

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 XXII.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., FEBRUARY 25th, 1892.

NUMBER 6.

Hats and Caps!



A Drive in Hats!

We are making a big drive in Hats and offer Nobby Thatches for the dome of thought at prices that paralyze competition and popularize our hats.

We are selling Fur Crush hats at 50c., worth 75c., and the \$1.25 quality we sell for 94c.

We have a Settled Man's Black Fur at \$1.08, sold elsewhere at \$2.00.

Not At Cost.

Oh! no! We don't work for glory, but we guarantee our prices to be the lowest.

Underbuy and undersell is our motto.

The Cash Racket Stores.

Nash and Goldsboro Streets.

J. D. BARDIN,
ATTORNEY-AND-
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
REAL ESTATE BROKER.

WILSON, N. C.
Office in rear of Court House.

Parties having houses to rent in Wilson would do well to place them in my hands. Taxes paid, rents collected and promptly paid over at the end of each month, without trouble to owner. If you have lots in Wilson, or farming land in Wilson county, to SELL, or if you desire to PURCHASE real estate in Wilson county or the town of Wilson, I will pay you to communicate with me.

I have several bargains in lots and farming lands. One brick store on east side Tarboro street for sale. All enquiries answered—enclose stamp.

THE WASHINGTON LIFE Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

ASSETS, - - - \$10,500,000.
The Policies written by the Washington are described in these general terms:
(Non-Forfeitable.)
Unrestricted as to residence and travel after two years.
Incontestable after two years.
Secured by an Invested Reserve.
Solidly backed by bonds and mortgages, first liens on real estate.
Safer than railroad securities.
Not affected by the Stock market.
Better paying investments than U. S. Bonds.
Less expensive than assessment certificates.
More liberal than the law requires.
Definite Contracts.

T. L. ALFRIEND, Manager,
Richmond, Va.
SAML' L. ADAMS,
Special Dist. Agent,
Room 6, Wright Building,
Durham, N. C.

I. C. LANIER.

—PROPRIETOR—

Wilson Marble Works

DEALER IN

Marble Monuments, Headstones, Tablets.

Cemetery Work, &c.

Examine our work before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Corner Barnes and Tarboro Streets
Wilson, N. C.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

"WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BUT DIE?"

He Can Cheer, Encourage, and Advise Young Men, He Should Desire no Higher Mission.

There is an old saying which has this as its refrain:
"What can an old man do but die."

I was ruminating over this because I had just parted with a venerable friend, who told me with a smile that this was his birthday. He always meets us with a smile that plays among the wrinkles, and he never complains of age or infirmity or anything else. He still pursues his calling and walks freely to and fro, and will likely die in the harness of honorable toil. He is a man of culture—a man of convictions, and yet he never gives offense. This old man can do a great more besides dying. His very presence is a sermon to the rising generation. No we cannot spare him yet. One such man in a community is like a beacon—a light-house among the breakers. If every aged man was like him there would be no wrecks, no lost passengers on the sea of life.

There was another old man here not long ago, a veteran of eighty-five, whom the people of Georgia have long delighted to honor. His massive Scotch frame, smooth shaven face and rich gray hair, his cordial salutation and cheerful laugh give evidence of good health and a good heart. He has recently resigned a high office which he filled to the last with undiminished zeal and ability. This old man can do something else besides dying. But these two are exceptional cases. Very few old men wear their age so gracefully. The cares of life sadden and sour them. Domestic troubles disappoint, the loss of friends or the loss of money drives the wrinkles deep, brings down the drooping corners of the mouth, bends the shoulders and gives the voice a sad, complaining tone. I met just such a one the other day, and he complained about a misery in his breast and about his taxes, and the water-works and gas-works and public schools, and wondered what they would get up next to rob a man, and he wound up his lamentations with a sigh and said he didn't expect to live much longer now. I tried to comfort him with the story of the old woman who tried hard to keep her dog from biting a man at the gate, but at last the dog got away from her, and as the terrified man mounted the gate post, she exclaimed: "Well, stranger, I reckon you'd just as well let him bite you and maybe he'll be satisfied." That man grieves and sighs around the hearth-stone. He is no comfort to his children and is a misery to himself. The old song fits him: "What can an old man do but die."

I know another aged man of four score years and he is blind. What can he do but die. A great deal and he does it. Almost all the day he sits on a big arm chair and talks to the children as they run to and fro, and the children of the fourth generation, and they love him and are good to him and guide him when he walks around. He too, never complains, but says that God is good and he is just waiting upon him. His very friendliness to death has disarmed its terrors in the minds of those children. But the children go to school and the good mother has her duties and sometimes the old man sits alone for hours and rocks in his chair, and thinks and thinks and thinks. When asked what he thinks about when so long alone, he said, "About my childhood mostly scenes of my youth, the time when I was between eight and eighteen years. I remember all that and I love to think about it, for I had good, kind parents and I was happy all the year round. Later on some trouble came, some sorrow and affliction, and still later on some more sorrow but all that is like some hasty dream; God will not let me recall it. I can't tell you now where I lived or what I was doing when I was thirty and forty and fifty years old. Memory is a strange thing. One would think that what happened to us when in the vigor of manhood would leave the strongest impressions, but they did not. The merest trifles of my boyhood are as bright to me as they were seventy years ago, and they grow brighter as the years roll on. I see the little branches where I fished, the minnows, the trees I climbed for chestnuts, the hills and valleys where I hunted, the little school house and the winding path and the foot log across the creek. I see my school-mates—the boys and girls—but I would know them anywhere, but they are all dead now, I reckon. I see the school teacher, a man he was, and there is the very crack in the log where he had his switch. I remember the big log fires at home and the old-time ovens and skillets and the oven crane in the chimney, and the Johnny-cake board that stood in the corner. Oh, yes, I remember a thousand things that are of no consequence, but they are pleasant to think about now. I was thinking how good the Lord had been in giving me such a happy childhood and making me to forget all my troubles."

And so I ruminated about that man. Suppose he had had a hard, unhappy boyhood, how miserable would be his memories now. I heard a man say that all his young life he lived in fear and sometimes in terror of his own father. What shall his memories be when old age shall come and blot out everything but his youth. Then let parents try to make

their children happy. If they have to be punished, let it be in reason, and for good cause. Don't fret, don't let the children go to bed in sadness or in tears. There is no sound so pitiful as the sighs of a sleeping child. Our school boys took a notion the other day that the first day of April belonging to them, and so they plotted to play the fool and not go to school, rule or no rule. These were the big, smart, uppity boys of the highest grade, and remind me of the seniors of a college—the seniors I used to belong to. And so they asked the professors to give them holiday, and said he would like to very much, for he was about half sick and feared he was taking the measles, but that he had no right to give holidays and the board might not like it. The boys interviewed the president of the board, and he said that he had seen the time when the boys took holidays no less volens nunc pro tunc and bolus volens, or words to that effect, which the boys understood as a favorable response, and so they stroked their chin fuff and laid their plans for a country frolic. They even inveighed some of the large girls into the conspiracy. When the morning came the professor was left without a quorum. He pretended to be very mad, but he wasn't. He never gets mad. He said he would report the whole concern to the board, but he didn't. He went home to enjoy the measles, but got over them in an hour or so and was seen riding with a young lady in the afternoon, and everything was calm and serene. The boys apologized and the girls smiled sweetly and it was agreed all round they would not do so again for a year—just a year. Our boy brought in his monthly report, and it was all right—algebra, 88; latin, 99; composition, 99; physics, 100, and deportment 100. The last was the best of all. In old times, the teachers wouldn't trust the boys with their reports. They sent them to their fathers, for they were afraid the boys would change the figures to suit their own ideas of propriety, and I reckon we would, for there was right smart hostility between teacher and pupil. Their relations to each other are much kinder now. The teachers stand to stand upon their dignity and carried themselves with stiff and stately reserve. They are more companionable now and have the love of their pupils as well as their fear. In the old times the boys were kept so disciplined and subdued that when they did break loose the havoc was fearful. They were like young mules in a pasture and kicked high and pranced around and brayed incessantly. One time the boys took a notion to have a holiday and "old Carrell" said we shouldn't. He kept good seasoned hickories always on hand, but he did smooth the knots down—I'll give him credit for that. Squirt guns were at that time all the rage with the boys. This devilish weapon of offense was a long joint of a large cane. There was a small hole in the end that was called the suck hole. The other end was open and had a drawstick or ramrod with enough rags around it to make it draw tight like a syringe—we could suck up a can of full of water and then shove the stick like a popgun and skeet the water forty feet away. Early in the morning we toted water and took possession of the school-house, up stairs and down, and when old Carrell came poking to the door, we opened on him with about forty squirt guns from all windows above and below and deluged him until he looked like a drowned rat. For half a minute he kept his dignity and looked fierce and defiant, and then suddenly dropped his dignity on the steps and ran like a turkey. We ran him plum to his boarding house and saw him no more until next morning. We prepared ourselves for the worst, but he had the good sense to acknowledge the joke and make friends. But the way he did it even with us afterwards was awful. He licked us on the slightest provocation. I never made much fuss over a common size whipping, but when the hickory cut into an old mark that hadn't got well, it hurt, I tell you it did. It was piling "Pellion upon Ossa"—that is to say, it piled to the bone. The boys wouldn't do a teacher that way now, nor would the teacher lick the boys like they did.

Our young folks are having a good time and no mistake. Too good, I'm afraid. They are taking up a power of time with their societies. There is a Bumble Bee Club, that meets once a month, and it takes a good deal of time and talking to fix it. They meet and laugh and talk nonsense and play all sorts of plays and kick up the carpet and desolate a window shade or two and three or four chairs, and we have to grin and bear it, for the young folks must be happy, you know, for the sake of future memories. Then there is another set who have gotten up a cooking club, the Y. L. C. C. If they have ever cooked any we haven't heard of it. We thought it was a good training school, but I don't see the train. It took my folks all day to make and bake a Rocky Mountain cake to carry to that club for a mid-night lunch, and a lot of hungry boys eat it all up as soon as it got there, and I never got nary slice, and nobody there learned how to make it or bake it. Yesterday my folks told me to send up some cabbage, and I thought it was for dinner and fixed up my appetite, and when dinner came there wasn't a sign of cabbage, and I found out it was converted into a bowl full of chicken salad for the club. So I never got any cabbage, nor chicken, nor salad, nor anything

else hardly. I consider myself the injured person, for I am not asked to join the club, not even as an honorary member. It is all outgo and no income to me, and I'm almost ready to sing:
"What can an old man do but die."

BILL ARP.

DEATH OF GOV. A. M. SCALES.

At his Home in Greensboro Last Tuesday Evening.

Ex-Gov. Scales died at his home in Greensboro Tuesday night last, after a long and painful illness.

Gov. Scales was born November 26th, 1827, in Rockingham county. In 1846 he entered the Junior Class at Chapel Hill, but remained there only one session. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1854, and in 1857 was elected to Congress, but served only one term, being defeated by Gen. Leach, the Whig nominee. In 1860 he was elected on the Breckinridge and Lane ticket.

Gov. Scales served with great distinction during the war between the States. He volunteered as a private but was at once elected Captain of the fourth company, and was promoted as Colonel of Thirteenth North Carolina regiment, and was engaged in the skirmishes around Yorktown, in the battle of Williamsburg and the fights around Richmond, at Fredericksburg, and at Chancellorsville where he was shot through the thigh. His gallantry in this action led to his promotion as Brigadier-General. In the first day's fight at Gettysburg he was again seriously wounded, but continued in service and was engaged in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia that followed until the close of the war.

Gov. Scales after the war, resumed the practice of law, with much success, and in 1874 was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congress. In 1884, he was elected Governor of North Carolina, with our former townsman, Maj. Chas. Stedman as Lieut. Governor, serving in this, as in the other high offices he had filled, with honor to himself and credit to his State.—Wilmington Star.

What About The Cotton Acreage.

Our Southern correspondent writes some pertinent things in this issue on the above question. It really looks like the cotton acreage will be considerably reduced this year—not from choice, but from necessity. We all know that it is not the wish of the planter to reduce. Especially in a year like this it is his wish to over-crop if possible. He thinks his neighbor will plant less, and this is his chance to put in a full crop. To reach this he will strain every nerve.

But the average cotton planter in the South is not the man who can do as he pleases in affairs of this kind. Back of the planter is the merchant, the backbone of the cotton belt. It is the merchant who stands behind the planter and supplies the wherewithal which keeps things going. He has by far more interest in the crops of his section than anyone else. A long drought injures the merchant more than it hurts any one planter. It is the merchant who has his thousand invested in the crops while the planter has his hundred.

This is the status of affairs. The merchants of the cotton belt for once have become thoroughly awakened to the risks which they have been taking. The over-cropping the past year and the consequent low price of cotton have taught a wholesome lesson. In putting out supplies on the crop-time plan there has been a halt. The merchants find it too risky and they have decided to hold up. When they say no, the planter has no recourse, and if a certain per centage of his supplies is cut off; then a corresponding per centage of crop must be reduced. This is the "condition" which confronts the planter—not a "theory," but a stern reality which will force him to reduce the size of his cotton crop for 1892.—Winston Tobacco Journal.

THE CREDIT MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To sell or not to sell? That is the question. Whether it is better to send the goods, And take the risk of doubtful payment, Or to make sure of what is in possession.

And by declining, hold them? To sell, to ship, perchance to lose—Aye, there's the rub!

For when the goods are gone, What charms can win them back From slippery debtors?

Will the bills be paid when due? Or will the time stretch out till the crack of doom?

What of assignments? What of relatives? What of uncles, aunts, and father-in-law.

With claims for borrowed money? What of exemptions, bills of sale, and the compromise

That colly offers ten cents on the dollar; And of lawyer's fees

That eat up even this poor pittance? Yes, sell we must, And some we'll trust.

We seek the just, For wealth we just; By some we're cursed, And stocks will rust, But we'll skip the wust, Or we'll surely rust.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A Condensed Report of the News From Our Contemporaries.

J. H. Johnson, a Tarboro grocery-man assigned last Thursday—liabilities \$7,000; assets, about \$10,000.

The New York legislature has repealed that part of the law, providing for the executions by electricity, which excluded reporters.

In Berlin two workmen threw a lover of their own wives into a heated furnace and roasted him alive. At Texarkana, Ark., 6,000 people witnessed the horrid deed of seeing a negro ravisher burned at the stake.

The store and stock of general merchandise of J. A. Taylor, of Dunn, Harnett county, N. C., were burned Wednesday night of last night, it is believed, by an incendiary. The loss is \$8,000 with no insurance.

Here it is again. The Hookerton correspondent of the Griffin, Lamp-light says: "A great many of our farmers will plant tobacco, Jno. Sili-vant, M. E. Dail, W. L. Churchill, V. T. Ormond, D. B. Taylor and others. Mr. Silivand will stick tobacco hills as an experiment."

A dispatch from Rocky Mount on the 16th says: "A gloom is cast over our entire town by the death on yesterday, at 4 p. m., of John W. Johnston, a prominent leaf tobacco dealer on this market. He died after a short illness of meningitis. It was brought on by excessive smoking. Mr. Johnston was married only two months ago to Miss Gladstone, of Reidsville, N. C., his former home."

Robert Ford, who acquired widespread notoriety by killing Jesse James, the Missouri outlaw, in 1882, was shot and killed last week in a saloon row at Crede, a new mining town, some distance from Denver, Col. For some time Ford had been drifting among the mining camps. He had been in many quarrels, but until the tragedy above no serious results came from his fights.

It is time to stop and ask, whether we are drifting? When as stand a paper as the Wilmington Review perpetrates a thing like the following: There is a family on Greenville Sound who own a remarkable cow. She should have had a calf a short time ago but lost it. They got her up on her feet and milked her. At the first milking she gave butter-milk, and at the next, a soft and creamy butter. The narrative stops here, but we presume that they milked her a third time and got ice cream.—Charlotte Chronicle.

The Inter-State Trust and Brokerage Co., of this city has recently had correspondence with the officials of all counties of the State, and out of fifty-four replies have found the following twenty-five counties to have no bonded or floating debt, and some in fact, have money in the treasury unappropriated: Brunswick, Cabarrus, Caldwell, Chowan, Columbus, Duplin, Edgecombe, Forsythe, Gaston, Gates, Granville, Guilford, Harnett, Hyde, Jackson, Johnston, Halifax, Lenoir, Perquimans, Randolph, Robeson, Rowan, Wayne, Wilson, and Yadkin.—Raleigh State Chronicle.

A special from Raleigh, dated Feb. 18th, says: "Several of the delegates chosen to represent the Congressional districts in the farmers' and laborers' convention at St. Louis are here and all leave to-morrow for that city. The delegates are J. T. Grinson, First District; J. T. B. Hoover, Second; W. C. Wilcox, Third; E. C. Beddingfield, Fourth; P. H. Massey, Fifth; J. F. Johnston, Sixth; A. C. Shuford, Seventh; H. M. Lent, Eighth; J. C. Brown, Ninth, and Marion Butler at large. Inquiry was carefully made to-day as to whether the third party would be organized. It was answered that it would not be. The only trouble will be to arrive at an agreement between the various organizations. The views as to the advisability of the Third party are mixed, but the opponents of it will have the mastery. The Alliance, or certainly nine-tenths of it will firmly stand by what its leaders do there. All this information comes from the highest source.

FREE SILVER COINAGE.

Fully Endorsed by the House Committee All Efforts to Get Another Result Fail.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The House committee on coinage, weights and measures to-day disposed of the silver question as far as the committee is concerned by voting to report favorably to the House the bill introduced by Mr. Bland, of Missouri for the free coinage of gold and silver and for the issue of coin notes. The vote on the bill was 8 to 5.

Washington advices of Tuesday are that the free coinage bill was not discussed at great length in the Senate finance committee, and when it came to a vote on reporting the bill to the Senate adversely it was at once apparent that there had been some change in views of certain Senators since the last Congress. The vote stood 7 to 4 in favor of an adverse report. The four votes in favor of free coinage were cast by Senators Jones (Republican), Vance, Voorhees and Harris (Democrats). Senators Carlisle and McPherson (Democrats) went over to the majority and voted for the adverse report, as did Senator Allison and all of the Republican members of the committee except Senator Jones.

A GROWING SYSTEM.

The Atlantic Coast Line New Tapping All Portions of Eastern North Carolina The Short Cut Completed and Trunk Laying to Commence on the Washington Branch.

The work of laying the track on the Washington branch of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad will be commenced to-morrow by a force of 150 convicts from the North Carolina penitentiary. The entire grading has been completed, and the track laying will begin at the junction of the Greenville extension and the Albemarle and Raleigh railroad.

There will be twenty-four miles of the Washington branch, and when completed it will give the Atlantic Coast Line a perfect system of roads, tapping nearly every important section of Eastern North Carolina, and opening up to the markets of the country the fine grain-growing section of the extensive east, the magnificent trucking regions of the sea coast counties, as well as the fish and oyster regions of the State. The Washington branch will particularly open up one of the finest truck growing regions of the Southern States, and consequently it will make a very important feeder for the Atlantic Coast Line.

Outside of the sections already permeated by the Atlantic Coast Line in Eastern Carolina there is but one important place where the system has no independent connection. That place is New Bern, but it is learned from an official source that New Bern is also soon to be taken within the embrace of the system, as the Coast Line management has decided to put a line of boats on the Neuse river from Bell's Ferry to New Bern. This steamboat line will connect with the Kingston branch of the Coast Line and will give them an independent line into and out of New Bern. This means the acquisition of one of the finest trucking and fishing regions on the south Atlantic, and we might add that it means a great deal for New Bern in a way that it is not necessary to even hint at.

With the New Bern connection made, this will give the Coast Line a superb system in Eastern Carolina, and it is stated in this connection that it will not be necessary to build any more branch lines in this part of the State, for a long time to come, the new portion of the Wilson and Fayetteville Short Cut, from Fayetteville to Rowland, having now been completed, as it is learned that the last of the rails between those two places will be laid to-morrow. This means that the Coast Line's Short Cut to Florida is now an accomplished fact, although, it is understood that it will be about thirty days before the new part of the Short Cut will be opened to operations. The bridge over Lumber river near Pates was completed yesterday.

When the Washington branch is completed, it will give the Coast Line a total road mileage of 1,223 miles of which there will be 684 miles in North Carolina alone.

The branches of the Atlantic Coast Line in North Carolina together with the mileage of each road in the limits of the State, is as follows:

Miles.	Branches.
162	Wilmington and Weldon railroad, main line, Weldon to Wilmington
17	Tarboro branch, Rocky Mount to Tarboro
86	Scotland Neck and Kingston branch, Halifax to Kingston
20	Nashville branch, Rocky Mount to Spring Hope
74	Wilson and Fayetteville branch, Wilson to Fayetteville
43	Wilson and Fayetteville branch in course of construction, Fayetteville to Rowland, N. C.
23	Clinton branch, Warsaw to Clinton
23	Midland, North Carolina, Goldsboro to Smithfield
24	Washington branch, A. & R. junction to Washington, N. C.
56	Albemarle and Raleigh railroad, Tarboro to Plymouth
65	Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta railroad, Wilmington to Fair Bluff
63	Norfolk and Carolina railroad, Tarboro to Gates
14	Cheraw and Salisbury railroad, Wadesboro to McFarland's
24	Wilmington, Chadbourne and Conway railroad, Hub to Mt. Tabor
684	Total

—Wilmington Messenger.

Does He Want to be Sheriff?

Our efficient, clever, and handsome Deputy Sheriff, R. W. King, of Greenville, was in town Friday night and Saturday. He left us one dollar, and said he must needs have the Lamp-light.—Griffin Lamp-light.

The Cause of Rheumatism.

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood, it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralize the acid, and to so invigorate the kidneys and liver that all waste will be carried off. Hood's Sarsaparilla is heartily recommended by many whom it has cured of rheumatism, and so thoroughly purifies the blood as to prevent recurrence of rheumatic attacks. We suggest a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla by all who suffer from rheumatism.

I LOVE THEM MORE.

OWEN MEREDITH.

Since we parted yesterday, I do love thee, love I believe, twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer.

One dream deeper, one night stronger, the sun surer, thus much more. Than I loved thee, love I before.

SOMETIME.

MARY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lesson have been learned, And sun and stars forevermore have set.

The things which our weak judgments here have spurned, The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet.

Will flash before us, out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue.

And we shall see how all God's plans are right; And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh, God's plans go on as best for you and me.

How, when we called, he heeded not our cry, Because his wisdom to the end could see.

And even as wise parents disallow Too much of sweet to craving babyhood, So God, perhaps, is keeping from us

Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good. And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine, we find the wormwood, and repel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.

And if some friend we love lying low, Where human kisses cannot reach his face, Oh do not blame the loving Father so, But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweetest gift God sends this way.

And that, sometimes, the sabbal pain of death Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life, And stand within and all God's workings see, We could interpret all this doubt and strife.

And for each mystery could find a key! But not to-day. Then be content, poor white rest.

God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold. We must not tear the close shut leaves apart.

Time will reveal the calyxes of gold. And if, through patient toil, we reach the land Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, When we shall clearly see and understand, I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

OUR SPECIAL EDITION.

The brethren of the Press Receive it Kindly and Say Pleasant Things Which are Heartily Appreciated.

"DOES CREDIT."

The special issue of the WILSON ADVANCE has just reached our table. It is 12 pages, and does credit to its talented, and enterprising editor. Wilson has need to be proud of the ADVANCE.—Griffin Lamp-light.

"HIGHLY CREDITABLE."

The WILSON ADVANCE of last week appeared as a 12-page trade and industrial edition of 5,000 copies and was a highly creditable publication.—Charlotte Chronicle.

"AN ALL AROUND GOOD PAPER."

The WILSON ADVANCE showed commendable enterprise last week in the handsome get up of its 12-page issue of which it printed 5,000 copies. The ADVANCE is an all-around good paper.—Reidsville Review.

"DESERVES SPECIAL MENTION."

We intended, but overlooked it at the time, noticing the 12 page edition of the WILSON ADVANCE (5,000 copies) which the editor sent out on 11th inst. It was well done and deserves special mention.—Wilmington Messenger.

"A CREDIT TO THE TOWN."

The last issue of the WILSON ADVANCE was 12 pages, well printed and contained several whole page advertisements. It was a credit to the town and the biggest sort of credit to the editor.—Durham Sun.

"A HUMMER WITH HORNS."

The WILSON ADVANCE of last week was a twelve page edition filled with interesting reading and well displayed advertisements. In the language of Col. Fairbrother, it was "a hummer with horns," and worthy of the pluck and energy of Editor Wilson—Goldsboro Headlight.

"A BIG ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE TOWN."

The WILSON ADVANCE is shown signs of prosperity and enterprise which must be as gratifying to its readers as it is creditable to its intelligent and energetic young editor Mr. Claude Wilson. Last week it was 12 pages in size, 5,000 copies. It was filled with choice reading matter and well displayed advertisements. The three tobacco warehouses of Rocky Mount had one whole page, the New Bern Fish and Game Fair another and the Wilson warehousemen one. Then the merchants and other business men of the town were represented by neat and attractive announcements, the whole forming an edition that can't fail to be productive of good to Wilson. Such an issue of its local paper is a big advertisement for the town and the people of Wilson showed good judgment in patronizing and encouraging friend Wilson in the substantial way they did.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

W. E. WARREN & CO.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS, (Successors to B. F. Briggs & Co.)

OFFICE OVER FIRST NAT. BANK, WILSON, N. C.

We purpose giving the business entrusted to us by the citizens of Wilson and neighboring territory, our close and personal attention. We represent some of the best companies in the world. We want your insurance. Come to see us.

Wilson Collegiate Institute.

For Young Ladies

Strictly Non-Sectarian.

The Spring Term Begins Tuesday, January 25,