

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—In Advance: For one Year, \$2.00; For six Months, \$1.25; For three Months, \$0.75.

PROFESSIONAL. DR. R. W. JOYNER. SURGEON DENTIST. Permanently located in Wilson, N. C. All operations will be neatly and carefully performed on terms as reasonable as possible.

DR. E. L. HUNTER. SURGEON DENTIST. Has resumed practice at Enfield and respectfully solicits a continuance of his former practice.

JAMES W. LANCASTER. Attorney-at-Law, WILSON, N. C. Office in the Court House.

W. BLOUNT. Attorney-at-Law, Wilson, N. C., Oct. 10th '78. Office Public Square, rear of Court House.

WILSON COLLEGIATE SEMINARY (FOR YOUNG LADIES.) Wilson, N. C. Best talent employed in all departments. Situation unusually healthy.

Wilson Collegiate Institute FOR BOTH SEXES. STRICTLY NON-SECTARIAN. For years the most successful school in Eastern Carolina.

J. T. YOUNG & Bro. FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE. Manufacturer of all kinds of Plain Gold Jewelry, Rings, Badges, &c.

Lemon Tabourne, The Old Reliable Barber. May always be found at his shop on Tapscott Street, where he will be pleased to serve his friends and former patrons.

FOR SALE. I desire to announce that I have for sale eleven three rail live hound Pigs, which I would like to sell soon.

Big Pay. AGENTS WANTED. We want a limited number of active, energetic canvassers to engage in a pleasant and profitable business.

To Make Money. Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in.

Wootten & Stevens, FURNITURE DEALERS AND Undertakers, WILSON, N. C. We have on hand a large and well selected stock of Parlor and Chamber Furniture.

NOTICE. The tax books for the year 1880 are now in my hands for collection, and tax payers are requested to call at my office in the court house and settle their taxes as soon as convenient.

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NORFOLK CARDS. SAM. HODGES. H. HODGES. HODGES & HODGES. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Hats and Caps.

Ladies Trimmed Goods, 49 COMMERCE ST., NORFOLK, VA. House Established 1870. JONES, LEE & CO.

(Successors to SAVAGE, JONES & LEE.) Cotton Factors & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 28 Rothery's Wharf, NORFOLK, VA.

A large capital, a long experience and a commodious warehouse, located immediately upon the Elizabeth River, within the depth of water is sufficient for the largest steamers and sailing vessels.

Established 1881. Arthur C. Freeman, Dealer in DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY.

144 1/2 Main St., Head Market Square, NORFOLK, VA. Offers his large stock of bargains.

Offers his large stock of bargains. Ladies' double case gold watches as low as \$14.00. Gents' stem winding, double case \$35.00.

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The Wilson Advance. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1880.



Poetry. My Neighbor. 'Love thou thy neighbor,' we are told, 'Even as thyself.' That creed I hold; But love her more a thousand fold!

'My lovely neighbor; of we meet In lonely lane or crowded street; I know the music of her feet. She little thinks how, on a day, She must have missed her usual way, And walked into my heart for aye.

Or how the rustle of her dress Thrills thro' me like a soft caress, With trembles of deliciousness. Wee woman, with her smiling mein, And soul celestially serene, She passes me unconscious queen.

Her face most innocently good, Where shyly peeps the sweet red blood Her form a nest of womanhood! Like Raleigh—for her dainty tread, When ways are miry—I could spread My cloak, but there's my heart instead.

Ah, neighbor, you will never know Why 'tis my step is quickened so; Nor what the prayer I murmur low. I see you 'mid your flowers at morn, Fresh as the rosebud newly born; I marvel, can you have a thorn?

If so, 'twere sweet to lean one's breast Against it, and the more it prest, Sing like the bird that grief hath blest. I hear you sing? And thro' me spring Dope musically ripple and ring; Little you think I'm listening!

You know not, dear, how dear you be; All dearer for the secrecy; Nothing, and yet a world to me. So near, too; you could hear me sigh, Or see my ease with half an eye; But must not. There are reasons why.

A QUEER CRAZE. 'Wal 'twas curus the way it hap- pened, and I ain't got tired tellin' about it yet. It was swelterin' hot that day, the sort of weather when folks would be glad to take off their flesh and sit down in their bones.

There hadn't been a drop of rain for four weeks, and everything looked thirsty. I went about in the afternoon very sorrowful like, sprinkling the flowers and thinkin' that the time was soon a-comin' when some one else would be watchin' 'em.

Things had been gettin' harder ever since brother Ruben was lost on his last voyage, and I hadn't been able to pay the mortgage interest, and old Squire Jones was gone, and everything in the hands of that wild son; and I'd got notice if the money wasn't paid by the thirtieth of June everything would be seized.

I didn't rightly know how I was goin' to make a livin' either. I was gettin' elderly—nigh sixty—and when folks are as old as that they're like cats, and don't care about new homes.

So I sat down very melancholy at the little scarp of a garden where I'd work for years, and began to think of the time when I was a slip of a girl and not so bad looking, and Polonius Sawyer used to come and see me and bring me a momentum as he called it, from every voyage. Lor', the house was just cluttered up with queer old things and Rube and he brought that, that wouldn't bring a sixpence at a vando.

Poor Polonius! He was wrecked on a strange coast, and no one knows where his grave is. I reckon he had a present for me with him; but I'll never get that one. Ah, me!

'I was a-settin' 'very retrospective like when I see Miss Vanburen—a-comin' in the gate. No hot weather could quence that woman's ardor for visitin'. She had her sunbonnet in her hand and couldn't stay a minute, of course. But I knew her tricks and her manners and began a-turmin' over in my mind what I could give her. You see, I'd been a savin' lately, and hadn't the usual supply in the house, but I wasn't goin' to demean myself before Hetty Vanburen. She's a mournful-looking woman at the best of times, with a husband who drinks and throws plates at her head, and six rollicking, roaring children. Well, that's neither here nor there. She comes in with,

her mouth drawn down and her eyes turned up; and I sez: 'Wotever's happened to you, Mrs. Van,' sez I.

'Wey, I thought I must come over and condoile with you,' she says, a-turmin' over the word 'condoile' with a sort o' relish. He says as how he heard downtown that Life Jones was a-goin' thought it only neighborly to come over and see if 'twas true. He don't get things straight more'n half the time, 'cos he sees through a glass darkly, as the minister says.

'I own I was took a-back as havin' the affair published afore I had time to think it over, as you might say. 'It's real neighborly,' sez I. Kind o' bitter, to come over and take tea with me once more; for you see yer opportunities in that line will be nipped in the bud if it's all true.

'Then it is true?' 'Yes! I sez, kind a desperate; very soon I s'pose, the place that knows me so well will know me no more; and the tears came into my eyes. 'I'm a lone, lone woman, and where I'll drift to I don't know.'

'I wouldn't bring much at a rando,' she says, lookin' round very keen like. 'No, I s'pose not; rubbish most of it.'

'But you've got some good linen as I'd like,' she says, in a munter I considered unfeeling, 'and this ere arm-chair's comfortable. I'm sort o' used to this arm-chair, and I wouldn't mind biddin' it in at private sale, if you'd wait a bit for the money.'

'I was sort o' disgusted at her selfishness—never seemin' to feel how used I was to the arm-chair, or how it hurt me to think of partin' with the things. 'It's a melancholy world,' she says, the next minute, I think perhaps, that she'd forgot about the condoile. 'A pilgrim's progress of a male, and blessed be them what's got nothin'.

I sometimes wish I was out of it all when he gets the tantrum and sends the plates flyin' at my head. I give you my word we ain't got a whole plate in the house, and we wouldn't have a thing to eat off if it wasn't for that cement they call strata, as I mend 'em with continual. And abuse—you wouldn't believe it, Miss Haddock; a-tellin' me to go to—devilish place, you know. Share, you'd better be wishin' me in heaven, sez I, coz I'd be more out of your way.

'Every one's got their cross,' I sez, sighin'. 'I've got more'n my share,' she sez, 'drawn' down the corners of her mouth. 'Sarrarann Haddock you was a wise woman never to tie yourself to any male critter. Why it seems more like heaven to git over here to a little peace and quietness; and wotever I'm goin' to do when you're gone—'

'I ain't gone yet,' sez I, sort o' snappish—cos I couldn't bear her takin' it for granted that there wasn't a chance for me. We're such curious critters, you see! I kept clingin' to the hope that God was goin' to work some miracle for me. Now He did, and this was how it came about. I excused myself to go and put on the tea-kettle, and then I found I hadn't a blessed thing for tea. I had milk in the house, but nary an egg, and what kin a body do without eggs. I only had a couple of hens, and they was a setting and steadily purposed to bring up a family. So thinks I, I'll just throw on a sun-bonnet and step over to Neighbor Parker's and git some, and Miss Van will never surmise the state of my larder. Lor, I wouldn't a-had the neighbors know that I hadn't a bit of chipped beef in the house for a fortune.

'So I picked up a plate—a queer looking thing, a monstrosity I call it—that Rube brug home once. It had a snake like life curled up in the middle of, and for fear it wouldn't be natural enough it riz on the stuff look as if you could knock it off most, and I often wished I could, for I couldn't stomach the thought of eatin' it while that varmint was coiled so there; an' as if that wasn't enough, there was snails all around it and on the border two lizards and beetles and various bugs colored like life, looking as if they'd just lighted there, and more curious still, if there wasn't two fish laid out with their scales a-shinin'. I never set much store by the thing, but grandma had a great liking for crockery and she had a pitcher that matched it, so on her account I had never gived it away. 'One good of the vandoo,' I sez, with a sigh, 'will be clearin' out

all this rubbish as I suppose will go for a song.'

'Well, I hurried over the track and caught Miss Parker skimm'n her milk and she was very accommodating about the eggs. When I got to the road again there was a great train stoppin' the way. It was so long, thinks I, I'll never take the time to go round, but just step up the steps and down on 'other side. I was up without givin' it a second thought, when Lor' if the pesky thing didn't give a start like it was shakin' itself, and the most diabolical sneert I ever heard, and was off like the wind! And I was so sheered I tolled that there plate till the eggs rolled off and lay all smashed about my feet. I could have cried, I hadn't any money to pay for the ride, and I stood starin' about me in a daff way, wonderin' what Miss Van was a-thinkin' when the conductor came along.

'You can't stand on the platform, my good woman,' sez he—not allowin'.

'I'm lost! I'm on the wrong train—I mean I don't want to be on no train at all!' sez I, quite mixed up. 'Put me out at the next station, if you please!'

'He looked at me sharp, and then said: 'Well we won't charge you nothing for sittin' down,' and he sort of pushed me into the car. I stood, after I got in, for a minute scarcely seeing where I was, when a middle aged gentleman got up and offered me his seat. He was so pertite I was quite surprised at the way he kept a starin' at me; and then he says somethin' to his daughter, a young lady in sage green sittin' next to me—somethin' that sounded like 'real palacy,' and I suppose she was a-talkin' French.

'The daughter was a good-looking young woman if she hadn't had her hair like a Skye-terrier, and a large sunflower in her bonnet, and she talked to me very friendly like, and at last I made bold to say: 'Wotever is your pah a starin' at. Do I look like a madwoman?'

'He's a-lookin' at that plate,' says she. 'Would you like to sell it?'

'Lor, I might as well,' sez I, sighin'; and my heart was so full I up and tells them strangers somethin' of my troubles.

'I have a fancy for that plate,' sez the gentleman with a real feelin' manner, 'and perhaps you've got other things like it at home. We may find a way to help you; who knows?'

'Lor! I thinks I here's another man who likes rubbish as well as Rube did, so, of course, I invites 'em cordial.— It would be nice to have a little money if I did have to turn out on the cold water. And bless us, before we stopp'd at Langley, ef he hadn't given me his card and a hundred dollars for his plate with all them reptiles a-coillin' and squallin' over it. I couldn't believe my eyes, and took the up train and got home in a perfectly dazed manner. Miss Vanburen had gone home in a buff, and I set down and counted out that money, and looked at it as if it was fairy gold. I most s'pected it would be nothin' but leaves in the mornin'; but there it was, just the same, and then I remembered the visit they had promised, and I hunted about for the truck that had always been in my way, and so troublesome to keep clean. It was all about and lots in the garret. I sot it over the kitchen table, and couldn't help laughin' when I looked at it. There was the queerest-looking monsters, dragons and gins, rearin' up on their tails with gapin' mouths enough to frighten a child into a fit. There was a pair of square little pots, lookin' like they was shakin' their fat sides laughin'— They was dull gray, and had Adam and Eve on 'em a shakin' an apple-tree. I never had 'em about, coz I thought 'em improper. Then there was one plate of a greenish-yellow glaze, with sober black and brown figures on it. Wal, notbin' very takin' about 'you would say; but that there gentleman—Mr. Brunhold the card called him—took it on in his hands with a worshipin' look.

'It's a Houry-Doo!' sez he, most in a whisper, with a look on his face like a fellow who's been to the anxious seat and got religion—sort of a rept look as if the world might wag on; he was happy whatever came.

'Never knowed if it's called a honry-do or honry-don't,' sez I. 'Rube brought it home once, and seems as if it might be more useful than the kind with critters sprawin' over it.'

'Well, if he didn't up and offer me three hundred dollars for that plate sez he, 'I won't take advantage of you, for you don't know the value of the things, an' you've told me yer in a fix. But what you've got on that table's worth more than your horse and lot, and I'm ready to pay the money down!'

'I looked at the young gal to see how she took her pa's speech, but she seemed as pleased as Punch, and was a-exclaimin' over this and soreamin' fairly over that, till I began to think I was dreamin' and I'd soon see them go up in smoke as smell of brimstone, like a fairy story I'd heard on. It wasn't for me to refuse this offer under the circumstances, you see. But my heart mivegave me, as it wasn't doin' right. Would you believe it, he'd paid me fifteen hundred dollars for the stuff I would have sold to the ragman only for the sake of Rube and my old lover! Why, I was sot up I only oved Life Jones five hundred and there was a cool thousand to put in the bank!

'The young lady was so friendly when I was hustlin' around gettin' an empty box and straw for the packin' that I made bold to ask her a question. Her pa was a fixin' the things in the box as careful as if they'd bin live babies.

'He isn't just all right here, is he? sez I, 'touchin' my forehead. 'I see you indulge him, as I s'pose he has got plenty of money to pay for it, but it's a craze isn't it?'

'Well, if she didn't laugh in a very unfeelin' manner. 'Yes, it is a sort of a craze,' sez; 'it's called the Keeramic craze.'

The world-renowned swimmer, Capt. Paul Boyton, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the seashore, related the following incidents in his experience: Reporter.—Capt. Boyton, you must have seen a large part of the world? Capt. Boyton.—Yes, sir, by the aid of my Rubber Life Saving Dress, I have traveled over 10,000 miles on the rivers of America and Europe; have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal, and have in my possession forty-two medals and decorations. I have three times received the order of knighthood, and been elected honorary member of committees, clubs and societies.

Reporter.—Were your various trips accompanied by much danger? Capt. Boyton.—That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus in Spain I had to 'shoot' one hundred and two waterfalls, the highest being about eighty five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somme a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trips than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy, and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. I carry a stock of signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions &c., and I have had but little trouble.

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THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL. The monument purchased by the Kings Mountain Centennial Association cost \$2,860.

The New Garden Agricultural Society will hold its annual fair at their grounds near Greensboro October 28th.—Rev. C. A. Jenkins, of Franklin has accepted a call to the Missionary Baptist church at Oxford.

Moody and Sankey have been asked to make Washington city the scene of their labors next winter and have replied favorably.—Reuben Hardy, colored, in Pitt county has been sent to the penitentiary 20 years for burning about a year ago the barn of the late Gen. Byran Grimes.

Joseph J. Daney, a young man about 18 years of age, was lodged in the Newbern Jail last week by Mr. Long, the Special Agent of the Post Office Department for robbing a letter in the post office at Greenville.—Carl Schurz is on the stump for Garfield and Arthur.

The steamship Isaac Bell, of the Old Dominion Line, caught fire and was burned October 2nd. at Portsmouth, Virginia.—The daughter of a white Illinois Radical recently married a negro man at Galesburg; and then the young woman's relatives tried to kill the negro. That's the girl rights for you.

Henry Ward Beecher will take the stump in Ohio and Indiana for Garfield and Arthur.—Edward L. Stroebeker, aged 30, son of a prominent physician in Macon, Ga., was found a few nights since in an unconscious condition on the sidewalk on Broadway, New York, suffering from opium poisoning from using opium cigarettes. He is recovering.

The Democratic rally in New York last week is said to be the biggest on record.—Plaised the Democratic candidate for governor in Maine is conceded to have 251 majority over Davis, Republican.—Near Cromwell, Ky., Tuesday night, John Harris, a miner, shot and killed John Brown, also a miner during a quarrel.

The new tobacco crop will be the smallest in many years in Virginia.—A colored man killed his boss on the St. Johns and Lake Entace (Fla.) railroad Wednesday, and was subsequently suspended to a tree.—More money is made off the coal than any other fish in America.—Indiana votes next Tuesday and it is generally admitted that it is the pivotal State.

President Hayes and party had a public reception at Roseburg, Oregon, Wednesday.—A quarrel at the standard oil works at Bayoune city, N. J., wound up by Jacob Stansbury striking James Lynch on the head with a bottle, fracturing his skull and producing a fatal wound. Stansbury is under arrest.—New York averages one murder every ten hours.

The epitaph which visited us some years ago disabling many horses is prevalent in New York.—Gen. Hancock's letter on "war claims" knocks the props from under the Republican campaign and gave it a black eye.—The October elections are: Georgia, October 6th, for State officers and a legislature; Ohio, October 12th, for minor State officers, congressmen and a legislature; Indiana, October 12th, for State officers congressmen and a legislature; West Virginia, October 12th, for State officers and a legislature; Connecticut, town elections, on October 4th.—Newbern Nut Shell: It is confidently asserted that the white man who arrived here a few weeks since, called himself Kann, assumed the role of a tramp printer, obtained employment at odd times in all the printing offices here, and was known among the craft as 'Long Tom,' was a first-class detective, and had recently returned drunk from Washington, in 1867 to be imprisoned with the negro suspected of murdering Gen. Grimes, and that while imprisoned, he carried a stock of signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions &c., and himself were the murderers of Gen. Grimes.

Medical Uses of Eggs. For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always on hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil of cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind, and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up lightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable nature to assume her beautiful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at most three, eggs per day would be all that would be required in ordinary cases, and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

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