

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., APRIL 27, 1893.

NUMBER 17.

We are not Conceited
Nor do we suffer with
"A Swelled Head!"

But it makes us laugh, for it is like trying to change
the course of the Atlantic as to try and stop the Crowds
that flock to

The Cash Racket Stores.

And why do they come?

BECAUSE our way of doing business is the "RIGHT
WAY." We have been tried and NOT found wanting.
BECAUSE we have only one price to all.
BECAUSE we underbuy and undersell.
BECAUSE we never disappoint by exaggeration Point-
ers to what you want to find and where to find it.
It is, it has been and it will always be, that

The Cash Racket Stores

The place to Shop. Remember, that no matter what
you see advertised by others, that by a look at "The Rack-
et" you will find our prices to be lower.

We are never undersold. It's 20 pieces Oriental Cords
in all the shades at 7½c. worth 10c. To be found in the
"Corner Store."

36 Pairs Dongola Buttoned Shoes at \$1.25.
Sold elsewhere at \$1.50. In "The Back Store."
A few Pairs of Lace Curtains at 65c. worth \$1.00. In
"The Original Store."

SPECIAL:—One Piece Butcher Linen

THE CASH RACKET,

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
be 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:

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

We refer to some of the most
prominent families in Wilson. 10-27-93

LADIES

BAU

Make Your
Spring Purchases,



GO TO—
The Fashionable Millinery Store

—OF—
Misses Erskine & Hines.

POETRY.

"THE AXE THAT ONCE WAS ADLAI'S,
IS IN ENERGETIC HANDS."

There's a rascal holding office,
And he ain't a Democrat;
He has burnished up his morals,
And is asking where he's at.
He says he was neglected
Of the G. O. P.'s demands:

But:
The axe that once was Adlai's
Is in energetic hands.

There's a man in Minnesota,
And he humbly says: "I am
A worker with the patriots
Who are helping Uncle Sam."
He never was offensive,
And he joined no campaign bands;

But:
The axe that once was Adlai's
Is in energetic hands.

There's a man in Mississippi,
Where the corn and cotton grow,
Who says he's done his duty
And he ought to have a show.
He wasn't stuck on Benjy,
Everybody understands;

But:
The axe that once was Adlai's
Is in energetic hands.

They're thick from Maine to Texas,
They're in and want to stay:
Nobody else is worthy.
According to their say;
They rise above all parties,
They make but just demands;

But:
The axe that once was Adlai's
Is in energetic hands.

All glory to old Adlai!
Likewise to "Smiling Bob,"
His loyal young vicegerent
Well fitted for the job!
Turn on the light of Jackson,
Look at him as he stands,
With

The axe that once was Adlai's
In his energetic hands.

Put me in my bed,
I am dizzy, dizzy, dizzy;
And I want to go to bed,
I've no appetite to eat,
And headache racks my head.

In other words I am suffering from
a bilious attack, but Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant Pellets will bring me around
all right by tomorrow. They often
cure headache in an hour. I have
found them the best cathartic pill in
existence. They produce no nausea
or griping, but do their work thor-
oughly. They are convenient to
carry in the vest pocket, and pleasant
to take. In vials; 25 cents.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

That man is to be pitied who is
constrained to seek an office for a
living. And yet there are some
good men who do it. I know some
whom office fits and adorns. General
Young for instance—for he is a
courteous gentleman and will represent
our government in a courteous and
gracious manner. He will keep the
peace without humbling our national
pride. He would have kept it with
Celan. He had been there, instead of
Egan. I have great admiration for
such men, and am glad to see them
get office. Office that exercises their
grace and gentility—office that does
not require much work, but is a kind
of genteel sinecure with abundant
perquisites. We regret to lose him
from Cartersville, to miss the genial
welcome with which he greets his
friends, but if he wants the office we
want him to have it. He deserves
anything that he will ask for, and Mr.
Cleveland has made no mistake in
this case. Now, if he will keep up
his reputation for sagacity and ap-
point Bascom Myrick and John Tem-
ple Graves and Camilla Underwood
to the places they seek, the good
people of Georgia will approve it. I
am no politician, but I know our
prominent citizens and what they are
worth. Suppose Mr. Myrick was
for Hill. He was not an offensive
partisan, and if every Hill man is to
be boycotted, then Mr. Cleveland
will have to build up a party of his
own, and a good many of us will be
left out. Mr. Cleveland said that a
public office is a public trust, which
means that the president should have
no revenge—no friends to reward or
enemies to punish. If Mr. Cleveland
refuses to nominate Mr. Myrick
simply because he was a Hill man it
will mortify his friends in Georgia,
of whom I was one—not the first one,
perhaps, but one from the beginning.
It already mortifies me that Mr.
Cleveland has required Mr. Myrick to
bring the files of his paper for inspec-
tion. It is said; too, that John Tem-
ple Graves's application hangs fire
because General Gordon is mad with
Graves for supporting Pat Calhoun
for the Senate. I do not believe it.
General Gordon is not that kind of a
man unless he has greatly changed.
He used to be large-hearted and lib-
eral in his charity to all of his fellow
citizens. He had no petty animosities
and never nursed his revenge to
keep it warm. Newspaper reporters
hunt up sensations and write many
things from rumor that are not true
and their victims are kept busy de-
fending their false accusations. May
the good Lord deliver us from their
gleanings and augers and insinuations,
and hence I do not believe that Gen-
eral Gordon is fighting Graves be-
cause Graves preferred Calhoun. We
would rejoice to see John Temple
sent to Switzerland and I wish that I
could go, too, and with him climb the
Materhorn and hear him apostrophize
that historic and beautiful country in
one of his sublimest flights of elo-
quence. Then there is my friend
Underwood, who is the best all round

man I ever knew, and I believe could
fill any place respectably. He has
filled many from the captain of a
country newspaper, and did it well.
He is the loving husband of one wife,
the father of eleven children—most
girls—the best Baptist preacher I ever
heard, the best farmer and gardener,
and with all a most genial companion
—and yet he wants to go to Havana
for what I don't know unless he needs
the money that is in it or wants to
convert its sunburnt people to Chris-
tianity and immerse the whole island
to make sure of their salvation. I
don't know whether he was a Hill
man or a Cleveland man, nor do I
care. I do know that he is fit for the
office. Neither of these men are pro-
fessional politicians. They never de-
graded themselves by coveting
ground and laying plans and schem-
ing for their own personal advantage.
What a pitiful spectacle it is to see
some of our Georgians wrangling in
the filth of crimination and recrimi-
nation in order to get office at Wash-
ington. The Atlanta papers are full
of the strife that goes on from day to
day, and if I were Mr. Cleveland I
would say "Gentlemen, you are not
the men I am looking for," and I
would select some good men who
have made no noise and kicked up no
dust about his business. There are
plenty of good men in Atlanta who
would fill those offices but whose
modesty and conservatism forbid
their asking for them. As a general
thing it is the loud-mouthed, noisy
politicians who get the offices and
get them. I was glad to read that
Mr. Cleveland was going to break up
the slates and take a hand in the ap-
pointments. Of course he can't do
it all, but he can find out where the
rings are and break them. These
political rings that parcel out the of-
fices in secret conclave are the curse
of our Georgia politics. It is said
that the ring is already formed, that
is to fill all our offices from governor
down, and it includes the successor to
Senator Colquitt. It was these rings
that became so odious to the people
that they rose up and established in-
dependence in north Georgia for
eight years. It was these rings that
alienated Alexander Stephens from
the Democratic party and that party
had to offer him the gubernatorial
chair to keep him from running as an
independent. It was these rings that
made possible the success of the peo-
ple's party on the basis of the Ocala
platform. It was one of these rings
that made machine politics so odious
in New York. Now it is no comfort
to know that in a city like Atlanta
there are several rings and one ring
can fight another and that the longest
pole knocks down the persimmon.
The trouble is that the best men—
the most deserving men—are in no
ring at all. They have got no pole
and therefore will not reach the per-
simmon. A common citizen like
myself has no more idea of the small
machinations that are going on to fix
the Rome postoffice or the Carter-
ville postoffice or any other little
office than if I had no choice or voice
in the matter. The rings will fix it
upon the principle of "I have tickled
you, now you tickle me." We out-
siders are as helpless as a painted
ship upon a painted ocean. And yet,
I know, or think that I know, who
should be appointed if the quiet, con-
servative citizens had their choice.

Politics is a hard road to travel. It
is a mighty big thing to be president
of this great nation, and to be chosen
by honorable methods, but it must
certainly be a noble mind to have
to descend into the very slums and
schemes of the small politicians to get
into office. The wrangle, the hypoc-
racy, the broken promises, the small
revenge that are necessary will cer-
tainly lower his self-respect and leave
him sordid in his old age with un-
happy memories. If his conscience
does not get seared, how must a sen-
sitive nature writhe under the cards
that accuse him of falsehood or a
betrayal of trust or of ingratitude and
broken pledges. Sheridan said that
"conscience has no more to do with
seduction than it has with politics,"
and Shakespeare said "a politician is
one who would circumvent God if he
could." So, I reckon it is now just
like it was a century or two ago—no
worse—no better. And yet there are
many good men in politics—men
whose virtues have created them—
men like Lamar and Black
Blount and Turner, who have never
been constrained to stoop that they
might win. There are such men in
every State and they are the leaven
that give character to the whole body
and make our national and State as-
semblies respectable.

But the average politician's bed is
a hard one. He makes it himself
and must lie on it. But still, he has
our sympathy. BILL ARP.

The Populace Quiet—Strikes Ended.

BRUSSELS, April 19.—Yesterday's
vote in the Chamber of Deputies, re-
versing the former action of that
body and granting universal suffrage,
as demanded by the workingmen,
has completely allayed the agitation
among the industrial population. The
strikers here, at Antwerp and other
places generally resumed work this
morning, and no further trouble is
apprehended.

For three weeks I was suffering

from a severe cold in my head, ac-
companied by a pain in the temples.
Ely's Cream Balm was recommended
to me. After only six applications
of the Balm every trace of my cold
was removed.—Henry C. Clark, New
York Appraiser's Office.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HERE BACKWOODS BEAU.

His Intentions Were Excellent, But Lan-
guage Filled Him.

"When I was a young woman,"
said the wife of a well known New
York lawyer to a reporter of the New
York Sun, "I lived in a country town
in Pennsylvania. Like that of many
other country girls, the height of my
ambition was to teach a district
school. I passed my examination
before the rural school board and
was assigned to a backwoods district,
where I had to follow the time-hon-
ored custom of 'boarding round.' I
was rather a sentimental girl, I think,
and after I had been teaching a few
weeks in the district I was by no
means displeased to discover that one
of the well-to-do rustic swains of that
neighborhood, a good looking,
whole-some young fellow, was in-
clined to pay attention to me. He
was looked upon by all the red-
checked backwoods girls as a great
catch, and my natural feminine van-
ity was in my manner made less by
his knowledge that all the girls were
jealous of me, although the young
man had as yet given no positive in-
dication of his preference for me.
One evening he called at the farm
house where I was then quartered,
and it was not until the family had
gone to bed, leaving me alone
with him in the big fireplace-lighted
sitting room, that it broke upon me
that I was actually keeping company
with a beau. I can feel now the blush
that rushed to my face when I re-
alized the situation, which, I must ad-
mit, was a pleasing one. But how
embarrassing it was! And the em-
barrassment was made all the more
painful when I discovered that my
'company' was most annoyingly bash-
ful. He sat on one side of the fire-
place, I on the other. His eyes were
fixed on the hearstone, and he kept
them there, while he fidgeted on his
chair and twirled his thumbs ner-
vously. I was naturally a self-pos-
sessed girl and a lively talker, but as
I sat there opposite that bashful youth
I was unable to find a word to say,
and sat as awkwardly silent and
nervous as he was himself. The old
clock ticked loudly, and I thought
impatiently, in the corner, and his
hands went around the dial for one
long hour without another sound
breaking the awful silence of that
room. The suspense was simply
frightful.

"Oh! I kept thinking to myself,
'why doesn't he say something or go
home?'"
"But still he sat there in the flick-
ering light, fidgety and nervous, his
eyes never moving from that one spot
on the hearth. Another half hour
dragged its way around the clock.
Then suddenly the bashful swain
raised his eyes and looked at me.
There was an animated but frustrated
look on his face.
"Thank heaven! I thought, He's
going to say something at last."
"He looked at me a moment, still
twirling his thumbs, and then stam-
mered out:
"Miss Paley—did you ever—see
—a owl?"
"This was an unexpected and sur-
prising query, and although it almost
destroyed what little composure I had
left, it was a relief. I welcomed it as
a probable breaker of the ice.
"Oh, yes, Mr. Crane!" I replied
enthusiastically. "Many and many a
time."
"My rustic beau grinned in a satis-
fied way for a moment and I was
hopeful, but suddenly the solemn
look came back to his face, and he
dropped his eyes to the hearth again
and resumed his inspection of the
stone, twirling his thumbs and fidget-
ing as before. Paralysis seized my
tongue again, too, and as the clock
ticked away minute after minute, I
felt that I must either soon scream
or die. Another hour passed. I was
on the point of springing from my
chair and rushing from the room,
when the bashful swain showed signs
of another gleam of intelligence. He
raised his eyes and looked at me as
if he had been seized with a brilliant
idea and spluttered out:
"Say! What cussed—big—eyes
thay got—hain't they?"
"Well that was more than human
nature could stand. I screamed with
laughter at the ludicrous situation, and
I think I cried to think that I had
been sitting all that blessed evening
with such a stupid bumpkin. Any-
how, when I recovered somewhat of
my composure my beau was gone
and I went to bed and cried myself
to sleep. The youth never honored
me with another call, but I learned
soon afterward that one of the back-
woods girls was boasting that she
had 'cut me out,' and that, in speak-
ing of me, the rustic gallant had said
with much emphasis:
"Why, gosh! she don't know
nawthin'!"

For cure of a sprained back a complete

success also. Mr. Jerome M. Kaley
Massillon, O., says: "I have been
using Salvation Oil for my sprained
back, have found it a complete suc-
cess, and am perfectly satisfied with
its results."

State Library

Thursday, April 27th.

SELLING is reaching its greatest inten-
sity—a prelude to the green of spring
months—not a week distant.
BIG STORE is rich in interest, a per-
fect bower of beauty. We shaped our course
for a phenomenal trade by doing Napoleon-
ic buying, and we've so clearly established
our supremacy as DISTRIBUTORS that
scores of overstocked holders gladly unload
to us the most tempting of goods at under
prices. The results are for our public bar-
gain pickings are immense and constant.

Our Stock of Dress Goods

is far ahead of anything in the town.—
Come this week and look. We are now
open and will take pleasure in showing our
stock and giving you prices that will astonish
you.

MILLINERY.

To-morrow we will show more than half a
hundred daintily trimmed HATS, and will sell
you one for one-half the money you would
have to pay elsewhere.

CLOTHING.

We Lead, Others Follow!

We have by far the handsomest line of
Men's, Youths' and Children's Clothing we
have ever shown. Our \$7.50 Suits will equal
any \$10 suit in the town. Remember, we
only ask you to give us a look. We can give
you a suit from \$2 to \$30—any price, any
style to suit the buyer. We have a very
large and attractive line of odd Pants ran-
ging in price from 25c. to \$7.50. It will pay
you to see.

HATS.

Our Hats are open. It might be worth
while to give them a peep if you want the
latest style and the lowest price.
We have something that will please you in
Negligé Shirts and Neckwear also.

Respectfully,

YOUNG BROTHERS

loose, and so the old schoolhouse
and the old schoolmaster must remain
a thing of the past.

The old-time schoolmaster was as
plain as the old blue-back speller and
just as solid. Horse sense and muscle
and nerve was what were needed to be
a success. Standing collars and high-
top hats did not play a part. The boys
were there to try him, and they would
run him out of the settlement if he did
them wrong. I must watch these old
teachers. They were a study, and they
knew how to size a school up, for they
studied too. The first day or two these
old teachers would let things run along
pretty smooth, but all this time he was
studying his scholars. There was always
a leader among the boys in "try-
ing" the old fellow. This leader was
the ideal of all the rest, and was more
than apt to be pretty hard to handle.
The best disciplinarians among these
old teachers would make it a point to
frail thunder outen this leader the
first thing, and then he had the
school. It was no more trouble after
he whipped the "bully," and whipped
him well, to manage a school, but if
he failed in this he had better go
to some other settlement. But they
seldom failed. They went into it like
killing snakes, and many has been
the time I have seen them roll over
the schoolroom with a big fellow who
thought he could not be whipped. It
would cause a right smart confusion
for awhile in the schoolroom but
when the old teacher got the young-
ster by the collar and made him stand
and take a frailing with an ox pole, it
didn't take him long to restore order
and he had no more trouble that
year. These old teachers were rough,
and their methods would not do this
day and time. Some ten-year-old
boy would shoot thunder outen him
with a big pistol, and then some
"board" or "trustees," or something
else would hold a meeting and pass
resolutions exonerating the boy and
thus encourage others to go and do
likewise. There is mighty little differ-
ence between church and state and
school and state, is my notion, but it
won't do to say so, not yet; but just
wait and remember "I told you so."

All of these old teachers were pretty
much the same, but there was one
down in the county of Pike who com-
bined preaching with teaching. Some
of the older folks wanted a church
organized, but there were a great
many rowdies who did not want a
church—they were afraid it would
break up their little games of seven-
up. This old fellow, though, with
the same stern resolve of thousands
of the old time preachers, give out
that he would preach on a certain
Sunday. He was there, as appointed,
and so were the rowdies. The old
fellow came swinging up to the church
with his coat over his shoulder, and
he no sooner got to where the crowd
was than he asked an old brother to
just hold his coat a few minutes; he

wanted to "fan out the rowdies be-
fore he got cool," was the way he
expressed it, and he did. In those
days any man was sure of fair play
in a rough and tumble fight. This
old teacher knew this and he felt
equal to the best man the rowdies
had in their crowd. He walked right
out among them and "fanned out"
the biggest fellow without passing
any words. This was enough, the
balance succumbed, and from that
day to this a church has stood right
upon that ground and I am in hopes
that it won't be moved from there to
the railroad, as is too often the case
in these days.

A crowd of we old timers had a
pleasant chat the other night about
these old schools and these old
teachers. Brown swears they ruined
him, that is, the girls did, for all
these schools were mixed. He never
did study any at school, but depend-
ed entirely on the two girls he stood
between telling him. These girls
were Brown's masters. If they got it
had a hard row to travel. They were
tyrants, too. They knew they had
Brown and they made him do just
as they pleased, and they were cruel,
too, sometimes for they wouldn't tell
longer, I'm thinking, for it won't be
long till there won't be any children,
especially boys, and without children
we don't need schools. A boy not
over nine years old the other day
advised me not to plant corn as I was
then doing. He was sure he knew
best, and wanted to see it did another
way. I don't mention this to chide
the boy; I just want to show that
where I stood at eighteen years of
age. A ten-year-old boy now is
about thirty-five as compared with
what it used to be, and so wags the
word.

Let 'er wag!

SARGE PLUNKETT.

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. Nadin druggist, Wilson, N. C.

4-7-93