

The Wilson Advance.

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\$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., MARCH 29, 1894.

NUMBER 13.



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.

BEVERLY PACKAGE—Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHY DID THE DONKEY GO ON?

HE MADE THEM DRAG HIM UNTIL HIS TETLOCKS BLEED.

But When a Big Fisherman Knocked Down the Tormentor Who was Beating Him With a Club, the Donkey Trotted On.

Three men who tried to get a donkey down Seventh Avenue at 1 1/2 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the beast didn't choose to go gave thousands of storekeepers and pedestrians a spectacle that Gothamites very seldom get a chance to see. This particular donkey was a little fellow with an amount of self-assertiveness entirely out of proportion to his size. He first became an object of attention at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-second street. The men had been leading him along Forty-second street by a rope, which was looped around his neck. They were tugging with all their strength on the end of the rope, but the donkey decided that he wanted to stand still, and he did it with an abruptness that almost yanked the three men off their feet. A crowd gathered and laughed at their combined but unavailing efforts to budge the donkey. All three men fired language at the animal in sharp and unprintable volleys. Hot as the language was, however, it didn't phase the donkey.

A change of tactics became necessary, and the three men got a horse and wagon, hitched the donkey's rope to the tailboard of the wagon and whipped up the horse. The donkey started in surprise as he felt the rope yanked suddenly. Then his proud spirit rebelled against coercion, and he braced his legs for resistance. The horse was the stronger, however, and the donkey was dragged bodily along, with his hoofs vainly trying to grip hold of the granite pavement.

Everybody laughed at his comical struggles. But when he had been dragged three blocks there was an abrupt change in the popular feeling. The donkey had resisted so desperately that his hind legs slid forward until his fetlock joint rubbed on the car track and bled from the constant friction. The donkey's hind feet finally slid completely under his body, and he lost his balance and rolled over.

He was just as obstinate when he regained his feet, and one of the men began to belabor him with a stick. He broke the stick without conquering the donkey, and the crowd began to protest against the cruelty.

George Hicks, a wrestler, came along with a baby in his arms. He was walking with two ladies. He yelled at the men who were trying to make the donkey go, and tried to get one of the ladies to hold the baby so that he could have a round with the donkey driver. The women were alarmed at the prospect of a fight and wouldn't take the baby. The wrestler fretted and fumed and roared at the driver. Letter-carrier Noah of Station E came along, and he sympathized with the donkey too. The children in the street were crying in their pity for the donkey that wouldn't go.

It became evident that the donkey would be seriously injured if he was dragged any further against his will, and at Thirteenth street one of the men got down and unhitched the rope. One of them, who wore a coachman's rig with leather leggings, began to belabor the donkey with the broken end of the stick that had

been previously smashed over his haunches.

A six-footer hove in sight just at this point. He wore a fisherman's jumper and big boots. He strode over to the man with the stick.

"Say!" he yelled, "I'll lick you if you don't let up with that stick."

"I'll bet you \$50 there isn't a man in town can lick me," shouted the man in coachman's rig.

"Keep your money," retorted the giant fisherman, "I'll do it for nothing."

His brawny fist shot out from the shoulder, caught the other man's jaw, and toppled him over between the car tracks. The crowd let loose a mighty shout of exultation, and the big fisherman walked away. He had a belt around his waist bearing the inscription: "Tom—Seabright, N. J." There was a grim smile on his face as he saw the knocked down driver scramble out of the mud. An instant later shouts of laughter ran through the air. The donkey, who had turned his head to see his tormentor to grass, started off on a trot of his own accord. Dangling from his halter was a card labelled: "C. C. King, Pittston, Pa."

"Well, I'll be blamed," cried all three of the drivers as they stared after the donkey with distended eyes. "What the dickens changed that donkey's mind?"

Capt. Schmittberger said that the donkey's behavior was simply a striking illustration of the principle of moral suasion expressed in the memorable poem:

If I had a donkey and he wouldn't go, Do you think I would wallop him? Oh, no! no!

—New York Sun.

Notwithstanding the enormous increase given to human strength by the mechanical powers, the lever, the pulley, the wheel, and axle, &c., the removal of heavy weights is still attended by sprains and strains. There is positively nothing better for such casualties than Salvation Oil.

HOLD DOWN THE ACREAGE.
Good Advice to Planters—It is Not too Late to Hold It in Some of the States.

The annexed article from the Augusta Chronicle, embodying an extract from a letter of Mr. A. B. Shepperson, is worthy of serious attention. It would seem that the low price of cotton which has prevailed for the past few years would be the strongest argument against too much acreage in cotton, but there is so much speculation in the fleecy staple, that even the farmer catches the air of chance that seems to hang about, and feels every year that he will try it just one more time, and that he is bound to win next time, and strike a year of high prices. He don't want to be caught with a short crop on a high-price year, and so he puts in the same acreage and probably, a few more than the previous year. Every farmer reasons about the same way, and the result is big crops and low prices. Referring to the acreage for this year, Mr. Alfred B. Shepperson says in a private letter:

"Under the present conditions I think it will be very unfortunate if the South should plant this spring an increased acreage in cotton. Even with the comparative moderate crop which is now being marketed it has been extremely difficult to hold prices even where they are now, notwithstanding the fact that Europe is consuming more cotton than ever before. I have no interest whatever in the cotton market, but I feel a deep interest in all that concerns the welfare of the South. The wisdom of the moderate acreage in cotton last year has been made plain, and it is not likely that any change will be made from the acreage now in contemplation in the Gulf States. With the other States, however, there is yet time in which the acreage contemplated may be reduced or extended."

Cotton is very low and therefore there is room for considerable advance to take place between now and the time for planting and such an advance might cause an increased acreage, which would unquestionably result unfortunately for the South."

The low price which cotton has brought for the past few years, the earnest appeals of the press, the advice of the Alliance leaders, and the demand for hog and hominy, has in a measure checked the mammoth crops that were being made, and slightly curtailed the acreage, but there is room for further improvement, and the farmers of the South should give more acres to hog and hominy, and fewer to cotton than last year.—Wilmington Star.

PRINTERS' INK.
What a Successful Business Man Thinks About Advertising.

Thus, from the Charleston News and Courier, should be read and pondered by those who do not "believe in advertising."

"There is nothing like printers' ink, and the man who don't believe in it had better put up his shutters and go to raising cotton at five cents a pound." The remark was made yesterday by Mr. E. A. Hall, the proprietor of the Palmetto Pharmacy, which, by the way, is itself a monument of the truth of the statement that there is nothing like printers' ink. Mr. Hall has proven his faith by his works. Always an extensive advertiser, he to begin with doubled his advertising in the News and Courier, and in addition has just signed a contract for advertising the business of the Palmetto Pharmacy in 2,000 different newspapers scattered throughout the United States. "I have advertised throughout the country," he said, by way of explanation, "for what is known as mail orders. Our Charleston business is enormous, but we want to extend it. In advertising our business we also advertise Charleston. The Palmetto Pharmacy owes much of its success," he added, "to the advertising we have done in the News and Courier. We believe in advertising. Some time ago we stopped our advertisement only for the purpose of making new contracts and extending it, and I have no hesitation in saying that even in the short time we noticed a perceptible falling off in our trade."

The Pharmacy believes in printers' ink.—Wilmington Star.

He tells what he saw. Mr. Chas. J. Winstrand, Brisban, Clearfield Co., Pa., writes: "My father caught a severe cold in the mines, and he purchased a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and after using it he had no more colds."

THE WEATHER.
Remarkable Summer of 1816.

A correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, discussing the annual phenomenal weather, recalls the record of 1816 and predicts a similar summer season for this year. In the year referred to, January and February were mild, March was cold, and April opened warm but ended in snow and sleet. In May ice formed an inch thick, and crops were planted again and again until it was too late to replant. June was cold, frost and ice being common in New York. Every green thing was killed, and fruit was destroyed nearly everywhere. In the northern States snow fell to the depth of several inches. There was little rain during the summer, and a cold wind blew steadily from the north. The only good crop of corn produced in Massachusetts had fires built around it every night to ward off the frost. The Mississippi rose to an unusual height, and did considerable damage in the low country. Frost and ice made their appearance in July, and August was still more severe. Ice formed half an inch thick. Corn froze in the field, and had to be cut and dried for fodder. The farmers were forced to rely on the corn of the previous year, and its price advanced to four and five dollars per bushel. It was observed during this strange summer that the sun's rays seemed to give out no heat. People were very gloomy over the outlook, and predictions were freely made that the end of the world was at hand.—Selected.

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 Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation, and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c. and \$1 per bottle at all Druggists.

For all derangements of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the speediest and most reliable remedy. Even in the advanced stages of Consumption, this wonderful preparation affords great relief, checks coughing, and induces sleep.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PHANTOM FLEET OFF HATTERAS.

A Remarkable Mirage Showing Twenty-eight Shadowy Schooners.

The steamship Del Norte sailed from New Orleans on March 14, and arrived in the port of New York yesterday. Up to the time she reached Cape Hatteras there was nothing unusual in her voyage.

Chief Officer Benson is not in the habit of seeing strange things, and his testimony is therefore to be relied upon. He says that on March 18th the vessel was skirting Cape Hatteras, with a glassy swell running from the north-westward. There was no wind, and a thin haze stretched along the horizon.

That was just about sunrise. The sun had hardly risen above the sea line before Officer Benson had his attention called to a strange spectacle in the west. There, riding high in air, was a phantom fleet—some of the vessels with sails idly flapping, others whose ghostly canvas seemed to be filled by a wind from the nether world.

Mr. Benson says he realized that it was a mirage that he was looking upon, but the singular part of the illusion was the fact that every vessel was right side up. A well-regulated mirage at sea generally reproduces images upside down. Officer Benson says he counted twenty-eight schooners, and none of them were in the abnormal positions.

According to the narrator, there was a long, low-lying bank of fog to the westward, and over this vapory sea was sailing the shadowy fleet. The hulls of some of the ships were seen, but other ships were clearly outlined, ever spar and sail showing distinctly. For two hours, Mr. Benson says, that weird fleet wheeled and circled above the fog bank, and then the sun dispersed the vapor, and the shadow pictures faded.—N. Y. Times.

The Vanished Hand.

A vanished hand! How many households are there in which there is not a hand vanished—little hands, soft, tender, gentle—now lying under the snow in winter and the green turf in summer. So quiet, so still. You cannot see them or touch them. They were once so restless, so much into mischief, so soft and tender as they stroked your cheek, and so plump and warm as the little arm twined itself around your neck and the little head nestled close to your ear. Dear little hands you miss them so. Never more will they feel of your face and wake you from pleasant dreams. You miss them through weary hours. How lonely and empty it seems when little hands become so cold; so still—vanished from sight. But some buds must wither and die; some flowers exhale their sweetest perfume and decay. We know not why it is thus. It is not for us to know now. But when you reach the City of Gold there will be many a little hand in that bright band to welcome the coming loved ones. There is many a little vanished hand that Saturday night across the waters dark and cold, beckon to some dear one on this side of the valley. Are you fixing your eyes on the Heavenly gate? Would you know among that shining host of out-stretched arms and rosy fingers of that little vanished hand? The dear little hands that we miss here have only gone up higher to carry the silken cord of love and string from Heaven to earth heart-pearls, and let through the gloom a little ray of celestial sunshine.—Durham Sun.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay street, 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 "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims that 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 Drug Stores. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

The Modern Way.

Commends itself to the well-formed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches, and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Buy the Best.

Don't Waste Your Work on cheap Guanos made out of Kaimit, Acid Phosphate, and a little Cotton Seed Meal.

Notional :- Tobacco :- Guano
—OR—
National :- Cotton :- Guano,

EITHER, will not only make you a good crop this year, but will be a permanent improvement to your land.

Will Sell to You for Cotton.

You know you can make the cotton, but the cotton may be worth only five or six cents. We also sell

Pocomoke, Stonewall, and Tinsley's at close prices.

Come and See Us.

Respectfully,

Young Bros.

A Bit of History.

Appropos of the recent rejections of important Presidential nominations, Hon. Geo. M. Rose sends us the following letter found among his papers, from Hon. Jesse Speight addressed to Judge Strange at Fayetteville:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27, 1832.
DEAR SIR:—The Senate yesterday rejected the nomination of Mr. VanBuren as Minister to England. This was doubtless effected by one of the most base coalitions that has ever existed. It was done by the unity of Clay and Calhoun's friends. 32 to 23 was the vote. Mr. Calhoun cast the die. What think you of this marriage, Nullification and the Tariff? Mr. Webster it is understood officiated as priest on the occasion. Calhoun is now as dead as a snake with his head cut off. Every high-minded man looks at him with disdain. The independent Jackson men have turned their backs on him, and he is only seen arm and arm with the Clay men. It is understood out doors that the sole ground of opposition to Mr. VanBuren was his instructions to Mr. McLane while at London in relation to the West India trade; you noticed that Adams and Clay lost this valuable trade to our country by a sort of high-minded notion of diplomacy.

No man was more clamorous about it than Mr. Calhoun and his friends and now see—they have joined with Clay in putting down the very man who regained it. What a triumph is this to-day over Gen. Jackson!!! We have resolved here to go for Van (tooth and toe nail) for Vice-President. I hope your editors will come out.

Sincerely your friend,
J. SPEIGHT.
Mr. Speight was at that time (1832) a member of Congress from North Carolina, and Judge Strange a judge of our Superior Courts. Both afterwards became United States Senators—Mr. Speight in 1844 from Mississippi, whether he had removed in 1837 from his native county of Greene, after having represented that county in our Legislature from 1822 to 1828, and the district in which Greene was situated from 1827 to 1837; and Judge Strange in 1836. While not subscribing to Mr. Speight's views about Mr. Calhoun, we find much that is interesting at this time in the circumstance at the Federal capital which caused the writing of the letter, and in recalling the subsequent action of Judge Strange, who resigned his seat in the Senate in 1840 because unscientifically to obey the instructions of the Legislature.—Fayetteville Observer.

Tennison on Spring.
We have the word of Alfred Tennison for it that in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. It is singular that the great laureate omitted to mention the fact that it is in the spring that a considerable portion of the human race turn to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Probably nothing but the difficulty of finding a good rhyme for that invaluable remedy deterred him. Certain it is that the old-time domestic remedies are generally discarded in favor of the standard blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It purifies the blood and gives nerve, mental, bodily, and digestive strength.

Don't sicken people with that bad breath. Take Simmons' Liver Regulator to sweeten it.

Consumption

may be avoided. It comes from a germ that takes root and grows only when the System is Weak and Lungs are affected.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, overcomes all the conditions which make consumption possible. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs and Emaciation pave the way for Consumption. SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them and makes the system strong. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. Druggists sell it.

I've Just Got Back.

The New Goods are Rolling in.

We have always sold goods cheap, but owing to the hard times among the manufacturers and big jobbers, the "Old Man" with his millions, has been enabled to gobble up many immense stocks at half value. We have gotten the benefit of them, and will give you goods this spring much

Lower than Ever Before.

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.
S. 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.

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. Suits at half price at Young Bros.

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

Big sacrifice in dress goods at Young's.

If you want a baby carriage see Young Bros.

Boots for men at \$1.50 at Young Bros.

Dress goods, all styles and prices at Young's.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scouting a tonic for children who want build.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.