

# THE WILSON ADVANCE

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The Wilson Advance  
FOR 1888.

“LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIN’ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY’S, THY GOD’S, AND TRUTHS.”

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NUMBER 44

FOR ALL KINDS OF  
JOB WORK  
SEND YOUR ORDERS  
TO THIS OFFICE.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER

### HOW THE SCHOOL REGULATES EVERYTHING.

“The Great Business of Life is Raising Children” and the School Days are of no Small Consequence.

You may talk about presidents and governors and senators and tariffs and other big things, but the school is the biggest thing I know of. It takes families to make nations and the school is of more importance to the family than anything else, and it has been so ever since I was a boy. The school controlled things then and it does now. It regulated the family movements. The time for getting up, the time for breakfast, and the time for dinner was fixed to suit the school. After supper the children monopolized the table and the lamps, and what every few minutes it was papa this and papa that, and it looks like I will die in the harness, and I reckon that is the best way to die after all. Every decent, reputable parent lives for the children. The great business of this suburban life is to educate them and maintain them and make them happy. We sell goods and practice law and medicine and build houses and cultivate farms and work at all sorts of trades, but after all the principal business is raising children and preparing them to take our places when we are dead. It is the security for all good government and obedience to law and order. Just imagine a community without children. No day school; no Sunday school; no May day; no Christmas; no kites; no balls; no marbles; no dolls; no cultivated laugh; no little hats and no bonnets; no flowers in the front yard; no ornaments; no nothing but a solemn, prosy crowd who moved about like there was a funeral on hand all the day long. Every morning now, we have to hurry up to suit the children. They have to be at school at half-past eight or be marked for tardiness, and it hurries the cook and hurries everybody. The school teacher has got the scholars in a close place now. He has given them forty pages in Sanford's arithmetic, and they have four days to review compound numbers, and he is going to write twenty questions on the blackboard and they don't know what the questions are to be, and each one of the class has to write the answers on a slate, and they are not to sit close enough to see each other's answers, and every correct answer counts five, and every scholar who don't get seventy-five is to be turned back into the next class and try it again. I tell you they are studying now. I have to help every night at my house. I am powerfully worried with this school business anyhow, for I've forgotten all my Latin and can't read Caesar and some of the sentences are as long as the ten commandments and I can't find the verb that belongs to the noun, and everything is mixed up; and it looks like it was all done on purpose just to worry me and the children. We boys had a simple little book called *Historiae Sacrae*, and it began with “God created the heavens and the earth in six days,” and the verb followed right after the noun, just like it ought to. I don't believe any later book is worth a cent except the dictionary. I can learn from the dictionary that came comes from canis, a dog, and feling from felis, a cat, and paternal and maternal from pater and mater, and so forth, and that is all the use we have for it. No body reads Latin—not even the professors. I'll bet there is not a Latin book that can read before. They wouldn't if they could. If a boy has got a translation he can sorter get along. Every scholar ought to have a translation. We used to have them in college and could make pretty good sense out of the Latin. We cut the leaves out and had them slipped in our Latin book and could just fudge along splendid. Some times we would pretend to get staled and would use some other words that meant about the same thing. We got splendid marks in Latin, but we couldn't read a sentence without a translation. A translation is a good thing in a dead language. It gives life to it. I could read Xenophon in Greek the same way and I can now. Without the translation I can't tell when the book is upside down or downside up. It is all Greek to me. I used to know eta from epsilon, and omicron from omega, but I don't now, and I don't want to. Let it stay dead. If the inhabitants of Greece won't talk their old language why should I. I don't suffer much for language, and there is a good deal more of English than I will ever learn or have any use for. They had

## OUR NEW MEMBERS.

The Four New Men Elected to Congress in this State.

The Raleigh correspondent of the New York World sends this special: There will be four new members from North Carolina in the next House of Representatives. Thomas G. Skinner, from the First District has none of the manners or appearance of a Congressman, but is certainly a man of affairs. He served in the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congress, is a man of the people, and is extremely popular in his district. He had to be to beat White, the Republican candidate. Skinner, the forty-six years old and left the Confederate Army as a private in the First North Carolina Regiment and won the rank of Lieutenant. After the war he practiced law. He is witty, and this and his plain ways make his people some times call him the Nat Macon of the generation. He is an inveterate fisherman. Once, after some days' sport at home, he returned there late at night and found a letter of an important measure. Suddenly he awoke in the middle of a dream of having hooked a monster fish, and jumping up, he shouted: “I've got him,” while his brother members roared with laughter.

Benjamin H. Bunn, who is to represent the Fourth or Metropolitan District, is also a man of the people in the broadest sense. He is big and hearty and an inveterate hand shaker. He is 44 years old and only had a preparatory school education, having entered the Confederate army when only 17. He is now an able criminal lawyer and a farmer. Bunn is a master of invective, and this is so well known that his competitor, Nichols, dared not meet him on the stump. He is full of humor and dearly loves a good game of cards. When he was nominated he stepped forward and said: “Gentlemen, I'll win.” That was Bunn all over.

Henry P. Cheatham, member-elect from the Second (or “Black”) District, is a bright mulatto, and was born in what was then Granville, but is now Vance county. He is not yet thirty years of age. He obtained his education at Shaw University, at Raleigh. He is tall, quite stout and quiet in manner. It is his first experience in public life. By profession he is a lawyer.

The other new Republican member is Hamilton G. Ewart, from the Ninth District. He is a small, stout man. Like Skinner, he cares little for dress and looks like a cattle raiser. He is about forty years old. Two years ago he was in the Legislature and was the brains of his party there. He was the especial champion of the railway commission, which failed to pass. Among Democrats Ewart is regarded as one of the ablest and best men in his party. Though naturally indolent, he is a man of force.

## An Explanation.

What is this “nervous trouble” with which so many seem now to be afflicted? If you will remember a few years ago the word *Malaria* was comparatively unknown, to-day it is as common as any word in the English language yet this word covers only the meaning of another word used by our forefathers in times past. It is a word which means disease, as they and *Malaria* are intended to cover what our grandfathers called *Biliousness*, and all are caused by troubles that arise a diseased condition of the liver which in performing its functions finding it cannot dispose of the bile through the ordinary channel is compelled to pass it off through the system, causing nervous troubles, *Malaria*, *Biliousness*, *Fever*, etc. You who are suffering can well appreciate a cure. We recommend Green's August Flower. Its cures are marvelous.

## Decided Indications.

“Mr. Yoder, your daughter Irene has given me her permission to ask of you her hand in marriage; but before I ask for your formal consent you will pardon me if I make the inquiry as it is a matter of lifelong consequence to me, whether or not there have ever been any indications of insanity so far as you know, in your family?” “You say Irene has accepted you, Mr. Hankinson.” “I am happy to say she has.” “Then, sir,” said the old man, shaking his head dejectedly, “it is my duty, as her father, to tell you that I think Irene is showing decided indications of insanity.”—Chicago Tribune.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I will be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to every consumer if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. Slocum, M. C. 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

## BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

Some of the Work Done by the Baptists of the State.

The 58th session of the Baptist convention, which closed in Greensboro on Saturday last, was the most harmonious and successful ever held in the history of that denomination. It was presided over by the Rev. J. M. Marshall, the vast army of 150,000 white members in the State of North Carolina to war against ignorance and vice and for God and humanity. During the year just closed they have contributed through the boards of the Convention, which of course comprehends only a part of the work done: To State missions, \$12,000.00  
“Foreign “ 8,290.75  
“Education “ 4,638.21  
“Sunday-school work “ 5,945.19  
“Home Missions “ 2,454.19  
“Orphanage “ 1,602.54  
“Colportage “ 1,200.46

Only a small part of the contributions to the orphanage is included in this report, and it takes no notice of the large collections made during the session of the body. The largest collection was for the Greenville Memorial church, resulting in the almost complete lifting of a debt of about \$5,000. The speeches made were of a high order. The denomination was represented by about 3,000 delegates and the congregations were immense. The next session will be held at Henderson, Rev. J. S. Dill, of Goldsboro, to preach the introductory sermon.

## The City Beautiful.

Sometimes when the day is ended  
And I rest on my weary bed,  
I watch at the western windows  
The gleam of the setting sun.  
When my heart has been unquiet  
And its longings unbeguided  
By the day's vexations trials  
And cannot be comforted  
I look on one slope of the mountains  
And o'er the restless sea,  
And I think of the beautiful city  
That lieth not far from me.  
And my spirit is hushed in a moment  
As the twilight falls tender and sweet,  
And I cross, in my fancy, the river,  
And kneel at the Master's feet.  
And I rest in the shade that there  
Falls from the trees that with healing  
Artifacts show the banks of the  
River—  
The river of water of life,  
And, sometime, when daylight is  
Ended,  
And the duties be gave me are  
Done,  
I shall watch at life's western windows  
The gleam of its setting sun.  
I shall fall asleep in the twilight  
As I never have slept before,  
I'll wake to sleep no more.  
There will fall on my restless spirit  
A hush, oh, so wondrously sweet,  
And I shall cross over the river  
To rest at the Master's feet.

## How to Help Your Indigestion.

Almost every day we feel the unpleasant sensations of indigestion. Try Alcock's Porous Plaster and you will be relieved. J. F. Davenport, of Canaan, New York, writes: “I have been much troubled with a violent pain below my chest bone. I was told by several physicians that it was rheumatism of the diaphragm. It resulted from cold and exposure. I had very little appetite and digested my food in great difficulty. I placed one Alcock's Porous Plaster below the breast bone and two on each side. In the course of a few hours the pain ceased, and I was able to eat and digest a good square meal, something I had not done before in two weeks. I got better constantly, and at the end of seven days found myself entirely well. Since then I have used Alcock's Porous Plaster for colds, coughs and pains in my side, and I have always found them quick and effective.”

## Four Points.

There were four good habits which a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels and by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the happy management of temporal concerns. These are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and integrity. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

## A Safe Investment.

It is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggists a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe and can always be depended upon.  
Trial bottles free at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store.

## A Splendid Man.

Mr. D. B. Nicholson, of Sampson, will be a candidate for Reading Clerk of the Senate. He served in that capacity at the last session of the Legislature, and performed the duties of the office to the entire satisfaction of all the members. —Raleigh News-Observer.

## “THE MOONSHINER.”

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF A REGULAR MOONSHINER.

The beautiful Daughter of the “Moonshiner”—Love Laughs at Difficulties and Surmounts Obstacles.

Old Sol called her “Leather Breeces.” Nobody else had occasion to call her other name since her mother died, except the man who brought corn to old Sol's still.

Her black hair was like silk, and her beautiful plump flesh shined the most luscious peach. Her eyes! There is a large spring in Western Georgia which from its great depth is supposed to be bottomless and has a bush that like the sea. A casual glance at its surface reveals nothing uncommon. But gaze steadily through this pellucid water deep down into the bowels of the earth and a changing scene presents itself. Variegated stones, pebbles, pebbles rise successively to your enchanted vision. Leather Breeces' eyes were like this.

## A Wife's Influence.

From De Toqueville we take the following: I have seen a hundred times in the course of my life a weak man exhibit genuine public virtue, because supported by a wife who sustained him in his course, not so much by advising him to such and such acts, as by exercising a strengthening influence over the manner in which duty or even ambition, was to be regarded. Much oftener, however, it must be confessed, I have seen private and domestic life gradually transform a man to whom nature had given generosity, disinterestedness, and given some capacity for greatness, and into an ambitious, mean spirited, vulgar, and selfish creature, who, in matters relating to his country, ended by considering them only in so far as they rendered his own particular condition more comfortable and easy.

## A Novel Marriage Ceremony.

A Georgia Justice recently performed the marriage ceremony for a couple entirely particular to himself. After asking and receiving affirmative responses to the usual question he concluded the ceremony in the following words: “By the authority invested in me as an officer of the great State of Georgia, which is some times called the Empire State of the South; by the fields of cotton in the spring and in the snowy whiteness around us; by the howl of the coon dog and the gourd vine whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling place, by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the heavens and all that is in or under them, I pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!”

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

A Proclamation by the President.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God for His goodness and mercy which have followed them since the day He made them a nation and vouchsafed to them a free Government. With loving kindness He has constantly cared for us in the way of prosperity and greatness. He has not visited with swift punishment our short coming, but with gracious care He has warned us of our dependence upon His forbearance, and that obedience to His holy law is the price of a continuance of His precious gifts. In acknowledgement of all that God has done for us as a nation, and in that on that on an appointed day, the 29th day of November instant, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed throughout the land. On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupation, and at their accustomed places of worship, and with grateful songs of praise render thanks to God for all his mercies; for the abundant harvest which have rewarded the toils of the husbandman during the year that has passed, for the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and their marts of trade and traffic. Let us give thanks for peace and for social order and contentment within our borders and for our advancement in all that adds to national greatness, and mindful of the afflictive dispensation with which a portion of our land has been visited. Let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God, acknowledge his mercy in setting bounds to the deadly march of pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow countrymen who have suffered and who mourn, and as we return thanks for all the blessings which we have received from the hands of our heavenly father, let us not forget that He has enjoined upon us charity, and on this day of thanksgiving let us generously remember the poor and needy so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the city of Washington on the first day of November, 1888, in the year of independence of the United States the one hundred and thirteenth.

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President: T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

## And Don't You Forget It.

As a speaker Mr. Pearson did not come up to our expectations. No graceful woven garlands of fragrant flowers of entrancing rhetoric festooned his thoughts in graceful and bewitching drapery. No gem of metaphor sparkled in glowing waves of beauty and radiance along his channel of discussion. No fire of oratory flung their thrilling flames out to warm and to melt the feelings. No mellifluous voice poured his sentences in thrilling tides of sweetest resonant to electrify and to enchain.—Wilson Mirror.

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## MURDER AND ROBBERY.

A Cleveland County Farmer Killed in His Doorway.—The House Robbed and His Wife Shot and Seriously Wounded.

SHELBY, N. C. Nov. 22.—The most horrible and cold blooded murder in the annals of Cleveland county was committed last night. Shortly after dark James Philbrook, a thrifty and industrious farmer, sixty years old, who lives four miles west of Shelby, was called to the back door of his house by a man who said he had a note from a friend, and shot down in a most bloody way, one ball entering his right nostril, the other the roof of the mouth. Philbrook's wife, who had followed him to the door, was compelled to surrender all the money she had—a ten dollar bill and about three dollars in silver. The murderer then cursed her and said she had just more, as her husband had just sold seven bales of cotton. She offered him her keys and told him he could search the house, and that she would strike a light, the wind coming from the open door having extinguished the lamp. As she struck a match the burglar put his pistol to her face and shot her under her left eye, the ball ranging downward. He then made his escape.

Mrs. Philbrook was unconscious for about half an hour, when with great effort she made her way to the house of Harry Leavelle, her brother-in-law, about fifty yards away. The latter heard the shot, but thought Philbrook was unloading lumber. He at once summoned assistance, but the murderer had made his escape, leaving no track behind him. Mrs. Philbrook could not identify the man, but says she thinks he is either a white man or a bright mulatto. He was evidently acquainted with the premises. Philbrook and wife lived alone, their children having married, or being at school.

## TWO CLASSES.

Valuable Citizens if They Were Bona Fide Soil.

The New York Herald is as unobscured as the wind but it has some strong editorials. The following is good and we reproduce it and commend it to our readers: If we could be rid of one class of fools in the South and another class in the North we should get along very smoothly. They can't live forever, thank Heaven! and when they are out of the way with their sour tempers we shall have peace.

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## NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A Condensed Report of the News as Gathered From the Columns of our Contemporaries, State and National.

Rev. Dr. Milburn is again lecturing in North Carolina, we see from the State papers.

The progressive men of Raleigh have raised a stock company for the purpose of establishing a wagon factory.

The Scotland Neck Democrat bears testimony to the fact that that town is improving. It says more houses are needed—there now to accommodate the people.

The Home Savings Bank of Norfolk, Va., has suspended. This bank was founded on the ruins of the old Freedman's Bank and had a number of colored depositors.

Mr. R. C. Strudwick, a young man of Hillsboro of brilliant intellect and a good lawyer, has gone to Washington Territory where he will reside and practice his profession.

The Charlotte Chronicle says: Mr. W. S. Hemby, the founder and former proprietor of the Chronicle, is now connected with one of the largest publishing houses in Chicago.

Governor Scales has appointed Leonard Henderson, of Warrenton, a director of the penitentiary since Charles M. Cook, resigned. Cook is a member of the House from Franklin.

The Charlotte Democrat says: The twelve-year old colored boy, named Lon Simpson, who stole a horse from Mr. McCorkle of Sharon, was tried before Esquire Beattie last night. This is the first case of its kind in horse stealing, young as he is.

The Journal says: New Bern beats the State on saw mills. It is estimated that between 200,000 and 300,000 feet of lumber is sawed per day by the several mills here. The lumber crop annually by the saw mills of Craven county is valued at \$200,000. The most of this lumber is pine. How long will the pine family last!

The Scotland Neck Democrat speaks in very high terms of Judge Montgomery, who has been holding Halifax Court. The Democrat says: We have not seen any Judge who dispatches business as he does.

We heard it remarked by some of the older practicing lawyers that there had never been so much work at any court in the county in so short a time.

The magnificent quality of tobacco produced by the lands of Nash county is attracting attention to them from all points and a large influx of population in the immediate future is almost a certainty. Nash is on a solid boom and one that won't stop. There are five or six towns in the county, all thrifty and active business places.—Nashville Argonaut.

The Newton Enterprise says the merchants of that place say the farmers are in better condition financially than they have been in years. We chronicle some evidence of prosperity with peculiar pleasure. That paper also says that more wheat than usual is being planted. The fact that the crop is being diversified may account for their prosperity.

The Nashville Argonaut speaks a truth that we can bear record of when it says: Every visitor to Nashville who has not been here in two years, remarks upon the great improvement of the place, and this improvement continues both in the erection of new buildings and the increase of trade. By next season we must have an arrangement made to make this a good tobacco market.

The Charlotte Chronicle says the richest specimens in gold ore that have been seen in this section in many a year were exhibited yesterday by Esquire John P. Hunter, of Mallard Creek township. He had a peck measure full of rocks, and virgin gold fairly honey-combed the rocks. Old miners say that it is the richest ore ever seen in the State. Mr. Hunter found the ore on his farm, and if a good vein is developed his fortune is made.

What is Cost.

According to Mr. Barry's statement—and no one is disposed to deny its correctness—nearly a quarter of a million of dollars have been collected from members of the Knights of Labor without the slightest benefit accruing from it to the rank and file. Yet the treasurer finds himself without \$50 on hand with which to meet an indebtedness of \$3,500. This quarter of a million, almost, has come out of the pockets of workers, who keep and families out of their wages, and all that amount have done it in schools for the education of the children of the men who earn their bread “by the sweat of their brow.”

The Advance believes the order has done some good but whether the same money might not have been so expended as to have done the laboring men more good is a question that we would ask the members of the order. What good would it do to have done it in schools for the education of the children of the men who earn their bread “by the sweat of their brow.”

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give a satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by A. W. Rowland.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—W. Goldsmith.