C071
v.754
Folder

K P Battle

WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED, EVERY THURSDAY AT WILSON NORTH CAROLINA.
—BY—
J. & C. C. DANIELS, Editors and Proprietors.

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 TRUTHS'."

VOLUME 16.-- WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 22, 1886. NUMBER--25

WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One Inch.	One Insertion	$1 00
" "	One Month	2 00
" "	Three Months	3 00
" "	Six Months	5 00
" "	One Year	8 00

Liberal Discounts will be made for Larger Advertisements and for Contracts by the Year.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A condensed report of the news gathered from the columns of our contemporaries, State and National.

—Fayetteville wants a tobacco warehouse.

—Ex-President Arthur is improving in health.

—There are over 30 prisoners in the Wayne county jail.

—There are 260 patients in the Insane Asylum at Raleigh.

—The Fruit Fair will be held at Fayettville August 4th and 5th.

Rev. W. P. Walker is now editor of the North Carolina Prohibitionist.

—Senator Vance is well fixed up in his mountain home, it is said.

—The Judicial Convention of the Raleigh district meets at Smithfield to day.

—The News says a lodge of Knights of Labor is talked of for Fayetteville.

—It has rained so much recently that an exchange speaks of the "daily storm."

—Tobacco has not been injured as much as other crops, says a Raleigh tobacconist.

—An exchange safely observes, 'that as a veto artist Mr. Cleveland has no superior.'

—The North Carolina Teachers' Association, colored, is in session at Kittrells, N. C.

—There is a boy near Jonesboro named Walter Clark Swift Galloway Mucherson.

—The first brick dwelling house has been built in Durham, we see from an exchange.

—Wilmington is to have a daily paper in the interest of the Knights of Labor.

—Rev. L. R. Scroggs has been placed in charge of the Methodist church at Winston.

—The Pittsboro Home says many of the farmers of Chatham are quite depsondent.

—The Goldsboro Observer trots out a 'century plant' It tells of a negro over 100 years old.

—A 'heathen Chinese laundary' is to be established in Raleigh by two almond eyed celestials.

—Durham and Fayetteville are to be connected by rail. North Carolina is becoming a net work of railroads.

—The Lincolton Press tells of the burning of a little negro the other day. Kerosene oil. 'Fools are not all dead yet.'

—It is a good thing the people can talk politics in the summer time when they have little else except base ball to look after.

—An exchange says it is estimated that the annual cost for picking the cotton crop of the Southern States is $40,000,000.

—Mr. Chadwick, of Carteret county, has been appointed mail agent on the A. & N. C. Railroad, to succeed John Randolp (col)., removed.

—362 dogs are listed in one township in Mecklenburg county. The people of that county need to issue a 'declaration of independence' from the dogs, now.

—The first issue of the Methodist Advance under the management of Rev. J. B. Robbitt shows 'ear marks' of improvement. We wish brother Bobbitt unbounded success.

—Under a recent act of Congress a reduction of the fee for money orders of denominations less than five dollars from eight to five cents will go into effect on July 26th.

—The Goldsboro Messenger hopefully predicts that the next few months will witness a great outflow of idle capital into industries and into building enterprises in the South.

—Five patents were issued in North Carolina week before last. There is much inventive genius in this State but our people usually let somebody else step in and reap the rewards.

—The Kinston correspondent of the New Berne Journal says the cesensus of public sentiment in that section points decidedly to Merrimon, Pruden and Strong for the Supreme Court.

—The crops along the banks of the Roanoke river, as well as along the banks of other rivers, have been almost completely destroyed by the freshets. Several mills have broken in Halifax.

—Why Gov. Thompson left the Governors chair. The Goldsboro Messenger says: When the Governor of South Carolina learned that the Governor of North Carolina had allowed Raleigh to go for prohibition, he at once secured an appointment in Washington.

—The Fayetteville News says Mr. A. S. Fuller, of the Short Cut was in town Thursday hiring hands. He says he has only fifteen hands at work grading, and it will take forty hands about a month to finish the grading. The tracklaying force is moving along rapidly.

—The Charlotte Chronicle encouragingly says: We are informed that in 1839 the summer season was so full of 'remorseless drown,' that cotton planters turned their stock into the fields in despair. Soon afterward, the weather changed, the stalwart hoe was wielded, and the biggest cotton crop ever made up to that time became a fact of history. Cheer up. Don't be a clam.

—Jim Robinson, of the Chronicle has 'been there.' Just listen at him: It is said that love is blind, and perhaps this may account for the fact that some of our young men stay until after the electrict light is out. Young man, it is time to light out when the old man begins to blow you off.'

—Mr. Sam J. Rhyne, a prominent young merchant of Newton, says the Lincolnton Press, had a narrow escape from a horrible death Tuesday night. He fell through an opening in the Newton depot platform directly under a moving train. His hat was run over but he succeeded in rolling himself out of the way.

—The Greensboro Workman says: The veteran of 75 summers, who regularly announces the arrival and departure of trains to the weary passengers of the R. & D. depot here, was the recipient on Tuesday of a fine boy. There is 52 years and 4 months difference between the ages of the first and second son. We congratulate our old friend.

—Yesterday two laboring men killed themselves in New York because they were destitute. There are few spots on the globe where the things that sustain life and make it pleasant are piled together in larger profusion than in the great metropolis where these poor wretches flung themselves into the arms of death because there was nothing for them.

—The Reidsville Weekly says in an electric storm last Thursday night a post in the back porch of Mr. J. L. Harrison's handsome new house was struck and splintered and the house was doubtless saved by a wire clothes line that ran from the post to a tree in the yard. The lightning followed the wire and destroyed the tree and ran down into the ground.

—The Tarboro Southerner says: The Democratic county convention of Martin is called to meet Saturday 24th inst., to appoint delegates to the State, Judicial and congressional conventions. A convention to nominate county officers will be held later. Our Martin Democratic friends do not believed in a long, lagging canvass, but rather a short and sharp one. When they work they do so with a vim, and the day of election shows their wisdom and a happy return for their efforts. In no county are there stauncher Democrats, nor we believe as effective workers.

—A Greenville correspondent of the Raleigh News Observer says crops in Pitt are growing rapidly now. Many farmers on the river have suffered greatly from the freshet and all sections appear to be damaged by the rains and by lice. Some farmers on the river complain greatly of damage to corn by sturgeons, which are devouring the roasting-ears. One was killed the other day, it is said, on Col. Sugg's farm that weighed 328 pounds and had in his capacious paunch two barrels of roasting ears. The rice crop is very promising.

—The Fayetteville News learns that a very severe wind and rain storm passed near Sherwood church in that county, on Thursday night, blowing down large trees. Three large oaks in the church grove were blown down, and considerable damage done to the corn crop. The rain fall was greater than at any time in about forty years, so says the oldest inhabitant. The entire low-lands crop on the river is destroyed by the late freshet. Crop prospects look gloomy, and we can not expect with seasons from now on, more than one half crop of corn and cotton.

—Two white boys and a negro boy played at hanging at Salisbury, The Charlott Chronicle says: When ready and before the black cap was adjusted, he was asked if he cared to make a speech. He talked a few minutes, repeating nearly the same words of Gaston and wound up by requesting the executioners to make quick work of it. They attached the cap and rope and knocked the boxes from under him. A negro woman passing just then saw the little fellow 'swinging in defiance and cut him down. He would have died in a short time but for his timely rescue.'

Book of Rules.

A man was bounding around in a car on a new Dakota road when the conductor came through.

"Can you tell me," said the man, with a great show of sarcasm, "whether this car is on the track or not."

"Sir!" replied the conductor, reaching into his pocket," there is a volume of the rules and regulations of this road."

"But what do I want of it?"

"Look it over and see if you can find any rule saying that I must spend my time running alongside of the train reporting its position to the passengers. See if there is anything in that volume that compels me to go humping myself along on the prairie and yelling through the windows 'Four wheels off now!' or 'Hind trucks dragging on the ties!' or 'Gentlemen, the baggage car has just rolled into the ditch!' or 'Passengers will please remain seated while we turn off here and scoot across the prairie after a jack rabbit!' Look over them rules, sir, and see if you find any of those directions. If you don't, in the future please take your own observations on the wheels."

The Man that Felt Worse.

'But now, tell me Eli, what man in the Bible felt worse?'

'Was it Job, Miss Bartow?'

'Now, sir, it was Jonah. He was down in the mouth for three days.' If any one is down in the mouth from the effects of diarrhoea, dysentery or cholera morbus; or that their little one is suffering from teething, take Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial—it will straighten you up.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THE GENIAL PHILOSOPHER IN A GLOOMY MOOD.

Impossible to be calm and serene this kind of weather--Mrs. Arp and the children and dogs--A family barbecue, with no politics in it--Other notes of interest.

It is impossible to be calm and serene this kind of weather. For thirty days it has rained every day except three. In all that time we have plowed but a day and a half. The farmers are in grass and trouble. The wheat has sprouted in the shock. Late oats fell down and could not be cut.

Tom Moore says he will have no more biscuit and corn bread scratches in his throat. I've been watching and waiting for a month to sow cow peas on my stubble land, but just as I get ready it rains again. Three times I've plowed about half a land and had to quit. If it don't rain in the morning it gets up a shower in the afternoon and sometimes comes down in the night. The ground is so full that most every rain makes a flood. Our branch that crosses the road gets on a boom every few days. We had hauled lumber to the meadow to build a fence, and the other day the water got on a tare and overflowed, and the plank and posts were floating around loose and drifting to the current and so Carl had to put on some old clothes and swim across and drag the plank to higher ground. Our foot logs and water gates have gone down the branch to the creek and down the creek to the river and down the river to the Gulf of Mexico. John Rowland says he reckons the rain will stop now that the elections are over, for the heavens were weeping for the lies that were told. John is the coroner, and was sent for yesterday to come to town quick and hold an inquest. When he got there the boys told him it was the Bacon party that was dead and they wanted to know what killed it. John is a Bacon man and had liked to have fit. After every rain my wife has the piazza floor washed up so that the dogs will have a clean place to walk on. If it wasn't for the children and dogs I don't know what she would do for a living. The flies have come by the thousand, and I sometimes hint that flies will haunt a dirty house. The grandaddies are meandering around and keep her and the girls in a lively condition. The little bats peartin' 'em up at night as they skim around the room. Wish I had a tame one that would come in when I did out want company. I told Carl that bats eggs were worth ten dollars apiece, and he was hunting all round for a nest until his mother told him they didn't lay eggs. One of our peafowls lost her young in a storm and the other has quit her nest because it was water-soaked. The little guineas were drowned out. The watermelon vines won't fruit and are sickly. Snap beans don't taste good and beets and squashes are watery. Our little chaps thought the shepherd dog's tail was to long and they squared the end with a pocket knife. They found the old cat in the orchard and set all the dogs on him and said they though it was a rabbit. They have worn their heels out making knuck holes and their big-toes out making rings for marbles. They lose their pocket knives and Mrs. Arp scolds and declares they shall never have another, never! And sure enough she buys them another before Saturday night. I wonder where she gets her money. She always has money. I go to bed first every night and am asleep in two minutes, but she don't come in until away in the night. She is reading a love story in the parlor and my money slips away just as easy. She always did have an idea that it was my business to keep her in money, and I reckon it is. She gave me a pair of shoes the other day. She is mighty good to me.

We all play whist some nights and I let her beat just to keep things calm and serene. I've seen some men beat their wives at cards and brag over it, but they didn't have much sense. It is thundering right now, and sounds like war comon away off. Most every evening we will sit in a piazza and watch the clouds bank up in the west about sundown, and the children shape them in their fancy to the image of lions and horses and goats and giants and all sorts of things just like folks always did, I reckon. Mr. Shakespeare did, I know, for Hamlet says: 'Do you see yonder cloud that's in shape of a camel.'

Polonius—By the mass, 'tis like a camel.

Hamlet—Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol.—It is backed by a weasel.

Ham.—Or like a whale.

Pol.—Very like a whale.

And so the clouds shift and change like a huge panorama until the curtain of night falls before them. We have rainbows now single and double, and I never see one without thinking of that bag of money that lies hidden at the end. The katydids have come. They came last night, and some folks say it is just three months to frost—three months to a day. These little musicians in a green uniform don't play but one tune, a very monotonous tune, but they play it loud and play it long. They make a kettle drum of their bodies, and rub their overlapped wings together so fast you can hear the scraping for half a mile on a still, quiet night. In a month the female lay their eggs in the split of a tender limb, and then they die. One glorious month of noisy life and that is all. But who does not give joyous welcome to the katydid. It is like the annual visit of the june bug, or the swallow, or the whippoorwill, that love the habitation of man, and are not found in the wilderness. The junebugs are late this year. The children have found but two to tie threads on their legs and let them float in the air and zoon. But they will come now, since the corn is beginning to tassel. I never saw such corn. On the bottom land it has out grown the grass, and is all in a strut. It has not had but one plowing, and will never have any more. It is too late now to be fooled with, and will make a crop rain or no rain.

So we will have corn and potatoes anyhow, and that is more than some folks have. Sweet potatoes are splendid, and can't be cut off now. The Irish potatoes are good, too, but are hard to find, for the weeds have covered them. The peaches have rotted and the apples are specked. The grapes are still sound, but can't stand much more water. We have a sheep or two to spare, and a fat shoat, and are going to have a family barbacue when the children come. So it is all right, rain or no rain, and we are going to be as happy as we can. There is no politics in this family barbacue—no fuss, no fight, no repentance, no axes to grind. I used to get awful tired when I was a boy turning the grindstone. That is what the people are doing now—turning the grindstone for the office seekers to grind their axes. I saw Dick Hargis yesterday. He was lectioneering for the legislature and stood up a little higher than I ever saw him. My corn is awful tall this year, and I want Dick Hargis to help me pull fodder. He could stand flatfooted and strip a stalk right down so easy. Then when he gets to the legislature he would sympathize with the farmers and talk up for them. We will have to send Major Foute because he hasnt got but one arm and can't pull fodder. If a man fit for his country and is fit for office and wants it, I'm for him. There is nothing too good or too honorable for a patriot who shows his faith by his works. People may say that the war is over and all that, but the men who fought it are here yet, many of them, and I honor them for their courage and some sacrifices they made. Some of our people are ashamed of the whole business and excuse themselves by saying "the politicians drew us into it." I am ashamed of them. I have a contempt for any man that talks that way.

I wish that all of our people could read the letter of Benj. J. Williams, a well known Massachusetts man, that was recently published with favorable comments in the Lowell, Mass., Sun, wherein he says:

'The demonstration in the south in honor of Mr. Jefferson Davis are of a remarkable character and furnish matter of profound consideration. Twenty-one years after the fall of the confederacy he suddenly emerges from his long retirement and everywhere receives the most overwhelming manifestation of heart felt affection, devotion and reverence. Such manifestations as no existing ruler in the world can obtain from his people and such as were never before given to a public man, old, out of office with no favors to dispense, and disfranchised.

'Such homage is significant—startling. It is useless to attempt to deny, diguise or evade the conclusion that there must be something great and noble and true in him and in the cause to evoke this homage.'

But I will not only add the conclusion of this letter—the most admirable and gratifying that has come from any source since the war. I know that your two hundred and fifty thousand readers thank you for publishing it all—every word—for there is not a waste word in it, and so I send it to you, with earnest request that you give it to them in full. It has cheered me up and restored my southern manhood. He says in conclusion: 'The confederacy fell, but she fell not until she had achieved immortal fame. But few nations have ever won such a series of brilliant victories as that illuminates forever the annals of her armies, while the fortitude and patience of her people, and particularly of her noble women, under incredible trials and sufferings, have never been surpassed.'

Lung Trouble Relieved.

Three and a half years ago I gave up my business on account of consumption. I spent two seasons in Florida and one in California. I have been under treatment of physicians all the time, among them some of the most prominent in this city, and I have kept growing worse and worse. I got to be a mere shadow and could scarcely walk. On the 14th of last September I kept my bed, for I was not able to get out of it, and the doctors as well as my friends all expected me never to come out of it alive. I was having frequent and profuse hemorrhages and on three different occasions I bled until I became insensible. About six weeks ago I heard of S. S. S., and began taking it. Its effects have been wonderful. I have not had a hemorrhage since I began it. I was soon able to sit up and even dress myself. My appetite became good; I could eat and retain my food, and my color returned. I gained flesh and strength rapidly, and I am now walking about town wherever I wish to go. It is certainly a great surprise to me and every one who knows me. Long since they have all expected me to die. I am willing and want all who suffer with lung disease to to know of me and my case, and I advise all such to take Swift's Specific and live. These are not idle words, but absolute facts which will with pleasure be substantiated for any who may doubt.

Louis T. Clark, 345 West 12th St.

New York, Feb. 9, 1886.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. 157 W. 23rd St. N. Y.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF OUR PROMINENT MEN.

What they have done in the past to draw the gaze of the world upon them. How they look and act.

The Apaches Surrender.

GERONIMO THE FAMOUS RENEGADE CHIRICAHUA APACHE CHIEFTAIN, NEGOTIATING WITH GENERAL MILES.

From sources apparently trustworthy the news comes that General Miles's business at Albuquerque, New Mexico, is perfecting terms for the conditional surrender of Geronimo, the notorious Apache chief, who has given the United States troops great trouble. Geronimo is in the mountains of Mexico, two hundred miles south of the Arizona line. He is wounded but not badly, and his followers wish to surrender. There are about forty in his party, including women and children. Ending hostilities with Geronimo will save a wear and tear of our cavalry which has been going on for months with few results in the way of dead or captured Apaches. A number of White Mountain Apaches are on their way from General Miles to submit the terms on which the surrender of the hostiles would be accepted. It is hoped that proceedings in this matter will not end in nothing, as previously which General Crook was in negotiations when Geronimo, who cleverly gave the United States troops the slip and has been pursued at a greater or less distance ever since.

From what can be learned from the chief whose features cannot be to adorn this article, he is by birth a Mexican, and by nature a bloody ruffian. In the summer of 1883, he surrendered after a campaign in the Sierra Madre, when the gallant Captain Crawford led a little army of one hundred and fifty friendly Apache scouts against him. He then had with him a band of female prisoners, wives of Mexican soldiers, whom he had taken with him into the mountain fastnesses. The present hostilities with Geronimo now, we trust, nearly at an end, began in May, 1885. It was in pursuit of the Chiricahua Apaches under him, that Captain Crawford lost his life, a few month ago. Geronimo has a wholesome respect for United States troops, especially when their opperations are supplimented with the assistance of friendly Indians, but has the greatest contempt for Mexican troops, upon whom, he says, ammunition is wasted, rocks being good enough for their defeat and destruction. It is much to be desired that General Miles's anxiety to end an inglorious campaign will not lead him into the mistake of dealing so leniently with Geronimo as to leave open the danger of his again resuming the war path.

The Horrors of Life in the Tenements.

WITH SUCH SUFFERING AND SLAVERY IS IT ANY WONDER THAT MEN WILL KILL AND RUIN TO GET A SQUARE MEAL?

"The most appalling sight to be seen any where on the Western hemisphere is the sight any man in New York can see any day now by taking the trouble to walk at random through the great tenement-house district of the city on the East side. There is more human suffering; more deformity, moral, mental, and physical; more squalor; more to show the unspeakably low estate to which human beings can reduce themselves and be reduced, to the here than anywhere else in America. This boiling weather adds the horrible emphasis of stench and discease to it all. It is here that women and children, never with room enough to be decent, not to say comfortable, but now more unhealthfully crowded than any other season, live many a family in a single room, floors of families above floors of families, seven or eight stories high. Never a fresh breath of air, never a healthful ray of sunshine reaches them. Thousands of them never saw a green field nor a clear flowing stream nor a billow, though they live almost in sight of the sea.

They never saw a clean bed nor felt the sensation of clean clothes, and as for healthful food in healthful abundance—they do not know what it is. When the sun goes down they climb the roof and look out over other roofs crowded with others such as they; or they crawl down to the docks on the East river to forget for a moment within sight of the water the squalor they have left behind. Here they even sing and play—good cheer expressed in some fashion never quite leaving women and children in their lowest estate. The picture of misery in a great city has been drawn many a time, and every body has read the appalling story. But no description can affect a man as the sight of it affects him. The horrors of it are unspeakable. Religion, education, cleanliness—these cannot be thought of there without a shudder; for none of them touches those people. If a man could have the choosing of his birthright and be borne an African savage or in a New York tenement of this class, he would be a fool who should not choose to be a savage. As for being born a slave—what is slavery if this be freedom? I believe I was by birth, and I know I am by conviction, so averse to one man's owning another man that I regard human slavery as one of the most horrible of crimes—as Thomas Jefferson believed it to be. But I never saw in my recollection of slavery in North Carolina a negro whose lot was not as much preferable to the lot of these people as an Archangel's lot is said to be happier than ours. The slave was fed and clothed and cared for, and he had a personal master and generally an affectionate, or at least a humane, one. These are not fed nor clothed and their master is a merciless and impersonal master—one to whom there is no appeal or to whom if they could appeal, could not and would not hear. There is no other life so miserable, so hopeless.—N. Y. correspondent of the Raleigh State Chronicle.

A Plea for Prohibition.

WHAT WILL THE LOVE OF STRONG DRINK NOT BRING A MAN TO?

The Kernersville News says there is a man in the incorporate limits of that town, who has been 'on a drunk' for something like two months, spending all the money he can get hold of for whiskey, while his wife works hard every day to keep bread at home. Last Monday this same man went home, while his wife was away, and stole the dinner pot and looking-glass, and carried them off to sell for whiskey. Tuesday morning he went out early trying to sell the clock and later in the day he was seen going toward the "whisky devil's den" with their wash-pot on a cart trying to sell it for whiskey.

If this is not a disgrace we must confess that we do not know what a disgrace is. If this is not a plea for prohibition, we must confess that we are deceived.

Providence Had Nothing Against Him.

"I see Judge Hoister is dead," remarked a Nevada man sadly, laying down his newspaper. "Well, he was a pious man, and there's no doubt about where he's gone to anyway. It was in Washington, one winter long ago. The Judge and I got loose, you understand—got on a reg'lar all night, everything goes kind of a little time. Our heads were monstrous in the morning, but we had to catch the train for New York, so each got up. It was a sleety morning and the sidewalks were covered with a sheet of smooth ice.

"Judge," says I, "it'll be lucky if we get to the cars without breaking a leg."

"Don't you worry, Jim," says he, with a calm confidence that thrilled me. "Don't you worry. If God had anything against you and me he'd have taken it out of us last night."

"And," concluded the Comstocker, his face glorified with holy enthusiasm, "although both of us were bile'd clear through, I'm hanged if either of us got a tumble on the way to the depot."—San Francisco Post.

Recognize the Press.

There are five or six Editors of secular or political papers in Charlotte, (and some of them have worked for the Democratic party 20 and 35 years,) but not a blessed one of them was honored (?) with an appointment as Delegates to the Democratic County Convention which meets in Charlotte on Saturday next. Funny, ain't it? probably some people have concluded that the party can get along very well without the Editors, and that they are a no account set any way. But it may turn out that Editors can get along without the party much better than the party can get along without them. We care very little about the matter only to merely mention it.—Charlotte Democrat.

Potato Bugs.

The only certain remedy for the Colorado beetle, commonly called the potato bug, is arsenic in the form of Paris green or London purple—a tablespoonful stirred in a pail of water, and applied in any convenient manner, either by use of syringe, the watering pot, or even sprinkling with a whisk-broom. These poisons are not soluable, and the mixture must be kept stirred up from the bottom. Care should be taken that it is kept in a safe place.

—The Charlotte Observer says at the King's Mountain gold mine, two miles from King's Mountain station, last Saturday, occurred a singular freak of lightning and one that was fhad on mules. Two wagons were standing at the mines and two mules were hitched to each wagon, one wagon being in charge of a white man, and the other in charge of a colored man. The wagons were close together, one just behind the other, when the bolt came, and two mules, one from each team, fell dead in harness. The two men were knocked senseless, but were not fatally hurt. The surviving mules were apparently entirely uninjured.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

A VISIT TO THE WILSON NORMAL SCHOOL.

The good that has been accomplished by the Normal Schools of the State.

The editor of the Raleigh State Chronicle, Mr. Josephus Daniels, was in Wilson a few days while the Wilson Normal School was in session. He wrote his impressions of the school and thoughts that were suggested by it, in his excellent paper from which we clip the following, which will be read with pleasure by our readers:

"Notwithstanding the doubts expressed on every hand of the real value of the summer Normal Schools to the public school teachers, for whom they were chiefly established, there can be no difference of opinion on this point: that they have served the purpose of increasing the interest of North Carolina people in public schools. If they had accomplished nothing more the money expended in conducting them has been well expended and there ought to be no cause for regrets. But they have done more than this. The establishment of Graded Schools in many towns in North Carolina is the legitimate outcome of the increased interest in public education. When Normal School instructors began to lecture on the necessity of common schools in every school district and community and to press home to the people the imperative duty of providing instruction for all children, rich and poor alike, the Graded School plan was considered and in ten or fifteen towns adopted. From these Graded Schools—as well as from the Normals—there have gone out into the surrounding sections a fresh impetus, public schools sprung up, communities dead to the responsibilities resting upon them were quickened, new life was breathed upon the languishing academies and schools, new methods were introduced, children were interested in the problem of education—and the last decade of North Carolina's history has been made brilliant by reason of its educational progress. In no other line has such progress been made.

Not alone in the line of public education have these Normals been helpful, but the private schools have been touched and revivified by this current of educational interest and made more efficient, and they have given more free tuition than ever before. They have been made, in order to meet the public demand, to lay aside many of the old methods and put themselves abreast with the times. The furniture, the teaching apparatus, and the very building have been enlarged and improved.

Again: not the least good that the Normals have accomplished is the instruction imparted and entertainment afforded to others, besides the teachers, who have attended. The influence this feature of the Normals has exerted upon communities in which they have been held has been most salutary. It is not a small matter that in twelve towns in which the State Normals are held, and the dozens of towns in which County Institutes are conducted, the people have a daily opportunity—and they usually avail themselves of it—of hearing lectures and addresses of both a practical character and of pleasant entertainment. These are great educators which ought not lightly to be appreciated.

But the greatest result of the Normals—the result that demonstrates the wisdom of their founders—is to be found in the belief imparted and strengthened by them that no community is coming up to the full measure of its duty that neglects to give the advantages of education to every boy and girl in the community—and the same kind of instruction to all from the humblest and poorest, to the proudest and richest. That the Normals inculcate this idea, this PRINCIPLE I will call it, into the minds of the people is and has been their crowning glory, the cap-stone to their usefulness.

Until the Normal and Graded Schools were established in North Carolina the idea that it was the duty of a community to educate all its children, if indeed it existed at all, had only a feeble lodgment in a few minds. There were private schools in the towns and a month or two in the summer a public school was held. To the private school parents who could afford to pay tuition sent their children; to the public schools none (a few excepted) went except the poor children. The teachers of the private schools—and it ought and must be said to their credit—gave instruction each session to some poor children. But for the majority of them there was no opportunity for education outside of the one or two instructed in the common schools, which were correctly named. They were Common—common in that the best teachers were rarely employed; common in that they were usually held in any kind of a barn-like building which could be rented at a low rate; and common in that there was no uniformity in the text books and rarely any discipline.

But the new life imparted by the Normals gave birth to the Graded Schools in, which every child, regardless of birth or fortune, have equal advantages. I remember in the Wilson Graded School to have been called upon a year ago to present the medal to the best scholar in the school. That scholar was the son of one of the poorest men in the community, and on an inspection of the Roll of Honor of the same school I found that many of those who stood at the head were the sons and daughters of men who but for an efficient public school would have been unable to give their children a chance to obtain an education. I have noticed the same fact at the Raleigh, Goldsboro, Kinston, and Rocky Mount Graded Schools. It is doubtless true wherever these schools are conducted. If there is one thing above another about these towns that gives them higher claim to a position in the State's van of good towns, it is that in their educational policy there is no tendency to class or caste distinctions. Like the great Mr. Gladstone they are for the masses rather than the classes.

As evidencing the growth of the idea since the establishment of the Graded Schools that it is the first and highest duty of every community to educate all its children it may be stated that some months ago when the decision of the Supreme Court had the effect of closing most of these schools supported by taxation, there were in all these towns a few—in some quite a number—of the wealthiest citizens who opposed continuing the Graded Schools and openly advocated establishing schools of the kind that were conducted ten years ago. Some of them, after defeating the school by taxation, refused to contribute towards a school that could be open to all. What was the result of their opposition? The great majority of the people were against them and the Graded Schools will be maintained by private subscriptions, supplemented by the common school fund. THE STATE OWES EVERY CHILD THE CHANCE OF OBTAINING AN EDUCATION is now as firm established a doctrine in North Carolina as that every man must be tried by a jury of his peers. There is no use denying that this is good doctrine, or trying to evade it. The people endorse it and every year the critics are converted or learn that 'silence is golden.' Any party that goes before the people with any other platform on education would be doomed to defeat, and merited defeat. The Normal Schools have done much to bring about wide spread belief in this principle. Whether the Normals should be continued as now I doubt. They have done good but it is probable that the money can be more wisely expended in educating teachers by reducing the number and lengthening the terms of Normal Instruction.

* * *

Of all the Normals probably not one has been a greater success than than the one at Wilson. I spent Thursday and Friday, the last two days of the session, at this school and found that so far as the character of the work was concerned, it had been a great success. Prof. Sylvester Hassell was Superintendent. The University ought to confer the degree of LL. D., upon him. If there is a more scholarly man in North Carolina—he is unquestionably the most modest—it has not been my good fortune to meet or hear of him. I heard Rev. Dr. Brooks say that Mr. Hassell's lectures, 'The Harmony of Science and Scripture,' which included a review of the recent Gladstone-Huxley controversy as to the scientific accuracy of the Mosaic record of Creation, and 'The Spiritual Ministry of Nature' showed not only breadth of scholarship and thorough knowledge of biblical and scientific truth, but also an elegance of composition which he had seldom known equalled. This was high and discriminating praise.

The highest evidence that Wilson contains people of culture is that they appreciate Dr. Henry E. Shepherd. This distinguished scholar was Principal of the Normal for the third time. His lectures on English Literature and History were well attended by the citizens. I have heard not a few men lecture. Than Dr. Shepherd I never heard a man whose every word seems the very fitting word to describe the idea he designs to convey. His style is so pure a 'well of English, undefiled,' that to hear him is to be undeifiably charmed. He makes no pretence of oratory—he but utters the truths he desires to convey clothed in language that is so expressive and so uniformly beautiful that when he has finished it is as if entrancing strains of music had died away, leaving most pleasing memories.

Prof. Alexander Graham, of the Fayetteville Graded School, was a member of the Faculty. He has a rare tact in imparting knowledge and he always held the attention of the teachers and visitors when he lectured. Prof. Graham visited Wilson several years ago and urged the establishment of a Graded School. He was warmly welcomed this year and scored a success, both as a teacher and friend winner.

Prof. Collier Cobb's lectures on Geography were interesting as well as instructive. I heard Dr. Shepherd pay Mr. Cobb a high compliment, and not a few teachers told me that they had derived great help from his instruction.

My short stay at the school prevented my hearing Prof. Britton, of South Carolina, who, though a young man, did good work. Prof. C. H. Winston, of Richmond, Va., I did hear, with pleasure and profit. His mode of teaching chemistry was unique. The smallest child could understand it and it, was sufficiently difficult for the oldest. 'A born teacher,' everybody said of him. His evening lectures on 'Old King Coal,' Astronomy,' and 'Travels in Europe,' were largely attended and fully enjoyed by both the teachers and citizens. Of Prof. Rayhill, the elocutionist, the art teacher and the teacher of the model class I did not hear enough to speak.

When headache joins neuralgia, then comes the tug of war. A wise general knows very well how to marshall his forces. His first, last, and best charge is made with a bottle of Salvation Oil, and the doughty foe lies cringing in the dust.

Shriner's Indian Vermifuge is strictly a vegetable compound, formulated particularly for destroying and expelling worms. Try it.

NEW YORK LETTER.

SPENDING A FEW DAYS AT NEWPORT.

The pleasures of that Mecca of fashion as seen through Tar Heel spectacles.

The extremely hot weather now holding sway in the city has had the desired effect. Each boat and train leaving here is crowded with all classes of people, who try to escape for ever so short a time from the oppression. The old go for quiet. The middle ages for the exciting pleasure of the mountains. The young for the fashionable resorts, where matches are made and continual rounds of amusements are the order of the day. Curiosity as well as a desire for rest took me to the great fashionable summer resort, Newport, Rhode Island.

* * *

I had often heard of the summer cottages that the wealthy were wont to go to for a summer's vacation. Being from old North Carolina I would probably imagine that I should see lots of cozy little huts, where to keep cool but without any desire for display of wealth would be the ruling idea in building.

But instead of the beautiful, unpretentious little cottages throughout the city not thousands of dollars but millions and hundreds of millions were seen to be represented by the magnificent mansions surrounded by the elegance only obtained by expending mints of gold.

* * *

Newport is almost unequalled for situation favorable to comfort in summer, being on a small island a few miles long and narrow, with the ocean in front, Narragansett bay on one side and a beautiful bay on the other. When the thermometer at other places is ranging above the 100 it is only 70 to 80 at Newport. When in inland towns old Sol is in high glee over the rage of mankind at their ill fortune, at Newport one is the shade may recline under some beautiful wood to enjoy the soft fanning of an ocean breeze.

There are cottages furnished in royal splendor with surroundings almost like that we find described in novels. But there are those that make one think that weal headed various of those who possess so much wealth. Then there are evidences of sensible comfort that the wealthy enjoy as well as the poor.

* * *

As in other places of its kind one has to have the proper passports for a certain society. There are those in Newport worth their millions who would not be recognized by certain high toned society. But there are cliques and rings as well as elsewhere, for the wealthy of the continent go to Newport. From California to Maine there is every summer the pilgrimage of the fashionable and wealthy to this Mecca of style and pleasure. In one set of society one of the others appearance would be the signal almost of a break up of an entertainment.

* * *

In a little park in Newport stands the noted Old Mill we have all read about in history. It is circular, of stone, and at the second story where the roof of wood would probably be, it stops off. In its walls are found the holes for beams &c. There are lots of stories accounting for its origin. It was found on this little island by the first settlers from Europe and is one of the solitary evidences of prior colonies as claimed by Holland and the Norsemen having settled in this country about the 10th or 11th centuries.

The peculiar architecture of this old structure is claimed to be of a style prevalent in Holland and Norway about that time. Anyway those illfated men, whoever they were, have left behind them only this vestige of their trip, and they were either annihilated or merged into the surrounding race. It was pleasant to behold the old structure. It seemed so quaint and odd as it is architecturally, and as it stands in history.

* * *

Newport is well favored as a commercial city, having one of the finest harbors in the country, and but for its destruction in 1812 by the British, would probably now rival Boston and New York as a place of commercial importance.

M. L. E.

Hay Fever Sufferers.—The number of people annually afflicted with this most annoying malady seems to be greatly on the increase. * * * The editor of this joural is an annual victim, and, with a view to discover a specific cure, has tried numerous remedies. Of these, 'Ely's Cream Balm' is by all odds the quickest and most satisfactory, two applications greatly allaying the usual symptoms in the nose and eyes. We would recommend its use by all subject to hay fever, and we gladly bear unsolicited testimony to its efficiency in our own case. * * *—Media, Pa., Record

Sneak Thieves.

That class of frauds, worse than sneak thieves who will take a paper year after year, if allowed to do so, without paying for it ought to have the law applied to them every time. This is the kind of men that ruin country newspapers.—Jefferson Philosopher.

—A girl with accomplished jaws bit off the victor in a chewing-gum contest at Peoria, Ill., and the York World now wants her sent to Congress.