

The Wilson Advance.

\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

VOLUME XXIII.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., MARCH 23, 1893.

NUMBER 12.

STATIONERY RUN!



In the Original Store
YOU WILL FIND A NEW
STOCK OF

Stationery

JUST RECEIVED—PRICES
AS USUAL.

We Have Only
Ladies Cloaks Left.
Sizes 32, 36, 38, 40.

Our price was \$5.25; sold
elsewhere at \$7.50. We now
offer them at \$4.20 to close as
we don't want to carry one of
them over.

Now is your chance if the
size is right. You will find
them in "The Corner Store."

In the Back Store

We have a Specialty in Ladies
Dong, Buttoned Shoes
at \$1.25 per pair.

The Cash Racket Stores.

J. M. LEATH, Manager.
Nash and Goldsboro Streets,
WILSON, N. C.

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 Wil-
son, I offer my professional services to
the public.
Office in Central Hotel Building.

IF YOU WISH TO PURCHASE THE BEST

Pianos,

at the most reasonable prices, write to
us for prices and catalogues. Our in-
struments are carefully selected and
our guarantee is absolute.

Cabinet Organs.

We carry an immense stock and
offer them at lowest prices. For par-
ticulars address:

F. VAN LAER,
402 and 404 W. 4th St.,
Wilmington, N. C.

We refer to some of the most
prominent families in Wilson, 10-27-31

NEW MAN, NEW STORE, New Prices.

I take this method to inform
my friends and the public that
I have opened a fresh stock of
GROCERIES,
GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERIES,
CONFECTIONERIES,
FRUITS, ETC.,
FRUITS, ETC.,

at the stand on Tarboro street
recently occupied by Mr. John
Gardner.

KEROSENE, per gal., 10c.
TOBACCO, per lb., 25c.

All other goods proportionate-
ly low. Highest cash prices
paid for country produce.

Respectfully,

W. R. Best.

POETRY.

A PARTISAN.
CARL SMITH.

Who wrote about the English oak,
Wrote sturdy verse and true;
And well he sang the poet folk
Of willow and of reed;
And what they said were words of love
But theirs that praise not, mine.
I rather sing the groves of
The "quakin asp" and pine.

When in the morn the edge of day
Peers over the great peaks,
And down along the valley way
To where the torrent shrieks,
It hunts from out the haunts of shade
Full many a friend of mine,
And clear the beauties are displayed
Of "quakin asp" and pine.

Oh, deep within the mountain heart
Are wondrous treasures stored!
And suddenly the giants part
And riches from their hoard.
But fairer than the bits of gold
That in the sluices shine
Is that sweet memory I hold
Of "quakin asp" and pine.

More nobler sweet'er ne'er was seen,
As, climbing crag and stone,
They carpet with a royal green
The stairway of God's throne.
More fitting stair from heaven to earth
Than this could none devise.
When the pure cast dew has its birth
On "quakin asp" and pine.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

The spring is fairly upon us, and
it is really the birth of a new year.
The sweet odor of violets in the air
and the alder tags are blooming in
the glades. The robins are bobbing
around and the setting hen comes
clucking from her nest. Fire is on
the mountains, and the busy farmers
are burning brush and cleaning up
the fence rows or hauling guano to
make the biggest crop of cotton the
world ever saw. That is what they
told me in North Carolina, and I
reckon it is so all over the cotton
belt. The poet says "What ever is
right," and so we will have to be
reconciled and let the farmers do just
as they please and take the conse-
quences. In fact, it is risky and
impertinent to advise a man about his
business. But editors will do it, and
I heard a farmer tell one long ago
that he could run a better newspaper
if he would give it more attention
and give the farmers less advice.
Well, it stands to reason that a man
who has been farming all his life
knows more about it than a town
raised editor who never farmed a
day.

The farmers are in earnest now.
Politics has settled down in the old
ruts. The Ocala platform is dead
buried, and all the vain hopes that
inspired it have vanished away. Just
as the "forty acres and a mule"
played out with the darkey, so have
all the expectations of some big thing
from the government played out
with the people's party. It was a
delusion and a snare, and nobody but
a few politicians profited by it. It is
at last an admitted fact that the farm-
ers must depend on themselves and
not on the government. Paternalism
is the curse of a state or a nation, and
I am glad to see that Mr. Cleveland
is going to put his foot down upon it.
Protection for protection's sake must
go. We want no more infant indus-
tries. They must start full grown
and compete with the world. This
pension outrage must be reformed,
for it grows bigger as the years roll
on. It is the politician's hobby, and
he rides on it into office. Over eight
hundred thousand are now on the
rolls, and not one-fourth of them ever
saw a battle-field. It is nothing but
paternalism, and it has gotten to be
an epidemic. Most everybody wants
some help from the government, and
if they can't get it one way they will
another. Our revolutionary fathers,
who were wounded and disabled,
drew pensions, but, in course of time,
they died, and the pension stopped,
but now the pension keeps running
on and spreading out to widows and
children and grandchildren, and most
of them are to foreigners who fought
for the money that was in it and not
else. Just go into the national
cemetery, at Chatham, and see the
names on the headstones, and you
can't pronounce half of them without
a corscrew. For the honest patriotic
soldier, we have the profoundest re-
spect, but we rebel know something
about the foreign hirelings we had to
fight the last two years of the war.

Paternalism is run mad—one hundred
and eighty millions of pensions is
more than the government can stand.
The nation has put Mr. Cleveland
there to reform, and we believe he
will do it. The salaries of the govern-
ment officials are too large. Millions
could be saved by a healthy reduction
and then there would not be so many
office seekers. How is it that our
governor and our supreme court
judges get only about half as much as
a United States marshal or a clerk of
a United States district? How is it
that a little postoffice like Cartersville
pays \$1,600, when there are ten men
and twenty women who would take
it for \$1,000?

Let us get back to the economy of
our fathers, and then the duties on
the necessities of life can be taken off,
and the common people can get their
shoes and blankets cheaper. Wash-
ington is called the father of his
country, and now we want Mr. Cleve-
land to father the country some, too,
besides little Ruth, and take the
burdens off the people. That is all
the paternalism we ask for—a clean
and honest administration. Kill the
monopolies and the trusts. Let Hawaii
alone and the Nicaragua canal and
everything else that calls for more
money and more taxes. Don't
spend so much about the money or the
scuffle between gold and silver, it is
doing very well. I once was young

and now I am old, but I have never
seen the time that there wasn't
enough money in town just for every-
thing the people had to sell. I farm-
ed for eleven years, and my corn
brought me 50 cents a bushel for
every crop. It isn't the kind of
money, whether gold or silver or
paper, that concerns us, but it is the
solvency and honesty of the banks,
for 95 per cent of all the business is
done by checks and deposits. There
are enough dollars and dimes to do
all the rest. Who ever sees a piece
of gold coin? Who ever looks at a
national bank bill to see what bank
it issued? They are all good, for
Maine to California. In my opinion,
the world has no better currency,
and I read to see the day when any
man or set of men can issue their
own bills and foist them upon the
country—we have tried that and
suffered. Let well enough alone.
What old Georgian does not recall
the failures of Georgia banks in the
ante-bellum days—not only the wild-
cat banks that were intended to fail,
but good banks that failed through
great financial revisions? There
were failures at Macon and Columbus
and St. Marys and Rome and Ring-
gold and Atlanta, and many of us
have got relics hid away that we
sometimes look at and lament. I
know one man who has a package
of \$4,000 of Ringgold money that
broke before the war. It is the com-
mon people who suffer from spurious
money, the smart, shrewd traders
get rid of theirs before the collapse
comes.

Now let us all go slow. Mr. Cleve-
land's election does not mean a
bonanza to anybody, but it does
mean honesty of administration, if it
is possible for him to control it. And
I believe he will control it. Mr. Har-
rison was honest enough, but not
broad enough. He wanted to jump
on Chile with both feet, and nearly
the last thing he did was to annex
Hawaii on paper. But he was a pure
man and did the best he could. Let
us not idolize any man for we are
all men and not gods. When Mr. Hayes
died a friend of mine expressed his
surprise and said he thought he had
died several years ago, but remember-
ed now that it was Arthur. Blaine
will soon be forgotten, for such is the
nature of political fame. What a
troublesome life they live? Think of
Toombs and Stephens and Gordon
and Colquhoun and all their heart-
burnings, and then turn away and say it
is better to live calm and serene under
your own vine and fig tree and take
comfort with those you love and
those who love you. There is nothing
in this life that will compare with
the love of wife and children and the
daily intercourse with good neighbors.
May the good Lord give this bless-
ing to us all and make us content.

THE MODERN WAY.

Comments itself to the well-informed
to do pleasantly and effectually what
was formerly done in the crudest
manner and disagreeably as well. To
cleanse the system and break up
colds, headaches and fevers without
unpleasant after effects, use the de-
licious liquid laxative remedy, Syrup
of Figs.

A CHATHAM MIRACLE.

DR. CARL VERRINDER'S VICIS-
SITUDE OF TORTURE AND HEALTH.

He Survives Them all, and Recovers His
Wonderful Deliverance From Poverty
and Death, and His Restoration to Pro-
sperity and Vigor of Mind and Body—
Good Words for the A. O. U. W.
(Chatham Planet).

In a Raleigh street residence there
lives with wife and one child—a little
ten-year-old daughter—a musician
known throughout Ontario, if not the
whole Dominion, as a prince among
pianists, organists and choir masters—
a veritable maestro and "Wizzard of
the Ivory Keys," and no one who has
ever listened to his manipulation of
the great organ in the Park Street
Methodist Church, or heard him
evoke "magic music's mystic melody"
from the magnificent Decker Grand
in his own drawing room but will de-
clare that his eminence is well de-
served, and his peers can be but few
among the professors of Divine Art.
The door plate bears the following
inscription:—

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
DR. CARL VERRINDER,
Director.

To sit, as did a Planet reporter a
few days ago, in a very atmosphere
of sweet harmony, created by Dr.
Verrinder's magic-like touch was an
experience that might well be in-
vied, and one calculated to inspire
the most sentimental reveries. But
sentimental moods finally vanish and
leave one facing the sober and prac-
tice side of life. The music ceased
and the conversation took a turn
leading to the real object of the re-
porter's call.

"There are stories abroad," said
the newspaper man, "regarding some
extraordinary deliverance from death,
which you have met with recently,
doctor. Would you object to stating
what foundation there is for them,
and, if any, furnish me with the true
facts for publication." Dr. Verrinder
shrugged his shoulders and laughed.
"I have not," he replied, "been given
to seeking newspaper notoriety, and
at fifty-five years of age it is not
likely begun, and yet," said the re-
porter, "after thinking a moment and
consulting Mrs. Verrinder, 'perhaps
it is best that I should give you the

circumstances for use in The Planet.
The story of my escape from the
grave might fittingly be prefaced by a
little of my early history. We re-
sided in England, where though I was
a professor of music, I was not de-
pendant on my art, as I had acquired a
competence. My wife was an hier-
ess, having £50,000 in her own right.
Through the rascality of a broker she
was robbed almost of all her for-
tune, while by the Bank of Glasgow
failure, my money vanished. It be-
came necessary for me then to return
to my profession in order to live. I
do not speak of it boastfully, but I
stood well among the musicians of
that day in the old land. My fees
were a guinea a lesson, and it was no
uncommon thing for me to give
twenty in a day. We came to
America, landing in Quebec, where
I anticipated getting an engage-
ment as organist in cathedral,
but was disappointed. Subse-
quently we moved to St. Catharines,
in which city I procured an organ
and choir and soon had a large client-
ele. Later in order as I thought to
better my fortune, I took up my resi-
dence in London, first filling an en-
gagement with a Methodist church
and afterwards accepting the position
of organist in St. Peter's Cathedral.
In those cities I made many warm
friends, and their tributes and gifts I
shall ever retain as among the most
precious of my possessions. It was
while living in London and pursuing
my art with much earnestness and
labor that I received a stroke of
paralysis. Perhaps, here the
speaker rose and stretching himself to
his full height, thus displaying his
well built and well-nourished frame.
"I do not look like a paralytic. But
the truth is I have had three strokes
—yes, sir, first, second and third, and
they say the third is fatal, ninety-nine
times out of one hundred. Yet here
you see before you a three-stroke
victim, and a man who feels, both in
body and mind, as vigorous as he
ever did in his life. My ultimate
cure I attribute to my testing the vir-
tues of a medicine whose praise I
shall never cease sounding as long as
I live, and which I shall recommend
to suffering humanity as I am now
constantly doing, while I know of a
case and can reach the ear of the pa-
tient. After removing to Chatham I
had not long been here when my
health further began to give way.
Gradually I noted the change. I felt
it first and most strongly in a stom-
ach affection which produced con-
stant and distressing nausea. It
grew worse and worse, I myself at-
tributed it to bad water poisoning my
system. One doctor said it was
catarrh of the stomach. Another
pronounced it diabetes, still another
a different diagnosis. I kept on doc-
toring, but getting no relief. I tried
one medicine after another, but it was
no use. Grippe attacked me and ad-
ded to my pain, discomfort and weak-
ness. At last I took to my bed and
it seemed that I was never going to
get well. Nothing of a nourishing
nature would remain on my stomach.
No drugs seemed to have a counter-
acting influence on the disease which
was dragging me down to death. My
wife would sit at my bedside and moist-
en my lips with diluted spirits which
was all that could be done to relieve
me. Besides three local doctors gave
me up, I had doctors from London
and Kingston whose skill I believed in,
but without receiving any help or en-
couragement. It is true that a
stomach pump operation afforded
temporary relief, but yet the felt that
my peculiar case needed some special
and particular compound or remedial
agent which I knew not of. But, at
last, thank God, I discovered it. I
had been for eighteen months a mis-
erable wreck, unable to work, unable
to eat or to sleep properly. My
means were becoming exhausted. My
poor wife was worn out in body
and spirit. Suddenly the deliverer
came! Pink Pills! Yes sir! Pink
Pills—God bless their inventor or
discoverer!—have rescued me from
the jaws of death and miraculously
made me what you see me to day,
hearty, happy, with a splendid ap-
petite, a clear brain, a capacity for work
and an ability to sleep sound and re-
freshing. I know that only a
man who has experienced yet the trials
of insomnia can rightly appreciate
Bead in mind, my friend, I am no
wild enthusiast over the supposed
merits of this medicine. I have test-
ed the virtues of Pink Pills and am
ready to take oath to their efficacy.
No one could shake my faith in them;
because what a man has thoroughly
proved in his own experience, and
what he has confirmed in the expe-
rience of others—I have prescribed
the pills to other sick persons and
know the extraordinary good they
have effected in their cases. The right
to be convinced is so. I shall tell you
how I came to try them. A fellow
member of the A. O. U. W., the
brethren of which order had been
more than kind to me during my ill-
ness, recommended Pink Pills I knew
nothing about what they were or
what they could accomplish. In
fact, I am rather a skeptic on what
are termed "proprietary remedies."
But I started to take Pink Pills for
Pale People, made by the Dr. Wil-
liams' Medicine Co., Brookville, from
the very first, one at a dose, I began
to mend and before I had taken
more than a box or two I knew that
I had found the right remedy and
that to the Pink Pills I owed my life.
In nine months I have taken twelve
boxes—just six dollars worth. Think
of my friend! Hundreds of dollars
for other treatment, and only six dol-
lars for what has made a man of me
and set me again on the highway of
health and prosperity. There is

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

some subtle, life-giving principle in
Pink Pills which I do not attempt to
fathom. I only know, like the blind
man of old: "Once I was blind;
now I can see!" God in the mys-
tery of his providence, directed my
brother of the A. O. U. W. to me. I
took it. I live and rejoice in my
health and strength. I have no
physical malady, save a slight stiffness
in my leg due to grippe. I feel as
well as in my palmist days. My
prospects are good! All this grate-
fully attribute to the virtues of Pink
Pills for Pale People," and now my
story is done!" as the nursery ballad
runs. If anybody should ask confir-
mation of this tale of mine let him
write to me and I shall cheerfully
furnish it. The Pink Pills were my
rescuer and I'll be their friend and
advocate while I live!"

The reporter finally took his leave
of Dr. Verrinder, but not without the
professor entertaining him to another
piano treat, a symphony played with
faultless execution and soulful inter-
pretation of the composer's thought.
Calling upon Messrs. A. E. Pilkey
& Co., the well-known druggists, the
reporter ascertained Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills have an enormous sale in
Chatham, and that from all quarters
come glowing reports of the excellent
results following their use. In fact
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recog-
nized as one of the greatest modern
medicines—a perfect blood builder
and nerve restorer—curing such dis-
eases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial
paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus'
dance, nervous headache, nervous
prostration and tired feeling resulting
therefrom, diseases depending upon
humors in the blood, such as scrofula,
chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills
restore pale and sallow complexions
to the glow of health, and are specific
for all the troubles peculiar to the fe-
male sex, while in the case of men they
effect a radical cure in all cases aris-
ing from mental worry, overwork or
excess of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by
the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company,
Schenectady, N. Y., and Brookville,
Ont., and are sold in boxes (never
in loose form by the dozen or hun-
dred) and the public are cautioned
against numerous imitations and sold
in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or
six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had
of all druggists or direct by mail from
Dr. Williams' Medicine Company
from either address. The price at
which these pills are sold make a
course of treatment comparatively in-
expensive as compared with other
remedies or medical treatment.

"The Blood is the Life."

Runs the old saying, and every-
thing that ever makes part of any or-
gan of the body must reach its place
therein through the blood. There-
fore, if the blood is purified, it is in
good condition by the use of Hood's
Sarsaparilla, it necessarily follows that
the benefit of the medicine is imparted
to every organ of the body. Can
anything be simpler than the method
by which this excellent medicine
gives good health to all who will try
it fairly and patiently?

We can't describe them. You will
have to see those beautiful all chromes
we are giving as premiums, to appre-
ciate them. Remember, we don't
give you your choice of the six, but
actually give all six of these gems of
art and a prize certificate entitling
you to your choice of one of twelve
articles enumerated under the head of
"Offer Extraordinary" first article on
this page. The certificate you send
with twelve cents to P. O. Vickery,
Augusta, Maine. We give the certifi-
cate and the six chromes and mail to
you address "Vickery's Fireside
Visitor" and THE WILSON ADVANCE
one year for the small sum of two
dollars.

The Grippe is a disease with so se-
rious an ending possible that its
slightest attack should have the im-
mediate attention of one's physician,
and it should be treated by remedies
dispensed under a physician's pre-
scription alone.

Its most characteristic and painful
symptom, however, the terrible aching
pain can be greatly relieved, and the
patient made very much more com-
fortable, by a thorough rubbing of the
body, wherever painful, with Pond's
Extract, diluted with hot water. This
treatment will also tend to prevent
catching cold.

Abolishing Capital Punishment.

DENVER, March 17.—The senate
this morning passed a bill abolishing
capital punishment. The bill will
doubtless become a law, as Governor
Waite is known to favor it, and it is al-
most certain to pass the House.

Rich, Red Blood.

As naturally results from taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla as a personal
cleansing results from free use of
soap and water. This great purifier
thoroughly expels scrofula, salt rheum
and all other impurities and builds up
every organ of the body. Now is the
time to take it.

HE DEFENDED O'BRIEN.

Driving an Obnoxious Passenger Off the
Deck of an Ocean Steamship.
"I HATE," said Archibald Ringel of
St. Paul the other day, "I was a passen-
ger on the ship Umbria, which carried
William O'Brien to America. You re-
member that visit, how O'Brien was
maddened by his way to Montreal and all
that? Well, about the ship was an
Irish lawyer named Fox, an Orangeman
and a pugacious creature generally. Of
course he didn't like O'Brien, and by
the time the ship was two days out from
Quebec he had organized a party of
passengers who hissed O'Brien every
time he came on deck or into the saloon.
"This wasn't pleasant for the rest of
us, but we didn't say a word until one
day O'Brien slipped as he was leaning
over the railing contemplating (in imagi-
nation) the beasts of the sea, and nearly
fell overboard. Fox stood in the center
of the group not far away, and he and
the rest of them commenced to hoot and
make other disagreeable noises. That
aroused me, Irish and walking firm and
fierce over to them I said in my most
sonorous and commanding voice:
"See here, you ruffians, this disgrace-
ful business has gone far enough, and I
won't stand it any longer. Listen—if
you don't quit it and walking firm into
your staterooms in just two minutes and
leave Mr. O'Brien alone the rest of the
voyage I'll take the matter into my
hands."
And with that I took out my watch,
opened it and began to have seen the ex-
pression on Fox's face. It would have
gladdened the heart of a painter.
"Oh, ho!" says he, "he's going to
launch the fulminating curse of Rome
against us. He's going to excommunicate
us. Oh, ho! But where's his bell,
book and candle?"
"Don't you believe it," says I, still
looking at the watch. "Don't you be-
lieve it. I wouldn't waste a good, val-
uable curse on a beggar like you. But
I'll fix you in spite of that," says I, "I'll
go down into the steerage and bring up
a troop of those husky Irish lads," says I,
'and I'll tell 'em to sweep you off the
deck and into your own berth. You've
only got half a minute left, and I
advise you to start pretty soon."
"There wasn't one of 'em in sight in
30 seconds, and Fox was the first to go."
They didn't bother O'Brien after
that. The archbishop, who had been
the news got about in the steerage, and
next day I received a deputation from that
quarter of the ship expressing the sin-
cere sorrow they felt down there because
they didn't get a chance to larrup the
dirty blackguards."—Chicago Post.

The Gorgeous Staff Officer.

On the occasion of a military gath-
ering in Washington during the first ad-
ministration of Mr. Cleveland a consid-
erable party of citizens and members of
the militia had an arrangement to call
on the president at a certain hour. There
were a goodly number of ladies and gen-
tlemen. When the party was announced,
Mr. Cleveland got up from his chair at
his desk, and swinging around sat upon
his corner with a cigar between his fin-
gers, which he had been smoking, and
from which the smoke still curled up.
He put out his hands as the first of
the party reached him without remark,
and still half sitting upon the corner of
his desk he reached out his hand and gave
him a pumch on the cheek. This was re-
peated as fast as the company could pass
by—a single up and down stroke.

General Butler's Ideas of Bullion.

General Butler believed in gold and
silver only as a commodity and could
not see the necessity for government
vaults filled with coins or bullion. "The
Chinese," he once said to the writer eight
years ago, "know better than we how to
take care of their metal wealth. They
bury their cellars with it in great flags
or squares. Then if a man is seen carry-
ing off one of these squares he is asked
where he got it. It would be the same
with gold and silver in bars but for the
government stamp on it. When I took
possession of New Orleans, there was
\$900,000 in Mexican silver dollars among
the seizures.
"I had it done up in great packages
that weighed more than one man could
carry. It was stacked up in the custom
house, where people passed by it at all
hours. There was no guard over it, but
it was guarded by the eyes of the multi-
tude. None of it was ever lost." The
general believed that with greenbacks
as a circulating medium and silver
not so the necessity for government
vaults filled with coins or bullion. "The
Chinese," he once said to the writer eight
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bury their cellars with it in great flags
or squares. Then if a man is seen carry-
ing off one of these squares he is asked
where he got it. It would be the same
with gold and silver in bars but for the
government stamp on it. When I took
possession of New Orleans, there was
\$900,000 in Mexican silver dollars among
the seizures.

A Funny Story.

One day in Tennessee a man killed an-
other man. The murderer was arrested
and would have been hanged in the
course of time, but the brothers of the
murdered man couldn't wait. They got
him out of the jail, and incidentally the
prisoner, and attacked the jail with the
intention of taking the murderer out and
killing him. The men, however, whom
these people had elected and sworn in
for the purpose got together and defend-
ed the jail, and incidentally the prisoner.
The result was that some 25 men were
slain, among whom were, very appropri-
ately, the two brothers who got up the
murdered social entertainment.

Rich, Red Blood.

Now, if that isn't a funny story, then
I never heard one. It is enough to kill
the devil with laughing.—New York
Herald.

Killed While Crossing a Railroad.

NEW IBERIA, La., March 17.—
Mrs. Vincent Oliver, her sister Mrs.
Walker and the latter's child, while
attempting to drive across the rail-
road track near Iberia yesterday,
were struck by a train. The vehicle
was smashed and the occupants were
killed.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
should always be used for children
teething. It soothes the child, soft-
ens the gums, allays all pain, cures
wind colic, and is the best remedy for
diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Modern Education.

Much greater efforts are bestowed
nowadays on making young men
and women learned and accomplished
than on cultivating in them either
sympathy in the pursuits of others,
or good-temper or geniality; yet
neither learning, nor wit, nor science,
nor accomplishments, be they ever
so brilliant, will bring them the
kindly sympathies, the happiness that
kindly, sympathetic, good-natured
manners will diffuse. Nay, so unfitted
are many persons for family life or
social intercourse, that they will turn
their very advantages into means of
annoyance to those with whom they
live. And this for the want of train-
ing in good-manners, the which, if
they possessed, they would neither
be sour, pedantic, disputatious, over-
accurate on the one hand, nor fussy
and overwholly gushing on the
other.—Churchman.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY— "Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remark- able and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease imme- diately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by E. M. Nadeau, druggist, Wilson, N. C.

The Public Printing Contract.

We understand upon good authority
that Mr. Joseph Daniels Public
Printer to the State, has announced his
purpose to award the public printing
contract to Messrs. E. M. Uzzell and
Edwards and Broughton, each firm to
get half of the work. This is the
graceful course to pursue and will be
commended by the public. The work
will be done by the two firms at fifteen
per cent less than prices heretofore
paid, and the arrangement will be the
same as that which was recommended
by the printing committee to the
Democratic caucus. It is understood
that Mr. Daniels will accept the
federal appointment tendered to him
and will go to Washington.—Raleigh
News and Observer.

Bay State, Banister's and E. P.
Reed's fine shoes are the best made at
E. R. Gay's.