

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

37 The Advance Publishing Company—

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

—Josephus Danie's Manager.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1882.

VOL. 12—NO. 8

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, FRIDAY, March 17th, 1882

POETRY.

IS IT WORTH WHILE!

Is it worth while to jostle a brother,
Beating his head on the rough road
of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other—
In blackness of heart we war to the knife?
And pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other,
God pardon us for the triumph
we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his
load on the heather,
Placed to the heart. Words are
keener than steel.
And mightier far for woe and for
weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little
journey
On over the isthmus, down into the
tide,
We give him a fish instead of a ser-
pent,
Ere folding the hands to be and
fade
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the
plain—
Men and man only makes war on his
brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril
and pain.
Shamed by the beasts that go down on
plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to
humiliate
Some poor fellow down into the
dust?
God pity us all! Time soon will tum-
ble
All of us together, like leaves in a
gust
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.
—Joachim Miller.

LOVE BY POST.

About a year ago a party of gentle-
men living near (Green Hill, Stewart
county, Ga., took a notion that they
would move out West and grow up
with the country. They went to
Texas, and had been there but a short
time before they formed the acquaint-
ance of a "wire-walker" whose name
was Bond. The acquaintance ripened
into friendship, and Bond was so
pleased with his new-found friends
that he wanted them to give him a
Georgia sweetheart. This was an
easy thing for them to do, and they
recommended a young lady in the
Green Hill neighborhood. Now
comes the romantic part of the story.
One evening Miss A. and a male friend
were finished milking the cows
and had, rinsed out the strainer
and hung it by the door facing to dry
she got a letter. This was not an
unusual occurrence but the letter was
a most unexpected one. It was from
her Texas friends informing her that
they had given her away and that her
lover by proxy wanted to know if he
could write to her. She could not re-
fuse such a modest request and an-
swered him yes. Bond wrote to her
immediately on receiving permission.
He liked her thoroughly and the
smack of her letter. He thought he
would like her better and asked an
exchange of pictures. Again she
could not refuse. He was in a heaven
of bliss at the sight of his fair Venus
and at once made a proposal of mar-
riage. She had made a precedent and
it would not do to violate it and again
she could not refuse.

February 16 was set for the time of
celebrating their happiness by the
bonds of wedlock. Those who
knew of the love affair said it was all
a joke, but Bond meant business.
Last Friday evening one week ago a
stranger called at the house where
Miss Nicholson resided. It was her
Adonis. He saw the goddess of his
heart's idolatry; he took in the situa-
tion and was pleased—aye, fascinated,
charmed. He left her with a promise
to call at the appointed time, when
the marriage nuptials would be cele-
brated. Last Thursday evening he
was in on time and the happy mar-
riage was consummated.

An Aesthetic Episode.

They stood on the porch at mid-
night: Ah, sweet mine! he sighed
lily of my soul, dewdrops of my hap-
piness, let the intensity of our affec-
tions intensify to intenseness, and let
us live to love, that loving we may
live in the ethereal etherality of a
passionless passion, purified to angelic
purification.
"Butter, ever, hero mine," she an-
swered, depositing her wealth of gold-
en hair upon the shoulder of his six
dollar ulster, "and our lives so sweet-
ly perhaps, just now, will be joined in
the suppurative certainty of conjunc-
tion, conjugated in happy wed-
lock."
"Dear heart of mine," he rapturous-
ly exclaimed, pressing her to his new
satin necktie, "this is too, too!"
"And this is too, too!" abruptly
broke in the girl's father, coming
down in his boots, and giving the
young man two kicks which landed
him out in the street—and separation
like a pull, then after a few minutes
these two young lives.

An Arkansas Romance.

Some time ago a Miss Wampton, a
beautiful young lady, and a wealthy
young farmer named Rockton were
married. The young lady would not
have been termed a "happy bride."
She had never loved Rockton, and
only married him to please a wid-
owed mother, "I will obey you," said
the girl, "but I do not even like Mr.
Rockton. He is wealthy; but while po-
verty always brings misery, yet wealth
does not always bring happiness."
You know that I am devoted to Tom
Rosemond, and that he is devoted to
me; but if you, as my mother, com-
mand me, I will obey, though the ef-
fort cost me my life as well as my
happiness."

The ceremony was performed, and
Rosemond, who would have been the
girl's choice, left the neighborhood.
Six months afterward Rosemond re-
turned and sent Mrs. Rockton a note,
begging an interview. She showed
the note and her answer of refusal to
her husband. He kissed her as a re-
ward of fidelity. Rockton was taken
sick with swamp fever, and when
about to die he said:

"You have been a faithful wife—
Nine women out of ten would have
run away long ago. I have always
known that you loved Rosemond. I
have sent for him. I want you to
marry him before I die so that I can
see the ceremony."

"That would not be legal," answered
the wife, "for I cannot marry an-
other man so long as you are living."
"Well, but I want him here, so I
can see that the ceremony is perform-
ed immediately after I am dead."

Rosemond and a preacher were sent
for. They arrived. Rockton gasped
and motioned. The marriage party
approached the bed. Rockton placed
the hands of the lovers together, grasped
his hand, and the lovers were mar-
ried.—Little Rock Gazette.

Naming The Baby.

"I think," said the fond mother,
"that as the baby's last name is Brown
it would be better to give him some
first name less common than Henry."
There are eleven columns of Henry
Browns in the Directory.

"Thirteen," said Mr. Brown.
"I counted them yesterday."
"What we want for the baby is a un-
ique first name, a name that will make
it possible always to identify him.
Isn't that it, dearest?"

"Certainly."
"Well, I have prepared a list from
which we can pick. Suppose we
skim over it? Let's begin with the
twelve tribes of Israel. Are there any
among them that you like?"

"How would Gad do? Gad Brown?
That would be novel, anyhow."
"But too startling, perhaps."
"Possibly. The others are all rather
common. Does Ivanhoe strike you?
Or, if we wanted to give him a mid-
dle name, would you like Ivanhoe
Albion Brown?"

"It is too long; and, besides, I'm
not certain I could always spell Alci-
biades correctly in marking his un-
derclothing."

"Plutarch, then?"
"Mr. Brown, that is outrageous!"
"Outrageous? I love Plutarch!"
"Why, what do you mean?"

"No child of mine shall ever be
named after the god of the infernal
regions!"

Mr. Brown explained the blunder
and passed on. "What do you say
then to Galileo? There is not a single
Galileo Brown in the directory."

"Was Galileo an Israelite?"
"No, love, I think not."
"I thought from his name perhaps
he came from Galilee," said Mrs.
Brown, thoughtfully.

Mr. Brown was too much astonish-
ed to try to explain. He resumed the
reading of his list:

"Peliah is a Scriptural name—
Would you care for Peliah? Peliah
Brown?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Brown.
"It sounds like an impeachment of
the dear child's veracity. I don't
think we ought to start him in life
with an inscription that he will be a
story-teller."

"It might not be right. Suppose
then we call him Petrarch?"
"Is that a Bible name?"

"No, love, not a Bible name."
"To be sure not; I was thinking of
St. Peter. I think, William, I should
prefer an American name of some
kind if we could find one."

"Patrick Henry, for example?"
"That is Irish."
"No; you know Patrick Henry was
an American. He was a celebrated
patriot; don't you remember?"

"It may seem very stupid, but I
always had the idea, somehow, that
there were twins, one named Patrick
and the other Henry."

Mr. Brown concealed his feelings
and turned a new leaf of his list.

"I have a few Aztec names," said
he, "that belong on this continent and
that are marked by strong individual-
ity. Tezozomoc, for instance. He
was an Aztec king."

"Was his last name Brown?"
"I think not. No, I am certain it
wasn't, and there was Nezahualcoyotl;
he was a king too."

"Our child could never put such a
name as that on an umbrella handle."
"True," said Mr. Brown. "The
king probably had no umbrella. Spot-
ted Tail, however, is a native Ameri-
can name, which?"

"I don't know. Spotted Tail Brown
might answer for."
Mrs. Brown suddenly flitted out of
the room with a remark intimating
that she was going home to her
mother's. After she had a good cry,
Mr. Brown folded up his list and
agreed to call the child Thomas.—Our
Continent.

A Railroad Official Interviewed.

Not every one cheerfully communi-
cates his knowledge and opinions
as recently did E. L. Lowrey, Esq.,
cashier of the Cincinnati Southern
Railway, that splendid outlet to the
South from the Ohio. Our represen-
tative waited upon Mr. Lowrey, and
in reply to certain questions the latter
gentleman observed: "I was suffer-
ing from a very severe attack of rheu-
matism in my right foot; it was in a
terrible condition; the pain was almost
intolerable; our family physician
waited on me without success; I sent
for another well-known M. D., but even
the twin could do nothing for me; I
could not get down here to the office
to attend to my duties; in fact I could
not put my foot under me at all, and
after nine weeks suffering I began to
grow desperate. My friend (whom, of
course you know, for he is known by
every body), Mr. Stacy Hill, of the
Mount Auburn Inclined Plane Rail-
road Co., called to see me; he spoke
very highly of St. Jacobs Oil, and
recommended the remedy to me in
glowing terms. I laughed at the idea
of using a proprietary medicine, and
set the party recommending it, (Mr.
Stacy Hill, remember), being a man
of sound judgment, set me to thinking
the matter over. The next day, when
the physicians called I dismissed them
and said to myself that I would let
nature take its course. That resolu-
tion lasted just a day. On the follow-
ing morning I, in a fit of desperation,
sent a servant for a bottle of St. Jacobs
Oil. I applied that wonderful remedy,
and it penetrated me so that I thought
my foot was about to fall off, but it did
not. The next morning the pain had en-
tirely left my foot, the swelling was re-
duced, and really the appearance was
so different altogether from the day be-
fore that it actually surprised me. I
applied more of the St. Jacobs Oil, and
the following day I was able to get
to the office, and was able to attend to
my duties and go around as well as any
one. Let me say for St. Jacobs Oil that
it beats railroad time, and is always
sure to win.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WIT AND HUMOR.
For The Man Who Smiles.
LIKE A TREE.
"Twas Harry who the silence broke:
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"Because, because—I'm board," she
spoke.
"Oh, no, because you're wood,"
said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said.
"I have a heart," he asked so
low.
Her answer made the young man red:
"Because you're sappy, don't you
know?"

"Why are you like a tree again?"
He scratched his head this time and
thunk.
And gave it up. "I'll tell you then,"
She laughed, "because you both get
trunk."

"Once more," she asked, "why are
you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.
"Trees leave sometimes and make a
bough.
And you can also bow—and leave."
—Whitehall Times.

One of our policemen who had been
laid up with a sore hand remarked that
while he had a fella on a finger he
couldn't lay a finger on a felon.

"Ef de roosters should crow now,"
said a colored preacher, "ebbery time
a life is told, as dey did at Peter, you
couldn't hear yourself talk, sah,"

"Why does a donkey eat thistles?"
asked an Austin teacher of one of the
largest boys in the class. "Because
he is a donkey, I reckon," was the
prompt reply.

A gentleman on Court Avenue
went home night before last so be-
clouded that he was amazed at the
match going out when he turned the
faucet at the wash basin.

The man who stood in front of his
glass for two hours, getting the right
color on his mustache, said he was
just "dyeing to see his girl."

An Irishman having a small picture
room, several persons desired to see
it at the same time. Faith, gentle-
men, "if you all go in, it will not
hold you."

"I never say agin' a success," said
Artemus Ward. "When I see a rat-
tlesnake head sticking out of a hole
I bear off to the left and say to my-
self, 'that hole belongs to that snake!'"

From an extensive use of St. Jacobs
Oil in the editor's family, we are able
to speak confidently of its great worth
in numerous ailments and fully recom-
mend it as an article most desirable to
have on hand in the medicine chest.—
Stanford (Conn.) Herald.

A correspondent once asked Horace
Greeley if guano was good to put
on potatoes. To which he replied,
that it might be to one whose taste
was depraved by whiskey and tobacco,
but for himself he would prefer
gravy and butter.

"I've been to see Mrs. Tittletattle,"
said Mrs. Teltale, "and the way she
ran on about you was perfectly scan-
dalous." So she's been talking about
me, has she? asked Mrs. Brown, quiet-
ly. "Yes, indeed she has," replied Mrs.
Teltale, with emphasis. "What a
good time you two must have had,"
said Mrs. Brown, with a sweet
smile.

A New York firm sent a lot of bills
West for collection. One of them
came back with a memorandum on it,
that the debtor was dead. Something
afterwards the same bill got into
another lot that was forwarded to the
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MEDICAL.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Back,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.

It seems that Edison's electric light
experiments have been tested at the
Government Printing Office in Wash-
ington; and have proven a great suc-
cess. On Friday last seventy of them
were used as a substitute for twice
that number of gas lights by composi-
tors at their cases. The beautiful,
steady white light gave great satisfac-
tion. Each one could be extinguished
or lighted at pleasure, or all could be
extinguished or lighted at once. It
was also noticeable that when the gas
was lighted the temperature of the
room rose several degrees, and when
it was extinguished the room became
several degrees cooler within half an
hour.

THE LAST OF GITEAU.
"No one need imagine," said District
Attorney Corkhill to-night, "that Gui-
teau will not hang on the 30th of June.
He will. The anniversary of that fateful
Saturday night will find him under
the dissecting knife."
I hear that Scoville has deserted the
case and will file no bill of exceptions.
Whether he does or not is a matter of
no moment at all. The Court in banc
will grant no new trial. It has practi-
cally passed already upon every point
that could be presented in any possible
bill of exceptions. Every word and
every act of Judge Cox during the trial
was the result of a conference with all
his brethren of the bench. There is
nothing to decide now, and the assas-
sin will never appear in a court room
again. His next appearance in public
will be on the scaffold.

J. E. OHARA.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edge-
combe and Warren in the Supreme and
Federal Courts of North Carolina. Feb 2

W. A. Anderson.

Atlantic Foundry,
206 Water Street, Norfolk, Va.

Manufacturer of Every Description of
Castings, Iron and Brass.

At short Notice and Baltimore prices.

No Extra Charge for Patterns on
Hand of which I have quite
an Extensive Variety.

Highest Cash Price paid for Metals.

March 10 1 year.

To the Citizens of Wilson and Adjacent Towns.

We, the undersigned, beg leave to call
your attention to

The Richmond Iron Roof Paint and Cement

Would be glad to correspond with you on
the subject of your own interest. We will
warrant a tight Roof in every instance and
will send you the best of Testimonials on
application, Respectfully.

March 10-3m BUCHANAN BROS.
Goldboro, N. C.

To the Justices of the Peace of Wilson
County:—

You are hereby notified to meet in the
Court House in the town of Wilson
on the fourth Monday in May
1882, to determine whether the Ju-
dicial Court of Wilson County shall be
discontinued.

By order of the Board.

A. G. BROOKS,
Chairman of the Board of Justices of
the Peace of Wilson County.

NOTICE.

Having been appointed Receiver of
the late firm of Farmer & Wainwright,
all persons indebted to them are here-
by notified to come forward and make
payment, and those holding claims
against the same will present them
properly authenticated for adjust-
ment.

Nov. 11th, 1881.—J. A. TYNES.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrator
upon the estate of PENNIE
EVANS, I hereby give notice to all
persons indebted to make immediate
payment; to those holding claims
against the estate to present them
duly authenticated on or before Feb-
ruary 6th, 1882, or this notice will be
relied on to bar recovery.

SOLOMON LAMM
Connor & Woodard, Atys. Admr.
Feb 6th.

Executor's Notice.

HAVING qualified as executor of
the last will and testament of
JACOB RENTFROW, deceased,
before the Probate Judge of Wilson
Co., notice is hereby given to all per-
sons indebted to the estate of said de-
ceased to make immediate payment,
and to all persons holding claims
against said deceased to present them
for payment on or before the 6th day
of Feb., 1882, or this notice will be
pleaded in bar of their recovery.

PERRY RENTFROW,
Connor & Woodard, Atys. Ex'r.

NOTICE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE
Superior Court of Wilson County, made
on the 17th day of February
1882, and duly approved by the Hon.
John A. Gilmer, Judge, in a certain
petition pending in said Court, filed
by MARY K. CREWS, in her own
behalf, and BESSIE C. JOHNSON, an
infant, offering by her guardian, the
said MARY K. CREWS, I shall sell
at the Court House door in Wilson,
Monday the 3rd day of April 1882 that
portion of the lot in the town of Wil-
son on Tarboro Street, adjoining N.
A. Morris, John D. Wells, Willie
Daniel and others, beginning at N. A.
Morris' corner on Tarboro Street and
running with said street 18 feet, then
at right angle with said street 142 feet
to W. Daniel's line, then with said
line about 28 feet, then to John D.
Wells' corner, then with John D.
Wells' line 94 feet to N. A. Morris'
line, thence with Morris' line 10 feet,
cornering thence with said Morris'
line 44 feet to the beginning, exclusive
of the building. Also that portion of
the lot lying immediately back of
the store owned by Moyer & Nadel,
being 21 feet wide by about 100 feet
deep. For more particular description
see the plot on file in the office of the
Clerk of the Superior Court. Terms:
\$1200 cash; balance on credit of nine
months interest from date at 8 per
cent. Title retained until purchase
paid.

H. G. CONNOR, Commissioner.
Feb. 27th.

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at right angle with said street 142 feet
to W. Daniel's line, then with said
line about 28 feet, then to John D.
Wells' corner, then with John D.
Wells' line 94 feet to N. A. Morris'
line, thence with Morris' line 10 feet,
cornering thence with said Morris'
line 44 feet to the beginning, exclusive
of the building. Also that portion of
the lot lying immediately back of
the store owned by Moyer & Nadel,
being 21 feet wide by about 100 feet
deep. For more particular description
see the plot on file in the office of the
Clerk of the Superior Court. Terms:
\$1200 cash; balance on credit of nine
months interest from date at 8 per
cent