

The Wilson Advance.

Entered in the Post Office at Wilson, N. C., as second class mail matter. C. F. WILSON, Editor and Proprietor.

For the cause that lacks assistance, For the wrong that needs resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that we can do."

THURSDAY, July 21st, 1892.

NOTICE.

The members of the township Democratic Executive Committees are hereby requested to meet in Wilson Saturday, July 23rd, 1892, to transact business of importance.

W. W. FARMER, Ch'm Co. Dem. Ex. Com.

Gen. Weaver's record is not pleasant reading for the honest men of the South.

Every vote cast by a Democrat for the Third Party nominees counts one for Harrison. Don't forget this.

"The North Carolinian" is the name of a paper Mr. Joseph Daniels will begin in Raleigh August 1st.

Mr. E. J. Hale becomes sole owner of the Fayetteville Observer. Mr. Whitehead, who made such a brilliant success, is city editor at present. Success to the rising and setting sun.

We are in receipt of a communication presenting the name of our excellent countyman, Mr. Elias G. Barnes, as a candidate for the legislature. It will appear next week.

The country is teeming with the news of strikes, murders, rapes and lynchings. Every mail adds to the horrible list. Is the remedy legislation, or the enforcement of existing laws?

Mr. Y. T. Ormond, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of this district, requests us to announce that the Convention will be called to order at 11 o'clock in Scotland Neck next Wednesday.

The times are clearing off. Reason is returning. The people want to do right. They want to be informed. We have an abiding faith in the conservatism of our people. They will therefore continue to stand for Democracy.

The Vance Farmer, published by P. G. Rowland, at Henderson, Vol. 1, No. 1, has been received. "One more unfortunate" ventures upon the sea uncertain of North Carolina journalism. May favoring winds blow it into prosperity's safe harbor.

"The Third Party here is losing ground every day," a well posted and intelligent gentleman wrote us yesterday from Elm City. "The leaders have nothing to say," continues he, "as to the present situation." We do not believe there is a man in Wilson county who loves his family, his home, his native Southland, who will vote for Gen. Weaver, after reading his record.

A day rarely passes that some farmer does not come into THE ADVANCE office and express himself about as follows: "Well, I had thought I would not vote for Cleveland if my party nominated him. I have never said so. But I can't stand Weaver, and his record. And, after all, I guess Cleveland is the trust, honestest man I can vote for, and my best friend. Of the three evils I will choose the least, and shall stand by my old party once more." And is this not the most reasonable thing to do?

In his letter to Tammany Hall regretting his inability to be present at their 4th of July celebration, Senator David B. Hill gave, as we understand it, the whole idea of Democracy and what it stands for in one masterly sentence. Read the following, which he wrote:

"In my judgment the hope of the peoples lies in the success of the Democratic party. Better than any other political organization it protects their rights and represents their best interests. It has always been the defender of constitutional liberty and of the reserved rights of the States. It opposes centralization; it boldly maintains the doctrine that Federal taxation should be for public rather than for private purposes; it advocates honest money—the gold and silver currency of our constitution; it favors home rule for States and municipalities; it opposes force bills, Federal interference in the domestic affairs of the State; it antagonizes monopolies; it is the friend of labor and it hates hypocrisy, sham and fraud. These tenets of our faith, thus epitomized, constitute a patriotic platform on which every lover of his country may safely stand, and to which he may proudly declare his allegiance on his nation's birth-day."

AS REGARDS THOMAS DIXON.

We believe the Reverend gentleman is going "plum crazy." His style of preaching is certainly not calculated to bring many souls to Christ.—Louisburg Times.

We think our friend Thomas is a trifle mixed up. It was not Tom Dixon's preaching that got him in trouble. It was what he said in his review of current events and entirely

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Distinguished North Carolina Boys—Silver Bill is Dead—Congress Nearing an Adjournment—Dr. Hayes Honeking, White-ney will not Accept.

(SPECIAL COR. THE ADVANCE.)

WASHINGTON, July 17th, '92.

The Senate confirmed Lieutenant Samuel C. Lemby, U. S. N., to be Judge-Advocate General of the Navy Saturday. He was nominated by the President a few days ago. Captain Lemby owes his position to a naval cadetship which he secured from the district now represented by Hon. A. H. Williams. He is a native of Salem, North Carolina, and stands deservedly high in naval circles here.

His brother, Lieut. Henry C. Lemby, U. S. Army, was educated at West Point and is now in charge of a military academy at Bogota, which he has probably modeled after our military academy. He has made an enviable reputation in his South American home, and still holds, of course, his rank at half pay as an American army officer. These Military and Naval cadetships open up a fine future to our boys when they have brains enough not to have their heads turned by the glitter of brass buttons and character enough not to become snobs. If they have not these two requisites it would be better for them never to don their uniforms, for they will be sure to disgrace them, their families and themselves.

Mr. Plato Durham, of Greensboro, has been appointed to the vacant cadetship in that district at West Point by Hon. A. H. Williams. Mr. Durham was alternate for Mr. Landis, of Oxford, and deserves credit for passing the difficult entrance examination at the United States Military Academy. He will deserve more credit if he succeeds in going through the four years course. He has my best wishes and I trust the young man realizes that it is industrious, persevering and obedient he will secure a Lieutenantcy in the U. S. Army with steady promotion for life and besides a thorough education with very valuable physical training. Two North Carolina boys stood at the top of the class at West Point last year and I hope the Greensboro cadet will emulate their example. If he has any time before he enters, he ought to study Algebra, Geometry, History, Geography and Grammar. He will find that a knowledge of higher mathematics will prove a very considerable factor in his ultimate standing.

The silver bill failed by a vote of eighteen. It ought never to have been up a second time. In fact the agitation of the subject at this session of Congress was ill-advised. The tariff is to be the issue of the campaign and the Democratic party was and is pledged to lift the burdens of this unjust taxation from the shoulders of the people. The party would do well to confine itself to the duties and the promises of the present hour. Our delegation voted for the consideration of the silver bill, as sentiment in the State was understood here to be in favor of it.

Speaker Crisp said yesterday that he thought Congress would be ready to adjourn by July 25th, certainly by August 1st. Already a great many people are leaving Washington to remain until the end of the heated term. Excursion tickets are sold on all the railroad routes. I notice the Pennsylvania railroad company advertises both the mountain and sea side resorts of our State and offers special inducements to the tourist to investigate the marvelous advantages of such places as Asheville, Linville, Morehead, &c. I am glad to see this. All we need, with our magnificent resources, is the influx of a few energetic northern men to help us develop them. One of the most tempting of these excursions offered by this railroad costs only \$10 from this point for the round trip. It includes Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Rochester, Buffalo, and easy access to the Thousand Islands and Canada, at small additional cost. The train for excursion leave here July 21st, Aug. 4th and 18th, September 3rd and 29th. I know of one party from our State who will avail themselves of the trip in August and I presume many others will. A tourist agent and a chaperon will be on each train to give information to the excursionists. This would be a good plan for some of our local railroads to adopt.

Dr. Mack Hays, who was beginning to build up a practice here says he is home sick for North Carolina, and thinks of going back home. He says he may make less money here but will have more comfort and satisfaction among his own people.

Mr. Whitney says positively he will not accept the Chairmanship of the National Democratic Committee. Mr. Harrison says he will if no better man can be found. Mr. Whitney thinks he can do better work in the ranks of the party and he will surely do his best.

Ten of the regular annual appropriation bills have gone to the President and have become laws or will very shortly. They are the military academy, legislative, diplomatic and consular, postoffice, army, navy, Indian, river and harbor, District of Columbia and agricultural bills. There are now none of the appropriation bills in conference and but three remain to pass through that stage, namely: The sundry civil, now before the House for action on the Senate amendments; the fortification, ready for return to the House, and the deficiency, which was taken up by the Senate Saturday.

Thomas Henry Carter has been chosen Chairman of the National Executive Committee. He is thirty-eight years old, is a native of Ohio, has been a farmer, a railroad man, a school teacher, a lawyer and finally a politician. He has lived in Illinois, Iowa and Montana. He was appointed by President Harrison Commissioner of the Land Office, a position he now holds and which he will probably resign. From the above facts it is safe to infer that he is man of restless energy and unusual versatility. He was put in nomination by Gen. Clarkson.

Simmons Liver Regulator has never been known to fail to cure dyspepsia.

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MOREHEAD CITY, July 4th, '92.

[The following article was written for THE ADVANCE of July 7th. Other matter crowded it out and last week it shared a similar fate. We read it over to "Cousin Jack" Simms, who says it is too good to lose, so we lay it before you this morning.—Ed.]

Morehead! The very name awakens pleasant emotions. Memories of soft, entrancing moonlight dancing on glimmering waters kissed by cooling breezes; ghostly white sails bending gracefully before whistling winds; white stretches of glistening sands; towering waves, white-capped, foam-crested rolling tumultuously into a magnificent surf; beautiful, brilliant women, and handsome, gallant men—these, and many more ever come trooping back to the mind of one who has been here.

To-day is this great nation's holiday. Celebrations are fit and proper. The national spirit and character of our public life must be preserved and kept alive. I believe it is one of the nation's safeguard to do this—to inculcate in the minds of our people the great fact that freedom is ours, having been bought with a price; that it is ours to keep sacredly untarnished, inviolate and to hand down to posterity, to whom we owe infinitely more than to ourselves.

But I digress. I am reminded of these things by the recollection that Wilson will to-day celebrate his birthday. The preparations were all made; the occasion well advertised. Mr. J. L. Mayo, the energetic manager of the Cornet Band, who has been the prime mover and the inspiration of the occasion, has widely advertised it, and he has received valuable assistance. I ran down here Saturday to spend Sunday. It is distressingly convenient to a man whose tastes lie in this direction and whose bank account is limited. You can leave Wilson at 2:17 P. M. and at 7:45 you are in the Atlantic Hotel here enjoying and elegant supper. Monday morning you leave at 7 o'clock and arrive at 12:58 P. M. you are in Wilson. That is tempting. I planned the trip, succumbing to the temptation. I fancied I needed change and rest. I now know it,—especially change! Alas for the frailty of man's plans! I am here, and I purposed being in Wilson.

It happened in this way: Last night I retired unusually late. The hour? Oh! I promised not to tell, and really it makes no difference what it was. My room was placed on the call for 6 o'clock. I have an indistinct idea of something troubling the sweetest kind of sleep and I finally awoke. My room was a front one. One glance through the half-open blind showed me a train full of people, and before I could wink my eye the train moved away in the most provokingly slow, deliberate way possible. Did you ever get left, when some one else was to blame for it? If so, you know how I felt. Kick? No; I don't know how. I tumbled back into bed and thought, "What was the use of kicking. I was left. No train until next day. No other means of leaving. That settled it. In ten minutes I was again asleep and my dream of Wilson fireworks was rudely awakened at 11 o'clock, by the explosion of a cannon cracker. Capt. Kendrick, the school book man, did it. He says he always does on July 4th. It's down on the bills and "there's positively no change of dates." I arose and came down to breakfast, after filing a "kick" at the desk just 24 hours long and twice as hot, because I had not been called. But it didn't work! Charles the pompous call boy (40 years old registered) called, "Oh, 10:27, sah!" I was called "sah!" Did it myself, "Suah Sah!" Gentleman answered, "Sah!" What could I say in the face of that? Eat breakfast and make the most of an enforced stay of 24 hours.

There was a large crowd here Saturday night when I arrived, but this session of the Teacher's Assembly died last night, and the "corpses" were railroaded away to-day. Only 200 people remain. And they are settling down for quiet enjoyment. The only thing of interest will be the Tobacco Association and Capt. Kendrick's fishing. This deserves special mention. Mr. E. E. Britton and the doughty Capt. were out this morning. They caught 160 pounds of fish. Britton said so and it's so. Fish will bite for Capt. Kendrick to catch when he is not hungry. It's simply wonderful. But you can't share his luck. He will pull up fish all day long and before you never get a nibble. Some men are that way, I have noticed.

The jolly tobacco men began arriving to-night. Capt. Lockhart, Mr. G. E. Webb, handsome D. V. Cooper, and jolly Ed. Pace are among them. Capt. Pace was immediately surrounded by anxious friends, all eager to pilot him to the dining room, because he declared he wouldn't open his mouth about the boundless possibilities of Wilson until he had supper.

To-day, I went fishing. It was this morning. The sun shone brightly and the fish sang sweetly, I guess, for they didn't bite. Just now my hands and the back of my neck feel a trifle peculiar. It is said to be a guarantee, and the color is guaranteed to wear well and look bright red for two weeks. I caught two fish. This is the truth. Dave Whichard and Walter Herbert accompanied me. They said they caught 40 pounds, but they edit respectively the Greenville Reflector and Kinston Free Press