

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."

—Joseph Daniels Manager—

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY, 20, 1882.

VOL. 11.—NO. 51

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882.

POETRY.

EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year,
Nor do summer's flowers quicken,
Nor autumn's fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older
Every year,
I care not now for dancing,
Nor foregoes with passion glancing—
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year,
Of joys and friendships ended
Every year,
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Of the love that in youth did blind me,
My intimacies now remind me,
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before us
Every year,
While the clouds grow darker o'er us
Every year,
And to see the flowers faded,
That to bloom we might have aided
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
Come no new ones in their places,
Every year,
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's gloom they greet us
And to come to them treat us,
Every year.

"We are growing old," they tell us,
Every year,
We are more alone they tell us,
Every year,
We can win no new affection,
We have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and rejection,
Every year.

Thank God! no clouds are shifting,
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year,
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

A TRUE WOMAN.

"My only daughter, sir," said Colonel Fonteagle, "And, as I venture to hope, accomplished in her way. We are not much in the way of schools or academies here, but I have been her instructor myself, and she is a thorough mathematician, an excellent musician and a linguist of no mean capacity. We are studying Hebrew now every day, she and I, and she devotes her evenings to comprehensive reviews of her Latin and Greek. She will be a scholar, sir, if I live to complete her education!"

Mr. Crofton looked curiously at the oddly-assorted pair—the silver-haired shabbily-attired old gentleman, with his bald forehead, eagle-eye and delicately white hands, and the dark-browed, sullen-looking girl, with a kippis skin untidy frock and patched boots.

"Pretty? Yes, she might be pretty under some circumstances. The diamond itself is not an attractive stone before the lapidary's art has polished its rude angles into glittering facets of white fire. But she certainly possessed no sweet, feminine graces now."

"How old are you, Miss Fonteagle?" he asked, finding it imperatively necessary to say something.

"And Nannie Fonteagle answered in words, 'Seventeen,' while her looks flashed, plainly, 'None of your business!'"

"Go, my child, and gather some flowers to deck our humble home," said the old gentleman, magniloquently, while he conducted the son of his oldest friend into the tumble-down old stone house, where the carpets were moth-eaten, the furniture mildewed, and every trace of decayed gentility told the sad story of better days.

to each of her cheek-bones, "I said—we will dine!"

And Sarepta withdrew with a jerk. The dinner was served presently—but there was no cold beef, neither were there oysters. Fruit, a thin watery soup of herbs and parsley tastefully garnished salad of lettuce and mayonnaise, and a dish of peaches and cream, formed the meal.

"Quite Arcadian!" said Mrs. Fonteagle, with a giggle.

"And very badly served," secretly commented Mr. Crofton, to himself. "But the salad was nice."

"Where is Nannie?" the Colonel asked.

"Drinking in the beauties of the sunset, I presume," the lady answered airily. The dear child has an artist's soul, and we do not tie her down to any hours or rules."

"The Colonel fell asleep in his chair after dinner. Mrs. Fonteagle and her painted fan withdrew themselves into the boudoir—and Mr. Crofton, inwardly bewailing himself that he had promised to stay a week at Fonteagle Manor, sauntered out upon the heights which overlooked the valley below.

As he stood there, a rustling sounded in the bushes, and the dark-browed gypsy sprang up the hillside.

"You have a fine place here, Miss Fonteagle," he said by way of making himself agreeable.

"I hate it!" said Nannie, darkly. "I hate your parlors," exclaimed Mr. Crofton, in amazement.

"I have deliberately made up my mind that I can't be happy without you. And although I don't profess to be a rich man, I believe I can make you a better allowance than six dollars a week, while at the same time you will not be compelled to work ten hours a day for it."

"That is the business-like view of the question. Now on to the more personal one. Don't you think, Nannie, that you could love me? Because I love you very much indeed!"

"I don't know!" whispered Nannie, "I might try."

And then she blushed, charmingly. So Colonel Fonteagle's daughter went to the fair Floridian plantation on the shores of the river. St. John and astonished every one there with her thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details.

"A thorough scholar," says Colonel Fonteagle, with dignity. "A musician, a linguist, a thorough Hebrew student, and a proficient in Latin and Greek. I myself was her instructor. It is not singular that a girl of such intellectual power should marry well."

But Colonel Fonteagle, honest man, never dreamed that it was the sewing machine and soft soap, the man's grime and the veche-mann's struggle to get the coin debt, which conquered Mr. Crofton's heart.

There are plenty of scholars and poetesses in the world—but a real womanly woman—is not her price far above rubies?

"About Love. Mrs. Factandancy has noticed: That the boy who is most afraid of the girls is the first to be corralled into matrimony."

That the little boys prefer boys to girls. That they soon change, never to go back to their old love.

That the little girls love the girls best. That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some never.

"Such is the appropriate title with which the Baltimore, (Maryland,) American introduces to its readers the following address delivered by Col. Robert Ingersoll at the grave of a little child in Washington, on Friday, the 8th instant."

"My friends, I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kinds, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met."

"The future has been filled with four—stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side."

"Why should we fear that which will come to all? That, which we cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good condition. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another; or, whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn."

"Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he that journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow step with staff and crutch."

"Every cradle sakes us—'Whence?' and every coffin—'Whither?'"

"The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The fearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unheeding words of the other."

"No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth."

"May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I had rather live and love where death is, than have eternal life where love is not."

"Another life is naught unless we know and love again the one who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest."

THE NEWS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Tarboro has now two trains a day. Henderson will have a skating rink. High point will soon have a newspaper. The Durham Plant is now a semi-weekly. The Moore Gazette will shortly be enlarged.

There is a prospect for a mining boom in Guilford. There are 24 white churches in Vance county and six of different denominations. Mr. Thomas Hadley, of Chatham county, was recently killed by a falling tree.

A bucket fell on a man who was cleaning out a well near Concord and killed him. The Church Messenger has been removed to Durham where it will hereafter be published weekly.

There are 125 common schools in Guilford county and the school fund amounts to \$1.50 per head. Clayton Moore, Esq., of Martin county the father of James Edwin Moore, Esq., died on the 3rd inst. aged 72 years.

Mr. Best has been entered in Rowan county against Clyde Buford and Logan to oust them from possession of the Western North Carolina Road.

Elizabeth City Economist: A letter from Washington, N. C., says it is thought over there that the railroad will soon be extended to Plymouth and Washington.

A writer to the News-Observer notices Col. Thomas M. Holt for next Governor of the State. As nearly four years will elapse before the 1886 Convention this writer is rather premature.

A passenger train from Albany, for New York city was run into by a following train, and the two rear coaches telescoped, some of the passengers were caught in the wreck and burned to death, some forty were more or less injured; four bodies taken from the wreck have been recognized and five were burned beyond recognition.

The loss by the fire at Galveston, Texas, will exceed \$8,000,000. Are at Plymouth, N. C. Wednesday night, destroyed a store and dwelling. E. Lehman, retail clothing at Memphis, Tenn., failed for \$10,000; assets \$5,000.

WIT AND HUMOR.

He Didn't See.—A seedy and oily specimen of the genuine tramp was resting himself against a building on the corner of Third and Jefferson streets, where he attracted the attention of a kindly looking old gentleman, who stopped and inquired the cause of his trouble.

"Alas, kind sir, sad-eyed melancholy has settled like a priestly robe upon the gentle spirit of this mortal frame. The desire which seems inherent in every portion of my vital being is for more money. Money! the rich man's curse of knaves and the lust of thieves. Money! the ruin of misers and of fools. Money! that makes home a heaven and the dram-shop a hell."

"Money! that creates the pleasures and curses of this world. That's what I long and sigh for, my gentle mermaid. 'Can't you get work? Haven't you a trade?'"

"I have a trade, manipulating the silent messenger of thought. 'Doing what?'"

"Pounding together the infinite realms of thought. 'I don't understand you.'" "I also can handle my fellow beings for the means to carry the banner. 'What banner?'"

"My old friend, you are not acquainted with the language I speak. I come from a hidden sphere. I shake up the festive bits of metal that furnished the world its inspiration. I'm the deadliest slug in the states on wild chazzotic takes. I can set up the fifteen chaunt but I can't set up honors. I ain't a baby but I'm flat and I've come to such a pitch that I feel that nothing greater than a quarter-stone between me and eternal ruin. Kind sir, I beg your pardon."

But the old gentleman was a half a block away signaling for a policeman to arrest another member of the great family of cranks.

A Novel Obituary.—"How much will this cost in your paper?" asked a quiet-looking man, as he handed in the following advertisement at the Eagle's counting-room yesterday:—

SMITH—Busted a trace, in this city, Friday, just after dinner, Mary Smith, wife of the undersigned and daughter of old Sam Pratt, the leading blacksmith of Denver, Colorado. The corpse was highly respected by the high-toned families, but death got the drop on her, and she took up the bucket with perfect confidence that she would have a square show the other side of the divide. The plant transpires this afternoon at her boarding-house on Willow street. Come on, come all.

HOUSE FOR RENT.

A HOUSE for rent containing four rooms in the town of Wilson. Apply to WARREN WOODARD, Jan 22.

M. P. POWELL, FASHIONABLE BARBER. TARBORO ST., WILSON, N. C. Having opened a first-class Barber-shop solicits the patronage of those who wish good work done. Satisfaction Guaranteed. July 15-ly

FOR SALE. The house and lot on Spring Street adjoining the lots of W. J. Harrison, Calvin Barnes and John Barnes. House has 4 rooms and necessary out-buildings. Apply to W. H. WOOD, Attorney. Wilson, N. C., Oct. 18th, 1881. 47.

HORNER SCHOOL, OXFORD, N. C. The next session of this school will begin the second Monday in January. For circular giving terms and other particulars, apply to the principals J. H. & J. C. HORNER.

For Sale. A Buggy Shop with a trade of from four to six thousand dollars per year in the town of Black Creek. A good opening in a good locality. One dozen new buggies on hand which will be sold cheap. Apply at once to W. S. ANDERSON, Black Creek, N. C. Nov 23, 81.

NOTICE. In consequence of the death of Geo. H. Griffin it becomes necessary to settle the business of the firm of Griffin & Murray. All persons indebted to said firm will please call at their place of business and settle at once. WM. MURRAY, Surviving partner of Griffin & Murray. Dec. 9th.

AYCOCK & DANIELS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, GOLDSBORO, N. C. Will practice in the Courts of Wilson, Wayne, Lenoir and Greene. COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.—Mr. Aycock will be at Fremont every Saturday.

JAMES W. LANCASTER, Attorney at Law, WILSON, N. C. 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.

DR. R. W. JOYNER, Surgeon Dentist. Has permanently located in Wilson, N. C. All operations will be neatly and carefully performed and on terms as reasonable as possible. Teeth extracted without pain. Office Tarboro street next door to Post office [Jan 3 12m.]

NOTICE. VALUABLE TOWN LOT FOR SALE. By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage executed by H. W. Edwards and wife, to me, on the 31st day of December, 1878, and recorded on Book No. 14, Page 581, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilson county, I shall sell at public auction, at the Court House door, in Wilson, on Saturday the 14th day of January, 1882, the lot of land in the town of Wilson, on Tarboro street, adjoining W. H. Morris, John T. Barnes and others. Title good. Terms cash. T. T. GODWIN, Mortgagee. By Connor & Woodard, Att'ys. Wilson, N. C. Dec. 18, '81-23-81.

HARDY & BROTHERS, (Established 181828.) 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. 18 2m.

ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Scleritis, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bitten Feet and Hands, and all other Pains and Aches.

No preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap Remedy. A trial entitles the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 cents, and every case suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

The real gardener does not care to witness "the turning over a new leaf" when it is done by a caterpillar.