

The Wilson Advance

WILSON, N. C., MAY 22nd, 1890.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Sprains, Rheum, Fever, Sore, Tetter, Chapped Hair, Chills, Corns and all Skin Eruptions...

If you "feel out of sorts," across the peevish - take Dr. J. McLean's Sarsaparilla, cheerfulness will return an life will acquire new zest.

"This needs a stamp," said the postmaster as the cockroach crawled out of the mail bag.

If you are all run down - have no strength, no energy, and feel very tired all the time - take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will impart strength and vitality to your system.

If a man wants to draw himself into bankruptcy he can do it by playing draw poker.

If you are suffering from weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve.

A man with a speaking face ought to make a good professor in a deaf and dumb asylum.

The blood must be pure for the body to be in perfect condition. Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood and imparts the rich blood of health and vigor to the whole body.

"Always get into the first blow," says a writer. People who live in districts where cyclones flourish should paste this in their hats.

"It goes right to the spot," said an old man, who was rubbing in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment to relieve rheumatism.

When the girl who has encouraged a young man for several years suddenly tells him that she can never be for the first time see the freckles on her nose.

The quality of blood depends much upon good or bad digestion and assimilation. To make the blood rich in life and strength giving constituents use Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will nourish the properties of the blood from which the elements of vitality are drawn.

One of the suggestions for the Chicago World's Fair is a gigantic iron tent covering 200 acres, with an iron tower in the center 1,500 feet in height, corresponding to the tent pole.

Children who are troubled with worms may be quickly relieved by giving them Dr. J. H. McLean's Liquid Vermicide. It kills and expels worms.

Always think the best of man. To think the worst is the sure mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.

The circulation of the blood - quickened and encircled - bears life and energy to every portion of the body; appetite returns; the hour of rest brings with it a sound repose. This can be secured by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no character, is required to set up in the grumbling business.

For rheumatic and neuralgic pains, rub in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, and take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. You will not suffer long, but will be gratified with a speedy and effective cure.

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD DISEASES. Ulcers, sores, pimples, itch, salt rheum, etc., are evidences of contagious blood disease. It is manifestly a duty to eradicate blood poison from the system by a use of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) thus enabling the sore places to heal, and thereby removing the possibility of other members of the family becoming likewise afflicted. Send to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book that will convince.

J. Z. Outlaw, Mt. Olive, N. C., writes: "I had running sores on my shoulders and arms. One bottle B. B. B. cured me entirely." L. Johnston, Belmont Station, Miss., writes: "B. B. B. has worked on me like a charm. My head and body was covered with sores and my hair came out, but B. B. B. healed me quickly." W. J. Kinin, Hutcheson, Texas, writes: "B. B. B. has cured my wife of a large ulcer on her leg that doctors and all other medicines could not cure."

M. J. Rossman, a prominent citizen of Greenville, Ga., writes: "I know of several cases of blood disease speedily cured by B. B. B. Two bottles cured a lady of ugly scrofulous skin sores." W. C. Birchmore & Co., Maxey, Ga., writes: "B. B. B. is curing Mr. Robt. Ward of blood poison effected one of the most wonderful cures that ever came to our knowledge."

SNOW BOUND AT EAGLES

BY BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER III.

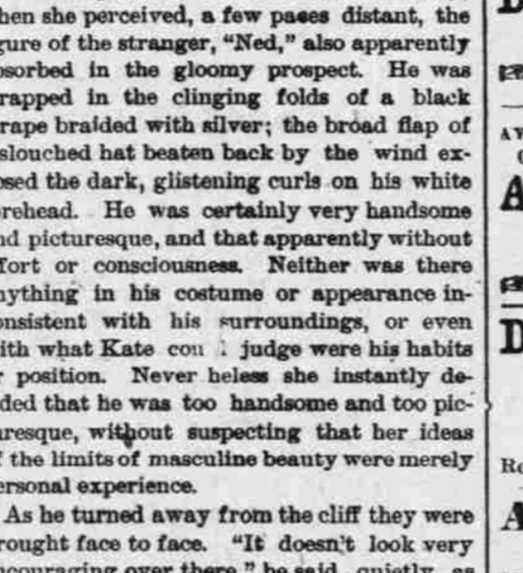
To Kate's surprise the lower part of the house was deserted, but there was an unusual activity on the floor above, and the sound of heavy steps. There were alien marks of dusty feet on the scrupulously clean passage, and on the first step of the stairs a spot of blood. With a sudden genuine alarm that drove her previous adventures from her mind, she impatiently called her sister's name. There was a hasty yet subdued rustle of skirts on the staircase, and Mrs. Hale, with her finger on her lip, swept Kate unceremoniously into the sitting room, closed the door and locked it behind her with a faint smile. She had a crumpled paper in her hand.

Uncomfortable and embarrassed, she knew not why, Kate sought her mother. But there good lady was already in attendance on the patient, and Kate hurried past that baleful center of attraction with a feeling of loneliness and strangeness she had never experienced before. Entering her own room she went to the window - the first and last refuge of the troubled mind - and gazed. Turning her eyes in the direction of her morning walk, she started back with a sense of being dazzled. She rubbed first her eyes and then the rain-dimmed pane. It was no illusion. The whole landscape, so familiar to her, was now a field of dead, colorless, white! Trees, rocks, even distance itself, had vanished in those few hours. An even, shadowless, motionless white sea filled the horizon. On either side a vast wall of snow seemed to shut out the world like a shroud. Along the green plateau before her, with its sloping meadows and fringes of pines and cottonwood, lay alone like a summer island in this frozen sea.



"Dear me," said Mrs. Scott quickly, "I forgot to say the horse cannot be found anywhere. Manned must have taken him this morning to look up the stock. But he will be back to-night certainly, and if to-morrow." The wounded man sank back to a sitting position. "Is Mannel your man?" he asked grimly. "The two men exchanged glances. 'Marked on his left cheek and drinks a good deal!' 'Yes,' said Kate, fending her voice. 'My animal took care to take the man's eyes.' 'That kind of man isn't safe to wait for. We must take our own horse, Ned. Are you ready?' 'Yes.' 'The wounded man again attempted to rise. He fell back, but this time quite heavily. He had fainted. Involuntarily and simultaneously the three women rushed to his side. 'He cannot go,' said Kate, suddenly.

"Why 'Ned.' But I must go and look after the patient. I suppose they've got him safe in his bed again, and with a nod to her sister she tripped up stairs. Uncomfortable and embarrassed, she knew not why, Kate sought her mother. But there good lady was already in attendance on the patient, and Kate hurried past that baleful center of attraction with a feeling of loneliness and strangeness she had never experienced before. Entering her own room she went to the window - the first and last refuge of the troubled mind - and gazed. Turning her eyes in the direction of her morning walk, she started back with a sense of being dazzled. She rubbed first her eyes and then the rain-dimmed pane. It was no illusion. The whole landscape, so familiar to her, was now a field of dead, colorless, white! Trees, rocks, even distance itself, had vanished in those few hours. An even, shadowless, motionless white sea filled the horizon. On either side a vast wall of snow seemed to shut out the world like a shroud. Along the green plateau before her, with its sloping meadows and fringes of pines and cottonwood, lay alone like a summer island in this frozen sea.



Half frightened, she was turning away, when she perceived, a few paces distant, the figure of the stranger, 'Ned,' also apparently absorbed in the gloomy prospect. He was wrapped in the clinging folds of a black blanket braided with silver; the broad flap of a slouched hat beaten back by the wind exposed the dark, glistening curls on his forehead. He was certainly very handsome and picturesque, and that apparently without effort or consciousness. Neither was there anything in his costume or appearance inconsistent with his surroundings, or even with what Kate could judge were his habits or position. Never before she instantly decided that he was too handsome and too picturesque to neglect, and that her idea of the limits of masculine beauty were merely personal experience. As he turned away from the cliff they were brought face to face. "It doesn't look very encouraging over there," he said, quietly, as if the scene around him were of no consequence. He relieved him of his previous shyness and effort; "it's even worse than I expected. The snow must have begun there last night, and it looks as if it meant to stay." He stopped for a moment, and then, lifting his eyes to her, said: "I suppose you know what this means?" "I don't understand you," she replied. "I thought not. Well, it means that you are absolutely cut off here from any communication or intercourse with any one outside of that canyon. By this time the snow is five feet deep over the only trail by which one can pass in and out of that gateway. I am not alarming you, I hope, for there is no real physical danger; a place like this ought to be well garrisoned, and certainly is self-supporting so far as the more necessities and even comforts are concerned. You have fresh water, cattle and game at your command, but for two weeks at least you are completely isolated."

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas's \$3 shoe for gentlemen and \$3 & \$2 shoes for ladies. Includes address in Nashville, N.C.

Advertisement for Xcelstor Cook Stoves. Includes an illustration of a stove and text describing its features as 'The Best in the Market'.

Advertisement for Branch & Co., Bankers. Includes text: 'Respectfully solicit the accounts of Individuals, Firms, Banks and Correspondents Generally.'

Advertisement for Geo. D. Green & Co., Agents for Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping Machines and Rakes.

Advertisement for Cooke, Clark & Co., Successors to Luther Sheldon. Includes an illustration of a building and text: 'Sash, Doors and Blind Builders'.

Advertisement for A. M. A. The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. Includes a map and text: 'Unacquainted with the geography of the country, will obtain the most valuable information from a study of this map.'

Advertisement for Tott's Pills. Includes text: 'Intelligent Readers will notice that Tott's Pills are not advertised in any other place.'

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Advertisement for J. & P. Coats. Includes text: 'Six-Cord Spool Cotton. You can buy it of J. & P. Coats, J. D. & C. Wells, J. T. Wiggins, M. Runtz & Co., A. Heilbroner, Manager for M. R. Lang.'

Advertisement for 'If You Want a Piano or Organ'. Includes text: 'Write us, and we will send you a 15 Days' Test Trial. We pay all freight. No cash advance until you are satisfied. Satisfaction Guaranteed.'

Advertisement for 'The Rock Island is the Favorite Tourist Line'. Includes text: 'The Rock Island is the favorite tourist line to Manitowish, Plover, Pease, Garden of the Gods, Cascade, Green Mountain Falls, Idaho Springs, etc.'

Advertisement for 'Bile Beans'. Includes text: 'Use the SMALL Size (40 pills) for the bottle. They are the most convenient. Price of either size, 25c per Bottle. Sold every where.'