

# 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.

HE IS STILL OUT WEST—HE KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

What Farmers and Merchants Have to Say About the Condition of the People Out There.

Two million bushels! That is the estimate for one county in Missouri. Two million bushels and the harvest has begun. I was a Marshall last week, the county site of Saline, which is said to be the richest county in the State. I was in other counties, and their good people boasted in the accustomed way of their county, and claimed that it was the best in the State, except Saline. Marshall is a beautiful little city of 5,000 people. It is embowered in shade and evinced with beautiful homes. Homes is the word not fine palatial places to live in; not mansions to be afraid of, but lovely, inviting homes that seem to speak to you and say, "Come in."

I am awfully afraid of a fine house. I am afraid I will hurt my feelings, or get lost in it, or take the wrong door or walk through a looking glass. I was in one the other day and thought I saw some people in another room. There was a dim religious light, and I can't see very well now, and I wondered what they were doing in there and why they did not come into the parlor and be introduced, when suddenly it flashed upon me that I was looking into a mirror and saw myself and my friends who were entertaining me. On another occasion I was in the library room, and when I took my departure I opened a closet door before the good lady could stop me. It was full of nice clothes, but I didn't pause to admire them. Sometimes I get turned round in a strange place and would go the wrong way if my judgment didn't tell me better. Two million bushels of wheat—forty bushels to the acre—70 cents a bushel. Just think of it—Missouri is set down for 100,000,000 of bushels. It takes a pound of flour a day for each man, woman and child. That is the average. It is the army ration. One bushel of wheat makes forty pounds of flour. Nine bushels would make enough for one person for a year. Then it will take about 600,000,000 of bushels for all the people of the United States, and Missouri will make one-sixth of it. Besides this she will make millions of corn and oats and hay. A banker of Marshall told me that there was paid out last winter through his bank over \$100,000 for apples grown in Saline county and shipped to the east. Then there are the horses and mules and cattle and hogs and sheep that flock the land wherever you go. I mounted the stairs of a fine court house and climbed and climbed until my knees ached, and from the lofty pinnacle I viewed the landscape o'er and feasted my soul upon its beauty. It was like a carpet of buff and green moais.

BEFORE YOU BUY

FAN

visit us and look over the new stock just to hand.

White Goods

we have just received another supply equally as desirable as the last lot.

Glass-Ware,

Fan shaped Nappies only 4cts, 7-inch oval Dishes only 4cts, Gattling Gun Tooth-pick holders only 4cts, Childrens Glass Mugs 4cts, and other new goods in all the departments.

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The Bargains.

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HEALTH, STRENGTH, PLEASURE! Elegant Steamer makes three trips a week from Washington, and close connection with trains at Greenville Saturday.

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EVERYTHING WILL BE DONE FOR THE COMFORT AND PLEASURE OF GUESTS.

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Leave Washington at 9 a. m., on Tuesdays, arrive Ocracoke at 5 p. m. same day. Leave Ocracoke at 10 a. m. on Wednesdays, arrive Washington at 5 a. m. same day. Leave Washington at 9 a. m. on Thursdays, arrive Ocracoke at 5 p. m. same day. Leave Ocracoke at 10 a. m. on Fridays, arrive Washington at 5 a. m. same day. Leave Washington at 9 a. m. on Saturdays, arrive Ocracoke at 5 a. m. same day. Leave Ocracoke at 10 a. m. on Sundays, arrive Washington at 5 a. m. same day. Making close connection with Steamer Myers for Greenville and landings on Tar River.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of John Baker deceased, before the Probate Judge of Wilson county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and to all persons having claims against the deceased to present them for payment on or before the 20th day of June 1891 or this notice will be placed in bar of recovery.

B. W. BARNES, Adm.

FA & S A Woodard, Attys.

we cannot see. The political pot is not boiling yet, but it will be in a few months. If I was an office holder or an office seeker I would feel a deep concern; but as I am neither, I feel no alarm and no great anxiety. The damage has been already done and can't be undone for ten years to come. The treasury has been emptied to pay pensions and will stay emptied. The McKinley high tariff will have to stand, for it will take it all and more, too, to run the government. It is all very bad, but the good old Methodist prayer still fits us and is a comfort. "Oh, Lord, we thank thee that it is as well with us as what it is."

A friend at Marshall wanted me to move there and said they would fix me up. "Give me a nice pleasant home like one of these," said I. "Oh, yes," "A pair of good gentle horses and a carriage for Mrs. Arp." "Yes, of course said he." "Garden and orchard and pasture ground?" "Everything complete," said he. I ruminated awhile and looked away off towards old Georgia and said: "My good friend, it is home where the heart is and my heart is down among the hills of Cherokee. If you had Aladdin's lamp you could not move those beautiful mountains whose crests are gilded by the earliest rays of the morning sun—you could not transplant the springs and crystal streams that flow in our valleys. But more than all of these, my kindred and the friends of my youth are there, and the graves of our dead and the sweet memories of childhood. I am too old now to get weaned from these—yes to old. We have some good that you have not. Providence is always kind and happiness is not far from every one of us if we will seek it. It is not in New York or Washington or across the sea, but is by the roadside where affection lingers and contentment dwells. Excuse me, my friends, I cannot change my base, but I will come to see you sometimes and you must come to see us and drink our pure spring water and breathe our mountain air."

My visit to Missouri was a delightful one, and nothing marred its pleasure but a regret that was ever present—the regret that my wife and children were not with me to enjoy it. How they would have admired the luxurious equipment of those fine railroads, the Missouri Pacific on the north—both parallel lines from St. Louis to the west. I went by one and returned by the other, so as to pursue more of that beautiful country. How they would have delighted to ride on the cable cars of Kansas City, said to be the most perfect cable in the world. They traverse the city at right angles, one series of parallels being level for five miles and the other series that cross them leaping from one street to another down the slopes that remind you of Lynchburg, Va. The passengers brace themselves for the steep descent and it almost makes you hold your breath with apprehension. If you didn't see everybody riding you wouldn't take the risk for money. I wanted the grand-children there to ride them up and down for a half a day at a time, for it is a splendid toboggan.

But they will see enough I reckon—enough before they die—enough of pleasure and of pain. May they take life fairly in my prayer. "Carpe diem" is a good motto—enjoy the day. "Carpe diem"—enjoy every day whether at home or abroad, and be thankful to God for his goodness.

Bill Arp.

Lemon-Elixir.

PLEASANT, ELEGANT, RELIABLE.

For biliousness and constipation, take Lemon Elixir.

For fevers, chills and malaria, take Lemon Elixir.

For sleeplessness, nervousness and palpitation of the heart, take Lemon Elixir.

For indigestion and foul stomach, take Lemon Elixir.

For all sick and nervous headaches, take Lemon Elixir.

Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.

Dr. Moxley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which arise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidneys or bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. H. MOZLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

50c and \$1.00 per bottle, at druggists.

Lemon-Hot Drops.

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases. Elegant, reliable.

25 cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. MOZLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

He (gazing at the stars)—"I wonder where the evil stars?"

She—"The ones that wink. Certainly such conduct is very reprehensible."

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

There is no use being sleepless. Eat lettuce before retiring.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chills, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. W. Rowland.

## DAN MITERS.

"FINE FEATHERS DO NOT ALWAYS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

This is the Story of a Man Who Did Not Want to Think. It is by Ople P. Read, And is Taken From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Dan Meters was especially drunk. By this I mean that any other man in the village of Cane Hill might have been drunk—and indeed other men of that respectable community had been known to indulge too heartily in drink—but that Dan Meters, being the acknowledged drunkard of the place, was especially and particularly intoxicated. He was a man of acknowledged sense. He had, gossip said, as a prelude to some disparaging statement concerning his weakness, carried off the honors at a well-known school. One thing was certain. He expressed himself in better language than even the county judge could hope to employ, and this, at Cane Hill, was regarded as a convincing assertion of higher education.

Dan had first come to the village as the agent of a nursery; not that sort of nursery which would disprove the declaration that marriage, among the poor at least, is a failure to perpetuate human misery, but as the agent of a company which had fruit trees for sale. He did not thoroughly succeed in running the gauntlet of village curiosity, for villagers are critical of appearances, and a lazy loungeur who sits all day at the store, while his wife is taking in washing—the utterly worthless fellow who would rather wallow in the mire with a black falsehood than to recline on a velvet couch with a bright truth; who wears a filthy shirt and one "bed-tick" suspender; who chews charity tobacco and spits at a knot-hole which, he thinks by the right of his own yellow slime, he has pre-empted—that fellow will criticize the clothes and facial expression of a stranger.

Dan was criticised, not only by the worthless loafer, but by the merchant and even by the faded woman who had slipped into exchange a few eggs for a small piece of calico. They declared that Dan's hair was too red, and that there were too many freckles on his face; and it was agreed that he did not dress as a gentleman should. The worthless loafer squinted at his pre-empted knot-hole and remarked:

"Now you're gittin' right down to the squaw facts."

That was a long time ago. Dan was absorbed into the community's social system, and became celebrated as the village drunkard. Previous to his achievement of this distinction, the fame had belonged to one Peter B. Rush, and it appeared that he could never be robbed of the reputation which he had laboriously acquired, but after a few years of close contest, Peter B. Rush's warmest admirers were forced to acknowledge that the palm belonged to Dan Meters. What a handy man was Meters when a comparison was needed! What an encouragement to innovation! A man, in speaking of some one who was stupidly influenced by liquor, was no longer under the necessity of saying that he was drunk as the disreputable canine associate of the fid-dler, but simply fulfilled all demands by affirming that he was as drunk as Dan Meters.

Seriously—and unfortunately we are all compelled to be serious at times—the man of twenty-five whose education had not been neglected was, at forty-five, a hopeless vagabond, with every hope trampled into the mud away down the road behind him. He did odd jobs, cleaned out cellars, and cut fire-wood for scolding women.

One day, when he appeared to be soberer than usual, the mayor of the village thus addressed him:

"Dan, I would like to know something about your life."

"And I, sir," Dan replied, "would like to know something about my death."

"You are a funny fellow, Dan."

"No doubt of it, sir. A corpse has been known to grin."

"Come, don't talk that way. You have been here now about twenty years and I know where you were born."

"And do you really want to know where I was born?"

"Yes, I'd like to know."

"Well, sir, I was born in the night."

"There you go again, Say, do you know that if you would brace up there is yet time for you to accomplish something?"

"Yes? But you have tried, and what have you accomplished?"

"Why, I own a good house and lot—I am married and have a family of interesting children."

"Is that all?"

"But isn't that enough?"

"Hardly, for you have not taught your children not to feel, and until you do this your marriage stands as a wrong. About a year ago one of your boys lost an arm at a saw-mill. Weren't you the primary cause of his suffering, and is not a primary cause the means of all causes?"

"I won't talk to you," the mayor declared. "There is no reason in your argument and no humanity in your conclusions. But come," he added in a softened voice, "why don't you make an effort to keep sober?"

"I don't want to keep sober."

"And why not?"

"Because sobriety is the mother of thought."

"And you don't want to think—is that it?"

"Yes."

"And why don't you want to think?"

Your thoughts might amount to something. The greatest man, you know, is the greatest thinker."

"So is the greatest sufferer."

"And when you think you suffer, eh?"

"Yes, and so do all men. Go into a library and look about you. What do you see?"

"Books," the mayor answered. "And what are books?"

"Gifts from superior minds."

"No," said the drunkard. "They are the records of human suffering. Every great book is an ache from a heart and a pain-throb from a brain. What's the use of all this talk?"

"Where am I going to get a drink?"

"You don't need a drink, Dan."

"There you go with your dogmatism. There you go measuring the grains of my want in your half-bushel. You don't need a drink and you say that I don't. I would not presume to say what other men need but it seems to be the province of all other men to dictate to me. Come I am growing too sober, and shall begin to think pretty soon. Won't you please help me out? Let me have twenty-five cents; you can spare it. A man who doesn't drink has but little real need for money, anyway. Let me have twenty-five cents and I'll do any sort of work that you want me to."

"Will you help me fix up the address I've got to deliver at the political gathering?"

"Yes, I will."

"And swear that you'll never tell that you helped me?"

"Yes, I will do that, too."

"And you will draw up a paper swearing that you did not write the address I delivered last month to the Oddfellows? I want you to do this for I have heard it hinted around that you had a hand in it."

"Yes, I'll do anything."

Dan was about to turn away after receiving the money, when he caught sight of a woman crossing the courtyard yard.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"Mrs. Burkley, the widow we have employed to teach our school," the mayor answered.

"Where did she come from?"

"From Wilson County, I believe. Did you ever meet her?"

"I think not," he said, and hastened toward a doggerly on the opposite side of the street.

CHAPTER II.

On a hill a short distance from the village, a hill shaded by poplar trees, was an old school-house, originally built by logs, but now weather-boarded and whitewashed. The widow Burkley had just told the children they might go out and play until she called them, when the door was darkened by a reddish apparition. The widow uttered a befitting little shriek, and then realizing that there was no serious cause for alarm, said: "Come in." She would not have extended this invitation had she not wanted to set an example of courage.

Dan Meters stepped into the room. He stood for a moment looking at the window, and then said: "Don't be afraid of me. I saw you yesterday and didn't know but you were gone. I knew that I didn't."

"Is it possible exclaimed the woman."

"That is what I was going to ask," Dan replied, seating himself on a bench. "Twenty years make a great change in appearances, even though hearts sometime remain the same."

"Have you come here to reproach me? Children," she added, turning to several youngsters that showed a disposition to loiter about the door, "run along now and play."

The children vanished, and the widow, after looking out to see if they were within hearing, said: "I have suffered too much to hear reproach now."

"But don't you think you are deserving of reproach?" he asked.

"No. I acted as I thought best. I promised to marry you, and while you were with me you did exercise so strong an influence that I thought I loved you, but when you were gone, I knew that I didn't."

"I saw that I was charmed by your mind, but not warmed by your heart. Another man came. He was not bright, he had many foolish words, but love is expressed in words that are foolish. You awoke my admiration; he thrilled my heart. Then I wrote and told you not to think of me again. I was buried in the roses of my own happiness. How could I think of you?"

"And you married that man?"

"Yes."

"For a time. Then the dew fell off the flowers. What could the flowers do but wither? We went to a distant town, and there he deserted me."

"Is he still living?"

"He was hanged."

"Do you love his memory?"

"No, for I have learned to think, and thought is a dagger of foolish love."

"Did you know that I was here?"

"No; some one told me that you were lost at sea."

"No; I did not love you."

"Did you not hear something else?"

"Not until a year ago, and then I heard that you were alive and a hopeless drunkard."

"Weren't you moved at that?"

"I was moved with pity."

He opened his coat. "I have given my old shirt to a negro for a drink. Does your pity sink deeper?"

"Oh, please go away, go away. George, go away. You distress me nearly to death. My God! I have suffered enough."

"Ah, but not for me. You have suffered because your own heart had been wrung—you have not suffered because of my degradation and despair. Mary, you still have it in your power to save me. With your help I can kill my appetite. I can do something for us both. Be my wife and atone for the awful wreck you made years ago."

"George, I have always been true to myself. I don't love you."

"Couldn't you learn—couldn't there be progress?"

"There could be progress, but that progress would be toward hatred."

He looked at her in silence. He took up his old hat, which had been dropped on the floor, and turned it round and round in his hand. He looked down at his shoes, from which his toes protruded. He got up with a stagger, gazed at her a moment, and then an expression, not a smile, but an expression like that which follows the swallowing of a bitter draught, broke through the red stubble about his mouth. "Mrs. — I don't know your name," he began, "but Mrs. Somebody, you are the most merciless creature that ever lived."

"The children say I am kind."

"You have the spirit of a vampire."

"The children think I have the spirit of gentleness."

"I hope you may die the most horrible of all deaths. I pray to God that you may die of hydrophobia—I implore God that a mad dog may bury his teeth in your throat."

"Go away!" she answered. "Come children," she cried. "Go away from here, you monster! I wish—but I can't think of anything horrible enough. Now go."

The village was the scene of fear-inspired ferment. A report that a powerful mad dog had been seen in the neighborhood had been brought in by an excited farmer. The bravest of men shudder at the sight of a mad dog. Men that would fight a grizzly bear tremble when they see a mad dog. Every man in the village went armed. Double fastenings were put on every door. The widow Burkley wastered-stricken. She could not be induced to leave her room. Gradually the excitement died away. School was resumed, but the widow was tremulous.

She left the school-house very late one evening. Two rebellious boys had been kept in. When liberated the boys ran away. The widow tried to keep up with them. She could not. She was hurrying along the path when a man came dashing past on a horse. "Mad dog! mad dog!" he yelled. She screamed and looked back. The dog was bounding toward her. She faint.

No one had the courage to look for the widow. Late at night almost a maniac, she knocked at the door of the house where she boarded.

Morning came. A startling discovery was made. Dan and the mad dog was found lying across the path near the place where the widow had fainted. The dogs teeth were buried in Dan's throat. Dan's fingers were stiffened about the dog's neck. Both were dead.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by A. W. Rowland, Druggist.

Amy—I have such a headache! What would it do good?

Jack—Try a cup of green tea.

Amy—Oh, no, not for the world! Green doesn't suit my complexion at all.

Don't Feel Well.

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—it 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, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

Thank goodness it is no longer considered treason for an American citizen to back up to a fruit stand and get his coat-tail pockets charged with peanuts.

Eternal Vigilance.

Is the price of health. But with all our precaution there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even generations and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all, for it conquers disease.

Putting on Airs.—John Bull—"Hello, what makes you so stuck up?"

Uncle Sam—"Why, my dear fellow, I have risen to the dignity of a war scare."

James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and as many more different patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. had cured her."

"That tired feeling" is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives a feeling of buoyancy and strength to the whole system.

"I have tried many ways of getting ahead," writes a subscriber. "Can you give me some advice? 'Why don't you try mixing your drinks?'"

## STOLE HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

The Sad Mistake of a Young Eskimo in Trying to Steal a Bride.

A young seal-hunter became engaged to the daughter of a rich neighbor, but was unable to obtain the consent of her parents to a speedy marriage.

Between the cake of ice on which the young sealer had erected his hut, and the larger floe which was preempted by the parents of his sweetheart, the cold had broken an impassable crevasse some hundred feet or more in depth and twenty in width. Save for a single jutting fragment, just thick enough to bear a little more than his own weight, his home was completely cut off from the world about him. This practical isolation inspired him.