

The Wilson Advance.

\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE.

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

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

VOLUME XXII.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., DECEMBER 22, 1892.

NUMBER 49.

Cash Catches The Bargains!

All Sorts Xmas Presents
now on Display at

The Cash Racket Stores!

We appeal to your own
good judgement if it is not
better to begin your Xmas

Purchases Now.

Every day you delay brings
you nearer and nearer to that
terrible Xmas Week Panic,
when no clerk can wait on
you satisfactorily, and when the
Toy, Doll or Present you had
set your heart on getting had
been "gobbled up" by some
kind friend. There are so
many reasons why you should
buy now. The "jam" of last
Xmas should be a lesson to all
who put off buying. Our
quarters are stocked with all
sorts of things for the children
as well as the grown people,
and the prices—well—truly
"Cash Catches the Bargains."

The Cash Racket Stores,

WILSON, N. C.,

Nash and Goldsboro Streets.

J. M. LEATH, Mgr.

Greene County Insurance Agency,

W. J. JORDAN, Insurance Agent.

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 com-
panies.

Cotton gins and cotton a specialty.
Particular attention paid to corre-
spondence, 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,

Mgr. Greene Co. Insurance Agency,
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 National
Bank.

DR. E. K. WRIGHT,

Surgeon Dentist,

WILSON, N. C.

Having permanently located in Wil-
son, I offer my professional services to
the public.

Office in Central Hotel Building.

IF YOU WISH TO PURCHASE THE BEST

Pianos,

at the most reasonable prices, write to
us for prices and catalogues. Our in-
struments are carefully selected and
our guarantee is absolute.

Cabinet Organs.

We carry an immense stock and
offer them at lowest prices. For par-
ticulars address,

E. VAN LAER,

402 and 404 W. 4th St.,
Wilmington, N. C.

We refer to some of the most
prominent families in Wilson. 10-27-93

THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS,

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

Large stock of finished
Monuments, Gravestones, &c.
Ready for shipment.

Desires free.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

SAYS TIMES ARE GROWING BETTER
SINCE THE ELECTION

As He Predicted It Would If Cleveland
Was Elected—He Talks of Old Times in
an Interesting Manner.

Our cotton buyers say that 90 per
cent of the crop in this country has
been sold, and it has averaged 8 1/2
cents a pound. That does pretty
well. I said in a former letter that
the great staple went up 2 cents just
as soon as Cleveland was elected.
Several men and one woman have
taken offense at this and write me
rather malignantly about the sin of
deception, and the good woman says
she had always esteemed me to be a
gentleman and a Christian until now.
She says that unless I am an idiot I
must know that it was the short crop
that made the price advance.

Well that is so. I take it all
back. I was just jubilating. That's
all. Her party jubilated so much
before the election that we couldn't
keep from crowing a little afterwards.
It did us so much good. I am just
as sorry for my Republican friends
as the circumstances will admit of,
especially for the women, and I re-
member them in my prayers and hope
they may receive an abundance
of resignation and take comfort in that
scripture which says, "The Lord
loveth whom he chasteneth." Let us
rejoice with those who rejoice and
weep with those who weep. Some-
times the good things we haven't got
are more comforting than those we
have. It is sorer like our preacher
who had to get up away in the night
and nurse his little colicky boy for
two long hours, and when at last he
had sobbed himself to sleep, the
fond father matted him gently and
whispered, "You dear little suffering
darling! Papa wouldn't take a mil-
lion dollars for you; no he wouldn't
—but he wouldn't give a nickel for
another."

Eight cents is a fair price for cot-
ton in Texas—just as fair as 6 cents
is here in Georgia. It is a pity that
the price couldn't be regulated by the
cost of production and let every man
make 50 per cent. Some farmers
right here in Bartow county swear
they can't make it for less than 8
cents, but I was talking to Mr. Shed-
aker who is a small farmer near our
town and always has a little money
to lend. He made nine and a half
cents on ten acres this year and did
it with hired labor, for he has no
children and he says he keeps a strict
account of every cent and knows ex-
actly what he is doing and that the
crop cost him 4 1/2 cents a pound.
He sold it for 9 1/2 and is satisfied.
He has something to sell all the year
around—some corn, or hay, or a
cow, or some potatoes. He came
here poor and has improved his little
farm and built a new house out of
the profits of farming. He envies
nobody, troubles nobody, and is a
good citizen.

Another farmer who sold a few
bales at 9 cents told Mr. Milam that
he didn't know what it cost him, for
his little chaps chopped it out and
picked the most of it, and if they
hadn't done that they wouldn't have
done anything else. Counting fair
wages for the children he said he
reckoned his cotton cost him about
6 cents, but not counting the chil-
dren it cost about three cents.

A sorry farmer on a sorry farm is
a sorry spectacle, and if it wasn't for
his wife he would perish, but some-
how, in the dispensation of providence,
most every one has an account, or
unlucky man is tied onto a bustling,
hustling woman who never surrenders
and manages somehow to maintain
the family. This is not fancy, but it
is a fact that the more trifling or un-
lucky the man the more diligent is
the woman. From time to time I
had various tenants when I was
farming and I noticed that the most
indifferent men had the smartest
women tied onto them.

Farming with diligence and good
management is the best business I
know of, and I am glad to say our
farmers are improving in their
methods and their industry. I heard
an observing farmer say to-day that,
as a class, they were 25 per cent
better off in this country than they
were three years ago. They are
generally out of debt and own good
stock and good implements. If a
healthy man with a healthy wife has
a good little farm that is paid for he
has as good a chance for happiness
and success as anybody. I shall
never cease to cherish the memory
of my farming life. And now when
the children gather around the fire-
side they love to recall and relate
the trials and tribulations, and the
pleasures and delights of the ten
years they lived upon the farm.
They worked hard and made good
crops and mixed a little sport with
their labors and kept everything lively
and cheerful. Almost every night
we had music and neighbors would
drop in to enjoy it. I listened to
them last night as they alternated
with each in refreshing memories.

"Don't you remember when Old
Bess kicked me over backwards and
put her foot square down in the
milk bucket?" "Yes, and you
mauled her with the hoe handle and
broke it and you used to make me
set upon the fence while you were
milking and hold Old Bess's tail to
keep her from switching you in the
face with it, and the way you pulled
the milk from her with both hands
was a sight. She was a cow, she
was. Do you reckon you could milk
one now or have you lost the lick
since you've got stuck up so fine in
New York?" "And don't you remember when

THE EMBRACE OF DEATH.

Indian Warriors Poisoned by Their
Soldier Captive Bride.

Half way up the west side of Palmer
mountain there are three rude head-
stones, marking the tombs of three
Klickitaw Indian girls, who died in cap-
tivity many years ago.

Before the outbreak of the Nez Perce
war the Couer d'Alene Indians, who
were at that time a warlike race, often
overran the domains of the Siwash, car-
rying off their horses, their cattle and not
infrequently their wife or daughter.

The Klickitaw are great travelers, and
they roam about from place to place
nowhere, always, however, respecting
the property rights of others. One night,
the story is told, a party of Klickitaws
were attacked by a band of Couer
d'Alene braves, and the three girls
were carried off to their homes.

From there they watched the rescuing
party on the plains below, and when the
young Klickitaw girls saw their people
disappear on the trail of the Couer
d'Alene all their hopes of liberty van-
ished.

One of the captives was the daughter
of a medicine man and accustomed to
handle and capture all kinds of reptiles,
from which her esteemed and highly
venerated ancestor was supposed to
brew his most healing potions. The
maiden appeared perfectly reconciled
to their fate, and the Couer d'Alene
braves, with a touch of that vanity
which is so frequently found in his
civilized brothers, imagined that the
personal beauty of a Couer d'Alene
captured and enthralled the hearts of
the susceptible Klickitaws.

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A STREET MISSIONARY.

It Was Only a Bit of Paper, but It Saved
a Young Woman from Ruin.

He was one of those idle vagabonds in
good clothes, with a position in society
and with the usual social graces to
wear. And he was just now watching
a star in another firmament than his
own, and trying in his low moral sys-
tem of astronomy to drag it down into
the mud.

She was a young seamstress who was
trying to bring up and educate a little
sister left solely to her care, and she
was working out the problem of living
on the chimerical basis that what was
not enough for one was plenty for two,
and she had large abundant faith in
Eliza's and the mother's word.

This was the Prince of Darkness
began to meet her on the Prince
of Light, and make such a glamour in
her eyes that all the rest of the world
was shut out, so that she could not see
so sweet, saintly face as the real
mother who had gone before, nor the
innocent, pleading eyes of the little
orphan watching at that upper window
in the tenement house "waiting for sis-
ter to come."

Just now, as she walked along to the
corner where he always met her, she
was thinking how shabby her little print
gown was, how forlorn her last sum-
mer's hat, and she smiled, and the dan-
gerous dimples twinkled in cheek and
chin as she thought of herself in a soft
silk dress with a hat drooping with
flowers and the imperious air that goes
with beauty and wealth, and the little
sister—oh, what was that? Something
frightened her! It was only a torn play-
bill loosened from a wall, but it blew
directly across her face and felt like a
hand.

As she seized it to thrust it aside
he could not help exclaiming that she
was a girl, each one of which, as the read-
er, made a fiery impression on her soul. It was
a quotation from the play, and it came
into the girl's life like a caprice of de-
stiny, "Rags are royal raiment when
worn for virtue's sake."

Then she ran, not that way that she was
wont to do, but back home, to the little
sister by another route, and it seemed to
her as if she would never be safe until
she had the little one in her arms and
sobbed out all her temptation and irresol-
ution in a wordless prayer for help.

And help came. No one ever yet
ought to think that spirit that "did not
come." And she wears her "royal rai-
ment" today with a steadfast faith in
the future that no mortal can unbalance,
and the Prince of Darkness knew when
next he saw her that his power was
gone, and retired whence he came.

And the torn bit of paper that had
saved a soul was gathered into the rag-
man's basket, fluttering to the last like
a flag of victory.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cruel Joke.

A malicious bridesmaid played a very
handsome joke upon a newly wedded
couple at Minerva, Stark county, New
York, a few days ago. She put them upon a
bedstead, which tosses the sleeper out,
and wound it up for "three." The
alarm of the young couple may be imag-
ined but not described when in the
midst of the lady's sleep she was awak-
ened by the bridesmaid's "What's that?"
and before she was thoroughly
awake she was violently tossed upon the
floor.

Jumping up, she ran to her friend's
room crying, "I'll never speak to him
again. He's a monster!" "Good gracious!"
cried her friend Libby in affected aston-
ishment, "what's the matter? Do tell!"
"He—he—he," sobbed the weeping
bride and stopped. "He what?" asked
her friend; "kissed you?" "No, no!"
cried the bride, "he kissed the other."
"What's that?" asked the other. "He
thrust me out of bed!" The matter was,
however, explained, and there has been
no divorce.—Ohio Patriot.

Teaching a Foreign Language.

The oldest son of a Harlem household
had been to Europe for an extended trip,
and on his return a small brother four
years old followed him about with open
eyes and open admiration. There
was a family dinner to commemorate
the young fellow's return, and the four-
year-old appeared at the table for a mo-
ment on his way to bed. He was as
bashful as children usually are at such
times, until suddenly he said, "Pa, is
daddy a French word?"

"No, my child," said the horrified
parent. "You must never say that
again."

"Well," rejoined the unfrightened
infant, "Brother Charley says it's French
for 'Oh, my,' and he always says it when
he talks to his collar."

Brother Charley's sentiment toward
his youthful relative can be better im-
agined than described.—New York Trib-
une.

The Good and Bad of Tobacco.

Dr. B. W. Richardson has the last
word in The Idlers' Club Symposium on
the subject of smoking. It is not, he
considers, so bad as drinking—if drink-
ing deserves the gallows, smoking de-
serves the penitentiary for life—but it is
bad. It disturbs the circulation, it
often impedes digestion, it interferes
with the fine adjustments of the
senses, and sometimes it impairs the
lenses of vision altogether. Moreover,
it generates a craving for itself in the
nervous organism, always an evil sign,
and it is a habit that is almost fre-
quently hereditary. It is a habit that
is almost always a bad one.

"Think of this when you smoke to-
bacco," says this authority, "and say
the habit not one more honored in the
world than the habit of drinking. With-
out either malice or uncharitableness,
my vote is emphatically aye on that ques-
tion."—London News.

How to Manage This Child.

"My papa says I am one of those chil-
dren who can only be managed by kind-
ness," said the little son of Leech, the
illustrator, to a new servant, "so please
do and get me some sponge cake and an
orange!"—Youth's Companion.

The "Newest" in China.

Here is a convenience, a dose cup. It
means what it says; it is a tiny cup of
silver, plain or gilt lined, and holds just
a teaspoonful. From the bottom depends
a tiny corker. This is intended to fix
in the cork of the medicine bottle,
and there you are. This dose cup has
led to the larger dose cup. This holds a
tablespoonful, and can be affixed in the
same way to the cork. Without the lit-
tle corker it is used as a cordial cup.
—Jeweler's Circular.

An Incident.

"I'm Officer Smith," he said next
morning as he started with his bundle
of remorse for the police court, "and it's
mighty sorry I am to see the pickle
you're in. Married, I suppose?"

The bundle said that it was. "You
have the look of it. I'm a married man myself.
Well, well, but it's tough luck, and yet
it is sort of natural-like, too, for a fel-
low to get off once in a while. The hot
weather and the flicker didn't mix."

Young Remorseful thought it had
mixed only too well.

"Say," continued Mr. "Officer" Smith,
"do you know what condition you was
in last night? My, but it was terrible!
It was disgraceful! If I was to tell the
judge you'd get it in the neck. Why,
there were a thousand children poking
fun at ye when I took ye in. I wouldn't
have done it then, ye are such a decent
looking chap, but ye was speechless. Ye
couldn't give an account of your-
self, so I locked ye up for your own
good. So ye were a married man, eh?
Dear me! Any children? Two, eh?
Well, now that's too bad! But I'll speak
a good word to the judge for ye, so I
will. Ye're too respectable to be in
this business. Ye ought to be buying
yer wife bonnets and dresses instead
of wasting yer money on the streets."

The bundle of remorse hung its head.
"Say, didn't I do it up slick?" asked
"Officer" Smith. "I tell ye I smoothed
your road well. I'm glad he let ye go.
By the way, if ye're chancing around
any way, or yer wife, or ye might
drop in and give us a call—just in case
my fifth avenue and at half the cost."

As the sympathetic policeman drifted
away the other looked at the card which
had been left in his hand. He read the
following:

MME. DE SMYTHE,
No. 4147 Washington Street,
New York City.
Parisian Milliner and Dressmaker.
Refers by permission to Officer Smith, of
the street police station.

Next Sunday morning young Mrs. Re-
morse went to church in a Parisian bon-
net with Washington street trimmings.
—New York Herald.

Did She Save Anything?

Not many miles from Hartford lives a
little woman who, owing to a chronic
leanness of the family purse, is obliged
to practice small economies in order to
pay as she goes and have a little left
at the week's end.

Wishing to procure a bottle of medi-
cine, which at the local druggist's cost
one dollar and at a certain Hartford
emporium could be had for sixty-nine
cents, she reasoned that the saving on
medicines was a few other articles she
needed would more than pay her fare to
and from the city. At the same time it
would make a pleasant excursion for
her.

She went, made her purchases and in
due time was seated in the suburban
train speeding homeward. Chancing to
look across the car she caught the
amused glances of a couple of young
men, said glances being unmistakably
directed at her. Her little woman col-
ored indignantly and ignored her fellow
passengers the rest of the trip by gazing
at the scenery. Upon her arrival at the
home station the brakeman, while assist-
ing her to alight, smiled a smile which
just confused short of a grin, and the
now confused and angry woman started
toward home. But the last straw was
added when a newboy with character-
istic impudence, shouted, "I say, lady,
yer's losin' yer beer!"

Looking over several packages to the
one tucked under her arm, she saw, not
beer, but her medicine slowly trickling
down over the new jacket bought that
day over her best dress, and, finally, to
the pavement, forming a trail as fast be-
hind as she could see. Realizing her
loss she determined to save what she
could. Her economic principles were
too deeply ingrained to desert her now,
so grasping the bottle firmly and hold-
ing it at arm's length she started down
the last block.

A steady drip accompanied her foot-
steps, and reaching home she succeeded
in saving about two tablespoonfuls. A
nick in the bottom of the bottle had re-
leased the liquid, and after soaking
through the thick wrapper had started
out at a downward angle, with regu-
lar purges or consequences.—Cor. New
York Recorder.

He Always Paired.

If Senator Pasco, of Florida, should
ever rise in his seat when an omelet is
being taken in the senate vote on one
side or the other, the dignified sena-
tor would be thrown into convulsions.
Pasco is a man who never votes. Since
he has occupied a seat in the senate he
has voted fewer times than any other
member of that body. Not that he is
on hand to vote, but he is always in
his seat and is one of the most punctil-
ious and hardworking of the senators. But
he is always paired. He has such a good
heart and philanthropic nature that
whenever any senator desires to arrange
a pair with him he cannot bear to refuse
the request.

This fact the other senators know, and
utilize their knowledge accordingly. So
whenever a yea and nay vote is taken
the voice of the senator from Florida is
heard as he rises in his seat and salu-
tantly announces, what every one in
the senate knows beforehand, that he is
paired. Not once this session has he cast
a vote when the yeas and nays were or-
dered, and now when he rises to an-
nounce his pair a gentle smile plays
upon the face of the other senators.—
Boston Record.

Her Idea of a Democrat.

A little Auburn girl, whose father is
an ardent Republican, has formed an
opinion from what she had heard at
home that all the wickedness in this
wide world was condensed into the Dem-
ocratic party. While the family was
spending the summer at a well known
Maine resort a friend visited them to
pass Sunday. He was of a musical turn
of mind, though perhaps his tastes were
not highly elevated. He was a great
whistler, and regardless of the day he
kept his lips puckered most of the time.
The little girl was observed to
watch him closely all day with an air of
considerable anxiety. At length her
feelings appeared to get the better of
her, and calling her mother aside she
inquired seriously:

"Mamma, is Mr. a Democrat?"
"Why no, my child, I think not," was
the reply. "What makes you think so?"
"Well, he's been whistling 'Wine
Emma' all day and it's Sunday."—Ban-
gor Commercial.

Just Opening Elegant Line Shoe Samples!

—AT AND—

Below New York Cost!

Infant and Children Shoes lower
than ever. Keystone hand-
made children shoes, Ziegler
Brothers ladies' fine shoes all at
reduced prices.

Burt and Rockland's home-made
shoes at cost at Young Brothers.

Our immense stock of Over-
coats is being reduced every day
and if you want a fine Overcoat
at half price, now is your chance
—not many left.

Ladies' Cloaks are still being
sold regardless of cost. Ladies'
Dresses ready-made at \$1.50 to
\$2.50. Hardly enough to pay
for the work of making them at
Young Brothers.

Do you want a nice Lady's Hat
for fifty cents? You will be
astonished to see how nicely it is
trimmed at Young Brothers.

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