

# 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., FEBRUARY 2, 1893.

NUMBER 5.



## POETRY.

### Slipping Away.

They are slipping away—the sweet, swift years,  
Like a leaf on a current cast;  
With never a break in their rapid flow,  
We watch them as one by one they go  
Into the beautiful past.

One after another we see them pass  
Down the dim lighted stair;  
We hear the sound of their steady tread  
In the steps of centuries long since  
Dead.

As beautiful and as fair,  
There are only a few days left to love;  
Shall we waste them in the strife?  
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet  
Those beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,  
By the dusty ways of life?

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

ARP SHUT INDOORS, BUT HE WATCHES THE FOOTSTEPS OF PLAY IN THE SNOW.

It strains an old man to see much fun in the beautiful snow. He can't play in it, nor slide nor walk about with any security; but he knows that he can't help himself, and so must try to be happy because the children are. What a glorious thing it is to be oblivious to trouble and apprehension—what reckless joy these children feel while rollicking in this miracle of heavenly beauty, while I am here thinking about the coal and wood that are nearly gone and there is no more in town, and how the cook says she "reckon she will have to quit for she can't hardly get up to hill any more," and how I had to shovel a path to the coal-house and the cow lot and dig up some lightwood and could find the ax for a long time, for the hired boy didn't come and he never has any particular place for anything and the young folks tramp snow all over the hall and the carpet and get their shoes and stockings wringing wet, and Mrs. ARP declares that every one of them will be sick.

But it is beautiful—that is a fact—when the morning sun dispersed the lingering clouds and sent his genial rays all over the fields and lawns and house-tops. I thought it was the most charming landscape that I had ever seen. How quickly can dame nature change our feelings from gloom and apprehension to joy and gladness. The peafowls have come down from their roosts in the treetops for the first time in forty-eight hours and the pigeons are circling around and the little birds have come from their hiding places. The sleigh bells are jingling and the boys are coasting down the steep hills, and everything seems happy again.

I reckon now the winter is broken, and in a few weeks the spring flowers and the peach trees will be in bloom. This is the first real pleasant sunny day since day after Christmas. It has been a hard, long, wintry spell, and poor folks have suffered, and so have the laboring men who follow the rail and have to take their places by day and by night. I never hear the whistle blow nor feel the rumbling shock of the loaded trains as in the dead of night they move to and fro past my house but what I think of the engineers and the firemen and the brakemen. Maybe, when the "gates are ajar," they will run trains in heaven where they will never be too cold or too hot and no crows on the track and every body have a free pass over the line.

It is curious how old folks love to read and ponder the memories of the past. I wrote a letter about Andrew Jackson, and had many letters responsive to the subject—most of them were from old men who still loved to dream over the recollections of their youth. I had one from a veteran in Atlanta, who was born in 1811, and is still hale and hearty and attends regularly to his merchandise. When he was a youth the halo of Jackson's victory was still radiant. He tells how a famous comedian named Barnes sang a song in the theater in Savannah nearly seventy years ago. It was called "The Hunters of Kentucky," and Barnes wore a coonskin vest and cap and had an old-time rifle and powder horn, and one verse of his song was:

Old Pakenham had made his brags  
That he was brave and lucky;  
He'd have our girls and cotton bags,  
In spite of old Kentucky.

A letter from a friend, who is proud of being a tarheel, says that General Jackson was born in North Carolina, just over the line in the Waxhaw settlement, but that his mother who was then a widow, was over there on a visit. Her home was only a few miles away, and was in South Carolina—and so both States claim him. He migrates some unwritten history of the family, and says that General Jackson's father died a few weeks before Andrew was born, and one cold day when the funeral had to come off the Waxhaw settlers started with the corpse to the graveyard that was two or three miles away. The road was very rough, the day was cold, the wagon shakily and "grog" was plenty, and when they arrived at the graveyard and went to the wagon for the corpse it was not in there. It had spilled out on the way, and they had to go back after it. The writer says "these are facts that have been verified in Waxhaw settlement."

You can't tell a man's age exactly by his Christian name, but in a great many cases—yes, thousands of them—you can tell the period—the decade in which he was born. From 1815 to 1825 were more southern boys named for Andrew Jackson than for any other man. My father was a merchant for forty years, and the A.

J.'s were numerous upon his books, and there was no great disparity in the ages of those who bore them. For a period of thirty years before this, the C. W.'s and J. T.'s and J. M.'s were the popular initials. But the charm, the halo, of these names has passed away, and now you will find in the families of the veterans many a youth under twenty-five who feels honored, with the name of Bob Lee or Joe Johnson or John Gordon, or some favorite officer under whom the father served. This is a good way to perpetuate noble deeds and daring, and costs less than monuments. The devotion of the old soldiers to such leaders is very beautiful, and reminds me of a veteran I met in Texas, who, dispirited of any boy happening in the family where five girls had come along in a strait, named the little girl baby "Stonewall Jackson" as a rabbit's foot, he said, and, sure enough, the next child was a boy, and he had to name him Bob Lee, who was his second choice. "I never seed old Bob," he said, "but I foxtrotted after old Stonewall until he died, and I loved him a leetle the best."

BILL ARP.

Colonge, belts and gloves at cost, at Young's.

### A Speller From Base.

Mr. Allen, of Franklin county, the champion speller who astonished the audience and vanquished the entire line of contestants at the recent "spelling bee" in Raleigh, was in the city yesterday. There will be at Chicago during the World's Columbian Exposition an international spelling match, and Mr. Allen will be there to champion the prowess of North Carolina, and in all human probability will bring back to the Old North State the laurels of the great contest.

If he enters the lists of this great battle of orthography it is safe to wager that he will come off conqueror. He is nothing less than a prodigy as a speller, and has been ever since he saw a class over forty the first day he went to school when a mere lad, on the word "fustian." He has been in many a heated spelling contest since and has coped with many distinguished scions of lexicon but has never been whipped yet.

Mr. Allen says he has a mental photograph of every word he has ever seen or heard spelled, and these mental impressions never become blurred or uncertain, and if the committee in charge of the Chicago contest does not get out the limits of Webster's Unabridged he has no fear of being tripped. He does not talk of what he can do, but all you have to do is to call out the word you want spelled and Mr. Allen will grind out the letters that spell and tell you the number of the page in the bargain, if it is to be found within the covers of "Webster's Blue Book."

The faculty amounts to a phenomenal, if not an occult, power with him. It is nowise the result of hard application. If he goes to Chicago he will bring back the trophies of the victor. Mr. Allen is a descendant of Revolutionary parents and had twelve first cousins killed in the Revolutionary war.—News and Observer.

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

### Advertising Proverbs.

Study most those particulars which lead to a knowledge of circulations. Soit not the splendor of a bright advertisement by repetition. Sensible advertisers show their sense by saying much in few words. To catch the eye is the chief aim of advertising.

Sweet and sound is the sleep of the regular advertiser. Low rates and doubtful circulation are inseparable. Study to be a truly eminent advertiser.

Study the class of readers as well as the circulation. Good circulation never fears rigid examination. The spirit of success dwelleth in advertisement. The cure of poverty is advertisement.

To say little, and advertise it often, is good. A good medium never lacks advertisements. Long is the arm of the editor. He is poor indeed that cannot advertise.

The way of a foolish advertiser is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth unto the expert is wiser. Clothing of all kinds at cost, at Young's.

### Cheap for Best.

Some young men from Boston applied to an old fisherman up in country to see if he could get them some bait. He thought he could, and started off. Three hours afterwards he appeared with a tin-quart full of angle worms. The boys were alarmed lest there should not be money enough in the party for such a wealth of bait, but they put on a bold front, and some one asked, "How much do we owe you?" "Well, I don't rightly know," answered the old man, "the ground is kinder solid and the worms is far down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em; but I've half a mind to go fishin' myself tomorrow an' if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

Tobacco, sugar and coffee at cost, at Young's.

## North Carolina's Governors From 1719 to 1892. A List Worth Preserving.

Mr. J. H. McElwee, of Statesville, was recently in the town of Edenton, Chowan county, and while there he copied from the records the following list of governors of North Carolina:

- 1719. Charles Eden.
- 1729. Sir Richard Everard, Bart.
- 1734. Gabriel Johnston.
- 1753. Matthew Rowan.
- 1764. Arthur Dobbs.
- 1766. William Tryon.
- 1773. Josiah Martin.
- 1777. Richard Caswell.
- 1780. Amherst Nash.
- 1782. Thomas Burke.
- 1784. Alexander Martin.
- 1785. Richard Caswell.
- 1788. Samuel Johnson.
- 1790. Alexander Martin.
- 1793. Richard D. Spaight.
- 1796. Samuel Ashe.
- 1798. William R. Davie.
- 1799. Benjamin Williams.
- 1802. James Turner.
- 1805. Nathaniel Alexander.
- 1807. Benjamin Williams.
- 1808. David Stone.
- 1810. Benjamin Smith.
- 1811. William Hawkins.
- 1814. William Miller.
- 1814. John Branch.
- 1820. Jesse Franklin.
- 1821. Gabriel Holmes.
- 1824. Hutchins G. Bruton.
- 1827. James Iredell.
- 1828. John Owens.
- 1830. Montford Stokes.
- 1832. David L. Swain.
- 1835. Richard D. Spaight.
- 1837. Edward B. Dudley.
- 1844. John M. Morehead.
- 1845. William A. Graham.
- 1849. Charles Manly.
- 1850. David S. Reid.
- 1855. Thomas Bragg.
- 1859. John W. Ellis.
- 1861. Warren Winslow.
- 1862. Henry T. Clark.
- 1865. Zebulon B. Vance.
- 1866. William W. Holden.
- 1868. Jonathan Worth.
- 1868. William W. Holden.
- 1871. Tod R. Caldwell.
- 1874. Curtis H. Brogden.
- 1876. Zebulon B. Vance.
- 1880. T. J. Jarvis.
- 1884. Alfred M. Scales.
- 1888. Daniel G. Fowle.
- 1890. Thomas M. Holt.
- 1893. Elias Carr.

Axes, axle grease and ink at cost, at Young's.

### A ROBBER USES SNUFF.

And Gets Away with One Dollar and a Half.

Lovis Cootz, a Jew, keeps a little grocery store on Ramseur street, near the railroad crossing.

About 8 o'clock last evening a negro walked into his store, with a handkerchief tied across his mouth, just under the nose, which extended around his neck and hid the lower portion of his face. The negro complained of having the toothache and enquired for something to relieve him. Cootz not having anything of the kind, he wanted five cents worth of snuff.

Mr. Cootz did not have weights small enough, so he placed a silver dollar and a half dollar on the scales and weighed the snuff by them. The negro placed the package in his pocket and called for another five cents worth. As soon as it was put in the scales the negro dashed the snuff in Mr. Cootz's eyes, grabbed the dollar and a half and ran out, making good his escape.

Mr. Cootz suffering very much with his eyes and it is not yet known whether it will result seriously or not. The negro has not yet been apprehended.—Durham Sun.

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

Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin Texas. Sequin Texas, Jan 4th, 1893. Messrs Lippman Bros., Savannah Ga. Gentlemen—I have tried your P. P. P., for disease of the skin usually known as skin cancer of thirty years standing, and found great relief; it purified the blood and removes all irritation from the seat of the disease, and prevents any spreading of the sores. I have taken five or six bottles and feel confident that another course will effect a cure. It has also relieved me from indigestion and stomach trouble. Yours truly, Capt. W. M. Rust. Attorney at Law.

The Democratic members of the House sub-committee on Appropriations, in framing the annual pension appropriation bill for submission to the full committee, have made a vigorous onslaught on the dependent and disability pension act passed by the Republican Congress of 1890. They have adopted a number of amendments changing that law. The following are the principal changes made: That no widow shall receive a pension under the act of 1890 unless married to the soldier prior to 1870; that no person shall receive a pension under the act of 1890 unless disabled in the service, from manual labor and in receipt of an income of less than \$600 a year, and that no non-resident of the United States shall receive a pension unless he was actually disabled in the service. Another amendment provides for the appointment of a commission to consider necessary modifications in the pension laws and to report to the next Congress.

Georgia Found It Expensive. Fully twenty-five Confederate widows in Richmond county who have been drawing pensions since the enactment of the state law allowing them an annuity will be cut off the list. The pension law has been so amended that only widows of Georgia Confederate soldiers, or of those who enlisted in a Georgia regiment, or of every Confederate who is himself a native of this state now residing in Georgia, are entitled to the pension of sixty dollars a year. There are many widows here of Confederates who were widows have come to this state and county since the war and have been drawing pensions since the allowance was made, but they will no longer receive the pension.—Augusta (Ga.) News.

Effect of the Religious Test. Every Roman Catholic who was a candidate for the school committee at the recent municipal election in Boston was defeated, and the newspapers of that city make no effort to conceal the fact that this result was due to the application of the religious test.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### DR. TALMAGE'S WEAK SPOT.

He Met the Car Once, and He Likes to Talk About the Russian.

Pushed and jostled along Park row yesterday, with few to recognize or salute him, there passed a man known the world over.

Either their pictures in the papers do them injustice or they do injustice to their pictures, or why is it that so many well-dressed men can walk the principal streets of the greatest city on the continent and not be recognized once in ten blocks?

The celebrity I refer to was my old friend, T. De Witt Talmage. He was on the fringe of a crowd, trying to catch a glimpse of a gutter merchant who was selling five cent packs of playing cards, and he seemed to be as much interested in the fakir's card tricks as was the smallest office boy in the crowd.

"Think you can get any pointers here, doctor, that you can use in your business?" I said.

"Yes, old friend," he said as he shook hands with me and started down Ann street. "I get pointers everywhere. The things I see and the experiences I meet on the street are, as texts and illustrations, far better than those I might imagine or that I might create."

I had not seen the reverend doctor since he returned from Europe. He is full of his trip and talks of little else. He has brought back with him the same agile jaw, the same acrobatic platform gestures and the same rhetorical froth for which he has so long been noted.

We are all glad that he did not lose any of these characteristics, because the jaw is one that wags to some purpose, the gestures such as fit the words, and the frothy froth of his mouth is a beautiful many plain truths and earnest proclamations regarding the good that men should do.

The great preacher looks younger, talks younger and says he feels younger than he did when he sailed down the bay in the summer days of months ago.

When we read of a preacher taking a "much needed rest" or a "well earned vacation" we are prone to smile and to say smart things about the absurdity of a clergyman needing a rest. In Talmage's case he did need a rest, but he certainly deserved such pleasure and recreation as the change of scene and freedom from stereotyped duties gave him. Yes, he certainly did, for who among men work with pen and tongue labors more than he? He speaks directly to the heart, and in a rough voice to many listening ears from week to week, and none in all the earth reaches by means of ink and type a larger audience.

Dr. Talmage has some weaknesses. One or two of them are quite prominent. The latest weak spot developed by the reception given to him by the czar, the czarina and the little cardinals. He can talk of hardly anything else since. He is never tired of telling how the imperial aristocracy, wife and family are really and truly more royal, dignified and stately than ourselves, and how he "almost romped with the children."

I fear that the glamour of royalty dazzled to some extent the eye of Brother Talmage, so that he did not see some things so clearly as he might otherwise have seen them. He says that the czar was more interested in talking of religion than of anything else. What did he suppose the czar would talk to an American preacher about?—New York Herald.

### Reversing the Decalogue.

The missionary appears in quite a new light in a case which has recently been before one of the local courts of the Transvaal. Rev. Otto Kahl, head of a station of the Berlin Missionary society, was sued by a blind Kaffir named Matsila for money which had been paid as "fines." The circumstances under which these fines were levied created a truly pathetic condition of affairs.

It happened that one of Matsila's daughters had given birth to a child without the preliminary formalities of wedlock. Why Matsila should have been punished for this offense—unless it was supposed to have been the result of his blindness—is not apparent. But he was called before Rev. Mr. Kahl and fined five pounds. He was also fined one pound on account of a similar misfortune on the part of another daughter, and a fine of twenty-five shillings because his son had been fighting. Altogether, therefore, the old gentleman's children do not seem to have been much credit to him.

He failed to get his money back because it was proved that the fines had been levied by the church for clerical purposes, and in accordance with the rules of that community. But whether it is desirable that any "church" or any pastor should wield these powers I venture to doubt. At any rate Rev. Kahl has established a moral code which completely reverses the decalogue, and visits the sins of the fathers on the children, but the sins of the children upon the fathers.—London Truth.

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### Neck ties, suspenders of all kind

### A French Church Revolt.

At Bordeaux, in the department of Gers, France, a priest was appointed by the archbishop whom the parishioners did not like. The townspeople locked up the church. The priest attempted to address them, but was cried down and hoisted, and now they have sent word to the archbishop saying they would call a Protestant clergyman unless their wishes concerning the appointment of their priest were heeded. Such a proceeding is altogether unheard of in that part of France, and shows to what extent the authority of the church of Rome has declined, even in France, which was formerly considered the most reliable stronghold of the Roman Catholic religion.—Chicago Journal.

### She Dared the Examination.

A good story is going the rounds concerning the preliminary examinations of pupils at the London Guildhall School of Music. A young and pretty girl presented herself and modestly asked the highly respected principal whether the order would not be dealt with by the lady superintendent. It was then Sir Joseph Barnby's task to explain to the blushing damsel that the much feared "examination" was not a physical affair, but was merely one in the elements of music in order to determine in which class she should be placed.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### A Restaurant in Creeds.

"Talk about the tough element in mining camps! Creeds, Colo., knocked them all out when it first started," said W. H. Combs, a member of the Silver King Mining Company, which is operating one of the best properties in that new region. "Last January there was but one restaurant in the place. It was in a small log cabin, fitted up with rough wooden tables and chairs. The men would test the stay-lungs of any stomach on earth, the waiters were recruited from the toughest element that had floated into Creeds on the first boom. They indulged in all the picturesque slang of that region in filling orders.

One of the customers was an old gentleman with long flowing hair and a great amount of dignity, who had come in from the east. With as much dignity as if he were giving an order in the Auditorium the old gentleman called for a cup of coffee. The waiter, being busy, yelled in a rough voice to another waiter to bring a cup of coffee for old whiskers here."

"If a steak were brought in top rare and a customer asked for it to be cooked again the waiter would yell out to the cook, 'A little more hell on this steak!'"

"Every one of the men of Denver, set at a table one day until he grew tired and he arose to leave, when a waiter hallooed, 'Old man, git sit down again and keep yer boots on—I'll hustle in the grub fer yer directly.' And the governor sat down and waited while he brushed away a drift of snow from the table that had blown in through the chinks of the logs. That Creeds restaurant was a great leveller of humanity."—Chicago Herald.

### Jeating with a Corpse.

Charlie Landis doesn't look as handsome when his hair stands straight up on end as when it is in nice repose. It stood on end yesterday. He wanted to see Otto Jenkins, bookkeeper for John J. Long, the undertaker. Some one told him Otto was in the back room resting on a cot. He walked back, the room was only dimly lighted, but he saw the outline of a human figure. He took a table one day until he grew tired and he arose to leave, when a waiter hallooed, "Old man, git sit down again and keep yer boots on—I'll hustle in the grub fer yer directly." And the governor sat down and waited while he brushed away a drift of snow from the table that had blown in through the chinks of the logs. That Creeds restaurant was a great leveller of humanity."—Chicago Herald.

Another love tap on the other shoulder. Still no response. Impatiently he drew the cover from the head of the reclining form and found himself facing the corpse of a stranger who had been brought to the undertaking rooms an hour before. Charlie stood rooted to the spot, expecting the top of his head to hit the ceiling every moment, until relieved by a ripple of laughter from Jenkins, who, reclining on the opposite side of the room, had witnessed the entire incident.—Chattanooga Times.

### An Anecdote of Booth.

Here is a scene I witnessed some years ago on a Central Pacific train bound for Fresno. Edwin Booth was aboard, also a Mrs. Parvum, who had become smitten by the great tragedian. As he passed through the coach en route to the smoker she said to her companion, loud enough to reach the actor's ear, that she would give \$100 to kiss Booth. The woman had been working the train and had caught a green Irishman, who was going west with his family. Put was lamenting his loss and the passengers were saying:

Booth finished his cigar, tapped Pat on the shoulder and took him back into the coach. Marching straight up to the woman with the osculatory longing, he said, "Did I understand that you would give \$100 to kiss me?" The woman, without a blush, admitted that she said it, and produced a fat purse. Booth held out his hand for the fee, got it, kissed her, handed the money to the Irishman and passed on to the next car. Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Everlasting flowers for winter should be gathered before they are quite open. Tie them in bundles and hang them with their heads down in a dry, shady place.

### Table clothes at cost at Young's.

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

### Canvas jeans and satten at cost, at Young's.

# At New York Cost!

Our Entire Nice Stock

# Ladies Dress Goods.

Our Entire Line

# Gentlemen and Ladies Underwear.

Our Entire Line

# Gentlemen's Dress Shirts & Collars

Our entire line Flannels, Ladies' Hosiery, Towels and Blankets, Come and see them.

# Young Brothers,

Rountree Store.

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

We can't describe them. You will have to see those beautiful chromes we are giving as premiums, to appreciate them. Remember, we don't give you your choice of six, but actually give all six of these gems of art and a prize certificate entitling you to your choice of one of twelve articles enumerated under the head of "Offer Extraordinary" first article on this page. The certificate you send with twelve cents to P. O. Vickery, Augusta Maine. We give the certificate and the six chromes and mail to you address "Vickery's Fireside Visitor" and THE WILSON ADVANCE one year for the small sum of two dollars.

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

Umbrellas at cost, at Young's.

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.

Ladies' rubber gossamers, ladies rubber shoes, children's rubber shoes at cost, at Young's.

Happy Homes.

Thousands of sad and desolate homes have been made happy by use of "Rose Buds," which have proven absolute cures for the following diseases and their distressing symptoms: Laceration, congestion and falling of the womb, ovarian tumors, dropsy of the womb, suppressed menstruation, rupture at childbirth, or any complaint originating in diseases of the reproductive organs; whether from contagious diseases, hereditary, tight lacing, overwork, excesses or misadventures. One lady writes us that after suffering for ten years with colic, covered with a tumor, and a simple and harmless preparation, but wonderful in effect. The patient can apply it herself. No doctors' examination necessary, to which all modest women, especially young unmarried ladies, seriously object. From the first application you will feel like a new woman. Price \$1.00 by mail, post-paid. Write to L. S. B. Co., 359 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

All grades of buggy harness at cost, at Young's.

The Lord and the Daisy.

"A Sunday-school teacher was trying to impress upon his pupils the care of the Daisy for all living things, great or small, and getting to the peroration of his address, he said: 'The Lord who made the mountain made the little blade of grass. The Lord, who made the ocean, made the pebble on the shore. The Lord, who made me, made a daisy.'"

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

Quick Conversion of the Heavens.

Up in the country where I came from there used to have practical illustrations of different subjects in the churches and schools.

On one occasion at a church fair they had a living tableau illustrating the blessings of missions. The girls stood on one side and the boys on the other. The girls represented Christians and the boys heathens. At a given signal the heathen embraced Christianity.

Towels of all grades at cost, at Young's.

She is delighted with it.—Mrs. Hannah Moore, Lebanon, N. C., writes "My mother had a swollen knee caused by a fall.—I purchased a bottle of Balm of Gilead. We used it and I never saw a remedy work so well. It took the swelling down immediately and effected a cure."

Knit drawers, shirts and heavy underwear at cost, at Young's.

Our premiums are all the rage. Subscribers are coming in from every quarter. If you are not already a subscriber if you will call and examine them we are sure to enter you on our list.

Knit drawers, shirts and heavy underwear at cost, at Young's.

Table clothes at cost at Young's.

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

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