

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., MAY 18, 1893.

NUMBER 20.

CASH

Catches the Bargains!

This Week in the Back Store

36 Pais Slippers at 60c.

In the Corner Store

Fans, Fans, Fans, from 4c. to 98c., and a new lot of Cream and Tan Dress Goods.

In the Original Store

Just received: New Stationery, Corsets, and another lot of those Ladies Silk Umbrellas with fancy handles, at \$1.66.

You know we don't keep goods long in stock, so if you want any of the above named articles call early.

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 Wilson, 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 instruments are carefully selected and our guarantee is absolute.

Cabinet Organs.

We carry an immense stock and offer them at lowest prices. For particulars address,
E. VAN LAER,
402 and 404 W. 4th St.,
Wilmington, N. C.
We refer to some of the most prominent families in Wilson. 10-27-3m

LADIES.

The Handsome

And popular Shades of

RIBBONS AND FLOWERS

that we trim

Hats and Bonnets

with are of the very best quality and latest Shades.

WE CAN PLEASE YOU.

Misses Erskine & Hines'

Under Briggs Hotel,

Nash Street, - - - Wilson, N. C.

SHE WENT WITH HIM.

Miss Martha stood upon the platform before the assembled school—sweet Miss Martha, adored by every girlish heart in the room—not at all the ideal school-ma'am.

"I have a note here," she said in that clear, vibrant voice that never could be trained to the conventional monotone. "Inviting you all to the sociable at the Methodist church tonight. Mr. Rowell informs me that an old classmate of his will be present and will probably be induced to tell the company something of the mission schools in the Sandwich Islands."

Miss Martha, looking at the note as if not quite sure, hesitated a little before pronouncing the last words, then tore the sheet of paper to atoms.

"You may find it interesting to go," she added, with a nod to her assistant to indicate that she had finished her speech. The assistant struck the bell, and the room was filled with the rustle of a well ordered rising.

At the gate a gentleman, who seemed about to enter, stepped aside, and leaning an arm upon the fence watched with a benevolent smile the outgoing tide of youthful loveliness.

The gentleman, the girls decided, was of very striking appearance by reason of the gray hair that framed a face still youthful in contour and coloring, and from his clerical coat and tie they at once deduced the Sandwich Island missionary of the evening.

Miss Martha still seated in her armchair, her face turned toward the door and the fragments of the note held loosely in her hand, heard the slow step upon the cemented walk, but supposing it to be that of Washington, the colored janitor, she did not stir.

"Miss Dabney" she looked up.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, rising with a startled look, while the bits of paper fluttered hither and thither. "Why—it is—Mr. Holt!"

"Yes," he said, drawing a step nearer, but still hesitating, as if not quite sure of his welcome.

But by this time she had recovered herself and was once more the self-possessed person she usually appeared. Stepping down from the platform she advanced to meet him with outstretched hand and a manner that struck just the proper balance between pleasant meeting and long absent friend and the reserve naturally attendant on long separation.

"I am very glad to see you. I didn't know you were in town. When did you arrive?"

"This morning. I only meant to stop over one train, but Rowell caught me and—"

"He wouldn't let you go, of course," said Miss Martha, with ready tact. "He wrote me a note this morning inviting the school to hear you speak tonight, but he neglected to mention your name. He is exceedingly absent-minded."

"You are very little changed," he said abruptly. "I should have known you anywhere. It seems strange that we should stand together again in this room."

"It does indeed, especially when we think how widely separated we have been for so many years."

"Has the distance seemed great? Have the years seemed long?"

"Won't you sit down?" she asked, turning with a suddenly awakening hospitality toward a group of chairs.

"It is pleasant here than in the parlor. I hate the parlor. It is always haunted by an echo of patronizing voices explaining the peculiar sensitiveness of Mary Ann and the wonderful aptitude of Maria Jane."

"It is wonderful how little changed you are," he said again. "I am an old man, and you are still a girl."

"Has the distance seemed great? Have the years seemed long?"

"Growing old is a supreme folly. People turn their heads gray with solemn study and fancy they are growing wise. To keep a light heart is the only wisdom."

"I wish I had it," he said, with the old world look in his eyes. "But it is hard to keep a lonely heart light."

"But the way is not to have a lonely heart," she replied, rising to draw a flapping shade beyond the reach of the wind.

"What could he mean? Had he really not forgotten them? Her own heart and head grew light to gladness. Still she must take nothing for granted."

"And the Sandwich Islands," she said, resuming her seat and bravely attacking the name that had haunted her all day.

"Tell me about them. Life must be very interesting out there!"

She rested her elbow on the arm of her chair and laid her pointed chin in her pink palm with a distractingly attentive air.

"Yes," he said feebly, his eyes fixed to her face, but no appearance of understanding in his own.

"And then the sea all around you. Well, I don't know, either, that I am very fond of the sea. The sea is alien and inimical. Full of treacherous things—no, decidedly, I don't like your seat."

"Ah, don't say you will not like it," he said, leaning forward and seeming to make a personal matter of it.

"She shook her head obstinately.

"I owe it an undying grudge. Besides it must be lonely."

"He looked nearer, she drew back, half rising, but he caught her hand.

"Martha, dear, you didn't marry the man your father promised you to. Tell me, was it for love of me?"

"Well," she said, looking at him with a tantalizing smile. "What do you think about it?"

"And you are right sure you never forgot me for a single instant?"

"Quite sure. And you will go with me, Martha, dear?"

"To the sociable this evening? Why certainly."

He took her face fondly between his hands, looking down into the steady eyes. "Ah, you know I don't mean there."

"Well," with a sigh of deep content, "I suppose—if nothing else will satisfy you—I must even go to the Sandwich Islands."—Boston Globe.

POETRY.

THE OLD MUSKET.

J. W. KENYON.

On the wall above the mantle

There's an ancient weapon hung,

Tarnished, dusty, old and rusty;

Springfield pattern, sixty-one;

And the spiders, all unconscious

Of its power, upon its crawl,

And have webbed it, breach and muzzle

Where it hangs upon the wall.

Could it speak 'twould tell a story

That would startle young and old,

Tales of long and weary marches

Could that weapon true unfold,

Tales of battle, tales of carnage

That would blanch the bravest cheek

From Bull Run to Appomattox,

Could that ancient weapon speak.

Dear, indeed, is that old musket.

It had sure voice long ago,

Not a friend so true and trusty

On the field to meet the foe,

Then it spoke and to a purpose,

Fiery was the tale it told,

Lead was the fearful message

From that weapon grim and old.

And I love it—who can blame me

It and I were closest chums,

Old and rusty, tried and trusty,

Best of all your make of guns,

Comrades dead and comrades living.

It reminds me of you all;

Elbows touch whene'er I view it

As it hangs upon the wall.

Brings again your kindly faces.

From the distant long ago,

When we faced the storm of battle

On the field to meet the foe,

On the wall above the mantle

There's an ancient weapon hung,

Tarnished, dusty, worn and rusty,

Springfield pattern, sixty-one.

See the Worlds Fair For Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and

fifteen cents in postage stamps, we

will mail you prepaid our Souvenir

Portfolio of the World's Columbian

Exposition, the regular price is fifty

cents, but as we want you to have

one we make the price nominal. You

will find it a work of art and a thing

to be prized. It contains full page

views of the great buildings, with de-

scriptions of same, and is executed in

the highest style of art. If not satisfied

with, after you get it, we will re-

fund the stamps and let you keep the

book. Address: H. E. Bucklen &

Co., Chicago, Ill.

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred C. Vose and his Mother-in-Law to a Reporter of the Boston Herald, Both are Restored After Years of Agony.

(Boston, Mass., Herald.)

May 18th.

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the wonderful cures wrought in the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The radical improvement in the physical condition of these two people from the use of this great medicine is vouched for not only by the eager testimony of the patients themselves, gladly given for the benefit of other sufferers, but also by the indubitable assurances of disinterested relatives and friends who had been cognizant of the years of pain and distress endured by the two invalids, and who now witness their restoration to health, vigor and capacity.

The names of these people, the latest to testify from their own experience to the marvellous restorative and healing qualities of Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills," are Fred C. Vose and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household, which is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Holt, and Mr. and Mrs. Vose, the latter a daughter of the Holts. The home occupied by the family is a cosy and neat looking two storied house, situated on the top of a hill and surrounded by many of the natural attractions of a residence in the country. Mr. Holt is employed in the Crowell shoe manufactory of Peterboro, and Mr. Vose has for many years run the engine on the Fitchburg railroad trains between Winchendon and Peterboro.

Before entering upon an account of the long illnesses of Mr. Vose and his mother-in-law, which shall be given in their own words as taken by a reporter of the "Boston Herald," it will be well to give the exact reason for the coming together under one roof of the two families, as this fact has everything to do with manner in which Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills" first came to the notice of Mr. Vose and the reason of their introduction into the family as a medical remedy.

Mr. Vose's wife had been failing in health for a number of years, her illness finally developing into a brain trouble, accompanied by intermittent paralysis of the tongue and lower limbs. Death had taken all her bodily and mental infirmities to such an extent that her husband, himself an invalid, was compelled to take some means toward securing for her complete rest and freedom from all household care. To this end he gave up housekeeping, and took his wife to her parents' home, where her mother might care for her in her ailments. Mrs. Holt was herself suffering from various complaints brought on by

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

complete nervous prostration several years ago, but her daughter's severer and more hopeless condition was the more urgent and more appealing case of the two, and so Mrs. Holt for several years has tried to forget her own disabilities in tenderly ministering to her stricken daughter.

In February last Mr. Vose was reading the weekly paper, when his attention was attracted by the account of a case of paralysis cured by the use of Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills." The similarity of the case described to that of his wife at once aroused the deep interest of Mr. Vose, and he called his mother-in-law's attention to the published article. After long consultation they decided to send for the pills. The beneficial effect they had upon Mrs. Vose was marked. From being unable to stand she was so materially strengthened that she could walk without difficulty, and in other respects her condition was much improved. The beneficial results noticed in Mrs. Vose's condition from a trial of the pills caused both her husband and mother to consider trying them for their own complaints. They tried them on the principle that "if they don't cure they can't hurt," but before each had finished their first box they had felt such relief that they came to believe that the pills not only could not hurt, but were actually and speedily curing them.

To the "Herald" reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure, Mr. Vose gave a detailed account of his long illness and subsequent recovery. He began his narrative by saying:

"I am not anxious to get into the papers in this or any other connection but, as I wrote the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. I have felt such happy results from the taking of Pink Pills that I am willing, if my experience will help any one else, to state how they benefited me. I am 37 years old, and 15 years of this time I have spent in raiding for the Fitchburg railroad on the Winchendon and Peterboro branch. For the past three years I have been engineer of the train which connects with the Boston trains at Winchendon. I have been troubled with a weak stomach from my boyhood. In fact, there never was a time in my remembrance when I was not more or less troubled from that source.

"Seven years ago, however, the complaint became greatly aggravated from the nature of my work and other causes, and I suffered greatly from it. My stomach would not retain food, my head ached constantly, there was a dimness, or blur, before my eyes most of time, and my head would become so dizzy I could scarcely stand. On getting up in the morning my head swam so I was frequently obliged to lie down again. I had a most disagreeable heart burn, a continuous belching of gas from the stomach, a nasty coating of the mouth and tongue, and my breath was most offensive. I consulted physicians in Peterboro, and took their medicines for two years, but was helped so slightly by them that at the end of that time I gave up in discouragement, and let the disease take care of itself for a long time. I grew worse as time went on. I have been obliged to give up work many a time for a week or two, and have worked at other times when I ought to have been at home in bed. I have lost many months during the past seven years and would have lost more only for the fact that I stuck it out and would not give up until I had to.

"My appetite then failed me, and about four years ago I began to notice a fluttering of my heart, which grew so bad after a while that I could not walk any distance without a violent palpitation, and complete loss of breath. The pains in my stomach, from indigestion lasted two and three days at a time. I lost considerable flesh, and before long I noticed that my kidneys were affected. This came from my work on the engine, I know, as many railroad men are troubled in the same way. I had awful pains in the small of my back, and was obliged to make water many times during the day.

"I resolved to go back to the doctors again, though their treatment had done me no good before. I was told that medicine was no good for me, that what I needed was a long rest. I could not take too long a vacation, being compelled to work for my living, and so I kept along, taking what stuff the doctors prescribed, but feeling no better, except for a day or two at a time.

"Finally my legs and hands began to ache and swell with rheumatic pains, and I found I couldn't sleep at night. If I lay down, my heart would go pit-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all.

"I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when, some time in February last, I was reading in the 'Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star,' which we take every week, of the great cures made by Dr. Williams' 'Pink Pills for Pale People.' I got a couple of boxes for my wife to see if she would be helped

any by them, and then I tried them myself. I did not put much stock in them at first, but before I had finished the first box I noticed that I was feeling better. The palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I found that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and today I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years.

"I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I can now go up any hill without the slightest distress or palpitation or loss of breath, and am feeling 100 per cent better in every shape and manner.

"They have been a saving of money to me, for since I began their use I have not been obliged to lose much time away from work. I am still taking the pills, and mean to continue them until I am certain my cure is thorough and lasting one."

After talking with Mr. Vose at the depot, where his engine was in waiting, the reporter went to the house where Mrs. Holt, the other patient for whom the pills have done so much, received him and gave an extended account of her experience with them. Mrs. Holt said:

"I am 57 years old, and for 14 years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, which left me with a number of ailments, for which I have been doctoring unsuccessfully ever since. My heart trouble was increased so badly by the nervous prostration that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had continual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. I went to physicians in Jeffrey Newport, Alsted, Acton and here in Peterboro, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctors in despair and lost faith in medicine altogether. I began to take Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills" last winter, more from curiosity than because I believe they could help me, but the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February last and they have made me feel like a new woman. The terrible pains in my spinal column and in the region of my liver are gone, and I believe for good. My palpitation has only troubled me three times since I commenced using the pills, and my stomach now performs its functions without giving me the great distress which formerly followed everything I ate. The pills have acted differently from any medicine I ever took in my life. I have tried everything—doctors' medicines, patent medicines, sarsaparillas, and homeopathic doses. In 14 weeks three years ago I spent \$500 for doctors' bills and medicines, and since then have had but out as much more money, but the relief I obtained if any was only temporary.

"With these pills, however, the effects are different. They are not cathartic like other pills I have taken, but seem to act directly upon the stomach and liver without any loosening of the bowels. My sleep, too, has wonderfully improved since I began their use. For a long time before I took these pills I lost sleep night after night with my heart and pains in my back.

"My improvement in health is a source of remark on the part of those who have known how sick I was. My husband, who didn't know I was taking the pills, is delighted at the noticeable betterment in my health, and upon learning the cause of it urged me to continue the use of the pills. This impulse, however, is not necessary, as I have been too sick in the past not to fully appreciate the value of a remedy that has done me so much good. Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills" are certainly a grand medicine, and from my experience with them I can cheerfully and cordially recommend them to any one who is troubled with heart palpitation, indigestion, liver complaint, and the many ills consequent upon nervous prostration."

Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills" are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a

Forcing the Season with REDUCTIONS!

We cannot change the weather, but we CAN CHANGE OUR PRICES. That's what we've done and done it with a vengeance. Never could choice goods be bought so cheaply in July clearing sales as during the month of May, commencing to-morrow. Our Great Season Forcing Sale starts off with a double head of steam. Yesterday all day long our big store was crowded, of course. It was doing business for glory. But it's sales, not profits, we are after now. Come in any day this month prepared for surprises. May must make up for April, and it will. Our reductions are simply irresistible. They'll make you buy in spite of yourself.

REJOICE! Stylish :: Dressers!

Men's Suits made to bring \$10.00, Reduced to \$ 7.50.
Men's Suits made to bring \$12.00, Reduced to \$ 8.00.
Men's Suits made to bring \$15.00, Reduced to \$10.00.
Men's Suits made to bring \$17.00, Reduced to \$12.00.
Men's Suits made to bring \$20.00, Reduced to \$15.00.
Men's Suits made to bring \$25.00, Reduced to \$18.00.

Worst Whack Yet at Pants

Whether you be in need of a Pair of Pants or not, now is the time to buy. Now if you want to save 25c. on the dollar. All the finest and latest materials represented. Pants made to sell for \$1.50, Reduced to \$ 1.00.
Pants made to sell for \$2.50, Reduced to \$2.00.
Pants made to sell for \$4.00, Reduced to \$3.00.
Pants made to sell for \$5.00, Reduced to \$4.00.

Respectfully,
YOUNG BROTHERS

condensed from all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache after the effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c.

They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Some Strange Misnomers.

Much of the Russia leather comes from Connecticut, Bordeaux wine from California, Italian Marble from Kentucky, French lace from New York, and Spanish mackerel from the New Jersey coast. Dr. Pierce's golden Medical Discovery comes from Buffalo, N. Y., but there is nothing in its name to criticize for it is truly golden in value, as thousands gladly testify. Consumption is averted by its use, and it has wrought many positive cures. It corrects torpid liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, banishes dyspepsia and scrofula, renews the lease of life, and tones up the system as nothing else will do. What is more, it is guaranteed to do all this, or the price is refunded.

General S. C. Armstrong, founder and superintendent of the Normal Institute at Hampton, died at Richmond, aged 56. He has devoted his life to the manual training of young colored people of both sexes.

A terrible accident occurred last Sunday at the Calumnet Mine, Houghton, Mich. Ten men were coming up on a car, when the cable broke and they were hurled 3,000 feet down the shaft. The wife of one of the victims witnessed the catastrophe.

The account given of the recent war in Honduras, rival in savagery and barbarism the scenes we read of as enacted in the middle ages. Not even women and children escape.

Is a tantalizing admonition to those who at this season feel all tired out, weak, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is wonderful. So we say, "Take Hood's and it will brace you up."

The heaviest rain ever known is reported in Texas. The country had been suffering from severe drought then came the other extreme. Sections of railroad, county roads and bridges were washed away. The corn and cotton crops are much damaged.

World's Columbian Exposition

Will be of value to the world by illustrating the improvements in the mechanical arts and eminent physicians will tell you that the progress in medicinal agents, has been of equal importance, and as a strengthening laxative that Syrup of Figs is far in advance of all others.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which makes HOOD'S Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself.

A carriage has been constructed in Germany, which is propelled by means of a benzine lamp. It runs at the rate 15 to 20 miles per hour at a cost of 1/2 cent per mile. It is easily guided and controlled.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

A sure cure for cramp. Keep it handy. Mr. Clinton Campbell, Chester, Pa., says: "I can recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as a sure cure for cramp. We have kept it in the house for the last five years and would not be without it."

The account given of the recent war in Honduras, rival in savagery and barbarism the scenes we read of as enacted in the middle ages. Not even women and children escape.