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.... JUNE 4, 1880

Poetry.

Away From Home.

And hear, in the streets below,

Srange voices and hurrying footsteps

I sit in the lonesome twilight,

But never a one I know.

Here, in the great wide city,

As lonely as if a dweller

A stranger, I stand apart,

In the distant desert's heart.

As I sit and think of home,

I can see the red light playing

Where father sits in the firelight

But the dia dies out of the twilight

With thoughts of the ones who roam.

Strange freaks with his silver hair,

And I know that the dear old chapters

Are blent with his thoughts of me.

As he whispers the dear names over

In a way that is half a prayer.

He is sitting there with his Bible

Wherever my feet may roam,

There is one true heart to love me

I know what he sees in the firelight

As he thinks the sweet words over

He reads in the dear old Book.

She waves a beckoning hand.

Oh, tenderest heart and truest!

I cannot see in the firelight

The face that I long to see,

For thinking of home and father,

Swift tears have blinded me.

But I know that his lips are saying.

A prayer for his boy to-night,

And asking that God will guide me

And no more our feet may roam.

The miles may be long between us;

His love will o'er reach all distance,

Wherever my feet may roam.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

at last. Will you walk over with me

"Certainly, George. But hadn't we

better call sister Emily? She is in

the parlor, with Tom Miller, They

"No; I want you-only you, Lucy!"

"Oh, she is only going to look at his

neard this morning that the roof was

"And it is a Mansard roof, too,"

the benefit of Tom Mil'er, who was

looking after the retreating pair, with

asked, speaking his thoughts aloud.

"Emily!" reproved her mother.

But Tom was gone!

handsome face.

may wish to go with us."

Don't go back to them."

That I've one true heart to love mo

And the thought will be sweet with

In the world that is over yonder

He may have us all at home.

But be they many or few,

And help me to be true.

And pray for me at home.

comfort,

to see it?"

at the gate.

In the paths that are paths of right

Close by the gates of heaven

He sees my mother stand,

With that strange and far-off look.

And to him, in the flesh of the firelight,

Of the friends in the two worlds, fathe

And pray for me at home.

Open upon his knee,



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

VOL. 10.

FRIDAY

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1880

turned toward him, as he called Lucy's turn no more.

"I came after you, Lucy, to ask you to remember that you have promised mons lived still in the old stone farmto sail with me on the pond, as soon house with her parets. as the moon rises," he said lifting his hat politely to the young merchant, prosperous and contented wife of Tom who returned the salutation rather Miller, in his far-off Western home.

"I shall be back before dusk, Cousin long-drawn-out, melancholy light, Tom," replied Lucy; looking rather shone down upon the shut up house surprised.

that! But I cannot give up my sail .- sad years, Lucy Emmons turned her Have you the ring safe?" he added, in steps that way, in her lonly afternoon a lower and more confidential tone.

Lucy turned crimson, as she caught the started glance that George Burns door of the cottage open, as she ap bent apon her.

she said.

it, Lucy dear!" crid Tom, as he vaul- out in bold relief against the white ted away. "Lucy dear !"

the familiar appellation. But he said book, bound in tarnished, mildewed light Spring "ulsterette," with pants They walked on again toward the

the walk for him was gone. It was a substantially-built and handsome cottage, standing in well

Oh, thought that is sweet as Heaven! Lucy had played often, in her childhood, among the great, brown rocks that had been left, by George's order, once been pasture-land before Cen- and turning a radiant, happy face upon treville expanded from a viilage into a her. "I was a fool six years ago .town. And the old farm-house that Don't punish me for my folly now! had been Lucy's birth-place, stood, in thought it was Tom Miller's ring that

Your thoughts are in heaven, and The heaven-friends are most near, only share it with me!"

sport amid those dear old rocks, while he and Lucy looked smilingly on.

Well, they were here at last, in the home with me. Will you?" new home together! But something was wrong between them.

And he prays that when life is ended pects; she thanked him, prettily for the "best man." saving her old playmates, the moss grown rocks.

shadow over-over everything ! "Lucy dear!" seemed to sound con-

tinually in his ears. And then that moonlight sail, with that presuming dear!' coxcomb, upon the pond! From these uncomfortable musings, he was roused by a cry of distress from Lucy:

It was her pretty purple-and-gold diary; and it had been his own birth-"Luev, the root is on the new house

day gift to her. But he forgot that, All that he re

membered was, that her pocket-book contained Tom Miller's odious ring. "You had better have worn it, as he said," he remarked, at last, after they had searched the building through and through in vain.

"Worn it? How could I?" she began, and then she burst into tears.

frown on his brow, at the group on the piazza, who were watching the result 'I will come again and search, when of his conference with Lucy Emmons I have seen you safely home," be said, "Oh, I beg you do not! Don't come "Come now, as you are," he urged, or Tom will-Any one-any one but "It is but a short distaece, and days you!" she said, wringing her hands, as are growing warmer. Throw that if she was going almost distracted.

shawl over your head and take my arm "I should return the ring safely. I am sorry you trust me so little. But I Lucy Emmons hesitated but a mowill not search as you desire me not," ment before she complied with his reher implied distrust.

"A regular elopemont," said Farmer She did not answer: she scarcely seemed to hear him. She was in tears all the way home, and in tears wh she parted with him at the gate of the Emmens' farm.

"She loves that fellow-that is very plain," thought George Burns, bitterly as he turned towards home. "There is

A week passed on. Nothing was seen of the young merchant at the

Emily heard, in the village, that he no very pleasant expression on his had gone to New York, and that all work upon the new house was stopped "Is Lucy one of those girls?" he by his order.

The next month, a stylish stranger "You had better ask her," was from the city took possession of the thriving store, which George Burns on a patent newspaper, in which every had disposed of to him at a dead loss. man's advertisement can be placed at

The unfinished house was boarded the head of the column and next to Down the garden-path he darted, up, and the property placed in the care reading matter.

and out upon the plank-sidewalk after of the ablest lawyer in the village. The Wilson Advance the young couple, who halted and George Burns, it was said, would re-

> Six years went by, and Lucy Em-Emily had been, for five years, the

Against the spring twilights, with

in the old pasture grounds. "Oh, very well, if you are sure of And, for the first time, in six long,

She was surprised to see the front proch it. She stole in, expecting to "I have it safe in my pocket-book," find the aged lawyer, its care-taker

there. A man was there. "All right. But you should wear His tall, strongly-built figure stood Capital. western light, that shone through the unboarded window of the dreary room. George Burns bit his lip as he heard His head was bent over a small

purple and gold. With a scream, Lucy Emmons dar- silk hat caps the remarkably diminunew house. But half the pleasure of ted upon him, and snatched the book

from him hands. "It is mine!" she panted. "I lost his right hand, if we examine closely, it here, six years ago."

laid-out "grounds" of three acres in A flood of crimson dved her face; for it was George Burns who stood easiness of the old lady with the huge there before her!

"Did you read it?" she gasped. "Lucy, don't blush-don't turn upon the lawn. For the land had away!" he said, taking both her hands ruins, on the side of this very cottage, you were so auxious about. I never when the young merchant purchased dreamed that it was your diary, where you had written your love for me, my He had looked forward to bringing darling. Blessed little book! I found her here, on this memorable day; had it behind a pile of rubish in this room. intended to say to her, "I give you a Lucy I brought you here that day to new home where the old one stood- ask you to be my wife. I heard of Tom Miller's marriage last week, from In thought, he had looked forward his own lips. I saw your sister, and to the time when other children should their two children. I heard that you were unmarried, and I came straight on here to ask you now to share this

Half an hour later the reunited lovers walked back to the farm togeth-Lucy was silent and embarrassed .- er. And then they were married, the She admired the rooms and the pros- very next evening, with the lawyer for

"Better late than never," says George Burns, as he watches his chil-But to him there seemed to be a dren playing among the old pasture

But fondly as he love his wife, no one has ever heard him call her "Lucy

A French Romance.

Eleven years ago a young French-"Oh, I have lost it! What shill I man, Gilbert by name, and a very ardent Republican, fell in love with the daughter of an Imperialist, and as the father of the girl refused his consent to the marriage, the young They repaired to a small town near don't, proclaims him at once to be wounds prove mortal, and the war more owlishly assumed intellectual ex-New Caledonia. During his absence to clean out Myth river. chant, and she is now the mother of just the sweetest little bonnet imagina. The author of the bill urges in its favor he said, stung to the heart's core by a numerous family, her husband hav- ble, trimmed in old gold ribbon and that if a man will make a "hog" of appears, however, that the trial will between thumb and forefinger of a kid without putting into the witness-box deficiency. kill. To do this would be to blast her passing handsome turnouts. There coming numerous on the prairies, or character, and perhaps to bring about goes a tiny pair of cream colored po- that they are infesting the woods or her separation from her husband, and nies drawing a fairy like phaeton, and hiding in caves in the mountains .so the Minister of Justice has author- a sweet little blonde manipulates the People now know where to be on the

from further proceedings.

It is said that Edison is hard at work

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

One of the most brilliant and at the same time, curious sights to be seen here in Washington, is the one which greets the eye some bright sunny atternoon between the hours of three and six and known in local parlance as "taking the avenue in." Start at the corner of Fifteenth street and promenade up towards the capitol buildings and within this small scope one will see a veritable microcosm on foot every class in society, every department in trade, representatives from every State in the Union, from every nation on the globe are there all revelling in a cosmopolitian existence and to make it more vivid and life like to the unacquainted eye of the reader, he shall accompany me in imagination down this Champs Elysee's of the American

Donned in our walking costumes

we begin our inspection of this veritable Vanity Fair. In front of us are an elegantly dressed couple. He, with to match. A dainty "Fifth avenue" tive cocoanut, which for dignity's few promenaders, and at that street part; and each organ or part, though sake. I suppose he calls a "head." In we'll find an almost invisible wisp of a cane which he twirls much to the unbasket just passing. She, his companion, is arrayed in one of those detestable, but fashionable, "buttercup" dresses of a rich maroon color, with a tiny "love of a bonnet" saucily poised on her head. Just here we are either inquisitively asked to "buy a Critic, sir?" by an inconceivably dirty specimen of the small boy genus, or a rude and unreasonable boot-black impedes our progress with the information that he charges only "five cents to shine 'em up, boss," which piece of news is accompanied by his pointing a long dirty finger with embarrassing effect at our partially soiled understandings. In far less time than it takes me to describe hundreds are passing us in both directions, and now approaching are two of the beau-monde. Pretty blondes too, with bright golden 'waves' and bewitching 'bangs,' the falseness of which are lamentably perceptible Here comes two young 'bloods' in brown 'tweeds,' each swinging a cane. (one a bludgeon the other a straw. Gorgeous red 'chancellors' with horse shoe scarf pins piercing the silker folds, endeavor to get above stiff high collars of clerical cut, which look as though they are choking their inno cent but, fashionable wearers. Closely following these two is a saintly look ing darkie, labeled 'I am blind,' but whose blindness' does not seem to interfere with his picking his way through the thick mass of people.

Next we meet a tall leisurely promenader of middle age, whose narrow forehead, irrepressible eigar, books and documents, and general air of the couple determined to commit suicide. man who thinks he knows it all-but Paris, and Gilbert, after shooting his a congressman, as such he is; further betrothed, attempted to blow his own on we see more of this species of hubrains out. In neither case did the manity, of different build and of still breaking out soon afterward, Gilbert pression, all wending their way homewas not prosecuted, as he had left ward, there to puzzle their dear little Pa is to serve in the army of the pates in concecting some diabolical out again, said: 'A clam wouldn't be to cause the most thoughless and the Loire. He returned to Paris at the 'what is it?' known as a bill,' probaoutbreak of the commune, served in bly to give a pension to the sixth the National Guard, was made pris- cousin of John Smith who caught cold oner when the Versailles troops en- in the war of the Revolution; or for tered the city, and transported to the appropriation of an enormous sum his betrothed had been induced by But I digress. Here comes a dain-

her father to marry a wealthy mer- ty little brunette in black satin with punishable by fine and imprisonment. ing had no suspicion of the antece- cardinal red flowers, by her side, her himself he ought to be prohibited other day, only to be arrested on the occasionally draws at the stump of a the "Arkansas treat"-every man pay charge of attempted homicide. It 'Vanity Fair' which he holds carefully for his own refeshment. not be brought to an issue, the public covered hand. For a wonder he is prosecutor being of opinion that the sine cane, but the next couple we proceedings cannot be carried on meet make up for his unpardonable

ized the public prosecutor to desist ribbons. Not many yards in her rear outlook for whales. comes a gay young fellow dressed in skull cap and tight leggings seated upon a bicycle, not far behind are more of these creatures dressed in the

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mother on the back seat, daughter and son on the front, and the driver and footman both gaudily arrayed in their handsome liveries are perched upon slons measures, on an average-when the box. This turnout is followed by not cramped and distorted-about 30 itself of an equally large and fashion- and having ample room for the dueable audience. It is with some diffi- performance of their individual duties, enaders as minutely as we would de- companies disorder and bad arrangeket Space the crowd suddenly becomes is no vaccum or empty space in either smaller, and from thence to Third of the two envities- there is no region street, we meet with comparatively without its own particular organ or we turn around and 'do the ave' over provided by nature with ample room again. As we pass the National, Met- for the needful and unobstructed disropolitan and St. Marks hotels we are charge of its special function, has not again besieged by the newspaper and yet much to spare. When, then, any

emerge after much internal 'cussin.' sights greet our gaze only with not so must like a man in a crowd-since it much brilliancy and eclat, as many cannot get out of the way-be serioushave left the gay mass and are now ly hampered in its movements, and its prying into the mysteries of five important duties imperfectly discharg-

o'clock dinner. from this time later on, are those rer. And this in proportion to the unmostly of the 'street walking' persua- natural pressure and squeezing to sion, and when darkness fully sets in. which the organ has had to submit .the bean monde, of the city in all their siren splendor literally line the avenue there to decoy into their treacherous meshes the green and uninitiaten.

MARDLOW

Scandal. What "they say" is beneath your no- pressure from the organs which are tice. What's the use of lying awake directly implicated, though they themof nights with the unkind remark of selves may be entirely removed from some false friend running through your the direct load. The practice of tight brain like forked lightning? What's lacing brings about this crushing and the use of getting into a worry and displacement of organs most completefret over gossip that has been set affoat ly and effectually-hampering and to your disadvantage by some meddle- thawarting them in the performance of some busybody who has more time their assigned and indispensable duthan character? These things can't ties, and with the consequent producpossibly injure you, unless, indeed; tion of a whole host of very serious you take notice of them, and in com- troubles, and not a few real and grave batting them give them character and diseases. There are few natural standing. If what is said about you diseases, indeed, which so thoroughly is true, set yourself right at once; if it displace and jam and wedge tegether s false, let it go for what it will, until so great a number of the internal it dies of inherent weakness.

A Noticeable Difference.

A smart young man asked a gentleman from Cape Cod: 'What's the dif- tight lacing. Shortness of breath, conference between you and a clam? gestion, and even inflamation of the thinking that the Cape Codger would lungs, congestion of the liver, of the say he didn't know, and then the young kidneys, &c.; palpitation and subseman would pity him for not being able quent disease of the heart; faintings, to see any difference between himself bronchitis, indigestion, jaundice, oband a clam, but the thing didn't work, struction of the bowels, rupture; &c ... The Codger took the young man and are a few only of the many evils arisbrushed a path across the street with ing from the custom which we are so him, and then, after crowding him into emphatically condemning; a list one an empty fish barrel and yanking him would think, quite formidable enough playing with you this way. That's the most fashior-bedridden subject to imdifference 'twixt me an' a clam!' The mediately renounce all allegiance to a young man had no more questions to practice so fraught with mischief; and

islature to make "treating" an offence in its favor. dent events. Gilbert was included beau, with 'saulsbury' coat and 'mut- from dragging others down to the bers of the family with, "Hello. Louie? in the amnesty granted a few months ton legged breeches, looks through a same low estate. This legislator wants haven't seen you in a long time.ago, and he returned to Paris, the pair of window pane eye-glasses, and to establish by law what is known as Where've you been?" "Had the "Whales are becoming numerous in

the ocean," says an exchange. We like a statement that gives the full facts, as this one does. It relieves one the lady whom Gilbert attempted to Between the curbs are momentarily of the suspicion that whales are be-

> Mrs. Partington, in illustration of a family carriage with the father and all the time flinging epitaphs at him.'

The Wilson Advance.

One Square 6 Months, 9.4

Liberal deductions made for larger space Transient Advertisements inserted at Top Cents per line.

Tight Lacing.

The circumference of the waist in a

woman of medium height and dimen.

two young 'sports' in a single seated inches; but in those who bave long drag,' lead by a dashing little nag. adopted tight lacing it may measure no There whip rests in its place, proba- more than 20 inches, and sometimes bly the better to disply the red bow even much less. Now, what becomes, and ribbon fluttering half way up its in these latter cases, of the several orlength. But here our attention is at- gans contained within the chest and tracted to the pave again. Just here abdomen? They are, of course comwe are passing the 'National Theatre pressed and purhed and squeezed out and those who attend the Matinee of the natural shape, and made tocrowd forth, this is no small number protrude into places in which they have either, as these afternoon perform- no business, because never meant to ances are very popular, and are at- occupy such places. It was intended tended by the ben-tons. The avenue by nature, as a matter of course, that. in front of us is literally one mass of the chest and abdomen should respectmoving humanity. Next we pass ively hold their various contents in Ford's Opera House a few blocks their allotted and relative positions. further down, which is also disgorging occupying certain portions of space, culty we move along and it is also ut- without that jostling and interferenceterly impossible to observe the prom- with one another which necessarily acsire. As we cross the avenue at Mar- ment. But, on the other hand, there boot-blacking fiends from whom we one paticular organs, by the system of tight-lacing, &., unduly pressed As we retrace our steps the same upon and pushed and squeezed, it ed, to the no small injury and suffering The class of people on the avenue sooner or later of the foolish self tortu-The excessive crushing, however, which results from this much-to-be deplored custom, as well as the consequences arising from it, is not confied to one organ only, but it is transmitted to those lying in its immediate proximity-these having to hear the organs, and so generally disseminate among them incapacity for the discharge of their multifarious duties, as does this positively sinful practice of one, moreover, which has not a single redeeming point, even in the occa-There is a bill before the Iowa Leg. sionally foolish eyes of the sterner sex.

A little mite of a down-towner was visiting another of about the same size and being accosted by one of the memmeasles; that's where I ben." "Had measles, eh! how many did you have?" "I didn't tount them."

Cremation is growing as a custom. of the country. Dr. Dahn, a Hungarian who died in New York recently, is the latest case. He was reduced to ashes in the Washington, Pa., crematory last Monday. If this thing goes on incineration will soon become the supreme happiness of the creme de la creme.

Mark Twain is worth about \$150.000 the proverb, 'A soft answer turneth which he made from his books, ler away wrath, says 'it is better to speak tures, and interests in insurance co msame uncoming costumes. Next comes paregorically of a person than to be pames at Hartford. Which my ans he made it all by his assurance.