VOLUME XXI.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., JUNE 4, 1891.

Goods and Prices,

We call your Especial Attention this week to a

New Lot of

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Ladies' Dresses.

Cash Catches

The Bargains.

-THE-

STORE,

NASH ST., WILSON, N. C.

Our Buyer has returned from a trip through the Northern Markets and, as usual, has purchasa 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 ser-vices of Miss Marie O'Neal, an experienced Milliner, of Baltimore, have been secured in addition to our pres-ent 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.

# A COOK STOVE

THAT MAKES No smoke, no smell, no soot, that re-

quires no wood and has no stove pipe to fall down and clean out? It is some thing every Housekeeper wants. CRYSTAL FLY TRAPS.

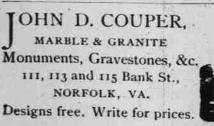
(all glass.)

A decided novelty, will last a life-time PARIS GREEN!

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER.

For Sale by WILSON, N. C.

JOHN D. COUPER. MARBLE & GRANITE Monuments, Gravestones, &c. 111, 113 and 115 Bank St., NORFOLK, VA.





TO THE LITTLE CHILDREN. Bill Arp Finds Candy Everywhere-Even

Sits Down Upon a Piece-Mrs. Arp Glories in Pleasing the Little Ones.

"What's all this rumpus about?" You do the Rest. I came home to dinner and found the house full and yard full of children-grandchildren and other children. "Oh, nothing much," said Mrs. Arp. "I promised them a little party and they have come over to

> "Well, but these door-knobs are all stuck up with candy." "Yes, they hurrying across Euharlee bridge and have messed up things just like children will. I will wipe off the doorknobs."

"Well, but here I've gone and set down on a lump of it in this chair." Mrs. Arp smiled and said: "Well, there's the washboard and a rag."

I meandered out in the piazza and found candy deep in everything. The chaps were on the backyard cooking dinner on a little brick furnace they had built. Some were toting water and some bringing wood, and they had potatoes and rice and eggs and butter and pepper and everything they could beg from the cook. The waterspout was running all over everything. I stopped that part of it and surrendered to the rest and retired to my accustomed the yankees were coming, and we seat at my desk.

with my pens and letter pads, and turned over my inkstand and messed three or four miles up, and we felt ures heroism by sacrifice and service, HATS up my papers?" HATS

"Oh, I don't reckon they have

as King Ahaseurus did to let my except a copper pot." choler down, and I found where they had been picking peas and broke the twine that held the vine up-I al- to borrow a skillet, and he came back ways stick my peas with twine and without it and said the old woman my choler down somewhere else. I looked all 'round for the children to until he got through. She said his give them a blessing, but they had feet had sores on 'em, and the dish become alarmed, for Mrs. Arp had told them to run and hide. "I'll wear them out" said I. "I'll wear them all out, big and little, old and young. I'm awful mad. I am' as mad as a mad bull. Broke down at a house, and the well was in the my pea vines!" and I mocked a bull front yard and it was locked with a and pawed the dirt. The chaps had chain and a padlock, and they run up the ladder and got on the wouldn't let us have a drop, and you shed roof of the house and as I pranced and bellowed around they smothered their laughter until I was out of sight and then they turned loose in full chorus. I found the buggy pulled out of the shed and the whip gone and the calf was tied up in the back lot with the saddle on, so I took my seat in the front piazza and put my feet on the railing and ruminated. My thoughts carried me away back to my childhood when I took delight in such things and the whole picture came before me like the turning of a kaleidoscope. What a pity that folks can't always be as happy as when they were children. About this time Mrs. Arp came out with a bundle of stuff and

some pinks and chrysanthemums

that must he planted out. "Are you

doing anything?" said she. "I am

ruminating," said I solemnly. "Well

you had better ruminate around for

them out-your back needs exer-I was picking peas the other morning, and as they were of the low kind I had to bend over smartly, and by and by when I tried to straighten up, I couldn't straighten. There was a hitch and a pain in my veins, the same old trouble I had one before when I worked in the water half a day damming up the branch to make a wash hole for the children-so I hurried from the garden to the various organs of the body. It is rehouse half bent and made my usual fuss for help and sympathy. I was is to the help to be derived from a down for two days, and took medicine and chicken soup, and they put sessing just those purifying, buildinga belladona plaster on my back as big as a letter pad, and it is there Hood's Sarsaparilla soon overcomes yet, and I'm not well by a long shot, that tired feeling, restores the appebut my folks seem to think I am. If tite, purifies the blood, and, in short, I get up and creep to town they put imparts vigorous health. Its thousme to work as soon as I get back. I used to have boys of all sorts and sizes to wait npon me and to do my bidding, but they have all grown up and left me but one, and he is at school, and when he isn't he is off somewhere at baseball or tennis, or picnicking around. I am the boy

now—the waiting boy. I was ruminating, but I found the hoe and dug around according to or-Mrs. Arp remarked as she was mak- Dr. King's New Discovery for Conabout once a week in the family, and edies that sell as well, or that have she always wants to make a little given such universal satisfaction. We The only thing that will kill potato present of some sort—a spoon or napkin ring or sleeve buttons, or Refrigerators, Coolers and the celescomething. I tell you what is a fact they grow up and get married and popularity purely on their merits. Geo. D. Green & Co. multiply and replenish, and the pos- A. W. Rowland Druggist. terity keeps on getting "more thick-er, more denser," as Cabe says, and the maternal ancestor is a large

but what she wants a big house and a bushel of money. My wife is always scratching around hunting up something for the children. She reminds me of an old hen wiih a brood of young chickens, always a clucking and scratching—and she says that I remind her of an old rooster who

every now and then finds a bug or a worm and makes a big fuss and calls up the little chicks, and just before they get there he gobbles it up him-

No she didn't mean a birthday. to-day we were running from the rockaway could carry us. "Just about this time," said she, "we were down to old Buckner's heavy trot, but you never slakened up a bit, and we fairely flew through old Van Wert, and took the mountain road until we got to Mr. Whitehead's,

about dark.' "Yes," said I, "and we stayed all night there, and they did the best they could for all the runnagees, but they didn't have room for the men folks and we slept outdoors under the wagon shed, and the fleas kept us so lively that we got up in the night and ran through the bushes to brush them off, just like cattle do when the flies are after them."

"And the next morning about day-"Who has been here projecting did seem to me that we never would these heroes to-day. For, judged pretty safe then and stopped awhile they are heroes. to rest, and then we scooted away to hurt anything. Rosa wanted to Dallas and rested there for dinner, show me how she was learning to and that night we camped out somekept up pretty well, but we found out

"Yes, I remember," said I, "and we sent Tip off to a little farm house feet in it, and we would have to wait water was powerful good for sores. Tip tried another place and got a skillet that wasn't so popular.'

"And next morning," said Mrs Arp, "we stopped to get some water for the baby. Oh, it was just awful.' "I believe," said I, "that we had about seven children then.'

"Yes," said she, with a sigh, "poor little half-starved things."

"Why, they enjoyed it," said I They thought it was a big frolic, aud that we were running a race with beat to Atlanta.'

remarked that she brought home run from the yankees."

the garden hoe, and I'll help you put I'm thankful that now your days are and sent him forth to do battle and to calm and serene." BILL ARP.

"I Am So Tired"

Is a common exclamation at this season. There is a certain bracing effect in cold air which is lost when the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth, her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing mainly to the impure condition of the blood, and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the markable how susceptible the system good medicine at this season. Posup qualities which the body craves, ands of friends as with one voice declare. "It Makes the Weak Strong."

say, John, Don't You Want Our Court House and Jail Moved Down Also?

Dr. N. B. Herring, of Wilson, will move to Rocky Mount.—Phoenix.

ing the coffee that today was another sumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, anniversary. I thought she meant a Bucklen's Arnican Salve and Electric birthday, for they seem to come Bitters, and have never handled remsomething. I tell you what is a fact refund the purchase price, if satisfacchildren in a family to start on and These remedies have won their great

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. hearted woman, these birthday Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt tion and subsequent generations of such sublime heroism. gifts and wedding presents will keep Rhuem, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapmen through the lives and deeds of Ah! those tears that fell that day count of their loathsome nature, and way he became entangled in the the old man's surplus down as effect- ped hands Chilblains, Corns, and all their heroes. 5-14-1y. numerous flock of lovely offspring For sale by A. W. Rowland.

# MEMORIAL DAY.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO THE HE-ROES WHO WORE THE GRAY.

The Address Delivered by Prof. J. Y. Joyner, Superintendent of Goldsboro Public Schools, at the Confederate Memorial Exercises in Willow Dale Cemetery, in Goldsboro, on Monday Afternoon, May 11th, 1891.

by Prof. Joyner on Memorial Day, should be filed carefully away. On She said that twenty-seven years ago May 10th of each succeeding year it should be resurrected and re-read. thoughts that breathe and words that burn. It is a flawless gem from the had a candy pulling, and, I expect, I trembled all over for fear it would hand of a master rhetorician and we break in two, for it vibrated up and should be proud to be able to enjoy trembling lips and tear-dimmed eye sides, to the rising generation, the it.—EDITOR.]

This is not a time for hate; it is

not a time for arraying brother arraying section against section; it is left in Southern hearts. It is a time and an occasion that appeals to the noblest feelings of the human heart. It is a time for sweet peace, and silent reflection and holy reverence, We are in the presence of the ashes of our dead—our dead because they were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh-our dead because they light," said she, "the news came that died for our homes—our dead because they died for us. Then let us started up that long mountain, and it bare our heads and do reverence to get to the top. It must have been by that high standard which meas-

heroic is self-abnegation, self-sacrifice ters prepared and gave it with their Lungs or Chest, such as Consump--a willingness to suffer and to die, prayers to wave over the South's tion, Inflamation of Lungs, Bronchi-the life and example of the model now. Fit emblem now of the men agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and I got up and walked in the garden we didn't have anything to cook in Hero of all the ages and of earth and o'er whom it floats, of the cause for heaven. Hear the plaintive wail of which it stands. Behold beneath its a God: "The foxes have holes, the folds the shattered wreck of a once birds of the air have nests, but the proud army. Old men, whose locks are son of Man hath not where to lay his silvered with the sands of time, whose head." What a sacrifice for others. forms are bent with the weight of so I came out of the garden to let told him the old man was washin' his Surely He was a hero then. He years, are there. Young men, mid- Dr. K. P. Battle, of the University was a hero when He stood in Pilate's dle-aged men, in the full strength of North Carolina, has obtained a judgment hall and wore the crown of and power of their manhood, are \$500 Morgan Fellowship at Harvard thorns and endured the jeers of men there, beardless youths, scarce en- University. The number of comfor the sake of others. He was a tered their teens, the pride and hope petitors was large. hero when he stood in the garden of of fond mothers whose hearts are Gethsemane on that last sad night wrung by the separation, are there. and out of the depths of a soul In their wan faces, in their wasted wrung with agony, cried: "Father, forms, in their hollow eyes, in their if it be possible, let this cup pass from half-clad bodies, I read, in part, the me; and then in the next breath, fearful story of their sacrifice and their never heal. Your Balm has cured when He remembered those for suffering while following that old flag whom he suffered, forgot his suffer- for four long years, through heat and gave the woman 10 cents for a cupful ing, and, with Christlike resignation, cold and fire and blood and death. exclaimed: "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done." But He to camp from man to man, with was never so grandly heroic as when lightning speed the whispered meshe hung upon the cross and died that sage flies: "Lee has surrendered."

the sons of men might live. cause are measures of true heroism, the story of American heroes will as- to peace to-day. "Stella was the baby then," said sign a place of high honor to the times I imagine the child is mine and breast to the same dangers and en-"May the fowl invaders live long, but whom God in His mercy spared, peace. Ah, it is a peaceful scene-

> face death. These were all alike heroic, and all alike deserve our honor and our gratitude to-day. Their lives and their examples are the richest heritage the South possesses-a heritage which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, which neither time nor tyranny can rob her of. The civilization of the old South may be forgotten-a new one is already taking its placedream of the past, a tale that is told,

precious heritage? fought and died in vain? True, vic- stand there weeping tory did not perch upon their banblossom in the dust." They have ment and shock of battle.

the coming ages. power that lives. It is deeds, noble that is left-life. civilization better, and life purer and for his country but the Southern sol- and makes the weak strong.

Bailey in his beautiful Festus has he cannot die. truly said: "We live in deeds, not

army at bay and saved the imperial came a glittering diamond to sparkle use never fails to give satisfaction. which wounds death soon resulted.

city, shall thrill through human in the crowns that christian patriots hearts so long as freedom hath an there shall wear. abiding place upon this earth.

and of patriotism in human hearts till with their fragrance.

time shall be no more. the Southern Confederacy is enrolled ing. among the nations that were, but are Let us scatter, while we may, the spend the day, and brought some invade as fast as our good horse and It will do us good, for in it are not. Yet, amid its ruins, like fade- flowers of loving deeds along their less stars, shall ever shine, upon the pathway of life. Silently, one by pathway of the nations, the deathless one, these grand men are passing deeds of its heroes.

> describe the closing scene of the story of Southern heroism. Why great tragedy at Appomatox, my wait till "God's finger has touched heart has burned within me, and I them and they sleep" before showing against brother; it is not a time for have thought, surely there is in all our love? history no picture of sublimer heronot a time for tearing open afresh the ism. I would that I could describe are cold and cannot feel before show-

than any words that have ever fallen both! Thank God for both! from human lips.

Would you know of what stuff the Southern soldier was made? Would you get some faint idea of what he endured for our Southland and for us, go with me to the field yonder at price. On this safe plan you can Appomatox.

floats in the breeze, but it is no longer bright and beautiful and stainless That which makes heroism truly as it was when the South's fair daugh-

The scene changes. From camp If suffering, self-abnegation and Peace after the turmoil and restlessself-sacrifice for others and for a holy ness of civil war! Peace! What a wealth of meaning and of happiness Joe Johnston, trying to see who would the future of Homer who shall sing in that one word Everything invites

The sun is filling all the earth with my wife, looking at her earnestly, Southern soldier who suffered and glory and with peace. In the or-"a little fretful, black-eyed baby, and died upon the battle field for his peo- chard hard-by the birds are singing now she is sitting here a mother with ple and his country; to that other their sweetest songs of peace. The a child of her own that is so much soldier who stood shoulder to old earth is arraying herself in her like what she was then that some- shoulder with him, and bared his brightest robes of peace. The spring zephyrs rustling softly through the I am getting ready to make a new dured the same hardships, and was new born grass and the branches of willing even to die the same death, the newly budding trees whisper when the devil gets them" said I. and to the Southern woman, noblest one of those quiet days in the beau-"They kept you trotting, and you of her type, who suffered silently at tiful spring time that lulls and bore it like a heroine; you have seen home, and, without a murmur, gird-soothes and speaks to human hearts a good deal of troublous life, and ed the sword about her heart's idol of that peace which passeth all understanding. Surely peace will be joyfully accepted by these sorely tried men.

What! Has the world ever w nessed such a scene? A wail of woe rises from that host of men! An army in tears! Strong men, unaccustomed to weep, weeping like bers. children. Weeping for what? In God's name has not the sacrifice been great enough? Devastated fields, ruined fortunes, blasted home, brokthe story of her chivalry and her en hearts -- all these and more you wealth and her power may become a have given for your country. Surrounded at this moment by an army but the example of these heroes will of four times your number, with all exert its influence upon future gener- the world to reinforce it, your cause ations, shaping their lives and claim- is hopeless. Accept then the peace ing their reverence, so long as men that is offered you and rejoice. extends—yet our loss is his eternal love freedom and admire devotion to Surely you have earned it if ever gain. men did. Wife and children and What nation can claim a more father and mother and other loved ones are waiting anxiously for your Then who shall say that these men return. Why, oh, why do you WILSON ADVANCE with request to

Leonidas and his brave three hunners and the star of that new nation | dred, to set Greece an example and which they established and for which to teach Persia a lesson, faced Xerthey died has been blotted forever | xe's millions at the Pass of Thermopfrom the firmanent of nations, but ylæ, and, without a quiver, met their "deeds still smell sweet and death. But it was amid the excite-

opened here in our Southland a foun- | On a hundred hard fought battle | icine is wonderful. It possesses just We desire to say to our sitizens, tain of patriotism, pure and undefiled, fields these Southern soldiers as those elements of healthgiving, bloodders. Last night at the supper table that for years we have been selling from which Southern youth shall draw bravely bared their breasts to the purifying and appetite-restoring which inspiration through all the cycles of missiles of death, and now they everybody seems to need at this seaweep because they are denied the son. Do not continue in a dull tired It is not wealth that lives; it is not privilege of giving to their country all unsatisfactory condition when you

dier weeps in peace because, for his,

Men of the new South, rejoice that -where there are ten or a dozen tory results do not follow their use. years; in thoughts, not breaths; in you have had such brothers. Wives Senator Call was re-elected U. S. feelings not in figures on a dial. We and mothers join in an anthem of Senator by the Legislature in joint He most lives who thinks the most, husbands and sons. Little children, feels the noblest, acts the best." Of thank your God for such sizes and feels the noblest, acts the best" Of thank your God for such sires and ent. The anti Call men absented Whittakers, met his death in a most nations as of men may this be said. ancestors. Angels in heaven, hush themselves from the joint session. The best Salve in the world for They influence subsequent civiliza- your songs in silent admiration of

were consecrated in the sight of God, the fact that they wreck the constitu- traces. The mule became frightened ually as the Republican party keeps Skin Eruptions, and positively cures The story of Rome's conquest and and angels must have caught them tion so completely unless the proper and ran away—dragging young Andragging the Line and the story of Rome's conquest and the ury. It is the easiest thing in the world. I never saw a mother with a refunded. Price 25 cents per box beaten against the ground; logs and logs an 

Scatter the flowers of love upon The bright star of Greece set cen- the graves of these dead heroes and turies ago, but the deeds of Greece's leave not one unadorned. True they heroes left a glorious halo about her may wither and die in a day, but name that has lighted many a na- tokens they are of the undying love tion since through the darkness of of a grateful people; emblems they tyranny. The glorious example of are of the lives and examples of those the heroes of Marthon and Thermop- who sleep beneath, that, like peren-[The following address, delivered ylæ shall feed the fires of freedom nial flowers, shall fill all the years

But while we honor the dead, let In the records of relentless time, us not forget to do justice to the liv-

to their reward, and ere long not one As I have heard old men with shall be left to tell by Southern fire-

Why wait until these brave hearts horrible wounds which civil war has that scene to-day with half their elo- ing our sympathy. Those who quent simplicity. For that scene sleep beneath the sod there have alone, could we but get a faint con- taught us how to die for country and ception of it, would speak more elo- for truth, but these, whose lives God quently of the character and the he- spared, have taught us how to live roism of the men who wore the grey for country and for truth. Honor

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase buy from our advertised Druggist a The Southern cross still proudly 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 Throat, can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free free at A. W. Rowland's To dodge the wood-ax or the kitchen

A North Carolinian Wins.

Mr. William James Battle, son of

"A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would me."-Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

I was so much trouble with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.-B. F. Liepsner, A. M. Pastor of the The war is o'er! Peace is at hand! Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia,

Resolution of Respect.

The second Quarterly Conference of LaGrange Circuit, Methodist Protestant Church, N. C. Dist., having been officially informed of the death of Capt. James P. Speight, a member of this body, a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions expressive of the deep sorrow of that

WHEREAS, it has pleased Alnighty God, our kind Heavenly Father, to remove from the sphere of life and from the church militant to join the church triumphant our beloyed Bro. James P. Speight who serenely fell asleep in Jesus at his home in Green county, N. C., April 4th, 1891, in the 77th year of his age,

herefore be it Resolved, that in the death of Bro. Speight the Methodist Protestant Church at Tabernacle has lost one of her most devoted and consistat mem-

That his wife has lost a husband who has ever been loyal and loving toward her and whose delight it was to make her happy and pleasant.

That Green county has lost a valuable and esteemed citizen who represented her and Lenoir in the State Senate.

That the loss of such a man can but be keenly felt as far as his influence That these resolutions be recorded

on the minutes of this Conference and

sent to the Methodist Protestant and W. L. HARRIS, ) E. A. WRIGHT, Com.

J. H. GARRIS, The Spring Medicine. The popularity which Hood's Sar-

saparilla has gained as a Spring medmay be so much benifited by Hood's deeds that live and make men nobler, The Spartan soldier died in battle Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood

Senator Call Re-elected.

TALLAHASSE, Fla., May 26 .-

ROSES OF JUNE. BY EMMA C. DOWD.

Red as the wine of forgotten ages, Yellow as gold of the sunbeams spun, Pink as the gowns of Aurora's pages,

White as a robe of a sinless one,

Roses, roses, I love you so!

Crowning the altar where vows are spoken, Cradling the form that is still and

Sweeter than Araby's winds that blow,

Symbol of joy, and love's last token, Telling the story that never grows Spirits of beauty, whom none debar, Know ye, I wonder, how fair ye are?

Glory of monarch, in palace royal, Queenliest charmers of all the place: looming for yeoman, tender and loyal, Bending to kiss his toil-stained face. Roses, roses, born but to bless. Yield me your secret of lovelines!

-Ladies' Home Journal.

A BACHELOR'S GROWL.

What is't you say to me, sir? What me marry! Become a Benedict, sir-me !-- and n future be obliged at night to carry Across an icy floor a squalling baby,

Or be roused up from sleep by son or

daughter, With, "Papa, please, I want a drink of Or, what is worse than that, some winter morning Be awakened from my sleep-O fate

most dire !-When frosted trees the windows are adorning-With, "John, get up at once and make the fire!

And learn-O, no, I don't think I'l To dodge a flat-iron or a rolling-pin! Get married! when I know that every woman Will have the last word, be she old

And be obliged, when a storm is com-To leave the house, or sit and hold my tongue? be obliged, whenever I provok

Let those who love such exercises marry; But I in single life still mean to tarry

No child will have a rosy complexon as long as worms exist in the intestines. Shriner's Indian Vermifuge will desroy the worms and restore the health of the child.

ARRIVED SAFELY. Rev. F. F. Eure Has a Pleasant Trip to Far-away Home.

(SPECIAL COR. THE ADVANCE,)

MARBLE HILL, Mo., May 21.-We reached our home safe I believe. It is a little over two days and nights ride. The prettiest scenes I ever saw were the Alleghany Mountains. Sometimes I was far above the land, and at other times was under it. I could at some points see other trains running over me, and again we would be running over towns, and trains under us. The beautiful flowers that nature had planted were a grand thing to look upon. I helped debate the beauty of nature and art one time, but did not know anything of the beauty of nature at that time. I went into Cincinnatti over the town, and in St. Louis under the town. Mr. Farmer fixed my ticket wrong and they put me on the Pacific Road instead of the Iron Mountain, and we had to come back and start again. There are only-three bar rooms in this county and several counties around have none. Bro. Kendell, our P. E., is from N. C., and is a very hard worker in the cause of Christ. We have rain a plenty here. Had a fine rain yesterday and hail to accompany it across the hills and valleys. Corn is worth 50 cents per bushel here. Wheat 60 to 90. Wheat crops are fine here this year; so are the other grain crops. They have nice stock, horses and cattle. Butter sells from 6 to 10 cents per pound. Milk 10 cents per gallon. We have a very nice house

here. It is grain. They all live Your Friend, F. F. EURE

the good people have prepared on

this work, in town, Marble Hill, the

county seat. Negroes are a curiosity

to the people out here. There were

some here a few days ago, and it was

in the paper it was such a curiosity.

We have no cotton and tobacco out

Tarboro News from the Advocate. The steamer Greenville came up here Monday. When it sunk sometime ago it was not due to disarrangement of machinery as was then

reported, but to overloading. W. S. Wilkinson, who was in town Saturday, told a reporter that Battleboro is to have increased educational facilities.a Male and Female Institute. Work will begin on the building this week and it will be completed about practiced here for the past ten years the Fall term. Stenography and music, with other branches will be taught; also telegraphy in the primary department. Mr. Wilkinson, who is a most competent instructor, will be the principal.

Wednesday, afternoon, Calvin Anhorrible manner. He had been plowing in the field and when he Blood diseases are terrible on actiook his mule from the plow, in some

-THE-

PATENT MEDICINES,

STATIONERY. STATIONERY; STATIONERY

PERFUMES AND EXTRACTS, PERFUMES AND EXTRACTS,

TOILET SOAPS, TOILET SOAPS, TOILET SOAPS,

SPONGES,

FANCY TOILET ARTICLES. FANCY TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY TOILET ARTICLES FANCY TOILET ARTICLES,

TOOTH BRUSHES, FOOTH BRUSHES, SPECTACLES.

SPECTACLES, LAMPS AND LAMP GOODS. LAMPS AND LAMP GOODS, LAMPS AND LAMP GOODS,

PURSES, PURSES, PURSES, POCKET BOOKS.

BILL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, BILL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, BILL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,

TRUSSES,

SURGICAL APPLIANCES SURGICAL APPLIANCES, SURGICAL APPLIANCES

TO BE FOUND IN WILSON-

THE DRUG STORE OF R.W.S.ANDERSON & CO. WINSTON HOUSE,

SELMA, N. C.

MRS. G. A. TUCK,

Office in Drug Store on Tarboro St. DR. ALBERT ANDERSON, Physician and Surgeon, WILSON, N. C.

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