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., NOVEMBER 5th, 1891. NUMBER 42.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

C. N. NURNEY,

DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF

COAL

NUT, EGG, STOVE AND RED ASH.

Broken and Egg for Stoves and Grates

Orders left at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store will be promptly filled.

C. N. NURNEY.

I am also agent for the Red C Oil Co.

10-8-1m

Ellis & Wiggins.

—:o:—

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.

Mules & Horses

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

ELLIS & WIGGINS,
5-21-3m. Wilson, N. C.

THE WASHINGTON

LIFE

Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

ASSETTS, - - - $10,500,000.

The Policies written by the Washington are Described in these general terms:

THEY ARE:
Non-Forfeitable.
Unrestricted as to residence and travel after two years.
Incontestable after two years.
Secured by an Invested Reserve.
Solidly backed by bonds and mortgages, first liens on real estate.
Safer than railroad securities.
Not affected by the Stock market.
Better paying investments than U. S. Bonds.
Less expensive than assessment certificates.
More liberal than the law requires.
Definite Contracts.

T. L. ALFRIEND, Manager,
Richmond, Va.
SAM'L L. ADAMS,
Special Dist. Agent,
Room 6, Wright Building,
4-30-1y. Durham, N. C.

J. C. LANIER.

—PROPRIETOR—

Wilson Marble Works

DEALER IN

Marble Monuments, Headstones, Tablets.

Cemetery Work, &.,

Examine our work before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction Guaranteed,

Corner Barnes and Tarboro Streets
Wilson, N. C.

S. H. HAWES.

DEALER IN

COAL,

Richmond, Va.

9-3-3m.

FALL

Millinery!

After spending some weeks in the Northern cities familiarizing myself with the latest styles in millinery, I now have a

NICE, SELECT STOCK

which I am offering

AT VERY LOW PRICES

considering style and quality, and having secured the services of Miss Strasburg, an experienced milliner, and one who cannot be surpassed in taste and style, I can fill all orders promptly.

Will be pleased to have you call.

MISS ERSKINE,
WILSON, N. C.
Under Brigg's Hotel, next door to the express office 10-8tf

R. A. DOBIE & CO.

COTTON FACTORS

—AND—

General Commission Merchants,

2 and 4 Roanoke Dock,

NORFOLK, VA.

J. J. Burgess is our North and South Carolina Representative.

☞ Special attention given to sales of Cotton, Grain, Peanuts and country produce generally. Liberal Cash Advances in Consignments. Prompt Returns and Highest Prices guaranteed.

Get Ready For Winter.

UNDERWEAR?

Why do you wait until a terrible cold forces you to buy what you can so easily select now while the assortment is complete?

Gent's camels hair shirts at 75c. worth $1.25.

All say ours are the cheapest as well as the prettiest; we mean our

Crush Hats and Derbys.

A pure fur Crush Hat at 50 cts. Sold by others at 75 cts, We have six different styles and qualities.

SHOES!

Our stock of shoes is as large if not larger than any in our town and we know our prices are lower. We have a genuine French calf for gentlemen which we are selling for $2.96 that cannot be matched for less than $3.25.

We cannot find time to mention all the desirable things in stock. We have THREE STORES all connecting, crowded with

BARGAINS.

We insist that you call and look through. Cash catches the bargains.

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.
5-14-1y.

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 Nationa 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.

Electropoise. TRADE MARK

WATSON & BUXTON, Attorneys at Law,
WINSTON, N. C., Sep't 16, 1891.
JAS. H. WEBB, Sec'y, Washington, D. C.:
DEAR SIR—I have been using one of your Electropoises for four years, upon a little invalid son, who has been afflicted with a pulmonary trouble and a dropsical tendency. I have found great relief for him in the use of the Electropoise, when the doctors had failed to give him any permanent relief, and I am satisfied that but for its use we should have lost him. I have never seen it fail to reduce his fever, or to bring sound sweet sleep. I would not be without it for many times its cost. Yours truly, J. C. BUXTON.
Mr. Buxton is also President of First National Bank, Winston, N. C., and is one of the foremost men of the South.
For all information address
ATLANTIC ELECTROPOISE CO.,
No. 1405 NEW YORK AV., WASHINGTON, D. C.,
OR 222 KING ST., CHARLESTON S. C.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. PRICE 25¢.

Salvation Oil "Kills all Pain." Try it; Only 25c.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE PAYS AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT GEORGIAN.

Henry Grady as he Knew Him—There is Not Another Such in this Sunny South—His Voice was Always For Peace, Love and Brotherly Kindness—His Life was a Grand Sermon.

Old Father Time is a wonderful doctor. He has almost healed our grief for the death of Grady.

Old Father Time is kind. If the bereaved mother were to grieve for a year like she does for a day or a week it would waste her life away in sighs and tears.

Old Father Time is a tried chemist. When some great event disturbs the nation like a storm disturbs the waters, he lets the muddy current glide on down the stream, dropping its sediment as it flows until it gathers in some distant pool, pure, tranquil and pellucent.

I thought of this the other day as I watched the workmen raise the statue and place it in position. I thought of Grady then and Grady now. Of Christmas, 1889, and compared it with to-day. How well his noble character has stood the crucial, critical test of time. Nothing that concerned him has disminished except our grief. Indeed, his wonderful, though brief career as patriot, peacemaker and orator become more wonderful as the years roll on. How fondly did the people love him and how they love him still. Since his death I have journeyed far and frequent over this sunny land, and everywhere I go earnest men and sympathizing women say what a pity, what a loss, what a calamity. It is amazing to think what a throb his pleading eloquence sent through the nation and what a shock soon followed it.

Is it possible, thought I, that a man can be great—very great—and not know it? Is it possible for him to feel and to cherish grander, nobler thoughts than his peers and be unconscious of it? We all knew Grady—and we called him Henry, for he never passed his boyhood. Like a laughing, happy child he brought sunshine when he came. He could make a beautiful speech—we knew that—but the occasions that called for them at home were rare and the matters involved were of no great concern. But few knew that he could rise as the occasion rose; that he could soar with the the eagle—the proud and noble bird that is the emblem of a great nation. We knew that he was great in Atlanta, great in Georgia, but what would he be in New York—in Boston?

With what anxious apprehensions did we learn that he had accepted the first invitation. We feared that he would be lacking in courage, lacking in stately dignity, lacking in having the sympathy of his audience. We did not fear that he would be lacking in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Peace was his mission; peace was in his heart. At home he had prayed for it, worked for it, written for it.

"They do not know us," he said. "I feel like I want to go to Boston and from the summit of Bunker Hill cry out with Webster, 'Oh, ye Bostonians, you have conquered everything but your prejudices;' or like Paul at Mars Hill, exclaim, 'The people whom ye ignorantly despised, let me this day declare unto you.'"

His love of peace and good will among men was with him a controlling passion. Romans remember when one morning they found their papers multilated. Every copy had the same space cut out, a space that was about three inches of a column, and the wonder of the was what was it; what had been printed there. Grady was not well and had gone home when he thought the matter for the morning's issue was all made up. A short, pungent and sarcastic communication was handed to the foreman just before going to press. An exciting, bitter controversy was going on in the city, and the author of the article thought his criticism of a leading citizen was deserved, and insisted on its publication. About midnight Grady came back to the office to review his work, and was surprised and shocked when he read the communication. He never stopped to consider whether it was. true or not true, deserved or undeserved, but without hesitation put all hands to work with knife and scissors and expunged the piece from every copy. "It is all wrong," he said. "It will create discord. It will wound feelings. It may result in blood-shed. The accuser and the accused are good men and good citizens, and they are both my friends. I had rather reconcile them than lend my paper to widen the breach; we want peace in Rome and not war." And he returned home weary but gratified with his work.

Most men who have ambition work for a reward, work hard for fame or for office, their eyes are fixed upon the goal, but Henry Grady had no desire for either. He had no goal. He took more pleasure, more comfort in working for others than in promoting his own interests. He made governors and senators and judges almost at will but asked no place for himself. Once only was he tempted and would have accepted it if it had been thrust upon him, but it was not. He was too late. Had he lived even until now the highest place in Georgia's gift would have been easily been his own. There would have been no contestant. Some men ride into office upon the soldiers, some upon the farmers, and some make up a slate and pull together, but Henry Grady had no clique or hobby or faction. He was everybody's friend and everybody was his friend. His genial presence was equally welcome to young and to the old—to the poor and the rich, to the Jew and the Gentile. There was no policy in this. It was his nature. The other day I met an old Roman in Pine Bluff—a Jew whom Grady used to pet and joke with while he lived in Rome.

"I loved that poy," said Joe Rosenberg. "I shoost cried ven he died. He shine so pright—shoost as pright as silver and gold. I got his fine speeches at mine house—but he was finer dan his speeches. Oh! he was a fine man—dere be no more Henry Gradys in dis world maype. You tinks dere vill?"

He had a sympathetic adaptation to every class. When communing in serious discourse with master minds, such as Toombs and Stephens, and Miller and Hill, and Bleckley and Campbell Wallace, he poised his reflections to their wisdom, their philosphy, their prophetic vision, and met them upon an equal plane. With the same aptitude he mingled with the young men, both in their sports and their debates, interspersing all his social pleasures with editorial work and closing the day in genial frolic with the typos and the newsboys who thronged The Constitution passways after their work was done. His power was tremendous, but he did not seem to know it or to value it. It was a kind of personal magnetism. It was almost impossible to resist him when he had a wish in his heart and threw himself within the breach. How easily he captured Boston with all of exacting critical rigidity of culture. To see him and hear him, and feel the thrill of his emotional, impassioned eloquence, was to surrender to him and become willing prisoners to truth. To read him now refines and elevates our patriotism and nurses our memories with richer food.

Georgia was pround of Grady at home. Georgia and all the South was prouder of him in New York and Boston. It is amazing that with all his boyish nature he dared to venture when and where he did. The secret of it was his broad philanthropy and his earnest, pleading patriotism. Neither party nor partisanship was in it. Fortified by truth and love, he carried no other lance. He did not seek to vanish any foe. His sole ambition was to win them. Added to the glory of his cause he possessed the highest elements of oratory—sincerity and the pathos of language.

In Kentucky there is a tradition that one time while Daniel Boone was hunting far from home, unfriendly Indians came and carried away his boy—a lad just in his teens, who was chopping wood not far from the house. When Boone returned and found that the idol of his heart was gone, he said: "I will follow them." By day and by night he kept upon their trail and overtook them a hundred miles away, and spied his boy tied to a tree by their campfire. Parental love leaped in his heart and made him fearless. He walked boldly to the chief and said in their language:

"You have a boy at home; you love him; give me mine and the great spirit will smile upon you in the cloads." He threw his knife, his tomahawk and his rifle at the red man's feet and said:

"Let us be friends—when you die bury these in your grave. Take them to the happy hunting ground and tell the great spirit that Boone sent them."

He waited not for an answer, but untied the lad and while the amazed bewildered chief was looking upon the weapons, Boone and his boy walked away in the darkness and were soon beyond pursuit.

Grady went to Boston on a mission of peace. He laid our weapons at their feet and asked that they be buried—surprised, bewildered, charmed, they did it—but they will pursue the boy.

BILL ARP.

Catarrh, Not Local, But Constitutional.

Dr. Dio Lewis, the eminent Boston physician, in a magazine article says: "A radical error underlies nearly all medical treatment of catarrh. It is not a disease of the man's nose; it is a disease of the man, showing itself in the nose—a Local exhibition of a Constitutional trouble." Therefore, he argues, the use of snuff and other local applications is wrong, and while they seem to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence, the only proper method of cure for catarrh is by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, reaching every part of the body through the blood, does eliminate all impurities and makes the whole man healthier. It removes the cause of the trouble and restores the diseased membrane to proper condition. That this is the practical result is proven by thousands of people who have been cured of catarrh by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Rich mouthfuls bring heavy groans.

The Best Result.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possibly to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why don't you try it?

IN THE ARMY.

HOW "UNCLE SAM'S" REGULAR SOLDIERS FARE ON DUTY.

One Day With One of the Men in Fortress Monroe—Recruits Always Wanted—A Sorry Dog's Life That Few Real Men Would Voluntarily Choose.

FORTRESS MONROE, Va.

I have been requested by one of your citizens to give through the columns of your paper a description of soldier life in the army. If you will be kind enough to publish I will give a brief description of duties performed by the soldiers at this post.

Every morning at 5:30 o'clock the call of the bugle is heard for reveille, fifteen minutes later assembly goes, the 1st Sergeant calls the roll reporting to the officer in charge. The officer then faces about and reports to the Adjutant. Ten minutes later mess call is sounded. At this call the dining room doors are thrown open, the privates taking their places at one table, the non-commissioned officers at another.

At 6:45 police call is heard. At this call those who come off guard the day previous will report in fatigue dress to the police officer. Their duties are to clear away any leaves, paper, or trash that has accumulated on the parade ground or streets within the Fort.

At 7:15 sick call is sounded. All needing medical attention will report at the hospital for treatment. If too unwell to do duty they are confined to the hospital until entirely recovered.

At 9 o'clock we have guard mounting. Each day sixteen privates and non-commisnioned officers are detailed.

At 9:30 the call for the instructions of officers, non-commissioned officers and privates.

At 12 sharp mess is again heard. This call is responded to with more promptness than any other.

At. 2:30 P. M. drill call is sounded. At this call all soldiers on duty will fall in for drill and instructions in manouvers.

At 5:30 comes dress parade when all officers and enlisted men participate. When parade is dismissed mess call is again heard.

At 9 P. M. tattoo is sounded and at eleven taps when all lights are extinguished and all retire.

Much could be said of each of these duties but as it will occupy too much space I will not say more of them just now.

The storms we have had for the past few days have been terrific, destroying hundreds of dollars worth of property belonging to the government. 3 6-10 inches of rain fell in twelve hours.

The torpedo magazine is nearly completed. It is quite an enormous affair and if filled with torpedos will contain enough of them to blow up half the boats Hampton Roads can float. The secretary of war intends that this shall be an important torpedo station. "More drill for the boys."

We are soon to receive some of those 12 inch disappearing guns. We will then be able to throw a shot weighing about a ton thirteen miles. Still another drill for the boys.

The post was nearly deserted on Saturday last (Friday being "pay day.") Many of the boys went to Norfolk to see John Robinson's circus.

We have two vacancies in Battery H. If you know two good Tar Heels who wish to enlist send them along.

The Y. M. C. A. has recently lost it founder and president, Col. Chas. Bird, this Christian officer and gentleman having been transferred to Omaha, Nebraska, to take charge of the quatermaster department there. Col. Bird's place has been filled by that efficient officer, Lieut. Edward Davis, the Post Adjutant. This is the only Y. M. C. A. in the U. S. Army. It has been a blessing not only to the soldiers of the post but to the whole community. May the day not be far distant when the soldiers of this post will form under the banner of Christ one solid battalion with God our Father in command.—U. S. A. in Greenville Reflector.

To The Ladies.

There are thousands of ladies throughout the country whose systems are poisoned, and whose blood is in an impure condition from the absorption of impure matter, due to menstruai irregularities. This class are peculiarly benefitted by the wonderful tonic and blood-cleansing properties of Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium—P. P. P. Roses and bounding health take the place of the sickly look, the lost color, and the general wreck of the system. P. P. P. is the cure—be sure to get it at once.

Cure your corns by using Abbott's East Indian Corn Paint. For Corns, Bunious and Warts it is great.

Malaria.

This disease yields quickly te the wonderful powers of P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.) People living in miasmatic countries should never be without P. P. P. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The cure of luxury is poverty.

Syrup of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of the California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants kown to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

RIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Various Ways in Which Moisture is Coaxed From the Unwilling Clouds.

In the Caucasian province of Georgia, where a drought has lasted long, marrigeable girls are yoked in couples with an ox yoke on their shoulders, a priest holds the reins, and thus harnessed they wade through rivers, puddles and marshes, praying, screaming, weeping and laughing.

In a district of Transylvania, when the ground is parched with drought, some girls strip themselves naked, and, led by an older woman, who is also naked, they steal a harrow and carry it across the field to a brook, where they set it afloat. Next they sit on the harrow and keep a tiny flame burning on each corner of it for an hour. Then they leave the harrow in the water and go home.

A similar rain charm is resorted to in India: naked women drag a plow across the field by night. It is not said that they plunge the plow into a stream or sprinkle it with water. But the charm would hardly be complete without it. Sometimes the charm works through an animal.

To procure rain the Peruvians used to set a black sheep in a field, poured chica over it, and gave it nothing to eat till rain fell.

In a district of Sumatra all the women of the village, scantily clad, go to the river, wade into it, and splash each other with the water. A black cat thrown into the water and made to swim about for awhile, then allowed to escape to the bank, pursued by the splashing of the women. In these cases the color of the animal is part of the charm; being black it will darken the sky with rain-clouds. So the Bechuanas burn the stomach of an ox at evening, because they say 'the black smoke will gather the clouds and cause the rain to come.' The Timorese sacrifice a black pig for rain, a white or red one for sunshine. The Garos offer a black goat on the top of a very high mountain in time of drought.

Sometimee people try to coerce the rain-god into giving rain. In China a huge dragon made of paper or wood, representing the rain-god, is carried in procession; but if no rain follows, it is cursed and torn in pieces. In the like circumstances the Feloupes of Senegambia throw down their fetiches and drag them about the fields, cursing them till rain falls. Some Indians of the Orinoco worshipped toads and kept them in vesseis in order to obtain from them rain or sunshine as might be required; when their prayers were not answered they beat the toads. Killing a frog is a European rain charm. When the spirits withhold rain or sunshine, the Comanches whip a slave; if the gods prove obstinate, the victim is almost flayed alive. Here the human being may represent the god, like the leaf-clad Dodola.—Golden Bough.

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 Mozley'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 MOZLEY, Atlanta, Ga.
50ct and $1.00 per bottle, at druggists

Lemon Hot Drops.

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemmorrhage and all throat and lung diseases Elegant, reliable
25 cents at druggists Prepared only by Dr H Mozley, Atlanta, Ga

Our Congratulations, Gov. Holt.

We read with great pleasure in Webster's Weekly, of last week, that Gov. Holt has withdrawn from the Cone Export and Commission Company, which is the corporate name of what the public understands to be the plaid trust. It may or may not be a trust, but such it is understood to be, and it is gratifying to learn that His Excellency has withdrawn from it. Mr. Holt is a fine character—a plain, old-fashioned, hard-headed North Carolinian, with any amount of sound judgment and solid, everyday common sense. He has made an unexceptional Governor because he is a practical, business man, and the Landmark, which has very great regard for him, has regretted that he, the head of the Democratic party in the State—a party which is heart and soul opposed to trusts and to all sorts of combinations the object of which is to set aside the natural laws of trade—should have occupied anything like an equivocal position before the public by reason of his connection with a concern which is under suspicion. This connection has handicapped him heavily and he and his party are both to be congratulated upon his severance of of it.

Wanted—A good appetite. You can have it easy enough by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It tones the digestion and cures sick headache.

The luxurious live to eat and drink, the wise eat and drink to live.

"All my reports go with the modest truth. No more nor clipped, but so." Bradycrotine always cures all headaches at all times.

PACE & WOODARD,

Wilson Tobacco Warehouse,

Desire to say to the readers of the ADVANCE that our buyers are here in force and want your

TOBACCO.

—:o:—:o:—

THEY HAVE NO OLD STOCK ON HAND AND, CONSEQUENTLY NO AVERAGES TO REDUCE, WHICH IS A VERY DECIDED ADVANTAGE IN FAVOR OF THE WILSON MARKET. SO BRING ALONG YOUR

Tobacco.

DURING THE SUMMER WE ADDED AN ADDITION TO OUR WAREHOUSE WHICH NOW GIVES US THE LARGEST AS WELL AS THE BEST LIGHTED SALES FLOOR IN EASTERN CAROLINA, 95 FEET WIDE, 160 FEET LONG, 52 SOLID SKY LIGHTS. YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND US AT OUR POST READY TO SERVE YOU. WE PLEDGE YOU IN ADVANCE YOUR TOBACCO SHALL RECEIVE PROMPT PERSONAL ATTENTION AND

Highest Market Prices.

WE DON'T ALLOW YOUR TOBACCO TO BE GALLOPED OVER, BUT WE TAKE A STEADY PACE, AND GET THERE IN PRICES EVERY TIME. WE CAN PRESENT NO STRONGER CLAIMS FOR YOUR PATRONAGE THAN THE VERY TOP OF THE MARKET FOR YOUR TOBACCO, AND THAT YOU SHALL HAVE. COME TO THE OLD RELIABLE, AND YOU SHALL RETURN HOME HAPPY.

YOUR FRIENDS TRULY

PACE & WOODARD,

PROPRIETORS.

—:o—:o:—

Our Working Force:

Joe E. Reid, Auctioneer, and a good one, he is.

U. H. Cozart, late of Oxford, is now with us.

David Woodard, Book-keeper.

With a competent force and best facilities, and long experience in the trade, we just defy competition.

Cooke, Clark & CO.,

(SUCCESSORS TO LUTHER SHELDON.)

Sash, Doors and Blinds, Builders' Hardware Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty,

—AND—

Building Material.

No. 16 West Side Market Square and Roanoke Ave.,

NORFOLK, VA.

A. BRANCH, President. J. C. HALES, Cashier
A. P. BRANCH, Assistant Cashier.

Branch & Co.,

BANKERS,

Wilson, - - - N. C.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS IN ITS FULLEST SCOPE.

SOLICITS THE BUSINESS OF THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

D ETHERIDGE, Currituck, N C B F WRIGHT, Camden, N C

D. Etheredge & Co.

Successors to Etheridge, Fulgham & Co..

Cotton Factors

AND

Commission Merchants,

19 and 21 Commerce Street, Norfolk, Va,

Specialties: Cotton, Lumber, Corn, and Peanuts.

Refer by permission to T A Williams. President Bank of Commerce, Norfolk, Va., Caldwell Hardy, Cashier Norfolk National Bank, J R Copeland, President Farmers Bank, Suffolk, Va., M H White and Dr. David Cox, Hertford, Va.

Consignments solicited. 9-17-3m