

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

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The Wilson Advance.

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1880



Poetry.

There is no Death.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairy shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer
shower,
The golden grain, or mellow fruit
Or rainbow tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hawking moss they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall;
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
For coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then—we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous notes
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amidst the trees of life.

And when he finds a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except in sin and pain—

And ever near us though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!

THREE TIMES.

"Come, Helen, dear, go with us to
the meadows to come home with
brother John—do!"

And Lilly Leslie's voice grew pleading
as she watched the sober face of
the girl who stood in the door looking
down across the green lawn that sloped
away from the house toward the river.

"I wish school was not done. Is this
what makes you so sober to-day?"
questioned Amy in a whisper, as Lilly
stood looking wistfully toward the
meadows.

Before the young governess could
answer Lilly called:

"Will you come, dear Miss Helen,
and meet my brother John? There he
is."

Helen Arnold shook her head, and
the two girls ran down to meet the
tall, sturdy young man, who seemed
to bring with him the scent of the hay
that lay freshly cut in the meadows.—
The beauty and brightness of the
summer doubled as he came up across
the lawn, listening eagerly to the clear
happy voices of the girls.

Helen Arnold stood in the front
doorway, waiting with a trembling
yearning to unsay the hasty words of
yesterday, but he gave her no opportunity,
passing in at the side door and
seeming not to notice her.

All day, as Helen Arnold had toiled
in the little schoolroom she had thought
of John Leslie, and wished (oh, how
earnestly!) that she had waited before
saying that "No," which she did not
mean. She began to feel how lonely
life could be even among the pleasant
sights and sounds of the country, and
that her buoyancy and brightness of
spirit during the long happy summer
had not been all on account of pleasant
and healthy surroundings. She went
into the house and up to her room to
hide her face as she brooded over un-
pleasant thoughts. One of life's golden
opportunities had been offered her,
and she had cast it aside, and now it
was gone forever. This was
the last day of her engagement as
governess, and she would soon forget
her. But perhaps he might give her
a chance yet to return a different
answer. A blush mantled her pale
cheek, and the blue eyes grew strange-
ly dark and bright, as she went to the

mirror to arrange the golden brown
hair that fell over neck in graceful
curls. She smiled as she saw reflected
and faultless picture, and with a new
hope went down to join the family at
the evening meal.

John sat in his accustomed seat,
very quiet as usual, but his eager eye
drank in the exquisite loveliness of
the young girl's face and figure as she
came round to her place. Perhaps, he
read in her downcast, tender eyes, the
change that had come over her, but he
gave her no intimation of it, and after
supper, when the children romped
about her and called brother John
to place a wreath of wild flowers on
her head, he showed no signs of em-
barassment or emotion, but talked to
her coolly as if she too had been his
sister. Helen was a little angry. Is
it a wonder? for she thought he had
been trifling and that she could not
bear. A fire blazed up in her deep
blue eyes, and burned brightly on her
soft cheeks. John watched her beauti-
ful face and varying color, and gloried
in his triumph; but, oh, when was
glory not bought too dearly? He
leaned over her, and touched lightly
her soft hand.

"Did you not mean yes? I know
you love me. We shall be very hap-
py."

"Impudent! Do I not know my own
mind? Love you?"
Anger prompted the words, and as
soon as they were uttered she wished
they were unsaid; but John Leslie
could not know it; and if he had, per-
haps he would not have forgiven her.
His face grew very pale, and he turned
away without a word.

Years passed away, and fortune
favored John Leslie. He became a
successful merchant, and therefore
was a mark for matrimonial specula-
tion; but still he troubled not his head
about marriage. At last the pleasant
insinuating mamma, who talked to
him so sweetly and affectionately
about the dear girls who were their
greatest treasures, got to saying un-
kind things about the cross old batch-
elor behind his back. Of what use
was it, to be sure, to always believe
so prettily to such a reserved old fel-
low? He seemed to care nothing at
all for ladies.

Lilly thought surely at her wedding
with Dr. Maynard, brother John would
come out of retirement and make some
of the marriageable ladies of her ac-
quaintance happy thereby, and he did;
but it was a short-lived happiness, for
it was a long time before he again left
his business.

The truth was but the young ladies
did not seem to know it—if John Leslie
had wanted to marry any one of
them, or all of them together, he would
have asked them. Being well satisfied
to let things take their course he
did not trouble himself much about
what was passing outside of his busi-
ness, but plodded steadily onward.—
Now when he went out to Dr. May-
nard's he had the little Lillian to caress
and talk to, as well as her proud and
happy mamma, and he went oftener
than before the baby came. One day
while baby sat on her uncle's knee,
Maynard said:

"My old friend Helen Arnold is com-
ing to stay awhile with us, John and
I want you to run out as often as you
can, for she is so very quiet and re-
served that I want to stir her up a lit-
tle. You need not be afraid of her
talking too much. She never does
that."

John tossed the baby, and the
baby's mother was so pleased to see
the little one's delight, that she forgot
her brother did not reply. However,
it was several weeks before he ventured
to visit Dr. Maynard's again. Then it
was only after an urgent entreaty from
Lillian.

"We are so lonely," she wrote.—
"The doctor is away, and though Helen
is the best friend in the world, and
baby loves her dearly; I want you
to come out. I miss my dear old
brother John. Do come by the next
train. I will send to meet you."

"LILLIAN,"
Helen Arnold sat at the piano, sing-
ing softly, and touching the keys
lightly; and Lillian played with the
baby, and laughed at her cunning
ways one minute—the next looked out
of the window and fretted at John's
delay.

"Dear me, I don't see why he doesn't
come!" and she went to the window
for the fiftieth time and had almost
began to imagine something dreadful
had happened, when she suddenly
whirled round with a cry of delight.
"I was looking at a beautiful picture,"

said John, in the doorway; and as she
sprang forward he caught her in his
arms and gave a return for the caresses
she showered upon him. Before she
had time to think of Helen, baby set
up a cry of delight too, of course. She
was such a knowing child; and her
frighted mamma took her up, and talk-
ing sweet baby talk to her, carried her
up to the nursery. After she was
quieted and petted a little, she was
left with Susan, and Lillian ran down
to the drawing-room to see "dear old
John," wondering all the time if he
would be polite to Helen.

"Good gracious!" This was all she
said, as she opened the door agape.
What do you suppose she saw? There
was John, brown, handsome John, sit-
ting on the sofa, smiling and appar-
ently very happy; and Helen Arnold,
with a crimson face, sat quietly in the
shelter of his arms.

"Come in, Lillian darling, I want
to tell you about it. I have proposed,"
said John.

"Proposed!" said his sister.

"Yes," said John. "This is the third
time."

Lillian laughed, and as she came up
to her brother he drew her down be-
side them. Then he told her all about
it, and added:

"This time she has not said no; and
we will have a happy home, too, will
we not, dear Helen?"

And he turned his beaming face from
his sister to look at the lovely one
upon his shoulder, grown thinner and
paler than when he saw her last, but
now most sweet and womanly, as he
drew the encircling arm closer about
her.

He did not seem to think there was
any danger of a "No," nor did she
judge by the confiding look she gave
him, at the same time saying softly:

"I always thought you would as me
again so I waited."

John's face was but the reflection of
the happiness within, as he answered:

"It seems a foolish thing to do, but
yet I am not sorry that I proposed
three times."

Lillian laughed, and ran upstairs to
see the baby.

A Successful Female Detective.

For the past three months Nellie
McPhearson, who has for some time
been in the employ of the St. Joseph
detective agency, has traveled through
the West and Northwest on business
connected with the agency here, and
her success as a "spotter" shows her
to be a remarkably shrewd woman.—
She is about thirty-two years old, tall
and slender, with dark hair, piercing
black eyes and altogether very stylish
and attractive. Her latest exploit
terminated in Chicago, a day or two
ago, when she succeeded in getting the
clinchers on one of the deepest-dyed
villains in the West, and the leader
and accomplice of a gang of counter-
feiters which have infested this sec-
tion for the past two years.

Some months since the managers of
the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe,
the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific,
the Chicago and Northern railroads
became cognizant of the fact that a
great many bogus local tickets had
been sold along their lines, and on
application Detective Murray,
of Chicago was authorized to work up
the job, and, if possible, bring the guilty
parties to justice. He reported from
time to time that no satisfactory trail
of the counterfeiters could be struck,
and finally Nellie McPhearson was
delegated to assist him in the work.—
From the outset she was suspicious of
the detective himself, and for three
months she watched him like a hawk,
though pretending to fall desperately
in love with him, and more than anxi-
ous that they should succeed in their
undertaking, in order that they might
raise a "take," get married and settle
down. Sharp as he was the woman
foiled him, Last week the two spent
several days in St. Joseph, and while
Murray was "working" certain parts
of the city, or pretending to be rather,
Nellie was closeted in the office of her
employers reporting progress, which
to say the least was anything but fa-
vorable to the "detective"—her pre-
tended lover, Mr. Murray. From
St. Joseph they went to Chicago,
where a few days' secret investigation
placed her in possession of a perfect
whirlwind of evidence, and convinced
her that "Detective" Murray was the
very man who had set afloat the bogus
railroad tickets. Then she set the
trap, gave the detective an official sur-
prise in his room at the hotel, and as
a result he now plays checkers with his
nose in a Chicago jail.—St. Joseph (Mo.)
News.

From our Special Correspondent.
Pen-Pictures from the Capital
City.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26th, '80.

We are great smokers here, in
Washington, and it is to be doubted
whether there is another city in all
the world that is more addicted to this
latter day iniquity. From the lordly
Senator down to the most humble
news boy, all indulge in the popular
habit, and indeed, I have seen the
dainty blonde and the bewitching
brunette revel in the aromatic fra-
grance of a "Vanity Fair," with all the
relish of a masculine smoker. It does
not take a stranger long to discover
our weakness in this direction, after
strolling through our streets and
avenues. No matter where his inquisi-
tive footsteps may lead him, whether
in the lowest haunts of "Kidwell's
Bottom," "Hooker's Division" or in
the more aristocratic West end and
Capitol Hill, still the irrefragable
wooden "ingun," or his more civilized
rivals and opponents, the wooden
Turk, the wooden Chinese, or the wood-
en "bigger," proclaim in indisputable
accents the proximity of a tobacco
store. Pennsylvania avenue particu-
larly is ornamented with these wooden
effigies, and Seventh, Ninth and F
streets are not very far behind their
more prominent rival. That portion
of this avenue lying between the Capitol
and White House has an enormous
number of tobacco stores, and in addi-
tion to these, every hotel, drug store,
newspaper stand, bar room and res-
taurant, of which there is no insignifi-
cant number, keep cigars, tobacco and
cigarettes, and moreover, they all seem
to do a lively business.

In several places there are tobacco
stores, side by side, and have been in
the same positions for years, which of-
fers a most violent presumption that
their rivalry, affects but very little
of their respective sales. It is especi-
ally gratifying to a Tar Heel to ob-
serve the wonderful degree of popu-
larity to which North Carolina tobacco
has here attained, and I am sure there
is not a tobacco store in the whole
of Washington but what has in its show
window the irrefragable "Durham
Bull" done in gold, and in many cases
there will be found near this cele-
brated trademark, attractive advertisers
in the shape of handsome chromos
calling attention to either W. T. Black-
well's "Durham," "Leaf of North
Carolina," Duke & Son's "Duke of
Durham," Day's "Standard of Dur-
ham," or some other of the numerous
brands of North Carolina tobacco,
familiar to every tarheel smoker.

The brands from this State, without
doubt are, by a long way, ahead of
those manufactured in any other State,
and having conversed with several
tobacco men, I think I am at liberty
to say that the news of Blackwell's
proposed manufacture of cigarettes
and long cut tobacco, is heartily wel-
comed, and received by the dealers in
smokers supplies, and is a sure prog-
nostic of immediate success of those
new departures in Durham manufac-
ture.

Appropos to this subject, I will re-
late a little anecdote, which came to
my ears some time since and which I
am sure has never appeared in print,
concerning the manner in which the
"Genuine Durham" was first intro-
duced to the smoking public.

The story goes that shortly after the
late war, Mr. Blackwell went to New
York City with 20,000 pounds of his
tobacco for the purpose of getting it
on the market. After many unsuccess-
ful attempts to dispose of it in
small lots to different dealers he was
so fortunate as to meet with an old
friend from Wilmington, who was stop-
ping a while in Gotham. To this
friend he related his previous failures
and asked for advice and counsel.
This gentleman, whom I shall call C.,
after some reflection told Mr. Black-
well to leave it all to him and that in
less than one month from that date,
every pound of the twenty thousand
would be in the hands of tobacco mer-
chants. Placing implicit trust and
confidence in his word, Mr. Blackwell
awaited developments.

In the meantime C., put an adver-
tisement in one of the city papers
for fifty young men, and having receiv-
ed many more applicants than was
needed he selected his fifty and in-
formed them what he wanted done.
The next day at about nine in the
morning a host of young fellows of
inquiring turns of mind might have
been seen leisurely perambulating
Broadway and other principal streets
of the great Metropolis. Into every

tobacco store, each one enters and
casually inquires for a bag of "Durham
Tobacco" with the air of men who
are in the habit of buying that brand
and want no other. The sleepy clerk
probably turns his head around lazily
and remarks, "Never heard of it. New
brand eh?" to which the inquiring
youngsters frown and softly say, "Aw
dem it," then leave and try another
store further up, where they met with
a like result. Store after store is
entered and naturally enough, and as
was to be expected, by the youngsters
with minds inquiring, not a single bag
of "Durham" could they find. At 11
o'clock the youngster who had been
doing Fulton street enters Broadway
and goes over the same ground gone
over by his fellow-worker early in the
morning, while the latter very proba-
bly, is at work up Fulton. At 2 o'clock
a new disciple appears on the scene of
action and after finishing up Broadway
goes on some other street closely fol-
lowed a few hours later by another
youngster, with mind equally as inquisi-
tive. Thus the principal streets were
canvassed four and five times per day
for Durham tobacco for nearly a month
and by this time the name commene-
d to become familiar to the ears of
the clerks behind the cigar store coun-
ters and many inquiries were made as
to where the tobacco was manufactured,
but these questions were Greek to
the young applicants with m. i. for
"Genuine Durham." Near the close
of the month C., himself canvassed
the city, inquiring at every cigar store
for this brand. One man with somewhat
irritated and jerky tone inquires of
him:

"Say, look here, where in the world
is this Durham tobacco made for
which we had so many demands of
late?"

And then C., with an assumed look
of incredulous surprise, and a careless
tone of voice replies: "Why man,
haven't you heard of it? It made
down here in Durham in N. C.," here
C., gave his left thumb a jerk over his
shoulder as if Durham was just behind
him, and then continued, "if I am not
mistaken the manufacturer is now in
town with a few thousand pounds
which he is disposing of to dealers."

The man looks confused and eagerly
inquires the gentleman's name and at
which hotel he was stopping.
Store after store was thus canvassed
by C., with equal success, and by
the next night Wm. T. Blackwell, had
laid the foundation of the enormous
wealth and immense popularity which
he and his tobacco now possess.

Your correspondent does not vouch
for the truth of this story, but he does
say that he got it from one who was
stated, point blank, that it was told him
by C., himself!

MARLOW.

After Thirty Years, Reunited.

Among the victims of the cholera
which raged in New York city during
the year 1838 was one Richard Pritch-
ard, leaving a wife and three children,
Richard H. and William, who were
twins, and a daughter named Ellen.
Two years later the mother of the
children died, leaving the orphaned ones
unprotected. Richard and William
came to this city, and Ellen was taken
in charge by an uncle living in Cen-
terbury, Ohio which at that time was
little more than a wilderness. At the
time of their separation the boys were
twelve and the girl nine years of age.

Two years after parting with their
sister the boys became anxious to
learn of her whereabouts. Not know-
ing where to write they advertised for
her in Ohio papers, but no answer
came in response to their inquiries.—
Then they applied through similar
channels of information furnished by
Philadelphia, New York and Boston
papers, but still no tidings came from
the lost sister. In the meantime Wil-
liam died, and then Richard contin-
ued the search alone. The experiment
of advertising was repeated at frequent
intervals until weeks were lengthened
into months, and months into years,
and the years were multiplied until
thirty of them had dragged away their
weary length without bringing a ray
of intelligence to cheer the heart of
the persistent and devoted brother.

At last a friend of the uncle who
took Ellen to live with him saw the
advertisement in a scrap of an Ohio
paper. He did not know the sister
but he did her uncle, a Mr. George
Skellen, and so, although he lived for-
ty miles distant, the kind-hearted
friend immediately stowed the adver-
tisement away in his pocket and start-

ADVERTISING RATES
One Square 3 Lines..... 1.00
One Square 4 Lines..... 1.50
One Square 5 Lines..... 2.00
Liberal deductions made for larger space
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Cents per Line.

ed forthwith on his forty-mile journey
to give it to Mr. Skellen—the uncle of
the latter had read the advertisement
he exclaimed, "Why, you that is my
niece, married and living only two and
a half miles from here!"
But little time was lost in making
her acquainted with the facts. A letter
was dispatched to her faithful brother
in Philadelphia, whose joy at his recep-
tion was only excelled by the ecstacy
she realized when she looked again
on the face of the one who had been
lost to him for thirty years.
The sister, although married, met
with kind husband, surrounded by
her sons and daughters, and every
comfort which wealth can obtain, was
equally anxious to be reunited to her
brother, and the meeting between the
two was one which can be realized
only by those who have endured simi-
lar trials.

Natural History—The Baby.

What animal is this?

This is a baby. He is now about
three years old, and the wisest point
of his earthly career.

What country does the baby mostly
inhabit?

He can be found in every inhabited
country on the globe, it is as common as
mosquitoes and boils.

Can they be tamed?

Yes, quite easy. After a little judi-
cious discipline they can be tamed and
become subservient to the will of
man.

Does a baby eat grass?

Yes, or anything else. They swallow
pocket-knives, thimbles, buttons,
spoons, or any other objects a little
smaller than a teaspoon. It is offered
milk they seldom refuse it.

Do they graze during the day, or
only at night?

They are always grazing, paying
not the least heed to the hour. When
not actually eating they generally give
utterance to a peculiar cry. Strong
men often jump out of bed at midnight
in the coldest weather when hearing
that cry.

What meaning is attached to that
cry?

Men of the deepest thought have
agreed that it signifies to wake up the
ne neighborhood and have some fun.

Of what benefit is mankind, is a de-
mesticated baby?

They are no earthly account for the
first few years, but by and by, they can
slide down hill on a cellar door and
carry articles out of the house and
trade for a wooden sword, or lose them
in the grass.

Do you know of any instance where
the baby has attacked the mamma and
killed or injured any one?

Such instances have been related by
such eminent naturalists as George
Francis Trein and Texas Jack, but we
don't put much faith in them. How-
ever if the baby was indelicately pro-
voked, there's no knowing what it
might do.

Are they a healthy animal?

No; on the contrary, he is a bugger
could make enough profit in a year to
buy him a pair of Arctic overalls but
for the presence of a baby in every
household. There is hardly an hour
in the day that the baby does not de-
mand peppermint, paregoric, opiac,
or something else costing money.

What machinery is made up to com-
pel the baby take a dose of castor oil?

There are several patent machines
for the purpose, but most people follow
the rule of knocking him senseless,
and getting the dose into his mouth
before he recovers.

Is the bald-headed baby more
domestic than others?

Not a bit. He kicks around after
the same fashion, and has even a
worse time fighting flies and mosqui-
toes.

What music do they seem to prefer?

A base drum is their first choice,
but they have a heavy leaning toward
the sound of the stove-burner knock-
ing the nose of the picker with the
emptying in it.

This all about the baby. Take an-
other look at him, for next week we
shall write about some other topic.

A man in the habit of getting drunk
should take a pledge and wear it on
his neck, in such a way that if he
breaks one he will break the other. If he
breaks one he will break the other.

There is one thing that an editor can
always get without pay, and that is
bored for nothing.