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NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILINGS—GLEANNINGS.

Mexico has three tons of silver at the New Orleans Exposition.

Old Ben Butler lost tens of thousands in his recently campaign, whereof we are glad.

Great throngs of visitors called on President-elect Cleveland to wish him a Happy New Year.

A father and son are under sentence of death in a Louisville prison, and for separate and distinct murders.

Mr. J. B. Hutton retires from the Pamlico "Enterprise" and is succeeded by Mr. W. T. Caho as editor and proprietor.

Had the Butler men in Massachusetts voted for Cleveland the latter would have carried the State by just ten votes.

W. S. Mason Esq., a prominent lawyer of Raleigh is dead. He came near receiving the nomination for Judge in 1882.

A colored dray man found \$1240 near the residence of M. A. Angier, in Durham, last Friday, but the owner of the money has not been found.

The sudden death of Mrs. Hannah John, wife of Dr. E. J. Johnson, editor of the "Cronicle," in Elizabeth City is announced.

Gen. Clingman is about to publish a work on his tobacco leaf panacea, which he contends will reduce human suffering ninety per cent.

An exuberant Democratic Indiana farmer has fired a salute every day since the election. He has also painted his houses and barns red.

An unfinished hotel near the exposition grounds in New Orleans, being undermined by the wet weather, fell, a few days ago, killing one person.

The Pall Mall "Gazette" publishes in the ear of the British public that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is to be the successor of Mr. Lowell at the Court of St. James.

D. W. Bain, Grand Secretary, gives notice that the Grand Lodge of Masons will meet in Raleigh January 13th. Reduced rates will be given on the railroads.

A party of white emigrants from Canada arrived at Petersburg, Va., Monday, bound to North Carolina, being the third party within a week. Others are to follow.

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Fifty convicts have been sent to Fender county to construct a road from Croon's Bridge to the mouth of Buck Branch, on the North east side of Buck Branch.

A little negro boy in Cabarrus county, who had been sent to a neighbor to borrow some coffee, last Sunday night, was waylaid and frozen to death in the woods.

Hansy French, a colored woman, of New Brunswick, was burned to death, last Saturday. The "Journal" says she fell over a stove and her clothes caught fire.

Big as the figures are it is given out that the actual increase in the assessed value of property in the South is \$100,000,000 when the census was taken, is \$40 millions.

A new Baptist church was organized in Raleigh last Sunday afternoon, under the name of the Fayetteville Street Baptist church—making three Baptist churches in that city.

An Indiana husband, who is seeking a divorce, claims that his wife would kill him with her eyes on eighty-one different occasions. There are some patient men in this country.

The Philadelphia "Ledger" is the most profitable newspaper property in America. Its profits are \$450,000 a year. Mr. Childs bought the "Ledger" when it was losing \$10,000 a week.

Rev. E. E. Orvis, formerly pastor of the Disciples church at Kinston, died on the train near Newton last week. He was a man of decided ability and was held in high esteem in Kinston.

People will talk, and there is such a thing as talking too much. A village group in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been fined \$100 for circulating reports prejudicial to the character of a woman in that place.

We learn from the Elizabeth City "Falcon" that the farmers of the Albemarle section are much depressed because of the very low price of corn. The "Falcon" says it is difficult to market the grain at 35 cents.

The Blake Opera House and Hotel at Racine, Wis., was destroyed by fire Sunday morning. Three lives were lost. The building contained about 60 people at the time. All but three escaped in their night clothes.

Geo. Polk and his wife, colored, living in Wadesboro, a few days ago left their child, aged about two years, alone in their house and went visiting. When they returned they found the child burned to a crisp.

The Louisville "Times" says, "The work of grading the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad is progressing finely. Two miles of road-bed is nearly ready for the cross-ties. It is expected to be finished by the first of May, if the weather permits."

VOLUME 11--

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Vermont does not intend to eat any more oleomargarine butlers. A fine of \$200 will hereafter be imposed upon persons convicted of selling or offering to sell the stuff.

The quantity of wheat stored in Milwaukee is so great as to exhaust the capacity of the elevators. It is proposed to utilize some of the vessels which are to remain in port during the winter for storing the surplus grain.

Gov. Jarvis yesterday issued his proclamation calling an election to be held on January 15th, to fill the vacancy caused by Gen. Seales' resignation. Hon. James W. Reid will probably be elected without opposition.

Hon. Wm. A. Moore, ex-Judge of the Superior Court, and one of the candidates for elector at large on the Blaine and Logan ticket in this State, died suddenly in New York. He was invited by telegraph to a Christmas dinner in Boston. I went up and went to bed in a luxurious sleeping-car, and awoke at 7 o'clock Christmas morning in Boston.

At breakfast (there were baked beans, a bit of ham, and a slice of turkey, and the Southern Confederacy, never yet has a codfish-lake passed my palate) I met an acquaintance at a restaurant, who, being such a thing as a dinner in twelve months, from 7 o'clock till 6, for \$4.50 a week.

There were a dozen very handsome girls in the number.

"They were better," he said, in the most neutral way, "if they receive a trifle at Christmas. By the way, I'll tell you a story, and he asked the handsomest girl in the whole crowd to have a seat."

When the others were gone he introduced me to her.

"Miss Laura," he said, "here is a gentleman from North Carolina."

"Oh for good South!" she said.

"If you could get work down there, where you would have a home with good people, would you like to go?"

"Yes," he said.

"And, perhaps," he continued, "you might get a husband."

She received this with more earnestness than jest, and I ventured to say:

"If you were thrown into the society of almost any little town in North Carolina, I think I could promise you a capital fellow for a husband."

"Can I get work there?"

"If you could get a comfortable home and earn money enough by work on the city-writer or by copying and similar employment, and have a few dollars to start with, you would go?"

"Yes, if I had money enough to get there. And isn't there sale there for fancy work, needlework, and large quantities of material?"

"I'd be only too glad to go, if I could get a pleasant situation and have an opportunity to marry."

This was a remarkably frank discussion of the subject, but much more than I could handle in the girls' manners. To begin with, you might ransack Boston and find few handsomer girls, the town not being especially famous for beautiful women. Her eyes were glowing and her mouth was sweetly pleasant.

"During the month of April, 1876, Mr. Moody held a series of revival meetings in the hippodrome, New York. One of his discourses on that occasion was characterized by a narrow, sectional, contracted and large degree of intolerance and prejudice, not common to any gentleman, much less in a man professing to be full of overflowing with Christian grace and charity.

In the course of his remarks it suited his purpose to illustrate the character of the man by which he dealt—but how? He said, in substance, that it was the custom of Jesus Christ, in his parables, to use as examples those persons, characters and scenes with which the people to whom he was speaking were most familiar, and said he, "I will do likewise. The rebel leaders, Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and the peerless patriot, Grant, are all well known to you, and I will use them as examples."

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"Now what I wish to ask is—Is there any chance in the South for such a girl? Is she 19? Is she a lady? Is she attractive? Is she industrious. She would do any honest work—except she would not be a servant. She would do a servant's work—cook, nurse, anything; but you would have to call her a house keeper."

Here you see a right square against a delicate social problem of both Massachusetts and of North Carolina. What could she do in Raleigh? Suppose she were such a good cook could come of her. If she were a milliner, she would be a teacher in a village, does not everybody know that some young fellow would marry her in a year? But she already have almost as many teachers as children. Suppose she were a milliner to do type-writing. There is small chance of securing work. Not three months ago I asked one of the wisest and best men in North Carolina why did not employ a lady to help him in his correspondence. "Should have to have her in my private office," he said.

Here you have it, then, squarely out: Are we chivalrous and gallant to Southern gentlemen chivalrous and gallant only to women who are our social equals—or who at least are not dependent on us? In short, could I have told this chivalrous girl that there is any chance for her in North Carolina? Is there a chance in the South for any of those 18,000 superfluous women of Boston?

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A SOCIAL PROBLEM

WHAT OPPORTUNITY DO WE OFFER BOSTON WOMEN?

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The following letter, written to the Raleigh "Chronicle," by a distinguished North Carolinian is decidedly interesting, and the ADVANCE takes pleasure in giving it in its entirety to its readers.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Dec. 26, '84. DEAR SIR:—I have had a Christmas experience that I think is worth telling. Wednesday, after night, of the white Santa Claus was filling the stockings in New York. I was invited by telegraph to a Christmas dinner in Boston. I went up and went to bed in a luxurious sleeping-car, and awoke at 7 o'clock Christmas morning in Boston.

At breakfast (there were baked beans, a bit of ham, and a slice of turkey, and the Southern Confederacy, never yet has a codfish-lake passed my palate) I met an acquaintance at a restaurant, who, being such a thing as a dinner in twelve months, from 7 o'clock till 6, for \$4.50 a week.

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BILL ARP'S TALK.

THE HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT OF ARP FAMILY.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

It is the same old story, but it is a good one. We have passed another milestone in the journey of life. Christmas has come again and now it has gone. How short these things are, and how near the end they seem to be. We are very long, to me, how that I wonder! They say that time passes swiftly when we are happy, and it is so, but, for an hour or a day, but it is not so for a month or a year. The flight of years is measured by our age. Childhood is happy and bright, and to happy children the sun "does never rise long a day," nor bring too long almost an age—an age of pleasure. Time shrinks up as we grow old. Everything shrinks. The trees are not so tall nor the hills so long and steep. The rivers are not so wide and the city is not so grand. Indeed, the great big world that used to strain our comprehension and excite our wonder is not much of a planet now.

On Christmas night; that is the night before Christmas, Mrs. ARP and I took our patriarchal stations in the big ark chairs by the parlor mantle, and with patient and somewhat dignified prepared ourselves for coming to bed. We were the young folks manage those things and they give us no trouble. There was a goodly gathering of children and grand-children and all kindred, and all of them were so merry and so full of pleasure to see the wonder and admiration with which the younger children look at him and listen to his changed sermons. One of them seemed a little troubled and said with serious concern, "papa do you think New York has done better any harm?"

"Why not," said I, "what makes you ask a question?"

"Well, I don't know," said he, "but these wars that silk hat and he is so polite and he says he hates oatmeal at his boarding house all the time, just like sick men. From the boys were really alarmed for fear his big had had become demoralized."

And now they will finish up the week with dog and guns. They promise to keep the table supplied with good food and thought. This is good hunting ground it is very poor finding, and when they do find it is very poor killing. There were eight of them after one squirrel this evening, and they seemed so busy with the noise of their guns that he finally ran down the tree and the dog caught him. But after all, they had a power of fun.

When all reaches your reader, I hope they all had a good time and were happy, and now let me wish you all and for their happy New Year.

The old year is drifting, and a week more of it will see him entombed in the grave of the forgotten. So he brought us have had a good time, and now we have new ones to go like the last.

Then why should we gaze upon visions of death? While happiness dwells within your heart, Contentment and duty will bring it to the front. And hence, that are to be sure of a good year.

BILL ARP.

Pat Tar In His Hat.

Col Verger meeting the Rev. Wagnoodde Baxter on Austin avenue, asked him:

"How is your congregation coming on?"

"We are going right ahead, sir. Since we have quit passin' de hat, we has taken in lots of money."

De kerekskushus has increased wonderfully."

"I don't understand how you can take up collections if you don't pass the hat."

"We passes de plate now."

"Well, that's the same thing as passing the hat, isn't it?"

"No, sah, but it is de same thing. Deacon Webster passed de hat for month dan a year, and de kerekskushus was mighty small, but now I passes de plate myself, and de money just rolls in. De plate ain't no more reliable dan de hat."

"How is that?"

"Deacon Webster put tar in de top of his hat."

A Novel Expedient.

The Baltimorean says a wagon-borne looking north Broadway yesterday. He is a dead end under his arm, and ringing the door bell, asked the lady of the house if she would please give him a lift.

"She desired to know what he intended to do with the salt. "Eat it on his dead rat," was the prompt response. The lady had no fatted calf to kill, but she quickly spread before that train the best the rider could afford.

No sufferer from any trifling disorder, who will fairly try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as proved by forty years experience, thereby destroying the germs from which scrofula is developed, and will infuse new life and vigor throughout the whole physical organization.

The hotel was a very large structure, and has cost a good sum of money. The loss on the buildings and furniture will probably reach seventy-five or one hundred thousand dollars. There were in substance policies on the buildings for \$40,000, and on the furniture for \$10,000. Mr. J. H. Kumbough was the principal owner of the property.

MOODY'S DELAMINATION OF JACKSON AND LEE.

Moody, the evangelist, having been invited to visit Richmond, on January 4th, Mr. B. D. Core, a well known citizen of Richmond, publishes a card as follows:

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Warm Springs Hotel in Ashes.

ALL THE BUILDINGS EXCEPT THE HOTEL WERE DESTROYED TO THE GROUND.

Col. A. B. Andrews received a telegram from Capt. V. E. McBee, Superintendent of the Warm Springs, S. C., stating that the Warm Springs property, including the hotel and all the buildings, except the bath house, were destroyed by fire Sunday night.

The hotel was a very large structure, and has cost a good sum of money. The loss on the buildings and furniture will probably reach seventy-five or one hundred thousand dollars. There were in substance policies on the buildings for \$40,000, and on the furniture for \$10,000. Mr. J. H. Kumbough was the principal owner of the property.

HOG KILLING.

THE OLD AND THE NEW METHODS CONTRASTED.

REDUCED TO A SCIENCE.

In one of his "Short Talks with the Boys," published in the Detroit "Free Press," the well known writer, M. Quad, says:

"I've been there! Indeed, 'hogkilling time' is a matter to be remembered for a lifetime. We boys were up at daylight, filling the big kettles with water, bringing up wood, and lighting the fire ready. After breakfast the ox sled was drawn up and covered with boards, the fire lights, and the butcher knives sharpened for work. The hogs were in the pen, unconscious of their impending fate, growled and complained over the absence of the morning meal, and it wasn't so very soft hearted in us to express pity for the animals we had fed from little pigs."

When the killer was ready the long fastened paper door was loosened and one of the men entered, caught a pole by the leg and drew him out, and with a shriek and struggle the knife was thrust into his throat. The carcass was then led upon the sled and two or three men soured it into a slanting barrel of hot water, and hauled out again. Then we all fell to work with chips and hands and knives to remove the bristles and after rinsing the pokers was hung up to be dissected, and to freeze. Things may be very different changed in twentieth years, but in the days I write of the first hog was no sorer dressed than we were sent off with fresh meat to the Territorial Warriors and Greenes, and I enjoyed it for dinner and retained the compliment within a fortnight. There was a great mass affair the yard for two or three days. A bigger mass of hogs was ever seen, and when the last hog was loaded for market or in the barrel, it was considered a job well over with.

"Now, my lads, I drop into a slaughter house I frequented in Indianapolis and observed the old-fashioned methods have been improved on. Instead of finding a pen of hogs we find them by the acre in a big yard where they are crowded from the floor of the slaughter-house is an inclined plane, something like what you find at wheat elevators in small towns for farmers' use. The hogs are driven up the plane, and they rush into a pen at the top expecting a square meal of corn."

The pen is presided over by a man whose heart is devoid of pity for the sole hog race. He holds in his hand a steel clasp attached to a stool chain. The clasp works a little lever which will pull the tighter the more the watch of the man. With a swift movement he attaches the clasp to a hind leg, the engine gives a puff and the animal travels up the plane, while you are counting the number of hogs that pass. The hog lets go of the pulley, and away go pulley and pig together, the track on which the former runs being a gradual descent.

While the hog is on the track, the man who holds the clasp, but only a few. The first man he comes to is the sticker, who is a broad shouldered, strong armed fellow, with a long, sharp knife in his hand. Of course the hog does for the sticking and he is along to the scalding vat, and another click loosens the clasp, and he takes a plunge into the hot water. Stom men with hooks catch and turn him over, and then a sort of iron rod runs up from the bottom of the kettle, lifting the body with it and dumping it upon a broad belt which carries him into the scalding machine.

Up to a few years ago the scalding was done by four men, two of whom scraped one side and passed the body along to be scalded on the other. The modern invention takes the hog in hand first, by the head, and then the neck, and every bristle and push him out at the other end almost as quickly as you can pass an ear of corn through a corn-sheller. He then comes to a man who severs the head, splits open and cleans the skull, and has this part of him ready for market while you count fifteen. He is doing this in the headless hog is run up to another pulley and sent joggling along to the butcher. Three or four strokes of the knife down the belly and the hog is what you call dressed. A hose pipe rises up and out, and the pulley runs him down into the cooling room to join his hundreds of dead companions. Just three minutes and a half from the time he enters the pen he is hanging in the cooling room.

The intestines of the animal travel off in a different direction, the livers to be sold to hotels and restaurants or made into sausage, and no portions to be actually wasted. The tallow is extracted from such parts as cannot be worked up, and the refuse from the vats is used for fuel to run the engines. When the carcasses in the cooling room are cold they go into the hands of the packers. These men cannot do their work as rapidly as the killers, but every labor saving invention is brought into use to lighten the work and prevent waste of time. As the carcass is lowered to a table, five

CIVIL SERVICE.

CLEVELAND PLEDGED TO REFORM THE CIVIL SERVICE.

A MANLY LETTER.

On the 20th day of December George Wm. Curtis, President of the National Civil Service Reform League, sent the following letter to President-elect Cleveland, and asked him to give public expression to his views on Civil Service Reform. President Cleveland replied as follows:

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1884. Hon. Geo. Wm. Curtis, President, ETC., DEAR SIR:—Your communication, dated December 20th, addressed to me in behalf of the civil service reform league, has been received. That a practical reform in the civil service is demanded is abundantly established by the fact that the statute referred to in your communication to secure such a result, has been passed in Congress, with the assent of both political parties, and by the further fact that a sentiment is generally prevalent among patriotic people calling for a fair and honest enforcement of the law which has thus been enacted. I regard this as a step in the right direction, and believe that the American conception of true democracy and public duty requires that this and all other statutes should be enforced, and because in many instances made prior to the election, and I have no disposition to disclaim, I have in effect promised the people that this should be done. I am not in the habit of making any reference, that many of our citizens fear that the recent party change in the national executive may demonstrate that the abuses which have grown up in the civil service are ineradicable, and that they are deeply rooted, and that the spoils system has been supposed to be intimately related to success in the maintenance of party organization, and I am not sure that any man who professes to be friends of this reform will stand firmly among its advocates when they find it obstructing their way to patronage and place. But fully appreciating the true character of the reform, and no such consideration shall cause a relaxation on my part of an earnest effort to enforce this law. There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statute, but which are so connected with the policy of our administration that the removal of them from the present incumbent is a matter of opinion, and not one made during the terms of which they were appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who were political accord with the popular will. I have no objection to such positions being forfeited, but all claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because they are not within the letter of the law, should be removed. I have no objection to such positions being forfeited, but all claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because they are not within the letter of the law, should be removed. I have no objection to such positions being forfeited, but all claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because they are not within the letter of the law, should be removed.

A Long Journey.

THE DETROIT "FREE PRESS" GIVES A TOUCHING ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

When the doctor came down stairs from the sick-room of Mrs. Marshall the whole family seemed to be in a state of confusion, and he had to walk to his room.