

The Wilson Advance.

CLAUDIUS F. WILSON, EDITOR & PROF'R.

VOLUME XXII.

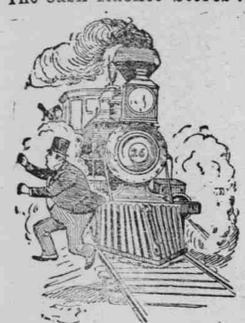
"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., NOVEMBER 3, 1892.

NUMBER 42.

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.

For 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 company holds in trust millions more to be paid when due. The manager is making the best 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 elsewhere.

Our rates will cotton a specialty. We will pay attention paid to correspondence if you desire insurance on any property, and your wants will be promptly filled.

Our thirty-day credit given our customers when desired.

W. J. JORDAN,
Greene County Insurance Agency,
P. O. Box No. 5, Snow Hill, N. C.

DR. W. S. ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
WILSON, N. C.

Office in Pine Store on Tarboro St.

DR. ALBERT ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
WILSON, N. C.

Office next door to the First National 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 lively 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,
7-21-30 LaGrange, N. C.

THE QUIN MARBLE WORKS,

111, 113 and 115 Bank St.,
NORFOLK, VA.

Large stock of finished Monuments, Gravestones, &c.

Ready for shipment.

Designs free.

AN OPEN LETTER, TO THE WIVES OF THE THIRD PARTIES.

An Appeal to the Intelligence and Reason of the Noble and Helpless Woman, Who stands in Greatest Peril if the Republican Cause is Successful at the Polls and the Force Bill is Fastened Upon the South.

DEAR MADAM:—Your lot in life is doubtless hard. Your cook, if you can afford to have one, is thrifty, incontinent and impudent. The colored hands are idle, careless and unmanageable. Your husband's crop is short. He is in debt, doubtless. Tobacco is going for a song. There is no spare money to educate the children; barely enough to clothe them against the winter's approaching cold. Your husband's face no longer wears a smile. He does not talk about the same things he used to talk about. He is much from home. Strange and bitter words are in his mouth and in his neighbor's mouth.

This is your condition—this is our condition. Your husband has been fooled by his false and treacherous leaders into the belief that, through the third party, a sudden change for the better will take place. Perhaps your husband has misled you into the same belief. If so, dear madam, stop and reflect. The Third Party snide up of white men. The Democratic party is made up of white men. The Radical party is made up of negroes. The negroes never divide.

Ask your husband, dear madam, this question: How can the "People's party" win if the white men are divided and the negroes stand united? What does he say? Ah! hear him. His cheek is flushed, his eye is red and inflamed, his blood is hot and he says: "I had as soon have the blackest nigger in the State to rule over me as to have things go on like they are."

Yes, your white husband has said that, and has glorified in what he said. Shame on him!

"Whom the God will destroy, they first make mad." In his bosom, yes, he has forgotten the blue-eyed white boy, your little boy and him, the pledge of your mutual affection, him he has forgotten as he coos in his innocent and helpless cradle.

Let the pure, red, anglo-saxon blood in his veins, that blood that knows no master, and has never known, that blood that has made the southern white man, in the midst of defeat, the wonder and admiration of the world—let that blood lose its color; let his straight hair, that badge of distinction, grow crooked and curled upon his dishonored head; let the hollow of his foot make a hole in the ground, and let him be consigned to the companionship of the negroes, whom he is seeking to elevate above us!

And then, when he succeeds in this State, what will be your lot, and the lot of all white women in this State! The first act, dear madam, of the Radicals when they get into power in our State will be to disarm the white man; and this means that when a white woman in this State is raped by a negro fiend, her undoing will go unavenged for fear of a negro mob and riot.

Why, with the fear of instant and unerring death staring them in the face, the number of rapes of this kind in the south, running into the scores, would amaze you.

You think now when a negro is impudent to you that it is bad enough, but where will you go to get relief, when the negro finds out that he owns the State and county governments?

Besides, ask your husband what has the Democratic party in North Carolina done that he should fight it? Ask him if his taxes are not high; if he is not protected in his life, limb, and earthly honor; ask him if his insurance relation is not cared for at the State's expense; ask him if the poor soldier does not get some compensation for the wound received in defense of his country; ask him if the officers of the State and counties are not upright and honest; ask him if the State is not doing all it can do to educate the children, and finally ask him if he did not go, into the Democratic primaries and help to name the cratic ticket that he is now fighting? If he says "yes" ask him if he is honest in so doing.

My dear madam, if we Democrats were rich and your Third Party husband was poor, we would have no wrongs, but such is not the case. We are all poor. We are all in the same boat. The town is poorer than the country. Why make bad matters worse? Why overturn a good government because we are poor? Let us not forget our many blessings. We have life, we have health, we have liberty, we have been a peccatory people, a united people, a peculiar people, a God-fearing people. "isms" and scisms" had no lodgment here.

True, we are poor, but a God has made many things worse, than thousand fold worse, than poverty.

Think on these things, dear madam, and in the still watches of the night, in the silent presence of those you love, ask your husband if he will not withhold his destroying hand. Or else, in the near future when you see the old State gutted by Radical extravagance and thievery, when you see your home made insecure because of an incapable and black government at Raleigh, and when you see not only the evil of hard times, but the added evil of chaos, strife and confusion at home, you may perhaps remember this letter—too late.—X. North Carolinian.

BEST CAMPAIGN SONG.

The New York World offered a prize of \$500 to the person who should write the best Democratic campaign song. Hundreds competed for the prize, and the committee made the award. It is most singular that the winner is an office holder. He wrote to the World that he held a responsible and lucrative position under the administration, and that he could not, under any circumstances, permit his name to be made public, the intimation being that he thought he would be bounced for furnishing Democratic campaign literature. The following is the song, and we would like to hear it sung by a North Carolina choir:

[Air: "Benny Havens, O.,"]

To every teeming city, to every town and village seat,

To every shop and mine and farm the thrilling message went;

"We've got our old commander back, he'll lead us once again,

Be up and ready for the fray, and quit you there like men!"

And quit you there like men, and quit you there like men,

Be up and ready for the fray, and quit you there like men.

He stands for all that's dearest for which our fathers fought;

The people's right to rule the land, for votes that can't be bought;

He stands for lower taxes, for gold and silver, too.

For equal rights and laws for all—for everything that's true;

For everything that's true, for everything that's true,

For equal rights and laws for all, for everything that's true.

He's for the civil service, and not for sham pretense;

He's for the common people, and he's full of common sense;

He's brave and level-headed, and it's his un-hanging plan,

Whatever he may think is right, to say it like a man;

To say it like a man, to say it like a man,

Whatever he may think is right, to say it like a man.

Our party knows no sections—North, South or East or West;

The bloody shirt and bayonet we heartily detest;

We're dead against the Force bill, but we're for the church and school,

And everywhere and all the time we advocate home rule.

We do not wish to regulate our neighbor's hours or drinks;

Nor do we want to interfere with what our neighbor thinks;

The constitution and the laws decide our every doubt,

And we're always good and ready to turn the rascals out;

To turn the rascals out, to turn the rascals out,

And we're always good and ready to turn the rascals out.

Then raise for Grover Cleveland a mighty, deafening cheer!

We'll land him in the White House safe before another year.

No Pinkerton detectives then to run our shops and mills;

No billion dollar Congresses with him to veto bills;

With him to veto bills, with him to veto bills,

No billion dollar Congresses with him to veto bills.

Then, up and at them, Democrats! Charge home their warring ranks!

They break, they fly, the day is ours, they're routed and flanked;

Monopoly is on the run, protection don't protect,

But think of seventy-six and swear election shall elect,

Electio shall elect, election shall elect, but think of seventy-six and swear election shall elect.

And when our sturdy captain comes to his own again,

He'll need a very different chair from his own again,

We'll hunt up the very one in which old Hickory sat,

And he'll fit it like a statesman, for for he is a Democrat,

For he is a Democrat, for he is a Democrat,

And he'll fit it like a statesman, for he is a Democrat.

The Truth About It.

Mr. W. W. Watt, of Charlotte, was in Philadelphia a few days ago on business. While there he had a conversation with a rich, highly-protected manufacturer of carpets, and he made a remark "an cold-blooded, cruel, brutal candor" that ought to be heralded from Maine to Mexico. In a letter to the Charlotte Observer Mr. Watt says:

"After quite a lengthy discussion of the relative merits and demerits of the McKinley bill, I asked him the point blank question as to how an increased tariff duty, hence an increased price on the manufactured products of Pennsylvania, could help a farmer of North Carolina, or of Kansas. His reply was prompt, cool and debant. Farmers of North Carolina, farmers of Kansas, listen! And on November 8th give your reply. He said: 'Any farmer in North Carolina or in Kansas is a d—d fool who votes the Republican ticket; but this is no affair of mine. If he has no more sense than to vote against his own interests, I am certainly not fool enough to refuse to profit by his folly.'"

It is true that any farmer who votes for Harrison or Weaver does vote against his own interest and helps to make the Philadelphiaian, who treats him with contempt, richer and richer. We will not call him a fool, because we do not like to employ harsh epithets. But he is untrue to himself, his wife, and his children.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she clung to Castoria.

When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

IS THE SOUL AN ODOR?

Some Remarkable Experiments of a Noted German Physicist.

The Berlin Gemaner of Nov. 15, 1870, contained a report of some remarkable experiments made by Dr. Dunsmaister for the purpose of testing the curious theory of Dr. Jaeger, viz., that the soul of every man and animal is to be sought for in the characteristic odor exhaled by each. Dunsmaister, who is a renowned physicist and metaphysician, was, until after making his self-convincing experiments, an outspoken opponent of Jaeger's views. Since that time, however, he has been an enthusiastic convert. Dunsmaister decided that the nerves of smell in a dog were the proper organs upon which to collect the "soul exhalations" of other and more timid animals. He accordingly put a large cage in the center of his laboratory and gave orders to the gamekeeper to put twenty rabbits in it.

There are no serious reasons, in the opinions of the modern New York hotel builders, why the gregarious American idea should be flattered and encouraged, and he thus follows the prevailing foreign custom, and the safe, the smoking room and an office for business purposes only. The latter should be quite as accessible and acceptable to ladies as to gentlemen. In some of the new hotels of this city ladies may come and go as freely as the gentlemen, and from the clerk's desk without running the gauntlet of critical loafers and stale tobacco smoke. The exclusive, quiet, private family idea is put upmost.—New York Herald.

French Veterinary Inspection.

Veterinary inspection has done much to improve horse breeding in France, as no stallion is permitted to stand for public service unless he has the government veterinarian's permit and certificate that he is free from hereditary disease. The British vice consul at La Rochelle, in a report on the agriculture of the Nantes district, describes the working of this system, and says: "The very strong views held in France with regard to anything doubtful about the breeding organs." The smallest defect of this kind disqualifies a horse for the stud, and the government veterinarian is perfectly certain that it is transmitted and any stud horse that develops symptoms of roaring, whistling or any such infirmity, no matter what his value, is at once discarded.

"This is not only because they are convinced that these defects are likely to be inherited," continues the consular report, "but because they have absolute proof from their own experience that they are so, and no person has the opportunity of judging, as they see most of the produce of these sires."—Western Live Stock Journal.

The Independent Chicago Woman.

Congressman Kern, who has been here visiting, had an amusing adventure in a Madison street car. The car was full, and at a certain corner a woman got in who owing to the amplitude of her proportions had some difficulty in getting through the door. She finally succeeded herself right in front of the Nebraska congressman. He got up.

"Sit down," said the woman impressively, "right down. Don't trouble yourself, I beg of you. I can just as well stand myself. I"

"But," expostulated the Hon. Kern, "but, madam!"

She broke in upon him.

"I insist upon your sitting down," she exclaimed hoarsely. "I have seen too much of this thing of women driving men out of their seats. I don't believe in it. If you"

"Madam," he cried, "for God's sake will you get out of the way? I didn't offer you my seat. We have just passed my corner and I want to get out."

"But the woman sat down—Chicago Cor. Omaha Bee.

A Delicious Dish.

A story is told of the Irish servant of a naval commander who had the misfortune to lose his teakettle. Some days later, in fear and trembling he rushed to his master and cried out to him:

"Please, yer honor, can anything be said to be losht when ye know where it is?"

"Certainly not," replied the officer.

"Why?"

"Why, thin, yer honor, ye mayn't think the teakettle is losht, but it ain't, sorr. I know where it is, sorr. It's at the bottom of the wash tub."

It would certainly be difficult to find fault with one who made such a beautiful bull as that just because he had lost so significant an article as a teakettle.—Harper's Young People.

Power of a Woman's Voice.

A voice among the suns in the church of St. Anna, in Rome, has attracted a great crowd to the service through its wonderful power. The congregation were so thrilled that they burst into applause and cries of viva, so that the police had to clear the church. It is now said that the mysterious nun is Bianca Donato, who sang in Napoleon's troop about a dozen years ago.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way of It, Alas Too Often.

Religious Critic—Here's a piece in the paper about the clergy going out for a long vacation. What a humbug religion is, anyway.

A Few Days Later—Here's a list in the paper of the churches that will remain open all summer. What changes the clergy are to suppose any one would go to church in summer. Why don't they give themselves and us a rest?—New York Tribune.

Dieting Out of Season.

Half the illness that occurs at one season, I think I can safely say, is due to improper dieting taken at another. We hear of people feeling weak in the spring, or suffering from those different ailments due to malnutrition, such as boils, skin diseases, obesity, or debility. Now this would not be so if the person adapted his diet to his requirements and to the season.—Dr. N. E. Yorke in Popular Science Monthly.

A Scheme That Failed.

Lions have frequently been tamed by showmen, and sometimes even for military purposes. During the reign of the Emperor Trajan a Roman general on an expedition against a revolted province on the north shore of the Adriatic tried the plan of taming the natives with a brigade of trained lions, but found that in warfare the ignorance of plucky barbarians is not always a disadvantage. "They mistook them for large dogs," says the historian, "and knocked their brains out."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Modern City Hotel.

To a Westchester man who has been accustomed to plenty of sea room and a rustling crowd the modern New York hotel is a cold and cheerless sort of place. I saw Potter Palmer at the new Holland House the other day and he seemed to chafe under the aristocratic restrictions of space and quietude. The lovely corridors and limited general space of the first floor of the Holland together could be put in Mr. Palmer's private office in Chicago. And that distinguished man-keeper must have sadly missed the half a hundred slumberous loafers who hold down his leather chairs all day and the swarm of commercial gentlemen who divide up among themselves the smoke laden atmosphere of his great rotunda.

There are no serious reasons, in the opinions of the modern New York hotel builders, why the gregarious American idea should be flattered and encouraged, and he thus follows the prevailing foreign custom, and the safe, the smoking room and an office for business purposes only. The latter should be quite as accessible and acceptable to ladies as to gentlemen. In some of the new hotels of this city ladies may come and go as freely as the gentlemen, and from the clerk's desk without running the gauntlet of critical loafers and stale tobacco smoke. The exclusive, quiet, private family idea is put upmost.—New York Herald.

Millionaires in a Row.

Mr. K. Vanderbilt and W. W. Astor Squabbling Over a Backyard Fence.

Newport cottagers are very much interested just at present in a row which has been kicked up between W. K. Vanderbilt and William Waldorf Astor over the alleged encroachment on the latter's property here by the builders of Mr. Vanderbilt's palace on Bellevue avenue. The trouble is due to the removal by Mr. Astor of a fence erected by Mr. Vanderbilt separating his marble mansion from Mr. Astor's estate on the south and the retaliatory removal by Mr. Vanderbilt of a cheap pine scolding fence built by Mr. Astor as a protection against intrusion by the Vanderbilt laborers.

The new Vanderbilt palace has been in course of construction for two years, and at the beginning a high, rough fence was put up on both sides of the lot, which detracted greatly from the beauty of the adjacent estates of William Waldorf and John Jacob Astor. It wasn't until Mr. Vanderbilt's men began to tamper with the rugged beauty of the grand cliff walk at the east end of his palace, however, that Mr. Astor showed signs of disapproval. Mr. Vanderbilt wished to keep intruders out of his grounds, and to do that he had to bar them from using the cliff walk, which a Rhode Island state law says shall be forever free to all pedestrians.

Mr. Vanderbilt constructed an artificial promenade at the cliff walk, which rose gradually from the lawn in the rear of his palace to a height which permitted the millionaires to construct a tunnel, through which pedestrians were enabled to pass beneath the plateau in darkness and not trespass on any of his land or lawns.

But the height of this promenade also affected Mr. Astor's view of the ocean, and when Mr. Vanderbilt's men deviated the course of his walks so as to conform to the necessities of both entrances of the Vanderbilt tunnel Mr. Astor got angry. He ordered his gardeners to replace the sodded turf and line out the walks in their original places. He also ordered a fence to be built. All this was done quickly enough, but a few days later it was all undone by Mr. Vanderbilt's men. Friday the Astor palanquin removed a Vanderbilt fence and altered the walks again. There result was that the artificial plateau was undermined and fell into the sea at the foot of the cliff.

The victory is at present on Mr. Astor's side. Tomorrow it may perch on the Vanderbilt banner. The other cottagers are looking on with great interest. No other cottager along the cliffs has ever heard or tried to bar pedestrians from using the great cliff walk.—Philadelphia Press.

Two Broods of Turkeys a Year.

Jennie Watson, an eastern poultry raiser, says: In the last fifteen years I have owned several turkey hens that have laid eggs in the fall and in the winter, brood, laid eggs and then hatched a second brood toward the latter part of the summer. I think vigorous hens will often do so if allowed to sit early. It makes the young turkeys rather late, but with good quarters and good care they can be sold in February, as they will then be five or six months old, and taking into account the higher prices to be obtained at that season will generally bring more than the early ones marketed before the Christmas holidays.

If from lack of proper care they are not salable in February they can be kept over and made plump, heavy birds for the early winter market. Some of the heaviest and most salable turkeys that I have ever sent to market have been such very late broods, wintered over without extra care. Such hens will always be in demand by every buyer who wants a Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey, and may be sure, and the gobblers will not be overlooked.—Field and Farm.

The Pope's Repartee.

A Vatican correspondent relates the following story of the days of Pio Nono. A great French lady, having obtained an audience, threw herself at the pope's feet and fervently thanked him for having restored her to health.

"But how have I done it?" inquired the pope.

"I procured a stocking that belonged to your holiness," she replied.

"One of my stockings?"

"Yes, I put the talisman on my diseased foot and it has been completely cured."

"Madam," replied the pope, a little maliciously, "fortune has been very kind to you. You need only put on one of my stockings and your foot is healed, while I put both my stockings every morning and I can hardly walk."—Pall Mall Budget.

Dogs as Beasts of Burden.

In 1854 an act was passed prohibiting the use of dogs as beasts of burden. Every Englishman, on a first visit to a Belgian town, is struck with nothing so much as the way our canine friends are made to draw carts, which are too often cruelly overloaded. What is said to be the first prosecution under the English act took place at the Bearstead (Kent) petty sessions, at which a lady was fined five shillings and costs for permitting her two dogs to draw a baby carriage on the public highway.—London Tit-Bits.

Ready for Anything.

In the fighting before Vicksburg the command of General McGinnis was drawn up behind intrenchments in a hollow at the foot of a hill occupied by 20,000 Confederates. Grand rode up to McGinnis and said, "Will your men go up that hill?" "They will go through hell, if necessary," was the prompt reply. "All right," said the general, "they will have a chance to do it after while." And so they had.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Dishes with Foreign Names.

I have seen a paragraph with reference to the giving of foreign titles to hotel dishes. Let me tell you the reason these titles stick. First of all, some of them are old, and therefore for convenience sake are adhered to. Secondly—and this is the chief reason—your customers find an American cook for any hotel worthy of the name. Why? Just because colored men are cooks. A good chef can obtain any salary. Yet no Americans will take up the trade, and for the reason stated. The consequence is Frenchmen are employed. They do not understand any dishes but those of their own country. Hence when they sit upon anything new they give it a French name. So we cannot for the sake of becoming patriotic, in our dishes, though I sincerely wish we could.—Lyon in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MR. YOUNG IS NOW IN

The Northern Markets

—BUYING OUR SECOND STOCK OF—

Shoes, Clothing and Hats!

The people know when they are getting a good thing. We want to return our thanks for their liberal trade this Fall, and to make our thanks worth something, we shall continue our

Great Slaughter Sale

of Shoes and Boots at 60 cents in the Dollar until November 15th; children's Shoes 25 cents; women's Shoes 50 cents; mens' best Brogans 75 cents.

DO YOU WEAR PANTS?

We would like to call your attention to

5,000 PAIRS OF PANTS

Running in price from 50 cents to \$3.75, which we are going to sell for 60 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR. One dollar pants at sixty cents; two dollar pants at one dollar and twenty cents; five dollar pants at three dollars; six fifty pants at three seventy-five. Look at them. If not convinced do not buy.