

The Wilson Advance.

CLAUDIUS F. WILSON, EDITOR & PROP'R.

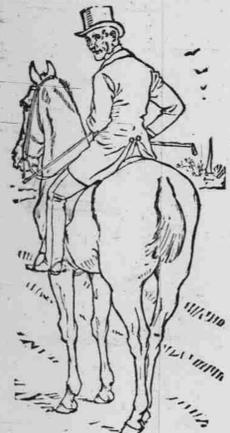
"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXI.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE TOUCHES UPON VARIOUS TOPICS OF GOSSIP.

Why the Mothers of Mount Vernon Rejoice—Everybody Feels That Home is the Center.

Letter from Mt. Vernon says: "A kind providence has blessed us with the most delightful climate, the prettiest women and the sweetest babies in the world." I have no doubt of it, and I am glad of it. A kind providence has done exactly the same thing for us, although we live 200 miles North of Mt. Vernon. Last week a friend wrote to me from Dayton, up in Tennessee, and said: "Our little city is the gem of the mountains, and we have a prosperous, happy people." I heard an intelligent, truthful citizen of Murfreesboro declare that "Our Heavenly Father never created a lovelier country than that of which our beautiful city is the center." The good people of Spring City wouldn't exchange with anybody, and everywhere I go it looks like providence has bestowed his blessings with a lavish hand. Nashville is proud, Chattanooga is jubilant, and Atlanta is the hub of the Southern universe. It is a beneficent trait in our nature to be content and even proud of our home place—our surroundings. "Be it ever so homely, there's no place like home."

The focus of our affections is the family, the friends. From there they radiate and expand to our town and our country, and then to our State and our section, and last to our country. When the Italian business was not heard an old Confederate talking about that law that prohibited our veterans from ever holding any office in the army or navy, and he said he would go to New Orleans, if necessary, and tender his services to Boston navy foot until they repealed that law and begged his pardon for passing it. "Why," said he, "they would put their officers over us just like they did over the niggers during the war."

We even love our own troubles and misfortunes. "It is none of your funeral" has more truth than romance in it. The other day as I journeyed to Chattanooga I found a vacant seat in front of a pretty school girl, who was going home, and I was not long seated before she handed me a paper that gave an account of the great fire. I thanked her, and as I perused the fiery column she leaned forward and pointed with evident satisfaction to a paragraph, and said: "That was my father's property, but it was insured. Chattanooga can have awful big fires, don't you think so?" The sweet girl was proud of her fire.

But Tennesseans have a right to boast, and I hope they are grateful in proportion to their blessings. I have never seen such wheat as there is around Murfreesboro this season. One farmer told me he had 400 acres. "How much will you make to the acre?" "I don't know." "Of course no one can tell the result of a wheat crop until it is harvested and threshed and measured, but I have a reasonable expectation of twenty-five bushels to the acre." "Just think of it. Ten thousand bushels of wheat from one farm, and the outlook is that it will bring \$1 a bushel. The farmers are getting on top again. Corn is worth \$1 a bushel right here in Cartersville. The farmers who have it to sell are happy, but those who have it to buy are miserable. When will the millennium come, so that everybody can be happy? When will the good time come that everything a man has to do will be high and everything he has to buy will be cheap? Everything is going up except sugar. I bought a whole barrel at 6 cents a pound and now it is down to 5 cents, and Mrs. Arp thinks I had better buy another barrel so as to reduce the average. Not long ago she bought a roll of matting for \$8 because it was so cheap and it went down to \$5 in a week and hurt her feelings so bad I had to buy another roll to comfort her.

On the whole, I think the Tennessee farmers are doing pretty well. I saw great stacks of country meat in the stores at Murfreesboro. I saw cattle and sheep grazing upon the beautiful clover fields. I saw the people who owned the farms and they didn't look like they were taking a mortgage or were in debt for advances. It is not hard to tell a man who is in debt more than he can pay. Debt gives a man a subdued, careworn look. He looks henpecked, and I reckon he is. He doesn't sleep well and his food don't digest. I don't believe those Tennesseans are in debt to any serious extent, for I never heard one of them mention the subject. They have some surplus change, I know; for while we were waiting at a station for another train that was to meet and pass us, a tall, slim old man stood up about midway of the car and said, "Good people, I ask pardon for what I am going to say." His hand grasped the arm of the seat and his voice trembled as he spoke. "I am old and I am blind as you see; but I am not a beggar. These eyes were put out at the battle of Shrapburg by the explosion of a gun. I belonged to an artillery company and was honorably discharged. Here are my papers which any gentleman can examine." And he unfolded and held out a soiled and sacred document. "All these long years," said he, "I have not troubled anybody but my kindred. My father and my mother cared for me and little children led me about. But my parents are dead

TOO TEMPTING.

THE WAY TO APPROACH A MAN IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH.

The Promise of Fat Possum, Sweet Potatoes, "Licker" With a Head on it and a Bear Fight More Convincing Than a Winchester Rifle, in This Case, and the "Short" Caged His Man.

Bill Kinay, of Dry Fork, killed a prominent man of the community, and the authorities, after some little meditation, decided that he ought to be arrested. But Bill objected, and when three deputy sheriffs called on him he laid a Winchester rifle across one corner of his homestead, killed one of the deputies and so painfully wounded the other two that they strolled back to the Shady Grove Court House. Several days later, while Bill was sitting in front of his door, Mark Townsend, the Sheriff in chief, walked up to the fence and lazily placed his arms on the top rail. Bill reached back and took up his rifle.

"Good mornin', Bill." "Hi, Mark." "Had a good bit of frost last night." "Yes, ruther. Which way you travelin', Mark?" "Oh, no way in particular. 'Lowed you mout be lonesome, an' I thought I'd drop over and talk with you awhile. Don't make no difference how lively a feller, he is apt to get lonesome once in a while, specially this time of the year."

"I reckon that's true," Bill replied. "Some fellers come out here the other day, and one of them got so lonesome that he just natchally had to lay down." "So, I hear," said the Sheriff. "By the way," he headed, "them fellers that you speak about wanted you to go to Shady Grove with them, didn't they?" "Yes, they lowed that a jedger down thar wanted to make my acquaintance."

"You don't say so," exclaimed the Sheriff. "Why the jedger is a mighty big man, an' I'd think you'd like to meet him, Bill." "I would, but you see I ain't in society this year." "Sorter retired, air you?" "Yes, I thought I was agettin' a leetle too old for the bright foolishness an' yaller trimmings of this here life."

"Yes, that mout be," the Sheriff replied. "A feller does withdraw mightily as he gets along in age; but say, the jedger is a friend of mine an' I want you to meet him." "No, I'm obliged to you. I never hankered after these here fellers that pride themselves on their book larnin'."

"I don't exactly crave them," the Sheriff rejoined, "wallowin'" his tobacco about in his mouth, "but still I think we ought to meet them once in awhile. But say, Bill, there's a man down at Shady Grove that I do want you to meet."

"Who is he?" "Sam Powers." "He's the jailer, ain't he?" "Yes an' the best one you ever seen." "So they say," Bill replied, fondling his rifle. "In fact them fellers that was here the other day wanted me to meet him."

"So I learn," said the Sheriff, "but I lowed that mebby they didn't extend the invitation in a soft and gentle enough way."

WOMAN AND HOME.

ITEMS INTERESTING TO OUR LADY READERS.

Fanciful Facts, Crisp Condensations and Short Sayings Concerning Home and the Women Folks.

Teach the "girl" to take off the lids and close the draughts of the stove as soon as she is through cooking so as to save carrying in so much coal or wood. This will appeal to her more directly than the thought of saving the fuel, perhaps.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's full name is Emma Dorothy Eliza Nequette Southworth, and she explains it by saying that her parents were so poor that they could give her nothing else, so they bestowed upon her all those valuable names.

To clean a gold chain that is dirty and dull from long use put it in a bottle with warm water, grated castile soap and pulverized chalk; shake well and rinse in cold water. Rub dry on a clean cloth and polish with a chamouis skin.

About once a fortnight put a teaspoonful of soda in your coffee and tea pots, add a little water and let boil until sweet and clean. Wash and rinse.

Here is a remedy recommended for obesity, which is said to be deplorably prevalent among New York women. An hour before each meal, which should consist of meats, either boiled or roasted, fish, game, poultry, with a sparing amount of eggs and cheese, toasted bread and biscuits, drink a pint of boiling water gently in sips, and drink nothing with the meals. Avoid going to sleep in the daytime, and take as much outdoor exercise as compatible with your strength.

For a sore or raw throat without much inflammation an excellent, soothing, emollient application is vaseline. A mass the size of a hazel nut should be taken into the mouth, and as it melts, which it does almost instantly, it should be allowed to trickle slowly back and down the throat.

For a remedy for freckles. Halkins states that in carbolic acid we have a certain cure for freckles. The skin, first washed and dried, is stretched with two fingers of the left hand, and each freckle is carefully touched with a drop of pure carbolic acid, which is allowed to dry on the skin. Under its action the part becomes white and burns for a few minutes. In from eight to ten days the carterized scale falls off and the spot, at first a rose red, soon assumes its natural color.—Herald of Health.

COLD WATER FOR SPASMODIC CROUP.—Dr. J. T. Jells, of Hot Springs, Ark., saw concerning the efficacy of cold water compresses in affections of the respiratory tract: "The cold water compress in spasmodic croup is one of my earliest recollections, my brothers and myself having been sufferers from this distressing disease, and I many times witnessed and felt the speedy relief afforded by cold water. In a practice of fifteen years I have never given a dose of medicine of any sort for the relief of spasmodic croup, and claim that there is no necessity for giving alum, turpentine, mineral, acetate or indeed any remedy whatever."

THE REGULAR Liver Pills.

Are the most satisfactory pills for general use. They are mild in their action, and do not interfere with the habits. Do not conflict with anything you may eat not in itself hurtful. TRY THEM.

FOR SALE IN WILSON BY DR. W. S. ANDERSON & CO.

TOISSNOT: DR. E. G. MOORE, W. D. CARTER.

TAYLORS: JAMES W. BARNES, BARNES STORE, C. W. KNIGHT.

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JOHN R. BEST'S BARBER SHOP, TARBORO ST., WILSON, N. C.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Hair cut in the latest style.

DR. E. K. WRIGHT, Surgeon Dentist, Wilson, N. C.

Having permanently located in Wilson, I offer my professional services to the public. Office in Central Hotel Building.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. THE Overbaugh House, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

A. B. McIVER, Proprietor. Rooms large and well ventilated. Centrally located and offers special inducements to commercial men. Table first-class. 4-16-11.

DR. R. W. JOYNER, DENTAL SURGEON.

WILSON, N. C.

I have become permanently identified with the people of Wilson; have lived here for the past ten years, and wish to return thanks to the generous people of the community for the liberal patronage they have given me. I spare no money to procure instruments that will conduce to the comfort of my patients. For a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on me I shall feel deeply grateful.

GASTON & RANSOM, THE WILSON BARBERS.

When you wish an easy shave, As good as ever barber gave, Just call on us at our saloon. At morning, eve or noon. We cut and dress the hair with grace. To suit the contour of the face. Our room is neat and towels clean. Scissors sharp and razors keen. And every thing, we think, you'll find To suit the face and please the mind. And that art and skill can do, If you'll just call we'll do for you.

Life is a leaf of paper white. Whereon each one of us may write. His word or two, and then comes night. Greatly begin though thou have time. But for a time, be that sublime—Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

A mother who starts out in the battle of life without a bottle of Shiner's Indian Vermifuge is like the warrior who marches upon the battle-field weaponless. Both meet with defeat because they are not prepared for the battle.

HOW TO WASH THE HAIR. For washing the hair, says the Ladies' Home Journal, a small piece of kitchen soap put in very hot water until a thick white suds is achieved, is best. Use this first suds to cut out the dust, and after that, wash the soapy water out of it thoroughly with clear water that should be very hot, holding your head over a basin pitcher. Dry the hair first with towels, and then do not braid it while it is damp, but have it either fanned until it is dry, or, if possible, stay in your room and let it hang loose until it is free from all moisture. Do not be induced under any circumstances to use a fine comb upon it; it is death and destruction to the hair and not good for the scalp. If there are obstinate spots of dandruff, rub in a little vaseline and brush that place well the next morning.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is on the flood tide of popularity, which position it has reached by its own intrinsic, undoubted merit.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

They Do Not In Wilson. Do electric lights keep trees from sleeping and growing?—New Bern Journal. The German Destroyer. In the field of discovery and invention, medicine has not kept pace with surgery. That perhaps, is natural; surgery is the mechanical branch of medicine. The general acceptance of the germ theory of disease, however, opens a new field for medicine, and will take it completely away from the medieval superstitions that still cling to its skirts. And yet medicine is not without its discoveries. It has long been known, and the fact is now recognized wherever the test has been made, that Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) will destroy the germs of malarial disease, the microbes of skin disease, and the bacilli of contagious and other forms of blood poisoning, ejects them from the blood, and purifies and builds up the system. No medical discovery of our day has achieved such remarkable success.

DID YOU EVER?

But of course you never before bought Kerr's Thread at such a price as this:

10 Cts. THREE SPOOLS THREE SPOOLS THREE SPOOLS

OUR STOCK OF CHILDREN'S Lace Caps is one of which we are justly proud. All say they are lovely, and, My! So CHEAP! Come and see them soon.

LADIES' RIBBED VESTS at 10 cts. The best ever sold in Wilson for the money. They are going by the box rapidly. You save money by coming to us for your Summer Underwear, try it and see.

WHITE GOODS. We carry, I suppose, much the largest stock in the town, and am sure it will repay you to see what we have. Our Embroidered Robes for \$1.90, sold, I am told, elsewhere for \$3.00, takes the cake.

Straw HATS Straw. Stiff. Soft. Stiff. Soft.

Now open—and the largest stock of SHOES we ever had. Cash Catches

The Bargains, THE CASH RACKET STORE, NASH ST., WILSON, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA Superior Court. WILSON COUNTY. THOMAS WESTRAY and W. M. WARREN vs. GREEN B. BRANTLEY. Notice of Summons and Warrant of Attachment. The defendant, Green B. Brantley, above named, will take notice that a summons in the above entitled action was issued against said defendant on the 6th day of December 1890, by the Clerk of said Superior Court, the action being for the non-payment of the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty-seven Dollars and Sixty Cents, amount paid by plaintiffs to T. J. Hadley upon one note executed to him by said Green B. Brantley, as principal, and Thomas Westray and W. M. Warren as sureties, which said summons is returnable to the Superior Court of Wilson county at June term 1891.

The defendant will also take notice that a warrant of attachment was issued by said Superior Court on the 6th day of December 1890, against the property of said defendant, which warrant is returnable to said Superior Court at time appointed for return of said summons, when and where the defendant is required to appear, and answer or demur to the complaint, or the relief demanded will be granted. This the 7th day of April, 1891. A. B. DEANS, C. S. C. F. A. & S. A. WOODARD, Att'ys for Plaintiffs. 4-9-91

MILLINERY. Our Buyer has returned from a trip through the Northern Markets and, as usual, has purchased a full and select line of Millinery Goods.

OF THE LATEST STYLES AND DESIGNS. Which are now arriving. We know that our trade demands the best that can be procured, yet we are confident we can please you. The services of Miss Marie O'Neal, an experienced Milliner, of Baltimore, have been secured in addition to our present corps of assistants.

You are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock. Mrs. O. E. Williams & Co., Cor. Nash and Tarboro Sts., WILSON, N. C.