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### The Cash Racket Stores.

WILSON, N. C.  
Nash and Goldsboro Streets.

### 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-Fortifiable.)

Unrestricted as to residence and travel after two years.

Accumulated after two years.

Secured by an Invested Reserve.

Solidly backed by bonds and mortgages, first liens on real estate.

Safely than railroad securities.

Not affected by the Stock market.

Better paying investments than U. S. Bonds.

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DR. W. S. ANDERSON, Physician and Surgeon, WILSON, N. C. Office in Drug Store on Tarboro St.

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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.

Scotland Neck Military School, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. Spring Term Begins January 25th, 1892.

IDEAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS Two things aimed at: Health of body and vigor of mind. Charges reasonable. For information address, W. C. ALLEN, Supt.

JOHN D. COUPER, MARBLE & GRANITE Monuments, Gravestones, &c. 111, 113 and 115 Bank St., NORFOLK, VA. Designs free. Write for prices. 5-14-19.

FOR SALE! Old paper, 50 cents per hundred. Call at this office.

I. C. LANIER, PROPRIETOR, Wilson Marble Works, Wilson, N. C.

### WITH APOLOGUES TO TENNYSON.

I hold it true, what'er befalls,  
'Tis only stupid to be good;  
For wealth can now win coronets  
And look with scorn on Norman blood.

—Puck.

### A DREAM OF THE FIELDS.

You fellers from the country—you keep away from town,  
If you don't want to unsettle things and get us up-side down;  
For you always leave a memory of the meadows and the streams;  
An' I straightway get to wishin' and to fishin' in my dreams!

You fellers from the country—when you strike me at my desk  
The room begins to blossom an' the street looks picturesque!  
And the roaring of the city with its engines an' its bells,  
Seems to melt into the music of the mountains and the dells!

You fellers from the country—you get so much of life—  
So little of its sorrow, of its tears and of its strife,  
That I want to get off with you and just to riot in your joy.

And wade in cool branches, like I used to, when a boy!

### A PRETTY POEM.

[The New York Sun says: "Without regard to the dialect, this is one of the most beautiful poems in the English language. We have attributed it to Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, of Atlanta, the author of 'Uncle Remus,' but he says it is not his. We found it wandering about the columns of the newspapers a year or two ago, and have been unable to ascertain either its authorship or its correct title."]

De massa ob de sheepfol!  
Dat gard de sheepfol bin,  
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Whar de long night rain begin—  
So he call de hircin' shepfol,  
Is my shepfol dey all come in?

O den says de hircin' shepfol,  
Dar's some, dey's black and thin,  
And some, dey's po' of wedda's,  
But de res' dey's all bring in,  
Den de res' dey's all bring in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol!  
Dat gard de sheepfol bin,  
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Whar de long night rain begin—  
So he let down de ba's ob de sheepfol!  
Callin' 'sof, Come in, Come in!  
Callin' 'sof, Come in, Come in!

Den up 't'ro de gloomerin' meadows,  
'T'ro de col' night rain begin,  
And up 't'ro de gloomerin' rain-pat,  
Whar de sleeter 't' piercin' thin,  
De po' los' shep ob de sheepfol!  
Dey all comes gadderin' in,  
Dey all comes gadderin' in,  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

### Happy Homes.

Thousands of sad and desolate homes have been made happy by use of "Rose Buds," which have proven absolute cures for the following diseases and their distressing symptoms: Uteration, cure and falling of the womb, ovarian tumors, dropsy of the womb, suppressed menstruation, rupture at childbirth, or any complaint originating in diseases of the reproductive organs; whether from contagious diseases hereditary, tight lacing, overwork, excesses or miscarriages. "Rose Buds" writes, as best after suffering for ten years with leucorrhoea or whites, that one application cured her, and thereafter, no more suffers, no more during the menstrual period, a wonderful regulator. "Rose Buds" are a simple and harmless preparation, but wonderful in effect. The patient can apply it herself. No doctor's examination necessary, to which all modest women, especially young unmarried ladies, so seriously object. From the first application relief is felt. Price \$1.00 by mail, post-paid. THE LEVERETTE SPECIFIC CO., 359 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

### Too Much Justice.

Congressman John Allen told this story during the Noyes-Rockwell contest: "I went down to Itawamba county some years ago as public prosecutor. The judge went with me. When we got there we found a number of indictments against the citizens for selling whiskey without a license.

"I prosecuted the indictments before a jury, and the judge held the scales of justice. In every instance we convicted our man. When we went to the railroad station on our back the judge sent me to buy a bottle of whiskey.

"I hunted high and low, but nobody would sell a drop. They said they had received harsh treatment and that they would not even give a drink. When I told the judge the result his face blanched and he seemed dazed. "Good God, John," he finally replied, "we've overdone the thing!"

### Lemon Elixir.

PLS. BE NEAT, ELEGANT, RELIABLE. For biliousness and constipation, take Lemon Elixir. For fevers, chills and malaria, take Lemon Elixir. For sleeplessness, nervousness and irritation 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. Moyley'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. Moyley, Atlanta, Ga. 50¢ and \$1.00 per bottle, at druggists.

### Lemon Hot Drops.

Cures all Croup, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases. Elegant, reliable. Prepared only by Dr. H. Moyley, Atlanta, Ga.

We challenge any man, woman or child who is afflicted with Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, or Torpid Liver to prove that a few doses of Simmons' Liver Regulator will not relieve them. It never fails, and is so pure, so true, and never has a second spell of Colic. An adult can take it, keep the bowels regular and secure health.

### QUEER WAYS.

HERE IS A STORY WHICH AGAIN LIBELS NORTH CAROLINA.

Swapping Matches In Which the Wives of the Mountain Men are Chastised—This is Practical Enough for Anybody—A Good Story, But a Lie, Nevertheless.

In the region between the Smoky and the Nantahala Mountains of North Carolina there are entire communities of the most peculiar people found anywhere in this great country. The people who thickly settle this wild and almost primitive section, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and whose homes are among the darkest, deepest recesses of forests, among rock-ribbed mountains, the narrow valleys, and deep glens, are in many things unlike the denizens of the outer, and to them, unknown world as it is possible for one to conceive. Ignorance is life and morality at a low ebb, as is made plainly evident when it can be truthfully said that three-fourths of the converts secured by Mormon elders in this State come from this wilderness.

Some time since, while riding across the State, the writer stopped at the log cabin of a settler on a little creek at the foot of Big Smoky Mountain. The head of the family was a fair-haired heavily bearded man of 60 years, dressed in tow linen trousers and a shirt of the same home-manufactured material. The woman of the house was tall, raw-boned, dark-visaged female of 40 or more years. There were nine children of varied age and complexion, all clad in coarse shirts and pants like the father, with the exception of the smaller children, who were clad in nature's garment, with the exception of a long shirt-like garment of tow linen. The family was a typical backwoods community.

Jenkins, my host, when asked: "Is there anything new in this section?" replied:

"Nuthin' ever hap'n's hyar, strange, cep'n its Mormin's or swappin' match."

"A swappin' match? That's where they meet to trade horses, is it not?"

"He'm dunno what a swappin' match is, Sal," said Jenkins, turning in astonishment towards his wife.

"Humph!" ejaculated the woman. "He'm dunno much. W'y, stranger, a swappin' match is where we uns swap hosses, mules, wives an' sich."

"Do you mean to say they trade wives?"

"Yes, so!" said the man, "an' thar's ter be a big swap over yon at Bill Dag's tomory."

Through the assistance of a canteen of excellent brandy, I soon learned that my host had been speaking the truth, and having seen the clay-eaters and other gentry not usually found in polite society, I was somewhat prepared for what was to follow. Early the next morning after a simple meal of "corn pone," milk, and baked 'possum, I mounted my horse and with Jenkins and his spouse set forth. Two hours later we came to a halt in front of Dag's cabin. The place, like every habitation I had yet seen in that part of the wilderness, was a log structure of the typical backwoods North Carolina mountain style.

About a dozen mules and horses, twenty or thirty dogs of the species called hounds, a dozen or two of sheep, two or three cows, and a couple of pet cats, and eight men, six women, and half a dozen children all clad in tow linen, homespun garments, reclining in the shade trees. One of the women was fairly good looking, but the others, like the men, were coarse, raw-boned, and homely. We arrived just in time to hear the preliminaries of the business for which the appointment had been made. Dags, at whose place we were, after inviting the crowd to help themselves from a small keg of what I learned to be moonshine whiskey, or "pinetop," as it is called in the mountains, broached the subject. Dags had a couple of horses and half a dozen hounds to trade, and he found a customer in the person of a stout, heavy-set mountaineer, who after a good deal of preparatory lying on the value of his animals, finally made a dicker for a cow, a lot of sheep and a pet bear.

The next trade or proposition came from Sam Sleeth, a long-visaged fellow of 30. Sleeth had with him a tall, black-haired, ungainly, but muscular woman, whom he offered in exchange for any of the others. "per-chance for any of the others," Jake Simpson offered to take a pair of hounds and a cow as took between Sleeth's wife and Mrs. Simpson.

Mrs. Simpson was a somewhat better looking female than the Sleeth woman, but Sleeth refused to be convinced that the difference was so broad as Simpson's proposition would indicate. After half an hour spent in trying to outlie each other, a trade was finally perfected by Sleeth offering a rifle and a big yellow hound as boot.

A young man named Long wanted to "swap" an angular, red-headed, fiery-tempered woman of 30 for a good-looking, plump, and good-natured young woman in the possession of another mountaineer named Jackson. To all appearances, the women were utterly indifferent; if they were not, they showed no opposition by word or action. Jackson replied to Long's proposition by saying:

"Thet gal can dig more seng, chop more wood, an' kin beat anythin' shootin' on the crick. I'll call it a swap if you 'un 'll throw in yer old ridin' mar."

"It's mo'n 'n 'll giv', Jackson. My woman's a good cook, and kin hoe as much coh'n as any woman in this neighborhood. I'll trade even."

There were a dozen or so of propositions pro and con which finally ended in Jackson getting a red cow and three sheep as boot.

The next trade of special interest was a fairly good-looking young woman traded with a younger man for a woman who was old enough to have been his mother. The young man took charge of the one he had bartered for and seemed pleased with his bargain, and his new purchase was the only woman of the lot who showed any feeling in the matter. She was evidently pleased with the exchange.

There were six trades or bargains made that day for wives, one of which was between an old fellow of 65, perhaps, and a young man of 26 or 28. It seems that this trade, which was an even "swap," was merely an exchange made of women at a former time between the parties.

Another trade which seemed to excite the risibilities of the bystanders was between a couple of men, in which one named Punt got in exchange a small, thin-lipped, sharp-featured woman, with snapping black eyes and a disposition not winning by any means. According to the general opinion, Punt was likely to have a time of it until he could coax somebody to take the woman off his hands.

After the business for which the crowd had met had been concluded the men set around in the shade, drank moonshine whiskey, and had a chat of half an hour more, when the crowd broke up. Each man took his newly acquired wife up behind him on his horse or upon the back of an extra "boot" horse, and driving or leading the dogs, sheep, and cows or whatever they had traded for, left for their homes.

As I was going in a direction opposite to that in which I had come I rode beside the young man, Long, the young fellow who had secured the best looking woman of the lot. Long's new spouse was about 23 years old, with a face of more intelligence than any of the others. She seemed to be not only satisfied but pleased over the result of the trade, and with all my power of penetration I failed to find any repugnance or horror over the affair. In fact, the man and woman both appeared to regard it in the light of a legitimate transaction, and the only way I could account for it was on the ground of utter ignorance of statutory or moral law. The custom had prevailed in the mountains so long that it was regarded as the everyday and everywhere habit of trading in ordinary articles of barter.

When we arrived at Long's cabin I was invited to "light and tek pot-luck" with the couple and to remain all night. The home life of the new feminine head of the Long household, so far as I could observe, began without a ripple or objection on the part of Long's three children, whose ages ranged from 8 to 3 years.

Long's wife was a good cook, as the term goes, and she took to the new state of affairs as smoothly as if she had raised the family herself. Long seemed a pleasant sort of a fellow, ready and anxious to accommodate his guest with the best he had, and he certainly made my stay as pleasant as possible under the peculiar circumstances.

By noon the next day I had ridden through a gap in the mountains into another section of the country and among another and very different people. When I referred to what I had seen and heard the day before the people with whom I was stopping betrayed no surprise. They said that the section through which I had come had been settled generations ago by a blended strain of Scotch-Irish, English, and Indian from whom these had evolved a cosmopolitan by intermarriage, isolation, and seclusion peculiar to no other section of the State. Their peculiarities grew more peculiar generation by generation. The country being wild and opportunities for communication with the outer world infrequent, the people were let alone, their existence seldom disturbed by even a passing traveller like myself. —Philadelphia Press.

### THE LEADING ISSUE.

STRIKING EDITORIALS FROM THE NEW YORK SUN ON THE ISSUES.

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The Third party of Chatham, proposes W. F. Stroud, of that county, for Congress.

### FRANK L. OSBORNE.

Democracy's Candidate for the Office of Attorney General.

Frank Irwin Osborne, the democratic nominee for attorney-general, was born at Charlotte May 20, 1853. He is a son of the late Judge James W. Osborne and Mary A. Osborne, who was a daughter of John Irwin, a prominent merchant, broker and planter of Mecklenburg county. Mr. Osborne was educated at Davidson college, where he graduated in 1872, taking a high stand. He then took a special course at the University of Virginia, so that he was well prepared to begin the study of the law, which was his chosen profession, and for which, in the estimation of his friends, he was peculiarly qualified. In 1873 he began the study of law at Richmond Hill, Yadkin county, under chief justice Pearson. He remained there two years, applying himself closely to his studies, and laying well the foundation for the useful life which was before him. It was a conceded fact, among Mr. Osborne's fellows at Richmond Hill, Yadkin county, under chief justice Pearson, that he was the equal if not the superior, in legal attainment of any man at the school; and judge Pearson himself entertained for him the highest personal regard and often took occasion to speak of his superior ability and especially of his aptitude for the law. In 1875 Mr. Osborne was licensed by the Supreme Court and located at once in Charlotte, the place of his birth, and entered immediately upon a large and lucrative practice of the law, which has grown until it extends, at the present time through all the counties in his immediate section. Shortly after beginning the practice, he associated himself with Mr. W. C. Maxwell, of Charlotte. He stands in the very front rank of his profession, where he has practiced among the lawyers at the Charlotte bar. He is acknowledged to be the equal of the ablest and most learned of them all. He was elected solicitor of the 6th judicial district (now the 11th) in 1882, receiving the nomination from the convention, although he was not a candidate for the place. So acceptably did he fill the position, and so able and faithful was he in representing the interests of the State, that in 1886 and again in 1890 he was re-nominated and elected without the slightest opposition. As solicitor he was a "power in the land." Of him it may be truly said he "let no guilty man escape."

Not only does he possess ability of the finest type and powers far above the average, but he has, in addition to a wise head, a warm heart and is full of generous impulses. He was happily married in 1878 to Miss Mary Dewey, the accomplished daughter of the late Thomas D. Dewey, of Charlotte, and in his private life, among his friends and associates, the gentle and refining cultivated influences of home are plainly visible.

The Democratic party in nomination Mr. Osborne for the office of attorney-general placed her banner in the hands of a gentleman, a scholar, an orator and a faithful party man.

### Cigarette Trust and the Raleigh Signal.

"Webster's Weekly has a lengthy reply to our article of last week entitled 'Unjust Assault.' In our issue of next week we will warm Mr. Webster's jacket in a manner that will prove to be interesting and instructive."

The above extract appeared on the editorial side of the Signal in its issue of March 31st. On the local page of the same issue we find the following:

"During the past week we were glad to see in the city Messrs. J. B. Fortson, A. W. Cowles, D. M. Morrison, W. E. Clark, W. W. N. Hunter, Dr. W. H. Wheeler, Archibald Brady, W. A. Albright, Brodie Duke, Mr. Joyce, Mr. White. These gentlemen were here for the purpose of discussing the extension of the tariff league and they decided not to move any further in that direction. This was the right action."

We incline to the opinion that the tariff league formed between the editor of the Signal and Mr. Brodie Duke was on the basis of, "for revenue only." What a shame that even for hire a paper can be found in all North Carolina so lost to all shame and decency as to defend so corrupt and damnable an organization as the Cutter Trust. The following extracts from the last issue of the Southern Tobacco Journal will be of interest in this connection and constitutes our reply to the rot and nonsense contained in its last issue.

"The Duke family, including Wash, sailed for Europe this week where they will spend some of the shekles made out of the Cutter Trust. There are thousands of half fed children in North Carolina who are in want to-day, simply because this great Trust has taken the bread from their mouths, and yet the Dukes will jaunt through Europe and spend thousands of their 'ill got gains,' which properly belong to North Carolina."

Buck Duke gets \$175,000 a year dividend from his share in the American Tobacco Co., and \$50,000 salary. The other Dukes—Wash included—get \$175,000 from dividends and salaries. Major Lewis Ginter gets just \$1,000 a day, Sunday included, and John Pope clears \$40,000 per year. An easy business, that of belonging to the comfortable tobacco trust.—Webster's Weekly.

The People's party re-nominated Jerry Simpson by acclamation.

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### How do You Like This?

Week before last the Weldon News contained a full account of the Third Party Convention held in Halifax Monday. Capt. E. A. Thorne presided. Delegates were sent to Rocky Mount. W. E. Bowers was made permanent Chairman of the County Executive Committee. The question of nominating a full county ticket was lengthily discussed, and action was at last postponed by a vote of 41 to 34. Here are two speeches made:

"Mr. Pope opposed postponement. They would be stronger after doing something. (Applause.) Let the iron jacket Democrats know what we would do, and if they wanted anything they could come to us. (Applause.)

"George Powell favored nominating candidates. He said we have fished with both parties; they had eaten all the fish and left us nothing. (Applause.) Now is the time to make a ticket. I have been told that the big niggers and big white men are together and the poor niggers and whites are together. Let the poor niggers and poor whites stand together and win. He came here to represent not whites alone nor blacks, but the people of his township. What under Heaven's sun do you poor whites want to stay in the Democratic party for? What do I want to stay in the Republican party for? The best lawyer in Eastern Carolina says there is no difference between them. (Applause.) We don't propose to strike the property or color line. I don't see five men here who have not been whipped by the polls by the party lash. If we make a party of the ticket let us make it all. If you don't make all, make none, and let the Democrats and Republicans have their way as they have done. I don't keep up with political issues, but I know one thing, I know I and Capt. Kitchen are the smartest men in North Carolina and both of us there is no difference between the old parties. Starvation has brought the poor niggers and poor whites together and we propose to stop it. Blood may run but we intend to stop it in spite of creation. If you do not make a ticket here to-day you will never see me again.

"Powell's speech was applauded several times and caused considerable merriment. He seemed especially pleased to ring the changes on the 'poor niggers and poor whites.' Doubtless he was looking beyond to a time when he hoped he would be admitted to terms of social equality with the 'poor whites,' as he called them."

### The Glorified Blackberry.

There is a bug with a name as long as a snake that abides among the blackberries, writes Robert I. Burdette in his inimitable department in the July Ladies' Home Journal in the July Ladies' Home Journal.

He does not eat them. He just haunts the patches where city boarders are staying, and makes it his business to arise early in the morning and crawl over the largest and finest and ripest berries. When you eat a blackberry that has been glorified by a visit from this bug, you just lie right down in the briars and ask to die. You do not want to live a minute longer. Not with that taste in your mouth. If I understand rightly what a bramble is, the blackberry, in a state of nature, is the brambliest thing that ever brambled. A human being, clothed and in his right mind, who goes in at one side of a wild blackberry patch and comes out at the other is moved with wonder at the compensation of nature. For every one of the thousand scratches on his perishing frame he has a ready-made bandage hanging loosely from his raiment. How men can behold such things and yet vote the other ticket is a mystery to everybody else. If you will run your hand, or better, your sleeve, lightly down a blackberry cane, from top to root, you will observe that the briars hook upward, to catch everything that comes down. Then, if you will run up the other way, you will observe that all the briars hook downward, in order to catch everything as it comes up.

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, says of the Minneapolis news: "Beyond any question the President is the strongest candidate the Republicans could have put in the field."

### TURN THE RASCALS OUT!

New York Sun.

Ex-S