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The Wilson Advance

FOR 1889.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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FOR ALL KINDS OF

—JOB WORK—

SEND YOUR ORDERS

—TO THIS OFFICE.—

BILL ARP'S LETTER

HE TALKS SENSIBLY OF THE TREES.

They Speak of the Creator of the Universe and Teach us Humility.

On the third day of creation God made the trees. Out of the ground he made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food.—The tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge, of good and evil. The sacred scriptures abound in notable mention of trees—beginning with, as Milton says, "the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death unto the world and all our woe." That tree of life seems to have been a plant from heavenly gardens, for St. John's vision he saw a river of water clear as crystal proceeding from the throne of God, and near by was the tree of life, which bore twelve manner of fruits, and the leaves of that tree were for the healing of the nations. Solomon in his wisdom, spake of all the trees from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. But Solomon, too, was something of a vandal among the forests, for his 4,000 hewers made sad havoc with those beautiful trees. There are no cedars on Mt. Lebanon now and even in the sixth century Justinian could not find enough timber there to roof a single church. When Isaiah was thundering his fearful prophecies against the Assyrians, he said: "The trees of thy forests shall be cut down save a few and a little child shall count them," Joshua in his last days called the priests and officers together under the shade of a tree and made them to choose between God and Baal and he planted a stone under the tree as a witness of their promise. Absolom was suspended in the boughs of an oak and was slain as he ought to have been. Some of the strongest metaphors in scripture are drawn from the trees. "The wicked spreadeth himself like a green bay tree." "As the tree falleth so shall it lie." "A good tree brought forth good fruit."

In all the ages those have been notable trees that commemorated notable events.—Some of them still remain in England for the tourists tell us of Shamble oak that is thirty-four feet in circumference, and is 600 years old. It was called shamble oak because about three centuries ago a butcher hid some stolen sheep in its hollow. There is Greendale oak, 700 years old, that is propped up on every side. Lords and ladies used to ride through the hollow of the arch at its base 200 years ago. Then there is Parliament oak, under whose shade Edward I. held a parliament in 1290.

But our famous charter oak has gone. How old it was no one knows, but it lived eighty years after the charter of Connecticut was hidden in its hollow trunk. The poets drew many of their best inspirations from the trees. Horace wrote his pastoral odes as he reclined, "sub tegmine fagi," and said:

"Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty."

Shakspeare said: "Our life finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." One says.—"The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants."

Our own George Morris says:

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bow:
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

The great Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, "Every man, sir, owes a debt to his ancestors—a debt, sir, for the trees they planted: trees that are now giving us fruit and shade—and that debt he should pay to posterity. Let him plant trees for those who are to come after him, and the debt will be discharged." Forty years ago there lived a man in Rome, in our state, who, for the love of the beautiful and the good, planted water oaks around the squares set apart for the churches. That good old man is long since dead, but the trees live to give abounding shade and to adorn the beautiful temples that have been erected there. He paid his debt. The year before Judge Warner died our eminent chief justice, he visited the home of his youth in New England. He did not stay long, and on his unexpected return explained by saying: "I found but three companions of my youth—only three—and one of them was in the poor house. I thought that some of those people had heard that the youth who left there fifty years ago had become a chief justice in Georgia, and would do me some honor, but no sir, they had other business on hand, and I was nothing but a poor old man. They jostled against me on the sidewalk and said, 'Look out old man.' But I took comfort in the trees, my friend, the magnificent elms that helped my father to plant around the churches and along the sidewalks. We did it for the love of beauty and not for pay, and as I rested underneath their shade felt that they were my friends, and their long branches waved and bowed to me in the gentle breeze. I am proud that I planted them."

How plaintively did poor Tom Hood lament the destruction of the trees in his tender and graphic verse—

"Twas in a shady avenue, where
lofty elms abound,
And from a tree there came to me,
A sad and solemn sound.
Among the leaves it seemed to sigh
Amid the boughs to moan,
It muttered in the stem, and then
The roots took up the tone.

* * * * *

'The woodman's heart is in his
work,
His ax is sharp and good,
With sturdy arm and steady aim
He smites the gaping wood
And well to him that tree might
breathe
A sad and solemn sound—
A sigh that murmured, overhead:
And groans from underground,"

What a beautiful, sad thought is expressed in another poem, when he says:

"I remember, I remember,
The fir trees, dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

William Cullen Bryant said: "The groves were God's first temples. * * * This mighty oak, by whose immorable stem I stand—not a prince in all the proud old world, ever wore his crown as loftily as he wears the green coronal of leaves, with which Thy hand hath graced him." Man is a rude, rough creature, and makes fearful havoc with the trees. If there is money in a tree he wants it. But woman has a love for the beautiful, her heart nestles among the trees and the flowers and the vines. For forty years I have been intimately acquainted with a lady whose happiness it is my pleasure to promote.—Four times I have changed my habitation, and for her sake always chose a grove rather than a house. "We can build a house," When General Sherman invited us with shot and shell to leave our house in Rome, Mrs. Arp sent the faithful Tip back to beg him not to cut down our beautiful trees.—General Vandiver, who occupied the house, took the message kindly and said the trees should not be harmed nor the dwelling either, and invited her back to occupy it.

He was a gentleman, he was. How could he help it for he came from Maryland. There was a beautiful grove of Spanish oaks around our late dwelling in the country and my philosophic eye told me there were too many trees and that some ought to go for the thrift of others. It was a clear case of the survival of the fittest.—But Mrs. Arp clung to them as a mother clings to her children. She could not spare a single tree. In course of time she left us on a visit to her kindred and like a vandal I hired help and upheaved several of those trees that living did languish and languishing did live. We carried away every root and branch and chips and sign recovered the ground with grass and left no mark. The children and servants kept my secret, and for two months she never missed them. One evening while sitting on the veranda the flying squirrels began to meander among the branches of an oak and as she watched them I saw her bewildered thoughts at work. "Why, where is the tree the squirrels used to fly to from that right hand limb?" she said. "Don't you know they used to run to the top of that limb and sail to a tree that was right there—yes, right there." She looked at me with her inquiring eyes and I smoked my tranquil pipe and called the dog and played possum but the children could not keep calm and serene and their tell-tale looks betrayed me. I've been wondering," she said, "how it was that I could see those hills and Mr. Munford's house so plain. I do believe you have cut down half the trees in the grove. I won't dare to leave home again; and then the children all take sides with you and keep your secrets. But never mind, I will pay them for it and you too." I bought her some flowers next day and diverted her thoughts. There is nothing like diverting a woman's thoughts.

How much of character there is in trees. Away down in our low grounds there was a huge red oak that had died from lack of company. It was seven feet in diameter, and without a branch for fifty. Two great limb towered aloft and bent their long arms as if calling the land to prayer. For years they reached toward us, and I felt as Moses did. As long as those arms were up I would prevail against my enemies. One gloomy morning I looked that way, and one of the great arms was gone. The good prophet was failing me at last and I felt like there was some calamity impending. There is a splendid oak in our meadow that is so proud and lofty and stands so firm on its broad base and has such graceful, leafy curves upon its high top that we named it Roscoe Conking, and not far away was a large black locust that the poison oak had wound around, and its sharp veonmous thorn defied all loving approach. "What shall we name that tree?" said I to Mrs Arp. "Sherman," she said. "He loves to sting and seems to hate everybody." Mrs Arp does not love Sherman. An old unlettered man who had learned much from observation, said to me; "Providence was very kind in making the trees to grow by laps at the top instead of stretching up the body. The limbs of tree never get any higher from the ground, and so the three chops or the fore and aft blaze that the surveyor made fifty years ago is just where he put them—no higher, no lower. If the chops that were made when the tree was small had climbed with the tree, we would have to run the lines with a ladder now. Some of them would have run out at the top I reckon, unless a pole had been stuck up for them to run on, like the Texeans do their old steers when the wrinkles on their horns run out to the tips."

"But how did that grape vine reach the limb on that poplar?" said I. "It swings clear for fifty feet.

"That vine," said he, "is as old as the tree. At first it clung to the limbs or twigs near ground. As these decayed the instinct of the vine made it reach to a higher one, and then a higher one still, untill it climbed to where you see it. That limb is dying at the end and the vine will go higher. All the trees that have long trunks were full of branches when they were small and young." I was traveling with a northern woman to Brunswick and for the first time in her life she had a view of the piney woods from the car window. She went into rhapsidies over the beautiful forests of long leaf pines, and said "I declare I never saw anything so strangely charming, but I do think they have trimmed these trees too high."

These piney woods of the south provoke a world of thought. There are millions of acres of these trees that are of uniform age and that age is just about one hundred years. Did they all grow up together and have an even start? Was the ground they now occupy unoccupied before they sprang from their mother earth? Was it all an open prairie? Did Dame Nature wait until she knew our sixty million of people would need timber for houses and bridges and fences and railroads? When they are all cut down what will be the next rotation. Forty years, ago a pioneer in the iron business in our county cut away the timber on all the hillsides around him, and left the mountain slopes all bare, but not barren. They are now covered with nearly as much timber as they had before. Nature reproduces and protects herself. If there is prairie that will generate a tree, it is because there ought to be. Let us not be alarmed, for Providence is always kind. Nature makes no mistakes, and if we do our duty her laws will protect us even against human waste and the wanton destruction of her bounties and her blessings.

BILL ARP.

Terrible Forewarnings.

Cough in the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chillness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of Consumption. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for consumption will cure these fearful symptoms and is sold under a positive guarantee by Dr. W. S. Anderson.

The "Solid South."

The efforts of the Republican party to break up the "Solid South" is like the movements in a town to build a new jail, The people met and resolved—

1. To build a new jail.
2. To build it of the material in the old one.
3. That the prisoners should be kept in the old jail while the new one was being built, and
4. That the new jail should be built on the site of the old one.—Charlotte Democrat.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has has caused such a general revival of Trade at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers so many free trials of Dr. Kings New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact it always cures and never dissappoints. Coughs, Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured, You can test it before bying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warrented.

PUBLIC PRINTER.

Favors the Re-election of the Present Encumbent.

Two years ago the Legislature elected Mr. Josephus Daniels, editor of the State Chronicle as Public Printer. We favored his election then, and we are pleased to favor his re-election, not only after his two years of experience as Public Printer, in which official capacity he has served with ability and fidelity, but after giving the people of the State one of the very ablest, boldest and best Democratic weekly papers, the Chronicle. Mr. Daniels ought to be continued in officer, for two excellent reasons: he has the experience and ability and he deserves the office.

The able work of the Chronicle for Democracy in the 4th Congressional District is clearly manifested. Two years ago the district appeared to be almost hopelessly Republican and John Nichols went to Congress with an overhelming majority. His election was a disgrace and calamity to the District. The Chronicle took him to task determined that he should not return to Congress. A tussle with this unscruplous but influential demagogue was no child's play. The Chronicle handled him with singular sagacity and courage, he is defeated, the District is overwhelmingly Democratic and in our judgement it owes its restoration to a large extent to the Chroncile newspaper.

But the wholesome influence of the Chronicle is not confined to that locality. It is a State paper, and during the last campaign, it was the most aggressive and enterprising paper in State politics, that has come from the Capital in years. It made the Radicals howl. No higher eulogy can be given a Democratic newspaper in the State, than to say the Radicals were afraid of it. We hope and believe the incoming legislature will re-elect Mr. Daniels, State Printer, because of his eminent service to the party. The Chronicle is strong, it can be trusted, and Democrats ought to heartily sustain it.—Sanford Express.

An Explanation.

What is this "nervous trouble" with which so many seem now to afflicted? If you will remember a few years ago the word Malaria was comparatively unknown, to-day it is as common as any word in the English language yet this word covers only the meaning of another word used by our forefathers in times past. So it is with nervous diseases, as they and Malaria are intended to cover what our grandfathers called Billiousness, and all are caused by troubles that arise a diseased condition of the Liver which in performing its functions finding it cannot dispose of the bile through the ordinary channel is compelled to pass it off through the system, causing nervous troubles, Malaria, Billious Fever, etc. You who are suffering can well appreciate a cure. We recommend Green's August Flower. Its cures are marvelous,

After the Preachers.

As if preachers were hard pushed for topics several of them have recently announced among other subjects. "Boycotting the Dead," The Great Oil," the People who are Going There." "Taken by the Throat," Use your Eyes," "Beware." "Off goes the Roof." "Up comes the Man," "Can you Trust Trusts?" These titles compare favorably with the blood curdling titles of the sanguinary dime novels. Imagine Paul to announce as his subject, "Eutychus—the fellow that tumbled out of a window!"—Christian at Work.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It sguaranteed to give a satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts per bottle. For sale by A. W Rowland.

The Value of Her Love.

Lancaster, Pa. jury awarded the great sum of eight dollars to Jacob W. Hollinger because Wallace D. Evans had made his wife fall in love with the latter. What a comfort a jury brings to a bleeding heart—an eight dollar plaster.—Wilmington Star.

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

Promptness.

First a cold, then a cough, then consumption, then death. "I took Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption the moment I began to cough, and I believe it saved my life."—WALTER N. WALLACE, Washington.

A BRAVE GIRL.

HOW SHE PROVIDED FOR CHRISTMAS.

We Should All Learn How to be Useful and do Something for Those Around us.

"Maybe the store will pay better than you think, mother."

Little Lucy Glenn spoke hopefully. "The store" was her own idea for helping her widowed mother, who had not, appearantly, any great expectations from it. "But then," reasoned Lucy, "Mother doesn't expect much from anything,"—which was quite true. Poor Mrs. Glenn's spirits were pretty low in these days.

"The store" consisted of a few fancy articles, which were displayed in the front room of the Glenn's little cottage, the only inheritance, besides his honest name, which had been left to his family by Lucy's father, when he had died, three months ago.

"We shan't starve, anyway," continued Lucy, who loved best of all things in the world to see her mother's face brighten, and who observed that it did not brighten up very much after the remark about the store, "the garden yielded first rate, you know. There are plenty of potatoes and beets and cabbages, and then there's the cow, and hay for her; and there's corn for the meal."

"We haven't sold five dollars worth since the store opened, and that is ten days now," said Mrs. Glenn hopelessly. "Allour friends have bought everything that they are going to buy, and strangers arn't going to tramp way out here to buy a roll of tape or a spool of cotton, when it is so much more handy in town. I don't realize how few people went by here, nor how hard it was for them to stop, till we set up out store. It's more than a mile from town, you know, Lucy. You ought to have some new clothes. It seems as if I had patched everything as far as it would stand. But I can see we shan't get much out of the store for clothes. I did hope that we could have a little Christmas out of it,—but—dear me!" She broke down with a sigh.

Even Lucy's bright homely freckled little face lengthened to hear those doleful words. She went on braiding her long red hair without speaking. She seemed to be watching very hard her little brother and sister, Davie and Bessie, who were playing out in the yard; but, in point of fact she was not thinking of them at all. A "great scheme" had suddenly occurred to Lucy's mind.

The next morning she sat down with her mother's work-basket beside her, and began to cut off pieces of the large roll of crash toweling which formed part of the furnishing of the store.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked her mother.

"I've got an idea, mother," replied Lucy, feeling a great pride which she tried not to show out. "I know you will like it, but I don't want to say anything about it, till you see how it works, You will trust me, won't you?"

Lucy was only twelve but she had been her mother's companion so much that she seemed a great deal older.

"I'll try," said Mrs. Glenn, "Only don't do anything rash."

Lucy laughed.

"You'll like it if it is rash," she answered, and she kept on sewing. She could hem towels as well as Mrs. Glenn herself.

A few mornings after this conversation Lucy pulled a stout little express cart, which had been Davie's last Christmas present from his father, and packed into it a good stock of merchandise from the store.

"I suppose" said her mother, doubtfully, "that you are going from door to door in the villiage, and try to sell those things; but people don't like pedlers, and you mustn't expect any luck."

"It's better than staying here, and getting awful tired and lonesome watching for customers that never come." said Lucy, bravely, and looking up into the clear blue October sky. "The store is sick of being neglected and not amounting to anything. It has started out for itself, mother. It is going out into the world and make it's fortune, like boys in books."

Her mother could not help a little thrill of admiration as she saw how bravely Lucy tried to cover the nervousness which made her hands shake, with laughter and light words. She had not the heart to say anymore to discourage so valiant a little spirit; so off went the child, and her mother, with a prayer in her heart, watched the plucky little head with its long red braids, till they disappeared round a curve in the road.

The first house that Lucy to was very large and white, and it had great pillows supporting the roof to the porch in front.

"Shall I go to the front or the back door?" she asked herself. Suddenly the story came into her mind of the old man in the Scriptures, who went into the highest room first, and then had to step down lower; so she knocked at the back door. She knew that the rich Mrs. Wilder lived in this house, and that she, like most of the village people, knew all about the Glenn's and their troubles. She could not help thinking that Mrs. Wilder would buy something.

"Mrs. Wilder is busy," said the maid who came to the door. "She dosen't ever want to see people with things to sell,"

"Please tell her," began Lucy eagerly, "that I'm Mrs. Glenn's little girl."

Mrs. Wilder overheard these words and now came to the door herself.

"Oh, are you?" she said kindly. I know Mrs. Glenn. She is a good woman. What have you in that cart?"

"Some towels that I hemmed myself," cried Lucy, who beamed under the friendly word, "yet I sell them for just the same as if they were not hemmed. Then here are large rolls of tape—not the little, old-fashioned rolls, you know,—and"—

Lucy went on telling over her wares with an honest enthusiasm which was very pleasant. Mrs, Wilder finally bought a dollar's worth of goods.

"You see," said Lucy, as she bade Mrs. Wilder Good-buy, and trudged along, "we have had a little store for two or three weeks now in our front room, but folks did not seem to like to come so far to buy things, so the store thought it would start out for itself."

Lucy's little conceit amused Mrs. Wilder just as it had amused Mrs. Glenn.

"That was a capital idea," she said.

It was five o'clock that afternoon when Lucy reached home, She was so tired and excited that she could scarcely speak, but she poured a pile of bills and change into her mother's lap and pointed to the empty cart.

"Nearly seven dollars' worth sold, mother!" she panted out. "And everybody wanted the towels. May be we shan't have such a forlorn Christmas after all."

"There is clothing to be bought first of all," sighed Mrs. Glenn, to whom the money looked suddenly very small. "And then if the store is to be kept up, we must keep buying new goods. A good part of this must go for a new stock,"

"But I'll sell some more to-morrow," insisted Lucy,—"or, no, I'd better hem some more towels first,—And I have a good day's work more I can do in the village. Then I don't really know what to do, for most of the kind people have bought something, and I don't want to go to the cross people again."

Her mother sighed and shook her head.

"You can't scare me with looking so forlorn, mother!" Lucy laughed. "Wait till to-morrow and I'll go to hemming. And maybe by the time I have been quite around the village I'll think of something else."

Lucy had the right spirit, but by a few days later, when she had carried out all of her programme, she, too, felt rather sad, The family had to have new shoes all around, and some groceries had been bought. A carefully new selected stock had been laid in for the store, and the money was gone.

November came on. Lucy had been knitting edging and mittens, and making simple fancy things, thinking that when she went out, however, of presenting herself as soon at the doors of her friends, with the cart in tow, seemed improper to her. But again she had an idea.

It was, perhaps, three weeks after her first visit, that she knocked again at Mrs. Wilder's door.

"What! that little Glenn girl again!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilder, rather impatiently. "I'm afraid she's going to be a regular bother."

"She aint no cart along, mum," said the good-natured maid. "She says she only wants to spake wid ye, mum."

"Well, what is it?" inquired Mrs. Wilder, appearing before Lucy's excited little face a moment later.

"I was only going to tell you, Mrs. Wilder," began Lucy, quiveringly, "that in about a month I will be around again with things such as I had before, and I shall have a good many things besides,—like baby's socks and mittens and handkerchief cases, for Christmas presents, that mother and I are making. I only wanted to ask you to please wait, if you could make it convinent to wait till I come around if you want any such things, You see," Lucy went on, gaining courage as Mrs. Wilder began to look interested, "mother did not think that I could sell the things at all, and she was blue enough. She thought we couldn't buy any warm things for winter, and that we couldn't have any Christmas nor anything. But I earned money enough to buy a good many things when I was around, and now I am hoping to get enough more to buy all we shall want for winter and have a little Christmas b sides. Of course, we couldn't be very happy without father, but we can try and have things the way he would like to have us. Oh, mother believes now as much as I did in the store's starting out for itself."

Mrs. Wilder stroked the red braids kindly.

"You dear, plucky little thing!" she said. "Of course I'll wait."

To one after another of her customers went Lucy with her simple story. "I was afraid you might buy all you wanted before I came around," she would explain earnestly.

Some received her as Mrs. Wilder had done: some indifferent; some thought it was "a good deal to ask that they should put themselves out for her," (there always must be some disagreeable people in the world, I suppose!) but, on the whole, Lucy felt quite encouraged, and went home to hem towels and make pincushions and tidies, with great hopes in her heart. She loved to do the work even if she never sold it.

It was a chilly, gloomy December morning when Lucy and the cart started out again. She had a good deal better assortment of goods now than she had had at first, and she had a very much better knowledge of how to go to work. She looked up the sky fearfully when she started. Davie and Bessie were longing for snow, but Lucy did hope that it wouldn't snow till she had had time to get quite around the village with the store."

"I don't see but you will have a fine Christmas," said Mrs. Wilder, as she looked at the dainty things in Lucy's boxes. "You have surely worked hard enough to deserve it." She bought recklessly of the trimmings and tidies and thread and note-paper.

"Well," said Lucy, brightly, "I know it will be better than if the store had staid home, like a lazy thing, and hadn't started out for itself.

They both laughed at the carrying out of Lucy's little joke, and as the child sped off lightly down the road, Mrs. Wilder looked after her and said, "Bless her dear, independent little heart! She shall have a Christmas! And all the village people will be glad to help her about it, I know."

"'Twas the night before Christmas,"

but old Santa Claws was not supposed to be about just yet. Mrs. Glenn sat, with her children around her, by the fire, listening to the blast outside, and very thankful that the store had "started out for itself," for they were very comfortably provided for, for at least some weeks to come, and there was a Christmas gift for each member of the family, safely stowed away out of sight while a nice joint in the pantry promised a savory dinner.

They had just been saying the One Hundredth Psalm together, —even little Bess could repeat it, —thanks to Lucy's energetic teaching.

"'A joyful noise," said Mrs. Glenn. "That means a song. Lucy's being 'God in the refuge of his saints,' and we will all join in it."

Lucy was the best singer in the family, and she was just striking up the dear familar old hymn when suddenly there was a knock at the door. There stood a man. He was the village teamster, Nicholas Vichard, and his cart was standing in front of the gate.

"Good evenin', Miss Glenn," he said briskly, "I 'pear to have quite a load of things for you."

"Why, I haven't ordered anything," began Mrs. Glenn, in consternation.

"No. Mr. Richards; you've got wrong house," began Lucy promptly.

"Guess not," declared Mr. Richards. "This big turkey has a card on it, 'for Mrs. Glenn,' and here's a box, another box, and one, three, five bundles, all marked 'For Mrs. Glenn,' and here's a barrel of sugar and another one of flower, and here's a ham, and a couple of chickens, and here's a mess of other things, Guess that's all. Good night, Mrs. Glenn, and a Merry Christmas to all of you. Looks 'sif you'd have it, if presents could make it!" And with a broad grin on his face Nicholas Richard departed.

"'The Lord is good His mercy is everlasting,'" quoted Mrs. Glenn, with tears running down her cheeks. "It is beyond our poor knowledge. How could I have distrusted Him?"

Lucy sat pale and weeping, too.

"What does it mean, mother! "What does it mean!" was all she could say.

The little ones, however, tore open the bundles. Sentiment never overcomes small children, especially of Christmas Eve.

In one of the bundles was a dark brown dress-length for Lucy, a blue one for Bess and a black one for Mrs. Glenn. On a card attached to Lucy's was written, "For Lucy Glenn, from some of her customers who love her for her goodness and intelligence which she has shown in helping her mother."

Then they understood Nicholas Richard's load of goods.

There was a suit of clothes and a warm little overcoat for Davie, and warm new shalls for all the rest; packages of tea, coffee, crackers, canned meats; tumblers of jelly; figs, oranges, lemons,—oh, the things couldn't be set down in an hour, which were contained in those boxes and bundles, and they were given in such a way that not even Mrs. Glenn's proud spirit could feel hurt. She did not wonder that people loved and admired her honest keen-witted little Lucy. Mrs. Glenn felt a good deal that way herself.

"If father can see us now," said Lucy, as they rose from their bountiful Christmas dinner, "how glad he is! And how lucky that we did set up the store, after all, instead of going out to scrub and sew, as you thought maybe you would. To be sure, the store did not seem to be much of a success as long as it staid here, but as soon as it started out for itself it seemed to please everybody!"

But it wasn't the store. It was the honest, noble-hearted little girl behind it, who pleased "everybody."

A Narrow Escape.

Col. W. K. Nelson, of Brooklyn, came home one evening, feeling a peculiar tightness in the chest. Before retiring, he tried to draw a long breath but found it almost impossible. He suffered four days from pneunomia, and the doctors gave him up. Dr. Ackers English Remedy for Consumption saved him and he is well to-day.

"He Speaks his Thins"

It seems that some parties have become offended at articles which have appeared in The Sun recently. The editor is personally responsible for everything that appears in these columns, and earnestly requests those who do not like his style to come up and lick him out of his boots He wears number elevens, and has considerable reputation as a kicker.—Magnolia Sun.

Advice To Mothers

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arrising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle

THE SENATORSHIP.

Who Will Succeed Our Senior Senator.

Material from which our Legislature is to select a United States Senator is abundant. Senator Ransom, Alexander, Jarvis and Waddell are all eminently qualified for the position. Those who favor Senator Ransom's re-election believe that the present Republican majority will be aggressive; that his experience during eighteen years' service is of peculiar value and gives him great advantage over new and untried men; that it is not expedient just now for North Carolina to dispense with the services of Senator Ransom, a cultured gentleman, and a sagacious statesman. The matter is beyond the reach of the press and the members-elect of the Assembly, have the ability and wisdom requisite to give our State a worthy representative, and we shall abide their decision.—Charlotte Democrat.

Take it in Time.

"For want of a nail, a shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, a horse was lost; for want of a horse, a rider was lost." Never neglect things. The first signs of pneumonia and consumption can positively be checked by Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption.

They Decorate

Olive Harper says: There are women who must decorate or die. I know one who gilded the wires and sewed velvet in the family mouse-trap. She afterwards put plush around the rolling-pin, painted a beautiful sheaf of wheat on it and tied it with a gorgeous yellow bow, and then was astonished to find that the cook wouldn't use it to roll out pie crust with, and she thought it showed a reprehensible look artistic hate.

She is "Grateful."

"I saved the life of my little girl by a prompt use of Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption:" —MRS WM. V. HARRIMAN, New York.

The Only Thing to do.

There is but one thing for Southern Democrats to do in the future. We should draw the Democratic lines all the closer, and against internal division or external pressure keep the party ranks unbroken. Winston Sentinel.

For the blood use B. B. B.
For scrofula, use B. B. B.
For catarrh, use B. B. B.
For rheumatism, use B. B. B.
For kidney troubles, use B. B. B
For eruptions, use B. B. B.
For all blood poison, use B. B. B
Ask your neighbor who has used B. B. B. of its merits. Get our book free filled with certificates of wonderful cures.

Look Out for the Present.

But whatever may befall us in the future, the present is what we have especially to deal with, and our duty to ourselves and to our country demands that we do all we can to build up the South. It is a great land, a great people; it has progressed far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, and its growth is steadily increasing, and it must be in the future far more prosperous than it is, for its industrial growth is yet but in its infancy. This effort should not be confined to any particular locality, but the move be made all along the line.—Fayetteville Observer.

Letter From the Ex-Sheriff of Chautauqua County, New York.

Mayville, N. Y., Dec, 2, 1885.

I am glad to say, through a long personal experience with Allcock's Porous Plasters, that I am able to endorse all the good things that have ever been said about them, and supplement these by saying that I frankly believe their value cannot be estimated. The breadth of usefulness is unlimited, and for prompt and sure relief to almost every ache and pain that flesh is heir to, no other remedy, in my opinion, either external or internal, equals them in certainty and rapidity. I have used them at one time for rheumatism, another for backache, again for bronchitis, always with the same result—speedy cure.

L. T. HARRINGTON.

L. L. Polk has been appointed to go to the Paris Exposition as the North Carolina representative of the National Farmers Congress.

Our Candidate for President.

He will be nominated by the convention and elected by the people, because he will come the nearest to filling their ideal of a Chief Magistrate. Electric bitters has been given the highest place, because no other medicine has so well filled the ideal of a perfect tonic and alterative. The people have endorsed Electric Bitters and rely upon this great remedy in all troubles of Liver, Stomache and Kidney. For all Malarial Fevers and diseases caused by Malarial Poisons, Electric Bitters cannot be too highly recommended. Also cures Headache and constipation. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50c and $1 at W. Rowland's Drug Store.

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.

A. H. Daly Esq., of Seven Springs, had his flour and grist mill destroyed by fire, on Tuesday night of last week. The work of an incendiary.

There are 1,700 persons who receive a small share of the money appropriated to pay pensions to Confederate soldiers and their wives and children.

An exchange says that Capt. S. B. Alexander, president of the North Carolina Farmers' Alliance discountenances the starting of co operatives stores in the State.

The Danbury Reporter suggests to farmers to try the experiment of raising rice for their table use, if not for market. New ground is considered the best adapted for this crop.

The State Grange met at Kinston a short while since. We note with pleasure that our friend Willis R. Williams, Esq., of Pitt county was re-elected, as master of the State Grange.

There will be a convention of North Carolina pensioners at Raleigh on January 22d, 1889. This convention is simply for State pensioners who were wounded in the Confederate service.

The Raleigh Evening Visitor chronicles the fact that a genuine wild deer passed through the northern part of the city a few days ago, and that a fox was recently captured in the yard of her citizens.

A very apt definition was given of covetousness by Bishop Granberry in his thanksgiving sermon when he said: "Covetousness is a dyspeptic hunger which cannot be satisfied. The more it eats the more it wants."

New Justices of the Supreme Court—A. C. Avery and J. E. Sheperd—will be sworn in January 1st and will take their seats on the bench February 1st. Governor Fowle will hardly be inaugerated before January 20th.

The Franklin county Alliance resolved not to buy guano in jute sacks. The jute bagging trust is being run to the wall, and the Farmer's Alliance have done the work. The Alliance will be very apt to continue in checking robbery.

The Farmer's Alliance continues to grow. This week the work of organization begins in the seventieth county. By midsummer of 1889 there will no doubt be sub-alliances in all the ninety-six counties, and the State Secretary's promise of 100,000 members will be made good.

There will be five eclipses in 1889 a total eclipse of the sun January 1, 1889, partly visible in North Carolina, the sun setting eclipsed. A partial eclipse of the moon January 16th and 17th between 10, o'clock p m., and 2 o'clock a. m. visible in this State.

Reducing the Surplus.

The disposition of the Surplus in the U. S. Treasury engages the attention of our Statesmen, but a vital question has our attention, and that is the reduce of the Surplus consumptives. Since the discovery and introduction of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, there has been a marked decrease in the mortality from that dreaded disease, and it is possible to still further reduce the number of Consumptives. How? By keeping constantly at hand a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and using according to directions, upon the appearance of the first symptoms, such as a Cough, a Cold, a Sore Throat a Chest, or Side Pain. Taken thus early a cure is guaranteed.

Trial bottles free at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store.

From the following statistics, reported at recent sitting of the annual conference, held at New Bern, some idea of the strength and work of the Methodist E. church in North Carolina may be gained: Membership, 89,152, a gain of 2,607 over last year. S. S. Scholars, 58,722, a gain of 5,836. Educational fund, $2,722.05, a gain of $128.05. Paid Conference claimants $3,779.30. Bishop's salary, $1,912,53.

To have good health medicine is necessary occasionally. As a family medicine we can recommend Laxador, the great regulator, and advise all to have a package constantly on hand for cases of necessity.

We request all mothers to stop using laudanum for their babies, and use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, a safe medicine. It contains nothing injurious.

Mr. Jno. M. Moore, of Concord, showed us some old relics Thursday that are worth mentioning. The first was a copy of Potters Justice which contained the Declaration of Right and the Constitution of North Carolina, passed at Halifax Court House, in 1776. He also showed us a dollar bill of continental money, North Carolina Currency, printed in 1778. The bill is printed on white paper, and is about 2¼x4 inches in size. Mr. Moore also had a ten cent silver piece made in 1795.—Concord Times.

For cuts, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, frostbites, and chilblains nothing equals Salvation Oil. It annihilates pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.