WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED, EVERY FRIDAY A
WILSON NORTH CAROLINA.
—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.

—The good die young. The mean live long. Witness Ben Butler and Chas. A. Dana.

—First bale of new cotton has been received at Wilmington. It was from Columbia, S. C.

—Rev. J. M. Hillygar, of Boston, has accepted the rectorship of the Episcopal church in Goldsboro.

—The dates for holding the Goldsboro Fair have been changed to Nov. 18th 19th., 20th, and 21st.

—There were 264 failures in the United States last week. For the same time in 1881 there were only 79.

—The Raleigh "Visitor" records the death of Mr. J. V. Perkins, a prominent citizen of Pactolus, Pitt county.

—The Enfield base ball club claims the championship of the State, and is ready to play any North Carolina club.

—The New York "Herald" estimates that Cleveland will receive 277 electoral votes and that Blaine will have 124. 201 will elect.

—It is said that Raleigh is to have another evening paper, to be published by Page & Arenald of the "Chronicle."

—William H. Vanderbilt, who is a close observer of signs of the times, says that he is convinced that Grover Cleveland will be elected President.

—Messrs. Jno. I. Lewis, B. P. Jenkins and Dossey Battle are named by their friends as suitable Democratic candidates for the Legislature in Edgecombe.

—Mr. H. Hollingsworth, at Magnolia, has a splendid piece of cotton of the peerless variety, averaging over 200 balls to the stalk. One stalk has 320 bolls on it.

—Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt takes occasion to deny the report that he is worth $200,000,000. He says he has but the beggarly sum of $194,000,000.

—In Minnesota several girls are railroad agents. The company should station a gent at such places. Girls are more liable to misplace a "switch."

The Winston "Sentinel" records the death of Geo Hay, colored, at the age of 112 years. He voted for Tilden, going to the polls with a soldier of the war 1812.

—The Democrats of Pitt are talking about nominating Mr. Alfred Forbes for the Senate. He will be elected if nominated and will make Pitt a faithful representative.

—"A voirdupois sociables" are the fashion in Pottawottomie county Iowa. Each young man has his young girl weighed, and pays for her supper at the rate of half cent a pound on the figures.

—A streak of lightning struck a red headed woman, the other day and turned her hair black. And now there are so many red headed women running about in every thunder storm that you would think the prairie was on fire

—The "Free Press" says Lenoir county has seven Cleveland and Scales clubs. No county is better organized. We predict that Lenoir will elect its full democratic county ticket. Watch the prediction.

—At the Republican Congressional Convention held at Washington, N. C., Aug. 28th, John B. Respass, of Beaufort county, was nominated for Congress and J. W. Albertson, of Pasquotank, for elector.

—General Butler believes he can poll 2,000,000 votes. Why, certainly. They are Ben and Charles A. Dana—they are 2—and the other 000,000 will be easy enough to pick up almost any where.—"Chicago News."

—Maj. John W. Daniel has been nominated to Congress from the Sixth Virginia District. He is a splendid fellow and will make his mark. The finest oration of the South is the one he pronounced on Robert E. Lee.

The Elizabeth city "Economist" says, we learn from reliable sources that the Albemarle & Raleigh Railroad from Williamston to Tarboro is doing a good business. It is said that the prospects of the ultimate extension of this road to Raleigh are very good.

—Five prisoners have died in Charlotte jail in eight years. The jail is imperfectly ventilated. It is a disgrace, in this day, not to have comfortable and healthy jails. We need another Howard to stir up the minds of the people and compel the authorities to have better prisons.

—A letter from ex-Congressman Pound, of Chippewa Falls, in which the writer says he will oppose Mr. Blaine and support Gov. Cleveland for the Presidency, was made public here to day. Mr. Pound is perhaps the most distinguished Republican in Wisconsin.—N. Y. "Times."

—While attempting to cross an old bridge over Flat River, Person county, Mr. T. B. Ray, and wife together with the mule they were driving, were precipitated to the bed of the river, a distance of 15 feet. Mrs. Ray was instantly killed, Mr. Ray was painfully injured. A boy, who was near by, got on the mule, to go after a physician, but before he had ridden 30 yards the mule dropped dead. Cause of accident: a frightened mule and an insecure bridge.

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VOLUME 14.--

—A correspondent of the Raleigh "News," thinks that the Wake democrats ought to nominate Oct. Coke for the Senate.

--The Wadesboro "Intelligencer" knows of an old fellow who poisoned his wife, and married his wife's sister in less than two months after the unhappy woman's death, who went on a bridal tour with his second wife to his brother's, a doctor. The doctor—doctors are generally close observers—soon ordered the "old cuss" to gather up his dnds and toddle. He did toddle.

—A Dakota woman has passed a prohibition law of her own as far as her husband is concerned. She says she will shoot the first man who sells or gives him a drink of liquor. The saloon keepers are so well convinced of her earnestness—she has killed one of them—that they are letting her old man suffer from an extremely dry drouth. She does not think it necessary to make a political question of prohibition.

—R. C. Triplett, a republican of Wilkes county, York's home, has written a card announcing himself as a candidate for the House. He says he has been a Republican 30 years and is not tired of the name; that the Republicans were grossly insulted by the nomination of Tyre York; that he considers the coalition movement dangerous to the best interests of the Republican party; and that he shall use all honorable means to defeat it.

--Mosquito bites are said to be good for fever patients. Be this as it may the reason why the mosquito perfers a fevered person's blood is that it is warmer than a healthy person's. Female mosquitoes alone are said to draw blood needing, such nourishment to enable them to lay eggs. Dr. Finlay, of Havana, intimats that a mosquito having been interrupted feeding on a fever patient may inoculate with fever germs a healthy person.

—Here is what a protective tariff does: For instance, you can buy a Singer sewing machine in London (manufactured in this country and shipped there) for $9. But if you buy the same machine here you must "protect American labor" under the Republican robber tarffi and pay $35 for it. But after all, it is not American labor, but American manufacturers, who profit by the tariff.

—The revival season is upon us. Much good seems to have been accomplished. "Biblical Recorder" reports 165 accessions to the Baptist church; the Christian "Advocate" reports 228 accessions to the Methodist church; and the N. C. "Presbyterian" reports 48 additions to the Presbyterian church. Bishop Lyman is on a tour in the West and daily men and women are being admitted to the Episcopal church. All this increase and progress in our churches is gratifying.

—A great many editors are making a great pretense of horror over the details of the Greely expedition. But, if you will observe, the editor of the average Ohio weekly is, treating the matter sanely. He knows what starvation is, and when he exclaims: "Now is the time to pay up your subscription in turnips and potatoes," he generally means what he says. All honor to the editor of the average Ohio weekly.

—A dispatch from Greensboro dated Aug. 29th., says at a meeting between Senator Plumb, representing the National Republican executive committee, and the State executive Republican and Liberal committees, it was decided that Dr. Wheeler should retire as congressional nominee in the 5th district and that Col. L. C. Edwards be substituted in his place, No reason for the committee's action has been made public.

—The Lincolnton "Press" says, in his speech at Marshall a few days ago, York stated while he was in Newton forty white Democrats called on him at his room at the hotel and pledged themselves to vote for him. We knew this was a lie when we heard it; we knew it was a slander upon the tried and true Democrats of Catawba, so we went to see Capt. Bost, the proprietor of the hotel at which York stopped, and asked him about it. Capt Bost stated that only three Democrats called at York's room while he was in Newton, viz: Dr. Campbell, who was sent for to prescribe for York, Capt. Bost, his host, and George, a colored porter, who attended to his room.

Strange Phenomenon.

I am not aware that it is generally known that the bloom of the corn tassel, after it has fallen off, becomes animate and crawls about but such is the fact. I took notice of this strange circumstance when I was a boy and took some that I found crawling, dried them in the sun and found them to be nothing but the bloom. They are about the size of the common skipper worm that sometimes infests our bacon. Early in the morning, before the dew is off, is the time to observe this mysterious operation of nature. If I was disposed to philosophize on this subject I might ask this question: Does the bloom become alive, crawl down in the ear and form the heart of the grain? Does the pollen, floating in the atmosphere, falling on the bloom of a different variety, cause it to mix as above indicated? It is well know that corn will mix, as we say, but it really forms a grain of a distinct variety from which it came, exactly like it. —"D" in Statesville "Landmark."

A Florida man reports that he recently killed an alligator, in whose stomach was found a live hen sitting on a dozen eggs. He has been ordered to Republican headquarters to serve during the campaign.

Sheriff Manning, of New Hanover county, is making campaign speeches for Blaine in his native State, Maine.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

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HE TALKS ABOUT THE CONDUCT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

ZEB. VANCE'S TACTICS.

The higher a man climbs the plainer he shows his fundamental infirmities. That is if he has any and most people have got them in this subloonary world. I was wondering in my mind why they hadn't brought out all these things about Cleveland and Blaine before when they were running for office, but it seems that the office they run for wasent high enough to develop every hidden thing. As they climbed up the pole the slanderers only put at them a small opera glass but now that they keep climbing higher, and higher they bring out their long barrelled telescopes that magnify a thousand times to the inch and they hunt all over them for spots and blemishes and if there is a little speck on the glass of the telescope they mistake it for a big spot on the man and raise a howl all over the nation. When Cleveland was running for governor of New York he was abused right smart by the republican newspapers, but they never said anything against his morals or his virtue as a man, but now since he keeps climbing up the pole and gets higher and higher, they have brought out their telescopes and microscopes and Cleveland is an awful bad man. Well I am afraid he has not been as clean in all respects as he ought to have been. I expect he has been overtaken by the infirmities of the flesh, but mighty little harm came of it and he acted like a gentleman. When men are overtaken by a fault it does not matter so much how they fall into trouble as it does how they come out of it. Just so with Mr. Blaine. The slander against him is worse than against Cleveland, for he has a wife and children whom it affects. It is cruel and outrageous, for even if it is all the truth it has been atoned for long ago by his good conduct in his domestic relations. If it wasn't for Mr. Blaine's family I wouldent care a cent how many bad things they brought out on him if they were true, for the southern people never had a worse slanderer than he has been. His Andersonville speech was a web of lies a monstrous cruel slander, a bloody shirt dipped in slime, and it was delivered by him, not for a principle, or to illustrate truth, but to make political capital for himself. He deliberately sought to play upon the base passions of mankind: to excite their hate and revenge, and thereby promote himself. And now since his own iniquities have been brought to light, I wouldn't care one cent it it was not for his family. David was in a power of trouble when he prayed: "Oh, Lord, visit not upon me the iniquities of my youth" Mr. Blaine had better kept dark. He could have suppressed the charges against Cleveland if he had tried or wanted to. He ought to have telegraphed every republican editor in the nationand begged them, for his sake, to publish no charges against Cleveland with a woman in the case. Let not the pot call the kettle black.

And there is Black Jack Logan, Weathercock Logan splurging around and abusing us like we were a passel of devils and had just broke out in a new place. Before the war he was hollering hurrah for Dixie and was, sending back our runaway niggers, and when the war broke out he raised a confederate regiment and was sending the Indiana boys down into Kentucky where he was to organize his regiment, and about that time he was bought up with a commission as a brigadier-general and flopped over on the other side, and has been waving the bloody shirt ever since. He is a national fraud.

But it is all right I reckon. When a man is a candidate the people are bound to know the best of him and the worst, too. If he is an angel on one side he will be made a devil on the other; and considerate people will split the difference between the two. A candidate ought to be fair and pure and spotless, for that is the meaning of the word. But we can't expect to get that sort. The best men don't seek office, and they rarely get it. It is a hopeful sign when the office seeks the man, and that is what I like about Mr. Cleveland. He has never hunted for office or intrigued for it, and I believe the time has come when the American people will honor a man of that sort. They are tired of the hungry horde who keep up the strife between the sections, tired of demagogues who deceive the people to get a chance to plunder them. But there are some politicians who are so honest and so clever and kind hearted that we forgive them for playing the demagogue. I like Zeb Vance and Sunset Cox and Blount and Phil Cook and Tom Hardeman and their sort, for they are amiable and unselfish. I heard Zeb Vance telling how he captured the votes of a backwoods settlement in North Carolina when he first ran for Congres. He said he had never been in that settlement and didn't know the boys. He didn't know their politics nor their habits nor their religion. But he sent them word he would be there to see them on a certain day, and so he rode over the mountain and got there and found about sixty of the sovereigns at a cross-roads grocery, and he got down and hitched his horse and began to make their acquaintance and crack his jokes around, and thought he was getting along pretty well with them, but he noticed an old man with shaggy eyebrows and big brass spectacles sitting on a chunk and marking in the sand with a stick. The old man dident seem to pay much attention to

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

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, SEP

Vance, and after while Vance concluded that the old man was the bell-whether of the flock and that it was necessary to capture him, so he sidled up close to him and the old man got up and shook himself and leaned forward on his stick and said solemnly, “This is Mr, Vance, I believe.” “Yes, sir,” said Vance. “And you have come over here to see my boys about their votes, I believe.” “Yes, sir,’ said Vance, “that is my business.”

“Well, sir,” said the old man, “afore proceeding with that business I would like to ax you a few questions.”

“Certainly, sir, certainly,” said Vance

“What church do you belong to,” said the old man.

That was a sock dologer—Vance didn't belong to any church. He knew that religion and meeting was a big thing in the back woods, and controlled their politics, but he didn't know what their religion was for North Carolina was powerfully spotted and had a nest of Episcopalians in one place, and Presbyterians in another and Bapists and Methodists over yonder, and they never mixed, but were all one way in a settlement, and so he was in a dilemma.

But he squared himself for the responsibility, and says he:

“Well, now, my friend, I will tell you about that, for its a fair question. Of course it is. Well, you see my grandfather came from Scotland, and you know that over in Scotland everybody is Presbyterian.” Here he paused to note the effect, but saw no sign of sympathy with his grandpa.

“But my grandmother came from England, and everybody over there belongs to the Episcopal church He paused again andthe old man marked another mark in the sand and spit his tobacco away off.

“But my father was born in this country in a Methodist settlement, and so he grew up a Methodist.” Still no sign of approval from the old man, and so Vance took his last shot and said: “But my mother was a good old Baptist, and it's my opinion that a man has got to go under the water to get to heaven.”

The old man walked up and taking him by the hand said, “Well you are all right, Mr. Vance, and then turning to the crowd said, “boys he'l do and you may vote for him, I thought he looked like a Baptist.” And the old man slowly drew a flask from his coattail and handed it to Vance to seal his faith.

Speaking about slander, I heard the other day that Governor Colquitt stopped over at Raleigh to see Governor Jarvis, and Mrs. Jarvis told him how the newspapers slandered her husband when he was a candidate—and they accused him of swindling and lying, and mean things.

“Well, madam, did you believe it,” said Colquitt, very earnestly.

“No, indeed, I dident,” said she.

“Well, madam, Governor Jarvis is a fortunate man, for my enemies abused me and slandered me worse than your husband was slandered,” and then he whispered “and I'm afraid they made my wife believe it.”

Talk About Your Snake Stories.

BUT WAKE UP THE DEAD AND LET THEM ALL HEAR THE CHAMPION SNAKE STORY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

But wake up the dead and let all hear the champion snake story of the mountains. We have never attempted to write up a snake story but it has always been our earnest intention to let them alone until we found one worth mentioning. Last week Mr. R. W. Noland, of Fines Creek, introduced to us in our office, Mr. Milas Hannah, a former Haywoodite but now a resident of Kentucky. Mr. Hannah led in conversation by stating that he had come all the way from Kentucky to ascertain the truth of a snake story which had originated from the mountain range near here called the Smokies. He said a story had been going the rounds in Kentucky that two men were out hunting in the Smokies when they discovered a very large spring, the surroundings of which exhibited evidence that a large creature had been visiting the place for water. Having their interest excited and being interested in pursuit of any kind of game they resolved to watch the resort and see whether it was bears or deer that frequented it. Their anxiety was not kept long in suspense when to their astonishment, a large monster met their gaze. It was outlandishly long and had a body of very large dimensions. It had a head equaling an ox and on that head was horns about two feet in length. As the monster-devil neared them their perceptive organs acted and re-acted,—they did not know what to call it,—but at last they observed that it was a monster snake. The men were put to their wits what was to be done, run or fire, when they concluded to fire. No sooner than the roar of their guns both at once, had gone up, than the roar and moans of the snake went to the mountain tops and silently floated away on the drifting breeze, which carried the sound for ten miles. Then we suppose the snake died, for the story said they examined it and found, to their curiosity and amazement, that it was really the largest snake the world's secretary ever recorded. The horns were those which protruded from a cow which the snake had just swallowed, and the alarming sounds were the pitiful bellowing of the poor cow which had been innocently shot standing inside the snake. Mr. Hannah said the story originated on his old hunting grounds but as it was not a good year for snake tales he would not make any farther investigation in the matter.—Waynesville “New.”

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There are seventeen quinine factories in the world—six in germany four in the United States, three in France, two in Italy and two in England.

A LOVE STORY.

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KISSING IN THE TWILIGHT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A MAD-CAP ADVENTURE

“So you think Mr. Claiborne fine-looking, Minnie!” said one of a group of girls in a summer boarding-house to a friend who had arrived but the day before. “I thought he would be likely to suit your taste.”

“Fine-looking! That does not half express it. I think him just splendid!” exclaimed Minnie Moore, with genuine enthusiasm. “But only to think of his having a daughter as old as I am. Upon my word, I can't believe it.”

“You'll believe it, perhaps, when you see her,” laughed another one, Sallie Ross. “She is spending the season at Long Branch, but runs down here every Saturday night, and spends Sunday with her father. They are fond of each other, and kiss like two lovers.”

“Good gracious!” said Minnie, drawing a long breath. How I should like to——I mean——girls, don't you sometimes envy his daughter?”

“You meant,” corrected sharp-witted Kittie Hurst, “how you should like to kiss him. Do it, Min.”

“Yes, do it, Minnie; do it, I dare you!” cried half a dozen merry girls in a breath.

“You know I never take a dare, girls;” cried Minnie, her roguish, handsome face turning crimson; “but in this case I fear I shall have to show the white feather.”

“Hear! hear!” cried all the girls in chorus. “Minnie Moore doesn't dare to play a practical joke.”

“Yes, I would dare!” cried the little witch, defiantly, “but could I manage it?”

“Nothing easier,” said Kate Hurst.

“You have only to sit in the dusky parlor a few minutes before the arrival of Miss Claiborne, which will be about twilight. Then, when the gentleman enters, he will go straight to your corner, of course, supposing you to be his darling daughter. Then, at the same instant, you will rush toward him, pretending to think he is your father, whom you are expecting. And then—you get the kiss.”

“Oh!” cried Minnie, putting her hands up to hide her blushing face at the last suggestion, “my conscience, won't allow me. I am not expecting my father.”

The girls all laughed derisively.

“I've known your conscience to stretch further than that on more than one occasion, Min,” said Rachel Warden. “Come, will you dare do it, or will you not?”

“I will dare anything, and you know it, but you must solemnly vow never to betray me.”

They all solemnly vowed, and the plans were laid forthwith.

* * * * * * *

It was just dusk on a lovely summer evening. The country boarding house, where our scene is laid, was overhung by the drooping branches of some fine, old elms, whose thick foliage deepened the gathering shadows in the unlighted parlor. A tall, handsome man of middle age, whom Minnie had well described has “splendid looking,” walked quickly up the path leading from the gate, a happy light in his dark eyes, and a smile of glad expectancy curving the rare, beautiful lips, shaded, but not hidden, by a heavy, dark moustache.

“I think the train must be in,” he was saying to himself, “or else my impatience makes me think it late. I hope she won't disappoint me this evening—my little darling.”

Another moment and he was within the flower-scented, dusky parlor, where, curled up in the depths of a large arm-chair in the further corner, and half hidden by the window drapery, sat a girlish form, whose heart was beating like a trip-hammer. He advanced at once with outstretched arms, close to the darkened recess.

“My dearest child!”

“Oh! papa.”

And the next instant the little figure was clasped close to his heart, and not only one kiss, but a perfect shower of them fell eagerly upon her brow and cheek and blushing lips.

But suddenly there was a little shriek, a startled well feigned look of horror in the girl's uplifted face, and breaking away from his restraining arms, she hid her crimson cheeks in both white hands and faltered out:

“Oh! let me go, sir, this instant. Oh! what shall I do! I—I—I thought it was papa.”

So she did, the little fraud, but she knew perfectly well that it was another girl's “papa” whom she meant.

“It is I who should beg pardon, my dear young lady,” said the gentleman, who had stepped back, and was surveying the lovely, shrinking little creature with a queer admixture of amusement, embarrassment and pitying admiration in his beautiful eyes.

But ere the words had fairly left his lips Minnie was gone, and throwing herself down upon the bed in her own little room, she buried her hot cheeks among the cool, white pillows, and gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

“I never will do such a wild idiotic trick again—never!” I don't care how much the girls laugh at me for backing out. Oh! I could just die of mortification. I shall never, never have the courage to look him in the face again.”

It was, indeed, several days before Minnie was herself again. In the meantime Miss Claiborne had come and gone, and Minnie, watching from the window, had seen the pretty stylish young lady promenading in the grounds on the arm of her handsome father, and she

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had no doubt that he was even then laughing at the story of her own foolish escapade.

When at last the unavoidable meeting between Mr. Claiborne and herself took place. Minnie's saucy eyes were downcast, and a guilty color dyed her face from forehead to chin. To save her life she could not meet those eyes which she felt were reading her very soul and laughing at her confusion.

But on the contrary, Mr. Claiborne tried so kindly to make her forget it, and lead the conversation so skillfully in his own easy way from one subject to another of deep interest to Minnie, that before the evening was half over she could look up into his face and smile almost as naturally as though that miserable madcap adventure had never been; and in a week or two they were the best of friends.

"Miss Minnie," said he one evening, the very last before the breaking up of summer boarders, "do you remember our singular introduction to each other in this very room?"

Did she remember! Minnie glanced around, and the parlor, in its dusky solitude, with the breath of late roses, scarlet honey suckles wafted gently in through its open windows, brought back most vividly that other evening, and those warm, delicious stolen kisses, whose memory had made her life half paradise, half purgatory, ever since. They chanced to be alone, and Minnie felt painfully embarrassed. Her eloquent blushes were her only answer.

"Come, Minnie, tell me," he went on, his beautiful eyes brimful of mischief as a schoolboy's, "were you really expecting to meet your father on that eventful evening?"

"Oh, Mr. Claiborne, don't!" And bright, saucy, daring Minnie Moore, unable to bear another word or look, crossed her arms upon the low window-sill, and bowing her bright head upon them, wept as if her heart would break. Oh! what a bitter, sweet memory those kisses in the twilight had proven to her.

Mr. Claiborne was grieved and shocked at the startling effect of his playful question. Minnie was always so gay, so full of mischief, he had never dreamed of her taking anything so seriously. But now her bravery was utterly broken down, and she sobbed out the whole story of her foolish joke, and begged his forgiveness like a naughty child.

"My dear child," said he at last, stroking her golden hair so tenderly that Minnie thought she would like to sit there forever. "I have nothing to forgive. I suspected the truth long ago, for I have a mischief-loving little girl of my own, you know. But, indeed, Minnie," with one of his rare, beautiful smiles, "it was the very sweetest moment I have known for many years. If I were not so old—"

His voice ceased here, and he was silent so long that Minnie looked up and saw an expression of such yearning sadness on his dark, handsome face, that it touched her heart with pity.

"Oh! Mr. Claiborne, you are not so old," she cried, impulsively. "No one would think so; I'm sure I never did."

Then down went her golden head upon the window-sill again, for her words had brought a sudden light into Mr. Claiborne's eyes that fairly dazzled her.

"Minnie—Moore," he was saying passionately, "don't trifle with me now. Is it possible that I am not too old to win the love of a bright young girl—to win—yours —Minnie!"

There was no very audible answer, but once more his strong arms are around her, and his warm thrilling kisses crimsoning her cheeks again in the deepening twilight, but this time there was no mistake about it.

The Daisy A Dangerous Weed.

"If there is anything equal to original sin" said Colonel Richard Peters with more warmth than usual, "it is the daisy of which our ladies are so fond. The daisy is the most dangerous weed we have. It is a legacy of the war, having been brought here in the hay that fed Sherman's horses."

"What are the main objections to it?

"There is no animal low enough to eat it, and no plant strong enough to grow with it. It spreads from it roots and also from its seed scatter over every square foot. In Virginia there are miles and miles of formerly rich land given up to this scourge, and consequently worthless. In Maryland the same is true, and in smaller sections between New York and Philadelphia. It promises to do us more injury than the Northerners, because it grows here winter and summer.—Atlanta "Constitution"

Enthusiasm For Clay.*

A corresspondent of the Atlanta "Constitution" says, I asked Dr. Miller if the enthusiasm for Blaine at the Chicago convention equaled the feeling for Clay, to whom he has been compared. "No," he replied: "nothing I think will ever equal that. When Clay was beaten, there were men who went crazy from grief, and many who died of grief. I remember one story that was very touching. A printer, who was a deaf-mute, was deeply interested in Clay's election He could not speak to hurrah of course, but he attended every meeting. His earnestness was such that he was at length selected to carry the flag in all processions and parades. When it was fully settled that Clay was defeated this young fellow was missing. He was found some days afterwards, in the woods dead, with his flag wrapped about his body. This in, cident is typical of the terrible-tragic earnestness of that campaign."

STATE CANVASS.

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SCALES & YORK IN THE WEST —SCALES TRIUMPHANT.

EXCITING OCCURRENCES.

In the Raleigh "News-Observer" occurs the following account of the discussions between Scales and York. We select the more interesting and exciting parts, not having space for all:

RAPID TRANSIT, Aug, 23 1884.

At Wilkesboro, the county seat of Dr. York's home, Gen. Scales was escorted into the town by about 182 as fine looking and determined Democrats as ever straddled a horse, a part of whom voted for York last year.

The discussion was very aggressive on the part of Gen. Scales, and won for him many friends. From what we could learn, and from observation, we should say that Wilkes county would go Democratic.

Dr. York has been making a strong effort on his prohibition record, and when Gen. Scales tells the people Jim Blaine is a prohibitionist and that York is supporting Blaine, he waxes warm.

At Dobson the revenners were in full force and whether Dr. York made a point or not, at a given signal from a falgeman, the negroes, both male and female, shouted for York. They crowded the platform and the crush was terrible to the speakers. Such howling I never heard.

At Yadkinville there was an exciting time, as the following shows:

Gen. Scales in his rejoinder charged Dr. York with having a petition at Raleigh for a collector's place. Dr. York said it was a falsehood. Mr. Glenn, of Winston, stepped up and said he was responsible for the charge—that it was a fact; he did have a petition for a collector's place.

York—"You are a liar."

Mr. Glenn—(excitedly): You are a d—n liar."

Then Dr. Nicholson came to the front of the stand and said: "You are a liar; I saw the petition myself." Quite a commotion ensued but it soon quieted.

Gen. Scales proceeded, "Dr. York has charged me with being a traitor to my country. I deny the slander of being a traitor. I went out at the dictation of my State and fought through the war, and shed my blood in her defence, and I have a wound on me that will carry me halting to my grave, and I declare here in Dr. York's presence, and the presence of the world, that a man who would charge treason on me for my course, and the noble soldiers, both the living and our honored dead, is a slanderer and a coward." (Loud cheers.) Gen. Scales then said that he had proved at Wilkesboro that Dr. York had run for a lieutenant's position in a company. He wanted to let all the Union blood out of him. He begged the boys to go into the war and said that he would come along with the physic and the milk cans, &c.

Dr. York was terrific in his reply. Swooping his long finger in the air, he exclaimed that those cowards, whelps and desperadoes who made those charges against him had uttered falsehoods as black as hell, and as dark as midnight, and that Gen. Scales had been misinformed. He then said the same fellows would like to shoot him off with pistols, but he could not be frightened and would stump North Carolina.

Now I saw no attempt to shoot or do other violence, and there was none. Nobody hurt; crowd about balanced. Yadkin will give her majority to Scales.

An account of the Salisbury discussion is still more exciting:

Gen. Scales led off in the debate. His speech vigorous and lucid, produced a happy effect and drew continual applause. He spoke half an hour and I regard his speech as one of the most effective I have ever heard.

York's reply was strong and adroit. Gen. Scales, in reply to York's oft repeated references to "Scales and his Secession Democracy," mentioned that in 1881 he was not a secessionist, but that when called on by the State he entered the ranks as a private and received a severe wound.

Alluding to this, York in the course of his rejoinder said Scales was wounded in the back of his leg. Up to this moment the crowd had been a remarkable quiet and orderly one, paying particular attention to the speakers, but these words of York's produced great excitement in an instant. The indignation was intense, particularly among the large number of old soldiers present who in by-gone days had served with Scales.

Gen. Scales interrupted York, but the latter did not modify his language. Gen. Scales then came forward and declared that York in making the statement lied in his throat. Scales said, "If Dr. York is not a liar, coward and scoundrel he will state who told him."

These vigorous remarks evoked tremendous excitement and uproar for a considerable time. York eventually proceeded with his speech, saying he had heard men suggest it, but did not recall who the parties were. This speech of York's was much interrupted.

The Speaking At Hendersonville---The Afterclap.

We reached Hendersonville on Monday during the progress of the discussion between Messrs. Kitchen and Trull, Getting into the Court House only in time to hear the closing speeches of the two gentlemen. Apart from the fact that Mr. Kitchen had the better of his antagonist in the argument, which seemed to be generally admitted, there was nothing between the two which gave occasion to the rupture of amicable relations, and each left the house to pursue what special course each had marked out for himself. Mr. Kitchen quietly wended his way to the Fletcher House and soon after left in company with Mr. A. Cannon for Horse Shoe, on his way to Transylvania. Mr. Trull was not so fortunate. It appears that during the discussion Mr. Trull had alluded to the question of taxation as involving a burden imposed by the democratic party. Mr. S. V. Pickens, of the audience, interjected a question, relative to the relief in taxpayers by the payment into the State Treasury of $600,000 by the purchasers of the State's interest in the Western North Carolina Railroad. The question was an answer and a retort which brought several to their feet with the voice of plaudit. Among these was Mr. J. A. Bryson. To him Mr. Trull in reply most pointedly alluded, and demanded from him the exhibition of his tax recept. Mr. Bryson told him he would exhibit it after the adjournment of the discussion; and when that was over the parties met at the foot of the stairs, and then Bryson told Trull that his interruption was only occasioned by his excitement in responding to the act of Mr. Pickens. Mr. Trull, as Mr. Bryson understood, remarked that it was "all right," but as he moved on, a friend asked him, "Did you not hear Trull say that he did not feel called upon to answer the questions of every jackass." Bryson turned and asked Trull if he had used such language, and when the answer was in the affirmative Trull was knocked down and then quite an active row animated a crowd of several hundred people for the next five minutes. No weapons were drawn; nothing but fist and skull was brought into play; and though there was some excitement for a while, it was subdued without resort to more force than one town marshal, with his locust club, was bound to use.—"Asheville Citizen," Aug. 23d.

Endorsing Cleveland.

GREAT IRISH DEMONSTRATION.

NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC PACKED.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28—The Cleveland ratification meeting is in the Academy of Music to-night in every respect a phenomenal success. No meeting like it in point of number or in the wild enthusiasm of the audience has been held this campaign, and in many respects it has not been exceeded in years. The meeting was called by leading Irish Americans like Gen. Martin, McMahon, Jas. S. Coleman, Judge Kelley, General Burke, and the prominent officers of the Sixty Ninth Regiment, which is known as the Irish regiment of the city. It was called to give an emphatic denial to the lies circulated by the Republicans to the effect that large numbers of Irish Democrats in this city intended to vote for Blaine. In this purpose its success exceeded the hopes of the most confident promoters of the meeting.

It was the first opportunity afforded the leading Irishmen of the city to join in an emphatic expression of their intentions, and they made the best of it. Almost the entire audience were Irish-Americans, with here and there a sprinkling of American workingmen. Mrs. Parnell, by her presence, also nailed the lie that she was working against the Democratic ticket. A thorough canvass of the audience showed that the prominent Irish politicians, the chief officers of the Irish societies and the Irish leaders of trades-unions were present, and among them quite a number who heretofore have voted the Republican ticket.

The meeting was called for 8 P. M. As early as 6.30 the doors were thrown open and the people began to pour in. Half an hour later rockets and bombs began to ascend in front of the hall, and Irving Place was a blaze of light and packed by a rushing crowd anxious to get into the meeting. At 7.15, three-quarters of an hour before the meeting was to open, every inch of standing room was taken, even the corridors and lobbies being packed, and the police were forced to close the doors and deny admission to even those who had tickets. At the time the meeting opened Fourteenth street and Irving Place for a distance of a block of the Academy was crowded with Irishmen and workingmen. No overflow meetings were held, as preparations for them had not been made, the managers explaining the omission on the ground that they had no idea the meeting would anywhere near as large as it was.

Inside the hall the enthusiasm was at the boiling point, and so was the heat. The cheering was spontaneous and unanimous. A peculiarity of the meeting was the unearthly Irish groan which went up from thousands of throats at every mention of Blaine's name. It is an expression of disapproval rarely heard in political meetings even in this city, where the Irish settlement is large, and a prominent Irishmen said that he had never heard anything in the country like it, and if anyone questioned that the meeting was Irish through and through and thoroughly sincere, that groan would silence all doubts. As the prominent Irish leaders appeared on the stage, the assembly broke into repeated cheers which turned into a three times three and a tiger as the curtain rose showing the life-sized portraits of Cleveland and Hendricks, which were suspended from the ceiling and hung in mid-air, directly in line with the front of the stage.

The meeting was addressed by Senator Jones, Hon. Patrick A. Collins, Gen. T. F. Bourke and others. Suitable resolutions were passed.—Special Dispatch to the Baltimore "Sun."

WILSON ADVANCE.

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NOTEWORTHY.

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A YOUNG MAN'S CONFLICT AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

BY REV. C. F. DEEMS D. D.

A young gentleman of sincere character, a member of the church of which I am pastor, gave me the following experience:

He said that, to the best of his knowledge, not a drop of any sort of intoxicating liquors had ever passed his lips. He knew it had not, so far back as he can remember in his childhood. He has, therefore, no temptation to drink,—from either a strong habit, or a love for the taste of wines and other liquors,—and yet he maintains a daily warfare with the appetite. He never passes a saloon without a strong inclination to enter. He has to rein himself up, and draw himself away, not to enter and take his first drink. This is not an occasional or spasmodic feeling; it is the one regular daily conflict of his life.

My friend gave graphic descriptions of one or two such pitched battles, when the desire became almost strong enough to overpower his will.

I did not ask him about his father, but I did say to him: "Was your grandfather addicted to drinking?"

He said: "No, neither he nor my father; but my great grandfather was an habitual drunkard."

I desire the young men who may be among my readers to ponder these facts, not in the light of religion, but under the illustration of science. Observations, scientifically conducted, have demonstrated the doctrines of heredity pointed out in the Bible. Hereditary traits often leap a generation. An insane man's son may be perfectly sane, and the insanity break out in his grandson. In the crossings of marriage that tendency to insanity may be weakened, and by and by entirely disappear, just as any taint or stain in the blood may be largely purged out in the course of generations where marriages happen to bring better blood into the family. I say "happen," because, alas! so few marriages are ever formed with any view whatever to the improvement of the race.

In the case of my young friend it leaped two generations. If he become a father, his son may not be afflicted with this great trial to which he is perpetually subjected; but his grandson may, and, if not he, almost surely his great-grandson will. If he should give way and become a drunkard, it will spring up again in some of his descendants. But if he should successfully resist to the end, and should marry a woman in whose family the poison of strong drink has never come, the desire in the next descendant who has it will be much feebler than in the case of my friend. And so it may finally be purged out of the blood.

Every manly man, of noble impulses and high character, who takes upon himself the responsibility of parentage, must have a profound interest in the fate of his descendants. A feeling of reverence which men have for ancestors shoots out a branch in the direction of descendants. If I honor my grandfather who was a hero, and my great-grandfather who was a saint,—neither of whom I have ever seen,—I will naturally desire that my great-grandchildren, although they may never have seen me, will, if they do not honor my memory, at least have no occasion, in the despair of their inability to fight against an inherited evil curse my name and curse my existence as the fountain of their sorrows.

Setting aside all the teaching of the sacred Scriptures, with all other ethical considerations, one's honorable self-love should keep one in purity of living, not simply for one's own sake, but for the sake of those for whose existence in the world he is responsible.

I ask the young men among my readers to go back and ponder the experience of my friend. Upon reflection I am inclined to think that it is extraordinary only in the perfect resistance which he has made to his strong inclination, up to this date. There are probably tens of thousands who, under other circumstances, have fallen. Nothing is more absurdly against the truth of history than the statement that "such a man is only his own enemy."

The gloomy fears, the desponding views, the weariness of soul that many complain of, would often disappear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; and thus conduces to health of body and sanity of mind.

Ayer's Ague Cure, when used according to directions, is warrented to eradicate from the system all forms of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Intermittent, Remittent and Bilious Fevers, and disorders of the liver. Try it The experiment is a safe one, and will cost you nothing if a cure is not effected.

One of the rural English papers prints at the head of its column containing a list of visitors, an announcement that the word "Esq" at the end of a name will be "charged 3d prepaid." The same tariff on "Col." in this country would make all our editors bonanza kings.

When Bunks heard ten commandments read the other day he exclaimed: "Humph! One of the party platforms, eh? But what do those things amount to? Nobody lives up to them