

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

J. A. C. Daniels, Ed. and Prop.

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

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BEEL ARP'S LETTER

THIS GENERATION IS AN AGE OF SMARTNESS.

An Age of Schools and Colleges, of Education and Knowledge, and the Old Man Can't Keep up with the Progressions.

The post says: "I love every thing that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, and so do I. As we grow older, we love them more, but sometimes I wish I had my life to live over again, and could begin it now. What a long, long time it has taken to learn what little we know! What an uphill business—what a pull—what a strain! There is no use in an old man strutting around and looking wise just because he is old. The truth is, our children and even our grandchildren know more about many things than we do. We never had to study anything about geology and telegraphs and telephones and dynamos and the skull and bones and nerves and arteries, and what to eat and what not to eat. Such things were not in our school books. But now every school boy and girl in the higher grades can make me ashamed of my ignorance. They know all about a steam engine, and can tell which moves the fastest, the top or the bottom of a driving wheel, and how the outer wheels keep up with the inner wheels in going round a curve. They know as much about the human frame as an old-fashioned doctor. I've been thinking for fifty years that the heart was on the left side under the left breast, but my children just laughed at me, and said it was exactly in the middle. It used to be on the left side I know, for I heard an old preacher say that Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's left side, because it was nearest his heart, and I remember seeing McCready play Venky in the Merchant of Venice, and he got ready to cut the pound of flesh from Antonio's breast nearest his heart, and his breast was laid bare on the left side. But human hearts are getting further off now. I used to believe that a man had twelve ribs on the right side and eleven on the other. I thought that one was taken away to make our great maternal ancestor, but it seems now that no man lost a rib but Adam. These chaps of mine talk learnedly about the sensor nerves and the motors and the flexors and extensors and how the sensors are always on guard to keep us out of danger. "For instance," said Jesse, "if I start to stick a pin in your knee, the sensors tell it to the brain as quick as lightning and the brain tells the extensors and the extensors jerk your knee out of the way. "Let me show you," said she and I verily believed she would have stuck me if I hadn't extended my extensors and caught her hand. The way I thought it was done was my eye saw the pin and my experience told me that a pin hurt so I kept her from sticking me, but I suppose that it is all done with red tape now. It must be a lightning business for there is not much time wasted then the eye-lid closes by instinct to keep a gnat or a cinder out. These school children study all these things in the books and they have a fresh young doctor, I mean a young doctor fresh from college, to lecture to them on anatomy and he has a mannikin and a genuine skull and bones to illustrate everything. We used to be afraid of even a picture of a skull and bones, but the school children will walk right up to the real thing now as well as Hamlet and will examine it with impunity. I never knew how it was that a chicken could sleep on the roost without falling off, how it could hold on to it in a storm, but they told me that when a bird sat down the tendons in the legs closed up the toes tight around the limb and the bird or the chicken couldn't let go if it wanted to without rising up to a perpendicular. The chicken stealers know that and will always push at the chicken before they pull him off the roost. I reckon that must be so for I notice now that when a chicken is walking along the toes close up every time the leg is raised. I am learning a heap from these children. I reckon they can tell me why a cow gets up behind and a horse gets up before and how many eggs a bat lays, and why a whip-poorwill can't set across a limb, and why a bean vine climbs round a pole one way and a hop vine the other, and what the dew claws are on a dog's hind legs for. Maybe

THE EDITOR'S DESK

TIMELY COMMENT ON IMPORTANT EVENTS.

Short Paragraphs on Topics of Live Interest for Busy Adversely Readers.

A little Washington girl sat down the other day and from her inner consciousness, and perhaps outer experience, evolved the following:
The smallest morsel of tongue or pen. There are too many women and not enough men.
A Georgia editor says that a man who would cheat a country editor out of year's subscription would give a nickel with a hole in it to the foreign missionary fund and sigh because the hole was not bigger than the nickel.
Senator Ingalls having declared that the purification of politics is "an iridescent dream," the Boston Post is moved to say that the "practice of politics, as Senator Ingalls favors it, comes very near being a pretentious reality."
Sam Jones says Col. Bob Ingersoll is an infidel for the money he makes out of it. As the Rev. Sam recently cleared \$2,000 from a week's engagement some people seem to think it is in order for him to explain why he is a Christian.
Seven of the supposed-to-be sharpest and wisest lawyers in the country have made wills and the said wills have been broken all to flinders by heirs and other lawyers. An ignorant Missouri farmer wrote his will in four lines on a slate and it stood these lawsuits and ten lawyers.
Cock-eyed Ben Butler has had his eyes operated upon quite recently and one of them is now in good shape. Since that time he has come out in a long article in which he says the mortgage indebtedness of the farmers of this country amounts to \$3,450,000,000. Suppose both eyes were all right, what would he not discover!
Gov. Taylor, of Tennessee, carries a level hand. Recently when asked to give his opinion about the race question, he said: "I agree with Zeb Vance when he says: 'Hand off.' And again says the Governor, this time to the Hon. Grover Cleveland: 'Take no more cases in law. Get ready for the people. They need you.'"
The Prohibitionists ought to have no trouble in finding most eligible Presidential timber for '92. For instance, there's Col. Rosewater, of Nebraska; Major Rainwater, of Missouri; and Private Freshwater, of Ohio. A Presidential nomination might tempt either of these gentlemen to break away the old party lines.—Washington Post.
If these will not answer they might try Mr. Atwater, of this State.
The following is a brother editor's idea of retributive justice: "An editor works 365 days per year to get out 52 issues of paper; that's labor. Once in a while somebody pays him a year's subscription; that's capital. And once in a while some son of a gun of a dead beat takes the paper for a year or two and vanishes without paying for it; that's anarchy. But later on justice will overtake the last-named creature, for there is a place where he will get his deserts; that's h—ll."
If Raleigh has any man with gubernatorial aspirations, she had better pack him in ice. The Raleigh Visitor has discovered that Raleigh gets the Governorship once every twenty years. In 1828 '29 James Iredell was Governor; in 1849 Charles Manly; in 1868 '69 W. W. Holden; in 1889 Daniel G. Fowle. So if this rule continues all aspirants in Wake county will have to wait until 2009. Don't be impatient, gentlemen; your time will soon come.
"That is the Episcopal church which you see yonder. Soon after the war my old college friend, Wm. Wetmore, came here to Shelby to preach for the Episcopalians, and had to go across the street yonder to get his gown. It was when everybody was talking about the ku klux. Well, when he came out of the house with his gown on, the boys all got around him and shouted, 'ku klux, ku klux,' and one of his vestrymen came up and cursed the boys out."—Dr. N. B. Cobb.

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

about half that amount, or 41 cents per bushel. Now, let us see how much the farmer gets out of it. This corn was raised in Cass county, and it is fair to suppose that the land it was raised on is worth \$30 per acre. It was raised in a good corn year, and it is fair to suppose the yield was about 50 bushels per acre. The account then would stand thus:
Rent per acre \$2.50
Plowing 1.00
Harrowing25
Planting50
Seed10
Plowing three times 1.50
Picking50
Shelling50
Hauling 1.00
Total expense of acre \$9.35
Income fifty bushel at 13c 6.50
Loss \$2.85
The above is a fair estimate of the cost of raising an acre of corn in Cass county, and the yield given is a good one. In expense must be reduced \$2.85 per acre and it cannot be done. But on that same corn on which the farmer loses in unremunerated labor nearly five cents per bushel, the railroad makes a net gain of 41 cents per bushel.
Now you know who owns the farm. The railroad owns it, and owns it by virtue of the laws the people have made and the laws the people have neglected to make. Without any investment, without any taxes, repairs, insurance, without any other of any sort from nominal ownership, the roads take a net income of \$2.75 to \$3.50 per acre on every fifty bushels of corn shipped over their lines. This is what Mr. Standford called "the essence of ownership," and he knew what he was talking about.—Farmers' Alliance.
NASHVILLE NOTES.
"Ben's" Idle Pen Wags Freely Once More.
The pen of your correspondent has been laid aside for some time and in writing another communication perhaps an apology is due, but he has none ready and can only say "better late than never," and fire away.
We are pleased to learn that the prospects for a good crop are very flattering. We have had nice seasons and crops of all kind are in a flourishing condition. We heard a prominent gentleman, who has been in all parts of Nash recently, say the other day that Nash county would blossom as a rose this year and make more than she ever had made before.
Madison Hawkins, Esq., census supervisor of this district, was in town several days ago appointing enumerators. We learn that he gave his appointments to men competent to fill the position, who, of course, were Democrats, and as a consequence a string of curses both loud and deep comes from the faithful in the Radical ranks.
Great preparations are going on at the Carolina Male and Female Institute for the commencement which will be the 18th and 19th of June. The address will be delivered by H. W. Blount, Esq., editor of the Wilson Mirror. The name of Henry Blount of course insures a crowd. The people of Nashville are looking forward with eager longing for the time for they know they will listen to an address that will be well rounded, erudite, and full of the richest and rarest gems of poetic fancy, but it is useless to say more. When I said Henry Blount was to deliver the address I said enough—no one will thank me to say too long a grace over a rich banquet.
Rev. R. P. Pell preached two excellent sermons at the Carolina Institute Sunday. This talented young minister is gaining a warm place in the hearts of the citizens of this community.
We were surprised to read in the letter of the Raleigh correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger, of several days ago, that E. W. Lyon and S. M. Alvord were the owners of the Mann-Arrington gold mine in this county. This is certainly news to Nash county. The firm of Campbell & Lyon are large owners of the property. Mr. Alvord, a gentleman from Borton, who is now in North Carolina investing largely in North Carolina property, has nothing to do with the mine. The other owners are wealthy gentlemen from Pittsburg, Pa. We learn that a good strike has been made in the lower workings of the Mann-Arrington mine showing that the vein is a continuous one. Jim

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

Raleigh will most likely hold a grape show in July or August.
Messrs. Byrum and Bragaw are building a cotton factory in Washington to cost \$100,000.
Larger shipments of strawberries and truck have been made from Clinton this season than ever before.
Goldsboro is "bumping" herself and will have a knitting mill and cotton factory before the years grows much older.
Raleigh has a post of Grand Army of the Republic. It was organized May 9th, as is known as the Phil Sheridan post.
Chief Smith, who is at the head of the Cherokee Indians in North Carolina, says that he believes ultimately his tribe will be removed to the reservation in Indian Territory. A large number are in favor of it.
Mr. S. Kirkpatrick, the revenue agent who was recently shot in the face near Hillsboro, is hopelessly blind. The Greensboro Normal State thinks he should be pensioned and says steps in that direction have been taken.
Randolph can boast of a dwarf, who is eighteen years old, four feet high and weighs seventy-seven pounds. His name is Clarley Fields. His address is Red Cross, N. C. He ought to exhibit himself.—Asheboro Courier.
A needle, one and one-half inches long, was recently removed from the side of Mrs. C. Counselor Cole, of Fredericksburg, Va. The Cole says that she swallowed the needle forty years ago and has never left any inconvenience from it.
An old colored man calling down the river, caught a large turtle and placed him in the boat, and tied him to the bottom. In a moment of forgetfulness he slipped too near the amphibian and a piece of the old man's heel the size of a silver dollar, was bitten out, whereupon he was so infuriated that he sawed off the turtle's head.—Washington Gazette.
On the night of the 13th an illicit distiller in Johnston county met his death in a tragical way. His name was David Britt and while drunk he fell in a moment of forgetfulness he slipped too near the amphibian and a piece of the old man's heel the size of a silver dollar, was bitten out, whereupon he was so infuriated that he sawed off the turtle's head.—Washington Gazette.
J. W. Davis, a native of Chapel Hill and a graduate of the University (class 1868), is in jail at Fort Worth, Texas, on a charge of murder. He has made an appeal to the Supreme Court. The delegates from this State to the Southern Baptist Convention called on the unfortunate man. He is a son of Dr. Davis.
The fine iron gray house that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee rode at the head of the procession at the unveiling of the Lee monument, belonged to Mrs. Geo. D. Bennett, of Goldsboro. Col. W. C. Wood Lee saw the horse, he said: "If I had hunted the State of Virginia over with a fine tooth comb I could not have found a finer animal."
A great many bad things have been said about Governor Fowle, but the Goldsboro Headlight gets away with its contemporaries and everybody else, when referring to a petition to the Governor for commuting the sentence of Aver Butler to a term of imprisonment, it says: "If the Governor grants the petition he will do the first just act since occupying the gubernatorial chair."
We read a tough story from Stokes county. David Stokes, a colored man, was bitten by a cat which he tried to drive from the house. The animal became enraged, flew upon Stokes and buried his teeth in his arm; the animal held on with such tenacity it was necessary to sever her head from the body before friends could release the man from the clutches of the feline. Stokes was taken ill and though he showed no symptoms of hydrophobia, he died in twenty-four hours.
A gentleman who has recently traveled through Mississippi tells the Charlotte Chronicle that at Vicksburg he met a negro man from North Carolina who used to drive a stage from Louisville to Frankfort, and whom he knew. He told me that one of the levees breaking killed seventy negroes from North Carolina. Those who were not drowned started to deal in the trees in which they fled for refuge. The ground has been perfectly dry the night before when they retired. (I lived in that country I should never go to sleep without a boat being changed to my bed.)
Hicks, of St. Louis, predicts a cool wave the first week of June, to be followed about the 10th by heavy rains with high temperature and much lightning. During the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, a most phenomenal warm wave will sweep over the country attended with much lightning and thunder and heavy rain storms. He expects that after the heavy rains of June will begin a period of excessive drought which will extend over a period of three years. Earthquakes are predicted for the close of June

THE PRESSMAN OF THE DAILY WORKMAN

The pressman of the Daily Workman who is a great searcher after knowledge has finally discovered that there is but one nigger mentioned in the Bible. He says it is nigger Demus.—Greensboro North State.

Our townsman, Hon. W. H. Glenn, owns an overcoat which he bought from John Wannamaker before the latter bribed his way into the cabinet. Since then Mr. Glenn has refused to wear it. Such democracy as that is all wool and a yard wide.—Winston Sentinel.

Governor Fowle will cut ninety tons of clover on his farm near Raleigh.—Asheville Citizen.

We would like to see him when he gets down to it. Perhaps the Fowle would like to take wings and fly away if he could.—Winston Daily.

Yes, there will be puffing and blowing, and not done by newspapers either. When he finishes his friends will apply for a writ of habeas corpus, and make it returnable before Col. Polk.—Greensboro North State.

Laying all joking aside, we want to hear from the Alliance man who beats this yield of hay.

If you have the bronchitis, you often are hoarse, your throat's raw and smarting, your back aching, and if you're not careful, the first thing you know, your lungs are attacked, and disease lays you low.

By using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, bronchial affections and all kindred complaints can be cured, but if neglected, they often terminate in consumption. It is guaranteed to cure all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money refunded.

TO MOTHERS.
For upwards of fifty years, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething with never failing safety and success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, regulates the bowels, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is for sale by druggists in every part of the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

AN ATLANTA LAY'S SAD CONDITION.
About two years ago a sore came on my nose. I called in a physician who could arrest it only for a few days, when it would appear as bad as ever. Finally it became permanent, and despite the constant attention of several physicians it continued to grow worse, the discharge from the ulcer being exceedingly offensive. This was my condition when I commenced to take Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) about one month ago, but I am now large to say that after taking four large bottles of your wonderful medicine my nose is entirely well, and my general health better than it has been in ten years.

Mrs. LUCINDA RUSH, Atlanta, Ga.
Swift's Specific cured me of a blood tain that had troubled me for years. I consider it without an equal. JAMES SHERWOOD, Nashville, Ill.

Treatise on Blood Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

What is cold in the head? Medical authorities say it is due to uneven clothing of the body, rapid cooling when in a perspiration, &c. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose, which, when unchecked, is certain to produce a catarrh condition—for catarrh is essentially a cold which is no longer able to "creak" or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superiority, and sufferers should resort to it before that common ailment becomes seated and ends in obstinate catarrh.

The Raleigh Visitor says: There was recently born at Benson, Johnston county, a white child which is pronounced to be the most wonderful freak of nature ever seen in North Carolina, or perhaps in the world. The child lived fifty hours. It had two heads, one at each end of the body. The heads were perfectly formed in every particular and nursed and cried. The child was 22 inches long and 18 inches wide arms extended. It had three feet—two on one side and one on the other, and four arms, two on each side. The delivery was made by Dr. G. F. Parker. The body of most extraordinary monotrosity has been preserved in alcohol and was sent to Oxford for inspection by the Medical Association. It is indeed a wonder.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 27, 1888.
This is to certify that after taking one jug of Microbe Killer I was permanently cured of a severe attack of bronchitis and pulmonary inflammation, said illness having resisted all methods of medical treatment. I cheerfully recommend Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer as being more than claimed for it.
HENRY V. MIBELLY, 77 Camp St. For sale by Doane Herring