

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 Caric's Manager

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1881.

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, FRIDAY, December 9, 1881

POETRY.

"DOMINI QUO VADIS?"

A LEGEND OF ST. PETER.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

In the dark days of Nero's reign,
Whose hand with Christian blood
Was red,
Trembling before the heathen's rage
From Rome Saint Peter faintly fled.
'Twas night, and through the city gate
Where drunken guards in silence
No angel walking by him now—
With stealthy step he slowly crept.
Fear paralyzed his soul until
The dangerous spot was safely past,
When conscience raised her voice and
Spoke
These words his Lord had uttered last.

Bowed down with shame the Saint
Walked on
Till in the twilight dim and gray,
He saw a well remembered form
Pass slowly down the Appian Way.

"Lord whither goest thou?" he cried,
And marked the cross that Jesus bore.
"I go to Rome," his Master said,
"There to be crucified once more!"

Saint Peter could not meet that glance
Of pitying love yet deep reproof,
Seen once, and only once before,
When from his Lord he held aloof.

It was enough! In his grand soul
All fear and shame forever died,
Backward he turned and nobly
Wrought
Till he at Rome was crucified.

And still beside the Appian way
The mark of Jesus' feet is shown;
But ah! the living print remains
In human hearts and not on stone.

A WHITE DAISY.

BY BERNARD HERBERT.

"Dear, dear grandpa, how can I live
without you! I would rather die than
live away from you. Why should we
be separated?"

The soft brown, girlish head nestled
itself upon the old man's breast,
and the girl sobbed brokenly at last.

You may say that there was no occasion
for such a display of grief, for the
girl was crying as though her tender
heart would break, while the aged
lips that were pressed upon the soft
ringlets trembled so that they could
not reply to her pitiful question.

The episode may be briefly told.
Madeline Miller was the only child
of a wealthy, fashionable, frivolous
woman who passed her life in an
unending round of gaiety in the
city.

Almost from her birth little Madeline,
or "the white daisy," as her
grandfather fondly called her, had
been consigned to the care of her
maternal grand-parents in the country
to be brought up.

The old folks had welcomed their
pretty charge with open arms, and by
the affection and care which they lavished
upon her, endeavored as far as
lay in their power to atone for the
indifference of her unnatural mother.

In return, Madeline loved her foster
parents with all the abandon of a great,
pure, unsullied heart; and when the
old lady Evans died, the child went
to her grandfather and laying her tiny
hands in his, said:

"Grandpa, the white daisy will be
all the world to you now."

And she had kept her promise, so
that eighteen happy years had passed
over her head ere her first grief came
to her.

During one of her flying visits to
Meadowdale, the fashionable Mrs.
Miller had suddenly awakened to the
fact that she was the mother of rarely
beautiful daughter, and straightway
visions of alliance which should combine
wealth and position.

Consequently, scarcely had the
sweet summer-time opened when
Madeline was peremptorily summoned
to come to her mother, and sufficient
intimation was given that the
arrangement was to be permanent.

It was, therefore, after the perusal
of this letter that the poor, grief-stricken
girl fled for refuge into the arms
of her grandfather.

"Don't let me go!" she sobbed; "that
hateful life will be my death."
"Hush, Daisy," the old man said,
"it is your mother's will and we must
not gainsay it. Besides, she hardly
knows you, and it is a duty you owe
her if she wishes to have her little
daughter with her."

"But she does not love me as you
do," the girl persisted.

"Oh, yes, she does. Go and see."
So Daisy went away with a breaking
heart and eyes that were so blind

with tears that she did not see the
dear, familiar objects fade from view
as the train bore her away to the new
life she dreaded so to meet.

She was conscious that her grand
father kissed her and that Reuben May
murmured something in her ear about
not forgetting him, as they placed her
in the car, and she was still more be-
wildered when her journey came to an
end and she entered the stately city
residence where her mother favored
her with a light touch of her lips and
hurried her up stairs to be dressed
by the French maid for dinner.

Poor Daisy! She felt that all the
happy, careless past had been laid
aside with her prim little serge travel-
ing-suit, and she no longer recognized
herself, laced until she could scarcely
breathe, hampered with the folds of
lustrous satin that impeded the little
feet that had danced like air over the
fragrant meadows, and faint with the
stifling perfumes with which they had
bedewed her.

The graceful white neck was fretted
with a ruff of galling lace, the soft,
wind-tossed curls were banded and
twisted into the latest Parisian ab-
surdity, and two heavy bands of gold
upon the tender wrists like menaces.

She thought herself a fright as she
caught a glance of herself in the mir-
ror when her mother swept into the
dressing-room for her, but she gradu-
ally came to the conclusion that she must
be mistaken when her mother's fash-
ionable guests surrounded her as
though she were some lately discover-
ed yonder, and she felt herself blush
beneath the expressed admiration of
sipping women and the bold staring
of the men.

She was led out to dinner by a mid-
dle-aged man with impudent black
eyes and a profusion of diamonds,
whom she had once seen at Meadow-
vale with her mother.

This person was Lester Morton, the
"cater" of the season, and later she
learned, to her horror, that he was the
Moloch to which she was to be sacrific-
ed.

She shuddered, but said nothing,
and in a wild, desperate way tried to
keep Reuben May's name, pleading
face before her.

That summer they went from one
fashionable resort to another, but
never to Meadowdale. Once she
began piteously to be allowed to re-
turn, it only for a day, to cheer the
heart of the lonely old man in the
desolate farm-house, but her petition
met with a derisive laugh and a warn-
ing "not to be a fool."

With the late roses, the kindred
tint in Madeline's cheeks faded also.
"She is worn out and all out of order,"
the fashionable physician said with
his stereotyped grimace. "Change of
air and scene, my dear Mrs. Miller.
Europe it posits."

Mrs. Miller gashed her teeth in
silence, though she said to herself:
"No Europe until one of the Morton
diamonds sparkles upon her finger."

And before long one of the coveted
gems was in the desire place.

It was placed there by Lester Mor-
ton himself during one of those visits
which Daisy dreaded so.

"May I put this ring upon your
finger, Miss Madeline?" he asked in
his low, modulated voice.

"And she, hoping if she succeeded to
his request, that he would go and re-
lease her, answered:

"Yes."

So society was electrified by the an-
nouncement, promulgated with in-
finite care by Mrs. Miller, that Made-
line herself was not consulted and
actually did not realize it.

As the autumn merged into winter
poor white Daisy grew paler and thin-
ner than ever.

Dreading the effect of the change
upon the libertine she had chosen for
a son-in-law, Mrs. Miller pressed on
her plans with feverish haste, and at
last they put poor faded Daisy into
her splendid nuptial robe before she
knew it.

Then, as though by magic, the fatal
apathy which had weighed upon her
vanished like a dream, and in spite of
herself she was herself again for a
brief moment.

Snatching the bridal-veil from her
head she confronted her mother.

"What have you done?" she cried
in a voice that rang out like a clarion,
reaching the ears even of the assem-
bled guests below. "Oh, what have
you done! I do not love this man you
would bind me to!"

"Madeline, are you mad?"
But she wrenched her arm free of
Mrs. Miller's detaining grasp and
trottered forward with a gurgling cry,
falling into the arms of the old grand-
father who at that moment entered
the boudoir.

Goaded to desperation, Mrs. Miller
sprang forward, but her aged father
waved her back.

"Let her have air," he said sternly;
"she is dying."

"Dying!"
It was the wail of a maddened,
Satanic.

foiled spirit that for the first time
tastes the bitterness of utter failure.
Yes, Madeline, the white daisy, was
dying.

Upon the frosty satin of the robe
glowed the life-blood as it streamed
from her lips, and though every res-
torative was applied the fatal flow did
not cease until the last breath was
spent.

Raising her beautiful eyes, now all
alight with a scorching joy and calm,
the dying girl fixed them upon her
beloved grandfather's face, while upon
the last breath that trembled out upon
the awed hush, came the one name:
"Reuben!"

Then the gentle spirit winged its
flight to the unknown, and the brief
eventful chapter of that life was
closed forever.

And Moloch was cheated of his vic-
tim.

Would you have had it otherwise?
No, a thousand times. Rather the
peace and oblivion of the grave than a
life of pain, misery and sin!

What Brother Gardner Saw on
Election Day.

"I would like to speak a few words
to Telescope Perkins, if he can in de-
hall to-night," said the president as
the meeting opened. The brother
wiped off his mouth and advanced to
the platform, and Brother Gardner
continued:

"Brudder Perkins, I met you at
eight o'clock in the evenin' on 'leck-
shun night."

"Yes, sah."

"You war what the white folks call
slewed."

"Ize mighty sorry, sah."

"You were full of glory. You felt
dat you had saved the kuinty. Your
clothes war' all mud. Your bread
smelt of skunks, an' you had to jump
up an' down an' whoop to keep from
bustin' your biler."

"Lots of white folks war doin' de
same, sah."

"Sartin'—sartin'. You, an ex-
slave, unable to read or write, war
only followin' in de footsteps of in-
tellect, educated white men. Brudder
Perkins, I war' walkin' 'round on
'leckshun day, an' I saw some curus
things. I saw citizens who would not
swallow two drops of whiskey if life
depended on it wote fur men who
sold the pizen stuff ober de bar fur
years. An' dat was sartin de kuinty.

I saw men who would turn a servant
out doors on a winter night, if
they heard a scandal 'bout 'em, walk
up to de polls an' wote for men who
rent from two to half a dozen houses
to women of bad character. Dat was
gwine it straight. I saw men whose
wives an' breakin' der hearts ober de
wayward course of beloved sons walk
to de winder and stick in ballots for
candidates who am in cahoots wid
blacklegs and de steady patrons of
gamblin' houses. Dat was de glory of
politics! I saw Christian men, pray
an' vice and shed tears ober de wick-
edness of society, wote fur candidates
whose private lives am one long night
of debauchery and corruption. Dat
was a standin' by de party. I saw
ministers of de gospel cast wotes for
drunkards, libertines an' outlaws of
society. Dat was supportin' de princi-
pal! I saw de honest, decent men of
Detroit arrayed on one side, an' de
things, thieves an' loafers on de odder,
an' de honest, decent men war swept
away like chaff befo' a gale. Dat was
an illustration of de beauties of de
elective franchise!"

"But I won't do it again, sah,"
pleaded Brother Perkins.

"You kin sot down," quietly re-
marked the President. "Dat same
nignt I heard aldermen bawlin' like
nules because some favorite candidate
had pulled frew wid de aid of money
and whiskey. Citizens who wouldn't
let you in at de front doah rolled in de
mid dat night like hogs. Men who
hev sons to bring up met and shook
hands an' rejoiced ober de leekshun of
candidates who know de way into eb-
ery saloon an' poker room in Detroit.
Blame you, Brudder Perkins—blame
you for follerin' de example of leadin'
white folks! No, sah! Go an' sot
down an' feel proud dat you come
nigh bein' an epinent citizen!"—De-
troit Free Press.

A young lady was wedded near Lew-
iston, Maine, a few days ago. Three
times she had been engaged prior to
her final betrothal. Her first affian-
ced died of consumption. Her second
was prostrated with small-pox, and
died a few days before the time fixed
for their marriage. Her third was ac-
cidentally drowned on the eve of their
wedding day. Her fourth love lived
to marry her.

An ex-consul of Great Britain, says
the Brooklyn Eagle, related that Mr.
Charles Townsend, Sedalia, Mo., was
cured of rheumatism of the worst kind
by St. Jacobs Oil, Indianapolis (Ind.)
Sentinel.

LYNCH LAW.

THE ASSASSINS OF MR. LYNCH EX-
POSE THEIR CRIMES NEAR THE
SCENE OF THE MURDER!

Last week two negroes murdered
Mr. Thomas Lynch, a jeweler of Ox-
ford, for the sake of a little money.—
Since the murder the two negroes have
been lynched, an account of which we
clip from the Free-Lance.

The murder of Mr. Thomas M.
Lynch, committed one week ago, was
expedited on Wednesday night. Pun-
ishment has followed swift upon the
commission of the crime, and, though
accomplished without the forms of
law, it was none the less terrible and
complete.

Of course, all the details connected
with the lynching of the two negroes,
Shadrack Hester and John Brodie, are
shrouded in the deepest mystery, and
we are enabled to report only the
plainest facts and circumstances at-
tending the event.

About 3 o'clock on Wednesday
night the jailor, Mr. William B. Tur-
ner, was awakened at his home, just
on the edge of town, by a body of dis-
guised and armed men, numbering
between fifty and one hundred, who
told him that he must accompany them
to the jail and deliver up the 2
negroes. He positively refused at
first, but seeing that resistance was
useless, he obeyed, and getting the
keys, proceeded to the jail. Arriving
there, the guard of two men, Capt. A.
F. Spencer and W. H. Crews, a colored
constable, were forced to go in the
guard house and the door closed upon
them. They were made to keep sil-
ence at the muzzle of pistols, and
under threats of instant death. The
lamps about the jail were then knock-
ed out, and the doors having been
opened by the jailor, the lynchers
proceeded to the cells.

The cell containing Hester was first
opened, and one of the party told him
he must now tell about the murder.
While staring and hesitating, he was
hustled out in the passage, and
taken in charge by others. Brodie's
cell was next visited, and the jailor
told him that some men wanted to
see him. He came to the door and
seeing the crowd, was about to make
an alarm when pistols were pointed
at his head and he was ordered to
keep quiet or he would be killed then
and there. Permission was given
him to put on his clothes, when he
marched out of the jail. Having
secured the prisoners, the jailor was
ordered to lock the doors, and while
he was so doing, the whole party dis-
appeared down the street.

No alarm was made, and there ap-
peared to be no excitement or con-
fusion among the men engaged in this
awful event. They proceeded to
their work with remarkable delibera-
tion and seemed to have provided
against every emergency.

Nothing was known of the affair un-
til early next morning, and for some
time it was uncertain what disposi-
tion had been made of the prisoners.
About 8 o'clock information came
that the bodies had been discovered
hanging dead in a small grove in Tay-
lor's field. This information proved
correct, and in a short time the spot
had been visited by hundreds of peo-
ple, who quietly looked at the hang-
ing bodies and as quietly walked
away.

The grove in which the bodies were
found is about one hundred and fifty
yards from the spot where the murder
was committed, and in reaching it the
prisoners and executioners had to pass
almost exactly by the place where Mr.
Lynch received his death wound.

The bodies were hanging on separate
trees, about twenty feet apart, and
were suspended by a small rope, which
had been carried off when the men
were removed from the jail.

There are numerous rumors and
reports floating about town regarding
confessions made by the men before
death, but we are unable to report
anything definitely about the matter.
It is certain that during the past few
days strong additional evidence had
been elicited, pointing directly to
these men as the real murderers, and
several facts discovered which sub-
stantiated the confession of Hester.

It is reported that Hester, before
death, repeated his former confession.
"Coroner W. Y. Jones was duly no-
tified of the matter, and, having sum-
moned a jury of inquest, he proceeded
to the spot where the bodies were
hanging and had them cut down. The
jury are now investigating the affair,
as we go to press—Thursday after-
noon.

Awful was the death of Mr. Lynch,
and terrible and prompt has been the
expiation.

The Methodist Conference.

The forty-fifth annual Conference of
the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,
for North Carolina, which was in
session at Durham, the conference
report of 775 churches, with about
200 ministers and a church property
estimated at about one million of dol-
lars. Its ramifications extend into
every nook and corner of the State,
and its influence for good is perhaps
unequaled by any other body in North
Carolina. Among its members are
to be found men of the most sterling
character and ablest talents, whose
lives are bright examples of Christian
piety and self-sacrificing devotion to duty.

The Durham Recorder says:
"Measured by conference member-
ship, Dr. Alfred is the oldest member,
having been a member forty-nine
years; next R. O. Burton, Dr. Closs,
W. M. Jordan and J. W. Lewis forty-
eight years, and the others progres-
sively down to one year. Some are
noted for influence on conference pro-
ceedings, some as stationed preachers,
some as presiding elders, etc. Rarely
is one man conspicuous in all the
fields of usefulness. Perhaps in genu-
ine oratory, logical reason, metaphys-
ical analysis or cogent presentation of
facts, the conference, as a whole, has
no superior in any profession or body
of men in the State.

THE NEWS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Gen. Hancock is expected at Atlan-
ta Dec. 13th, and President Arthur
sometime during the holidays.

Eight of the jurors who acquitted
Belle Spaulding of murdering her hus-
band at Galesburg, Ill., accepted her
invitation to a banquet in celebration
of her escape from the gallows.—Dr.
Rice, of Wisconsin, testifies that he
recommended Guiletti's commitment
to an Insane Asylum for four years
ago. Within the past few years
900 miles of narrow gauge rail road
have been constructed in Texas.—
Sir Edward Reed and a party of En-
lish capitalists have been visiting
Florida and express themselves de-
lighted with it. They propose to
make large investments, and to in-
itiate enterprises that will be of great
value to the State.—There were
35 homicides in St. Louis within the
past 12 months.—Domestic bliss
seems to be on the decline in Chat-
taanooga. During the past four months
there have been 35 applications for
divorce there.—Hon. A. H. Ste-
phens is ill in Washington.—North-
Carolina men are purchasing land near
Richmond.—At a late term of
Cherokee Superior Court, a man
named Payne was sent by Judge Mc-
Key ten years to the penitentiary for
swearing falsely on a charge of carry-
ing concealed weapons.—Senator
Davis, of West Virginia, is so full of
railroad and mining enterprises that
he can't find time to go to the Senate,
and declines a re-election.—The
Mormons don't seem to be much
afraid of being wiped out. There were
more marriages celebrated among
them last year than in any previous
year in their history.—Dr. Worth
disclaims having a gubernatorial bid-
ding in his mind.—The formal open-
ing of the ninth convention of the
National Butter, Cheese and Egg As-
sociation took place at Cedar Rapids,
Iowa; 22 States were represented.—
An affray took place in the Tennessee
penitentiary, Tuesday, between two
convicts named McDaniel and Lam-
bert, resulting in the death of the
former.—Mrs. Garfield has sent to
Queen Victoria a photograph of Mr.
Garfield.—The Atlantic hotel will
be opened about a month, beginning
Christmas week, for sportsmen.—
Mr. Gee's cotton gin near Veldon was
accidentally burned a few days ago;
loss \$5,000.—The Postmaster General
of England is blind.—The rumor
that General Leach was to start a
daily paper in Raleigh, independent,
with Republican leanings, is pro-
nounced by him unfounded.—One
night last week, according to the
daily Enterprise, Rufus Stallings, of
Perquimans county, was murdered in
Gates county by Campbell Stallings;
Harpur was the prime case.—Chat-
tanooga boasts of the tallest man
in America. He is a mulatto, and is
exactly seven feet; he has been on
exhibition at Barnum's show at \$100
a week and expenses.—Judge
Eure gathered 4,200 pounds of seed
cotton from one acre of land.—Mr.
Kieffer, of Ohio, has received the
Republican caucus nomination for
Speaker of the House. This is equiva-
lent to an election.—U. S. Circuit
Court is in session at Raleigh.—Cars
now run through from Norfolk to
Edenton.—Northern capitalists are
buying the Cape Fear and Yadkin
Valley Rail Road.—The terrible
epidemic known as the "pink-eye"
has made its appearance in Norfolk.
A new city hall to cost \$300,000 is
talked about in Richmond.—It is
said that Mrs. Garfield receives many
begging letters.—Governor Jar-
vis has ordered a special term of the
Superior Court of Wayne to be held
February 6th 1882. Wilmington is
the only Southern port that shows
an increase of cotton receipts over last
year.—President Arthur, in his
annual message, will have something
to say upon the subject of Mormonism.
He will not, however, devote much
space to this subject. His remarks
thereon will be brief, but in their gen-
eral character anti-Mormon.—The
authorities at the Vatican have re-
jected an application to put a telephone
in that palace.—A project is under
consideration to run the New York
elevated road by electricity at a
saving of \$1,000 per day.—When an
Arkansas man gets religion he gets
it all over. Henry Ladd, a leading
citizen of that State, recently shot his
wife dead because she refused to ac-
cept his interpretation of certain
passages of Scripture.—Some of
the New York papers are enter-
prising that they have full descrip-
tions of hangings several hours before
they occur.—Petioat rule has been
established in Burnham. The
tyrant man, in the shape of King
Theebaw, has been sat upon by the
Queen, who has locked up him and
his two new wives and the baby, and
is making things howl.—Margaret
Vassey, aged 19, was shot in the head
by her lover Henry Menne, aged 21,
Friday, who then shot himself, both
being it is believed fatally wounded.
Menne left a letter saying they had
made up their minds to commit sui-
cide because the mother of the girl
would not allow him to visit her.—
In the Guiteau trial at Washington
Wednesday the prisoner contended
the story of his life, and elaborated
the theory of inspiration, under which
he claims to have acted. Judge Por-
ter is conducting the cross examina-
tion, and under his right questioning
the witness has already been obliged to
correct his testimony in chief in sev-
eral particulars and to amend his the-
ory of inspiration.—It now appears
that Mr. Garfield died comparatively
rich. His estate is worth about \$125,
000. This, in addition to the public
subscription, one years presidential
salary and bills paid by Congress, will
make the widow worth about \$500,000.
The Atlanta Constitution says the
exhibit of North Carolina wools is
the finest ever made in the world, "which
is a very large declaration and calcu-
lated to make North Carolinians feel
somewhat proud.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A convalescent invalid, Mr. B—, brought suit lately against his doctor, and alleged that the said Esculapius had persisted in calling on him per-
sonally after he was cured, which fees
he now refused to pay. Dr. F— de-
nied the fact, and called in a nurse
who attended the invalid to prove it.
"Is it true," asked the judge, "that
Dr. F— had no necessity for them?"
"Upon my word, sir," answered the
witness, "as long as I saw the doctor
with Mr. B— I thought he was in
considerable danger," which notice
opinion caused the court to burst into
a fit of laughter.

Silence will sometimes waken a man
more expeditiously than the loudest
uproar. For instance: when a minis-
ter is discoursing at the top of his
voice on a hot Sunday, how sweetly
silence broods over half the con-
gregation! But let the minister stop
suddenly in his discourse, and be ab-
solutely silent for half a minute, how
wide awake they are! No thunder
clap in the country, or going at a sum-
mer hotel, ever aroused slumberers
more speedily or thoroughly.

An indignant old man whose daugh-
ter failed to secure a position as teach-
er, in consequence of not passing an
examination, said: "They asked her
lots of things she didn't know. Look
at the history questions! They asked
her about things that happened before
she was born! How was she going to
know about them? Why, they asked
her about old George Washington and
other men she never knew! That was
a pretty sort of examination!"

A good wish.—A stout, jolly-looking
mendicant recently entered a shop in
Dublin, and asked the owner for char-
ity. He shook his head, and said: "I
am not able to give you anything."
The woman in quite a cheerful tone,
promptly replied: "Thank you, sir,
and may you long be in the same po-
sition."

The Norristown Herald says: "The
electric light, as adapted to theatres
and the ball-room, is said to be death
to blondes, and one consequence is to
be the revival of brunettes. This
makes it bad for families who already
have two or three blondes on hand,
unless they can exchange them for
brunettes."

"Old Colonel B— is a perfect
hound," said an irate neighbor, "he's
so mean that he'll run after a dollar
any time as if he'd break his neck."
"If he is a perfect hound," responded a
bystander, "it will not take a dollar to
make him run; he will run after a
scout."

The Boston Star says: "When the
girl who has encouraged a young man
for about two years suddenly tells him
that she can never be more than a sis-
ter to him, he can for the first time
see the freckles on her nose."

It has been remarked that French
merchants are more franc in their
dealings than those of other nations,
but that Americans have more cents,
while the English are noted for their
sterling qualities.

A cockney on being asked if he knew
why hay-fever was becoming so fas-
hionable, said he supposed it was be-
cause the victims of it always had an
excuse for "flying to the hills (hills)
they know not of."

"Has John obtained a situation
yet?" asked an old gentleman of his
daughter, John being her betrothed
lover. "Obtained a situation! Why,
pa, how disgusting! No; but he has
accepted a position."

Two twin brothers in Boston are so
much alike that they frequently bor-
row money of each other without
knowing it.

An old lady out West, who sells
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