CAMPAIGN.

THE ADVANCE FROM NOW UNTIL JAN. 1st FOR ONE DOLLAR.

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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

THE OLD PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILDREN.

How the little chaps puzzle a fellow to answer their questions.—The effect of home teaching.

These little chaps do a world of thinking. Our little three year old grandchild told her mother she didn't want to go to heaven. 'Why not?' asked her mother. 'Why, because there's no floor up there; don't you see. I would fall down and hurt myself. And I don't want to kiss Miss God, either.' I was sitting at a breakfast table of a hotel the other day and opposite me was a good looking couple with their little girl between them. The father seemed in a hurry and left. The little girl said, 'Mamma, you better hurry up, or you won't get to kiss papa—he is going to slip off from you again.' We all smiled, and the mother blushed and took the little tell tale away quick. They are watching and thinking when we do not know it, and so it behooves us to be careful and do right.

'Papa, if you had to be an animal, what animal would you like to be?'

These children ask a world of questions and it takes about half our time to answer them. Sometimes it is very perplexing, and the subject is above comprehension, but still it wont do to tell them so. It is better to answer and give them something to catch on to. The fireside is a better school than the school room. The highest and holiest duty of a parent is to educate his children at all times and in every way that he can. Read aloud to them anything you can find that will interest or entertain them.

'Papa, if you had to be an animal, what animal would you rather be?' Well, I didn't know, and so we all discussed it, and they tried the canary and the mocking bird and the elephant and the lion and horse and cow and pea-fowl, and at last settled down on a five hundred dollar dog. The birds had to be kept in a cage, and if they were free the boys would shoot at them or break up their nests and catch their young. The elephant was hunted down or had to go round with the circus. The horse had a good time with a good master, but he couldn't stay in the house and lie by the fire and be caressed like a dog. The dog has more sense than any other animal, and more affection, and comes nearer being one of the family. The lion is called the king of beasts and maybe he is the king of wild beasts, in majestic appearance, and in strength of voice, but that is all. He has not half the sense or sagacity of the elephant or the horse. In scripture the horse is at the head of the list, and is the only animal that has a place in heaven, so far as we know. The dog has no character at all. 'Am I a dog?' said Goliah to David. 'Cursed is the price of a dog.' 'Beware of dogs.' 'Without are dogs and sorcerers.' 'The dogs shall lick the blood of Jezebel.' There is not a good word in all scripture for the most faithful and affectionate creature in the whole wide world, and so I suppose they didn't have a good breed. There are so many mean trifling kinds that we still say 'as mean as a dog,' and the boys say 'dogon you' and 'dog my cat' and 'I'll be dogged' and the story books are full of pretty stories of good dogs. 'Love me, love my dog' is an old proverb. Alexander Stephens had a dog that he loved dearly, but nobody else loved him. And when the man was asked why he was so attached to that cross snarling cur, he would say 'I love him because he loves me.' Nobody loves other people's dogs, but they will fight for their own.

And so the children decided that it was best to be a good, intelligent, faithful dog, and lie by the fire in winter and play with the children in pleasant weather. And all this talk brought up the old belief in the transmigration of souls. This was the faith of the Egytians, of Plato, and of that great and good man, Origen, whose Christian piety and learning gives him a prominent place among the fathers of the church. Plato and the Egytians believed that the soul was always changing its abode, and when the flesh died there was some other animal just born to receive it. That it took ten thousand years for the soul to go through all of the lives of all created things and after that it spent a thousand years in hell among the wicked spirits, and then was purified and sublimated, and became a part of God. What an idea! Just think of the soul of a man living in a fish-bait, or a dune-bug, or a tarantula, or an alligator. But Origen did not believe in that foolishness. He believed in evolution. He was the first great evolutor. He believed that the soul began low down in animal life and was climbing higher at every change until it was enclosed in a human body and made in the image of God and given free will and a chance to attain heaven and divinity. If it preferred sin and lust, and surrendered to the temptations of the evil one, then it lost its chance and became an evil spirit—a demon—and occupied the forms of serpents and swine and other malicious animals. 'And the serpent was the most subtle of all the beasts of the field and said to the woman thou shalt not surely die.' 'And the evil spirit went into the herd of swine and they ran down into the sea.' And the Lord sent an evil spirit upon Saul.' It is wonderful how many beliefs there have been in ages past and how many there are now. But they all recognize a Great Creator and the existence of good and evil. They all recognize punishment for sin and man's free agency to be good or bad.

But the Christian religion is now the established religion of the progressive, intelligent world. Even the Jews admit that much. He will not dwell outside of it. Under its kind influence he is protected and prospers. It is the light of civilization and it is growing brighter as the years roll on. Whether this Sabbath morning be the anniversary of the resurrection or not this Easter sun gives light and hope and faith to many lands and myriads of people it did not a year ago. It is more rapidly advancing than ever before, and is destined to enclose the world in its loving embrace.

Then these children wanted to know what man I had rather be if I had to be somebody else, and that put me to thinking. Of course I had to give it up, for while there are many men whom I believe to be better and smarter and more useful and whose prospects of heavenly rewards are far ahead of mine, yet I don't know it. A long time ago when Judge Underwood was in his prime and aspired to be governor, and was in every way worthy of it, he said to me: 'Major, I believe there are a great many men who would make a good governor, but I don't know it. Now as I know that I would, it becomes me as a patriot to seek the office.'

And so I didn't know who to swap myself for. One thing is certain, I would not swap myself for any politician, or lawyer, or millionaire, for they all have enemies, and I don't want any. I might make a trade with Doctor Battey or Doctor Calhoun, or some great physician who has brought relief to suffering humanity. I could name some preachers to whom I'd give boot, and I know some teachers whose long life of usefulness would tempt me sorely. I met one the other day in Oxford, Alabama, whose unpretending labors for twenty five years has turned out upon the world more noble men and women than any one man I know of. Professor Dodson has set his mark upon tho youth of old north Alabama, and is beloved by all who know him. He has built up and established his own college. He owns the building and grounds, and for years has had his house full of pupils who board with him and and have his kind parental teachings both in the school-room and by the fireside. Twenty five of his graduates are preachers, and scores of them are teachers, and every year he sends out another lot of young people with their characters established—their principles fixed. They make good citizens, good husbands, good fathers. Blessings on the man who has done this, and is still doing it, and is happy in his work. Oxford is a thriving town, and has good merchants and a large cotton trade, and a perfect gem of a hotel, but my conviction is that Professor Dodson's institute has done more for its real welfare than all other causes combined. Yes, I wouldn't mind swapping with him. What a pitiful thing it is for a man or woman to be born and live to an old age and die without doing for anybody but himself.

BILL ARP.

Keep the Money at Home.

Work steadily for your home interests. Trade at home; help your home dealer; patronize home industries, home-factories and every thing which you consume that you can possibly get there. Don't send your money off to other places, where you will not have a chance to get any of it again, but buy everything at home. By so doing you will not only help to build up the town and make your neighbors more prosperous, but will help yourself in the same proportion.—Asheville Sun.

A Good Candidate.

Omaha Man—Seems to me old Lunkhead would make a good candidate for President.

Great Statesman—What's his record?

Hasn't any. Never wrote a letter, made a speech or expressed an opinion in his life.

Glorious! He would be absolutely impregnable.—Omaha World.

A ROMANCE.

THE STORY OF A FASHIONABLE NEW YORK WOMAN.

How She Attracted Rich People By Her Beauty. The Romantic Story of Her Life.

I don't dare to tell who she is, said an old New Yorker, but there is as pretty a little romance connected with a well known society lady, whose name is often seen in print, as a novelist ever put in a book.

In her girlhood she lived in a homely cottage on the outskirts of Newport, the famous watering place of the rich and fashionable. By her neighbors she was known as "the farmer's pretty daughter." He tilled the soil, furnished the big hotels with its products, while she milked the cows, and picked the berries that supplied his customers. The cottage was a favorite stopping place for ladies in driving, for they were always sure of a glass of cool, fresh milk and a luscious dish of fruit.

One day the old farmer forgot to leave a basket of strawberries that had been ordered by a rich old aristocrat named--well, call her Mrs. Van Brunt, that's near enough--and on his return home, told his daughter to take them to her rooms at the hotel. Kate was at first reluctant, for she was well bred, proud, and thought herself as good as anybody, money or no money.

She went, however, was cordially received, and left not only the fruit, but an impression that changed the current of her life. Mrs. Van Brunt had a young son, handsome, clever, and with a heart like a photograph plate. In the conversation that followed, the wit, beauty and sparkle of the pretty country girl were a revelation. It was an agreeable interruption to the monotony of their fashionable lives.

After this interview, Mrs. Van Brunt was a frequent caller at Little Cottage, and as often accompanied by her stalwart heir, who never failed to insist on seeing "the young lady who prepared such delicious berries and milk."

On one of these occasions, Mrs. Van Brunt, who had become very fond of the farmer's daughter, asked her if she would not like to go abroad, and be her guest for a couple of months. Of course, in any ambitious girl's mind there could be but one answer, and after consulting with her parents, she pronounced an unmistakable yes. All the arrangements being made, the trio, mother, son and rustic belle started on the trip.

From the very first, there was a flavor of love in the atmosphere. Kate suffered most; at least appeared to, for she knew "there was millions in it." To the young fellow, who was somewhat tired of ordinary flirtations with the city girls, it was an agreeable episode in his usually sluggish life. For awhile the old lady was blind. She had set her heart on a high matrimonial alliance in another quarter, and did not dream of danger as an outcome of the generous friendship she had shown the girl. Every day, however, strengthened the intimacy of the young couple and complicated the meshes of the web that Cupid was weaving. They became almost inseparable, traveling acquaintances looked upon them as betrothed, and finally the son frankly told his mother that he had made up his mind to get married.

The news came like a thunderclap out of a clear sky, and the storm that followen shook up the old aristocrat to such a degree that she threatened to disinherit him. Nothing remained but to return home as quickly as possible and send the girl back to her milkpans and cows. This was done, but shortly after reaching New York, the young man, worried by the opposition of his mother, was taken ill. The illness became so serious that his affianced determined to hasten to his side. She called at the house, but was refused admission. Again and again she applied to see her beloved with the same result, until one day, meeting the mother by accident, she confessed that she was the affianced wife of her son and demanded to see him as a right. The latter was now at the point of death, paralyzed and unconscious, and the proud aristocrat's heart relented. Possibly it was with the hope that the woman he loved best might be the means of restoring him to health. But it was too late. No sign of recognition occurred, and on the following day he died.

In her grief, the mother prayed forgiveness for the wrong she had done, and folded the country girl to her bosom as an adopted daughter. As such she was received into the family, the portion belonging to the dead heir was settled upon her, and in time she became a central figure in New York's best society.

Two or three years afterwards she became the wife of a foreign diplomatist, and now vibrates between the two continents, entertains and is regally entertained, and occupies a sphere to which she would, in any event, be entitled by virtue of her true womanhood.

They are Loaded.

Young man, you had better not try to flirt with a pair of hazel eyes It is a waste of time and dangerous. They are less susceptible than the blue, and once deceived do not pine away in grief, but rally for revenge and take it out in scorn. If you tackle them, you had better go in to win or leave the country; and while I think of it, I'll make another remark. When you woo and win and wed, you had better keep on wooing afterward or leave the country. It takes a power of love to do them.

Kind of Wives Wanted.

Lexington, Ky., has a theological shool, some of the students of which have provoked a great deal of criticism by attending the theater and by publishing in their college paper the following racy description of the kind of girls they want for wives: 'The buxom, bright eyed, rosy cheeked, full breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady withal in company is just the sort of girl for me, and for any worthy man to marry. But you, ye pining, moping, lolling, screwed up, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, consumptive, mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want more liberty and less fashionable restraints, more kitchen and less par or, more leg exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. Loose yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion, breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed."

Gambling and Preaching in Mississippi.

Down in Mississippi they believe innovations are dangerous, and they will not tolerate them. For years and years a citizen of one of the towns in that State has been running a gambling room and filling a niche which without him would have been an aching void. So long as he attended to the legitimate and highly reputable business of raking off for three of a kind and redeeming the remaining chips at their established value, he was in the midst of his friends.

But there came an evil day when he fell a prey to Christian faith, and he closed his gambling place and began holding meetings as an evangelist. This was too much for the sensitive community, so the ever-dutiful officials pounced down on him and arrested him for preaching without a license. Mississippi has her laws and her customs, and she does not propose to sit calmly by and see them violated, not even by a man with a good loyal past.—Chicago Times.

Uncertainty of Witnesses.

A friend writes us from Wilkesboro in regard to the testimony of a witness who was put on the stand at the late term of Superior Court to prove character.

The witness was asked, "Do you know the general character of——?" Ans.—"Yes." "What is it?"

Ans.—"Well, passing and repassing, entertaing and being entertained, in a social point of view, it is good; but in business transactions, where he is financially interested, and especially in regard to winding up dead men's estates, it is not good."

Witnesses, generally, are very uncertain.—Ex.

Ladies and Women.

Shortly after the war closed the negroes began to call each other "lady" and "gentleman," but in speaking of the whites they generally called them that "man" and that "woman." An instance occurred a few years ago in which General W. T. Sherman played a part. The General was sitting in front of his house one pleasant evening with some friends, smoking and talking, when a fellow as black as the ace of spades sidled up, and addressing the General, said: Is de a lady here named Johnson? No, said the General. Well, said the darkey, I think there must be a lady of that name living here, because she is my wife, and she is working for a woman named Sherman. — Washington Critic.

Not So Bad After All.

Mrs. Sellumgootz (who is reading a letter). 'My uncle Solomon hash had his shtore purned down, and he vash arrested for setting his goots on fire.'

Mr. Sellumgootz, 'Dat vas noddings, Sarah. Such dings happen to everybody in ter regular course of bishness. From dot oggeited tone of your voice, Sarah, I was afraid dot your uncle Solomon had been eating some bork sausages. I am glad dat my wurst fears vash not realized.'

A Bad Start.

Husband—Mary, I don't see why you allow the children to play dominoes as they are doing now.

What harm can it do?

A world of harm. It will lead on to gambling for money. When I was a boy my parents would as soon have had my hand cut off as to see me playing such a game.

Well, well, I'll tell them to stop. But why are you so cross to night?

I've just lost $3,000 in a wheat deal.—Lincoln Journal.

She Spoke.

Book Agent—How do you do, madam. Will your dog bite?

Madam—Wall, I reckon he will.

Book Agent—Would you have the goodness to speak to him?

Madam—Certainly. Sick 'im Tig, sick 'im!—Harper's Bazar.

He's Too Honest.

An Ohio man lived on one meal per day until he could pay a merchant the $78 he owed him. He is we believe, the only Ohio man who has not been suggested for President.

EDITORIAL TALK.

OUR BROTHER QUILL DRIVERS ON PASSING EVENTS.

Our Comments, Mingled With Those of Other Editors, on Politics, Farming, and Other Things.

It is time that the men who do the work in every campaign were keeping their eyes open.

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Benjamin H. Brewster, who was Attorney-General under Arthur's administration, is dead.

***

Attorney-General Garland is strongly backed for the Chief Justiceship of the U. S. Supreme Court.

***

We see it stated that Jefferson Davis is engaged in writing a book concerning the war. It will be an interesting and able book, we feel sure of that.

***

Senator Stanford is building a tomb for himself that will cost $100,000. What can a man do that more clearly shows the vanity of the man. That amount of money could accomplish great good if it was properly expended.

***

The Weekly (Sylva) Herald has completed its second volume. The Herald is an earnest worker in the Democratic cause and its increased subscription list gives evidence of its growing popularity. We wish it continued success.

***

The Charlotte Chronicle recommends three lawyers in North Carolina as candidates for the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Asheville Citizen truly says: "These are graceful but empty compliments."

***

The New Berne Journal is six years old. It is a paper specially suited to the people among whom it circulates. It is newsy and exerts itself to the utmost to build up that section of North Carolina. The people of New Berne should give the Journal a liberal support.

***

The Goldsboro Savings Bank has been opened and on the first day deposits amounting to $1,870.65 were made, we see from the Argus. The good that is being accomplished by these banks can never be estimated and we hope to see them scattered all over North Carolina.

***

The convention of the Third Congressional District will be held at Goldsboro, May 23d. There is little doubt but that Maj. McClammy will be renominated, though Col. W. J. Green and Thos. H. Sutton are both "perfectly willing" to serve the people in the capacity of Congressman.

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Of what avail is a prohibitory tariff on the goods manufactured by the "pauper labor of Europe" if our emigration laws allow this very "pauper labor" to land without let or hindrance upon these shores? The workingmen are groping in the dark on this question of prohibitory tariff.—Philadelphia Call, Rep.

***

It was nip and tuck at the Town Hall on Thursday night last. The first ward Republicans were announced to hold a council of war, but the Salvationists got possession and prepared to hold the fort against either the devil or the Republican party (some people claim that the two are closely allied.)—Washington Progress.

***

It is the fashion of shallow writers to call the friends of commercial freedom "dreamers." The dreamers are those who desire to cripple individual enterprise, to wall in the country in which they live, and who try to tax themselves and restrict themselves into a state of Chinese exclusiveness and Chinese prosperity. — Dayton Democrat.

***

The people of Kinston will vote upon the Local Option question in June. The Free Press urges, in a well written, earnest editorial, the preservation of peace and good will between the friends and opponents of the measure. The town was under the Local Option law for tweloe months and therefore a great many people there who are in favor of Local Option. The Free Press truly says it is unfortunate that the question should be agitated this year. Lenoir is a close county politically and anything that will divide white men is calculated to have a bad effect upon the Democratic party. We hope the people of Kinston will take the advice given by the Free Press.

Know well that education is the first requisite to progress in any direction. We are all willing to admit it is our duty to educate our children. But we are trying to do it by sending them to school during the few leasure months of the year. This plan will never meet with success. Whenever a man starts out on that plan, you may mark it down that his children will grow up in ignorance, to become the hewers of wood and drawers of water for his better educated neighbor.—Forest City News.

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The Southern Protectionist published at Carthage, N. C., by Mr. A. V. Dockery, is a Republican paper, but it bitterly opposes Sherman as the Republican candidate for the presidency. It says: "Should Sherman get the nomination, nobody need say we did it. Nobody will be able to say they helped to elect him.' It is given out from the Sherman boom headquarters that he is rapidly developing strength in the South, but we do not believe that he is doing so or that he ever will. His attitude towards the South has ever been that of hostility. He has uniformly opposed everything which had for its object the improvement of the South and its people, both in congress and out; he has hated, maligned and abused us ever since the war, and will continue to do so.—Rockingham Rocket.

Stuck on 'Em All.

McQuillen: 'I don't think there is anything which exercises such a refining influence on society as poetry. It sheds such a softening light on the rougher elements of our soul. Who is your favorite poet, Miss Foote?'

Miss Foote (Chicago): 'I don't know that I have any favorite; I'm just dead stuck on them all'.—Philadelphia Call.

Dakota Journalism.

Dakota Editor (to foreman)—'Are all the forms ready?'

Foreman—'Yes, sir.'

Editor—'Pistols and bowie knives, in good shape?'

Foreman—'Yes, sir.'

Editor—'Gatling gun ready?'

Foreman—'Yes, sir.'

Editor—'Then let the paper go to press.'—Tid Bits.

Don't Let Him Take Her.

You can take the witness, said the prosecuting attorney in a trial before an Arkansas court to the defendant's lawyer.

Judge, exclaimed a young man in the back part of the room, standing up on a seat and waving his hands wildly, don't let him take her! That witness has been engaged to me for more'n three years.—Chicago Tribune.

Ah! Yes.

One of our exchanges says that a new discovery has been made of an article five hundred times sweeter than sugar. It is about 18 years old and wears a bustle. This same discovery was made by our forefathers, except there was no bustle in society then.

Not an Expert.

Kittie, Oh, Fannie, Joe proposed to me last night.

Fannie, No; you don't say? Did he do it nicely?

Kittie, Yes—no—I, don't know I'm no expert.—Wash. Critic.

The Woman Question

A Richmond sister says: "I am tired of so much talk about the woman question. We have had our way in the past and intend to have it in the future."—Richmond Religious Herald.

Wise Precautions.

How is it you have so many young men call on you? asked a jealous girl.

Because, was the reply, father has the gout in one foot and the rheumatism in the other; besides, we don't keep a dog.—Judge.

The Lord Does Not Approve.

Whenever the minister preaches a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, nine times out of ten he has delivered one that the Lord won't fully endorse.—Carolinian.

'Doctor,' said the patent, 'I believe there's something wrong with my stomach.' 'Not a bit of it,' replied the doctor, promptly. 'God made your stomach, and he knows how to make them. There's something wrong with the stuff you put into it, maybe, and something wrong in the way you stuff it in and tramp it down; but your stomach is all right.'—Brooklyn Eagle.

A man thrown suddenly down by misfortune may rise again and go on to success. It was a fall not a failure. Failure creeps on a man by slow degrees, like an insidious disease, which gradually becomes chronic, and finally slips beyond remedy.

The Raleigh Visitor says Mr. Lee A. Denson, son of Captain C. B. Denson of that city has received an appointment in the Signal Bureau of the War Department in Washington city.

The Fayetteville Journal learns that there are fifty cases of the measles in the little village of Manchester, twelve miles north of that town.

Several of our exchanges suggest Morehead City as a suitable place to hold the next meeting of the press convention.

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.

Over $20,000 worth of tobacco was sold in the warehouses of Durham one day last week, says the Plant.

The jewelry store of Mr. W. L. Alley, Kinston, was burglarized several nights ago, we see from the Free Press.

A man has claimed and entered suit for the town of Aiken S. C. He claims ownership of the land upon which the town stands.

The Raleigh Visitor publishes a Report of the Raleigh Savings Bank at the close of business last Tuesday. The deposit account has run up to $52,664.10.

The Teachers' Institute will be held in Wayne county on May, 29. The Institute will be presided over by Prof. E. A. Alderman. Prof. E. P. Moses, of Raleigh, will be one of the assistants.

During the past three months, we see from the Baltimore Manufacturing Record, North Carolina has invested $3,000,000 in new enterprises. Who says the State is not going ahead?

A fire occured at Wade's, on the Short Cut railroad last Monday night. Mr. Alexander McNeill's barn and stables were burned together with a lot of corn and fodder and a fine horse.

Immigration Agent Patrick has received a letter from a Canadian manufacturing firm backed up by $1,500,000. They wish to establish a factory in our State for every description of wood work.

Martin McQuage was found dead with bullet holes through his head last Saturday morning a few miles east of Plainview. The deceased was supposed to have been in company with other young men who were drinking and there are suspicions of foul play.

Governor Scales has authorized the exchange of circuits of Superior Courts, by which Judge Montgomery will hold the April term of Cabarrus and the May term of Judge Connor, while Judge Connor will hold the Spring terms of Tyrrell, Dare and Hyde in place of Judge Montgomery.

Marshall Bradley, of the Supreme Court has served upon Gov. Scales a copy of a complaint in suit for some $150,000 against the State brought by Baltzer & Taake, of New York, on account of iron sold the Chatham Railroad Company in 1868. The case will be heard in the Supreme Court.

An exchange says that that Mrs. Grant is a rich woman. She has an income that ranges above $100,000 a year, we would suppose. She has in pocket $450,000 from the sale of her husband's book, and a pension of $5,000 a year from the people, interest on $250,000 raised by George Jones and others, and an income from $100,000 raised by G. W. Childs.

The Wilmington Star has this to say of a gentleman whom many of our readers know: Dr. H. E. Shepherd has been invited to attend the National Educational Association of San Francisco. He has engagements to lecture before the Teachers' Association next summer, and also before the Teachers' Association at Asheville. Dr. Shepherd is a distinguished son of North Carolina.

The Weldon News says Mr. G. E. Hunt of Ringwood, has discovered a paint mine on his place. The paint is a beautiful red in color, free from grit and contains more or less oil. Mr. Hunt says a cabinet workman has tried it and pronounces it to be superior to those paints now on the markets, and is willing to certify to that effect. The news further states that the same party has also found a gold mine on his place.

An exchange states that the books of subscription for the proposed road from Charlotte to Weldon will be opened on April 18th in the following counties: Mecklenburg, Cabarrus, Stanly, Montgomery, Moore, Chatham, Durham, Orange, Randolph, Wake, Halfax and Northampton. The books will be kept open for thirty days, when the parties holding them will report to the county commissioners the amount of stock subscribed, with the original subscription list.

Our people are late in finding out but it is nevertheless true that there is more money in our waters than in our lands. We had rather have a hundred acres of oyster or clam ground than a hundred acres of the best land in Eastern Carolina, and the best land would sell for 50 or 75 dollars an acre, and an acre of oyster or clam ground is fixed in price at 25 cents an acre. He that wants to invest in oyster and clam ground had better do so at once, under the present law.—Elizabeth City Economist.

At the last convention of the Episcopal church in South Carolina many lay delegates withdrew from the convention after protesting against equal negro representation. This has caused a serious disturbance in the Episcopal church in that state and the wisest of the laity and the clergy have been anxious to secure an adjustment of the difference. To that end a conference of leading men was held in Charleston Friday. A plan of settlement which provides for a separate missionary jurisdiction for colored churches was agreed upon. It is to be hoped that it will remove all cause for future differences.—Raleigh Chronicle.

AFTER THE REVIVAL.

He Was Careful Not to Injure the Church.

A few days after the revival was over Parson Whangdoodle Baxter met Sam Johnsing on the street.

'Is yer gwine to stick, Sam?'

'Parson Baxter, ef anybody offers to gamble on my not stickin' you can make money by takin' 'em up. I'se gwine to hold fast to de gospel tidings like a seed tick in de spring ob de yeah. I'se gwine to lead a new life till de lake where de wom is nebber squenched is friz ober wid ice thick enough to b'ar a train of keers loaded with railroad iron,' added the contrite darkey.

'I'se glad to hear you talk in dat strain,' said the old parson gravely, 'but kin yer pass by a yard after dark whare der is close hangin' out widout h'istin' yer leg ober de fence?'

'Look heah, yer don't 'spect me to become a saint in less dan two days, does yer? I'se a gospel infant what has ter be fed on high diet, but I tell yer I'm makin' ratlin good time on de road to de New Jerusalem, when yer looks at my record foah de pass four year.'

'How 'bout chickens?'

'De night after I had jined the gospel band I started foah home, an' I had ter pass down de alley what leads by de back yard of Colonel Yerger's house. I hadn't mosh dan got pass his yard when I found I was carrying one ob his Spanish breed of roosters wid big combs in each hand. Satan must hab shoved dem fowls in my hand.'

'Sam Johnsing, you is gwine to bring de church into discredit. Don't yer know Colonel Yerger is de only man who raise dem Spanish breed in Austin. Yer mustn't yield ter temptations wid chickens what kin be identified by der police.'

'Dat's jist what my conscience tole me. I was filled wid remorse as soon as I saw what kind ob poultry dey was. Besides dem ole roosters ate'n wuf a cent ter bile, so I lef' weest back an' put 'em right back whar I got 'em.'

'Bress de Lord!' said Parson Baxter.

'I put 'em back 'an took two young pullits what looks like any udder chickens, an' was just de right size ter bile.'

'Don't add sin', Sam Johnsing, to yer udder sins.'

'I can't tell a lie, Parson; but ef yer believe I ain't one ob de 'lect just come home wid me and hab some of de breast and de stuffin' for dinner. I kin smell dem briled pullits now.'

And this is how Parson Baxter came to eat his New Year's dinner with Sam Johnsing.—Texas Siftings.

A Morrisville Bustle.

A bustle, or rather a curious device, has been found, and upon its examination, I have been asked same hard questions. This wonderful contraption was constructed of telegraph wire and cotton ties, and was covered and stuffed with six copies of the Durham Daily Recorder, two copies of the News and Observer, two of the Wilmington Star, two of the State Chronicle, one of the Tobacco Plant, two of the Christian Sun and two of the Biblical Recorder. It was impossible to determine whether the owner belonged to the Baptist or Christian church, as the bustle had two copies of their State organs, but the politics of the wearer is fixed as Democratic by the large number of Democratic papers in the wonderful bustle, and that she went strong for the Durham Recorder. But whether the wearer was a hand in cotton culture or a telegraph operator is now shrouded in mystery. The article will be preserved as the nucleus of a museum of such articles.—Durham Recorder.

The Best Book.

A young man wrote to the editor asking some questions; "I am just commencing business and have some young men in my employ. How can I manage to prevent insubordination on the one hand, and to make an affirmative success on the other? Are there any books that will help me? What are some of the best books for young business men to read?" The following suggestions were given in the answer: "The best single treatise is the New Testament; next to that is the Book of Proverbs of Solomon. The best business man we have ever known memorized the entire Book of Proverbs at twenty two, carrying the Tract Society's ten cent edition in his pocket, and committing half a dozen verses daily, and when he became an employer gave a copy of the book to every employee, with a friendly inscription, commending it as an admirable business guide."

He Didn't Want to Serve.

Judge Gary was hearing a case that called for a jury trial, and after the usual wrangling that always tries his patience the jury was selected and sworn. The Judge settled back in his chair, thinking that the case was fairly started, when up jumped a little German, who was sitting in one end of the jury box. 'Shudge!' he exclaimed. 'Well, what is it?' asked the judge shortly. 'Shudge, I don't t'ink I like to go home.' 'You can't go; sit down!' 'Shudge, I don't t'ink I make a good shuror.' 'You're the best in the panel; set down!' 'Well, Shudge' and the little fellow was getting desperate, 'I doan' speag goot English.' 'You'll not have to speak at all.' And Shudge, I gan't make me noddings out of vot dose vellers (indicating the attorneys) are talking abound.' 'That's no excuse. Neither can anyone else. Sit down!'—Chicago Tribune.

The Lincoln Courier says a negro was killed a few days ago near Mt. Holly by a falling tree.

The Concord Standard has donned a new dress of type.

ONE DOLLAR FOR THIS CAMPAIGN.

The ADVANCE will be sent from now until January 1st for One Dollar.

Our object in making this proposition is that we propose having considerable to say to the people during the campaign about the two parties. We propose showing up their records as clearly as it is possible for us to do and exerting ourselves to retain in the seat of government the Democratic party. We desire a larger audience than we now have—though we already have a large circulation—and we hope by means of this proposition to add many new names to our list. We expect furthermore to retain many of the subscribers we get from the campaign and it is by this means that we expect to get our money. The ADVANCE ordinarily goes for six months for one dollar, but by this proposition it goes about nine for the same money.

Will our correspondents and friends everywhere please make this fact generally known in their respective neighborhoods?

Will not all the friends everywhere, of the paper and the cause, now turn in and do a little solid work for both?

Will not the country postmasters every where incidentally remark, every now and then, in the hearing of the patrons of their offices, that the ADVANCE is going at a dollar from now until the 1st of January?

Will not Democratic Executive committeemen, county and township, canvass their territory a little and send us a few clubs?

We want a thousand campaign subscribers inside of a month. We will get them if the present patrons and friends of the paper will help us. Will they?

If anybody sends us a club of ten new subscribers, with the cash, we will send the paper free to that person throughout the campaign.

No name will be entered—no odds whose it is—until the money is paid. We can do very little more than pay expenses under this offer if we get the thousand subscribers and every one pays in advance, and we certainly cannot afford to have any deadheads in the enterprise nor and of the pay-you-in-the-fall fraternity.

Now, then altogether! and let's see what can be done.

Who Is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach of course. Why? Because if it be out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honest trial and see if it not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must drink, wait until your system is through with breakfast. Don't drink more and oftener in the evening and it will be better. If your food ferments and does not digest right, if you are troubled with dizziness of the head, heartburn, coming up of the food after eating, Biliousness, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's August Flower as no person can use it without immediate relief.

"Work, Work, Work!"

How many women there are working to-day in various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unremitting round of toil—who are subject to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard and burdensome and their lives shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weaknesses it is a cordial and a tonic. All druggists.

A capital stock of $15,000 has been raised for the establishment of a canning factory at Asheville. Operations will commence immediately.

A Sad Case of Sickness

is that of any man or woman afflicted with diseases or derangements of the liver, resulting in dyspepsia, accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, risk of consumption, and diseases of the kidneys, lungs or heart. These troubles can be cured only by going to the primary cause, and putting the liver in a healthy condition. To accomplish this result speedily and effectually nothing has proved half so efficacious as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which has been called to do the work claimed for it, and never fails.

The store of J. C. Brighton, in Smithfield, was set on fire Sunday night of last week, by an incendiary. The fire was discovered and extinguished before any damage was done.

Children

Often need some safe cordial or tonic to avert approaching sickness, or to relieve their pain, ache, sick stomach, diarrhœa, dysentery and griping pain incident to childhood. Let children take Simmons Liver Regulator and keep well. It is a vegetable, not unpleasant, prompt and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicines.

William T. Taylor, of the Fayetteville State Journal, formerly treasurer of Cumberland county, died

A man came very near drowning at New Berne last Tuesday.