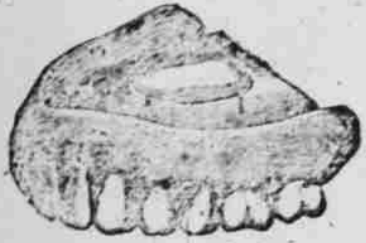


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SURGEON DENTIST.



Has permanently located in Wilson, N. C.  
All operations will be made in a care-  
fully performed and on terms as reason-  
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Has resumed practice at Enfield and respec-  
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Office in the Court House.  
Practices in all the courts (except the  
inferior court of Wilson county) and will  
give prompt attention to business entrusted  
to him in Wilson and adjoining counties.

STRAYED.  
My large black milk cow, with long hind  
hoofs. A liberal reward will be paid for  
information leading to her recovery.  
W. G. SHARPE,  
Deerfield, Tolson, N. C.

WILSON COLLEGIATE SEMINARY  
(FOR YOUNG LADIES.)  
Wilson, N. C.

Best school employed in all departments  
Instruction unusually highly.  
Board, per session of 20 weeks, including  
fuel, lights and furnished room, \$20.00.  
Other charges moderate.  
Fall Session begins September 1st.  
For catalogue or information, address,  
J. B. BREWER, Principal.

Wilson Collegiate Institute  
—FOR BOTH SEXES—  
STRICTLY NON-SECTARIAN

For years the most successful school in  
Eastern Carolina. The best advantages  
and lowest rates. Healthy location. Able  
and Experienced Teachers. Fine Library  
and Apparatus. Spacious Buildings. A  
pleasant educational course. \$150 per year. Music,  
\$15 extra. Session extends from first  
Monday in September to first Thursday in  
June. Address, for Catalogue,  
S. HASSLELL, A. M., Principal,  
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Lemon Tabourne,  
The Old Reliable Barber  
May always be found at his shop on Tar-  
boro Street, where he will be pleased to  
serve his patrons and former patrons.  
Shaving 10 cts; shaving and cutting  
hair 30 cts.

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The most popular piano in the South

KNABE Piano  
for nearly forty-one years these instruments  
have maintained their reputation for du-  
rability, clearness and sweetness of tone—  
This piano now being manufactured by this  
well known firm are equal to any made in  
the world. They are sold as low as any  
first class piano and fully warranted for  
five years. Send for catalogue and terms  
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S. A. STEVENS & CO.,  
NORFOLK, VA.  
AGENTS FOR KNABE & CO., FOR  
EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA.  
Aug 20/80-13.

Lewis Washington,  
BUILDING MOVER  
KINSTON, N. C.

Orders promptly attended to at short  
notice.  
Sept. 30-31

Wooten & Stevens,  
FURNITURE DEALERS AND  
Undertakers,  
Wilson, N. C.

We have on hand a large and well se-  
lected stock of Parlor and Chamber Fur-  
niture and are constantly receiving additions  
thereto.  
We make cheap bedsteads and mattresses  
a speciality.  
Picture frames moldings and pictures in  
great variety sold cheap.  
Repairing neatly and promptly done,  
and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Rosewood and marble burial cases from  
the cheapest to the best bronzed cases.  
Sept 17-19.

Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies,  
Carts, Wagons, Harness, and all kinds of  
riding vehicles.  
Which will be sold at the lowest possible figures.  
Our prices are as low as the lowest.  
Satisfaction guaranteed in every  
case. Repairing neatly and  
promptly attended to.

# The Wilson Advance.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1880.

NUMBER 47

NORFOLK CARDS.

SAM. HODGES. H. HODGES  
HODGES & HODGES

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Hats and Caps

AND

Ladies Trimmed Goods.

45 COMMERCE ST.,

NORFOLK, VA.

House Established 1870.

JONES, LEE & CO.

(Successors to SAVAGE, JONES & LEE.)

Cotton Factors &

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

28 Rotherly's Wharf, Norfolk, Va.

A large capital, a long experience and a  
commanding warehouse, located immedi-  
ately upon the Elizabeth River, where the  
depth of water is sufficient for the largest  
steamers and sail vessels, give us unsur-  
passed facilities for conducting the General  
Commission Business.

Liberal advances in cash, or goods, or  
produce, ordered to be shipped, and that ship-  
ping for immediate sale is disposed of on the  
first favorable market and the proceeds  
sent as directed. In all cases giving strict  
personal attention to the sampling, selling  
and weighing of consignments.

Cotton Baggings, Ties and Lincins at low-  
est prices, and shipping free and a weekly  
Norfolk paper sent free of charge to patrons.  
Sep. 31-13m.

Established 1837.

Arthur C. Freeman,

—Dealer in—

DIAMONDS, WATCHES,

JEWELRY,

114 Main St., Head Market Square,

NORFOLK, VA.

Offers his large stock at bargains.  
Ladies double case gold watches as low  
as \$14.00  
Gents' stem winding, double case \$17.00.  
Solid gold set of jewelry for \$150.00  
Solid gold plated sets for ladies \$5 to \$10.  
Solid \$25.00 to \$30.00  
These are but some of the many im-  
plements I am offering at my new store.

Wedding and Engagement Rings

always on hand,

engraving free of charge.

Watches and jewelry repaired and war-  
ranted.

Send your orders to me and they will be  
promptly filled.

A. C. FREEMAN.

Sept 23-

The Wilson Advance

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1880



Poetry.

Leave us Not.

The following beautiful and touching poem  
was written by N. P. Ellis several  
years ago on the departure of a pastor  
who had served his congregation with fidelity.  
Its appropriateness suggested it to our  
mind at this time as Rev. J. A. Goddard,  
who has been a most able pastor of the  
Methodist church in this place, was leaving  
for his fields of labor. We believe it will  
be read with pleasure by his many friends  
who were pained to have him leave.

Leave us not, man of prayer! Like Paul,  
Just that  
"Served God with all humility of mind,"  
Dwelling among us, and "with many  
tears."  
"From house to house," "by night and  
day not ceasing."  
Hast pleased thy "lost errand," Leave us  
not!  
Leave us not now! The Sabbath-bell, so  
long  
Linked with thy voice—the prelude to thy  
prayer—  
The call to us from heaven to come with  
thee  
Into the house of God, and from thy lips,  
Hear what had fallen upon thy heart—will  
sound  
Lonely and mournfully when thou art gone!  
Our prayers are in thy words—our hope in  
Christ  
Warm'd on thy lips—our darling thoughts  
of God  
Follow'd thy loved called upward—and so  
knit  
Is all our worship with those outspread  
hands,  
And the imploring voice, which, well we  
know,  
Sank in the ear of Jesus—that, with thee,  
The angel's tablet seems removed from  
sight,  
And we stray in darkness!—Leave us not!

Yet if thou wilt—If, "bound in spirit," thou  
Must go, and we shall see thy face no more,  
"The will of God be done!" We do not say  
Remember us—thou wilt—in love and  
prayer!  
And thou wilt remember—by the dead  
When the last trump awakes them—by the  
"Hail"  
When, of the "silver cord," whose strength  
thou knowest,  
The last thread falls—by the "bearded and  
striking"  
When the dark cloud, wherein thou  
found'st a spot  
Broke by the light of mercy, lowers again—  
By the "old mother," pleading for her child,  
In murmurs difficult, since thou art gone—  
By all thou lovest, when the Sabbath-bell  
brings us together, and the closing hymn  
Hushes our hearts to pray, and thy loved  
voice,  
That all our wants had grown to, (only  
thine,  
"Would seem, articulate to God.) Falls not  
Upon our listening ears—remember'd thus  
—  
Remember'd well!—in all our holiest hours—  
Will be the faithful strength we have had!  
And ever with one prayer, for which our  
love  
Will find the pleading words,—that in the  
light  
Of heaven we may behold his face once  
more!

Our Fireside

THE WISER CHOICE.

"I wonder what Uncle Hugh will  
say when he hears that—Lambert and  
I are engaged," Laura Earle looks  
up, as she speaks, from the scented  
note she has been perusing, which be-  
gins—"My adored Laura," and ends  
with—"Yours till death."

"Say? what can he say to object?—  
Of course he will be proud to have his  
niece marry into so aristocratic a fam-  
ily," Mrs. Earle replies, in her haughty  
tone.

"I am not sure about that mamma;  
you know that Uncle Hugh is queer  
and old-fashioned, and I don't believe  
he liked the cool way I treated that  
favorite of his—that young Lesley."

"Nonsense, Laura; your uncle only  
likes Mr. Lesley as one man likes  
another whom he has befriended. I  
can't imagine for a moment he could  
suppose that my daughter could ever  
think of a carpenter."

"Well, I'm sure I hope that you are  
right, for Madame Blancard's charges  
are pretty high, and I expect he'll  
give me the money for my trousseau."

The bell rings and a servant enters  
the boudoir where the ladies are seated  
to tell them that Mr. Hugh Fielding  
awaits them in the parlor.

"Laura was right in her intuitive

feeling that her "old-fashioned" uncle  
would not look with any great favor  
upon her alliance with Lambert Rod-  
ney. He does not scruple to speak  
his thoughts.

"Humph! niece Laura, so you are  
going to throw yourself away upon  
that young fop, when you might once  
have had such a man as Burt Lesley."

"Hugh!" exclaims his sister, "you  
are not serious! Why, when Mr. Les-  
ley called on Laura, I felt that it was  
a great piece of presumption, and we  
soon showed him that we thought so."

"Presumption! Well, well we won't  
quarrel. Laura's engaged, and I sup-  
pose a I've got to do as I put my hand  
in my pocket, but let me tell you, Maria,  
that though my young friend, Lesley,  
is poor, and as you so scornfully say  
a carpenter, some day Laura will be  
sorry that she lost the opportunity of  
winning such a husband—for it was  
easy to see, when I introduced him to  
her, he was very much attracted. I  
mean it when I say that 'an honest  
man is God's noblest work,' and that  
such a man, be he rich or poor, his  
brain can raise himself by his power of  
brain into the highest position in our land—  
even to the Presidential chair."

The old gentleman suddenly stops;  
he detects the veiled expression in his  
niece's brilliant eyes, and sees that his  
words are only being wasted.

After a little while he rises to go.

"Well, Maria, here's the money for  
the wedding things. I'm sorry I can't  
congratulate Laura upon her choice."

With these abrupt words Uncle  
Hugh takes his leave.

Laura opens the package, and a curl  
of the lip shows that she is not pleased.

"Five hundred dollars! Why,  
mamma, it will only get 'my wedding  
dress! I didn't think Uncle Hugh  
would be so mean!"

"Never mind, Laura. When you  
are Lambert Rodney's wife you will  
never need the need of money."

Let us follow Uncle Hugh as he  
walks quickly along, striking his gold-  
headed cane, now and then, upon the  
pavement and lurching softly to him-  
self.

"Ah brother Hugh, how glad I am  
to see you after all these months! We  
have missed you so much."

"I've only just returned from my  
trip, Jane," he says, as he presses a  
kiss upon the smooth placid brow of  
his sister.

Then they seat themselves, and  
Hugh tells her all that has happened  
since they last met.

Suddenly a fresh young voice rings  
through the hall:

"I'm over young to marry yet,"  
and, so singing, a bright, beautiful  
girl bounds into the room.

It is Jane, Uncle Hugh's favorite  
niece.

He strokes back the soft hair which  
waves and ripples willfully around the  
sweet face.

"So you 'over young' are you, lit-  
tle one? You are not like your cousin  
Laura, then, for she's 'wood and won-  
der' all 'forever."

Then he tells her of Laura's en-  
gagement.

"How foolish of Maria," exclaims  
Mrs. Fairleigh, "to allow Laura to get  
her life's happiness in that shallow  
brained youth's keeping! How thank-  
ful I should be that my little Jane has  
chosen one who I know has the fear of  
God in his heart!"

Jane covers her face with her hands  
to hide its tell-tale expression, as her  
uncle draws her to him.

"So! so! I go away for six months,  
and come back to find both my nieces  
engaged to be married! Who is the  
lucky man that is to have our little  
Jane?"

"You will be surprised, Hugh, and  
I know glad to hear that is your friend  
Mr. Lesley. He has told me that when  
he first met Laura his fancy was  
touched by her handsome face and fas-  
cinating manners; but the moment he  
saw our Jane his heart went right  
out of his keeping," said Mrs. Fair-  
leigh.

"So little Jane is to be Burt Lesley's  
bride? A carpenter's wife—surely,  
sister, you are not looking very high!"

Jane lifts her eye with an incredu-  
lous look to her uncle's face; but she  
soon sees that he is only trying to  
tease her.

"Five hundred dollars! Only think,  
mamma," exclaims Jane, after her  
uncle has gone. "I can lay two  
hundred dollars of it away for a rainy  
day, for Burt is not rich, and I shall  
not need an elaborate trousseau. How

good uncle Hugh is!"

Ten years have passed. Time has  
engraved many more wrinkles upon  
Uncle Hugh's face; but his kindly  
heart is as youthful as ever.

He often visits his nieces in their  
married homes. We will go with him  
as he ascends the steps of a dingy  
house. A slipshod servant lets him  
in and at his entrance a thin, faded  
woman rises to welcome him.

Can it be the once stylish, fascinat-  
ing Laura? Yes, it is she.

Married in white satin—surrounded  
by six tall-robed bride's maids—a  
wedding tour in Europe—a French flat  
in a fashionable part of the city—dis-  
sipation on the part of her husband—  
sickness—narrowing means; thus we  
find her.

She never will suffer—Uncle Hugh  
sees to that—and it is to him she looks  
for support, instead of to the imprudent  
man whose name she bears.

"Cousin Jane took me for a drive  
yesterday," she said, in a fretful tone  
of voice.

"Once I took her; how things have  
changed!"

Uncle Hugh speaks kindly and  
hopefully as he leaves; he does not  
remind her of the conversation which  
took place ten years ago, when he first  
was told of her engagement.

On his way home he passes a  
stately stone dwelling, walks quite  
past, then returns. He never can  
resist the temptation to enter that  
portal, and though he was there only  
this morning he goes in again.

In the richly-furnished sitting-room,  
with its ruby velvet hangings and  
unique, tasteful adornments, he finds a  
beautiful, fresh-faced lady whom he  
still calls "little Jane." It is easy to  
recognize her—the same beaming  
goodness of expression, the same dim-  
pled cheeks and soft brown eyes—  
They talk awhile, and it is not long  
before the conversation turns upon the  
husband, absent upon his business.

"It does me good to hear people  
speak of Burt," says Uncle Hugh; "ev-  
erywhere men say the kindest things  
of his clear head and his good heart.  
Little Jane, you chose well, when you  
married the poor young carpenter; for  
true it is that the trunk is but the  
guinea-stamp."

A bright smile illumines the wife's  
features as she hears these praises of  
her manly, worthy husband; but pres-  
ently her eyes grow moist with tears.

"Yes, Uncle Hugh, I should indeed  
be happy. You know all those quali-  
ties which are open for the world to  
see, and which have made him so suc-  
cessful in life; but only I know the  
sterling worth and nobility of my hus-  
band's heart. Ah, I oftentimes think  
now well for the world it would be  
were there many more like him."

"And many more young women sen-  
sible enough to see and appreciate  
such characters even when not sur-  
rounded by the glamour of wealth and  
luxury," concluded Uncle Hugh.

The Miraculous Doctor.

For a long time we have heard  
nothing from Dr. Miller, only that he was  
at Red Sulpher Springs, Va., perform-  
ing miracles by his miraculous cures—  
Having recently opened an office in  
Stanton, Va., a reporter for the  
Stanton Indicator, who had but lit-  
tle faith in Dr. Miller's miracles, was  
permitted to interview him, and witness  
some of his cures. We quote from the  
Indicator:

IN HIS OFFICE.

He found in a small dark room with  
the shutters closed and its only furni-  
ture two chairs, this remarkable man.  
He is rather stout, of middle age and  
stature, dresses very plainly with long  
red hair and beard, and a rather pleas-  
ant expression of countenance, a mild  
and persuasive voice and a bright eye  
that has something of fascination in  
its gaze. He asks his patient what is  
his complaint, has some reassuring  
words for him, referring to similar  
cases that he has relieved, and cites  
him scriptural passages "to strengthen  
his faith. Then he commences his  
manipulations passing his hands over  
the patient's head and face and limbs,  
thumping his chest, rubbing the spine  
under his coat and rapidly going pret-  
ty well over the whole body. About  
ten minutes is spent in the treatment  
and the patient expresses himself  
much relieved and gratefully offers  
compensation which the Doctor says  
can be arranged in the next room with  
the agent and we pass out as others  
push in. It seems that no charge is

made.

HIS BILLS.

He will not receive any large fee  
and declines as much as \$5, the aver-  
age amount paid being \$1. A man  
who had brought a lame child and took  
him back sound offered \$5, but the \$1  
in change was handed back.

SOME RESULTS.

As our reporter went up to the house  
he saw a gentleman from West View,  
Capt. Shoppert, drive up to the front  
gate and a man was helped out who  
had to be lifted softly to the ground  
and his crutches placed under him  
when painfully he dragged himself  
with bent knees, up the walk to the  
Doctor's office. Three hours later this  
man, J. S. Ott, who had been in tor-  
ture for 16 months, had been treated  
and was free of pain and moving on  
leg easily with the other, greatly ben-  
efited and in fine spirits.

Another man hobbled in with a stick,  
had a quiet ten minutes with the heal-  
er, came out laughing and walked off  
forgetting his wife who picked up his  
stick and followed after.

Mr. F. W. Hager, who had been pain-  
fully afflicted with rheumatism at  
times for years, feeling an attack com-  
ing on and suffering so much that he  
could not set his foot squarely down,  
was treated. After the first manipu-  
lation he said he felt no relief. The  
second cured him of all pain and his  
limbs were as supple as ever.

Bill Brown, a colored barber, has  
lobbed about the streets of Stanton  
for months, one leg drawn up with  
rheumatism and one hand and arm  
distorted, so as to be of little use to him.  
One visit to Miller was enough—  
Brown's crutches stand in the corner  
of the Doctor's office as a trophy while  
Brown walks the streets a happy man.

Dr. Miller said yesterday that three  
deaf children had been brought to him  
from the Institution and who, they  
went away they could hear his watch  
tick. Our reporter did not see these  
children, but heard of many remark-  
able cases which were almost past be-  
lief.

"There is no doubt that the man has  
some wonderful power which seems to  
those unwilling to concede the miracu-  
lous to be magnetism. He calls it  
forth in every communication, and  
says that he will give a lecture in  
Stanton if the people wish to hear  
him.

A Colored Democrat Kukuluxed.

Fred Shaw, a well-known colored  
man of Whiteville, and a staunch Dem-  
ocrat, was kukuluxed on last Saturday  
night, about one mile below Whiteville  
Depot, and badly injured. He was  
set upon by two men of his own race  
and cut and badly beaten. He would  
probably have been killed had he not  
succeeded in making his escape from  
them. As it is he is very badly in-  
jured, although his life is not thought  
to be endangered. The assailants will  
most likely be captured and if so they  
will get all the law allows them.—  
Whiteville Review.

Inasmuch as President Hayes, in  
his Message, has much to say against  
obstructing the right to vote as one  
pleases, his attention is called to the  
above case where his peculiar friends  
are involved.

ALL OUT.

"I want to see the villain who wrote  
this article. Where's the proprietor  
of this paper?"

"He's out."

"Where's the managing editor?"

"He's out."

"Where's the city editor?"

"He's out."

"Where're 'em?"

"Ricketty-stain-hang jam! Two panes  
of glass broken."

"You're out."

Man found on sidewalk and carried  
to hospital. Verdict—Struck by light-  
ning. Still, they will do it!

"I wish I was a star," he said  
smiling at his own poetical fancy. "I  
would rather you were a comet," she  
said, dreamily. His heart beat tom-  
taneously. "And why?" he asked  
tenderly. "Oh," she said with a  
brooding earnestness that fell upon his  
soul like a bare foot upon a cold oil  
cloth, "because then you would come  
around only once every five years."

The man who is curious to see how  
the world can get along without him,  
can find out by sticking a cambric  
needle into a mill pond and then  
withdrawing it and looking at the  
hole.

ADVERTISING RATES

One Square 3 Months, \$3.00

One Square 6 Months, \$5.00

One Square 12 Months, \$10.00

Liberal deductions made for larger space  
Transient Advertisements inserted at 75  
Cents per line.

ALL SORTS.

Talk is cheap—unless a lawyer does  
the talking.

When a girl talks about the two  
strings to her bead, does she mean his  
suspenders?

A western paper heads the marriage  
of a bachelor of fifty-seven years, "An-  
other Old Landmark Gone."

The man who desires a front seat in  
Life's fleeting show must be on hand  
when the doors are opened.

St. Louis has a justice named Taaffo  
who is called upon by marrying people  
frequently as he is too sweet for any-  
thing else.

If the size of a man's head gear is  
proof of intellectual power what an im-  
mense brain the fellow must have who  
stole our hat.

The latest thing East are short ser-  
mons called sermonettes. A sermon-  
ette, we should think, would be easily  
digested.

Another poet comes forward and  
says: "And I hear the hiss of a  
screaming kiss," beats all what a man  
can hear if he is only mean enough to  
listen.

A young lady who lately gave a  
milliner an order for a bonnet said:  
"You must make it plain but still at-  
tractive and smart as I sit in a con-  
spicuous place in church."

A writer advises that girls who wish  
to have small mouths should repeat at  
frequent intervals through the day:  
"Fannie French fried four floundering  
frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

They now say of a liar, "He can  
tire out a fact quicker than any news-  
paper writer living, by the simple pro-  
cess of harnessing it up to his imagi-  
nation."

A colored man came into a Galves-  
ton newspaper office and wanted to  
take the paper. "How long do you  
want it?" asked the clerk. "Less as  
long as it is boss. Ef it don't fit do  
shelves I kin' tar a piece off myself."

"Gentlemen," said the old man, "re-  
member that it ain't safe to form an  
opinion on a stranger by the size of his  
mouth or the number of his hat. No  
person kin tell de number of nules in  
a barn by looking at de stable doah."  
—Detroit Free Press.

A farmer, writing to a friend to  
whom he felt under obligations for in-  
troducing a variety of swine, thus un-  
bosomed himself: "Respected air—I  
went yesterday to the fair at Monson,  
I found several pigs of your species.—  
There was a great variety of bonats,  
and I was astonished at not seeing you  
there."

Josh Billings' philosophy: when I  
was a young man