WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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

Money can be sent by Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk.
OFFICE—Tarboro Street, in the Old Post Office Building.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 14.-- WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 21. 1884. --NUMBER 42

WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Inch,	One Insertion	$1 00
" "	One Month	2 00
" "	Three Months	5 00
" "	Six Months	8 00
" "	One Year	15 00

Liberal Discounts will be made for Large Advertisements and for Contracts by the Year.
Cash must accompany all Advertisements unless good reference is given.

NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS.

—The size of Cleveland's hat is 7½.

—Democrats are now settling down and republicans are settling up.

—The biggest prohibition vote was the vote to prohibit James G. Blaine.

—Charlotte has a large furniture factory. We need more such industries.

—There were 562 separate articles on exhibit at the Weldon fair last week.

In one township in Transylvania county not a single republican vote was counted.

—The clerks in the Washington government offices are said to be in great tribulation.

—The Legislature—Senate and House,—will be composed of 138 Democrats and 32 republicans.

—Catawba is the banner of the country of this State. It went Democratic by 1,653 majority.

—And now to the republican party: Fare thee well, and if forever; still forever fare thee well.

—President-elect Cleveland will be forty-eight years old on March 18—fourteen days after his inauguration.

—The Republicans are so mad at the Prohibitionists that many of them have taken to drink out of pure spite.

—The "Farmer & Mechanic" says, "Tyre he was; Tired he is; Retired he continueth from now everlasting. Amen!"

— Mr. Chas. Rountree's house in Pitt was burned by fire last week. No one was home and nothing was saved. No insurance.

—The North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant church, convenes in Hickory Grove, S. C., Nov. 25th, 1884.

—The prow of Logan's ship has been smashed on the Schylla of New York, while the stern has been lost in the Charybydis of Illinois.

—Touching inscription on a tombstone: "Here lies my mother-in-law. She always desired my happiness. Her death proved this."

—The Davis House in Weldon has been sold to the three railroads which have a terminus at that point. They will manage it in the future.

—The democrats, they say, have appointed an investigating committee in Texas, to find a republican. They are "mighty scarce" in that country.

—Frank Hurd has decided to contest the election of Romeis in the Toledo, Ohio, district. He says he now feels satisfied that he was legally elected.

—Mr. E. J. Hale, editor of the Fayetteville "Observer," has been presented with a handsome cane by the democrats of Fayetteville. He deserved it.

—Poor, St. John is in trouble again. In a recent speech he said: "To get drunk is folly," but the bibulous compositor put it: "To get drunk is jolly."

—The question now agitating the people of Raleigh is, "What shall we do with the State Exposition building?" $2,500 has been offered for it as it stands.

—The "Roanoke News" tells of a lady in Halifax who rode alone in a buggy fifty miles after her son so he could vote. She is patriotic and deserves much praise.

—The democrats now sing,

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the new,
Ring out the false,
Ring in the true."

—The marrying business, with everything else, seems to have been almost paralyzed during the political campaign, judging from our exchanges. It will no doubt brighten up now.

—Five American negro missionaries will sail from New York to Africa on Saturday. This is the way that slavery is to work out in the long run for that great far off good result.

—The "World" says that it has official authority for the statement that Mr. Vanderbilt did not give a dollar to the Democratic committee, and it adds that he did not vote for Cleveland.

—Mrs. Nancy Gould, of Portland, Maine, died last week. She bequeathed $3,000 to be used in the payment of the public debt. She ought to have given it to some deserving charity.

—Diptheria has broken out in Chicago. The health commissioner declares that it is epidemic in the city. One family is reported as having lost six children out of seven in two weeks.

—No recent running event except Cleveland's has attracted as much attention all over the country as Maud S's reduction of her record to 2:09¼. It is made another historic era in racing.

From north to south
Shut is the mouth
Of every campaign speaker;
But in his place,
With brazen face,
Appears the office seeker.

—The oldest voter in the United States has been discovered at last. His name is Jeremiah Austin, his age is 101 and he resides at South Coventry, Conn., His first vote was cast for Thomas Jefferson and his last for Grover Cleveland.

—Corn is selling in Trenton, Jones county, at 50 cents per bushel, eggs 14 cents per dozen and sweet potatoes 35 cents per bushel, and a democrat has been elected to the House. This surely is a land of pure delight.

—The Orange Presbytery was in session in Raleigh last week. Mr. R. P. Pell, at one time a Professor at Chapel Hill, was licensed to preach and was ordained. He is a young man of marked ability and will win distinction.

—Prof. Charles E. Taylor, a Virginian, has been elected President of the Wake Forest College, with a salary of $2,000. Prof. Taylor is a scholarly, working Baptist and a minister of the gospel, and will no doubt fill the place well.

—A New York State Senator, a personal friend of Governor Cleveland, who came from Albany Saturday morning, says Cleveland had directed his clerks to destroy, without showing them to him, all letters making applications for office.

—The following additional names have been suggested in connection with the Speakership of the House: Capt. Syd Alexander, S. McD. Tate, Johnston Jones, Col. Jas. D. Glenn, Capt. R. P. Waring and others, and still there is room.

—It is reported that Mr. Blaine has asked Mr. Cleveland for the use of the U. S. Steamer "Tallapoosa" to convey him up Salt river. Mr. Cleveland consented, and added the assurance that all coal barges should be kept out of the way.

—Halifax county elects Jas. M. Mullen to the Senate, and Andrew Burtonand David Bell to the House. They are all democrats. The "milk in the cocoanut" is that the radicals had two tickets in the field and between the two the democrats slipped in.

—Byron says matrimony is the only thing that does not improve with experience. The rolls of Vassar Female College show that matrimony is not helped by education. Out of 600 girl graduates only 118 are married. Their strong minds scoff at housekeeping.

—Rockingham "Rocket:" For a bad year we consider what we give below as pretty good: Mr. W. C. Colo planted five acres of upland in corn, from which he gathered one hundred and fifty bushels. From the same number of acres in cotton he gathered 8,484 pounds lint, or 1,696 pounds to the acre.

—The vote for St. John, the Prohibition candidate, in New York—outside the city—foots up 21,041. Ben Butler, who cost the Blaine managers $400,000, only polled 13,396 votes in the same territory. The average republican politician can now be heard cursing St. John a distance of two miles these clear frosty mornings.

—Mr. Blaine, after finishing the second volume of his "Twenty Years in Congress," may continue his literary labors by writing a sequel in which he can tell how he did not get the Presidency. Such a work would give prominence to Rev. Burchard, Whitelaw Reed, W. W. Phelps, Ben Butler and the Delmonico dinner.

—Mr. Blaine's position on the liquor question was anticipated by the late Artemus Ward: "If your people is temperance tell 'em I never in my life took a drop of anything stronger than water; but if, on the contrary, they takes their tod reg'lar, say Mr. Ward is as genial a feller as we ever see, and the life and sole of the social bord."

—In the Democratic procession at Washington City was an immense rooster with the legend: "This immense rooster has not crowed for twenty four years." He was a Dominica in color, and was resting victoriously on a float drawn with ropes by about fifty men, and ever anon during the march wires were pulled and he flapped his wings in token of victory.

A Terrible Outrage.

Saturday night Mr. J. H. Spain, who lives near Greenville, was captured on the road-side while returning home, stripped by several persons and cruelly whipped, cut and scratched with a knife. It is supposed that this cowardly attack was made upon Mr. Spain with the belief that he had money upon his person, of which he might be robbed. Fortunately, however, he had left what money he had in the hands of Mr. George Tucker, at whose store he had been during the evening. Our most vigilant and efficient deputy sheriff, R. W. King, arrested three negroes suspected of perpetrating the outrage. —Greeneville "Standard."

Old Man Beck's View of It.

Senator Beck, to an interviwer in Washington: "Well, I don't know about the policy of the new Administation. I should put Thurman at the head of the State Department, with McDonald as Attorney General, McClellan as Secretary of War, and Reagan Postmaster-General, and leave the rest of the Cabinet open. Now, you may guess at the policy." "But the Independents?" "I suppose Cleveland will fix them all right. A New York man must go at the head of the treasury." "Will Bayard be in the Cabinet?" "I think not. I don't believe he would leave the Senate for it."

—Louisburg "Times:" It is with regret we learn of the loss of Mr. H. D. Egerton. His large dwelling about four miles from Louisburg was destroyed by fire on Thursday, together with a large portion of its contents. He thinks that it caught from a spark, as when he discovered almost the entire roof was in a blaze. Loss about $3,500; insurance $1,500. Mr. Egerton and his wife were both away from home, nobody being in the house except his mother and children.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

HE FEELS GOOD, THEN SAD AND THEN GOOD AGAIN.

ABOUT THE ELECTION NEWS.

It is curious how a man can fool himself. Two or three days before the election I had made up my mind and became reconciled to defeat, for I had been reading both sides pretty close and had given it up. So I mustered up all my philosophy and imagined I was prepared for anything. But I wasent, I was fooling myself, I wouldent go to Atlanta Tuesday to see "The Constitution's" jack-o-my-lantern, I went to town and voted and came back home early for I dident want to stay and hear bad news. Next morning I went out on the big road to fix a broken gate and I thought maybe somebody would come a long and tell me the news without my asking, but nobody came but a darkey and he dident know anything. I went to the house and ruminated and tried to be calm and serene but I couldent and kept looking down the big road for somebody to come and break the news and I was afraid somebody would come, and the news would be bad. I've been to the dentists afore now to have an aching tooth pulled and was glad to find the door locked and the dentist gone. So I waited another hour for somebody to come from town and then went off to the field to work. About noon a man came along in a buggy and hailed me with a hurrah for Cleveland and he hurried on before I could ask him the news. But it sounded favorable and hoped me up some. At two o'clock another man came by and said Cleveland was elected, but I wasent satisfied and so I dident cut up nor evolute, but by and by when I got my mail and read "Victory" in great big letters at the head of the column I was overwhelmed with a thankful and a joyful surprise. There was not a soul at home but me and the dog and the cat and in as much as they couldent understand any gymnastics I just kept my seat placidly by the fire and felt good all over all by myself as I read the crowing and the chuckling and the rejoicing that filled the columns of "The Constitution." I was just thinking about going over to tell the news to nabor Munford for he said that if Cleveland was elected he knowed he would have a fit and I wanted to see what kind of a fit it would be. General Young told me that the first thing he would do would be to indulge for a day or two in some artificial elation and then subside, then reform and join the church, for reform was the watchword of the party and we ought to reform out of gratitude.

But it does look like the good things of this life don't last long. I hadent rejoiced very long before I got to feeling sorry for the other side. Sorry for some clever men who were in office and would have to step down and out. I was very sorry for Mr. Blaine. The good book says we must rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those that weep and I was trying my best to do both. I don't care so much about the men but it hurts me to see their wives and children disappointed and distressed. When a good man is in office and needs it for the support of his family I don't think I could turn him out, I don't think I could and that is one thing that made me like Grover Cleveland, for they say that when he was first elected governor of New York he never turned out but one man. Well, that may do in New York but it wont do at Washington. The rascals must all go and there are lots of them. Mr. Cleveland will be doing enough for them to pardon them out of the penitentiary when they get there. Reform is what the nation wants. The tariff is a little thing compared with it.

But while I ruminated on these things and was feeling comfortable and complacent over my own generous feelings towards a fallen foe, a feller came along with the news that New York had gone for Blaine and so I just collapsed and wilted and felt as humble and helpless as a dead nigger. I lost all my philosophy in half a minute and felt like a dident have a friend in the world. Mrs. Arp was away off in Rome and the girls were in town and the children were at school. The dog come creeping in to the fire and I kicked him out and then I got sorry for him and called him back again. When the children came home I dident indulge in my usual loving greetings nor ask who was head and how they got along but I moped around and looked solemn until Jessie said, "Papa, you are sick aint you?"

By and by nabor Freeman dropped in. I knew he would come if Blaine was elected for he is sorter on that side of the fence and I never join issue with him in an unpleasant way about it, for he is a good nabor and that beats politics and he has just as much right to his opinion as I have to mine. But I knew that if he found out Blaine was elected he would come down to jubilate a little and see what I had to say about it. So I never let on but brightened up and made out like it was just what I expected and it dident make any difference either to him or to me. I never gave him any chance to crow over me, but I was home-sick all the same, I can't bear to be lifted away up yonder and then have all the props knocked from under. I don't mind coming down on a sliding scale but it hurts me to fall so far and so heavy of a sudden.

Now here it is again, another paper and the same old "Victory" at the mast head and both sides claiming it. But my faith is now shaken and I'm going to stay down on the ground until I know more than I do now. I'm sorry for nabor Munford for they say he has a fit every morning because Cleveland is elected and another in the evening because he aint, and General Young is in a bad fix, too, and nobody knows when he will be ready to join the church.

But there is no sense in mourning and cavorting over politics. If Blaine is elected I'm going to make the best of it and be like the feller who swam around old Noah's ark and asked to be let in and when old Noah shook his head he swam off to a floating log and straddled it and said he dident believe there was going to be much of a shower no how. Roland told me to-day that politics dident bother him much in time of peace, but he heard that Bob Toombs said there would be another revolution before long and he reckoned they would let a poor man fight a little when it did come. That's so. They will let a poor man fight.

BILL ARP.

Later—Bill Arp wrote the above over a week ago. Now that the official returns show Cleveland's election there would be no occasion for his despondency. He would be always cheerful—ED.

Diabolical Conduct.

The "Farmer & Mechanic" says, Wealthy democrats would do well to remember that Capt. J. B. Lindsey of Lilesville, Anson county, has just been burned out of house, home, and nearly all his possessions, in revenge for his devotion to democratic principles. As Registrar he had to reject a number of negro jailbirds, and they swore to get even. The same night they saturated his house with kerosene and applied the match. Only the noise of a falling chimney saved the lives of the family, who escaped in their night clothes.

We knew Capt. Lindsey as a fellow prisoner in Fort Delaware at the close of the war, and have always heard him commended as a man and good democrat. Such a man, in such a case, should have help whether he seeks it or not.

The Model Wife.

WHOM HUSBANDS LOVE MORE THAN THEIR CIGARS AND HORSES.

Scripture, and history, and poetry vie with one another in sounding the praise of the model wife. The man who is blessed with a companion worthy the name of a model wife can snap his fingers in the faces of all the old bachelors that ever breathed and give them points in every exalted pleasure that makes life worth living. There is no danger of his applying for a divorce.

Unfortunately for the married men of this generation, the model wives are most all dead. The struggle for existence was too much for them. The ceaseless, silent self-sacrifice needed to build a model domestic character could only be met and borne as long as there was a living appreciation of the personal laws of duty that underlie all sorts of ideal existence. The men who appreciated model wives, and were in return willing to be model husbands, were so few that the good wives—that is, the model wives—grew discouraged and took to their graves or some congenial occupation.

The few model wives that are left are cherished by their husbands beyond even their cigars or their horses. The model wife of the workingman, clerk or business man has some appreciation of the ten thousand little labors, petty cares and annoyances that her husband has to go through each day in his worshop or office. She considers that such worrying cares are a part of the duties by which her husband makes a living for himself, for her and for the children, if there are any. And when the husband comes home from his work tired, perhaps cross, and hungry and out of sorts, she is always ready to meet him with some quiet and gentle good cheer. Her own person is attractive and restful to him. She always has some pleasant scheme in mind to him and to make herself indispensable and a constant joy.

The model wife does not see how many poor silly or exciting things she can say to her tired husband. If she has anything to ask she waits until he is rested and fed. She invites pleasant people to her home, not to show how many rich things she has, but to make her husband's home hours pass cheerfully. She knows that if she is half a woman no other can displace her in her husband's affections. She is always more attractive in her manners to her husband than to other men. She is the genius of the household. But, unfortunately, most of them are dead.

The Best Remedy.

"Enquirer" asks, what will prevent the blood from settling under the eyes and causing them to become black? The best remedy we can find laid down in the books may be found in part of the fifth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and reads thus: "Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him."

A Terrible Experience.

"Have you ever suffered from extreme thirst, Colonel?"

"Yes," the Kentuckian replied. "I have. I was in the southern part of Tennessee some years ago on a surveying expedition for the Government, and you may believe it or not, gentlemen, for three days I hadn't a thing to drink exept a pint bottle of furniture polish."

"No water to be had?"

"Yes, there was plenty of water, but when a man is enduring the agonies of burning thirst he is not apt to pay much attention to personal cleanliness."

THE BAPTISTS.

THIS LARGE DENOMINATION IN CONVENTION.

WHAT THEY SAID AND DID.

The Baptist State Convention was in session in Raleigh last week. 132 delegates were present the first day, and the number increased daily. Mr. J C Scarborough was unanimously re-elected President. The Vice-Presidents elected are: H C Dockery, J A Richardson, R P Thomas. Recording Secretaries—N B Broughton and N L Shaw. Corresponding Secretary—John E Ray. Treasurer—Fabius H Briggs Auditor—W F Jones.

The various committees were appointed, Mr G W Blount, of Wilson, being a member of an important committee. The resolution of Rev. Dr. Hufham that the Convention elect seven Trustees of Wake Forest College provoked considerable discussion. A number favored allowing the Trustees to elect the seven new ones, and insisted that the Convention ought not to elect them. Dr. Hufham's resolution was finally adopted.

Only one minister it was announced, had died during the year.

A plan for securing systematic beneficence was adopted.

Rev. R. Vandeventer offered a resolution favoring the building of a Baptist church at Nag's Head, and the resolution was unanimously adopted.

A FINE FINANCIAL REPORT.

Mr. B. F. Montague, Treasurer of the Association made the following report, covering the fiscal year ending Nov. 5, 1884, which shows the total amount of money subscribed for the various objects mentioned:

Wake Forest Endowment	$ 319 61
Orphan Asylum	357 41
Church Extension	279 73
Sunday Schools	4 803 86
Education	2 921 24
Foreign Missions	4 297 65
State Missions	6 120 90
Home Missions, (Southern Baptist Convention)	1 422 30
Total	$20 522 70

The churches pays for foreign missions the largest amount of money that goes through the Treasurer's hands for any purpose.

During the year the churches connected with the Convention have added to their numbers about 9,000 members, and have sent $5,889,17. The Missionaries under appointment of the Board have collected on their fields $7,896,17. Thirty-three churches have been built at a cost of $26,400.

Reidsville was selected as the place for the meeting next year, when Rev. J. M. McManaway of Wilson will preach the introductory sermon.

The most important work done by the Convention was the extension of the work of State missions. Six years ago the Baptist had nine State missionaries. Last year they had sixty-four, and spent about $8,000 on the work. For the next year they have pledged $12,000 for this work, and propose to increase the number of missionaries. This unprecedented increase of this work enables the denomination to reach every portion of the State.

The committee on the recommendation of the trustees of Wake Forest college reports the following names: J. B. Brewer, Ira T. Bland, C. S. Wooten, J. B. Holman, H. A. Brown and J. D. Roberts.

Rev. Columbus Durham, for the committee on Baptist orphans' home, submitted a report recommendating a special committee of nine members to inquire into the expediency of the enterprise. If the matter is deemed practical the committee is to solicit contributions for this object, and when sufficient means are realized the orphans' home is to be established.

The establishment of the orphans' home was favored by a good many members of the convention. Remarks upon the question was offered by Rev. A. G. McManaway, doubting the propriety of establishing the enterprise at present while the various boards of the convention were in such need of all the funds that the denomination could raise. He then offered a substitute to the resolution, as before offered, to the effect that the committee is to enquire into the matter of an orphanage and the expense attending it, to report at the next session of the convention.

Opposition to the enterprise was expressed by Rev. F. W. Eason, W. H. Pace and others.

The matter was favored in speeches by Rev. W. R. Gwaltney and Dr. R. D. Fleming.

The matter was embodied in a resolution offered by Dr. Chas. E. Taylor, favoring the organization of a committee to look after the orphans, promising the co-operation of all Baptist in this matter.

Before the resolution was adopted, however, a very spirited speech upon the matter was made by Rev. J. D. Hufham, declaring that the Baptists would have the orphanage in spite of all opposition and the convention might as well prepare for it.

Pending the discussion the convention adjourned.

At the next session Rev. R. R. Overty reported that an organization had been effected this afternoon, to be called the "North Carolina Baptist Orphans' Home," with the following officers: Hon. Jno. C. Scarborough, President; Rev. Geo. W. Greene, Secretary, and Rev. Colmbus Durham, Treasurer. A request was made that all the members of the convention become members of this organization.

The president tenderly and feelingly stated that Rev. N. B. Cobb, of Hickory, had been summoned home by a telegram announcing the very serious illness of his son, with diphtheria, and the convention was then led in a most sincere and earnest prayer for the afflicted boy, by Rev. J. D. Hufham.

The report on Sunday school board was read and adopted, appointing the following members: J. S. Allen, T. H. Briggs, Jr., J. M. Broughton, J. C. Birdsong, S. H. Fleming, C. S. Farris, W. R. Gwaltney, J. M. Heck, W. N. Jones, J. C. Marcom, L. L. Polk, W. J. Peele, T. E. Skinner, J. C. Scarborough, W. G. Upchurch, B. P. Williamson, H. C. Powell, A. D. Hunter.

Able and interesting missionary addresses wers delivered by Rev. Dr. Tupper of Richmond and Rev. W. J. David, who has been engaged in missionary work in Guinea.

The discussion of the subject of education by Prof. Chas. E. Taylor and Prof. Poteat, of Wake Forest was of great profit. Rev. R. T. Vann also talked earnestly on this important subject. He awakened intense enthusiasm on the subject.

The "Biblical Recorder" was commended in strong terms. The editor of the ADVANCE takes pleasure in bearing testimony as to its exellence. Resolutions of thanks &c were adopted, and the Convention adjourned.

[The above is a partial report of what the large and harmonious Convention of Baptists did in Raleigh. It is condensed from the Raleigh dailes.— ED.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In Hyde county there is not a single Baptist preacher. This is noteworthy because the Baptists have gone into almost every corner of the State.

In Greene and Edgecombe there are but one Baptist preacher in each county.

There are 56,000 attendants of Baptist Sunday Schools in the State.

Rev. Mr. Hufham spoke of the appropriation made by the State in the early days to the Episcopal church, and asked: "Where is it? Where are they? Money alone is important. The little contributions from the masses of the people,—these God blesses and the work is extended."

The "Chronicle" says, The best financial management over done in a church in North Carolina is shown by the way the Convention goes about making its balance sheet meet. Much of the progress of the church is due to this excellent management of temporal affairs. If the matter should ever again be hinted at in politics, give us a Baptist Treasurer, after Treasurer elect Bain dies.

Vanderbilt to the President Elect.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Yesterday the following letter was received by the Governor from Wm. H. Vanderbilt:

NEW YORK, Nov. 7, 1884.

To the Hon. Grover Cleveland—My Dear Sir: I congratulate you and the people of the whole country upon your election to the Presidency of the United States. You owe your election, in my opinion, to the fact that the people believed you to be an honest man and not to any particular efforts made by any faction of either the democratic or republican parties.

The independent men who care more for good government than for parties or individuals have made you their choice because they were convinced that your administration would not be for the benefit of any political organization or favored persons, but for the interest of the whole people.

This is just the result which is most desired. We have reached the time when party amounts to little. The country is above all and wants an honest government, by honest men. The belief that we will find it in you has led to your election.

Yours, very truly,
W. H. VANDERBILT.

How Republican Speakers Help The Democrats.

One of the jokes Sheriff Harper tells with considerable gusto is this: "I have a friend who lives in Snow Hill township who has not voted for several years; just before Fred Loftin made his speech in Snow Hill, I approached this friend of mine and asked him if he could not help me some this year; that I was elected last time by only six majority, and that they were fighting me so hard this year I was becoming frightened. He said, "No, I can't help you. I have promised myself never to vote any more and I shan't do it." "Well," says I, "promise me one thing won't you? promise me to go to hear Fred Loftin's speech, and he promised. On the day after Fred made his speech my friend came to me and said that he was going to register and vote the Democratic ticket straight, and he voted."—Snow Hill "Telegraph."

The Negroes' Alarm.

Ever since the election of Cleveland has been considered probable (even before the assurance of it was given yesterday), many negroes have been in great alarm. They fear they will again be made slaves. "Miss Mary," said a little negro nurse to her last night, "will de cullered people 'long to de white folks agin? Pap said dey would. And he heerd so at pray'r meetin."

The children and the old people of the race have very freely expressed this fear, which the more vigorous men and women among them evidently have talked much about.

A little way from Raleigh an old darkey even went to see one of the sons of his deceased old master and said: "I 'fers ter 'long ter you and not ter nobody else ot de family."

What a commentary on the methods of the republicans in managing the negro vote these 20 years!—"Chronicle."

ABOUT EATING.

HOW AND WHAT OLD-TIME STATESMEN ATE.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

"I want to tell you," continued the superannuated restaurateur, of Henry Clay. Perhaps you never heard of what an eater he was.—Well, I can say that I knew Mr. Clay a great many years, because I waited on him, both at the National hotel and at Hancock's restaurant, as well as at a good many other places. Mr. Clay was a great lover of broiled oysters and baked pumpkins. He was the most singular man I ever saw about his eating. People said he wanted to be eccentric for effect.—Perhaps you don't know that Mr. Clay used to eat butter on his watermelons! Well, sir, he did. I recollect very well that on a certain day, when there was a great many famous men at the table, including Mr. Corwin, Mr. Calhoun, General Taylor and General Cary, of Michigan, Mr. Clay had his watermelon set out before him. After having the melon sliced, he said: "Now, gentleman, you have before you the most magnificent product of the vegetable kingdom; now, here is the most magnificent product of the animal kingdom—butter!"—Then he proceeded to butter a slice of melon, and he put the butter on thick, and I can tell you that he did not stop at one slice. In fact, I may say that he never did stop at four or five slices of buttered watermelon every time they put watermelon on the table. But I can say that none of the other gentlemen ever followed his advice. One of Mr. Clay's friends, a Kentucky Colonel, tried it once, but you ought to see him lay the watermelon down real quick. No, sir, I never see nobody else 'cept Mr. Clay take to buttered watermelon.

Somehow or other all these great men had their peculiarities about what they wanted to eat. There was Mr. Calhoun, who always had his 'possum and sweet potatoes when he could get them. He used to say to me: "Now, Steve, you get me a nice fat 'possum, cook it the day after it is killed, parboil it first, then put it in a hot oven, with boiled yam potatoes laid around it in the oven and then let it slowly brown. If you can get a coon, Steve, you make a plenty of coon gravy, very brown, and pour it over the 'possum. And don't you fail to have the 'possum well flavored with pepper, salt and sage." Well, sir, you just ought to see Mr. Calhoun sit down to a dish of 'possum with coon gravy. He wasn't a big man, but he was mighty thin, and there was plenty of room about his vest. He would make that 'possum very sick before he got through with it. He used to say that it reminded him of old South Carolina to eat 'possum, and that's the reason he liked it so well.—Many a time he's told me about going out 'possum hunting at night, with colored boys and dogs and an axe, treeing the 'possum, cutting the tree down and roasting the 'possum before a log fire. Mr. Calhoun's neighbors down there used to send him boxes of persimmons and these he would distribute among his friends here as one of the greatest products of South Carolina. Of course, Mr. Calhoun had all the old Southern habits. He wanted his coffee in the morning before he got out of bed. For breakfast he wanted hot corn bread or biscuits and the breast of a chicken. He wouldn't eat any other part of the chicken. For dinner he didn't care much for anything except soup or fish. It was at night that he wanted his 'possum or any extra dish he might fancy.

Senator Benton, of Missouri, was a mighty funny man about his eating, continued Uncle Steve. "I was at the National hotel for a long time while he boarded there, and I can say that he was about as fussy a man as you ever saw. He could talk more and pay his waiters less than any congressman I ever waited on. In the morning he would say to me: 'Steve, you black rascal, bring me a Missouri cocktail.' That would mean whiskey straight, two drinks in one. He would call for pretty much everything on the bill of fare, but he didn't touch much of it. What do you suppose was his favorite dish? Bacon and molasses, as sure as you are born! He would have a big dish of bacon fried crisp, with the gravy at the bottom. Then he would pour a pint of molasses over it, and I tell you, when he got through there wasn't anything left bat the dish. That's the reason Mr. Benton had his meals mostly in his room. He did not want people to know that he was so fond of bacon and molasses.

There's President Harrison, who died so quick after he got into the White House. They all say that he died from excitement, nervous prostration and all that. But the man who waited on him said that he died from too much dinner. He had been in the White House but a few days when he told the waiter he had brought from Indiana to get him up what he called a regular old-fashioned North Bend dinner. That was Mr. Harrison's home in Indiana, and his order meant cabbage, pickled pork, fresh roast pork, peas, cucumbers and sweet potatoes, with corn-meal fritters for desert. That was on a day that Mr. Webster had a long talk with him. Mr. Webster was in his cabinet, and he said: 'Harrison, if these d-d office-seekers don't kill you, that dinner will!' Well, sir, he never saw a well minute after that dinner. He had indigestion, headache and swimming in the head, and they say that his mind wasn't right till he died. It might have been something else, but I believe that it was that dinner that caused his death. The old cook at the White House said that he had cooked for five Presidents, but that Mr. Harrison could eat more than all of them put together. Why, sir, he could eat two whole white-head cabbages and pork to correspond, with corn-cakes and molasses, at one time. The story at that time was that when he was in the army he always eat double rations, and the commissary did not charge him extra for it. While he was tighting in the army his favorite dish was raw pork and hard-tack, and the other officers used to set around and watch him get away with it.

"Who was the smallest eater I ever saw? Well, I've known a good many small eaters, but I believe that Mr. Jeff Davis was about the smallest I ever saw. He was always so thin you could almost see through him, and they used to say it was because he did not eat enough. I waited on him at Welcker's before he was Secretary of War.—it must have been about '37 or maybe about forty years ago. He looked sickly and pale, and seemed to eat because he was obliged to. He drank tea instead of coffee, but he never drank more than half a cup. About two or three mouthfuls of toast finished his breakfast. For dinner he had half a plate of soup, a thin slice of roast beef, which he hardly tasted, and a glass of claret. He read papers nearly all the time he was sitting at the table, and never noticed anybody unless he was spoken to. I have often seen him get up from the table without touching anything. They say he used to make it up on brandy just before he went to bed, but I didn't know anything about that. We waiters wondered how he could live, but he seemed healthy. One day I handed him a bill of fare and asked him if he wouldn't have some of the oyster patties. He said he would, but when I got back he was gone, though there was a two dollar and a half gold piece on the empty plate.

President Johnson was another curious eater. I did not know much about him when he was President, but about twenty years before, when he first came to Congress, he boarded at the National awhile and I waited on him. He was an old-fashioned healthy eater, and his table manners made a good many people laugh. He never got over the ways he was used to in the backwoods of Tennessee. He had a way of smelling everything before he tasted it, and sometimes he would sniff so you could hear him clear across the table. He always used a red handkerchief to wipe his mouth; he wouldn't have a napkin. He always drank about five glasses of water while he was eating, and people laughed at him for using his knife instead of his fork. He was a great buttermilk drinker, and never put a glass down till it was empty. He had the broadest upper lip you ever saw, and when he put the glass down you could see a broad white streak almost two inches wide under his nose. Sometimes he wiped it off and sometimes he didn't, and then he would scowl around at everybody to see what they were laughing at.

"Oh, if I had the time," concluded the ancient purveyor of viands, "I could tell you a great deal about the table-manners of some famous men. I knowed Mr. James Buchanan forty years ago. Roast oysters and sherry was his failing. Mr. Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, was a great gallant at the table. He generally came into the dining-room with ladies.—Sometimes he had on a dress-coat and kid gloves, and the gloves he would pull off and hand to the waiter after he sat down. He generally sat at the table two or three hours, eat fancy dishes and drank light wines. Sam Houston, of Texas, never went to breakfast until he had taken four cocktails. He often gave the waiters $1 almost every day, but he always dropped it on the floor, so they would have to pick it up."

A Wonderful Tobacco Cure.

Pittsboro "Home:" Mr. J. Q. Bryant tells us of a cure effected by tobacco. He had been troubled for several days with a very sore and painful finger, and had slept but little for several nights. Having read in the "Home" of the remarkable cures made by tobacco he determined to try it. On Sunday night he wrapped up his finger well with a wet tobacco leaf. Soon the pain was gone and he had a good night's rest, and on Monday he showed us the finger and pronounced it well. It showed signs, of course, of the sore, but the flesh looked natural, the swelling had gone down, and all effects of the sore will soon be gone.

Jay Gould's Politics.

"It was the custom," said Gould in 1873, "when men received nominations, to come to me for contributions, and I made them, and considered them good paying investments. In a Republican district I was a strong Republican. In a Democratic district I was democratic. And in doubtful districts I was doubtful. But in politics I was an Erie Railroad man every time."

Couldn't Allow That Sort of Carrying On.

While Mr. Webb, the lively auctioneer, was going from one county exhibit to another to-day, selling the tobacco, with a whooping, yelling crowd of two or three hundred following him, a policeman, who happened to be on the outside, and not knowing what was going on, rushed in and gathered Mr. Webb by the collar, saying, "You had better come with me, sir; we can't allow any such carrying on as this in the building." Only a few words of explanation was necessary to make that the cheapest looking peace officer you ever saw.

MR. HENRY CLAY.

HOW THIS GREAT STATESMAN TOOK DEFEAT.

HE SAID NOT A WORD.

The following interesting incident was related many years ago by Mrs. Robert Todd, of Kentucky, the step-mother of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, and has never before been printed, according to the St. Louis "Globe:"

The Todds and Clays were always on intimate terms, and in 1844 were living near each other in Lexington, Ky. Henry Clay and James K. Polk were then rival candidates for the Presidency, the chances, as were generally supposed, being strongly in favor of the great whig leader. As it turned out, however, the contest was much closer than had been anticipated, and finally advices from other States showed that the result hinged upon the vote of New York. There was no telegraph in those days, and news had to come by the slow course of mails. The New York mail was due in Lexington about 10 o'clock in the evening of a certain day, and it was known would tell the story of a victory or defeat. As it happened, a young lady relative of Mr. Clay was to be married on the same evening, and insisted upon his presence, though under the circumstances he would much rather have remained at home. Mr. and Mrs. Todd attended this memorable wedding party, which was not large, and composed almost exclusively of the family connections and intimate friends—all ardent whigs, and of course deeply interested in the pending political event.

As the hour for the arrival of the mail approached, Mrs. Todd saw two or three gentlemen quietly leave the room, and knowing their errand watched eagerly for their return. When they came in she knew by the expression of each countenance that New York had gone Democratic. The bearers of the bad tidings consulted together a moment in a corner, and then one of them advanced to Mr. Clay, who was standing in the center of a group, and handed him a paper. Mrs. Todd, aware of what it contained, fastened her eyes upon him. He opened the paper, and as he read the paragraph which sounded the death knell of his political hopes and life-long ambition, she saw a distinct blue shade begin at the roots of his hair, and pass slowly over his face like a cloud, and then disappear. Without saying a word upon the subject which must have monopolized all his thoughts, he laid down the paper, and, turning to a table, filled a glass with wine, and, raising it to his lips with a pleasant smile, said: "I drink to the health and happiness of all assembled here." Setting down the glass, he resumed the conversation as if nothing had occurred, and was, as usual, the life and light of the company. But Mrs. Todd said that as soon as the contents of the paper were known "a wet blanket fell upon everybody, and in half an hour all the guests had departed with heavy hearts—feeling that gallant 'Harry of the West' had fought his last Presidential battle and lost the prize forever.

An Offering of Beard.

The Philadelphia "Times" tells a good story of a tall, broad-shouldered man, of fifty-five who walked into a barber-shop on Saturday and seated himself in a chair.

"Hair cut, sir?" said the barber. The old man, who had been busy with his beard, exposed it to the astonished gaze of the shop. It reached fully three inches below his knees when it was uncoiled. "I want this beard taken off clean. "For twenty-four years no razor has touched my face. It was in 1860. I was as spruce a young chap as ever kicked up his heels at a Lancaster county wedding and everybody knew young Joe Barstow in those parts. "One night I made a speech at a meeting in the old Turnpike Tavern. I had a week's growth of stubble on my face, and before I had spoken a dozen words some lout sang out, 'Go get a shave.' Everybody laughed as they looked at me. 'Get a shave?' says I; no razor touches my face until I see a democratic President in the White House.'

"I have kept my word. Take it off and roll it carefully in a piece of paper, barber, for I am going to send President Cleveland a chain made out of it."

A Strange Story.

A very strange and distressing story is sent to the New York "World" from Albany. It is to the effect that twenty odd years ago a young man of wealthy parents ran away with a young girl and went to Iowa. In a year or two the young wife tired of her husband and eloped with another fellow, taking her only child, a daughter. The daughter afterwards died because she was ill-treated. She was fourteen. On the train she met a gentleman much older than herself. The friendship ripened afterwards into love, and at seventeen she married him. They have one child. It is now revealed to them that the father is married ignorantly and innocently to his daughter. They are said to be in the deepest distress.

—New Orleans "Times-Democrat:" The North Carolina fisheries are the most important on the South Atlantic coast. In 1880 they yielded four times as much food fish and employed three times as many persons as they did in 1870, and yet south of Albemarle sound they are practically undeveloped on account of the l