The Wilson Advance,

By W. L. CANTWELL.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Entered in the Post Office at Wilson, N. C., as second class mail matter.

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

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THE ADVANCE,
Wilson, N. C.

THURSDAY, June 1st, 1893.

We notice The Washington Gazette was issuing a daily sheet last week. The occasion being the tenth annual council of the Eastern Diocese of North Carolina, which met in Washington. Nothing like a little enterprise and push.

Much has been said for and against the recent law passed in regard to the exclusion of the Chinese from our borders. It seems to us that we are acting but little better than the Russians, in regard to the Jew, for which action they drew down upon their heads the census of the civilized world. The Chinese are a harmless people, seldom found in the court room and, almost we might say, never in our jails. Where they are employed they work faithfully and well. Why should this great land of ours exclude this race of people, when we can find room and welcome for the refuse of Europe. The murderers, assassins and robbers, of Russia, of Italy and of France. It looks as though the administration was making a bid for the votes of the dwellers on the Pacific coast. They are the only people that are directly interested.

FITS.

Before taking his vacation your correspondent took occasion to say something about Fits—with reference to our late political spasm. He rises now in all the energy of his rested spirit, to remark that the bicycle fit has struck the town like a western cyclone. Whether it shall prove as destructive remains to be seen, as the reports are not all in. Up to date no deaths have been reported. The public however is prepared for anything. The chief and most noticeable feature of the bicycle disease is a remarkable mania for suicide in its earliest stages, a kind of half-wild dervish frenzy against all things of natural growth, including fences and corners, with a marked tendency to self-destruction.

In some rare cases the subject developes a longing for geographical knowledge really commendable. Thus a certain young dealer in the "obnoxious weed" is said to have explored with studied care every ditch and fen e jam between this point and Finch'scmill, and is said to be prepared for a geologico-geographical report whenever the county shall call for it.

In other instances—one only I believe has been reported—the disposition is to engage in a somewhat mild and harmless free circus, evidently for the benefit of those afflicted with the blues. We regard this as the most hopeful symptom of the malady. It is feared however that the case referred to will have a discouraging effect on the manufacturers of the machines.

The public is politely requested to withhold its opinion till matters have further developed themselves.

Certainly no quarantine measures are necessary just yet, and it's not likely that any of the stricken ones will get far enough from Wilson to endanger neighboring towns. We are not alarmed. All of us would rather have a town with life and blood enough in its veins to catch epidemics when they come than a poor fagged out, flagged out vein, dry corporation over which the pestilence would fly as over a grave yard. So I say about this bicyle fit or fever, let it stay; let the wiseacres stop shaking their heads. There's many a moral stimulant in a flying wheel, a clear road and a scorching run, at least Lex thinks so.

LEX.

$40,000 For Deportation

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—An attempt was made today by ex-Coroner Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, the well-known anti-Chinese agitator, to arrest several Chinese for deportation. He called upon United States District Attorney Gatter and demand that warrants be issued for the arrest of forty Chinese. He offered to pay the charges for their deportation. Garter showed the agitator a telegram from Attorney-General Olney, instruction him not to arrest any Chinese until further orders.

O'Donnell offered then to deposit $40,000 for deportation purposes, but was told that the local officials could not receive it. The agitator then visited Circuit Judge McKenna, who declined to discuss the matter.

The princes Eulalia is being treated royally in New York, one fete follows another in quick succession. We doubt if the Princes fares better even in Royal Spain.

Minister Rungon arrived in Berlin Sunday and was received with becoming ceremony by Mr. Phelps the retiring U. S. minister.

F. W. Herrick, of Detroit broke the bicycle record for 25 miles, Saturday, by riding that distance in one hour and fourteen minutes.

The English sparrow is a small bird, but he gets there just the same. The manager of the Worlds Fair are offering $5,000 for a means by which they may rid the White City of the winged visitors.

One hundred and twenty five thousand people visited the fair Sunday. The people feasted their eyes and drank in the inspiring music. The day was a marked success.

A cable to Hawaii is the next thing that is wanted of Congress. The cost will be a mere bagatelle. The distance is about 2,100 miles and the cable will only cost 1,200 per mile, just two and a half million.

Raleigh Pays Tribute to Davis' Memory.

The remains of Jefferson Davis were met at the depot, in Raleigh, on Tuesday last and conveyed to the Capitol grounds.

The procession was on foot, the escorts from the South only occupying carriages.

The ceremony was very impressive. All business was suspended throughout the town, every body paying homage to the dead. Delegations from all parts of the State took part in the exercises.

Of Course It's a Woman.

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world."

The mother, sitting beside and rocking the cradle, often singing her sad lullaby, may be thus shaping, as it were, the destimes of nations. But if diseases, consequent on motherhood, have borne her down, and sapped her life, how mournful will be her song. To cheer the mother, brighten her life, and brighten her song, Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, has, after long experience, compounded a remedy which he has called his "Favorite Prescription," because ladies preferred it to all others. He guarantees it to cure nervousness, neuralgic pains, bearing-down pains, irregularities, weakness, or prolapsus, headache, backache, or any of the ailments of the female organs. What he asks is, that the ladies shall give it a fair trial, and satisfaction is assured. Money refunded, if it doesn't give satisfaction.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Why We Dis ipate and Its Many Different Forms.

Every man has his weakness in some form or other, is the notion I have come to.

A remedy for the greatest weaknesses is what should be sought for. A night spent in a barroom with watchful eyes and open eyes, would not give to you the most prudent insight of life but it might give you the most truthful picture of man's worst weaknesses. You watch the different forms in which these weaknesses take shape to see with what looseness whisky causes men to air themselves is a study, a mystery, perhaps a shame.

Some "fill up" while others "blow off," some get cunning while others get open, some get generous while others grow closer with every drink and as mean as they are close.

Watch them as they come and go or loiter in the room. All have their conceits. With one the waters are troubled, with another the sun shines bright. One must pose as the picture of sadness, while another is the soul of wit and humor. The air of business is not absent from these resorts, for here comes in a man who would impress you with his business importance, and it is wonderful how well he plays his part. He wears a business suit, walks to the counter with a business stride, brushes a little flour from the sleeve of his coat in an easy business way, spits like a business man, takes a sip of water in a business style, drinks pays his money and away he goes out of the door—all business, and you might think he was rushing to his business, but it is only to the next bar he is going to go through the same thing once more. This business conceit is one of the most fortunate turns that the drinking weakness could take. It would not be business for him to get extravagant. He must hold his balance, his dignity and vim—he is happy in the thought of doing this, and it will save him from the gutter long after the witty fellow, who sits over in a chair by a table, has fell to be a common bum and arrived at the stage where he can neither laugh himself nor wring a smile from others. Ah, how many of these witty men could one see go under if he would watch through a long life like mine, for at last he finds that his jokes are only the conceits of an addled brain. No reflection upon barrooms is intended by me. The barkeeper fills a demand. The weakness of this very wit demands a bar. No drinking from a bottle or a jug would suit this fellow. One drink magnifies him into an Artemus Ward and he must have listeners and companions. It is easy to have them along with plenty of money, and how they do laugh at all the jokes between drinks. These laughing people are a part of barrooms, or they always linger there.

Last Saturday we hustled around and got up a nice load of marketing. Our little wagon looked inviting as we drove along Atlanta's streets. Fresh milk and butter, some eggs and a few chickens, fresh from the country, was in demand, but we had decked our wagon off with "green truck," strawberries and currents, and these caught the eyes of the children at the houses where we stopped. It was late in the afternoon and the working people were gathering to their homes and we sold out easily. At one place where we stopped the inmates from three or four of the little houses gathered about our wagon. Husbauds with their week's wages tingling in their pockets came out in a romping way with some of the children and they bought generously of what we had. The little ones skipped away from us on every side with arms full and happy hearts. Among them all I notices three little fellows who never came outside their yard. Two of them sit upon the gate post while the third swung upon the ricketty gate. This was as near our wagon as they came, but we could hear them talk and saw their longing looks, after the happy children who had been supplied. Just as we started off they looked up the street in a wistful way and one of them said:

Don't you wish our papa would come home too?"

We suspected that these were the children of some man whose weakness was drink and who lingered too long at the bar, so we stopped again, found out their names, let them have such of our "truck" as they chose and went away feeling happier ourselves, while the sound of their merry voices tingled in our ears as they ran with their load into the house with their mamma.

When we had put away our team at the wagon yard we sauntered up town and into a popular barroom, just to see if we could not get a sight of the father of these children. He was there, there in all his glory, and he was not one of the sad, woe-begone ones, either. He was what they call a generous fellow in these resorts. Reckless of money, he seemed to be, as he would knock upon the table and call for the drinks for his crowd. I pitied him as I thought upon the three little fellows at the gate who watched up the street so anxiously for his coming and uttered so pitifully:

"Don't you wish our papa would come home too?"

Generous fellows can always be found in these resorts. So to give their little children one poor nickle would be like pulling their tooth. Thus they feel in their sober moments and it is strange that in this feeling they are perfectly honest, while they will linger in these barrooms and throw money away with reckless abandon. I know that the weakness of these generous fellows is strong drink, but in them I can trace no reason for so doing but that they are natural born fools—without excuse or one redeeming trait.

Because I have mentioned barrooms in connection with these weaknesses, it is no reason that I mean to reflect on bars or that there are not weakness otherwise. The baseball weakness and the theater in the amusement world have their devotees. Religion has its fanatics. Some men eat, some smoke, some one thing and some another, all of which might be encouraged into weaknesses. It is my notion that we have all got to have something to relieve the pressure"—something to "blow off" on or "fill up" with. Let us take the least weakness that we can make out with and the best one that our natures will allow.

I sat off on a stump at the picnic of the Orphans' home the other day and watched the happy movements of the good women and men who have been active in helping along this sweet occasion. One of the men "Mr. Bob," I will call him, and single him out because I knew him well, was there in a perfect state of intoxication, from this standpoint. He was drunk, blind drunk, as drunk as ever the "witty man" or the "generous man," spoken of above, dare to be. But it was not a whisky drunk, nor a baseball drunk; it was a drunk on goodness, intensified by his happy surroundings. He was "full," the pressure must be relieved, and this was a most happy way to do it. Blessed is the man whose weakness is goodness! They should desire no plaudits from the world nor thanks from the unfortunate. Just thank the Lord for the quality of your weakness and be as happy as you should be, is the advice I would give every one who is blessed with the lesser weaknesses of whose weakness is charity and goodness together.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

THE RAJAH'S RUBY

BY J. G. BETHUNE.

[Continued from fourth page.]

Simpson, holding his hat and cane, said in his most insinuating voice:

"You haven't forgot our meeting the other night, Martha?"

"Indeed I'll never forget that as long as I live; it was awful."

"Yes, it was rather stirring. I was glad I was able to take care of you."

"I'll always remember your kindness. When I catched a glimpse of you as I was a-walkin up the path, I just thought I would faint. I was sure it was that dreadful man."

"So it was, Martha?"

"What!" she exclaimed, almost falling from her chair.

"Yes, it was he, but I was right by you, ready to pounce upon him on his first motion to harm you."

"Well, I declare! Did you ever?"

"What did the folks say when you went in and told your story?"

"They couldn't believe me at first, but I said I knowed you spoke the truth, for, scuse me, sir, you looked like a real gentleman that couldn't deceive a lady. The doctor said he would stay all night with us, and he did. Nobody didn't disturb us, as I s'pose you know."

"I judged not. I waited around the outside awhile, ready to rush in if I heard you call for me, but I am glad nothing of the kind happened."

"Oh, the folks asked me all kinds of questions," continued Martha, becoming more at ease. "They wanted to know who you were, but of course I couldn't tell 'em, for you see I didn't know."

"Did you try to describe me?"

"Yes; but, la sakes! I can see now that I got it all wrong. I said you were a tall gentleman, with a mustache and dressed in black, which wasn't as it was at all."

"I should say not! But that was natural in your disturbed state of mind," Simpson was considerate enough to say, glad to find that the description of himself by the servant could not have given the doctor or Miss Gilder any suspicion of his identity. "Now, Martha, since you and I are such good friends, I want to ask you a few questions. I hope you will be willing to answer them."

"If they are proper, sir."

"You don't imagine that I would ask you any other kind? First of all, were you at home the night that the robbers visited the house in Ellenville?"

Her embarassment of face and manner did not escape the notice of the detective. His suspicion that there was something back of this strange business which had not yet been touched upon was confirmed.

"Yes, sir; I was at home," she replied after a moment's hesitation.

"Did you see anything of the burglar?"

"Mercy, no! If I had, I never would have lived."

"Yes, you would. You are a braver girl than you give yourself credit for. Did you hear anything of the burglar?"

"Yes; I heard some strange noises in the night, which must have been made by him."

"And you found your mistress in a deplorable state—very much frightened and distressed because of the visit of the burglar?"

"Yes, indeedy. I never seen her so bad."

"And you made all haste for Dr. Maidhoff, who is your family physician?"

"Yes, I went as fast as my legs could carry me."

"Did he come at once?"

"He was there in a few minutes and did all he could for her."

"But was unable to save her?"

Instead of making a direct answer to this question, Martha said:

"Dr. Maidhoff has been our doctor for a good many years, and of course he was the one I went for as quick as I knowed how."

"Most certainly. Nothing could have been more proper. And he did all he could for her?"

"Why shouldn't he? Of course he did"——

At that moment a footfall was heard overhead, as though some one was walking lightly and hurriedly across the floor. The servant started and looked with an alarmed expression at her visitor, who quietly said:

"I understood you to say that Miss Gilder is at Ellenville."

"So she is, but we expect her home today."

"Are you, not the only servant in the house?"

"Yes, sir—bu—oh, Mr.—that is—please don't ask me so many questions, for I don't know what to say."

"I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, Martha," remarked Simpson in his kindest tones, for he knew unerringly that he was on the verge of important information. He had but to use his advantage wisely, and he would extract knowledge from this simple minded young woman that would amply repay him for the method he used to obtain it.

"But there are, you know, a good many things which I shouldn't tell, now that Miss Gilder is away. Why not wait till she comes and see her?" she asked, with a start of relief.

"I am afraid I would not find her as considerate as you are. Now, don't feel offended if I ask you a few things which you may not like to answer; I would be willing to pay you well"——

"No you wouldn't," she interrupted scornfully. "Do you think I would take pay for answering questions?"

"You didn't hear me through," blandly interposed Mr. Simpson. "I was about to say that I would pay you well for doing as I ask were you an ordinary servant that could be hired to do such things, but knowing you to be a true lady I would not insult you by such a proposition. It is upon your ladyhood and goodness of heart that I place my reliance."

Ah, but Folsom Simpson knew how to flatter. This sentiment did its work. Martha blushed with pleasure and was sure that in all her life she had never seen such a splendid man as this one. Who could say that he was not hopelessly impressed with her charms, and that—but no, she must not build such gorgeous air castles—that is, not just yet.

The detective saw his advantage and pressed it with cleverness.

"Martha, my dear, I see how delicate and refined your mind is, so I will ask you only a single question, but before I do so you must promise me that you will answer it. What do you say now?"

"I don't know about that," she replied coquettishly, "but I guess I may make the promise, knowing you to be the gentleman you are. Yes, I will promise to answer truthfully."

"Who is that person I heard walk across the floor up stairs a few minutes ago?"

The girl seemed about to faint. She turned pale, and for a full minute did not speak.

"Don't be afraid," added Simpson, leaning forward kindly and lowering his voice. "Let it be a secret between us, Martha."

"It is—it is—you mustn't tell—it is Miss. Livermore. She didn't die at all. Oh, what have I done?"

[To be continued.]

He Did Not Call.

The man who tried Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and was sure of the $500 reward offered by the proprietors for an incurable case, never called for his money. Why not?. O, because he got cured: He was sure of two things: (1) That his catarrh could not be cured. (2) That he would have that $500. He is now sure of the [illegible] that is, that his catarrh is gone completely. So he is out $500 of course. The makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have faith in their ability to cure the worst cases of Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing, and attest their faith by their standing reward of $500, offered for many years past, for an incurable case of this loathsome and dangerous disease. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. Mild, soothing, cleaning, deodorizing, antiseptic, and healing.

An Army in Jail.

There is an army in jail. The men of it have doffed their military clothes to don the prison uniform. It is the army which started out at the end of last year to demolish the Government of Mexico. It is locked up in Texas, the officers of it, and also the privates, rendering service to this country for violating its neutrality laws. In the past week fifty three of them have been sent to keep company with the others who had previously been imprisoned. The Federal Court, before which they were tried gave the longest terms to the Generals and Colonels, the shortest terms to the privates; so that while Col. PRUDENCIO GONZALES will be in for two years and nine months. Private BLAS YBANEZ will get out in eight weeks. This is good solid American law and justice, no favor to the big criminals, but leniency to the small offenders. As for the gory handed BENAVIDES, the General formerly in command of the army in jail, he is held to await the decision of our Government upon the Mexican demand for his extradition. He was convicted over a month ago by the Federal Court in Texas, and we do not know why the State Department has not yet taken action in his case. We must suppose that Secretary Gresham cannot find time to attend to it on account of the pressure put upon him by the multitude of office seekers.—New York Sun.

Brief Business Maxims.

It is a wise man who asks his wife's advice, but it is a wiser man who follows it.

Faith is as necessary in business as in religion; confidence is the foundation of credit.

It is not always the customer who buys most who best profits the dealer.

It is a rare man, indeed, who is admired by his associates; respect is often a matter of distance.

There is no trade so difficult and so arduous as our own.

The purchasing power of a dollar is not measured by the cents it contains, but rather by the sense of its possessor.

It is better to work today than to worry about tomorrow.

All things may be remedied but discontent.

The dime of tomorrow looks larger than the dollar of today.

No great success was ever achieved without the force of enthusiasm.

The worst deceived man is the one who cheats himself.

There would be little business if nothing was destroyed.