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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

W. C. Daniels, Ed's and Prop's

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW THAT THEY ARE NOT AT THE MERCY OF ANY OTHER POWER, BUT AT THE MERCY OF THEIR OWN GODS, AND TRUTHS.

\$1.50 a Year, cash in Adv

VOLUME 20 WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA. DEC. 25, 1890. NUMBER 46

MR. ARP'S LETTER

THE ORPHANS MUST BE CARED FOR.

They are Managed in Georgia Graphically Related.

Now is the time to remember the orphans. There are 104 in the Thorneville orphanage, and they would enjoy a Christmas dinner, but the Thorneville orphans have no man to travel and talk for them. As the Thorneville said when he had lost his almanac, they will have to take the weather as it comes. They have never suffered yet, but sometimes it is a close rub to get along. It is close now, too close for them to be calm and serene. It takes \$5 a month to maintain an orphan, and the total receipts for October were \$495 for 104 children. Cheap boarding, that, food and clothing and fuel and room rent for four dollars and fifty cents a month; and washing and dyes and castor oil thrown in. Can't you see that much, and he furnishes his own clothes. I wonder how Dr. Jacobs manages that? I've been reading the little monthly magazine that the boys print, and there is not a word of begging or lamentation in it. The doctor writes like he had Aladdin's lamp somewhere. He seems to rather brag than beg. He says that ten years ago the orphanage had 125 acres of land and one house and \$3,000 of endowment money, and now it has four or five stone public buildings and a concrete printing office, all furnished, and twelve thousand dollars of endowment money. He won't spend that, but is letting it grow until the interest will do some good after he is dead and gone. He says he is going to put up a little building, so that the children can save for winter the vegetables they make in summer. The factory will cost about one hundred and fifty dollars and the money will come. He is preparing to build a technical school attachment that will cost \$3,000 and has all ready got thirty one dollars of the money. Good gracious what a start! That man's faith has never flickered from the day he received that orphanage in his mind and heart. He just goes along on trust, trust in God. He is a crank—that is to say he is unlike the rest of us. Maybe we are the cranks, I don't know. It is a tremendous responsibility to have the care and maintenance and education of one hundred orphans and no money except what comes along haphazard through the mails. Sometimes there is a shower and sometimes a long dry spell, but he keeps on taking in the orphans all the same; six more have just arrived, and that makes 110. There is no blow made about the situation, no feeling of horns, no boom, no painful appeals, but the money comes about as fast as the orphans come. There is no sectarianism about it. In fact, there are more children of Baptist and Methodist parentage than of Presbyterian, and yet nine-tenths of the money comes from Presbyterian sources. It was a close bit in October, and the good doctor began to sniff the air and wonder, but the good people of Clinton found it out, and they just poured in with flour and meal and meat and beans and merchandise, like a surprise party at a Methodist preacher's house. Two men of our town got hold of the little magazine the other day, and saw that the whole state of Georgia with fine crops and a bounty in sight didn't send but \$47 in the month of October, and they said it was a shame upon the state, and they rushed around and picked up \$15 in a few minutes and one church sent \$18 more and we had been supporting two orphans and so we all feel better now. Arkansas sent more than Georgia and so did one woman in New Jersey. It is not the stinginess of our people, but it is their forgetfulness. They want to be punched up by somebody.

Now is the time. Let us all send something to pay for a Christmas dinner and take some stock in the stockings. Send a money order to Dr. William P. Jacobs, Clinton, S. C. Don't be afraid of sending too much and making the children sick. If there is a surplus, it will help the orphanage. Giving to charity is hard to start with some folks, but when started it grows on a man and

becomes a habit just like chewing tobacco. There is a good feeling that follows the deed and makes a man have more respect for himself. You see the next world is a very uncertain condition to most of us, and every one admits that a little stock in a bank on the other side of the river might prove to be good stock, and there is no way to buy it except in charity. I asked a man one day for some charity money, and as he hesitated I quoted scripture to him and said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return to you after many days." He looked to me hard and said, "About how many days? I'd say after you are dead, said I." He looked seriously and handed me a ten dollar bill, which was more than I expected. Sam Jones says that the most ridiculous performance in the world is for a woman to dress up in a \$50 silk and a \$10 bonnet and get in a \$500 carriage and carry 10 cents to church to put in the missionary box. All that fine rigging to carry a dime to God and the dime was his before she started with it. Jay Gould says that Jim Fisk taught him his first lesson in charity. Fisk's hand was always open to the suffering poor and one cold, bitter evening, as they were going home, they met a poor, half clad woman with a child huddled to her bosom, and she was struggling along through the snow. Fisk stopped her and found them empty. Turning to Gould he said, "What have you got?" "I've got a roll of small bills, I never did know how much, and was hunting for a dollar, when Fisk snatched the pile and handed it all to the woman, and said to me as we hastened away, D—n it Gould, I wouldn't count charity money on a woman like that, charge it to me and I will pay you tomorrow."

Our Presbyterian folks took a notion to visit the orphanage and found it a most interesting place. It was about forty years old and had many memories, hallowed memories, clustering all around it. It had a great big crack meandering down one of the walls. But old Father Miller loved the crack because it lengthened and widened with his own decay, and he loved the hard old pews and the amen corner and the faded carpet and the dingy ring of the old time bell. The old church had a steeple that it was no sin to worship, for it was in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Old Mother Miller loved that too, because it pointed toward heaven. He was one of the original builders, and the old man felt like everybody was dead but he and the church, and he would like for the same old bell to toll his funeral and his coffin to rest for a little while in front of the humble altar where he had so long and so devoutly worshipped. But he wearily surrendered to the work he proposed, and a committee was appointed to see how much could be raised to do something. We are poor folks here, we Presbyterians and there are not many of us, but we set out to raise \$5,000 and Sam Jones heard of it and came along and made fun of it and said, "You fellows can't raise that much money without my aid and you may put me down for \$50 as a starter. Then another man put down \$250 because he did not want Sam to beat him, and then four more got mad and did the same thing, and before we were thinking about it we had \$1,500, and in a few days it was \$3,000 and we went to work and before the church was half done we had \$500 more, and when it was finished and furnished we still owed \$700 and we thought the bottom was knocked out and we had gotten we could get the very first day we had services in it, our preacher made a talk and we raised \$600 more on the spot, and the whole thing looks more like a miracle of grace than anything else. We never wrote to Jay Gould nor Joe Brown for a dollar and they never sent any, because they did not know we were building a church. We just got in a way of giving, that is all. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and so our Baptist brethren and Methodist brethren and others came modestly around and asked the privilege of helping us. The truth of it, our church people are close kin in this town, and all pull together. Old Father Simon Peter Richardson is coming here to preach next year, and between him and Sam Jones the sinners will have to hide out or leave or reform. Carversville must have had a bad time in the conference or surely they wouldn't have doubled up on us in that style. It is going to be like two big fellows cross-mauling on a tough old log where they come down over hand upon the glut, you are going to hear something crack! But there is an orphanage worse than that made by death. A poor, unhappy mother wrote to me not long ago that she had been divorced from her husband, and was awarded the child, but he had stolen the little girl twice and she feared he would do so again and take her away off, and she begged me to have one to somebody come and steal her and take her to an orphan asylum. Her preacher and her doctor endorsed what she wrote and said the man was a brute and a drunkard. That little girl is safe now, I reckon. I remember hat away back when I was a schoolboy, our teacher had a bean-

CHRISTMAS CARD

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It is at once painful and perplexing to be answered with a sigh where one expects an exclamation of pleasure and admiration; so it was not wonderful that Mrs. Austin, under these exact conditions looked anxiously into her husband's face. She was holding up for his inspection a large wax doll, one of the treasures for Madge, the blue-eyed darling of four years, who was counting the days until Santa Claus should come. Every stitch of Miss Dollie's elaborate costume was the work of Mrs. Austin's busy fingers in hours when Madge was dreaming of full stockings and Christmas trees, and the last stitch set the result was displayed for papa's approval.

Now papa was quite as devoted a parent to Madge and two-year-old Harold as mama, and took deep interest in nursery matters. It may be that the memory of two other curly heads and baby faces that had brightened the nursery for a few brief months and then hidden under coffin lids, deepened the love for the children who came later to comfort the aching hearts. But it is very certain that the little Austins were as much loved and petted as children could be, and did not dream more hopefully of Christmas treasures than their parents did lovingly of supplying them.

So it was with some alarm that Mrs. Austin put aside her last triumph of needle work and threw her arm around her husband's neck.

What is it, Charlie, she asked.

He drew her into a loving embrace before he said sadly: I met my father again to-day. Margaret, it will kill me to have things go on so. He was downright shabby, feeble and broken; looking so old and so sick that I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. But he would not speak to me. I said all I could say in the street and tried to follow him home, but he stopped short and said, I do not know you, sir. You will cease to annoy me. And I could not make a street scene.

There was a choking sound in Charles Austin's voice as he ceased speaking, but, being a man, he kept back the sob that would have followed. Mrs. Austin's tears were falling fast. At Christmas time, too, she said. It is needless to send presents, Charlie, he has sent them back every year.

The story this conversation referred to was an old one, a true love marriage made in the face of disinheritation and paternal displeasure. Mrs. Austin had been a poor girl, employed in the factory of Simon Austin, then a man of great wealth and social position; a man whose pride, arrogant and full of his own importance. When his only child, his idolized, indulged son and heir told him of his love for pretty Margaret Hay, a factory girl, living in the factory boarding house, wearing calico dresses and earning a mere living, the old man was a man in his fury. He would not see that the girl was pleasing in manner, refined in taste, well educated and sweet tempered, one to brighten any home and make any good man thoroughly happy. He gave a fierce command that the matter should end then and there. Charles Austin, utterly unaccustomed to be crossed in any fancy, refused obedience never before exacted, and the conversation ended in a stormy quarrel and the young man's expulsion from home.

But with a good fortune that does not often follow disobedient sons, Charles was at once taken into the employ and favor of his mother's brother, an eccentric old bachelor, who gave the young couple a home in his own luxurious house. It was a new life to the old gentleman and he took the keenest interest in all the household affairs as Margaret managed the older children, and dying when Madge was but a year old, left his entire large estate to his beloved nephew, Charles Austin.

And while the sunshine of prosperity had no clouds for this wayward son, the father's fortunes had gone all awry. Some commercial panic was

THE FIRST STEP.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store.

The Charlotte News tells of the burning of the flouring mills of Mr. Joe Little, at Little's Mills. Jas. P. Ardy, who killed Thomas Morris, went to Charlotte and surrendered himself to the Sheriff, says the Chronicle.

The Indians and the soldiers have met. There are fifty soldiers less now than there was and a number of Indians have gone to the Great Spirit—Sitting Bull among the number.

The residence of Senator Gorman was burned in Baltimore on the night of the 17th. His wife and daughter barely escape with their lives.

THE GREENSBORO STEEL COMPANY.

There was no need to pull the door-bell of the stately mansion to which Simon Austin led his grandchild. Eager hands were waiting to open its portals wide; eager eyes watching for the coming of the pair. Tender arms and strong hands led Simon Austin into the parlor; Margaret's kisses felt warm and caressing upon his wrinkled cheeks; Charles's hands removed shabby overcoat; baby Harold clung to his knees, shouting: "Daddy's came! Santa Claus brought dandies!"

There was no pride could stand against this loving, sincere welcome, so pride collapsed.

You really want me, Charlie? the old man faltered. It is not mere charity?

Hush! whispered Margaret. Do not grieve him by such a word. He will never be happy until you come home, dear father.

And so Christmas once again gathered up the tangled threads of estrangement and knit them into strong bands of homelove.

Mr. J. J. Murdock, treasurer of the Blue Beard Company, was robbed of \$2,500 in his room at Atlanta.

The Greensboro Steel Company are soon to begin work on their plant.

One of the successful growers of tobacco this year told the report that it was his opinion that the average would be greatly increased next year. He says that the peanut crop will also be increased, but the cotton will be decreased.—Tribune Southern.

The Wilmington Review is fourteen years old. The editor says it has been a hard fourteen years work, but it does not owe a dollar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

No one can complain at the price of Old Salt's Catarrh Cure, it is within the reach of all. Sold everywhere at 25 cents.

Parents cannot always carry the baby on a trip; for the recovery of its health. But they can keep Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup in the house, and it will compensate for the trip by its prompt relief.

From Centennial Headquarters. "I find Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup excellent, having a ready sale and rendering more satisfaction than any cough syrup I have ever sold." A. B. Maloney, M. D. 15th & Carpenter Sts., Phila. Pa.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hairs, Chilblains, Corns, and skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. W. Rowland.

Do not cry, Mr. Austin said, finding his senses and taking her into his arms, very tenderly, too. Do not cry, dear I will take you home.

Oh, if you please, because my big doll is here and all the toys Santa Claus brought, and brother Harry. What did Santa Claus bring you?

Nothing.

Oh, was it because you are up so many stairs? But he said

THE GREENSBORO STEEL COMPANY.

ways comes to our house and mamma said perhaps to-day he would bring us our grandpa. We have not got any now, you know, and mamma said if he did come we would love him just the same as papa and he would love us. And please, grandpa, so we will. And here the child put her little arms round the head bent low before her, and lifted the face quivering and tear-stained.

Oh, do not cry! Oh, please, men do not cry; only naughty girls and boys. Oh, and again the terror found voice in the plea, I want to go home.

Yes, yes! I will take you home. Bring your flowers, child, this is no place for flowers—or Christmas cards.

Down the crazy old stairs the old man led the child, tenderly watchful that the little feet did not slip or stumble. Through the sunny streets, unheeding the cold, she walked beside him, prattling of her home and the dear grandpa she had been taught to love.

That was the crowning amazement. No child in a few short hours could have been taught to talk of the estranged parent as this child talked. She told the old man of the prayer she said night and morning, "Please, dear Lord, send my grandpa home!" of the talks with her mother about this unknown relative whom she was to reverence and love, should he ever come home, opening to the hardened old, oh, such a lonely heart a hope of rest and affection, that he felt it would be better as death to thrust aside now.

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