WILSON ADVANCE

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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" " One Month.....2 50
" " Three Months.....5 00
" " Six Months.....8 00
" " One Year.....15 00

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 17.-- WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 28, 1887. NUMBER--13.

WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED, EVERY THURSDAY AT WILSON NORTH CAROLINA.

—BY—

J. & C. C. DANIELS, Editors and Proprietors

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE

One Year.....$1 00
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☞ Money can be sent by Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk.

OFFICE—Tarboro Street, in the Old Post Office Building.

A FORTUNE TELLER.

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THE LITTLE SPIDER FORETELLS HER GOOD FORTUNE

The Patient Woman at Last Receives her Money and she uses it to Promote the Happiness of Those Around her.

'That's once, now twice. Oh! do hold perfectly still, Mrs. Harmon. I am awful glad Now you'll be rich. Once is a little money, two is a good deal, but three is a fortune.'

'I don't know what it is all about, Margery, but if there is a fortune coming to either of us I shall be very glad'.

'Oh, it was a money spiner. Don't you know what they are? They are little black spiders and they spin down from the ceiling and if the touch you once and then draw up again, that means some money, and twice is more, and three is a fortune, and now you will surely be rich.'

'I hope you are a prophet, Margery, but I won't run into any great extravagance until the fortune is here. Yes, I will, too; we will have jam with our tea to-day. Now, I will get our lunch ready.'

And Mrs. Harmon rose from the table, which was covered with piles of manuscript and drew a light stand close to Margay, who was a helpless invalid, though a sweet dispositioned and cheerful one. Margary was an orphan, and her old grandmother supported her by selling toys and candy at a little stand that she had built in a disused alley-way, between two houses, in North Eighth Street, in Philadelphia; and there sat through summer's heat an winter's cold knitting industriously, when she had no customers.

Every body liked the cheery old woman, and she made a decent living for herself and this unfortunate little sufferer. She left her home in a large tenement house early in the morning, and she had been obliged to leave the suffering child alone all day, but to make time pass away more pleasantly, all the toys she had sold had passed at least two days in the hands of the little invalid, and then they were sold to other children.

But one day Mrs. Harmon, who was a widow, and lived in this dreary tenement house also, happened to hear of the lonely child next door, and forthwith she had begged the grandmother to let little Margery pass her long days with her

Only too glad was the promise given, and now for a long time the little girl had been carried in there mornings and night. The grandmother always provided a bowl of soup or some other nourishing food, which she ate at noon with her kind friend.

Mrs. Harmon was a woman of great refinement. She had been the petted idol of her family, but she had offended her widowed mother by her marriage with Lester Horneon, who was a struggling artist, while Marion Whittlesy Crawford was the heiress to great expectations from a wealthy grandmother in England. The young bride's mother, it was true, was not on friendly terms with her mother in England; but that did not alter the fact that all the grandmother's wealth would one day belong to her; and her pride revolted at a marriage so unequal to her daughter's expectations but the young couple had been happy with the two lovely children who came to bless them.

Then Mrs. Harmon's mother died suddenly, and soon after that an epidemic took her two children, and the grief at the loss of these, developed a pulmonary trouble in her husband, and in one short year, Marion had lain her last loved one beneath the sod.

She was a woman of talent, and thought that she would be able to earn a living for herself by her pen, but found it hard for a beginner, and she had taken one room after another, each cheaper than the other, until she now occupied this third story back room, among the poorest people of the city.

She had sold one after another of her posessions until almost nothing remained, and she was, as yet, scarcely able to earn her support by writing, though she was far more capable than many a woman who is receiving a good salary for less work than she did.

She was not old, nor yet was she young, but sorrow had destroyed the most of the beauty she once had posessed; but life held for her nothing now, but the love of this poor little creature who was suffering all the agonies of hip disease.

So she drew up the little stand, saying:

'We will have our lunch now, dear, and we will dissipate to the extent of a pot of jam. Here is your soup, and here is our tea, and bread and butter, for I must confess that I don't like dry bread even with jam.

'What would you like to have when our fortune comes? Tell me, shall it be a brown stone house or a wax doll? A carriage and four, or a canary bird in a golden cage?'

'You may laugh if you like, but grandmother says that it always comes true, so now!, pouted Margery.

'All right, dear, whatever comes you shall share it.'

At this moment came the shrill whistle of the postman in the lower hall, and a stout pair of lungs bawled out:

'Two letters for Mrs. Harmon, one registered. Bring pen and ink!' and then he began to dance and make eyes at a young woman to pass the time, until Mrs. Harmon came down with her pen and ink, signed her receipt and took the letters up-stairs.

She smiled at Margery, saying: 'Maybe your fortune will come,' and opened her letters.

One came from a weekly newspaper, and enclosed a check for five hundred dollars for a serial story which she had written.

She heaved a sigh of satisfaction and then opened the other, which she now saw bore the name of a London lawyer, and drew forth the enclosure, which was as follows:

'MRS HARMON—Madam: If you are the grand daughter of Mrs. Marion Whittlesy Crawford, and can furnish the documentery proofs in proper order, you will inherit the entire fortune of your late (presumably) grandmother, Mrs. Whittlesy, of Whittleside Manor, valuing about eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. Awaiting your reply, I am, madam, yours respectfully, JONAS EVERET.'

With this was a slip of paper, cut from some newspaper, containing notice of the death and funeral of Mrs. Whittlesy, Mrs. Harmon's grandmother.

With a feeling akin to anger against the hardhearted old woman who withheld even bread from her during life to leave such a fortune at death, Mrs. Harmon sa with the open letter in her hand, while Margery looked on in silence, when suddenly a sharp knock roused them both.

Mrs. Harmon went to the door, and, opening it, found a man neither old nor young, with a keen, sharp look on his face.

'Mrs. Harmon?'

'Yes. What is your business, sir?'

'I called in reference to a patent which you took out a couple of years ago, for rendering bank notes impossible to counterfeit.'

'Walk in, sir, and be seated,' said Mrs. Harmon, and she took her seat opposite him, looking him fully in the eyes, and she waited for him to speak.

He fidgetted a little, hoping that she would prove like the most of women and talk herself, thus giving him the advantage.

Finally he said:

'I am told that you sent to the ——bank, asking them to examine your invention with a view to buying the sole right of you. Am I right?'

'You are. Have you come from them?'

'Well, yes. They told me to come up and see you, and, in short, make you an offer.'

His keen glance had taken in the surroundings of this dwelling, and he thought she must be almost on the verge of starvation, and he governed himself accordingly.

'How much di they commission you to offer?'

'Well, madam, the patent is not of as great importance as you probably supposo. Still, the directors are willing to give you two hundred dollars for the entire right.'

'You can tell them that they can have it for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, no less, I am thoroughly posted on the subject, and know that it is worth five times as much.'

'But, madam, that is preposterous!'

'Very well, sir. Please tell your principals that I withdraw my offer to them.'

And she rose, and thus made it necessary for him to rise also.

'Is that your last word, madam?'

'It is my lowest, my only price. You have until noon to-morrow to decide. I leave for England the day after.'

'Very well, madam; I will report, and if, as I fear, they will not accept, I will let you know by letter. If they do, I will come myself. Good day.'

With that he went out, more completely puzzled than he had ever been in his life.

When he was gone Mrs. Harmon turned to Margery, and said:

'Well, my dear, your spider was a prophet, and we are rich indeed, even without the banker's money, for my grandmother is dead, and I shall have all her money, but no one but ourselves must know of this, except grandmother, of course. Now, we will have the best doctors, who may be able to cure you of this pain, and will have a nice little dinner for grandma here when she comes home. But I must go out, pet, do you think you can keep house here for me?'

'Yes, of course.'

And soon Mrs. Harmon, clad in her faded mourning, went out and to the bank, where she cashed her check.

Then she made a few visits to different places and was home in less than three hours, and soon there came two doctors, skillful in the treatment of diseases such as Margery's, and they pronounced her case one that with immediate care and proper surgical treatment could be cured in a few months, and they wished her to be sent to New York to a hospital for just such cases, where she could be treated and cared for in the best manner.

That evening there was rejoicing among the three over their nice little dinner, and in the morning a carriage came, into which Margery and her grandmother went, no one knew where, for the child was taken down so quickly, and the carriage drove off before anyone recovered enough from their astonishment to find out where.

At twelve o'clock the sharp-eyed man returned, and said that the directors had decided to accept her offer, and they made arrangements for a meeting the next day to sign the transfer, and so it came about that in three days this woman who called it dissipation to eat both jam and butter on her bread, was now independent. The papers that she sent to London, proved enough to establish her claims, and she did not have to cross the ocean to receive her heritage, as she had expected to do.

Margery's grandmother came back and went about her work as usual, and Mrs. Harmon remained in the same little room. She redeemed such things as were redeemable of her old possessions, and fitted up her room a little more comfortably, but she bought no palatial residence, no horses nor carriages, and scarcely changed her way of living. She was thinking.

She had lived many years among the poor. She knew how much they suffered. She had experienced their kindness when her wealthy friends of other days had turned a cold shoulder to her and her ailing husband, in their days of dire need, and she knew now by experience that luxury is mere habit, and that when one has a shelter from the elements, and food enough to eat, the rest is nothing, and she had discovered that the truest and purest happiness on earth is to bring joy to a suffering heart, and she determined that since her own loved ones had died from the want of help, and she knew how bitter it was to see them fade and die, she would devote this fortune to the relief of those who had just such need as hers had been, and the rest of her life should be passed in trying to do good with this money:

But she had learned that indiscriminate living was worse than nothing, so she made herself a little more friendly among the people where she lived. When a mother's wail rung out over her head, hers was the hand that smoothed the path for the poor parents, who clothed the waxen form in its dainty shroud, who gave the undertaker his instructions, and paid the bill. She it was who received the newly born into her empty hands and heart, and provided comforts and help.

She it was who had thick carpets laid in the halls, and who sent papers and books to every room, and who furnished each family with a bright lamp, and many other little comforts which gave the husbands a reason to stay at home nights; and to her they were indebted for the sweet faced young lady, who came there and took a room, and gathered all the little children, and taught them pretty work and lessons at the same time, and her foresight and care established in the basement a sort of general store, where all things needful could be bought of the best quality at the very lowest prices, and where a quarter of a pound of butter cost no more than if it had been bought by the pound, and where exact weight was given. And the man and woman in charge of this store would take their pay in baskets or in knitted work, and not only furnish the splints to make the baskets, but teach those who wished to learn free, how to make them.

Little by little prosperity and sobriety, and above all, industry began to show here, and from being one of the poorest places in the city, the house was looked upon as a model, and the landlord raised the rent in consequence. Then, somehow, the house changed owners, and the sewage was attended to, and it was renovated by degress, and the rent restored to its former price. Two large rooms were turned into one, and seats were put in, and this was a free Kintergarden school all the week, and Saturday evening there was a free concert, at which the children sang, and some good singers also took part, as well as elocutionists, and the fathers and mothers joined in going regularly, and the saloon on the corner had so few customers that it finally was moved away.

More and more of these abodes of the poor changed hands, and peace and prosperity began to take the place of drunken brawls and grim destitution, but none ever dreamed of connecting plain Mrs. Harmon with their good fortune, when it came on Thanksgving, and their unknown benefactor, through the Kintergarden teachers, invited all the members of this household, to a dinner in the schoolroom.

Just before dinner a large bale was rolled in, and from it came for each woman a roll of flannel, a warm shawl and a five dollar bill. Each man got two flannel undershirts, and two pairs drawers, and three pairs thick woolen socks, and each child had three pairs of stockings, a woolen cloak according to its size, and a complete outfit of under flannels. Then dinner was announced.

Just as dinner was served, one woman remarked that Mrs. Harmon had had nothing, and another said that the teachers always seemed to look at her for approbation, and in a short time there was a buzz of curiosity among them, when the door opened, and in bounded Margery, now the picture of blooming health.

She sprang to Mrs. Harmon's side, and with tears and smiles, she cried:

'See, I am well now, and it is she who has done it. She is an angel. She is rich and you all know how good, but I know better than any of you. It was all the money spinner, and he has spun us all good luck. But she is an angel.'

'So she is,' said men and women alike, between their tears of joy and thankfulness.

She staid on with her poor, and they said of her in hushed voices, 'She is a saint;' but her friends of youth, rich friends who were cold in her days of sorrow, said: 'She is not quite right in her mind. So rich, and yet to live among those horrid creatures. She is mad!'

'Delays Are Dangerous.'

If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—'till you are past cure; for, taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' as thousands can testify. By druggists.

'Woman and Her Diseases.'

is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (160 pages) sent, post-paid, for 10 cents in stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

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A LETTER IN THE PHILOSOPHER'S BEST VEIN.

A Lot of Things That He Longs for.—Professor Sanford's Stem Winding Arithmetic too Much for Him.—Tired of Playing Man, and is Going Fishing.

I want some chickens that won't scratch up the flower seed in the front yard, nor wallow in the fresh made beds, nor fly over in the garden nor take the cholera, nor let the hawks catch their young, nor set two in a nest. I want a dog that wont bark half the night, and will stay at home and know an honest man from a thief, and won't track mud through the hall nor shake his fleas around. I want a cow that can be turned on the grass and will have sense enough to let the deuteroumus alone, as Cobe calls it. I want some beds that don't have to be made up, and some dishes that don't have to be washed, some lamps that don't have to be filled, and a bookcase that the children can't get out of order. I want hats and bonnets that will hang themselves up and stay there until they are needed, and some school books and slates and pencils that won't hide and scatter around. I want a piano that won't have to be tuned every time Mr. Freyer comes around—one that practice makes perfect and neither moths nor rust doth corrupt. I want a knife and a pencil that the little chaps will give back to me when they borrow, and some ink that will stay on the table, and some pins that will stay on the table, and a towel that won't show the marks of half washed hands. I want a cooking stove that draws well and bakes well all the time and a cook that don't quit when she gets ready and never gets sick or has a misery somewhere, or takes the pouts, and will scour the kitchen floor without being told, and will give the dog some of the scraps from the table. I want children and grandchildren around me who don't know how to cry and hardly ever get mad, and don't tell tales and are as smart as the books they have to study—or if they are not that smart, then I want books made easy. Professor Sanford says his arithmetic has no key but is a stem-winder. Well, if it has no key it oughtent to have any lock. I have to work till ten o'clock every night helping my chaps to prize it open, but we generally succeed and I reckon it is all the better that way. I do hate to have to surrender to these children. It is a confession of judgment when I can't do a sum or parse a sentence or translate their Latin. When I get all tangled up in figures or in algebra and can't untangle I say, 'Well children, these modern books are all new to me. We don't figure now just exactly like we used to. I studied Smiley's arithmetic, which had the single rule of three and the double rule of three that did most every sum in the world. And I studied Murray's grammar and Day's algebra, but nowadays they have got new books and short cuts and stem winders and all sorts of readers and eclectics and dialectics and epilectics and other complicated machines that I don't exactly understand.' And so I get out of it without losing very much parental prestige. But the fact is, I have forgotten about as much as I know—perhaps more and still have to keep passing away. About all the Latin I care to remember now is, 'otium cum dignitate,' and want plenty of that. I am going fishing to-morrow and stay all day. I will rig up a big wagon and take the children along and a basket of lunch and we will fish and frolic and gather flowers and eat and talk and laugh and get dirty all day long. The signs are all right, for the dogwood is in bloom and the wind is in the south and it is the dark of the moon, and I think I see myself just jerking the big bream from under the log. Carl knows every hole in the creek and he can catch more fish than I can and don't try half as hard. Jessie wants to pick flowers, and I've promised her she may wade in the branch, but her mother don't know it. Jessie comes to me and Carl goes to his mother for favors. What a pity it is that grown folks can't be children once or twice in awhile and wade in the branch too. The next time Judge Bleckley goes to Screamer mountain to be a boy again and go barefooted and make hickory whistles and chestnut rifes and catch spring lizzards and crawfish and climb trees for birds' eggs, and make black ants fight, and run ground squirrels to their holes and dig angelica and kill snakes and rock hornets' nests and fight yellerjackets, I'm going with him.—I'm tired of playing man all the year long without a recess. I'm sort of hypocritical life. I envy the children. The scriptures say 'unless ye be as one of these little ones, ye shall not get to heaven.' So it's time to begin, and therefore I'm going a fishing. That's a good scriptural occupation anyhow, for one of the disciples said, 'I go a fishing,' and the other replied, 'I go with thee also.' They were just human like the rest of us. I wonder if they had any hooks and poles like we have. Going a fishing and coming from fishing are two things, very different things. They are no kin. We fix up our hooks and lines and split bullets and rob every empty bottle and jug of its cork, and dig the back yard all to pieces for bait, and make great preparations, and imagine the fish are just waiting for us, and we can see the pole bending with a big one darting around, and that's pretty much all there is of it—imagination. But it is the most hopeful thing in the world. We swear off and swear off, but in a week or so we want to try it again. We most always hang one or two, and sometimes get a big one on the edge of the bank and he gets away. Right there the dictionary is at fault, for there is no word in it that fits the case—that expresses the inexpressible rottenness of the occasion. It makes a feller sick at the stomach.

But I have gotten to be reconciled to most anything now and don't take on like I used to. My business now is to comfort others and help them to be happy—and I believe that pays the best after all. Blessed is he who expects little, for he shall not be disappointed.

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

I don't say that, but Poet Young said it in his solemn night-thoughts. And then Goldsmith copied and used it in his ballad of the Hermit. But Sidney Smith was of a lively turn of mind, and said:

'Man wants but little here below,
As beef, veal, mutton, pork and venison show.'

And next came John Quincy Adams, who sat down on it and wrote:

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,
'Tis not with me exactly so,
Tho 'tis so in the song.'

I want a good deal. I want more than I get, but I don't want it bad enough to make a hog of myself nor break the tenth commandment. I always admired the happy way in which Daniel Webster used some lines from Dryden when he said he was thankful that 'if he could not raise a mortal to the skies' he had no desire 'to bring an angel down.' But still I love to go a fishing, whether I catch them or not. It is a good time to ruminate. The business is so typical of life. Its hopes and disappointments. Happiness is just ahead of us all we think, and we lay our plans and fix our hooks and dig our bait and drop our lines in some inviting hole, and by and by the hook gets hung under a root and we worry over it awhile and pull and the line breaks. Or perhaps we hang something that bites slow and cautious and we haul up a little dirty old terrapin. Or again we hang a lively fellow and he runs round and round and we brace ourself for a trout and haul up a slickery squirming old eel. But nevertheless, I am going a fishing.

BILL ARP.

The Way They Look at it in Jones.

A Jones county correspondent of the New Berne Journal puts it in this way:

"Why is it that some farmers are so surprised at their failures in farming, when some of them consider that on a one-horse farm a fine Cincinnatti buggy is an indispensable necessity? When I see a farmer loaded down with heavy mortgages for commercial fertilizers, and a fine top buggy to ride in on Sundays, with a fine beaver hat on his head (purchased on time), I just set that chap down as one who has wasted $5 on a beaver to cover five cents worth of brains. Such a chap is always on a failure—don't need a phrenologist to acquaint us of the fact, either. Yet he is sure to complain of bad luck and bad crops."

The same sensible remarks will apply to some of our acquaintances in more counties than Jones. The trouble with our farmers is that they exercise to little judge ment; work to little and buy too much.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark, says: 'Was down with Abcess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made.' Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: 'Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health.' Try it. Sample bottles free at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store.

—The Fayetteville cotton seed oil mills have shut down for want of seed, we see from an exchange.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

—:o:—

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.

Railroad King of the Northwest.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL, OF MILWAUKEE, DECEASED.

The death of Alexander Mitchell in New York on April 19, has created a profound sensation, particularly so in the Northwest. He was the wealthiest man of Wisconsin, worth it appears, twenty-five million dollars more or less; President and a heavy owner in the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company; President and nearly the sole owner of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company's Bank, one of the heaviest banking institutions in the Northwest; and the owner of the Chamber of Commerce Building, and of millions of dollar's worth of other property in the city of Milwaukee.

The man posessing this enormous wealth and power began life in Scotland nearly seventy years ago. His father was a farmer in Elbow, Aberdeenshire. After studying at the parish school Mitchell spent two years in a law office at Aberdeen. Later he was clerk in a banking house at Peterhead. In 1839 he came to this country, and went to Milwaukee, where he took charge as Secretary of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company, which had been organized by George Smith, of Chicago, also a native of Aberdeenshire, who knew him there and induced him to come to America. It was the era of Western wildcat banks, but the banking business which the insurance company under Mr. Mitchell's management was authorized to conduct, was carried on in accordance with sound principals, and stood the severiest pressure without weakening. More than a million dollars of certificates bearing only the signatures of George Smith, President, and Alexander Mitchell were out at one time, but they were always paid in gold on presentation, and it has been Mr. Mitchell's claim that if any are still in circulation they can be redeemed in coin at the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company's Bank, which was organized in 1862. Mr. Mitchell's attention was given to railroading early in his career. In 1838, before he had been in the country nine years, and when he was only thirty-one years old, he became a director in the Milwaukee and Waukesha road. He fast became identified with different roads in the State, untill in 1864 he was elected President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, the foundation of the present system of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul which has five thousand miles of track and is noted as being one of the best managed and conducted systems not alone of the Northwest but of the United States. In 1869, there being some interests in the Chicago and Northwestern road which were identical with those of the St. Paul, Mr. Mitchell became President also of the first named and acted for both lines as such until the summer of 1870, when the interests having been seperated, he resigned from the Northwestern system and devoted himself entirely to the St. Paul.

In politics Mr. Mitchell was a Democrat. Originally he was a Whig. Then he joined the Republicans in electing Mr. Lincoln and prosecuting the war. He afterward joined the Democrats in support of President Johnson. Mr. Mitchell went to Congress in 1870, and again in 1872, but declined re-election. He was one of the delegates who nominated Mr. Tilden, and was a most ardent surporter of that statesman. His political views were moderate and conservative.

The deceased was married in 1841 to Martha Reed, daughter of Seth Reed, a pioneer of Milwaukee. He had one son, John L. Mitchell now forty-four years of age. Mr Mitchell was a man of captivating social qualities within the circle of his intimate friends. He never forgot the fact that he was a Scotchman. In 1859 he became the first President of the Milwaukee St. Andrew's Society, whose annual picnics and games are still held in the grove on his farm in the Eighth Ward of Milwaukee. His residence is one of the finest in the West, and the grounds surrounding it are the most beautiful in the country outside of the State of New York. He had been spending sometime on the beautiful plantation in Florada owned by him and Mrs. Mitchell, when seized by the illness which carried him off. In personal appearance Mr. Mitchell was short and thick set, He had a ruddy face, keen gray eyes. His manners were somewhat brusque, Scotchman-like, but he was true and noble-heated, as his countrymen generally are.

Will We be Forced to Diversify?

WHETHER WE WILL OR NOT NECESSITY REQUIRES US TO DIVERSIFY OUR CROPS.

The Raleigh Progressive Farmer contains a strong forcible editorial which we heartily endorse, on diversyfying crops. The farmers of North Carolina may refuse to diversyfy for a short while but they will be forced to it whether they will or not in the not far distant future. The editorial referred to reads as follows: A readjustment of international trade is inevitable under the changes now going on in the production of the staple crops of the world. The fertile fields of Texas and Louisiana are brought in competition with India and Egypt, in the markets of Great Britain and Europe. The enlarged production of cotton in those countries, under the stimulus of governmental protection and encouragement, and at a minimum cost of labor, threatens to force the producer in the South to find new markets. The rapidly increasing acreage devoted to wheat in India and Russia, and the steady growth in the cattle trade in South America, all tend to curtail the consumption of and demand for American products in foreign markets.

Meantime, it is a question in industrial economy which the people of our State should ponder most seriously, whether we can afford with meagre average yield per acre of cotton to contend against those States further South which are so much better adapted to its production.

Will not a condition of things arise in the near future from the sharp and active competition between the most productive sections of our contry and these new rivals which will force us to abandon the effort to make money on cotton and turn our attention to diversified industries? It is no disparagement to say that our State is not adapted peculiarly to the growth of any one crop, but it is her glory, rather, that she produces all the staple crops in fair abundance. The sooner we come to recoguize the admirable adaptability of our State to a general system of diversified farming and industry, the sooner we will begin that steady growth and substantial progress which we all so much desire.

Cancerous Knodes.

Near Ogletborpe, Ga., Dec. 2, '86.

GENTLEMEN: This is to certify that for years I had suffered with cancerous knodes on my face, and I feared they would turn into malignant cancers. About a year ago I began to use Swift's Specific At that time I was in general bad health. After using about one dozen and a half bottles of S. S. S., the cancerous knodes passed away, were dissolved, and my general health rapidly improved. I am 70 years of age. Your medecine has a splendid reputation among my neighbors, and there are plenty cures hereabouts to vouch for the efficacy of S. S. S. in all ailments arising from blood disorders of whatever kind.

TRISTIAN WATERS.

Come and See.

GENTLEMEN: Having used your remedy, S. S. S., for rheumatism, and having been relieved, I feel it but a duty to the afflicted to make this unsolicited statement, and recommend all who are suffering with rheumatism to try S. S. S. And if any in the city want to know more about Swift's Specific as a rheumatic cure, let them call on me at my house, 619, 1st Avenue, New York.

ANDREW TIERNEY.

Dec. 17, 1886.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT'S SPECIFIC CO. Drawer, 3 Atlanta, Ga.

Waiting for Their Son's Return.

Sorrow was weighing on the hearts of two gray-haired old people. Silas was their idol. Through the long four years they had heard no tidings. Every night and morning of this tedious waiting, the old man, after his usual formal petitions (which embraced the whole human race, and then the heathen whom he always annexed separately), prayed not formally, nor in the Bible phrases, but in his own homely dialect; in words not chosen but coming directly from his heart, that his son, their son, should be returned to them. Now, since the return of their son's comrades, each night and morning the old couple rose from their knees with tears glistening in their faded eyes and trickling down their withered cheeks; rose and went to the window in the morning, or opened the door at night, to see if their prayer had been suddenly answered. The old man had lately taken to sleeping down stairs in the front room, 'So I kin hear the boy 'fore he gets to the door, an' open it fur him,' he said. Frequently during the night, which is so long to old people, the poor father would go to the door and look out; and if the noise of opening and shutting happened to awaken his wife, she would call down to him in her shrill little voice, 'Is that you, Sam?' To which the invariable reply was, 'Yes, Sally; I was jes a lookin' ef I could see anythin' of the boy; but there ain't nuthin'.'—G. F. Preston, in The American magazine.

—The Franlinton News publishes an essay 'by the editors sweet heart.' Next

NEWS OF A WEEK.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

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

—Washington has an ice factory.

—There are four Methodist papers in North Carolina.

—Concord has been enjoying the delights of a mad dog scare.

—The Durham court house, it is estimated, will cost $25,000.

—The Grand Medical Society meets at Fayetteville next year.

—Theft was committed at three residences in Smithfield on one night.

—A Wisconsin school-teacher broke the neck of a scholar shaking him violently.

—Senator Ransom will deliver the annual address before Horner's school, Oxford.

—Raleigh has been visited with a strike. Our capital will not be behind other places.

Dr. Deems preached at Faison Sunday before last. We wish he would visit this place.

—Elizabeth City has a Mechanics' and Laborers Association with a membership of forty.

—A would be black ravisher of a white lady was strung up to a tree, near Madison, Ky.

—A lot of valuable turpentine timber has been destroyed by fire near the town of Rockingham.

—Rev. Thos. Dixon, of Goldsboro, has accepted the call to the Second Baptist church of Raleigh.

—Trinity College already has an endowment of $13,087 says the Raleigh Christian Advocate.

—The Albermarle Observer says the report from the small grain crop of that section is not at all encouraging.

—The Salvation Army has made an attack upon New Berne. Forty of the devil's soldiers have been brought down.

—We see from the Fayetteville Observer that Mr. E. J. Liley is adding to his already large cotton mills near that place.

—Prof. Geo. T. Winston, of the Agricultural, will deliver the literary address at the Oak Ridge Institute commencement.

—The editorial force of the Durham Recorder has been increased by the addition of Mr. Maxwell Gorman, recently of the Plant.

—Charlotte has a negro preacher who imagines that he is tricked and has gone crazy in consequence thereof. The poor superstitious fool.

—Rev. F. L. Reid, of Rafeigh, will preach the commencement sermon at Trinity College, and Hon. A. M. Waddell will deliver the address.

—Hon. A. M. Waddell will deliver the address at the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead at Smithfield, on the 10th of May.

—The Fayetteville Observer congratulates that town on the fact that while other places are excited over municipal contests all is serene there

—The liquor sellers of Pine Level, Johnson county, says the Selma News, have voluntarily quit business and now there is not a saloon in that place.

—The Smithfield Herald says $54 was stolen from the residence of Mr. W. A. Sanders, while all the members of the family were away from home

—The Norfolk Ledger says the Albermarle and Pantego Railroad Company was organized Tuesday at the office of the John L. Roper Lumber Company.

—The Cumberland county Fair will be held at Fayetteville this year on the 9th, 10th and 11th of November. We enjoyed the Fair last year very much.

—The Wilmington Review says the boiler on the steamer Delta, exploded on the 19th. The fireman was killed outright, and several others were injured.

—A battle was fought in Butler county, Mo., between two sheriffs' posses who mistook each other for the outlaws they were trying to arrest; two men were wounded.

—Miss Robecca Ogden, eighteen years old, took her own life at Fraconia Station, near Alexandria, Va. She had had a love affair, and, growing desperate killed herself with a shot gun.

—The Franklinton Weekly says a successful attempt, at robbery was made in Mr. J. Caudell's this week. They broke one of the large plate glass windows in the front of the store.

—The Washington correspondent of the Goldsboro Messenger writes that the clerk of the House of Representatives has received no official notice that O'Hara will contest the seat of Mr. Simmons.

—The Elizabeth City Economist says a sad occurrence took place on the Bay Line steamer Carolina Friday morning. Mr. Robt. Gatewood, of that city, aged 25 years, shot himself through the head, dying in a short time thereafter.

—We see from the Waynesboro Messenger that freights have been reduced on the Carolina Central Railroad. We know of another road or two in the State that might reduce freight rates without materially damaging the shippers along the line of the road.

—Goldsboro is to have a furniture factory. The people of that town are waking up to the necessity of establishing manufacturies in their midst. Let our town do likewise.

—Mr. Mark Cherry, a member of the last Legislature from Pitt county, tells the Reflector that he believes Col. Thomas M. Holt will be the next gubermational candidate, but he beheves Steadman would make a most excellent Governor.

—This sounds funny from a daily published in an aristocratic 'city.' The Charlotte Chronicle says: 'It is said that one or two of the doctors took away souvenirs of their visit to Charlotte in the shape of a well defined case of itch. They shook hands too freely with the boys.'

—We see it stated that the Statesville Landmark has determined to make a decided stand against [illegible] advertisements, and will, if necessary, test the case in the highest court of the land. It is said that other parties will join in the defence of the invasion of the 'freedom of the press.'

—The Fisherman and Farmer has been shown by Dr. W. J. Leary on Monday a perfectly shaped and colored marble, such as the boys ordinarily play with and call a common, found within a solid lump of coal which was in a lot of coal purchased of Mr. J. M. Wood, who deals extensively in the article and obtains his supply from the coal regions of Pennsylvania.

—The Selma News says that town has a chair factory. It says the originator of this enterprise is Mr. S. T. Pierce, who is negotiating for an engine and machinery to run the factory. This enterprise is in its infancy, but will soon assume larger proportions. They are now turning out first class work, and are shipping chairs to Reidsville, Goldsboro and other points.

—The Newbern Journal, in editorially mentioning a meeting which was held in that city Thursday afternoon, for the purpose of organizing the East Carolina Land and Railway Company, after enumerating the advantages which will accrue to that portion of North Carolina by its construction, says that it will be the beginning of a new coast line of railway from Norfolk to the South.

—The Wadesboro Messenger says the postmaster at that place received a letter from Mr. G. W. McMaster, a banker of Winnesboro, S. C., asking the name of a good man at Wadesboro to press forward the building of a railroad from Wadesboro to Winnsboro, and thence to Camack, Ga. This will be the connecting link in a grand trunk line from Norfolk to New Orleans.

—The Wilmington Star says persons interested in the project of building a railroad from Wilmington to Wrightsville are pushing the matter, and there is now little doubt of the completion of the road before another season. The Star was shown a letter from parties with whom negotiations had been pending, expressing a willingness to fulfill their contract and construct the road at an early date.

—The Charlotte Chronicle says: Near Polkton, Peter Manus, colored, after having cleaned out a well, was being drawn to the surface, when the rope parted and he was precipitated to the bottom of the well. The unfortunate man was supposed to be killed, and no effort was made to get him out until the following day, when the horrible discovery was made that he was still alive. Death ensued in a few minutes after he was taken from the well.

—We see from the Raleigh News Observer that Attorney General Davidson explained before the State Board of Agriculture that the license tax on the sale of fertilizers in the State differs from other like taxes, in that it is a tax levied for police purposes; that is to say, for the protection of the farmers of the State from spurious articles. It will be collected until the law authorizing it is reversed by the Supreme Court of the State.

—The following from the Greensboro News will be read with interest by many of our readers who knew Mr. Reed: On Sunday night, about a quarter past 9 o'clock, Mr. Lew Reid, who resides on Church street, two doors north of Rev. Dr. Smith's, hoisted a window and reached out to close the blinds, and, as he did so, someone from the sidewalk, about thirty steps distant, fired at him, the ball of a 38-calibre pistol entered the window sill just below him.

—We see from an exchange that a student of the University at Chapel Hill, by the name of Wade, has been brought before the authorities for stealing. Watches, jewelry and clothing, belonging to the professors and students, were found in his possession. It appears that the stealing has been going on for over twelve months and had been attributed to the negroes who were employed as servants by the University students. Wade when on trial confessed and delivered up the goods with about one hundred and fifty dollars in money which he had stolen. He paid the amount of his bond and left for Texas, his old home.—Among the recovered stolen goods was a gold watch belonging to Mr. S. A. Woodard, of Wilson.

'Yes I shall break the engagement,' she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; 'it is really too much trouble to converse with him: he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting.' 'Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely.' 'Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming.' Of course, it cured his cat-