

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.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., JULY 2, 1891.

NUMBER 24.



BEFORE YOU BUY A FAN visit us and look over the new stock just to hand.

White Goods we have just received another supply equally as desirable as the last lot.

Glass-Ware, Fan shaped Nappies only 4cts, 7-inch oval Dishes only 4cts, Gattling Gun Tooth-pick holders only 4cts, Childrens Glass Mugs 4cts, and other new goods in all the departments.

Cash Catches

The Bargains.

CASH RACKET STORE, NASH ST., WILSON, N. C.

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.

Do You Want A COOK STOVE ON WHEELS!

THAT MAKES To smoke, no smell, no soot, that requires no wood and has no stove pipe to fall down and clean out? It is something every Housekeeper wants.

CRYSTAL FLY TRAPS, (all glass), A decided novelty, will last a life-time.

PARIS GREEN! The only thing that will kill potato blight.

Refrigerators, Coolers and the celebrated WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER, For Sale by Geo. D. Green & Co. WILSON, N. C.

JOHN D. COUPER, MARBLE & GRANITE Monuments, Gravestones, &c., 111, 113 and 115 Bank St., NORFOLK, VA. Designs free. Write for prices.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE DESCRIBES HIS VISIT TO THE GREAT SLAUGHTER HOUSES OF ARMOUR'S.

Where Deviled Ham Comes From—Sight of Ten Thousand Hogs in one Body—How They are Taken to Their Death.

Sweet land of liberty, of these I sing. KANSAS CITY, MO., June 17.—I found Liberty and her people a great land and a great people. It is a blue grass region just like that of Kentucky, only the soil is fresher and deeper and the people as large or larger. Thirteen trustees of the college were in session and I was told they averaged six feet and one and one-half inches in height and were large heads and faces and features and wore patriarchal beards. They are all Baptist, strong in will and fixed in principle and purpose. They fear God and regard man and are lifted far above the common mania for money. There must be something in blue grass that produces large men and beautiful women and fine horses! I was told here in Kansas City that Clay county was noted for the extraordinary stature of her people and the sterling integrity of her citizens. Their old-fashioned hospitality is a by-word, for they keep open houses and give every gentleman a welcome. The William Jewell college is on a hill that overlooks the town on the east, and the female college faces it from another hill on the west, and here the good people of Liberty are preparing the girls and the boys for usefulness and matrimony. As a proof of the high tone and manhood of the young men it was stated in public that since the last commencement a year ago, not a boy had received a reprimand nor a certificate of disapproval among them—what a record! Compare this with Harvard, where a few days ago thirty-four students were fined \$65 each for serving whiskey in their rooms. Compare it with many of our Southern colleges, where a good part of the curriculum is a baseball excursion about once a month.

It was a great day at Liberty and I never was more honored and never felt so undeserving of it. I did not find Captain Tom McCarthy but I found his children and grand-children and his monument. These people are all of one mind concerning government and politics. They are all for liberty and independence and for the county of Clay and the State of Missouri and have a kindly feeling towards the national government when it is on good behavior. There is no poverty here, no tramps, and Dr. Allan told us that for forty years their farmers have not failed to make enough grain to do them and have some to spare. And yet, with all their prosperity, they are not proud nor conceited, but walk humbly before the Lord their God. It was this people that raised \$6,000 for our poor and sent half of it to Mississippi and \$3,000 to us without being asked or entreated, and without knowing a single person in all the region that Sherman left desolate. We kept \$1,500 for our country and the rest to our neighbors. Where else can you find such a people? May the good Lord continue to bless Liberty, her colleges and her people.

A VISIT TO ARMOUR'S. His name is Armour, and he is one of four brothers. He was very pleasant, and talked and joked like other people. He is tall and thin in flesh, and his dress was common—quite common. He looked like a temperate, hard-working man of forty-five with an income sufficient to meet his expenses, and a little over. He moved around quietly among half a hundred clerks and secretaries and type-writers and telegraph operators—all at their desks, but he still found time to talk to us and did not seem annoyed. He called up a bright lad of fourteen and told him to show us everything, and we followed where he led. One time there was a herd of swine that ran down into the sea and were choked with the waters. The devil and his kind-folks were after them. I reckon that was where deviled ham was invented. But these hogs of Armour's seemed quiet enough and serenely unconscious of their impending doom. How kind is Providence to the beasts and birds and fish that we sacrifice for food. No apprehension, no fear—a moment of pain, perhaps, and all is over. It won't compare with the death of a man or a child—not even with the toothache or the neuralgia. Here was a herd of swine that had been gathered from all parts of this great country, and they came in every day by the thousand, and the long train of stock cars emptied their live freight into the stock yards. Ten thousand come every day and in the winter twice as many. I wish that our Southern boys could see 10,000 big fat hogs at one time. Before the war, when the hog drovers of Tennessee used to drive down their hogs to Atlanta and Macon and Augusta, we thought 500 was a great sight and 1,000 was a show equal to a circus and it didn't happen often, but here are 10,000 every day right now. Smaller and smaller are the pens as they near the great enclosure whose machinery picks them up as dirty hairy swine and puts them out in canvassed hams and clear ribbed sides and sausage and some and pickled feet, and all of it done with the precision of clock work and as clean as the most careful farmer ever killed his meat in November. Sometimes we shot our hogs with a rifle and it

took a good marksman to drop them dead without a failure. Sometimes we knocked them in the head with an axe. Sometimes we did neither, for we wanted the head left sound and the brains unclotted and so they were thrown on the side and stuck to the heart and let alone. It is not a cruel death, for the hog has not a sensitive cuticle and that is all that hurts. The doctors tell us that inside cutting does not give pain. I have known a stuck hog to walk about and nose an ear of corn while his life blood was oozing out and he croaked gently to the ground and died without a struggle.

BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER. Our guide conducted us to a pen that was nearest the butcher. We climbed to a platform where we could look down without getting spattered, and there we saw a man down among the hogs clamping the iron handcuffs on one of their hind legs, and as fast as he did so the rope that was attached to the manacle was pulled up by machinery and the hog swung up six feet in the air before he knew anything about it. It took him so by surprise that he squealed a little and cowered about, but not long. The machinery soon carried him in reach of the butcher, who gently caught a fore foot with his left hand to steady him and with his right gave the fatal blow, and, as the stream of blood flowed out, the hog moved on to make room for the next one. And so they come and die and go every minute, yes, four to a minute, for that man's business is to kill 250 every hour for ten hours, and he does it. The blood does not run away fast, for the blood is thick than water, and where it gathers on the lower side it seemed to be six or eight inches deep and in one place was half way up to the tops of his boots. They say that the butcher carries his tobacco in his bosom where it will get decently spattered, and he cuts his quid with his bloody knife. Our lad of a guide told us that butchers were not allowed to set on juries over in England, but I reckon he is mistaken. They are not necessarily brutal men. This one did not have a repulsive face. Our good old cook who wrings a chicken's head off every day is very kind to our little folks and I reckon that these bloody butchers love their wives and are gentle and kind to their children. For 4,000 years the butchering business was a religious duty. It began with Cain and continued all along down the line. Abraham took a very prominent part in it and when Solomon's temple was dedicated there were 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep sacrificed and burned upon the altars.

INTO BOILING WATER. But what became of Mr. Armour's hogs? The machinery moved them slowly on to a vat of boiling water, and by this time they were dead and were gently let down into it and the footcuff unloosed and some rollers or drags underneath the water moved them slowly to the other end, and as the hog was lodged upon some strong iron fingers, they came up and lifted him upon a platform that rolled him down a slide right under a wheel with cogs and brushes all mixed up, and when he came out from under that he was white and clean all over except his ears and his feet. Then he was jerked up again and gammoned in the old-fashioned way, and his head cut nearly off, and then he began traveling again to another department, whose several men were engaged in the hairkari business, and could empty a hog in less than one minute and hurry him on to the next man. All along this line there were side shows of livers and hearts that were heaped in great hand barrows and carried away. The heads and feet were severed, too, and carried away, and the hog of commerce was left unincumbered. How the outside and the inside was cleaned and utilized it is not necessary to describe, but it is all saved, even to the hair and hoofs and blood, not a thing wasted or lost. But the main hog headless and footless is hurried away into a large cooling room—still suspended and dripping. The thermometer 57 in the front room. He remains there a few hours and then the rolling machinery moves him into another room where the thermometer is 37—nearly freezing. There his ribs are taken out and the leaf lard piled up in great stacks as high as the room. Our guide took some of the ribs and smote them together, and they cracked like boards. Some of them were piled up in another room, where the thermometer was only 17 degrees above zero. It was so cold that I shivered and was hurrying out, when the lad stopped us to show us great cans of frozen frogs and carcasses of frozen deer, and pheasants and prairie chickens, which come in and go out every day. These are for the plutocrats, of course.

HOW THEY ARE INSPECTED. Now, the boys who read this must imagine that these rooms are not rooms, but are large compartments 100 feet long and nearly as broad, and the hogs are hanging up in them so thick they nearly touch, and every day they go out and a new set comes in. The cars are at the doors, and some are filled with side meats, and some with canvassed hams, and some with other parts, and away they go to the east and the south and the west. Before the hams are canvassed a government inspector runs a long, stout needle in every one to the bone and draws it out with a flirt that takes

it to his nose and this he does all day long, and sometimes finds one that does not suit his sensitive olfactory, and it is quickly tumbled off the board. In another great room the lard is dried up into immense kettles and run into tanks that hold 5,000 gallons. At the bottom of these there are men turning the faucets and filling the cans—cans of all sizes from five gallons to one-half gallon, and from another tank the barrels are filled. Close by is the great tin shop where all these cans are made. In another great room the ice is made at the rate of 500 tons a day, and in another sausage are stuffed by the mile.

But this is not all of this business. I wish the boys could see the cattle department. One thousand two hundred large, fat cattle are slaughtered here every day, but not like the hogs are slaughtered. When the strong, narrow door of the gateway is opened the nearest beef rushes in and another right behind and another other until ten are in a line, and that fills it and the door is closed. The cattle are in the single file and sooner than I can write it the man with the long-handled hammer, who stands on a platform about the level with their heads, has with one stroke for each, felled them all to the floor in the quivering of death, and other men quickly cut their throats and put the irons on their heels, and the machinery gives a heave and they are jerked into the air and out of the way to make room for more. It is all lightning business, and these great carcasses begin the grand rounds and go through the skinning operation, and then are cut in halves with great cleavers, and they, too, find the cooling rooms in due time and are frozen hard. There are no poor cattle, no poor hogs or sheep. Everything is fat. From the fat of these cattle the oleomargarine or butterine is made, and it is just as beautiful as the finest butter I ever saw. Great cans of pure, rich milk are purchased from the farmers, and this butterine is churned in it in immense revolving churns that hold 100 gallons each. This is done to give the butterine the flavor of butter and we were told that none but an experienced expert could tell the difference. But it is all labeled "butterine," so as to comply with the law, and it takes the place of butter in all the boarding houses and one-horse hotels in this country, and is now giving general satisfaction.

OVERWHELMING INDEED. But this is enough. I want the boys to know that Mr. Armour employs over 2,000 hands in this factory, and there are six others here that average nearly as large as his, and altogether they kill 15,000 hogs and 6,000 beefs and 3,000 sheep a day, and nobody here seems to think it very wonderful. To me it was amazing, astounding, overwhelming. But after all it is only a consolidation. In the old times before the war every farmer killed for himself, and it took four or five hands and a whole day and a half the night to make pork of a dozen hogs. Then there were the heads and the feet to work over, and the lard to render, and the sausage to stuff. I reckon there were 2,000 hogs killed in our country during the winter.

One hundred counties would make 200,000 hogs for one State, and now there are forty-six States to be supplied in whole or in part, and it is done at three or four places, and is better done and costs less time and money. Now the western farmer sells his hogs and buys his pork, just as the southern farmer sells his cotton and buys his cloth. I saw two cattle men trading here yesterday—one said he didn't have many—only a little bunch—but Mr. Armour paid him a check for \$57,000, and he paid the other man \$120,000, and that is the way it is done here every day. Of course, he is making money, lots of money, but if he does it fairly and without cornering the market, it is alright. He has heavy competition here, and they may have a secret trust. We don't know, and will have to endure what we cannot help, but I think better of the Armour's than I used to.

BILL ARP.

Lemon Elixir. PLEASANT, ELEGANT, RELIABLE. For biliousness and constipation, take Lemon Elixir. For fevers, chills and malaria, take Lemon Elixir. For sleeplessness, nervousness and palpitation of the heart, take Lemon Elixir. For indigestion and foul stomach, take Lemon Elixir. For all sick and nervous headaches, take Lemon Elixir. Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir. Dr. Moseley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which arise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidneys or bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. H. Moseley, Atlanta, Ga. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle, at druggists.

Lemon Hot Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases. Pleasant, reliable. 25 cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Moseley, Atlanta, Ga.

Father—A list of your debts would make very interesting reading.

Son—Possibly. But a little heavy, I fancy.—Munsey's Weekly.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale of any medicine before the public. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement.

"Fingers were made before lorks," remarked Miss Elder at the table.

"Mine weren't," replied Miss Flipp spitefully.—Harper's Bazar.

AN ELOQUENT SPEECH.

IN A CASE INVOLVING THE MANUFACTURE OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in Summing up, Made the Following Brilliant Temperance Lecture.

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe, from the time it is issued from the poisonous worm in the distillery, until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of suicides, of insanity, of poverty, of the destruction of little children, of the deaths of mothers, of the men of genius it has wrecked, of the struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing, and when you think of the jails and almshouses, of the asylums, of the prison and the scaffold on either side, I do not wonder that the thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes the natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings premature age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all paupers. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, embraces consumption, and fills the land with misery and crime. It begets controversies, fosters quarrels and riots, it crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for the scaffold.

It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwaymen, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countsenance the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, hates love, scorns innocence and virtue. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, and the child to grind the patrician's axle. It burns up the men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, endangers the government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malice of a fiend, calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsparring with havoc, it wipes out national honor, then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin. It does more—murders the soul.

From Friend to Friend Goes the story of the excellence of Hood's Sarsaparilla and what has accomplished, and this is the strongest advertising which is done on behalf of this medicine. We endeavor to tell honestly what Hood's Sarsaparilla is and what it will do, but what it has done is far more important and far more potent. Its unequalled record of cures is sure to convince those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla that it is an excellent medicine.

First tramp—I never failed yet to make money out of anything I tackled.

Second tramp—You ought to be rich.

First tramp—But I ain't. You see I never tackled anything.—Texas Sittings.

A Cloud of Witnesses. We know of no medicine that has so many testimonials to its efficiency as S. S. S., the great blood purifier. Many of the best known people in the country testify to the marvellous results it has wrought in the various forms of diseases for which it is recommended. These testimonials come not alone from persons who have been relieved of their sufferings by S. S. S., but from people who have witnessed the effects of the medicine. Practicing physicians, druggists, pharmacists—in fact, all who have had an opportunity of observing the cures brought about by this great blood remedy—bear willing testimony to its efficacy. In its field, which is a wide one, covering some of the most serious ailments of humanity, S. S. S. has no rival.

Cora—John, you must be beside yourself this evening.

John (eagerly)—I would be beside myself, my darling my better half—were the ceremony performed.

Happy Husbands. Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only soc. at A. W. Rowland's drugstore."

THE OLD BLACK MAMMY.

"Mistis, I'll Persect 'em Wid my Life," the Old Woman Replied, Her Eyes Streaming With Tears.

We would rather it had happened to anybody else, but if you never had a "black mammy" of your own it would be useless to try to explain our feelings to you.

My earliest recollection was the scene of my mother's death-bed, when she begged "mammy" to take good care of the little children it grieved her so much to leave.

"Mistis, I'll persect 'em wid my life," the old woman had replied, her eyes streaming with tears.

Very faithful had mammy been to her trust, and we rewarded her with all the affection our little hearts could hold. She would not let us follow her into the cotton field when the sun was overhead, but when the heat of the day was gone we would hasten to her side and put many handfuls of cotton into her basket, hoping to make it heavier than any of the other "hands."

"All is mammy's shadders," she would say, smiling affectionally, "but den you's all de sunshine she's got, too."

One afternoon when the sun was setting we heard a fearful sound that grew louder and louder, and looking backward we saw a great cloud of dust and the inverted cone of the cyclone we had so long dreaded.

"Run, everybody, run fer yer life!" shouted the foreman, who towered like a giant above the rest. Make fer de gully in de Hunneycut field."

Almost as fast as the wind we ran, but mammy looked over her shoulder and saw that my little brother, Jonnie, was not keeping up with the rest of us.

"I gwine back an' tote my mistis' chile," she said. "Run erlong, honey, an' den you's all de sunshine she's got, derecely."

And I ran on and left her. In about an hour the wind had lulled and a pouring rain had set in. We crawled out of our place of refuge, and one of the negroes was lucky enough to have a lantern with him. I begged him to help me search for mammy. At last we found her lying on a rock.

"Are you hurt, mammy?" I asked between my sobs.

"Yes, honey, I'm hurted in my head, but my mistis' chile is safe."

And, sure enough, Johnnie was lying on her shoulder fast to sleep.

The men carried her tenderly, and laid her on the bed in her log cabin.

"Can't you do anything for her, doctor?" I asked.

"I wish I could!" was his earnest reply. He sat by her bedside all night trying to alleviate her pain, while I, on the other side, fanned her as well as I could for sobbing.

Just as the clouds were brightening in the east mammy stretched out her hands as if to greet some one.

"I'm er comin' ter yer, mistis, an' I took good keer er yer chillen, honey."

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THE Completest, The Neatest, STOCK OF PATENT MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES.

Dr. STATIONERY, STATIONERY, STATIONERY, STATIONERY, STATIONERY.

PERFUMES AND EXTRACTS, PERFUMES AND EXTRACTS, PERFUMES AND EXTRACTS, PERFUMES AND EXTRACTS.

TOILET SOAPS, TOILET SOAPS, TOILET SOAPS, TOILET SOAPS.

Anderson W. S. SPONGES, SPONGES, SPONGES, SPONGES.

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

TOOTH BRUSHES, TOOTH BRUSHES, TOOTH BRUSHES, TOOTH BRUSHES.

SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES.

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

PURSES, PURSES, PURSES, PURSES.

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