

REMEMBER!  
--THE ADVANCE--  
FOR ONLY  
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS  
--WHEN PAID FOR--  
Cash in Advance.

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 19.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 27, 1889.

NUMBER 22

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

## BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE PIG AND CALF RAISE  
A BACKET.

The Times is so slow and Mrs. Lane's is so fast, and Mrs. Lane's is so fast and Mrs. Lane's is so fast...

dig post holes, or weed onions, or skin a cat backwards all day long.

It takes so much explanation and exaggeration--so much persuasion and evasion, and the whole thing is so monotonous, and every man has to be talked to as gently as a sucking dove--but after while they surrender and put down for about half what they ought to, and you have a sigh and go on to the next man. "They are asking too much for that land and my money shouldn't go into no such extortion. When will Colonel Ball build the shops?" What kind of shops is he going to build? What does he want with so much ground? No, sir, I'm not going to be fooled again. I ain't forgot that furnace yet that swindled us out of our money. What's become of them furnace fellows? I put twenty-five dollars in a car factory once and Bill Noble came up here and took it off to man and talk about this and that, and he said, "You don't reckon this is all a trick of the land company? If I wasn't afraid them shop fellows would vote whiskey back into this town I would subscribe. The shops ain't going to help any business at all, for more people will bring more stores and the new set will cut under and get what I have got. Colonel Ball is going to put the shops here anyhow, and I know it. His railroad folks are them rich bondholders in New York, and I say let them buy their own land."

"WELL, I'M ZEB."

The Way They Tell it at the National Capitol.

The Washington Post's talking machine grinds out the following on our Zeb: "When Senator Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, was younger than he is now, he used to travel extensively over the State on an easy-going pacer, making stump speeches and keeping up in touch with his constituents. His kinsman, Robert B. Vance, followed a similar course, but made a specialty of playing the camp-meeting and church people, while Zeb was looked upon as a lost sheep and a dangerous person generally. One day Zeb was riding up a mountain path, when he met a country woman riding down.

"Howdy, General Vance," said she.

The zallant Zeb responded in his most effective style, and the dame immediately launched into a long discussion of the "bush meetin'" she had been attending, telling of the numerous brands plucked from the burning and the various trials and tribulations which are the lot of Christian souls.

"My good woman," interrupted the Senator, "you evidently take me for Bob Vance."

"Whyartin'?"

"Well, I'm Zeb."

"Lord goddum!" screamed the poor woman, as she lay down on the horse's neck and lapped him into a dead run down the mountain, scared half to death at the thought of being alone on the road with that notorious Zeb Vance."

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

The ADVANCE has always endeavored to do whatever lay in its power to aid the farmers. We propose to make the paper of as much practical value to the tillers of the soil as it is in our power. To do so we expect our farmer friends to help us. We hope to have at least one original article from the pen of some practical farmer every week, and we hope to assist us in this way and thereby help in the practical education of the farmers of the State.--Ed.

It is said that salt spread around a grapevine in a radius of three or four feet, sufficient to whiten the ground, is a preventive of mildew in the grapes. It is a simple remedy and is easily tried.

The ADVANCE notes with peculiar pleasure the fact that the farmers of this section are paying more attention to their cattle than they have ever done. There are several dairy farms--small though they are--in this section of the State that supply considerable butter for the markets. There is no reason in the world why all the butter used in North Carolina should not be produced right at our doors.

A "cotton chopper" or horse-hoe has just been invented by a South Carolinian, and works so well that it is expected to quite supersede the old-time hand-hoe. The inventor claims that by using his implement the cotton planters may save themselves just \$7,000,000 a year--Raleigh Call.

We rather expect that negroes and "the old time hand-hoe" will continue to do the work for some time to come.

MEETING THE TRUST.

The delegates to the Birmingham meeting were, it seems to us, men of the right kind. If we will stand by their action "trusts" will receive a blow which they will not forget soon, but we need not expect that they will cease trying to get rich out of the necessities of the poor and laboring classes. We will have to meet organization after organization, and we will have to make use of something else in place of articles on which "trusts" are formed, when possible, or use some means to avoid using articles on which trusts are formed, before we will have to breaking up such organizations.--Lumberton Robesonian.

PROFIT FROM DAIRY COWS.

It is a pretty good native cow that will make 300 pounds of good butter a year, averaging seven pounds per week for nearly ten months of that time. If the butter can be sold for 20 cents per pound it gives a large average profit per acre for the land required to keep the cow than can be got from grain growing at present prices. If three acres are required to feed a cow through the year, this is \$20 an acre profit, leaving milk for the pigs and manure from the cow to pay for the labor. But there are ways to greatly increase this profit. With fodder corn as a basis of the ration and the purchase of wheat-bran, corn-meal and other meals as necessary, a cow may be kept most of the year on a little more than an acre. Better still, by the addition of improved blood the cow may be bred to produce much more of both milk and butter per year.

NAUTICAL LIFE.

IN THE GANGETIC WATERS. A CITY OF PALACES.

Out of the Surf of Vizagapatam, the Viceroy's Hooply Scenes and Wonders in the Indian Capital.

CALCUTTA, India.--As great a diversity is presented to the seafarer in the conditions of the water element on the Indian coast, as is revealed to the traveler in the contrasts of hills and valleys, and of mountains and plains. The sea, as modified by the currents and the tides, the trend of the shores, the beaches, the shoals, the islands and the mouths of continental rivers, is an ever changing element to which the navigator must adjust his ship and which his movements must be regulated. In the choppy waters, in the heavy surf, in the rolling breakers and in the sluggish channels his great craft is at best a being to be tossed about or allowed to drift idly along pretty much as though it were of no account.

In the surf of Vizagapatam, a sort of considerable size and historic interest, the Indian coast, between Calcutta, an ordinary ship's boat could not live to reach shore, between the land and the anchor, where the sea rolls in breakers, the waves are apt to be very high and the surf is very dangerous. The natives, however, make the passage back and forth in their surf boats with safety. The boats are built with very high gunwales, the masts and crews sitting on seats near the top. The sight is a startling one, for the boats appear top heavy, especially the occupants so high in the air, and those unfamiliar with them are apt to be misled by the fact that the boats are not so high as they are not so well ballasted and so carefully handled, that they go over the bar without much difficulty or danger. The sensation on a vessel on the Indian coast is not swallowed up in the waves. They are so well ballasted and so carefully handled, that they go over the bar without much difficulty or danger. The sensation on a vessel on the Indian coast is not swallowed up in the waves. They are so well ballasted and so carefully handled, that they go over the bar without much difficulty or danger.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY DESCRIBED

The Money Power is organized greed, seeking to take to itself by corrupt means that which belongs to others. It is a combination of rich men and corporations which seeks to exploit this country for its own gain, and, as an incident, to rule the people by corrupting and intimidating voters, picking legislatures with its own agents and buying such judicial decisions, writs, injunctions and mandamus as it may need.

Incidentally it sometimes buys the editorial influence of New York newspapers also.--New York World.

HOME CHAT.

N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

What the Brethren of the Quill are Thinking and Saying.

THE WAY MADE PLAIN.

Girls, be pretty, tidy, sweet, graceful, and all that, but do not neglect the domestic virtues. These win and retain husbands.--Tarboro Southern.

AND SEE AN ANGEL.

The ancient proverb says: "You can not get more out of a bottle than you put in." That's an error. Besides what he puts in, he can get a headache, a sick stomach, and perhaps one day in ten which a colossal superstructure should be reared.--Tarboro Southern.

ONLY THE BEGINNING.

Education should only render a young man more efficient in anything he undertakes. It should be a grand ground-work upon which a colossal superstructure should be reared.--Tarboro Southern.

NO SOLUTION NECESSARY.

Sambo was created black and crowned with wood, and all laws of nature's God are good to him. White man's supremacy, and will, as time wings its onward course, give a solution which no party, no mere theory can change or fathom.--Lexington Dispatch.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

The way some of our sister towns voted on Monday would lead a stranger to the belief that they had in keeping with the saying we heard "more whiskey, better whiskey, larger barrels and do away with shorts."--Smithfield Herald.

HELP HOME ENTREPRENEUR.

It is a short sighted policy to withdraw your patronage from an enterprise because you do not get back in a day or a month two dollars for every one you invest. A man who is better off to pay more for a home product than he can for an outside one, because in the former case his money is kept at home and he stands a good chance of seeing it again, whereas in the latter, it is gone "for good."--Warrenton Gazette.

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

The Democratic position on the tariff is not only right in itself and therefore worth fighting for, but it is a policy which is irrevocably committed to the cause of tariff reform, and could not, without disgrace, turn back if it would. No thought of weakness on this line ought ever to be entertained and even those who are talking about giving an excuse for it, for the cause is just, righteous and being righteous must ultimately prevail.--Statesville Landmark.

LESS PIETY, MORE CHRISTIANITY.

If Mr. Wanamaker attempts to stop the running of Sunday schools, he will get the service into such a tangle that he will be glad to send in his resignation and go to his Sunday School and come to room. When a man is so foolish that he cannot bear to think of a train running on Sunday, while that party compels him to raise a half million dollars for the corruption fund of his party we think he is getting a little too pious for a man at the head of his business.--Durham Sun.

THE PARTY "WORN."

The day of the party "worn" is fast drawing to a close. In some sections of the country, where the political campaign grows warm, an "organ" is hatched like a snake in a hole, and in the more enlightened districts the sound of the organ is no longer heard. In too many instances it has proved a boomerang. Experience has demonstrated its utter worthlessness. It is a relic of the time when the political ship was supported by the party ship's crew. The party ship is the arbiter of the polls. Fortunately for American politics and for American manhood the day of the organ and the lash is passed.--Durham Sun.

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

If fools were as numerous and as foolish in the days of Solomon as they are in the nineteenth century, it is not at all surprising that he sought to make himself the sound of writing out his reflections in school language. The folly of fools should not be noticed. When, however, circumstances demand a reply, great caution should be exercised in order that a line too positive shall not be made to believe that his foolishness is taken for wisdom. Fools generally are beneath the notice of respectable people, and some are so foolish that the bare mention of their names bears resemblance of folly.--Davidson Dispatch.

A Modern Biblical Author.

Another Kentucky editor is evidently being slandered. He is credited with the authorship of this: "All the assaults of that blatant infidel who edits the aesthetic sheet across the way cannot bring discredit upon the Bible or tarnish the name of any of its illustrious authors, Thos. Jefferson."

Where Experience is Not Wanted.

Although experience is an excellent thing, it does not help a girl who has had a plentiful variety of it in courtship to a speedy marriage.

A Long "Fol" Want.

America wants a national flower about as badly as a legless man does a bicycle.--Ex.

When will this thing stop? I am not calm and serene. It is not Friday, but it looks like everything has got wrong side up. I bought the children some fancy chickens from Will Henderson--some beautiful black Langshans whose forefathers and mothers were all the way from Asia. They had laid fourteen eggs--large, beautiful eggs--and the hens were happy, and the rooster and the children, too. But, alas for human hopes and Langshan eggs! My wife told me not long ago that she ought to have a pig, a nice, clean little pig, to eat up the waste and the scraps and all the fat and the bones, and she mentioned that neighbor Freeman had one that cost only a dollar a few months ago, and it had grown and fattened and flourished until it weighed 200 pounds, and he sold it for twelve dollars and gave him with the money, and he had bought another pig to do the same thing over, and it was a matter of economy, and so I bought a sweet little pig, and Carl made a trough and it wallowed in the buttermilk and was behaving splendid until last night some one left the gate open and the sweet little spotted thing came out and meandered around and meandered around and gobbled up the hens' nests and gobbled up the whole concern and wanted more. It made the children sick, and they wanted to kill the pig, and about that time I came out to my favorite seat in the front piazza, to ruminate upon the rise and fall of Langshan pigs, when suddenly I missed the beautiful vines that had been meandering up the cane lattice that I had built. Oh, my country! One day while Mrs. Arp was gone I built that lattice to surprise her and revive the smiling sunlight in her eyes. It is a beautiful lattice; made of long smooth cane that reach from the ground to the upper piazza, and they are interlaced crossways, like basketwork, with other canes, and the madra vines and morning glories had already climbed every cane nearly to the top and were spreading their leaves and tendrils and closing out the sunlight, and I had left little gaps in the lattice, and those that we could peep through and see who was passing along the street, or who was coming up the avenue to see us, and most every day I bet with the children as to which vine would grow the fastest by next morning, and now here it is. Oh, my country! the calf got out when the pig did, and while the pig was feeding on Langshan eggs that were laid upon the infernal calf was stuffing his maw with madra vines and morning glories, and then went off and laid down right in our sight, and was chewing her cud, a cud made of the vines that were our hope and our delight. When will this thing stop? I ripped and I raved, and I walked the piazza backwards and forwards, and put on all the agony I could raise. I confounded the pig and the calf and the gate and the unknown individual who left it open. I knew that Mrs. Arp would find out from the children what was the matter, and so I wanted to out Herod Herod and steal her thunder, for she is a prudent woman and never gets on a tare when she sees me. When Mrs. Arp is on a tare I am as meek as a lamb. It is like playing see-saw--when one is up the other is down--though I sometimes think I don't get my share of high riding. But I rode high this morning and the next thing I heard was Mrs. Arp at the piano, and she was playing a waltz, and her daughter, and her two sweet babes came over me like the sweet south wind breathing upon a bank of violets. By the time the breakfast bell rang I had mellowed down smartly and Mrs. Arp said she thought that the vines would sprout from the roots and we would be more than two weeks, but that I had better send the calf to the country.

Through Golden Glasses.

There is a grand, a glorious future in store for the sunny South, and there is a hand to unlock that rich store where the isles of the blessed lie like stars. Nothing less than a great sense of the dignity of labor now that they had at the close of the war! Has their moral condition been improved? Do they vote intelligently? To all these questions the answer is emphatically, No! Does it not seem, then, that the Whites have for nearly a quarter of a century spent nearly \$2,000,000 a year in a worse than useless undertaking?--Memphis Avalanche.

THE RACE QUESTION.

A loudly attired negro got into a proscription box at a New York theater last night and threw a magnificent bouquet to Miss Fannie Rice, one of the artists. There was a card bearing a message attached to the flowers. The lady very sensibly and fifty rebuffed her Otthelloized admirer by tossing the flowers to the comedian stuck in his belt. The audience jeered the presumptuous negro till he was fairly obliged to leave the theater.--Chicago Mail.

AGAINST GAMBLING.

One good thing about Moham-medanism--and who can deny that it presents some good features among heaps of rubbish--is it fierce hostility to gambling. Dice, cards, betting, etc., are rigorously proscribed, and considered so wicked that a gambler's testimony is inadmissible in a court of law.--Mercurian in St. Louis Republic.

IN WAMAMAKER'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Bro' Wanamaker: Do unto others as you would wish to be done by.

Senator Quay's Boy (from class): Supposin' others be Democrats?

"Then, beloved children, this doesn't go?"

THE VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.

The North Carolina State Firemen's Association will hold its second annual convention in the city of Raleigh, N. C., beginning at 12 o'clock noon, on August 13th, 1889. All members of said Association are expected to be prompt in attendance, and every volunteer white fire company in the State is cordially invited to attend either in mass or through representatives.

By order of the Ex. Com. C. D. BENDOW, President. E. B. ENGLEHARD, Secretary, Raleigh, N. C.

Texas has never had a native-born Governor.

THE SQUEEZE WILL NOW END.

Mrs. Jenness Miller and her sister, Miss Isabel Jenness, have seemingly discovered the combination. They do not tell a woman that the corset injures her health. They tell her it ruins her beauty. The corset will now go, but it will not be because men and women have been talking about its injurious qualities for years and years. The cold fact is that one beautiful woman stands a better show in this world than a thousand healthy ones, and every woman knows it.--Washington Post.

THIS WAS DONE UP NORTH.

A restaurant keeper in Chicago recently refused to let a colored minister take dinner at his place, whereupon the latter sued for damages and was awarded \$120 by a jury composed of white men. The waiter in the restaurant were white men and declined to wait on the colored minister. The proprietor refused to have the customer waited upon, and hence the suit.

AS GOOD AS A REFRIGERATOR.

"Whew! It's pretty hot today," said the visiting politician in Washington. "I think I'll go over to the White House and get cooled off."

"How will you manage that?" inquired his companion.

"Why, I'll strike the President for an office that will do the business."--Chicago News.

SAME HERE, COL. HENRI.

The Alabama negroes are saying one to another, "Damn the Republic, anyway." While not wishing to endorse anything smacking of profanity, candor compels the admission that this is, on the whole, a pretty good sort of a password.--Louisville Courier-Journal, Dem.

THE PRICE ALL RIGHT.

Clerk--Isn't the price of this box of strawberries low enough for you?

Customer--Oh, the price is low enough. The bottom of the box isn't, though.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children when teething. It soothes the child, cures the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SHE WANTED TO GO TO DEN.

"But if you don't love him, Clara, why are you going to marry him?"

"Because he dared me to mamma. He knew my high spirits, and he said, 'Oh, I'll make him sorry enough for it, I don't you be afraid.'--N. Y. Sun.

THE GEORGIA WAY.

Eight negro gamblers were arrested near Waycross, Ga., last Sunday night. They were tried the next morning, convicted and sentenced to 12 months imprisonment.

Don't Get "Scared."

It is estimated that the United States has a doctor for every 600 inhabitants.

CAN YOU BE DONE.

The following suggestions from Hon. John Robinson, State Commissioner of Agriculture, if adopted by the farmers of North Carolina, would be worth millions of dollars to them:

When our farmers get their farms seeded to clover and the grasses, and divorce the farm from the cotton and tobacco business, they will begin to realize how much easier it is to live and make money by growing stock, not only for their own needs, but also for the markets.

The farmer who always has something for sale, and is not ashamed to market it, we find independent of combinations and trusts. It is also true that the farmer who produces what he consumes has but few de-

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