

Stute Libner

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., AUGUST 6, 1891.

NUMBER 229



BILL ARP'S LETTER.

COL. MARK HARDIN TELLS A STUNNING STORY TO BILL ARP.

He Has Crossed Mountains, Skirted Mountains, Looked Down Into Yawning Chasms and Destroyed Distances.

As iron sharpens iron, so a man's face sharpens the face of his friend. How it shortens the miles to travel with a companion who has something to talk about and knows how to talk it. I came with one yesterday from Atlanta. The day was hot and the dust and cinders disagreeable, but the minutes and the miles flew by and I was home before I knew it. The other day I found good company on the train, for it was Mark Hardin, the ancient and modern clerk of the house of representatives, and I soon got him on the trail of his late travels to the Pacific coast and the new State of Washington. A man who has not traveled some knows but little of what is going on in the world. He can't get it from reading history, and there are but few travelers who can tell what they have seen and make it interesting. But Mark can, and I could listen to him all day on a train. I had been traveling some myself, and was narrating as how I had been away out to Kansas City and saw them killing cattle and hogs, and how it seemed to me I had gotten almost to the jumping off place, and so forth, when Mark took off his coat and squared himself for business, and bit off his tobacco and said: "Well, yes; Kansas City does seem a good ways off, and I used to think it was, but not long ago I took a notion to peruse this Western hemisphere, and I started out from Atlanta with a friend and by the time we got to Kansas City we had traveled a thousand and felt like we must be about half way, and so we stopped over a day and blowed around and rested and then took a fresh start for the Pacific. Well, sir, they panned us up in a vestibule train, and took enough provisions aboard to feed an army, and they fastened on the kitchen and the cooks, and the dining room, and parlors and reading rooms, and a library and a saloon and everything else by a carriage and horses, and away we went over plains and valleys, and hills and mountains at thirty-five miles an hour for 1,740 miles, without stopping ten minutes anywhere, and didn't stop at all for 500 miles at a stretch."

"How about coal and water?" said I. "Blamed if I know," said Mark. "Might have stopped while we were asleep, but I never saw any. Don't need any more than half the way, now, for you just roll and slide down the mountains for half a day at a time. You climb and climb higher and higher until you can almost touch the moon and the seven stars, and you can see all creation down below you, and it makes a man feel like he was nobody, and had no kinfolks, and it didn't matter a cent whether he lived or died. A trip over the Rockies and the Sierras will give all the variety out of a man quicker than anything I know. There is nothing left him but to trust to his Maker. He feels more helpless than he does on the ocean, for to be drowned is nothing horrible, but for the train to break a wheel or jump the track on a narrow cliff a thousand feet high and the whole concern to go falling and cracking to the gulch below is just awful. And there are hundreds of such frightful precipices. Well, when we had got 1,740 miles West of Kansas City they let us out for thirty minutes and it was just glorious to get on the ground again and feel the solid earth under your feet, and to my opinion it is the best place—better than water, better than air, better than riding on a train. Our dust we were made and in its bosom we must sleep. But as I was telling you, we boarded the train again and put on a clean shirt and took a fresh start and rolled away for 1,440 miles more and got to the jumping off place sure enough, and like old Balboa, stood upon a rock and gazed in majestic silence upon the Pacific Ocean. If I were Byron or Shakespeare I could tell you about that, but I'm nobody much since I got back and never expect to be. The world is a heap bigger than I thought it was. Why, the fir trees all over Washington are 300 feet high, and you have to make two sprints to see to the top, and I saw a measured acre that had been sold off a saw mill and the timber cut off, and I counted twenty-seven stumps, and the smallest was eight and a half feet in diameter, and the mill cut up one of the trees into shingles while I was looking at them and that one tree turned out over 80,000 shingles and left a hundred feet of the top for laths and fire wood. And that's the truth if I ever told it, and one day some of us went out on the edge of the timber to shoot some deer and the whole face of the earth was covered with ferns—ferns as thick on the ground as the palmetto in Florida and it was from six to twelve feet high and we came across a big tree that had been blown down and the deer were said to be just on the other side and I tiptoed up by the side of the tree to put my gun on it and I pushed it as far as I could and then tried to climb up on the crevices in the bark, but they showed down the wrong way and my shoves had got slick and I couldn't make it and I couldn't reach my gun any more and had to come off and leave it. I went back next morning with a boy and put him on my shoulder

A BIBLICAL CURIOSITY.

It Has Puzzled Scholars for More Than Five Hundred Years.

For the past 500 or 600 years the following so-called "Genesis Fifty-one" has been a puzzle to Biblical scholars, and to-day were it read aloud in any mixed company it is questionable whether its fraudulent nature would be discovered, so beautifully is the spirit and language of the Old Testament imitated. Below we give this unique fraud in full:

1. And it came to pass after these things that Abraham sat in the door of his tent at about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow and go thy way.

4. But the man said: Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly, so he turned and they went into the tent; and Abraham broke unleavened bread and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him: Wherefore dost thou not worship the Most High God, creator of heaven and earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name, for I have made to myself a god which abideth always in my house and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's anger was kindled against that man for what he had said, and he arose and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called upon Abraham saying, Abraham, where is the stranger that came by the way of thy tent at the going down of the sun?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore I have driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I not borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding he has rebelled against me? Couldst thou not, thee thyself being a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said: Let not the anger of my Lord wax against his servant, lo! I have sinned, forgive me, I pray of thee.

13. And Abraham arose and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man until he had found him, and returned with him to the tent, and when he had entertained him kindly he sent him away on the morrow with many gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, for this thy sin against the stranger, thy seed shall be afflicted 400 years in a strange land.

15. But, for thy repentance, will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power and with gladness of heart.

"WHICH IS IT?"

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO KNEW HOW TO RUN A NEWSPAPER.

Perhaps this Tale has a Moral—Most Good Ones Have. It is at Least Interesting and Amusing, and was Written by Austin Grayville for the Chicago Journal.

When an Englishman fails in business he accepts a clerkship without a murmur. The idea never occurs to him that he can engage in any enterprise unless he has capital behind him. When an American fails, he accepts a clerkship only as a last expedient. The mere want of capital seldom deters him, however, from immediately having another turn to wit fortune.

Mr. Biggs was an American. I met him when he was teetotally stripped of everything save his consummate faith in his own ability. Mr. Biggs believed in himself thoroughly. He did it so thoroughly when I saw him that I got to believing in him too.

I believed in Mr. Biggs to exactly the extent of fifty dollars. Shortly after that I went to Europe. It was eight months before I returned. I thought I would go and see Biggs. There was no occasion to hunt him up. A dozen friends I had met on the street had told me of his wonderful success.

On the fifty dollars Mr. Biggs had succeeded in establishing on a firm footing a newspaper property that netted him four times that amount per week. He was the proprietor of "The Family Foot-stool."

Biggs told me how it was done. There is nothing like business. "How to invest your fifty dollars," said Biggs, "was a question which vexed my soul for at least forty-eight hours after you went to Europe. It was 'sticky' money. In the speculative world money that is earned by real hard, honest work is supposed to be endowed with superior qualities. It doesn't melt away like the other kind. With us it bears the same relation to Confederate during the war. I looked you up with the idea of striking you for a five, but made it fifty when I found you were flushed. There it is. Much obliged. You'll have to take it in guesses though."

Mr. Biggs thereupon handed me sundry rolls of silver, which contained quarters. He seemed to revel in that particular denomination of coin, and presently you shall know why. "After I left you," pursued Mr. Biggs, "I cast about for the best way to get a start. I determined to publish this paper, 'The Family Foot-stool.'"

"What, without capital?" "Not without capital, I had quite a deal of it. Cash isn't everything. Cheek and credit are. I had these rooms furnished, as magnificently as you now see them, for an immediate outlay of twenty dollars—the rest of the bill to be paid on instalments. The rest of the money I hung on to like grim death. It was expended quite judiciously in improving my personal appearance by the addition of a new spring overcoat and a silk hat. A silk hat properly worn, can be made an incalculable source of credit."

"I sat down and drew up the following advertisement:—"Which is It? 'As White as a Sheet,' or 'As White as Snow?' Two thousand dollars will be given in cash as follows: To the person who first answers this question correctly \$1000; to the second \$750; to the third \$250. Each guess must be accompanied by twenty-five cents which will entitle the sender to six months' subscription to 'The Family Foot-stool,' the brightest, newest periodical in America."

"I took my advertisement to an advertising agent, a total stranger to me, but a man who knew about business. He inserted this advertisement in 200 newspapers, and I went to the office to wait.

"My thirty dollars had dwindled to almost nothing; the girls had been compelled to hire to address wraps for my new paper, not having received their pay, were growing more and more insolent, when one evening I got a letter from the advertising agent:

"Your ad. was out in Babbit's list yesterday. 'Look out for squalls.' 'Next morning there were signs of life in the office of 'The Family Foot-stool.' A message had arrived from the post-office.

"Very large mail here for you. Please send and get some."

"I sent Tom, the office boy. He returned empty-handed. I had been expecting great things. My face fell.

"Where are the letters?" "They want us to take 'em all at once," says Tom. "I guess I will have to get a wagon."

"It didn't quite come to that; but there were 12,000 letters, and each one of them contained a quarter and the words: 'As White as a Sheet,' or 'As White as Snow.' That gave me a paid circulation to start with of 12,000."

AN EGG FROM A MARENEST.

And a Chase After the Lively Little Cooit Hatch'd From It.

Seeing the Republic's version of the origin of the expression, "To find a mare's nest," I am induced to send the following version of the story, as related by an Irishman in my father's family more than forty years ago, and I think you will admit that its picturesque terseness will more than compensate for its elegance:

"Wan toime," said Paddy, "there was a broth of a boy whin he fur-travelled by a field where was a pile of punkins.

"An' what may thim round yellow things be?" axes the bog throtter a throop the fence.

"Thin," says the farmer, winkin at the hired hand. "Thims mare's eggs."

"Now the boy had long want'd a horse, an' here was the chance of a lifetime; so a shillin' an' a punkin' soon changed hands, an' thrimblin' wid'erness he carried his prize to a convenient hillside to hatch him a colt—Dont you see?"

"Aft'er sittin' tree days and tree nights, poor lad, he fell asleep an' tumbled off the punkin which losin' its moorings, roulded down the hill; bein' some what tinder it split wide open against a clump of bushes, just as a frightened rabbit sprang out av the clump an' scuttled off and away."

"Blood an' 'ouns! but the boy spiles the rabbit a rumin, from where the split punkin' lay. So he galloped aft'er the baste—loike this, an' a tossin' his arr; n—loike this, an' a scrachin' like mad—" "St'op! your hoss! St'op! your hoss! Well he! he! he! I'm your mammy!"

Hence when any one had some foolish, impracticable scheme on hand, my Celtic relatives always taunted him with having a "mare's nest."—Ex.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered, you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters Bolls and gives a good complexion. Sold at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store, Large size 50c, small 25c, per bottle.

THIS COON WAS A CAT.

The Boys Had Had Luck, and so Did the Cat.

By one of those coincidences which sometimes occur, a number of the attaches of the Federal building were gathered into the United States Marshal's office exchanging reminiscences says New Orleans New Delta. "I'll never forget the time I went coon hunting in the woods with a party of others young fellows," said Ed McDevitt, of the clerk's office, who had just happened to drift into the room. "I expected to have a load of fun, as the other boys had told me what a pic-nic coon hunting always was. Well, we started out about dark with a fine coon dog and several guns. At about the same time it began to rain. The whole blessed night we tramped through the dark woods in the pouring rain, scratching ourselves all to pieces on briars and wading toward swamps. I remember that along toward morning my gun weighed at the least calculation 376 pounds."

"At 3 o'clock in the morning our dog treed a coon. It was very dark, but we could faintly see the animal moving about up among the limbs of the trees. Then we rested ourselves by chopping the tree down. It was about two feet thick, and it was 4 o'clock when the tree fell. The coon jumped out of the tree and started to run, but one of the boys shot. We all ran up to get a look at it. It was somebody's old cat. We then went home.

"The dog was so disgusted that he would never hunt coons again, and the next day the man who owned the land where we caught the coon came over and threatened to sue us if we didn't pay for the tree and the cat. I tell you what, fellows, there's a heap of fun in coon hunting."

AN ODD COINCIDENCE.

The true story is told of a Lewiston man who several years ago was divorced in the West, came East, and married a woman who was also a divorcee, says the Lewiston Journal.

Divorced Couples Meet While on Their New Wedding Tour.

The true story is told of a Lewiston man who several years ago was divorced in the West, came East, and married a woman who was also a divorcee, says the Lewiston Journal.

They traveled South, and there as they sat on a hotel veranda the Lewiston man bowed coldly to a lady who passed them hanging on the arm of a gentleman. Curiously enough his wife also bowed to the couple.

Said she, "To whom did you bow?" "To the lady," said the Lewiston man with a flush. "She was once my wife. To whom did you bow?" "No," said she. "I bowed to the gentleman. I had the misfortune once to know him intimately. He was my husband."

And this was their wedding journey.

Truth gives wings to strength.

Truth gives wings to strength.

Truth gives wings to strength.

Truth gives wings to strength.

BEFORE YOU BUY A FAN

visit us and look over the new stock just to hand.

White Goods

Glass-Ware

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

Cash Catches

The Bargains.

THE CASH RACKET STORE,

NASH ST., WILSON, N. C.

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

OCRACOKE BEST SUMMER RESORT ON THE COAST.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, PLEASURE! Elegant Steamer makes three trips a week from Washington, and close connection with trains at Greenville Saturday.

SPENCER BROS., Prop'rs, Ocracoke Hotel, WASHINGTON, N. C. Also Hotel Nicholson, Washington. First Trip Saturday Night, June 20th, '91.

SCHEDULE—The Steamer Myers, of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, will leave Greenville, Washington and Washington at 5 a. m. and on Saturdays at 7 p. m., or on arrival of Atlantic Coast Line train, making close connection at Washington with Steamer Alpha for Ocracoke as follows: Leave Washington at 9 a. m., on Tuesdays, arrive Ocracoke at 5 p. m. same day. Leave Ocracoke at 10 a. m. on Wednesdays, arrive Washington at 5 p. m. same day. Leave Washington at 9 a. m. on Thursdays, arrive Ocracoke at 5 p. m. same day. Leave Ocracoke at 10 a. m. on Saturdays, arrive Washington at 5 a. m. Mondays. Making close connection with Steamer Myers for Greenville and landings on Tar River.

NOTICE. Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of John Baker deceased, before the Probate Judge of Wilson county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and to all persons having claims against the deceased to present them for payment on or before the 20th day of June 1891 or this notice will be placed in bar of recovery. B. W. BARNES, Adm. F. A. & S. A. WOODARD, Atty's.

WILSON Collegiate Institute,

FOR YOUNG LADIES, WILSON, N. C.

FALL SESSION OPENS Sept. 27th, 1891.

A thorough primary and preparatory course of study, with a FULL COLLEGIATE COURSE, equal to that of any Female College in the South. Standard of Scholarship admitted to be unusually high.

FACILITIES FOR STUDYING MUSIC AND ART UNSURPASSED.

Department of Telegraphy Typewriting, and Short-hand.

Beautiful and Healthful Location. Moderate Charges. Steady Increase of Patronage. For Catalogue and full particulars apply to:

SILAS E. WARREN, PRINCIPAL, Wilson, N. C. 6-25-91.

Do You Want A COOK STOVE ON WHEELS!

THAT MAKES NO smoke, no smell, no soot, that requires no wood and has no stove pipe to fall through the roof; does something every Housekeeper wants. CRYSTAL FLY TRAPS, (all glass.) A decided novelty, will last a lifetime. PARIS GREEN! The only thing that will kill potato bugs. Refrigerators, Coolers and the celebrated WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER. For Sale by Geo. D. Green & Co. WILSON, N. C.

ROANOKE COLLEGE,

SALEM, VA., 30th YEAR. Healthful Mountain Climate. Choice of Courses for Degree; Commercial Department; Library 17,000 volumes, working Laboratory; good morals; five churches. Expenses for 9 months \$54 to \$60 (board, fees, &c.). Increasing patronage from many States, Indian Territory, Mexico and Japan. North Carolina is well represented. Next session begins September 16th. Illustrated Catalogue and Illustrated book about Salem free. Address, JULIUS D. DREHER, President. 7-16-91.

NOTICE.

I, Having qualified as Executrix of the last will and testament of A. J. Fynes, deceased, before the Probate Judge of Wilson county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and to all persons having claims against the deceased to present them for payment on or before the 15th day of July 1891 or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. PENELOPE TYNBS, Executrix, F. A. & S. A. WOODARD, Atty's. 7-16-91.

WINSTON HOUSE,

SELMA, N. C. MRS. G. A. TUCK, PROPRIETRESS.

DR. W. S. ANDERSON,

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

DR. ALBERT ANDERSON,

Physician and Surgeon, WILSON, N. C. Office next door to the First National Bank.

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.

Overhaugh House,

FAVETTEVILLE, N. C. A. B. McIVER, Proprietor. Rooms large and well ventilated. Centrally located and offers special inducements to commercial men. Table first-class. 4-16-91.

DR. R. W. JOYNER,

DENTAL SURGEON, WILSON, N. C. I have become permanently identified with the people of Wilson; have practiced 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 which 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, even 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 all that art and skill we can do, if you'll just call we'll do for you.