WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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WILSON ADVANCE.

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NEWS OF A WEEK

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GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILLINGS— GLEANINGS.

—Seigel Bros'. cigarette factory burned at Durham Monday.

—Robinson ball is played in Tarboro Virginia.

—Raleigh. The "Southerner" ob delivered.

—[illegible] has a Cleveland and [illegible] club composed of colored [illegible].

—An alligator measuring nine feet [illegible] inches was killed at New Bern [illegible] Saturday morning.

—The [illegible] publicans of the 7th district nominated Dr. J. G. Ramsey for Congress, Kerr Craige will beat him [illegible]sily.

—The cattle [illegible]gue has appeared in eight counties [illegible] of Kansas, and pleuro pneumonia [illegible] reported in several herds in Illinois.

—The Kinston Rag[illegible] failed to organize a Blaine and [illegible]an club last week but failed. Too many factions in the party.

—A bale of new cotton was sold on Monday of last week in Montgomery, Ala., which was low middling, and it brought 11¾cents.

—Something new: The discovery of the French physician that a watermelon contains more nutriment than a pound of beefsteak.

—They have had the hardest rains in Lenoir since the war.—Neuse river rose five feet in one day. Cotton on the low lands is ruined.

—Gen. Grant has contracted to write for "The Century" magazine twenty articles on the principal battles of the war, for which he is to receive $10,000.

—The Baptists of North Carolina contemplate founding a Baptist Orphan's Home. The Committee: J. H. Mills, R. D. Fleming and W. H. Gwaltney.

—Mr. D. B. Nicholson has become a member of the law firm of Faison & Powell of Clinton. The present style of the firm is Faison, Powell & Nicholson. This makes a strong firm.

—Three boys, the oldest but 15, at Piedmont, Va., bought a pint of whiskey and Jeremiah Porter died in terrible agony and the other two are seriously sick. What an outrage!

—Lenoir County Commissioners bore with a big augur. The Kinston "Free Press" mentions that they have just appropriated $13,000 to put up an iron bridge in the county.

—The Raleigh Chronicle says: State Immigration Agent Patrick has brought 800 immigrants to North Carolina during the last 12 months, and the most of them by far are farmers.

—A Parsee girl has astonished her race in India by bringing a suit for breach of promise of marriage. It is the first instance of the kind known in that land and it has created a great scandal.

—Carteret county has shipped one hundred thousand watermelons to northern markets this season. These are a great many more than usual, and they are one-third larger than those of last season.

—Hon. William B. Hyman, a native of Martin county, N. C., died near Camp Parapet, La., on Saturday last, aged 70. He was Chief Justice of the State in 1865, and served four years. He was a worthy man.

—"Brick" Pomeroy will shortly begin the publication of an illustrated paper, "The United States Democrat" at New York. The subscription price will be $2.00 a year, or fifty cents for the campaign.

Miss Julia Jackson, "Stonewall's" daughter, is at Old Point, and attracts much attention in her Confederate gray dress. She is described as quite pretty, an expert swimmer and a crack shot.

If the Mormons flourish twenty-four years to come as they have flourished during the past twenty-four years it is estimated they will number three millions, and their peculiar institution will be established "on a prosperous basis."

—Mrs. Mary Bayard Clark is suffering severely and has gone to New York to test the elective remedy. We hope this talented and versatile North Carolina poet and authoress will have many more years given her.

—The card of thanks business has reached its lowest depths in Vermont when a woman and her husband print a card "sincerely" thanking "our brother and sister and nephew for their kindness in sharing with us the expenses of the burial of our aged father."

—There are now 144 orphans at the Oxford Asylum and Dr. Dixon, the Superintendent, has some 70 or more applications. The administration of Dr. Dixon gives much satisfaction to the Board of Directors. There is a falling off in the receipts of funds, and it ought not so to be.

—Greensboro "Workman": A lady, a resident of another State, and not a native of North Carolina, who has travelled over this State, says she has been to watering places North, and to the White Sulphur Springs, Va., where she saw fifteen hundred men at a time, but she saw more handsome men in North Carolina than she ever saw before. Gentlemen, raise your hats.

—It is said that the energetic and enterprising authorities of the Raleigh & Gaston railroad will build a branch road from Franklinton to Louisburg, and have trains running between the two towns by the first of December next.

"Citizen," 9th: Grover Cleveland reached Asheville Thursday morning, and is the guest of Mayor Aston. Our mayor, ever on the alert to do a graceful and proper thing, tendered the distinguished arrival the full freedom of the city. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Stikeleather.

—The re-union of the ex-Confederates at Reidsville on the 14th was largely attended, and a fine time had. It was estimated that 1000 wearers of the gray were present. Addresses were delivered by Hon. J. W. Reid, Senator Ransom, Gen'l Scales, Col. W. F. Beasley, C. B. Watson and Col. J. R. Winston.

— It is said that out in Florida, people spend most of the time in the water during the summer months, leading a sort of amphibious life, as it were. The only drawback to the luxury of this water life is that alligators live in the water, likewise, and they are cannibals.

—In Hertfort county Henry Haughton won the affections of Starkey Askew's wife, and ran away together. Haughton has been caught and jailed. He ought to receive a hundred lashes on his bare back, and the woman—well we don't know what punishment should be given her.

—Two men were killed in one day last week, on the W. N. C. R. R., both drunk. One attempting to jump across the track in front of a running train, and the other was indulging a maudlin snooze on the track. Both killed by same train. A prohibitionist plum for a temperance lecture, says the "Southerner."

—An exchange tells of a negroon the C. C. Road who has been turning white ever since he voted the Democratic ticket. If we can get the negroes to believe that by following the example of this one they can become white, they'll all join our party. The effort to do this ought to be worthy of consideration, and we call chairman Battle's attention to it.

—The "Southerner" reports that the dogs have again ravaged Dr. D. B. Batts' sheep fold "How long, O! legislators?" The dog nuisance is a heavy tax on the State and yet there is no prospect of relief. The people do not desire a tax on dogs. And it is not because they do not love the sheep but because they love the cur more. Educate the people to love mutton and hate a worthless dog, and then relief will come.

—Warrenton "Gazette": The shipment of grapes from Ridgeway and Warren Plains is now very heavy, the shipment from Ridgeway alone being about five tons a day. The fruit nets from six to ten cents a pound, according to variety and condition. There are 900 vines per acre and each vine will average about five pounds of good fruit.

—The Dismal Swamp lottery, with headquarters at Norfolk, has come to grief. The officers of the law are after the managers, the agent in Berkley has been jailed, the Mayor of Norfolk has seized the wheel and other paraphernalia, and is looking for the managers. We hope the day is not far distant when all these gambling concerns will be summarily dealt with.

— On the 27th of last month a daughter of Jesse Splawns, colored, of Rutherford county, according to the "Banner," was filling a lighted lamp from a two-gallon kerosene can, when the oil exploded. The house was set on fire, the girl ran out all in flames, and died the next day after suffering untold agonies. The house and everything in it was consumed. The burial was attended by a great many colored people at their church on the opposite side of Green river, it being swollen from recent rains. On their return, a boat load was capsized, among them a brother of the deceased, aged 7 or 8 years, who was drowned.

—We take the following extract from a private letter from Brattleboro, Vermont, it being quite a significant straw: "There is quite an anti-Blaine sentiment in the old Green Mountain State. On Friday evening, after the Cleveland and Hendricks flag raising, over forty Republicans joined an anti-Blaine club, among whom was Mr. Richard Bradley, a prominent and influential citizen. The Cleveland and Hendricks cannon which sent its music reverberating over the mountain echoed back the fact—powder furnished by the Republican postmaster, Mr. Mansur. Arthur may take his head off but Cleveland will put it on again. John Alexander Logan has not heeded "Mother Logan's good advice, and must suffer for being in bad company."

A Short Fourth of July Oration.

A Western man is on record as making the briefest Fourth of July oration in history. He had his speech by heart, but the multitude frightened him. "Twenty years ago the place upon which you now stand was a howling wilderness!" he began. Not remembering the next sentence, he repeated that one. There was immense applause Still he forgot. Attempt No. 3 was as follows: "Twenty years ago the place upon which you now stand was a howling wilderness—and—and—d—n me if I don't wish it was now."

Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Aye's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and blear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

POLITICAL POINTS.

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WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

THE POLITICAL CALDRON.

A New York German Society has declared for Cleveland.

General John S. Marmaduke is the Democratic candidate for Gov. of Missouri

In the First district Thomas G. Skinner was renominated for Congress by acclamation.

Major John W. Daniel has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the 6th district in Virginia.

Blaine, it is said, will give $500,000 personally to the Republican campaign fund. If this is true the underpaid Government employes at Washington ought to be let alone.

The German Progressive Union of Connecticut have resolved to support Cleveland and Hendricks. This act is significant as this Union has heretofore voted for the Republican nominees.

The Democratic Senatorial Convention at Plymouth on the 14th nominated P. H. Simmons, of Hyde, and Theodore Poole, of Martin, for the Senate from the seven counties of that district.

Mr. Cleveland paid a visit last week to Mr. Tilden at the latter's country home on the Hudson, and the two had a conference with regard to the points to be covered in Cleveland's forthcoming letter of acceptance.

The Democratic electors are as follows: W. H. Kitchen, J. N. Staples, Dennell Gilliam, C. W. McClammy, B. H. Bunn, R. B. Glenn, Alfred Rowland, Richard Puryear, R. McBrayer, M. H. Justice. The first district has made no selection.

"Why Veterans Should Support Blaine" a Republican contemporary starts off to explain. Why? Because he hired a substitute to go to the army for him and when the rascal was sent to jail Blaine never even sent a man to do his fighting.

Mr. James Black, of Pennsylvania, says that the Prohibitionists will poll from 15,000 to 25,000 votes in that State, and not less than 50,000 in New York, two thirds of which will come from the Republican party.

Senator Gordon, of Maryland, is Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. At its recent meeting he said he would resign if any attempt was made by the organization to print or circulate charges involving Blaine's private life. That was right and decent.

Edward Kearney, one of the most popular of the Tammany leaders, says: "Those Democrats who are not for Cleveland and Hendricks should cross the line and join the Republicans. A Democrat who votes for Butler is a Republican, as Butler is running solely in the interest of Blaine.

The Durham "Plant" says that "Hon. Josiah Turner has announced himself a candidate for Congress. He only spoke a few moments, and we were unable to learn where he stood politically, but suppose he is against everybody and everything."

The Ninth District County Democracy Association, New York city, have taken steps to form a "Cleaver" Guards, to carry as weapons large wooden cleavers. The motto will be:

"We Polked them."
"We Pierced them."
"We Buck'd them."
"And by the help of God we'll 'cleave' them."

From the manner in which the Northern Republican press has opened its campaign upon Cleveland, it is evident that Ike Young's advice as to the conduct of a campaign has been heard and heeded away from home. "Let like hell and stick to it," is the counsel of the gentle Isaac, and his advice is being acted upon. Yea, verily.

The Speakers.

An humble suggestion: For opera house audience, Mr. Staples; for luke-warm or wrong-headed or fighting audiences, Mr. Kitchin—he'll give 'em Hail Columbia!—for open air campaigning, where you want vigor and a good supply of it, Mr. Coke: for audiences that wish to be charmed, Mr. Fowle: for all men and all places, the honest manly face of Mr. Scales.—Chronicle.

Political Humbugs.

A meeting of twenty-two persons calling themselves Irish Democrats, met last night in Bonnell's Hall, Newark, N. J., and organized an "Irish Republican Blaine club." Mr. Kelter, a person utterly unknown to the Irish residents of Newark, was chosen President. The others in the club are said to be mainly ward politicians and their "heelers." The Irish residents scoff at the idea of such people representing them.—New York "Herald," Ind.

The Outlook Encouraging.

The Executive Committee of the National Democratic Committee held a session in New York on Monday. Senator Ransom was present. The reports received are of an encouraging character.—Cleveland's strength is represented as steadily growing. Both Senators Gorman and Jonas say that the outlook is most favorable. Mr. Walter Bunn, the clerk of the State Democratic Committee, tells the New York "Herald":

"We have returns from a thousand election districts in the State, and in ninety-five per cent of these from five to seventy-five Republicans are promised for Cleveland. Other returns indicate that Democrats who, prior to and subsequent to the nomination, were opposed to Cleveland are now coming forward to support the regular Democratic ticket."

Maj. Wm. A. Smith's Position.

When Maj. Wm. A. Smith began his speech at Smithfield, before he had spoken two sentences, the well known Eli Olive arose and going forward, extended his hand, saying: "Major Smith, allow me to welcome you into the Democratic party!" The Smithfield Herald says:

"He favored a reduction of the tariff, the abolition of the Internal Revenue system, and that he favored the present system of county government, and was now satisfied that it was the best for the people in them, of both races; though he opposed it when inaugurated and before he had fully seen its workings. He told the colored people that they were bound to vote for a Democrat this year if they voted for Governor at all, and that, he would advise them to vote for a true and stainless man, that Gen. Scales who had been his colleague in Congress, was an honest and patriotic statesman. He spoke in high terms of the incorruptible Cleveland; he said his vote for Gen. Cox this year would not be the first he had cast for that gallant and pure man; his compliment to Hon. W. R. Cox was a fitting one, and while he was thus eulogizing our beloved Representative, Gen. Cox himself arrived on the Court Square. Major Smith in closing said, "I was bound in my old age to crawl over the log and get to my friends."

Hog Cholera.

The ravages of hog cholera in certain sections of this county and Duplin are unprecedented.—Clinton "Caucasian.

Moyock, N. C., March 4, 1884.—I notice in your columns mention made of hard times and of hog cholera. The latter is matter of much concern to us all. I wish to give some experience and knowledge of my own that may be of use to my fellow men if practically observed.

All stock need attention, and the hog needs more than any other sort. There is not so much in the feeding as in the manner, time and place of feeding. A sameness of food and sameness of place will cause the best hogs to degenerate or sicken. If people will place their hogs in pastures in the spring and summer seasons, where they can have access to green stuff, such as carrot-weed, clover and grass, and change them about every month (if the lot is not more than one or two acres it will do,) and refrain from giving them much corn, and let them have free access to a throwing in a little copperas and saltpetre—and give them apples, watermelons, squash or vegetables in the swill, I will obligate myself to pay for all that die with sickness of any kind. I had sickness in my hogs about ten or fifteen years ago, but have not had any since. The conclusion I came to was that it originated in a sameness of place and food right among the hogs by some freak in nature, and was not at all contagious. I would recommend the Poland-China, as I believe them to be the best, least liable to disease and producing the greatest and best amount of pork and bacon for the outlay and attention.

This prevention will as well apply to fowls. Much has been said as to a remedy to cure, but remedy is a humbug, because when the disease is contracted you would have to apply the remedy to every one if you allowed them to remain at the place where it was contracted, and there is no specific remedy known.—E. W. Holt, in Raleigh "Register."

Every paper in the United States ought occasionally to keep the fact before its readers that burnt corn is a certain and speedy cure for hog cholera. The best way is to make a pile of corn on the cobs, effectually scorch it, and the give affected hogs free access to it. This remedy was discovered by E. E. Docks at the time his distillery was burned in Fulton county, Ills., together with a lot of store corn, which was so much injured as to be unfit for use, and was hauled out and greedily eaten by the hogs, several of which were dying daily. After the second day not a single hog was lost, the and the disease entirely disappeared. The remedy has been tried in a number of cases and never failed.—Baltimore "Sun."

A Benefactor and a Traitor.

The inventive mania is driving folks "plumb" crazy. The man in Douglasville, Ga., who has invented a steam road worker must, without any questions or controversy, be put down as a benefactor of the human family, and especially of that part of it that resides in Dixie. The plows and scrapes in the machine, it is claimed, will do of the work of 50 men at one-tenth the cost of hand labor. On the other hand, however, the Stokes county man who invented a quilting machine, wherewith one or two girls all alone can make a quilt in a few hours is a public enemy. Sordid fellow as he is, he has gone to work on the theory that the quilt is the end and aim of quilting; whereas, in truth, the quilting has from time immemorial been only an excuse for the "frolic." And without country frolics, what would the country be?

The best medical authorities acknowledge the great value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, well knowing that they are the most effectual remedy ever devised for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

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HE PHILOSOPHIZES ON FUTURE PROSPECTS.

SPRING-TIME MATTERS.

It is good for a man to take comfort from his fellow-man. I had been away from home for ten days and thought that my farming prospects would be brighter when I returned and spring be fairly opened and Dame Nature would be making for the hard winter and the freshets and the storms and the hail and dry winds but she was still unfriendly and the wheat looked about the same and the spring oats looked like they had been singed by a hot blast and the ground was baked and cracked and had a crust upon it, and the corn land broke up in clods and there were little furrows washed on the slopes by the winter rains and got bigger all the way down, and some of the wheat in the bottoms had been covered up by the wash from the hill sides, and as I went over the farm and perused it all I was feeling gloomy over the scene and wondered how a poor farmer was to get along and make a living in this sublunary world. By and by I met Rowland, my tenant, and we howd'yd and when I began to lament the prospects he said "Well, it don't look as sightly as I have seen it some years, but I'm hoped up right smartly about crops, for there's some signs that are mighty good. I've never seen the wheat stool out better. It sticks powerful close to the ground and has taken good root, and my opinion is we are going to have a good wheat year. I pulled up a bunch or two and I never saw such long roots and so many of 'em. The ground has been soft underneath and the roots have gone away down yonder. It aint the top show that is the best. Wheat is sorter like folks, you can't always tell a man by what's in sight nor by the clothes he wears, nor by seeing him of a Sunday at meeting. The spring oats don't look as likely as I've seen 'em, but they will come out. A little shower of warm rain will send 'em right along and I think we will have it in a day or two for it's mighty nigh Easter and my rheumatix is a jerkin' me a little more than common. A little rain to soften this crust is all that is wanted."

"Well, I brightened up from meeting Roland and next day my boys took the disc roller and harrow and went over the ground they broke up last fall and it went through the crust and pulverized everything beautifully, and they laid it off and planted the corn and covered it with a double plow and it was all done so well I felt encouraged and come to the conclusion that it is better to take things hopefully like Roland does. The garden is late; very late. Our first planting got chilled out and we have had to plant over again. I never knew English peas and radishes and kale to be killed before, and Mrs. Arp says she never knew the chickens to be as hard to keep out out of the garden, and they eat up every green thing, but she says she never knew them to lay so many eggs and eggs are a good thing in a family in the spring of the year, for it is mighty hard to get anything to eat. The turnips were all killed so we can't get greens and the irish potatoes we saved are all in the sprout and the sweet potatoes are all gone and it is a little too soon to catch fish and too late for wild game, and it is nothing but hog meat and buiscuit three times a day and the like of that is very monotonous, very, but nevertheless we are thankful. We bought a few guineas last fall, for my wife said she always did love to see the lively things dodging around and singing potrack and so one day a nabor come along and said our guineas were all he ones, and he could tell a he one from a she one fifty yards off, and so we concluded to kill 'em and eat 'em and did kill all but five and was telling nabor Freeman about how we were fooled in our guineas, and he said it was all a mistake for he heard 'em singing potrack every day and none but the females sung potrack at all. So we quit killing them and sure enough three of them have gone to laying and I reckon they are females; I reckon they are. The turkey hens are laying over in the woods and the geese have nearly filled a hollow log with eggs, and everything seems to be multiplying and replenishing except pea fowls and we don't know when they lay or where, for this is the first year we have had. They keep up a powerful commotion among the little chickens, and some folks say they will kill them, but my observation is they want to take them away from the hen and appropriate them. I have seen them go for the mother and drive her off, but I have never seen them hurt a chicken yet. As I was traveling the other day I saw a wire fence around a garden and on two sides of the front yard. It was a wire gauze on top of a plank fence and the man said it was the only way he could keep the fowls out and save his grass and vegetables. I got some Texas Blue grass from Mr. Reece in Marion, Ala., and planted it out in rows, and the chickens found it while I was gone and eat it down and I had to send for some more, and I put it away off in the corner of a field and covered it up with briers and brush and think I will save it now. I think well of that grass and am going to make a fair experiment with it. Some that he sent me was over two feet long and very tender and delicate. The common blue grass does well here for pasture but not for hay and we want a grass that will make hay and not have to be sowed every year. I read in the "Country Gentleman" about a man in New Jersey who said he cut two tons to the acre of the grass that had been cut every year in the same piece of ground for seventy years. Well I like these everlasting things. They told me down in Florida that they didn't have to plant sweet potatoes there but once and after that they would come every year from the laps. I had an acre of clover in a kind of basin on upland and it was cut eight years in succession, but the broom sage and weeds took at last and I had to turn it under. My clover on bottom land didn't last so long but it keeps coming back and is the best manure I know of. We have found out that the best way to seed land in clover is have the land well prepared and pulverized and harrowed smooth and then sow the seed say six quarts to the acre and go over it with a roller to press the seed lightly in the soil. The seed should not be harrowed in. Nabor Freeman put in ten acres that was in Maren and has a splendid stand all over it.

But I'm not working now: that is not much on the farm; I'm getting old and lazy and like to boss; bossing suits me; I notice that it suits most everybody; we all want to boss something; dominion is the pride of man; a darkey is proud if he owns a possum dog and can make him come and go when he wants to. A poor man is proud if he owns a horse or mule and a scrub cow or some razor back hogs. A thrifty farmer is proud if he owns good land and fine stock and a top buggy and is big like in a country church and a leader in country politics. And so they keep on going up to railroad presidents and bankers and factory men. They all love money but they love dominion too, just like the Centurion was proud when he said I say unto this man go and he goeth and to another come and he cometh.

And so I begin to love to boss and exercise dominion. I've worked enough. I am like old man Calder, who was seventy years old when the war broke out and he was such a terrible rebel he swore he was going to join the army and shoot somebody; and he did. He fought all day hard at the first battle of Manassas and that night he was worn out and he went to Dr. Miller and said "Doctor, I want to go home, I've fought enough."

Just so with me and Mrs. Arp, we've fought enough in the battle of life and now want rest.

BILL ARP.

A Sketch Which Goes Right To The Spot.

A young gentleman of this place who has decided genius as an artist, and many of whose sketches of familiar scenes and events have amused his most intimate friends for several years past, has lately produced one which is, unfortunately in too many instances, true to life. It is a story in four pictures, arranged as follows:

I. "A young man leaves his country home to clerk in a town store." The young man and his father are driving away from his old homestead in a wagon. His mother stands beneath the trees in the yard and waves her handkerchief after her hopeful, while his older brother stops his plow in the furrow in the field near the house and waves his hat. There stands the old house, with its one-eyed upper window and ivy running up the chimney, while the family dog sits on his haunches in the public road in front of the house and watches the team as it moves away.

II. "For six months goes to the Sunday school, and is astonished that the church does not open at 7 a. m." Here we have a picture of a church, with our young hero sitting on the steps at 7 o'clock in the morning, waiting impatiently for the church to open and Sunday school to begin.

III. "But six months later finds him a man, too soon for him." This represents a room with a bed in the middle of the floor. Our hero is lying in bed, hair disheveled, mouth open, knees drawn up. He is snoring. His pants hang on a peg in the wall, his shirt on the back of a chair, and his shoes and socks are lying around loose on the floor. Sunday school is probably in progress, but he is enjoying himself.

IV. "At the end of another six months with his (boss')—cash, cuts quite a swell and forgets his country home." In this scene, ladies and gentlemen, we have the young man after whom his mother waved her handkerchief and his brother his hat, and after whom the dog howled, in a billiard saloon. His hat and cutaway coat hang on the wall; he wears tight-legged pantaloons and tooth-pick shoes; he has a cigar in his mouth and a cue in his hand and is punching the billiard balls.

In conception the sketch is a signally happy one, and in execution a marvel of excellence. We are told it is to be colored. It ought to be. It would do credit to the pages of "Puck."—Statesville Landmark.

A Far-Fetched Kiss.

"Johnnie," said a girl to her bashful company, as they occupied the remote ends of the sofa the other night, "I see that a lady in New Jersey, 104 years old, boasts of having been kissed by Washington."

"Yes," said Johnnie, "I saw it, too."

"Suppose you were to become a great man like Washington?"

"Well," said Johnnie.

"And I were to live to be 104 years old?"

"Well," said Johnnie.

"I couldn't say of you what the old lady said of Washington could I?"

Then he kissed her.

GEN. TOOMBS.

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REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT SOUTHERNER.

A WONDERFUL MAN.

AUGUSTA, GA.—The appearance of Robert Toombs, the great fire-eater of the South, as a delegate in the district Methodist Conference at Harmony Grove, marks a new era in his life. It is an era in strange contrast with the stormy career of one of the most brilliant men America has ever produced and is the closing scene in a biography which must soon become a complete volume.

The manner of his conversion was characteristic of the man. Bishop George F. Pierce had been a college-mate of Toombs. Together these two young students, the one from Wilkes county, the other from Green the one the petted, self-willed son of a substantial gentleman, the other the thoughtful child of a laborious Methodist minister, pursued their studies, winning scholastic victories, yet by different methods. With Toombs the answers came instinctively; with Pierce it required the burning of the midnight oil. Toombs was ever under the rod of correction, which tradition tells us required his removal to Princeton; and even there his rebellious spirit would brook no dictation. Pierce turned his back upon the frivolities of youth and engaged in the revival services of the little church of which his father, Lovic Pierce, was pastor. Yet Toombs and Pierce were the closest of friends, and in the long career which subsequently opened to both of them, in which one drifted into politics and became the maelstrom of one of the most exciting episodes of history, and the other found preferment in the church, becoming an honored bishop, there never ceased for a moment that attachment born of college association. Meeting Bishop Pierce one day about a year ago, religion was mentioned.

"George," exclaimed Toombs, impetuously, "I want you to baptize me. When I am dead I do not want these young men who drift so naturally into infidelity to claim me as an unbeliever."

This determination caused a sensation throughout the State. It sent astonishment through that class which laughs at holy things, while it brought joy to the christian heart. Once more there was a tender feeling for Toombs, such as had not been felt since the days when he was the pride of Georgia manhood. It was a tenderness more full of sympathy than ever went out to him before. When the appointed Sunday came it found the old statesman surrounded by the neighbors of fifty years, among them was his brother, whose joy at the event about to take place found vent in tears. Toombs himself was affected, and for once found hesitancy in speech when Bishop Pierce, taking him by the hand greeted him as a brother in Christ.

TOOMBS' GREAT GRIEF

leading up to this profession of faith, was a great bereavement. Full fifty years before, the handsome young chevalier won the heart and hand of Miss Sarah DuBose, a lady distinguished for her accomplishments and family name. Ever after she was indeed his better half. She went with him on his political missions; she was with him on his tours of observation, and she was his confidential friend in the fullest meaning of the word in all his transactions. When he entered Congress she went with him, and the home life which the pair enjoyed in the quaint little village of Washington, was maintained in the greater Washington, which was the scene of his political triumphs. The two grew old together, more like a couple of confiding children than like people of the world. They always kept faith with each other. Mrs. Toombs had been for years a member of the Methodist church. It was Mr. Toombs's habit, when speaking jocularly, to claim that he was in consequence a brother-in-law to the church. With increasing age came failing health. The fond wife, was kindly, tenderly nursed by her distinguished husband. When they went to their Clarksville mountain home, in the early spring of a year ago, Mrs. Toombs was living her last days. Her death was the great blow which sobered Toombs. His thoughts turned from the grave to God, and he made his peace. By the grave of this noble Christian woman a remarkable fact is suggested. She had been for fifty years the wife of a man of wonderful magnetism, of gigantic physique, of engaging manners. Over half of this time was spent in the national capitol, where her husband was surrounded by all the allurements of flattery, all the wiles of the set, all the opportunities of his manners and station. Yet through it all, Toombs was a faithful husband. Not even a whisper has ever been made which could compromise his name. What a comment this is on the fidelity of the husband and the influence of the wife.

THE TOOMBS OF FORMER YEARS.

Looking from the bent figure which stood the other day on Greene street, though yet bearing traces of former years, one instinctively turns to the prints which give the shadow of Toombs of 1855. He was then in the zenith of his physical beauty and intellectual strength. He had already won the attention of the republic; his fiery eloquence had made him as hated in the home of abolitionism as he was worshipped by his followers in the South. When he spoke a nation listened. With the impetuosity of Niagara he precipitated the events which led to the great struggle in which cannon took the place of the ballot. From the confederate senate and the cabinet of Jefferson Davis he sought a post in the field, esteeming that the place of every man was in the front. The qualities, however, which made him formidable in debate made him weak in the field. He was not born to obey. General Toombs was not destined to become one of the military heroes of the age. The stories of his disobedience of orders and his refusal to consider himself under arrest are numerous, some of them incredible were they not vouched for.

As if by the irony of fate, the struggle which Toombs had done so much to bring about was destined to come to an end at his home. It was within a few miles of Toombs's residence that Jefferson Davis held his last cabinet council, when Colonel Pritchett's Michigan regiment, following up the fleeting chieftain, overtook him in Irwin county. Toombs was informed of the presence of the federal soldiers just in time to seek flight on that most unromantic creature, the mule. For a few days he found refuge with Colonel E. A. Tate, in the lower part of Elbert county. In Colonel Tate's residence there was a life-sized engraving of Toombs, and so great was the resemblance that one seeing the picture could not mistake the man. The colored people noticed the similarity between the mysterious stranger and the picture. The plantation was soon overrun with federal spies, who offered large rewards for the fugitive—yet though a hundred colored people could lay their hands on him, not one revealed his hiding-place—a wonderful example of colored fidelity. For some months after his final escape he lived in Paris. Here it was he made his memorable answer when asked how he lived: "I am eating an acre of ground a day."

His expenses were $5 a day. He had sold a quanty of Texas land for $5 an acre, which explained his answer.

On his return home he lived quietly, but was much annoyed by the visits of the numerous correspondents. One of the worst of this class was George W. Smalley, now the London correspondent of the New York 'Tribune.' The kuklux sensation was at its highest when Smalley arrived in the village. The correspondent soon found Toombs, who determined to have a little fun at his expense. Smalley asked the general about the kuklux.

"Yes, yes," said Toombs, "I'll tell you all about them, but first let us get a safe place."

Taking him off some distance General Toombs pointed out an unsuspecting Jewish merchant, whose physical appearance was rather against him.

"There he is," said Toombs. "That is the great head of the kuklux klan. My friend, you must come over to my house; it is the only place where you would be safe from his observation. I will do my best to get you safely out of the country."

Scared half to death, Smalley followed the General, and entering the mansion the door was closed when General Toombs said:

"Now you are safe. I will see the chief of the klan and try and get a pass for you out of the country."

Meantime there was no attention wanting to make Smalley comfortable. He was treated like a prince, and soon underwent a change of heart about Toombs, and began to regard him as one of the grandest of men.

Finally a rap was heard at the door.

"Leave it all to me," said the general

"This is the Great Cyclops. I will get him to give you a pass"

The Jew entered in obedience to the General Toomb's summons, which had been previously sent him. He was thoroughly ignorant of the use which was being made of him, consequently Toomb's talk of him threw him into confusion, for he did not understand its motive. This confusion was duly noted by Smalley, who put it down as an evidence of the man's guilt. Finally, when the bewildered Hebrew departed without having given any apparent satisfaction, General Toombs turned to Smalley and said:

"I have staked my honor for your safety. Before daylight I will have my closed carriage ready, into which you must be placed. As the klan will think that I am within, it will not be molested, and soon you will be placed at a safe distance."

Thus Smalley found his exit from the little village of Washington, and soon after gave his wonderful letter to the public. This version of the affair is told by one of General Toombs's closest friends.

GENERAL TOOMB'S TRUE CHARACTER

is not to be judged by his wild talks to some correspondents. He is at home and in business one of the most conservative of men. His assaults upon carpet-baggers are not intended for honest men who are seeking the legitimate aims of life. To northern men, in whom he recognizes honesty of purpose, he is as genial and hospitable as they could wish. Perhaps there never was a man in Georgia who was more vilified than H. I. Kimball and not entirely without reason. When the Kimball House was erected General Toombs made it his headquarters when in Atlanta. Being asked about his choice of it he is said to have answered:

"By G—, I have right to stop in it. The money with which it was built was stolen from the treasury of Georgia, and that gives every Georgian an interest in it."

When this celebrated house was destroyed by fire, Kimball was called back from Chicago to organize for its re-erection. He had before him a hard task in raising subscriptions. Among those upon whom it was necessary that he should call was General Toombs. No sooner had he entered Toomb's door than the doughty old Southerner exclaimed:

"Kimball, your return to Georgia is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. I'm am glad to see you back to stay with us."

This compliment fairly took Kimball off his feet, and in relating the incident he could only say:

"I could only look in silence at the grand old figure before me."

Toombs was a potential factor in the calling of the constitutional convention of 1877. He insisted that the constitution of 1868 was a nullity; its ratification only rested on the bayonet and it ill became freemen to live under the badge of slavery. A new convention should be called, even if did no more than meet and ratify the old document. This would make it the handiwork of Georgians.

In the convention he was one of the most prominent actors. When the treasurer of the State expressed doubt about his authority to pay the members of the convention for the number of days over the forty prescribed in the call for the convention, General Toombs solved the problem by saying:

"I will advance the money out of my own pocket, and trust the people of Georgia for its repayment."

As a consequence he advanced nearly $30,000, which was refunded by the next Legislature.

His pride of State is wonderful. One day he sauntered into the supreme court room, rather under the influence of liquor. An attorney was addressing the court in terms which seemed to indicate that Georgia would not pay her debts. Interrupting him at once, General Toombs said:

"May it please the court, Georgia will pay her debts. It she does not, then I will pay them for her."

General Toombs is now 74 years of age. He stoops considerably, and has an infirm walk, which denotes his weakness. He has lost much flesh within the past few years. His eyes are weak, a cataract growing over one of them, which causes considerble suffering. In his home at Washington he is always surrounded by some of his grandchildren, in whose company he takes great delight. They feel that he has but a few more days to live, and do everything in their power to render his declining years comfortable.

When he passes away, a great man will indeed have fallen—and an honest one.

A Romantic Courtship.

Edison's wife is dead. It occurred at Menlo Park, N. J., on the 8th inst. Here is the way his courtship came about and was conducted. We quote from the Philadelphia "Times:"

"A few years ago Miss Stillwell was employed by Mr. Edison to work with several other young women on his new chemical telegraph. One day he was standing behind her chair examining a telegraphic instrument. "Mr. Edison," remarked Miss Stillwell, suddenly turning around, "I can always tell when you are behind me or near me. How do you account for that?" mechanically asked asked Mr. Edison, still absorbed in his work. "I don't know. I am sure," she quietly answered; "but I seem to feel when you are near me." "Miss Stillwell, said Mr. Edison, turning round now in his turn and looking his interlocutor in the face, 'I've been thinking considerably of you of late and if you are willing to have me I'd like to marry you." "You astonish me," exclaimed Miss Stillwell. "I—I never—" But she did and became Mrs. Edison."

Kissing Customs.

When a wild young fellow attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says: "Come, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up and say, 'I think you ought to be ashamed.' When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, "I reckon it's my time now," and gives him a box on the ear that he doesn't forget in a week. When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. New Jersey girls have more taste and sense than those of downeast and Alabama. When a man is smart enough to steal the divine luxury from them, they are perfectly satisfied. When a young Lady in Connecticut is saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, and answereth thus: "I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for this indignity I will depart from this place." The girls out West—practical Christians as they are—receive a salute with angelic meekness; they follow the Scripture rule—When smitten on the one cheek, they turn the other also—Ex.

In North Carolina—well if North Carolina girls ever allow the fellows to kiss them, it is unknown to any outside parties, and it is therefore impossible to tell how they act.—ED.

Another Negro Exodus.

A country darkey was yesterday seen passing through the city, and in response to an inquiry by a policeman as to his hurry, he said: "See here, now, boss, don't you fool wid me. I'm gwine to Sout Carliny whar dar ain't no candicates for Govner what wants to send de poo' niggah to de debbil. You bet I don't stay in de State whar dat man York is, much less vote for him for Guvner."—Ex.

—In trying to drive a drunk and disorderly negro from his premises Mr. B. B. Bryan, who lives near Enfield, hit him on the side of the head with a board. From the effects of this blow the negro died Sunday. Mr. Bryan has given bail.

[illegible] Petersburg, Va