

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

Editors: F. Wilson, Editor.

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

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NUMBER 5

BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE REST OF THE FOLKS WENT TO THE WEDDING

AND ARE ENTERTAINED THE LITTLE ONE DURING ITS MOTHER'S ABSENCE.

Gone to the wedding. All gone but me and the baby. I'm good for something yet. I can take care of the grandchildren when the mother and grandmother are away. I sorter wanted to go to the wedding, too, but I made out like I didn't, for I knew somebody had to stay with the child, the sweet little girl that loves me and calls me "daddy." I never saw a woman that didn't love a wedding. The men, too, except some. "A marriage always makes me feel sad. It is a transition from freedom into slavery." It reminds me of a religious fanatic going to China as a missionary, or a beautiful girl taking the veil and going into a nunnery. And there are many old saws and sayings such as "Marry in haste and repent at leisure" and "Marriage is a lottery in which ninety-nine draw blanks and one gets a prize" and Matrimony is a cage and those who are not wish to get in, and ever so many more insinuating reflections. But it does not matter. The weddings are going on and they will be talked about and patronized and enjoyed just as they have been for 6,000 years. It is a sad, dark night and the road is dark and the creek up, but my folks have all gone, and they will stay one until midnight, for it is an old-fashioned wedding at the family mansion, and there is to be a great feast and fine music, and the big house will be full and running over.

This is the first wedding in the family, and will be last, for the little is an only-child, and of course it will be a big thing. Kindred and friends have come from afar and the neighbors invited and everybody will be on their best behavior, and arrayed in their best clothes, and that is according to scripture for folks who go to weddings should have wedding garments. In fact, that is a good part of the wedding especially with the women folks. Fine clothes are just as natural to women as long hair or milk. It has been so for all time. Aunt Sally Abraham and Mrs. Rebecca Isaac and Mrs. Rachael Jacob were all dressed. Isaac caught Miss Rebecca by shining her eyes with a pair of earrings that cost him 75 cents Mrs. Jacob didn't have but one daughter, and Josephus, the historian, says that the reason Miss Dinah went over to Shechem was she wanted to see the fiery of the women of that city. Just so.

It's like our Cartersville folks running down to Atlanta to see the latest fashions and how the city women dress. That is all right, if the husband or the father can afford it. Everybody who is any account likes good clothes. If there was nobody to wear the goods what would become of the poor people who make them? I don't know yet what kind of finery the ladies had on at this wedding but I will know in due time. It is to be an old-fashioned wedding a grand affair and they have been fixing for it a long time. Turkeys and pigs and ducks and oysters and crabs have been sacrificed in reckless abundance and there's a big closet right full of cake and another closet full of syllabub and floating islands and crystal mountains and Queen Charlotte, and Tom and Jerry, and Punch and Judy without end—enough to feed a regiment they say, and my folks have hinted that they will bring me a sample if I will take good care of the baby.

She is waking up right now and will be calling her mamma in a few minutes. So note it be. A man can't do much with a baby in the night when the mother is gone. For nearly two hours I have worked with that child and every few minutes she begged for her mamma. I got her picture book and talked dog and cat and monkey. I showed her Santa Claus and Bluebird. I walked and walked and walked and sang all my little songs and patted her back as I marched to my music. I twirled silver dollars on the marble top table. I got down the fiddle and let her saw on it with the bow. I tickled the dogs foot as she slept on the rug and so by shifting the scenes, I kept her little mind employed until the little eye began to droop and with a sigh and a sob went to sleep. It was a struggle against time and her mother came soon after

THE BRETHREN

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MR. DANIELS.

AND, INCIDENTALLY, ABOUT THE PRESENT MANAGEMENT.

[We trust our readers will pardon us for producing the following complimentary expressions from our brethren of the press in regard to the former editor of the ADVANCE. No one knows better the quality of the work of an editor than his co-laborers. Our readers will be glad to see in what esteem Mr. Daniels was held by the brethren of the quill. Therefore we publish them for two reasons: 1st. To show our readers their loss, and 2nd, to show the brethren our appreciation of their generous praise.—EDITOR.]

Mr. Charles C. Daniels retires from the WILSON ADVANCE, with which he has been editorially connected for nine years, and Mr. Claudius F. Wilson succeeds him.—Charlotte Democrat.

Chas. C. Daniels has retired from editorial control of the WILSON ADVANCE, and Claudius F. Wilson assumes control. The best wishes of the Southerner to the setting and rising star.—Tarboro Southerner.

Mr. C. C. Daniels has given up the editorship of the WILSON ADVANCE and gone to Macon county to practice law. He is succeeded by Mr. Claude Wilson, who is quite a sprightly young man.—Alamance Gleaner.

The WILSON ADVANCE changed hands last week. Mr. C. C. Daniels who for the past nine years was its editor, retired, and is succeeded by Mr. Claudius F. Wilson, a young man of considerable newspaper ability.—Goldsboro Headlight.

Mr. Charles C. Daniels has retired from the WILSON ADVANCE. Mr. Claudius F. Wilson succeeds him. Mr. Daniels has gone to Franklin, Macon county, having formed a law partnership there with Mr. George A. Jones.—Asheville Citizen.

Mr. C. C. Daniels has given up journalism, and Mr. C. F. Wilson takes his place on the WILSON ADVANCE. Mr. Daniels goes to Franklin, Macon county to practice law. Mr. Daniels will well fill his place.—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

Mr. C. C. Daniels, who for several years has edited the WILSON ADVANCE with much ability, has retired from the editorship of that journal and has been succeeded by Mr. Claude Wilson, its former business manager. Mr. Daniels will practice law at Franklin some seventy miles beyond Asheville. Best wishes for all parties.—New Berns Journal.

We were pleased to receive a call last Friday from Mr. C. C. Daniels, who has been for a number of years editor of the WILSON ADVANCE. He has abandoned journalism and was on his way to Franklin, where he has formed a partnership for the practice of law with Solicitor Geo. A. Jones, of the 11th district.—Salisbury Herald.

Mr. Charles C. Daniels retires from the WILSON ADVANCE with which he has been editorially connected for nine years, and Mr. Claudius F. Wilson succeeds him. The Messenger's kindest wishes go with the retiring editor and his successor. Under Mr. Daniels the ADVANCE has been a sound democratic paper and has done good and faithful service.—Wilmington Messenger.

The legal profession has robbed North Carolina journalism of one of its shining lights in the person of Mr. C. C. Daniels, of the WILSON ADVANCE, who has removed to Macon county to practice law. Our best wishes attend him and we cordially welcome his successor into the journalistic arena. The ADVANCE has long been a welcome visitor to our sanctum.—Webster's Weekly.

Mr. C. C. Daniels has disposed of the WILSON ADVANCE to Mr. C. F. Wilson. We regret to hear brother Daniels say his "connection with journalism ceases," for he has so conducted the ADVANCE as to make it one of the influential and successful weeklies of the State, always enjoying the confidence and respect of the people among whom it has been published.—Fayetteville Observer.

Mr. C. C. Daniels, of the WILSON ADVANCE, spent a few hours in our city last Friday

while on his way to his future home in Macon county.

Mr. Daniels will practice law in that county in the future. Mr. Claude Wilson will succeed him as editor of the ADVANCE. They are both promising young men and we wish them both much success in their respective duties.—Greensboro Patriot.

C. C. Daniels, Esq., who has been editor of our excellent contemporary, the WILSON ADVANCE, for a number of years, has left Wilson for Franklin, Macon county, to engage in the practice of law, and Mr. C. F. Wilson succeeds him on the ADVANCE. The people of Franklin are fortunate in securing a man of the high moral character, sterling worth and ability of C. C. Daniels.—Rocky Mount Argonaut.

Mr. C. C. Daniels, for many years editor of the WILSON ADVANCE, has severed his connection with that paper, we are sorry to know, and has removed to Franklin, N. C., and formed a partnership with Mr. Geo. A. Jones, of that place, in the practice of law. We are very sorry to lose Mr. Daniels from the fraternity, as he got up one of the most readable weekly papers in the State. He is succeeded by Mr. C. F. Wilson, for whom we wish much success.—Sanford Express.

Mr. Chas. C. Daniels, of Wilson, passed through Raleigh last week on route for Franklin, Macon county, where he has accepted a partnership for the practice of law with Geo. A. Jones, Esq., Mr. Jones is Solicitor elect of the mountain district, and is a leading attorney. Mr. Daniels has for several years been editor of the WILSON ADVANCE. A young man of strict integrity, industry and ability, he will win success in his new home.—State Chronicle.

The WILSON ADVANCE has changed hands Mr. C. C. Daniels, who has been its editor for a number of years has severed his connection with the paper, and Mr. C. F. Wilson, who has been traveling agent for the paper for sometime, becomes its editor. The Democrat wishes Mr. Daniels great success in his new profession—the law—and welcomes Mr. Wilson "into the ranks of decent poverty." We know them both and feel proud to number them amongst our list of special friends.—Scotland Neck Democrat.

Mr. C. C. Daniels, so well and favorably known in the ranks of North Carolina journalism, having established and edited the Kingston Free Press for the first two or three years of its existence, and edited the WILSON ADVANCE for the last several years, has severed his connection with the press and taken up the practice of law in Franklin, N. C. He is succeeded by Mr. C. F. Wilson, who has been connected with the ADVANCE for sometime as local editor. They, both, have the friend's best wishes for merited success.—Orphan's Friend.

Mr. Charles C. Daniels has retired from the editorship of the WILSON ADVANCE and from journalism, and has gone to Franklin, Macon county, to practice law. He has formed a copartnership with Geo. A. Jones, Esq. We regret Mr. Daniels' retirement from newspaperdom very much. He is a gentleman of character, of backbone, of progressive views, and has been an honor to the State press. In a conversation with us last summer he told us that he contemplated retiring from the journalistic field. We wish for him a successful career in his chosen profession.—Concord Times.

Mr. C. C. Daniels has severed his connection with the WILSON ADVANCE and moved to Franklin, Macon county. He has formed a partnership there with Solicitor Geo. A. Jones for the practice of law, his chosen profession. Mr. Daniels founded this paper and edited it for several years, and did valiant service for the cause of Democracy in this section. When he started the Free Press Lenoir county was solidly Republican, and it was largely through his efforts that the county was finally won for Democracy. He has the best wishes of the Free Press and many friends in this section for success at his new home.—Kinston Free Press.

Another North Carolina editor has laid down the Faber and desisted the tripod. Mr. Charles C. Daniels, who for the past nine years has been editor and part owner of the WILSON ADVANCE, one of the ablest and most influential newspapers in Eastern North Carolina,

has retired and gone to Franklin, Macon county, to practice law.

We sincerely regret to lose the services and co-operation of such an intelligent, conscientious and fearless editor from the profession. He is succeeded by Mr. Claude F. Wilson, who for some years has been local editor and business manager of the paper. The ADVANCE is left in good hands and we predict it will lose none of its well-earned prestige as one of the best weekly papers in the State. Our best wishes are with both gentlemen for future success and prosperity in their respective vocations and fields of labor.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

The WILSON ADVANCE has recently changed hands, at least partially so. Mr. C. C. Daniels, who for several years has been its editor, has disposed of his interest to Mr. C. F. Wilson, who last year was local editor and business manager. Mr. Daniels will go to a town in Western North Carolina to engage in the practice of law. While it is to be regretted that Mr. Daniels retires from journalism, we can safely say the ADVANCE has fallen into good hands. We have had opportunity for knowing Mr. Wilson well, as he was for sometime one of the Reflector boys, having begun his printing and journalistic career in this office, and he is capable of doing good work with the ADVANCE. He is a good writer, a hard worker, an earnest advocate of right, and possessing such qualifications he is bound to succeed.—Greenville Reflector.

Retrospection.

BY MISS ELLA THOMPSON.

[Special Cor. THE ADVANCE.]

"Lament the sun go down on your wrath."—Bible.

Who are the glorious ones setting, let proceed associating with your bosom friend, and do not be so vain regretting. For days gone by with you and I. Mistakes were made 'tis true, you'll see, 'twas caused in many a sigh. But the best days of the sun, is shining on you and I. We'll ask forgiveness, you and I.

A beautiful lesson God do teach, that wait the sun is high. Before he sets down out of sight, "Be not wrathful," you and I.

"Forgive if you wish to be forgiven." And we can't do we try, while the best days of the setting sun, is shining on you and I.

And He will forgive, He tells us so, impossible for Him to do, when the best days of the setting sun, together you and I.

O glorious be the shining rays, and go to God our cry, while the best days of the setting sun, is shining on you and I.

And in mansions bright and fair, He'll be with you and I, may the best days of the setting sun, together you and I.

We'll understand each other better, in the best days of the setting sun, when the best days of the setting sun, has shined on you and I.

Sincerest Flattery.

At present Governor and Senator-elect Hill, of New York, is very much in the public eye. As is well known, the Landmark admires this gentleman very much for his ability, for the quality of his Democracy and for his tact and dash as a practical politician. We therefore feel great pleasure in being able to present a correct likeness of him to our readers this week.

Mr. Charles C. Daniels has severed his connection with the WILSON ADVANCE and moved to Franklin, Macon county. He has formed a partnership there with Solicitor Geo. A. Jones for the practice of law, his chosen profession. Mr. Daniels founded this paper and edited it for several years, and did valiant service for the cause of Democracy in this section. When he started the Free Press Lenoir county was solidly Republican, and it was largely through his efforts that the county was finally won for Democracy. He has the best wishes of the Free Press and many friends in this section for success at his new home.—Kinston Free Press.

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"POOR WHITES"

HOW THEIR BRAINS MADE AND SAVED THE REPUBLIC

A FINE TRIBUTE TO THE WORKING PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY.

[Apropos of the following article from the St. Louis Republic, the editor of the Statesville Landmark says: "We set up the claim, and do it boldly, that the article, 'Poor Whites,' is worth the price of the paper for a year." If true of the Landmark, it is surely so of the ADVANCE—EDITOR.]

In a book recently written on American institutions, and intended as a text-book, a New England college professor speaks contemptuously of what he calls the "poor whites" of the South, as a class which could not be trusted, and does not know how to maintain it; he does not seem to be guilty of falsehood; he is telling the truth to the best of his ability, and if his error leads him into slander, it is not because of malice but because of a deficient knowledge of American history, influenced to some extent perhaps by the contempt for poverty which is unfortunately too general.

If Mr. Hosmer knew the history of the yeoman he calls "poor whites," he would know that the gravest defects of their character are intimately connected with a love of liberty often unreasoning and sometimes fierce. They belong to a race which, when Robin Hood took to Sherwood Forest with their ancestors against the Norman oppressor, preferred liberty to everything else, and sacrificed for it money, culture, comforts, everything which in the views of those who despise them makes life desirable. They have been the pioneers of American civilization. Their love of liberty pushed them beyond the mountains into the unknown West, but even before they had followed Daniel Boone into "The Dark and Rocky Ground," they had struck to blows for freedom. It is a most singular ignorance of history which impeaches their animal courage when the glaring fault their character is in readiness to grip their weapons and decide every question raised against them by man and steel to steel. They are "weaponeed men" now as they were when they followed Hegist and Horsa. They do not belong to the class which went out from Boston to plague Washington to escape the beleaguered British to escape the fear of disturbing trade and damaging the shops by a fight. They are such men as surrounded Bacon, Hansford, Giles and Drummond in the uprising against Berkeley under Charles II. Our college professor knows so little of American history that he thinks they do not love liberty yet.

Such love filled all the heart of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who in his own home made Liberty a beacon light. Of this class and of this blood was Patrick Henry, foremost in the breach for freedom, and of this blood, too, was Henry Clay, born almost in sight of birth-place of Patrick Henry. When the hopes of liberty were at their lowest ebb, when such a march through the unfortunated colonies was being made by the English as Sherman afterwards made to the sea through the Confederate States, these "poor whites" crossed the mountains, and under Shelby and Sevier, struck, at King's Mountain, the blow which turned the tide of the Revolution back on Yorktown. And at about the same time, one of these poor whites, a rugged, unkempt fellow of seven feet, ordered by a British officer to do the work of a British soldier, refused the fierceness of his Saxon ancestry and without wincing took the coward blow with which tyranny has always, and always ineffectually, answered the "poor whites" of this blood. Later, at New Orleans, this same "poor white" with some poor whites like him, held the breach for liberty and later still, as President of United States, showed the iron determination and unconquerable and uncompromising love of liberty, which sprang from the soul of Abraham Lincoln, another of the very poorest of the poor white trash of the South, when this Puritan professor despises.

And in that bloody contest these poor whites, the men who were from Illinois and Indiana or Alabama and Georgia, from east Tennessee, where they rebelled against the State, or west Tennessee, where they rebelled against the Union, showed at Shiloh, at Chickamauga, on a hundred fields of fire and blood, the same spirit which they showed at Crecy and Agincourt.

They were the first to cross the Alleghenies, carrying their lives in their hands. The bones of their great caravans whitened the great American desert, and they were the first to cross the Rocky Mountains and see the Pacific ocean spreading before them as the course of empire building. They carried American civilization from Jamestown to the Golden Gate in just such fashion as our Puritan friend may see them, the canvass-topped wagons, the women and fuxen-haired children inside, the hounds following under it, the weaponed members of the family riding in front with his rifle across his pommel. If our Puritan friend knew American history he would know that this means love of liberty, that

they cannot breathe in such an atmosphere as he lives in, and that they are sacrificing everything to find one where they can breathe.

If he knew them he might believe possible what is actual, that in the east Tennessee mountains, where they rebelled against their State for the Union as they had once before rebelled against North Carolina, that now when arrested for exercising the liberty of making their corn, peaches and apples into whiskey and brandy, as their fathers did, they often die, if they are kept long in confinement, just as the mountain hawk dies when he is caged.

American history is a far more instructive and broadening study than New England history, in which this particular professor is pretty thoroughly versed. It may be learned from American History that it was one of these "poor whites" who in the angle of the Alamo raised around him before he fell a rampart for the history of Texas; the bodies of Santa Anna's men. And it was this same poor white who said, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." If all college professors were only as docile as some of these are, all of them might learn a great deal from such poor whites.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The attitude of the medical profession toward what is known as "patent medicine" is not at all unreasonable. Thousands of these nostrums are dangerous, and most of them are injurious. Scott's Emulsion (S. S. S.) we are all glad to say, is not classed among these nostrums. It has overcome the wholesale prejudices of physicians in all parts of the country, and some of the strongest testimonials in its behalf come from medical men who have used it in their practices, and do not hesitate to endorse its wonderful results. This is extremely gratifying, but by no means astonishing for every claim that is put forward in behalf of S. S. S. is based on a series of actual experiments extended over a long period of time.

In a Bad Fix

Don't the streets and sidewalks need working bad? We want the bill that will amend the charter of Greenville and allow the issuing of bonds for public improvements to hurry up and get through the Legislature. This town needs better streets, better lights, better water supply and better protection against fire. Let them all come.—Greenville Reflector.

A tobacco warehouse should be built. And then there's the electric lights, water works and the worst side walks in a thousand counties. It will be noticed that nothing has been said about sheds although a few more are needed.—Tarboro Southerner.

[Well, brethren, the ADVANCE gives you sincere condolence and bids you come to Wilson. We have no mud, no flies, no mosquitoes; and we have two tobacco warehouses electric lights and water works (being built)—all in the prettiest town in the State.—Editor.]

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our inventors a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case when used for any affection of the Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore.

A deed which was dated Feb. 6, 1866, was recorded, exactly 35 years after date, brought into the Register of Deeds office for registration.—Charlotte Chronicle.

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Buckler's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never had a remedy that has not sold well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every day, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity on their merits. A. W. ROWLAND, Druggist.

Mothers and nurses should always remember that disappointment never attends the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents. No wonder people say the climate is changing with the queer weather we are being lately and to be free from catarrh is a privilege. We have, however, an excellent remedy for this ailment, Oil of Scallions. Catarrh Cure.

Popularity called the king of medicines, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases. Ahead of all competitors is Salsivation Oil. Sold everywhere. Price only 25 cents.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A CONDENSED REPORT OF THE NEWS FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Hon. Paul C. Cameron was insured for \$10,000.

Winston sold 1,600,000 pounds of plug tobacco in January.

Wilborn Mitchell, after whom Mitchell county is named, died in Atlanta recently aged 76.

Rev. Sam Jones will hold a meeting in Reidsville during the coming spring or summer.

It is stated that a company will be formed in Durham to bore for petroleum.—Durham Globe.

A Durham young lady has been presented with a gold watch for five years' punctual attendance at Sunday school.

At Taylor's tract 1,200 acres of land brought \$10,000, the largest auction sale of land in the history of the county.

Mr. J. Van Lindley, of Greensboro, will plant an extensive peach orchard—50,000 trees—near South-ern Pines, Moore county.

Leaksville Gazette says the wheat crop is not so promising, and that owing to wet weather farming operations are behind.

The ladies' aid society of Charlotte, sends \$38.20 to the Soldiers' Home, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson contributing \$5 of the amount.

Mr. Bright Leonard, of High Point, was robbed of \$200 in Greensboro, one day last week while getting on a train during a big rush.

Monday of last week Mr. Arch McGowan was riding a horse to Greenville when the animal stumbled and threw him, breaking his neck and killing him instantly, says the Reflector.

Mr. L. A. Radcliff, a baggage master on the Carolina Central Railroad Friday morning fell between the cars while the train was going at full speed and was crushed almost out of recognition.

Geo. L. Wimbury, a county commissioner, raised 1,100 bushels of peanuts on ten acres and fattened thirty hogs, fourteen months old, from the ten acres. The hogs when dressed yielded 6,400 lbs of pork.—Tarboro Southerner.

It is reported that certificates of indebtedness to employes and other creditors to the amount of \$30,000 have been issued by the Three Cs railroad. They will be payable in two years and bear interest at the rate of 7 per cent.

Rev. Dr. Black is getting everything at the Orphan Asylum in admirable shape and is moving right along with the determination to make his administration a success. He is a man of broad views and is most admirably qualified for the duties of Superintendent.

During 1890 twelve collections were taken up in the Moravian church in Salem and amounted to \$1,301.29. This does not include the pastor's salary or church expenses generally, but were for home and foreign missions, benevolent purposes, etc.

There have been shipped from Conover, Edgecombe county, since January 1st, 1,400 dozen eggs. This reminds the Tarboro Southerner that Judge "Greasy Sam" Watts once said that every hen within twenty miles of Nashville began thirty days before court and laid two eggs, each, every day till court.

Mr. Jessie Ford, although rejoicing in seventy-eight years, is still full of life and active as a young man. He challenged recently our handsome lawyer James L. Webb for an athletic trial in the gymnasium. Mr. Ford easily won and "skinned the cat" on the horizontal pole, but the young lawyer's legs were too long and he failed.—Shelby Annona.

The first nickel ever shipped from North Carolina was sent from Murphy on last Monday by Col. Henry E. Colton. It will be sent to metallurgical works in New York city to test its richness by actual smelting process. At the same time was also shipped by Prof. Colton a large quantity of chrome ore which will be sent to Birmingham to be worked into bicarbonate of potash and other chemicals and also tested in working chrome steel.—Murphy Bulletin.

Marble correspondence Marion Free Lance, a Yankee peddler from Massachusetts made a fine speculation out of the race (Oberon) in this way: He brought a wagon load of trinkets and bartered them to the female Indians in exchange for their wealth of long black hair. The Squaws suffered the peddler to cut their hair off close, and the same was sent to Boston and when it is made into wigs, curls and bangs, says the Yankee peddler grows the next day female Indians are proud of their trinkets.

Popularity called the king of medicines, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases. Ahead of all competitors is Salsivation Oil. Sold everywhere. Price only 25 cents.



This stroke of enterprise is a very considerable tax upon our resources but we will have our reward in the appreciation of our readers.—Statesville Landmark.

If it had been anybody else, we could have stood it better. We have always had explicit confidence in his honesty, and it is a shock from which we fear we may never recover, to find him trying to practice such an awful fraud upon his innocent readers, as did Dr. Caldwell, of the Landmark, last week. The very idea of him, our ideal of honesty, attempting to palm off the photo of the shoe man Douglas for that of the Hon. David Hill, is too awfully awful for anything. In the language of Lee in his farewell address at Appomattox, "My heart is too full, I can say no more."—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

PERSONAL LIBERTY VS. PERSONAL PROPERTY.

We are all free American citizens enjoying our personal liberty, but most of us are in physical slavery, suffering from scrofula, salt rheum or some other form of impure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which dissolves the bonds of disease, gives health and perfect physical liberty.