

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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

\$1.50 a Year, cash in Advance

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NUMBER 48

BILL ARP'S LETTER

HE AND MRS. ARP RECALL SCHOOL DAYS.

Some Amusing Recollections of Their Association.

It was about the close of a bright and happy day. We were all sitting in the broad piazza and Mrs. Ary had laid aside her spectacles and was talking about the old Hog mountains that she had been reading about in Joe Harris's pretty story. "At Tazane Potatoes," said she, "that Hog mountain is in old Gwinnett, away up north towards Gainesville, and I went to school there when I was a child. Old Arty Bird taught us, and she was a sweet old soul. I know she is in heaven of anybody else. I wonder if it is the same Hog mountain—but I don't remember any of the 'Potatoes'."

Good, honest, clever Tom Gordon who lives a few miles above us passed along as we were talking, and Mrs. Arp's memories took a fresh start as she remarked, "He was a good boy, Tom was. I went to school with him to Mr. Spencer, and I know his speech right now," and she rose forward, and assuming an anxious, excited countenance said as she stretched forth her hand, "Is the gentleman done? Is he completely done?" Mrs. Arp is mightily good on a speech, and her memory is wonderful, and so toll her along I said, "and Charley Alden, what was his speech?" and without a moment's hesitation she took a new position and made one of those short neck bows and cleared her throat, and repeated with slow and solemn voice,

"On Monday, when the sun was low,
All bloodies say the unbroken snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of their rolling rills."

Then she put her other little foot forward, and brightened up as she continued:

"Big Limes saw another sight,"
And when she got down to the thick of the fight it was thrilling to hear her and to see her heroic attitude as she screamed:

"Wave March—all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy cavalry."

And she waved an imaginary flag all around her classic head.

We all cheered and clapped our hands, for the girls had never seen their mother in that role before.

And poor Thad Lowe, said I what was his speech?

So from that region of the north, said she.

And Kennedy Buller, said I. At midnight in his guarded tent, and she gave us a whole verse of Marco Bozzaris. She likes that, and we begged her to go on, and she went through that fighting verse where the Greeks came down like an avalanche, and her martial patriotism was all aglow as she said:

"Strike for the green graves of your sires,
Strike for your own and your sires,
God and your native land!"

Godness gracious, what a soldier she would have made!

It was my turn now, and so I put in on Jim Alexander's speech at my school.

"Make way for liberty he cried,
Make way for liberty and died."

Jim was always a cruising around for liberty, and the speech suited him mighty well.

But Tom; his brother, had a liking for the law and spoke from Daniel Webster, "Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case."

And there was Gib Wright, the biggest boy in school, who carried his head on one side like he was fixing to be hung, and he came out on the floor with a flourish and made big demonstrations, fixing his No. 13 text, and you would have thought he was going to speak something from Demosthenes or Ajax or Hercules or the rock of Gibraltar, when suddenly he stretched forth his big long arm and said:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
We never thought he would get to be a big lawyer and a judge, but he did."

And General Wofford was there too, and his speech was the speech of an Indian chief to the pale faces, and most every sentence began with brothers, and he whipped a big sassy Spaniard by the name of Del Gador for imposing on his little boys, and then went off to fight the Mexicans for imposing on Uncle Sam, and ever since he has been fighting somebody or imposing on somebody, and I think he had rather do it than not.

And there was Jim Dunlap who used to spread himself and swell as he recited from Patrick Henry's great speech: "They tell us, sir, that we are

weak, but when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week or the next year?" and he just panted around and shook the floor as he exclaimed, "Give me liberty, or give me death! Jim did not carry as much weight before him as he carries now, but he was a whale and had a voice like a bass drum with a bull frog in it. Jim was called on during the late war to choose between liberty and death, and he sort of split the difference and took neither, but he pulled through all right."

After this effort, which sorter exhausted me, Mrs. Arp recalled Melville Youngs speech about King Henry of Navarre, and Charlie Norton's speech to the eagle, Great bird of the wilderness, lonely and proud, and Charlie Rowlands poem dirge to Sir John Moore. Now a drum was heard, not a General note, and then I was called on for my own speech and I had to stand up and advance forward and make a bow and say: My name is Norval—on the Grampian hills my father fed his flocks.

I remember that it took my teacher two weeks to keep me from saying my name is Norval on the Grampian hills, and he asked me what was my name of the Grampian hills, and finally I got the idea that I must put on the brakes, after I said Norval and then make a new start for the hills.

Mrs. Arp then branched off on the composition and recitations of the girls, and recited sweet little Mary—Maithe's piece on the manie; Slay Jailer stay and hear my woe, and Sallie Johnson's composition on Hope.

Hope! It was not for hope men would die. Hope is a good invention. It was not for hope, would we mighty might give up a ship.

And that reminded me of Mack Montgomery's prize essay on money.

Money! Money is a good invention. The world couldn't get along much without money. But folks ought not to love money too good. They ought not to hanker after other folks' money, for if they do it's mighty apt to make 'em steal and rob. One day there was a lonesome traveler going along a lonesome road in the woods all solitary and alone by himself, without nobody at all with him, when suddenly in the twinkling of an eye, a ball of sprang a robber and shorten him down, and it was all for money.

Mrs. Arp's thoughts seemed a way off somewhere as she tenderly expressed:

"When I am dead no patient friend
Shall watch my pulse as you will say;
"That was my dear brother's speech," said she, and it all came true. He was killed at Chancellorsville. The cruel bullet went in his brain and he fell with his face to the foe and there was no pageant train; no kindred, no sorrows wasted, no time for sorrow; no loving hand to bury for a long time. Oh, it is so sad, even now, to think about the poor, dear boy. He was so good to us and we loved him.

Our school-mates are few and far between now. Death has carried most of them away and those who are left are widely scattered. How the roads of life do fork, and some take one and some another. We are all like petals skimming around and one by one get picked off ourselves by the common foe. I had liked to have got picked off myself a day or two ago. The wagon had come from town with a few comforts and one was a barrel of flour. Mrs. Arp and the children always came to the south porch when the wagon comes, for they want to see it unloaded and feel good for a little while, and so when the hind gate was taken off and Mrs. Arp had wondered how we would get out the flour I thought I would show her what a man could do. I rolled the barrel to me as I stood on the ground and gently eased it down on my manly knees. My opinion now is that there is a keg of lead in that barrel, for my knees gave way and I was falling backwards, and to keep the barrel from unsewing me into a pancake or something else, I gave it a heave forward and let her go, and I fell on a pile of rocks that were laid around a cherry tree; and they were rough and ragged and sharp, and tore my left arm all to pieces and raked it to the bone. The blood streamed through my shirt sleeve and I was about to faint; for blood always makes me faint, when Mrs. Arp screamed for camphor, and the girls ran for it, and before I could stop 'em they had camphor and turpentine fire poured all over my arm, and I went a

SENSIBLE CHAT.

LET THE HUMBUGGERY BE LOPPED OFF.

Change the Law for the Actual Protection of the Poor.

"Now that the 'country cracker' has got on top, it is time for the town 'hackers' to begin to look about to better their condition. "After the war, when bankrupt law were popular and, I might say, or necessity to relieve the people of old debts, capitalists got mighty suspicious and mighty careful of how they turned loose their money. The laws that made it easy for fellow to get outen paying his debts made it hard for fellow to get in debt—it is er rule working both ways. These laws made money hard and killed the countryman's credit, and caused 'em to have to pay ruinous per cents that kept them poor, their noses to the grindstone, for twenty years. This want of credit has had er heap to do with keeping the farmers in the deplorable condition of which we have heard so much, and they had to go to work and combine in order to build up the credit they so much needed.

"This alliance business had er heap more to do with giving it much thought. They sardredly bound themselves, as one of the principles of the alliance to make as few debts as possible and to pay such debts as they did make. This principle at once attracted men of means, and in er short time, instead of having to pay time living terms, and at the same time cultivated er spirit of self denial and economy, which has put them on top, and is doomed to make them independent at home.

"If the want of credit was so ruinous to the farmers, why should not the town working people begin to look about for er remedy against the deplorable condition in which they are still to be found? "Er good credit would be as er capital to poor folks in town, and they would find it profitable and convenient as do the country people, if they had the chance to try it, but how to arrive at it would be a question upon which there would be much disagreement.

"Laws that have been passed to shield the working man ergin the operations of garnishment are delusive. Instead of being er benefit his credit is killed, his capital, as it were, taken from him, and when the time comes, as it is most sure to come to every poor man, when he is erbelegged to have credit or him and his family suffer, he has to put himself in the hands of shysters who bleed him by their per cents in such manner that it makes it next to impossible for him to ever get outen debts when once he gets in.

"These bad collecting laws, as demonstrated since the war, made collecting so uncertain that it had the effect of creating er monopoly in the matter of money lenders, and the farmers were bled at the rate of 75 per cent per annum, and it was only the rich as could give mortgages on real estate and could get credit at that. Besides cutting off the poor man's chances for credit, it's my notion that such dishonest laws, by their operation, cause men to lose reverence for decent principles, and tend to drip them into the ruts of dishonesty.

"When the farmers went to work in their alliances in such er manner that convinced merchants that the non-payment of honest debts should be made odious in their society, they found plenty of men willing to sell to them at much less per cent than they had been subject to. Not only did it benefit them in the important matter of less per cent but it stimulated to economy and self-denial, and everybody should be glad, if they are not, that the 'country cracker' has got on top, and in more ways than one.

"The laboring men of the towns have the need of er good credit. These 'protective' laws hang over 'em, and there is half of 'em who think so little that if it was proposed to do away with these laws they would have visions of distress and the jail in the near future. This er delusion. If the merchant could collect his debts for sure every man would at once have er capital. If the garbage law, the homestead law, all laws that retard or prevent the collection of honest debts were repealed, the shysters would go

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Three Expressions of Opinion on the Subject.

Much can be said in favor of compulsory education, and yet we are hardly prepared to see the system adopted in North Carolina.

The late convention of county Superintendents of Instruction, in Raleigh, passed a resolution favoring compulsory education, which we do not think will meet with the endorsement of the Legislature nor of the people of the State. If people will not give their children schooling when the schools are open to them, the forcing process would hardly prove effective, unless it planned out more satisfactorily in this State than in others where it has been tried. There is a compulsory law in Illinois now which works so badly that there is a demand for its repeal, even in the cities, where such a law could be most effectually enforced. Aside from the objection that it would probably fail to accomplish the purpose for which it is intended; there are other objections which it would be difficult to overcome. People as a general thing do not take kindly to compulsion of any kind, and the people of this State are not an exception to this.—Wilmington Star.

Compulsory Education is not so undemocratic as voters who can neither write nor read. The State provides, that in the education of our children so that they may be equipped with general information enough to enter intelligently into the affairs of a government in which all are, or should be, interested, and of which each voter is a component part. If that general intelligence is partly or altogether lacking we shall not have, other things being equal, as satisfactory government as we ought. The fountain is not likely to rise higher than its source.—Asheville Citizen.

Mr. Amos Jenkins, living about ten miles from Trenton, has a curiosity in the shape of a one-eared pig. Where the other ear ought to be there is not even an opening.—Kinston Free Press.

We are told that our countryman, Mr. Matthew T. Johnson, made 100 bales of cotton on 70 acres this year, also 50 bushels of corn to the horse. Who says farming doesn't pay.—Goldsboro Herald.

J. G. Southerland says he has been prospecting in this mountain country for the past fifteen years, and he believes that for its size it is richer in minerals than any other in the world.—Cherokee Scout.

Secretary T. K. Bruner, of the department of agriculture has been interviewed regarding the new discoveries of gold in Rowan county. He says he finds that four millions of dollars will cover all the gold taken from mines in this State.

Frank Christie, cook in an Anderson (Ind.) restaurant, took up some years ago a mining claim in South Dakota, supposed to be valuable. There have been lately rich developments in the vicinity and he has sold out for \$185,000.

The county commissioners of Mecklenburg have decided to strictly enforce the law against those who failed to list their taxes last year, and will make no exceptions, so the amount of double taxes to be paid in consequence will be large.

We see it stated that our enterprising citizen, Mr. Joseph H. Stockton and associates, have purchased nearly 1,000 acres of land at Fancy Gap, Carroll county, Va., and will convert the same into a magnificent summer resort.—Winston-Salem Republican.

The colored women of Boston have struck a new kink. They have discovered a way, which comes from Canada, to take the kink out of their hair and now the chief occupation of many of the colored feminines is going for the kinks.—Wilmington Star.

The Murphy South says that Arthur Stewart, of Philadelphia, has recently purchased two tracts of land close to Franklin in Macon county, one containing 175 and the other 137 acres. One of them he thinks he has the finest hotel site in Western North Carolina.

A few days ago a trunk belonging to a certain young man living not a thousand miles from Tarboro, was opened by a blacksmith, the key being lost, and what do you suppose was found therein? A pistol, poker chips and a Bible, were all there together.—Tarboro Southerner.

Dr. S. W. Battle, an Asheville physician, arrived home from Berlin last week with a vial of Dr. Koch's lymph for the treatment of consumption, and made his first injection on the 1st. The Citizen says he speaks conservatively about the lymph but thinks there is a great future before it.

The Warrenton Gazette says that Warren county has only had two clerks of the Superior Court since 1817. Mr. B. E. Cook held the office for fifty-one years, from 1817 until his death, 1867. His deputy, Mr. W. A. White, was then appointed by Judge Barnes to fill the unexpired term, and he has been elected to the office every year since. Warren county is largely Republican, yet no candidate they could bring forward has ever been able to defeat him.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

Scotland Neck is to have a bank, says the Democrat.

Knitting mills are to be established at Norwood, says the Stanly Observer.

A tobacco company with a capital of \$4,000,000 has been formed at Wheeling, W. Va.

The Reidsville public building will have been signed by the president. It means \$25,000.

Statistics just published show that in Maine there are 3,320 abandoned farms, total acreage 254,513.

E. K. P. Osborne, one of the most prominent business men in Charlotte, has made an assignment.

A company with a paid up capital of \$50,000 has been formed at Maxton for the manufacture of machinery of various kinds.

The tax collector of Mecklenburg county gets over \$5,000 a year, a salary much larger than the Governor of the State.

Grand Secretary Bain, of the Grand Lodge of Masons, announces that the next annual communication will be held at Raleigh on January 15th.

North Carolina held fourth place last year in point of railway construction. Active work is now in progress on seven roads and will begin on three more in a few months.

Very active efforts are now in progress at Raleigh to secure the pardon of Cross and White, the ex-president and cashier of the wrecked State National Bank of Raleigh.

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STEEPED IN VICE AND CRIME.

A sermon preached by Rev. W. T. Folsom, of the Second Baptist Church, created a sensation here today.

The reverend gentleman unmercifully scored the Columbia Club, the city government and the Young Men's Christian Association. The Columbia Club is the principal social organization in the State. Senators Hampton and Butler and nearly all the prominent men in the State are members and ex-Gov. Richardson was for years the president. "The city of Columbia is in league with Satan and is doomed to hell unless radical changes are made," said Mr. Folsom. "The Young Men's Christian Association is in league with the same personage. It has allowed the pasting of disreputable posters on its property."

The city, Mr. Folsom charged overflows with vice and crime. He states that there are forty-five disorderly houses in the city, some of the inmates being girls of twelve and thirteen years. There are, he says, thirty-five white women raising families by negro men and twenty-eight white men with negro wives. In the city there are five regular gambling halls and thirty-three bar rooms. The saloons and disreputable houses are frequented by miners, who are also enticed into the handsome bars of the Columbia Club and started in the ways of sin.

The preacher was particularly severe on the city government for allowing vice to have full sway unchecked.—Columbia, S. C. Dispatch, 4th, to the New York Herald.

Gen. Canby's Death.

It is with solemnity feeling about a light or vengeful feeling that I call attention in this connection to the newspaper report at the time, and which I have never seen contradicted, as to the manner of General Canby's death in the lavatories of Southern Oregon. With a large and absurdly disproportionate force he had been operating in that region against the feeble band of Modoc Indians under the leadership of the famous Captain Jack, who had so palpably outgeneraled and outfought his adversary that the whole country was laughing at Canby and hurrahing for Jack. Under these circumstances Canby asked a parley, which the savage granted upon one condition—viz., that the troops, who had again, as they had done many times before, nearly surrounded him, should not be moved until the parley was over. During the sitting of the council one of his scouts came in and informed his leader that some officer—Gibson, I think—was moving with a heavy force and in a short time would cut off his last avenue of escape. Captain Jack rose and without a word shot Canby dead where he sat, scalped and stripped him, and the next time this barbaric chieftain appeared upon the field of battle it was in the uniform of a major-general of the United States army.—Richmond Dispatch.

Mr. E. R. Kennedy, a republican in Brooklyn, N. Y. has furnished the Tribune with an account of a trip he made through the North-West. The Tribune says that he had "excellent opportunities for conversing with representative Republicans and that Mr. Kennedy is a wide awake republican. Good endorsement. Now what did he see? He thus speaks out: "I deem it a duty to declare that the final enactment of the McKinley bill, in anything like the shape in which it now stands, will lose me the next Congress, and will make it next to impossible for the Democrats to bungle and blunder sufficiently to enable us to elect a successor to President Harrison."

TO DRUGGISTS AND STORE-KEEPERS.

I guarantee Shriner's Indian Vermifuge to destroy and expel worms from the human body, where they exist, if used according to the directions. You are authorized to sell it on the above conditions. David B. Ponz, Proprietor, Baltimore Md.

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The preacher was particularly severe on the city government for allowing vice to have full sway unchecked.—Columbia, S. C. Dispatch, 4th, to the New York Herald.

Gen. Canby's Death.

It is with solemnity feeling about a light or vengeful feeling that I call attention in this connection to the newspaper report at the time, and which I have never seen contradicted, as to the manner of General Canby's death in the lavatories of Southern Oregon. With a large and absurdly disproportionate force he had been operating in that region against the feeble band of Modoc Indians under the leadership of the famous Captain Jack, who had so palpably outgeneraled and outfought his adversary that the whole country was laughing at Canby and hurrahing for Jack. Under these circumstances Canby asked a parley, which the savage granted upon one condition—viz., that the troops, who had again, as they had done many times before, nearly surrounded him, should not be moved until the parley was over. During the sitting of the council one of his scouts came in and informed his leader that some officer—Gibson, I think—was moving with a heavy force and in a short time would cut off his last avenue of escape. Captain Jack rose and without a word shot Canby dead where he sat, scalped and stripped him, and the next time this barbaric chieftain appeared upon the field of battle it was in the uniform of a major-general of the United States army.—Richmond Dispatch.

Mr. E. R. Kennedy, a republican in Brooklyn, N. Y. has furnished the Tribune with an account of a trip he made through the North-West. The Tribune says that he had "excellent opportunities for conversing with representative Republicans and that Mr. Kennedy is a wide awake republican. Good endorsement. Now what did he see? He thus speaks out: "I deem it a duty to declare that the final enactment of the McKinley bill, in anything like the shape in which it now stands, will lose me the next Congress, and will make it next to impossible for the Democrats to bungle and blunder sufficiently to enable us to elect a successor to President Harrison."

TO DRUGGISTS AND STORE-KEEPERS.