or fifteen pounds more, we shall send you the invitations.”

As the wedding day approached she brought the figures 152 on a card, and exclaimed, with her blue eyes running over:

“I am the happiest girl in the world, and don't you think I have honestly earned it? I think I am a great deal happier than I should have been if I had not worked for it.”

The papers said the bride was beautiful. I thought she was, and I suppose no one but herself and husband felt as much interested in that beauty as I did. I took a sort of scientific interest in it.

We made the usual call upon them during the first month, and when, two months after the wedding, they were spending the evening with us, I asked him if his wife had told him about my relations with her avoirdupois. He laughed heartily, and replied:

“Oh! yes; she told me everything, I suppose. But wasn't it funny?”

“Not very. I am sure you wouldn't have thought it funny if you could have heard our first interview. It was just the reverse of funny; don't you think so, madam?”

“I am sure it was the most anxious visit I ever paid any one. Doctor, my good husband says he should have married me all the same, but I think he would have been a goose if he had.”

“Yes,” said the husband, “it was foreordained that we two should be one.”

“To be sure it was,” replied the happy wife, “because it was foreordained that I should get rid of those horrid fifty-seven pounds. I am going down till I reach one hundred and forty pounds, and there I will stop, unless my husband says one hundred and thirty, I am willing to do anything to please him.”

Cleveland's Love Story.

Why the Bachelor Governor Have Obtained a bride—the Hero of Many Affairs of the Heart.—A Brunette Lady Who May Grace the White House Parlors.

BUFFALO, July 14.-Gov. Cleveland has had many love affairs but not so much as a bachelor of his weight politically and socially, would be expected to have. His love affairs have all been of the platonic kind, and it is said by many of his friends that he has been incapable of falling deeply enough in love to propose to any girl since he became a lawyer in 1859. When he was just able to support himself he became enamored of a pretty and beautiful young woman who was a relative of the late Judge Verplanck. The girl was not disposed to look favorably on this suit, and this made him love her the more. She was quite a flirt and delighted to tantalize him by permitting other young men to escort her home from the old Eagle-Street Theatre, which was then the only place of amusement of any account in the city. The girl was comparatively wealthy and looked down on Grover, who was a poor lawyer. After awhile she got to thinking fondly of him, and it is said that they were engaged to be married, when she was taken ill with a fever and died.

Cleveland did not recover from the shock for several months, and though he has a bachelor's liking for pretty ladies his friends say he will never marry. One lady became so infatuated with him that she proposed to him. He rejected her advances, and it is said that she became crazy and is now confined in an asylum.

Gov. Cleveland has always been of a retiring disposition, and most of his time has been spent in his law library or in the company of bachelor friends.

His most frequent places of resort were the City Club and the high-toned Buffalo Club on Delaware avenue. There he was accustomed years ago to spend most of his evenings playing cards and telling or listening to stories told by a coterie composed of the late Hon. Hammon S. Cutting, the late John Allen, vice-president of the Central and Hudson railroad, and other unmarried gentlemen.

A friend of the Governor told the *Journal* correspondent to-day a romantic story of how a lady living near Poughkeepsie engaged in correspondence with the Governor since he was elected Mayor, and that a tender feeling had sprung up between them. They have met but four times, once when Cleveland was sheriff, a few years later at Saratoga, after Cleveland was elected Mayor, and once since he has been Governor. This friend said that it was quite likely that the lady would be married by Cleveland if elected President, and that she would grace the White House parlors at his reception. The lady is described as being a charming brunette, about thirty-five years old, with pleasing manners and considerable property. Inquiry among other friends verified the story, but no one could tell the lady's name or just where she lived, except that it was in a small town near Poughkeepsie.

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POLITICAL POINTS.

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON.

Elections for State officers occur as follows: Alabama, August 4; Arkansas, September 1; Vermont, September 1; Maine, September 8; Georgia, Ooctober 1; Ohio and West Virginia, October 14.

Gov. Hoadley and Senator Thurman's wings of the Ohio Democracy have long been at feud. They have united on Cleveland, and the chiefs of both are on the stump for him. The prospect in Ohio is said to be good.

"Harper's Weekly" has gone into this campaign for Cleveland with earnestness and vigor. Nast's cartoons will have as much or more effect than Mr. Curtis's editorials, and both are good. And this time in a good cause.

The movement among the rank and file of Tammany is so strong for Cleveland that it is thought Mr. Kelly will be forced to yield any bolting inclination he may have. Many think Mr. Kelly is directing the movement himself, neither wishing to bolt nor to seem to give in.

Mr. Conkling's position is now in doubt. He is thought to be for Cleveland. The Utica "Press," published at his own home, and owned and edited by his personal friends, and which is supposed to represent Mr. Conkling's views, declares its intention to support the Democratic ticket.

Perhaps the best expression of the Democratic view of the ticket is contained in the words of James G. Jenkins, who, at the recent ratification meeting in Milwaukee, gave the battle cry of the campaign as "Cleveland and Reform; Hendricks and Revenge for the fraud of 1876."—Chicago "News."

Our young friend Charlie Cook, of Warrenton, Republican candidate for Attorney General, and late a Democrat, has been speaking in Northampton. A correspondent who heard him writes to the Warrenton "Gazette" as follows: "It is the general opinion here that if the Doctor could be induced to canvass all over the State the Democratic ticket would be elected by fifty thousand majority." Charlie was in favor of County Government until "he jined the Radikils."

In its Presidential campaigns hitherto the Democratic party has had arrayed against it the most powerful journalistic intellects of the metropolis. The illustrated press has been especially a vigorous enemy. This year the Democratic standard-bearer is fortunate in having on his side the ablest newspapers and the brightest caricaturists of New York. Here is the Press roster: For Cleveland—The 'World,' 'Herald,' 'Times,' 'Journal of Commerce,' 'Staats-Zeitung,' 'Evening Post,' Graphic,' 'Morning Journal,' 'Truth.' 'Telegram,' 'Dial,' 'News,' 'Courier des Etats Unis,' 'Puck,' 'Harper's Weekly.' 'Life and the Independent. For Blaine—The 'Tribune,' Commercial.' 'Advertiser,' 'Judge,' 'Mail and Express,' and 'Irish World.'

The Kind Of Man Scales Is.

"He's a great man, a "great' man sir," said a Wake county rural politician just after he came from a conversation with Mr. Scales. "Why that anecdote is true. He told me it was, When he was a young man and first entered a campaign for the Legislature, the Rockingham rabble was in the habit of receiving drinks at the expense of the candidates. At one pretty rough appointment they called on Scales to treat. He refused, saying that he would not be a candidate to make laws if he had to break laws to succeed. A quart guzzling fellow as a committee of one waited on him and hinted pretty strongly that the crowd was not satisfied and believed that he [Scales] was too stingy to treat. "My friend." asked Scales "have you children?" "Yes." "Do they go to school?" "Yes" "How much money would it require to treat this crowd?" "$5" "Well, here is $5. Take it and buy books for your children." The fellow was found later in the day praising books to his companions above grog. A man that could do that," continued the gentleman from Wake, "is as cold blooded a moral hero as you ever run across these days. He can do anything. He's a great man I tell you."

The most deadly foe to all malarial diseases is Ayer's Ague Cure a combination of vegetable ingredients only, of which the most valuable is used in no other known preparation. This remedy is an absolute and certain specific, and succeeds when all other medicines fail. A cure is warranted.

The Kind of Republicans Duplin Contains.

At the recent State Convention J. D. Stanford, Esq., in a short speech before that august assembly, said that Duplin had never had but four straight out white radicals and that two of them had been indicted for horse stealing, were defended by him at the bar, cleared of the charge upon some technicality, but neither has ever been the man to pay his lawyer's fee.
G. M. C. in—"Messenger."

The curative power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is too well known to require the spacious aid of any exaggerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of its marvelous cures are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land. Write for names if you want home evidence.