

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

J. C. Daniels, Ed's and Prop's

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

\$1.50 a Year, cash in Advance

VOLUME 20.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, NOV. 13, 1890.

NUMBER

## BILL ARP'S LETTER

INVESTMENT OF MONEY IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Some Southern Towns That are Booming.—The Drummer Finds a Friend in Bill Arr.

Verily the South land is booming up. I did not realize how rapidly until I visited North Alabama last week, and with my own eyes saw the wonderful growth of new towns and the prosperity of the old ones. Millions have been added to her wealth in the last two or three years, and millions more are coming. There is no let up in her progress. When a little, old-fashioned village like Florence rises from 1,200 people to 7,000 within eighteen months, and builds furnaces and foundries, and factories and colleges, and her taxable property increases from \$500,000 to \$3,000,000 it all seems like a dream. This does not include any of the numerous works in construction among which is a cotton mill of 35,000 spindles. It would take half a column to enumerate all of her industries and those in construction. Money flows in and around her as free as water and it takes three national banks to transact her financial business. It seemed to me that everybody was rich, judging from the beautiful houses and homes of her people. Everywhere is heard the sound of the hammer and the saw. Streets are being graded for electric cars, hills dug down and hollows filled up. The town grows so fast that the city fathers can't keep up with it; can't grade the new streets nor pave the sidewalks. It is yet a city of magnificent structure, and will soon be opened for educational purposes. Sectarian colleges are now the order of the day; and seem to prosper more than any other. One thing I saw at Florence gave me especial comfort. The wagon factory that is turning out thirty-first-class wagons every day, and will soon increase its work to fifty. Ever since the war we have paid millions in annual tribute to the North for our wagons and bugles, and carriages. The time is near at hand when we will make our own. A few years ago we paid \$90 for a wagon—a wagon that did not actually cost more than \$40. Studebaker and Whitewater and other Northern companies got immensely rich from Southern patronage. The Florence Wagon Company sells a better wagon for \$50, and is making money. In fact they wholesale them for about \$40, for I saw them in the neighboring towns where the merchants keep them and the merchant pays the freight and sells them to the farmer for \$50 and makes a profit. There is a world of magnificent timber around Florence, and this wagon company invites an inspection of the stock of ash and hickory and white oak that is put in their wagons. Why can't we duplicate this factory in Georgia and save our timber from wanton destruction. Florence has built a very fine hotel and it is hoped that the business part of the town will soon grow to it, but at present the commercial traveler suffers and sweats and frosts down own and gets away as soon as possible. A good hotel is the very best advertisement for a growing town. It would pay Florence and Sheffield to build one each for the commercial travelers and have them well kept, even if the hotel lost money. The drummer wants a home for the time being. I persevere and ponder them with intense interest and warmest sympathy. Everywhere I go I meet them and wonder that they can be so cheerful. At Tusculum eight of them left the hotel at night on the 10 o'clock train, and seven came in to take their places. The night is to them just like the day—all broken into pieces. Their schedule is made up a d, like the Wanderers, they must keep moving. Around the big dirty stove in the reception room they gather and talk, tell of their ups and downs, and compare notes and while or sing until train time, whether it be early or late. At Huntsville a score of them waited from 11 to 1 o'clock on a belated train. It was cold and cheerless, but I heard no complaint, no bad language. I was strange for me to keep calm and serene, but I thought of the drummers and kept my temper down. I thought of the father and mother, the brothers and sisters and the pleasant home that was far away, and how happy were they all to receive a visit from the boy they loved. I thought of the midnight travel and the cheerless room where as my old schoolmates (once

wrote in his composition, he was "all solitary and alone, all by himself, with nobody at all with him." Wasn't he lonesome?

Florence is on one side of the great river and Sheffield on the other. Five great leviathan furnaces are continually breathing out fire and smoke in Sheffield, but the town is not making very rapid progress now. It is beautifully located and has broad, graded streets and handsome drives. Montgomery avenue is just lovely. No more beautiful street can be found in any city in the South, and all it wants is to be filled up compactly with such residences as now adorn it. There is much wealth there, but not many industries besides the furnaces. From Sheffield I ran down to the little unpretending town of Russellville. I did not know there was anything there but an old-fashioned primitive village with a court house and a jail and a Baptist church and Methodist church and a few humble dwellings and stores, but I found the town on a little boom, and every man, woman and child on a strut even the dogs wagged their tails proudly. Town lots had gone up from \$200 an acre to \$10 a front foot. Iron ore had been found in the neighboring hills and iron men from Birmingham had come and bought it and were tearing up the face of the earth. They had built a branch railroad around it and had a reservoir that held 10,000,000 gallons of water, and were operating immense steam shovels and washing the gravel ore with ponderous machinery of the latest improved models. Whole train loads of this ore were moved every day to Birmingham and Sheffield. Houses for the workmen were thick in the suburbs and everything was lively. A new schoolhouse has just been finished and furnished. A new hotel is on the way, and it is to be hoped that the same good lady will preside over it that now presides over the humble tenement that gave us food and shelter. What clean nice beds and bedding. What cheerful fires. What good old-fashioned cooking and shining table ware. The drummers like to rest there, I know, but space is scarce, and they have to double and treble in a room or take the first train and get further. But they leave their blessing with the widow. I don't like to room with a stranger, for maybe he is a nervous man and don't like a palatrombone music away in the dead of night. But then a man ought to be willing to endure for a night what some of my family have endured for years and years. I am not a very hard case, however, and always turn over and hold up when my name is called.

But Huntsville is the grand old town of North Alabama, and grand folks live there. I don't mean proud folks or vain folks, but the old-time aristocracy of the South, the refined and cultivated people who will be gentle-men and ladies whether poor or rich. There is nothing small or mean or selfish about the average Huntsville citizen. Honor and principle are cardinal virtues, and the children and youth grow up imbued with the best ideas of true manhood and womanhood. It has always been marked as the home of virtue and beauty. If I was a rich man and could call back about twenty-five years and Mrs. Arrp could do so too, I think I would move to Huntsville and luxuriate with her people.

But we can't all be rich and so we can't all go to Huntsville. It is easily possible to be happy in other places and it is generally our own fault if we are not. Happiness is not far away if we will only seek it. Happiness is at home by the hearth stone with a contented and loving family. I found it while I was gone even in the little village of Leighton that puts on no airs, but where good people nabor with each other in friendship and love and good will. I never mingled with a better people than I found at Leighton, and shall never forget the love feast we had on that rainy night in the little schoolhouse in the grove, where music and song gave welcome to the stranger in their midst, and "Bonny Doon" and "Araby's Daughter" carried me back to the songs of my childhood. Peace and prosperity to Leighton; may her people never get poor enough to steal nor rich enough to be proud and take the name of the Lord in vain.

BILL ARP.

## EDITOR'S DESK

TIMELY COMMENT ON IM-PORTANT EVENTS.

Short Paragraphs on Topics of Lively Interest to our Readers

The next Legislature will be called on to redistrict the State. This is a very important work and should be carefully done.

The demagogue who thinks the people are opposed to the present system of county government is respectfully referred to the results of the recent election.

The professional reformer (and their name is legion) will now please prepare his little bill for the Legislature. He'll get somebody to introduce it and—pigeon hole it.

Western North Carolina, as well as every other section of the State, acted her part well. The white people of the West will never again be deceived by Radical revenue and bootlickers.

The victory is so great and so gratifying that we can scarcely believe it is real. The people can be humbugged and swindled for a long time, but when they do arise they come "like a thousand of brick."

There is danger in success. We hope the Democrats of the country will use the wonderful victory they have achieved in such a way as to strengthen the party in the whole country. Let us act wisely if we would make our victory permanent.

Honors are now easy between Eaves and Mott. Two years ago Eaves helped the Democracy to pile up a tremendous majority. This year the "Iron Duke" managed things and the same glorious results followed.

The work in Kansas is due to the Alliance. They deserve the praise for breaking the backbone of Republicanism in that hotbed of hatred of the South. That the teachings of this organization has aided materially in instructing the people all over the country no one will doubt.

The children of North Carolina are at last to be provided with better schools. The farmers of the State demand a larger appropriation for school purposes and they have control of the Legislature. We long to see the day when every child in our borders shall have the opportunity of attending school nine months in the year.

That the next Legislature will give us a Railroad Commission there can be no doubt. The farmers of the State are determined to have one and they are vastly in the majority in the Legislature. In fact the next Legislature might properly be termed the Farmers Legislature.

The Democrats carried Wake county and the Raleigh State Chronicle is largely responsible for the results. No paper ever did more earnest, fearless work to secure good government than did that paper. The Chronicle has been a power of strength in this campaign. It has "poured oil on the troubled waters" when some by hot-headedness would have made division in the Democratic party by arraying one class of Democrats against another. It has been an earnest uncompromising fighter and has helped to hold together many who were almost ready to depart from the ship of Democracy. Truly the people owe the Chronicle a debt of gratitude.

The Legislature will be overwhelmingly Democratic and the Alliance will have a large majority of the Democrats. If the next Legislature does not redress every grievance that the Alliance has—so far as North Carolina is concerned—then that organization can hold its own members responsible for failure to perform their duty. The Alliance sought to control nominations and thereby secure complete control of the Legislature so that they might redress the grievances of the farmers. They accomplished their object—they have the responsibility resting upon their shoulders. We are glad that it does; we feel no uneasiness but they will legislate wisely for all the people. There will, after the next Legislature, be no cause for complaint among the farmers of the State, so far as North Carolina is concerned.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

## AN ACCOMMODATING RAILROAD

A Valuable Old Gentleman's Mishap and How it was Remedied.

"I've heard of railroads so accommodating that trains would stop and let passengers get out and pick blackberries along the line," said John Gilbert, the traveling grocerman, "but I ran across a railroad down in North Carolina the other day that can give the blackberry railroad many points. It is a narrow guage, and does a big business. It is a monopoly too, but it evidently means to treat every one fair and kindly. The day I was a passenger on this road a very valuable old gentleman sat in the seat directly in front of me. He talked much, and in talking he opened his mouth very wide. He had store teeth, and the plate had either shrunk or the old gentleman's mouth had expanded since the teeth were fitted to him, for they kept bobbing up and down as he talked like piano keys in action. "You better look out, old man," I said to myself, for if you haven't got a string to those teeth the first thing you know they'll desert you.

"We were tipping along at a pretty good gait. It was a warm day, and the old gentleman had his window up. Pretty soon he opened up with a few remarks, in the middle of which he felt compelled to laugh. He gave one hilarious snort and, zip! shot that set of misfit teeth out of his mouth. It wasn't satisfied with getting rid of his mouth but it threw itself out of the car through the open window as well.

"Gosh! all fishhook," was what the old gentleman undoubtedly imagined he was saying, but his upper lip was caved in almost to his plate, and as he had to push it back and hold it there with his tongue before he could talk his words came a trifle thick and full of spittle. That was all the old man said, but he shoved his head out of the window and looked back manfully towards the spot where his teeth had left him. We had gone a mile or more, I guess before the conductor of the train had learned of the old gentleman's bereavement. He pulled the bell rope. The train was stopped. Then they backed to the place where the teeth had shot out of the window. There conductor, engineer, fireman and brakemen formed themselves into a searching party and went to work to look up the lost teeth. They searched the country on both sides of the track for several rods, up and down, and at the end of half an hour a brakeman shouted:

"Here they be!"

"He had found the old gentleman's teeth. They were all there, safe and sound. The old gentleman shoved them in his mouth and thus said:

"Gosh! all fishhooks. I'd a ketch'd 'em when I got home if I hadn't found them teeth!"

"Then the train started and the old man commenced his talking where he left off when his teeth had got tired quit him. Nobody seemed to think the stopping of the train and going back after the teeth was anything out of the ordinary every day way of managing a railroad and I wasn't going to be conspicuous by kicking. But it was accommodating, wasn't it?"

REMINDEES OF BOYHOOD.

Thoughts That Inclined the Minds of the Jury to Sympathy.

In the good old days when the inferior Court of Rowan was in the hey-day of its glory, a poor little scared nigger was up for stealing a watermelon. The counsel on either side made able speeches, the jury, of which Frank Rogers was foreman, listened attentively to the arguments and in due time retired to consider the case. When at length they came filing back, a mighty hush fell upon the great crowd in the court house. When the clerk asked, "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon the verdict," the foreman stepped forward and said: "They jury, after due consideration, and the prisoner at the bar, being marked one who were the emine: "The court, after consultation, have agreed, in view of the fact that all the members of this court have been guilty of the same offense as the prisoner at the bar, to suspend judgement in the case."

If your baby is sick suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, soothe it with Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

## MY CHOICE.

I never was fond your golden blonde With eyes of azure hue, For there's more of art than there is of heart.

In a girl whose eyes are blue. But the little brunette with her eyes of jet, Is ever the girl for me. My heart she'll ensnare with her raven hair Wherever I chance to be.

So fill up your glass, to the dark eyed lass We'll drink a health, old man. May we both get maids with the raven braids.

That is to say, if we can.

ALFRED EDMUNDS.

PURSUED BY A GANDER.

No Gander Could Chase Him and Live.

A man who was caught in the act of skinning a neighbor's sheep covered his embarrassment by declaring that no sheep could bite him and live. The logic of this says that Youth's Companion, is equaled by that of the Yankee soldier who once had a narrow escape from an enraged gander.

The men of a certain Maine regiment, which was in the enemy's country in 1862, considered the order "no foraging" an additional and uncalled for hardship.

One afternoon about dusk a soldier was seen beating a rapid retreat from the rear of a farm house near by, closely pursued by a gander, with wings outspread, whose feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and from whose beak issued a succession of angry screams.

The fugitive was not reassured by the cries of the gander's owner, "Hold on, man, hold on! He won't hurt you!" "Call off your gander! Call him off, shouted the fleeing soldier.

Neither man nor gander stopped until inside the camp lines, when the soldier's friends relieved him of his fierce pursuer with the aid of the butt of a musket.

"Did that gander think he could chase me like that and live?" the soldier exclaimed, as he surveyed the outstretched bird; but he said nothing of the baited hook, with cord line attached, which might have thrown light on the unfortunate gander's stranger actions.

A MISNOMER.

"Crimes Against Society" Mostly a Grand Old Lie.

Did you ever stop to think of the absurdity of this thing we call "crime against society?" Some one breaks into your house, steals your money—the saving of years—and leaves you helpless. Or some one gets you to endorse his note, leaves you to pay it, and ruins you financially. This is called an offence against society, the man is dangerous and must be punished and restrained. He is sent to prison for twenty years, so as to give him ample time to repent—set to work, and the proceeds of his labors taken by society. Where are you? You are really the one against whom the offence was committed—you are the only sufferer. Why, then, not let the earnings of his labor go to reimburse you? That seems so simple a rule of justice that the wonder is, idiots, let alone law-givers, have not seen it long since. But they haven't, and they would as long as we allow men who live by teaching such stuff to do our thinking and law making for us. Even a savage, a barbarian, knows better than this. This "crime against society" is like the old fiction of "a sin against God." You go to hell for one and to the penitentiary for the other, when in fact the only "crime" committed is against the man who suffers the injury, and the only sin committed is against our fellow-man who suffers.

Mr. Theo. H. Hill, the Raleigh post, in his old poem "The Shadow of the Rock" writes this:

"Far, far away, beside a gloomy hearth, Where feebly now the fading embers burn, Thy hoary sire, and she who gave the birth, Heart broken, wait to welcome thy return: God shield thee! hapless straggler from the flock. And hide thee now within the shadow of the Rock!"

Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla to effect a cure.

Swelling in the neck and all other forms of scrofula, salt rheum, etc., are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

The C. F. Y. V. Railroad is being vigorously pushed through Stanley county.

The Winston Daily tells of a potato that measured two feet four inches.

A baby was born in Indiana that weighed only one and a half pounds.

We regret exceedingly to see that the Greensboro Daily Patriot is to suspend.

The Oxford Ledger has been changed from a semi-weekly to a weekly publication.

The question now with the preachers in the Western North Carolina Conference is, What paper shall be their organ.

Two revenue officers in the fourth district have brought suit against a newspaper for \$1,000 damages for libel.

Old Mr. J. J. Christophers, the oldest mason in North Carolina, died in Raleigh a few days since in his 90th year.

Hon. Samuel F. Phillips, of North Carolina, is mentioned for the vacant place on the U. S. Supreme Court bench.

Now is the time for Eastern Carolina to rise in her strength and beauty. The billows have receded and we can now gather pearls on the seashore.

George Gowan was rabbit hunting near Asheville a few days since, when his gun was accidentally discharged, the load taking effect in his bowels and death ensued.

The Lumberton Robesonian tells of the accidental killing of Mr. James Lynch, who was 74 years old. He drove off a bridge and the horse fell on him.

A student at Wake Forest, J. B. Settle, of Asheville, attempted suicide one day last week by shooting himself in the head. He was 17 years of age and apparently contented. He is yet alive.

There is a good deal of excitement in Europe over rich gold finds in South Africa. The gold bearing region is said to be wonderfully rich in ore, and a good agricultural section as well.

We learn that Mr. A. M. Overton on Friday killed in about 8 hours ninety-seven partridges and seven rabbits. He certainly is about to down our champion bird-hunter in Oxford.—Oxford Ledger.

Bud McCoy, leader of one of the West Virginia warring factions has been killed. The feud between the McCoy's and Hartsfield has resulted in many murders and caused the people of that section no little trouble.

The Goldsboro Headlight tells of the burning to death of a little negro child on Willis Brogren's farm. The child was locked in the house while the mother went to the cotton field and was burned to death before help came.

Dr. R. L. Abernethy received over a thousand in Durham on the 30th for rebuilding Rutherford College. Durham should be congratulated on its generosity. Although it is helping to build a great college in its own limits it does not forget other objects of charity.

The Raleigh News and Observer says the Board of Aldermen have decided to establish a department of manual training in connection with the city graded school. The salary of the teacher to be employed is \$1,000 for the first year, and the board appropriated \$500 for equipping a department in mechanical drawing and wood-work.

There is yet a large quantity of cotton in the fields of this country. The writer, while riding a few miles in the country last week, noticed a field of cotton that had been picked over only one time. The locks of cotton were so thick and so beautiful white, that 'twas a sight to behold.—Tarboro Southern.

The oyster shuckers are now making Elizabeth City the centre of their trade. They fear that native labor on the reserved oyster grounds will not be able to supply the demand of the canneries and shucking factories. Those who have examined our natural beds declare that the supply is inexhaustible.—Elizabeth City Economist.

Rev. Kittrell, the Tennessee preacher, who is holding meetings at the Main street M. E. church, said last night he had observed that several gentlemen who were attending his meetings were chewing tobacco. In the goodness of his soul he said that any one who insisted on chewing could use his hat for a cuspidor. A devout gentleman who was sitting in the "amen" corner commenced to squirm. His left cheek was swollen with a "quid" and he presently arose, walked down in front of the preacher and said: "Parson you'll please excuse me." And he walked out into the night, emptied his mouth and this morning it was discovered that he had drowned a colored boy about 17 years of age.—Durham Globe.

## That Little Ticking

In your throat which makes you cough once in a while, and keeps you constantly clearing your throat arises from Catarrh, and as catarrh is a constitutional disease the ordinary cough medicines all fail to hit the spot. What you need is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many people who have taken this medicine for eczema, dyspepsia, loss of appetite and other troubles have been surprised that it should cure this trouble. Some come to know the actual cause of the cough is to solve the mystery. Many cases of consumption can be traced back to the neglect of some slight affection as this. Consumption can be controlled in its early stages, and the effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla in purifying the blood, building up the general health and expelling the scrofulous taint which is the cause of catarrh, and consumption, has restored to perfect health many persons on whom this dreaded disease seemed to have a firm hold.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 25, Radam's Microbe Killer.

Gentlemen—In reply to yours, inquiring of my health at the present date, will say I am well, having had but one spell of illness since my last testimony in 1889; that was bilious fever last August. I had quit taking Microbe Killer about five months, having had no need for it. I broke up my fever and started to work the first of September and have not lost a day since. I now feel as though I was entirely cured, but through fear of another attack I continued the use of it through this disagreeable weather. My lungs are purely in good condition as I play first flat cornet in Baxter's First Tenn. Regimental Band and feel no effects from it. Any one knows it requires power from the lungs to use this instrument. I cheerfully recommend it to all of a weak constitution like myself. I have used fifteen jugs and have experienced nothing but the best results, and can safely say it is not injurious to the system, but on the other hand gives tone and vigor.

Very truly, W. C. HAWKINS.

For sale by Doane Herring.

GOOD ADVICE.

Several years ago I was covered with boils to such an extent that my life was a misery. After trying a number of other remedies without any benefit, I was advised by a wholesale druggist at Columbus to try S. S. S. One bottle of S. S. S. cured me entirely. I have not had a boil since. To those afflicted with boils or skin eruptions I give the same advice my wholesale druggist gave me.—Jesse S. S. S.

DAVID ZARTMAN.

May 10, 1890. Independence, Ohio.

A PROMPT CURE.

I was cured sound and well of a case of blood poison by S. S. S. As soon I discovered I was afflicted with the disease I commenced taking Swift's Specific, S. S. S., and in a few weeks I was permanently cured.

May 7, 1890. Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters and have never handled remedies that we sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. A. W. Rowland, Druggist.

A Safe Investment.

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 of the throat, lungs or chest, such as inflammation of lungs, consumption, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., can always be depended on. Trial bottles free at A. W. Rowland's drug store.

THE BREATH of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time the ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary diseases. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past, propounded by Dr. J. C. Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. March 15, '90. Radam's Microbe Killer.

Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen—Replying to yours of the 20th inst., we can conscientiously say that we have never sold any medicine that gave better satisfaction to the customers than Radam's Microbe Killer.

Yours truly, R. H. JOHNSON & CO.

For sale by Doane Herring.