

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

"LET AL' THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

—Josephus Daniels' Manager

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 18, 1881.

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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## POETRY.

### YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me! my heart  
Dropped low on your breast,  
With a feeling of shelter  
And infinite rest;  
While the holy emotions  
My tongue dare not speak  
Flushed up in a flame  
From my heart to my cheek.  
Your arms held me fast—  
Oh, your arms were so bold!  
Heart beat against heart  
In your passionate fold.  
Your glances seemed drawing  
My soul through my eyes,  
As the sun draws the mist  
From the sea to the skies.  
Your lips clung to mine—  
Till I prayed in my bliss  
They might never unclasp  
From that rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! my heart  
And my breath and my will,  
In delicious joy  
For a moment stood still.  
Life had for me then  
No temptations, no charms,  
No vision of happiness  
Outside of your arms.  
And were I this instant  
An angel possessed  
Of the peace and the joy  
That are given the best,  
I would fling my white robes  
Unrepentingly down,  
I would tarry from my forehead  
Its beauteous crown,  
To nestle once more  
In that haven of rest,  
Your lips upon mine  
And my head on your breast!

You kissed me! my soul  
In a bliss so divine,  
Recled and swooned like a drunken  
man  
Foolish with wine;  
And thought "twere delicious  
To die there if death  
Would come while my lips  
Were yet moist with your breath.  
What a mercy 'twould be  
If my heart might grow cold  
While your arms clasped me round  
In their passionate fold.  
And these are the questions  
I ask day and night:  
Must my lips taste no more  
Such exquisite delight?  
Would you care if my breast  
Were my shelter, as then,  
And if you were here  
Would you kiss me again?"

## A Night on the Rack.

Rhoda Hall had given her consent to become Mrs. Alfred Tozer, and Mr. Alfred Tozer, your humble servant meaning—in the seventh heaven of ecstatic bliss. But it's rather awkward, this use of the third person; so with the reader's leave, I'll just drop into the simple "me-and-you" style, intending thereby no reflection on Julius Caesar and others who prefer the fashion of speaking of themselves as it they were behind their own back.

To resume: I had borrowed no end of worry on account of one Belvidere Fadd, a young sprig of the nobility who had been "cutting around" Rhoda in a way, to me, far from edifying. And what was most of all aggravating, she seemed to encourage him at times; and more than once, when I sulked over it, she gave me a saucy look which was good as said:

"Now, sir, what business of yours is it, pray?"

I know now she was only piquing me to speak my mind, which she saw I lacked the courage to do. But at last I did speak it. Belvidere Fadd was growing daily more attentive, and when he met me there was a look of triumph in his eye that fairly maddened me. I got desperate, and resolved to know the worst.

It was in a moonlight walk through her father's grounds, that in hurried, broken accents I poured into Rhoda's ear the story of my love.

Then, with the strained attention with which the prisoner at the supreme moment awaits the foreman's utterance on which hangs life or death, I listened for the answer. To my passionate demand to know if my love was requited, would the response exalt me to the topmost pinnacle of happiness, or sink me to the depths of despair? Mayhap it would be that she already loved another, in which case the identity of that other would need no surmising; he could only be the hated Belvidere Fadd!

At last Rhoda's answer came. It was a tremulous little "yes," whispered with downcast eyes, and accompanied by a gentle pressure of the soft, warm hand I had clasped in mine at the climax of my speech. I caught her in my arms and imprinted on her cherry lips the first kiss of an accepting lover.

cottages in the suburbs of the flourishing Southwestern city in which Rhoda's father was a leading merchant. I lived quiet alone. "Uncle 'Bije," an old colored man of versatile gifts, attending to my daily needs in the way of cooking and housekeeping, but never staying over night.

"While groping my way through the front sitting-room my foot struck something which gave back that sort of yielding resistance one encounters in stumbling over a prostrate human body. I drew back with a startled feeling, and taking a match from my pocket, lit the gas. My surprise was not diminished at the sight of a long, coarse sack, closely tied at the mouth. It lay near a window which I had carelessly left open, and through which it had evidently been thrust. A cold shudder ran over me as I noted the resemblance of its outlines to a muffled human form.

I did not wait to untie the sack, but with unsteady hands cut the cord, and cautiously drew back the mouth. I recoiled with an exclamation of horror! There, before me, was revealed the upper portion of a man's head and face. The eyes were fixed in a glassy stare. The exposed features wore a ghastly pallor, and the icy touch of the clammy forehead, with which my hand had come in accidental contact, unmistakably betokened the chill of death.

A second glance caused me to start. The brow, the eyes, the crisp, curling black hair were exactly those of Belvidere Fadd! There was but one rational solution of the horrid mystery. The man had been foully dealt with, and the assassin, knowing my relations with his victim had been far from friendly, had sought to avert suspicion from himself by conveying the body into my house.

What was to be done? At once to give an alarm was my first impulse, and would have been the most sensible course. But my fears multiplied so fast that I could see nothing but perils on every hand. Who would believe my incredible story? And then I had so freely expressed my dislike of Belvidere Fadd of late that every one would say the proofs of malice and motive were complete.

Trace, I might prove by Rhoda that I had no longer reason to hate poor Fadd, but I shrank with repugnance from the thought of bringing our ill-loved secret before the eyes of a coroner's jury.

"Why not hide the body?" was the question that presented itself so suddenly that it almost seemed as if some friendly counselor had whispered it in my ear. No one would be likely to come there to search, and the real culprit would be sure to keep his lips closed.

At the rear of the cottage was a small flower garden in which, with Uncle 'Bije's help, I cultivated a few roses and other floral specimens, by way of pastime—to which end I had laid in a supply of horticultural implements, including, of course, a spade.

My plan was formed on the instant. Stealing out quickly, at a spot where 'Bije had commenced digging a new bed, I scooped out a long, deep hole, the moonlight enabling me to work with ease.

The task completed, I slipped back noiselessly to where the corpse lay. I had not the courage to scrutinize it further, but hastily drawing up the mouth of the sack, I tied it with a piece of the cut cord, and nerving myself with an effort raised the ghastly burden and carried it in my arms to the grave prepared, in which I laid it, replacing the earth as nearly as possible as it was before.

On returning, I searched carefully to see if any traces of blood were on the window-sill or floor, but none were visible. Then closely securing all the windows, and locking and bolting every door, I went to bed, but not to sleep. I felt almost as guilty as if I were the real murderer. It's astonishing in how large a measure the conscience of the best of us is composed of simple fear.

him which would be sure to occupy his time till night.

A quick ring of the bell took 'Bije to the door.

"Two gentlemen wants to see you," he came back and reported.

"Show them in," I answered, with what composure I could summon.

One of the pair who entered was a genteelly dressed young man, of nearly my own age; the other was a bearded, thickset individual, whose rough exterior very illly matched the garb and manner of his comrade.

"Mr. Tozer, I presume?" the latter asked.

I bowed assent.

"Can we speak with you alone?" he asked.

I led them to my private sitting-room, when the speaker resumed: "We are looking for—"

"I felt as if the floor were sinking under me, and prayed Heaven it might! The dreaded moment, then, had come. Suspicion was already pointing at me, and all was lost!

"We are looking after a dead body," proceeded the stranger, speaking lowly and mysteriously.

"There—there's—none here," I gasped, choking with terror.

"Bedad! now, that's also broke in the thick man; 'far o' m' ready to swear on a stack o' bollies this is due very horse!"

"Silence!" commanded the other turning sharply on his companion: "how dare you insult the gentlemen?"

There was something in the speaker's voice to inspire confidence. After all, my defence, in the end, must be the simple truth, and wasn't it better to tell it now than wait till everything was dragged to light in spite of my denials?

In the fewest words possible I disclosed all, concluding with a solemn protestation that I had never offered harm to Belvidere Fadd.

"Belvidere Fadd!" exclaimed the stranger—"you must be laboring under some unaccountable mistake, sir. I know Mr. Fadd, and met him alive and well within the last twenty minutes. You see I am a medical student, and needing a 'subject' hired Matt Malone, here to resurrect last night the corpse of Bookes, the murderer who was hung yesterday. Matt, it seems, to keep up his courage for the work, took a drop too much, and mistaking your house for mine, which is near by and closely resembles yours, and finding no one at home, tossed his burden through the open window and went his way, being sure of his pay in the morning."

Seizing each by a hand, I almost dragged the two to the garden, where the object of their search was soon recovered.

The secret was well kept—by the young doctor and Matt, for fear of the law, and by myself for fear of being laughed at.

## After Many Years.

### THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF A YOUNG COUPLE WHO WERE MARRIED YESTERDAY MORNING.

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## The Editor and Shoemaker.

One day an editor, hard at work trying to devise a plan to make delinquent subscribers pay their dues, was called upon by a shoemaker who dropped in to give the editor some valuable hints on running a newspaper.

The editor, overjoyed at the opportunity, gave the man his best-bottom chair, handed him a fresh cigar and listened attentively. Quoth the shoemaker, as he lit the weed: "Your paper needs a hundred improved features. You don't grasp the topics of the day by the right handle; you don't set the locals in the right kind of type; your telegraph news is too thin, even the paper itself is poorly manufactured, not thick enough and of too chalky a white; you don't run enough matter, and what you do run ain't of the right sort; your ideas about protective tariff are infernally foolish and your stand on the Conkling matter was bad, bad."

I tell you these things because I want to see you succeed. I tell you as a friend. I don't take your paper myself, but I see it once in a while, and as a paper is a public affair I suppose I have as good a right to criticize as anybody. If a man wants to give me advice I let him; I'm glad to have him, in fact."

"That's exactly it," said the editor, kindly; "I always had a dim idea of my shortcomings, but never had them so clearly and convincingly set forth as by you. It is impossible to express my gratitude for the trouble you have taken, not only to find out these facts, but to point them out also. Some people knowing all these things perhaps nearly as well as you are mean enough to keep them to themselves. Your suggestions come in a most appropriate time; I have wanted somebody to lean on, as it were for some week. Keep your eye on the paper, and when you see a weak spot come up."

The shoemaker left, happy to know that his suggestions had been received with such a christian spirit. Next day just as he was flashing a boot the editor came in, picking up the mate, remarked:

"I want to tell you how that boot strikes me. In the first place the leather is poor; the stitches in the sole are too wide apart, and the uppers too near the edge. Those uppers will go to pieces in two weeks. It's all wrong, my friend, putting poor leather in the heels and smoothing it over with grease and lamp-black. Every-body complains of your boots; they don't last; the legs are too short, the toes too narrow and the instep too high. How you can have the gall to charge twelve dollars for such boots beats me. Now, I tell you this as a friend, because I like to see you succeed. Of course I don't know any more about shoemaking than you do about a newspaper, but still I take an interest in you because you are so well disposed to me. In fact—"

Here the exasperated cobbler grabbed a lapstone, and the editor gained the street, followed by old knives, pinners, hammers and awls, sent after him by the wrathful cobbler, who, on regaining his seat, swore by the nine gods that no impertinent, lop-eared idiot should ever come round, trying to teach him his trade.

A Sketch For the Young People.

"He's the smartest young man in our class."

"Oh! but he's so fine looking, so noble and talented withal. His composition yesterday was the best in our division. He writes splendidly! They say he's writing for a magazine, no other than he is, and not out of school yet!—won't he be a great man, though some day!"

bleamed with the best and greatest of God's gifts; having the love and approbation of teachers; admired and looked up to by associates; pride and hope of a fond father, entertained in the heart and life of a doting mother, united in close and tender bonds with brothers and sisters; holding in his hand the honor and good name of the institution with which he is connected; and yet—gets drunk!"

As a natural consequence that young man who drinks will generally blight the manhood that is in him, change to curses the blessings that are upon him; bring to the dust whatever high-born aspirations, whatever longings for greatness, glory and immortality may be his; put out the brightness of his future in the darkness of disappointment, pain and sorrow; bring shame and reproach upon brothers and sisters; trample upon the love and confidence of his fellows; shut himself out from all goodness, purity, usefulness and happiness; blot out the image of God, that is stamped upon him, and drag himself down lower than the brutes. Aye, so surely does he shut himself out of Heaven as "he gets drunk!"

Mormonism.

Mayor De-Wolf, of this city states that on his return last week from Tennessee via the French Broad pass he encountered upon the stage two Mormon missionaries who stated that they were from Beaver, a town in Utah, about eighty miles from Salt Lake. They were sent from their eastern headquarters at Nashville, where the latter day saints have a bishop or his equivalent. They said they would spend a year at least in Western North Carolina and made no bones of the fact that their business was as Mormon propagandists.

Mr. R. G. Ingersoll, we observe, has been allowed to occupy many pages in the latest number of the North American Review with what is called a rejoinder to Judge Black's reply, contained in a former number. If Mr. Thorndike Rice finds this kind of controversy acceptable to the readers of a once influential publication, that is his business altogether; but in the interest not only of religion but of common sense, it is to be hoped that Mr. Ingersoll may be allowed to have the field entirely to himself. Nothing has given this foolish man's diatribes any popular success or any power to harm the Christian faith, but the mistake in zeal with which ministers and others have hastened to assail him, and Judge Black, by entering the list to dispute with him, has given a dignity to scoffing unbelief that it never would have attained otherwise. It is foolish to undertake an argument with a man of this kind, who insists upon measuring infinites with his two foot rule.

Gen. Garfield and the Figure 9.

To the Editor of the Post: I have read with much interest the article from the Hartford Times concerning President Garfield's superstition, published in this morning's Post. The coincidences therein mentioned are certainly remarkable, but I think you will admit that the following, with reference to the figure 9, are even more so, as regards our late President—General Garfield.

PREIDENTIAL COINCIDENCES.

Born November 19, 1831.

From the Wilmington (Del.) Republican: Mr. J. M. Scott, corner Third and Madison streets, had a remarkably fine horse cure of the scratches by St. Jacobs Oil.

## THE NEWS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Congress will be asked to appropriate \$100,000,000 for pensions for the next fiscal year.

A famine is feared in Northern Russia because of the failure of crops.

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