

# 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.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR

Are daily being bought. But don't get in a habit of it, it don't pay! How can it?

What will pay, and pay well, this Shop all you can at the CASH RACKET STORE. Our large run of customers will tell you that such has been their experience.

We want you on that list of customers. Would you mind calling and seeing for yourself some of our great values. It would give us pleasure to show you through.

One of our specialties for this week will be FOSTERS SEVEN HOOK KID GLOVES worth \$1.25, our price 96cts, all the popular shades and every fair fully warranted. If you want them, come before they are all gone.

We also offer you Silk, Jersey and Berlin Gloves in all shade and qualities. We carry a beautiful assortment of Dress Trimmings in Gimp, Velvet Ribbon and Velvet by the yard in all shades. These goods are big bargains bought at auction. To our young gentlemen friends we extend a cordial invitation to examine our NEW NECK WEAR just in, none prettier anywhere. Only three prices 19c, 25c, 28c, but amongst the latter may be found goods worth 50c and 75c. Select stock of Laundered and Unlauded Shirts, Collars and Cuffs. Merino and all wove under-wear, &c., &c.

### DRESS GOODS.

You should examine our six-four all wove Dress Flannels at 60c. would be very cheap at 75c. To a considerable extent we are in the SHOE BUSINESS also. Have you ever tried our values in this Line? If not, do so and our word for it you will be pleased.

We opened up last week, HATS for the million. The ladies of Wilson are pretty well acquainted with the fact that we are the CORSET LEADERS here, carry the largest stock and sell at a much lower figure. Our C. B. is the best made and can be returned if not entirely satisfactory.

Come in, look around and get first pick at the bargains. CASH CATCHES THE BARGAINS.

Respectfully,

J. M. LEATH, Manager.  
The Cash Racket Store,  
Nash and Goldsboro Sts.

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



5-14-19.

THE WASHINGTON LIFE

Insurance Co.,  
OF NEW YORK.

ASSETS, - \$10,500,000.  
The Policies written by the Washington are described in these general terms:

(Non Feritable.)

Unrestricted as to residence and travel after two years.

Incontestable after two years.

Secured by an Invested Reserve.

Solidly backed by bonds and mortgaged interests in real estate.

Not subject to railroads, etc.

Not affected by the Stock market.

Better paying investments than U. S. Bonds.

Less expensive than assessment certificates.

More liberal than the law requires.

Defined Contracts.

T. L. ALFRIEND, Manager,  
Richmond, Va.

SAM'L L. ADAMS,  
Special Agent,  
Room 6, Wright Building,  
Durham, N. C.

NOTICE!

Under and by virtue of a decree from the Superior Court of Wilson County, rendered at the June Term 1889 in the case of A. G. Ruffin et al vs. Silas Bass, et al we will sell for cash to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Wilson on Monday, Oct. 5 1891 that tract or parcel of land lying and situated in Wilson County, Black Creek Township, adjoining the lands of Wm. Tomlinson, R. J. Ruffin, the G. W. Barefoot land and others, it being the land sold to Rufus Bass by Silas Lucas, Jr., containing 130 acres more or less, for a full description reference is made to Book No 18, p. p. 69, 70 & 71 of the Wilson County Registry.

Also at the same time and place under a decree in the cause of A. G. Ruffin, Trustee vs. Rufus Bass et al we will sell for cash to the highest bidder that tract of land adjoining the above lands, the McKinley, Darden, and Warren Tomlinson and others, it being the land sold to Richard Ruffin by Silas Lucas, Jr., containing 86 acres more or less, for a full description reference is made to Book No 16 p. p. 630 & c in the Registers office of Wilson County.

NO. F. BRUTON,  
F. A. WOODARD,  
Commissioners.

Sept 1st 1891.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

### THE GEORGIA CRACKER—HOW HE CAME INTO EXISTENCE.

Freeman of the Schools, the Georgia Cracker Brooked Neither Restraint of Fashion Nor of Law, But Grew up Untameled—A Delightful Sketch.

Not to go back in history further than my own time and recollections, let me venture upon some unoccupied territory and tell how Cherokee, Georgia, became the home of that much-maligned and misunderstood individual known as the Georgia cracker. I have lived long in his region and am close akin to him.

There is really but little difference between the Georgia cracker and the Alabama or Tennessee cracker. They all have had the same origin, and until the Appalachian range was opened up to the rest of mankind by railroads and the schoolhouse these crackers had ways and usages and a language peculiarly their own.

It will be remembered that until 1835 the Cherokee Indians owned and occupied this region of Georgia—portion lying west of the Chattahoochee and north of the Tallapoosa rivers. They were the most peaceable and civilized of all the tribes, but they were not subject to Georgia laws, and had many conflicts and disturbances with their white neighbors. It seemed to be manifest destiny that they should go. "Go west, red man" was the white man's fiat. They went at the point of the bayonet, and all their beautiful country was suddenly opened to the ingress of whomsoever might come. Georgia had it surveyed and divided into lots of forty and 160 acres, and then made a lottery and gave every man and widow and orphan child a chance in the drawing. But the cracker didn't wait for the drawing. The rude, untamed and restless people from the mountain borders of Georgia and the Carolinas flocked hither to pursue their wild and fascinating occupation of hunting and fishing for a livelihood. They came separately, but soon assimilated and shared a common interest. There are such spirits in every community. There are some right here now who would rather go up to Cohutta mountains on a bear hunt than to go to New York or Paris for pleasure. I almost would myself, and I recall the earnest cravings of my youth to go west and find a wilderness, and with my companions live in a hut and kill deer and turkeys, and sometimes a bear and a panther.

But for my town raising and old field school education I too would have made a very respectable cracker. This was the class of young men and middle-aged that first settled among these historic hills and valleys and climbed these mountains and fished in these streams. By and by the fortunate owners of these lands received their certificates and many of them came from all parts of the state to look up their lots and see how much gold or how much bottom land there was upon them; but gold was the principal attraction. The Indians had found gold and washed it out of the creeks and branches and traded it in small parcels to the white man, and it was believed that every stream was lined with golden sand. This proved an illusion, and so the squatters were not disturbed or else they bought their tides for a song and then sang "sweet home" of their own. They built their cabin and cleared their lands and raised scrub cattle, and with their old-fashioned rifles kept the family in game. Many of these settlers could read and write, but in their day there was but little to read. No newspapers but few books were found by the hunter's friends. Their children grew up the same way, but what they lacked in culture they supplied in rough experiences and hair-breadth escapes and fireside talk, and in the sports that were either improvised or inherited. Pony races, and gander pullings had more attractions than books. How they got to such things is a mystery of language as you 'uns' and we 'uns' and Ingangs and mount and gwine and all sich is not known, nor was such talk universal. When such idioms began in a family they descended, and spread out among the kindred, but it was no contagion. I know one family now of very extensive connections who have a folk-lore of their own, and it can be traced back to the old ancestor who died half a century ago. But these corruptions of language are by no means peculiar to the cracker, for the English cockneys and the genuine yankee have an idiom quite as eccentric, though they do not realize it and would not admit it.

The Georgia cracker was a merry-hearted, uncoerced, independent creature, and all he asked was to be let alone by the laws and the outside.

The justice court of his beat was quite enough respect for the old spectacled 'squire than for the highest court in the nation. From this home-made tribunal he never appealed until the young lawyers began to figure in it, and seduced him into the mysteries of the law and the wonderful performances of the writ "Sasheray."

Nevertheless they looked upon lawyers as suspects and parasites, and their descendants have the same opinion still. The old 'squire' was specially "fornent them and looked upon the sasheray as an insult to his judicial capacity. Some times he would let two young limbs of the law argue a case before him for half an hour, and then quietly remark,

"Gentlemen, I judgmenticated this case last night at home," and would proceed with his docket. That old

squire and the preacher were quite enough to pilot these people through life and across the dark river.

A few years after they had settled down as the successors to the Indians a class of more substantial citizens began to look in upon this beautiful country. They purchased the valley lands and the river bottoms, and soon the forests began to fall before the ax of the pioneers. Some of them brought slaves with them and erected sawmills and framed houses with glass windows to live in, and the school master came along, but the crackers were in the majority and lived along in the same old primitive way. As late as 1847 they had gander pullings, and one that I witnessed that summer lasted for two hours and the original Bill Arp was the victor. I could have seen more of them, but I did not care to just for the same reason that a kind-hearted man does not wish to see but one often seen one alone.

"Samuel Swillin, to the front," called the 'quire.' "Ready, aim, charge." Sam's critter was more tractable and Sam got a fair grab, but the grease was slick for him, and as he slipped his hold the poor bird swung to and fro and flapped his wings and squawked loud and long at the terrible squeeze and the more terrible elongation of his testesphagus. Sam was congratulated on his effort. He wiped his fingers on a pine top, and said: "Yes I'll be daubed round if I wouldn't have got him, but the ding thing was so allifordly slickery. I was in hopes that Jack Pullum would have got the fast grab and sleeked often some of it."

"Rube Underwood—to the front—ready—aim—charge." Rube had a big mouth and was freckle-faced and red headed, and rode a flea-bit ten gray, that had been taught to dance and prance around and to go sideways—"lest to show smart," as the boys said—and it took the animal some time to be convinced that dancing and prancing wasn't in order at this particular time. A walloping lick just as he neared the goal caused him to make a fearful leap right under the bird, and as Rube had to use both hands to hold his seat, the gander's head collided square in Rube's face and some score he got it in his mouth and "effen he had jest shot it he would have had the prize." He retired in good order and awaited his second turn. One by one the riders came as they were called. One after another got some of the grease and wiped it on their horses' manes, but the muscles of the gander were old and tough, and every one of the twenty had gone his round and failed, when the square called a halt and ordered another greasing. It was evident, however, that some damage had been done the bird, for his wings hung droopy and his voice was failing him. There was a laceration of sinews going on, and but for the fresh greasing the sport would have soon ended. "Tention, company," said the square. "The proceedings will now take a little recess. Boys, you can light and look at your saddles, and if you want water you can go to the spring and get it, but don't wait long for my old gander are hangin' there without a friend and sufferin'."

The tournament was soon resumed. Bill Arp was the tenth man of the second round. He was the tenth of the first, and many predicted then that he would break that gander's neck or plow line or the pole, for his grip was like a vice and his agility notorious, but somehow the gander ducked at the critical moment and Bill grabbed his head instead of his neck and made a miscarriage.

As Bill's turn came again the crowd ejaculated: "Now, watch him boys." "Can't he ride, though?" "See how he sits on his critter." "Blamed if he ain't tarred to his nag." "Look at his eye." "No whippen for him." He's a gwine to carry that gander's head a half a mile before he stops." "Farewell, goose, I'll preach your funeral." "Good-bye gander."

And sure enough Bill got the right grip this time and in a trice had given the neck a double twist and something had to break as the pole and line swiftly followed his motion. For a moment it seemed uncertain what would break or what had broken for the strained tendons popped like a whip as Bill's nag went on at full speed. For a little while the quivering, headless body swung backwards and forwards and was there at rest. Then came the shouts and the wild hurrah. Bill was game and so was his critter, and as they came round to the front the crowd gathered round to see the gander's head that he held high in his hand—the warm blood trickling from the arteries. After the jubilee was over Bill invited the nineteen and the square to old Mother Tuten's wagon, and having purchased the her-stock of cakes and cider and the jug in the court house for two hours to see the fun and keep down any disturbance of the peace. Eight "whippers" were mustered in, four on each side of the course. They were all armed with good long switches or hickorys, and their willing duty was to see to it that no man's nag moved towards the gander with less alacrity than a gallop. "Now boys," said he, "not a lope that would do." "He's a gwine to carry that gander's head a half a mile before he stops." "Farewell, goose, I'll preach your funeral." "Good-bye gander."

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