

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., JUNE 8, 1893.

NUMBER 23.

THE Cash Racket Stores.

LOOKING FORWARD!

There is no principle of business which is so invaluable an aid to economy in the people, or which does more to encourage an appreciation of

Merchandise

as the principle we have embodied, inculcated, and premiunized since we have been in trade—PAY AS YOU GO! It has done everything for us, and enabled us to do everything for you. There is no substitute for it, nothing can take its place. All time and all people have proven that there is but one correct way to do business, either for the seller or the buyer, and that is with the dollar in hand. The greatest help we have been to the people is in giving them a better conception of their financial capabilities. Our invaluable methods not only embody theirs, but we claim the entire credit of having been the originator and sole defender of eternal and universal cash!

You to the multiplying advantages it brings to you, and we to the greatest power it places in our hands for serving the public.

Bargains in Mattings This Week.

The Cash Racket Stores,

J. M. LEATH,
Manager.

Nash and Goldsboro Streets,
WILSON, N. C.

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.

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.

FIRST-CLASS

Grocery and Bar.

I take this method to inform my friends and the public that I am receiving daily.

Fresh Goods.

Cash or trade given for all kinds of country produce. Give me a trial and I am sure to get your trade in the future as I will convince you that I'll give more goods than any man in town for the same money.

Hoping to receive a call from you, I am

Respectfully,

E. G. ROSE,

South Tarboro Street, below R. R. WILSON, N. C.

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.

SOCIETY'S FREAKS.

Why a Handsome Girl Was Finally Forced to Leave Town.

I heard recently the story of how a girl who wanted to and tried to did not succeed in entering society. Her face was in that one respect, her misfortune. She removed to the city some years ago from a little out of the way town of a neighboring state, and at once, albeit seconded by her mother, started in to cut a swath and make a pathway into the longed for green pastures of local society. Her family was not old, nor had it in any way the remotest flavor of Virginia origin. However, this would hardly have counted against her, for she came of good, honest stock and was supremely beautiful.

She carried herself like a queen, and with her peerless beauty captivated the men of society. Her form was surrounded by the head of a goddess, and the whiteness and exquisiteness of neck, arms and shoulders made her a vision. Her hair was a dream of sunshine, and the light in her drooping eyes seemed divine. Her lips were invitations to love, and the color of her face enough to set an artist wild. She was modest, and yet exercised a sort of freedom that encouraged men to approach her with an air of familiarity and at the same time was effective in its restraining influence. She displayed her charms not lavishly, but abundantly.

No wonder, then, that the clubmen about town took her up. They sought her constantly, and soon she held court with, if not the splendor, all the grace and graciousness of a queen. So constantly was she in demand that at the Chrysanthemum club a sort of bureau of engagements was established so that she might, as it were, be distributed fairly. She was taken everywhere—by men. She was called upon incessantly—by men. She was soon the subject of conversation among men. Her beauty became more pronounced as she learned the little arts and artifices that please men, and she became the talk of the day wherever she went, at home or abroad.

All this, and especially the way the men took her up, set the young women of the city's highest dead against her. They did not deny her beauty—they could not—neither did they begrudge her fair fame. They simply loathed her. To her young women of society know a thing or two, and this they knew right well—that if they did not call upon her, and left her at home to receive men, they would soon tire of it and let her alone also. Such proved to be the case.

She was never called on by those of her own sex, and consequently knew nobody. No one ever received for her, and society, therefore, never had her gracious presence and queenly beauty in its ranks. At last, in desperation or in some other mood, she left the city. Her course was everywhere a conquest. She is today envied by many who hear occasionally of her, and she is engaged to a wealthy man who will give her queenly beauty a regal setting. This is a true story.—Louisville Commercial.

Kingley's Love of Nature.

Charles Kingley was to the very end of his life thrilled and dominated by the beauty of the outer world. He had a fierce delight in the stronger and wilder phases of nature, a sort of viking spirit that was stirred by wind and wave. One autumnal night, after he had been reciting the story of a Cornish wreck, he suddenly cried to his guests:

"Come! out! come out and look!" They followed him into the garden, to be met by a tempestuous rush of warm rain. The speaker stood, headless in thought and recollection, and suddenly exclaimed in tones of intense enjoyment:

"Splendid! What a night! Drenching! This is a night when you young men can't talk, can't think too much poetry."

Intensely sensitive to every mood of nature, he sometimes shrank from her cruelty. "Don't go out there," he said once to a friend. "There is a northern wind that will kill you if you give it a chance. It's an assassin."—Youth's Companion.

As Big as a President.

The governor general of Canada receives a salary of \$50,000 a year, which is the same as that given to the president of the United States. In addition, Rideau Hall, at Ottawa, his official residence, is kept up at the public expense. That the Canadians are not niggardly in enabling the governor general to keep house in good style is shown by a recent report of the expenditures for the past year. They indicate, too, that the governor general is a very hospitable ruler. The items include one of \$2,600 for new dishes, comprising 1,300 wineglasses and decanters of various kinds, 1,000 plates and 1,000 other articles in that line.

Fifteen persons are employed to take care of the house and grounds, besides which \$2,000 was paid other parties for taking care of the grounds and \$175 was expended for renovating snow. An allowance of \$8,000 a year is made for fuel and light, to which was added \$534 for repairing stoves. It evidently costs something to maintain a domestic establishment in Canada.—Boston Journal.

Politics in the Metropolis.

Of practical politics in New York Mr. Theodore Roosevelt says: "The process by which a man rises in New York city politics is to keep first one saloon, then several, then to go to the legislature and so on."

Mr. Roosevelt told of the duties of a New York politician, among the chief of which were "bailing out their constituents"—taking a trip each morning around to the various police stations.—Buffalo Express.

Weather in and Near California.

In 1897 California was visited by excessive heat. During a period of four days in June the temperature ranged from 93 degrees at San Diego to 114 degrees at Yuma and 129 degrees at Spring Valley. It is an interesting fact that at the same time ice formed at Cheyenne, Wyo., only 600 miles away.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Pimples, blotches, sores, and their cause, removed by Simmons Liver Regulator.

Old Man Shylock.

When old man Shylock retired from business he made up his mind to enjoy life in a quiet way.

His health was beginning to fail, and the growing opposition to his financial methods had caused him to lose several law suits. The experience of numerous widows and orphans in their unfortunate dealings with him had made him very unpopular, and people avoided him.

The old fellow thought it all over, and decided to give up business. He had no family, and his fortune was a large one, and with the exception of the small cottage in which he lived, it was all in cash.

"If the people and the courts are against me," said Shylock, "it is no use to fight them. I'll keep my money and have a good time. A man at seventy needs rest and recreation."

People knew that he was rich, but they did not know how much he was worth, and it became the study of his life to keep his neighbors ignorant of his great wealth. He was in the habit of hoarding up his money in various nooks and corners about the house, and he soon drew out his bank deposit and concealed it in his cottage.

Naturally, a man with so much treasure to look after could not go far from home. He rarely went outside of his yard, and when he had to go down town to make a few purchases he carried his whole fortune on his person, fearing that a search might be made for it during his absence from his premises.

So, with no companionship but that of an old woman who visited his house every day to keep it in order and do a little cooking, the miser found that time hung heavily upon his hands.

As the months rolled on he felt strangely nervous. He had no appetite, and his dreams frightened him. Every day he added new bolts and bars to his cottage, and he spent hours practicing with his weapons. He kept a pistol and a dagger under his pillow, and the slightest sound at night awakened him, and caused him to count his money again and again.

He made many plans to carry out his idea of enjoying life, but had to abandon them because they were all more or less expensive. He lost flesh steadily, and soon became almost a living skeleton, but he lost none of his alertness, and his eyes were as keen as ever, and showed the old-time greed.

One morning, Shylock slept later than usual, and when he looked about him he felt that something was wrong.

Without losing a moment, he opened a secret place in the wall and took out a tin box. One glance was enough. The box was empty!

What had become of the \$20,000 in crisp banknotes that had been placed there for safe keeping?

The old man turned as pale as death, and his knees knocked together. Before he could be convinced that he had been robbed, he examined the other hidden packages of money between the walls and elsewhere. Finally, there was no doubt of the fact that the notes were missing.

He ate nothing that day, and tried to summon courage to inform the police. He was afraid to let his loss be known. People would jump to the conclusion that he was a millionaire, and the thieves would come in force and overpower him.

Then, he was mystified about the robbery. His windows and doors were all bolted and barred that morning. How did the thief get in?

In about a week he was robbed again of several thousand dollars, and still there was no evidence of burglary beyond the fact that the cash had disappeared.

Some nights Shylock spent watching until daylight, but with no result. In the course of three or four months, fully one-half of the hoarded wealth in the cottage had vanished without leaving a trace or a clue.

Old man Shylock was now about half crazy, and incapable of acting with ordinary judgment. When things were nearing their worst the victim called in a neighbor, the doctor, who had always been his medical adviser, and told him the whole story.

The physician harshly told him that he was a fool for not telling him before.

"I have my theory," he said. "I have not studied your symptoms for nothing. Leave it all to me, and I will get to the bottom of this business."

That very night the doctor posted himself where he could get a glimpse of Shylock's well-lighted room through a small crack in the rear end of the house.

It was about 1 o'clock in the morning when Shylock slipped out of bed. He went straight to one corner of the room and raised a small piece of the floor. Stooping down, he drew out a tin box, from which he took a package of banknotes.

The doctor watched the patient closely, and saw him get a box of matches and go to the stove which still held its place, although it was midsummer.

The watcher yelled at the top of his voice, and by loudly knocking on the wall, awakened old Shylock from his slumber.

That was the secret of it all. The miser had become a sleep walker, and he was about to give his money to the flames!

When the sleep walker had come to his senses, and had admitted the doctor to his chamber, he listened in horrified astonishment to the story.

The two men investigated the stove, and found there the scorched

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ends and corners of numerous banknotes, but there was not enough left of a single note to be of any value.

"That package would have gone the same way remarked the doctor. "How much is it worth?"

"Ten thousand dollars," answered Shylock. "All I have left in the world. I am a ruined man!"

After a while the doctor persuaded the old man to give him the package to keep until the bank opened, and then deposit it. The physician went home, and Shylock lay down to rest, but not to sleep.

The lonely inmate of the cottage was found in the morning with his throat cut, when the doctor and several neighbors broke open his door.

He had burned up \$50,000 in cash that summer, and the pitiful remnant left seemed to him not worth living for. As he lay awake and thought of his struggles, his schemes, his hard economy, his oppression of the poor and his long career of extortion, and then reflected that he had robbed himself of his ill-gotten wealth, his brain reeled, and he found his razor his best friend.

The doctors history of the case was pronounced the most interesting paper ever read before the medical society of his town, and there are many well-informed physicians who talk about it to this day.

WALLACE P. REED.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

In the war between the States General Jackson (Stonewall) ordered one of his colonels to attack a certain strong position. The colonel hesitated, and at length went to General Jackson to expostulate. "General," said the colonel, "to attack that position is madness; my regiment will be exterminated." "Colonel," said the commander, "do your duty. I have made every arrangement to care for the wounded and bury the dead."

A boy stood on the burning deck, Unwisely, 'twas said, For with the fast approaching flame, His elders quickly fled. So many now in peril stand, Unmindful of their fate, Till, step by step, Grim Death comes on And then, alas! too late!

For wiser, surely, would it seem, When his approach we see, With "Pierce's Pellets" well in hand To vanquish old "G. D."

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have remarkable power to correct all physical derangements, thus warding off disease that would surely follow. Purely vegetable, pleasant to take, perfectly harmless! With a little forethought they'll be a present help in time of need—cheating the doctor and robbing the grave? As a Liver Pill they are unequalled. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One dose as a laxative, three or four as a cathartic. Tiny, sugar-coated granules, in vials; 25 cents.

A Joke in the Thick of Battle.

An old Tarheel who was "thar" says that at the battle of Chancellorsville, while the fight was raging, General Rhodes rode up to General Ransom, and asked him what time it was. Ransom pulling out his old time-piece slowly said: "General, in such an emergency as this my old watch never runs." Rhodes "took" right off, and returned to where the bullets were "ticking" the seconds.

To get at the Facts.

Regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla, ask the people who take this medicine, or read the testimonials often published in this paper. They will certainly convince you that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses unequalled merit, and that Hood's Cures.

"O CROW, CROW!"

Sporting Man's Paradise.

We all admire the beautiful in nature, and that which is suggestive of antiquity at once invites inquiry and investigation.

Today I write of a place distinguished for the marvelous natural beauty and one that has weird legends as well as strange realities connected intimately with its history.

There is a long line of slender islands stretching parallel to the Atlantic Coast, which the curious have considered freaks in geological creation—and indeed it is so. At one point this queer stretch of land makes out into Cape Hatteras, the most dreaded locality on the American coast to mariners. Just 25 miles from Hatteras as light in the center of Ocracoke, where the Gods have dealt out blessings with lavish hand.

The island is eighteen miles long and two miles wide. On the one side the clear, placid waters of the Pamlico Sound stretches out in quiet,

limpid beauty, while on the other the raging Atlantic in furious dissonance lashes the shore. Rosy fingered Morn steals up behind angry billows of ocean, while the King of Day, goes down in quiet splendor beneath the surface of Pamlico. From the one side the branching breezes blow from crested billows; from the other the gentle zephyrs, like the wreath of sylphs and sea-maidens come at evening to cool the visitors ennuyed brow.

In the heart of the Island, Silver lake, a mile in circumference, whose indented edge is fringed with queer shaped trees, surface dotted with sail, and waters teeming with fish, lends variety to the scene.

It is said that here was Captain Kidd's rendezvous and that the circumstance of his capture gave the Island a name. He is said to have paced the deck of his vessel all night before his capture, feeling a presentiment of foreboding evil, and once in a while would cry out "O Crow Cock." Even now the old inhabitants call the place Ocracoke. Many believe that rich hidden treasures lie buried here to this day. The oldest grave yard and grave stones in the State are found on the Island, and the quaint and interesting customs of the people, as well as their hospitality, remind the stranger of the story of the fishermen of Galilee. Much of their time is devoted to fishing and hunting.

The waters of the sound an ocean team with all kinds of fish, and there is no better hook and line fishing on coast. The stranger is amazed at the tremendous catches of millions of mullets by the natives, who jump from their boats and encircle the schools of fish on the shallows. Clams and oysters are caught, fresh and delicious every day in the year. This island and adjacent ones, abound also, in birds of many varieties, and it is verily the "Sportman's Paradise." Sailing and surf-bathing are unsurpassed, and as a health and pleasure rendezvous, free from the stiff formalities of fashion it has no equal. The mammoth four story Ocracoke Hotel will be open after June 15th, and a pleasant week or two can be enjoyed nowhere. The Coast Line R. R., and the J. & W. R. R., will take passengers to Washington, N. C., and a steamer will transfer them to the Island. The steamer also connects at Beaufort with the Norfolk Southern R. R. Mr. J. W. Mayo, Washington, N. C., who is the proprietor, will take pleasure in writing you any information. Address him at Washington, N. C.—Washington, N. C. Gazette.

Are you insured? If not, now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as an insurance against any serious results from an attack of bowel complaint during the summer months. It is almost certain to be needed and should be procured at once. No other remedy can take its place or do its work. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. J. Hines.

Dispatches from Columbia S. C. report various rain storms, throughout the State. A washout on the Richmond and Danville R. R. near Ridgeway caused the wreck of train No. 9. The engineer and fireman killed instantly.

Mrs. Thos. Currin, of Rochester, N. Y., defies a railroad company. The company had put trucks on her land against her wishes. The case was carried to court and she obtained an injunction restraining the company from operating that portion of the road. Mrs. Currin has built a fence across the track and stands guard with a shot gun to warn the company's agents off.

The first squad of the "Waldenses" have reached Conely Springs, N. C., where a settlement of these industrious people intend to form a colony. They have purchased 10,000 acres of farming land and will proceed to cultivate the same. They are a very desirable addition to our state.

Fifty cents is a small doctor bill, but that is all it will cost you to cure any ordinary case of rheumatism if you use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Try it and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. The first application will quiet the pain. 50 cent bottles for sale by A. J. Hines.

Quite a sensation was caused in Winston, N. C., last week by the affray between sheriff McArthur and Mr. Goslin, editor of the Republican. The sheriff rescued something that Goslin said about him in the paper, Goslin stuck to it and got a beating.

Pills promote constipation—Simmons Liver Regulator cures constipation.

Robert Watson, minister of public works in the Manitoba government, predicts for the Canadian prairies a phenomenal crop of wheat for the autumn of 1893.

B. R. Price of the Central railroad of Georgia shipped from Grand Island, Fla., the first carload of watermelons of the season of 1893. It was consigned to Cincinnati.

248 Thousand and Forty-Eight PAIRS Ladies and Childrens CLOTH Shoes

Worth from \$1.25 to \$2.50, both Lace and Button, will be on the counters this week at 49 per pair for your choice. Come before they are picked over.

SLIPPERS. Another Shipment of Oxford Ties just in. It might pay you to see them, as they were bought late in the season. The prices are way down.

Yours Respectfully,
YOUNG BROTHERS

Dr. M. J. Davis is a prominent physician of Lewis, Cass county, Iowa, and has been actively engaged in the practice of medicine at that place for the past thirty-five years. On the 26th of May, while in Des Moines en route to Chicago, he was suddenly taken with an attack of diarrhoea. Having sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for the past seventeen years and knowing its reliability, he procured a 25 cent bottle, two doses of which completely cured him. The excitement and change of water and diet incident to traveling often produce a diarrhoea. Every one should procure a bottle of this Remedy before leaving home. For sale by A. J. Hines.

A Thrilling Leap.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.:—Brookes Story the express robber who escaped from the Mississippi Penitentiary at Jackson three times and was recently captured at Americus Georgia jumped from the car window on a fast Queen and Crescent train yesterday afternoon near Vines. He was manacled and in charge of deputy sheriff Montgomery.

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Commissioner Blount, who has since been appointed Minister to Hawaii, has made public his instructions and has informed the people there that if they get to fighting he will not interfere except to protect Americans who do not involve themselves in the fracas. He, however, is not to permit any foreign power to interfere.

Walter R. Main's circus was wrecked near Hontzdale, Pa., and six people killed and many injured. All the animals escaped and the inhabitants of the region are terrorized.

An order has been issued from the executive office of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad reducing the force of employees of the road. Many discharges will be made during the coming month.

Comptroller Eckels was advised of the failure of the First National Bank of Brady, Tex. The bank was a small one, its capital being only \$50,000.

Placards posted throughout Seoul, the capital of Corea, warn foreigners that unless they leave the country before a certain date the Koreans will rise and kill them.

The Greek government is negotiating through the house of Hambros for a loan of £4,000,000 with which to pay the July coupons and other current obligations.

J. A. Hutchinson of West Virginia formerly private secretary to the late Senator Kenna, was appointed confidential clerk to the supervising architect of the treasury. Mr. Hutchinson is a newspaper man.

A dispatch received at the state department from Minister Baker, dated Messaya, June 1, states that peace is restored at Nicaragua and the new government has gone into operation.

The pope has sent to the German emperor the first copy of his new encyclical regarding social conditions.

A Berlin correspondent says that Emperor William has accepted an invitation to attend the wedding of the Duke of York.

A suspicious looking object, supposed to be an infernal machine, was found in the corridor of the exchequer court in Dublin. The police are investigating.