

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

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The Sweetest Song

BILL ARP'S LETTER.



HE DISCOURSES ABOUT THE DEPRIVITY OF ORIGINAL SIN.

Age and Reflection and the Grace of God Will Drive out this Original Sin if we are Willing.

To take it all in and keep up with it strains a weak mind. What with the awful cholera across the seas and the famine in Russia and the Presidential election and Hogg, Clark and Company in Texas, and Tom Watson and Black in Georgia and the coal miners in Tennessee and Sullivan and Corbett in New Orleans and the World's Fair and the strikes and hangings and lynchings and murders and suicides and rattlesnakes thrown up to fill the columns, I don't know what will become of us all. The planet Mars must be on a rampage sure, as it is throwing down a few rocks to show that he is mad. We see that some more meteoric stones are falling out West. I reckon we had better quit reading the papers and take up the Bible awhile and go to meeting and draw our minds away from this subliminary world until some of these things are over. Thank goodness that the prize fights are over for a season. That job is done. Now let us have peace. I reckon most men would confess to a sneaking desire to see a prize fight. I do, and it is one of the best evidences of original sin that I know of. I would like to be out of sight behind a curtain and have a peep hole and see how it was done. One time would do for me; it is curiosity. If there was much blood I would retire early for blood makes me sick. I expect I would take sides and want my man to whip. Original sin makes a man a boy love to see a dog fight or a chicken fight or a bull fight or a rooster fight with bounds. It is all cruel and devilish and hardens the heart. A cruel boy will make cruel man and I wouldn't want him for a son-in-law.

But age and reflection and the grace of God will change a man and drive out this original sin if he is willing. The danger is that before he is aware of it he becomes total depravity and then he is gone. A young man can indulge in some vice or passion until it is his very life and he can't quit. He can indulge a passion for gambling until it absorbs him and he is not fit for anything else. What a miserable life it is that is bet away on races and fights and the turns of a card. When a man is on his last bed what comfort is there in saying to himself I bet and I bet and I bet. Only this and nothing more. If our young men would only stop and think how much better a useful life than to die a wreck and a nonentity!

But I did not start to preach a sermon. I was only ruminating upon the spectacle that the world presents to those who see it just now as it revolves upon its axis. Human beings—men, women and children dying in Persia and Russia by the thousands every day—dying of pestilence or famine—dying faster than they can be buried, and in Hamburg at the rate of 250 a day, and all business stopped except in funerals and grave digging, and all night long the muffled rumbling of the hearse and the carts and ambulances and in almost every cottage of the poor, the wails and groans of misery. Pestilence and famine are holding a carnival. These people are not our friends but they are human beings with hearts and feelings and affections like our own. God pity them! And as the world turns another scene comes to view where thousands of wild excited people are gathered to see two men punch each other unto death or victory, and there are shouts and yells and oaths and pandemonium and betting is high, last and furious, and like a shadow over all is the devil smiling and happy and his forked tail is wagging calm and serene. I ruminated over this and wondered. Suppose death on the pale horse should suddenly have appeared in that crowd, or the deadly angel should have come with his glittering sword, or the East wind should have wafted there a breath of the pestilence that is raging on the other side would it have violated the eternal fitness of things?

The trouble with all sporting is the company that one must keep who wishes to enjoy it. This trouble begins with the school boy at his games of marbles or ball, and with the young man who is fond of baseball, or billiards, or cards, or the young lady who likes to dance. Some good pious people believe that all such things are sinful in themselves, while some believe they become a sin only by association and over-indulgence. Every man has the privilege of his own opinions upon these things, and every parent is responsible for the good conduct of his children; but still the preachers are right in warning and forewarning, and if they do assume to know more than other people it is a pardonable presumption, for as a general thing they are against vice and folly in all its forms. Nevertheless a greater tyranny than the tyranny of priestcraft.

I wonder what is the matter with the people and why they are so restless and excited and why they are all so split up and torn up in politics. For the life of me I can't see any great difference between our privileges and enjoyments now and what they used to be. Cotton is very low, but I remember when it was 5 cents a pound and we had to haul it 200 miles to market. Salt and iron were 4 cents a pound and steel 75 cents.

Those were hard times sure enough,

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.



Grover Cleveland.

Adlai E. Stevenson.

IN STATESVILLE.

GLENN'S TERRIBLE CASTIGATION OF MARIANN BUTLER.

A Masterly Arrangement of this Noble Fellow—He Wilted Under It—Glenn told the Truth and Butler Knew It, Hence He Could not Refute the Charges.

The meeting of Glenn and Butler at Statesville last Thursday resulted in a field day for Democracy and in the utter confusion of the unstable apostle of the Third Party—the said Mariann Butler.

The Statesville Landmark gives an extensive account of the occasion, from which we make the following clipping:

Mr. Glenn then proceeded to tell of the various Democratic efforts to reduce the tariff on the necessities of life, some successful and some unsuccessful, by reason of Republican opposition. His treatment of the tariff was clear, cogent and convincing.

I can't believe, said he, that a man who fears God or loves his country will dare to tell this people that the Democrats have made no effort to reduce the tariff.

One hundred and forty-six million dollars are paid out yearly in pensions to Federal soldiers. Some of these were never in 1,000 miles of a battlefield, never heard the shrill of a shell or the whistle of a bullet. It is a shame and an outrage that men should draw pensions for injuries received while applying the torch to Southern barns, or raiding Southern hen roosts. Did you ever hear of a Republican President vetoing a pension bill? The only man who had the courage to do it was the very man Mr. Butler is going about over the State abusing and denouncing as unworthy of your support. Why don't you tell the people this, unless you are merely an agent of the Southern party? You have not one solitary word to say against Harrison. Why is it that you have so much abuse for Democrats and not a word to say against Republicans? It is passing strange. It looks like you were working in the interest of Harrison. Mr. Glenn then drew a contrast between Cleveland and Weaver in their treatment of the South. He told of the Southern men Cleveland had honored with positions in his cabinet and on the Supreme bench. He was the first President in many years who considered Southern men worthy to represent the flag of the country in foreign courts. He told how Weaver had vilified and abused the Southern people, long years after the war, read extracts from his speeches, and showed up his record while military commander in Tennessee. None but a coward would strike a man who is down. Mr. Butler, I appeal to your patriotism. Can you endorse all the damnable things said against your people by J. B. Weaver? Was your father in the war? (Mr. Butler nodded in the affirmative.) Weaver says your father was a traitor, and a man-hating, woman-selling scoundrel. Tell this people how you can support Weaver. I would be unworthy of my father and my country if I uttered any word of praise of that man who applied to you these epithets. (Mr. Glenn then read other extracts.) These are the utterances of the man who vilified your father and mine. If your father is living he is ashamed of his son Marion Butler. If he is dead, the son of another Confederate soldier, an ashamed for that dead father, of his son, Marion Butler.

if you are in favor of the Stewart bill I wrote to Mr. Cleveland to learn his views on the silver question. He is not in favor of inflation. He doesn't believe in a silver dollar worth only 68 cents. That would be to coin a lie and stamp the eagle on it. He believes that a dollar of silver ought to be worth a dollar in gold. On this basis he is in favor of the free coinage of silver.

Mr. Glenn told of a conversation he had with a Third Partyite, who said that "his folks" had told him if he voted for Weaver he would get \$50 apiece for himself and each member of his family. The government was going to "print" it and send it to the Clerks of the Court to distribute. This was a delusion worse than the forty acres and a mule. Mr. Bell told me that he asked Butler why he left the Democratic party, and Butler replied: "Because they voted against the free coinage bill." Bell asked how much would that bill have added to the circulation, and Butler replied: "About 33 cents per capita." If that is so, you sold out for 33 cents and you are worse than Judas Iscariot. He received thirty pieces of silver as the price of his treachery. Judas Iscariot went out and hanged himself and I advise you to do the same thing. (Mr. Butler denied having told Mr. Bell this.) Mr. Bell says that you said it, and a number of other gentlemen told me they heard you say it, and I will as soon believe them as Marion Butler. In 1888 you supported Mr. Cleveland, both in your paper and on the stump. My friend you studied law once, and you know what stoppels is. You told the people then that Cleveland was worthy of their support. Were you telling the truth then, or are you telling it now? The idea of Mr. Butler criticizing Mr. Cleveland! What do you suppose Grover would do if he knew you were down here criticizing him?

Who is Grover Cleveland? A Third Party politician. A rascal! The man who says that is a greater rascal than Grover Cleveland ever was.

Third Party vote: Didn't he put a nigger in power? Yes, he did. Do you complain of that? But I saw a sight to day never before witnessed in North Carolina. I saw your white men riding side by side, cheek by jowl, with the blackest negroes in the county. And I saw in that procession an old white horse never seen in any sort of procession before. (This was Dr. Mott's white horse, bested by a Republican.) Butler and the Weavers say to the government: "Issue money! Issue money!" They think the government can print in any quantity and give it to the people. Did you ever hear of such nonsense?

Butler says the Force bill is a small issue; that the Democrats are keeping it before the people in order to delude them and blind their eyes to the real issues.

Is it a dead issue? Reid says it is not dead. The Republican platform, in which the party is solemnly pledged to its passage and enforcement, says it is not dead. The Ocala convention, of which Mr. Butler was a member, took the trouble to denounce it in unmistakable terms. They did not think there was no danger in it. And yet you have the effrontery to stand up before a God-fearing people and say there is no danger in it; that it is a mere delusion and a blind.

What is Weaver's record on this matter? He was in favor of a more infamous force bill than that which now threatens the liberties of the South. In the Forty-sixth Congress, when an amendment was introduced to take away the soldiers from the polls. Mr. Garfield stood shoulder to shoulder with the Democrats in this just fight, and helped them with his voice and vote. But there was one man who did everything in his power to defeat the amendment. He made to defeat the amendment. He said: "Let the soldiers remain at the polls." That man was J. B. Weaver. Tell the people, Mr. Butler, whether you endorse his course.

Why should we have a change in the State government? Is not Elias Carr an honest man? Has not the Democratic administration of State

affairs been pure, honest, able and unobjectionable? I put this question to Mr. Butler and I ask him to answer it: Are you not, deep down in your heart, ashamed of your candidate, Exum? Will you give the people an answer to that simple question? A hundred men stand around me who heard Maj. Robbins ask you if you would support the Democratic State ticket, and you said you would. He asked you if you would support Cleveland, and you replied, if the Democratic State Convention said so. You went to that Convention and participated in its deliberations just as I did. Mr. Butler, there is a man now standing so close to you you might touch him with your right hand, who went to that Convention and supported Gov. Holt. He was a little disgruntled because his candidate failed to receive the nomination. But you patted him on the back and said: "Old fellow, we beat you fairly. Now go home and work for Elias Carr." Others here heard you say it. Deny it if you can. Today that man is working for Elias Carr, and you are moving heaven and earth to defeat him.

Mr. Glenn then read extracts from the Caucasian, in which Mr. Butler said he would support the ticket headed by Elias Carr under any and all circumstances. Fellow citizens, this man talks about a subsidized press and newspaper lies. He ought to know something about them. He is the editor of a newspaper himself.

In conclusion Mr. Glenn delivered to Mr. Butler a message from Mrs. Senator Vance. The scene was intensely dramatic. It was the only time Mr. Butler showed any emotion. During the hour and a half of stern denunciation and vitriolic irony, he scarcely winced under the burning lash. But now he blanch'd visibly. "His coward lips did from their color fly," and his eyes dropped, unable to meet Mr. Glenn's gaze.

WE BUILD THE LADDER.
Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount the summit round by round.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dream departs and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount the summit round by round.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
We trust the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
We trust the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

THE COPPER MARBLE WORKS,
111, 113 and 115 Bank St.,
NORFOLK, VA.
Large stock of finished Monuments, Gravestones, &c.
Ready for shipment.
Designs free.

BOOK of SHOES and CLOTHING!

CHAPTER I.

These things, O Shoe and Clothing Buyer, are those which are written for thy benefit, yea verily they are for thy profit: Oh, my son, that which if thou dost hearken unto them, will put money into thy pocket; yea Shekels and many American Gold Dollars.

Be it known unto you that at Young's Shoe and Clothing Store is heaped up many good and cheap shoes; yea the multitude thereof is hard to count. Thou dost need them for thy children to go to school, also for thy wife and daughters who are not satisfied unless they get their shoes at Young's; for thou and they do well know that Young sells nothing but the best shoes and the prices are so low that people say verily they are going to break. It hath been well said that a foolish and perverse people buy their shoes from other stores, but that the wise man who knows the value of the Great American Dollar, never makes a mistake; therefore, oh, my son, it is said in Wilson that people are very wise in as much as nearly all of them buy their shoes at Young's.

Yea, verily below are their Prices which doth tell the tale:

463 Pairs Childrens Shoes at	25 cents.
566 " Mens' Whole Stock Brogans,	75 "
671 " Womens' Whole Stock Polkas,	50 "
271 " " Oil Grain "	60 "
379 " Ladies' Davis Button Shoes,	95 "
263 " Mens' Calf Skin Gaiters,	1.50
463 " " " " " Lace,	1.25
275 " " " " " " " "	2.00 to 2.50

Others in Proportion.

In something that is stylish, elegant and equal to Tailor Made Suits, we shall offer 123 Suits, 3 Button Cutaways, 16,50, regular 22,50 everywhere else.

126 Suits at 12.50, Regular Prices Elsewhere, 20.00.	
132 " " 10.00, " " " "	16.00.
142 " " 8.50, " " " "	12.50.
105 " " 7.50, " " " "	11.00.
99 " " 5.00, " " " "	8.50.
86 " " 4.00, " " " "	7.00.
121 " " 2.50, " " " "	5.00.

And other lots in same proportion. These goods have got to be sold and we shall sell them at prices that will suit you. Call early if you want to save money.

Young's! Young's! Young's!

ROUNTREE STORE.

OCTOBER DAYS.
BY EVA A. MADDEN.

Out in the field is the golden-rod.
Waving and bending its yellow plumes;
White is the silk in the milk-weed-plot,
In the yellow days of October.

Crimson are trees of the forestland,
Berries hang red on the climbing vines,
Maples are touched by a golden hand,
And the nuts are ripe in their brownness.

Close to the grass are the asters white,
Brown on the ground lie the fallen leaves,
Circling around summer's birds take flight,
And the quails whirl up near the fences.

Over the land is the autumn haze;
Slowly at eve comes the great, round moon;
Silent and sweet are the country ways
In the golden days of October.
—The Ladies Home Journal.

Lon. J. Moore, Esq., of New Bern,
until lately a Republican, will soon take the stump for Cleveland and Carr.

W. E. WARREN & CO.
FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS,
(Successors to B. F. Briggs & Co.)
OFFICE OVER FIRST NAT. BANK,
WILSON, N. C.

We purpose giving the business entrusted to us by the citizens of Wilson and neighboring territory, our close and personal attention. We represent some of the best companies in the world. We want your insurance. Come to see us.

W. A. Crawford,
WILSON, N. C.
Aug. 25th, 1892. 8-25-3m.

Shave, Sir?

When in need of a shave, shampoo, hair-cut, or mustache or hair dyed, if wanted done in first-class style, call on THE TWIN GASTONS.
Nash Street Wilson N. C.

Stop and Think!

Why pay TEN CENTS for ONE smoke when you can get FIVE smokes for TEN?

Old Virginia Cheroots.

BEST STOCK, MILD, SWEET and PURE.
Handsomely made. Five for ten cents.

Whoa!

When in LaGrange and desiring a first-class turn-out for any immediate point, come to my livery stables. Good teams, careful drivers and reasonable rates. I have made special arrangements with the proprietor to take all patrons to Seven Springs, Wayne county's favorite health resort. Call on me
W. H. HARPER,
LaGrange, N. C.

25-21-3m