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The Wilson Advance.

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

VOL. 10.

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The Wilson Advance

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1880



Poetry.

The Task of the Flower.

BY SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

A little flower in beauty grew
Within a garden fair;
No wants its fragile leaflets knew,
'Twas watched with tender care;
Yet sorrow oft would tinge its joy
For those whose hearts were sad;
It longed its beauty to employ,
And make their lives more glad.
One day 'twas cut, and borne away
By careless hands and small;
But soon was dropped, and dying lay
Unheeded in its fall.
It sorrowed there with anguish sore,
No longer might it live;
Its fragrant life would soon be o'er,
No pleasure could it give.

A mother saw it lying there,
And bore it home with joy,
To blossom in a garret bare
Beside her crippled boy;
The child beheld it with delight,
And all his love was won;
His pale, wan face with smiles was bright—
The flower's task was done.

"DID MAN SPRING FROM MONKEY?"

If you remember we spoke of a time when the earth had a uniform temperature, the result of its inherent heat when climates and zones had no existence, when rains and winds and storms if they existed, were without any deleterious influence, when the whole planet was in a state of calm and repose. This is the time when earth was pregnant with her fruits; this is the seed time when the cell took on development, when the very forces of nature protected the embryo, when earth in its grandest sense could be called mother. This is the time when an infinity of developments, resulted in an infinity of forms, millions of which are yet imbedded in the matrix of the earth ready to burst forth into life, whenever the circumstances favorable to their reproduction by generation take place. These still latent forms of embryonic development are perhaps confined to the vegetable kingdom, as we have not the same proof of their existence in the animal, that we have in the vegetable. Seeds have germinated that were taken out of the tombs of the Egyptian Mummies. In the settlement of North America by the whites, no matter how far into the interior a clearing was made, the second year mullein would spring up; the same may be said of the common crab-grass of the South. One remarkable instance of the latent vitality of seeds may be mentioned. In cauling out a swamp an old crossing was encountered, all signs of which had long since been obliterated. Trees fifty feet high were growing in the old road, and men gray with age, who had been born and raised there knew nothing of it. The poles on which the road bed had been made were thrown out, and the hard packed mud under the poles, instead of crumbling and disintegrating, remained in solid square conks, just as it was thrown out by the spade. This work was done in autumn, and the next spring I noticed on one of these chunks of mud a luxuriant bunch of crab-grass. Struck with the singularity of this grass growing in an uncultivated swamp, and upon a solid chunk of mud, that I knew to have been thrown out the fall before, I became curious to know in what way it got a footing. I patiently set to work and traced the roots to the centre of the clod, and there I found the seed. This seed had evidently lain dormant under that old crossing for fifty years, and perhaps an hundred, but just so soon as it was brought under its proper condition of growth, it came forth as a bunch of grass. If a seed will remain perfect in its nest for fifty years, it is unreasonable to suppose it might remain the same from creation to now? The Egyptian mummies were placed in their tombs three thousand years ago. If a seed will retain its vitality that length of time, is there any limit to its life under the same conditions? The creation ceased

when the earth became dependent upon the sun for its heat; another mother is substituted and cell development can never go on to form new creations. Present forms may die out, and new ones be substituted, just as has been the case in the past, but that is no proof that new developments are going on. It only shows that the conditions have become incompatible for one, and suitable for another. This state of things will continue 'till all that vast host of embryonic developments, have come under their proper conditions of growth and reproduction by generation, and served their time and died, and then the end will come. Earth will have run her race and become cold and dead like the moon. Does this reasoning conflict with christianity? If some one thinks so, let him show cause. Does it evolve man from the monkey? Such an assertion is a slander upon science. Does it savor of atheism? It only exalts God instead of degrading Him upon a level with man. Religious thought lay dormant in the embryo thousands of years, like the grass seed under the "crossing" 'till the "poles" were raised by the Christ, and then grew into the "world-wide bayonet-tree of life, with all its million times multiplied variety of form and function, and beauty and power, standing with its roots in the dust, and with its top commencing with the skies, and bearing on its upper boughs the eternal light of God's spiritual glory."

The tree bore fruit, but the seeds fell on barren ground, and still lie buried in the tombs of the mummies of prejudice and superstition; but the day is at hand, when the genial warmth of the spring time of ever increasing knowledge is about to lift the crust, and let in the sun shine of God's own glory. Evolution is doing this just as surely as astronomy lifted the earth off the turtle's back, and men will preach a few years hence what they now condemn with so much rancor and bitterness. Many diseases get well in spite of the physician and his remedies and christianity will live in spite of her advocates. God's character needs no defense from man, and his work will be done in His own good time.

"A TRIP TO TEXAS."

I entered the Lone Star State at Texarkana on the T. & P. R. R. I then went westward to the northern tier of counties composed of Bowler, Red River, Fannin, Grayson, Cook, Montague and Clay, a distance of 275 miles. I saw some of the land of all the above counties but did not make a thorough examination of any but Clay county, this being a frontier county. I stopped one day in Honey Grove, Fannin county, 42 miles east of Sherman on the T. & P. R. R., at T. H. Legon's hotel. This is a flourishing little town with several stores, three livery stables and a large school. There were present at the hotel seven drummers and they were decidedly a lively set of young men, of course they were showing their various kinds of merchandise and trying to sell. On enquiry where they were from and learned that the delegation represented the following States from places as follows: Petersburg, Va., Baltimore, Md., New York, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Boston, Mass., St. Louis, Mo., Houston and Austin Texas. I remarked to the landlord that I was afraid they would break up the little town, but he assured me that there was no danger of that, and also that the people of that place had paid out half million dollars during the last month, and were able to repeat the operation.

In a conversation with one of the drummers about Texas, he was a native of Mississippi, but had lived in Texas for five years past, he said he had known a farmer to raise 1000 bushels of oats on ten acres of land. The landlord said that forty or fifty bushels to the acre was a common crop in Fannin county. This county is well divided into timber land and prairies. Corn is worth 50 cents per bushel and pork 4 cents per pound here. I was told by a man in Honey Grove that a negro woman started stock raising with one yearling and in a few years had twenty-five head, valued at \$250.00, with a cost of about \$1.50, and Fannin county is by no means the best stock region. Beef is as high priced as pork on account of the demand abroad. Sherman is a very lively place. A new cotton compress began work in October 1879 and up to Jan. 1st 1880 had compressed 40,000 bales. Street cars are also in full operation there.

With my limited time I examined the different branches of industry. Banking, stock raising, farming and trading generally are more lively than in this State. Clay county is generally prairie, it is bounded on the north by Red River, the bounding line between Texas and the Indian Territory. Here corn is worth 60 cents per bushel, and pork 5 cents per pound. In Montague county, adjoining I was told that pork was worth 3 cents per pound. The soil in Clay county is a deep red or chocolate color, sandy loam, and is said to be easy to cultivate, two horses being required to break the sod. Here is also a plenty of good water for man and stock. Good water can be found by digging twelve to forty feet. There are also many natural curiosities here. In the Wichita river there is a natural deposit of salt. Little hills full of rock dot the prairie in this region, and have the appearance of being placed there by hand. The lands about these small sized mountains is entirely clear of rock. A man informed me that he had been in sixty-eight counties in Texas, and at last had settled on Red River. Several others that had traveled in different States gave their preference to this section of the country and had located here.

In some parts of Texas they have to haul wood five miles, and lumber for building and fencing is worth four dollars per hundred. Wire fence is used to a considerable extent. It must be borne in mind that there is no clearing of land, and no guano to be furnished. In Eastern Texas lumber is worth 75 cents per hundred, and as it passes through several hands of course there is much speculation in it.

Henrietta, the county seat of Clay county, although on the border is not deficient in educational advantages, and has over one hundred children attending school. The cost of wire fence for a single acre of land is about \$16, for forty acres \$2.50 per acre, and for six hundred and forty acres about 60 cents per acre.

When I arrived in Clay county I went to see Mr. John Downing, whom I had before heard of as the best farmer in Clay county. As soon as I saw him and inspected his implements, I was satisfied that he was "no sardine." Mr. Downing is a native of Illinois, and has on his farm one thousand dollars worth of implements, and was then going to Dallas for a plow, he expected to pay \$160.00 for. In reply to some questions respecting his crop, he said that he did not succeed very well last year on account of drouth, but with one son to help him he made 1,000 bushels of corn, 400 bushels of oats, 400 bushels of wheat, 2 bales of cotton besides raising 5000 pounds of pork and 16 calves. Mr. Downing has the fastest bound I ever saw, this bound can out run a "jack rabbit", and the rabbit can out run a deer, and a deer can out run the devil, and he has a pony that can beat them all. A good farm laborer can get from twelve to fifteen dollars per month. The Texas horses are the best horses for farm work I ever saw.

Lumber in large quantities is hauled from the rail road out west, and the roads in this section are excellent. On the road between Henrietta and Sherman on the 14th of December last, I enquired of six men as I passed their loaded wagons how much lumber they had on, one two horse wagon had 1035 feet, the highest figure of the four two horse teams was 1234 feet, and one four horse team had 2200 feet. Game appears to be abundant here and fish are plenty in the streams.

There is a plenty of land to rent and on good terms. Where the landlord furnishes all but the labor, he gives the tenant one half, where the tenant furnishes all, he gives the landlord one fourth. I think that half a crop in Texas is equal to a whole crop in this State. Taxes are low in this State. The free school system is bad enough here, but not half so bad as in North Carolina. Texas is eminently a stock raising country, and it is generally believed that sheep raising will be more profitable than anything else, and many think it will pay 150 per cent per annum.

The farmers do not save blade fodder for their stock, but make use of hay almost entirely, this is saved by means of improved machinery for one dollar per ton, and is fully equal to any hay I ever saw in this State.

A man living in Wichita valley, in sight of Red river, informed me that

he was the second man that settled in that region, that he had a large family of children, and that they all possessed excellent health, he said that his doctor's bill for five years had been \$4.50. I saw men in Clay county from ten different States, and they were all of the opinion that North Western Texas was an excellent country for health. Henrietta is seventy miles from a railroad, but there are two railroads in process of construction that will form a junction at that place. As a general thing I noticed that the stock was in excellent condition throughout the entire country. On Christmas day I saw cattle two years old on the previous spring, that would weigh 400 a piece, and would be considered No. 1 beef in this State. They were entirely grass fed and worth \$15 a head in gold.

The Wichita valley lies between Red river and Wichita river, and I suppose about one hundred families are living there. I was there during the Christmas holidays, and never heard the least disturbance of any kind, and I never heard a gun fired during the whole time I remained there. Considering what I had previously heard concerning this section of country, I was very agreeably disappointed, and to say the least, this region of country bids fair to be as prosperous as any part of the United States.

I crossed Red river into Arkansas and there appeared to be a plenty of water; I re-crossed at the mouth of the Big Wichita, which I suppose was about 400 miles from the first crossing but there was very little water there. About five miles above the second crossing it was perfectly dry. About five miles above the third crossing I found a little water, something like a small creek. This may seem strange, but as the bed of the river is sandy, I suppose the water percolates through the sand, and makes a short cut. The bed of the river is about seven hundred yards wide, and not very deep. About two miles from this dry place in the river, opposite in Texas good freestone water could be obtained by digging twelve feet. I suppose that during a dry season the flourishing crops in this region of country might be owing to this sub-irrigation. Although I must say that I consider it a very promising country.

The distance from Sherman, Texas to Goldsboro, N. C. is 1362 miles by way of Texarkana, Little Rock, Memphis, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Charlotte and Goldsboro. T.

MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

Every man has his own way of Asking the Important Question.

PART I.

Sir Arthur Helps believed that never since the world began did two lovers make love in exactly the same way as any other two lovers. Whether he was right is equally beyond proof or disproof. Certainly no question has been put in such a variety of ways as the most momentous one a man can ask or a woman answer; how it is put depends upon time, place, circumstances and the temperament of the individuals concerned.

A MARRIAGE WITH A GENEROUS MOTIVE.
A curious marriage proposal was made by a reverend bachelor who entered the matrimonial state on his death-bed. When in his seventy-third year the minister had a severe attack of paralysis, which left him weak and helpless that, feeling his end was not far distant, he proceeded to set his worldly affairs in order. His parish being an exceedingly small one, and having been always a most liberal man, he had not much money to leave which circumstances, had it not been for one reason, he would not have minded.

For the last twenty years he had had as housekeeper a steady sensible woman, who had served him honestly, tended him like a daughter during his illness, and for whom he had quite a fatherly regard. It was on her account that he murmured his poverty. It would have been a matter for thankfulness could he have left her as such as would have supported her comfortably and respectably in her old age—she was now about forty-five. After weighing and considering the matter for some weeks in every possible light, a way out of the difficulty suddenly flashed upon him; and knowing the precarious state of his health, he resolved to execute his purpose at once.— He called his housekeeper, and when

she entered the room he made her sit down, and after telling her how anxious and sorrowful he had been because he had no money to leave her he continued:

"Of course you are aware that there is a Ministers' Widows' Fund, so that if the husband dies, his wife will have an annuity during her life. Now supposing you marry me, although I am almost at death's door, you will be amply provided for in the future. Will you consent to this?"

"Master, dear, you must be doting! What would people say?"

"I was never more serious in my life, Mary; and I am sure people will say we have both acted wisely in this matter. Take till the evening to think it over, and then bring me your answer."

In the evening Mary told him she "would take him." So ten days after they were married, and three days later the good old man died; but his widow still enjoys her share of the "Widows' Fund."

A SOLDIER'S PROPOSAL.

A young officer was dancing a set of Lancers in a crowded drawing-room with an extremely pretty girl, to whom he made himself most agreeable. After the dance was over, he took her to a chair, and seating himself beside her, began to moan his colic.

"It is exceedingly easy to remedy that," said she.

"I don't think so, at all; in fact I do not know a girl who would marry me."

She laughed and replied:

"Just go and ask some one here to-night, and I venture to say you will be accepted by the first."

"Ah! I am not so sure about that. But—will—you—take me?"

"With pleasure."

And a few months later they were married.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

A big good natured doctor was desperately in love with, and had been twice refused, by a fair-haired little woman. But instead of the disappointment curing his love, it only made his passion grow more intense. After the last refusal, he told her that if ever she changed her mind to let him know, as his love for her was unchangeable. Some months later he was driving home from seeing a patient, when he saw his lady-love riding in his direction. Supposing she would merely bow and pass on, as she had often done before, he did not pull up his horse. But the moment Miss Dixon came up to him, she reined in her horse, stopped, and called out:

"Won't you stop, Dr. Hill?"

He raised his hat and replied:

"I shall be happy to do so," then waited for her to speak.

She was gazing at the ground and blushing deeply, but quickly looking up, she filled the doctor's honest heart with surprise and gladness by saying:

"Dr. Hill, I have been closely watching you lately, and see nothing but goodness and noble mindedness in your character, and believing you will make an excellent husband I am willing to marry you."

NO OBJECTIONS.

Mr. Smith coming all the way from Australia on the lookout for a wife, saw a young governess on board a Glasgow steamer, whom, from her kindness and attention to some children under charge, he fancied would suit him. So he went and introduced himself, and taking a seat beside her, said:

"I am fifty-three years of age; I have an income of a thousand a year; am a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks; have a good house near Melbourne; and all I want is a good wife to complete my possessions; would you mind taking me?"

She quietly replied:

"I have no objections."

And a few weeks later they were made one.

NOT TO BE FOOLED.

A young man of 23, with neither money nor prospect of getting any, came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to marry a rich wife and live on her money.

Among his acquaintances was a widow lady twice his age, with three children, but with a steady income of two thousand dollars. She he resolved to marry, and in order to cultivate her friendship, took presents of flowers and fruit, and gave her children books and rides on his horse. The lady kindly received his attentions, gave him the

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liberty of her house, and treated him in every respect like a younger brother.

He interpreted her kindness to suit himself, and believed he had nothing to do but ask her, and so ventured one evening on the subject in the following manner:

"I wonder very much why you don't re-marry, Mrs. L."

"Simply because no one wants a widow with three children."

"I know one who would be proud to have you and your dear children," said the wooer, feeling the worst well over.

"Indeed, you are most flattering this evening."

"No, I am not flattering; I love you and would be proud to be your husband."

She looked coldly on him, then replied:

"You mean you would be proud to own my money, sir. I have been sadly deceived in you." Even pointing to the door, she continued: "Leave my house, and while I live, never dare to re-enter it."

QUANT AND LUDICROUS PROPOSALS.

When Lord Strangford sat down to criticize a book of travels by Miss Beauford, he little dreamed that he should soon write to the young authoress:

"I was thinking the other day about a communication from the Emperor Akbar to the King of Portugal which contained a request for copies of the holy book of the Christians, and in which the following sentence occurs: 'In the world of humanity, which is the mirror and reflection of the world of God, there is nothing equal to love, or comparable to human affection.'— For many years I have felt and known this, though I never said it till to-day to any one. When you next write please give me the possessive pronoun of the first person."

Surely, never was a declaration made in a quainter fashion, saving perhaps by the Scotch beadle who led the manse house-maid to the church yard, and pointing with his finger, stammered:

"My folk lie there, marry, and wad ye like to lie there?"

Or the lugubrious humorous Irish lover who took his girl to see the family vault, and then and there asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside of his bones.

Louise de Savole popped the question to Bourbon, but had to take "No" for her answer, the constable curtly declaring that the disparity of years between them, and his own feelings, rendered the union impossible.

A LADY'S PROPOSAL.

If ladies sin against propriety in taking the initiative, they cannot be blamed for bringing a shilly shally or over bashful lover to the point when a good opportunity presents itself.

Such an opportunity sufficed to end what had been a somewhat tedious courtship. The young man paying his usual evening visit, asked his lady-love how she got along with her cooking.

"Nicely," she replied. "I'm improving wonderfully, and make splendid cake now."

"Can you?" said the young fellow, ignorantly rubbing on his fate. "What kind do you like best?"

"I like one with flour and sugar, with lots of raisins, currants and citron, and beautifully frosted on top."

"Why, that's a wedding cake!"

"I meant wedding."

And there was nothing left for him but to say he meant wedding too.

Not Enough Sleep.

As a people, we do not get enough sleep; we do not get enough rest; we will not take time for such things; hence our nervousness, our instability, our hasty temper, and premature giving up of the stamina of life. Half of us are old at three score, the very time a man ought to be in his mental, moral and physical prime. Half of our wives, especially in the farming districts, die long before their time, because they do not get rest and sleep proportioned to their labor. Nine times out of ten it would be better for all parties if the farmer should get up and light the fires and prepare breakfast for his wife, she coming directly from her toilet to the breakfast table, because it is almost always happens that she has to remain up to set things right, long after her husband has gone to bed, when really he has nothing to do after supper but go to bed. This is a monstrously cruel imposition on wives and mothers.