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VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1880

NUMBER 15

PROFESSIONAL.  
**D. R. B. F. ARRINGTON,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.  
GOLDSBORO, N. C.  
Will visit Wilson regularly every month from 4th Monday to Saturday inclusive.  
Office at Briggs House. Feb 29/81

**D. R. W. JOYNER,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.  
Has permanently located in Wilson, N. C. All operations will be neatly and carefully performed and on terms as reasonable as possible. Teeth extracted without pain. Office: Tarboro street next door to Post Office. Jan. 3-12/80

**D. R. E. L. HUNTER,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.  
ENFIELD, N. C.  
Has resumed practice at Enfield and respectfully solicits a continuance of his former practice. Oct 25/79

**JAMES W. LANCASTER,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
WILSON, N. C.  
Office in the Court House.  
Practices in all the courts (except the inferior court of Wilson county) and will give prompt attention to business entrusted to him in Wilson and adjoining counties.

**G. W. BLOUNT,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Office Public Square, rear of Court House.  
Wilson, N. C., Oct. 16th '79.

**J. R. TILLERY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Rocky Mount, N. C.  
Will practice in Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson counties.  
Special attention given to collections in any portion of the State. Feb 1/80

**WILSON COLLEGIATE SEMINARY**  
(FOR YOUNG LADIES)  
Wilson, N. C.  
Best talent employed in all departments. Situation unusually healthy.  
Board, per session of 20 weeks, including fuel, lights and furnished room \$20.00. Other charges moderate.  
Fall Session begins September 1st.  
For catalogue of information, address,  
J. B. BREWER, Principal.  
JUN 18

**Wilson Collegiate Institute**  
—FOR BOTH SEXES—  
STRICTLY NON-SECTARIAN  
For years the most successful school in Eastern Carolina. The best advantages and lowest rates. Healthy location. Able and experienced teachers. Fine Library and Apparatus. Spacious Building. A pleasant educational home.  
Average expenses, \$180 per year. Male, \$45 extra. Session extends from first Monday in September to first Thursday in June. Address: For Catalogue,  
S. HASSELL, A. M., Principal.  
JUN 18

**W. A. Barbrey,**  
WILSON, N. C.  
AGENT FOR THE  
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE.  
This is one of the best machines sold in this State and never fails to please. Send for circulars and price list.

**R. P. Bayley & Co.,**  
—IMPORTERS OF—  
**CROCKERY,**  
GLASS-WARE, LAMPS ETC.  
27 HANOVER STREET,  
H. M. LASSER, BALTIMORE  
See Young's P. P. (Circular) and save your weight.

**J. T. Young & Bro.**  
—DEALERS IN—  
FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS,  
JEWELRY, SILVER WARE,  
Manufacturer of all kinds of  
plain Gold Jewelry, Rings, Badges, &c.  
The best \$10, easton, and \$5.00 black ever sold. American watches at the lowest prices. Solid silver spoons, forks, &c. Cheaper than ever. Your orders are ascertained and will be promptly attended to.  
J. T. YOUNG & BRO.,  
PETERSBURG, VA.  
30th 7/80

**WIRE RAILING**  
AND  
ORNAMENTAL WIRE WORKS,  
**DUFUR & CO.,**  
26 North Howard St., Baltimore.  
Wire railing for cemeteries, lawns, gardens, offices and balconies; window guards, tree guards, wire cloth, sieves, fences, cages, sand and coal screens, iron beds, chairs, settees, &c.  
sep 26/80

The Wilson Advance.  
FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1880

**Poetry.**  
What Makes the Man.

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,  
Nor pretty children and a wife;  
Nor pins and chains and fancy rings,  
Nor any such like trumpery things;  
Nor pipes, cigar, nor bottles, wine,  
Nor liberty with kings to dine;  
Nor coat, nor boot, nor yet a hat,  
A dandy vest or trimmed cravat;  
Nor horse and hands, nor gold aglow,  
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;  
Nor Mister, Knight, hood, Sir nor Squire,  
With titles that the memory tire;  
Nor ancestry traced back to Bill,  
Who went from Normandy to Kill;  
Nor Latin, Greek nor Hebrew lore,  
Nor thunders volumes rumbled o'er;  
Nor fabled robe, nor mayor's nose,  
Nor crowns that deck the royal face;  
Avail to make a single man!

A truthful soul, a loving mind  
Full of affection for its kind;  
A helper of the human race,  
A soul of beauty and of grace;  
A spirit firm, erect and free,  
That never basely bends the knee;  
That will not bear a feather's weight  
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;  
That truly speaks of God within  
And never makes a league with sin;  
That snaps the fetters despots make,  
That loves the truth for its own sake;  
That trembles at no tyrant's nod,  
A soul that fears no one but God;  
And calmly smiles at curse and ban—  
That is the soul that makes the man.

**MY CHARLIE.**  
My Charlie was the most unromantic and matter-of-fact fellow that ever existed. He would read an old almanac any time in preference to a volume of poems, and when I told him one day about the trials and sufferings of that dear "Claudia Clonett," in Stringfellow's new novel, he coolly asked me, when I had finished, if "C. C. took sugar or drank his whiskey straight." Oh, my! what a trouble he was to me, and I really do not know how I ever came to tolerate him. He wouldn't act one bit like a hero, and when he said "good bye" at the gate, after spending the evening with me, he would walk straight away through the field whistling "Yankee Doodle," and never turn and kiss his hand to me once.

Then when I flirted just a little with a nice fellow, and Charlie jealous, he never said one word, and I had expected he would vow vengeance on the nice fellow, and threaten to take prussic acid himself.  
No, there was no romance in Charlie Marsh. He drank two cups of coffee for breakfast, ate lots of pork and beans for dinner, and poured down three cups of tea for supper. His hair was always parted on the right side of his head, a moustache never graced his lip, and his voice, instead of being soft and low and sweet, was loud and coarse like the sound of a bass viol.  
It will be proper to state, before I go any further, that Charlie was my promised husband; and I think he loved me, although he was unromantic. As I said before, how I came to love him has always been a profound mystery to me, for he was as different from my ideal as night is from day; and when he proposed to me, in place of dropping on his knees and telling me that I was the whole world to him and he could never, never, never exist one moment without me for his guiding star, he just turned to me one evening, as we were sitting together in the parlor, and said, as coolly as you please: "Sis—that's what he always called me—you know. I have been head over heels in love with you for more than two months; won't you be Mrs. Marsh, and make a fellow happy?"

"Head over heels in love" with me! what an expression! I was really shocked and I never ought to have said "yes," but I took pity on the poor fellow, because I thought he sincerely loved me, and would become more sensible in time. I do not think I would have loved him so well if Pa had not detested him. Pa did not like him, because it was rumored that his great grandfather sold peanuts on an old ferryboat; but I never believed it. Pa

and he disappeared over the garden fence in a twinkling.  
"What means this?" asked my cruel father.  
I made no reply; but pushing past him I entered the house, ran up to my room, and had a nice long cry. I would never see Charlie again, and he married a widow with five children. Poor fellow! I pity him!

**Three Women in Court.**  
There was a jury trial in justice alley the other day, in which nearly a dozen people, living in the western suburbs, were mixed up as plaintiffs, defendants and witnesses. It appeared that Mrs. Blank borrowed a wash-tub of Mrs. Brown, and while in possession of the borrower, a cow knocked the bottom out. After a neighborhood quarrel, suit was brought to recover the amount. Mrs. Blank thereupon put in as an offset that she had nursed the plaintiff for three days and had received no pay.  
"Nurse me!" echoed the defendant.  
"Why she did nothing while she was there but hog down custard pie and tattle about the neighbors."  
"Custard pie! and who lent you the sugar and eggs and lard to make it?" shrieked the other.  
His honor put his foot down and patched up a temporary truce, and the plaintiff took the stand to testify about lending the tub and what it was worth. She established the value at 75 cents, and here the defendant boiled over and exclaimed:  
"Seventy-five cents! Why, both ears and the top hoop were off! It was the only tub she had since her marriage, and that was ten years ago!"  
"And I've had to lend it to you every Tuesday all that time!" retorted the plaintiff.  
His Honor secured silence in the court and the defendant took the stand and said that her services as nurse were worth \$2.  
"What ailed the plaintiff?" asked the lawyer.  
"Well, I don't know as I ought to say that her husband struck her with—"  
"Don't you dare say that!" interrupted the plaintiff, "you know that I fell down the stairs! If my husband hit me on the head with a meat platter as yours did, I!"  
"I object!" exclaimed both lawyers in chorus.  
"So do we!" added both of the females in a breath.  
His Honor pounded the desk until everything rattled, and then a witness was put on the stand to testify that she saw the tub when it was lent and again when it had been damaged.—She had scarcely got started when the defendant, whose witness she was, called out:  
"You are not swearing as you agreed to!"  
"Ah! ah! I make a note of that!" chuckled one of the lawyers.  
"Your Honor, I object," interrupted the other.  
"And I wouldn't believe the witness under her oath!" put in defendant.  
"Who wants you to?" squeaked the witness. "If I couldn't come into court with anything better than a culotte dress and a 10 cent lace collar on I wouldn't hold my nose so high!"  
"This is too much and I want the court room cleared right out!" said His Honor, and he turned the crowd into the alley.

**Served Him Right.**  
Peter A. Nason broke his promise to marry a girl, and circulated stories against her. For this offense he was told by her brother that he must give up his prosperous business and leave town. He refused, and a party of women visited him at his store, threatening him with tar and feathers if he did not quit. Still he persisted in being where he liked. Finally a body of men, including the Selectmen, Justices of the Peace, and a deputy sheriff, waited upon him, while a mob blew horns in the street, and informed him that he must submit to banishment, or suffer very unpleasant consequences. He obeyed this time, and was pelted with eggs on his way to the railroad station. This did not happen in a wild border town of the West, but in Georgetown, a village of enlightened and law-abiding Massachusetts.

Judge Tourgee is writing another book, to be called "Brick without straw."

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