THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company— "LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S." —Josephus Daniels, Manager

Terms: $2.00 per Year; Six Months $1.00.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY, 6. 1882. VOL. 11 - NO. 49

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, FRIDAY, January 6, 1882.

POETRY.

FAREWELL.

Go live your happy life! In after years
May memories come unladen with regretful tears;
May sunshine strike through storm and strife
Upon your heart. Go, live your happy life!

And I? Ah, well! to me it has been given
To stand in hell and look with wistful eyes on heaven.
To me your love has poured its clear light on my heart
And I have lived. Henceforth I have but memories for my part.

No help, the harm is done. The unseen powers of fate
Have led me blindly in the dark, and now I cry, "Too late!"
Does God so train his creatures that they have
The power to love only to make them hopeless passion's slave?

Ay, I am bitter. Ashes! Ashes that sift upon my soul!
Memories! that with despair in tireless sweeping billows roll.
Bitter! Life at its fullness is bitter; but it seems
That bitterness like this could hardly live in dreams.

Go live your happy life! Henceforth forever mingle my
Your form with mine—a sweet, like a ghost shall linger by.
Wear down to disappointment; then what should I
Risk into the storm of human woe my unheard weakling cry?

Alas! I know not why the wounded heart should sigh:
Earth leaves to such one refuge only—to hush all things and lie!
Hide, hide! God knows I love you yet too well
To with my world's pour on your heart a dead love's funeral knell.

—H. M. DANIEL, in *Waverly Magazine.*

WHAT PRIDE DID.

A haughty lady with snowy hair and jet black eyes; a younger lady, who was like, only that her hair was black as any raven's wing, and her cheek still a smooth, unwrinkled oval. Mother and daughter—since the years between them were too many to suppose them sisters—a stranger would have said at a glance. They sat in their carriage, a splendid affair, lined with crimson, and with two servants on the box, the red rosette on their hats, which was all the Crafton livery; and the elder touched the hand of the younger, and whispered:

"Look!"

The daughter's eyes followed those of her mother.

"Our Alfred!" she said. "Do you know the girl he is walking with?"

"No," replied the mother. "She is not one of our set. Some commonish person; I am afraid. And see how close he walks to her."

"He is in love with her," whispered the sister. "Every line of his face tells it."

"And that accounts for his evenings," said the mother. "What a terrible trial sons are!"

They spoke very low, lest the servants on the box of the open carriage should hear; but if those personages did not hear, they saw. Not a movement betrayed the fact, however.—They were too well bred for that. Afterward, in the stable, John said to Thomas:

"That was the young lady I carry the notes to sometimes, that Mr. Alfred was walkin' with."

"She an't one of our family set?" inquired Thomas.

"Oh, no; she paints fans for a living, and flowers on ribbons, and sich," said John. "Genteel, but not 'ristykratic.'"

Meanwhile mother and daughter interviewed the son of the house.

"We saw you, Alfred. You did not see us to-day. Who were you with?"

"Miss Etta Fay," replied Alfred.

"She's pretty," added the sister.

"*Very,* I think," acquiesced the brother.

"What is her family?" asked Mrs. Crafton.

"Her father kept a stationer's store. Both her parents are dead. She is quite alone in the world and paints on silk to support herself," said Alfred.

"Oh! poor child. You would not flirt with her and break her heart," said Mrs. Crafton. "You are very handsome, my son. You resemble your poor pupa, and you must remember, that if you engage her affections, even quite innocently, you may harm her and keep her from marrying some excellent person in her own walk of life."

"Indeed you might, nice little thing," sighed Miss Crafton. "Mamma is quite right."

"I cannot help that, mother," said Alfred. "I do not want her to marry the excellent person you allude to, for I hope to marry her myself."

"Have you offered yourself, my son?" asked the mother.

"No, yet," said Alfred, "but she understands, I think."

"Then perhaps she may not accept you, Alfred, and it is you who may have a broken heart," said Miss Crafton over her shoulder, as she left the room.

Alone in the mother's dressing-room the two ladies spoke again.

"This is terrible," said the mother, "but one must always manage a man for his own good. It is impolite to try to command, and vulgar also. Etta, or Henrietta Fay—if she has a trade her name will be in the directory, doubtless. We will call there.—Alfred is safe for to-morrow. He is going out of town. We must take a cab—not our own carriage; and leave all to me. She must not know us."

Etta's name was in the directory, and having found it at their druggist's next morning, the two stepped into their cab and drove to the house—a plain, but thoroughly respectable one, in a neighborhood of the same description. Here, in a front room on the second floor, surrounded by her delicate handiwork, sat the girl they had seen walking with Alfred the day before.

"We have seen some of your fans, Miss Fay," said Mrs. Crafton, smiling, "and we are anxious to have a little of your beautiful work." And then they examined the specimens, made their purchases, and paid profuse compliments.

Meanwhile the mother had been examining the room, and had seen an object which would materially aid her in the purpose for which she had come. As she took her purchases in her hand to depart, and arose to go, she suddenly paused before a table, took from its easel a little painted, velvet frame, and earnestly regarded the photograph which it contained—an elegantly colored one of her son.

"Mildred, dear," she cried, "what a wonderful, accidental resemblance!—Pardon me, Miss Fay, but this is *so* like a relative of ours, young Alfred Crafton. Your relative or friend must be his image. Dear boy, I always think him so handsome. I have said twenty times lately what a handsome man Alfred is growing to be. Your brother, is it? Is he not called handsome?"

"Every one thinks him so, I believe," said Miss Fay, blushing scarlet.

"She does not mean to betray his identity—she is shrewd," thought Miss Mildred.

"My young friend is engaged to a most lovely girl—Miss Virginia Vane," said Mrs. Crafton, smiling sweetly—"one of those fair creatures like a lily. I only hope he will be steadier when they are married. He is always flirting with some girl. He goes quite too far, especially when they are not his social equals. I often say, why are handsome men always so unreliable? But there—I see you are looking at me, Mildred—old women grow so garrulous—but as Miss Fay does not know the parties it don't matter. Good-afternoon, Miss Fay.—I'm sure I shall never have the heart to use your lovely fan. I shall have to put it under a glass case in my drawing-room. *Good* afternoon."

With a pale face and trembling hands Etta Fay bowed her customers out, locked the door and dropped down upon the floor. There she lay sobbing softly for many hours. Then she arose and, going to her desk, took from it a delicate sheet of paper and penned these lines upon it:

MRS. CRAFTON:—This is to say good-by forever. Our acquaintance has been very pleasant, but I must request that you do not seek to renew it. I have given orders that you shall not be admitted to the house. My reasons I have a right to keep to myself.—They are good ones.

HENRIETTA FAY.

These cold, commonplace lines were written by a hand burning with fever, gazed upon by eyes that were too swollen to see them, dictated by a heart that was breaking.

"It will kill me," thought Etta Fay, as she lay sleepless upon her pillow that night. "I loved him so well! I loved him so well, and he was only flirting with me!"

Alfred came home from his country trip to find Etta's letter waiting for him. He read it in his own room and instantly dashed out of the house and sought her home. But the door was, as she said, closed against him.

He wrote. The letter was returned unopened. Feeling sure that Etta loved him, he sought for days to gain her ear, to explain some monstrous mistake under which she must be laboring. All in vain. The insulted girl who fancied herself the dupe of a bad man who had no respect for her, finding that she was, as she believed, still persecuted, changed her dwelling place, and in a few weeks removed, with every precaution possible to avoid discovery, to a distant city, where she once more began life; and as honest industry generally succeeds, was successful.

Alfred, feverish, miserable, wretched, found life a burthen to him. He plunged into dissipation; he forsook society. In vain his mother invited to the house her favorite beauty and heiress, Virginia Vane. The girl herself saw that he cared nothing for her, and soon gave her hand to another.

At last one morning a servant, with shaking hand, knocked at Mrs. Crafton's door.

"Madame," he said, "I have come with terrible news. Mr. Alfred is very ill. He has shot himself; the doctor is with him. Oh, madame, he says if you wish to see Mr. Alfred alive, you must come now."

The frantic mother and daughter hurried on their dressing-gowns and sped to Alfred's room.

He was dying, but he knew them, and could speak, and desired to be left alone with them. When this was done:

"Mother and Mildred," he sighed, "forgive me. Life was too great a burthen to bear. No one else knows—no one must know, but you shall. Etta has cast me off; cold, cruelly, remorselessly. I will give you her note to read. Bury it with me. I could not live without her. I do not know her reasons. I only know she loves—loves me no more. I cannot bear it—I—Oh! forgive me."

He dropped back on the pillow.

"My son! my son!" cried the mother. "Oh, my son, live! and you shall have your Etta. I understand all. I—I can explain. Oh, Alfred, do not die!"

But Alfred was already dead.

People do not wonder that Mrs. Crafton and Miss Mildred have shut themselves up from society after such a loss in such a tragic fashion; and many believe that Virginia Vane's marriage was the cause of Alfred Crafton's suicide. No one can know how the mother paces her room at midnight, murmuring:

"Oh, my son! I have murdered my son!" Or how the daughter can only clasp her hands together, and knows not how to comfort her mother or herself.

A NEGRO RIOT.

ARMED NEGROES TAKE POSSESSION OF THE TOWN OF PLYMOUTH, N. C., AND THRATEN DESTRUCTION TO LIFE AND PROPERTY—THE TOWN OFFICERS ASSAULTED AND STABBED—ONE MORTALLY WOUNDED—THE SHERIFF ATTACKED AND PRISONERS RELEASED—GOV. JARVIS APPEALED TO FOR AID—SEVERAL COMPANIES ORDERED TO THE TOWN.

NORFOLK, VA., Dec. 29.—Information has been received here of a threatened riot at Plymouth, N. C. Hundreds of armed negroes are in town swearing destruction to life and property. The Mayor telegraphed to Governor Jarvis to-day for a military force to suppress violence. The trouble grew out of the shooting of a constable by two negroes who were resisting arrest for a breach of the peace last Saturday, when one man was stabbed and some others more or less injured in the ensuing affray. Great fears are felt in the town.

RALEIGH, N. C., December 29.—Later dispatches to the *News-Observer* from Edenton give the following details of the Plymouth riot:

"On Saturday some negroes were fighting among themselves, when the town constable interfered to stop them. He was wounded, one of his posse was mortally wounded and another stabbed. On Tuesday arrests were made and some of the parties were bound over by a magistrate. On the way to jail the sheriff was attacked by negroes and the prisoners released. They are still at large. The doctor attending the dying man was attacked. The rioters are armed and defy the civil authorities. Great excitement prevails in Plymouth, and Gov. Jarvis has ordered several companies in the town."

The Commercial Traveler.

R. J. BURDETTE.

What would I do without "the boys?" How often they have been my friends. I get to a new town. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or a tremor. He calls to the "bus driver" by name and orders him to "get out of this," as soon as we are seated. And when I follow him I am inevitably certain to go to the best house in the place. He shouts to the clerk by name and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps at the register again and watches the clerk assign me to 93. "Ninety nothing" he shouts. "Who's in 152?" The clerk says he is saving 15 for Judge Dryasdust. "Well, he be blowed," says my cheery friend. "Give him the attic and put this gentleman in 15." And if the clerk hesitates he seizes the pen and gives me 15 himself, and then he calls the porter, orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in 12, and then in the same breath adds: "What time will you be down to supper, Mr. Burdette?" And he waits for me, and, seeing that I am a stranger in the town, he sees that I am cared for, and that the waiters do not neglect me; he tells me about the town, the people and the business. He is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of new stories, always good natured; he frisks with cigars, and overflows with "thousand mile tickets; he knows all the best rooms in all the hotels; he always has a key for the car seats, and turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on the woodbox or stand outside to accommodate a lady, or he will give his seat to an old man. I know him pretty well. For three years I have been traveling with him, from Colorado to Maine, and I have seen the worst and best of him, and I know the best far outweighs the worst I could hardly get along without him, and I am glad that he is so numerous.

Killing his Affianced and Then Himself.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Dec. 28.—Leon Moore, of this place, employed as a clerk in a store in Boston, came here a few days ago to spend Christmas.—This afternoon at about 3 o'clock he called upon his affianced, Miss Belle Cushman, an estimable young lady and a teacher in a public school.—Shortly after his arrival the other occupants of the house were startled by the reports of a pistol from the room in which the young couple were, and, upon entering the apartment, they found Miss Cushman dead and Moore just alive. Miss Cushman had apparently been shot while seated in a chair near the window, the ball having entered her head just back of the ear. Moore was lying near the middle of the room, with a bullet hole under his eye. He expired in a few minutes after the occupants of the house had reached the room. It is supposed that, actuated by jealousy, he killed Miss Cushman and then shot himself.

Coffee drinkers should read the advertisement in another column headed *Good Coffee.*

The Gaze-at-the-Girls Young Man.

Among the curiosities of every large city, and especially about the holiday season, is the gaze-at-the-girls young man. That he finds his pursuit agreeable is evident from the way in which he sticks to his business and the rapidity with which he multiplies. There is no trouble in identifying him. He is his own identification. From shortly before noon until dusk the gaze-at-the-girls young man may be seen on the leading thoroughfares. Every pretty face that comes along claims his attention and he at once proceeds to investigate its charms. He does not do this quietly and unobtrusively; not he. The gaze-at-the-girls young man's chief stock in trade is the power of gazing long and impudently.

Then the gaze does not go alone. With every gaze goes a smile, a peculiar smile, a sort of a cross between the lop-sided smirk of a Guiteau and the æsthetic simper of a Dunthorne. This combination is bestowed lavishly. The modest blush is brought to the cheek of virtue by the insolent glare of the young man. He brushes against the girls and fairly forces his gaze into their faces. The gaze-at-the-girls young man will stoop to look under a Gainsborough hat in order to discover what kind of a face is hidden beneath it. He has no hesitation in doing all sorts of uncivil things in order to satisfy his girl-gazing, and that is why he is noted for impudence, impoliteness and stupidity.

The gaze-at-the-girls young man is ordered to be arrested in New York whenever he is caught adding some insulting words to his gaze, which is quite often. It would be well if the same order were issued in other cities. A few weeks behind the bars would do the gaze-at-the-girls young man good. He would be careful where and how he gazed thereafter.

Marriage Insurance Company.

A duly incorporated company has been organized by which a man is paid a certain sum of money upon his marriage. An agent is at Greensboro soliciting members, and from his advertisement we learn the following:

"THE SOUTH-WESTERN BENEFIT GUILD

is the name of an organization recently established in the city of Memphis. The objects of the Guild are the creation of Nuptial and Endowment Funds of which, upon the marriage of one of its members, a Nuptial Benefit of $2,000 shall be paid, or in case of non-marriage of a member at the expiration of the endowment term a benefit of $1,000 shall be paid. These benefits are paid upon certain conditions, as follows:

A person who shall marry at the end of four months after becoming a member shall be entitled to 1-12 of $2,000, or $166⅔; for each additional four months that he shall remain single he will be entitled to $166⅔ for 48 months he would be entitled to the full benefit of $2,000, the highest amount we pay.

At the end of four years, if still single he passes into the Endowment Period, which period lasts five years. If at any time during the endowment period he marries he gets a Nuptial Benefit of $2,000. At the end of the Endowment Period, if still single, he draws $1,000 and severs his connection with the Guild.

The estimated cost of a member is $24 a year.

The organization is under the control of the most reliable business men of Memphis."

The Wadesboro Fire

On Tuesday night, the 27th of December about ten o'clock a fire broke out in Wadesboro, in the store occupied by Mr. G. P. Horton, on Rutherford street, and though discovered before making much headway, the flames soon reached the adjoining building, and before the progress of the fire could be arrested eight business houses were consumed, embracing the whole front of the square, with the exception of one corner store. Below will be found a statement of losses sustained by the parties named:

W. A. & M. A. Murr, loss $2,500; insurance $1,000.

Henry Mensing, loss $1,000; no insurance.

Geo. P. Horton, loss $2,200; insurance $1,500.

W. N. Pinkston, loss $1,000; no insurance.

Dr. B. B. Horton, loss $4,000; no insurance.

Capt. John Boggan, store house, $700; no insurance.

Williams & Parker, loss and damage, $1,700; insurance $1,300.

Misses Lester, loss $500; no insurance.

T. S. Crowson, loss $7,000; insurance $3,900.

A. G. Broner, loss and damage, $1,500; insurance, $3,200.

I. H. Horton, loss $1,200; insurance $700.

T. B. Henry, damage to stock, $1,000; no insurance.

The fire is supposed to have originated from a stove, but we are informed that the employees of the house in which it had its origin, state that no fire was in the store on Tuesday night. The absence of any facilities for putting out the fire was seriously felt, as it is stated that with these the fire could have been subdued in the building where it originated.

The Des Moines (Iowa) *Tri-Weekly Tribune* says: "A Harrisburg, Pa., journal mentions that Mr. D. Bensinger, No. Market Square, that city cured by St. Jacobs Oil of a violent attack of rheumatism."

[illegible] IN A NUT-SHELL.

Guiteau says he had a nice Christmas dinner, with fruit, flowers and daily visitors, and had a good time generally.—— A plot to kill the Emperor of Russia has been discovered, and [illegible] conspirators were arrested.—— The government has determined to proclaim Dublin anew, making it illegal to possess arms without a license.—— Cohn & Co., cigar dealers of Memphis, have assigned; liabilities $29,000.—— Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon is dead.—— Scarlet fever, in a malignant form is increasing in New York city.—— John O. Evans, President of the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, died in New York Sunday.—— An Italian boy, playing with a pistol, at Charleston, South Carolina, accidentally shot and killed himself.—— Col. Riley, of Virginia, has received a bequest of $25,000 for saving Col. Preston's little boy from drowning many years ago.—— A fire at Sullivan, Indiana, destroyed some twenty-five buildings.—— Two cutting and two shooting affrays took place at Atlanta, Georgia, Monday, and a colored woman was murdered by a jealous lover.—— Two men shot at Alabama.—— At Hamilton, Kentucky, Pascal Lampkins killed one man, cut another severely, and escaped by swimming the river amid a shower of bullets.—— Six men shot in a family row at Helenwood, Tennessee; three of them were killed.—— Dr. Rosenbauer was assassinated at Little Rock, Arkansas, Saturday evening, by some one who shot him through a window.——In Franklin county, Arkansas, John Holt killed Vance Buren.—— Two young ladies were brutally outraged and murdered at the residence of Mrs. Gibbons, near Ashland, Kentucky, Friday night; a brother of one of the young ladies was also murdered; the other members of the family were absent; the murderers burned the house; a reward of $1,000 is offered for their capture.—— A Baltimore and West Point, Virginia, steamer was blown up at the latter place Monday; sixteen colored men were killed, and a number of other persons were injured.—— About six hundred negroes passed through Augusta, Georgia, Monday, on their way from Edgefield, South Carolina, to Arkansas.—— The Atlanta Exposition closes Saturday.——

Two men charged with a double murder and arson in Southampton county, Virginia, are reported to have been captured and hung.—— In the Guiteau trial Tuesday, Dr. McDonald concluded his testimony; Dr. Barksdale, Superintendent of the Insane Asylum near Richmond, Va., and Dr. Callender, Superintendent of the Tennessee State Asylum, were examined as experts; all of these believed the prisoner to be perfectly sane.—— A destructive fire at Morgan, Texas, Tuesday.—— In Jones county, Ga., Monday night, a young white farmer was fatally stabbed by three negro brothers, but shot and killed all of them before he died.—— The John P. King Manufacturing Co., organized at Augusta, Ga., capital $1,000,000; Chas. Estes, president; fire yesterday morning on Broad street; loss $30,000, fully insured.—— One negro girl shot and killed another at Decatur, Ala.—— The loss by the Wadesboro fire is given at $20,000; insurance $9,000.—— C. M. Fenel and W. D. Martin and his son John were fatally shot in an affray between the parties at Bellfont, Ala.

A fire on Camden street, Baltimore, destroyed $40,000 worth of property.——In a fight with knives in Upson county, Ga., Doc. Wilson killed his half brother and Brad Garland killed A. B. Harris, there was a murder committed in the same place a few weeks ago.—— A noted Indian chief and his band of marauders killed by Mexicans near Chihuahua.—— An Express messenger is charged with robbery of a train on the Southern Pacific Railway.—— R. A. Brown, a prominent citizen of Americus, Ga., committed suicide.—— A fatal type of smallpox, resembling plague, is spreading in Dakota; some of the victims die in twenty-four hours after being attacked; Pittsburg, Cincinnati and New York report from eleven to twenty-five deaths each from the disease during the past week.—— Leon Moore killed his sweetheart and himself through jealousy at Biddeford, Me.——A postal car thief from Bennington, Vt., arrested at Chatanooga, Tenn.—— It is rumored in Washington that the jury in the case, with one exception, are satisfied of the guilt and responsibility of the prisoner; the twelfth juror maintains that Guiteau is crazy.—— Two convicts at work on the Texas Pacific Railroad were killed by the guard while attempting to escape.—— It is rumored that Flipper, the colored lieutenant recently courtmartialed at San Antonio, has been dismissed from the service.—— Two workmen on the Pennsylvania R. R. crushed to death between cars near Jersey City.—— An escaping negro murderer from Mississippi killed in Memphis by a police officer.—— Competing railroads are cutting rates from Chicago to New York and Boston. Mrs. Terrell was assassinated at her home near Logan, Ohio; the supposed murderer was arrested and jailed.—— Herman Erlichs, concerned in robbing the Atlanta, Ga., postoffice of registered letters, has been arrested at Ironton, Ohio, where he formerly lived.—— The Socialist Labor Convention, is in session at New York; declare that the tariff question does not affect the interests of the laboring population.—— Mrs. M. Coppage was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol, with which her four-year-old child was playing. She had been instructing the child how to [illegible] the we[illegible] sat down on the [illegible] to pay [illegible] with [illegible] who [illegible] pistol was loaded.

[illegible]IT AND HUMOR.

A lecturer having been invited to deliver a lecture in a mountain town in Nevada, wrote to the committee of invitation: "I am informed that the roads leading up to your place are so steep and rocky that even a donkey cannot [illegible] u[illegible] must excuse me from making the attempt. [illegible] unanimously [illegible]."

The *Texas Siftings* says: "Not long since a family moved into a house on Austin avenue. After a week or so a friend of the family called on them and asked how they liked the locality. "Pretty well." "Have you called on any of the neighbors yet?" "No, but I'm going to if there is any more of my firewood missing."

Touching, but Ambiguous.—A blind mendicant who frequents the Rue St. Honore, Paris, has the following announcement affixed to his bosom: "Blind! Father of four children, and husband of an invalid wife, the result of a terrible accident!"

The beer-drinking sailor's motto—I love to see a schooner coming over the bar." "On inquiry," says the *Clay County Bugle,* "we learned that a very large glass of beer is called a schooner, and then we were able to see the point in this joke."

A gentleman from the Southwest lately boasted that the papers in his village pay so much attention to society matters, "that a leading citizen can not go home sober late at night without having the fact published as an interesting item."

A school-teacher in Patterson, N. J., told a little boy in the spelling class to write "forbears," and he at once made a picture of *four bears* on his slate.—Perhaps the teacher's pronunciation needs looking after.

No longer lonely.—The young man who was "lonely since his mother died" is all right now. His father married a widow with five grown daughters, and they give a party every night.

When a certain kind of man wants a job, he is ready to "accept a situation." The same kind of man, on being kicked out, "tenders his resignation." He likes to put it tenderly.

A recipe for lemon pie, after stating the ingredients, adds: "Then sit on hot stove and stir constantly." How could one help stirring constantly while sitting on a hot stove?

"My son," said a shrewd old lady, "be careful how you marry a cashier's daughter, or you may have to visit your father-in-law in jail."

"Are the squirrels very thick this year?" asked a gentleman of a hunter. "Well—yes," he said reflectively; "leastways the one I got was."

Use of the birch.—A writer on school discipline says: "Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make boys smart."

It is difficult for one man to give another a piece of his mind without destroying the peace of both their minds.

A new era.—In Greece it is not the Golden Age, nor the Silver Age, nor the Iron age, but the Brigand-Age.

It is often difficult for a man to live within his income; but it is still more difficult to live without it.

"Do you write books?" said a lady to an accountant. "Yes, madam, I *right* them," he answered.

A sensational report supposed to be called a canard because one can'ardly understand it.

The man who sat down on a paper of tacks said they reminded him of the *Income-tax.*

Tuneful Lyre.—A music-teacher who broke his engagement.

The best time to catch soft water is when it is raining hard.

MEDICAL.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

[illegible]

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. P. POWELL,
FASHIONABLE BARBER.
TARBORO ST., WILSON, N. C.
Having opened a first-class barber's shop solicits the patronage of those who wish good work done. Satisfaction Guaranteed. [July 15-1y

FOR SALE.

Two good Farm Horses. Apply to H. G. WHITEHEAD, or G. D. Green & Co.
Dec. 23-tf.

FOR SALE.

The house and lot on Spring Street adjoining the lots of W. J. Harriss, Calvin Barnes and John Barnes. House has 8 rooms and necessary outbuildings. Apply to
G. W. BLOUNT, Atty.
Wilson, N. C., Oct. 18th, 1881. tf.

Horner School,

OXFORD, N. C.

The next session of this school will begin the second Monday in January. For circular giving terms and other particulars, apply to the principals
J. H. & J. C. HORNER.

For Sale!

A Buggy Shop with a trade of from four to six thousand dollars per year in the town of Black Creek. A good opening in a good locality. One dozen new buggies on hand which will be sold cheap. Apply at once to
W. S. ANDERSON,
Black Creek, N. C.
Nov 25, tf.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the death of Geo. H. Griffin it becomes necessary to settle the business of the firm of Griffin & Murray. All persons indebted to said firm will please call at their place of business and settle at once.
WM. MURRAY,
Surviving partner of Griffin & Murray.
Dec. 9tf.

FOR SALE!

Valuable property for sale, Arrington's Mills, one mile east of Hilliardston, N. C. Two grist mills, one wheat mill, a No. 1 saw mill with shafting attached for a gin, which I will build if purchasers desire it—all run by water power. Section noted for being healthy.
S. L. ARRINGTON,
Hilliardston, N. C.
Dec. 9-tf.

House For Sale!

I offer my house, with seven good rooms, in the town of Black Creek for sale. The lot is a large one, containing two and one-third acres. One acre in strawberries which gave a good yield. Will be sold cheap! My reason for selling is that I am going to move.
Address,
W. S. ANDERSON,
Black Creek, N. C.
Nov. 25, tf.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Wilson county, rendered Nov. 30th, 1881, I will sell on the premises on Monday, the 2nd day of January 1882, the following land: One tract of land in Wilson county, Cross Roads township, adjoining the lands of Samuel Ferrell, Simon Newsome, Jacob Rentfrow and Noel Ferrell, containing one hundred and forty acres more or less. Terms: One hundred dollars cash, balance on a credit of ten months with eight per cent. interest from date.
A. G. BROOKS, Administrator,
Connor & Woodard, Att'ys.
[Dec. 2-tf.]

NOTICE.

I offer for rent my entire premises in the town of Wilson, containing seven acres of land, situated on east corner of Vance and Pender street, lot fill a high state of cultivation, well set in choice fruit trees. House has six commodious rooms with pantry and bath room, with all necessary out houses and a good well of water; contiguous to excellent schools, Normal, Graded and others. Those desiring to educate their children or engage in business will find this a rare opportunity to rent or lease. Further particulars unnecessary as no one will invest without seeing for themselves. All nearly new as premises were built in original forest seven years ago.
R. W. EDMUNDSON,
Oct. 21st, '81.[4t.]

NOTICE.

VALUABLE TOWN LOT FOR SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage executed by H. W. Edwards and wife, to me, on the 31st day of December, 1878, and recorded on Book No. 14, Page 581, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilson county, I shall sell at public auction, at the Court House door, in Wilson, on Saturday the 14th day of January, 1882, the lot of land in the town of Wilson, on Tarboro street, adjoining W. H. Morriss, John T. Barnes [illegible]
[illegible] Attys.
Wilson, N. C. Dec. 13, '81.-23-[illegible]