

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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MR. ARP'S LETTER

ASKS WHAT IS TO BE DONE OF THE GIRLS.

Reading should be educated and they should do for a living. A question that is asked.

Oh, my country. It makes me sad and tired to get so many letters asking for help and advice. Help that I cannot even render. The letters are always welcome for it is good for a man to know of human troubles and to lend his sympathy. It is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting, but these letters make me feel helpless. They make me feel that I wish I was rich and wise so that I might respond to every call of misery. I wish that some great millionaire would die and leave his money to me to use in trust for misery. Sometimes when I look around upon my country home it alarms me for fear I have not had my share of trouble and it will come yet before I die and fall upon my children. They are not strong and trouble would go hard with them. The child never grows strong while the parents live. If the old folks have enough else to give them can give comfort and sympathy and advice, and when they die a prop is gone.

But the girls—the girls—what is to become of the girls? That is the question that is agitating the minds of thousands of parents. It did not use to be so half a century ago, and what is the matter now. Of course the old time parents felt anxiety about their daughters, especially about seeing them happily married and settled down, but as a general rule they did marry and the young couple went to work prudently and sensibly and began to raise children and with a little help were prosperous and happy. There was no great hurrah about how or where the girls should be educated. The old field school was good enough if the teacher was a good one. Richard Malcolm Johnston taught one of them for twenty years, and a better didn't turn out any better scholars than he did. My humorous and lovely wife went to just such a one until she was sixteen, and I don't want her to get any smarter, and so we mated, and she knows as much about books and everything else as her college-bred daughters. There is no school boy that can speak Marco Bozzaris like she can.

But what is the matter with the girls? The New World is chock full of letters about them—whole pages of letters that tell how they should be educated and what they should be doing. It seems that an old gentleman wrote the first letter and bitterly denounced the prevailing method of educating the modern colleges, and he accused women of invading the sphere of man and doing unwomanly things, and said that she had better stay at home and raise the children and let science and art and politics and temperance alone. His letter was pungent and sarcastic and has aroused the indignation of our young men and women. Such notable women as Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher have entered the field and given their opinions in a vigorous and sparkling way. A score or two of other writers, male and female, have responded and the cry is still they come and nothing is settled. It is hard to tell who is right for some of the women are of the old gentleman's school and some are half and half and some say he is fanatic and should be arrested. The old gentleman has no patience with the school-fair, pushing, noisy women, but wants women to be lovable and retiring rather than cold, defiant and self-supporting. He wants them to stay at home and make a comfortable and inviting nest for their husbands and children, and that is her highest and best vocation.

Some of the women go for him like yellow jackets coming out of a hole in the ground, and they sting him fearfully. I think that he has taken to the business to get rid of them, for he has not yet put in a rejoinder. They say that thousands

of their sex are not supported by the men and they are compelled to go out in the busy world and support themselves. They would willingly marry if the right sort of a man was to come along and ask them, but he don't come, and but few of the men are fit to marry, and those who are, getting scarcer and scarcer as the years roll on, and so the girls prefer to toil rather than be pensioners upon the bounty of their kinsfolk.

Well, it does look like the old man is right, and the women are right, too. He is looking backward at the good old times and they are contending with the hard facts of the present. Half a century ago who would have thought of seeing a nice young girl in a store or counting room, or a printing office, or a theatre, or singing in the church for pay. It would not have been tolerated. They were allowed to teach the village school or keep a milliner's shop, and that was about all. Household domestic work was their employment until they got married, and then they had plenty to do afterwards. Mrs. Arp did I know. Her good mother taught her to sew and knit and make and play upon the piano and ride horseback, and she can now work a neat buttonhole than any child she has got, and the little dresses she made and hemmed, and hemstitched and plaited, were marvels of beauty. From sixteen to forty-five no woman ever made more little garments or knit more stockings or was more diligent in household business. And yet she has not suffered, nor felt oppressed, nor lamented her lot. The maternal pressure was constantly upon her, and she had no time to lament—no time for dreams and reveries or utopian desires. When she was weary with work she rested by reading—reading books that were fit to be read, and she never forgets them. She is the standard of the household upon all literature, from Milton to Mother Goose. That's the kind of a woman she is, and never want to college.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox begins her letter on the old man's side of the question, and says: "His letter contains a greater moral lesson for the young generation than is preached in a thousand pulpits in a thousand Sundays." She blames the mothers and teachers for encouraging the girls to show off compliments and public displays. She blames the young men for paying more attention to showy and entertaining girls than to practical and industrious ones.

The young men want their sweethearts to be showy and their wives domestic, and as the average girl cannot be both she does not marry, or if she does a separation or a divorce soon follows.

Our own sensible Mrs. Bryan says the old man is both right and wrong. She defends the health and muscle of a woman today, and says they understand the laws of health better than did their mothers or grandmothers. That their rooms are better ventilated, and they have quit lacing their waists and cramping their limbs and wearing French heel slippers. It was not uncommon in the old gentleman's time for a lady to faint in the ballroom and their stays cut in a hurry to give them breath. But Mrs. Bryan does lament the decay of what she calls the maternal instinct among the educated classes. She says that but few children are born to them, and the number is constantly growing less. The time was when it was a reflection upon a woman if she did not bear children, but not now. The society woman of today does not want them. They are a trouble and are in the way of her selfishness, for motherhood means self sacrifice. Mrs. Bryan hints that possibly this is intended to solve the problem of over production and excessive population in the future, and that maybe if there are fewer children born they would be better ones. The mouse in the fable taunted the lioness with having so few offspring and the lioness retorted "But they are lions."

Well, I don't believe in anything that is not according to nature. I never saw a right healthy matured woman who was not a mother. I never saw a good one who did not wish to be.

Mrs. Austin writes most tenderly and truthfully about this and asserts that maternity brings back youth and keeps it fresh and buoyant. She says "I was born over seventy years ago, and now in my serene old age I look upon my children and grandchildren as workmen looks upon a piece of work with which he is satisfied. My children are still my babies, and their little ones bring back my youth."

EDITOR'S DESK

TIMELY COMMENT ON IMPORTANT ENVOYS.

Short Paragraphs on Topics of Lively Interest to our Readers.

The Sanford Express is in favor of the Australian ballot and wants the next Legislature to pass it the first thing.

Capt. W. W. Caraway, one of the best men who has traveled before for a newspaper, is on the road for the Raleigh News and Observer.

No truer words were ever spoken than when Abraham Lincoln said: You may fool some of the people all of the time; you may fool all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

August Belmont, of New York is dead. He was for some years before the late Chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee. He was never a candidate for any office, but always an earnest Democrat.

Ex-head-chopper Clarkson says there are about five Democratic papers in this country to one Republican. Thus do they own up that the Democratic party is the party of intelligence and of progress—Wilmington Star.

It is reported that General Jubel Early recently refused to take a \$50 bill because it had vignette of General Grant on it—Wilmington Star.

And yet, degraded old General, he allows himself to be used as a decoy to defraud those who fearlessly followed him amid the dangers and privations of war.

We have always given our voice and vote for good schools and we still believe the public schools of the State should be very materially improved. This improvement cannot be accomplished without money. We have no source from which to get the money except by taxation. Therefore let the tax for school purposes be increased.

Mr. Jesse Brake, who was elected to the Legislature from Edgecombe county, is one of the best men in the State and, if we mistake not, will be found sharing with Hollman, of Iredell, the honor of being known as the "watch dog of the treasury." Mr. Brake says the reason the people elected him was that they wanted to put a Brake on the Legislature.

The Raleigh State Chronicle is urging the necessity of making better preparation for the care of the insane of the State. There are numbers of poor unfortunate insane people who are confined in the jails because the Asylums are inadequate to accommodate them. The State can afford to provide ample accommodation for her insane. Let no spirit of false economy make us do an injustice to the poor and unfortunate.

Some otherwise good business men look upon newspaper advertising as a sort of extra expense that brings little or no returns. They will spend a few dollars that way occasionally, but they seem to do it in the spirit that so much is gone to the expense and lost account. It is a mistake to think that advertising properly, intelligently and persistently does not pay, or that any reputable newspaper is indifferent as to its advertising bringing the investor a profit.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

BORN TO BE A LAWYER.

His Talent Shows 'Themselves' in Various Attitudes.

One of Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll's stories is that he found himself alone in his office one day while as a young man he was studying law with a firm out West. He was interrupted by the entrance of a raw-boned, sharp-featured country woman, who ambled into the room leading a treble-faced, watery-eyed, ten-year old boy by the hand.

"Air you the lawyer?" she began. On being answered in the affirmative she went on to say that she had brought her boy to town for the purpose of binding him out at the "lawyerin' trade."

She was mortally certain, she averred, that Jim was a born lawyer, and that all he needed was a chance. "But, madam," objected the colonel, "he is entirely too young to begin to study law." "Too young, indeed," snuffed the fond mother, contemptuously; "you don't know Jim. He was just born for a lawyer." Much amused, the colonel asked her on what grounds she based her hopes for future greatness at the bar for her darling child. "Why," said she, "when he was only seven years old he struck work and swore he wouldn't do another lick if he got killed for it. When he was eight he got sassy and put on more airs than a prize horse, at the county fair, and now, Law bless me, he just freezes into everything he can lay his hands on."—New York Sun.

Might try Alaska.

There lives out in Joe Cannon's district in Illinois an old farmer who is a zealous Republican, one of the red-hot partisan stripe. When he heard of Cannon's defeat he said to his wife, who is one of those women who obey their lord and master blindly: "Mary, pack up everything, I'm going to move."

Why? asked Mary. Because Joe Cannon is beat and I won't live in a Democratic district.

Very well, said Mary, with a little resigned sigh. Then the old man went to town to sell his farm. There he heard all the election news. He returned home, and entering the house he said: "Mary, pack up, I'm going to move."

Why inquired Mary. Because he replied sadly, there is no place to move to.—Washington Mirror.

A Heart-rending Circumstance.

It must have been a little embarrassing and doubtless very mortifying to the gentleman at the Cape Fear river Yachting Club last Saturday to see the precious contents of a half gallon jug pouring out through his canvass valise and saturating the platform. A young man standing near looked with regretful eye and remarked: "It's not only a pity, it's a shame," while the odor of "corn" permeated the atmosphere.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 8 '90. Radam's Microbe Killer Co., Nashville, Tenn.: Gentlemen—After having dyspepsia fifteen years I tried your Microbe Killer. Using it about five months I find myself entirely relieved. Very respectfully, A. P. Matthews.

COLUMBIA, Tenn., Feb. 17. Radam's Microbe Killer Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs—I will say as to the merits of Microbe Killer that I have an old servant who has lived with our family for sixty years; her age is sixty-eight years. She has had the dropsy for thirty-five years. I saw the Microbe Killer advertised and bought three jugs and it has cured her entirely. This I know to be a fact. This was before I took the agency for the Microbe Killer. I could give you testimonials from dozens who have been greatly benefited by using Microbe Killer. Respectfully, Algie A. Lodge. For sale by Doane Herring.

BABY CURED.

My baby had the worse case of Catarrh that I ever saw a small child with. The Nasal discharge was very large and very offensive. Having some personal knowledge of the curative properties of S. S. S., I gave the baby a course of S. S. S., using nothing else. In a short time the discharge from the nose stopped, and the Catarrh was cured entirely and permanently, as there has been no return of it since. David Zartman, Independence, O. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

If you suffer from catarrh why don't you take Hood's Sarsaparilla the common sense remedy? It has cured many people.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

Oxford is to have a telephone exchange.

The new man to the Duke factory in Durham is about completed.

The old reliable Durham Recorder has donned a new dress of type.

The Greensboro Worker reports wheat as not coming up so well.

The bears are said to be troubling the farmers down in Pasquotank.

The Shelby Aurora tells of a fellow who stole a bee-gown full of bees.

More voted the bonds for electric lights and street improvements.

Rev. Frank Jones, a son of the late John Jones of Greensboro Female College, is dead.

Salisbury is soon to have a new factory, probably a brewery and electric light plant.

One of the nurseries of Greensboro has received an order for trees from Baden, Germany.

Mr. King, of Franklin county, took several premiums at the Atlanta Exposition on farm products.

The 96 counties of North Carolina have organized an Alliance. There 2,171 Sub-Alliances in the State.

Fayetteville cotton seed oil mills were destroyed by fire Thursday night. Loss \$100,000; insurance \$7,500.

There is some talk of organizing a joint stock company with a capital stock of \$10,000, for the purpose of establishing a large carriage works in Henderson.

Senator Hampton was accidentally shot by his son in the eye. They were out hunting in Mississippi—near the same place as which he lost his leg while hunting.

Mr. Joe Nettles, of Edgecombe, nets \$1,000 from his crop of seven acres of tobacco, and Mr. Mack Kilmore gets \$500 from his two acres—Rocky Mount Press.

Rev. L. W. Crawford, of Greensboro, has gone to Trinity college to take the chair of Biblical Literature and New Testament History, to which he was elected last June.

A Missouri bank cashier who lost an arm in defending his bank against the noted highwayman Jesse James, has just been sent to jail for robbing that same bank of \$100,000.

Col. L. D. Stephenson, a prominent Republican and well-to-do farmer of Wake county, made an assignment Monday. He was on the bond of O. D. Upchurch, Clerk of the Superior Court of Wake county for \$6,500.

Henry Taylor reports that a dark complected hen belonging to Abram Herring layed 43 eggs, not at one sitting, but by "sitting." Henry Herring is a dark complected man and his story is not without coloring.—Burgaw Herald.

Mr. Charles T. Powell brings us the twig of an apple that has borne two crops of apples and is full of blossoms for a third, which, unlike the trawla flowers, are doomed we fear, to be cut down without producing fruit.—Lenoir Topics.

A colored man by the name of John Mason, who lives at Hillsdale, last Thursday saw a "crow" of birds in the field. He took out his pocket knife and threw it at them, and by some means the birds flew open and killed two of the birds, cutting one's head entirely off.—Greensboro North Star.

The State Farmers' Alliance, of Minnesota, proposes to have a band in the national politics of 1892. A call has been sent to the country Alliances of the State for a convention of the Alliance. The object of the convention, it is understood, is to take steps toward the reorganization of a national Alliance political party.

One of the W. N. C. camps about two miles from Murphy owns a bed of clay as white and plastic as dough. Parties who claim to know pronounce it a good quality of kaolin, or potter's clay. If there is any good thing that can be found in Cherokee county you will have to go to heaven to get it.—Cherokee Scout.

The Shelby Aurora tells of a much married lot of men; Mr. William White, of this county, rejoices in his fifth wife. Another man in Cleveland this year married his fourth wife. In one year he had three wives. In the spring his first wife died; in the summer he married a co-sleeping, who died in October, then at Christmas he married a third wife, all in one year.

Last Thursday Mr. Joe Shields, who resides about six miles west of Durham attempted to go into one Mr. Carden's house for the purpose of getting a gun, which Carden had refused to loan him. They became engaged in a quarrel; Shields jerked an axe out of Carden's hand, which he had whetting and struck him on the head several times, cutting off one ear, breaking his skull and collar bone. Carden is critically ill; Shields was taken to Hillsboro jail Saturday to await the result of his bloody work. The affair occurred in Orange county.—Durham Recorder.

THEY BOTHERED HIM SOME.

They were afraid that the Drummer's Bill was a counterfeiter.

"I was in a pretty good sized Canadian mill very far from the border," said drummer, "and I was going away on a train Saturday night. As I sat in the hotel about train time it occurred to me that all the money I had with me was \$20, and that was one of those yellow backed United States gold certificates. Now, I thought, the chances are a landlord has never seen one of these. I'll probably have trouble. However, as the bus driver called out the train went over to the counter, put my overcoat on, whistling softly to give myself air of innocence, and then I took out my bill and handed it to the landlord."

"Hey! what's nothing smaller than \$20?" I stopped whistling long enough to "snore." "He looked at it while I snored to see if it was good enough," he said. "I wish I had a hundred of 'em," said I. The landlord took a roll of bills from his pocket in a hesitating way, laid out a ten and a five, turned partly around and looked at the looking for ones and twos, although I saw that had plenty of them.

"No use," he said, "I can't make the change." "Well, what can I do?" said I. "I didn't make any suggestion." "I've only six cents," said I, "inside of that bill, and there isn't time to change anywhere else to-night."

"Oh, well—pay me when you come," said he, preferring to risk losing thirty-five cents (that's the price of upper over coats) rather than take the bill.

"I'll give it to the bus driver at the next stop," I said, and I went out followed the silent looks of the assembled company, who undoubtedly congratulated the landlord as soon as the door was shut on escaping with so small a loss as fifty-five cents.

"I was exasperated and I was afraid experience would be repeated at the station, and what I'd do then I didn't know. I wasn't acquainted with a soul in town, and even if I had been I didn't know how to get the matter fixed up that night."

"Ticket for Detroit," I said, and left on the bill, while the bus driver hid behind me waiting.

"Smaller you've never seen the ticket rider, looking at the bill on both sides. 'The only thing I can give you,' said I, 'I laid it down and studied it carefully. It's many of those darned things counterfeited,' he said, while I stood so billing mad, but keeping a placid face."

"It seems to be all right, though," he said at last, and then he gave me the net and change.

I handed the driver his money, and he handed me about the landlord's bill, and then he got out and walked up and down the street, feeling blue.

Some one touched me on the shoulder. "It was the ticket seller. 'I'm a de afraid of that bill,' said he in a apologetic tone."

"Come into the office," I said, "and I'll fix it up," and as I was running around for a car to take me home, I remember that I had a check in my pocket about \$40, which a customer in another town had given me to send to the bank. I showed that to the agent. He puzzled to know how to do it. "I believe," he said at last, "I'd rather give you this than the bill. There's so many those bills counterfeited. I don't like 'em." Then he gave me back twenty and twenty more and took a check.

"You can imagine what I thought of that man. There was a check that he was holding, drawn on the order of a firm he knew nothing about, and I yet he took it rather than take a bill for half the amount guaranteed by the United States government. Lord! when I got through being mad I was sick with the ridiculousness of the thing and I laughed all the way to Detroit and I laughed again the next day when I handed the bill to the clerk at the Russell house and I told him about it."

"Well," said another drummer, "they're anything but fly over the line and it's a fact."

"Perhaps so," said the first man, "but Russell house wouldn't take the bill, and I darn it, I guess it's a counterfeiter all over all."—Detroit Free Press.

Happy.

This is what you ought to have! fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands on thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon, and yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and a use persisted in, will bring you good Digestion and cure the devious Dyspepsia. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle by A. W. Rowland Drug-st.

WHAT IS A COLD?

the head? Medical authorities say it is due to uneven clothing of a body, rapid cooling when in a respiration, etc. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose, which, when unobstructed, is certain to produce a cerebral condition, for catarrh is essentially a "cold" which nature is longer able to "resolve" or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superiority, and sufferers could resort to it before that common ailment becomes seated and leads to obstinate catarrh.

you don't want to have ultimate cure cure your catarrh now by using Old Saut's Catarrh Cure. It costs but 25 cents.

For scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

The indifference with which so many people regard colds, coughs and affections of the throat, consumption, and should be checked in time by one of Dr. Williams' Congruent Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.