

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

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

—Josephus Daniels Publisher

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1881.

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## THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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### POETRY.

#### BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Better than grand-uncle better than gold,  
Than rank and title a thousand fold,  
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,  
A simple peace that always pleases,  
A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
With sympathy large enough to fold  
All in a brother's, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Thought toiling for bread in an hum-  
ble sphere,  
Doubly blessed with content and health,  
Enriched by the lust and cares of wealth,  
Lowly living and lofty thought,  
Adorned and ennobled a poor man's cot,  
For mind and morals in nature's plan  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose  
Of the sons of toil when their labors  
close,  
Better than gold is the poor man's  
sleep,  
And the balm that drops on his slum-  
bers deep,  
Bringing soothing draughts to the  
downy bed,  
Where luxury pillows its aching head,  
The Liler simple opiate deems  
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realms of Auster can find,  
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
And live with the great and good of  
yore,  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empire pass away,  
The world's great dream will thus en-  
fold,  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,  
When all the fireside characters come,  
The shrine of love, the Heaven of life,  
If loved by mother, or sister, or wife,  
If however humble the home may be,  
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,  
The blessings that never were bought  
nor sold,  
And centre there, are better than gold.

### Miss Daglock's Bank Stock.

Baruch Werewolf, Esquire, attorney and counsel-at-law, was truly in the strictest scriptural sense an hard man. His business lay chiefly in the collecting line. About all the law he knew, or cared to know, related to the methods of dealing with delinquent debtors. He knew by heart, to a knife, fork, spoon, exactly what the head of the family might hold exempt from execution. He once levied on a debtor's baby's coral, claiming that the child's tooth being already cut, the article had ceased to be a necessary; and another time he got an injunction to restrain a husband from putting gilt handles on his dead wife's coffin in front of his creditors.

Mr. Werewolf had risen forty, and was still a bachelor. Not that he was on principle averse to the conjugal estate. There were rumors, indeed, of his having assumed to more than one fair hand, with a moderate dowry, but none of them had proved more than a passing fancy. He had never succeeded in getting more than the mite. He was not, if the truth must be told, a strikingly handsome man. His face was sallow where it wasn't freckled, and his hair, like a lion's, seemed but a content in a tizz of his freckle. He was cross-eyed, lumber-jawed, and had parrot-like legs. In his highest-heeled boots he towered to the height of five feet two, and in a tall hat loomed somewhat higher.

One morning Mr. Werewolf reached his office late, and found a lady waiting, whom he at once conducted to his inner sanctum. "Miss Delilah Daglock" was the name by which she introduced herself. Her age, after making the usual discount allowable to mature maidens, might be placed at thirty-nine; of course, it would never do to call her forty. She was tall, thin, and angular, with a beaked nose, bushy brows, and rather more than a suspicion of mustache. Her eyes were black and piercing, and she was well dressed.

"What can I do for you, madame?" asked Baruch, when he had given his visitor a seat and established himself in his revolving chair. "I wish to have my will drawn." She answered, with none of the nervousness which timid and superstitious persons are apt to approach such a subject. "I have property for those who have property whose transmission they desire to direct, cannot safely defer acting in the premises." "Just what I've said to myself," returned Miss Daglock. "I have an only sister, you see, who I have disgraced by marrying a dry goods clerk. Over-work and lack of air threw him into a galloping consumption, and he recklessly died, leaving her and two children destitute. Now, should I be cut off to-morrow, I am informed that everything I have, as matters stand, would go to my sister. It makes me shudder to think of it!" "I quite sympathize with your feelings," said the lawyer; and it's probable, from his character, that he didn't lie. "Of what does your property consist, may I ask?" "I own a hundred thousand dollars in bank stock. That is all of any consequence."

Mr. Werewolf opened his eyes respectfully.

### An Outlaw's Sweetheart.

BRINGING DOWN A BIT OF COIN WITH A RIFLE AS HE RIDES AT FULL SPEED.

The robbers used frequently to shoot at targets in company with their sweethearts, in the shooting the girls making sometimes almost as good a score as the men, and the yells that would rend the air as one's favorite lady would split the bullet on the half dollar as it fell to the ground would have done justice to a border scout.

It was the young ladies behind them, in equestrianism, Miss Ryan, in particular, often boasting that she could drop the nickel as often in the recesses of the boys. It may be proper here to explain the modus operandi of the "nickel race." A nickel or other small coin is placed in the forks of a tree, about the distance from the ground that a man's shoulder would be while on horse-back. Each party has one shot at it as he flies by on his horse at full speed. The ladies take their regular turn, and Miss Ryan has been known to drop the nickel three times out of five races, and that she is indeed at home in the saddle is demonstrated by the fact that when alighting from her favorite horse, a powerful black charger, she simply rises in the saddle and leaps to the ground, while her horse walks to the nearest hitching-post to await his rider. When she is ready to remount her intelligent horse comes at her call, and taking the saddle by the pommel she bounds into it and is off at a fast gallop, the only gait she ever rides.

### Mark Twain on Spelling.

A short time since there was a spelling match at the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., and Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain), being called on for a few preliminary remarks, spoke as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen—I have been honored with the office of introducing these approaching orthographical solemnities with a few remarks. The temperance crusade swept the land some time ago that is a vast portion of the land where it was needed, but it skipped Hartford. Now comes this new spelling epidemic, and this time we are stricken. So I suppose we needed the affliction. I don't say needed it, for I don't see any use in spelling a uniform and arbitrary way of having all clothes alike and cook all dishes alike. Sameness is tiresome; variety is pleasant. I have a correspondence of whose letters are always a refreshment to my tired originality about his orthography. He spells kow with a large K. Now that is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagination a broader field, a wider scope. It suggests to the mind a grand, vague, impressive new kind of cow. Such an effect can be varied to an audience. Now, there is Blind Tom the musical prodigy. He always spells a word according to the sound that is carried to his ear. And he is an enthusiast in orthography. When you give him a word, he shouts it out—put all his soul into it. I once heard him called upon to spell, orange-ting, orange-ting, orange-ting, orange-ting, orange-ting. Now, a body can respect an orange-ting that spells his name in a vigorous way like that. But the fable dictionary makes a mere kitten of him. In the old times people spelled just as they pleased. That was the right idea. You had two chances at a stranger then. You knew a strong man from a weak one by his iron-clad spelling, and his hand writing helped you to verify your verdict. Some people have an idea that correct spelling can be taught—and taught to anybody. This spelling faculty is born in a man, like poetry, music and art. It is a gift in high degree only to a few. It is a word on the part, and it is forever photographed upon their memory. They cannot forget it. People who haven't it must be content spell more or less like—like thunder—and expect to split the dictionary whenever their orthographical lightning happens to strike. There are one hundred and fourteen thousand words in the unabridged dictionary. I know a lady who can spell only one hundred and eighty of them right. She steers clear of all the rest. She can't learn any more. So her letters always consist of those constantly recurring one hundred and eighty words. Now and then, when she finds herself obliged to write upon a subject which necessitates the use of some other words, she—well, don't write upon that subject. I have a relative in New York who is almost sublimely gifted. She can't spell any word right. There is a game called Verbarium. A dozen people are each provided with a sheet of paper, across the top of which is written a long word like kaleidoscopic, or some word which makes up the most words out of that in three minutes, always beginning with the initial letter of the word. Upon one occasion the word chosen was cofferdam. When time was called everybody had a bull from five to twenty words, except this young lady. She had only one word—and that was c—c! We all studied a moment and then said—'Why, there is no c in cofferdam.' Then we examined her paper. To the eternal honor of that unspiced, unconscious, sublimely independent soul he said, she had spelled that word—c—c! If anybody here can spell c—c to the front and take his milk. The insurrection will now begin."

### Cost of President Garfield's Sickness and Funeral.

President Garfield was shot on the 2nd day of July, died on the 19th of September, and was buried, or placed in a tomb, on the 26th of September—in all eighty-five days. Congress will be called upon to defray the expenses of the sickness and of the funeral. It is also understood that Congress will be called upon to vote a sum of money to Mrs. Garfield. It will be remembered that when the illustrious Lincoln was assassinated, Congress managed to vote his widow a pension of \$3,000 a year. It is quite probable that Congress will vote Mrs. Garfield the full salary of the President for the year, which will give her, say, \$25,000. An effort will be made to give her a pension of \$5,000. Should that be done, a demand will be made to increase Mrs. Lincoln's pension to that amount. Mrs. Garfield is now well and \$12,000 a year is already secured. If she obtains a pension of \$3,000, her regular income during her life cannot fall short of \$15,000 a year. In addition to this, the widow will doubtless have about \$100,000, and in a pecuniary point of view, she will be vastly better off than than the widow of the lamented Lincoln.

Mr. Private Secretary Brown, who has attended to all the purchases of the President's sick room and receipted for all the goods received, estimates the cost of the President's sickness at \$100,000, which would be at the rate of \$1,250 a day. Of this cost the doctors' bills will form the largest item, say \$35,000. Of this amount Dr. Bliss will want \$25,000, Drs. Agnew and Hamilton \$12,000 each, Dr. Reyburn, \$3,000, and Mrs. Dr. Edson, \$1,000.—Drs. Woodward and Barnes will get nothing unless Congress chooses to recognize their services as being not strictly in the line of their duty as army officers. It is thought that the total cost of drugs will not exceed \$500. Such things as beef extract, koumies, whiskey, brandy and wine all donated, and there is said to be a vast accumulation of drugs, patent medicines, liquors, etc., at the White House from all parts of the country, which will doubtless be given to the poor of Washington. The Pennsylvania Railroad moved the President back to Washington, the remains to Cleveland, and took them back to Cleveland, for which it is understood, no charge will be made. The expenses at Elberon are set down at \$1,000. The funeral ceremonies at the capitol are estimated at \$1,000, including the decoration of buildings. The cost of the trip to Cleveland for Senators and Representatives, hire of carriages, etc., is estimated at \$5,000, cost of telegraphic messages, \$2,000, undertakers' bills are estimated at \$5,000, and it now looks as though \$100,000 would meet every demand, but there is a possibility that much more will be required. The State of Ohio pays all expenses of transportation of body, escort, etc., and for Ohio, Cleveland, and private individuals.

Item	Amount
Pay of troops for 4 days	\$5,000
Transportation	3,000
Subsistence	1,000
Artillery service	1,000
Transportation of body	10,000
Miscellaneous	1,000
Total	\$24,000

At Cleveland the expenses are estimated as follows:

Catafalque	\$3,000
Arch	5,000
Transportation escort committee	150
Funeral car	1,500
Decorations	1,000
Horses	1,000
Hearse	2,500
Carriages	2,000
Music	2,500
Extra police	100,000
Accounts	2,000
Floral decorations on catafalque and arches, contributed by private parties	2,000
Same contributed by other cities	1,000
Decorations on public buildings	3,000
Decorations on private buildings	100,000
Total	\$223,650

These figures show a grand total of expenditures for sickness and funeral of \$47,650, of which the United States will pay, say, \$100,000, leaving \$247,650, for Ohio, Cleveland, and private individuals.

If the papers are to be believed a shower of spider webs fell at Green Bay, Wis., a short time ago. The webs, apparently, came from the upper air, and continued to descend for about two hours. They varied in size, some of them being sixty feet long, and could be seen in the air as far as the eye could reach. At Vesburg, a village near Green Bay, the webs are said to have fallen in such quantities that horses were seriously annoyed by the filmy masses getting into their eyes.

Last Sunday a bull-dog dashed into a colored church in Memphis, went for the pulpit, seized the preacher and dragged him out. The dog held on till the congregation, who thought they were fighting the devil, knocked his brains out.

A Chicago woman has just given birth to her twenty-second child. Chicago women seem to think there's going to be another war.

### Young Fools.

An exchange has the following item which may seem to be all right, but will get some young fellow's back broke yet:

"An Illinois Justice has decided that courting is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted; therefore if a young man wanted to kiss a girl he might put her father out of the room first if he liked."

The publication of this may cause some smart young man to do something he will regret. The sickly-looking father of a girl may come into the parlor some night and find the warm-haired youth on the sofa with the girl, and when the old man speaks of it being time to put a stop to such nonsense, the young man, with the above judicial decision in his mind, will tell his prospective father-in-law to wipe off his vest and go to bed. The old man will then spit in his hands and grasp the warm-haired young man by the county seat and the him up in a double bow knot, and pin a scarf pin on him and throw him out on the path to the gate, and then he will turn and slap the girl where the dress is pleated, and she will go up stairs with her hand on her heart, as it were. The young men of this country have generally about visiting girls in the evening at their homes, without filling their heads with any such ideas in regard to their legal rights. There are very few fathers that would quietly submit to being told to go away by a young man with a striped necktie and pants too short at the bottom. These sparkers are looked upon by parents generally as a nuisance, and often they are right. Nine-tenths of the sparking is done by boys who haven't got their growth, and they look so green that it is laughable to the old folks to look at them. And yet marrying is about the first thing they think of.—A green boy without a dollar, present or prospective, sparking a girl regularly and talking about marrying, is a spectacle for gods and men. He should be reasoned with, and if he will not quit until he is able to support a wife, and to know how he loves and the difference between love and passion, he should be quarantined, or put in a convent erected on purpose for such cases. Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pasture without any yoke on them. They marry, and have children before they do moustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a case of luck. If there was a law against young galoos sparking and marrying before they have got all their teeth cut, we suppose the little cusses would evade in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to begin to think of finding a pulley, and they have raised money enough by their own work to buy a bundle of lathes to build a hen house. But they see a girl that looks cunning, and they are afraid there is not going to be girls enough to get round, and then they begin to get in their work real spy, and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook stove or a bedstead they have got up in the night and go after doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he does not run too, and when the doctor gets there he finds that there is not linen enough in the house to rap up a doll baby.—Peech's Sun.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

A good case for the divorce court.—A Boston clergyman who is fond of dogs bought a couple of pups of rare breed, while on a visit to New York, and left them with a dog-fancier to train. On returning home one day, he found his wife, abetted by her mother, about to quit his house and apply for a divorce, on the basis of the following telegram from the dog-fancier, which had come for him a few hours before: "The little darlings are doing well, and looking lovely. Send money for their board."

A strong hint.—A Parisian lady called on her milliner the other day to "take up" the character of a servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner; "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

Definition.—A schoolboy being asked to define the word "amusement," said it meant twenty-five cents.—"Twenty-five cents?" echoed the schoolmaster; "what sort of a definition do you call that?" "I don't know," said the schoolboy; "but I'm sure it says so on the board down there at the show." "Yes," said another boy, "and children half price."

A Connecticut pastor declined an addition of a hundred dollars to his salary for this reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labor heretofore had been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to try to collect a hundred dollars more.

Blushing honors.—A wit says of the red nose of a well known member of Congress, that "its blushing honors, like the stars and decorations of a French general, are trophies of past victories—the colors won in dinner campaigns."

Considerate.—A man being awakened by the captain of a passenger boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, considerably replied: "Oh, it won't hurt 'em; they're an old pair."

"It's a mean boy," says the Philadelphia News, "who, knowing that his sister's young man is still in the parlor, will slip down stairs near midnight and gayly ring the breakfast bell."

Sweet and modest.—A young lady being asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied, sweetly and modestly, "Yourself."

The assertion so frequently made, that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time, is altogether erroneous, for who is there that cannot stop a minute?

The president of the fat men's club is said to have grown so heavy of late that the other day, while walking out, his shadow fell on a child and killed it.

What feature of a storm at sea reminds one of a certain attendant upon a hospital? It is probably the surge on the bosom of the storm-tossed deep.

How should steamboat captains treat the passengers? They should have a proper dock o'er 'em (decorum).

When scandal is told it is apt to bring sorrow, and so is a bell when it is tolled.

### MACHINE SHOPS.

Having purchased all of the machinery belonging to the late T. A. Wainwright, we are now prepared to build new, and repair all kinds of machinery.

### MACHINERY.

We keep constantly on hand pipe and fittings. Also valves of all kinds. Special attention given to fitting up Mill work.

Geo. H. Wainwright & Co., WILSON, N. C.

### ONE PRICE STORE!

### A. W. ARRINGTON

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

Has bought a nice assortment of DRY GOODS

### CLOTHING,

### SHOES, HATS,

### NOTIONS, CARPETS

&c. &c

He bought for cash—marked on each article a small profit and does not deviate from the one price rule. All of his old customers and clubs are invited to call on him.

### W. W. EDWARDS' SALE AND EXCHANGE STABLES

Cor. Goldboro and Barnes Sts. Wilson, N. C.

Having just returned with a fine and well selected lot of

### STOCK

I am now prepared to fill any order from \$75 to \$200 in the way of stock. Any person in want of a good

### FARM HORSE

or mule will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before buying elsewhere. Returning thanks for past patronage and seeking a continuance of the same. I am Very Respectfully,

W. W. EDWARDS.

At Sage & Edwards' old stand. Take Notice! Any person desiring a good family or driving horse, can buy him at my Stables under a guarantee.

### HARDY & BROTHERS,

(Established in 1828.)

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

For the sale of

Cotton, Lumber, Peanuts and other MERCHANDISE.

And dealers in Peruvian Guano and other

STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

Make liberal cash advances on consignments. Prompt sales and quick returns.

Hardy's Wharf, Norfolk, Va. Oct 18 81.

### THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Nervalgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap Remedy. A vital essence but the comparatively trifling cost of 50 cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its value. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

### A. VOGELER & CO.,

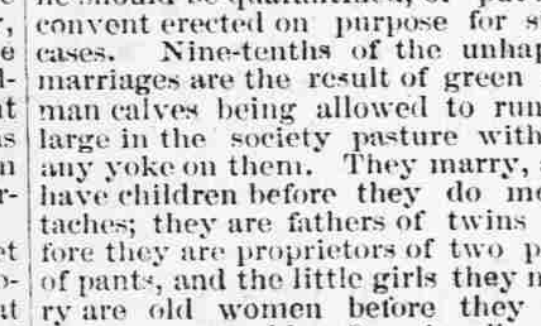
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

The girl pressed the leaves, but the boy pressed the girl. The press is mighty and must prevail.

Coffee drinkers should read the advertisement in another column headed 'Good Coffee.'

From the Atlanta (Ga.) Sunday Photographic: The editor of the Pikes county News has been cared of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

### ST. JACOBS OIL



TRADE MARK

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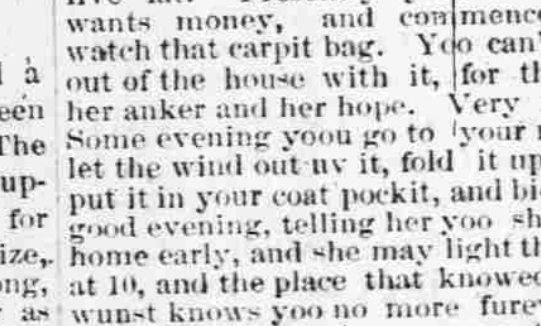
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