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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 XXIII. WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., JANUARY 26, 1893. NUMBER 4.

OWING TO THE IMMENSE trade during the holidays, our stock was cut up badly, and it has taken the past three weeks to get it in shape again. We received large additions to all the different departments last week.

In the Corner Store

You will find a new stock of Dress Goods, consisting of Flannels, Cashmeres, Outings, Ginghams, Bedford Cords and Calicos. Also a nice new assortment of Hamburg Edgings, Torchans, Laces, Checked and Striped Muslins—and just the prettiest line of Glassware you ever saw.

In the Original Store

You will find New Goods in the Shirt Department, and in the Gents Furnishing Line and also in the Housekeeping Department.

In the Back Store

You will find a full line of Ladies and Gents Shoes, Trunks and Hats.

☞You know our motto:
"Underbuy and undersell."
Come and look through the

Cash Racket Stores.

J. M. LEATH, Manager.
Nash and Goldsboro Streets,
WILSON, 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 Wilson, 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 Instruments are carefully selected and our guarantee is absolute.

Cabinet Organs.

We carry an immense Stock and offer them at lowest prices. For particulars address,
E. VAN LAER,
402 and 404 W. 4th St.,
Wilmington, N. C.
☞We refer to some of the most prominent families in Wilson. 10-27-3m

NEW MAN,
NEW STORE,
New Prices.

I take this method to inform my friends and the public that I have opened a fresh stock of
GROCERIES,
GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERIES,
CONFECTIONERIES,
FRUITS, ETC.,
FRUITS, ETC.,
at the stand on Tarboro street recently occupied by Mr. John Gardner.
KEROSENE, per gal., 10c.
TOBACCO, per lb., 25c.
All other goods proportionately low. Highest cash prices paid for country produce.
Respectfully,
W. R. Best.

POETRY.

A Ballade of Wooing.

P. MCARTHUR.

When pleasure's paths no more allure,
And victuals cease to fascinate,
Then I'm in love past mortal cure,
In short—I've met another fate;
But long do not hesitate,
I furbish up may lover's art
And on this question ruminate—
How shall I win the maiden's heart?

I know love's path is inscure,
And nought its rigors can abate,
But I in sooth could ne'er eudure
To travel at an ambling gait;
I do my utmost early, late,
To make her fancy take my part,
And on this question meditate—
How shall I win the maiden's heart?

I send her roses fragrant, pure,
And loving songs I perpetrate;
I sit upon her furniture
And tell her of my woful state,
In hope that sighs may indicate
That in her breast a shaft doth smart,
And give me cause to jubilate—
How shall I win the maiden's heart?

L'ENVOI.

Prince, thou art rich, pray liquidate
The bills I owe in every mart
For flowers and sweets, gems small and great,
With them I won the maiden's heart?

Coffee pots, sifters, wash tins at cost, at Young's.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

ARP DOING HIS THINKING WITH HALF A HEAD.

Mr. Editor—You will have to excuse me this week for I am sick. A lady friend of mine told me about a lady friend of her's who was suffering one night from a wretched headache. She was a very devoted woman and always knelt beside her bed and said considerable silent prayers before retiring, but on this occasion she stood up and said: "Good Lord you know how sick I am—please excuse me tonight"—and to bed she went.

Please excuse me Mr. Editor from writing my weekly letter for I am sick and the doctor says I musent write nor think for a few days, for I am threatened with softening of the brain and I musent do any thing to strain my mind. Softening of the brain has been my apprehension for a year or two. It is akin to dotage, and is almost as bad for an old man as hardening of the heart is for a young one. So I will have to suspend until the doctor gets through with me and matches me up. There is only one-half of my head affected now and one eye. At first I suffered a pain in front, but now it has crept over to the cerebellum as he calls it, and I can't stoop down nor get up suddenly without a flash of pain shooting all over my cranitum. It comes and it goes like those electric lights in the streets of Atlanta. So I thought that I would write you with the other side of my head and ask to be excused for I don'tlike to strain my mind. I have been in bed a day taking medicine every hour and receiving calls and sympathy, and ruminating on easy things, but have to be careful about straining my mind. The doctor says that I must be calm and serene. He asked me what I had been reading lately and I told him that I had been trying to keep up with the Briggs trial. I saw him knit his eyebrows, for he is a Baptist, and he said that the abstruse metaphisics of that discussion was enough to run any ordinary man distracted. I told him as how betore the Briggs case was settled the Smith case came on as a side show and how Ohio turned Smith out and New York let Briggs stay in and there was nothing settled in a national way about inerrancy and plenary inspiration, and I had been straining my mind to find out what I must think or believe about the business.

"Stop it," said the doctor, "quit thinking—you will find out all about it in a few years—yes in a few years if you don't quit straining your mind. Let these abstruse, scientific, overeducated gentlemen alone. As the Lord said to Job "Who are they that darken counsel by words without knowledge? Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth and where were the foundations fastened and where was the corner stone laid when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy?"

Then I told the doctor about how I had been reading up on the tariff and the McKinley bill and was trying to make up my mind from a nonpartisan standpoint and I was very much perplexed and has strained my mind to determine which was the right thing to do, for if we reduced the tariff I didn't see how we could get enough revenue to run the government, unless we passed an income tax and cut down the pensions and I didn't believe the democrats would dare do either. This thing had sorter addled my mind and right on top of it I had a tackle with he silver bill and free coinage and had read what Mr. Fairchild said about it. He is a very smart man. He said that $3,740,000 of treasury notes paid for 4,500,000 ounces of silver under the Sherman act at 43 cents and the great danger of business was colossal purchases and gave an immediate revival. Just so. I think I almost understand that, but it has strained my mind. Then I read what Mr. St. John, the great New York banker, said which was the best thing to do was to find out what the republican leaders wanted you to do and then not to do it and how all the gold mines were producing but 33,000,000 a year and eighteen months ago there were 17,000,000 ounces of bullion and now there were but 3,000,000, and the great country was growing faster and faster and bigger and bigger, and we were obliged to have more money and if we couldn't get gold we must have silver and paper and go ahead down stream and dump everything into the boundless sea. I expect it was good democratic talk, but it strained my mind.

The doctor looked solemn at me and sorter pitiful, and then I told him how I was tangled up over Jay Gould's death and what the editors and the preachers and some of the women said about him and I was straining my mind to locate him for some of these days I expect to go to that undiscovered country myself, and how I got some relief when I read the editoiral in the Review of Reviews which I appreciate and enjoy more than any modern literature, for it is always fair and square and a man of my caliber can read it and understand it without straining his mind.

"Did you locate him?" said the doctor, "No, said, I." But I located the property. It is all busy in moving trains and goods and people and operating shops where there are thousands of men at work, and his money is still running the telegraph, and so far as we are concerned, it makes no difference whether the seventy-two millions were controlled by one man or seventy-two men with a million apiece. The Lord's hand is in it all, and believe that Miss Helen will do some big thing with her share before she dies, and maybe Georgia will too. There are troubles nearer home that worry me more than Jay Gould. There is trouble at Macon in the college and one of my best friends is in it, and there is trouble right here at home, and two preachers are in it, and it has stirred up the town and you can hear much and find out but little, and Sam Jones is going to move away, and my water pipes have bursted and there is a curtain down and no boy but me, and the tax man came to see me yesterday and took the last dollar I had in the world to help pay the courts expenses and to educate the everlasting negro; and weve been at it for twenty-five years, and the more we do it the more they go to the chaingang, for there are over 2,000 there now and only 195 white persons, and I am tired of the experiment, for it is a failure and a burden upon us and is no good for them that I can see. This is the biggiest tax I ever paid and I have less property to pay on than I have had for five years, and here is the town tax that is on the same line, and we are tired of educating other children, especially the black ones, and there is too much patriotism in our government, both state and national, and I know rich men who are drawing pensions from the State and poor men who fought just as long and just as hard who get nothing, and the principal is all wrong, for no soldiers ought to be pensioned but the needy, and that's my doctrine.

I went down to Atlanta the other day to borrow $200 to bridge over the impecunious chasm and pay these taxes and a few of of these darn little just debts that I owe, and one bank said they were moving the cotton and it took all their money, and another bank said they only discounted local paper for their depositors, and then I went to Captain Lowry at the Tallyho bank and he greeted me with smiles as he always does, but said that money was mighty close that day, but if I would come back the last of next week he would see what he could do. I havent been back for I am sick and I thought that the captain would send it up to me by express, but he hasent. If a man deposits with an Atlanta bank he can borrow some of it back occasionally with a good endorser—so George Adair told me. The fact is I suspect those banks havent got any money to speak of except the deposits, and the State's money and the city money and they are always quarreling about who shall handle it. They harvested mostly on Steve Ryan's money, and when a man breaks they hustle round with alacrity to get a receiver who will help out their deposits. But it is all nothing to me so long as I am playing Lazarus and the dogs are licking my sores.

"Stop said the doctor, "you must not allow such imaginary troubles to disturb your mind. You must be calm and serene and"—"But I can't," said I, "for I've been dosing with quinine until I am as nevous as a man with the tooth ache. I havent got half sense, now with only half a head you know, and when I get plum out of money I havent hardly any. I want a bank, a whole bank for about a week. I saw Captain Lowry the other day driving his tallyho four-in-hand, and tooting his little horn and he had Adlia Stevenson and his beautiful daughters and his retinue and posse comitatus and I enjoyed it and wished that I was up there or in there and the captain's beaming countenance reminded me of the old woman who, for the first time in her life, went to a circus, and when the beautiful horses came prancing in with their sprangles all shining and their riders all dressed up like the ancient knights, her old man hunched her and said: "Sally what do you think of that?" "John," said she, hit almost takes my breath. Hit looks more like the kingdom of heaven than anything I ever expected to see." Doctor, I want a bank and a tallyho and a little horn.—

"My friend," said the doctor, "you must divert your mind with pleasures and thoughts not so formidable. There's nothing true but heaven and you must must solmize your disturbed mind. Pray a little; yes pray without ceasing so the good book says."

That reminds me said I of a little orphan boy I know whose good old grandma made him kneel down every night by his bed and say his silent prayers, and they were short, very short, but these cold nights she lets him kneel down in front of the fire with his posterior towards the grate and he prays and prays and when his grandma tries to get him up and says gently "come now Bobby you have prayed enough," he sakes his head and says, "ain't done yet grandma, ain't near done. I'm just praying for everybody,"

A man can pray mighty easy and mighty sweet if every thing is comfortable, can't he? And that reminds me of our little grand-child, who was looking at the picturee in the Bazar paper, and she came across a picture of a woman dressed like a decoy duck or something pretty low down, and she said: "Mama here's a woman fixing to take a bath: but don't see the tub." She got several dolls Christmas and gave them all names and when her grandma asked her what she had named her pretty tin horse she studied awhile and said I believe I'll name him the "holly ghost." She goes to Sunday school, she does.

These little things don't strain my mind, doctor. They anecdotes and antidotes. If it wasn't for the innoeense and hilarity of these children, I expect I would go crazy."

But this is a longer excuse than I intended and is another sign of the softening of the brain.

Yours, in tribulation, BILL ARP.

Ladies and gents collars and cuffs, at cost, at Young's.

There is a man in England whose special hobby is liquor. His way of entertaining guests would have done credit to the mad King of Bavaria. On one occasion he had a huge basin constructed in his garden and covered with a canopy to keep out the rain. This basin was intended for a punch-bowl, and it was the largest the world ever saw. In it were mingled four hogsheads of brandy, eight barrels of water, 25,000 lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, 1,300 pounds of sugar, 300 toasted biscuits, five pounds of grated nutmeg and a pipe of old Malaga wine. There were many guests present—it was a stag party by the way—and all are said to have gone home gloriously drunk.

Conkling had defended a man who was on trial for arson. He had been convicted below and on appeal the conviction was affirmed and Conkling rendered his bill which was questioned by the man's friends. Conkling was rather new at the bar. He called upon Mr. O'Connor. He said; "There is Johnson, now, whom I defended in a hard-fought trial and argued the case on appeal at the General Term. To be sure he was convicted and the conviction was affirmed. But I had a great deal of trouble, gave my best services in the matter and I only charged him $600, and his friends decline to pay may bill. Don't you think the charge is reasonable and fair?"

Mr. O'Connor turned in his chair and said: "Well Conkling, I have no doubt that you did the best you could. You had a severe trial. You exercised your best efforts in the higher court, and $600 is not a large bill. But I have no doubt he could have been convicted for a great deal less money."

Axes, axle grease and ink at cost, at Youngs.

You never can catch a Yankee boy. You never can corner him. A gentleman travelling in the country at Stoddard, N. H., where it is all rocks and boulders and abandoned farms—fine old farm-houses going to ruin—saw a boy of twelve or fourteen hoeing in a cornfield on the side of what would be pasture land on anybody else's farm. The corn was rather poor-looking. The traveller reined in his horse and spoke to the boy. He said to him: "Your corn looks rather small."

"Well," said the boy, "we planted dwarf corn."

"Well, it looks yellow, poor and thin."

"Well, we planted yellow corn."

"Well," said the traveller, "I don't mean that. It don't look as if you would get more than half a crop."

"I don't expect to. I planted it on shares."

Dress buttons at cost, at Young's.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss
Lucas county,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the snm of one hundred dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Dr. Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1886. A. A. Gleason, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Ladies hose at cost, at Yong's.

Catarrh in The Head.

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood-purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of cattarh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Bowls and pitchers, and dishes at cost, at Young's.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Rail road mills snuff 32 cents, molases 18 cents per gallon, all grades of flour at cost, at Young Bros.

CHOLERA AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

No Danger to Be Apprehended from Infection Through Importations.

The proposition that the Chicago exposition may have to be postponed on account of the cholera in Europe is not justified by what we know of the mode of spread of that disease. There is no article of exhibit which will be sent from any foreign country to the World's fair, whether it be in the departments of mechanism, art, education or manufactures, which is in the least likely to be contaminated with the cholera bacillus, or which will involve any more risk to those receiving, handling or viewing it than it would in any other year.

Almost the whole danger of bringing the cholera germ into this country is connected with the poorer class of immigrants and their baggage, and with imported rags. Of course there are theoretical possibilities that some workman affected with smallpox, diphtheria, cholera, itch or even the oriental plague may have touched some article sent to the exhibit or some piece of wrapping paper or of lumber used in packing, just as there always are, the probable danger in this respect being about the same as that incurred in handling a new necktie or any article of ready made clothing, but to attempt to get up a scare on such a basis is a very shortsighted and foolish policy.

It is quite probable that western Europe will have more or less trouble with cholera for several months and perhaps for a year to come, and it is quite possible—we may say that it is an even chance—that we shall have some local outbreaks of the disease to deal with ourselves within a short time, but these probabilities do not make it necessary or expedient to interfere with the importation of either raw material or manufactured goods, whether these be intended for consumption or exhibit—with the exception of rags, and even these, so far as cholera is concerned, are easily disinfected.

Let Chicago look to her water supply and to the possibility of a few cholera cases in her poorer quarters among newly arrived immigrants, coming perhaps by way of Canada, and let the American government devote its attention to our quarantine systems and leave the World's fair to take care of itself.—Engineering Record.

The Evils of Immigration.

He is thin, fabulously pale and ordinarily decked with bizarre rings, watch charms and scarfpins. His clothes are symphonies. He blends in them various shades of blue, green and violet. Sometimes he appears in black, with an enormous diamond pin, and then he resembles Philip II. Sunday while the shouts of the children in the nursery filled the apartment with gayety he sat at the piano, and in a voice which was delicious and dying pronounced this title, "The Pain of Living."

Then he played a piece wherein, as on certain fans of Japan, airy nothings had an intense and funereal delicacy. There were vague and learned discords; flying, muffled sounds; motives sketched and at once quitted; the beat of a disappearing bird's wing, and complaints and despairing exclamations so soft and sweet that they had not strength enough to be heard. Happily in five minutes he had finished, for everybody would have committed suicide at the sixth minute.

"Poor fellow!" said a sympathetic old lady. "I should think that the commissioner of immigration would guard against 'Pain of Living.' It is a malady unknown in New York, but who can tell the ravages that it may commit among the fellow countrymen of Liszt and Chopin in the districts where immigrants arrive?"—New York Times.

Teaching an Actress a Lesson.

"Speaking of playing jokes on the 'perfesh,'" said Harry Millish at the Laclede, "reminds me of an experience I once had with Maggie Mitchell. About twelve years ago I was playing light comedy in her company and had to make love to her. Maggie was very fond of onions, and usually ate them for supper. Now if there is anything I do detest it is the smell of an onion. I resolved to be revenged, and one evening when we were to present a play in which there was a particularly lengthy yum yum scene I drank a couple of glasses of beer and ate a liberal slice of limburger. When the scene came on Maggie nearly fainted. At the end of the act she sent for me and said, 'Mr. Millish, what is the matter with your breath?' I replied that I had been taking an onion antidote. 'Well,' said she slowly, 'I don't think a second dose will be necessary.' And it wasn't."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Is There a "Great Wall" in China?

Abbe Larrien has published a book to prove that the "great wall of China" is only a gigantic myth. Larrien claims to have lived for years under what would have been the shadow of the "great wall" had such a structure really existed, but that during that time he never as much as heard the myth alluded to. "This huge Chinese wall," he says, "is simply a huge Chinese lie."

All the standard and trustworthy histories of the Celestial Empire, as well as those on the orient in general, refute the testimony of this glib tongued abbe. The editor of that great English newspaper, the London Standard, says, "I would like to inform friend Larrien that I have sat upon the great wall, and that I now have a photograph of it which was taken by one of our company."—St. Louis Republic.

Both the Hoods.

Little Dot—Mamma, I've read both the hoods all through.

Mamma—Hoods! What hoods?

Little Dot—"Little Red Riding Hood" and "Robin Hood."—Exchange.

Table clothes at cost at Young's.

Neck ties, suspenders of all kind

A Scheme That Failed.

Grogshops have become so numerous all over town that many of their bosses are at their wits' ends to make both ends meet. Several have adopted unique methods to attract thirsty customers, and of two that started out on new lines one failed, owing to its owner's lack of capacity, and the other proved so successful that owners of neighboring dramshops are green with jealousy. The successful shop is in Park row but a short step from the bridge, and at no time, night or day, Sunday or week day, is it not jammed with a rumsodden rabble.

There one may buy more than a quart of beer for a nickle. Of course it is poor stuff, but the ragged, filthy horde of bums who congregate there care more for quantity than quality. It is served in glasses the like of which were never before seen in a drinking place in this or any other town. They look exactly like the small globes in which goldfish are often kept. Each will hold as much as three common glasses and as much as ten of the Coney Island kind. Although thirsts like the sands of Sahara prevail in the place not one of their owners has been able to empty one of the globes at the first pull.

The drinking place in which a new idea failed is in Pearl street. But had its owner been blessed with the thirst and capacity of any one of the frowsy frequenters of the slophouse in Park row he would have pulled out all right. A fortnight or so ago he stuck up in his place a lot of cards announcing that for every drink of any kind a customer bought he would treat and drink with the buyer. He kept his word and did a land office business for about a week, but had to be carried home each night. He could not stand the pace. No more could half a dozen bartenders he tried. On the tenth day he began to see monsters in the air, and fearing that he was on the verge of delirium tremens he tore down the signs and resumed business in the old way.—New York Advertiser.

Put a Beggar on Horseback.

There is something very funny in the appearance in Hyde park of representatives of the "Submerged Tenth" as critics of General Booth. These gentlemen had been occupants of the Salvation shelters and found many things which were not quite up to the standard of tramps. The towels and the soap and the sleeping accommodation came in for sweeping condemnation, and one of the "Tenth" stated his grievance in these terms:

"At 6 o'clock the next morning a bell rang, or sometimes a police whistle was blown, which was not a very pleasant sound to men who had been doing penal servitude. If they did not get up at once they were turned out, and if feeling unwell or from any other cause they lay down to sleep again, a policeman was called in and they were ejected. He did not call that charity."

It is very hard, no doubt, that persons who have done their time in one of her majesty's convict establishments should not, when they regain their liberty, be taken by the Salvation Army and coddled in luxury. But men who can harangue the multitude and who can calculate, as one bragged yesterday he had done, that there was a clear profit on the shelters of 17 per cent., are not quite the class that General Booth caters for. They rather belong to the other somewhat numerous body to which Mr. Spurgeon once referred when he said, "For laziness give me a long whip!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

To Atone for a Wrong.

A young woman whose naturally vivacious disposition is somewhat restrained by the pious influence of a devout Roman Catholic mother took advantage of the absence of her mother from the city to make up a small theater party last Saturday afternoon. A rollicking extravaganza with a showy ballet was the entertainment for which the girls purchased tickets. The dutiful daughter's conscience pricked a trifle, however, just as she was about to leave her home to join her friends. She well knew that her mother would not approve of the kind of performance she was going to see. A sudden inspiration impelled her to compromise with her conscience, which for the time being was her mother's representative. She went to her mother's favorite bookcase and took therefrom "Little Lives of Great Saints," which she carried with her to the theater and undertook to read between the acts.—New York Times.

Saved by Prayer and Whisky.

James Rogers, a farmer, was attacked by three negro highwaymen who were armed with pistols, and robbed of twenty dollars and a watch. After this they marched him through the woods to a creek two miles distant. They told him they were going to kill him and sink his body in the water, as dead men tell no tales. He asked time to pray, which was given him, and while he laid siege to the throne of grace his captors turned their attention to his quart of whisky.

In a few minutes the liquor aroused the inquisitive nature of the negroes, and they began questioning Rogers, who begged piteously to be released, swearing to never tell anything if they would release him. He finally convinced them that he was a stranger in the country, and this induced them to spare him.—Texarkana Cor. Galveston News.

The Editor's Mistake.

Great Statesman—You were in rather a sad condition when you left the banquet the other night.

Reporter—Yes. I drank more than was good for me.

Great Statesman—So I noticed. And it showed in your report of my speech. It was terribly mixed up. Didn't the editor raise a row about it?

Reporter—No, he didn't blame me any. He thought you were drunk.—New York Weekly.

$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. Harriss 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 Snuft, 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 Goads from 5 cents to $1.25 per yard.

YOUNG BROTHERS.

Trunk's of all grades, 20 per cent. les than cost, at Young's.

Some of the Chicago hotels announce that they will not raise their prices during the exposition.

There is no need for them to do so if they mean to charge as high as they did when the National Democratic Convention was in session in that city, when they put two men in every bed and two beds in each room.

Quinine, Carter's Pills, Tutt's Pills at cost, at Young's.

I am an old man and have been a constant sufferer with catarrh for the last ten years. I am entirely cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It is strange that so sinple a remedy will cure such a stubborn disease.—Henry Billings, U. S. Pension Att'y, Washington, D. C.

Peidmont Domestic check, drilling Bed tricking at cost, at Young Bros.

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

It's remarkable specific action upon the affected parts gives it supreme control over Piles, however severe.

Also for Burns, Scalds, Eruptions, Salt Rheum &c. Testimonials from all classes prove its efficacy. Price 50c. Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Put up only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., N.Y.

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

USE POND'S EXTRACT

Sold only in our own bottles. All druggists.
POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th 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."

Canvas jeans and satteen at cost, Young's.

Umbrellas at cost, at Young's.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Jan. 18.—Not since 1857 has North Carolina experienced such snow storms and severe weather as the winter of 1892 and 1893 has witnessed. The ground has not been clear of snow since the 26th December last, and to day the white mantle covers the face of the earth with the thermometer at a little above zero.

Pad locks, knives and forks at cost, at Young's.

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 diarrhœ. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Well buckets, slop tin sets, lanterns, buckets at cost, at Young's.

Clothing of all kinds at cost, at Young's.

The firm of Moore & Watson Subscription book publishers Raleigh N. C., has been disolved and the business reorganized under the firm named the Southern Publishing Co., with a capital stock of $25,000. The business will be pushed and agents for the company will be travelling every Southern States in a few days.

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