State Library

The Wilson Advance.

$1.00 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 XXIV. WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1894. NUMBER 8.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS
—FOR—
1894.

Shop Economically.

You cannot shop economically at stores where one hundred per cent. profit are put on goods you need in every day life—it is impossible. To shop economically, you must single out the merchant who sells goods for

Cash and Cash Only,

and who by so doing can afford to undersell his "Credit System" competitor to the tune of from twenty-five to thirty-three and a third per cent. Walk hand in hand with the CASH merchant and you have started on the bright road to economy and wealth. The cash merchant has no book keeper's salary to pay, no collector to pull your door knob off, no printer's bill for stacks of printed bill heads. All these expenses, not to mention the losses by bad debts, are saved to the cash man, but the credit man must add on so much to his profits to cover these necessaries,

and You Pay for It.

Did you ever think of this?

We admit its "so convenient to have it charged," but kind friends, this "convenience comes mighty high to you. Our low prices and cash system have made the Cash Racket Stores a by-word in every house in Wilson and the adjacent counties. We shall strive to make 1894 the banner year of all its predecessors by giving our patrons unprecedented bargains. Our changeless motto in Underbuy and Undersell. That's our secret. Start to-day and shop economically, we can help you do it.

The Cash Racket Stores,
J. M. LEATH,
Manager.
Nash and Goldsboro Streets,
WILSON, N. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. F. PRICE,
Surveyor and Civil Engineer.
WILSON, - - N. C.
30 years' experience. Office next to Dr. Albert Anderson.

Jno. E. Woodard, W. H. Yarborough, Jr.
WOODARD & YARBOROUGH,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WILSON, - - N. C.
Will practice in the courts of Wilson, Nash, Green, Edgecombe and adjoining counties.
N. B.—Associated in Civil practice only.

J. R. UZZELL,
Attorney at Law,
WILSON, - - N. C.
Practices wherever services are required. ☞All business will receive prompt attention.
Office in Well's Building.

H. G. CONNOR,
Attorney at Law,
WILSON, - - N. C.
Office Branch & Co's. Bank Building.

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.

GEO. M. LINDSAY,
Attorney at Law,
SNOW HILL, N. C.
CIRCUIT:—Wilson, Green Wayne and Johnston Counties.

Hard Times Fertilizers. To meet the present Hard Times on Farmers, we will sell to farmers direct, for cash, Good Fertilizers at the Lowest Wholesale Prices.

	per ton.
for Corn, Cotton and Peanuts, at	$12.50
Trucking Crops and Potatoes	14.50
Oats, Tobacco and Fruits -	15.00

Also Muriate of Potash, Kainit, Sulphate Potash, Bone Black, Nitrate Soda, in large and small quantities. Send two 2c stamps for circ's. W. S. POWELL & CO., Fertilizer Manufacturers, Baltimore Md.

Wanted, 10,000 bushels cotton seed. Young Bros.

A big line of rubber goods just received at Young Bros.

Bed sheets and mattresses at Young's.

Cotton seed hulls for cows. Young Bros.

Tarboro stockings for children, the best in the world at Young's.

Ladies' hats, latest styles, at Young's.

See Young's line of Knaby hats. Bargains in pant goods at Young's.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES, Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

☞EVERY PACKAGE☜ Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

A NANTAKESE LEGEND.

The Story of Two Rocky Islands of the Sea.

The islands lie thirty miles apart. Nabocth, the larger one, rears its cliffs and peaks but a league from the coast line of the cape, while Nantakese is a faint, sandy blur on its eastern horizon. Thirty miles apart in one direction, the orbit of the earth in the other, and yet when storms rage in either way are they equally near and distant for communication is deemed an impossibility.

In the leisurely days before the civil war, Peter Nott and Reuben Bain, two fishermen, dwelt side by side on one of the lanes of Nantakese. They owned a sloop together, and what with fishing and piloting and wrecking, snatched a common livelihood from the sea. If there was still another means of subsistence it was no one's business except their own and being their own they kept it to themselves, for Peter was the gruffest, most taciturn man on the island excepting his partner, Reuben. The reason for this exception was that Peter's wife was still living, and while she was silent and self-contained, she insisted on knowing his secrets, and as her advice was shrewd and provident he, with Reuben's consent, confided them to her.

Reuben was a widower, as a man of his nature would surely be shortly after marriage. He had an only child, a son, the cause of his most expressive curses, for little Matthew was a strange lad, and Reuben had neither intelligence nor patience for enigmas, and a pale, shrinking boy who was afraid of the storm, who would rather read than sail, and who, above all things, wanted to play with a girl, was a most disagreeable enigma to him. Probably he would have solved it in some such violent way as Alexander did the Gordian knot, had not the girl so desired been Mary Nott, the only child of Peter and, what was more to the purpose, of Peter's wife.

Reuben regarded this woman with all the awe of which he was capable, for she excelled in the qualities he admired, and so when she tersely warned him "to let that boy be and give me the managing or I'll make the sea too light for you," he surliily abandoned the pleasurable daily habit of beating his boy and left him to his own devices. And thereafter these two children, Mary and Matt, were together the livelong day, on the beach, in the shallow pools, and high on the western bluffs. The island was their wonderland, and hand in hand they explored it. But it was little Mary who was the pioneer and Matt who was the settler. It was she who sought and he who found. The one did, the other pondered, yet action and thought were harmonious and mutual. The boy was dependent, the girl reliant. He loved life because of her; she loved him because of life.

From childhood into youth they advanced, still hand in hand; but the girl walked in the sunshine, the boy in the shade. He never wanted another companion; she would not endure one. In the open air she naturally led, as he did in the school-room, yet in both they kept an equal pace. Mary was swift of foot and agile of hand. She could run, sail and swim with the most expert. Matt was studious and intellectual. His preceptor read up nervously against his questions, and asserted the boy's genius for the natural sciences. And so at play he was her care, at work she was his charge. She taught him the mysteries of wind and tide and rigging. He wrote her exercises and rapped out answers during her recitations in the Morse alphabet on his slate. Little did he think when he painfully taught her the system that the time would come when it would prove the only light of despair.

Then, when their school days were over and Matt was a tall, thin, cadaverous young man, and Mary a brown and rosy embodiment of all womanly charms, there came a dreadful time. Two events happened—the one consequent on the other. Mrs. Nott died and the partners quarreled; quarreled as they often had over the division of spoils, but now with no prudent monitor to bring them together again; quarreled with fierce vows of separation which each was headstrong enough to keep. The sloop was sold and through a trick Peter obtained its possession. The men met and fought and Reuben was worsted. To be beaten in traffic and strength was beyond his endurance. The madness of anger became the madness of revenge. He owned a place on Naboeth island, and thither he retired, for once considering his son, for he knew by taking him away he would wound his enemy's daughter.

It was the last evening of Matt's stay on Nantakese, and Mary and he were seated on the bluff, the one bold portion of the island's coast line. The west was aglow with fading light. On the base of the arc was a spot, as if the artist while painting had touched his hand.

"There is the cliff of Naboeth," said Matt. "where my future home, my prison, will be. Whenever you look toward it, Mary, be it night or day, you will know that my heart is striving and sighing for you."

"Poor Matt!" sighed the girl. "You are a man. Must you go? Can't we go together, you and I, somewhere—anywhere, out into the world?"

Matt's mother's nature trembled within him. "I dare not," he faltered. "How could I escape him now? He is bound to take me out of very spite. After a little he will ignore me, and then will be our chance. Besides, how could we live?"

"I could work."

"Aye, and I could die for shame. No, I will first perfect my ideas, I will continue my investigations. Out of them will come a fortune, and oh! that fortune means you, dear. One little detail, and I have the invention of the age. We are young—"

"And I can wait—wait and be faithful forever."

"But to be unable to see you, to speak with you," murmured Matt, his spirit subsiding to its natural depth. "We dare not write. Your father is postmaster and bears the mail to and fro."

"Yes, bound with the same tarry rope, and stuck inside his tarpaulin for safety. I fear any of our letters would remain there."

"Oh! if I only could. But I will, I know I will. Even now I seem to see that which has been hid. Listen, Mary; you know for what I've been striving—a means of intercommunication by electric lights at night. I really believe I have finished my solution of the problem. It was my love for you that gave the hint. At least, we can try. I shall doubtless have the little turret room of our house on the cliff. Father would choose it for me; it's the most remote. I will set up my apparatus there. Perhaps, oh! perhaps. At least, come here every night and watch, for I believe I shall be able to signal to you by lights projected on the sky, long and short flashes like the lines and dots of the Morse alphabet."

The next day they parted—they who had known no separation save that of sleep. A week passed by, and then Mary began her vigils. The walk to the bluff was a trifle to a girl of her strength, and the darkness was no hindrance, for she knew every step of the way was an increasing comfort to her, for it brought her nearer to her lover.

The late hour was their friend, for it rendered everyone else unconscious, and left them the world to themselves. She was not impatient when that night and the next yielded no sign. Why should she be, when she knew that his heart was signaling every second? And knew well, too, just what it was saying? And on the third her reward came, as rewards will come to pure hearts that are willing to wait. Against the blue-black sky of the western horizon there were several distinct flashes, ineffectual, yet distinct, as on the first great day there were glimmers preceding the dawn. Then, slowly and waveringly, there were spelled out four letters. "D" Mary read, and her soul finished the word. "A," "R," "L"—the others came in confirmation. Then there was a flicker, and the circumambient gloom once more.

But that fragment of Matt's old familiar endearment was sufficient for Mary. Her deep bosom throbbed and heaved with pride and adoration. Her lover had succeeded, and through her. Ah! she knew him so well, knew how his genius was hampered by timidity and sloth, twin brothers that are seldom separated. In her love there was a tenderness akin to maternity, and she humbly gloried in her strength, for she felt that some day it would be spent for him. He had succeeded, despite his environments of loneliness and brutality; for the present there would be this ecstatic communion; for the future there was the hope, aye, the certainty, of happiness! When at length Mary aroused from her reverie and turned her light steps homeward the east smiled a promise in her face. Thereafter Matt's mechanism worked smoothly, and for a few moments each night Mary read her lover's wishes and fears in the sky. True, she could not answer him, yet what had she to tell? He knew her heart; it long had been an open page to him. As for her life, it was uneventful. Should the crisis arise for her to speak, her deeds should be her words! His messages were fragmentary, but Mary had an interpreter in love that filled all interstices. They told that he was depressed by circumstances, yet buoyed by probabilities; that his father was morose and savage, seemed conjuring some evil, and that when he gave the signal then at once she must come to him. Weeks passed by and still the horizon flashed "all is well;" and Mary began to smile at his fears, though her heart kept stout against their realization.

But one night there came a change. There was a series of vivid flashes, as if even the electricity were nervous, and then Mary spelled out the halting tidings: "Warn your father; he has been betrayed. The revenue cutter will capture him on his next trip—my father." The lights ceased abruptly, as if a heavy hand had fallen. Mary waited, but the skies withheld the confidences of love. And at length she groped to her home considering the mysterious words. Mysterious they were, yet memory soon solved them. She recalled shadowy incidents of childhood, bits of unheeded conversation, her father's long absences, the fetching and storing of bales and casks, his broad acquaintance with those sailing to foreign ports, and so she comprehended that the former partners had been smugglers, intercepting vessels off the coast and receiving from them precious contrabands which they dared not bear into port. She remembered Reuben's sinister, scowling face, and she perceived that he would work his revenge, even at the ruin of his own livelihood.

Of course she must tell her father and save him from fine and forfeiture and imprisonment. But how could she explain the source of her information, or, without so doing, make it credible? Poor child! Her nature was too simple and unassuming to understand its own strength. That surly father respected her judgment as he had her mother's, so when she warned he believed.

"'Tis that young cub ye've heerd from," he growled. "D—n him, with his dad; but belike it's true. I'll not venture out this week, though there's a job with many a dollar. Oh, my day may come, and then, and then, stand by for squalls, you lubber." And Mary watched him as he bravely paced the beach, now and again shaking his fist toward Naboeth.

That night an ominous thing happened. Mary kept her vigil, as usual, for only the hand of death could have stopped her, but not a sign came out of the west. It remained as changeless as an edict of fate. She watched until the sickly light betrayed the breaking of day. Then through the gray shadows she crept back with heart just as cold as that awesome hour, yet not a whit irresolute. One more trial would she make, and if that gave no tidings then she would seek them face to face. Through storm and gale and darkness [illegible] go to her lover, for she knew [illegible] neither tranquillity nor safety [illegible] be his without her arms.

Something told Mary to return to the bluff at an early hour. She did so at nine o'clock that evening. The twilight had just deepened; all its serenity remained. An azure veil enwrapped the earth and through it glimmered the stars. From the east came a breeze heavy with ocean mists. Far on its line the darkness was deeper, as if offering a hiding. Perhaps behind it a whirling gale lay in ambuscade. At least the skies were not clear enough to seem candid to the girl's weather wisdom.

"How foolish I am," Mary thought. "I have deliberately chosen a long, long wait." Yet something within her heart whispered a denial; something cried out that Matt surely was in danger. She sprang to her feet with outstretched arms and peering eyes, like one who entreats before a closed door. And suddenly there was an answer in three vivid flashes. "Come! Come! Come!" they signalled, and then the pale starlight through the deep cerulean, the sense of the falling of that heavy hand.

Mary had ever been fleet of foot, but never fleeter than now. She glided down the face of the bluff like a swallow seeking its nest; she flitted along the foam-bounded sands until she came to the little inlet where her father's sloop was moored. With stout arms and skillful hands she soon gave life to the craft, and away it flew before an increasing breeze straight for the cliffs of Naboeth. Aye, the breeze was increasing, and with vim. Already the billows had acquired caps of phosphorescent light; already the rigging shrieked an exultant pæan, and the sheet strained like a life line. But Mary heeded not these stormy signs, save with nautical instinct. Her hand and eye were true, she knew, and sufficient for her need. Her thoughts were intent on Matt, and pitifully. He had always been so weak, so dependent, his strength so yielding, his imagination so strenuous. Why, she remembered one evening long ago, when little children, tired of play, they were resting on the beach side by side, he had burst into tears and hid his face in her lap, though but a moment before brimming with mirth. And when she had soothed him with gentle hands and had asked his distress, he had sobbed: "Oh, everything frightens me, Mary; the sea with its unknown tongue, the night with its shadowy shapes, the sky with its dreadful depths, even the tranquil stars, for they are not what they seem, but enormous, monstrous masses. Everything frightens me, Mary; everything except you." And yet, despite these peculiarities, which she understood, though so foreign to her, he had struggled on until he now led the world in discovery and invention. Only to think of it! To make the heavens his page and the lightning his brush! And she, oh stupid one, had scarce been able to master the alphabet which he used.

So the girl was absorbed with tender, unselfish thoughts, while the sloop obeyed her unerring will, and flew like an arrow to its goal. The night was heavy and lowering, and the cry of the breakers wild, when she drew up against the wharf which Reuben used. It was unoccupied. Evidently the master was abroad with his boat.

There were hasty, uneven steps and Matt sprang into the sloop.

"Let us away at once," he exclaimed.

And so the hours brought layer after layer of opacity, and slowly unpiled them. The gale roared, the waves rose and fell, and threatened and retreated, yet a girl's spirit overmastered them, and the sloop cleft its faultless path. It was the hour before dawn, that twilight of death, that smile of despair, when there was a loud report and a glittering break in the sky. It was a rocket, followed by another and another, and there in the distance was the somber hull of the revenue cutter, with its beaming lights.

"She's signaling to us," faltered Matt, "to lay to."

"Yes," rejoined Mary, calmly. "They think my father's aboard."

"Well, when they find he isn't, they'll not interfere with us."

"Oh, but your father is doubtless with them, and he would take you—"

"Let us on and on!"

"That we will; the shoals are but a mile distant, where they dare not venture. Courage, my beloved."

Courage! Ah, faint the heart indeed that could not gain pluck from such an example! Matt watched the girl with eyes of adoration as she stood with her form in vigorous outline, her brown tresses sweeping about her and her eyes gleaming with vigor. There was a heavy, sullen boom, and a splash of the ocean that the storm never caused. The revenue cutter was commanding more peremptorily and with power. But Mary merely smiled as she loosened the sheet a point. There was another boom, heavier, more sullen, followed by a crash. The sloop swung sharply around and wallowed in the trough of the sea. There was a shrieking, exultant whirl of wind, and the shattered mast and the tattered sail, and, ah! what else was caught in that wreck and swept away. Oh, where was Mary? But a moment before a queen of the sea, peerless, unconquerable, and now its sport and derision!

The revenue cutter drew near. Out from its side there shot a boat. Stalwart arms drove it alongside the sloop and made it fast. From its bow there sprang a man intoxicated with revenge. "Here he is," cried Reuben. "Here's Nott, the d—d smuggler," and stood face to face with his own son. Face to face for an instant only, for Matt hurled himself at his throat, Matt bound his arms and tripped his feet, and over and down they went, father and son, linked by hate and held in the calm, remoteless depths by the tenacity of despair.—Boston Budget.

—Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but they usually quarrel among themselves.—Daniel Webster.

—The capital letter "Q" will be found but twice in the Old Testament and three times in the New.

Irish potatoes cheap. Young Bros.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

STATE NEWS.

—Mr. W. T. Blackwell has been appointed post master at Durham.

—Several prisoners escaped from the jail at Fayetteville last week. One of the prisoners was in there for murder.

—Harnet county has again lost its court house by fire. Many of the records of the county were lost. The fire occured last week.

—A mass-meeting of the People's party will be held in Wilson on March 24th, at which President Marion Butler will speak.

—A destructive cyclone passed over Durham county last week, doing a great deal of damage to buildings and property generally.

—Mr. Andrew Joyner, so it is said, will soon begin the publication of a Democratic paper at Greenville, to be called the Greenville Index.

—Mr. Sam Westray, of Rocky Mount, died last week. He was very wealthy, his estate being worth over $500,000. He was a batchelor.

—Rocky Mount, at last, is to have a good school. Mr. William Holmes Davis, of Petersburg, has been elected Principal. The school opened on Monday, February 19th.

—Quite a snow storm raged in the central and western part of the State last Wednesday. Two or three inches of snow lay on the ground at Greensboro, but throughout the east a heavy rainfall prevailed.

—Thieves entered the drug store of Killian & Gibson, at Taylorsville, one night last week and raked in about $200 worth of watches and jewelry. No clue has yet been learned as to the guilty parties.

—Willis Morgan was shot and instantly killed by G. R. Sams at Marshal Wednesday. Morgan was the lover of Sams' daughter, and Sams had ordered him not to come there again, but the brave lover went one time too many with the above result.

—Some days ago a postal card was sent to Senator Vance with the following inscription upon it: "Neither shall thy name be any more called Zebulon, but Simmons' Regulator, and I have given unto thee all the land of Carolina for an everlasting possession."

—A man by the name of Bronson dropped dead in Greensboro last week after taking several big drinks of bad whiskey. The whiskey was analyzed to see if there was poison in it. The poison was found, but none except what belongs there.

—A party of Northern editors of medical Journals have been making a tour of North Carolina for the last week for the purpose of discovering the sanitary influences of our climate and to give publicity to it. They have visited Henderson, Raleigh, and other places.

—A lamp exploding in the office of the North Carolina Baptist at Fayetteville last week caused a fire, which resulted in some seven or eight hundred dollars worth of office furniture being destroyed or greatly damaged.

—Last week the stockholders of the Chester & Lenoir narrow gauge railroad met in Gastonia and decided to take the affairs of the railroad out of the hands of the receivers and run it themselves. Maj. G. W. F. Harper, of Lenoir, was elected President.

—Prof. John L. Weber, of Trinity College, is a defaulter to the amount of $1,200. His shortage occurred when he was a school commissioner of Charleston, S. C., before he went to Trinity. He was arrested, the other day, and put under a bond of $1,500 to appear at court when he was wanted.

A tickling sensation of the throat, a piping voice, and a disposition to expectorate frequently, are the forerunners of a dangerous throat affection. The bronchial trouble often develops into consumption, unless checked by the timely use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Beware!

Brain-workers keep their heads clear and bowels open. Take Simmons Liver Regulator.

Brer Fox Got the Prize.

While crossing the ridge between Green Run and Rattlesnake Creek, in the southern part of this county, a few days ago, Gaylord G. Crippen, of Spring Brook township, saw a pure white hare squatting in a hollow as though it was asleep. He was about to toss a stone toward the timid animal to see it scoot, when two wildcats sprang out of the brush from opposite directions and pounced upon the hare at the same instant. They killed it in an instant and then began fighting for the possession of it. The hair and blood flew, and in the rough and tumble battle the fierce animals worked away from the hare several feet, when a fox stole out of the brush, seized the hare in the middle and trotted off with it. One of the wildcats finally licked the other and sent it whining into the bushes. Then it turned and began to sniff for the hare, and while it was doing so Mr. Crippen hurled a stone at it, and it went limping away with a broken hind leg.—Scranton, Pa., Letter.

As a household remedy it cannot be excelled.—Mr. L. E. Brocket, 459 Church St., Norfolk, Va., writes: "I suffered a great deal from nervous headache, sore throat, &c., and found no relief until I tried Salvation Oil. I now recommend it to my friends as a household remedy that cannot be surpassed."

Prediction Fulfilled.

Mrs. Jason—Lord 'a' mercy! That there Jimpson boy has gone and blowed hisself up with a dynamite cartridge.

Mr. Jason—I allers said that boy would spread hisself some of these days.—Indianapolis Journal.

People suffering with sick and nervous headaches will find a most efficacious remedy in Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, restore healthy action to the digestive organs, and thus afford speedy and permanent relief.

How to Foil Him.

"How in the world," asked a Harlem lady of a neighbor, "can I prevent my boy from stealing sugar out of the sugar-bowl and swigging the milk out of the milk pitcher?"

"I know how you can stop him," was the reply.

"How?"

"By simply putting the milk in the sugar-bowl and the sugar in the milk pitcher?"—Texas Siftings.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy try Electric Bitters. If "LaGrippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only fifty cents at all Druggists.

Papa's Mistake.

"Oh, papa, you are too good; this diamond belt is a poem!"

"Belt! Why, my dear girl, I bought that for a necklace!"

"You dear old soul! How did you ever expect me to get that little thing around my neck?"—Brooklyn Life.

Why Hood's Wins.

President Lincoln said, "You cannot fool the people a second time." They are too quick to recognize real merit or lack of it, and cling only to those things which they find to be what is claimed for them.

It is especially gratifying that the sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla increases most rapidly in those sections where it is best known.

The inference is plain. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven that it possesses genuine merit. It maintains a high standard, which others cannot even approach. It is the people's favorite blood-purifying and building up medicine, and is more popular this year than ever before. All this because HOOD'S CURES.

Do You See the Point?

We will save you $15.50 in one ton of Tinsley's Guano.

How Can We Do it?

It takes two tons of Pocomoke, Whann's, Bradly's or other cotton goods to make 435 per cent. of Amonia. It takes the same to get 14 per cent. of available Phosphoric Acid. In one ton of

Tinsley's High Grade Tobacco Guano

We give you 435 per cent. of amonia, 14 per cent available acid.

Calculation:

Two tons cotton guano $26.50 per ton,	$53.00
We sell you one ton Tinsley's Tobacco Guano - - - -	37.50
Profit in favor Tinsleys, - -	$15.50

Why does your tobacco take second growth and cure black? Because just at the time that it needed all of its strength to ripen, your cotton guano gave out in strength. We can point to farmers who have never failed to make bright tobacco, they use nothing but Tinsley's Guano. You had better use one sack of Tinsley's to the acre than three sacks of cotton goods. It will give you better results. It is the color that tells in Tobacco.

Your friends,

Young Brothers.

HOW A BROTHER GOT LEFT.

A Graded School Pupil's Attempt to Witness the Execution.

Supt. Blair, of the graded schools, announced a few days ago that pupils who attended the execution of Peter DeGraff would be suspended from school.

This was a puzzler to many of the boys who had planned to witness the hanging. One young man, in order to get out of the difficulty and to save himself from being censured by both teacher and superintendent, adopted the plan to get his sister to write an excuse for him. A nice note was written and sent to Prof. Blair by the young man's brother—but it did not work as "charmingly" as one might suppose.

The brother who delivered it was told to hasten back home and tell his brother that the excuse was not acceptable, therefore it would be advisable for him to come to school that day. When the brother reached home he discovered that his "bud" had already left "afoot" for the scene of the execution.

Without further ceremony, the brother who took no interest in hangings, hurried to the stable, got the buggy animal and went in pursuit (on horseback) of his brother. The brother was overtaken, tramping through the mud.

"Hello!" said the walker, "are you going to the hanging too?"

"Yes," replied the brother on horseback.

"All right, stop and let me ride behind you."

The animal was halted and the walking brother was not long in getting up. In an instant, and to the surprise and regret of the brother who expected to go on, the brother who held the reins, whirled the animal around and went galloping back home.

It would be unpleasant for a fellow to ask that brother why he did not attend the hanging of Peter DeGraff.—Winston Sentinel.

Economy and Strength

Valuable vegetable remedies are used in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such a peculiar manner as to retain the full medical value of every ingredient. Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength and is the only remedy in which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easy and efficiently.

Yellow fever has broken out among the sailors of the American fleet at Rio Janeiro. Several have been stricken with it, and there is some alarm lest the disease may become epidemic.

Take! Take! Take Simmons Liver Regulator for dyspepsia, heartburn, and constipation.

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 satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. J. Hines, Druggist.

Get your neck wear at Youngs'.

5,000 pairs sample shoes at New York cost at Young Bros.

Furniture! Furniture, at Young's

Boots at $1.50 for men at Young's.

Coughs and Colds

are signs of weakness. Don't wait until you are weaker and nearer Consumption. Begin at once with

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda. It strengthens the Lungs, cures Coughs and Colds, and builds up the system. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Wasting Diseases of Children are speedily cured by SCOTT'S EMULSION. It stops waste and makes children fat and healthy.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. Druggists sell it.