

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

VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1880.

NUMBER 45

PROFESSIONAL.

D. R. W. JOYNER, SURGEON DENTIST.



Has permanently located in Wilson, N. C. All operations will be handled and carefully performed and on terms as reasonable as possible.

D. 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. Practices in all the courts (except the inferior court of Wilson county) and will give prompt attention to business entrusted to him in Wilson and adjoining counties.

G. W. BLOUNT, Attorney-at-Law.

Office Public Square, rear of Court House. Wilson, N. C., Oct. 10th '79.

WILSON COLLEGIATE SEMINARY (FOR YOUNG LADIES.)

Wilson, N. C. Best talent employed in all departments. Situation unusually healthy. Board, per session of 20 weeks, including fuel, lights and furnished room \$30.00. Other charges moderate.

Wilson Collegiate Institute — FOR BOTH SEXES —

STRICTLY NON-SECTARIAN. For years the most successful school in Eastern Carolina. The best advantages and lowest rates. Healthy location. Able and Experienced Teachers. Fine Library and Apparatus. Spacious Building. A pleasant educational home.

Lemon Tabourne, The Old Reliable Barber.

May always be found at his shop on Tap Bay Street, where he will be pleased to serve his friends and former patrons.



SMITH'S SPECIFIC. We have known Smith's Specific for many years. It is a specific for Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc., and testify that it made the most perfect and permanent cures in every case.

Capt. Hugh L. Dennard; Sam D. Killen, Judge Co. Court; J. Warren, of firm of J.W. Lathrop & Co., Savannah, Ga.; Ed. Jackson, Dep. City Sup. Ct.; Gen. Eli Farrar; Dr. J. C. Gilbert, Druggist; J. W. Mann, Co. Treasurer; Wm D. Pierce, Sheriff.

A. H. COLQUHITT, Governor of Georgia. Prepared only by the Swift Specific Co. Atlanta, Ga. Sold by A. W. Rowland.

FOR SALE. A very desirable residence in town, near the railroad, conveniently situated, can be bought low and on time.

For further particulars apply to HUGH F. MURRAY, Agent for the Owner.

NEW FIRM NEW STYLES NEW PRICES. GRIFFIN & MURRAY.

Goldboro St., Wilson, N. C.



Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, Carts, Wagons, Harness, and all kinds of riding vehicles. Which will be sold at the lowest possible figures.

NORFOLK CARDS.

SAM. HODGES. H. HODGES. HODGES & HODGES.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Hats and Caps.

AND Ladies Trimmings 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, where the depth of water is sufficient for the largest steamers and sailing vessels, give us unparalleled facilities for conducting the General Commission Business.

Liberal advances in cash, or goods or produce ordered to be held, and that shipped for immediate sale is disposed of on the first favorable market and the proceeds sent as directed. In all cases giving strict personal attention to the sampling, selling and weighing of consignments.

Established 1821. Arthur C. Freeman,

— Dealer in — DIAMONDS, WATCHES,

JEWELRY,

144 1/2 Main St., Head Market Square, NORFOLK, VA.

Offers his large stock at bargains. Ladies double case gold watches as low as \$14.00.

Facets' stem winding, double case \$35.00. Solid gold set of jewelry for Misses \$5.00. Fine gold plated sets for ladies \$5 to \$10. Solid \$8.50 to \$10.

Wedding and Engagement Rings always on hand.

engraving free of charge. Watches and jewelry repaired and warranted.

Send your orders to me and they will be promptly filled. A. C. FREEMAN.

rep23-

KNABE

The most popular piano in the South.

KNABE Piano

for nearly forty-one years these instruments have maintained their reputation for durability, clearness and sweetness of tone. This piano now being manufactured by this well known firm are equal to any made in the world. They are sold as low as any first class piano and fully warranted for five years. Send for catalogue and terms to

S. A. STEVENS & CO., NORFOLK, VA.

AGENTS FOR KNABE & CO. FOR EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Lewis Washington,

BUILDING MOVER

KINSTON, N. C.

Orders promptly attended to at short notice. Sept. 3d-'80

Wooten & Stevens,

FURNITURE DEALERS AND Undertakers,

WILSON, N. C.

We have on hand a large and well selected stock of Parlor and Chamber Furniture and are constantly receiving additions thereto. We make cheap bedsteads and mattresses a specialty. Picture frames moldings and pictures in great variety sold cheap.

Repairing neatly and promptly done, and satisfaction guaranteed. Rosewood and metallic burial cases from the cheapest to the best bronzed cases. sep 17-80

The Wilson Advance

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1880



Poetry.

The Lucky Horseshoe.

A farmer traveling with his load Picked up a horseshoe in the road, And nailed it fast to his barn door, That Luck might down upon him pour

But dire ill-fortune soon began To visit the astounded man, His horse declined to lay their legs; His horse tumbled from the pegs, And rails devoured the fallen legs;

So Lotta smiled when her eyes fell on the pistol, for as yet no opportunity for glory had come to her, and Jim would be home to-morrow.

Next spring a great drouth baked the soil, And roasted every pea in pod; The beans declared they could not grow So long as nature acted so;

While this dismayed o'er matters wrong And old man chanced to trudge along To whom he told, with wornwood tears, How his affairs were in arrears,

One morn, demoralized with grief, The farmer clamored for relief; And prayed right hard to understand What wretchedness now possessed his land;

While this dismayed o'er matters wrong And old man chanced to trudge along To whom he told, with wornwood tears, How his affairs were in arrears,

The stranger asked to see the shoes, The farmer brought into view; But when the old man raised his head, He laughed outright and quickly said,

The farmer turned the horseshoe round, And showed them back to swell the ground; The sunshine leaped among his grain And heaps on heaps piled up the wain;

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

him an inspiration. He sped past it; then, doubling cleverly on his foe, sprang through it and laughed to hear his footsteps grow fainter in hot pursuit up the street.

Upstairs Lotta Desmond was brushing out her pretty brown hair preparatory to retiring. On her daintily-frilled toilet-table, looking oddly out of place, lay Cousin Jim's revolver.

There had been a great many jokes about that revolver. Her uncle and cousin had solemnly installed Lotta as man of the house during their absence, Jim had reminded her of the exploits of brave Mrs. Brown and pucky Mrs. Peters, as recorded by the Daily Chronicle. The first of these ladies had, alone and unarmed, held a burglar captive until help came. The second under like circumstances, had completely routed two desperately villains.

And Lotta had demanded Jim's pistol and declared that she only longed for a chance to emulate their heroism. And Jim had promised to watch the paper for a similar mention of darling Miss Desmond.

So Lotta smiled when her eyes fell on the pistol, for as yet no opportunity for glory had come to her, and Jim would be home to-morrow.

Just then her aunt came into the room, fancying as she had faced every night since her husband's departure, that she heard a noise, and would dear Lotta, who was fearless, mind going downstairs to investigate?

So Lotta thrust her little bare feet into slippers, threw on a wrapper and sailed forth, pistol in hand.

Aunt Lucy detained her with a last word—in case it should be any one, to let her know immediately; but otherwise not to disturb her, as she was extremely fatigued.

With a dim recollection that the dining-room window had not been closed, the young girl made her noiseless way thither at once. The gas had been put out and a miserable candle left burning. What Lotta saw by its dim light was a tall young man rather roughly clad.

Alas! Tom, usually something of a dandy, had that night donned his poorest array, his hair disordered, his clothes grimed in dust and soot, from which even his face had escaped, coolly examining her uncle's silver—Spirit of Mrs. Brown and Mrs.—the other lady—inspired her.

"Drop that or I fire!" Tom turned with a start. What he saw was a pretty girl in charming negligé, whose voice and hand both shook as she uttered the doughty threat, and in whose face a certain timid determination, a look of one frightened at her own daring, appealed to his sense of humor. But it would never do to laugh at her.

"Besides, that pistol in her uncertain, unfamiliar hand was no joke. So he said, with due humility: "I surrender. But for heaven's sake put up that revolver! You are as likely to shoot yourself as me."

"Not at all," evidently nettled. "I am perfectly accustomed to using it."

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him without severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado who is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh ho!

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

the stinky light.

Once or twice he addressed a remark to his fair captor, but she discouraged all attempt at conversation. And so they sat in silence, while the candle burned low and finally went out, and the cold gray light of dawn crept into the room. Even this did not cause Lotta to change her position. And, looking curiously at her, the young man discovered that his stern guardian was asleep!

How long and dark were the lasties resting on the fair cheek, he thought gazing down at the sweet, peaceful face framed in its wealth of nut brown hair. Surely none of the young lady's ball dresses could set off her beauty as did that old blue wrapper.

Tom was strongly tempted, in his character of robber, to steal a kiss, but there was a certain odd chivalry in his composition that kept him from taking any advantage of her unconsciousness. He withdrew his hand from hers without awakening her—such cold, little, soft hands! And no wonder. The chill breath of early morning made him shiver, although it was June.

He might as well made her comfortable before he went. He groped his way into the hall. On the hatstand lay heavy shawl. In it, he wrapped his unconscious captor as well as he could, then left through the still open window.

If Miss Desmond was not the belle of the college ball it was because, strictly speaking, there are no longer belles at balls. But, in the language of the other young ladies, she "received a great deal of attention." And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther comported himself as a robber, she received a great deal of attention. And how she did enjoy herself!

Lotta was a little glad as well as a good deal sorry that her ill-used partner at this moment appeared in the doorway.

"Before that fellow comes can't you promise me one more dance?" murmured Anstruther.

"I am engaged for all but the last. I can give you that one if you are going to stay till the end."

How Miss Desmond contrived to pacify the rightful claimant, and how partner succeeded partner till the end of the evening, need not be told. It is certain that she enjoyed her dance as she did that last one with Tom. And then Tom's worst enemy could not criticize his dancing.

As he relinquished her to her cousin's care, Anstruther heaved a sigh of exaggerated but very real regret.

Then Lotta put out an impulsive little hand and said hastily: "Mr. Burglar, if you can conquer your fancy for entering people's windows enough to call in a more orthodox way, I shall be pleased to see you."

"Thank you," murmured Anstruther, pressing the soft warm hand with quick unnecessary warmth.

Happy the wooing, that's not long ago, ing."

The acquaintance so oddly begun was prosecuted with ardor. Lotta's burglar laid hot siege to her affections, and before long induced her to set up housekeeping—I had almost written housebreaking—with him.

ANALDEMAN'S GREAT SORROW.

There is an alderman in Detroit who knows a bale of hay when he sees it as well as any man living. He was passing up Michigan avenue the other day, when he came across a small group of friends. They had perhaps been waiting for him, knowing that he would pass that way about that hour.

They were standing near a bale of hay marked "210 pounds," and beside the bale stood a flat-chested, slim-waisted consumptive-looking youth of 20 summers, who kept spitting on his hands and saying he would shoulder the bale for die in the attempt.

"I've bet ten dollars that he can't" remarked one of the group to the alman, as he came to a halt.

"Why, he must be a fool!" replied the official, as he looked from the man to the hay.

"I can't, eh?" queried the consumptive. "You didn't put up \$10 that I can't shoulder this ere hay and carry it across the street and back."

Nothing but chain-lightning could have beat the movements of that alderman in pulling out an "X" and placing it in the hands of a stake-holder.

When all was ready the consumptive spit on his hands, shouldered the bale and took his walk. The end of the alderman's tongue was in sight, and his eyes could have been stepped on as the dying youth returned to the curb, dropped the bale and took the money.

"Lemme see that hay!" whispered the official as consciousness finally returned.

He walked up to the bale, gave it a heave, and it went rolling over. Then he picked it up and lifted it, got red clear back to the collar bottom, and walked off without a word. The consumptive was only half a day fixing up the sham bale with sticks and papers and a little hay, and \$10 is good pay for a day's work.

NOTT SHOTT.

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott; any way it is hard to tell who was shot.

Out in Kansas recently the local philanthropic society offered its concert with "Hark Apollo strikes the lyre." He must have hit him a tremendous well as we notice there was no issue of the local paper the following week.

During the fair in an Iowa town a young man fell five hundred feet from a balloon and struck the sidewalk. The thousands of people who saw him supposed of course that he was dead. The physicians even pronounced him dead. And he was.

"Oldest Son."—Yes, energy and strict attention to business are the true guides to success. Thirty years ago a friendless boy came to Chicago and began life in a coal-yard, working for twenty dollars a month. To-day he is driving a horse car.

ALL SORTS.

A Minnesota man who had heart disease while asking a girl to marry him.

The woman who has a mind of her own generally takes charge of her husband's.

Cupid is not a low agitator. On the contrary, the little god is decidedly highminded.

"I wish I was a packing woman." "Why?" "Cause I should have a lot of sugar put into me."

The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten," has but to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find how sadly mistaken he is.

"Love is an internal transport!" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. "So is a canal boat!" said a practical old forwarding merchant.

A young man heretofore woke up a few mornings ago and found that his hair was perfectly white. It was so, when he went to bed.

"Do we eat too much?" asked the Detroit Free Press, and out of five dozen boarding-house keepers sixty answered in the affirmative.

An Indiana editor says: "Coal oil rubbed on the neck and head will cure hog cholera, we have tried it." Why can dispute testimony like that?

Henry Ward Beecher thinks that the average man knows as much of a woman after sparring her for a month as at the end of a five years' courtship.

Why is a cow's tail like the letter F? Because it's the end of beef. Here's another quite as bad. Why is an egg like a coil? Because it is not fit to use until it is broken.

It is perfectly evident to a well balanced mind that everybody else in the world is called to be religious, and equally evident that you are yourself called to do just as you please.

The outlook for cheese is favorable for good prices. The make in England is reported by the best authorities to be small, and imported stock has been sold close up to arrival.

A South Hill debating club is wrestling with "Can a community exist without woman?" We think it might exist for a while, but then it wouldn't know what was going on.

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

A French writer says there was once in the environs of Rouen a miller's daughter so pretty and so cruel that that the signs of her lovers alone served to turn the sails of her father's mill.

There is one thing you may put down in your note-books say what you will about the women, we never yet knew a woman who could keep a secret half so well as a man could tell it.

A California justice, in a moment of anger, said that the lawyers in a case on trial before him were no better than horse-thieves. They he apologized and fined himself ten dollars for contempt of court.

On a plantation near Dallas, Texas, recently, two young men of equal age had a cotton-picking match. One of them picked 517 pounds of cotton between sunrise and sunset, and the other 446 pounds in the same time.

Out in Kansas recently the local philanthropic society offered its concert with "Hark Apollo strikes the lyre." He must have hit him a tremendous well as we notice there was no issue of the local paper the following week.

During the fair in an Iowa town a young man fell five hundred feet from a balloon and struck the sidewalk. The thousands of people who saw him supposed of course that he was dead. The physicians even pronounced him dead. And he was.

"Oldest Son."—Yes, energy and strict attention to business are the true guides to success. Thirty years ago a friendless boy came to Chicago and began life in a coal-yard, working for twenty dollars a month. To-day he is driving a horse car.