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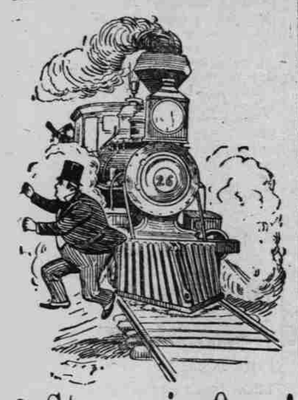
The Wilson Advance.

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., OCTOBER 20th, 1892. NUMBER 40.

The Cash Racket Stores!



3 Stores in One!

Facts Worth Knowing

THAT

We have the largest CASH business in Eastern North Carolina.

That we buy goods below the market value.

That we sell them for SPOT CASH at a small profit.

That we do just what we advertise.

That despite what other merchants may say, our goods in quality will compare favorably with theirs.

We never run down our competitor's goods.

There is nothing mean about the "Racket."

We wish them all success.

We are the regulator of low prices. We should be patronized for this reason alone. We expect to make them still lower yet. We feel grateful for the patronage of the people in the past. We solicit a share of it in the future.

Our word is our bond, and we guarantee our goods as we represent them.

Far Seeing People Visit First

The Cash Racket Stores,

WILSON, N. C.,

Nash and Goldsboro Streets.

J. M. LEATH, Mgr.

Greene County Insurance Agency,

W. J. JORDAN, MANAGER,

SNOW HILL, - - - N. C.

This Agency has been in successful operation for about three years, and the manager has paid out thousands of dollars to beneficiaries; and his companies hold in trust millions more to be paid when due. The manager is making big offers to make Snow Hill the most desirable and cheapest place for the people to get insurance.

Should you want to carry an accident policy you can get as liberal policy in as good, sound company as can be obtained anywhere.

If you have a Cotton Gin, Store House or Stock of Goods, Steam or Water Mill, Dwelling, Barns or other Farm Property, you wish insured, you can get as cheap rates from the Greene county Insurance Agency as can be obtained anywhere, in first-class companies.

Cotton gins and cotton a specialty.

Particular attention paid to correspondence, so if you desire insurance write to the manager and your wants will be supplied.

CREDIT:—Thirty day's credit given on policies when desired.

Yours to Please,
W. J. JORDAN,
M'g'r. Greene Co. Insurance Ag'cy.
P. O. Box No. 5, Snow Hill, N. C.

DR. W. S. ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
WILSON, N. C.
Office in Drug Store on Tarboro St.

DR. ALBERT ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
WILSON, N. C.
Office next door to the First Nationa Bank.

DR. E. K. WRIGHT,
Surgeon Dentist,
WILSON, N. C.
Having permanently located in Wilson, I offer my professional services to the public.
☞Office in Central Hotel Building.

Whoa!

When in LaGrange and desiring a first-class turn-out for any immediate point, come to my livery stables. Good teams, careful drivers and reasonable rates. I have made special arrangements with the proprietor to take all patrons to Seven Springs. Wayne county's favorite health resort. Call on me!

W. H. HARPER,
7-21-3m LaGrange. N. C.

THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS,
111, 113 and 115 Bank St.,
NORFOLK, VA.
Large stock of finished Monuments, Gravestones, &c.
Ready for shipment.
Designs free.
5-14-1y

GEORGIA STORIES,

AS TOLD BY HAM, A NEW HUMORIST ON THE STUMP.

He is a Second Zeb Vance, and is a Whirlwind and a Cyclone Combined—He has Downed Tom Watson—He Tells Some Good Stories.

The pending campaign in Georgia has brought a class of men and rough and tumble fighting which Georgia has not known since the days of the old Whigs and Democrats.

The Democratic party has been confronted by a new condition of affairs. Thus confronted the Democracy is fighting for life with all that implies—white supremacy, the control of the State and the political salvation of the people.

These conditions have resulted in bringing to the surface a set of bright young campaigners who are making fun and fight throughout the State.

Down from the mountain has come a young fellow who heretofore has been unknown throughout the State, only known in his own bailiwick as a country editor. He had been a member of the legislature in a quiet peaceful time when there was nothing to be done to attract attention. Alighting in a county in the tenth congressional district where the brash and breezy campaign between Black and Watson had attracted his attention he proceeded to make a speech for Democracy that has caused all Georgia to look upon him as a wonder from the mountains.

H. W. J. Ham is a tall, strapping smooth-faced fellow with the air of a comedian.

Col. Ham is a clean-shaved, hard-mouthed looking man, with the merriest twinkle out of the corners of his bright eyes while he gets ready for a big punch into the ribs of other side that a man ever saw He is about five feet ten, broad shouldered and hunches up his shoulders as he talks, to get his harness right, as it were. He never smiles while speaking. He seems not to take it as a joke that other people laugh at what he says. It is all a very serious matter to him.

He declared that he felt, when he started to speak, in the plight of little Johnny, whose mother sent him to get a basket of chips. "Johnny was a merry little fellow, and he went and put the basket down by the wood-pile and the first thing Johnny knew he had been down in the pasture half an hour, and his mother's voice was calling him. And the voice had a rising inflection at the last of it—'John—e!' and Johnny knew what that meant; he had heard it before. The way he got back to the wood pile was astonishing. But he was too late. He didn't have time to get the chips. Into the house he went. And he was lit onto with a healthy hickory, and Johnny was at the business end of it.

"'Where are those chips?'

"'Ah, ah me," Johnny explained, 'you know our bull, old Buck? Well, old Buck was at the wood-pile, and he would put his foot on every single chip I went to pick up.'"

HOW THE TARIFF WORKS.

Explaining the operations of the tariff to the Southern people Col. Ham said:

"There was a colored man down in Thomasville who sized the tariff up this way: "I don't know much about it, but it seems sórter like dis: Dere is a great big cow, and its head is down here and we ar' a feedin' it with hay and stuff. And de tail of dat cow is up yonder at de Norf and day is a milkin' her; dey does de milkin' and we does de feedin,' I say turn her 'roun an' let us milk awhile, and let them feed awhile.' I have come here to tell you that the Democratic party is the only party on the green earth that is trying to turn that cow around."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE.

He said that his good friend Bill Wiggins, and a friend of his named John were in Atlanta not long ago. "And while they were seeing things, Bill imbibed systematically this Atlanta whisky. Well, the result was that when Bill and John got to the depot to come home, Bill was pretty drunk on Atlanta whisky, and he had a bottle of it in pocket. "John," he says, '(hic) take this bottle (hic) and don't give me none till (hic) I get to Jonesville.

"Well, coming down on that train it looked to Wiggins like he was never going to get to Jonesville. He asked the conductor when he came through the train: "How far is it to Jonesville?" "Twenty miles." Goodness, he was hardly out of Atlanta. He asked again. "Fifteen miles." The brakeman passed through and Bill asked: "How (hic) for is it to Jonesville?" "Thirteen miles." Directly the brakeman hollered "Jonesville."

"'That bottle, John," said Bill, jumping over to John and drank and drank until he had drunk half a pint of that Atlanta whisky. Well, Bill went out on the steps and passed sometime there, and after while, when he could, he got up and went inside, and he said, "Jonesville is the d—dest sickliest place I ever was in. I didn't stay there half an hour and I like to died." And I tell you Jonesville had about as much to do with Bill Wiggins' sickness as the Democratic party has with the depression of the country, as the Third Party tells you it has.

HOW THEY FOLLOW.

"You fellows that are following my good friend Tommy Watson remind me of the man and the bull. Up in the country where I live, there was a man who wanted to lead a he cow, and the man tied the rope to the cow and then to himself. But the cow went the other way, with the man hitting the ground in high places. Another man saw him coming and hollered: "Where are you going?" "D—d if I know. Ask the bull," said the man as he hurried along.

WHERE THEY'LL GO.

"You fellows are just following the bull, and don't know where you are going to. But I'll tell you where you are going to—you are going where Johnny put his frog. Johnny was a school-boy, and one morning the schoolmarnm called him up and gave him this sum: "A frog in a well forty feet deep attempted to crawl out. For every foot he crawled up he slipped back two. How long did it take the frog to get out of the well?"

"Johnny figured all over his slate, and all over his sister's slate and all the slates he could borrow. That evening the teacher said to him: "Where is the frog?" "He is three miles this side of h—l, and if I had an hour and three more slates he would get there." My friends that's the direction you are going following after your Third Party."

"The conditions in Georgia now," he says, "are significant because all the old elements which have always fought Democracy, the rounders, snollygosters, shoulder hitters, sons of guns, the discordant elements, every atom of which is a storm center of political disintegration, are mustered under this piebald banner of so-called reform. They remind me of a little story:"

AN OPENING STORY.

"Johnny was reading in his third reader and he came on the story of the three Hebrew children. Their names staggered him. The teacher explained to him they were pronounced Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego, charging him to remember this as he would probably encounter the names again. A day or two after he did, and stalled over them again. The teacher explained for a second time and warned Johnny that the next time he failed to pronounce them he would lick him. A day or two after, while reading along, Johnny suddenly stopped, raised his fists to his eyes and began to blubber.

"'What's the matter?' the teacher asked.

"'Them same three durned fellers. Boo-hoo.'"

LIGHT ON THE PLATFORM.

In discussing the platform of the new party he tells how they started out with this St. Louis platform, then the Ocala platform, the Federation of Trades at Washington, and finally the Omaha platform. The Omaha platform does not represent any idea of the Ocala platform which is the pride of the farmers.

"The Omaha platform," says he, "reminds me of John's pants. John was going to a party and had bought a new pair of hand-me-down pants. When he tried them on he found them three inches too long. He asked Sally to cut them off and hem them up. Sally didn't want John to go to the party and vowed she wouldn't do it. They passed seme pepper and sauce words about it. The good mother-in-law learning of the altercation, thought Sally too hard on John, so she quietly got the pants, cut three inches off and hemmed them up again. The sister-in-law, who from another room had heard the altercation, thought she would take a hand in pacifying matters. She found the pants and took off another three inches. Sally after looking after the honsehold affairs, repented and took three more inches off them. Then she aroused John from his nap and told him he had better go on to the party. John dressed quickly in the dark and went. When he got to the party and stepped quickly into the light, he cut about the same figure as the Omaha platform when you turn on the Ocala search light.

THE LITTLE BOY'S PANTS.

"When they talk about their platform," says he "you cannot tell what they mean. It is like the little boy whose mother made him his first pair of pants and proudly sent him off to school. He returned home crying. The boys at school laughed at him. He wanted a pair of store pants for with these he couldn't tell whether he was going to school or coming home,"

LORD, WHAT A LIAR I AM.

"Mr. Waston, elected as a Democrat, abuses the Democrats and says they have done nothing for the country, but have gone back on every pledge. When I hear a man say that, I want to tell him the story of a fellow who wanted to jump a stream on a Texas prairie. The stream looked like it was about seven feet wide. He didn't notice that the grass drooped over on either side about three feet. He went back to take a run and go over. Here he came lickety-split. When he came in three feet of where he thought he was going to rise, he went through the water over his head. He couldn't swim a lick. He cought hold of the wet slick grass and got his head out of the water He thought it was time to pray. He said, 'O Lord I never stole a horse.' His hold slipped and under he went again. He managed to grab the grass and get his head above the water a second time. This time he said. 'Lord have mercy upon me. I never branded another man's cow, ran away with another man's wife, nor burned a house in all my life.' His hold slipped again and he went under. Getting to the surface a third time with great difficulty, he thought he would be honest with the Lord. He said, 'But, O Lord God, what a liar I have been.'"

HAD ALL THE BAIT IN HIS POCKET.

A peculiar feature of this campaign is that the Third Party orators, relying, as they must, largely in the negro vote, are very careful to say nothing against the Republican party This mountain oratorical genius comments with great vigor and effectiveness upon this peculiar silence and then proceeds to explain it by saying that lust for office is the lever that moves these fellows. The Democrats have the offices. They want them. Hence the abuse of the Democrats and silence as to the Republicans who have none, and this like most other things reminds him of a story.

"A white man traveling along a river road," he says, "came upon an old darkey and a little darkey sitting on the bank fishing. Grown weary waiting for a bite the little darkey was nodding and suddenly tumbled off the bank into the river. The old darkey threw down his pole and dived down after him. He pulled him out, caught him by the feet and slung the water out of him down with a thump and said: 'Now wake up an' set dar, you lazy little rascal an' don't you fall in dat water no mo'.'

"The white man who had stopped, said admiringly: 'That was a very brave act, old man—the boy is your son I suppose.'

"'No,' said the old man indignantly, 'de little rascal ain't no kin to me, but he jist as well 'er been. He had all the bait in his pocket.'"

WHEN THE CLYCLONE STRUCK HIM.

Illustrating the idea that when the election is over in the tenth, Watson will wonder where he was when the clycone struck him, Ham says he is reminded of the parrot whose owner wanted to beak him from cursing. He was told the first time the parrot cursed to throw a bucket of water on him and whirl the cage round and round. The next morning as he went out the parrot exclaimed, "It's a d—d hot day!"

Immediately the man slung a bucket of water through the cage, whirled it round and round until the parrot was almost killed. The parrot gathered himself together, shook the water out of his feathers, looked up at his owner and shrieked, "Where in h—l were you when the cyclone struck us?"

HAM'S PRIZE MULE.

Commenting on the idea that the Third Party stands no chance Ham points out that the best men who started out with it have returned to the Democracy. It reminds him of a man with a mule. He was a long, lean, lank Georgian with jeans pants, red shoes and one gallus fastened with a nail at one end and a button at the other. He was galloping his mule up and down in front of a country doggery. The mule was a forlorn looking specimen, one ear set forward and the other backward. His hip bones stood out like pegs on a hat rack and his ribs showed through his hide like a hoopskirt through a calico frock on a windy day. He was sore-backed and wind galled and saddle rubbed and harness marked all over. The fellow would gallop up and stop and as a sort of general challenge to the crowd, and would swear he had the best mule in Georgia.

"Yes," said one of the hangers on, longing over the balustrade, with three or four drinks of corn liquor under his hickory shirt, "he's a durn good mule."

"How do you know," said the rider sharply.

"Because I see the buzzards had him and he got away."

PERMIT MRS. LEASE.

After jumping on a woman's suffrage plank he asked the boys in a confidential way if they have ever seen Mrs. Lease. "Well, I have," says he. "And, boys, she is a plumb sight. If I had a hound dog that would bark at her as she passed by the gate, I'd kill him before night. She could sit on a stump in the shade and keep the crows out of a one-hundred-acre corn field without a gun. She's got a face that's harder and sharper than a butcher's cleaver. I could take her by the heels and split an inch board with it. She's got a nose like an ant-eater, a voice like a cat fight and a face that is rank poison to the naked eye."

SET JOHN AGAIN FOR EELS.

His general wind up on the demagogue's who are mistreating people that they will be heard no more In the future the people will not recognize or tolerate them. There will be nobody so poor as to do them honor. The people will have about as much use for them as did the widow of old John Stoneceypher. John was no account. He wouldn't work but lazed around home and consumed what his industrious wife and his boys and girls made on a little farm down in Camden county. John came up missing one day Search was made for him, supposing he was drunk. Finally, in the course of a week some neighbor suggested possibly he had been drowned. They dragged the creek for him and found him. The remains were in a sad condition, identification depending principally upon his apparel. They brought him home laid him out on the floor of one small room of his late residence. The stricken widow set her arms akimbo, and looking calmly down upon him, remarked. "Well, he's pretty dead, ain't he?" Seeing something unusual about his mouth she stooped down, caught hold of it and pulled out an eel. The head of another took its place and so on until she had a half dozen squirming on the floor.

"Well, what shall we do with him?" sympathizingly asked one of the party.

"I guess you had better take him back and set him again for eels," said the old lady. It's the only thing he's ever brought into the house."

THE LION AND THE SKUNK.

In describing what will become of the Third Party he gives this little allegory: "I have somewhere read a story of a lion who lay asleep in a forest. There came along a pestiferous little animal whose name I do not call, who with an old grudge against the lion thought it would be satisfaction to slip up and bite him, for he thought he was dead. The lion was not dead. He awoke and simply placed his paw upon this pestiferous little animal and all that was left of him was a greasy spot in the sand and a little stench.

"I want to tell you my fellow citizens, that the Democratic Lion in Georgia is alive and awake, and in November he will place the paw of his power upon this pestiferous little skunk of a Third Party and all that will be left of it will be a little greasy spot in the sand and a little stench."

TOM BLOWED TOO LATE.

Ever since the Georgia election there has been a disposition on the part of the people to secure a liberal sample of the personal thoughts of Hon. Thomas Watson, M. C. Watson made considerable noise just prior to the election. He was looked upon as the managing editor of the revolution that was about to revolt in Georgia and sweep the Democracy of that State off the face of the earth, but it appears that the Georgia newspaper correspondents have not been able to locate Watson. However, those who desire to secure a fair idea of Watson's present condition are not doomed to utter disappointment, Orator Ham tells the following story to illustrate the case of Watson:

"Babe Boston's mule was sick, and a neighbor advised him to administer calomel.

"'How will I get it into him?' asked Babe.

"'Put it into a quill, put the quill in his mouth, and blow it down his throat,' responded the neighbor.

"The neighbor met him two or three days afterward. Babe was as thin as a rail, looked right green, and was all doubled up.

"'What's the matter with you?' asked the neighbor.

"Babe placed his hand pathetically over his stomach, gave a sigh like a blacksmith's bellows with a hole in it, and said:

"'The durn mule blowed fust.'"

Orator Ham doesn't throw in a moral with this story. It is not necessary. The most careless reader will understand that the Georgia Democracy "blowed fust," and that's where Tom Watson's "at."

It is as good as a show to hear him.—Atlanta Constitution.

Your correspondent to-night had an interview with Chairman Simmons and was informed that postoffice officials have been guilty of robbery of the mails in their desire to serve the Republican party. Mr. Simmons specifically states that September 23, he sent each county chairman a sealed letter containing instructions in regard to registration under the new election law. Having reason to believe his mail had heretofore been robbed in transit, he addressed a letter to each chairman inquiring if he had received the letter of above date. About fifteen replied that they had not; the remainder acknowledged receipt. Chairman Simmons says he is now in possession of direct information that a number of those which failed to reach their destination are in possession of Chairman Eaves, of the Republican State Committee, who being pressed to tell how he obtained them, said some of the Democrats to whom they had been sent had proved traitors and sent them to him. These letters were only sent to chairmen, all of whom are Democrats above suspicion. Chairman Simmons says he is positive they were taken from the mails while in transit. He has formally made complaint to the Postoffice Department. The letters contained nothing save a plain statement of the laws and judicial rulings thereon, with instruction that all Democrats be properly instructed.—Raleigh Cor. Charlotte Observer.

The penitentiary farms near here on the Northampton side of the river have been thoroughly diked since they have been leased by the penitentiary authorities, and are now not subject to overflow except in the highest freshets, such as was here in 1877. The dikes are larger and higher than ever before and extend along the whole river front of these farms where at all needed—a distance of several miles. —It has been reported that Republicans in Halifax township have threatened to make trouble and raise a row at Halifax on election day because they are not pleased with the poll holders appointed for that precinct. —A few days ago Mr. N. M. Lockhart, registrar for this township, received an anonymous letter advising and warning him to resign the position and return to his farm in Warren county, where he had spent the spring and summer. Of course no attention will be paid to this cowardly means of intimating a threat. It must be understood that there is still law in the land, and that the law will be enforced. The time has not yet come in North Carolina when it can be defied with impunity. Democrats do not intend to be intimidated or bulldozed either by anonymous letters or threats of shedding blood.—Weldon News.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A Condensed Report of the News From Our Contemporaries Gleaned Here and There For Busy Readers.

North Carolinians living in Baltimore made up a campaign fund of $1,269.51 and sent to Chairman Simmons last week.

Miss Mildred Murphy McPheeters, of Raleigh, has been chosen to represent North Carolina in the parade of the 13 original States at the World's Fair.

The Greensboro North State, the Republican State organ, was sold on the 10th to satisfy a mortgage and was bought by J. F. Wray, Esq., of Reidsville.

Mr. D. B. Avera, a member of the firm of Parker & Avera, cotton buyers of Raleigh, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a pocket knife in the Yarborough House Saturday morning. He had been drinking.

The Fayetteville Gazette says that in Harnett county there lives a man, himself one of twins, who married one of twins. His mother is the mother of ten children, five boys and five girls. So is her's. His mother twice gave birth to twins, as did her's also.

A Raleighite, who has just returned from the west, says that recently he visited Dr. Mitchell's tomb, and regretted to find that it had been mutilated and damaged with an axe. As the News and Observer says: "The spot is so remote and inaccessible that proper care can hardly be kept of the tomb, but it is abominable that any one should seek to injure it."

A special of the 14th from Wilkesboro to the Richmond Dispatch is to the following effect: Some persons while fishing in Cut creek, near this town, found themselves enveloped in flames, their torches having set fire to the gas which bubbled out of the water. Since then a more careful examination has been made. There appears to be quantities of the gas. State Geologist Holmes will go to the place and examine into the matter.

The Enterprise says the fishing season at Morehead now opened promises to get better and better. A single day's shipment by rail recently was 300 boxes and 40 barrels of fish. Joseph Fulcher, a 15 year old boy, caught $4.00 worth in a few hours with a hook and line and the Willis crew (sons of Mr. Josephus Willis) caught $160 worth of Spanish mackerel in one night. Another crew made $85 and others have been very successful.

Clinton, the county seat of Sampson county, was visited Saturday by a conflagration which started in the Alliance store, that had recently failed. The prisoners in the jail near by first saw the fire. They were taken out. None were burned. The jail was totally burned. The Caucasian, the newspaper of Marion Butler, the Weaverite leader in the State, was burned out. W. A. Johnston, J. H. Royal, T. M. Ferrall, Dr. H. Holliday, R. H. Hubbard, W. F. King & Co., Alexander Ferrell, Dr. J. A. Stevens, H. B. Giddens, W. H. Duncan, Warren Johnson, Dr. G. W. Moseley, and J. T. Howard were burned out. The total loss is estimated at $75,000, with but little insurance

The great event of the past week was the termination of a case which had within the past few years began to cause a great deal of trouble and which would have caused more in the future. Really there were two cases, one being that against the Raleigh & Gaston railway and the other that against the Seaboard & Roanoke railway, both being for taxes. The Federal Court gave judgement against the latter for $67,500 being the sum due for taxes on 14,000 shares, at 20 cents a share, from 1866 to 1892. Against the former road there was no judgment, the State and Federal Courts both having decided that its charter gave it absolute exemption from taxation. But, in the interests of peace and harmony the officers of both roads have come forward and made an agreement or compromise with Gov. Holt, the Railway Commission and the State Treasurer, whereby the Raleigh & Gaston surrenders for all time to come its exemption from taxation, and the Seaboard & Roanoke road makes the same kind of a surrender and also pays into the State Treasury $7,500 being the tax for three years on the shares of stock above referred to. The State thus gains the tax on $1,500,000 of property owned by these roads, or about $15,000 a year. The only road now holding out against taxation is the Wilmington and Weldon, which will no doubt have to "knock under" next year, as it will then have to ask the legislature for a new charter for a connection with Petersburg from Weldon. So the State has entire control of the situation. The additions to the taxable property in the State have been large in the past two years. The Railway Commission is doing a great work in this respect. It has now placed before the Governor a statement which shows that $290,000 is the value of steamboats plying wholly or in part in North Carolina waters. In all these years not one cent of tax has ever been received from steamboats. The next legislature will remedy a defect in the Railway Commission act and give the Commission the power to assess the valuation of steamboat property.—Raleigh Cor. to Morganton Herald.

The Leaders In The Line!

—OUR STOCK OF—

Winter Weight Clothing

Is now complete and is immense in its completeness.

—:o:—

LOOK AT

All of the stocks in town and then come to see us and we will sell you 25 per cent. cheaper than you have been offered. Our stock of

DRY GOODS

Is also ready for your inspection and if we do not save you money, we will not ask you to buy.

—:o:—

Shoes! Shoes!

We are still slaughtering them at a little over half price.

YOUNG BROTHERS.

THE FINAL GOAL.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God had made the life complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.
—Tennyson's In Memoriam.

A 6-year-old boy of Mr. J. J. Store, near Kittrell, last Friday fell into a cotton press while it was being filled. The gin was running and the noise drowned his cries. Sudddenly the gin band slipped, the gin stopped, and the boy was heard and saved.

W. E. WARREN & CO.
WARREN & CO.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS,
(Successors to B. F. Briggs & Co.,)
OFFICE OVER FIRST NAT. BANK,
WILSON, N. C.

We purpose giving the business intrusted 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.

New Enterprise!

W. A. CRAWFORD'S
Merchant-Tailoring Establishment
(Nash Street.)
Wilson, - - N. C.

I have fitted up next door to Herring's drug store the prettiest Tailoring Establishment in this State and am now receiving and opening up an elegant line of goods for fall wear, consisting of latest styles of foreign imported woolens, from which you cannot fail to select a fashionable and satisfactory suiting or pantaloon.

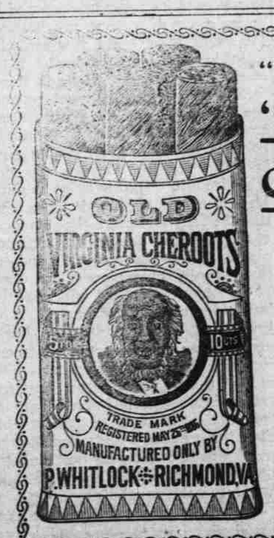
Only first-class, experienced workmeu are employed, and in fit and workmanship I guarantee to equal any establishment in this country.

If parties out of town desire a suit, and will so inform me by postal, I will take pleasure in calling upon them with a full line of samples from which to select.

W. A. Crawford,
WILSON, N. C.
Aug. 25th, 1892. 8-25-3m.

Shave, Sir?

Men in need of a shave, shampoo, hair-cut, or moustache or hair dyed, if wanted done in first-class style, call on
THE TWIN GASTONS.
Nash Street Wilson N. C



"The Sales of
'Old Virginia' Cheroots
Have reached 200,000 A DAY, and are CONSTANTLY INCREASING. They are made of Carefully Selected Leaf, and smoke Sweet to the End. FIVE for TEN CENTS." 26