

# The Wilson Advance.

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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, - September 19, 1895

### SOCIAL CRIME—TAKING UP A REPROACH AGAINST OUR NEIGHBOR.

In that wonderful chapter of the Old Book which until the last syllable of recorded time will be the book of humanity, is a catalogue of the various qualities of the true gentleman. One of these golden qualities, is that spirit which refuses to take up a reproach against one's neighbor.

Taking up a reproach against one's neighbor is one of the crying social evils of the day. It is both endemic and epidemic. It is confined to no special grade of society, but fastens its black fangs upon every community. It can hardly be called slander, though its work is just as deadly. Here is an example of it: A. has nothing special against his neighbor, B. He is the last person in the world to back bite him. But C. takes him quietly aside and asks if A. has heard that terrible report about B. A. lacking that "spirit of charity which thinketh no evil," instead of expressing his disbelief of such a statement says, "What a pity! Who would have thought it?" B. henceforth is a spotted man. He cannot understand why his neighbors look askance at him, and why he is losing influence in his community. This is happening every day, especially in our smaller towns.

We must have more confidence in our neighbors. We must be such neighbors as that no man with impunity can attack their character. We must be defenders rather than detractors. We should not take up a reproach even when it is based upon fact. If we observe this rule there will be less suffering from hidden words, more sunshine in social circles, and a grander spirit of charity among humanity.

### ILLINOIS DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic State Executive Committee has issued an address to the Illinois Democracy. It repudiates the June State Democratic currency, or free silver convention at Springfield, and denies that the convention voiced the sentiment of the Illinois Democracy.

OUR friend Britt, of the Oxford Public Ledger, came out last week in an eight page issue "Tobacco Edition." He makes Oxford look well (on paper.) Oxford is making mighty efforts to stem the current of trade that has started Eastward.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend a german to be given at Snow Hill Thursday September 26th and regret that circumstances over which we have no control prevents our accepting.

THE Fayetteville Observer of last week was issued as a "Woman's Edition." It has twelve well filled and displayed pages which reflect credit upon its editors.

Just think of it, by putting in sewers we can save from 15 to 20 lives annually. Is not that sufficient reason for incurring the expense.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Messenger interviewed Chairman Wilson of the railway commission regarding the increase in railway earnings in this State. Mr. Wilson said: "The reports show the improvement in the business of the country as judged from the increase in railway earnings. Let us take the Seaboard Air Line System, for instance. The reports to the commission show a gratifying state of affairs. The increase in gross earnings over 1894 for the various divisions of the system are as follows: Carolina Central \$17,715, Durham and Northern \$13,397, Raleigh and Gaston \$86,071, Raleigh and Augusta \$30,186, Seaboard and Roanoke \$29,114, total \$225,483. The increase in net earnings is \$277,484. The Norfolk and Southern makes an admirable showing. Its increase in net earnings was \$22,319. This road pays the interest on its bonded debt, 4 per cent on its capital stock and has a surplus. This shows excellent management.

OUR road committee have done some good work of late. They have attracted a good deal of attention from the farmers. Now is a good time to get the question of good roads before the people, with ten miles of good roads leading into Wilson from all points we need fear no market in the State.

UNCLE SAM is receiving many offers of gold in small lots of \$5,000 to \$100,000. It is denied that there is any foundation for the rumor that another bond issue is being negotiated.

A mob at Lexington, Tenn., who attempted to lynch two negroes confined in the jail, are fired upon by the sheriff and are driven off after five men are shot.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight will take place at Dallas, Texas. Judge Hurt has decided that there is no law in Texas to prevent the fight.

Sam Jones is stirring things up in Winston-Salem. They say now that there will be no barrooms in Winston after May 1st, next.

Reports come in from the Congo Free State that the natives have murdered and eaten a number of Englishmen.

The Cuban insurrection is still booming. Numbers of men have gone from this country to join their forces.

Minister Ransom has returned to Mexico.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY maketh 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 the firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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Truth That Is Truth.  
Not everything is truth for us which we assent to as true. Truth is operative and energizing. It never grows old. It always comes home freshly to somebody. One may hear a truth a thousand times over, but not until it reaches him as a personal matter is it really truth to him. Food is not food if it is undigested and unassimilated. So is truth really truth only when it is assimilated, and becomes an energizing power in soul life.—S. S. Times

A clear, soft, rosy complexion is the desire of every lady. Why not give Johnson's Oriental Soap a trial. There is nothing to compare with it as a skin beautifier. Two cakes in a package, 25 cents, at Hargrave's.

### A PRIVATE LETTER.

"R" Writes Entertainingly of His Summer Travels.

A visit to Central Park and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.—Tribby.—The Palisades and Highlands of the Hudson.—Albany described. Reaches the Thousand Islands.

By permission of the Observer.

AUGUST 24, 1895.

My trip is over, my travels are things of the past, but the memory of it remains clearer, brighter and clearer than the entire four vacations I have spent at Atlantic City. It would have added greatly to my pleasure if some of my folks had been with me to enjoy the glorious sights—as it was, though, I met good people all along the trip—congenial company I mean. I know you won't mind my beginning at the start in telling you of my trip. I must admit that on the day I left Washington, I thought I was undertaking a good deal for a pleasure trip, as I had never travelled so far alone before, and I might feel a little lonesome, but anyhow I left on the morning of July 23d. While I was at dinner on the train I fell in conversation with a middle aged, portly Englishman, who was sitting next to me—well, he certainly was "blue-blooded." Amongst other things he told me he had dined with the Governor of West Virginia on the previous evening in his private car, and was then on his way to Larchmont to go aboard a private yacht, and thence to England.

After dinner we parted, of course, and I soon reached New York.

I remained there from Wednesday evening till Friday morning. It was my original plan to see the Central Park and the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Thursday, and they fully repaid me. Central Park is magnificent, isn't it? You surely remember it, the great green sward on the undulating ground relieved here and there by those picturesque boulders, (those brownish rocks), the stately trees, and the Museum of Art. What a treat it was to see that exquisite Modern Marble Statuary, and then the paintings—works of the old Masters, Gainsboroughs, Reynolds, Rembrandts, and so on, and then modern works of which we have so often seen copies—Melville's 1807; Rosa Bonheur's, The Horse Fair; Cabanal's The Birth of Venus; and so on without end. It was a glorious treat second only to the World's Fair Art Palace. When you go to New York again, spend a day in this Art Gallery and you will have no great cause to regret not having seen the Art display at the World's Fair.

Thursday night I saw Tribby produced by the original company at the Garden Theatre. I had expected to be disappointed after hearing so much of the production, but on the contrary was very much pleased. It is a fine production, the hypnotic part is the principal feature of it, but all the characters are well brought out. It okaye did not take the part of Sweeney; Thompson took the part, but he did not make the part as effective as I thought it should be, or rather as I heard, as Lackey makes it. Tribby sang Ben Bolt in that loud toneless way.

The merry-making at Christmas time—everything was represented just as in the book—a few minor changes were made in the plot. But when Ben Bolt was sung behind the scenes by Mary Louise Clary, (a singer especially chosen to sing it—the scene is played at the foyer of the Bashford Theatre and Taffy, Sandy and Miss Millie were listening to Tribby sing the song in the theatre. I never heard nothing in a sentimental strain that thrilled me as that did. It had a rich contralto voice and tone that seemed to fill the theatre, to step through the air like a soft rush of the winds, and then it was your inner soul. It may as well have become en rapport with the play at the time and thus realized Dr. Heister's conception of her hypnotic song.

The next morning, (Friday) I left New York and took the Steamer up the Palisades to Albany. What a glorious sight the palisades are! Cliffs (40 to 50 feet high) of a rocky formation, (from the steamer's deck they look like a dark rock from top to bottom) fringed with small trees and shrubbery at the top, some of the trees growing on the edge of the cliffs and some even a foot below the top, having caught root in some crevice, while the shrubbery extends down about two feet over the edge of the cliff. Below, the trees and shrubbery begin a short distance from the

bottom and run down to the water's edge, for these cliffs are quite precipitous. 'Tis beautiful to see the reddish gray (that is the nearest description I can give you to the color of them) cliffs capped with the green above, and resting in the green shrubbery below, as rugged as when they were created. On the other side of the river—the east side—the receding hills form a beautiful contrast with their little villages and occasional towns, the hills and valleys all covered with trees, in most places neatly kept and attractive, in contradistinction to the rugged palisades on the other side. Just a little way up the Hudson we came to the little village or town of Yonkers, the prettiest village I have ever seen. Part of the residence portion is built on a small mountain, all covered with green trees with the houses nestling here and there midst the green. Can you imagine these houses "poking" their second stories and roofs out from amongst the trees, and the mountain with its green verdure running down to the waters edge?

At one point there is a gradual bend in the Palisades till they draw near to the other side of the river (in the distance it seems very near to the other side, but it is not very close at all), and looking ahead you see only the blue of the sky through the narrow opening. You can imagine what a pretty picture it is. Further up the river the Palisades cease and we come to the highlands—these are equally charming, especially as they are in such striking contrast to the Palisades; here the river becomes narrow and you have the Catskill mountains on the left, and an occasional small mountain on the right. The Catskill mountains tower up from the water's edge, receding very gradually. In the rear of these mountains you would see the range of Catskills in the distance shrouded in a blueish haze, outlined as they were against a blue sky, they were most charming. All through these highlands the river has a winding course, so you would not get a glimpse of the next mountain till you "turned the next corner" as it were. West Point, we just had a glimpse of, in passing.

From Poughkeepsie on there is very little to be seen till you get to Albany, but that is only two hours, so one can well endure that after what he has seen in the fore part of the trip.

On Friday eve at 6 o'clock we reached Albany. I forgot to state I met a young man on the boat, and we were together all the way up the Hudson till we neared Albany, as he left the boat at the landing this side of Albany. For a capital of a state Albany is as dirty a city as you can imagine. The capitol building on the exterior is not even as pretty as our War, State and Navy building at 17th st. and Pennsylvania avenue, but the interior is magnificent. The assembly room and senate chamber are fitted up handsomely, and the western stairway that they are building, within the building, is the most exquisite stairway imaginable, it is massive, yet it is delicate on account of the beautiful carvings that abound. It is made of red sandstone and it lends itself so readily to carving that they seize every opportunity. The stairway extends upwards for four floors. Outside of the building they are building gigantic white marble steps, but the building is too insignificant in appearance for the steps they are erecting.

On Saturday at noon I left Albany for Alexandria Bay, the principal stopping place at the Thousand Islands. I know you won't mind my traveling that distance till my next letter, when I will attempt to tell you about those glorious islands, and will try not to put so much uninteresting matter in the next letter.

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