

The Wilson Advance.

CLAUDIUS F. WILSON, EDITOR & PROP'R.

"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.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

BOOKS SHOULD BE UNIFORM IN ALL STATE SCHOOLS.

And Southern Authors and Publishers Given Preference—The High Price of School Books.

Now come—let us reason together—so many letters come to me of late about school books that I have been pondering the subject more than ever. If I can use my pen to excite a public interest in the matter, and provoke our thinkers, both men and women, to a calm and earnest consideration of what is best, I shall be happy. The questions that concern us as Georgians and southerners are, what books shall our children study, and what shall they cost us.

Of course, they should not be sectarian nor sectional, but they should certainly be in sympathy with our Christian civilization, and they should be as liberal towards Southern sentiment and Southern patriotism as towards that of our Northern brethren. No historical book should be read in our families or studied in our schools that gives us the cold charity of its silence upon these questions. We demand more than that of an author or a publisher of American history. The South must be recognized as the equal of the North in morals and patriotism, and our great leaders in the late civil war should stand side by side with theirs. Not long ago there was a canvasser here trying to introduce a history that had grouped the faces of the Northern generals on several pages, and had but two of ours. A standard American biography has full steel plate engravings of a score or more of their notable commanders, but gives Stonewall Jackson and the two Johnstons small wood cuts about the size of a ten-cent photograph. Perhaps their friends don't pay for more room or embellishment. I say perhaps advisedly, because a few months ago I received quite a flattering letter from some New York publishers, enclosing me a prospectus and sample pages of a great work on American biography that they were preparing, and that would embrace over 20,000 notable men and women, one of whom they said I was which, and they desired me to send them at once my nativity and pedigree and alma mater and civil and military career in general, and some scraps from my pen, and say whom I married, and how many children and so forth, and they paid some fine compliments, and said I certainly deserved a place in their forthcoming volumes. It swelled me up smartly, and I strutted around the house, and told my wife I was getting famous, and she looked at me and said: "Well, that is a little better than to be infamous."

Nevertheless I wrote up something just like it has some other fellow writing it, and sent it on, and in a few days I received a letter thanking me for my promptness, and suggesting that a man of my eminence in the literary world ought by all means to have my picture in the book—that it was due to my family and friends that my likeness should go down to posterity with my charming biographical sketch, and that the likeness of 6,000 notable men and women would appear in the ten volumes, and that it would take a very great outlay to prepare them, and if I would send on my photograph and a check for \$50—

Well, I didn't read any more. I felt awfully ashamed for strutting around, but as I never told Mrs. ARP about sending on my autobiography, I said nothing about the photo nor the \$50. Good gracious, sixty thousand faces at \$60 a face, and they count on every one buying a set of the books at \$30 each, and this makes \$5,400 to start on, and all of it a speculation upon human vanity. But about the school books. How is that no two public schools in the state use the same books. It seems to me that a text book for our schools ought to be like a text book in law or medicine. There should be accepted standards and their use should be uniform throughout the state. Certainly there should be more uniformity than there is now. Our people moved to and fro and our schools change their teachers and the whole business of teaching and learning gets into confusion and adds to the expense. The great publishing houses of Appleton and Lippincott and Iverson Blackman & Co., send out their canvassers, and they are nice men and good talkers, and they have pretty generally ousted our southern authors and every now and then a book slips in that ought not to be in.

Now, it occurs to me that our state school commissioner, Professor Bradwell ought to call a convention of our best teachers—the solid men like Slaton and Lynes and Neely and Hunter and Bizien and Brainard and Robeson and Graham and others—and instruct them to choose a series of books for our schools. The teachers are the best judges. What do our old fogies know about modern school books? We have here in Cartersville a school board of sixteen members, and not one of us is as capable as Professor Robeson to select a text book. When this convention meets let it be understood that our Southern authors are to be especially favored. Let us open wide the door to encourage our best talent to compete for these honors. How many of our schools are now using Holme's series of Southern text books, or Maury's geographies, or Venable's mathematics, or Gildersleeve or

Bingham's Latin and Greek, or Sanford's or Ficklin's arithmetic, or Derry or Miss Field's histories, or Miss Bowen's astronomy, or Leonti's geology? All of these books are by Southern authors, and are good. Miss Rutherford, of the Lucy Cobb, has had recently issued from the Constitution press in Atlanta a most admirable book on English authors, a book that I have carefully examined and enjoyed, and it ought to be in every Southern school. And yet there are people among us who affect everything that comes from the North, and neglect everything that is made or done at home. Let us begin to furnish our own authors and publishers, and give them the preference always. I received the other day a little book called "Factor and Product," by Mr. Ingalls, of Thomasville, which is the best starter for students in arithmetic I have ever seen. It lays the foundation of the science of figures in such a simple way that building up the superstructure will come easy to those who are not quick in comprehension.

But now about the cost of these books. I paid today \$1.35 for a book on English literature published in New York, that ought to be sold for 75 cents. I am sure that it can be published for 50 cents, but I would have rather paid \$1.50 for Miss Rutherford's. I do not know the price of hers, as it has not yet been presented or adopted in our schools, but I do not think it will exceed \$1. The trouble is that our publishers have no guaranty of sale or adoption, and have to take their chances. If the convention of teachers should say to the Constitution Publishing Company, "We have critically examined Miss Rutherford's book and are pleased with it. If we determine to adopt it, or recommend it, will you charge for another edition?" then the publishers would have something equal to a guaranty, and would make the price a little above cost. Cheap books are what we want. The cost of our school books is awful, and the profits all go North. Here are 100,000 children and youths going to school, or to college in Georgia, and the cost of their school books will average \$5 annually. Half a million of dollars a year are \$5,000,000 in ten years, and at least half of it is profit to Northern publishers. Why should not the state publish her own books, or encourage some competent man to do it? Why not let out the contract like she does for her laws and her supreme court reports? I saw a very nicely printed book the other day—a book of 400 pages, nicely bound, and printed on the best of paper—that the publisher told me cost him 30 cents a copy. His price was \$1, and the poor author got ten cents of it as a royalty. And yet the publisher takes a great risk in publishing at all for sometimes the books die on his hands, and nobody but the poor author sympathizes with him.

This is enough food for thought. Maybe our coming legislature will take hold of the matter, and give Professor Bradwell some aid and encouragement in this direction. The people ask for some relief and they are entitled to it. If Georgia has \$25,000 to waste on a big military frolic surely she can take hold of our educational interests.

BILL ARP.

Don't Feel Well.

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from doing so for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

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The crow's epitaph—Removed for caws.

SPEAKERSHIP STAKES.

AN EXPERIENCED TIRPMAN DESCRIBES THE WAITING HORSE.

Washington Watching the Fight Between Mills and Crisp—The Result of Col. Jones' Attack Upon the Georgian's Lines—A Flurry Movement Developed in Iowa—A Ruck of Candidates Rounding the Turn—The Waiting Horse Forging Ahead—Dangers Awaiting the Favorites—A Good Pedigree, Magnificent Bottom, and Speed at the Prick of the Spur.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—The contest for the Speakership still attracts attention. It waxes in intensity. The sky remains overcast. There are flashes of lightning in Missouri and mutterings of thunder in Georgia. The friends of Roger Q. Mills have assumed an offensive attitude. Headed by Col. Jones of St. Louis they are assailing the record of Charles F. Crisp. The unexpected attack has called Crisp's friends to arms. With Clark Howell of Atlanta in command, they are repelling the assault. Mr. Crisp has been accused of being lukewarm in the cause of tariff reform. The accusation was well timed. It dropped into Georgia like a bolt from a clear sky, and exploded a can of dynamite. The leading Farmers' Alliance Democrat in the Congressional delegation from that State, assuming the charge to be true, promptly shot off his mouth. He struck right and left, hitting the Atlanta Constitution on the nose and the Augusta Chronicle under the ear. He wound up by jumping upon Crisp with both Free-Trade feet, and by transferring his support to Mills. Thereupon Crisp unlimbered his tongue. He denied the accusation, and held up his record to corroborate the denial. It was a blow from the shoulder.

To those who had served with him in the House, the denial was unnecessary. Mills was the Democratic leader of the Committee on Ways and Means that reported the tariff bill, and as such led the debate on the floor of the House. Precedent required him to head all assaults upon the enemy, and to appear upon the skirmish line morning, noon and night. The Speaker always recognized him, to the exclusion of others of his party. Crisp was not a member of the Ways and Means. He was on service in an entirely different part of the Congressional field of action. He was the Democratic leader in the Committee on Elections. At that part of the front he headed all assaults and was over on the skirmish line. Mills never made a speech upon an election case while Crisp was on the committee. Crisp made more than one carefully prepared address upon the tariff, while Mills was a member of the Ways and Means. And they were in the line of tariff reform full as much as the utterances of William C. P. Breckenridge or William M. Springer. To accuse him of being lukewarm in the cause of Democracy in the House because he took no active part in contested election cases, Mr. Crisp's speech upon the McKinley bill was made on the third day of the fight. It was described in the Sun's Washington letter, under date of May 30, 1890.

Then the Empire State of the South sounded a bugle blast. It came from the lips of Charles Frederick Crisp, of Americus. It was crisp in tone and logic and was delivered with an emphasis that told upon those who heard it. It attracted all the more attention, because Mr. Crisp is regarded by many as the heir to the speakership. Crisp closed with this poetical quotation, which drew great applause:

"Be these juggling fiends no more believed.

That palter with us in a double sense; That keep the word of promise to our ear And break it to our hope."

Meantime Col. Jones pays no attention to the protests of Mr. Crisp. The Georgia newspapers are filled with extracts from his great tariff reform speech, but not a line appears in the St. Louis Republic. It simply reiterates the charges, utterly ignoring the denial. It advocates Mr. Mills' election upon a free trade issue alone, being even undiminished by the claims of the Missouri candidate, William Henry Hatch, of Hannibal. Its assaults upon Crisp have hardly been repelled by the Georgia newspapers when a flank movement is developed. It comes from Iowa. Democratic editors there are scoring the Georgian for his vote on the Original Package bill. They charge him with being a prohibitionist. They say that by the election of Boies the Iowa Democrats had fairly bottled the Republicans. The bottle had been sealed by an unforeseen decision of the United States Supreme Court. It upset the prohibitory law of the State. Congress was asked to break the seal by the passage of the Original Package bill. The Republicans had strength enough to pass it in the House without Democratic aid, yet several Democrats, including Mr. Crisp, for it. This, however, is hardly a fair indication of their sentiments on prohibition. The question of State's rights was involved, and it undoubtedly accounted for more than one Democratic vote. Mr. Crisp can answer for himself. Certainly none of his Congressional association has ever suspected him of prohibition proclivities. It is asserted, however, that he

HE STAYED.

AND SO WILL YOUR BOY, FATHER, IF YOU TREAT HIM RIGHT.

A Story That is Not All a Story in Many Households—Your Own Boy is the Best Help You Can Get—Why Not Try to Keep Him With You?

[The following story is true as life itself. It is the experience of many boys. It has a genuine ring to it. It is readable. Its worth the subscription price of the ADVANCE.—EDITOR.]

The work of the farm house was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the eldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harewood, his wife, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a center-table. The farmer was reading a paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was a silence in the kitchen save for the snuffing of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big, rusty-day clock in the corner and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harewood sighed deeply, both her sister and husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered the wife. "And it is a load which you must share, Eli; I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm?" he replied at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Harewood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said. "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since your old Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about the work and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had had enough of farm life, and intended to leave; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away, and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I have to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on him all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, Eli, a plan I have been thinking of all day."

The best plan I know of is to tell him my mind freely, without beating about the bush; and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have overheard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Tom Blythe, who is in a grocery store in the city, gets \$12 a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, Eli. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has had his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be sure, but all he actually owns is that collic dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle. And George was extraordinarily fond of Vixen."

"It seemed a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer. "and she was too light for work. I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get who would take the interest in that horse that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do his share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you now that every year makes his services more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway. And it is only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his

grave, weather-beaten face. His gentle sister-in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind.

"I believe you're more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli, remember that," Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, went upstairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound sleep by the sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on old Road.

"Where can he be going at this hour?"

When she went down stairs at 6 o'clock George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two full pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows, and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at daybreak."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it," asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to Lawyer Stanley, George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference and staring at his father as if he thought he had not heard aright.

"Yes, deed it over, every inch of it, to someone I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice breaking a little. "I am going to give it to my son, George Harewood, to have and to hold as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish I were able to do more for you. But I am not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and the three little ones to provide for, too. Still, I want you to have a start, and this fifty-acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days a week to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work and if you choose to break that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

This—this seems too much, sir," stammered George. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you, my boy."

"Vixen?" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms about her neck. "Oh father I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!"

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about the hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness.

In fact, Eli Harewood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife, that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortunes.

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"If it wasn't for whiskey," remarked the cork. "I would not be here in the jug."

"I sigh for you, my love," he said, but these were the ciphers he meant, instead—\$1,000,000.

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