THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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mch 1. -tf.

I Miss Thee.

I miss thee I miss thee, my darling,
The light in the sky
Is never so golden, my darling,
As when thou art nigh.
The tender wild flowers are springing
All over the earth;
And birds in the woodlands are singing
With musical mirth;
But over my spirit is brooding
A sorrow to-day,
The thought is forever intruding
That thou art away.

I miss thee, I miss thee, my darling,
The bright spring is here;
But not half so welcome, my darling,
As when thou wert near,
With blushes, as rosy as morning,
The peach blossoms glow;
The wild plum her brow is adorning
With buds, white as snow.
The bees o'er the sweet-scented flowers
Delightedly stray;
But dreary to me are the hours,
For thou art away.

I miss thee, I miss thee, beloved,
The genial sunshine
Is filling all spirits, beloved,
With gladness, save mine.
The zephyr's light pinions are shaking
The dew from the grass;
And purple-eyed violets waking
Wherever they pass;
The turtledove coos to her lover,
And chides his delay.
My heart saye'th, over and over,
Thou, too, art away.

I miss thee, I miss thee, my dear one;
The odorous breeze
Is whispering tenderly, dear one,
His love to the trees.
The brooklet, while madly and fleetly
He rusheth along.
Is chanting, how wildly and sweetly!
A rapturous song.
The great heart of nature beats gladly
This beautiful day,
While mine throbbeth strangely and sadly,
For thou art away.

WHAT POND LILLIES DID.

It is outrageous, positively outrageous, and I will never bear it, exclaimed Sue Willis, glancing up from a dainty note she held in her hand, and which she had been intently perusing with an angry look, dying either cheek and illuminating a pair of very lovely brown eyes.

What is the matter now? questioned her sister Mary, re-adjusting the bunch of pansies with which she was trimming a pretty garden hat.

Why, returned Sue in contemptuous terms, if you believe me Joe Parkson has taken me to task for as he styles it my most odious flirtation with Fred Ellers last evening at the church sociable.

Well, I do think his attentions were rather marked and that you were having a good time generally to the exclusion of poor Joe, to whom you are as good as engaged, as all of the world of Brookville knows, returned May holding up her hat to not, the effect of the drooping pansies.

But thank fortune, we are not engaged, as Joe well knows, and never will be. Of that he and every one else may rest assured, and the angry beauty tore into shreds poor Joe's note, and seizing writing material dashed off a very hasty reply.

Oh! dear, sighed May, there is always something to interfere with one's happiness. Just as we have everything arranged for the 'Pond Lily' party, you and Joe Parkson must quarrel.

I do not intend the matter shall interfere with my happiness in the least. I have simply declined accompanying him upon the pic nic to-morrow and requested him in the future to attend to his own affairs as I am fully competent to the adjustment of my own.

Sue you will not send that note?

I certainly shall and the gentleman will of course understand that all intercourse between us is at an end.

But how will you go to the pic-nic without an escort?

I shall accept Fred's very pressing invitation.

O, Sue! exclaimed May with tearful eyes.

O, May! returned her sister, with stars in her own.

According to the programme, the young people of Brookville started early in the bright midsummer morning to pic-nic upon the banks of a lovely little island lake, to fish and gather pond lilies, and spend a pleasant day in a wild and romantic place.

Joe Parkson seemed to have accepted his dismissal very philosopically and was in attendance upon the stylish Belle Blanchard, while the elated Fred Ellers was all devotion to Sue, who appeared in the best spirits possible, and bubbled over with fun and repartee; with such sparkles of wit, such keen replies to the bantering beaux, and such a brilliantly beautiful face as she turned toward her old flame Joe while accepting a wreath of the lovely pond lilies from her new spark, the weak but devoted Fred, who insisted upon crowning her as queen of the revels.

Undine herself with envy your majesty, said he as he placed it upon her dark wavy hair.

I will have none of it, she replied. No crown for me. They say there are always thorns hidden beneath the rose that twine around the brow of royalty I lay it at the feet of Belle Blanchard, she is so meek and lovely that she will not refuse gifts and will accept cast-off ones with gratitude.

The little speech was uttered lightly enough, and intended to reach only the ears of her attendant and those of her former lover who stood near talking to a bevy of young ladies engaged in improvising a tent of shawls and green boughs.

Joe Parkson lifted his eyes to hers with one sharp glance of anger, a glance which Sue knew but too well how to interpret and to which she returned one of scorn and defiance, even while thinking how grand and handsome he was in his anger, even if nothing to her any more.

I never saw Sue Willis looking as beautiful as to-day. She is just lovely in white, remarked Frank Parker.

Joe raised his eyes again to the face of Sue, and echoed the words within his heart. At that moment Sue was in animated conversation with some gentlemen. Her eyes were flashing with a light almost unearthly, her cheeks glaring in marked contrast to her transparent and snowy complexion; and the quick, coming smile radiated her face parted the carmine lips and disclosed teeth white and regular as pearls.

Yes, he responded with a smile and his own lips curled with bitterness Yes *la beaute du diable*!

Ah! what did you say? questioned Fanny. You know I do not understand French?

I do. He said something about the beauty of his santanic highness. I hope he was not speaking of me. interposed Belle Blanchard with her silliest simper.

I certainly did not mean you, returned the gentleman, and bowing, he walked away, only in time to lunch and after which there was a general rush for the boats.

Aren't you going, Sue? called out May, as the last skiff was being pushed off.

No. I don't fancy fishing, and the motion makes me dizzy. Bring me some lilies Fred, please.

Fred Ellers, who had been spreading shawls upon the seats of one of the boats preparatory to handing in the erratic young lady, sprang lightly again to the shore saying:

I will deputize May to bring the flowers.

Please go, urged Sue. I will take lilies from no other hand.

Thank you, but I can fish them out with my cane. See that point of rocks and the white and yellow glories at its base.

She turned her eyes to the spot indicated; then, with an exclamation, she sprang lightly away, sped with the feet of the gazelle along the rugged path, and soon stood upon a cliff projecting out in the lake and overshadowing some of the most perfect blossoms she had ever seen.

O how shall we get them, she exclaimed. After all, you cannot reach them.

I see no way but to summon one of the boats, and he acted upon his own suggestion.

At his shouting, Joe Parkson, who was rowing turned his boat immediately toward the couple on the rocks.

Sue has repented, said May, and wishes to be taken with us.

Hardly from that attitude, suggested Joe bending to the oars.

Sue was pointing at the lilies below, and either growing dizzy or from the slipping of a stone beneath her feet she fell over the rocks with a startled cry of terror, which was echoed by many voices as her white face and uplifted hands sank out of sight amid the snowy blossoms and beneath the dark water.

Joe will save her! shouted Fanny for it was he who had instantly leaped to her rescue.

O! May has fainted! cried Belle.

But in that moment of surprise and horror, all eyes were watching for the appearance of Joe, who had dived in search of the lost one. And well was it for the drowning girl that, animated by a love which burst anew within his heart he had resolved to save, or perish with her; that, forgiving and forgetting all wrongs, he nobly and bravely searched among the tangles of the lily stems and at last found, her clinging to them. Then at last, the moments might have been counted by heart-beats, but which appeared an age, he rose to the surface bearing in his arms a limp and seemingly lifeless burden.

Fred had clambered down to the foot of the rocks, and with a stout pole he drew them out of the water. They laid poor Sue down upon the green and mossy bank as one dead Her eyes were closed, her face white as snow and no breath stole through the parted livid lips.

She is dead, dead! asserted Fred, in accents of horror.

Her companions, who had instantly sought the shore, crowded around her and dismay and confusion reigned. Joe lifted his own pallid face to those of the weeping girls about him and said:

Hush. God be thanked she is not dead. Her heart is still beating.

At his command wine was brought and shawls to wrap about her and presently a little breath fluttered through the white lips, and the answering blood began to tinge ever so faintly the pallid cheeks.

More wine Sue. said Joe in tender accents, as he held up the cup to the trembling lips and a tinge of pain passed over her face as they moved her.

See, said Fred she has broken an arm.

Bring a carriage instantly, commanded Joe. She must be gotten home at once, and he lifted her in his strong arms.

Then all was bustle and confusion. The entire party began to gather up baskets and shawls, for all thought of pleasuring was over with them for that day, and soon the lake was sleeping in its wonted quiet, and the ungathered lilies floating upon its bosom to bloom and fade unthought of by the young folks whose day of happiness had been so brief and with a tragedy for a closing.

Poor Sue lay long upon a bed of torture. For many hours death brooded with its dark wings by her pillow. Then fever wrung and racked her delicate frame, and delirium usurped the throne of reason and revealed amid wild fancies. She was ever gathering lilies but they were for May or Joe.

Poor Joe, she shudderingly whispered; Poor Joe! he is dead. He fell into the water and was drowned. Here are the beautiful lilies I gathered to put upon his coffin, and her little, white hands would pluck at the bed clothes for blossoms that she fancied were surrounding her.

One night being worn out, the family left her with watchers, and, as is often the case, they slumbered at their post. At the dead hour Sue was seized with one of the many hallucinations. She stole from her bed, and crept out of the window into the street, and one who had not slept for many nights, and who kept his restless vigil by pacing in sight of where the lamp of the watchers burned, found her. She came to him in her long white nightdress and her tender white feet bare to the hard and rough pavement. For a moment he believed her dead and this her spirit coming to breathe farewell.

Sue? O! my God, what can this mean? Why are you here? he exclaimed, with his blood almost freezing within his veins, as he looked into her eyes, her wild, haggard face and realized the truth.

Hush, Joe! Come with me. I am going for lilies. They are for you dear Joe because you are dead.

He caught her in his arms in agony too deep for utterance and bore her back to the house, from which she had been missed; and when he again placed her upon the bed, around which, gathered the frightened attendants, she clung to him to save her as she was sinking beneath the waters of the lake.

With tender voice and calm hands he soothed her into forgetfulness, as one would an infant, until slumber came and blotted out her wayward fancies.

Morning found her sane, but so weak and spent that life hung trembling in the balance, and it seemed as though the breath of a zephyr would put out the flickering light forever. Her wistful glance passed from face to face in quest of the one that was dearest to her while her lips framed the name though no mortal ear could have heard. But when he knelt beside her couch with his face close to hers the smile that illuminated it was born in Heaven, and she softly breathed the single word:

Forgive.

His answer was whispered back into her ear. Her spirit rather than the flesh caught it, and was at peace and the kiss he pressed upon her chill lips appeared to impart new life. Then her eyes closed again and the face looked so wan and white as it sank into the pillow that it was whispered 'she is dead.' A gesture enforced silence and those of her friends who could not control their feelings left the room.

Hours of anxious watching followed into which were crowded hopes and fears such as few know. Joe never left the bed side, scarcely changed position and held within his great warm palm the little snow flake of a hand.

Another night passed and still he watched, giving the medicine ordered by the doctor with the utmost punctuality. When the morning dawned in loveliness, Sue awoke strengthened and convalescing. She smiled into the face of her lover, and a faint tinge crept into her own, as she thanked and received his congratulations in tone and words such as only a lover can command.

They are married now and neither can look upon pond lilies without a shudder of pain though they were the means of bringing reconciliation and life's happiness to them.

Peculiarities of speech.

It is very easy to acquire, but very difficult to lose a peculiar trick of speech or manner; and nothing is more universal. If we look round among our friends and acquaintances, we shall find scarcely one who has not his favorite word, his perpetual formula, his automatic action, his unmeaning gesture—all tricks caught when young and, by being corrected then, next to impossible to abolish. Who does not know the familiar 'I say' as the preface to every remark? and the still more familiar 'You know,' as the middle term of every sentence? Who too in these latter times has not suffered from the infliction of awful and jolly?—milestones in the path of speech, interspersed with even uglier and more obtrusive signs of foliy and corrupt diction—milestones that are forever turning up, showing the successive distances to which good taste and true refinement have receded in this hideous race after slang to which our youth is given.

Then there are people who perpetrate ejaculations, who say 'Goodness!' as a mark of surprise and 'Good gracious!' when surprise is a little mixed with reprobation; lower in in the social scale it is 'Did you Ever!' and indifferently to all stations. 'You don't say so!' or in a voice of demecation 'No!, and 'Surely not!' To judge by voice and word, these ejaculatory people are always in a state of surprise. They go through the world in unending astonishment, and the appeals to their goodness and that indeterminate quantity called good gracious are incessant.

In the generation that died with the Fourth George the favorite ejaculations were 'By Jove!' and 'By George!' with excursions into the regions of 'Gad!' and 'By Jinggo!' Before then we had the bluff and lusty squires who rejoiced in 'Odsbodikins!' and Swounds! with other and uncouth oaths, that were not meant to offend the hearers, but were simply tricks of speech caught by speakers. So, indeed, is the habit of swearing and using bad words generally. It is emphatically a habit, a trick of speech, meaning for the most part no more than the 'Goodness!' and 'Good gracious!' of the milder folly.

How many take a wrong view of life and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumlate weath, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station that makes a man happy.—Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials, enjoy comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

A friend asked of a pretty child of 6 years of age: "Which do you love best your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner: 'I love my cat the best, but please don't tell my doll."

A man always feels put out when he has been taken in.

Democratic Address.

To the Voters of the Democratic Conservative Party of the 2nd Congressional District.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

In accordance with an act of the last session of the Legislature of this State, an election will be held on the first Thursday of August next, at which will be chosen a Chief Justice and two Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, and three Judges of the Superior Courts, by the people at large a Solicitor in each Judicial District; Senators and Representatives in the General Assembly, and County officers.

Profoundly impressed with the necessity of a thorough organization of our party, in view of so important an election, we feel constrained to urge upon our friends throughout the District as early preparation for the work of the campaign as can be conveniently undertaken.

We shall enter the approaching canvass under many favorable auspices, among which we may enumerate the prestige of the splendid triumph won in our last State election; the wise, just and economical administration of the present State Government; the perceptible abatement of race hatreds and party bitterness, and the reign of good order and good will, which has marked so conspicuously the last year of our history. All these combine to prove that the watchwords that beamed from our banner in that notable contest; "Reconciliation. Retrenchment and "Reform," were no idle promise or meaningless devices, but the condensed creed of a party thoroughly in earnest

We can point you to no example more powerfully illustrating the great value of party organization and discipline, than the brilliant canvass to which we have alluded. Never since the "War" until then had the Democratic Conservative strength of the State been fully marshalled, for not before then had its sources and elements been so carefully canvassed and actively brought into service.

We take occasion at this early day, fellow citizens, to caution you against the evil influence of Independent Candidature for office; and we respectfully and earnestly advise the discouragement of any effort, made by such means, to distract our counsels or divide our strength.

In such a contest as the one in which we are soon to engage he is the worst foe to the great principles of our party, who can lend himself to so selfish a method of weakening its energies in its hour of trial and need, Let us determine, at the outset, that the "Independent Candidate," who puts himself in opposition to a regular nominee of our party, shall, wherever he may appear, 'in field or in covert,' be treated as not of us, but against us, and shall receive no comfort couragement or countenance from any true professor or follower of our political faith.

The people of the colored race, who have so large a preponderance in numbers in this Congressional District have had ample opportunies since the advent of the Democratic party into power, to test the integrity of our motives, and the sincerity of our professions. The most ignorant among this race cannot but see and acknowledge the zeal and unselfishness, with which our party has made such greatly increased provisions for its moral, mental and material prosperity and progress.

Without soliciting their political alliance, we leave it to their judgment, to compare the records of the opposing parties in our State, to ascertain under whose rule they have found the most pratical, effective and judicious protection of their real interests.

This Congressional District has long been the stronghold of our opponents. Can they not be destroyed? We believe that this is not only possible but probable, if we but put forth the proper exertions.

Discretion, zeal and system might accomplish even a more difficult under-taking.

I have the pleasure to report that I have just attended the meeting of our State Executive Committee and I trust that all our meetings during the coming campaign may be as harmonious. The ball is in motion; keep it rolling until rolls us up a solid and substantial majority, in August and November next.

Very respectively.
A. J. GALLOWAY,
Chairman Democratic Executive Committee, Second Congressional District of North Carolina.