REMEMBER!
--THE ADVANCE--
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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 19. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, NOV. 14, 1889. NUMBER 42

FOR ALL KINDS OF
—JOB WORK—
SEND YOUR ORDERS
—TO THIS OFFICE—

BILL ARP'S LETTER

OH! THE WONDERFUL WHIMS OF WOMAN.

How They do Make a Man Hustle. Fashion or no Fashion.

Oh these women, these women—they make me so tired. But it is a sweet service. Here I've been working in the harness for forty years and I don't reckon I would be happy if the harness was off. I know I wouldn't for sometimes when Mrs. Arp goes off to spend the day I don't feel natural about the house. I want somebody to order me around in a sweet feminine way, "William that stick that was between the sash has fallen out and is down there on the ground—don't you feel the cool air coming in," "William the clock needs cleaning very bad—it stopped twice yesterday—hadn't you better take it down to Mr. Baker's," "William I wish you would get a little paint and give the old mantelpiece a coat—you have scraped so many matches on it to light your old pipe, that it is a sight. A little can of prepared paint won't cost much. And that old gate needs a coat of polish—oh, I did see some of the loveliest gates down at the exposition and those tiles for hearths were exquisite. I don't mean for you to buy any, but I am just telling you. Somehow whenever I tell you about the beautiful things I see you look like you didn't have a friend in the world. Of course I don't mean that I want you to buy them." "William what am I to do with the flowers the geraniums and verbenas and all the potted plants. The winter is coming on, and I do wish we had a little pit somewhere. It will be a pity to loose them. Hattie has had a pit dug and it didn't cost but two dollars—and she is going to cover it with a cloth frame." "Sam Pitts digs pits," she continued—"Sam Pitts digs pits," said I. And so I sent for Uncle Sam and marked off the place, six by ten, and squared it according to rule and he had been digging a few minutes, when Mrs. Arp raised the window and said she thought it was a little too far that way, and so I moved the marks a couple of feet and began to dig again. In a little while she came out and said it was too far this way and so I moved it back where it was at first and she said it was about right now. She thinks that I split the difference, but I didn't. The next day she asked me in a gentle voice how much a brick wall around the top would cost—a brick wall about three feet high on one side and a foot on the other. "And sash with glass for a cover," said I; for I knew she was thinking about it. She smiled sweetly and said, "Yes." I scratched a match on the mantle and lit my pipe and ruminated. That was yesterday. Mr. White is making that sash to-day and the brick mason is building the wall and I am still in the harness. Alex. Stephens said he wanted to die in the harness and he did, but he never knew anything about matrimonial breeching, or he would have wanted to live and not die at all. What would become of a man if he didn't have a woman to keep him lively? When we were in Atlanta the other day, my wife asked me for five dollars to buy a pair of shoes. "Have shoes gone up," said I, as I handed her the money. "No, but I have," she said, "I want a fine pair—shoes that are as soft as kid gloves—you owe me lots of shoe money, you promised me before we were married that you would give me thirteen pairs a year, don't you remember?" "Yes," said I, "and you have had them and more too." How can a woman raise ten children on less than thirteen pairs a year. But I would have promised you anything then. I would have climbed the Chamborazo mountains and fought a tiger for you then—a small tiger—but I would fight a big one now. Here take another five and buy you some fine stockings to go with the shoes, but don't get black ones. I despise to see a white woman wear black stockings. It is bad enough to have these blackleg, [illegible] wish I had the make of fashions. I see that they have gone out [illegible] I am glad of it. I dislike these unnatural humps on a woman's back. They have been in and out a dozen times since I was a boy, and so have hoop skirts. It is funny to see a new fashion come in and go out. There are women in my town still wearing bustles. They feel sorter shamed to leave them off all of a sudden. But they will fall into line and slim down before long. The have done slimmed at my house. They keep up pretty well. I saw lots of nice ladies at the fair who were behind, and so were their bustles, but they were from the country and little towns and hadent caught up. It is a good deal of trouble to alter a bustle-dress to a no-bustle dress, and all the mysterious garments underneath have to be altered, too, and that is why it takes a fashion so long to run out. It costs money and work. Now, if the ladies will cut off about four inches of their skirts and keep out of the winter's mud, they will be all right. Let them show their ankles if they want to. There is nothing prettier than the poetry of motion that is in a lady's foot and ankle when she walks. It pleases an old man mightly.

But the men have passed through some very ridiculous fashions, too. When I was in my teens and had begun to notice the girls and put oil on my hair and cinnamon drops on my handkerchief, the fashion was to wear short pants and straps—leather straps about an inch wide that came under the shoe and fastened to buttons sewed on the inside of the pants. When a feller set down the whole concern was drawn as tight as an eelskin, and there was a continual strain on the straps at the bottom and the suspenders at the top. Sometimes a button broke or a strap bursted under peculiar circumstances, and then the pants crawled up amazingly. One day I was riding out with my sweetheart and the catastrophe happened as we were running a galloping race up a long hill, and my pants crawded up to my knee and carried the undergarment along, and it was on her side of the horse, and she laughed and laughed until she liked to have fell off, and I had to get down and cut a skewer off of rail and fasten the scrap on again. The mischievous thing told it on me and I never got even with her until one day her bustle came untied and dropped off as she was passing my store and I picked it up and handed it to her as polite as a Frenchman, and said, "Miss Mary your shoe strap is broken." The bustles of that day were shaped like a new moon and stuffed with bran. They were generally about as large as a hoe handle and tapered out to a point at each end, but the more style the bigger the bustle. They were all home-made and were considered a very sacred and mysterious article of feminine furniture. Sometimes one of these big ones would rip from long wear and tare, and the bran would leak out as the woman wiggled along and you could track her all the way home just like the hogs would track a mill boy when there was a hole in his corn sack. I remember when the hoop-skirt of a high-flying woman was three feet across at the bottom and when she stood up close against the counter, her dress didn't need any shortening behind. It was a sight of trouble to squeeze them in the pews of the churches, and sometimes they behaved in a very unseemly manner when the wind was blowing in a shifty way. I remember when the college boys wore boots according to their politics. The toes were shaped like a duck's bill, and were turned up and over on the top of the foot like a skate, and if the boy was a whig he had Clay printed on the toes in large letters, and if he was a democrat he had Polk printed there, and so they walked about sticking their politics in everybody's faces.

But, after all, I believe the women of this generation are more reasonable in their dress than from many generations past. Three thousand years ago they were fast, very fast, for Josiah tells about the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet and their cauls and their round tires like the moon (bustles, I reckon,) their chains and bracelets and muffers, the bonnets and ornaments of the legs and headbands, and tablets and earrings, and nose jewels and changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and whimples, and crisping pins and hoods and veils. Oh, it took a sight to set up one of those high-flying Hebrew women, and the prophet went for them as firecely as old Allen Turner used to go for our women a half century ago. "If that young woman with the green bonnet on the back of her head and the devil's martingales around her neck and his stirrups on her ears, don't quit giggling, I'll point her out to the congregation." Yes, we are all doing better—except some. But I must stop; Mrs. Arp is calling me to come and put out some more chrysanthemums, and I'm so tired. BILL ARP.

Outpulled Him.

"Yes, Dan is dead," said the Arizona man. "You see, a few days ago some o' the fellers strung a man up to a tree for stealing horses, an' Dan pulled too hard on the rope an' strained himself."

"Why, what a pity!"

"It war that; but it warn't surprising. You see, Dan war the only man at his end o' the rope, so they outpulled him, poor feller."—Time.

A Failing of Age.

Elderly gent—"I am eighty years old, young man, and I don't recollect ever telling a lie." The young man—"Well, you can't expect your memory to be reliable at that age."

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

THE MORTGAGE.

He worked through the spring and winter, through the summer and through fall.
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of them all;
It worked on the nights and Sundays, it worked each holiday;
It settled down among us and it never went away.
The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as well as came,
The mortgage stayed forever, eating heartily all the same.
It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,
And happiness and sunshine made their place with us no more.
Till with failing crops and with sickness, we got stalled up the grade,
And there came a day among us when the interest wasn't paid.
And there came a sharp foreclosure and I kind o' lost my hold,
And the children left and scattered when they hardly yet were grown,
My wife she pined and perished and I find myself alone.
If to trace a hidden sorrow be within the doctor's art,
They'd find a mortgage lying on that poor woman's heart,
Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

In the State of Texas the culture of the pecan nut is found to be very profitable. It would prove possibly quite as profitable in North Carolina, where the tree grows well.—Wilming Star.

Mr. W. E. Foster has on exhibition at Blacknall's drug store a sample beet that beats all the beets we have heretofore seen beaten. It weighs 1½ pounds. He has also a radish that weighs 3½ pounds.—Durham Sun.

Pitt county should be added to the fine Eastern tobacco counties. A colored man made $250 to the acre, realizing $1000 for the product of four acres as we learn from the Greenville Reflector.

Mr. George Peek, a good farmer of French Broad township, this county, gathered a little over 100 bushels of corn to the acre this seson. The land was ridge land.—Asheville Democrat.

The cotton receipts at various points in the State show a considerable decline. This is owing to one of two facts; either the crop is extremely short, or the farmers are holding back for higher prices. It may be that both operate.—Wil. Messenger.

Mr. R. B. Joyner was exhibiting around town the other day, with pardonable pride, a boll of cotton from out of his crop. It was as large as the fist of an ordinary man, as white as snow and in texture was as soft as silk. It requires 100 average bolls to weigh a pound; 32 of the size of this would tip the scales at a pound.—Statesville Landmark.

One bale of cotton to the acre will pay a good profit on the cultivation, while if you only make a bale to two acres you will do well to come out even, and a bale to three or four acres will bring you in debt. It costs no more to cultivate an acre of fertile land than an acre of poor land. The system of intensive farming must be adopted.—Nashville Argonaut.

Geo. Sugg, of No. 10 township, brought to the office Saturday splendid samples of ensilage, 40,000 pounds of which he has cured in his silo above ground. He says his stock will leave corn and fodder for the ensilage, and even the poultry are fed on it. It is well cured and composed of crab grass, pea vines and green corn. His ensilage is a thorough success.—Tarboro Southerner.

DIGNIFYING THE COLONEL.

Before Col. Polk went to Atlanta his name was simply L. L. Polk, now the State Chronicle has him Leonidas L. Polk. The Constitution, of Atlanta, calls him 'magnificent' in appearance and 'faultless' in dress. We do not want our friend to go down to posterity as Leonidas the magnificent or Leonidas the faultless. Brother Polk in our eyes 'is a dandy but he's no dude.' To us he is yet only genial farmer Polk with a heart of homespun. There is no doubt about it—he is a rattling talker.—Charlotte Democrat.

THE WAY TO MAKE FARMING PAY.

The way to make farming profitable is to diversify the crops and make everything on the farm that may be needed, as far as possible. It has been done often enough to prove that it will pay. The Asheville Democrat says: "Our young farmer friend, J. D. Carter, who resides on Hominy, this county, reports that on one measured acre of land he produced sorghum to make 72 gallons, 33 bushels good corn, and gathered 20 bushels of Irish potatoes, after 'grabbling' all that his family needed during the season. All our lands need is an opportunity, intelligently and energetically directed."

NOT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

In noting the fact that an appeal for aid—fuel, food and clothing—is made in behalf of the people of Stevens, Kansas, where four successive failures of crops have left the farming population without means of subsistence, the Henderson Gold Leaf remarks: 'You do not hear of anything like this in North Carolina. Our farmers sometimes make a partial failure in crops, but they are seldom reduced to actual want.'

This is true. North Carolina is not the place for tremendous results, but nature is kindly in such a variety of ways that the average is good. If our people would occasionally think seriously and intelligently on their surroundings, remembering the hardships undergone by people in other sections, especially in the Northwest, they would see cause for contentment. In reality, when failures occur here it is often more in the man than in the land.'—Daily Workman.

SAVE GOOD SEED.

The rule of farmers and gardeners should be to save the best for seed, not only of corn, but grains and vegetables. If you can save good seed of superior varieties, it is preferable to purchasing. When soil, climate and cultivation are right, farm and garden products will not run out or deteriorate. So if you possess these requisites, and have a superior grain or vegetable, better continue its cultivation unless certain that a change would prove profitable. Alluding to saving seed, here is a highly approved process for melon, pumpkin, squash and cucumber seed: Place the seed in a basih of water and wash them thoroughly, cleanse them and take a skimmer and lift out all the floating seeds and throw them away. Sometimes half the seeds in a melon will float, and they are not good. Put the good seed on a board and dry them in the shade. Never dry them in the sun. After they are thoroughly dry put them in a place safe from mice and insects.—Independent.

A Bible Problem—Can You Solve It?

A young student was asked: "How many boys are there in your class?" His reply was as follows: "Multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times the Israelites compassed Jericho, add the product to the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of days Noah was in the ark before the waters of the flood were upon the earth; subtract the number of Lot's family when they dwelt in a cave; subtract the number of days in the week in which the Israelites gathered manna; multiply by the number of men who went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; add Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharoah; divide by the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliah; add the number of furlong Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked; multiply by the number of wives saved in the ark, and the product will be the answer."

Take Time to Read.

A lady essayist is convinced, says a contemporary, that at least one quarter of the work performed by women is unnecessary, and that the world would get on quite as well without it. It is like the ottoman cover she once saw a lady work. The lady was all bent up, and was putting her eyes out counting stitches. "I don't get any time for reading" she said plaintively, as she picked up some beeds on a needle; "you must have a great deal of leisure." And yet she had spent more time embroidering a ridiculous dog on a piece of cloth than would have sufficed to read twenty good books.—Ex.

Colorado Corn.

The son of a farmer living in the rain belt of eastern Colorado attempted to climb a corn stalk on his father's place the other day, but became dizzy and fell to the ground, breaking his arm. The boy's parents talk of bringing suit against the government for allowing crops to grow to such abnormal dimensions.—Exchange.

"Business" Will Improve.

There is going to be lots of "business" about Reidsville this season. The Review says: Mr. Fife estimated that three hundred persons shook his hand pledging themselves never to enter a bar-room, unless on business.

WASHINGTON NEWS

FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

What Harrison and the Other Politicians are Doing.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8th, 1889.

President Harrison introduced an innovation in White House customs this week that is deeply regretted by conservative people, who believe that the dignity of the Presidential office should be increased instead of lessened. To such people it was a positive shock to find that the President had had himself interviewed by a newspaper, on the election returns, in order to try and counteract the dampening effect they had upon his party associates, and also to furnish them with a cue to explain the crushing defeat away. If President Harrison really believes, as he says he does, that the result of the election held last Tuesday was not intended as a verdict upon his administration, then he has not the sense that he has generally been credited with by even his appointments. A curious coincidence in the same paper is an interview with Mr. Halford, the President's private Secretary, which in sentiment is precisely the same as that with President Harrison. These interviews are regarded here even by Republicans, as a very weak and undignified attempt to fool the country. Republicans of prominence openly admit that the result of the election is a stinging reproke to the administration and its methods. Old soldiers quietly chuckle and whisper "I told you so" to one another.

***

The rejoicing among Democrats here is intense; they can talk of nothing else but the tidal wave, and they all see in it an auspicious sign for the greater fight in 1892. They argue that if nine months of Harrison's administration has brought about this result, four years of it will wipe the Republican party out of existence.

***

The navy department has accepted the cruiser Charleston, and left the penalties to be determined upon at the final settlement with the contractors. The cruiser Baltimore will have another trial next week, to see if she can develop the required horse power. She has already proven herself to be the finest war vessel afloat, but there was a deficiency in the horse-power, notwithstanding the great speed she attained, and her builders think they can make it up and thus get rid of the penalty provided in the contract for any deficiency.

***

155 designs have been received by the Postoffice department in answer to advertisement inviting proposals for furnishing a new design for postal cards. A committee will decide upon the most artistic.

***

Delegates Dubois of Idaho, thinks that Territory will gain admission to the Union this winter. There seems no good reason why she should not.

***

Secretary Rusk asks in annual report just published, that 300 acres of the Arlington estate be turned over to the Agricultural department for an experimental fruit farm. He also recommends a rigid Government inspection of cattle and dressed beef.

***

Ex-Secratary Bayard was married here yesterday at 1 o'clock. The ceremony was very quiet, being attended only by the family and a few close friend of the bride, Miss Clymer, and groom. The newly married couple left immediately after the ceremony for a short tour. It is expected that they will spend the winter in this city.

***

Mahone and Foraker spant sympathy from Republicans here. They are charged with having invited certain defeat rather than give up their schemes for personal aggrandizement.

***

It is admitted by State department officials that U. S. Consul Lewis, who was recently under investigation by the department, failed to clear himself of the charge of dishonorably raising money through his official position. It is also admitted that Mr. Lewis was reprimanded by the Secretary of State, and yet he has been allowed to return to his post at Tangiers, Morocco, as a United States Consul, with the vague understanding that he is to resign in the near future. It's hard to understand such proceedings. If the man was guilty he should have been dismissed.

***

The machinery of the Southern Exposition at Montgomery, Ala., was set in motion by telegraph by President Harrison last Tuesday at noon.

***

The sickest looking men in Washington to day are the Republican clerks in the departments who went home to vote. This is particularly applicable to the Ohio men.

***

Corporal Tanner enjoyed reading the election returns much more than the President or Secretary Noble did. He would have been more than human not to have indulged in "ghoulish glee" as he surveyed the wreck.

***

President Harrison reminds one of the man who told Noah to "go on with your old ark, it's only a shower anyway."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salts Rheum, Fever, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns and all Skins Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

PRESIDENTIAL STOVEPIPES.

Ben Harrison at Work Putting up The White House Stovepipes.

A pleasant odor of fried bacon pervaded the great Blue Room, in which sat the President of the United States, brooding sadly over the future. Outside the wind moaned sadly through the trees, and the dry leaves fell to the ground and were tossed hither and thither by each fitful gust.

'De missus wants you,' said a colored servitor, bursting in upon the presidential musings; 'dey's gwine ter put up dem stoves pipes, and dey wants you to help 'em.'

The President found the members of his immediate family rapidly assembling on the scene of operations, for it was after four, and the departments were closed for the day.

Father-in-law Scott, who had left his accustomed seat by the kitchen range to superintend that important household event, was favoring the company with reminiscences of stove pipe raising in the early history of Indiana. 'In them days we never put up no pipes till hit gotter be putty nigh onto hog killing time. Now, Benjamin, when do you kalkerlate to begin killing this fall?'

'I didn't know I was expected to do any work when I came to Washington,' muttered the Brothers Daughter's Husband, who had just lounged in from his day's rest at the Public Crib.'

'Why don't you hire somebody to do the work?' asked the Son-in-law's Cousin, sulkily. 'That's the way we do in the Manger Department when there is any to be done.'

'How long do you think we are going to stay here?' exclaimed the President. 'You seem to forget that this isn't a life office, and we must make hay while the sun shines. Now just take hold of that stove pipe, or somebody will get a letter assuring him of my firm belief in his personal honesty, and then where will that somebody be.'

This threat had an instant effect, and the Presidential Relations sprang forward with an alacrity such as they had not displayed since the inauguration.

'Suppose,' said Son-in-law McKee, 'that we work in blocks of five—that is—I mean, we'd better all take hold at once;' and in order to cover up his unfortunate slip of the tongue, he seized the stove and dragged it by main force across the floor. Each one of the twelve Relations took a joint of pipe and mounted a chair, while the President, with the angle in his arms, mounted the centre table, and prepared to adjust it.

'Now, then, look alive, and remember you're not in the Manger office!' he shouted to the perspiring Son-in-law's Cousin, who was vainly trying to fit a section of pipe into the angle in the Presidents hands.

'I be a lookin' alive,' he retorted, 'but the pesky thing won't go in. You there, Obadiah! Why in tarnation don't ye hold that j'int stiddy, so's folks kin work?'

'Ye don't none on ye know how to put up a stove pipe' began the Father-in-law; but the President poured some soot down his back and told him to hold his tongue.

'Now then, all together!' shouted the Brother's Daughter's Husband, and the twelve Relations stood on tiptoe, and fitted the joint into another till the structure was almost as complete as an Indiana Colonization Bureau at election time; but at this critical moment the Sister in-law entered the room raised two dough-encrusted hands in horror, and exclaimed:

'Benjamin Harrison, be you a standing on the settin' room table without takin' your shoes off? Get right down this minute!'

Down went the angle on the Son-in-law's Cousins head. Down went the rest of the pipe, and the twelve Relations, in a long, sooty line on the floor. Away scuttled the Father-in-law to his warm Kitchen-nook, and in came Postmaster Wanamaker and surveyed the sorrowful group.

'Why in the world,' he remarked 'didn't you buy that patent stove pipe persuader I tried to sell you? It's selling like hot cakes, and it will last a dozen years'

'Yes' retorted the President, as he shook the soot out of his ears with a vehemence that burst his paper collar like a campaign promise 'and who will get the benefit of it for two-thirds of the time? I'm not fixing this place for a siege, John, I can tell you that'.—J. L. Ford, in Puck.

The Women Praise B. B. B.

The suffering of women certainly awakens the sympathy of every true philanthropist. Their best friend, however, is B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for proofs.

H. L. Cassidy, Kennesaw, Ga., writes: "Three bottles of B. B. B cured my wife of scrofula."

Mrs. R. M. Laws, Zalaba, Fla., writes: "I have never used anything to equal B. B. B."

Mrs. C. H. Gay, Rocky Mount, N. C., writes: "Not a day for 15 years was I free from headache. B. B. B. entirely relieved me. I feel like another person."

James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and many patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. cured her."

Miss S. Tomlinson, Atlanta, Ga., says: "For years I suffered with rheumatism, caused by kidney trouble and indigestion, I also was feeble and nervous. B. B. B. relieved me at once, although several other medicines had failed."

Rev. J. M. Richardson, Clarkston, Ark., writes: "My wife suffered twelve years with rheumatism and female complaint. A lady member of my church had been cured by B. B. B. She persuaded my wife to try it, who now says, there is nothing like B. B. B. as it quickly gave her relief."

HOME CHAT.

N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Comments on current Events and Expressions of Opinions.

A FINE PAIR.

Foraker and Mahone would make a drawing attraction in a dime museum.—Charlotte Chronicle.

AN HONEST PRESS.

As far as our observation goes, the press of North Carolina generally speaks out, and there is no uncertain sound about it.—Durham Sun.

AGAIN TRUSTS.

Trust has been the bane of this country, whether it has been combination or the singular individual delinquent subscriber.—Charlotte Chronicle.

NOMINATED ZEB.

The recent death of Judge Logan recalls the fact that this noted man was the first in the State to nominate Col. Zeb B. Vance for Governor.—Raleigh Signal.

HOME MANUFACTURIES.

The great material need of the State is the home manufacture of its raw products for home consumption. In other words we need to make what we need, but instead of doing so, we buy from other folks what we need.—Sanford Express.

A PEN SKETCH OF MAHONE.

Mahone was never so ripe in corruption. He is an abcess in his mother's side and he has come to a head. He is socially spit upon. He wears the glitter, malignancy and cunning of a snake. The sting of the man is brilliant, and even with his back broken his quick eye would not lose its evil glint. Death will be the only end of him.—Charlotte Democrat.

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE"

The complaints now are that one of the great religious denominations in the State has no representation in the faculty of the College of Agriculture and the Mechanics Arts, and that there is a Catholic in the faculty and that he holds a higher position than another member of it who belongs to a Protestant denomination. This is worse than childishness, it is pure drivel.—Statesville Landmark.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Wanamaker's Drummer Met Poor Success in Charleston.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 31.—Some time ago a young man arrived in this city, engaged apartments at a prominent hotel, and, hiring a window of the establishment, exposed a lot of samples. He was an agent of John Wanamaker & Co., of Philadelphia, and his business was to measure customers for suits to be made up in Philadelphia and to be delivered here below cost. He spent some money in advertising, but the magic name of Wanamaker ruined the business. He remained here for five days and didn't get a single order. Then he packed up his samples and left for parts unknown.

"I'm not working for the Postmaster General," he said before leaving, "but everybody thinks I am. These people down here are not reconstructed."

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shout, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My Lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. Kings New Discovery, and am sound and well, gaining, 26 lbs in weight."

Auther Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes; "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c. and $1.00.

A Novel Entertainment.

A wealthy English batchelor invited a few friends to an evening party just before his departure abroad. As the guests entered the the reception room each received a handsomely engraved card with the word 'Causerie' at the top, and the quotation from Paradise Lost: 'With thee conversing I forget all time.' It was explained that ten subjects had been selected for discussion, and ten couples chosen to do the work. Instead of spending the evening in dancing each gentleman was expected to fill out his cards with the names of the young ladies to whom he desired to talk. Five minutes were to be devoted to each topic, and at a signal from the host there was to be a general swapping of partners, and a complete change in the subject.—Court Journal.

Epoch

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidney, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and $1,00 per bottle at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore.

THE RABBIT'S FOOT.

How it Wins Upon Cases Before the Supreme Court.

The potency of a rabbit's foot for good luck is well understood in North Carolina. The foot must be of a rabbit which has made a graveyard his home, and the particular limb is the left hind foot. Messrs. Charles M. Busbee and Samuel F. Mordecai, two of our best lawyers and most popular young men, are known to carry with them every day the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit. Mr. Busbee is a firm believer in the good luck which attends the possessor of the kind of rabbit foot which we have described, but it remained for Mr. Mordecai to get the best of the Supreme Court with a rabbit foot.

The other day Mr. Mordecai was before the court with his books and papers in hand ready to make one of his brief and incisive arguments. Chief Justice Smith was not exactly ready for Mr. Mordecai to proceed and during the lull which this delay caused Judge Merrimon leaned over the bench and asked Mr. Mordecai if he was well prepared to argue his side of the case. Mr. Mordecai replied that he was not prepared in the sense in which the learned Judge made the inquiry, and that for more than a year he had not prepared any case by a thorough study of the points at issue and a search for precedents.

The Judge then wanted to know in what way he was prepared with his case.

Mr. Mordecai replied that up to within a year ago and a little more he had steadily lost his cases before the Supreme Court in spite of all the preparation he could make, and at the suggestion of his friend, Mr. Chas. M. Busbee, he had procured the left hind foot of a rabbit which had made a graveyard his home, and had carried that limb of Brer Rabbit in his pocket ever since, and that from the time he began to wear the foot he had gained almost every case before the Supreme Court without more preparation than such knowledge as he possessed after reading the papers in the cases in which he appeared.

Mr. Mordecai is a wag and is full of keen wit and satire, and the manner in which he got this joke off in the court convulsed the grave and reverend men who sat upon the Supreme bench and caused nearly every lawyer and layman in the audience to be guilty of contempt of court, the mirth and laughter was so great.

The Chief Justice is said to have intimated after the case at bar had been argued that the rabbit's foot would not avail Mr. Mordecai in that case, but lo! and behold, when the decision was announced it was discovered that the rabbit's foot was potent again and that Mr. Mordecai had won the case.—Raleigh Signal.

BE NOT A FOOL.

Upon the Wise Man There Are No Flies.

The case, as stated by the Register-Call, of Central City: He sat in his door at noonday, lonely and glum and sad; the flies were buzzing about him, led by a blue-winged gad. Not a customer darkened his portal, not asign of business was there; but the flies kept on buzzing about the old man's hair. At last in misery he shouted: "Great Scott! I'm covered with flies," and the zephyr that toyed with his whiskers said: "Why don't you advertise?" So if you're inclined to success, and wish to be well to do, make yourself known in this world—and there will be no flies on you.

Cousin Sallie Dillard.

The Wilmington Messenger credits the authorship of the famous 'Cousin Sallie Dillard' to a Virginian, instead of to Col. H. C. Jones, Senior, who has hitherto enjoyed the honor.—Ex.

Isn't this a rather Dillardtory Sally on the part of Dr. Kingsbury? That venerable editor has let probably half a century go by without making this claim. The Statute of limitation is against Virginia, and North Carolina claims Cousin Sally by prescription.—Charlotte Democrat.

A Busy Man.

If the most useful man is the happiest man, a gentleman in Steep Falls, Me., enjoys supreme bliss. Besides keeping a general store, in which he supplies the village with everything from saleratus to gum, from candy to coffins, from cold soda to woolen stockings, he is also the village barber, sexton, and gravestone manufacturer, and keeps a livery stable.

Fayetteville Hustling.

Fayetteville is hustling to get up the Centennial Celebration, and everybody ought to hustle to get there.—Charlotte Chronicle.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A Condensed Report of the New From Our Contemporaries.

Charlotte Y. M. C. A., has 400 members and a building of its own.

Evangelist Fife is condneting a very successful meeting at Washington.

W. F. Stanley has assigned; liabilities $28,000. J. S. Nelson has assigned also. Both of Kinston.

A man by the name of Hackeliah Huffman dropped dead in Hickory a few days since, says the Press-Carolinian.

The Arlington is to be built at Blowing Rock, Watauga county, will cost $26,000. It will be 4,200 feet above sea level.

Congressmen Wiley was robbed of $700 at a hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., by a bell boy whom he allowed to go to valise for cigars.

The brick masons at work on the cotton factory at Raleigh, have struck. The trouble was as to the time of payment of wages.

A rich pawnbroker in Richmond Va., named David Harfield is in the clutches of the law because of bigamy—too much marrying.

A jug of whisky was slipped from here the other day marked Hell & Co., Chester, S. C. It was very properly labeled.—Dallas Eagle.

A negro at New Bern attempted to commit suicide a few days since. He will possibly recover from the cut he gave himself, says the Journal.

A chicken was "born" in Chatham county with only one wing. Chatham county has no wing at all but it gets there all the same.—Statesville Landmark.

The Norfolk and Western Railroad (which Mahone wrecked) is going to borow $45,000,000 and fund its debt. It will make some of the road double track.

Rube Burrows, the Alabama desperado, has stood off the posses so far, and has lately killed several men and a blood-hound, even when he was surrounded.

Hon. Thomas E. Bayard, ex-Secretary of the State, and Miss Mary Willing Clymer, were married on the 7th inst., at the residence of the brides, in Washington City.

The Raleigh Call says that there is some talk going on in favor of keeping the Supreme Court in session all the time, in order that appeals in capital cases can be at once taken up and disposed of.

We are glad to hear that Rutherford College has been more properous this fall than it has been before in the past ten years. May it continue to grow in prosperity and usefulness.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

At Carthage a man indicted his son for stealing his clothes, and the son indicted the father for stealing a sheep. The old man was bound over for his appearance at court and the son was sent to jail.—Jonesboro Leager.

It gives us pleasure to note the success of our North Carolina industries in whatever part of the State they may be, and hence we are glad to learn that the cotton factories of Charlotte are building up a big business, and are in a flourishing condition.—Wilmington Star.

Frank Ratcliffe has a cow and mule that have stalls near together. Not long ago the cow was licking the feed from the mule's trough through a crack and the mule not relishing this proceeding proceeded to bite off about two inches of her tongue.—Wadesboro Messenger.

The State Chronicle hears that at a meeting held some time ago the Cherokee Indians unanimously agreed to sell their lands to the government for Geronimo and his band. They desire more Indians in their section because, say they, it will make the Indians stronger. There are now 1,200 Indians in Swain and Graham counties.

The High Point Enterprise says Mrs. Richardson, an old lady from Randolph county, who went to Indiana twenty one years ago, got off of the train here last Wednesday morning on her way to Randolph, where she will spend the rest of her days. She is eighty one years old, and walks on a wooden leg which she made herself.

The Mt. Olive Telegram says Henry Wallace, a colored boy who lived near here, was killed by the train Monday night at Morce's crossing, just South of Goldsboro. He was supposed to have been stealing a ride on the Shoo Fly and fell or jumped off. He stole a ride on the mail train some evenings ago to this place from Dudley.

The Lexington Dispatch says a large congregation attended services at the Methodist church Sunday morning, to hear Rev. J. R. Gay's sermon on lynch law. The preacher condemned the practice of lynching in strong and unmistakable terms, and made a profound impression in favor of letting the law take its course under all circumstances.

That Deadly Scourge.

Tubercular consumption is simply lung-scrofula—the active and dangerous development of a taint in the blood. The grand blood-cleansing botanic principles contained in Dr. Pierces Golden Medical Discovery specially fit it to purify the blood, and prevent the formation of ulcers in the lungs and bronchial tubes. Liver complaint, skin diseases, and sores, are also cured by it. All druggist have it.