The Wilson Advance.

BY THE ADVANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Entered in the Post Office at Wilson, N. C., as second class mail matter.

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

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THE ADVANCE,
Wilson, N. C.

THURSDAY, - - - June 27, 1895

THE silver lining to the Kentucky cloud has taken on a golden hue.

STILL they come, a large bolt and nut factory, employing 1000 hands has just given notice of an advance of 10 per cent in all wages, to take effect July 1st.

FORMERLY the only discussion that never grew old was love. We now have another that bids fair to oust the god of love from its pedistal, it is silver.

AT the start the silver side seemed to have everything their own way, but as day by day the thinkers grasp the situation the apparent majority dwindles.

FROM every quarter come reports of mills and factories working on double time. Shall we take the chance of closing down all these mills by experimenting with the currency.

WHEN a man acknowledges ignorance and goes honestly to work to learn the truth, we feel safe. It is only when an ignoramus, claiming to know it all, comes forth that we fear the result.

DON'T be too hasty in taking a stand on the financial question. It is two years before you will be called upon to take sides. In the meantime read carefully both sides and draw your own conclusions.

AT the present rate of progress the working majority in about three months, and in one year the monometallists will be looking a hole wherein to hide themselves.

The eight states called the silver states—Colorado, California, Idaho, Montanna, Nebraska, Oregon, Wyoming and Washington— have a total of thirty-three electoral votes, or three less than are cast by New York alone.—Exchange.

EVERY man who works for wages should oppose silver. Why? Because the cheaper the money, the less provisions will his daily wages buy. He wants more meat and meal for his money and not be required to to pay more money for his meat and meal.

WHEN a silver advocate wishes to crush an opponent he says "why do you know there is absolutely no gold in circulation." On the other hand, how many silver men know that out of $600,000,000 in silver, only about $50,000,000 are in circulation, or about 8 per cent.

PANCES come under all circumstances and in all countries. We have been struggling through one of these unaccountable financial eruptions and are just beginning to see light ahead. Won't it be suicided to take any steps calculated to bring about a relapse.

THE SOUTHERN Railway and Steamship Association, at a recent meeting in New York decided to haul, free of charge, all the State exhibits for the Cotton States and International Exposition. This will greatly facilitate the work, and will add materially to the importance of the exhibits, as it will make the available funds go further in the collection of valuable material.

Senator Tillman says he is ready to "fight in front of the gates of hell for free silver." The earlier that contest begins the better off will be South Carolina.—Asheville Citizen.

Yes, and if the gates should swing open and—well, South Carolina might then rest in peace.—Statesville Landmark.

HOW THEN?

Will a change in the financial system benefit the South? This after all is the question that is of the greatest importance to us. Let us take a look at the country as it now stands and try and trace the cases that have brought about this condition of affairs. Since the world was founded the farmers have been poor, and those who supplied their wants have been the people who controlled the money of the world. Since the formation of our government the New England states have spent their energy in manufacturing goods for consumption of the South and West.

In other words the people of that section have grasped the situation, they realized that it was not those who produced, but those who converted the crude production into some marketable commodity that made the money. For about a century almost every article of clothing shoes, hats, hoes, plows axes, saws, and in fact everything that comes under the head of manufacture, has come to us from the North, we sending in return our cotton, tar, pitch turpentine, and other productions. result is that gradually all the wealth of the country has accumulated around the factories. No financial legislation has brought about this result, it is simply the following out of a condition that history has pointed to for centuries. Will simple financial legislation in the United States have power to revolutionize the history of the ages? No. If the South would prosper and handle her full share of the circulating medium, let her stop sending money to New England for articles that may be manufactured here, rather let us divide the trade of the world with the northern mills.

The north has the advantage of experience, against this the South brings, cheaper labor, cheaper raw material and cheaper fuel, this will about even matters up until we gain the experience, then we will lead. Don't let these silver miners fool you.

NOW AND THEN.

In a recent issue of THE ADVANCE we copied two articles from the Hickory Press, upon the language of one we commented, asking, "Does the brother think to bring about any good by such talk?" The editor thought we referred to an article which coupled free silver to tariff reform (in which he took a position that might be defended.) Then he answers by saying, "The Advance of May 30th *very courteously* asks etc.," but when we call his attention to his mistake and cite him to an article made up of words and phrases for which we could find no adequate definition outside the slang phrase, "all rot", he, finding his position untenable very weakly begs the question by replying:

"The Wilson Advance must be a judge of something. He ought to be a judge of something to get along in this world and be content with being underfed."

We may be underfed, but our strained soup has never set so uncomfortable upon our stomachs as the *Job lot* which was recently served to our brother by the citizens of Hickory. Judging from a number of articles which recently appeared in his paper, brother Thornton's diet has made him dyspeptic.

Pure Water.

The subject of pure drinking water is growing upon the people of Eastern Carolina. It is now a well accepted fact that malaria comes more through drinking water than through, atmospheric conditions. And in a low and level country like Eastern Carolina it stands to reason that many of the impurities that are cast out upon the earth in a thousand ways find their way into the earth and are carried into our wells and springs whence comes our drinking water. These impurities find lodgement in whatever streams of water they strike nearest the surface of the earth. This makes it reasonable to suppose that drinking water that comes from wells only a few feet below the surface is not as pure as that which comes from a greater depth.

It has been clearly demonstrated in many places in low, flat countries that the use of water from the Artesian or overflow wells has been a means of greatly improving the health of the people. Where overflow wells cannot be had, and they cannot be made successful in every locality, deep wells of other kinds ought to be used to improve the health of the people.

Eastern Carolina is greatly blessed with natural advantages, and if it is slow of development it is because people who live at a distance have an idea that it is not a healthy section of the State. Nothing could more quickly remove such prejudice than the obtaining and constant using of good supplies of pure water.—Scotland Neck Democrat.

The Democrat is right, pure water will do more to prevent sickness than any one thing we konw of. The water supplied from the hydrants here has been analyzed by a number of chemists and all have agreed that it is almost absolutely pure. All that is now needed is a system of sewerage and our water system would be complete. Until we have sewers the water supply cannot be fully appreciated or used. The work should be commenced at once. Our water works will never become a source of revenue until we have completed the system by the addition sewerage. Let us have the sewers.

The Difference

"Hobberly has stuck to that hobby of his for years.

"The old crank!"

"And today he's just won success."

"He's a real genius, isn't he?"—Chicago Record.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

STRANGE REASONING.

IN speaking of the five propositions offered by Secretary Carlisle the Atlanta Consitution is quoted, by the Kinston Free Press, as saying:

They prove nothing and disprove nothing. In fact, they have no real bearing on the discussion of the currency question in this country. The first statement is as follows:

1. There is not a free coinage country in the world today that is not on a silver basis.

What does it show? Simply this: that the demonetization of silver in Germany, the United States and France has so enormously enchanced its value that it is worth a great deal more than it was in 1873; consequently it is at a premium in the countries that have not demonetized."

We have always heard that in 1873 (prior to the, so called, demonetization act) silver was worth 104 cents per ounce, whereas its present market value is somewhat less than 60 cents, and further, you can take a silver dollar (U. S. coin) to Mexico, a silver standard country, and purchase fifty cents worth of goods and receive in change *a Mexican dollar*.

It appears to us, that if in the silver standard countries (Mexico and China) silver had so appreciated in value it would be worth at least as much as it is here, where it is demonetized.

WHY I OPPOSE SILVER.

I am opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, because it will make merchandise out of our gold currency, drive it out of circulation, contract the circulating medium and produce panic and disaster. Free and unlimited coinage of silver means silver monometallism. Every country which coins silver to an unlimited extent is on a silver basis. If this country should adopt the free and unlimited coinage of silver, it would say to the world that it desires to sink to the level of China and Mexico instead of staying in line with the most civilized and advanced commercial nations.

I am opposed to invoking the power of government for the purpose of giving fictitious values to any product or commodity. To permit the the silver producer to have fifty cents worth of his own metal stamped by the fiat of government into a debt liquidating power among our own citizens (in foreign countries it would only be worth its bullion value, after all) of double its market value, is unjust, dishonest and immoral.

It is bosh to talk about the act of [illegible] as hostile to silver. No one found any fault with it at the time, as the silver dollar had not circulated for years because its melting value was greater than its currency value, and for five years after the act was passed silver and gold did not circulate, and therefore when "the great crime was surreptitiously committed which demonetized the dollars of our daddies," as the silver fanatics are so fond of expressing it, the paper dollar, which was at a considerable discount from either the silver or gold dollar, was our only circulating medium.

You can go to Mexico to-day, and with an American silver dollar which contains less silver than a Mexican silver dollar, purchase fifty cents worth of merchandise and get a Mexican dollar besides. This conclusively shows that in a country which has free coinage of silver, the money sinks to the level of its bullion value.

The silver mine owners have spent considerable money in their efforts to befog the public, and even "if a lie travels many miles while truth puts on its shoes," truth is mighty and wil. prevail in the end. ISADOR STRAUS —New York Telegram.

GREAT BATTLES are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and RESTORES HEALTH.

The declaration of the Memphis free coinage of silver convention, for a ratio of 16 to 1, is not going to make the Southern cotton planter or merchant wish for a change from the present certainty and stability, and seek to experiment upon a basis which has proven ruinous to all who have tried it.—Southport Leader.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

☞ Sold by druggists, 75c.

Big sensation in Wilson over my new method of cleaning Dying and repairing send orders in while the weather is good, send orders to W. J. Churchwells,

Respectfully,
W. J. EDMUNDSON, Dyer.

received a blow and did not return it; and, from that moment, he began to see flaws in his idol.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANK GREY SECURES AN APPOINTMENT AND LOSES IT.

"And this is a Sabbath day in great new Babylon of Chicago," Grey mused as he wended his way one Sunday morning to the post office. He was not strait-laced in his opinions nor in any way puritanical, but the utter disregard of that Day of Rest he had from childhood been accustomed to observe jarred his feelings strangely. The city was "running full blast." Theaters, concert-halls, "dives" of every description were open to the public, who seemed bent upon taking every advantage of enjoyment they offered.

To Grey the scene was hideous. It was not the gay, out-door festival of a Parisian Sunday; but a day on which young men shut themselves up in bil-

"BEEN IN THE WARS, SIR?"

liard-halls and gambling dens, and drank themselves into a state of lethargy. It was a vulgar, senseless, behind-the-screen kind of a Sunday.

Frank Grey had resolved upon a journalistic career. He felt that he could write, and as he was temperate, energetic and modestly willing to begin at the bottom of the profession and work his way up, he did not anticipate much trouble in securing a position, and with this end in view he had written to the managing editor of every newspaper in the city a letter of application for immediate employment, if needs be, volunteering to give his services for nothing at the start.

When he reached the post office he took his place in the long line of expectant men patiently taking their turn of inquiry at the little window. It might be ten minutes before his chance would come, so he spent the time in scanning the features of the men near him, speculating on their lots in life, for they were, of course, all like himself, strangers, and probably nine out of every ten men who had come to this Mecca of the destitute to seek employment.

His attention was especially attracted to the person immediately in front of him—a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome young man, with a face expressive of intense anxiety.

"Algernon Granville?" the stranger asked when his turn came.

The clerk hastily ran over a pile of letters and shook his head.

"Are you sure?"

"Nothing for you. Pass on," was the curt response.

Grey was sure he saw the young man's face flush and then grow deathly pale as he strode away.

[illegible] each bearing the address in large black letters of a Chicago daily paper. He chuckled to himself as he received them, his only apprehension being that he had been precipitant in offering his services in such a broadcast manner, which might lead to the embarrassment of more than one accepting his proposition. Putting the precious missives in his pocket to be enjoyed at leisure in his lodgings he strolled away with much self-satisfaction, pausing for a moment to gaze with wonder into the shop-windows of Clark street, where the second-class tradesmen were driving a roaring business notwithstanding the city ordinances which prescribe fines innumerable for all violators of the Sabbath day.

He had crossed two blocks on his way to his lodging when his attention was attracted to a second-hand basement clothes store, in which, to his surprise, his handsome neighbor at the post office was standing in the midst of some dirty Jewish salesmen, engaged in a violent altercation, everyone of the shopmen speaking at once, and the young gentleman indignantly protesting in loud and angry tones.

Without a moment's reflection Grey sprang down the steps to the young man's side.

"Can I serve you in any way?" was the impetuous offer. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing. You thought it was a row, did you? Good fellow! it's only a way these enterprising gentlemen have of doing business."

"Oh, indeed," Grey replied, blushing at his impatient interference. "I am very sorry I intruded."

"Never mention it. And now," said the stranger, turning to the store people, "if you will not give me ten dollars for an overcoat for which I paid fifty not a month ago, give me the garment back."

A babel of polyglotic depreciation followed.

"Surely," said Grey, "you are not thinking of selling that handsome overcoat?"

"Not for four dollars, which is all the beggars offer."

"Get your coat and come along with me; I have something to propose; you must; you shall." And, notwithstanding the opposition of the Jews, who, in their agony at losing a customer, offered nine, ten, eleven—and then, with a scream like the cry of a lost spirit, twelve dollars—they escaped to the sidewalk.

"Let me be your friend," Grey said, grasping the arm of his new acquaintance. "I am sure the dilemma that compels a gentleman to sell his coat in a strange [illegible] and you will consider [illegible]—"

"Letting you act the role of a trans-Atlantic Brother Cheerible to a distressed yet deserving young man. The twin is at home, I suppose, waiting to take me to his heart and fortunes."

"Nay. I am as great a stranger in the city as yourself—I am implying that you are a stranger—and—"

"A thousand pardons," the young man interrupted, grasping Grey's hand: "You are a royal good fellow and deserve a frank explanation. I am a peripatetic Englishman out of luck. My necessities are a mere passing shadow, but it is the confounded need of ready cash that is driving me to my wits' end. There never was such a land as this for spending money and during a scamper through the west I have got into difficulties. Leaving my baggage out in Omaha as security for a hotel bill, I started for this big, dirty, scrambling, hustling human beehive of a Chicago."

Grey laughed.

"You will like the place if you stop here long enough. They say that everyone who comes here hates it the first month of his residence, endures it the second, and adores it the third," he said.

"Well, I'm in the first stage of experience, and I candidly confess I detest it—but to return to my story: My remittance is not come, and, as I do not know anyone in the country, I am in what you would call a 'tarnation fix.'"

"I do not know that I should use such an expression," Grey smiled. "Only American gentlemen in English novels would talk in that way; but never mind that. You want some ready money. I am not a Jay Gould, but I can spare you a little, if you put your pride in your pocket and accept my offer as cordially as it is offered."

"Agreed with all my heart. By Gad, if all your countrymen were as fine, big-hearted fellows as you are, I should like to pitch my tent among you."

Thus began between two young men, who half an hour before did not know of each other's existence, a friendship that was to last a lifetime.

In the silence of his chamber that night, after a day pleasantly spent with his new acquaintance, Grey drew forth the letters that contained his fate, sure of a choice of positions and only hoping that he would have the good judgment to choose the best.

[illegible] another, his cheek flushed, and when the last was perused he sat down on the bed gazing with the blankest stare of disappointment.

The fact is, they were all worded alike, as though one hand had written them, and each contained the assurance that the members of the staff of that particular journal never resigned, rarely died and that there was not even the thinnest hope of present or future literary employment. On one letter, however, some good fellow had scribbled a postscript in pencil:

"If you can get the humblest living in any honest way, young man, give up the idea of journalism in Chicago. JOHN BAILEY."

Thus one bubble burst and now another scheme for solving the great problem of existence must be devised. Why not call upon this John Bailey? He was evidently a man with sympathetic tendencies, or he would never have troubled himself to add that scribbled bit of advice.

Accordingly next morning Frank Grey tramped up the rickety staircase that led to the editorial rooms of the great daily. He had no difficulty in finding the man for whom he was searching—evidently a person in authority—and in a few minutes found himself in the presence of an oldish man, rather inclined to corpulency, whose well-to-do air and comfortable surroundings hardly served to point a moral to his wail over the blighted prospects of journalism. He received the young man, who stammered his apologies for his importunity, with good-humored cordiality.

"So you are another moth fluttering in the candle of literary hope?" he asked, with an amused smile.

"Well, yes, if you put it so. I do most earnestly wish to join your ranks."

"What do you think you are fit for?"

"Oh, I am modest; I am willing to start with a pittance, nay, to work for a time with no remuneration, if the chance be given me."

"Exactly. But what are your qualifications?"

"I can write rapidly and with tolerable accuracy. I have already done some magazine work, and—"

"Bah!" interrupted the eccentric editor. "Can you wallow in the mire of ward politics? Are you hand-in-glove with the loafers who hang around Hans Pumpernickle's beer saloon? Can you forget that you are a man and betray private confidences; lie about people who have been gracious to you; put up with insults; write against your most solemn convictions, and be ready to be kicked out of your berth by your employer, who has found a man with a skin a little tougher or a conscience a little denser than your own? Can you, I ask?"

"Well, if you are the result of this peculiar training, I—"

"Might venture too. Ah, young man, we are not similarly situated—I never

"CAN I SERVE YOU IN ANY WAY?"

had to begin at the bottom. In my young days things were different, and there was no mob of hungry scribblers hanging on to a newspaper. However, thank your blessed stars, there is no chance of your getting on the daily however suicidically you may be inclined."

"What chance, sir, do you think I would have with the weeklies?"

"Their name is legion, but with the exception of three or four you would be either requested to write for starvation wages or be engaged at a high salary and never paid. You might, if you were lucky, get nine dollars a week, and a bricklayer's wages are four dollars a day."

"The picture you draw is not encouraging."

"Nor do I mean it to be. Fly from this over-populated city, to which every young adventurous breadwinner from every country on the earth makes his way, till the streets are teeming with the unemployed—but, say, have you an imagination? Can you paint word-pictures? The story papers do pay well, but you must have served your apprenticeship before you will be admitted into their columns. So that chance is barred."

"And you know of nothing?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Bailey, reflectively, "there's an old friend of mine, who used to be a colleague in this office, who told me the other day that he wanted help. He's been badly bitten by socialism, and he runs a sheet which he seriously thinks is to redeem the world, though I never saw it, nor do I know anything about his pecuniary responsibility. Men with whims rarely amount to much, and I guess he's sunk all he had accumulated in this venture."

"Would you mind giving me his address?"

"With pleasure. Here, let me write you a line of introduction. It is a pity you cannot make up your mind to follow a respectable line of occupation, but if you are determined to go wrong, you may as well meet your fate at once."

Bidding adieu to his new friend, who he afterwards learned was fastidiously touchy on anyone else presuming to slight the profession of journalism, Grey hurried to the address he had received.

The building which housed, with twenty other crafts, the Labor Times, was not prepossessing in its exterior. However, after mounting three flights of stairs—for then there was not as now an elevator in every office building in Chicago—he came to a door brilliantly illuminated with colored placards. There was a grand pictorial representation of Labor as a knight in armor, mounted on a superb charger, pinning to the earth with a huge spear the fiery dragon of Capital, and half a dozen other florid denunciations of equal significance.

Grey modestly tapped at the door, then entered.

The walls of the office were profusely adorned with flaring posters, while its furniture consisted of three common windsor chairs and large pine table abundantly littered with papers, behind which sat a tall, gaunt old man with gray hair falling over his shoulders.

"Col. Gilchrist, I presume?" Grey inquired.

"At your service," the gentleman bowed with old-time politeness.

"I bear you this letter of introduction."

"Ah, I see, from my old friend Bailey. Well, young man, what can I do for you?" This with a new air of patronage in his tones.

"I am seeking literary work. Your journal is likely to enlist my sympa- [illegible] called to see if there is, as Mr. Bailey suggested, a vacancy on your staff."

"You have means?"

"Well, yes, enough to keep me for a month or two."

"That is good—no experience, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Well, as it happens, I do need help. Of course you are aware that the privilege of working upon a journal of such influence as the Labor Times carries with it a weight in considering the amount of salary."

"Well, yes; I do not expect much to start on."

"I am offering, under such circumstances, but twenty-five dollars."

"A week, sir?"

"A week! No, a month!" roared the old man, aghast at the extravagant ideas of his visitor.

"But that will not pay my board bill. Chicago is a dear place to live in, and I am now giving eight dollars a week for the use of a room which has the only advantage that you can lie in bed and reach everything in it, together with badly cooked meals and wretched service."

"So you decline?"

"No. I accept, as the experience may be valuable to me."

So Grey was installed in the other dilapidated chair as a full-blown editor, enjoying the distinguished privilege of "molding the opinions of millions of readers," as his employer graphically put it.

Now it chanced that at noon the proprietor of the Labor Times announced his intentions of strolling over to a restaurant for a lunch—a free lunch, one of the blessings to the bibulous, for which Chicago is remarkable—and Grey found himself in full charge of the establishment.

"None will call at this hour," the great man observed; "so you might be looking over our file and get on to the

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

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Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and
Blood Purifier
Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is
HOOD'S Sarsaparilla
It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story:—
Hood's Cures
Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.
"I had running sores on one of my limbs for a long time. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and now they are nearly well. I have gained in strength and flesh and feel thankful that there is such a wonderful medicine as Hood's Sarsaparilla." JOHN WELLMAN, Erie, West Virginia.
Get HOOD'S
Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

A dollar that reduces the wages of labor to a state of starvation is dishonest. A dollar that places cotton production below cost is a villainous dollar. A dollar that creates tramps out of honest mechanics is infamous. A dollar that erects the demon of poverty on the hearthstones of the land is in league with the devil. A dollar that causes the debtor to pay his debts three times over is the dollar of rogues and scoundrels. A dollar that clothes the people in rags amid plenty, and causes universal hunger in a time of abundant production, is damnable, and should be cast into the bottomless pit.—Hickory Mercury.

Detraction is one of the penalties of greatness. Having convicted Grover Cleveland, to its own satisfaction, of dunkenness, gambling and pretty much every other form of immorality, the opposition press now reaches the charge that on a recent excursion into Virginia he went fishing Sunday. A President of the United States naturally expects to be lied upon; George Washington was a victim and Andrew Jackson suffered no end of calumny; but the pesistency and variety of the falsehoods that have been visited upon this man Cleveland raise him to an eminence among the lied upon Presidents which has never been approached in the case of any of his predecessors. And yet he appears to be in good health and all the world knows that he is still doing business at the old stand.—Landmark.

To those living in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensible, they keep the system in perfect order and are
an absolute cure
for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.
Tutt's Liver Pills

LOOK HERE?
Highest Standard Fancy Poultry.
I have as fine as any in the South.
GIANT BLACK JAVAS.
S. C. BROWN LEGHORNS.
PURE WHITE WYANDOTTES.
Eggs for Hatching $1 per 15 this Season.
FAIR HATCH GUARANTEED.
IMPROVE YOUR STOCK.
EGGS READY FOR DELIVERY.
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WE ARE DAILY RECEIVING A FRESH LINE OF
Spring ◎ ◎ Goods
COME AND SEE US BEFORE MAKING YOUR PURCHASE OF . . . . . TRIMMINGS.
FOR THAT SPRING HAT.
MISS BETTIE H. LEE.

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WE HAVE MOVED OUR STOCK
— OF —
Millinery & Fancy Goods
to the large brick store corner Nash and Tarboro Streets, and are daily receiving new and elegant styles of all goods in our line. We cordially invite the public to examine them. By fair dealing and low prices we are determined to merit the patronage of the public. Appreciating past patronage, we are,
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