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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

J. & C. Daniels, Eds and Prop's

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

\$1.50 a Year, cash in Advance

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BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE LOTTERY IS THE WORST GAMBLING.

The sensible Men will Steer Clear of it.

"Time and chance happeneth to them all." In a thousand ways we have to take our chances in this sublunary life, but there is no good reason for taking a chance in the Louisiana lottery. A man would not think of such a thing if he based his chance on facts and figures. His chance to draw \$5 is about one in a hundred, and to draw a \$100 about one in a thousand, and for the capital prize one in half a million. But he bases his hopes on good luck or fate or destiny, and all this is founded on conceit. He has no clear idea on the subject, but has a dreamy superstition that fate has picked him out for her favor and will give him a prize this time.

But figures don't lie, and chances can be calculated with as much certainty as the motions of the stars. The best lecture I ever heard in college was from Professor McCoy on the regularity of irregular things. The wheel of fortune is not going to drop a prize to a man because he needs it, or because of his faith or his hope or his conceit. I was ruminating over this because I have received a letter from a good, old yearning mother who wishes me to invest \$5 for her in the Louisiana lottery. She had a dream that she would draw a prize and this would enable her to give her only child a first-class education. She is very poor, and the letter was written with tears, but I knew that she would lose that money, and so I declined her request. The good spirits don't send dreams that encourage lotteries, and had spirits would make us believe a lie.

There is a kind of gaming that never gave me very deep concern. I mean professional gaming where the parties all have money and just swap it around—sometimes one has it and sometimes another, and nobody suffers. Then there is the gaming that is engaged in by the sporting gentlemen, such as Clay and Webster, and Breckinridge and Andrew Jackson. I never considered that a very heinous sin. There are men who have a passion for gaming. Some men will throw dice or play crack-a-loo all day for the love of it. I have known men who were so fond of betting on chance that if they saw two birds sitting on a telegraph wire they would make a bet which bird would fly a way first.

But most of the sports like to mix skill and judgment with chance. A man will bet on a horse race, and in this way back his judgment, and if he wins he feels good in two ways—one over his judgment and the other over his money. If he bets on cards he has to do some brain work. Mind and memory are exercised, and his success is a compliment to both, and, of course, he is pleased with himself. If he does not succeed it is easy to lay it on the cards. He never lays it on himself. It takes a smart man to play cards. Daniel Webster and Clay and Aleck Stevens were good players, and so are most of our notable statesmen. Zeb Vance, they say, is a skillful performer, but Joe Brown does not play a good game. He is too slow and deliberate. These great statesmen never bet enough to make anybody rich or poor. I know gentlemen who play for recreation and never stake more than a dime at a time. I say gentlemen, for they are gentlemen, and conduct themselves honorably in all the relations of life. They would scorn to cheat anybody or to fleece a lamb. Some good, old-fashioned people have a holy horror of cards. That is all right. To him who thinks ethics is a sin, I reckon it is a sin. Professor Proctor, the great astronomer and Christian gentleman, was very fond of cards. He said that a game of whist, with congenial friends, was a rest to his mind. There is really no more harm in playing cards for mental recreation than in playing chess or draughts, or backgammon or dominoes. The schoolboy begins with games as soon as he begins alphabet. He loves to take his chances. He splits on a chip and tosses it up as he says, "Wet or dry." He throws up a piece of money and says, "Heads or tails." Children draw straws for first choice. All this is harmless. But when the chance is a desperate one and strains the

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

SOME GOOD READING.

Mr. Editor.—This part of the world is not behind the balance in anything—good crops, pretty girls, ugly men, cider, hard times, fogies and everything. We are on a boom, a regular boom. We can do more work in less time and rest more in work time. Have the chance to go fishing and catch more when we go. Go to town less and spend less money when we do go. Raise more chickens and lose none. Go to church more and get more invites to dinner. Live better at home than ever before and in fact we are all in better spirits than we have been since the war. I would not have your readers think, Mr. Editor, that we are going crazy over the good times nor our good crops. I have to blow off a little gas and throw out a few hints before I can get started. But I speak in behalf of all the farmers of this community that crops and good gardens and watermelons are in abundance. Cider is the only thing, or the only hitch that causes some of the faces to look downcast and sad. The apple crop is short this year and of course cider will be in demand.

Some say we are needing rain just now to make the crops grow faster and look better, but I don't know that we are anyway suffering. Cotton is a dry weather plant any way and too much rain is not the best and especially at this time. Cotton is fast taking the look of maturity on it and I look for an early fall. We can't do much more as we have fought the fight and won the race, just about, and now we have to wait patiently until housing time and then again go forth and save that which we have made.

This year has been one of work, stay at home, enjoyment and good crops with this community. We are satisfied. We are better neighbors, better husbands and better farmers. SAM GREEN, White Rose, July 15th, 1890.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

A most touching and beautiful tribute has been paid farmers' wives by Larry Gant, of Athens, in a speech before the Bethlehem Alliance. Mr. Gant's speech was famous for many good things, but there was nothing in it truer, or more just, than that said of our noble country women. The following is the tribute to the farmer's wife: But I will not waste all my sympathy on the farmer. There is one class even more deserving of pity and relief than you, my Alliance friends. I refer to the farmer's wife. There is not a burden that you bear but the little woman, who is the light of your home, shares it with you. Your trials and cares pierce her tender and sympathetic heart as a dagger. She bears equally with you your every load, but I say with pain and regret, that she is, alas! too often deprived of a share of your pleasures. Did ye horny-handed lords of creation ever consider that while you are working in the field, your wife was at the house kicking just as hard as yourself, and that while you had but one task before you, she has a host of duties to perform, each pressing upon her at once and the same time? When you return to your noonday meal, and find a welcoming smile and everything ready to your hand—as if the confusion of the morning had been touched by a fairy's wand and order pronounced from chaos—do you ever consider the vast amount of work that these pleasant surroundings have cost the poor wife? At night, when taking your ease, does it occur to you to look around and see if your wife is having her session of rest? You will find the old complaint verified in her case which says:

"Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done."

We men are all too selfish and self-conceited—and I am no exception to the rule. We imagine that because we are the bread-winners of the family, the woman's work is mere child's play.

Never was there a graver error. There is not a graver error beneath the sound of my voice but who, if he were made to exchange places with his wife, would be begging her to trade

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

The Lynchburg and Durham Railroad has been completed to Durham.

A fruit fair will be held at Red Springs, Robeson county, August 14th, 15th and 16th.

Rev. J. L. Seagraves, of Middleman has been appointed presiding elder of Trinity District, to succeed the late Rev. P. F. W. Stamey.

The Baptist church in Laurinburg was struck by lightning and burned down. The loss was about \$2,500 and the insurance \$1,000.

The Seventh District Convention at Laurinburg nominated Capt. James D. Melver, of Moore county, for Judge, and Frank McNeill for Solicitor.

The Craven County Democratic Convention passed a resolution against Democrats standing surety on Republican bonds.—Twin-City Daily.

A syndicate of Philadelphia capitalists has purchased the D. N. Kirkpatrick lands just north of the city limits of Greensboro. The price will reach something in the neighborhood of \$40,000.

Mattie Wilson, a young white girl near Charlotte, shot herself through the heart and died instantly on Monday. She was highly educated, beautiful, and intelligent.

A Greensboro man has in his possession a mirror which has come down to him from the fifth generation. Two hundred and thirty years ago it was saved from a wreck off the Virginia coast.

The Twin City Daily says that Rev. Eliza Holland, of Goldsboro, is 85 years of age; and a heavy coat of black hair is beginning to grow on his bald head. At 80 he cut a tooth.

A man who claimed to have walked all the way from Portland, Maine, and to be en route for Tampa, Fla., recently passed through Greensboro. He was a paralytic and what lent color to his story was the fact that he did not beg.

The first bale of new crop Georgia cotton, classed about strict low middling, shipped from Albany, Ga., was sold at public auction in New York City in front of the Cotton Exchange on July 4th for 10¢ per pound.

Mr. Bob Creech, who lives near Indian Springs, got his hand caught in a cider mill at home Tuesday. His index finger was torn to pieces and had to be taken off.—Mt. Olive Telegram.

Capt. Lewis R. Redmond, the celebrated outlaw who once served a term in Sing Sing, has again leaped into prominence by shooting James Smith, a rich saw mill man at Wallonia, S. O. His victim will die. Redmond is in jail and will offer for an excuse the fact that he was drunk.

The Durham Sun says that on Saturday evening last at Pittsboro, Chas. Harden, a white man, got into a difficulty with a negro by the name of Alex Moore, and killed him. The plea of Harden is that he did it in self defense. He has been bound over to court in a bond of \$500.

Mr. J. B. Cole, living near O'Kelly's church, in Durham county, lost his life yesterday from an accident. He was trimming some trees, standing upon a ladder, according to the best information we could get. The ladder fell throwing him to the ground. He was struck on the back of the head by the ladder or a rock. The accident occurred about 9 o'clock yesterday morning and he died about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.—Durham Chronicle.

Richard S. Reed, of Paw Creek, son of John Reed, met his death Saturday evening by a peculiar accident. He and his father were in the field, and Richard was ploughing. The plough ran against a small sapling stump, throwing him suddenly against one of the plough handles, which injured him so in the stomach that he died just 24 hours after sustaining the injury. He was 17 years old, and was a bright, promising boy. He was buried yesterday.—Charlotte Chronicle.

The editor of the Jonesboro Leader, who is a native of Harnett county, recently paid a visit to his old home. He says forty-three colored men came to him and subscribed for his paper. Furthermore they held a meeting and pledged two hundred subscriptions. Referring to this statement the Harnett Courier says: "The virtues of George Washington are still flowing freely through this country, but that subscription list had a good color just the same."

The Raleigh State Chronicle tells of a drowning which occurred last week near the Wake and Durham lines. The son of Mr. S. J. Ferrell was drowned in Freeman's pond. He was bathing, and while trying to learn the art of swimming, floundered into deep water. His brother and a colored man were standing on the bank, and saw his struggles, but neither could swim, and could not therefore give any assistance. They were compelled to stand and see the unfortunate young man struggle desperately, but fruitfully, for life.

Some say that we are too poor to educate. The Chronicle holds that we are too poor not to educate. It is the only way to effectually lift up and help the whole people. We want every man to think and act for himself, and not to another man for opinions. Then we will have just laws and wise public servants.—Raleigh State Chronicle.

THE FORCE BILL.

Mr. Hatton, of the Washington Post, refers to the Federal Force bill as a measure "to galvanize into life again the dead and stinking politics of the reconstruction period."

That is exactly the size of the whole matter. Southern Democrats are not to be misled by the cry of some Northern journals that the measure will apply to every Congressional District. It is intended for the South—to resurrect the "stinking politics of the reconstruction period." It is not needed in the North, because they have something infinitely better than any force bill that the ingenuity of man can devise. We refer to the gerrymander, that creation of the Republican party which robs Democrats of equal representation. In fourteen States 3,396,309 Republicans elect 123 members of Congress, while in the same States 3,084,165 Democrats elect 49. Do they need a force bill there? Nay, verily!

We are hoping that the opposition to the bill in the Republican ranks, led by such men in the Senate as Sherman, Edmunds, Hoar and Hale may defeat it. These are certainly troublesome times and it seems if there was ever a time for Democrats to stand together, that time is now.

A gentleman remarked this morning that he had travelled through Wake, Granville, Durham and portions of several other counties, but had not heard a single farmer complaining about the crops, so he thought they must be quite contented with the prospects.—Durham Sun.

A Henderson county preacher, who was mentioned as a possible candidate for the legislature, is out with a card, in which he says that the first thing he will do before he allows his name to be used is to have it proved to him that he has not been called to preach. Next the people will have to convince him that there are no more souls to save.

The Reporter says that Jack Hickey, a young farmer living near Danbury, went into the bushes by the roadside to cut a switch. He stirred up a hornet's nest, and in fighting them with the open knife in his hand, struck the blade in his neck and came near bleeding to death before assistance arrived.

The third annual report of the Bureau of Labor statistics has just been published by Mr. John C. Scarborough, commissioner. We find among other things that there are 208 newspapers classified as follows: Daily newspapers, 23; weekly newspapers, 158; monthly newspapers, 18; semi-monthly newspapers, 5; bi-monthly newspapers, 1.—Lumberton Reformer.

At the Farmers' Rally at Greensboro yesterday, a gentleman, of quiet and conservative judgment, said of Col. Polk's speech that "it was demagogical to a high degree; an incendiary appeal to class prejudice; and, try to hide it as he might, a bid for the farmers' vote to succeed Senator Vance."—Twin City Daily.

Such heavy drafts have been made on Oxford lately—a nominee for justice and one for Congress—and the President of Greensboro Female College having been taken from there recently—that the Concord Standard expresses the fear that somebody will turn in now and carry away sister Stubbs, or the Orphans' Friend, in matrimonial relations.—Twin City Daily.

A letter received to day at the Department of Agriculture states that Mr. G. H. Shaw, of Bladenboro, recently dug a well on his premises fifteen feet and failed to find water. He bored about eighteen feet further when the water began to rush in and filled the well to the top—it has continued to overflow ever since. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur.—Baldwin Cor. Wilmington Messenger.

Does anybody know who the first postmistress in the United States was? She was the wife of Col. Andrew Balfour, who came to this country from Scotland in the year 1782, married Miss Elizabeth Dayton, of Newport, R. I., and eventually settled in Randolph county, North Carolina. During the war for American Independence, Col. Balfour attached himself to the colonial cause, and for this offense he was murdered in his house, before his family, by Turles, on the 10th day of March, 1782. When the wife of the murdered colonial officer applied to President George Washington for help, he appointed her postmistress of the town of Salisbury in the New State and late colony of North Carolina.—Salisbury Cor. Charlotte Chronicle.

The Wilson Mirror is enthusiastic over the fine prospects of the tobacco crop in Wilson county, mentioning especially a hundred acre field of Capt. Calvin Barnes, which is described as a "forest" of tobacco, and the field of E. S. Toney, where much of the tobacco was shoulder high, broader across than a man could reach and so dense that a man stooping down could not be seen at a distance of twenty feet. The Wilmington Star says this is pretty fair tobacco for a county where, a few years ago, but a few people thought it could be successfully grown. We have read of some fine crops and some pretty tall tobacco in this year, but for lead with stalks which measure nine feet and from five to six feet across. These are veritable tobacco trees and entitle Franklin to the cake.—Durham Sun.

THE EDITOR'S DESK.

TIMELY COMMENT ON IMPORTANT EVENTS.

Short Paragraphs on Topics of Interest to Busy Readers.

The Minnesota Alliance met last week and nominated a full ticket for State offices.

The question of public schools is a vital question to every man who loves good government.

If men think the party they have spent their life in fighting against is as good as the one they are fighting for, they are curious specimens of honest manhood.

There is just one bright thing about the Federal Election bill, and that is the gleam of the bayonet behind it.—Dayton Times.

At the present rate of progress it will not be many years before the South, as some one expressed it not long ago, will be gridironed with railroads. In the work of building she now leads all other sections.—Wilmington Star.

That the next legislature will give the people a Railroad Commission there now appears to be no doubt. The ADVANCE has labored for years for this and we hope to see our desires accomplished.

We see from our exchanges that Mr. Peter M. Wilson has resigned as Commissioner of Agriculture. We know of few men so well fitted for the work of the office and the State will find it no easy task to fill the place.

Very many Alliance men advocate the re-election of Senator Vance. They have a right to their opinions; and while they differ with him on some questions, they are with him on the great fundamental principles of the Democratic party.—New Bern Journal.

The Progressive Farmer continues its attack on Senator Vance and the tone of its editorials this week suggests the fable of the ox and the fly. "If I am too heavy for you," remarked the considerate fly to the huge ox as he alighted on his horn, "let me know and I will go away." "Where are you?" enquired the ox.

To act as if the Sub-Treasury plan is the only plan of relief to the tax-burdened farmer, argues two things—a narrowness of conception which excludes confidence, or base demagoguery which could be promptly denounced by every honest man.—LaGrange Spectator.

We see Mr. T. C. Diggs has become editor of the Goldsboro Dispatch. He was Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of that place and is a young man of character and brains. He will be felt in North Carolina journalism. We extend our best wishes.

"Gen. Spinola, of New York, when the force bill was under discussion in the House, remarked that the people would do as they did in years gone by—send your firelings home if they come fooling around the ballot-box." Some of said "firelings" will be remarkably fortunate if they ever get back home at all.—Fayetteville Observer.

The Republicans have re-nominated J. M. Brower for Congress in the Fifth district. He is a man utterly devoid of principle or character—a typical Republican politician—and has been elected twice. Baldy Williams will "do him up" this time, though.

An observant brother editor properly diagnoses the cases when he said: The Radical organs are anxious for the farmers to imagine that they have been grossly insulted by the Democrat press of the State in the Press' condemnation of the attack on Senator Vance. The "Rads" are anxious for a chance to hater the farmers. Look out, they will say and do anything to get you.

Senator Vance is a practical friend of the farmers. He has introduced a bill for the repeal of the tax of ten per cent on the circulation of State banks, and providing that the tax shall be no higher than that levied on the circulation of National banks. If this bill was passed money would become more plentiful and consequently cheaper.

REMARKABLE RESCUE.

Mrs. Michael Curtian, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a helpless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as ever was. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store, large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

THE WEST AND THE SOUTH.

The West is the natural ally of the South. We have always been singing to her.

"She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau," and the old gal is pretty near ready to come to our arms.—Courier Journal.