

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

Cladius F. Wilson, Editor.

VOLUME 21

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."
WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 2, 1891.

\$1.50 a Year, cash in Advance

NUMBER 11

SPRING TIME.



LOVE AND FLOWERS.

SEE OUR NEW STOCK OF
HATS!
HATS!!
HATS!!!

SEE OUR NEW STOCK OF
WHITE GOODS

AND
LACES

TRULY

CASH CATCHES
BARGAINS

THE

Cash
Racket
Store.

NASH STREET.

NOTICE!

Having qualified as executor of the estate of Solomon Lamb, deceased, before the Probate Judge of Wilson County, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and to all persons having claims against the estate to present them for payment on or before the 10th day of February, 1891, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery.

S. A. & A. WOODARD, Attys.
2-10-91.

NOTICE!

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of John T. Williams, deceased, before the Probate Judge of Wilson County, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and to all persons having claims against the estate to present them for payment on or before the 10th day of February, 1891, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery.

J. H. LAMM, Administrator.
JNO. F. BRITTON, Attys.
2-26-91.

NOTICE!

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of W. T. Williamson, deceased, before the Probate Judge of Wilson County, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and to all persons having claims against the estate to present them for payment on or before the 10th day of February, 1891, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery.

PENELope WILLIAMSON Adm.
F. A. & A. WOODARD, Attys.
2-26-91.

NOTICE!

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of John T. Williams, deceased, before the Probate Judge of Wilson County, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and to all persons having claims against the estate to present them for payment on or before the 10th day of February, 1891, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery.

JNO. F. BRITTON, Administrator.
J. D. BARDIN, Attys.
2-26-91.

NOTICE!

By virtue of an execution to me directed, from the Superior Court of Wilson County, in the case wherein John T. Barnes is plaintiff and James Knight is defendant, I will on Monday the 8th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock, sell at public sale, the House and lot in the town of Wilson, N. C., offered for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest, which the said James Knight, the defendant, has in the following described real estate to-wit: one house and lot on Spring street in the town of Wilson, N. C., and bounded as follows: on the West by James Wiggins lot, on the North by the North Williams, on the South by James Wiggins lot and on the East by Spring street; containing one-fourth acre more or less, to satisfy said execution.

J. W. CROWELL, Sheriff.
March 2, 1891.

NEW REGISTRATION.

A new registration of the voters embraced in the territory of the Wilson Graded School District having been ordered by the Board of County Commissioners of Wilson County, and the undersigned having been appointed Registrar, this is to notify the voters of said District that the Registration Books will be open at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilson County, on Monday, March 25, 1891, and will close on Saturday, April 25, 1891, at 12 o'clock, m.

A. J. SIMMS, Registrar.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

HE INDITES A FEW WORDS TO SPRING.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE—LOOKING AT THE FIRMEN IMMERSSED IN THOUGHTS OF LOVE.

Hail gentle spring! saith the poet. She didn't hail, but she snowed and sleeted a little. Another poet says: Winter fingers in the lap of spring. The old rascal keeps on lingering there—he likes the place. I wish the gentle maiden would shove him off and tell him to go. She seems to like his caresses—I have seen an alder tag nor red maple ear drop this year. It is time for the dogwood to bloom and wild violets to peep out from their wintry beds and the minnows to play in the branches and the lambs to shake their new born tails. Every few days the robins come and the bluebirds sit longingly on the broken corn-stalks, but they don't stay long. The plum tree blooms look sickly and the peach bud don't know whether to venture out or not. Spring poets are languishing and all nature seems waiting and wishing for the grass to spring and the flowers to bloom and the birds to sing and the voice of the turtle dove to be heard in the land. There is but one real, genuine sign of spring:

King Cotton has unfurled his banner. And scents the air with sweet gunner.

It is now five long weeks since the good St. Valentine told the birds to mate and the girls and the boys to go wooing. St. Patrick has been out and shook his shalalah at the snakes, but still Gentle Spring keeps on flirting and fooling with Old Man Winter and makes him believe she is in love with him. But she isn't. May and December never mate; nor March and November. It is against the order of nature. We old people can look and linger and admire, but that is all. We have sailed down the river and encountered its perils, its reefs and rocks and shoals and quicksands, but, strange to say, we give no warning. Maybe it is because we know that warning will do no good; maybe because misery loves company; maybe because it is the order of nature, the fiat of the Almighty. Verily, the young people would mate and marry and launch their boat and sail down that river if they knew there was a Scylla and Charybdis at every bend and leviathans and maelstroms and cataracts all the way down. Poor, trusting, suffering woman. What perils, what trials, what afflictions does the maternal instinct bring upon you. Close by us, while I write, is a beautiful young mother lingering in the grasp of death—dying that her first born child may live. There is nothing more touching, more pitiful, more heroic in nature. There is nothing that a man is called upon to endure that compares with the death of a mother in childbirth.

But there is a brighter side—a more charming, comforting picture of life—married life, domestic life—when the good mother is a matron, and looks with pride upon her children and grandchildren as they come and go lovingly before her. What calm serenity hovers over her matronly face. What sweet content, what grateful rest—rest from her labors, her pains, her care and anxiety. Well may she exclaim with Paul: I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.

Yesterday I was looking at the firmen as they were arrayed in their handsome uniforms, and as I viewed their bright, expectant faces I saw history repeating itself, for we, too, used to run the machine, and felt like the world was turning upon our pivot. It is all right. Let the young men begin early to take part in bearing the burdens of life. Let them wait upon us and protect us and our property. It gives them confidence and self-respect. These young men are to take our places before long. They will nurse us and bury us, and attend our funerals, and after that, will pursue the same journey of life and linger and die as we did. They are now looking on the bright side and are happy. They are in love, or have been, or will be. To every lad and lassie there is a period of life not always thrilling or tragic, but always emotional and absorbing. I mean the period of love—young love

A Recommendation.



"Well, Rastus, I hear you have left Mr. Smithers."
"Yas-air."
"Did he give you a good recommendation?"
"Yas-air; he dun write it, an' said I wuz de mos' mendacious an' fallible nigh-gah he knowed."—Harper's Weekly.

—or love's young dream, which sometimes runs smooth and sometimes dont. What a privilege it would be to look behind the curtain and see just what love has felt and suffered and enjoyed. Such a kaleidoscope would have a world of eager lookers, for the old are fascinated with stories of love and courtship as well as the young. In looking over the daily or weekly paper we may skip the news with displayed headings; but any little paragraph that has love in it arrests the eye and demands attention. Children go to school to study books, but by the time they are in their teens they begin to mix a little timid, cautious love with their studies. A sweetheart is a blessed thing for a boy. It straightens him up and washes his face and brushes his hair and stimulates his ambition to be somebody. How I did luxuriate and palpitate and concentrate and concentrate and gravitate towards the first little school-girl I ever loved. She was pretty as a pink and sweet as a daisy, and one day at recess when nobody was looking, I caught her on the stairs and kissed her. She was dreadfully frightened, but not mad. She ran away with blushes on her cheek, and more than once that evening I saw her glance at me from behind her book, and I knew she was wondering if I would ever dare to do so again. Oh, that kiss on the stairs! And now, if a thousand of your readers peruse these random memories, 800 of them can finish up the chapter from their own unwritten books. Who has not loved? Who has not stolen a kiss? Who has not caught its palpitating thrill, and felt like Jacob when he kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept? Oh, Rachel—beautiful and well favored! No wonder that Jacob watered thy flock and then kissed thee, for there was no one to molest or make him afraid. For fourteen long years he served thy father, waiting and wishing for thee. That memorable kiss is now 4000 years old, and has passed into history as classical prose, but doubtless you have had them, dear reader, just as sweet and inspiring, and never wept nor told it.

I reckon it must be the sweet south wind—the harbinger of spring—that inspires these tender thoughts and pleasant memories. They are not set to verse or to rhyme, but they are spring poetry, nevertheless, and will need your kind consideration. What can the aged do but revel in the memories of their youth? BILL ARP.

STAND YOUR GROUND.

When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation. Instead, let me claim that it is as good as Hood's and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building up medicine.

Work for eternity must rest on a solid foundation.

POISONS IN COSMETICS.

It seems to be the fashion for young ladies with pimpled and blotched faces to use various cosmetics. Madame Piffaffy advertises her foreign-named compound, composed of a combination of poisonous mineral substances that deaden and burden the delicate substances of the skin. There are no complexion like those that nature give. The tonic, strengthening and health-giving effects of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) permit nature to work her will in this respect, as thousands of ladies, both young and old, have discovered. The cheapest and most beautiful complexion depends on health and vigor. It is the office of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) to give vigor and tone and health to the system, and in this way to give lustre to the eye and roses to the cheeks.

A GOOD MODEL.

AN OLD LOVE LETTER THAT WILL BEAR REPRODUCTION.

HOW ONE YOUTHFUL SWAIN EPISTOLIZED HIS FAIR ONE.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Jan. 21st, '83.

My DEAREST:—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like spanish needles through a pair of old time trousers. As a gosling swimeth with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hair of a blacking brush and brighter than the hues of the humming bird's pinions, visit me in slumber, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it like an old hound pup snapping at a blue bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfection, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee in a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in country towns, I lifted my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag and in silent admiration I drank in the sweet infections of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel that I could lift myself by my boot straps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are in my thoughts. Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay bird pipes his tune of lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chattering shrill cry heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig riseth from his bed and grunts and goths for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his drony flight at sultry noontide, and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee, and like a piece of gumelastic, my heart seems to stretch clean across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse, powdered with gold and the brass pins screwed through your waterfalls, fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbows of an old coat and whiter than seventeen hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids darting and fighting like cohorts of ants in fire ant cracker. When their fire hit me full on my manly breast, it permeated my entire anatomy like a load of bird shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of parian marble and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your fingers like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of kisses are ready to fly out like young blue birds from the parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ear like the wind harp's strain or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home made sugar. I am dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my soul as thrifty housewives pour out the hot coffee. Away from you I am melancholy as a sick cat. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows nibble at my spirit, and my soul is plicated through with doubts as an old cheese is bored with skippers. My love for you is stronger than the smell of old butter, switzer cheese or a kick from a mule. It is purer than the breath of a young cow and more unselfish than a kittens first caterwaul. As the song bird hungers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the tray; as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than the top-nut plumage on the head of a muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, pound cake and sweetened toddy, altogether.

If these remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul and me to win your affections, I will always be as happy as a woodpecker in cherry time, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate the thrilling passion, I will die away like a poisoned bed bug, and in coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear

A Novel Collection.



Kingsley—Great Scott! old man, what under the sun are those bits of rags in that frame?
Bettison—That, my boy, is Towser's private collection of trousers, sampled from the various insurance, lightning rod, tree and book agents who have called.—Puck.

and toss a clod on the last rest-in-place of your affectionate JOHNNIE.

A WONDER WORKER.

Mr. Frank Hoffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore.

How Stained Cotton Can be Made White.

The Augusta correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution tells how Mr. J. J. Williams, a successful farmer who lives near Ellenton, S. C., manages to remove all stains from his cotton:

"He takes his seed cotton and packs it in layers. Over each layer he sprinkles water with a pine top, and after he has done this he leaves it for three days. The stained and blue cotton when taken out is clean and white, with the staple just as good as ever. The cotton, when packed in the manner above described, generates heat. This heat removes the stain, and the farmer is saved the difference in price between the stained and the white cotton, besides gaining one pound in eight in ginning. The heat generated in the packing kills the germ in the cotton seed, but when the ginning is done the seeds easily let go all the cotton. Though the seeds are dead, the oil in them is not injured, and they are still saleable to the oil mills. Mr. Williams this year sold his entire crop as first-class cotton."

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters send the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial Fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore.

If you want things to go right, live right yourself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is on the flood tide of popularity, which position it has reached by its own intrinsic, undoubted merit.

It is hard to ruff a man who keeps close to God.

A delicate child is more subject to worms than a healthy one, as in the economy of nature one animal is made to subsist upon another, and the weaker goes down. At the first indication of worms administer Shiner's Indian Vermifuge, the infallible remedy.

The most blessed of all desires is a desire for God.

When will the average citizen stop spending his hard earnings on cigars and tobacco? Give it up! Well when he finds he can do without tobacco and cigars, but not without Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Salvation Oil, the greatest pain-cure on earth, is compounded of purest drugs. It is guaranteed to contain nothing of a poisonous character. Only 25 cents a bottle.

God has no use for lazy people, either on earth or in heaven.

Ten minutes in heaven will make us forget all we ever suffered on earth.

A WAR SCENE.

AN IMAGINARY INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR.

"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST, AND THE LOVING THE MOST TRUE."

Some time last fall a New York letter to the Baltimore Sun contained the following:
There was buried at Greenwood today a man with a curious history. He had been a Confederate soldier, as brave as any of his comrades, but he deserted his army during the war and was tried by court-martial for doing so. Edward Cooper was his name. For the past year he has been living at No. 355 Fourth avenue.

One bleak December morning in 1763 he was before a court martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. The prisoner was told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to his inevitable fate, Gen. Battle said to him: "Have you no defense?" Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without reason?"

"There was a reason," replied Cooper, but it will not avail me before a military tribunal.
"Perhaps you are mistaken," said the General; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law and it is your duty to make known the cause that influenced your actions.

Approaching the president of the court Cooper presented a letter saying as he did so: "There General, is what it did!"
The letter was offered as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words:

DEAR EDWARD:—Since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything "wrong" for the world, but I do not, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie crying. I called to him and said: What is the matter, Eddie? He replied: Oh, mamma, I am so hungry. And Lucy, your darling Lucy. She never complains. But she grows thinner and thinner every day. Before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

Turning to the prisoner Gen. Battle asked: What did you do when you received that letter?
Cooper replied: I made application for a furlough. It was rejected. Again I made application and it was rejected. That night as I wandered about our camp thinking of my home, the wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary.

If every gun in the battery had been fired upon me I would have passed those lines. When I reached home Mary flung her arms around my neck and sobbed: Oh, my Edward! I am so glad you got your furlough. She must have felt me shudder, for she turned as pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said: "Have come without your furlough! Go back! Edward, go back! Let me tell you, the children go down to the grave, but for Heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!"

There was not an officer on that court-martial who did not feel the force of the prisoner's words, but each in turn pronounced the verdict guilty. The proceedings of the court were reviewed by Gen. Lee, and upon the record was written: Headquarters A. N. V.—The finding of the court approved. The prisoner is a d—n d and will report to his company.

R. E. LEE, General.
[The above is a very incorrect version of the story, if we remember correctly. Gen. O. A. Battle, of New Bern, who was here last week, is the author of it. In a speech in Alabama some years ago he related the incident, melting his audience to tears. It was an imaginary picture, but so vividly and truthfully drawn that it looks mighty real.—Editor.]

Doctors are to guard human life and bring relief to the sick. So does Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup; it contains nothing injurious and is always reliable. Sold by all dealers for 25 cents.

What an unsatisfactory life, to be suffering with catarrh. Go and buy a twenty-five cent box of Old San's Catarrh Cure and be cured.

He who learns by experience, both sweet and bitter, touches the secret spring of success.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A Dull Season.



"Why don't you go to work?"
"There ain't much doin' at my trade now."
"What is your trade?"
"Pickin' flowers off er century plants."—Life.

THE WIFE YOU WANT.

A Little Lecture on the Qualifications of a Husband.

You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cow-hide shoes, is guileless of coresses, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes house cleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother, and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track-walker, is her style of a man.

Let us examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial idea, my boy. Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down the cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up half an acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the cistern, and can you watch the leak in the kitchen roof?

Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the sitting room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not sag? Can you do anything about the house Con Reagan can? My dear, dear boy, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do anything any woman can do.

Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and a face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.—Robert J. Burdette.

About a Mortgage.

The editor of the Santa Anna Standard, having just succeeded in paying a mortgage on his ranch in Orangethorpe, rejoices in the full ownership of 61 acres of as fine land as California boasts. His experience with the "dead pledge" now so happily passed—moves him to wise reflections, as follows:

A mortgage is a queer institution. It makes a man rustle and keeps him poor. It is a strong incentive to action, and a wholesome reminder of the fleeting months and years; fully as symbolic in its meaning as the hour glass and scythe, that represents death. A mortgage also represents industry, because it is never idle and never rests. It is like a bosom friend, because the greater the adversity the closer it sticks to a fellow. It is like a brave soldier—it never hesitates at charges nor fears to close in on an enemy. It is like the sand-bag of the thur—silent in application, but deadly in effect. It is like the hand of providence, it spreads all over the creation, and its influence is everywhere visible. It is like the grasp of the devil fish—the longer it holds the greater its strength. It will exercise feeble energies and lend activity to a sluggish brain, but no matter how hard the debtor works, the mortgage works harder still. A mortgage is a good thing to have in the family—provided always it is in somebody else's family. It is like a boil—always a good thing on some other fellow.

THE CAPITAL.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT AND POLITICIANS ARE DOING.

THE SWIRL OF POLITICS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

(Special Cor. THE ADVANCE.)

WASHINGTON, March 27th, 1891.

Ex-Senator Mahone became a Republican and attained his first political prominence through a cowardly political bargain as ever was made in this or any other country by persons as eminent as the President of the United States and a member of the Senate. By at his Main Mahone obtained much notoriety and absolute control of the Federal patronage of Virginia as the price of his allegiance to the Republican party. He has now made another bargain, by which he hopes to again get his grip upon the throat of Virginia. His partner in the present enterprise is that blatant Washington negro demagogue John M. Langston who for office holding purposes, claims a residence in Virginia, and who has broken Mahone's power in his own district by taking the negro vote away from him. The terms of the bargain, as told to me, are that Langston shall again turn the negro vote over to Mahone, who is to resume his position as Republican boss of Virginia, in return for which Mahone is to urge the name of Langston upon Mr. Harrison for one of the new United States Circuit Judgeships. It is believed that Mr. Harrison has already partly promised to elevate Langston to the bench and that he had this bargain in mind when he told the delegation of cheeky negroes, calling themselves journalists, several days ago, that he would be pleased to consider the name of a member of their race whom they considered sufficiently learned in the law to discharge the duties of a Judge. Harrison is to get the solid Virginia delegation to the next Republican national convention for a day. If he dares to appoint this negro, Langston to the bench he will also get and fully deserve the exorcism of ninety-nine decent white men out of every hundred in every section of the country. It is entirely in keeping with Mahone's political career that it should wind up in a partnership with a negro. The trial of Judge Charles B. Kincaid who while a Washington correspondent shot and killed ex-Representative Tamm for a day, in the Capitol building on February 28, 1890 is going on this week and is attracting much attention. The defence is self-defence. Ex-Representative Grosvenor of Ohio, has taken the place of Senator Voorhees, who is under treatment at the Arkansas Hot Springs, as Kincaid's chief counsel.

Russell Harrison, who is said to be mixed up in several speculations involving questions affecting public lands, has succeeded in having his name, ex-Representative Carter of Montana appointed commissioner of the General Land Office, to succeed Judge Groff who was compelled to resign, because he would not change his opinion in order to oblige Secretary Noble. There's nothing like being a son of the appointing power, and nobody knows any better than Russell.

The National Association of Democratic Clubs has sent a circular letter to Democratic clubs all over the country requesting them to appropriately celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, Thursday April 2. The letter calls attention to the contrast between the simplicity of Jefferson with the prodigality, centralization favoritism and corruption of the last Congress, of which it says: They could go no further for they have exhausted the surplus in the treasury and in the McKinley bill, raised taxes and prices to the last points of endurance. The time is especially appropriate while celebrating the birth of the great apostle of liberty to rejoice over the popular repudiation and the final adjournment of the odious billion dollar Congress, whose existence was a menace alike to the freedom, the prosperity and the business of the country.

Considerable scandal has been created by the State department sending ex-minister Foster who, is known to be a paid Attorney, of the Spanish Government, to Madrid as a special envoy, and the matter isn't mended any by the knowledge that he is accompanied by that worthless young scoundrel James G. Blaine Jr, who would not be tolerated in decent society—he is only just tolerated—were it not for consideration of his parents feelings.

A Sure Cure.



Miss Laffin—What has become of our friend Mr. Clay?
Mr. Rand—He has taken employment in a powder mill for six months.
Miss Laffin—How strange!
Mr. Rand—Not at all. He wished to break himself of smoking.—Puck.