

“LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT, BE THY COUNTRY’S, THY GOD’S, AND TRUTH’S.”

## BILL ARP'S LETTER

### THE BABY SHOW AT THE HOME FAIR.

The bad and good things of life equally distributed. "Blood Will Tell." "Bummer." "Sherman Would Catch it if he Went Down."

We have all got to take the bad with the good. If there is any earthly pleasure that is not mixed with pain, I don't know it. The young people had just as well get reconciled to it in advance and prepare for it. I don't mean pain of body altogether, but disappointment and pain of heart.

I was thinking about this when I saw in the papers that one of our grandchildren had taken the prize at a baby show at the Home Fair. I knew that the mother of that boy was proud, and I could see her calm and dignified satisfaction as she meandered around her home and looked upon her boy and she could almost hear her thoughts as she said to herself: "Why, how could he help it?—the little darling! There were some mighty sweet babies among those twenty-five—some splendid babies—but I knew all the time that if those judges had good sense my boy would take the premium, and it would have been the same thing if there had been a thousand babies, and she carried herself around with a queenly dignity that was highly becoming to maternal pride.

But by and by the reaction came. She heard that one disappointed mother said: "Well, those judges didn't know a thing about babies. They are all business men and hardly know their own children when they meet them on the street. The judges ought to have been women—mothers, who can tell the difference between one baby and another." And another mother said: "Well, for the life of me, I couldn't see what there was in that little monkey faced child. There was a dozen babies I would have selected before I would have ever noticed him." And what was worst of all she got an anonymous letter that said: "If some of the judges hadn't been akin to you, your child wouldn't have stood a ghost of a chance, and a good deal more of an advantage and a good deal more of an advantage."

Well, there is something in what one of those disappointed mothers said. Women are the best judges of children—especially of babies. If a man holds out his arms to a little child, and it goes to him and laughs and claps his hands, he feels flattered. He thinks he must have a kind, attractive face, and the child is smart enough to know it. I never did like a child that wouldn't come to me. It is a reflection on my physiognomy; and so I reckon that was the secret of our little poster getting the premium. But the joke of it is, that the next day a prize was offered to the ugliest baby, and the one who had to have the prize on the first day for being the prettiest, was dressed up in old clothes and presented with a dirty face and tangled hair, and took the premium without any trouble.

## DIET AND WATER FOOD.

### Hard Times Knocked Into a "Cooked Hat."

A writer in the Washington Post gives an account of a recent interview of a most remarkable character with Edison, the inventor. In this interview Edison is made to describe a new machine which he calls the nutritor. This machine, the writer says, has accomplished the problem of combining the natural elements so as to manufacture wholesome food. Edison is made to say in this interview: "In ten years my machines will be used to provide the tables of the civilized world. Meat will be no longer killed and vegetables no longer grown, except by savages, for my methods will be so much cheaper."

Mr. Edison then exhibited samples of food which he said he had made from dirt in his cellar and from water taken from the water pipes in the house. The writer says: "He led me down a pair of stairs into a light basement room, where a swarthy looking man was busy about a big machine, an iron vessel holding about a barrel, attached to something that looked like a hydraulic press. The shelves were lined with chemicals and there was a small battery in the corner, from which one wire went to the vat. A kerosene lamp burned under a sort of retort. That and four crooked pipes, with handles, were all that was visible.

"How is it now?" said Edison. "About 53," replied the man. That was all. We returned to the room above. "I shall simplify that machine one half," he said. "You will find that I can turn out at least five tons of food of various kinds every day. I have already made eighteen kinds of food. I will tell you something if you will not say a word till I say 'go ahead.' All food comes, of course, primarily, from the earth. The plants and fruits we eat come from the moist ground; and the animals we eat live on the plants, or on other animals which the plants have kept alive. So all food comes from the elements stored in the earth, air and water. You eat a grain of wheat, for instance. The wheat is mainly composed of a few gases and salts that last year were lying dormant in the earth, the air and the water.

"It occurred to me that this process might be hastened; that instead of waiting a year for nature to collect those elements into an organic seed I could collect them in an hour, or perhaps a few minutes, and arrive at the same result by combining them organically. This I have done. I first find out what a particular kind of food is made of. There are sixty-five simple substances in nature; that is, substances which we call simple elements, because we have not yet succeeded in proving them to be compound. I am afraid your readers will not generally understand what I am going to say. If you use it, be careful to take it down verbatim.

"There are sixty-five elements Carbon is the king of these. It is the great organizer. It is never absent from any plant or animal organism. It is at the base of almost everything. It is the key to my discovery, for it possesses the peculiar capacity to form molecules from its own atoms. The diamond is pure carbon, so are graphite and charcoal nearly pure carbon, though they are so different. Sugar and starch belong to the hydrocarbons, and I cannot understand why their manufacture of earth and water hasn't been hit on before. I form all my meat compounds by exposing three elements in a red hot state to nitrogen gas, though I use different kind of which I get from the earth. I have had to bring from Westchester County some argillaceous soil not found here.

"I can make a wine, and have made it, with New Jersey earth and water that no man can tell from Chateau Yquem. I find that these elements combine at the lowest temperature that have the same atomicity—that is, the same bonds by which they unite with one another or with compound molecules. The great invention has not been hit on before because analytic chemistry has received too much attention to the exclusion of synthetic chemistry; men have been more devoted to learning than to doing. Lavoisier was just on the edge of it and missed it. Sir Humphrey Davy, Liebig and Faraday were all in sight of it and suddenly turned aside. They succeeded in making urea out of the elements and several other organic substances, but they stopped at that. They overlooked the simplicity of this thing.

"I think that after some years New Yorkers, for instance, will no longer eat meat or vegetables. They will not send to the tropics for fruits or to Europe for wines, because the head of every family, by turning a

## AFTER THE FIGHT.

### THOUGHTS THAT COME AFTER THE CONTEST.

Editorial Squibs on the Political Situation.—What the Advance Has to Say of the Results.

It's a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. Well, we carried Wilson, don't you fail to remember. Booble vs. Principle.—As a matter of course Principle came out second best. Our "chicken roosters" did their crowing last week anyway. They "got there" on the State and county.

Wonder who will be the Postmaster in Wilson under Harrison? Not Jack Sharp, we pray to the good Being. The good times promised by the Republicans is heading this way. We hope it will not be struck by a cyclone before it reaches here. There will be no more conscientious and earnest men in the Legislature than Nathan Bass. He will make a true representative of a true people.

The South will be once again a dependency upon the "Bloody Shirt" North. We expect now to see that tattered old garment returned to active service. This Senatorial district is to be congratulated on the men it sends as representatives to Raleigh. King and Sills will be two useful men in that body.

We hope no Democrat in any county will put his name on the bond of any Republican. If that party cannot bond the officers it elects, let Democrats fill the offices. Every true Southern heart is pained at the defeat of Grover Cleveland and the manly, honest policy he represented. How many sad hearts there are in consequence of the results brought about by booble.

The State Chronicle has done the best campaign work in the contest closed last week, of any newspaper in the State. It strikes us. That paper has been in the thickest of the fight and deserves well of the people. Stock in the Central Pacific Railroad went up when the election of Harrison was conceded. "Straws show which the wind blows." The Republican party is undoubtedly the friend of the monied corporations.

The thing for the people of the South to do is to build up their own waste places; to build up manufactures in our midst and become as nearly as possible thoroughly independent of the North. Let the South become "Solid" in other respects as well as politically. The people of North Carolina have decided once again that the present system of the county government is necessary for the protection of the Eastern counties. The contest was made on that issue and the verdict was as might have been expected—in favor of the present system.

The Internal Revenue, of course, will be immediately repealed when the Republican party comes into power. We say of course it will, because the orators of that party have so often proclaimed their intention of doing so. The officers connected with the system will not influence them at all, everybody knows.

The ADVANCE desires to do every man justice. We learn from a poll holder at Sautonsburg that Col. George W. Stanton did not vote for Cheatham, the negro candidate for Congress. We are told that Jack Sharp, the ex-Postmaster, did not vote for Cheatham and that none of the white Republicans in the county did. The negroes appear pretty well when they vote but they are not good enough for their white associates to vote for.

A Reliable Remedy. Alcock's Pore Purifiers never fail to give speedy proof of their efficacy as the best external remedy for Weeb Back Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colic, Conges, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Spleen, Liver and Stomach Affections, Strains and all Local Pains. They have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities as well as by voluntary and unimpeachable testimonials from thousands who have used them.

Ask for Alcock's, and let us explain our solicitation induce you to accept a substitute. "William Weesback, you are charged with having beaten your wife." "The charge is correct, your Honor." "What are you smiling about, then?" "I have reason to smile, and in all the scrapes we've had, this is the first time I haven't come out second best. Have a cigar, Judge."—Nebraska State Journal.

## A DREAM OF THE STAR.

### A Beautiful Thought From one of Chas. Dickens Works.

Once upon a time, there was a little boy, and a little girl, who was his sister. Their devotion to each other was wonderful, each sharing the joys and sorrows of the other. Like all other children they asked many questions, and when they were alone, were always wondering why things were so. They wondered at the beautiful, full clear sky that smiled down upon them. They wondered where the gentle rivers went, on whose banks they gambled. Indeed they lived as it were, in wonder-land. As they came home in the twilight they would talk to each little star, as it peeped timidly out to see if all was ready for its coming. They wondered if all things would be sorry if they were to die. "Surely they would," they said, for the waves are the children of flowers; the little rills that flow on with their merry ripple, are the children of twinkling stars; the children of the blue sky. Now if we die, surely all these other children would miss us. "Among all the stars, one brighter than the two little children, for which they would stand at the window, and watch it as it shone down on the old church, and they would say, "God bless the star," and then would bid it good-night. By and by there came a time when the boy and his little sister were lying on her death-bed. He would turn to the pale, patient face, and together they would say, "God bless the star." One night he looked out at it weeping, for it was shedding its pure light down on a newly made grave. Then he dreamed that on the rays that came to him through his star, he saw angels descending from the open star, and bearing his little sister up to the world of light. He wanted to follow, but the angel said, "Not yet," and he woke to find the star shining. After this, he would think of the star as his future home where he would meet his sister. Soon a little babe was born to gladden the heart of the sorrow child, but it too, left this world for one of purer light. Then the stars opened again, and the angels descended as before, and he heard the voice of his sister's angel say, "Is it my brother," and they said, "not he, another brother," and he cried, "Here I am sister, take me." Then awakening he saw the stars shining. When the boy grew to manhood, he was sitting over his books one day, and a messenger came saying, "Your mother is no more. I come to bring her blessing on her darling boy." About that night the star opened, and he saw the company of angels coming to bear the mother to her two children. He heard the voice of his sister again, "Is it my brother?" and the angel said, "Not yet, it is the mother." Then he cried, "Here I am sister, take me," but the star closed, and when he woke the star was shining. Years after, when he was a young man, on those face he seen, the star opened again, and the angels came for his beloved child. "Is my brother come?" asked his sister. "Not yet, but a maiden daughter," answered the angel. But the old man cried, "Here I am sister, take me." Again the star closed and seemed to shut from him the light of his life. Soon the aged man became ill, and his children gathered around him whispering, "He is dying." "Yes, he is dying." Then a holy light shone on his face, and he exclaimed, "I see the star, thank God for the star where I will be united to those I love." And the star was shining and still shines upon his grave.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

### A Proclamation by the President of the United States.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God for His goodness and mercy which have followed them since the day he made them a nation and vouchsafed to them a free Government. With loving kindness He has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and greatness. He has not visited upon us the punishment of our short coming, but with gracious dependence upon His forbearance, and that obedience to His holy law is the price of a continuance of His precious gifts. In acknowledgement of all that God has done for us as a nation, and to the end that on an appointed day the prayers and praise of a grateful people may reach the throne of Grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November instant, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed throughout the land. On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupation, and at their accustomed places of worship, and with prayer and songs of praise render thanks to God for all his mercies, for the abundant harvests which have rewarded the toils of the husbandman during the year that has passed, for the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and their marts of trade and contentment within our borders and for our advancement in all that adds to national greatness, and mindful of the effective goodness of thanksgiving, which have our land has been visited. Let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God, acknowledge his mercy in setting bounds, to the deadly march of pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow countrymen who have suffered and mourn; and as we return thanks for all the blessings which we have received from the hands of our heavenly father, let us not forget that He has enjoined upon us charity, and on this day let us remember the poor and needy so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the city of Washington on the first day of November, 1888, and in the year of independence of the United States the one hundred and thirteenth. In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. (Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND, By the President: T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. E. J. Cheney & Co., Proprietors, 70 N. W. W. The undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. W. A. Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

## How all the wrong defined and denounced in these scriptures has been fulfilled in the recent wheat deal at Chicago!

The poor are forced to pay an exorbitant and unfair price for flour or do without it, while one man has pocketed millions without toil as the reward of his diabolical shrewdness. Millions are forced to pay two dollars more per barrel for flour than it is really worth that he may hoard money which he never fairly earned. The whole transaction is antagonistic to God's Word and Spirit, and thoroughly contrary to a sound public policy, however acutely it may be defended by men engaged in similar proceedings of oppression and robbery.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor.— Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to every consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C. 181 Pearl St. N. Y. 1-26-88 6mo

## 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.

Rev. O. W. Hayward has taken charge of the Mr. Airy News. Peru has ratified the treaty of commerce and navigation with the United States. Great destitution prevails in Dakota because of the failure of the wheat crop, and an appeal is made for aid. Mr. J. T. Wilkins, of Durham, got a Vermont writ through an advertisement in a matrimonial paper. Wonder if she was a schoolmarm? Americans have captured fifteen diplomas, twenty-six gold, six silver and three bronze medals, at the Brussels International Exposition.

The peasant trust with headquarters in Norfolk, Va., which controls ninety per cent, of the peanut trade of the country has dissolved. The Cherokee Indians, about 1,800, who have a home in Western North Carolina, will remove to their reservation in the Indian Territory this month. A San Francisco jury estimates a man's leg at \$50,000, at least that is the verdict given George Smith, whose legs were paralyzed by an injury. There are \$402,000,000 in mortgages on land, lots and chattels in Illinois, of which \$142,000,000 are in farm mortgages. How's that for the "Glorious West?"

The surplus annually collected from the people, for which there is no use, amounts to \$125,000,000. This is a tax of \$10 upon every family in the United States. The farmers of Northwestern Ohio have formed a cabbage trust and refuse to sell for less than five cents a head in the field. That's the kind of a trust to help the farmer. A fire in Shelby last week destroyed four brick stores valued at \$10,000, and stocks of merchandise, etc., valued at \$30,000. Total \$40,000. Insurance, less than \$20,000.

There is a man in Liberty township, Randolph county, who is now a widower for the second time, and he is not yet twenty-one years old, and we are informed.—Graham Gleason. The monument to Capt. R. A. Stowell will probably be put up in Oakwood cemetery, Raleigh, on the 15th of November. It is of granite and of great size, though not lofty. It will stand about ten feet high. Mr. Gerald McCarthy has been appointed Botanist to the State Experiment Station. The station will now conduct a series of experiments to show the purity of grass seeds and the percentage of germination.

Willie Kilby, one of the inmates of the Oxford Orphan Asylum, was accidentally shot and killed last week by another inmate of the institution. "He didn't know it was loaded." The pistol that did the deadly work was buried from a boy near the Asylum, contrary to all rules. The News of Oxford, in commenting upon the occurrence, says: "Boys, it is not nearly to have a pistol. It is cowardly! It shows that you want to kill someone or somebody. Read above of the dreadful result of a little boy's having a pistol. 'Don't you think the boy who owns that pistol, as well as the one who borrowed it, and the one who let it go off and kill his little companion and room-mate, wishes he never had seen such a thing. Then go right now and throw yours (if you have one) away.'"

A Sad Story. The child coughed. The mother ran. No remedy was near. Before morning the poor little sufferer was dead. "Morse" always keep Dr. Acker's Remedy at hand. There are five ladies in Mante that weigh 1,140 pounds together. Mrs. Frank Riven weighs 240 pounds, Mrs. Blanch Fortes 230, Mrs. W. W. Mrs. J. T. Daniels 220 and Mrs. Nancy Dough 200.

Right Name for His Adored One. In speaking of the girl to whom he was engaged he referred to her as his "finiance." "You mean your fiancée, I suppose? It is pronounced feen-ahn-say." "I don't care how it is pronounced; this girl is my fiancee." She is worth a hundred thousand dollars.

Eczema, Itchy, Scaly Skin Tortures. The simple application of Swann's Ointment without any internal medicine will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Sores, Pluck, Scours, all Scaly Itchy Skin, Eruption no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective and costs but a trifle. "Clarence, dear," said the girl, anxiously, "what in the world do you suppose papa would say if he knew you drank beer? You know how very strict he is." "But he doesn't know it, darling," responded Clarence, reassuringly; "we had a drink to get back to-day, and we both took whiskey."—Lida.

## FOR ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK—

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The Wilson Advance  
FOR 1889.