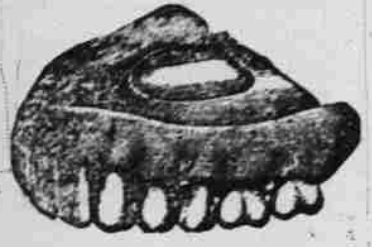


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VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1880.

NUMBER 43

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The Wilson Advance

FRIDAY..... NOVEMBER 19, 1880



Poetry.

THE AGUE.

Once upon an evening bleary,
While I sat dreaming, dreary,
In the sunshine, thinking over
Things that passed in days of yore,
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Gently came a something creeping,
Creeping up from the floor,
"Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the regions' health the door;
Only this and nothing more."

All distinctly I remember—
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore,
Had for weeks and months been soaking,
In the meanest, most provoking,
Foggy rain, that, without joking,
Had had ever seen before;
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor—
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me, nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gapping,
With a feeling quite delighted
With the breezes' breath the door,
Till I felt me growing colder,
And the stretching waxing bolder,
And myself now feeling older,
Older than I felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore,
Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back the creeping
Soon gave place to rustling, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to expire
All the cavities—the vermin—
"Twixt me and my nether garments,
Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a-shaking,
Gently shaking more and more,
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the ague; and it shook me
Into heavy clothes, and took me
Slaking to the kitchen, every
Place where there was warmth in store
Slaking till the China rattled,
Shaking till the morals battled,
Shaking, and with all my warming,
Feeling a fever than before;
Shaking till I had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more,
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
When it came with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before,
And from that day in September—
Day which I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
Shaking, shaking, oh! so sore;
Shaking off my boots, and slaking
Me to bed if nothing more,
Felly this if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting,
Round my cottage see me sitting,
Moodily within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door,
Waiting for the ague, seeming
Like a man forever dreaming;
And the sunlight on me streaming
Casts no shadow on the floor,
For I am too thin, and allow
To make shadows on the floor—
Nary a shadow any more.

THE FAIREST ROSE OF ALL.

"The prettiest creature I ever saw!" murmured Edward Lisle—"a veritable half-blown-rose; and no less sweet, no less adorable and desirable. As I'm a living man, I've met my fate at last—in this little country girl for I adore her!"

He was standing at the window, looking at a group upon the lawn justly occupied at croquet; and he believed himself to be quite alone, otherwise even the rashness of a lover's admiration would not have induced him utter his thoughts aloud. But he was mistaken in his supposition. Even as he began to speak, a lady entered the room very softly, and heard every word.

Regina Lisle, his handsome cousin whom all the world supposed would be his wife some day, and who on her own part, fully intended to be so—she set her red lips close, and her blue eyes flashed, as she heard him.

She had entered noiselessly simply because that was "her way,"—a silent velvet-footed, cat-like way, that often took people unawares and at a disadvantage; but that was all the better for Miss Lisle herself sometimes, and

it seemed likely to prove so in this instance.

She withdrew as quietly as she had entered, and went back to her own room; swiftly, for all her light and noiseless step. She had held a pretty work-basket in her hand when she came down-stairs evidently designed as an excuse for sitting with Edward while he read—but she flung it aside now, so hastily that its contents rolled on the floor, and putting on a hat, ran down to join the players on the lawn.

"I'll keep him under my own eyes," she thought. "He shan't have a chance to declare himself until I've prepared her, at any rate. How fortunate that I chanced to overhear him!"

Thus it happened that Lily Grover—whom Edward had aptly designated "a lovely half-blown rose,"—had three people closely watching her upon that summer afternoon—first Regina, who had never shown her so much kindness and attention before, and whose newly-born interest greatly surprised her; secondly, Horace Clare, a wealthy merchant, who made no secret of his admiration, but to whom she gave scarce a thought or smile; and thirdly Edward Lisle, who lover her—her young heart thrilled with delight as she suspected it, for she loved him in return.

The Lisles—that is to say, the rich banker and his wife, with Edward, their son and heir, and their niece, Regina—were spending their summer months at the seaside. Lily Grover was another niece—the child of Mr. Lisle's sister, who had married a country clergyman, none too well to do, and able to provide but poorly for his fair child. Lily was only a country rose grown in the open air and sunshine, but she was all the more beautiful for that perhaps—so beautiful indeed in her own unaided, natural loveliness that Mrs. Lisle had begun to wonder and speculate whether contact with society and the artificial aids of dress would not so greatly enhance her charms that she might yet draw that envied prize in Life's lottery, a wealthy husband; in the hopes that this might be so, she had given her little country niece an invitation to visit her in the city, and had afterwards taken her to the sea-side—where she bloomed the brightest and freshest of all the season's flowers, quite eclipsing Regina's more stately loveliness.

There was to be a ball at the hotel that night, and after the croquet party had dispersed, and the two girls had sought their respective rooms to prepare for an evening of conquest, Regina proceeded to put her plans into execution.

"For"—though she—"it will be impossible for me to keep by her side all through the evening, and he may speak to-night."

So she came smiling to Lily's room.

"How lovely you look to-night, dear," she said, sweetly. "Like a rose silk robe. Ah it is only your country complexion that can stand such color as that. For my part white is my favorite. Not quite from my own choice, but Edward always prefers it, and you know one must consult one's betrothed a little in such things. Ah," with a smile and a nod, and taking no notice of Lily's paling cheek—"ah, so you have the bouquet of roses. Do you know who sent it? I hope you like it dear."

Poor Lily had liked it, until this moment better than any other detail of her exquisite toilet. It had been handed to her with Edward's card attached, and these words on the card—"To the fairest rose of all." Why should Regina "hope she liked it?" Evidently Regina had known of it before. And oh, could Edward be her betrothed? A spasm of agony contracted her heart at that thought—she laid the vases down, and answered faintly—

"Cousin Edward sent them to me Regina—see here is his card."

Regina answered smilingly—

"Yes I told him to let you have them. Their color was too vivid to suit my dress, and I knew they would just do for yours. I want you to look especially charming to-night; so does Aunt Lisle—so that you may win this rich Mr. Clare; it would be so nice if you could marry him on the same day that Edward and I are married—a double wedding, you know"—then she glanced at the card and frowned and smiled, and shook her head half merrily.

"Foolish extravagant fellow! 'To the fairest rose of all.' How absurd! How wrong for him to address you so!

Not that the compliment is unreserved; dear; he might say much more than that, I'm sure truthfully enough but this habit of paying indiscriminate compliments to inexperienced girls is such a bad one. Why many a girl has fancied him serious, when he was just amusing himself with her! It gives rise to false hopes, you see. Not in your case of course." with a little laugh, "because you are too sensible, and too fond of Mr. Clare; besides of course you knew of Edward's engagement to me—but still he should not do it. Really I shall have to scold him and I seldom do that—there will be time enough for that after our marriage!"

And she swept away, laughing with triumphant malice and leaving a cruel poisonous sting, deep in her innocent rival's heart.

"Where are those red and white earrings that Mr. Clare sent me Kate? asked poor Lily of her maid. "I like their perfume better than the roses."

So she took them, and rejected Edward's flowers. Horace Clare saw her choice with surprise and delight. She had given him so little encouragement hitherto that he had scarcely hoped to see her wear his gift. He took courage, claimed her hand for the first dance, promenaded with her during the second, drew her into the conservatory—offered his hand and heart and was accepted. Not until the costly diamond ring was glittering on her finger, did poor, cheated, foolish Lily realize what she had done.

Nor even then, did she regret it. The torturing thought that Edward had seen her heart and mocked it—had amused himself with an inexperienced girl, who thought him serious was galled and wormwood to his soul. Now, at least she should show him that she "amused herself," too. She longed to vindicate her outraged pride—to show him that he had not triumphed over her. She looked eagerly around the room—the ball was some three hours long and he had not yet appeared—where could he be then?

In reality he had been called to town on business for the bank, and there detained. It was only for her sake that he had made the most strenuous efforts to get back in time at all—but he had said to himself—

"I long to see the fairest rose of all wear my roses, and to hear from her own sweet lips that she will be my wife!"

He enter the ball-room just as she was looking eagerly around for him, and made his way at once to her side. She chanced to be seated a little apart at the moment, so that none could hear their words. Not until he was close beside her did he see that she had rejected his bouquet, and the sudden disappointment and surprise quite stunned him.

"You reject my offering—you will not wear my flowers," he said reproachfully. "Ah, why not?"

He was "amusing himself" again, she thought, and bit her lip to keep it red, and laughed to hide her anguish.

"I was not free to carry your roses," she said lightly, "though they matched admirably with my dress." Then she held up a little white hand, on which the tell-tale diamonds shone like stars.

"I wear Mr. Clare's ring, you see, and it was fitting that his flowers should keep it company."

He looked her in the face—his own growing white and stern—his eyes full of pain and incredulity.

"What? Do you mean that you have accepted him? After having led me to believe you loved me! Great Heaven, what infamous duplicity!"

She turned deathly cold and pale, but she kept up proudly still.

"It is not for you to reproach me with duplicity," she said "you—the promised husband of Regina! Oh, I know of your falsehood! She has been telling me how charming it will be to have the weddings on the same day."

He interrupted her—

"Did Regina tell you that? That I was to marry her? That I had ever spoken to her of love?"

"She did."

"And was it because of this you betrayed me? Unhappy girl. She lied to you! I never loved her, never loved any but you, and you—oh, help, help!"—for Lily, with one departing cry had fallen senseless at his feet.

"Help! My love, my own darling! I have killed her!"

Friends came hurrying round. Foremost among them Horace Clare. He was every pale, for he had heard Ed-

ward's words of remorse and love and they had contained for him a revelation.

They carried Lily into an adjoining room, and there Mr. Lisle—after a few whispered words, with Horace—left her (she having recovered consciousness) in his company. She turned to him with a heightened color and a trembling lip—

"Mr. Clare, what must you think of me?" she said, piteously.

He took her trembling hand, the diamonds he had placed there flashed like fire.

"I wait until you shall tell me what you think," he said, gently. "Confide in me, dear child; if you have no love to give me, let your confidence at least be mine, tell me all, Lily."

And, weeping bitterly, she told him all, Regina's deceit, her own love for Edward, the jealousy that had caused her acceptance of his own suit.

He listened silently; his face was very pale, when she had finished he raised her hand to his lips.

"I love you," he said, quietly. "Will you wait here for a few moments until I prove to you that not even the man to whom your heart is given can love you more truly than I?"

Then he left her alone with her despair, truly life looked dark to the fairest rose of all, and the storm that had broken over her bade fair to crush her.

"I must marry him," she told herself in anguish. "I must keep my word, if he insists, although my heart should break!" And she wept as if it were already broken.

Presently Horace Clare came back, and Edward Lisle came with him. Again Horace took and kissed the little jeweled hand.

"She gave this hand to me," he said to Edward, "but that was a mistake. It belongs where her heart is given. Being mine, I give it to you, Mr. Lisle, take it!"

And, ere they realized the sacrifice he had made, he had bade Lily farewell and left them. Next day he sailed for Europe.

And one month later a wedding took place indeed, but it was not, as Regina had wished, a double one. Neither had that artful lady any part in it, for Lily declined to accept her as bride-maid, just as Edward had refused her for a bride. She was away in the country. Indeed, when the marriage took place, unable to bear the mortification of witnessing her innocent rival's triumph, or of beholding Edward choose, and win, and wear, for his very own heart-flower, "the fairest rose of all!"

Justice Smith said, on opening his court at Connorsville, Tenn.: "William Henry Smith is arraigned for assaulting his father." The magistrate had, on the previous day, knocked his father down with a club, and it was himself that he was now arraigning. He continued: "The evidence is conclusive, and I am not sure but I ought to send myself to jail for ten days. But as this is my first offence and I certainly had a good deal of provocation, I will simply impose a fine of ten dollars."

Lumberton Robesonian: Mr. Jesse F. Caton, a young man about twenty three years of age, a native of Davie county, but for about two years a resident of Shoe Heel, following the business of a saloonist, was stabbed through the heart and almost instantly killed Saturday night by Peter Hines, a negro. He made his escape and is still at large.

Two friends from the interior put up at a Galveston hotel and were given one room. The man in the next room overheard the following conversation about daybreak next morning: "Isay, Bill, are you awake?" "I've been wide awake for the last two hours." "Lead me five dollars." "I've dozed off again." "I knew you were lying when you said you were wide awake."

The next census would have shown one citizen of Wake county 113 years old, it Hagar Outlaw had not taken it into her head to die on the second of the month, at the tender age of 103. The deceased was before the war a slave of Col. David Outlaw, of Bertie.

Senator Hampton thinks it very important that the Democratic party should retain its organization; he is opposed to contesting the Presidential election.

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It is not every maiden, in these prosaic days, who can summon the "jell-tallent blood" to her cheeks at will or silently reveal, by an opportune rosy flush, those inward feelings to which many young ladies experience such difficulty in giving verbal expression. But as the value of the blush, as a highly effective weapon in the feminine armory, is still universally recognized by the sex, although it would appear to have somewhat fallen into desuetude, French ingenuity has been at the pains of devising a mechanical appliance for the instantaneous production of a fine natural glow upon the cheek of beauty, no matter how constitutionally lymphatic or philosophically unemotional its proprietress may be. This thoughtful contrivance is called, "The Ladies' Blushing Bannet," to the side ribbons of which—those usually tied under the fair wearer's chin—are attached two tiny but powerful steel springs, ending in round pads, which are brought to bear upon the temporal arteries by the action of bowing the head, one exquisitely appropriate to modest embarrassment, and by artificially forcing blood into the cheeks cause them to be suffused with the crimson hue of shame at a moments notice. Should these ingenious head coverings become the fashion among girls of the period, it will behoove "young men about to marry" to take a sly peep behind the bannet strings of their blushing charms immediately after proposing, in order to satisfy themselves that the heightened color, by them interpreted as an involuntary admission of reciprocated affection, is not due to the agency of a carefully adjusted "blushing bannet."

A DRUNKEN DEMON.

A horrible tragedy became known at Batesville, Ohio last week. Frank M. Biedenbach, a young German wealthy, who three years ago married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, came home late on Saturday night intoxicated, and entering the room where his wife and child were sleeping assaulted them with an axe. His wife's skull was crushed by a single blow, and then he cut his son's throat with the edge of the axe. He then went to the room where Mrs. Stephens, a visitor, and her child and servant were sleeping and killed Mrs. Stephens and her child. The servant girl was awakened and sprang toward the door, but was knocked senseless and left for dead. Upon recovering consciousness she gave the alarm and the neighbors came to the house. It was not until morning that the murderer was found in the tobacco shop with his throat cut. He is not fatally injured. Jealousy, drunkenness and insanity are supposed to have led to the commission of the horrible crime.

There are dark hints among certain papers in New York that Hancock is elected and not Garfield. The Republican papers intimate very pointedly that unless New York is counted for Garfield by Congress there will be fight and no mistake. Whilst we have no doubt that the Radicals spent millions and polled thousands of fraudulent votes in New York alone, we have no idea there will be any trouble. The country submitted to the great steal of 1876, when it had first rate cause for a grand fight, and there will be hardly a small scrimmage now.—Wilkesborough Star.

There is an Indiana woman, only 30 years old, who, when she went to Indianapolis to purchase a pair of shoes, could find none large enough, and had to leave her measure. This called for a pair of extra "fifteens," the last being a foot in length and five inches wide. It should, perhaps, be stated, however, that the woman herself weighs 547 pounds, and is seven feet two inches in height.

General Cox is elected in the Fourth District by 1,319 majority. Latham's majority in the First District is over 500, but the exact vote has not been received. Col. Armfield is elected in the Seventh by over 2,800 majority. Major Dowd's majority in the Fifth is thought to be 3,900. North Carolina has seven Democrats in the House certain.

It is said, that in New Hampshire it takes