

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., OCTOBER 15th, 1891.

NUMBER 39.

At Last!

We have at last secured the corner building and will occupy it in a few days; just as soon as we can cut the door way through and do some fixing up. We will then have

Three Stores In One

The largest and most convenient store rooms in our beautiful town.

Just received: A nice line of Fine Cassimeres suitable for gents suit and pants. These goods are excellent value and are marked away down; very much less than their real value. If you are in want of anything in this way, you should see these goods.

Respectfully,

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

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.

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.

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 that will conduce to the comfort of my patients. For a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on me I shall feel deeply grateful.

NOTICE.
Having qualified as Executors of the last will and testament of Curtis H. Glover, deceased, all persons having claims against said deceased are hereby notified to present them to us, or to our attorney for payment on or before the 20th day of August 1892 or this notice will be in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said deceased are requested to make immediate payment.

ZILPHA GLOVER, Exec.
W. N. GLOVER, Exec.
John E. Woodard, Atty.

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.

THE IRISING BOY—WATCHING THE STRUGGLES OF GENIUS.

America the Place for Poor Boys—Reminiscences Brought out by Seeing a Parcel of Convicts Pass By.

Dr. Nunnally was telling about a poor boy who was working his way through college. He worked for hire on a farm for \$10 a month and his board, and saved his wages and went to school; during vacation he hired out and lived hard and did his own washing. That boy is in earnest and needs watching. I am going to watch him if I live and see what becomes of him. They are common. I knew one in college about forty-five years ago. He walked from north Alabama to Athens, Ga., and his clothes were all home made and coarse and didn't fit well. I remember that his pants were too short at the bottom and too long at the top, and the waist seam of his brown jeans coat was high up on the back. The boys laughed at him on the sly, but they didn't laugh long, for he soon took the lead and kept it. If he hadn't got killed in the war he would have been a leader in his State right now.

This is a great and glorious government. There is none like it upon the face of the earth. The fact that the highest places in the nation are in the hands of the humblest citizen—that a tailor can become a president and a millboy a senator, and a lad who ploughed a bull for lack of "something better" has held more offices and higher offices in Georgia than three of her most gifted citizens—is a wonderful thing. England and Germany have good governments, but over there a poor boy has got to have help to rise. He must be kin to somebody who has power or influence. He must have a cousin in Berlin or an uncle in parliament, but the field is open here—open to all. Aristocracy is not the passport here. It is merit and diligence.

Honor and shame from no condition rise. A venerable gentleman quoted that to me and said: "I used to be proud of my lineage, and was inclined to boast of the good blood that was in my veins; but one day I was talking to an old kinsman about our ancestors, and he said: 'Well, yes, my son, there was some good people away back there, but the stock never run down. Your pap and your grand-pap behaved mighty well, but some of the boys didn't. Your Uncle Dick stole a bag of taters off a flatboat, and they catch him at it, and took him down in the canebrake and whipped him. And there was so much talk about Tom markin' every stray sheep and shote in his mark that he took a sudden notion to move to Arkansas, and I haint heard of him since. Some of the stock was good, but some was powerful cov-chus.'"

Well, of course there is something in luck, for Solomon says: "Time and chance happeneth to all"; but as a general thing merit and diligence are rewarded in this country. Andy Johnson became a president, and John Tyler did, too, but John was reduced after his time was out, and the county commissioners made him an overseer of the public road, which shows the ups and downs of fame and politics. But good conduct and good principles pay in the long run, if they don't in the short. I was ruminating about this yesterday as our train passed a lot of convicts who were working the road between Atlanta and Decatur. It is a sad and melancholy spectacle to see them in their striped uniforms and hear the clink of their ankle-chains as they came down with their picks into the hard ground or tossed the earth away with their shovels. They looked healthy and strong and contented, but I don't know how they felt. They were all negroes, and they don't feel much—not much penitence and less mortification. There are 1,737 convicts now in our State—that many in our State system under lease. There are some more on the public roads of the counties, and nearly all are negroes. There are only 170 white convicts, and not a white woman. Nearly sixteen hundred colored are wearing the stripes, and 47 of these are women. What is the matter with the negroes? When will they do better? Nearly all of these convicts are between sixteen and forty, and but a very few were ever in slavery. They have been to school, most of them, and most of some from the cities and towns. The old time negroes are not in the changing. They had no schooling, but they had moral training. What is to become of the negro? He has less excuse for crime than a white man. His wants are few; it takes less to do him; he is not cramped by society nor social temptations; a day's honest work will support him for two days; he pays no tax; his schooling is free, and yet the devil seems to be in him. There are 30 per cent. more whites than negroes in this State, and yet the negroes commit nine times more crime. The problem is not solved. I have before me a very able paper on the race problem by a humane and gifted citizen of Louisiana. It was written some years ago, and he then thought that education would solve it. He is mistaken. Crime among the negroes increases with their education. It does that at the north among whites. Their criminals are nearly as numerous, according to population, as among negroes of the South. Bishop Turner is a very smart colored man, and is a good man and we see that he wants

the negroes to go to Africa. I believe that our people are willing and ready for the exodus. We are getting tired of the experiment. Twenty-five years has made no satisfactory progress. The South has done her duty. Where you find one good, honest, industrious negro, you will find ten shiftless, immoral ones. We are tired. I saw a crowd of them in Atlanta the other day who were gathered around a black man with a plug hat, and I heard him say, "We must all get away from this country—a colored man has no chance here at all. The white man has got him down and his heels on him, and we is bound to go." He is an anarchist as Herr Most. Every one of those darkeys can get \$1 a day and live on 25 cents.

There are a million of white people across the water who would thank God for so good a chance to make a living. If this restless, trifling, insolent, crime-loving class would go somewhere it would be a great relief. The fact is they should be made to go. Abolish the chaingang and ship them to Africa. I wonder if it can't be done. England used to send her bad men to Botany Bay. We are tired of having to use the lynch law for their outrages. Lynch law does not reform or intimidate. There have been more of these horrible outrages within the past year than any year since the war. And yet there are many good negroes, negroes whom we respect and love to befriend. There is the trouble with Bishop Turner's plan. He wants the good ones to go and set up a government. We want them to stay and the bad ones to go, and that would take a large majority. At all events they should be thinned out, and we will give the bishop choice and help him to thin them. It is the common sentiment by our people that the whites and the blacks cannot live together in peace much longer. The generation that is now coming on right out of the schools is worse than the last. Every town is full of young negroes who are vagabonds, and they keep the police continually on the watch. The jail and the calaboose are never without boarders. Over five hundred colored convicts have been sent to the chaingang during the last twelve months. When will this thing stop?

Their own race, with few exceptions, don't seem to be much concerned about it. I over-heard one telling his experience as a convict, and he had a good time. He said: "Now, children, you know I was a trusty. I didn't wear no spurs nor chains. I had charge of de dogs, and when a nigger got away my boss would holler for me, and I jump for de mules and put de saddles on quick and ontie de dogs, and away we go. We had two dogs—a big, leg-carter houn' dog, and a smol' dog, sorter half fice, and a short tail. De dog was powerful good track dogs. One mornin' about daybreak de 'larm was given, two niggers got away. De boss call me and I got de mules and de dogs quick, and de bounce on one mule and I bounce on de other and we let de dogs smell de niggers bunk whar dey sleep and den put 'em on de track and away we go. De niggers and de dogs run and we keep up behind. De niggers run and de dogs run. Blime by de track got hotter and hotter and de niggers run and de dogs run. De ole houn' opens his mouth wide and say come on, come on, and after we had run 'em about four miles de ole dog change his tune and we know dem niggers was tired. Show me, when we got dar, do two niggers was up in a post oak settin' on a limb. De ole houn' was settin' off a piece a-lookin' up in de tree and he say t-o-o-o-o 'em, t-o-o-o-o 'em. De little dog was t-o-o-o 'em, dat's a fak, dat's a fak. Well we make dem darkeys, get down from dar and take 'em back and de boss give 'em a right smart whippen and put 'em to work again. Dey was mean niggers and dare ain't no other sort dare hardly. I neber sociate wid dem convicts. I was a trusty, I was."

AT CATABA FAIR.

COL. POLK SPEAKS PLAINLY ABOUT THE THIRD PARTY.

His Words Verbatim—Col. Weaver's Speech—The Demonstration in Favor of the Ocala Demands.

NEWTON, N. C., Sept. 30th.—The Cataba Fair has been a success in every respect. The attendance, which comes from several adjoining counties, is large, the exhibits good, and the good resulting from the annual meeting of the farmers at this place is becoming more and more apparent. This has been an Alliance day and the greatest interest has been taken in the speeches. Col. Weaver the first speaker, addressed the audience for over two hours.

The attention was marked. He is a happy speaker, and pleases his hearers. He preached sound Democracy, most of time, and at the close of his address, he said that he wanted to go back to Iowa and tell them how we stood down here on Alliance demands, and asked all who would be willing to sign by the Ocala demands to raise their hands. Every man, almost, held up his hands, after which, the demonstration was greeted with applause.

Col. Polk was the next speaker. After expressing his appreciation of seeing the Cataba people, said it would seem that with a fair-minded people, with North Carolinians, and with a people who appreciated manly effort and hard struggle, that it would be unnecessary for him to make these personal allusions; and would not do so, but he found a great many men in the editorial fraternity of North Carolina who seemed to be determined with premeditated purpose to misrepresent and crush him, not as L. L. Polk, for they would fight any man on this stage who occupied his position. They are not fighting you as a man, as a citizen, but as the representative head of an organization they fear and despise, and they are too cowardly to come out and talk plain. Col. Polk then spoke at some length about the press reports that had been sent out and published by Democratic papers in reference to the tarring and feathering in Kansas, his selling out to Quay, etc., etc., and he repudiated them all.

After reviewing the causes of the present condition of the country, he spoke freely about the third party. He was anxious that the press report it accurately, and here is what he said (verbatim): "Now they say I am going into the third party. The third party, oh that is a foolish ground, ain't it? From the crowd: 'This is a danger—us—won't do.' They charge that I am helping the third party up there in your country (turning to Judge Weaver); that I am aiding the Democratic party and trying to ruin the Republican party. When I come down here they say I am going to tear the Democratic party all to pieces and help the Republican party and that I will absolutely put our country back under negro rule. That is what they charge. I say to the Republicans here to-day and to the Democrats here to-day that if the leaders of these two old parties had not betrayed their promises, had not violated their pledges, had not deceived us more, there would have been no question about a third party. If there is a third party in this country the bosses of the two old political parties are responsible for it. Will there be one? It is with the bosses of the old parties to say: One thing I will say, and that is this: Our people want relief; they need relief; they ought to have it; they must have it, and if it is necessary to get it we shall wipe the two old parties out of existence, with no more hesitation than a wave of the hand. There is where we stand, gentlemen of the press; publish it to the world. If there is a third party in this Southern country it will be due to the dominating insolence and proscription policy of the so-called bosses of the two old parties in the South. I hope the press understands me." After discussing the principles of the Sub-Treasury plan, he said: "You hear a great deal about the third party tearing the Democratic party into pieces. I want to say to you that if the Democratic party of the South is to be controlled in its policy and characterized in its conduct by the conduct of the men who are presuming and assuming to speak for it, may God have mercy on the Democratic party.

Do these men know what Democracy is? They tell you that they are straight out Jeffersonian Democrats, old, simon-pure, orthodox Jeffersonians. Do they know that the platform upon which the Alliance stands to-day is the quintessence of Jeffersonian Democracy and Abraham Lincoln Republicanism mixed? What does J. C. Calhoun say about the matter? Listen to what Calhoun said about this question when they were discussing the national bank law: 'Why should the people be charged with interest on the credit of the government when that credit can be extended to them without interest.' We intend to repeat that question, and repeat and repeat and keep it ringing in the ears of the American people until we get the answer to it. Advise some of them to read what Jefferson said about it.

Who started the third party in the South? Where is the first man North or South who has ever heard L. L. Polk declare in a speech anywhere (yet they charge me with such statements) that he was ever for or against a third party? I am president of the National Alliance, and we are waiting until the meeting of the next national

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

THAT IS WHAT TOM DIXON TALKED ABOUT IN RALEIGH.

Men Have a Right to do as they Please with their Money, Provided they Please to do Right, is the Correct Doctrine to Live by—Dixon may be all his Enemies say is, But he is also a Genius and an Ordinal of Transcendent Powers.

(WRITTEN FOR LAST WEEK.)
Dr. J. J. Lafferty says, writing about orators: "Orators as editors are failures. James Fox defined oratory as high common place. Fustian in musical voice and with graceful action tickles the crowd. In cold type it is tasteless as the beer of yesterday's broaching, tuneless as a last year's bird nest; the orator is the gold bearer. The writer is the coiner. Conducting a journal with a Demosthenes as its chief scribe is like following land with a balloon in the traces. The moldboard splits furrows in the air, and the plow handles drag along on the ground. The eloquence of the tongue is of necessity exaggeration. A battle fought with a kaleidoscope for a field glass will end in a rout. Excessive rhetoric dilates, like belladonna, the iris of the mind. Presently it produces delirium tremens of hyperbole. If the victim but taste an adjective, he will swallow the dictionary. An editor always superlative would upset with surplussage of sail the safest ship on the sea. Aaron was the orator, and his climax, a calf, clad in a glitter of gold."

Tom Dixon is an exception to Dr. Lafferty's rule, for what he says reads well, as we will presently show. Monday night of last week Mr. Dixon lectured here. He delighted his audience—the largest ever accorded to a lecturer here. We could not mar the beauty and strength of his admirable lecture by a synopsis. We would not be so unjust. Our people never enjoyed a lecture more. The following Wednesday night he lectured in Raleigh. The State Chronicle says of it and him:

"Tom Dixon is always warmly welcomed in Raleigh. He is a favorite with our people and they rejoice in the fame that he has won in the great metropolis of the new world. He has ability, and is a generous without doubt. They call him a sensational preacher in Gotham, and so he is. But he preaches a pure gospel, and in New York city his voice is as a fresh and winning inspiration in the midst of a great and worldly population. He is growing there, and is winning fame. He could not do this without brains and ability of a high order. Metropolitan Hall contained a large audience last night from Raleigh and other sections when Tom Dixon, escorted by Dr. Hall, entered the hall. Dr. Hall introduced the speaker gracefully and declared that the people of North Carolina are proud of her sons.

Mr. Dixon began with expressions of his regard for the people of North Carolina—this State is home to me. He plunged right into his speech. Money concerns us all. It costs money to do honor, and money to get the McKinley bill, it costs money to get. I do not despise money I spend all I get—much or little. The American emblem is a one dollar bill. We are a nation of money-getters. This is the richest nation. We had money enough ten years ago to buy half of this hemisphere. Money does not only mean materialism. There is a spiritualism about money. In matters wrought upon by skill it is the crystallization of a spiritual idea. The man who made a great engine the steamship are messengers of which we may say "I was sick and ye visited me."

The truth about wealth is money is both the mightiest and the weakest thing. Both together make the truth being two antithetic positions taken together. I know a fool in New York who can hire a house full of brains to run a paper and he does it. The king of this earth is money. The seat of government is in Wall street. Last year money ran to 125 per cent, though the largest crop for twenty-five years had been made. This continent trembled because of Baring Bros' failure. If the bank of England had not come to the rescue disaster would have been permanent. Money controls dynasties. Why did the South fail? For lack of money. The South needs money now if it is to be prosperous.

The other side of the proposition is that money is the weakest thing in the world. Money can't make a man a gentleman. It can't buy a home. It can buy a house. The point was illustrated by the story of the Irishman who saw a sign, "Families supplied here," and walking in, said, "I will take a wife and two children." Some men sell out wives and children to get a home, and then lose it. Money can't buy happiness. I have talked with and been in the house of the richest man in the world. He is 40 years old, his income is \$28,000 a day. He is in the hands of a dozen doctors. In the awful pain he held the market but the reaction told on his constitution. Money cannot give life. The other day, W. L. Scott worth his millions, died at Newport. His money could not gain him a day of life.

It takes more than mere money to constitute wealth. It has no intrinsic value. Let's go to see Mr. Rockefeller. He is worth \$150,000,000, and with him buy a yacht, and lead up with all his money. A storm

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Ellis & Wiggins'

—:—

We have bought out the horse business of John Selby may be found at his old stand, adjoining Bob Wyatt's tin shop, where we will be pleased to see his friends as well as ours and serve them.

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for sale or trade. We are better prepared than ever to serve you. Call and see us.

ELLIS & WIGGINS,
Wilson, N. C.

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Less expensive than assessment certificates.

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Definite Contracts.

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

SAM'L L. ADAMS,
Special Dist. Agent,
Roxboro, N. C.

4-30-15.

J. C. LANIER.

—PROPRIETOR—

Wilson Marble Works

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Examine our work before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Corner Barnes and Tarboro Streets
Wilson, N. C.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Wilson, wherein S. A. Woodard, Trustee of Wheeler, Parsons and Hayes was plaintiff, and J. G. W. Cobb and wife, Alice M. Cobb, were defendants, I will sell at the court house door in Wilson on Monday, the 31st day of October, 1891, the following property: One lot of parcel land in the Town of Wilson, Wilson county situated on the corner of Goldsboro and Nash streets, adjoining the lot on which is situated the Biggs Hotel, it being known as The Rawls and Cobb Building as the Terms, Cash.

S. A. WOODARD,
Trustee and Commissioner.

F. A. & S. A. WOODARD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

S. H. HAWES.

DEALER IN

COAL,

Richmond, Va.

9-3-3m.

NOTICE!

Under and by virtue of a decree for the Superior Court of Wilson county rendered at the June Term 1889 in the case of A. J. Galloway, Trustee, vs Rufus Bass, et al we will sell for cash to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Wilson on Monday, Oct. 13th that tract or parcel of land lying and being situated in Wilson county, Black Creek township, adjoining the lands of Warren Tomlinson, Richard Ruffin, the G. W. Barfoot land and others, it being the land sold to Rufus Bass by Silas Lucas, Jr., containing 30 acres more or less, for a full description reference is made to Book No 18, p 69, 70 & in the Wilson county Registry. Also at the same time and place under a decree in the case of A. J. Galloway, Trustee vs Richard Ruffin et al we will sell for cash to the highest bidder that tract of land adjoining the above lands, the McKinley Darden land, Warren Tomlinson and others, it being the land sold to Richard Ruffin by Silas Lucas, Jr., containing 130 acres more or less, for a full description reference is made to Book No 16 p 630 & in the Registers office of Wilson county.

JNO. F. BRUTON,
F. A. WOODARD,
Commissioners.

Sept 1st 1891.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

C. N. NURNEY,

DEALER IN