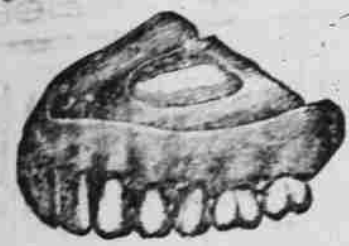


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The Wilson Advance.

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

VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880.

NUMBER 30

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

St. Mary's School, RALEIGH, N. C.

The 77th term of this School begins Thursday, September 8th, 1880. For catalogue apply to the Principal, REV. BENNETT SMEDDS.

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The Wilson Advance.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1880



“SEMINOLE SAM.”

AN INCIDENT OF THE SNAKE RIVER MINES.

By Wyoming Kit.

Won't ye come in an' see Sam, stranger?

This question was addressed to me, as I slowly strolled through the Snake River Mining camp, in Wyoming Territory, one beautiful Sabbath evening in May last. The speaker stood in the door of a rough log cabin, near the bank of the stream. He was one of those rough, uncultured fellows, which can ever be found in mining camps, whose every expression denoted a soul teeming with genuine Western hospitality, and love for his fellowman.

“Who is Sam?” I asked. “Why ‘Seminole Sam’—him as air curled up in bed in yar, a buckin’ agin death, with all the keards a runnin’ agin him strong, too?”

I had rode into the camp but an hour before and had learned nothing of the man referred to. In answer to a question regarding him the men said: “Sam cum over yar from the Seminole range about a year ago, an’ squatted down in this yar house. He’s a gambler, pard, but he does his work in a honest Christian like manner, an’ ye hiar rise a singin’ a level an’ squar’ song when I tell ye that a whiter man never showed up in the diggings! Sam never took advantage o’ a greeny, or slung a crooked keerd in his life, an’ a galoot never yit went broke on his game a squalin’ foul; but the poor old boy’s a settin’ in a hard game now, stranger, an’ if I war agoin’ ter try an’ call the turn, I’d say that Sam’ll git worsted an’ pass in his checks afore midnight!”

“Has he been ill long?” I asked, feeling a strange interest in the man. “No, pard; ‘tain’t no nat’ral ailin’.” Ye see Sam sat down in a game with a poker sharp from over the railroad, a few days ago, an’ during the play a little misunderstanding ariz atween ‘em about three aces that had mysteriously evacuated from the pack, an’ which Sam discovered a locatin’ ‘emselves in the stranger’s sleeve. Durin’ the argument Sam got an ugly dig from a knife that war engineered by the stranger, an’ now he’s stretched out in ‘yar hev’in’ a cussed hard time, an’ it’s ‘bout all the boy can do to corral breath enough for actool eye. We’re bin advisin’ him to do a little chinnin’ with a gospel sharp so’s ter fix matters up so that when he passes in his checks the Boss above ‘ll allow him fur them that the natur’ o’ the game ‘ll allow. One o’ the boys has gone out now to rustle up a preacher, an’—thar’ he comes now, pard; le’s go in.”

The minister was a venerable looking man, with a kind, sincere face, which was now overcast with an expression of genuine sympathy. As he entered the cabin we followed, and never shall I forget the scene within. Stretched upon a rough pallet lay a man of powerful frame, upon whom death had placed its seal, the partially glazed eyes and ghastly, pale face betokening the near approach of the grim monster. Grouped about the bed, with heads bowed in reverential awe, stood a score of persons, representing every phase of life in a frontier settlement, from the blue-shirted miner to the freshly dressed gambler. The look of pain and sympathy upon each face expressed in language plainer than words how great a favorite Sam was with all. The minister approached the bed and with fervent words of sympathy took the dying man by the hand. Sam look’d into his face with an inquiring look for a moment, and then said: “I hope you won’t put it up as cheeky, parson, fur me a puttin’ you to this trouble, but deth has a grip on me that I can’t shake loose, an’ the

boys thought mebbe I’d better send fur ye to kinder put in a word fur me up above, seein’ as how I ain’t acquainted up thar, an’ don’t feel like intrudin’ in by chippin’ inter a strange game. I’ll play ye honest talk now parson, an’ own up that its a layout I kinder never could see anything in, tharfore I never cottoned to it; an’ I feel that if I’d set in the game now I’d lose my grip right on the first deal, an’ go clear through without winnin’ a bet. If I’d learned the religious game when I fust struck out on my own hook, I might stan’ some chance now of quittin’ purty near even; but wouldn’t it look kinder cheeky an’ unprofessional to throw off on a game fur years, an’ then call for a stack of cheeks an’ try ter git inter when I hev nothin’ to show up in the play?”

The minister had been years an humble laborer in this rough portion of the Lord’s vineyard, and was thoroughly familiar with all the slang terms so universally in vogue in the mountains. In a kind, pleasant voice he replied: “No, Sam, I am sure it would not. This blessed book which I hold in my hand teaches us that truly repentant sinners can be saved even at the eleventh hour. The dying thief upon the cross found peace with God while the icy hand of death was fastened upon him. ‘He that believeth shall be saved.’”

“That’s consolatin’, parson, an’ I b’lieve yer givin’ me the square tip, an’ readin’ the heavenly law corret. I never thought I’d be barreled entirely outen the game, but felt kinder sneakin’ ‘bout losin’ everything on other rackets, an’ add then beggin’ fur a stake to set in this game. Parson, won’t yer stan’ in an’ address a little string o’ pious talk up thar, an’ explain matters the best ye kin? Jist tell the Almighty that I’m a total stranger to Him, an’ don’t feel a bit level a axin’ fur a favor at this stage o’ the proceedin’. Ye’ve stood in with Him fur years, parson, an’ mebbe now ef ye’d jist say to Him that ye’d take it as a personal favor. He mont have matters fixed up so’s I’d stand a little show when I slip my grip an’ cut loose from the world. I don’t believe He’d give ye the shake, parson, arter ye’ve bin a cappin’ fur this game so long, do you?”

“The Lord is ever ready and willing to hear and answer prayer, Sam, but before He gives His blessings, He says we must ask for them, and must ask in faith, believing that He hears us and will answer us. My dear friend you must pray yourself. Can you not ask Him to administer to your spiritual wants, and open his arms to receive your soul when it is loosened from its cascket? ‘Ask an’ ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find.’”

A painful silence pervaded the room for a few moments, as Sam lay in deep reflection. It was evident that the words of the minister had taken root in his heart, for a bright—probably the first since his childhood—glistened upon his cheek. Another and another followed in quick succession, and soon subdued sobs could be heard bursting from the bosoms of those who stood around the bed. The silence was broken by “Shorty,” Lewis, a faro dealer, who said in a voice choked with emotion: “Sam, old pardner, I b’lieve the parson’s a keepin’ these cases ‘erect, an’ a givin’ you a show fur every turn o’ the cards; you’d better play ‘em jist as he calls ‘em, an’ I’ll put up big wealth on it that ye’ll come out o’ the racket with a hefty winnin’. Jist turn to an’ crack ahead with yer chinin’ to the Almighty, an’ ye’ll find it’s no trick at all to call the turn on the last case.”

The tears continued to flow from the dying gambler’s eyes, and the convulsive heaving of his breast gave evidence of the terrible commotion within. Then this subsided, and he closed his eyes and lay as if in peaceful slumber. The minister’s lips moved in silent prayer, and even one or two of the assembly, who had not for years given divine matter even a passing thought, essayed to offer up a petition in behalf of the sufferer. After a few moments had thus passed Sam opened his eyes and said, in a voice of almost heavenly calmness: “Boys, a lovely pictur’ has jist bin a passin’ before me. I could see away back to when I war a little kid, a-toddlin’ around the house at hum, with that blessed old mother who has bin an an’ angel fur many years. I could remember how she used ter git me down on my knees beside her, an’ then she’d say over sich sweet little prayers

an’ coax me to say ‘em arter her. Then she’d kiss me an’ tuck me up snug in bed, an’ when she thought I war asleep I could hear her a cryin’ an’ prayin’ in whispers, axin’ God to keep o’ me, an’ give a lift an’ help me up agin if I ever stumbled an’ fell. When Sunday come she’d wash me up an’ dress me, oh so nice, an’ take me to Sunday school, allers keepin’ me in the class as she teacherd herself, and somehow it seemed to me that every word she spoke war aimed right at me. Then the picture moved on an’ I seed myself as a good chunk o’ a boy, up to all the pranks an’ devilments that the kids hung on to in them days. I got to be a tuff ‘un, but I never done any real wicked rackets, an’ I’ve allers thought that my good old mother’s prayers stood atween me an’ wrong. Then I could see myself as a young man, a gradually driftin’ outen the path o’ right, an’ forgotten w’at I knowed about piety. Then I tuk my fust drink, an’ begin to slide down hill with the devil and all his imps on earth a nudgin’ me on. But, boys, that old angel mother never shook me, nor never let up on her prayers. Oh, God! I kin see it as if it war only yisterday, the fust time I cum hum drunk. She pushed me down in a chair, an’ clasped me to her arms as if she was afeared she war goin’ ter lose me from her forever. An’ then see coaxed an’ pleaded with me, the tears jist a floodin’ in’ down her old cheeks, an’ her darlin’ voice a-tremblin’ so’s I know lef’ heart was jist a breakin’ every minute. An’ then she ‘gin ter pray fur me so earnest that it sobbered me up in a minute. I promised her to throw off on whiskey, an’ I kep’ the promise fur a long time, but I broke my guard agin, and Satan got his work in once more. Then I fell in with gamblers an’ sports, ran away from home an’ landed in this great West. I heard from hum now an’ then, till one day I got a letter with black edges all around it, an’ when I opened it I found that mother war dead, an’ that her last words war a prayer fur her lost Sam. I tell ye, boys, it broke me all up, but instead o’ gettin’ better I went down lower an’ ever an’ have stuck to it to this day. Oh, mother! mother! if yer listennu’ now, an’ send to save yer boy!”

Sobs burst forth from the occupants of the room. These men were rough and hardened, but away down in the depths of their hearts a little spring of feeling had lain hidden for years, until now it had been opened and bubbled up with tender rippling, opened by one magic word, mother. Then the minister offered up an earnest petition to the Father in pleading tones which would accept no refusal. Strangely blended with his words of prayer came petitions from the rough men around him, reeking with slang, but clothed in heartfelt earnestness and sincerity. Sam lay apparently calm until the petition ceased, and then a smile spread like a ray of light over his wan features. Outstretching his arms toward Heaven, he murmured, “I see her, I see her. Oh, peace, joy! Mother, I’m coming; I’m coming!” And with that smile of happiness still illuminating his face, he fell back upon his pillow dead.

I visited Snake River but a week ago, and in the outskirts of the settlement came upon a grave marked by a beautiful marble slab. Upon it was engraved: “SEMINOLE SAM, Who shook the wicked earth, And landed right in his old mother’s arms in Heaven.”

The marble engraver in Denver had strictly followed his written copy.

Weather Wisdom.

“Gemlin,” said the president, “I hnk dat de inhabitants of dis kentry am payin’ altogether too much ‘tension to dis wedder quesstun. Dar’s a groan o’ dispair when it’s hot an’ a grovel of displeasure when it’s cold. If it rains somebody raises a row, an’ if it’s dry somebody else has a bone to pick wid de powers above. Ebery red-headed, one-horse, white man, chery broken-down old two-cent darkey, has got de idea in his head dat de Lawd am bound to send him long jist de sort o’ wedder he wants, no matter ‘bout de rest of de kentry. De ole man Rubottom, libin’ up dar by my cabin, has got about fifteen cents worf o’ garden truck back of his house, an’ when it’s hot or cold, wet or dry he an so agitated dat he forgits dat any odder soul in dis kentry has sot out an onion or played a tater. Mo’ dan fifty yars ago I come to de conclusion dat I mus’ put up wid sich wedder as de Lawd gim me, no matter wheder it brought on chilblains or rheumatics, an’ it was a great burden off my mind. I take it jist as it comes, keepin’ de ole umbrella in good repair, an’ I doan know nuffin ‘bout almanacs, an’ I doan want to.—Lone Kila Club Proceedings, Free Press.

First-Class Snake Stories.

“Do you want some items about snakes?” asked an agricultural rural-looking gentleman of the Eagle’s city editor the other day.

“If they are fresh and true,” responded the city editor.

“Exactly,” replied the farmer.—These items are both. Nobody knows ‘em but me. I got a farm down on the Island a piece, and there’s lots of snakes on to it. Near the house is a pond about six feet deep. A week ago my little girl jumped into the pond, and would have drowned if it had not been for a snake. The snake seen her and went for her and brought her ashore. The particular point about this item is the way he did it.”

“How was it?” asked the city editor.

“It was a black snake about thirty feet long, and he jist coiled the middle of himself around her neck so she could not swallow any water, and swum ashore with his head and tail. Is that a good item?”

“First-class.”

“You can spread it out you know. After they got ashore the girl patted the snake on the head, and it went off pleased as Punch. Ever since he comes to the house regular at meal times, and she feeds him on pie. He likes pie. Think you can make anything out of that item?”

“Certainly. Know any more?”

“Yes. I got a baby six months old. He’s a boy. We generally sit him on the grass of a morning, and he hollers like a bull all day; at least he used to, but he don’t any more. One morning we noticed he wasn’t hollerin’, and wondered what was up. When we looked there was a rattlesnake coiled up in front of him scanning his features. The boy was grinnin’, and the snake was grinnin’. Bimby the snake turned his tail to the baby and backed his rattle into the baby’s fist.”

“What did the baby do?”

“Why he jist rattled that tail so you could hear it three-quarters of a mile, and the snake lay there and grinnin’. Every morning we found the snake there, until one day a bigger snake came, and the baby played with his rattle for a while, and then the first snake came back. He looked thin, and I reckon he had sent the other to take his place. Will that do for an item?”

“Immensely,” replied the city editor.

“You can fill in about the confidence of childhood, and all that, and you might say something about the blue-eyed cherub. His name is Isaac. Put that in to please my wife.”

“I’ll do it. Any more snake stories?”

“Lemme see. You’ve heard of hoop snakes?”

“Yes, often.”

“Jist so. Not long ago we heard a fearful row in our cellar one night. It sounded like a rock-blast, and then there was a hiss and things was quiet. When I looked in the morning the cider barrel had busted. But we didn’t lose much cider.”

“How did you save it?”

“It seems that the staves had busted out, but before they could get away four hoop-snakes coiled around the barrel and tightened it up and held it together until we drew the cider off in bottles. That’s the way we found ‘em, and we’ve kept them around the house ever since. We’re training ‘em for shawl-straps now. Does that strike you favorably for an item?”

“Enormously,” responded the city editor.

“You can fix it up so as to show how quick they was to get there before the staves were blown off. You can work in the details.”

Proverbs.

The earth quake was this original Shaker. The little peck catches the early market. A jealous man always finds more than he looks for. The man who was stago struck had the driver arrested. Ugliness, after virtue, is the best guardian of a young woman. Most people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else. The smaller the husband, the bigger the bundle his wife makes him carry. All the world may forsake an author, but vanity will never forsake him. Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not surfeited with the nobler virtues.

ADVERTISING RATES

One Square 3 Months, \$5.00; One Square 6 Months, \$8.00; One Square 12 Months, \$15.00.

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

THE NEWS IN A NUT SHELL.

The Southern Missionary Herald, edited by Rev. A. R. Raven, at Winton, N. C., has suspended publication. Next the artist sketches for Harper’s Weekly again. Judge W. R. Rodman long a prominent republican has declared for Hancock. Mr. Louis C. Latham has been nominated for Congress in the First District, and Mr. Thomas R. Jernigan was nominated for Governor.

Mr. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, has been appointed by the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church South, as the Lay representative of the N. C. Conference, to the Ecumenical Conference of all the Methodisms of the world, to be held in London in August 1881. Hon. R. B. Vance has also been appointed a delegate from the Holston Conference, a part of which includes Western, N. C.—Hon. R. F. Aruffield has been renominated for Congress in the 7th district.—T. P. Klutz, Esq., of Salisbury is the democratic elector in the 7th district.—The Georgia Democratic State Convention failed to make a nomination for Governor after a session of six days. Gov. Colquitt lacked only a few votes of receiving the nomination.—The Republicans of the 7th district have nominated Ex-Judge Fureness, of Iredell for Congress and Dr. J. G. Ramsey, for elector.—Judge David Davis, publishes an open letter giving his reasons for supporting Hancock.

Capt. A. W. Lawrence the well known insurance agent of Raleigh is dead.—Hon. John Goode has been renominated for Congress in the 2nd district in Virginia.—Dr. Tanner is fattening very rapidly.—A negro who was trying to suppress a difficulty between some of his colored brethren a few days ago in Harnett county, received a blow which killed him.—Two negro men were suffocated by foul gas in a well 60 feet deep, near Fayetteville recently. They were restored to consciousness and are now doing well.—At Rochester, N. Y., August 12th, a mile was made in 21.1. The fastest time ever on record. St. Julian and Maul S each trot in the same time and beat the fastest record by a full second.—Gov. Brogden announces himself as the republican candidate for Congress, and says that as there was no nomination made, he is no better.—Camps circus is heading this way.—The colored insane asylum is open at Goldsboro.—The census returns show that the population of North Carolina has increased since 1870, 340,077.—A Louisiana lottery is in jail.—The Virginia State that the eleven electoral votes of that State will be cast for Garfield unless the two wings can be reconciled.—Gen. Weaver, the greenback candidate is in want of money to carry on the campaign.—Dr. Tanner’s success has revived the drooping spirits of the republican party.—New York has had another elevated railway collision.—Senator Bruce and wife, col. are at a stylish house at Saratoga.—The republicans are just now troubled about Vermont and Maine.—The first stone in the completion of the Washington monument was laid by Mrs. Hayes, wife of the President.—The republicans will give funds to aid in carrying North Carolina and Florida.—North Carolina and Virginia have kept equal pace in the increase in population.—There is a population of only 20,000 Chinese in San Francisco.—T. M. Holloway has been nominated for Governor in Michigan by the democrats.—Indians have surrounded Quantan, Texas, and communication with Gen. Grierson is cut off, they are murdering citizens and driving off stock.—The Southern Dental Association met in New York last week. It meets in Asheville, N. C., next year. Dr. V. E. Turner was elected President, (why was the Southern association held in a Northern city?)—Halifax is to have a big speaking on the 16th inst.—Capt. Kitchen has entered the canvass, we presume he would like to run again.—Hayes thinks the census returns in the South are in excess of the actual population.—No less than five shows are said to be heading for this State.—Gen. Walker, Supt. of the census thinks the returns from the South correct, Hayes to the contrary notwithstanding.—A negro made a violent attack on Mrs. Idol near Salem. If found Judge Lynch will attend to him.—The rust is said to be doing some damage to the cotton in Wake county.—The census enumerators are furious because they can get their pay.—The American Bar Association will meet at Saratoga August 18, 19 and 20th.—The trial of Thomas DeJarnette for the murder of his sister has been postponed until September on account of the absence of witnesses.—All the obstacles to the building of the Western road by Best seem to have been removed.—There are more Irish in America than in Ireland.—The population of Ireland is 5,000,000.—A man in Blossburg, Pa., had the delirium tremens, which the doctors said was produced by inveterate smoking.—The population of Pennsylvania increased twenty per cent in the last ten years.—S. B. Alexander has been placed at the head of the Department of Agriculture, vice Polk resigned.