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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., OCTOBER ,12 1893. NUMBER 41

WE BUY FOR CASH

—AND—

SELL FOR CASH,

—AND—

LEAD IN LOW PRICES.

The fortune lost in time purchases of rugular concerns should be saved and not squandered on favor or friendshp. Of course the regular prices do well enough for the ledger trade—no trouble about that, bet when customers are buying for the Cold Cash, they look into the windows for

BARGAINS.

They pass the show of the Old Regulators, but stop at the card of the close cutter, and naturally enough go in and spend their money with the man who has the nerve to sell at ONE when it would be cheap enough at TWO.

THE CASH RACKET STORE

is still doing business on the above plan at the same old stand, and our stock is large and everything we handle is sold, we believe, below market value.

In our Corner Store you will find

Dress Goods, Piece Goods, Glassware and Crockery.

In the Back Store we carry only

SHOES, HATS AND TRUNKS.

In the Orignal Store you will find almost anything you may want in Notions, Gent's Furnishings, House Keeping Goods and Tin.

CASH CATCH BARGAINS.

The Cash Racket Stores,

J. M. LEATH,

Manager.

Nash and Goldsboro Streets,

WILSON, N. C.

Grand fall opening this week at Young's.

Men's heavy mixed wool suits at $2.75 at Young Bros.

Hatsat your price at Young's.

We are opening the largest stock this week ever shown in Wilson. Young Bros.

For ladie's fine shoes buy Zeigler's at Young Bros.

Five thousand pairs sample shoes just opened at Young Bros.

Pant goods 10c. per yard at Young's.

We are offering big bargains in dress goods this week. Young Bros.

Men's mixed wove pants for $100. Young's.

Boys suits for $1.00 at Young's.

Children's shoes from 25 cts. up at Young's.

Zeigler's fine shoes at Young's.

Five thousand pairs sample shoes at Young's

It will pay you to see Young Bros'. stock.

White cloth at 4 cts. at Young's.

An Exception.

Logicians say that no phrase means both "yes," and "no." But they are not correct, it seems, as one short phrase will show where it means "yes."

I sat one eve with Maude, a miss,
What pretty, sweet and coy,
Said I, "Maude, dare I steal a kiss?"
She said, "You silly boy"—
And in a little while I said,
"Art angry, dear, at me?"
She smiled and shook her head,
"You silly boy, said she."

Poisoned by Scrofula.

Is the sad story of many lives made miserable through no fault of their own. Scrofula is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of foetal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But here is a remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its powerful effect on the blood, expels all trace of the disease and gives to the vital fluid quality and color of health. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not take any substitute.

Many Persons are broken down from the effects of household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters Rebuilds the system, stimulates the brain, removes excess of bile, and enriches the blood. Get the genuine.

CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases." It is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and coughing, followed with Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."—W. B. Leeper, Delaware, Ohio.

Take only the Genuine,

Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

BILL TO JIM.

An Open Letter from Arp to Dr. Alexander, of Atlanta.

WHEN THEY WERE SCHOOL BOYS.

Arp Tells About How Close Friends They Were and Are—The Old Schoolhouse and the Good Old Times.

Atlanta Constitution.

To my old friend Dr. Alexander.—Dear Jim: That is still the name for me to call you—the old familiar name, "Jim Alex," and I love to hear you call me "Bill" as you did in the long ago when we were boys. We are not as notable as Toombs and Stephens, but they called each other Bob and Alex because they began that way, and the names grew dearer as they receded from their youth. Jim is a good name anyhow and I do believe there is something in it. There were five presidents named Jim, and several governors and all the Jims we knew at school were boys of character—strong in force and will, though not overly pious. You remember Jim Wilson and Jim Maltbie and Jim Craig and Jim Smith and big Jim Dunlap, who still lives as the typical son of old Gwinnett. He was older than our set, but we looked up to him and could always hear him before he came in sight. He was a Jim dandy then and he is yet.

I know a nice lady, a preacher's wife, who says she married her husband only because his name was Jim, and she still calls him Mr. Jim with conjugal unction. Jim ought to be a preacher's name for St. James was one of the twelve and King James gave us our version of the sacred scriptures.

It was with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness that I read your late biography in The Constitution—of pleasure because of the well-deserved tribute that the writer paid you as a time honored citizen of Atlanta, and for your long professional service there. Of sadness because it reminded me how few of us there are left and how seldom we meet to talk over the rosy days of our childhood.

Then I read today the charming Fox hunting story of Joel Chandler Harris in Scribner, and that carrid me back and recalled the times when we too used to get up an occasional fox chase, and sometimes go deer hunting with the old-fashioned long eared hounds, and run him for miles and miles and never catch him. And how you and I and Tom and a half dozen darkies used to hunt coons on Shoal creek, and cut down the trees and see the fight with the dogs, and how we used to go digging in that same creek and shoot the fish by torch light, and how we used to sein in yellow river and jump off the springboard at Montgomery's mill pond. We had as much good fun, I reckon as uncle Remus, even if we never caught a red fox with Birdsong dogs. The world was very beautiful to us all then. We had jolly companions, too—schoolmasters with whom we frolicked at recess and noon. Good gracious, how we used to knock that town ball out of sight and play sweep stakes, and rolly hole and bull pen. How we used to pick chinquapins and top trees for chestnuts, how we used to run foot races, and jump half hammon and turn summersets in the sand.

Let's talk about the dear old times a little while for getting lonely, you and I and Tom. Are we all that are left of the boys we mingled with in our early youth? Sad, isn't it. We had scores of playmates, but old Father Time has cut them down, the old rascal. The Maltbies and Winns and Craigs and Wilsons and Terrels and Shaklefords and Youngs and Rambos, are all dead. And the boys who came from abroad to the institute—are there any left but Tom Norwood? The Lintons are all dead, I know; Sam and John and Jim, and so are the two Harris boys, and Ed and John Goulding and the Holts all except Thad, the mischievous rascal. He is living yet in Alabama, not far from Montgomery. Did I ever tell you that it was Thad and Jim Linton who stole your father's bee gum one night and got stung so bad they had to drop it and run for their lives? The Hoyles are dead, too, and the Allans—Thomps and Bill—what a glorious fellow was Thompson Allan. Don't you remember how he licked Martin de Gardo because Martin licked me? Martin was a big boy and I was a little one, and Thomps dared him to tackle a boy of his size, and he tackled. I could just go on and on and say dead, dead every time. And all our teachers are dead. Dr. Wilson and John Norton and Cargill and Dr. Patterson and McAlpine and John Gray. They were all good men. Jim, don't you remember Penelope McAlpine? What a sweet, pretty girl she was and how she was my sweetheart, and one day when Tom Skeggs called her Pennylope I bounced him and we fit and tore hair mazing.

What makes everybody die, Dr. Jim, die before they have seen their threescore years and ten? Are there only three or four in a hundred who pass the Rubicon? Can't you doctors do nothin? No, I reckon not, for the doctors die, too. All the doctors we knew when we were boys are dead, and those boys who became doctors are all dead but you, my friend. May the good Lord preserve you for many years to honor your calling and help the suffering. Just think how many have gone to join their patients in the spirit land. Dr. Gordon, who so nobly braved the yellow fever in Savannah, and Drs. Winn and Maltbie and Craig and Wilson and Alexander and my brother. Dear, good, gentle Tom Wilson! How we all loved him. He caught me and Bill Maltbie and Overton Maltbie playing old sledge in a gully one day, and talked to us kindly, but never told on us, and we promised to quit, but dident. And don't you remember that Jim Craig had one short forefinger? One day while one of the boys was carelessly hacking on a log with a little hatchet Jim dared him to cut his finger off, and would slip it onto the log while the hatchet was raised and pull it away quickly before it came down, but he tried it now too often, and left a joint of his finger on the log.

What a big time you young doctors had when you were studying medicine, and had to hunt up your own stiffs, and boil them down for skeletons. I went out with you all one night to Redland graveyard and helped to dig up a negro, and we heard something like the click of a gun lock, and such a stampede I never was in before. We left our shovels in the grave and the little wagon in the bushes and never stopped running for a quarter of a mile. But we went back and reconnoitered and found it was a false alarm, and we got the body and hauled it to an old house in the rear of Dr. Wildman's shop. Another time some of you went down to Monroe after a negro who was hung and he was cut up in an old out house on the park lot. You remember that I bought that lot and moved there just after my marriage, and when my wife found out what was done there she made me tear the old house down and burn it up, and even then the servants heard the haunts all night long. My wife has great confidence in me as a protector from earthly foes, but when it comes to spirits of unjust men not made perfect she is not so sure. When a house gets the name of being haunted it disturbs all female serenety, and so I sold out and moved to Rome, and we hadent been in our new abode a week before a naboring woman come to see us and said, "Folks used to say that this house was haunted, but I reckon you ain't afeerd of haunts."

And don't you remember when mesmerism first came about, and how you and your doctor cousin, John Alexander, used to practice on that little monkey of a nigger, Tobe Russell, and could put him to sleep in half a minute, and straighten his arm like a stick and make him taste sugar when it was salt, and don't you remember how we used to take laughing gas when that first came about, and how one day Nick Amberg took it in the street in front of his tailor shop and got wild as a buck and gathered his big shears and ran Vivian Holmes into the hotel and scared him nearly to death? Amberg dident like Holmes no how, and I always had my doubts about the gas part of the business. Amberg was a Norwegian, and a good citizen, but he was an awful democrat. When Franklin Pierce was nominated for president and the news came to our town, Amberg threw up his hat and shouted, "He is ter very man, ter pest man of all," and then he whispered to my father, "wot did you say his name vos?" He too had a boy named Jim, and he always called him Yames.

And don't you remember how you whig boys celebrated the election of Governor Crawford, and we democrats stole your cannon the night before and hid it in a swamp and you never got to fire it nary time? Good gracious, how mad you all got, and we boys had to sing low and keep dark, and how when Polk was elected president we democrats had a blow out and marched all round town that night with torches and horns and kettle drums, and it made you whigs so mad that you got behind trees and fence corners and threw old eggs and other offensive missles at us, and there had liked to have been a general fight. Well, it was awful to lose such a grand man as Henry Clay, and I don't blame you for being desperate. I wish now that he had been elected. It takes old Father Time to doctor up all these things and enable us to conquer our prejudices. But we were never at outs long, Jim, you and I and Tom, and one day when a boy who was bigger than me struck me unawares and we hitched and got down, and I was the bottom dog, you stood over us and said, "Hands off, boys—let 'em fight, let 'em fight. I'll bet on Bill if he is on the bottom; go it my William," and this inspired me and I turned him and mauled him in good fashion till he hollered. When I let up you patted me on the back, and about then I cried a little for it was a business I wasn't used to, and I couldn't repress my feelings. I never had but four fights in my life, and I am a sorter ashamed of them, especially the one I didn't whip. I wouldent have whipped that one I am telling about if you hadent bet on me, and I did want somebody to part us mighty bad for awhile, but they wouldent.

And how sweet and sad it is to recall the memories that cluster around the old Fairview church where your folks and our folks used to go to meeting in the old family carriages and carry cold dinners to eat between the morning and the evening sermons. What a feast were those dinners! The chicken and the home-made sausage, stuffed sausage in "linked sweetness long drawn out," and the boiled eggs for the boys, and the turn-over pies and cookies for a finish. How good and solemn were old Dr. Wilson and Dr. Patterson whose name was Jim, and how soothing were their sermons when they discoursed of justification and sanctification and predestination and free will and orignal sin. With what sanction from on high old Father Noel and Father Liddell and Father Mills used to raise the tune to "Come, Humble Sinner, in Whose Breast" and all the congregation joined in, and fairly made the old church tremble. That good old hymn is not in our hymn books now, and all who sang it in the old church are dead—nearly all, but you and me and Tom. I remember where our good mothers sat—yours and mine—and how our good fathers used to pass the bread and the wine on communion days, and we boys looked on in reverential silence. Those dear old fathers and mothers are waiting for us, waiting for you and me and Tom. That was a good spring down by the poplar tree at the foot of the hill where we learned politeness and handed water to the pretty girls at recess, and that old graveyard is still there "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

But everything has shrank up, Jim, the old church seems not half so large nor the road to it half so long as when we were boys. Our wash hole in the Maltbie branch used to seem immense, and it was like swimming the Hellespont for us small boys to cross it, but now it is nothing, and the Maltbie hill is not half so long or steep. The chestnut trees around the old school house have all died or shortened down.

"I used to think the highest tops
Were close against the sky
* * * * *
But now tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

How much of history is unwritten, Jim, and what a world of talk we could have, you and I and Tom. The friends who wrote you up did it well, and kindly, but it was only your mature life—your contact with a hard world, and your successes. The dearest, sweetest, holiest part he left untouched.

Your friend, BILL ARP.

A MICHIGAN MIRACLE.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

A Singular Trouble of a Detroit Molder—A Terrible Battle Which Lasted Months—One of the Remarkable Incidents Bordering on the Romantic.

Thomas Hagen was seated in a comfortable rocking chair at his cosy home 1289 Russell Street, yesterday morning, when a visitor was announced. The gentleman arose and greeted the new comer with the grace of a diplomat, and as he opened up a conversation it was evident that Mr. Hagen was a person of more than ordinary intelligence. To his visitor the remarkable changes and peculiar career of this man was a source of much interest. The wonderful transformation in his appearance within the past two years is itself worthy of the study of a scientist. Mr. Hagen, a couple of years ago, was so weak and emaciated that to day he does not seem the same individual.

Rheumatism was the cause of his terrible sufferings.

He is a Detroiter by birth, having first seen the light of day in this city thirty-six years ago. When quite a boy he was apprenticed to the molder's trade, and ever since he has followed this avocation. He is quite a prominent member of the local Stovemolder's Union, and can be found nearly every Saturday night in attendance at the meeting of the order. About two years ago Mr. Hagen became seriously affected with rheumatism, the result of working in draughts of cold air.

"The shooting pains of rheumatism are actually, I believe, the most horrible penalties that can be inflicted on mankind. I cannot begin to tell you of the agony I suffered. I had a thorough experience in the art of torture, and no matter what I used to ease the pain, it seemed as though I was doomed to greater suffering. I had a number of friends who took great interest in my case, and recommended numerous remedies, which I tried without avail. Nothing seemed to do me any good. I was under the care of several well-known Detroit physicians, but their services were absolutely without favorable results. I was bedridden. Why, I could not move from one chair to another without assistance. Some days I would feel a little brighter than others.

"But presently another attack of that infernal rheumatism would strike me, leaving be a veritable wreck on the barren shores of humanity.

"By accident I read two years ago a Canadian paper containing a remarkable story of a miracle at Hamilton, Ont. It was that of a man who was tortured to death by rheumatism. He was induced to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He was immediately cured. I doubted the truth of the matter at first, but thought I would try it. I had my people hunt all over town, but they could not find the pills at any of the drug stores. The only place they were then sold was over in Windsor. Well, my relatives went over there and purchased a few boxes. Great Christopher! but my mind goes back in ecstasy to the change which immediately came over me after using the Pink Pills. I began to improve and in a few weeks rheumatic pains left me, and in a short time I was able to be up and around. From that time I have been at work.

"It was not long after I secured the pills over at Windsor that I found they were for sale here in Detroit, at Brown & Co.'s, corner of Woodard and Congress, Michell's and Basset & L'Hommedieu's, Woodward avenue. I purchased them for fifty cents per box. I guess you can buy them now at almost every drug store in Detroit.

"I have recommended the Pink Pills to several of my friends around town, and although their cases were similar to mine, they have all been cured. There is nothing on the face of God's earth equal to them for rheumatism and other diseases. Until my dying day I will praise the pills for being the cause of my present happy and contented condition."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which the 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 condensed form 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, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. 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 and 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.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. William's Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50 cents. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers you a substitute in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

North Carolina has had very few murders and not a single lynching this year.

$20.40 is the newly fixed price of round trip tickets from Atlanta to Chicago.

The rebellion in the Argentine Republic has been suppressed, the government winning.

The National Bank of Kansas City, Mo., which failed during the late panic, has resumed business.

The North Carolina State University now has 372 students, the largest number in thirty-three years.

The populists have elected a treasurer and coroner to fill unexpired terms in Oconee county, Ga.

The president has pardoned C. J. Bryant, of South Carolina, convicted for a violation of the internal revenue laws.

Attorney General Olney has appointed Solomon C. Weill, assistant United States district attorney for the eastern district of North Carolina.

The house committee on privileges and elections will consider the contested election case of Whatley vs Cobb, of the fifth Alabama district, October 17.

Cotton and woolen mills at Amesbury, Clinton, Lawrence, and Lowell, Mass., have started up on full time during the past week, all at reduced wages.

General Manuel Escabos, at one time governor of Chiahas, and senator of the same state, was assassinated at his home in Tapachula, by shots fired from the street.

Walter H. Rhett, a lawyer of Atlanta, Ga., committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart, at his office Tuesday night. Financial trouble was the cause.

There is now no doubt that North Carolina's cotton crop will be picked by October 20th. Such early and general opening has never before been known in that state.

Bishop Turner, colored, of Georgia, has called a national convention of colored citizens to meet at Cincinnati, O., on November 28th, to consider the bettering of the condition of his race.

The opinion is growing that the recent increase of stock of the Louisville and Nashville to the extent of $5,000,000 means that the system is after getting hold of the Georgia road and its dependencies.

Rev. Dr. P. A. Peterson, pastor of Trinity Methodist church at Richmond, Va., is dead. He was one of the most prominent ministers in the state. He was assistant secretary of the Virginia conference.

The Palmetto trade mark case from South Carolina, Governor Tillman against the Commissioner of Patents, was decided by Justice Bradley in the District of Columbia Supreme Court in favor of Governor Tillman.

Wilmington, N. C., has decided to have another welcome week the last of November. It was also decided to hold a state fish, oyster and game fair at New Berne next February and to offer $25,000 in special premiums.

The 18-year-old mute daughter of Mrs. Jane Young, of Savannah, Ga., was ravished by March Walker, a negro brute, who secreted himself in her house for that purpose. The negro is being hunted by a determined posse, and a lynching may be expected.

It is probable that the Corbett-Mitchell fight will take place in New Orleans after all. Governor Flower declares that he will not allow the fight to take place at Coney Island. The Coney Island club offered $40,000 and the New Orleans club only $25,000.

Texans Deeply Moved.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, October 9.—Seven thousand people attended Sam Small's closing meeting of his three weeks' revival last night. This has been the greatest religious movement ever known in Austin. Thousands of people, of all classes and denominations, were interested. Hundreds of converts were made. Governor Hogg attended often and entertained Mr. Small and his wife specially. The press and people unite in praise of the work done by Mr. Small.

Send us your job printing.

2,000 DROWNED.

Terrible Devastation Wrought on the Gulf Coast.

DAMAGE MORE THAN $5,000,000

Nothing Like This Disaster Was Ever Known on Those Shores—The Louisiana Orange Crop Ruined—Few Remain to Tell The Tale.

NEW ORLEANS, October 6.—Nearly 2,000 killed and five million dollars' worth of property annihilated is the record of the great gulf storm in Louisiana. There has never been anything approaching it since the country was settled. More than half the population of the region over which the hurricane swept are dead. Everything is wrecked. One house in ten is standing, and the surviving population is left in the most destitute condition, without food or even clothing, for most of them were sleeping in their beds when their houses were crushed by the wind or the waves. More than a dozen relief expeditions went down from New Orleans today to distribute food among the survivors.

The death list is already above 1,800 and we have heard from only a portion of the devastated country. It is such a network of islands, bayous, lakes and swamps that it will be a week before the relief boats can traverse all the waterways and discover the full extent of the damage done. The worst, however, is known, for all the large settlements have been heard from and it is only the smaller ones scattered along the bayous and interior lakes that will have to be visited.

THE WATER ROSE FIFTEEN FEET.

The loss of life in the parish of Plaquemine, lying on both sides of the Mississippi, has been heavy. But the great loss was on the interior settlements on the gulf coast and the bayous leading to it. The country there is mainly sea marsh, almost destitute of trees. The highest point is only seven feet above the sea level and the greater portion is only three feet above. Therefore when the storm piled the waves up fifteen feet they swept over the islands and ridges carrying everything before them.

TERRORS OF THE NIGHT.

Throughout all the storm visited section, the majority of the people are in great destitution, many of them being without clothing. The storm came upon them in the night when they were disrobed and they have been in that condition ever since. It had rained all Sunday, and the wind was quite strong, but no one anticipated a serious storm. It was after midnight when the fury of the storm broke out and it was so sudden that the people were unable to get anything. It was impossible to see or hear a distance of ten feet away and husbands and wives stood up to their necks in water all night, clinging to trees only a few feet apart not knowing where each other was until daylight. Nine feet of the flood swept over the levees. When the sea backed up fifteen feet, it rushed over into the river and continued to do so until the water had gone down. The tide then started out like a mill race, carrying most of the bodies to sea.

The damage in the neighborhood of New Orleans is estimated at $3,600,000; between that city and Mobile $500,000; in and around Mobile $300,000.

One hundred and twenty schooners and barges and 265 luggers are sunk, in most cases accompanied with heavy loss of life. Some 150 small vessels are missing and are supposed to be lost. The entire gulf coast of Mississippi and Louisiana west of Atchafalaya is strewn with wreckage.

The orange crop was ripe upon the trees and about to be harvested. It was completely destroyed in the storm, with a loss of $350,000 on this one item.

MOBILE DELUGED.

Water Driven in from the Bay Far Up in the City.

MOBILE, ALA., October 5.—A southeast gale broke here this morning about 4 o'clock and the wind increased in velocity until at 1 o'clock. It was blowing at least fifty miles an hour. The barometer was still falling. The wind had blown the water from the gulf until the river had reached Royal street, which is four blocks from the river and at an elevation of about fifteen feet from the main river height.

There is no possible chance to estimate the money damage. All the wholesale and a great portion of the retail tistrict of the city is some four feet under water and thousands of dollars worth of goods have been damaged.

The business thoroughfares of the city were being navigated in boats and parties wading up to their armpits all the afternoon in an effort to save goods. It is conceded by all to be the worst storm that has ever visited Mobile.

Wires are all down, miles of railroad destroyed, and it will be several days before details can be had.

MOBILE, ALA., October 4.—The details of the storm which broke with such fury over the gulf coast Monday morning and raged with increasing fury for five or six hours are just beginning to come in.

As was feared, the indications are that the loss of life in the lowlands east of the city has been very great.

The damage to shipping has been immense.

In Scranton and at East Pascagoula, four miles distant on the sound, houses were blown down, stores flooded and stock damaged, while at East Pascagoula, which is the port of the city, the entire beach is said to have been wrecked. It is said that the losses at the two points will reach $100,000.

At Pensacola the storm was the most severe one felt since 1881.

Wall Street Bankers Say that they do not want Silver, but we are still offering

ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENT SHOES

FOR ONE SILVER DOLLAR.

TWO DOLLAR HATS For Three Silver Half Dollars. - -

And will guarantee to always give you ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS worth of goods in gold for the One Depreciated Silver Dollar.

You Need Not Wait For a Better Selection or Lower Prices!

The time will never come. To-day is your time.

Our Stock has been selected with the utmost care—recognizing the demands of our patrons in variety, quality and price—and our determination for LOW PRICES.

Young's Line of Nobby Hats are all the rage.

Our line of Nobby Suits was never so complete, and comprises all of the latest Styles and Shades.

At YOUNG'S.

The Domestic Sewing Machine Company having got into trooble, we are enabled to offer one hundred of their best Machines at $28.50 CASH—just half price. This offer holds good for ten days.

At YOUNG'S.

In Dress Goods we have the Largest, cheapest and Best selected stock in Eastern Carolina. Our sales of over one thousand dollars last week shows that our customers know a good thing.

Your especial attention is called to our large stock of Shoes at New York cost. Two thousand pairs that must be sold. You know we carry nothing but the best goods—Ziegler's, Parson's, Kirkham's Faust's and Burt & Packard's.

Young Brothers.

Best ginghams 6½ cents at Young Bro's.

Now is the time to save money at Young's.

Elegant styles in woolen dress goods at 10c. at Young's.

A Schemer.

Brown—I say; old man, as soon as I pay my house account I want you to come up to the club and dine with me some evening

Jones—Thanks. I'd enjoy it.

Brown—All right—I've got an idea. Lend me money now and come to-night.—Judge.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia, after an attack of LaGrippe, when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free Trial Bottles at all druggists. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00

"That," said the rapid young man as he pointed to his steam yacht, "is my floating indebtedness—Washington Star.

Love is blind; but its imagination is equipped with double-barreled telescopes.—Truth.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaetion, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. J. Hines, Druggist.

"Ma," said a discouraged urchin, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, dear?" tenderly inquired his mother. "Cause taint any use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a box.

When the hair begins to come out by combing, it shows a weakness of the scalp that calls for immediate attention. The best preparation to arrest further loss of hair and restore the scalp to a healthy condition is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

No doctor's bills presented to the families who use Simmons Liver Regulator.

Strong nerves, sweet sleep, good appetite, healthy digestion, and best of all, pure blood, are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

An Object Lesson.

Jaspar—"I understand now why there is an eagle with outspread wings on so many of our coins."

Jumpuppe.—"Why?"

Jaspar—"It is to teach us that money flies."

To gain strength—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For steady nerves—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Criticus—"What do you think of Shakespeare?"

Scriptus, the Playwright—"Very good. Were he living, we should certainly admit him to the Associated Dramatists' Club."

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If you want clothing see Young Bros.

If you want hats see Young Bros.

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The great danger of looking too much upon the wine when it's red is that one may begin using it for paint.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist, and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation, and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at all druggists.

Bowels irregular and constipated, result in piles, avoid it by taking Simmons Liver Regulator.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla can produce from actual cures such wonderful statements of relief to human suffering as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla