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.

VOLUME XXI. WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., JULY 30, 1891. NUMBER 28

BEFORE YOU BUY

—A—

-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.

Cash Catches The Bargains.

—THE—

CASH RACKET STORE,

NASH ST., WILSON, N. C.

JOHN D. COUPER,
MARBLE & GRANITE
Monuments, Gravestones, &c.
111, 113 and 115 Bank St.,
NORFOLK, VA.
Designs free. Write for prices.
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OCRACOKE

BEST SUMMER RESORT ON THE COAST.

Fishing, Surf-bathing, Sailing unsurpassed. Music and dancing every day. Oysters, Clams, Fish.—Caterer of 30 years' experience.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, PLEASURE!

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

BOARD:—Per week, $10.00; per month, $30.00.

FARE:—Greenville to Ocracoke, $2; round trip $3.50. Washington to Ocracoke, $1.50; round trip, $2.50.

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

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SPENCER BROS.,
Propr's. Ocracoke Hotel,
WASHINGTON, N. C.,
Also Hotel Nicholson, Washington.

First Trip Saturday Night, June 20th, '91.

SCHEDULE:—The Steamer Myers, of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, will leave Greenville Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 a. m. and on Saturdays at 7 p. m., or on arrival of Atlantic Coast Line train, making close connection at Washington with Steamer Alpha for Ocracoke as follows:

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 6 p. m. same day. Leave Washington at 9 a. m. on Thursdays, arrive Ocracoke at 5 p. m. same day. Leave Ocracoke at 7 p. m. on Thursdays, arrive Washington at 5 a. m. Fridays. Leave Washington at 10 p. m. on Saturdays arrive Ocracoke at 5 a. m. Sundays. Leave Ocracoke at 7 p. m. Sundays, arrive Washington at 5 a. m. Mondays. 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 1892 or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

B W BARNES, Adm
F A & S A Woodard, Atty's.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THE GREAT PERPLEXITY WHICH HOLDS BILL ARP IN ITS GRASP.

The People Running Crazy on Societies—Spending Money Faster Than They Make It.

"Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." That is unless the cook has quit and you have to rise before sun-up and cook breakfast yourself. But I don't mind it much and it's a fair compromise for me to cook breakfast and the girls to clean up after my messing and cook the other two meals. In fact, I would enjoy the frolic, if the old cranky stove would bake the biscuit brown on the bottom, but this morning they were as white as cotton and were blistered on top, and Mrs. Arp said it would take two or three days for me to get my hand in, and she hinted that the old stove was about burnt out anyhow and that it had to be fired up an hour or two sooner so as to get properly hot in the lower chamber. So I reckon I have to rise with the chickens and flap my wings and crow and fire up. The children beg me to wake them up and let them do it all, but their mother says it nearly kills them to get up so soon, and she had rather do it herself. But it is most astonishing how late these children can set up at night at a party or frolic and still keep their health, and I have admired the alacrity with which they rise when they are going on an excursion or a picnic and have to take an early start. There seems to be a power of stirring around this summer considering the hard times, and I have thought that maybe all this going to and fro had something to do with the hard times. It don't cost so much to travel, but there is always some fixing up to do beforehand, and that costs money. My folks told me last summer that the excursion rate to St. Simon's and back was only $6, and the children had never ssen the ocaan, and it did look like we could afford that little sum and embrace the golden opportunity. And so I surrendered, and prepared my finances for the $6 apiece and two or three days board, but they stayed ten days, and what with all the preliminary fixings, I never got over the golden opportunity and strain for six months. But Mrs. Arp declares it was worth it, and she wouldn't mind going again this summer if I had the money to spare, which I haven't, and never expect to have again.

Old Dr. Kirk says that these excursions and conventions will break the country, and that nobody can stand it but the negroes. And here they go and there they go, like a fiddler's elbow—the lawyers to Columbus, and the doctors to Augusta, and the editors to New York, and the dentist to Atlanta, and the Royal Arcanum to Savannah, and the Masons to Macon, and the conductors to Gainesville, and the school teachers to Brunswick, and the military to Chickamauga, and the legislature to Salt Springs, and some more editors to Chicago, and the college boys and college girls everywhere in squads, and then there are the Odd Fellows and the Knights of Honor and Knights of Pythias and Knights of Labor and Knights of Jericho and Scylla and Charybdis, and the baseball teams that are all on the go somewhere, and besides all these there are a big lot of women and girls and fancy fellers visiting the springs, and a heap of them dance and gamble and carry on scandalous, and a heap of them don't but it costs money, and our young men haven't got it to spare, and they come home broke aud don't lay up a dollar, and they can't marry, for they haven't got anything to marry on, but they flirt around amazing and make a mash and go home and brag about it. Why there are boys in all these towns that are clerking or working for thirty or forty dollars a month, and it takes it all for clothes and buggy rides and excursions, and they are not laying up a dollar, and the old man is kept bowed down and hard run to help them along, and it's all wrong, all wrong, and the boys ought to put on the brakes and stop it."

And the good old doctor came down with his cane hard on the brick; and about this time old Uncle Simon Peter came along and took up the subject as the doctor left off and said: "Yes, they have got too many societies, and I used to be as big a fool as anybody and jined every one that come along—the Masons and Sons of Temperance, and Bible societies, and I don't know how many more, and what with preaching and traveling and the conference and all the societies I liked to have never got acquainted with my family, for I was out somewhere every night; and one day my wife saw a notice in the newspaper that there was a new society just come for the protection of henpecked husbands, and she called my attention to it and asked if I hadn't better join it and run for president: and that put me to thinking, and I quit for awhile, until it occurred to me not long ago that I could do some good by joining the Alliance and helping them to reform the world and the country, and so I joined, and I'v been talking to them about whisky and tobacco and extravagance and corruption at Washington, but my ideas don't seem to be popular, and they say my views are all right, but they are impracticable. There are $900,000,000 spent in a year for whisky, and $600,000,000 for tobacco, and $100,000,000 wasted in extravagant salaries, and if the Alliance would just come down like an avalanche upon these three things and save that $1,600,000,000 a year, all that money would be put into useful and profitable industries, and it would get scattered among the people and make everybody comfortable and happy, and the farmers wouldn't need any sub-treasury. Why, if they will just tackle the whisky alone and stop every still and all importation of spirits, our courts would mighty nigh dry up for want of business, and our jails would be empty and our taxes be reduced 50 or 75 per cent. But the Alliance can't see it, for they want a little sometimes for snake bites themsevles, and the whiskey ring is a tremendous power in the nation, and so I have despaired of reforming the people by myself and have concluded to go along and preach the gospel and leave mankind to the Lord who made them." And the good old man gave a sigh and went on his way.

And I met James Gilreath, another good man, and a good, industrious citizen he is, and he, too, belongs to the Alliance and is desperately in earnest, and he said the bottom was about to drop out of the farming as a business, for everything he raised was below the cost of production. Said he, "Here I've got a car load of wheat right here in town for sale, and all I can get is 77 cents a bushel, and I've kept an account fair and square and it has cost me over eighty cents to raise it, and cotton is worse than that, and I've worked harder last year and this than I ever did in my life, and you can just look at my hands, and I tell you Major Arp there is no use in talking, something has got to be done for the farmers—77 cents won't grow a bushel of wheat in this country."

Just then a carpenter came along and said: "Well, I'm glad to hear that wheat has come down. I hope now we will get flour a little cheaper I'm getting mighty tired paying $3 a hundred for flour," and he hurried on to his work. And so, Mr. Editor, I don't know what to do. I would fix it all right if I could. I would arrange matters so that every man could sell high and buy low; but I don't see my way clear, so, like Uncle Simon Peter, I believe I will give all people my benediction and leave these troubles with the Lord.

But these youngsters don't care a cent about the price of flour nor the third party, nor where the money is to come from. They have about run away with the country. To-morrow there is to be another baseball match game. They have had three this week, and because I slip round the back way and get in the back ground and look on they say I'm in favor of it, but I ain't. If they wouldn't play I wouldn't go; but I don't want to see Dalton or Cedartown or Marietta come up here and beat our boys, aud so I slip round to do a little hollerin' and sic the boys on. The boys oughtn't to lead an old man into temptation. They can't play much nohow. They don't hit one ball in ten, but we boys used to knock the old town ball a quarter of a mile, and if we ever missed one we were caught out behind sure. And the girls are just as crazy about tennis. They play all the shank of the afternoon, and sometimes don't get back in time to fix the table for supper, and my wife has got to going down town most every evening for a spool of thread or something, and I've just found out she slips over to the tennis courts to see the young folks play—next thing I know she will be playing football. She takes rides with the children and says they ought to have some sport while they are young—something to look back to when they get old and full of care and trouble. "It has been forty years," said she, "since I had any time to enjoy such things. far there was always a baby in the way, and now I am going when I feel like it."

Well, let her go I don't care. Let her mew her youth, as Milton says. she ought to have a pension right now as a confederate widow; but she is spoiling these children. When I came home from Missouri I inquired for Carl, and she said he was at Chickamauga with the military. How is that said I. "He didn't belong to any company." "No," said she, "but he went over to Rome, and Bapt Byrd took him in on the tail end of his company, and he borrowed a uniform and I let him go. He has been studying very hard, you know and needed a rest." Well, I had two grandsons up there—military boys right fresh from Auburn college—and they got into the company, too, and wanted to rest, and so I acquiesced and ruminated, and sung my old song: "Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Well, it didn't cost a cent, for the state footed the bills, and the boys say they had a splendid time—never had as much fun in all their lives. Two of them belled a cow and rode her through the camp one evening, and never got in the guardhouse for it. Only had to double guard duty for two days, and that wasent nothing they said. A new company from the wiregrass got there one night about ten o'clock, and the Cades found out they were pretty green and met them at the depot and marched them a mile away and drilled and double-quicked them for two hours just as though they had orders to do it. They eat up all their own rations and stole every body else's that were not under lock and key. They kept the whole camp in an uproar and I'm afraid my lineal descendants were at the bottom of it. Captain Phil Byrd, of the Hustler had better mind how he attaches the Arp family to his company. It has been forty six years since I helped to take the clapper out of the college bell and hoist abilly goat into the tutor's room and now the sins of my youth are being vented upon me in the devilment of my children and grand children, and the State and the governor and the legislature and my wife are responsible for it. But it's all right I reckon, and all's well that ends well. "Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

BILL ARP.

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.

The Wrong Man.

Here is a story which may involve a prominent Southern railway in heavy damages. A Kentuckian who had been drinking heavily, asked the colored porter at what hour Covington would be reached.

"Two o'clock ter morrer mornin," answered the darkey.

"Waal," said the travaller. I've been drinking pretty freely. When we git thar put me off. When you come to call me you may find me remonstrative and fighting drunk. but there are two dollars to pay you for all injuries. Mind, now, I want to get off at Covington—you understand!"

"Guess I do, boss," said Jeff, as he pocked the bribe. "Don't matter how you kick—off yer goes, sure."

At six o'clock next morning as the train was entering Cincinnati the big Kentuckian awoke. He grabbed his gripsack, and with fire in his eyes he sought the negro, who was standing at the extreme end of the aisle. When Jeff saw the man he turned almost white, and his eyes dilated until the pupils stood out like butter plates.

"Didn't I give you two dollars to put me off at Covington, hey?" hissed the traveller between his teeth.

"Sartain sure; honest fac'," acquiesced the darkey, "But," he queried, as the pirspiration started out all over him; but who was the ge'men we did throw off at Covin'ton? He kicked wusser nor a mule."

And a Good Answer Too.

What is it that makes a true gentleman? That is what some one has said "A gentleman is just a gentle man—no more, no less: a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A modest gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman controls his speech.

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 Mozley'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.
50ct and $1.00 per bottle, at druggists

Lemon Hot Drops.

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemmorrhage and all throat and lung diseases Elegant, reliable
25 cents at druggists Prepared only by Dr H Mozley, Atlanta, Ga

"Nothing," said Mr. Tozer sadly, "equals the skepticism of married women." "You're mistaken, my dear," answered Mrs. Tozer, "there is one thing." "What is it?" "The crudulity of the unmarried ones."—Detroit Tribune.

Eternal Vigilgnce

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.

"I can't understand your father, Marie. He dosen't like me any better now than he did at first, and has always treated me as if I were a blockhead." "I know Tom, it is too bad, but it takes poor father such a long time to get over the first impression.—Truth.

THE IDLER.

A STORY OF LAZINESS THAT CANNOT BE EQUALED ANYWHERE.

Some Men Would Rather be Famous Even as Fools than Not to be Famous at all. And So we Have Our Bridge-jumpers, and Quail Eaters, and Forty Day Fasters.

In the lazy little village of Blidah some years before the French invasion, there lived an honest Moor, named after his father, Sidi Lakdar, but to whom the villagers had given the name of the Idler. The Moors are known to be the most indolent people in the world, but those of the village of Blidah were considered the laziest of their countrymen. It was perhaps to be attributed to the languous perfumes of oranges and limes which hung over the town like a sweet scented cloud.

But among all who lived in this laziest of lazy towns no one could come up to Sidi Lakdar for downright idleness and nonchalance. The worthy man had elevated his vice to the height of a profession; other people might be embroiderers, cafe owners, spice merchants and so on—but he was an Idler.

When his father died he inherited a small garden under the ramparts of the town, surrounded by low white walls falling into decay. The gate was so entangled by weeds that it could not be closed. There were a few fig and banana trees. Here and there in the grass a spring bubble up.

It was in his garden that Sidi Lakdar passed his life, prone on his back in the grass, silent and motionless, while the little red ants found a home in his beard. When he was hungry he stretched out an arm and gathered a fig or a banana lying within reach; but he would have preferred starvation to the alternative of rising together the fruit of the tree. So most of the figs decayed where they fell and the trees suffered from the general neglect.

This extraordinary indolence made Lakdar quite a noted person in that part of the country; he was looked up to and reverenced as a sort of sait. When the ladies of the town visited the town near by, they walked their mules as they passed his domicile and spoke in whispers under their white veils; while men inclined their heads in involuntary homage.

Every day after school hours a crowd of boys in gaily striped silk vests and red caps congregated on one of the walls inclosing Lakdar's domain, and tried in all sorts of ways to disturb that magnificent indolence calling him by name, laughing, shouting, throwing orange peel at him and otherwise tormenting him.

But in vain! The Idler did not move. Every now and then a voice from the depths of the grass would be heard: "Take care now, take care, if I only get up to you!" But he never got up.

It happened that one of these boys coming constantly with the others to wake game of the Idler, found himself at last overcome by admiration, and a great desire to assume himself the horizontal existence. He went to his father and boldly declared that he intended giving up school and wished to become an Idler.

"An Idler! You!" said the father, a worthy turner of pipe stems, as busy as a bee, and seated before his lathe every morning at cock crow. "You, an Idler! a pretty idea indeed!"

"Yes, father, I wish to be an Idler like Sidi Lakdar."

"Nothing of the sort, my boy, you shall be a turner like your father, or a register of the law courts of the Cadi, like your Uncle Ali, but you shall never become an Idler—never. Be off now to school, or I may be tempted to use this fine new piece of cherry wood on your back. Be off now, you young rascal!"

The cherry wood had the desired effect, and the boy feigning obedience withdrew; but instead of going to school he made his way to a Moorish bazar, and seizing his opportunity secreted himself between two piles of Smyrna rugs and remained there all day, lying on his back staring up at the Moorish lanterns and richly embroidered bodies glistening in the sun, while he inhaled the delicious perfume from the flasks of attar of roses scattered about. In this manner he passed all the time that he should have been at school.

His father soon got an inkling of how matters stood; but in vain he shouted, stormed, cursed the name of Allah and punished the young urchin with all the cherry wood canes in his shop. All was useless; the boy only repeated obstinately, "I will be an Idler," and he was found continually stretched out in some corner. Utterly discouraged at last, the father took a decided step after consulting the Registrar Ali.

"Listen to me," saip his father, "as you are determined to be an Idler, I will take you to Lakdar; he will examine you and if you have any real fitness for his profession, I will beg him to take you as an apprentice."

"That will suit me," replied the boy.

The very next day with freshly shaven heads, and lavishly purfumed with verbena, they sought the Idler in his little garden. The gate was always open so they entered without ceremony, but the grass being very high and very thick they had some trouble to locate the lord of the domain. At last they found him lying under the fig trees in a maze of birds and overgrown plants—a bundle of yellow rags. He received them with a grunt.

"Allah be with you, Sidi Lakdar," said the father, bowing low, his hand on his heart. "This is my son, who insists on becoming an Idler. I have brought him to you for examination that you may decide if he really has any fitness for your profession; in which case I beg of you to allow him to become your apprentice, and I will pay all that is necessary."

Sidi Lakdar silently motioned to them to sit down. The father seated himself, and the boy stretched himself at full length on the grass; a good sign to begin with. Then they silently gazed at one another It was high noon; the warm, mellow light flooded the little garden and seemed to make everything in it drowsy. The only sounds to be heard were the bubbling of the springs under the grass, the wild broom bursting its pods in the sunshine, and the sleepy birds fluttering idly from one twig to another with a sound like the opening and shutting of a fan. Every now and then a ripe fig fell from branch to branch till it reached the ground. Then Sidi Lakdar would stretch out his arm and carry the fruit wearily to his mouth. The boy took no such trouble; the finest fig fell to him and he never even turned his head. The master from the corner of his eye watched him but said nothing.

One hour, two hours passed. The time dragged heavily for the poor turner! however, he dared not say anything but remained motionless with his legs crossed, succumbing a little himself, occasionally, to the effects of the perfumed, drowsy atmosphere which enveloped them.

Suddenly a large fig fell from a tree plump on the cheek of the boy. A beautitul fig, by Allah! rose-colored sweet and scented like honey. The boy only had to touch it with one finger to roll it into his mouth; but even that proved to much exertion, so he lay without stirring while the fruit rested on his cheek. At last the temptation mastered him; he glanced at his father and said drowsily, "Father please put it into my mouth."

Sidi Lakdar had a fig in his hand; throwing it far from him and turning to the father, he cried angrily, "And this is the boy you brought to be my apprentice! I tell you he is my master, it is he who should teach me!" and falling on his knees before the boy he bowed his head to the ground and cried:

"Hail, Father of Idleness!"

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from LaGrippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

It is human to err, and it is human for your wife constantly to remind you of it, too.—Cape Cod Item.

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.

Chills and fever of three years standing cured by Simmons Liver Regulator.—E. Watkins, Watkins House, Uptonville, Ky.

Take! Take! Take Simmons Liver Regulator for dyspepsia, constipation and heartburn.

Book-keepers and others of sedentary habits cure constipation with Simmons Liver Regulator.

Brain-workers keep your heads clear and bowels open. Take Simmons Liver Regulator.

"I suppose most of our ministers will go abroad as usual this summer." "I suppose so. They are all more or less at sea now."—Pkn.

I have been troubled with chronic catarrh for years. Ely's Cream Balm is the only remedy among the many that I have used that affords me relief.—E. W. Willard, Druggist, Joliett, Ill.

I have been troubled with catarrh for ten years and have tried a number of remedies, but found no relief until I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. I consider it the most reliable preparation for catarrh and cold in the head.—Geo. E. Crandall, P. M., Quonachawntaug, R. I.

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—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, confidence and cheerfulness You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

Mudge: Ah, if I only were a boy again! A little barefoot, country boy, driving home the cows, letting down the bars. Yabsley: Instead of hanging them up, as you nowadays do.—Indianapolis Journal.

A SMART TRICK.

ANOTHER "NAPOLEAN OF FINANCE" WHO WILL BE HEARD FROM.

How This Smart Young Man Stopped a Run on the Bank, Which Meant Failure, And Got Rid of Two Bad Customers at the Same Time.

"We've got a bank clerk up in our neck o' woods who some day will give Jay Gould cards and spades in the game of financiering and beat him to a standstill," said Mortez Curren of Cheyenne to a reporter. "He is only 19 years old, but is a hummer. Two or three months ago, while the president of the bank was away, the cashier was taken sick and in a few hours was in a delirious state. The young Napoleon was left in soe charge of the bank. Some evil-disposed person started the story one afternoon that the institution was in a bad way, and intimated that the president had skipped the country, and that the cashier's illness was only a 'bluff.'

"Before night it was evident there would be a run on the institution the next morning. The young clerk knew there was scarcely money enough to last an hour. He had no one to advise him, but he acted promptly. He called on the leading hardware merchant and held a brief conference. Then this young Napoleon went home, where he found a committee from the depositors awaiting him. He did not wait for them to speak, but made this bluff: 'I refuse to discuss business with you. There will be $50,000 in gold here in the morning, and there is a like amount in the safe. You may draw out every dollar you have deposited, and we'll be glad to get rid of your small accounts.' Then he turned on his heel and left the committee. Bright and early there assembled at the bank the creditors.

"Just before time for opening the doors an express wagon was driven up in which were seated two heavily armed men, one of them the watchman of the bank. A path-way through the crowd was made and the watchman began carry into the bank canvass bags containing gold coin, as indicated by the prominent marks. Some of the bags were marked '$5,000,' and one or two '$10,00.' The people saw these bags, heard the clink of the metal, and believing that tne bank was O. K., were about to move away. Just as the last bag of 'gold' was handed into the door the young financier threw the bank open. The crowd did not make any effort to reach the paying teller's window. 'Come on, now, every one of you,' shouted the clerk. No one responding he made another bluff. 'You must come and get your money. We don't want your d—d accounts any more. Here, Jim Bartley, take this and sign this receipt in full. Here, Bill Wyman, come and get your dust.' He isisted on their taking the money.

"Just at this juncture the committee came in and begged the clerk to 'stop for God's sake.' They almost got down on their knees to ask the bank to keep their money. The young 'Napoleon' finally consented, but declared if there was ever any more d——d nonsense he would throw every depositor's money into the street. The crowd departed happy, and confident that the bank was one of the strongest institutions of its kind in America. Their confidence might have been shaken had they known the canvass bags marked '$5,000 gold,' etc., and bedaubed with red sealing wax, cantained nothing more nor less than iron washers, which the young clerk had purchased from the hardware man, who had otherwise assisted the deception, he being convinced of the soundness of the bank. The two men the young Napoleon insisted on paying in full the bank had long wished to get rid of."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

If you want to enjoy your meals strengthen your digestion with Simmons Liver Regulator.

Take Simmons Liver Regulator for dyspepsia, biliousness or headache.

FOR SALE:—One yoke of Oxen, good sized, well broke, evenly matched, will work single or double. Fine Oxen for logging. J. R. UZZELL, Wilson, N. C.

Take Simmons Liver Regulator to keep the bowels regular. One dose is worth 100 dollars.

For the complexion use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It brings blooming health to wan cheeks.

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"Yes sir, I did it."

"My boy, you are beginning young?"

"So I am, sir, but it was only for to-day. Father is sick, and when he is away I do his work for him."

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NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executrix of the last will and testament of J. A. Tynes, 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 15th day of July 1892 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

PENELOPE TYNES, Executrix,
F. A. & S. A. WOODARD, Atty's.
7-16-6t.

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SELMA, N. C.
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PROPRIETRESS.

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Physician and Surgeon,
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Office in Drug Store on Tarboro St.

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And all that art and skill can do,
If you'll just call we'll do for you.