

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.

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POETRY.

THE WALTZ.

BY ONE WHO CANNOT DO IT.

Those troubadours who still the praise rehearse
Of waltzing, calling it by turns divine,
Ecstatic, heavenly, do not in their verse
Allude to me, dear, to mine.

Indeed I doubt if the same dancing
room,
Could not hold their dreamy bliss and
mine beside.

To judge from those unnumbered hosts
with whom
I usually cotilde.

The big-moustached dragon of cheap
romance
Who to the fluttering heroine softly
croons
Love whippers, does he never in the
dance
Bump against more dragons?

They always float in a fairy bark,
Wafted by zephyrs on a magic mere,
Though they would qualify that sweet
remark
If I were wafted near.

Their rhythmic gliding, locked in a
caress,
All else forgot, the mazy concourse
through
Would, I am conscious, suffer more or
less.

If I were gliding too.

Terrifiche denied to me the art
Of winning my fair lady thus I doubt;
I have to do the storming of her heart
When we are sitting out.

Inflammation is the who trouble in
many diseases and injuries. Reduce
the inflammation and natural healing
or natural recovery will quickly ensue.
Pond's Extract reduces inflammation
anywhere it can reach it. If in the
inflammation is external, bathe or bandage
with Pond's Extract internally—
anyhow make it reach the inflamed
place. The book of directions around
each bottle will tell you how. The
beneficial result is extraordinary. Try it,
and you'll be as sure of it as we
are. And if you want Pond's Ex-
tract, don't be persuaded to take
something else. If you want to buy
a shovel, would come home with a
pitchfork just because the hardware
man said he was out of shovels, and
anyhow, the pitchfork was just as
good? But it isn't—not to shovel
with.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Here she comes running and wants
something to hold her while she
coughs and coughs until the blood
darkens her face and the tears run
down her cheeks. The poor little
orphan. I wonder what the whooping
cough was made for—and the
measles and mumps and scarlet fever,
and the colic and all these infantile
diseases that prey upon and distress
the poor little innocents—what have
they done that they should suffer. I
know what I have done and left un-
done, and it is no wonder that grown
people, except a few, have headache
and toothache and rheumatism and
consumption, and a whole doctor's
book full of complaints. I feel that I
deserve my share of all these bodily
troubles, and even if I don't, I know
that they better prepare me for
heaven. They make me so tired
that I am willing to go when my
time cometh. But I can't under-
stand why these little children, who
are all unconscious of original sin or
any other sin should suffer so.

But suppose that we can't under-
stand it, what are we going to do
about it—nothing—nothing of course,
and so the best thing to do is to
accept all the conditions of life and
be thankful. "Though He slay me,
yet will I trust in Him." On this
beautiful spring morning, while the
sweet south wind is breathing its
balmy odors upon us, I was ruminat-
ing upon life and its measure of joy
and sorrow, and I wondered why
both were not more evenly distributed.
Why should bad luck and peril over-
take some and leave others? Why
should the ill-fated Narcotic go down
with all on board and the Aurania
come safe to port? Why should one
man fall in battle and his comrade
escape unharmed? Is it fate or pro-
vidence? Is it chance or destiny that
one should be taken and the other
left? I know not and will not let it
disturb me. I do know that I am
here and have a duty to perform. I
know that.

Life is real, life is earnest.
And the grave is not its goal.

I know that virtue is everywhere
respected and that good people save
the world just as the good men would
have saved Sodom.

What a shock it is to the civilized
world when a ship goes down at sea
and passengers crew.

Sink into the depth with bubbling
gravel,
Unknelled, unconfined, and unknown.

Why is it, why does it so harrow
up our feelings and provoke our ten-
derest sympathies? Here are 6,000
people dying every year in the Uni-
ted States and they would make a fu-
neral procession 560 miles long. Not
less than 50,000 kindred are bereaved
and mourn for them, and yet all con-
fines and graves and saddened hearts
and homes do not concern the public
like the sinking of a ship at sea. The
manner of the death is so horrible.
Indeed, drowning is said to be the
least repulsive of all deaths for it is
said to be painless, the agony of mind
is soon over, and yet it is an awful
calamity. No help, no kindred, no
last words, no messages of love, no
requiem, no flowers on the grave! In
my early youth the shock of the loss
of the pilot in which Theodore A. Al-
ston perished has not passed away.
She was the beautiful daughter of
Aron Burr. That ship went down
with all on board and no one knew
when or where, and the whole south
was grieved. She had married a dis-

tinguished son of South Carolina and
was herself the great granddaughter
of Jonathan Edwards, and her beauty
and her loveliness had saved her fa-
ther from being convicted of treason.
It was a tender story that my father
used to tell me and I loved such
things, and I love them yet. The
next disaster that shocked the country
in my youth was the loss of the Home
went down on the Carolina coast
when almost in sight of land. I re-
member Georgia mourned for Oliver
Prince, her most distinguished law-
yer, who sank with that vessel. He
was our United States senator and
the gifted author of many sketches.
Had he sickened and died at home
not half the grief and sympathy
would have been manifested by the
public heart. We are more reconcil-
ed to the inevitable than to the un-
seen, unexpected stroke that comes
at sea from mighty hand of God. We
all desire to die at home—at home,
where loving hands can smooth the
aching head and loving eyes look
down into our own and weep. I do,
and if I don't get better, I am not
going far away any more. There is
nothing sadder to me than to see
kindred, who are near and dear
gather at the depot to meet the
corpse of a son or a daughter who
had died in a strange land and whose
last request was to be taken home.

But I do not know why my thoughts
have run this way for the day is
bright and the birds are singing and
the fruit trees are in bloom and there
is nothing to make me sad—nothing
save the struggling child that every
little while has to rack her little frame
with that relentless cough and often
when it is over, to hear her say: "Oh,
I am so tired." I wish that we could
divide out pain and trouble and that
I could take part of hers. Yes, and
sometimes I wish that somebody
could take part of mine.

BILL ARP.

Julia E. Johnson, Stafford's P. O.,
S. C., writes: I had suffered 13 years
with eczema and was at times con-
fined to my bed. The itching was
terrible. My son in law got me one
half dozen bottles of Botanic Blood
Balm, which entirely cured me, and I
ask you to publish this for the ben-
efit of others suffering in like man-
ner."

DIXIE'S MONEY.

How the First Confederate Money was
Made.

It took money to carry on the
war.

The Southern Confederacy started
to oppose the invading force with an
empty Treasury. So a "promise to
pay" had to be resorted to.

One of the first things to be done
by the Treasury of the young nation
was to issue legal tender of some
kind.

The making of Confederate bonds
and notes was a great trial with the
young Treasury. In the South no
engravers could be found, and noth-
ing like good bank paper.

So arrangements were made to
print some bonds in New York. The
work was done about very care-
fully, and every means used to avoid
detection. But the bonds were
seized, however, before they left
New York. These bonds were
printed by the American Bank Note
Company, and when the Federal
authorities found this out, through a
tell-tale employee, the Southern Con-
federacy had to rely upon its own
resources to get up bonds and notes.

An engraver of cards and posters
by the name of Hoyer, a German by
nationality, lived in Richmond, and
he was employed to issue the first
notes, which were eight one-hundred-
dollar bills. One of these bills would
bring considerable sum as a relic.

A paper was smuggled through
the lines from New York and given
to Hoyer. He had only old and
inferior stones for engraving pur-
poses, and with them he made the
first Confederate Treasury notes.

The stones had previously been used
to engrave placards.

Of course they were faulty and full
of errors, and under any other cir-
cumstances would have been thrown
away, but some kind of legal tender
had to be secured at once, and the
rude notes were accepted.

When the Secretary read the
proofs he ordered them printed, in-
dorsing on the margin of the proof
the following: "When the money
changers become familiar with these
incoming bills it will be as difficult
to pass a counterfeit as if they had
been engraved on steel—perhaps more
so."

The German engraver used what
was an old fashioned press even in
that day, and the bills were printed
by hand, a very slow and tedious
process.

These rude, uncouth bills found no
buyers, but were accepted in good
faith by loyal Southern hearts. They
were pledges of a brave, fearless
people, and by that people were ac-
cepted as such.

They were not worth much upon
their face, but thousands of men died
to give them value, and three times
as many died to make them worth-
less.

Soon the country was flooded
with Confederate bills. The number
circulated depended on how fast the
Treasury could issue them. Bills of
small denominations soon went out
of style, and nothing under \$100 left
the Treasurer's hands, while \$500
and \$1,000 bills were as numerous as
\$5 bills are to-day.

Of course the price of everything
went up, and it was a mere bagatelle
to pay \$200 for a yard of flannel, or
\$300 for a pound of coffee, or \$1,000

for a pair of boots, or \$10,000 for a
horse.

Worthless as were these "promises
to pay," they cost more than any
tender ever issued by a nation on
earth. They were issued in integrity,
defended in valor and bathed in
precious blood.

The Evolution
Of medical agents is gradually
relegating the old-time herbs, pills,
draughts and vegetable extracts to
the rear and bringing into general
use the pleasant and effective liquid
laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the
true remedy see that it is manufac-
tured by the California Fig Syrup Co.
only. For sale by all leading drug-
gists.

Wun Lung.
This is the queer name of a Chi-
nese laundryman in Hartford, but he
has probably two lungs, like most of
us. Some crying babies seem to
have a dozen. Lungs should be
sound, or the voice will have a weak-
ly sound. Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery makes strong
lungs, drives the cough away, gener-
ates good blood, tones and nerves,
builds up the human wreck and
makes "another man of him. Night
sweats, blood-spitting, short breath,
bronchitis, asthma, and all alarming
symptoms of Consumption, are pos-
itively cured by this unapproachable
remedy. If taken in time, Consump-
tion itself can be baffled.

Japan May Annex Hawaii.
The Japanese cruiser is at Hono-
lulu waiting the result of the nego-
tiations at Washington with a view
to taking possession of the islands
should the annexation proposals be
rejected. It is believed that Japan
has designs upon the islands owing
to the employment of a large number
of her subjects in the sugar planta-
tions and that she is ready to raise
her flag the hour ours is hauled
down.

Opposition to the annexation is
growing among the Hawaiian natives
with delay.

The Handmade of Old Coins.
This proud distinction is generally
conceded to the United States' twenty
dollar gold piece, a marvel of beauty
in design and finish. The loveliest
of God's handiwork is a handsome
woman, if in the bloom of health; if
she is not, Dr. Pierce's Favorite
Prescription will restore her. Ladies
who use this peerless remedy are
unanimous in its praise, for it cures
those countless ills which are the
bane of their sex—irregularities, drag-
ging-down pains, inflammation, hys-
teria, sleeplessness, and the "all-gone"
sensations which burden their daily
lives. A tonic and nerve, without
alcohol.

The Extra Session.
To a few Congressmen who have
talked with him on the subject, Mr.
Cleveland has intimated that he will
call an extra session of Congress to
dispose of the tariff question. No
definite time has been set, but the
session will begin either in September
or October. Beyond the decision to
call the extra session no details for
the consideration of Congress have
been arranged, and the subject has
progressed no further than the deter-
mination to have Congress meet in
one or the other of the months
named. Mr. Cleveland, it is said,
was led to call the session by the Re-
publican defeat of 1890 following so
close on the enactment of the McKin-
ley tariff law. He believes that a fair
test of a new tariff law cannot be had
in a few months, and he has therefore
deemed it wise to have Congress as-
semble two or three months earlier
than usual.

Representative Springer of Illinois,
chairman of the committee on ways
and means, which is charged with
the preparation of tariff bills, was
questioned yesterday relative to the
time it would take to enact a new
tariff law. He said it would be im-
possible for Congress to enact any
measures of the kind wanted earlier
than May if the subject were consid-
ered at the regular session beginning
in December. An extra session
would, of course, bring the matter to
a settlement by as much quicker as it
met in advance of the regular date,
and would give the people a fair
opportunity to judge of the merits or
demerits of the measure adopted be-
fore the general elections in Novem-
ber.—Washington Post.

Life is short and time is fleeting,
but Hood's Sarsaparilla will bless
humanity as the ages roll on. Try it
this season.

My Own Grandfather.
I married a widow who had a
grownup daughter. My father vis-
ited the house very often, fell in love
with my step-daughter and married
her. So my father became my son-
in-law and my step-daughter my
mother, because she was my father's
wife. Some time afterwards my wife
had a son; he was my father's
brother-in-law and my uncle, for he
was the brother of my step-mother.
My father's wife—that is, my step-
daughter—had also a son; he was,
of course, my brother, and in the
meaning my grand child, for he was
the son of my daughter. My wife
was my grandmother, because she
was my mother's mother. I was my
wife's husband and grandchild at the
same time. And as the husband of a
person's grandmother is his grand-
father, I was my own grandfather.

Our Premiums are Beauties.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The more Chamberlain's Cough
Remedy is used the better it is liked.
We know of no other remedy that
always gives satisfaction. It is good
when you first catch cold. It is good
when your cough is seated and your
lungs are sore. It is good in any
kind of a cough. We have sold
twenty-five dozen of it and every bot-
tle has given satisfaction. Steadman
& Friedman, druggists, Minnesota
Lake, Minn. 50 cent bottles for sale
by A. J. Hines.

My wife was confined to her bed
for over two months with a very se-
vere attack of rheumatism. She
could get nothing that would afford
her any relief and as a last resort gave
Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial. To
our great surprise she began to im-
prove after the first application, and
by using it regularly she was soon
able to get up and attend to her
house work. E. H. Johnson, of C.
J. Knutson & Co., Kensington, Minn.
50 cent bottles for sale by A. J.
Hines.

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
diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Pope Will not Receive Them.
ROME, March 31.—The Vatican
has announced that the Pope will not
grant audiences to any royal representa-
tives of the Roman Catholic faith
who come to Rome to attend the
silver wedding or for congratulating
King Humbert and Queen Margaret.
This decision will apply also to rep-
resentatives of Catholic Sovereigns. In
cases of Protestant Sovereigns who at-
tend the wedding no such general
rule has been made.

Little Things That Tell.
It is the little things that tell—lit-
tle brothers for instance, who hide
away in the parlor while sister enter-
tains her beau, etc. Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant Peppets are little things that
tell. They tell on the liver and tone
up the system. So small and yet so
effective, they are rapidly supplanting
the old style pill. An infallible re-
medy for Sick and Billious Head-
aches, Bloatingness and Constipation.
Put up in vials, convenient to carry.
Their use attended with no discom-
fort.

William Johnson, the winter watch-
man at Ocean View, Va., a summer
resort near the mouth of Chesapeake
Bay, one day last week, picked up on
the beach at that place a champagne
bottle with several corks tied about
its neck and with a letter inclosed
giving alleged information from one
of the crew, of the sinking of the
White Star line steamship Naronic.
The letter was: 3:10 a. m., Feb. 19.
S. S. Naronic, White Star Line. At
sea.—To who picks this up; Report
when you find this to our agents, if
not heard of before, that our ship is
fast sinking beneath the waves, and
it's such a storm that we can never
live in the small boats. One boat has
already gone with her human cargo
below. God let all of us live through
this. We were struck by an iceberg
in a blinding snow storm and floated
two hours.

Now it is 3:20 a. m. by my watch,
and the great ship is deck-level with
the sea. Report to the agents at
Broadway, New York—M. Kersey
& Co. Good-by, all JOHN OLSEN,
Cattleman.

Keep in the house. Good advice
from the Captain S. C. Walker Com-
pany C. 1st Regiment, Indiana Veter-
an Legions, Lafayette, Ind., writes
this: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough
Syrup in my family for the last two
years, and advise all having children
never to be without it.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, March 29.—
The United States vessel Kearsarge
sailed for Port au Prince to-day
with the object, it is understood,
of protecting American interests in
the event of a revolution, which the fol-
lowers of Gen. Manigat are endeavor-
ing to excite in Haiti.

Last evening an exciting incident
occurred in this port. A seaman be-
longing to the Kearsarge, got into
trouble on shore and was assaulted
by a local constable. In the fight
which took place the constable al-
most killed the seaman.

The latter was so badly injured
that he was not taken on board the
Kearsarge, but conveyed to a hospi-
tal. Although the best attention is
being given to him, his recovery is
doubtful. This looks some what like
the affair in Chili, in which some
members of the Baltimore crew
were killed.

Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on
earth for pain, as an anodyne has no
equal in the market. It is without
doubt the best liniment. 25cts.

THE COST OF FANATICISM.
What Mangled Christian Zeal Has Meant
to Civilization.
I wish the holy sepulcher and Gol-
gotha, and the grotto of Bethlehem, and
the summit and ridge of Olivet had been
left as nature made them instead of being
disfigured and disguised by the mis-
guided zeal of Christian piety. They lose
much of their impressiveness through an
ignorant desire to make them more im-
pressive.

And it is lamentable to reflect that
the holiest spot in the Holy Land, that which
was sprinkled with the lifeblood of in-
carnate God and witnessed his victory
over death, should have been indirectly
the cause of more carnage than any
other spot on earth.

For it arrayed not only Christendom
against Islam on many a bloody field,
but also one-half of Christendom against
the other, ending in the capture and sack
of Constantinople by the Latins in 1304
—the greater political crime ever perpe-
trated in Christendom, for not only were
the atrocities committed by the Latins
worse than those of the Turks, but to-
gether with the weakening of the east-
ern empire by previous crusades the
Latin conquest of Constantinople broke
down the bulwark of Christian Europe
against the Turks. They had a footing
on the European side of the Bosphorus
before, but they could never have made
good their conquests in Europe without
possession of Constantinople.

Even in our own generation we have
seen one of the greatest wars of modern
times originating in a dispute between
Christian nations about the scope of our
Lord's death and burial—a war which
cost our country streams of precious
blood and added \$100,000,000 to our na-
tional debt. And the jealousies, intrigues
and bad blood which that sacred shrine
still engenders among rival Christian
communities, making our holy religion
shone in the eyes of unbelievers, may
well make a Christian wish that, had it
been possible, the place of Christ's burial
had never been known.—Canon MacColl
in Contemporary Review.

Her Stone Teeth as a Misfit.
A peculiar case is soon to be tried at
Jamestown, N. Y. Mrs. Lena Daven-
court and Mrs. Nelson Bayne had been
neighbors and good friends for 15 years
until about two years ago, when Mrs.
Davencourt's husband died, leaving a
blowout and most fascinating widow
at least to Nelson Bayne's eyes, or so his
wife avers. Every day when the gen-
tleman went home to his dinner and re-
turned to his place of business, Mrs.
Davencourt was in the habit of being in
her garden and having in readiness a
bouquet of her most fragrant flowers to
welcome the widow, who returned home
with her sweetest smile to her neighbor
as he passed.

At first Mrs. Bayne paid no attention
to this, but observing that her husband
lingered each day longer and longer at
the widow's door, who returned home
with this business had to cease and im-
mediately. This was followed by no cessa-
tion of the conversations and exchange
of flowers and sweet glances over the
gate, and the offended wife then remon-
strated with her neighbor, who returned
by only laughing, heartily at what she
called Mrs. Bayne's foolish jealousy.

Mrs. Bayne then became so infuriated
that in her struggles to express her rage
and indignation her set of false teeth fell
out, when, picking them up, she hurled
them at her enemy, cutting a deep gash
in Mrs. Davencourt's upper lip, disfigur-
ing her to some extent, and the widow
has brought suit against Mrs. Bayne for
assault and battery with a weapon used
at the time for such a purpose.—
Cor. Philadelphia Times.

How Dahomey Warriors are Trained.
The famous women warriors of Da-
homey, who have fought so desperately
against the French troops, are trained
for service with a severity beside which
the discipline of our soldiers is innumera-
ble. They are recruited from girls of
13 or 14 years, and also from the ranks
of evildoers, for any crime is pardoned
to the woman who enlists among the
amazonians. They are compelled to sleep
outdoors in all kinds of weather, to snif-
fer blows and kicks without complaint
and are often kept starving for days.
For the purpose of acquiring proficiency
in scaling walls the scantily clothed
warriors are compelled to clamber to the
top of walls thickly covered with thorny
cactuses, the ground beneath being
strewn with broken glass.

Before going into battle liberal quan-
tities of rum are given to them to give
them the daring recklessness which
marks their attacks. They fire rapidly
for a little time, then charge upon the
enemy with their knives, and even when
shot down will fight to the last breath,
stabbing blindly at their assailants and
biting and tearing at their legs when
they can no longer stand.—New York
Sun.

General Corcoran's Famous Remark.
The charge that General John Corcoran,
who "held the fort" at Altoona, and after
a terrible battle declared that he could
"lick all hell yet," may again be appoint-
ed to office, recalls this incident: When
he was made postmaster of Boston, the
newspapers were full of stories of his
valor, and scores of clippings were sent
to him at his home in Winchester. Repre-
sentations of the press just quoted were
abundant. At length one day his wife,
half in jest and half in a feeling of in-
nocence, said to the general: "There is
one consolation at least, and that is you
have got through licking all hell and will
occupy yourself for some time to come in
licking postage stamps."—Boston Globe.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
cures Dyspepsia, In-
digestion & Debility.

No better shoes than the new
stock of E. P. Reeds, Banisters, Selz,
Schwab & Co., and Bay State, just
received at E. R. Gays.

NOTICE OF IMPORTANCE.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
DR. S. ROS,
LATE OF GERMANY.

The Celebrated German Eye Doctor
and Scientific and Ophthalmic Optician,
of 22 years practice, has treated over
6,000 patients with testimonials of
same.

He has treated cases that have been
given up and pronounced totally blind,
and yet restored to good sight.
He has made a miserable life happy
by restoring them to good sight.
He is in Wilson with a large line of
Spectacles and Eye-glasses, consisting
of pure genuine Pebble.

Office hours:—He can be consulted
from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to
5 p. m.

All those suffering with weak eyes
or sore eyes will do well by having
their eyes examined by DR. ROS, AT
BRIGGS HOTEL.

Thousands of others can be seen at his
office. Room on lower floor.
TESTIMONIALS.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., June 12, '92.
Dr. Simon Ros.—The glasses I got
from you are the best I ever had. I give
you perfect satisfaction. From my own
knowledge of you as an Optician, and
from the various testimonials that I
have seen, I am sure you can supply
glasses at reasonable prices to any
who may need them.

W. C. McDuffie, M. D.
NEWTON GROVE, N. C., June 13, '92.
Dr. Simon Ros, Fayetteville, N. C.,
Dear sir:—I take great pleasure in say-
ing that those eye-glasses that you fit-
ted on me have been of great benefit
to him. He has never been able to see
but little, only about five inches from
his eyes, and now can see and tell
what is passing one hundred yards or
over. He has been so ever since I
started him to school, and he was
about six years old, and now he is 15
years old, and says he feels free from
his eye sight. If any person needs his
services I am willing to recommend
him to them for the eyes for help.
Arthur Lee, S. C. Sur.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Chamberlain county,
Office Clerk Superior Court,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., May 21, '92.
Dr. Simon Ros, Dear sir:—I take
pleasure in stating that the Spectacles
I purchased of you have given me per-
fect satisfaction in every respect, and
have proven more beneficial than any
glasses heretofore used by me.
Very respectfully,
Chas. C. Cain, Clerk.

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
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'92-'93

Persons who are subject to attacks
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Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy
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appear, they can ward off the disease.
Such persons should always keep the
Remedy at hand, ready for immediate
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doses of it at the right time will save
them much suffering. For sale by
A. J. Hines.



We have just returned,
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quantities.
Would like to talk
about them in this
week's issue, but have
not the time.

Yours truly,
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Having permanently located in Wil-
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KEROSENE, per gal., 10c.
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All other goods proportionate-
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