The Wilson Advance.

FRIDAY.....MARCH, 31, 1876

[For the Advance.

Lines.

DEDICATED TO THE TOBACCO CHEWERS THAT ATTEND CHURCH.

A hint, we would drop, to the church going folks;
In the country or town, but, mind you no jokes,
For chewing tobacco, and squirting the juice
In the house of the Lord, can find no excuse.
But for want of politeness or rather of grace
Or for want of respect, for themselves, and the place
We see it is practiced by A B and C,
And know it is kept up by E F and G.
A stranger need not ask where the gentlemen sit,
He may look on the wall and ascertain by the spit,
Dark filthy puddles all down on the floor
From the pulpit, (men side,) around to the door.
The scene is disgusting; oh! how would you feel!
Should such a mess you should happen to reel,
Arising, of course as you would very soon
And your new mate had made of your hat a spittoon.
Yet often it appears these men are so good
They bow down their heads while others have stood,
Oh, throw out your quids ere you enter the door
And never so badly behave anymore
But down with the cash for the sand and the soap
And the horrible job of cleaning it up.

SISTER MARGARET.

Nothing is more mortifying to a person, especially if that individual is a maiden lady of thirty-five, than the consciousness that others begin to consider her too old for the society of young people.

"It is a laying on the shelf" that is by no means agreeable; at least such was my feelings as I glanced at the invitations to a little moonlight excursion on the lake, which were handed in by Thomas, while we were seated at our cozy breakfast-table one lovely morning in June.

The note was directed to Miss Edith and Miss Berthal Norton, not addressed, as previous envelopes had been, to the Misses Norton, which would, of course, include Margaret Norton, Spinster.

The last word I pronounced almost audibly, with a bitter smile, which attracted the attention of my pet Bertie, who said, tenderly, "Sister Margaret does your head ache this morning?"

How my heart yearned over that favorite sister of mine, the very image of our lost father!

We were now laying aside the sable robes, worn for three years in token of our loss; but it seemed to me that I should always wear the calm, sober tints of "second mourning," and in my inmost soul the memory of that idolized parent would ever be enshrined.

My own mother I cannot remember; she drooped and faded while I was but an infant; and my step-mother, kind and indulgent as she ever was to me, was not one to call forth the ardent affection which but few had power to awake in my heart.

Gentle, dignified and reserved, she had bequeathed these same characteristics to her eldest child, the golden-haired Edith.

But Bertha was like our father, the same buoyant spirit, strong will and impulsive affection; the same dark, curly hair, and eyes of laughing hazel.

I thought of all this as I watched her fondly on that June morning, and I recalled how I had been a second time orphaned, when her mother was taken from us fifteen years ago.

Since that time, when Bertha was five years old, she had been to me much a daughter as a sister.

Edith, who was five years her senior, had always been so self-reliant and womanly that I could never regard her as needing that loving watchfulness that our younger sister seemed to require; and the relation between us could never be so tender and affectionate.

As I reflected thus, long after we had left the breakfastroom, and were seated in our little morning parlor, I reasoned with myself that it was but natural that I should be omitted in the plans for enjoyment formed by the young people of G——.

The mothers were not invited with the daughters.

Why should I expect to go with Bertie, my sister-child,

These reflections made me more calm and content, and I could bid my sister a smiling adeiu when they left me early in the morning.

Bertie came back to give me a second kiss and whispered—

I wish you were going too, you old darling.

"Old!" I repeated to myself. "Yes, that is the word."

And that night I looked more attentively than was my wont in my mirror, and tried to realize that I deserved the epithet.

But I saw no threads of silver in my dark, hairy braids, and there were but few lines of care on my fair, broad forehead.

Anyhow, my heart felt young, and with a sigh I tried to realize that I accept the position in which of necessity I was placed.

The next morning my sisters were eager in their recital of the charming walk and delightful sail by moonlight.

There had been such a pleasant company.

'Oh, Margaret!" said Bertie, "do you know, we saw an old friend of yours?—and he is coming to call on you to day.

"An old friend of mine?" I queried incredulously.

And Edith replied—

"Yes—Mr. Clayton; he is visiting at the Livermores, and has but just returned from a foreign tour."

"Arthur Clayton!" I exclaimed. Is it possible?"

I felt the warm blood tingling in my cheeks, as if I had been only fifteen, instead of thirty-five.

Memory was busy recalling the long, vanquished summer, and how often I used to see my boy-lover, since lost sight of for many years.

Ours had been one of those youthful attachments which but seldom ripen into first and only love.

They are oftener but "the prelude to the strain, before the song is sung.

We were on the verge of an engagement, when Arthur was suddenly recalled to his distant home, and I had seen him no more.

Yet, foolish as it may have been I had always kept one little corner in my heart sacred to his name, and it was with a strange thrill that I heard he was again near me, and that I soon should see him.

That day he called—a tall, finelooking man, polished, refined, fascinating in his manners.

I could scarcely identify him with the slender youth that I had once known; but he referred so gracefully to former acquaintance, and expressed so much pleasure at resuming the intercourse so suddenly interrupted, that I felt at perfect ease.

How pleasant were the days that followed.

We called each other "Arthur" and "Margaret?" in the most friendly way, and Edith and Bertha seemed already to regard him in a very sisterly affection.

We read, walked and talked together; and night after night his deep rich voice would accompany those of my sisters, while I played the old familiar tunes upon the piano.

I fancied that my own voice might have lost a little of its early sweetness, and so did not attempt to join the others, whose melodies were so harmonious.

Several other invitations were sent, as of yore, to the Misses Norton, and I was fast forgetting that I was an old maid, when at an evening party I overheard the envious and ill-natured remark—

"Just see that Margaret Norton! What youthful airs does put on!—Trying to catch Mr. Clayton, I dare say?"

How those words rang in my ears long after the lights, the music, the merriment were shut out, and I was alone in my room.

How I catechised myself, and tried to reason with my poor foolish heart.

Yes, I had been trying to look young and I had appropriated Arthur's attentions as a matter of course.

What right had I to monopolize his time.

Was it not far more likely that he would choose Edith or Bertha—if, indeed, he were to pay court to either of us?

Even this was by no means certain; he might go again as suddenly as he had come; and I was startled to find what a sad void his departure would make in our circle, and still more in my own heart

"Ah, Margaret, Margaret!" I soliloquized, "take warning ere it is too late!"

The next morning I arose with a new resolve firm in my mind.

I would not yield to the sweet delusions of love—would not, masked, be thus easily won.

The world should not have cause to laugh at her silly fondness of an old maid.

Strengthened by these purposes, I was the better fitted for the trial that awaited me.

That very day Arthur Clayton came to see me, and inquired for me alone.

I caught a quick glance passing between Edith and Bertha as I left the room, and there was a more rapid pulsation of my heart as I entered the cool, dim parlor where he was seated.

"Margaret," he said, tenderly, as he took my hand, "do you know what priceless treasure I have come to ask you for? I hardly dare be so bold, and yet, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and I must not lose my courage."

"How very timid he has grown," I thought; "can he not see that he has but to speak in order to win?"

I smiled assuringly, and he proceeded.

"Do not think me precipitate in my affection, though the acquaintance has been so brief, yet I cannot be mistaken in my feelings, and I only wait your permission to offer my hand to your pet sister Bertha.

"You stand in the place of a parent to her, and therefore I ask your consent."

Ah, Arthur, Arthur! It was well you could not read my heart just then!

With a mighty effort I choked down a convulsive sob, and replied, that he had my full, free permission, and adding that I would send Bertha to him directly.

I left the room, a sadder and a wiser woman.

There is not much to add.

Bertie's love was already given to the handsome man, so recently a stranger; and when the Christmas wreaths were fresh and green, she became his wife.

Edith was the fair and stately bridesmaid, while I witnessed, with maternal complacency, the ceremony which united the destinies of the only man I ever loved, and my child-sister Bertha.

Peace and contentment were my guardian angels that night, and with a serenity that was sincere and unaffected, I returned the kiss which the bridegroom gave me, as he said, tenderly and gently—

"Sister Margaret?"

Managing a Wife.

As the storm burst, night before last in all its fury on the outlying houses of one of our surburbs it blew open a glass door in John Henry's bed-room and wakened the startled sleepers with a crash, "Mrs. Henry," said John, cuddling down under the clothes to escape the icy blast, "your side of the bed is nearest, will you be kind enough to shut that door?"

"Shut it yourself, you lazy brute. I've got the baby to tend to

"Mrs. Henry, that is not the proper way to address me. It is not respectful. Besides, I have not been feeling well and if I were to catch cold I should not be able to tend to business to-morrow."

"Cold! Cold, is it? It's a pretty thing for you to be talking of colds when I go siffling round the house from morning till night, just because you can't afford a new furnace. I won't shut that door if I'm froze for it, and you're a mean, spiritless thing to ask it."

"Don't get excited, Mrs. Henry don't get excited. And don't be rash; because if you don't shut that door it will stay open all night, and that would then make us all sick, you know."

A solemn silence fell for a few moments on the domestic scene; then Mrs. Henry rose to business. Anger was not visible on her countenance so much as astonishment. This was an entirely new departure of John's. He had hitherto been meek and docile when pressed to the wall. She felt her supremacy was in danger; that the situation was critical and demanded strong measures.

Of a sudden the water pitcher shot wildly from its sphere, described a parabola in the gleaming firelight and lighted full upon John's nightcap. The slop pail followed, then the coal scuttle then a pair of boots, then the baby's cradle, followed in rapid succession by a powder box a bottle of bay rum, a bronze mantel ornament, a pair tongs and a box of blacking. Then with majestic force of true womanhood she snatched the covers from the bed with one hand and poured a pitcher of ice water over his legs with the other. John arose and shut the door.

Next morning as John Henry entered the office, somewhat late, and looking as if nature's sweet restorer had rather missed him, his partner spoke up:

"Well. John, did you try it?"

"Yes, Sam, I tried it."

"And she came down, eh?"

"Yes, Sam, she came down. But it wasn't altogether pleasant. They always give in as you say, when one makes a determined stand against them But some way it seems to hurt their feelings; and I don't think I'll do it any more.

A. T. Stewart is about seventy-eight H. B. Claflin about sixty, Vanderbilt about eighty, Bonner about forty-eight. Dana about forty-nine, Evarts about fifty-five, Courtney about forty-five, Stoughton about fifty-six, Beecher about sixty-three, Storrs about sixty, Bowen about sixty, Moulton about forty-nine, Fullerton about fifty-four, Porter about fifty-two, and the Devil at least 5,000.

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HANDLES AND TRANSPORTS MASSIVE BODIES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Is thoroughly equiped with Tools, Instruments, Engines, Rigging, Screws, Derricks; Hydraulic Jacks, Trusks, etc.

A practical and efficient mechanic, with twenty years experience in Engineering, solicits patronage and guarantees success.

Mar-3 2m.

DR. J. K. RUFFIN,

Practising Physician,

Wilson, N. C.,

offers his professional services to the citizens of Wilson.

Residence on Nash St., between Briggs' House and Dr. Ed Barnes' residence.

Feb. 25th. 6m.

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Attorney at Law

TOISNOT, WILSON COUNTY N. C.

Will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to his care.

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☞ References: Chief Justice of the State, and Associate Justices, and Hon. W. H. Battle & Sons, Raleigh,

N. B. HERRING, M. D.

Practicing Physician,

Wilson, N. C.

Will be in his office every Saturday, keeps his own drugs and prepares his own prescriptions

Special facilities for treating chronic diseases. Office in front of the Briggs's Hotel.

Feb. 4th. tf

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nov 28 tf

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NOTICE!!!

Of Wilson, Nash, Greene, Pitt, Edgecombe, and adjoining counties—Business cards or not, referring to the Sheriff. When you come here, be sure to call and see the Sheriff. When you go home, if you want to find and that too on East Hargett street, near Fayetteville, two blocks abroad. But if you will drink, and must have a glass of Whiskey, be sure to call at the Lunch counter on the article. There is no difficulty in getting it. You can always find it at

LITTLE'S

☞ Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines &c., &c., by the barrel, cask or case, sold at the lowest margin in the wholesale department half shell or otherwise, at all times.

☞ Remember now, that it is Tim Lee's you want to find and that too on East Hargett street, near Fayetteville, two blocks north of the Yarboro House and two blocks south of the Capitol, the largest, finest and best furnished Liquor House in North Carolina. The sample rooms are now stocked with pure, genuine Bourbon whiskey 12 years old, North Carolina and Southampton Apple Brandy, old and mellow, imported Cognac and Hennessy Brandies, imported Scotch and Irish whiskies, imported wines, also Gin, Rum and Beer. Hot or Fancy drinks of any kind prepared by one of the most skillful concoctors in America.

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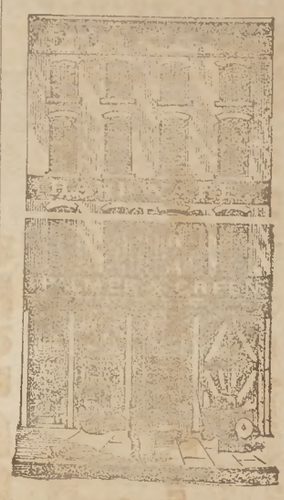
1876. 1876.

HARDWARE.



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It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we announce to the people of Wilson and adjoining counties, that by the aid of a largely increased patronage, necessitating large additions to our former stock, we are better prepared than ever to supply—

Farmers, Builders

and Mechanics,

with every article in their respective lines at prices that will compare favorably with Northern Wholesale Houses.

The attention of the Farmers is called to the very superior advantages we offer in the sale of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Our stock comprises in part—

PLOWS, AND PLOW CASTINGS,
HOES,
SHOVELS,
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SPADES,
AXES,
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STRAW CUTTERS,
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CIDER MILLS,

FARM BELLS.—In short every article of utility to the farmer. In selecting goods for this department we have an eye single to those best adapted to our section, purchase only from the most reliable manufacturers and therefore can with confidence recommend them.

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We keep constantly on hand, Cement Hair, Lime, Laths, Shingles, Plaster of Paris, Linseed, Lard, Train, and Patent Paint Oils, White Lead, Zinc, Paints of every kind and color, Varnishes, Window Glass, Putty, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Window Pulleys, and other goods too numerous to mention. These goods are purchased from first hands, and our price list will defy competition.

House-Hold Supplies.

CONTINENTAL,

Payable 15th day of November 1876.

No 6. $27.50. No 7 $32.50 No 8 $37.50

GET THE BEST

FULLY WARRANTED NOT TO BREAK AND TO COOK WELL.

This Beautiful and Substantial First Class

COOKING STOVE

having an extended fire chamber for long wood. The flues are extra large and the operation is perfect.

The experience of the past few years has proven it to be the very best in the market.

Top in two pieces, allows contraction and expansion without breaking from heat.

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Special Stoves furnished at short notice and reasonable prices.

Repairs for stoves on hand and old stoves repaired for new ones.

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Tin and Sheet Iron Ware of every description made to order. Roofing and Spouting at short notice. We have in our employ only the best skilled workmen, and the public may be assured of promptness and dispatch.

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Thankful for past favors we respectfully ask a continuance of the liberal patronage we have received.

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NEW GOODS

NOW OPENING FOR

Fall and Winter

1875,

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DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
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and in fact everything kept in a first class store. New goods will be constantly added to the stock on hand, and cash buyers and prompt reliable customers may rely on getting fresh and first class goods at reasonable prices as can be had anywhere in the State. Call and see before you buy.

Thankful for past favors, we respectfully solicit a liberal patronage.

M. ROUNTREE & CO.

Wilson, Oct 9th '75.

Dr. WADE'S

'LIVER CORRECTOR'

And Cure for Dyspepse.

Free from Alcoholic Stimulants.

"Among the many discoveries of valuable remedies for Dyspepsia, none stand higher than "WADE'S LIVER CORRECTOR."

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

BREA P. O., Granville, Co., N. C., Mar. 10, 1874.

Dr. WADE, *Dear Sir:* Have been afflicted with Live Disease 3 or 4 years, which at times amounted to derangement.—When in Baltimore, last November, I procured one bottle of LIVER CORRECTOR—I now consider myself well. Yours respectfully.

ISSAAC N. DAY, of Day & Meadows.

Prof. Moorman, Emeritus, of Washington University, Md., now Resident Physician, White Sulphur Springs, says:

"Dr. Wade's Liver Corrector and Dyspepsia Cure is one of the very best remedies for Dyspepsia I have ever used."

Dr. Jones, a prominent physician in Virginia, who has prescribed it for two years, says:

"I can find no better remedy for Dyspepsia and liver complaint than WADE'S LIVER CORRECTOR."

Col. Goode, a prominent and well known gentleman in the same county, Va., says:

"I keep it regularly in my family, and would not be without it."

Mr. Jno. A. McArthur, County Treasurer of Duplin Co., N. C., says: "WADE'S LIVER CORRECTOR has done me more good, and given me more relief in Dyspepsia, than any medicine I ever took, &c., &c."

Prof. Noel, of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore, and a *distinguished practitioner in that city, prescribes and* uses it in his own family and says: "It is the best remedy for Dyspepsia with Torpid Liver and Constipation of Bowels I ever knew."

Baltimore "Sun" says: "Dr. Wade's Liver Corrector is prescribed by our best physicians, for Dyspepsia and Liver Diseases, and we advise any of our friends suffering with such, to give it a trial."

OAK HILL, N. C., Sept., 3 1875.

DR. WADE, *Dear Sir:* I have recommended Dr. Wade's "Liver Corrector" in my practice and have found it a very excellent remedy in torpidity of the Liver and have known it to give relief when other remedies had failed.

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Dr. Walker, a celebrated physician of W. Va., pronounces "Wade's Liver Corrector," the best remedy extant for Dyspepsia in all its forms.

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CONFECTIONERS & FRUITERERS,

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FANCY CANDIES,

138 North Sycamore Street.

PETERSBURG, VA.

Mar. 3-3m.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Dr. W. C. STEVENS.

Munroe Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

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in various styles, after the best method now known in the art, with a thorough knowledge of their business acquired after long practice in first class Galleries. They hope to merit a share of your patronage and will take all necessary pains to give satisfaction. Call and see specimens of our own production.

COPYING, ENLARGING AND FRAMING NEATLY DONE AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Feb. 4th tf

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(Successors to Branch & Co and Hadley & Co)

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AGENTS FOR THE

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GUANO.

WILSON, N. C.

We make the purchase of Cotton a specialty and respectfully solicit orders for the same.

Wilson. Jan. 7 '76 tf.

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☞ All kinds of repairing neatly and promptly done.

Orders solicited and promptly attended to

THE RUTHERFORD COLLEGE

Happy Home P. O. N. C.

Will open its Fall Term, Jan 12th, 1876. Board, including Washing, Lights, Room &c., $10 per month—Tuition ranges from $1 to $4 per month.

The course is extensive and thorough, *the health and morals of the place have no equal in the South.*

All really indigent Orphans, and the children of Ministers of the gospel of all Christian Denominations, are instructed free of charges. For Catalogue address

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Feb. 4th 3m President.

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PLANTATION RIGHTS FOR FARMER'S COTTON PLOW

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Plows furnished on reasonable terms and at short notice.

WOODARD THOMAS,

Agt. for Wilson County.

March 17. tf.

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