

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company

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

Josephus Daniels Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per year
One Month: \$1.00.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 14, 1881.

VOL. 11.—NO. 28

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WILSON, FRIDAY, - October 14, 1881

POETRY.

For the ADVANCE.

SEWANEE.

The University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., is on the Cumberland plateau about 60 miles from Nashville. Like all young institutions the University has struggled against many embarrassments, which she has triumphantly surmounted. This University is after the style of the Oxford University, being divided into schools, and hopes of having some of the ablest professors in America in its scientific department she is proud to claim the successor to Agassiz. The following lines were written by a student of the University.

Cool and pleasant are the mists that flow
From Sewanee's hills to the vales below,
So bright are the memories that in me arise
When fond fancy painteth the land of the skies.
And my heart in its fullness of love for its friends,
Out to Sewanee its genial stream sends,
To meet, in reciprocal waters of love, the streams that flow laughing from fountains above,
And as I sit thinking in the twilight of day
Methinks I hear echoes from the hills far away.
That whisper sweet sounds of the routine of life,
High up on the mountain 'bove the busy world's strife,
Then fading away in whispers so soft
I catch the last echoes of sounds I've heard oft;
And I sit in the stillness of the clear autumn night,
Thinking still of the picture that fancy touched bright,
Now rising above the Atlantic, all red.
The moon peeps out from her slumbering bed,
And shines down from heaven on the surging sea.
And sounds back a thousand pale beams from the sea,
That same moon which gazing so tender on me,
Is bathing in silver our loved Sewanee,
Where science and religion together are brought
And students by learned professors are taught.
First to fear God, his just laws to keep,
And then the rich harvest of wisdom to reap.
No wonder our boys are fond of the mountain
Upon whose top sparkles so glorious a fountain,
Looking back with affection to their old Alma Mater,
Despairing the unfortunate, that in ignorance hate her.

feet below. Officer Jones, who was in charge, replied and informed the Sergeant that the Rev. Dr. Smith had arrived and was ready to proceed with the ceremony. The young people joined hands and stood before the Sergeant, the father and mother of the bride standing on either side, and the Sergeant at the instrument read off the questions of the clergyman as they came thrilling over the wires. There was a rapid clicking for a moment, and then Sergeant O'Keefe, in a solemn voice, repeated the message: "Charles A. Dutton, do you take Nellie J. Throemont to be your lawful and wedded?" "I do," responded the bridegroom with evident emotion.

The Sergeant tapped the telegraph instrument and in a moment another message came and was read by him: "Nellie J. Throemont, do you take Charles A. Dutton to be your lawful and wedded husband?" "I do," said the bride in a low voice. The Sergeant heard it, however, and transmitted the reply. There was a moment's pause, and then came the solemn concluding words. Up from the valley to that small stone keep, 14,000 feet above the ocean, came that message making two hearts one: "Then I pronounce you man and wife." —Colorado Springs letter in the Denver Tribune.

A Tender Hearted Brother.

A couple of enterprising young men doing the clothing business in Atlanta are interviewed by a customer in search of a coat. The senior of the firm handled the new comer, and soon finds a "real s. fit." In answer to the price the response is eighteen dollars.

"Well, sir, I like the coat very much, but don't like the price."

"Well, my fine friend, the price is nothing so you like goat. We let you take him at fifteen dollars."

The customer still complains of the price, saying that fifteen dollars was too much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so taking his customer to the extreme end of the store and drawing him into a dark corner, he whined in his ear,

"Mine friend, I let you half what goat for two dollars and a half."

"Well, sir," said the customer, "I like your coat very much and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance."

"Well, my friend, you see that little man down there is mine brother. He has heart disease, and so help me God, if he was to bear me tell you I take twelf dollars and a half for that goat, he drop dead mit his track."

—An Old Maid's Life.

Sweet 16.—Builds castles and dwells on love in a cottage.

18.—Joins an archery club. Affects intellectual repasts, such as "Reading Clubs," dances every set and rejects all love proposals.

19.—Drops love in a cottage and thinks of a brown stone or pressed-brick front.

20-21-22.—Modesty begins to take its departure. Abhors simplicity.

23.—Laces tighter and wishes to marry for rank—a Colonel, Congressman or Senator would do.

24-25-26.—Astonished not a little at remaining single. "Why don't the men propose?"

27-28-29.—Takes the lead in charades and tableaux. Begins to tease her about the springs. Subscribes to Sunday papers for society news. Uses cosmetics glaringly.

30-31-32-33.—Wouldn't mind a widow if not too old. Willing to manage charades and tableaux, but won't take a prominent part. Begins to turn charitable and hunt out the poor. Joins the church.

33-35-36.—As a general thing despises men. "They are all so silly but of course, there are exceptions to all rules." Elected President of the Children's Aid Society.

37-38-39.—Allows boys of eighteen or twenty years to take her to prayer meeting, as "Intellectuality defies all considerations of age."

40-45.—Would accept a preacher of her own denomination without responsibilities. Take a large interest in the Sabbath school, and in cats and canary birds.

46-50.—Sees no harm in a little more rouge—particularly at night. "Scrappy, fretful and desperate. A preacher with a half dozen responsibilities—all boys—she would not object to."

50-55.—Thanks heaven she was never married. All men are brutes. More rouge. Terribly startled by a remark from her widowed pastor that "it is the duty of all Christians to marry." More started next day to hear the good fortune of "that horrid old maid," Miss Snips, who is to marry her pastor. Makes her will, and cuts off relatives by leaving her entire fortune to the heathen.

The summit was reached about noon, and Sergeant O'Keefe was found in charge of the station. He received his visitors with his usual hospitality, and when their intention of celebrating a wedding was announced was overjoyed and set about making arrangements. The instrument-room of the signal station was decorated with flowers and flags, and then the Sergeant seated himself at the telegraph instrument and sent a call down to the Springs office, 10,000

Marrying for Money

Uncle Pleasant Batkins is sixty, and his wife seventy-two. The other day a friend said:

"Uncle Pleasant, why did you marry a woman nearly old enough to be your mother?"

"You see, boy," he replied, with a sigh, "I was a-wurkin' for Long John Freeman, in Hanover, when I was just eighteen, and Sary Ann Russ, old Mrs. Russ' only daughter, was thirty, if she was a day. At every quiltin' she used to chuse me for a partner, and everybody said it 'peared like she was courtin' me."

She gimme four pair cotton socks and a heap of things, but still I didn't have no notion of her. Well, one Christmas eve, I went to the old woman's and hardly sat down before Sary Ann brought me some sweet pie, which she knew I was monstrous fond of. While I was eatin' I heard the old woman a-countin' silver dollars.

"Now, that was no plaster to the ceilin', and the upstairs floor had cracks in it as wide as my finger. So, you see, I could hear the jingle of the money jest as well as if I had been up there myself. When she had counted one hundred and six, I drawed up to Sary Ann and popped the question. In course, she said she'd have me, and the next Thursday we was married. Now, what do you think I found out the next day? Why, the old woman didn't have but thirty Mexican dollars, and that she counted them over and over just to fool me. Don't marry for money, boy, 'specialy for silver dollars."

A Queer Temperance Lecture.

C. T. Campbell, a noted temperance advocate, in a lecture recently said:

"Bar-keepers in this city pay on an average \$2 per gallon for whiskey.

One gallon contains on an average sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays \$6.50 per gallon for his whiskey—in other words, he pays \$2 for the whiskey and \$4.50 for the man for handling it over the bar. Make your wife the bar-keeper—lead her \$2 to buy a gallon of whiskey for a beginning, and every time you want a drink and pay ten cents for it. By the time you have drunk a gallon she will have \$6.50, or enough money to refund the \$2 borrowed of you, pay for another gallon of liquor, and have a balance of \$2.50.

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THE NEWS IN A NUT-SHELL.

W. C. COUP'S NEW MONSTER SHOW.

(New York Clipper.)

Giteau soon be arraigned for trial. Gov. Wiltz, of Louisiana, owing to a low condition of health, has formally turned over his office to Lieut. Gov. McEnery. Barnum's fat woman, Mrs. Mary Craig, who weighed 800 pounds is dead—she was over 6 feet high. Garfield Republicans are in full possession of the New York State Convention. Four ex-convicts entered a tenement house in New York and stampeded the infant of a poor young woman to death, and then assaulted her—she is the wife of an absent sailor.

Fletcher Harper, a member of the Harper Brothers publishing house, is dead, aged 34. Willie Matter, a youth of 15 years, fell between the cars of a switching freight train at Orange, Va., on Sunday, and received fatal injuries. The national debt has been decreased during the past month seventeen and a half million dollars.

Horses in St. Louis are suffering with a disease known as the "pink eye." Four persons killed and thirteen wounded by a tornado at Quincy, Ill.

New York has given \$4,000 to the Michigan sufferers. Giteau is engaged in writing his reflections on his crime and the death of Garfield. Marry the mulch-mailed man, came up for trial Wednesday; he pleaded guilty, and made a long, senseless harangue; he was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

San Francisco is flooded with \$10 bogus gold pieces.

The Atlanta Exposition opened Oct. 5th. It will continue three months.

Dr. Bliss has lost 53 pounds.

The defence will be up in Giteau's case that the President's death was caused by malpractice.

Judge S. W. Watts died Thursday, Oct. 6th.

The Whitaker case has not yet been disposed of.

The Jennie Cramer murder case draws its slow lengthening.

The Republican State Convention in Maryland has been captured by the Grand men.

How they do flop! Senator Vance's address of welcome at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition was an eloquent effort.

Great Britain spends \$60,000,000 a year for alcoholic liquors.

Venior predicts numerous rains for October; he also predicted numerous rains for June, July and August.

Arthur will, in all probability, have a "Stalwart" Cabinet.

A peak in Montana 11,000 feet high has been named in honor of James A. Garfield.

Charles Pierce, a horse thief, was taken out of jail and hung by a mob in Bloomington, Ill.

Mr. Joseph Dobson, Solicitor of the Seventh district, is indicting all persons who voted for prohibition in the late election charging them with conspiracy against the liberties of the people; people in this section think that such "scuffles" should be put in the insurance.

I learned that every precaution was taken to keep the company in good health, and when any one was taken sick or met with an accident, the best medical attendance was secured for such at once.

Then, I remarked, the different performers and many of the attaches must necessarily meet with considerable exposure, and I should think that rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago and the effects of bad colds would be very prevalent among them.

I was met with the reply: "Oh, in cases of rheumatism or complaints of that kind, they know how to cure themselves very speedily.

St. Jacobs Oil is a very popular remedy among our people for rheumatic pains, and as long as they can get that they don't suffer much."

I became interested at the mention of St. Jacobs Oil and said to Mr. Hamilton: "Can you refer me to any of the more prominent members of your combination who have been using St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism?"

I should like to hear what they have to say about it."

Mr. H. said: "I cannot call to mind, who they are at this moment, but if you are interested, I can find out for you.

It was then arranged that I should meet Mr. Hamilton in the evening at the show, and in the meantime, he would find out who had been using St. Jacobs Oil, and afford me a chance to hear what they had to say.

I met Mr. H. according to appointment, and was soon placed in position to make my investigations, and with the following result:

Mr. W. C. Coup himself, the head and front of the show has been a rheumatic sufferer for some years, brought on mainly by exposure in the pursuit of his peculiar business. He never found any permanent relief until he tried St. Jacobs Oil, and while he has entirely recovered, he always takes several bottles of the remedy with him when he goes on the road, and has recommended many of his people to do the same thing.

Mr. W. D. Hagar is one of the managers of W. C. Coup's show and has been in the circus and show business for many years, in which he has made a fortune.

Mr. Hagar has been using St. Jacobs Oil with excellent effect, and the acute rheumatic pain, from which he suffered for many months, has been removed by the use of the Great German Remedy.

Mr. Hagar says he would not be without St. Jacobs Oil on any account, and he considers it the finest specific for rheumatic complaints ever discovered.

Mr. A. Nathans is another manager of Coup's show. His name has been prominently identified with the circus business for many years, and he has had control of many of the most celebrated circus companies in the United States.

What has been said about Mr. Coup and Mr. Hagar with regard to rheumatism and St. Jacobs Oil applies with equal force to Mr. Nathans.

The liniment relieved his rheumatic pains when nothing else, not even the best medical treatment, did him any good worth mentioning.

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