WILSON ADVANCE.

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—BY—
JOSEPHUS DANIELS, · Editor and Proprietor

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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WILSON ADVANCE.

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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILLINGS—GLEANINGS.

—Cleveland ran about two thousand behind Scales in the State.

—Blaine will spend the "winter of his discontent" in Washington.

—The Wizard Oil wagons are again in the State. They are now at Goldsboro.

—The dwelling house of Mr. Fletcher Coggins, in Nash county, near Castalia, was entirely consumed by fire on Saturday morning, Nov. 23d.

—Bryant Alford's store and restaurant were burned at Smithfield last week. A negro woman charged with setting fire to the house, is under arrest.

—A woman killed herself in Baltimore last week because she feared her husband would loose his place in the post office when Cleveland comes in.

—Help the orphans. A liberal gentleman of Wilmington presented Dr. Dixon, the Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum, with a check for $50. Who will do likewise? Let all give.

—Poor Tourgee is in trouble. He is poor and is to lecture this winter for a living. He ought to try his hand on "Outrages in the South." His Quaker story would pan out the quarters.

—The Franklin "Times" says, we are sorry to learn that Vernon, a 13 year old son of Mr. H. M. Richardson, of Dunn's township, had his arm so badly mashed in a cotton gin a few days ago, that it had to be amputated.

—This rebellion in Maine against the will of the people of the United States should be suppressed before it leads to secession. The Federal army seems to be massed on the wrong side of the continent. —New Orleans, "Times."

—Joseph Pulitzer, the Congressman editor of the New York 'World' was in early life a coachman. Not all of the Jehus allow fame and fortune, to be thrust upon them by their employer's daughters, for Pulitzer worked his way up.

The "Chronicle" says, To them that believe in luck the following current prediction may be interesting: "Charles Manly Steadman will preside over the Senate. It must be that Charles Manly Busbee will preside over the House."

—The New Berne "Journal" says, the County Commissioners of Craven county have passed an order that no witness nor jury ticket shall be paid by the county unless the party to whom the same is issued shall have paid his taxes.

—Will the New York "Sun" kindly tell us what has become of one B. F. Butler? The theory that he has locked himself in to write letters of thanks to all those who voted for him at the late election will not do. He could have finished that job before breakfast.

—Two colored ministers got in a dispute in Athens, Ga., the other night and one killed the other. He afterwards set up with the corpse all night and held a prayer meeting over it the next morning. There is at least something unique in the mode of procedure.

—The season is drawing near when the thoughtless colored mother locks up her children in a room and leaves them to their pranks until she returns, to find, perhaps, the house burned down, with the charred bodies of her offsprings in the ruins.

—For generations the burning question has been to find a profitable use for saw dust; and now comes a New York company and proposes to convert it into paper. we have an exchange printed on paper made exclusively from sawdust and the stock is very strong.

—The Franklin "Times" says, we are prepared to inform our readers that work was commenced on the Lonisburg & Franklinto Railroad, on Tuesday morning last. At present there are 40 hands at work. In a few days the force will be increased to between one and two hundred hands."

—The Raleigh "Farmer and Mechanic" says it is rumored that friends of Hon. Thomas Ruffin are preparing to support him for Senator against Gov. Vance; while another report says a strong effort will be made to get him appointed to one of the soon-to-be vacancies on the United States Supreme bench.

—Now, then, let's make a move all along the line to compensate the local postmasters—those men in the country who get no pay for attending to the public business. Their time is worth something. The government ought not to ask a man to be a postmaster merely for the convenience of the neighborhood. Give them some pay.—"Raleigh Observer."

—American Methodists will convene in a Ceptennial Conference in Baltimore on 9th of December and remain in session until 16th. It will doubtless be the largest body of Methodists ever assembled in this country. This conference will be composed of about six hundred delegates. It will simply be a reunion and celebration of the organization of the M. E. Church in this country.

—Nearly every man you meet claims to have originated the expression "paint the town red." The Danbury "News" says, The expression, "painting the town red," signifying a jubilee, originated with Gov. Waller, who, in a congratulatory speech at a Yale boat crew victory, said: "I hope, gentlemen, you will paint this town red."

—Vassar Female College celebrated Cleveland's election. In return the President ought to marry one of the Vassar girls.

—The "Reunited Union" is to be the title of an article by Henry Watterson, in the January number of the "North American Review."

—For every man that is now moving away from North Carolina a half dozen better ones are coming into the State to live. Men of high grade of intelligence see the advantages this State possesses, and are settling in our midst.

—A New York paper enters its protest against continuing the unlimited use of the phrase "painting the town red." Yes, indeed. The chestnut has been run into the ground till it makes us tired. Cheese it, boys; give us a rest. If there's anything we hate it's slang; you can bet your sweet life on that. You hear us?

—A young lady of Knoxville, Tenn., is engaged in paying a novel election wager. She bet with her lover, and promised to give him a kiss for each electoral vote for Cleveland in the event of his election. The young man is to have two kisses a day until the debt is paid. That is what may be called "linked sweetness long drawn out."

—The "Messenger" says, we are pained to learn that Wm. C. Rich, the oldest son of Mr. C. C. Rich, of Faison, met with a serious and painful accident last week. The young man was attending to the ginning of some cotton on his father's place and the mote board becoming clogged, he reached in to clear it off, and his right hand and arm were caught and drawn across the saws and terribly lacerated.

—Winston "Sentinel:" On last Saturday, Beckton Swindell, a lad aged about 12 years, and a nephew of Capt. R. R. Crawford, was out near town, gathering persimmons, in company with some companions. While up in the tree, Beckton accidentally lost his hold and fell to the ground, a distance of some 25 feet. Several bones were broken and other serious injuries were sustained. The little sufferer was carried home, but died the next day from the effects of his fall.

The Seven Springs correspondent writes to the New Berne "Journal" while Goldsboro was on fire the ashes from the destruction were seen to fall in our streets. A piece of charred paper was seen to fall in a man's yard with the writing and printing plainly distinguishable. It was from the hardware store of Jones & Yelverton, and was thoroughly burnt but had not fallen in pieces." The distance from Goldsboro to Seven Springs is about 16 miles. This is truly wonderful.

—Women, as a grand and petit juror in Washington Territory have proved a decided success, if the gallant speech made by Chief Justice Greene of that Territory means anything else than a graceful compliment. He says: "Twelve terms of court, ladies and gentlemen, I have now held, in which women have served as grand and petit jurors, and it is certainly a fact beyond dispute that no other twelve terms so salutary for restraint of crime have ever been held in this Territory."

—The Supreme Court of Iowa has informed a young wife who married a man knowing him to be intemperate, and then applied for a divorce on the ground that he is a confirmed drunkard, that she voluntarily chose a drunkard for a husband and should discharge the duties of a drunkard's wife. "His failure to keep a pledge of reformation, made before marriage," says the court, "does not justify you in deserting him. Having knowingly married a drunkard, you must make yourself content with the sacred relationship."

—Sydney Smith was a fellow of infinite jest, always setting the table in a roar, but he could talk solid sense when he tried. When asked how to cure low spirits, he gave the following advice: Live as well as you dare; take short views of human life; attend to the effects tea and coffee produce upon you; compare your lot with that of other people; avoid poetry, music, serious novels, and sentimental people; do good; keep blazing fires. Some of these rules may not at first commend themselves, but they have a substantil ground work.

—Capt. A. H. A. Williams, of Granville, is urged for speaker of the House.

—Rev. Joseph E. Lee, colored, was chairman of the Florida delegation that nominated Blaine He says:

"I believe Mr. Cleveland to be honest in what he says in relation to my race, and that he will try to carry it out. The effect will be to unite both the whites and blacks, and antagonisms will cease. All we ask is a fair chance and fair treatment. There are many good men in the Democratic party and I don't think they will allow our rights to be abridged. Some of my people have been alarmed by false reports of designing men. The election in this State as far as I know, was honest and fair. The Democratic ticket got the most votes and won."

How often do we hear of the sudden fatal termination of a case of croup, when a young life might have been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral! Be wise in time, and keep a bottle of it on hand, ready for instant use.

Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines health, and the constitutional vigor will return. Those who suffer from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse the blood, and restore vitality.

STATE QUESTION.

GOSSIP AS TO CLEVELAND'S MARRIAGE

WILL CLEVELAND MARRY?

In Albany, it is regarded as settled that Governor Cleveland is the next President, and already the gossips are busy with conjectures as to who will be the lady of the White House. There is a well-defined belief among his friends that there is a young lady in Western New York who will soon be led to the altar by the President-elect. Others who have known him long and well say that he will never marry and that talk simply comes of the fact that he has shown this young woman some slight attentions since he was elected Governor. Early in his life his hopes and ambitions for a wife were crushed by the hand of death, and his affection for the lost one has kept him treading the wine press of life alone. If the reports that he is to marry are not true then his own immediate family will furnish the lady to do the social honors of his administration.

It is generally believed by those who know him best that there will be less festivities during his term of office than there have been for many years past. He has been a hard-working Governor and will probably continue his industrious habits as President. Bachelor as he is, the White House will, however, have a most creditable mistress. There are four ladies in his immediate family, either of whom can well do the honors of the household. His eldest sister in this country, Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, of Fayetteville, would fill any position with credit. She is a middle-aged lady, of pleasing address, who has spent a good deal of her time at the executive mansion here since her brother has been Governor. She has made many friends in the capitol of the State and will doubtless do the same in Washington, where she will probably go the 4th of next March. Miss R. E. Cleveland is the maiden sister. She still resides in the little home cottage at Holland Patent, just above Utica. A good public speaker, a quick conversationalist and generally a plain woman of intellectual force, she would do her share in entertaining her brother's guests at the National capitol. Mr. Cleveland has a sister who for twenty years has been a missionary at Ceylon. She has two charming young lady daughters, Mary and Carrie Hastings, whom the Governor has been for years educating in this city. He has given them every advantage and they have improved them. They will no doubt be a part of their uncle's family circle at Washington, as they have been at times here.

John Bright And Free Trade.

John Bright, in a letter favoring free trade, argues that since its adoption by England the price of food, and the hours of labor have diminished, while wages have been doubled. He says that although trade in England is momentarily depressed the depression is far greater in protectionist countries like Russia, France and America. He concludes by saying that the recent overthrow of the party of protection and monopoly in America may prove to be a great blessing, and when England and America have embraced the policy of free industry, the whole fabric of monopoly throughout the world will totter to its downfall.

No Cause For Alarm.

ALBANY, Nov. 20.—Gov. Cleveland was asked by an associated Press reporter to-day if he was aware of a delusion existing among the colord people of the South that a change in the administration would unfavorably affect their condition, to which he replied:

"Yes, I have been astonished at the statement that there was an apprehension existing among the colored people that in some way their rights now secured to them under the law and Constitution of the United States were in danger from the election of a Democratic President. I am even told that some of them are led to suppose that the result of the recent election means that they may again be made slaves. All of this has appeared to me to be so absurd, and I have been so confident that the slightest intelligent reflection would dislodge such foolish fears, that I can hardly deem any notice of them necessary, but there is not the slightest objection to calling the attention of all who are in the least uneasy or uncertain upon this subject to the fact that the title of the colored people to freedom and all the rights of citizenship cannot be disturbed except by a change in the Constitution which it would be absolutely impossible to make.

"Besides, the present condition or status of these people have been so fully accepted by the entire country that no one should have the slightest idea that any attempt will be made to change it. If there were any possibility of accomplishing such a thing, so far as the new Administration is related to this subject, the whole country can be sure that the lawful power and jurisdiction of the Executive will be so exercised that the rights of all citizens, white or black, under the Constitution and the law will be preserved and protected, and all the advantages to which they are entitled by reasons of their citizenship will be secured to them. There need be no fear that either the Democratic party or its newly elected administration proposes to oppress or enslave any part of our population, or to destroy the business interests of the country. We hope, on the other hand, to do something to benefit the people. It seems to me that our efforts in that direction would be aided if mischievous croakings and dark imaginings should give place to an earnest endeavor to inspire confidence and to make universal a cheerful hope for the future."

Turned Just Wrong.

A good story is told of a country storekeeper in a small village in Pennsylvania. For twenty-five years he voted the democratic ticket, and the only other groceryman in the place voted the republican ticket. The latter has been postmaster for many years, much to the discomfort of the democrat, as it drew trade from his store. This year the democrat determined to make an effort for the office, and voted the republican ticket. He made violent speeches against his former party and lauded the republican candidate for President. His neighbors now say he swears at having made such a mistake, and they are laughing at this particular groceryman's expense.

1860 to 1885.

If my health will permit I propose to write a history or sketch of North Carolina, from 1860 to 1885. I will be greatly obliged to persons who will send me documents or facts in relation to men and events in this State for the last thirty years. I feel deeply the responsibility I assume in attempting such a work, and shall need all the encouragement that may be kindly offered.

Will my brother editors throughout the State copy this notice, and send me a copy containing it?

W. W. HOLDEN.

Our Enterprising Ladies.

Mrs. A. G. Land who lives not far away from Oxford sold at the Johnson Warehouse last week the product of 1400 hills, (about ¼ acre) of land cultivated in tobacco this year, for the sum of $105, Mrs. Land is quite a young lady, having been married less than twelve moths, and this tobacco was her own farming, separate and apart from her husband's crop by way of amusing herself, in leisure moments, when not engaged, in her domestic duties.—"Torchlight."

A Cradle View of Him.

—An old nurse has been telling the world what sort of a baby Governor Cleveland was. "He was," she says, "one of the quietest children I ever saw, and I was very fond of him. He had large black eyes and black hair, and he was a very bright and good-natured child. But he would have his own way when he was two years old, so far as it was possible for a child of that age to have his own way, and I had to spank him sometimes." Of course, the good old nurse knew from this that he would eventually become President.

Sale of the Biggest Ranch in the World.

The largest cattle ranch in the United States under one management is that of Capt. Richard King of Texas. It comprises upward of 8,000,000 acres, all under fence, and nearly 200,000 head of cattle, horses and sheep. This ranch has been eagerly sought by English, French and Dutch capitalists. It was sold to the United States Land and Investment Company of New York city, who have just concluded a purchase at $6,500,00 for the entire property. The company anticipate an annual income of nearly $1,500,000 from this source, as the increase of cattle is about 85 per cent. As an indication of a more settled condition of financial affairs, the manager says that the company's first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds are being rapidly sought at 105 and interest; that the feeling now shown by American capitalists in this class of investment property is growing daily.

Romance of a Poor Young Man.

C. B. BISHOP, EX-PREMIER OF THE SANDWICH ISLES, RETURNING HOME RICH.

When King Kalakana the dusky sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, visited this city three years ago he was accompanied by Mr. C. B. Bishop, his Grand Chamberlain. Mr. Bishop, who is an American, is now about to return to his native land, where grand chamberlains are not known to enjoy the wealth he has acquiried. His story is full of interest. He was a native of Sandy Hill, Washington county, N. Y., but left that place in 1848 with Edward Lee. They were young lawyers, and the vessel on which they were going to San Francisco put in at Honolulu, where they were introduced to the King. The latter was reorganizing his government, and perceiving that the two Americans were lawyers of ability, he begged them to remain and assist him, and they consented. Mr. Lee was appointed Chief Justice of the Sandwich Islands, and Mr. Bishop was offered and accepted the State Portfolio. Lee died in Washington some years ago, after having become celebrated as a jurist. Mr. Bishop held several important offices besides that of Secretary of State and Grand Chamberlain, among them that of Collector General. He married Princess Ruth, the last of the line of Kamehamehas, and at her death became the possessor of an immense property. Mr. Bishop is about to dispose of his vast estate, and return to the scenes of his childhood.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD IN ALABAMA.

WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT

The other day I took a ride on the narrow guage to Ceda: town. It is a smart little road and the train can skip out from a station quicker than a wide guage train. The whole turn out looks like it was made for children to go on a Sunday school excursion. The conductors and engineers ought to be little men, and I think Mr. West, who owns it, is entirely too big for his road. I remember when he first came south and was prospecting around for iron property. Before anybody knew it he had bought a few thousand acres near Cedartown and now he runs a big furnace and owns a railroad and has doubled the population of Cedartown and tripled the value of contiguous property. Schools and churches are thriving and so is trade and business. It is wonderful what one smart energetic man can do for a community. I saw great stacks of pig iron around the furnace and learned there were over 7,000 tons waiting for a rise in price. Mr. West said there would be a rise before long. He talked like he had confidence and said that if the politicians would let the tariff on iron alone he dident care who they elected president so they dident elect him. He is one of the solid men and devotes his time and money to increasing the value of our natural products. The ore in the bank and the charcoal in the standing pines and the limestone in the quarry, all cost money but it is not generally known that fifty cents worth will make a ton of pig iron that will sell for fifteen dollars. From twelve to fourteen dollars is expended for labor. Labor of man and beast, sweat and toil that is paid for at an average price of one dollar per day. One dollar a day will keep the average laborer and his wife and children from want but fifty cents will not. When the tariff is taken off and foreign iron comes free into our markets the price will be reduced to seven or eight dollars a ton and the labor be reduced in the same way. That will help the masses a little I reckon for our plows and hoes and wagons will be a little cheaper, not much, but it will be ruin to those poor humble toilers who make the iron. Fifty cents a day wont support them for bread and meat will be no cheaper than it is now. Some things will come down under the free trade principle but bread and meat will not. We export wheat and flour and pork and beef now to countries that charge no custom house duties. Then why should they come down. What we all want is diversified industries. Annison flourishes and everybody seem to be doing well there. Even the farmers in that naborhood are making money. They have a good market for everything they raise. I saw a bushel of turnips sell there the other day for a dollar. I don't blame those people for wanting protection on iron for it supports them all. Suppose the Nobles and Tylers have got rich and are getting richer. Where can you find richer men who have added more to values and done more for our people? They are just the kind of rich men we want all over the country. I think that my old friend Sam Noble got scared too soon and flopped over to Blaine without any sufficient reason but he can flop back now gracefully and apologize for his haste and it will all come ont right at last. He is too good a man to fight for the Philistines. Selma is improving rapidly. New blocks of handsome buildings have been put up since I was there five years ago and their commercial business seems to be increasing rapidly. What a splendid country lies west of that town. It is black land and it is pretty black with the negro, but the white folks speckle it all over and get about all the negro makes for he works about half the time and dont want much. It is all done fair and it is all right for it takes more to do the white folks and the darkey is content with his portion. They are as happy on a little as the white man is on a good deal. They seem to have quiet politics. Mr. Davidson was elected to congress over his republican opponent by 7,000 votes, notwithstanding the negroes were taree to one in the district. There negrees dident care a cent whether Blaine or Cleveland was elected so they can keep on making cotton and go to town Saturday and to meeting Sunday and go to the circus when it comes. I heard two of them at the depot talking politics, and one said, "well, I'm all right. I voted for Cleveland, and when I see him I is gwine to tell him so." The other said, "you is, is you, and when you tell Mr. Cleveland you voted for him he look at you and wink one eye and say "de h——l you say." I heard a good honest darkey talking to his landlord about his crop and he said in substance, "well, boss I is come out behind I knows, I dont know how much I owes you and I dont want to know for I cant pay it, but boss you knows how it is and you keeps de books and I'll work and work as long as de Lord gives me strength. Maybe he give poor nigger more rain next year."

Well, I do love these old fashioned honest darkeys, I love them for their dependence and their trust in us, I wouldent defraud one out of his just dues for no amount of profit or gain. I had rather overpay him than underpay him. But I have no consideration for these eduated upstarts who swell around and talk big about equality. Well, as to that I havent any more respect for lazy supercilious white folks. Education spoils lots of folks, both white and black. Just about half the chaps ought to be in the corn field right now, they are no account. Well, I dont mean to say that the corn field wants no account men but I mean to say that the college spoils a good corn field man. When he was at home on the farm he was fitten to do something. But as Sam Jones says he went of to college and now he aint fitten to get fitten.

Marion is about thirty miles west of Selma and is called the Athens of Alabama. There are four colleges there, two for girls one for boys and one for negroes. They are all in a flourishing condition. The town is just sweet with pretty girls. A young man who is fitten to get married could go there and get a nice wife just as easy. It seems to me they were the largest school girls I ever saw. But everybody is large down there. I could have picked out a hundred men at the fair ground who would average 200 pounds and as many women who would average 160. There are lots of big folks down there. Most all of the people past middle age wear something before them that the French call "Our bong pong." It makes them look healthy and consequential. Whenever a man gets rich and feels his oats he begins to put on some "Our bong pong" and strut around. It is a mighty good sign of contentment and I never saw as much of it as I saw at Marion. When you see a town with lots of suburbs cut up in large two acre lots and a nice house with a broad piazza set back in a grove of trees in every lot you may be sure of a happy hospitable people. Plenty of room and plenty of shade and an abundance of flowers in the front yard enlarges and refines a people. Those colleges do a great deal for Marion. They improve society. They give a high tone to the churches and the Sunday schools. They help the merchants and the milliners and the boarding houses and the livery stables. It is a good thing for a people to fatten off of people afar off. It is better than to have to live off one another. When a man sends his daughter to school in Marion he has to send some money with her and the Marion people get it. That is the way the yankees have been doing us. They have been sending their goods and their yankee notions and all their tom fooleries down here for fifty years and our folks buy them and they have got rich off of us. When I was there all Marion was happy. The fair was in full blast and they had lots of racing and a circus and a balloon ascension and an opera troupe and all sorts of vehicles were dashing to and fro all the day long. Everybody seemed to have plenty of money and they spent it free.

Alabama is certainly prospering. She has made wonderful strides in the last ten years and has about doubled her property in value. She has railroads everywhere. Her state seal shows her great rivers but her railroads are of more consequence now, What huge things these syndicates are. These mammoth corporations that send their lines and systems all through the country and where there is a gap they build a road and fill it. I was thinking about the E. T. & V., that carried me away down to Uniontown. How it occupies Georgia and Alabama and I dont know how many states. What a head it takes to manage so vast an enterprise. It is an aggressive system and is fighting its way for business and is getting it. Our state road property has suffered by it but our people have been benefited. Competition is a good thing. It cheapens freight and fair and gives more speed and deveops civility and politeness, with the railroad commissions and with plenty of competition the people are safe.

BILL ARP.

Colossal Feet.

Business men are not supposed to laugh at any order, however extravagant, that may be sent them, but if one of Lynn's big shoe dealers didn't indulge in a real ghastly smile when he received one order this fall, it was because he had sufficient strength left. J. M. Farnum is a colored preacher in Charlotte, N. C., and his fighting weight when skirmishing with the legions of Satan is 410 pounds. He stands 6 feet 10 inches high without his boots, and, taken collectively, would be a dangerous man to fall under at a skating rink. Some time ago a northern gentleman met Mr. Farnum in the south, and the latter ordered a pair of shoes made for him at the North, for which this gentleman took the measure. The order was given to Lynn's leading shoe manufacturer but it was too much for him, and a pair of shoes were made from a special last in Boston and sent the reverend gentleman. The shoes are thirty-lives. The length from heel to toe is just twenty inches, and the width of the ball, including a protuberance that may be a corn, and may be natural, is a trifling over seven and a half inches. Some idea of the "tout ensemble" may be gained from the fact that a pasteboard copy of the sole of one of the shoes which a reporter carried in his overcoat pocket, extended from the lowest depth of the pocket to the arm pit. This copy was taken from a measurement of the bootless foot of the clergyman, and those who know pronounce it exact.—From the forward end of the sole a piece the size of a desert-plate could easily be cut. The heel, if of the proper material, would make a decidedly generous flap jack, and the whole thing, in shape and size, gives one the irresistible impression of a tenis racket, or an elongated shirt-front, without its symmetry.—Boston "Globe."

—Mr. Chas. H. Armfield, son of Hon. R. F. Armfield, of Statesville, will be Governor Scales private secretary.

LOVE STORIES.

HOW OUR PRESIDENTS COURTED AND MARRIED.

SINGULARLY HAPPY.

Martha Skelton, the beautiful wife of the red-headed and freckled Jefferson, had been dead 19 years before her husband was elected President. Rachel Donelson, the wife of the hot-headed, but courtly, Jackson, had her dresses made to take her place as mistress of the Executive Mansion, but died three months before Old Hickory was inaugurated. Hannah Hoes, the consort of the foxy Mies Nancy Van Buren, lay in her grave 17 years before Jackson made him his successor, and President Harrison died in office before his wife had come to Washington.

The Presidents' wives now living are Mrs. Polk, at Nashville; Mrs. John Tyler, at Richmond; Mrs. Grant, in New Jersey; Mrs. Hayes, in Fremont, and Mrs. Garfield, in Cleveland. Of these the widows—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler, and Mrs. Garfield—draw from the government pensions of $5,000 a year.

Mrs. Zach Taylor died in Louisiana during the same administration for which her husband was elected. She opposed her husband's being a candidate, and would have nothing to do with the social life of the capital. Abigail Fillmore died at Willard's Hotel here about one month after her husband finished his term. The hard work of the White House hastened her decease. Mrs. Lincoln lay ill at the White House for a long time after her husband's death, and Andrew Johnson did much of his first executive business at the Treasury Department. Mrs. Letitia Christian Tyler is the only President's wife who has died in the White House. Martha Washington died two years after the death of her husband at Mount Vernon, where Washington died in 1799. She shut herself up in an attic chamber and cut a hole in the door for her cat. She saw no one and lived without a fire, and had she lived to-day she would have been deemed crazy. Abigail Adams' health failed her after she had lived four months in the White House. She left it and went back to Massachusetts and died there aged 74. Dolly Madison was driven from Washington when the British burned the Capital in 1814, but the shock did not kill her. She returned here to live after her husband's death, and she died at 77, in 1849. Mrs. John Quincy Adams also lived to be 77 years of age. She was married at 22 and was born, educated and married in London. John Quincy Adams was engaged to her three years before he married her, and her first tour after her wedding was to Berlin, where Mr. Adams went to serve as Minister.

It is a curious fact that the first three Presidents married widows. The stories of their courtships abound in romance. George Washington was a Colonel on his way to Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia, when he was stopped by an old planter friend and asked to stay over night. He replied his business was urgent and a stoppage of any kind was impossible. His friend then cited the virtues and beauties of a beautiful widow of 26 years in such glowing terms that Colonel Washington decided to take dinner and see the paragon. He was so delighted that he stayed all night, and on the way back became engaged to her. This was Mme. Custis, whose whose maiden name was Martha Dandridge.

Jefferson's wife had been a widow four years when she married him, and she was only 37 years old at that time. She was 10 years Jefferson's wife, and in that period had six children by him. She died in 1782. It is said that she was much courted, and two of Jefferson's rivals met on her doorstep a day or two before the latter's engagement. They heard sounds of music within, and soon found that Jefferson was singing a love song to the young widow while she played an accompaniment on the harp. They concluded not to press their suits, and left with their love untold.

Dolly Madison's parents were Virginia Quakers, [Guilford county, North Carolina,] who freed their slaves and went to Phiadelphia to live. Here, at 19, Dolly, a demure Quakeresss, married John Todd, a Quaker lawyer, who died when she was 23, and left her a pretty widow. In less than a year she married again, and this time Mr. Madison, who was a member of Congress. She was 37 years old when her husband became President.

Andrew Jackson's wife's first husband's name was Robards, and she was only 16 years old when she married him. Robards was a jealous fellow, and of an exceedingly ugly disposition.—Rachel Robards separated from him, and got what both Jackson and she thought was a valid divorce before she was married to Jackson. She was about 22 years old at this time, and the circumstances of their union created no general remark over the country.—Nevertheless, almost 40 years later, during the campaign for the Presidency, the matter was drug up and it was charged that Jackson had married her before she was legally divorced from Capt. Robards. The story is too long to repeat here. It is enough to say that Mrs. Jackson was cruelly slandered, and that this was one of the causes of her death. She was not anxious to come to Washington, and once said to a friend: "I assure you I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in that palace in Washington." Andrew Jackson dearly loved his wife, and there is a tradition at the White House that he never went to bed without taking a locket holding her picture from his bosom and propping it up against his Bible, so that it would be the first object upon which his eyes would rest in the morning. Andrew Jackson was the second widower President. Jefferson came before him, and after him came Martin Van Buren, John Tyler and Chester A. Arthur.

The only bachelor President the country has had is James Buchanan, who respected the woman who jilted him when he was a young man too much to ever marry another.

Martin Van Buren was a green lawyer when he married his wife Hannah. She was of good family, and was a few months older than her husband. The two had gone to school together as children, and their engagement was a long one. They were married as soon as Van Buren's law practice would warrant it. Their married life, like that of the Jeffersons, lasted only 10 years.

When John Tyler married his first wife he was 23 years old and she was 22. He had long been in love with her and had courted her for five years. "Still," says his son, General Tyler, "he never ventured to kiss her hand until three weeks before the marriage on his last visit to her prior to the wedding.—John Tyler was at this time a young lawyer, and he had already served a term or two in the Legislature. He was Governor Tyler's son, and his wife was one of the flowers of the F. F. V's. She was an Episcopalian and was a beautiful woman. President Tyler's second wife was a Catholic. She lived with President Tyler 17 years and had sons and daughters.

President Fillmore was a wool carder and his wife was a school teacher when they fell in love.—Both were poor, and Fillmore, after studying law and moving to Buffalo, did not see his affianced wife for three years, because he was too poor to pay the fare of the 150 miles which lay between them. Mrs. Fillmore was two years older than her husband, and she was 28 years old when their marriage took place. She died in 1853. President Fillmore survived her 21 years, and married the woman who it is said became insane before she died. Mrs. Fillmore was a preacher's daughter, and so were Abigail Adams and Mrs. Frank Pierce. She was the same age of Mrs Fillmore at the time of her marriage, and her groom was a member of Congress when he married her. Mrs. Pierce was somewhat like Mrs. Hayes in the rigid piety with which she observed Sunday at the White House. It was her custom to ask the employes to go to church. She did not like society, and she made the Executive Mansion as far as possible a christian home for her family.

Mrs. Lincoln wore a wedding ring given her by the President, in which was engraved, "Love is eternal." She was a Kentucky girl, who had gone to live with a sister at Springfield, Ill. Here she met Lincoln, then a young lawyer, and the two were married, and began life as boarders, paying for their accommodation $4 a week.

Eliza McCardle was 17 years old when she married a young North Carolina tailor who had settled in Greenville, Tenn. His name was Andrew Johnson, and he was just of age. She possessed more learning than her husband, and the two worked together, though she did not, as reported, teach him his letters. When, after many years he became President, she was too ill to do the honors of the White House, and her daughter took her place.

Mrs. Julia Dent, President Grant's wife, comes of an old family, and her great-grand-father was the Surveyor-General of Maryland. General Grant met her at St. Louis, and was engaged to her four years before he married her. During this time the Mexican war intervened, and she was 23 years old when her weeding took place. Mrs. Hayes is a Chilicothe girl. President Hayes made love to her while she was going to school at Cincinnati, and married her after a two years courtship. General Garfield was also associated with his wife during her school days, and there had been a long acquaintance before their engagement in 1856.—Such is a brief history of the loves of the Presidents. As far as we know they seem to have been singularly happy in their love affairs.

A Unique Contest.

Orangeburg, S. C, comes forward with the most unique contest on record. Tired of base ball matches, swimming contests, foot races, eating tests, spelling bees, walking exhibitions and other displays of the sort, two enterprising and pious colored deacons are about to engage in a praying contest. Brother Silas Martin has long been esteemed for his skill and bottom in supplicating the Throne of Grace, and Brother Jerry Means has likewise been held in high respect for his ability in the same disection. An animated dispute has arisen as to the relative merits of the two deacons, and the question is to be sertled by a practical test. A purse of $12 has beed raised for him who shall show the most power, skill and endurance, and the match to be in the presence of of an immense campmeeting. The hostilities will begin promptly after the preliminary collection is lifted. This noted exhibition of piety and long power will be witnessed by a throng of negroes.

—The "Chronicle" says: "This is the chair" sometimes says Mr. Donald Bain when he extends the hospitality of his office to a distinguished caller, "in which one of the greatest men that ever lived in North Carolina sat while he presided over the Senate—Bartlett Yancey. It was in the old Capitol, and Mr. Paul Cameron says this tradition about it is true."

COTTON PICKER.

MASON'S PICKER A SUCCESS BEYOND DISPUTE.

WHAT EFFECT WILL IT HAVE?

The Mason Cotton Picker has been tested, and while it is not yet perfect its final success has been settled beyond dispute. The problem of removing the cotton from the bolls has at last been successfully solved. The only remaining difficulty is in the auxiliary contrivances for conveying the picked cotton into the bags. The difficulty is this. The picking stems gather the cotton and deposit it so rapidly upon the elevators, that, in heavily fruited cotton the capacity of the elevators has been inadequate to remove it as fast as it comes in. The result is that the elevators became gorged, and the revolving picker stems force some of the cotton already picked off the elevator and throw it on the ground. The small limit of space makes this a troublesome difficulty, but Mr. Mason is confident that he can overcome this one as soon as he can turn his attention to it. At the invitation of Col. F. C. Morehead, the President of the National Cotton Planters' Association and Commissioner General of the World's Exposition, he will exhibit the machine to a selected committee of the World's Exposition. The machines will not be placed on the market until the next season.

What effect this wonderful invention will have on cotton planting is hard to estimate. It may be safely predicted that it will so increase the production that the price will be greatly reduced. It will benefit most those countries where labor is highest; hence it will give us a great advantage over the cotton raisers of India and Egypt. Since the invention of the cultivator and horse hoe, the only impediment to almost illimitable production in the south-west has been the cost of gathering. In removing this impediment the cotton picker will give them a tremendous advantage over us. It may so cheapen there the cost of making cotton that we can no longer profitably compete with them except on land which, like theirs, will make a bale per acre. This will force us either to change our crops or change our system of farming. Some of our most thoughtful men claim that either of these changes would eventuate in benefit to us. In the mean time we may console ourselves with the fact that no great invention has ever proven a curse to any country which was determined not to be crushed by it.

The Persimmon.

A BOSTONIAN'S OPINION OF THE FRUIT BEFORE IT RIPENS.

The persimmon is a peculiar fruit, Its ways are not the ways of everybody, and it has a stubborn, obstinate, dogged, uncompromising notion as to the time it ought to be eaten. Therefore to eat it successfully and have a right smooth time of it, its will must be respected, or a right roguh time will ensue. There is a persimmon tree down on the rail road, and a Bostonian specimen of the genus homo was seen on yesterday to spy the fruit with a longing, wishful eye. He hesitated for a moment, and bystanders detected for a glance at his anxious deportment that he doted artlessly upon the tantalizing fruit. He seized a limb, pulled off one of the soundest, firmest looking persimmons, indited his teeth, and with a h-a-w-k, he let it drop. Another with like result, another and another and just then his mouth assumed a delightful pucker and looked as if he was trying to whistle a onesided tune. He became much alarmed, and a wag seeing and appreciating his fix, said; "Hello mister, are trying to whistle?" He said; "Whistle, the devil! I spec I'm pisened," And seeing that he was the butt of considerable amusement he vanished into the whereuess of the whither, fully impressed that lusciousness of the fruit was very much over rated and that a "solid" South" and a "solid" persimmon were not first-rate for New Englanders. —Wilson Mirror.

Our Homes Our Castles.

An interesting conversation with one of President Cleveland's sisters, Mrs. Bacon, is reported by our Toledo correspondent. It is evident that strong common sense and sterling honesty and truth run through the Cleveland family. When asked if she should go to Washington to live, she said that she should object to bringing up her family of three little girls in Washington. Of her sisters Mrs. Bacon said: "All are, like myself, perfectly contented with our quiet home life, and happy in the enjoyment of our families." This is the voice of a true American wife and mother. All honor to its possessor.—"New York World."

The Franklin Fund.

Benjamin Franklin left $5,000 to Boston to be loaned in small sums to young married mechanics under 25 who had served an apprenticeship, had good character and could give bonds for the repayment of the money in annual installments. The changed condition of mechanics, the decay of the apprentice system and other causes have made the bequest of no value to those for whom it was intended under the rules Franklin laid down. The fund now amounts to more than $290,000, and is increasing at the rate of $10,000 a year.