

# 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."

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1882.

—Josephus Daniels Manager  
VOL. 12.—NO. 19

Terms: \$2.00 per Year; Six Months \$1.00.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, FRIDAY, April 7th, 1882

## POETRY.

### BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELISA COOK.

"It well to woo, 'tis well to wed.  
For so the world hath done  
Since myrtle wreath and roses blew  
And morning brought the sun;  
But have a care, ye young and fair,  
Be sure ye pledge with truth;  
Be certain that your love will wear  
Beyond the days of youth;  
For if you give not heart for heart,  
As well as hand for hand,  
You'll find you've played the unwise  
part.  
And 'built upon the sand.'"  
"It well to save, 'tis well to have  
A goodly store of gold,  
A hold enough of shining stuff,  
For charity is cold.  
But place not all your hope and trust  
In what the deep mine springs,  
We cannot live on yellow dust  
Unmixed with purer things,  
And he who piles wealth alone  
Will often have to stand  
Beside his coffin chest and own  
'Tis 'built upon the sand.'"  
"It good to speak in kindly guise  
And soothe where'er we can;  
Fair speech should bind man to man.  
But stop not at the gentle words—  
Lest deals with language dwell.  
The one who piles starving birch  
Should scatter crumbs as well;  
The mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand,  
For those that talk yet fail to do  
But 'built upon the sand."

### The First of April.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"No!" sighed Mr. Bolton Bellow, dolefully, as he mixed a little more burnt amber on his palette for the nut-brown tresses of the "Maid Marian" that he was putting on canvass "she don't love me! She can't! No woman ever 'treated a man so, if she cared two straws for him."  
But it was not of Maid Marian he was thinking; it was of Dolly Brooke, the pretty girl whose mother had rented the old brown-brick house at the corner of the street, and whose eyes were so blue and sparkling, and yet so cruelly cold.  
He had been introduced to her, and had met her a great many times, that winter. He had even danced with her at the Blue-bell Sociables, held her hand in the Caledonians, and stood beside her in Virginia Reel.  
He did not think, from her manner that she absolutely disliked him, but he was very sure that she did not care for him. And this unreasonable young artist made himself miserable accordingly.  
"Who is such a darling?" he said to himself—"such a human rosebud, with coloring in her hair such as Titan never dreamed of and eyes that Salva Rosa would have painted in ultra-marine, with sea-blue shadows? But where is the use of my mooning about her? I'd better accept Raymond's offer, and go to Rome with him, even if I have to starve there in a garret. Art will perhaps smile on me; but Dolly Brooke never will!"  
And he pointed on, resolutely dabbling away at "Maid Marian's" round nose, with a heart as heavy as if it were moulded in lead.  
While at that very moment, Dolly Brooke, her Christian name, was Dorotha, was dusting the parlor at home with her head tied up in a blue cambric sweep-cap, and her lovely cheeks heightened with true feminine exercise; while Norah, the help stood mopey in the doorway, with a scrubbing-brush in her hand.  
"Yes if you please, miss!" said Norah. "A letter from Mike—an' if you'd please answer it, miss, for not a word can I write!"  
Dolly left off polishing the base of the little statue of Ceres, and looked at Norah, with a prettily-puzzled expression of countenance.  
"But, Norah," said she, "how absurd all this is! How can I answer Michael's letter? How shall I know what to say to him?"  
"Sure, miss," said Norah, her honest eyes lighting up, "an' that's 'asy enough. Just tell him, in fine, scholarly writing, miss, that I love him with all my heart. That's what I want him to understand, miss; for sure, he ain't quiet in his mind about it, an' he's way off in County Roscommon, Ireland!"  
"Very well," said Dolly half smiling at the idea, "I'll try. Come to me in half an hour, Norah."  
And Dolly inexorably locked out her two little brothers, who were enraged at their being debarred from the fun of hearing Norah's love letter.  
"Go about your business, boys," said Dolly, severely. "It's no affair of yours."  
Johnny and Billy looked indignant, but at another.  
"Well, I'll serve her out!" said Johnny. "We'll let her know!" enigmatically responded Billy.  
And these young lads, with their chins balanced on the garden wall, like Raphael's cherubs, betook themselves to throwing stones at the cat, while they consulted as to the special variety of Nemesis which should be visited on Dolly's unconscious head.  
"I've got it!" said Johnny, smiling

his leg, at last.  
"Eh?" said Billy.  
"We'll make an April Fool of her!" shouted Johnny.  
"Yes; but how?" said Billy.  
"Ah-h-h!" said Johnny. "You always was a softly, Bill. I'll tell you by and by."  
"Now, Norah said Dolly, seated at the table, with the fresh sheet of paper, the new steel pen and stand of violet ink before her, "how are we to begin? Dear Mike?"  
"Sure, miss said Norah, who was standing respectfully near the door, with a clean calico apron, 'an' ain't that to plain like? Make it a little sweeter, miss—the saints be good to you! An' just tell him I love him true, though I haven't told him so before, an' I'll be constant to him to the wurr'd end of it! There?"  
"Very well!" said Dolly, contracting her brows. "Keep still for a few minutes—very still, mind!"  
And Norah, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, scarcely dared to breathe, until at last Dolly flung aside the pen and pushed back her chair, reading out what she had composed with all the grace of rhetorical effect.  
"Will that do?" she asked.  
And Norah, clasping her hands in delight, answered—  
"Oh, miss—an' book-print itself couldn't be finer! An' if you'll sign it, your own true love, 'Mike'll know who it is true and certain."  
"There is mamma's bell!" said Dolly, suddenly. "Run, Norah! We'll inclose the letter in an envelope, and post it after dinner. There has been quite enough time wasted in love-letter writing already."  
And then she sat down, and fell into a sort of half-conscious reverie. "All the girls have lovers," she said to herself; "even poor Norah, who can neither read nor write;—they all have lovers except me! Oh I wonder—I wonder how it would seem to have a lover?"  
And instinctively her thoughts wandered off to Belton Bellow, the handsome, pale-browed young artist, whose studio was on the next street.  
"Ah," she pondered, "he thinks of nothing but his art! He has no time to dream of love! And if he had, I am scarcely vain enough to fancy that he would care for me!"  
And Dolly Brooke cried a little, she did not know why the love-letter was gone.  
Dolly looked around her with a frightened face. The easement window was open a little way to admit the soft March sunshine, and she could only imagine that the breeze had whirled the sheet out of the window.  
"Poor Norah!" thought Dolly. "She shall not be disappointed."  
And so she sat down and wrote it all over again as nearly as she could recollect the impassioned phrases, inclosed it in an envelope, and directed it, circumstantially, to "Mr. Michael Mullany, Blaney Hill county Roscommon, Ireland."  
And then she herself carried it to the post-box on the corner, directly under the windows of Mr. Bellow's studio. While Billy and Johnny, in the wood-shed at the end of the garden, were giggling over the first copy of poor Norah's tender effusion.  
"We'll kill two birds with one stone," said the precocious Billy, whose rancor had been heightened by Dolly's refusal to give him three helpings of raspberry-jam at dinner.  
"We'll make an April Fool of that Bellow fellow that comes prowling around to see Dolly, and we'll play a jolly game on her!"  
And Johnny sitting hugging his kness on the floor, chuckled aloud at the prospect.  
The first of April dawned, chill and bleak, and showery, like any thing but the bright precursor of spring, and Mr. Bellow was just setting to work on "Maid Marian," when the postman rapped loudly at the door, and a letter directed in Johnny's school-boy chirography was handed in.  
Bellow broke it open in some bewilderment, but his face lighted up when he saw the well-known writing within. What! had he carried a scrap of Dolly's writing—the mere formula for some society game which they had played at her houses—around in his breast pocket for six weeks not to know it now?  
"MY OWN SWEETHEART," it read, "I am resolved at last to cast aside all false pride, and confess how lost you are to me. If it lowers me in your opinion, I can but accept my lot in silence; but if you will write to tell me that your heart indeed responds—"  
"Norah had especially exulted on this particular expression, as being "just exactly what she wanted Mike to understand!"  
"I shall be the happiest girl in America! And so I sign myself,  
Forever Your Own True Love."  
Which latter wording had also been the result of ending had also been the result of Norah's fervent treaty.  
"Oh! like it best, miss," she had said—"like it best, miss," she had said—"like it best, miss," she had said.  
Belton Bellow read the letter over once, twice, three times.  
"An' I dreamin'?" he asked himself. "The sweet darling—she has read my secret soul! I must have worn my heart on my sleeve, for down to peek at! Write, indeed! I will go to her at once—this hour, this this very second!"  
And, leaving "Maid Marian" star

ing at the uncertain sunshine with only one side of her left eyebrow painted in, Mr. Bellow rushed straight to the old brown-brick house, where Dolly was trimming her hayacinths at the window, in a bewitching little pink gingham morning-dress, with black velvet bows fastened on it here and there.  
"Mr. Bellow!" she exclaimed, with the prettiest surprise, as honest Norah with her face one broad smile, showed him into the parlor.  
"Dolly!" he exclaimed, breathlessly, holding out both hands—"my own darling!"  
Dolly turned pink and then pale. "I don't understand you, Mr. Bellow," said she.  
Mr. Bellow's countenance fell. "Didn't you write this letter?" he demanded, holding it out with a blank expression of face.  
"Yes," said Dolly, glancing over the letter, the familiar words in extreme amazement. "I wrote it. But—but I don't know how it ever came into your hands!"  
"You sent it to me said the artist.  
"No, I didn't!" cried Dolly, bursting into tears. "As if I could ever send such a letter as that to any gentleman! I—I don't know how you could think of me as that!"  
"Dolly," faltered poor Belton Bellow, "didn't you mean it? Don't you really care for me?"  
"Whether I mean it or not, don't signify," sobbed Dolly, with her face still hidden behind her pocket-handkerchief.  
"Oh, but it does!" said Mr. Bellow, gently obtaining possession of one of her hands. "Because, Dolly, I love you dearly! And if you won't love me back, a very little, I shall be wretched all my life! I didn't think I ever should have had courage to tell you this, darling, but now I feel so brave that I am determined not to leave this place without a definite answer."  
How they settled it nobody ever knew precisely, not even Billy, who had his mischievous little ear glued against the key hole, in gleeful anticipation of a jolly old row. But he scampered down stairs, three steps at a time, to where Johnny was labeling a lot of April Fools, for the decoration of the backs of casual passers-by.  
"Johnny!" said he the thing hasn't worked at all. She wasn't mad with a cent. He kissed her, as sure as you're alive, and she kissed him back, and he put a ring on her finger!"  
"Pooh!" said Johnny. "I've no patience with such trash! Look here, Bill, I've printed fourteen of 'em—don't you think that that'll be enough?"  
When Mr. Bellow went away, feeling as if he were treading on air, Dolly came down into the wood-shed, where her young brothers eyed her like excited criminals.  
"Boys!" said she, "I've found you out. I saw Billy's writing on the outside of that letter which was mailed to Mr. Bellow."  
"It was only an April Fool, anyhow!" muttered Billy, turning very red.  
"No fellow thinks anything of that!" added Johnny.  
"You did very wrong," said Miss Brooke. "But you are two darlings and I love you ever so much!"  
And she kissed and hugged both the young reprobates, and they ran away up stairs quite unrepentant, their artful Johnny had succeeded in affixing a large placard to the back of her dress.  
"Girls! always are April Fools when they're over!" said the juvenile misanthrope.  
Nor was he altogether wrong; but perhaps it was worth the obloquy of the thing to be so very, very happy as was Dolly Brooke.

**WIT AND HUMOR.**  
A bill to provide whipping post for wife beaters has been introduced into the New Jersey legislature. Next thing we know they'll pass a law requiring married men to be at home every night not later than nine o'clock.  
"Mother, why does pa call you honey?" "Because, my dear, he loves me."  
"No ma, that ain't it." "What is it, then?" "I know." "Well, what is it?" "Why it's because you have so much comb in your head, that a why?"  
The man who professes to believe that evil is only the under side of good, the dark side of the moon, and properly a component part of human life, will never have the satisfaction of dying from inflammation of the brain.  
He is a man after my own heart, pa," said Julia reverting to her Augustus, "Nonsense," replied old Practical "he is a man after the money your uncle left you. And then all was quiet."  
People are made up of so many contradictory feelings, that when a person's conduct surprises us we forget how much circumstances have to do with the outward aspect of life.  
Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang or drown themselves.  
What a change, exclaims the novelist Row, one little woman can make in a man's life! Exactly; and what a heap of change she requires while doing it.  
As you travel around the country you are more impressed with the conviction that the chief end of man is to patent medicine signs on the fence.  
Stick to one thing until it is done, and done well. The man who chases two hares, not only loses one of them but is pretty sure to lose the other also.  
He that is good will infallibly become better; and he that is bad will be certainly grow worse for virtue, vice, and time, are three things that never stand still.  
At last accounts Alfonso was calling her "Chrissie, dear," and she was retorting with "Fonny, darling." Go it while you feel that way, children.  
Teacher; Peter, you such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in the company of good boys on the bench. Come over here and sit by me, sir.  
It used to be called "moderate drinking," but now that science has made a profound silence, it is regarded as "taking it in true physiological quantity."  
It must have been a great relief to Adam after his fall that there were not a dozen or so of indignant neighbors to kick him after he was down.  
There is nothing marvelous about cursing by laying on hands. Hands laid on smartly and vigorously have cured many smart boys of badness.  
No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.  
He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others will learn how the attention of others is attracted by himself.  
Every thing falls and is called. A few feet under the ground reigns so profound a silence, and yet so much tumult on the surface!  
The man whom you can hire to work for nothing, when you come to pay him off is the hardest kind of a man to settle with.  
"You take a lode off my mind," as the seller of a worthless mine said to the speculative purchaser. "I'll be benighted if I don't," said the convict when asked whether he intended to apply for a pardon.—New Orleans Picayune.

**J. E. OHARA.**  
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ENFIELD, N. C.  
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edgecombe and Warren and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of North Carolina. Mch 2

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206 Water Street, Norfolk, Va.  
Manufacturer of Every Description of Castings, Iron and Brass.  
At short Notice and Baltimore prices.  
No Extra Charge for Patterns on Hand of which I have quite an Extensive Variety.  
Highest Cash Price paid for Metals.  
March 10 J year.

**To the Citizens of Wilson and Adjacent Towns.**  
We, the undersigned, beg leave to call your attention to  
The Richmond Iron Roof Paint & Cement  
Would be glad to correspond with you on the subject of your own interest. We will warrant a tight Roof in every instance and will send you the best of Testimonials on application. Respectfully,  
MARCH 10-3m BURG BROS Goldsboro, N.

**To the Justices of the Peace of Wilson County:**  
You are hereby notified to meet in the Court House in the town of Wilson on the fourth Monday in May 1882, to determine whether the Inferior Court of Wilson County shall be discontinued.  
By order of the Board.  
A. G. Z BROOKS,  
Chairman of the Board of Justices of the Peace of Wilson County.

**NOTICE.**  
Having been appointed Receiver of the late firm of Farmer & Wainwright, all persons indebted to them are hereby notified to come forward and make payment, and those holding claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for adjustment.  
J. A. TYNES,  
Nov. 11th, 1881.—4f.

**NOTICE.**  
BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE Superior Court of Nash County, made on the 17th day of February 1882, and duly approved by the Hon. John A. Gilmer, Judge, in a certain petition pending in said Court, filed by MARY K. CREWS, in her own behalf and BESSIE C. JOHNSON, an infant, offering by her guardian, the said MARY K. CREWS, I shall sell at the Court House door, in Wilson, Monday the 3rd day of April 1882 that portion of the lot in the town of Wilson on Tarboro Street, adjoining N. A. Morriss, John D. Wells, Willie Daniel and others, beginning at N. A. Morriss' corner on Tarboro Street and running with said street 12 feet, then at right angle with said street 112 feet to W. Daniel's line, then with said line about 28 feet, then to John D. Wells' corner, then with John D. Wells' line 97 1/2 feet to N. A. Morriss' line, thence with Morriss' line 10 feet, cornering—thence with said Morriss' line 44 feet to the beginning, exclusive of the building. Also that portion of said lot lying immediately back of the store owned by Moyer & Nadal, being 21 feet wide by about 100 feet deep. For more particular description see the plot on file in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court. Terms: \$1000 cash; balance on credit of one month interest from date at 8 per cent. Title retained until purchase paid.  
H. G. CONNOR, Commissioner.  
Feb. 27-4f.

**G. A. Ainslie & Sons,**  
RICHMOND, VA.  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Carriages of All Kinds  
Buggies, Phaetons, Six-seat Carriages, Jagger Wagons—Top and No Top, &c. Send for circular

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When They Can do as well For You.  
HUGH F. MURRAY  
Represents the largest, cheapest, safest and oldest Regular Life Insurance Company doing business in Wilson. Give him your business and he will spend his money here among you.  
Mar. 17-4f.

**E. L. HUNTER, D. D. S.**  
OFFICE AT ENFIELD, N. C.  
2-10-6m.

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M. S. JAMES, Proprietress.  
ENLARGED, Remodeled, Refurnished, Centrally Located, Grand Accommodations, Rates Reasonable. 2-24f

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FASHIONABLE BARBERS,  
TARBORO, WILSON, N. C.  
Having opened a first-class Barber-shop solicits the patronage of those who wish good work done. Satisfaction Guaranteed. July 15-1y

**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. 25, 11.

**NOTICE.**  
In consequence of the death of Geo. H. Griffin 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.

**S W Seldner.**  
WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER,  
No. 21 Roanoke Square,  
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**NOTICE.**  
Has permanently located in Wilson, N. C. All operations will be neatly and carefully performed and Teeth extracted without pain. Office Tarboro street next door to Post office [Jan 3 12m].  
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**Machine Sho s.**  
Having leased all of the machinery belonging to the late T. A. Wainwright, we are now prepared to build new, and repair all kinds of MACHINERY.  
We keep constantly on hand pipe and fittings. Also valves of all kinds. Cotton gins fitted up in first-class order. Special attention given to fitting up Mill work. Estimates furnished on all kinds of work. Orders solicited, and promptly executed.  
Murray & Benton,  
WILSON, N. C.  
Mar. 1-4f.

**NOTICE.**  
On Tuesday the 15th day of April next at the late residence of GERMAN EATMAN, deceased, I will sell to the highest bidder the personal property belonging to the deceased, consisting of one mule and buggy, hogs, one cow, two oxen, 25 sheep, household and kitchen furniture, corn, bacon, &c. &c. Terms: Cash before the right to the property is released. This 13th day of March, 1882.  
THOS. JEFF EATMAN, Administrator.  
Mar. 17-4f.

**House For Sale!**  
I offer my home, with seven good rooms, in the town of Black Creek for sale. The lot is a large one, containing two and one-third acres. One acre in strawberries which give a good yield. Will be sold cheap! My reason for selling is that I am going to move.  
Address,  
W. S. ANDERSON,  
Black Creek, N. C.  
Nov. 25, 11.

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Keeps constantly on hand a full stock of Liquors, Wines, &c. Myer's malted Rye "N. N. S. C. Whiskey unsurpassed. Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Feb 10-3m F. MYERS.

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Repairing Promptly and Carefully Done  
Talbot's Patent Spark Arrestor. The Invention of the Age. It does not destroy the draft. It does not interfere with raising the tubes. It will not choke up and requires no cleaning. It requires no direct dampers to be opened when raising steam (dampers being objectionable, as they may be left open and allow the sparks to escape.) It requires no water to extinguish sparks which, by existing, destroy the draft. Besides, when water is used, if neglected, the efficiency is destroyed by evaporation of the water, and the boiler is kept in a filthy condition. It is simple and durable and can be rolled upon. It can be attached to any boiler. No painter should be without one of them. Insurance companies will insure gins and barns where the Talbot Engine and Spark Arrestor are used as a main rule as charged for water or horse power.  
Send for illustrated circulars and price list.  
Branch House: Goldsboro, N. C. J. A. HANCOCK, General Manager. T. A. GRIGGIER, Local Manager. 10-1-15  
Geo. H. Griffin, Jr. Agent for Wilson, Nash, and Franklin counties, 26 Wilson, N. C.

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