

The Wilson Advance.

\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIII.

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

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., JANUARY 12, 1893.

NUMBER 2.

FEARS.

JOEL BENTON.

Slightly rickling down the cheek,
With words, unintermitting flow,
Tears tell us more than words can
speak
Or any outward gesture show.

When sorrow comes a sombre guest,
A spectre born of pain and fears,
The burdened heart to bear the test
Yields to the overflow of tears.

On childhood's frank and happy
face
What mimic battles they wage—
The rosy maid they give new grace
And make pathetic gray-haired age.

Refused by none this symbol dumb,
Times well the throbbing of the
heart—
Whether delicious pleasures come
Or keen-edged grief inflicts its smart.

No words are there so true and deep
That they life's perfect gamut show;
And tears sometimes their secret
keep.

Although they may not cease to flow,
Twin ministers are Joy and Grief,
Undying as the fadeless years,
Joy may be often sweet and brief
And sorrow sweeter for its tears.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

ARE YOU HIS COIN AND THINKS OF THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

This is the beginning of a new year and we have made a very long journey. Old travelers say that when a man gets lost in the wilderness he goes round and round in trying to go ahead and he finds himself following his own tracks in a circle. I don't know whether this is so or not, but I do know that today we are right exactly where we were a year ago and yet we have traveled round and round nearly 6,000,000 miles at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute. Astronomers tell us that we are right exactly where we were a year ago. This is mighty curious to me—who is doing it? This world has been going on this grand round for thousands of years, and still at it. What is it for? What did it ever start for? If this earth was made for us, why does it have to go round forever and forever? If it had to go round the sun why wouldn't it circle do as well as an ellipse—why go all the way round the universe and still get back to the same place? Why does the earth have to turn a summersault every day and whirl us round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour? Who is doing all this and what is it for? Who is going all the way round the sun when it is the whole business to come to an end or focus or a transformation? I confess my ignorance and feel as humble as a dog when I contemplate the wonders and mysteries of creation. I don't understand how the corn grows, nor the flowers bloom nor the birds hatch their young, and yet I realize that everything has been made for our good, our comfort or pleasure. I was popping corn last night for a little grandchild and I know that in the grand design of Providence, this little corn was created just to please the children and nothing else. I know that cotton grows to clothe millions in summer and the sheep were created to give wool in winter and the cattle to give us milk and butter and shoes. Even our complaints and ailments are provided for in nature's remedies, and for we have quinine, and cod liver, and castor oil, and opium and terpenite, and mineral springs and the best are the cheapest. All the best things are the cheapest—the air and water and fire, the bread and meat and vegetables, and the fruits of the earth and the material for clothing. The evidences of design and care and love are all around us everywhere and in everything, and I cannot understand how a thoughtful man can be an agnostic or an infidel. I want to thank somebody every morning for preserving me through the night, for I know that sleep is near akin to the death and I cannot keep my own heart beating. There is some great being behind me and I will trust him because he has been good to me and sustained me all my life. The best religion is to trust in the Lord and do good. This religion beats all that the heresy hunters are contending for and is comprehended by the simple and unlearned. I knew of an Irish sailor who was placed on the witness stand in an important case in court. He was a rough looking tar and wholly unacquainted with laws and courts. His presence was a surprise to the lawyer on the other side and he sought to rule him out upon the ground that he was an infidel or had no religion. So he asked him what church he belonged to. The poor fellow turned to the judge and said: "Your honor, I have no religion in particular. When I was a child, I was sent to sea and all my life I have been on the great waters where there was neither a church nor a staple." The lawyer was silent and said: "Then sir I suppose you have no religion. Do you believe in the existence of a supreme being and in a future state of rewards and punishments?" Patrick looked at him and then at the judge and then at the lawyer again, with some embarrassment, and said nothing. "Answer the question," said the judge. "May it please, your honor," said he, "I have lived upon the water for forty years, and had to trust the Lord in gold as a cure for catarrh. I consider your Balm a valuable remedy. One bottle cured me.—S. A. Loell, Franklin, Pa.

truthful emphasis. The lawyer subsided and the judge said: "Give him the book and swear him; he is a competent witness."

The new year has come and now let us all renew the faith of our fathers and cherish it and stand by it. The world is sprinkled with infidelity in high places and our young men are consoling themselves with doubts. What an amount of conceit and arrogance it must take for a young man to set aside the faith and the teachings of all the great men of the centuries, from Luther down to Gladstone, and set up his own and Ingersoll's as a standard. I'll be ever so skeptical I would treat both with the profound respect for whether the bible is true or not its teachings have been and are now the strongest bulwark of our government and the safe guard of our children. There is a wide difference between a young man's self conceit and an old man's deep concern for the welfare of his children. Young men should respect the church for their father's sake and their mother's sake and for the good morals of the community in which they live. Dr. Samuel Johnson was perhaps the greatest moralist that ever lived, and he says in his biography of Milton: "To be of no church is dangerous." The rewards of religion are distant and are to come mainly in the second life. They are animated by faith and hope, but will glide out of the mind unless invigorated by weekly services in the church.

Young man, go to church—go every Sabbath—make a business of it—a habit and it will insure you mental comfort and be a passport into the best society. I don't mean the richest nor the most fashionable, but I mean the best.

I believe we are going to have a good and prosperous year. I believe that more factories for cotton and metal will be built this year in the South than ever has been in any year. I believe that more acres will be put in cotton than has ever been and that Texas alone will produce 2,000,000 bales. Of course, that will drop the price again to 6 or 7 cents, but it can be made in Texas for 5 cents or less. If I was a cotton grower I would put in every acre I could and would sell it now for future delivery. The price for August and September, '93, is now ten cents, and I would risk my own average crop but no more. There is nothing wrong about that. If I couldn't sell that way I wouldn't plant but half a crop, for most any other crop will make more money. What the cotton-pickers that they say have been perfected is going to do we know not, but it can't do the South any harm. Inventions and contrivances and labor-saving machines keep coming. I was just reading an account of a new camera or jack of lantern or something that they have just invented over in England. To advertise a man's business. It will throw his name or his business in great letters on the clouds and they can be seen for miles and miles around. As the clouds change and float away the letters float and appear and disappear and sometimes are doubled and tripled and change color and excite continual wonder and admiration. If I was a merchant prince in Atlanta I would get a machine and print on the clouds over Whitehall "How is This for High," but there is trouble apprehended, for Mr. High doesn't own any cloud or space except that is over him, and he would have to rent some airy space over somebody else to throw his sign upon, and the people will be renting out air all over the cities, but they say in England that the air and the clouds are eminent domains and the government is going to claim it all and retail it by the month or year to the highest bidder. The old maxim that a man who owns the grounds owns up to the heavens and down to the center of the earth will have to go. We are on the eve of wonderful things, but let us all keep calm and serene.

BELL ARP.

P. S.—The black cat came down at last quite "dignified," but is still alive and prowling around.

Two weeks ago in Russia, a mine on the line of the Lantz Railway was flooded by the sudden ingress of a large volume of water. The miners had set off a blast and the explosion was followed by a rush of water that the pumps were not able to cope with. The miners fled for their lives and all managed to reach the surface in safety except eight men, who it was supposed had been drowned in the workings. The pumps were kept going night and day after a week they began to gain on the water. Ten days later the mine was declared safe to enter and a party of miners went down to rescue the bodies of their comrades. They searched the main galleries, but found no trace of them.

Finally, in a steep working that had been abandoned a long time ago they almost stumbled over the men who, it appears, had made for this point when they found escape by means of the shaft cut off. They were still alive, but had their rescue been delayed for only a few hours they would certainly have died from starvation. For the entire ten days they had been without a morsel of food, and they were so weak that they could hardly speak. The physicians state that with extreme care the eight men will probably recover. Their rescue has caused great rejoicing in the mining village, where their relatives and friends had given them up for dead.

A judicious combination pays better than trusting to one thing.

It Was Baby's Cradle.

There was a resting spell with the auctioneer, and the reporter standing by his box looked at him.

"Come?" inquired the reporter, as the auctioneer sat down tired.

"Well, I've been going all the morning and I ought to be," responded the auctioneer.

"You ought to be a funny man, a great American humorist, or something of that sort suggested the reporter.

"Josh Billings was one and he got his start at the block," said the auctioneer, reflectively, "and some auctioneers are given to that sort of thing yet. I was that way myself when I first began, but I had an experience that cured me of the habit before it had fixed itself permanently."

The reporter turned a face full of interrogation points on the auctioneer and he kept on.

"I was called on once to sell by auction a lot of household furniture belonging to a man and his wife, who had been married four or five years. All I know about it was that a death somewhere necessitated their removal from my town, and, as they had no money, they were compelled to sell their effects to get enough to move on. Well, I was having a picnic in my young and foolish way, gazing and bantering and making brilliant and witty side-marks on the articles as they came under the hammer, so to speak, though I don't remember ever having used a hammer or seen any other auctioneer use one. After I had disposed of a lot of stuff a cradle was put up. There were several young men of my acquaintance in the crowd, and I smiled at them as I turned the cradle around and began to rock it, humming a lullaby as I did so. "Empty is the cradle, baby's gone," I said and was going on to say something else to get a laugh, when I happened to look down into the face of a woman close to the platform I was standing on. She was dressed in faded black, evidently given her by some woman larger than she was and there was a look in her eyes and a tension of the lines across her forehead, a painful weakness about her quivering lips that made me stop. She stood close to the platform, and the crowd was all at her back, so they had not noticed her. She did not speak, but as I stopped she looked up at me with the tears starting and bringing her hands in a mute appeal of sympathy. She gave a great sob of agony and turned away.

"I didn't know," was all I could stammer in apology. And I didn't know that it was her baby's cradle I was selling, because the cradle was empty her heart, was broken and she could no longer live in the house that the baby had left."

The auctioneer was feeling his story visibly.

"No, my boy," he went on, "I didn't know, nor did the crowd, but they all did pretty soon, and I told them a story that had no fun in it for any heart there, but it took just the same and I got \$150 for that cradle before I was done with it, and then gave it back to the poor young mother.—Detroit Free Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GENERAL NEWS.

A shoemaker in Berlin, Germany, has invented an artificial sole of stone for use in shoes. It is elastic and easy on the feet, and is calculated to last for years.

The Sun said the other day that if the bicyclers Allen and Sachtleben wheeled across the sands of the Trans-Caspian desert they would find the toughest job they struck between Constantinople and Pekin. Later developments show that they took to the railroad cars on that part of their route.

It is interesting to hear that these young men peacefully crossed the northern provinces of China. Mobs followed them everywhere, but they were good humored. Only once or twice did their attitude become so threatening that the tourists thought it wise to display their revolvers. Chinese officials showed the tourists the greatest kindness, and now and then gave them escorts of cavalry. One magistrate gave them squares of cloth to hang upon their machines bearing words which meant "traveling scholars," and informing the people of their nationality and destination. The literati and the officials were invariably kind.

Pluck and good luck went hand in hand on this remarkable wheeling trip. It was dollars to doughnuts that any young men who went trundling through north China, taking snap shots at the people, would come to grief.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland President elect has never met the Hon. Thomas Collier Platt, the Republican boss of New York State. Mr. Cleveland was born in New Jersey. Early in life he came to teach school in the Mohawk Valley. Mr. Platt was reared in Oswego, Tioga county. Men in public life meet each other at banquets and on other social occasions, and Democrats and Republicans meet on friendly footing. Yet Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Platt have never had the good fortune to meet each other.

In Mr. Cleveland's mail last week was a letter and a card. The letter announced that Mr. Platt, as President of the United States Express Company, enclosed a pass, giving Mr. Cleveland the courtesies of the company. It is customary on the first of the year for railroad presidents, those at the heads of express companies, and the chiefs of transportation companies, to send their friends all sorts of courtesies.

These kindnesses are also extended to public men. The telegraph companies send cards permitting public men to send their telegraph messages free.

The Tioga chief has been one of Mr. Cleveland's bitterest enemies. Yet, as the President elect, Mr. Platt, in accord with the custom of officials of corporations, sent Mr. Cleveland the card. Mr. Cleveland looked it carefully over and returned it to Mr. Platt. In his note to the Republican chieftain he said that he was not accustomed to accept favors from corporations. In this respect Mr. Cleveland resembles Senator David Bennett Hill. The Democratic Senator says his way.—New York Sun.

Agricultural Hints.

Waste of trifles eats like interest money in hard times.

A farm without a tool house is like pants without pockets.

Knowledge was never before so cheap and easy to get as now.

Dependence on a single crop may prove a disappointment.

No one yet knows the capacity of soil or how to best treat it.

When his stock is not improving the farmer is falling behind.

Be punctual and save your own time as well as that of others.

Make the farm a home—the pleasant place in the world.

Best breeds do not insure most profit without proper treatment.

Trust to tested breeds; let others experiment with the untried.

Skimmed milk and flaxseed gruel mixed make good calf feed.

It is learned that within the next few days the President will issue an order extending the civil service law and rules to letter-carriers at all free-delivery postoffices.

Mrs. Lease has put an end to her candidacy for the United States senatorship, which her admiring friends the newspapers have brought dressed to Chairman Brandt of the People's Party State central committee, Mrs. Lease makes a formal withdrawal from the contest and advocates the election of a straightout Populist.

English Pugilist Burge, disappointed of the \$25,000 of a Coney Island Club, is "spilling" for a fight for money, and is now tentatively feeling the New Orleans Crescent Club.

\$5800. \$5800. \$5800.

—AT AND—

Below New York Cost!

Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Snuff, Tobacco, Trace Chains, Hardware, Nails, Bridles, Harness, Dry Goods of all descriptions, Shoes of every kind, Notions of all kinds, Dress Goods of all kinds, Crockery of all kinds, Tinware of all kinds,

AT NEW YORK COST!

HAVING bought the stock of W. J. Harris at a sacrifice we shall offer the same to our customers at and below N. Y. Cost for the next Thirty Days.

Cups and Saucers, Wash Basins, Bowls and Pitchers, Pocket Knives, Table Knives, Axes, Plows, Rope, Shovels, Spades, Plow Bits, Pitch Forks, Locks, and Hame Stakes.

Blankets, Comforts, Checks, White Cloth, Pants Goods, Drilling, Bunch Cotton, Canton Flannel, Fine Dress Goods, all descriptions.

Molasses, Syrups, James River Flour, Gail & Ax Snuff, Rail R'd Mills Snuff, Royal Flour, Ginger, Coffee, Rice, Tobacco, all kinds.

Clothing of all kinds, Cheap Pants, Knit Shirts, Towels, Buggy Harness.

Quinine, Castor Oil, Seidlitz Powders, Paregoric, Laudanum, Horse Powders, Carter's Liver Pills.

HaMburg Edging, Suspenders, Collars, Neck Ties, Scarfs, Cuffs. Shoes of all kinds. Dress Goods from 5 cents to \$1.25 per yard.

YOUNG BROTHERS.

To Prevent the Grip.

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have that "tired feeling" in the morning, don't be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, loins and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and was no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

Hood's Pills should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

Sore Throat, Lameness, Sore Eyes, Soreness, Catarrhs, Bruises, Burns, Cuts, Piles, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, AND ALL Inflammation

Sold only in our own bottles. All druggists. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 755th Ave., N. Y.

H. B. Randolph, Brunswick, Ga., writes: "I was under the care of nine doctors, but not one did me the good that Botanic Blood Balm has done me."

Thompson, Seymour, Ind., writes: "My sister Jennie, when she was a young girl, suffered from white swelling, which greatly impaired her general health and made her blood very impure. In the spring she was not able to do anything and could scarcely get about. More than a year ago she took three bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, and now she is perfectly cured."

The deadlock in the Colorado senate was broken by a combination of populists and democrats.

DR. W. S. ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Drug Store, Harbor St.

DR. ALBERT ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office next door to the First National Bank.

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

IF YOU WISH TO PURCHASE THE BEST Pianos, Cabinet Organs,

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

E. VAN LERBERG,
302 and 404 W. 5th St.,
Wilmington, N. C.

We refer to some of the most prominent families in Wilson, N. C.

Court Calendar.

[We have been requested to keep the following calendar standing in THE ADVANCE columns, for the benefit of our readers.—Ed.]

SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

Spring Term—Judge George H. Brown, Jr.

Fall Term—Judge George A. Shaffer.

Holidays—March 7, May 16, Nov. 14.

Northampton—Jan. 25, April 4, Oct. 3.

Warren—March 21, Sept. 29.

Edwards—April 18, Oct. 17.

Bertie—May 5, Nov. 23.

Criswell—May 15, May 30, Nov. 28.

THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

Spring Term—Judge Henry R. Bryan.

Fall Term—Judge George H. Brown, Jr.

Pitt—Jan. 11, March 21, June 13, Sep. 19.

Wilson—Feb. 3, June 6, Oct. 31.

Vance—Feb. 23, May 23, Oct. 3.

Martin—March 18, Sept. 5, Dec. 5.

Nash—May 21, Nov. 21.

Franklin—January 25, April 13, Oct. 24.

For civil cases alone. For civil and jail cases.

Clerks of courts will please notify us of any errors.