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—BY—
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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HIS RECENT VISIT TO IRWINTON, GEORGIA.

Peculiarities of The Old Town.—His Experience in Getting There.—The Different Places He Visited on the Trip.

I had a call to Irwinton. I honored the call and it honored me, for those are good people there. It is not so large a town as Chicago, but it has no anarchy, and everything looks calm and serene. It is one of those old-fashioned towns that is off the railroad, and they don't care it it is, so they have the courthouse and the jail and can hear the sheriff call twice a year. I like such places. I like their "otium cum dig," though they don't dig alarmingly much. I like the open welcome of their store piazzas where the lawyers and doctors and preachers meet to discuss affairs, public and private, and tell anecdotes and whittle on soft pine and hold down the chairs that used to have split bottoms, but now have rawhide with all the hair worn off except the suburbs. I like the slow and measured dignity with which these people come and go and move about the town. There is nobody tired when night comes. Nobody stoop shouldered from overwork. Nobody's shoes worn out at the toes. When the merchant wants to go to dinner he can shut up and go and lose no trade by it, for the kind hearted customers will wait till he comes back. The lawyer can go fishing and the doctor attend to his farm. The jail door stands open all the year round and the sheriff has a hungry look for lack of business. This must be the place where the poet lived when he wrote "Man wants little here below." There is neither fashion nor folly here, but there is good, honest, old fashioned society and good old fashioned schools and lots of children, all born in lawful wedlock and from whom may come preachers and judges and senators, and maybe a governor or president—who knows? Georgia has never had a president and it will be her time before long. Great men move to cities, but they are not born and raised there. Cities breed shrewdness. The country and the unpretending towns give leisure for reflection, and in leisure there is wisdom.

There is one thing about Irwinton that is peculiar. A stranger can't slip up on the town in the night. I tried it. They wrote me to get off at McEntires, and so I got off about midnight and looked around for light, but there was no light. I expected a hack or a mail boy, or I thought there was a hotel with the lamp burning in the hall, but there was nothing but darkness, utter darkness, and that darkness was cold, very cold. I saw a man moving off and hailed him. "Where is the hotel, my friend?" said I. "There ain't none about here," said he. "Where do folks stop who get off here?" said I. "They don't git off the night train," said he, "and if they do they take it afoot to Irwinton like I'm gwine to do," and he started off. "Hold on my friend," said I, "don't somebody live about here?"—"Yes," said he, "the depot agent lives away up yander on that hill, but he won't take any body in—you needn't go there." "Has he got a biting dog?" said I. "I think he has," said he, and away he went. I saw the shadowy road and the dim outline of a house, and seizing my grip sack, I started up the steep ascent, but not with alacrity; nor was I altogether calm and serene. I was thinking about that dog—a big yaller stump tail dog—and the nearer I got, the more I thought about that dog. I stopped and listened. Then I creeped cautiously towards the front gate and listened again. There was a tree close by—a small tree with limbs low down, and I stood by that tree, for I felt like it was a friend. Soon I spied another tree a little nearer, and I made for it with alacrity, and reconoitered again. I have not climbed a tree in ten years, but I felt like I hadn't lost the lick. I stood there waiting for that dog and wondering where he would bite me first, but he didn't come nor make any canine sign. I kept my knife open as a last resort, and my heart beat up lively. I cleared my throat as an experiment, but still no dog. I was close to the foot-steps and they were high—high as a staircase—for the house had a basement. All of a sudden I said "hello"—not loud, but loud enough for a dog if there was one. I expected him to come bulging every moment—bulging down those steps, or from under that house, and I kept fast hold of the limb so as to pull myself up in emergency—but still there was no sound, no dog, and so with faith and desperation I made for the steps and ascended on tip toe and as I neared the door I said "hello" with great emphasis. I don't think I ever felt more relieved than I did just then to hear the welcome voice of a man saying, "What you do want and who are you," "I am Bill Arp," said I, "and I want to stay all night." I said it like I meant business and I did. I would have stayed if I had been ordered off with a shotgun. But I found a kind welcome and a good bed, and my feelings beat thanksgiving day a long ways, for I don't like any such dogone business of a dark night whether the dog be gone or not. The morning brought light and a good breakfast and a friend from Irwinton who was expecting me on the morning train.

Sandersville is a nice town, a lively prosperous town, an old town with a fresh new boom on. The people have beautiful homes and the front yards abound with flowers and evergreens. The stores are filled with goods and fair women go in and out and spend their money free. It is a lovely sight to see a lovely woman go into a lovely dry goods store with a well filled purse. But when she is buying on her husband's credit and he is living on a strain it is not quite so lovely. Sandersville has railroads and can come and go when she pleases. I think she is a little jealous of Tennille, but still they pass and repass. One has the great Central railroad and the other the courthouse, and so are pretty equally balanced. Sandersville boasts of her antiquity and the noble men who have lived and died there, and of some who still live. Uncle Evan Howell used to live there, and I met members of his artillery company who fought and bled with him in the frozen mountains of West Virginia and they confirmed the sufferings and perils of that awful campaign that I have so often heard Evan relate and was a little shaky about until now. "It must be so," said I, "it must be so, for out of the mouths of many witnesses is the truth established." That solitary otter that they slipped up on and killed on that ice-bound island when they had consumed their last ration and had eaten the strings out of their shoes, was really a fact—an otter—and saved their lives, and they otter be grateful to that otter; yes, they otte. It took a wonderful amount of alimentary silica to survive that expedition, but they did, and there is some sand left yet.

At Dublin I found court in session and a hotel full of drummers and other guests. I never mingled wish a livelier set. They told yarns and swapped lies and exchanged wit until near midnight. One of the guests was artificially hilarious and sarcastic, and asked a Hebrew drummer what business he was a runnin'. "My frent," said he, "I am de sheneral agent for de great North American Epitaph and Burial association. I am canvassing dis country for members and vill take anypody who is liable to die some time or udder. Ven a man shoins our komp'ny his pones vill not pleach upon de hills nor moulder in de valleys. Our komp'ny perries all dere dead and writes dere epitaphs. Ve keeps epitaphs on hand shoost like ve keeps coffins. Ven you die we perry you low in de ground vere de dogs cannot scratch you up nor de doctors exhume you for a skeleton. If A. T Stuart had pelong to our kompany it would have saved his wife twenty-five thousand dollars. No madder vere you die—vedder on de Shimborazo mountains or in de dark valley of Jehosaphat ve perry you. And den we writes such pootiful epitaphs dat make you feel as goot after you pe dead. I hav known men to read over our list of epitaphs and den go off and commit suicide shoost to get one of dem on dere tombstone. Say, my frent, shall I put your name down? it is only one dollar."

The next morning the hilarious gentlemen came down to breakfast with the usual reaction. His subdued appearance excited the drummer's profoundest sympathy. "Goot morning my frent," said he, "you does not seem so vell dis morning as you vas last night. It is de vet wedder I tink. Dis is a very vet town and de dampness does not agree wit you. Ven you voke up dis morning vas de room going round and round?"

The victim smiled a sickly smile and nodded assent. "Vell my frent," said the drummer, "dat vas all imagination—de room vas not going round and round at all—dis house is solid—very solid. I vas vet myself one time and know shoost how it is, and so I tell you it vas not going round and round. Vas you ever so vet before like you vas last night?"

The kind, loving sympathy of the drummer was irresistible. It was impossible to smother our risibles, but the poor victim couldn't stand it. He left the room for some fresh air or some more wet and we lost him. This same drummer managed somehow to offend a man about town, and the man swore he was going to whip him. He approached with hostile demonstrations, but the drummer stepped back and cautioned him in supplicating tones, and laying his hand upon his heart, said: "My frent, you should not strike me. Bevare how you excite me. I have heart disease very pad and am liable to drop down dead any moment if you excite me. My physician tell me dot de slightest shock to my system will make me to fall down dead, and den you feel so pad, so very pad about dot—eh?"

This plea, and his agonizing look, so alarmed the man that he refrained and took his satisfaction in language.

Last year, this drummer was indicted for indulging in a pleasant little game of poker in his room at the hotel. He went home and wrote the solicitor one of the most touching and pathetic letters that ever was penned. He plead for mercy and forgiveness, for the sake of his dear little darling wife—the trusting, innocent, angel who would be utterly heartbroken, were she to hear of his misfortune. The solicitor said he never read a more affecting letter, and so he wrote him back some kind words and good advice, and lots of sympathy and told him to send ten dollars and the case should be stricken, part for the sake of that little angel wife. Of course he sent the money, and the case was dismissed, and not long after the solicitor learned that he did not have any wife at all nor ever had. "Ah he is smart," said he, "and as clever as he is smart. Everybody in this country knows him and everybody likes him."

Well, Dublin is a pretty wet town, but it is a good town for business, and is growing rapidly. It is the terminus of the Wrightville and Dublin railroad—a new road that is doing wonders for that region.

BILL ARP.

SLAVERY OF DEBT.

Oh! that Our Farmers Could be Relieved from it.

"It makes us feel sad when we see a strong, able bodied man bound up under a lien and mortgage, toiling on, year after year, like a galley slave at the oar, toiling against overwhelming odds, when he should know, as others do, that there is no possible chance for him to get his head above water.—As easy were it for a men to ford the Atlantic Ocean with a mill stone tied around his neck, as for a man once down, once overwhelmed with an old debt, to recover from his embarrassment by cultivating the poor soil of Anson county, so long as he buys supplies at time prices. We can see the evil, but we cannot point the remedy. We only know there is no chance for the poor farmer. We can only tell him what we would do were we in his place, We would surrender all and go to work for wages until we could get enough ahead to buy a few acres of land, and cultivate one crop, without asking for help. This may not be a remedy, it may not suit every man's case, but it is what we would do, and we would come out solid."—Wadesboro Intelligencer.

THE PUBLIC ROADS-

Put the Convicts to Work on Them.

The prisoners at the work house are doing good work on the county roads. If the work is properly managed, the roads in Durham county will be as level and solid as plank roads, in ten years.—Durham Recorder.

And so it ought to be in every county in the State. If the convicts were put on our public roads, the taxpayers would in some measure be compensated for the money they spend in keeping up the system, and we would have better roads. Suppose the 1200 convicts were divided into squads of fifty—this would give that number to 24 counties. Fifty convicts at work under proper management in a county ought to improve the roads greatly in a year. The taxpayers and thinking men of the State are beginning to look into this important matter.—Progressive Farmer.

Ditto For Wilson.

We have time and again spoken of what was needed in our city; now we will venture to suggest a few things that we think are not needed. We do not need any more storehouses; we do not need any more dwelling houses; nor do we believe that we need any more merchants. It does seem to us that any surplus money any of our citizens have might be spent to better advantages in many other ways than in these things we suggest that are not wanted.—Goldsboro Argus.

It Would Be Fearful.

If Edison perfects his phonograph the young men of the coming generation won't dare to go courting Sunday night for fear that one of the instruments may be concealed in the parlor. It would be difficult to overcome the evidence of the phonograph in a breach of promise case.—Boston Post.

The Tariff Kernel.

St. John, although a Prohibitionist, struck the true Democratic chord when he asked: "Why is there a high tariff on the blacksmith's hammer and free trade for his muscle?"—Burlington Gazette.

CARISTMAS TREE.

MEMORIES CALLED UP TO THE MIND OF DICKENS.

The Different Presents Recalt to His Fancy the Pleasures that He Indulged in at Different Ages.

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas Tree. The tree was planted in the middle of a great round table, and towered high above their heads. It was brilliantly lighted by a multitude of little tapers; and everywhere sparkled and glittered with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls, hiding behind the green leaves; there were real watches (with movable hands, at least, and an endless capacity of being wound up) dangling from innumerable twigs; there were French polished tables, chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, eight day clocks, and various other articles of domestic furniture (wonderfully made, in tin, at Wolverhampton) perched among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy house-keeping; there were jolly, broad-faced little men, much more agreeable in appearance than many real men—and no wonder, for their heads took off, and showed them to be full of sugar-plums; there were fiddles and drums; there were tambourines, books, work-boxes, paint-boxes, sweetmeat-boxes, peep-show-boxes, all kinds of boxes; there were trinkets for the elder girls far brighter than any grown-up gold and jewels; there were baskets and pincushions in all devices; there were guns, swords, and banners; there were witches standing in enchanted rings of pasteboard, to tell fortunes; there were teetotums, humming-tops, needle-cases, pen-wipers, smelling-bottles, conversation-cards, bouquet-holders; real fruit, made artificially dazzling with gold leaf, imitation apples, pears and walnuts, crammed with surprises; in short as a pretty child, before me, delightedly whispered to another pretty child, her bosom friend, "There was everything and more." This motly collection of odd objects clustering on the tree like magic fruit, and flashing back the bright looks directed towards it from every side—some of the diamond-eyes admiring it were hardly on a level with the table, and a few were languishing in timid wonder on the bosoms of pretty mothers, aunts, and nurses—made a lively realization of the fancies of childhood; and set me thinking how all the trees that grow and all the things that come into existence on the earth, have their wild adornments at that well-remembered time.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. I begin to consider, what do we all remember best upon the branches of the Christmas Tree of our own young Christmas days, by which we climbed to real life.

Straight, in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top—for I observe, in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward toward the earth I look into my youngest Christmas recollections!

All toys at first, I find. Up yonder among the green holly and red berries, is the Tumbler with his hands in his pockets, who wouldn't he down, but whenever he was put upon the floor, persisted in rolling his fat body about, until he rolled himself still, and brought those lobster-eyes of his to bear upon me—when I affected to laugh very much, but in my heart of hearts was extremely doubtful of him. Close beside him is that infernal snuff-box, out of which there sprang a demoniacal Counsellor in a black gown, with an obnoxious head of hair, and a red cloth mouth, wide open, who was not to be endured on any terms, but could not be put away either; for he used suddenly, in a highly magnified state, to fly out of Mammoth Snuff boxes in dreams, when least expected. Nor is the frog with cobbler's wax on his tail, far off; for there was no knowing where he wouldn't jump; and when he flew over the candle, and came upon one's hand with that spotted back—red on a green ground—he was horrible. The card-board lady in a blue-silk skirt, who was stood up against the candlestick to dance, and whom I see on the same branch, was milder, and was beautiful; but I can't say as much for the larger card-board man, who used to be hung against the wall and pulled by a string; there was a sinister expression in that nose of his; and when he got his legs round his neck (which he very often did), he was ghastly, and not a creature to be alone with.

When did that dreadful Mask first look at me? Who put it on, and why was I so frightened that the sight of it is an era in my life? It is not a hideous visage in itself; it is even meant to be droll; why then were its stolid features so intolerable? Surely not because it hid the wearer's face. An apron would have done as much; and though I should have preferred even the apron away, it would not have bee absolutely insupportable, like the mask? Was it the immovability of the mask? The doll's face was immovable, but I was not afraid of her. Perhaps that fixed and set change coming over a real face, infused into my quickened heart some remote suggestion and dread of the universal change that is to come on every face, and make it still? Nothing reconciled me to it. No drummers from whom proceeded a melancholy chirping on the turning of a handle; no regiment of soldiers, with a mute band, taken out of a box, and fitted, one by one upon a stiff and lazy little set of lazy-tongs; no old woman, made of wires and a brown-paper composition, cutting up a pie for two small children; could give me a permanent comfort, for a long time. Nor was it any satisfaction to be shown the Mask, and see that it was made of paper, or to have it locked up and be assured that no one wore it. The mere recollection of that fixed face, the mere knowledge of its existence anywhere, was sufficient to awake me in the night all perspiration and horror, with, "Oh I know it's coming! Oh the mask!"

I never wondered what the dear old donkey with the panniers—there he is!—was made of, then! His hide was real to the touch, I recollect. And the great black horse with round red spots all over him—the horse that I could even get upon—I never wondered what what had brought him to that strange condition, or thought that such a horse was not commonly seen at Newmarket. The four horses of no color, next to him, that went into the wagon of cheese, and could be taken out and stabled under the piano, appear to have bits of fur-tippet for their tails, and other bits for taeir manes, and to stand on pegs instead of legs, but it was not so when they were brought home for a Christmas present. They were all right, then; neither was their harness unceremoniously nailed into their chests, as appears to be the case now. The tinkling works of the music-cart, I did find out, to be made of quil, toothpicks and wire; and I always thought that little tumbler in his shirt-sleeves, perpetually swarming up one side of a wooden frame, and coming down, head-foremost, on the other, rather a weak-minded person—though good natured; but the Jacob's Ladder, next him, made of little squares of red wood, that went flapping and clattering over one another, each developing a different picture, and the whole enlivened by small bells, was a mighty marvel and a great delight.

Ah! The Doll's house!—of which I was not proprietor, but where I visited. I don't admire the Houses of Parliament half so much as that stone-fronted mansion with red glass windows, and door-steps, and a real balcony—greener than I ever see now, except at watering places; and even they afford but a poor imitation. And though it did open all at once, the entire house-front (which was a blow, I admit, as cancelling the fiction of a staircase), it was but to shut it up again and I could believe. Even open, there were three distinct rooms in it; a sitting room and bedroom, elegantly furnished, and, best of all, a kitchen, with uncommonly soft fire-irons, a plentiful assortment of diminutive utensils—oh, the warming pan!—and a tin man-cook in profile, who was always going to fry two fish. What Barmecide justice have I done to the noble feasts wherein the set of wooden platters figured, each with its own peculiar delicacy, as a ham or turkey, glued tight on to it, and garnished with something green, which I recollect as moss! Could all the Temperance Societies of these latter days, united, give me such a tea-drinking as I have had through the means of yonder little set of blue crockery, which really would hold liquid (it ran out of the small wooden cask, I recollect, and tasted of matches), and which made tea, nectar. And if the two legs of the ineffectual little sugar-tongs did tumble over one another, and want purpose, like Punch's hands, what does it matter? And if I did once shriek out, as a poisoned child, and strike the fashionable company with consternation, by reason of having drunk a little teaspoon, inadvertently dissolved in too hot tea, I was never the worse for it, except by a powder!

Upon the next branches of the tree, lower down, hard by the green roller and miniature gardening-tools, how thick the books begin to hang. Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them, and with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with! "A was an archer, and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility, that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe—like Y, who was always confined to a Yacht or a Yew-tree; and Z, condemned forever to be a Zebra or a Zany. But, now, the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvellous bean-stalk up which Jack climbed to the Giant's house! And now, those dreadfully interesting, double-headed giants, with their clubs over their shoulders, begin to stride along the boughs in a perfect throng, dragging knights and ladies home for dinner by the hair of their heads. And Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness, and his shoes of swiftness! Again those old meditations come upon me as I gaze up at him; and I debate within myself whether there was more than one Jack (which I am loath to believe possible), or only one genuine original Jack, who achieved all the recorded exploits.

Good for Christmas time is the ruddy color of the cloak, in which—the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through, with her basket—Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas Eve to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling Wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood, I should have known perfect bliss.

But, it was not to be; and there was nothing for it but to look out the Wolf in the Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded. Oh the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in, even there—and then, ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch—but what was that against it! Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the lady-bird, the butterfly—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small, and whose balance was so indifferent, that he usually tumbled forward, and knocked down all the animal creation. Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string!

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf (I have passed him and all mother Bunch's wonders, without mention) but an Eastern King with a glittering cimeter and turban. By Allah! two Eastern Kings, for I see another, looking over his shoulder! Down upon the grass at the tree's foot, lies the full length of a coal-black Giant, stretched asleep, with his head in a lady's lap; and near them in a glass box, fastened with four locks of shining steel, in which he keeps the lady prisoner when he is awake. I see the four keys at his girdle now. The lady makes signs to the two kings in the tree, who softly descend. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful; all rings are talismans. Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to throw down into the Valley of diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. Tarts are made, according to the recipe of the Vizier's son of Bussorah, who turned pastry-cook after he was set down in his drawers at the gate of Damascus; cobblers are all Mustaphas, and in the habit of sewing up people cut into four pieces, to whom they are taken blindfold.

Any iron ring let into stone is the entrance to a cave which only waits for the magician, and the little fire, and the necromancy, that will make the earth shake. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky date, with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genie's invisible son. All olives are of the stock of that fresh fruit, concerning which the Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent olive merchant; all apples are akin to the apple purchased (with two others) from the Sultan's gardner for three sequins, and which the tall black slave stole from the child. All dogs are associated with the dog, really a transformed man, who jumped upon the baker's counter; and put his paw on the piece of bad money. All rice recalls the rice which the awful lady, who was a ghoul, could only peck by grains, because of her nightly feasts in the burial-place. My very rocking-horse—there he is, with his nostrils turned completely inside out, indicative of Blood!—should have a peg in his neck, by virtue thereof to fly away with me, as the wooden horse did with the Prince of Persia, in the sight of his father's Court.

THE FARMER'S DEBTS.

The Way to Get Rid of Them is to Diversify Crops.

We hear much about the indebtedness of the farmers of this country. The total of the farmers' indebtedness is put at two bilion dollars. This is truly a large amount. We cannot comprehend it. It is more than the national debt. But the value of our farm products every year is four bilion dollars. That is, every year we produce twice our total indebtedness. Such being the case, our condition is not desperate by long odds. Why, if we were to be very saving for only one year—cut down our living expenses a little and save fully all we produced—the gain would be all we owe. The farmers of this country do a big business; they own much property; compared with their business and property, their indebtenness is small. Nevertheless, we are in debt too often and too much. Some go in debt for fertilizers, some for land, some for luxuries of living. Our indebtedness ought to be much less than two bilion dollars. We ought to be creditors; yet there are twenty farmers belonging to the debtor class to every farmer belonging to the creditor class. Debt is a very bad thing. Few things should make a man more sad than to put a mortgage upon his home. Farmers are often scolded for their readiness to put their signature to papers; and we must confess that we are too ready to put our names to papers that are the evidence of debt.—Southern Cultivator.

"Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not.
But Heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, without a blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion due,
And in her cheeks the vermid red did show."

This is the poet's description of a woman whose physical system was in a perfectly sound and healthy state, with every function acting properly, and is the enviable condition of its fair patrons produced by Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription.' Any druggist.

The value of the taxable property in the State, during the year, has increased about $5,000,000. If the property all over the State was equitably assessed the taxes could be largely reduced.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

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.

Raleigh expects to have an electric fire alarm.

Patridges are reported very numerous around Fayetteville.

A bill to reduce letter postage to one cent has been proposed.

A little negro boy was drowned near Winston, a few day sice.

A negro cut down a tree in Alamance county and was killed by it.

The Asheville Advance is now on evening instead of a morning daily.

E. T. McRae is now editor of the Maxton Union. We wish him success,

Raleig cotton receipts are larger this year up to date than they were last.

Three penitentinry birds returned home to Johnson county in one week.

Charlotte is said to be a sort of central point for tramps. Poor Charlotte.

Noel Hopkins has been sentenced to be hung at Oxford on the 23rd of next month.

The city council of Greensboro, have agreed to contract for twelve electric lights.

Eight convicts escaped from the county stockades at Chorlotte several nights ago.

Mr. C. W. Westbrook, well known in Wilson, has moved from Fayetteville to Durham.

The Greensboro Craftsman—Knight of Labor paper—has temporarily suspended.

Mr. Richard Caldwell, speaker of the Virginia House of Representatives, is a native "Tarheel."

A negro was arrested in Raleigh last week for selling whiskey contrary to the prohibition law.

B. F. Guilford Esq., who lives near Aurora, Beaufort county, lost a barn by fire valued at $600.

The Salvation Army has been in Kinston and the Free Press says they are accomplishing good work.

The Durham Tobacco Plant says over 1,000 hands are at work on the Durham & Lynchburg Railroad.

The Asheville Citizen says a hog was killed near that place that netted 519 net and was only 28 months old.

The Agricultural Department at Washington have the thanks of the ADVANCE for a report of the yield of crops per acre.

Dr. Giles Christian, of Montgomery county, committed suicide a few days ago, we see from the Charlotte Hornet.

Belva Lockwood will lecture in in Raleigh in February, we see it stated. She is a Washington lawyer, and ran for President in 1884.

Craven county will vote on the 26th on the proposition of subscribing $50,000 towards building a railroad from New Berne to Wilmington.

The information possessed by our State Superintendent of Public Instruction shows an increase in the number of children at school in the State.

The Hittsboro Home says a colored preacher sold a lood of cotton at that place, along with the wagon and horses, and skipped with his wife's daughter.

The Messrs. Fries, of Winston, the Daily states, shipped a lot of goods to China a short while since. We are pleased to see our home enterprises prosper so.

Rev. Dr. Basil Manly, one of the professors in the Baptist Thbological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., was probably seriously assalted by foot pads, in the suburbs of that city.

We see from last week's Fayettevilth Observer that the Cumberland county jail is without an inmate.—That speaks well for the law-abiding people of that good old county.

A negro was knocked on the head at Gastonia and robbed of $5. We defy anybody to rob many white men to say nothing of negroes, of that amount around here.

Two thieves attempted to enter the house and steal from Mr. T. C. Bryan, near Greenville. They were discovered and fired upon, but not captured, we see from the Reflector.

We note with pleasure that Col. R. B. Creecy, editor of the Elizabeth City Economist has been elected president of the Elizabeth City Fair. The stockholders could not have done better.

We see from the Charlotte Hornet that a large party of emigrants took the train at that place for Arkansas, the other day. They will, in all probability find that "there is no place like home."

Mr. C. C. Hinton, a drummer, eloped with Miss Mamie Cowell, of Washington, and they were married at the Merchants Hotel, in that place. The old folks need not object, for it does not stop the young folks.

This eloping business is becoming quite popular. The Catham Record says a young man in that city by the name of Calvin Dezerne, eloped on last Sunday night with the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. John Thomas. A note was left by Dezerne stating that they were going to Moore county to be married.

The new hotel at Tarboro is drawing Northern visitors. The people from the colder sections of our country will find fewer pleasanter places in which to spend their winters than Tarboro.

We see it stated in the Fayetteville News that Mr. J. H. Benton will soon begin the publication of a newspaper at Dunn, on the Short Cut. That thriving new town already has a good paper in the Signboard.

Elizabeth City is to have a new semi-weekly newspaper, to be edited by T. B. Berry, at $1.00 per year. That town will then have four newspapers. The Star suggests that they probably meet the demand.

The Wilmington Star now publishes an evening edition for the purpose of meeting the Carolina Central trains, the schedule on that road having changed. The probabilities are that the Messenger will do likewise. Wilmington has two good dailies.

The Elizabeth City Economist says James Right a little boy was shot in the thigh by some careless deer hunters. That paper also says little Clyde Harrell, son of Mr. Jas. Harrell had his foot and right leg crushee at the mill of B. I. Hassell, so that it was taken off.

John Sullivan, the Boston slugger, continues his brutal tour in Ireland. The most decent people "over the waters" appear to take considerable interest in this whisky-swilling boxer. The way to become popular and noticed is to be a boxer or base ball player.

Charles Crittenden, a professional gambler, was shot and killed at Greensboro, by a revenuer named Morgan. They had been gambling in a bar-room under the McAdoo, and came up to the sidewalk quarreling. Crittenden shot at Morgan first and the latter then shot him three times.

Capt. Haywood Clark, we see from the Tarboro Southerner, has resigned his position on the W. & W. R. R., to take the position as agent at Tarboro of the Hamilton Railroad and Lumber Company. He was one of the most genial, clever men in the employment of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad Company. We wish him success in his new employment.

We see from the Charlotte Chronicle that a big cotton factory is soon to be established in that place. The industrial development of the State is great, and we hope to see it continue until every frabric, almost, that is worn by our people is made in our own borders. There is no reason why North Carolina should not become a great manufacturing State as well as a great agricultural State. We rejoice to see manufactures established at our doors.

The Weldon News tells of the peculiar manner in which a horse was killed. It says, Saturday night was very dark, and Mr. J. B. Bishop and Eugene Davis were traveling in opposite directions on the same road, a few miles from Scotland neck, when the horses collided.—The shaft of the vehicle in which Mr. Davis was riding struck Mr. Bishop's horse in the chest and penetated so deeply that the animal was almost instantly killed.

It encourages people sometimes to see what other people in the same line of business have done. It is for that purpose that we so often reproduce what the farmers of different sections have accomplished. The Sanford Enterprise says John T. Glass and wife, near Tempting, made with one mule, this year, 10 bales of cotton, 29 bbls of corn, 42 bushels of wheat, 15 bushels of peas and 62 gallons of syrup. Who can beat that farming.

It is Shame.

First Foot Pad—Poor Jim's dead.

Second Foot Pad—So I heard—shot through the heart by a gent he tried to rob.

Yes, sir. It's an outrage; a bloody outrage. These ere perlicemen ought to be court martialed.

What fer?

For not enforcing the law against carryin' concealed weapons.—Omaha World.

Rough on the Editors.

Editors are in bad luck. Seven girls horsewhipped an Indiana editor of the Kansas City (Mo.) Times, was assaulted from the rear by one Ed. Corrigan, knocked down and beaten, and robbed of his pistol. At New Iberia, Louisiana, J. B. Lawton, editor of the Enterprise, was shot in the chest. A Mexican editor has since been put it jail. A hot time all round for ye men of the Fabers.—Wilmington Star.

Master of His Own House.

A husband who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed. "Come out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin;" screamed his gentle companion. "No, madam," he replied calmly. "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house!"

Wanted to Be a Pirate.

Washington Irving in his early youth had a longing to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experiences. He began by eating salt pork. That made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards. That made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away.—Chicago Herald.

The Wrong Time of the Year.

Sunset Cox is supposed to know a great deal about Turkey, but he can't teach this county anything at this season of the year.

WILSON ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One Inch, One Insertion.....
" " One Month.....
" " Three Months.....
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CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stockings,
All over the land to-night,
Hung in chosen corners,
In the glow of crimson light
The tiny scarlet stocking,
With bows in heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys,
The darlings have to go.

And heaven pity the children,
Wherever their home may be
Who wake at the first gray light
To an empty stocking to see.
Left in the faith of childhood,
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's sight will fall.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Christmas bells are gaily ringing
Hear the merry laughing chime
Happy thoughts their p. ais are
Of the joyous Christmas time
Every heart is agree rejoicing,
Clear and high their pealing rise
Shout, ye people, lift your voice
And Hail the birth at Christ the K.

"Peace on earth" [illegible]
Comes to man the [illegible]
Listen, how all hearts are thrilling
With the strange and mystic [illegible]
Now the notes full soft and tender
Dropping downward thro' the air,
Dreary hut or house of splendor
All the greatness message share.

Now again triumphant sounding
Jubilates high we raise,
Gift to man, with love abounding
Christ's nativity we praise.
Rising, sinking, dying, swelling,
Ring, ye bells, throughout the [illegible]
All your cheerful music telling
Of the Christ-child's wonders.

Pile on the Christmas [illegible]
Higher and higher;
Cheerily, cheerily
Crackles the fire.

Now let the bells ring [illegible]
Merrily, merrily.
Now let the children shout
Cheerily, cheerily

Let no harsh voices sound
Drearily, drearily,
Let not but joy abound,
Merrily, merrily.

Now let home-voices [illegible]
Brimful of meaning,
Now let bright eyes shine
Radiantly beaming.

Herald of future bliss!
Joyously dawning.
Hail to thee! hail to the
Bright Christmas morning!

A Polite Dun.

A Dakota newspaper printed the following a[illegible] of an editorial column: [illegible] item of news we might [illegible] that our wife is building [illegible] on Walnut street, and as a matter of business we will also mention that she says we may continue to board with her if we build a coal box to hold the winter's supply and continue to carry water for the household. Of course we can carry the water, as that only costs muscle; but the coal bo[illegible] gering us. This is not [illegible] a dun, yet we feel call[illegible] say that if we had the [illegible] vs on subscriptions we c[illegible] that box and thus be [illegible] quarters for the winter. If delin[illegible] subscribers should call and settle, fear of death by starvation or freezing will be obviated."

Our Liberties Go[illegible]

Better keep your head [illegible] continues the conduct[illegible] Lansing train as he pas[illegible] a coach and saw an old [illegible] his head thrust out.

It was slowly drawn i[illegible] owner turned to a man [illegible] behind and asked: W[illegible] does it do to put my he[illegible]

You might knock som[illegible] egraph poles down.

Oh, that's it! Well, if they are so mighty 'fraid of a few [illegible] I'll keep my head in. That's [illegible] on the railroads since that new law went into effect.—D[illegible] Press.

It Ought Not so t[illegible]

By reading closely [illegible] Superintendent's report [illegible] found that the white pe[illegible] behind the colored s[illegible] average attendance at [illegible] this is continued it is [illegible] predict the result.—Lan[illegible] change.

The Right Pl[illegible]

John Nichols, it appears, sides with the Republican's in Wa[illegible] That is where he belo[illegible] called independence is a misnomer.—Raleigh News Observer.

Bad on a "Pa[illegible]

What is the Republi[illegible] in the Senate? Ridd[illegible] is not a very large one, but it will be sufficient when the Senator is not paired with John [illegible]—Florida Times-Union, Dem.

True Courage [illegible]

President Cleveland has won the praise of his bitterest political enemies for the exhibition of moral courage in his message. True courage is admired no where else on earth more than it is in the United States.—Augusta Gazette, Dem.

A Loose Jaw

Congress has opened for business. Onwith the dan[illegible] lest it be unconfined.—New [illegible] yune.

A Whiskyloo.

Macon Prohibitionist—The Atlanta election was a Waterloo.

Macon Anti—No, it was a whiskyloo.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A Greedy Monster.

An "Infant Industry": Age does not wither it, nor custom stale its infinite rapacity.—Phil. Record, Dem.

A Little Patriot.

Ah my son, said the minister, I'm glad to see you in the Sunday School at last. Is this your first Sunday?

Yes, sir.

How do you like it?

Oh, I guess I kin stand it until after the Christmas tree.

He Don't Do It You Know.

Did you ever see a doctor kick a banana peel off the sidewalk, or tell an acquaintance that he was sitting in a draught.—Somerville Journal.