

SPECIALTIES.

In the work of life, if one would be distinguished he must select some one calling or pursuit and devote himself with due diligence thereto. An individual may accomplish something in more than one field of effort, but there can be no eminent success if our powers are divided among different pursuits. Life is too short and the powers of man too limited for one to become an adept in several callings. "Shoe maker, stick to thy last," a homely and much used proverb, has in it the idea upon which eminent success is achieved. Select an occupation that is in accordance with your tastes and capacities, and eschew everything else except for mere recreation or pleasure. Devote all your energies to your life work, and even the most plodding mind will become familiar with all its details and skilled in all its requirements. It is better to know some one thing well, to see it in all its relations, to have a just conception of all its bearings, and to be able to bring out and develop all its capabilities, than it is to have a superficial knowledge of many subjects, or to be an empiric in many callings.

The great scholars, divines, poets, philanthropists and others, have been great only in their special sphere. It is impracticable for any ordinary man to be a great linguist, a great scientist, a great lawyer and a great mathematician. Greatness in any department of professional or practical life, in any department of scholastic pursuit and effort, depends upon selecting a specialty and learning about it and making out of it, the utmost of which we and it are capable.

THE RALEIGH COCK-FIGHT.

Last week the Fair Ground of the North Carolina Agricultural Society at Raleigh was the scene of a huge cock-fight, which we regard a most disgraceful affair. We express our great surprise that those in charge of the Fair Grounds should have been so regardless of law and propriety as to grant the use thereof for such a purpose. In the language of the *Greensboro Patriot*, "this may do for border civilization, but the good people of North Carolina will feel that the State capital has been desecrated and the State disgraced." A feeble effort was made by the local authorities to stop the affair, but nevertheless it was continued for two days, and in all probability the uncivilized and lawless sport would have gone on, but for the timely interference of Judge Ruffin, of the Supreme Court, who, on the third day of the affair, and at the request of some friends of the law, promptly issued a bench warrant for the arrest of the parties, and upon examination, put them in bonds for their appearance at the next term

of Wake Superior Court.

We sincerely trust that those who have encouraged and participated in this violation of law and decency will meet with such punishment and such public disapproval that there will be no repetition of these disgraceful scenes within the borders of North Carolina.

"ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME"

In the pleasant county of Devon, in one of its sequestered passes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sung Augustus Toplady. When a lad of sixteen and on a visit to Ireland he strolled into a barn in which an illiterate layman was preaching—but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his Son. The homely sermon took effect; and from that moment the Gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. During his illness Augustus Toplady seemed to lie in the vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry he answered, with a sparkling eye: "O my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already within my soul." And within an hour of dying he called friends and asked if they could give him up; and when they replied in the affirmative, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added: "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear redeemer and part with me; for no mortal can live after having seen the glories which God has manifested to my soul!" And thus died the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me."

AN INCIDENT FROM GOUGH.

A gentleman had got so far into drinking that he was known to drink a quart of brandy a day. He was a fine business man, and yet he was ruining himself in the estimation of those who knew him well. One day when in the house, he said, "Wife, come and sit on my knee." She sat there, and then she said, "If my husband didn't drink, I would be the happiest woman in Canada." "Well my dear," he replied, "I married you to make you happy, and I will never drink another drop as long as I live."

Now that man cut it off as square as a piece of cheese, and kept his word for eight years without any belief in christianity. Walking down the street with him, a little while ago, he said, "Do you see that red-fronted drinking saloon? Well, I have been afraid of that for many years, and so I used to go down a street and go around it, but, Mr Gough, since I have got the grace of God in my heart, I go right by that saloon, and if I have the slightest desire, I breathe an ejaculatory prayer, 'Lord, keep me for Christ's sake,' and I go by it safe."

Ask thyself daily to how many evil-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition. If a man despises me, it is his business to see why he does so; it is my business to do nothing that deserves contempt; I will still cherish the same benevolence for human nature in general, and that man in particular. This virtue must come from God, who sees the inmost center of men, and tries their hearts.—*Marcus Aurelius.*



INADEQUATE MOTIVES FOR BECOMING MASONS.—Too many persons take upon themselves the obligations of Masonry without proper reflection and examination into the objects, constitution and grand designs of the institution. Impelled, too frequently, by a spirit of idle curiosity, they rush blindly into the masonic portals, totally unprepared to encounter the serious and important duties which they suddenly find imposed upon them. The consequence is that they either wholly neglect those duties, or perform them in a very lame and insufficient manner; showing too evidently, that the performance is a drag and a bore, instead of being a source of profit and enjoyment.

A lodge is a place where Masons assemble and work. It is the place where masonic light and instruction in the mysteries, the ritual, and symbolism of the order are imparted. It is the place where the brethren of the institution are taught those mystic lessons of morality, faith, hope and charity, of temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, which should be learnt and carefully studied by every Mason. To such an assembly of Masons, to such a school of instruction, every Mason ought to belong—we will say *should* belong.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.—In Pison, our first parent revered the fountain of *prudence*. In Gihon they beheld the sacred stream of *justice*. The rapid torrent of Hiddekel denoted *fortitude*. And the Euphrates, the mild and steady current of *temperance*. Happy was their state, while these sacred truths continued to guide their actions; and the Mason will be equally happy who, through life, adheres to the lessons here inculcated. Instructed by prudence, guided by justice, strengthened by fortitude, and restrained by temperance, like Adam in the garden of Eden, his services will be acceptable to the Deity.

ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.—The famous charter of Colne gives the following as the origin of the Order. It asserts that "our Brotherhood had its origin in those times when a few of the initiated, filled with a desire of true knowledge and a correct interpretation of the mysteries of Christianity, separated themselves from the various sects who professed the Christian religion; for, in those times, a few wise and enlightened men, perceiving that certain heathenish ceremonies had been introduced into Christianity, which would destroy the principle of brotherly love, united themselves with an oath, to preserve and maintain, in its original purity, the Christian religion, with its benign influence on the hearts and consciences of mankind; to bring the true light out of darkness, and to labor together in combating ignorance, intolerance, and superstition, and to establish peace and happiness amongst mankind, by teaching and enforcing every human virtue. Thus the Masters of our Order

took the names of Initiated Brethren of St. John, following the footsteps and imitating the conduct of St. John, the forerunner of Light, and the first martyr of the enlightened. The teachers and writers, according to the customs of the times, were called Masters, and chosen from the experienced and learned of their disciples, or fellow-laborers, from whence, we derive the name of Fellow craft; while the remainder of the brotherhood, according to the customs of the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, were called Apprentices.

A pretty little comedy in real life occurred at Brighton, England, many years ago. The gentleman who bore the title of Prince of Wales at that time was visiting Brighton, and a brilliant company had gathered around him. One of the beauties of the time was Lady Haggerstone, who did all in her power to charm the prince. Lady Haggerstone decided to give a novel entertainment at her little villa near Spa. She caused a gem of a farm yard to be made, and bought three little cows, which were penned within the inclosure. When the prince and his party arrived, they were delighted at the picture. Lady Haggerstone was clad in a milkmaid's gown. In one hand she held a silver pail, and in the other a pretty little chair, upon which she was to sit while milking the Alderneys. Thus equipped, she tripped along, with ribbons flying from her dainty hat, set in jaunty fashion on the side of her head, until she reached the wicket where the prince stood. Then she dropped a bewitching courtesy in imitation of the real milkmaids of the period. The prince appeared to be charmed. The lady, who was "setting her cap" for him, passed lightly over the clean straw, and placed her chair and pail at the side of one of the Alderneys. So far, all had been most pleasing. The assembled lords and ladies whispered to each other, and every one watched the execution of the rustic duty about to be performed. Lady Haggerstone patted the cow, and then leaned against the animal, as she had seen milkmaids do. She picked up the pail, and— But at that instant the Alderney lifted a hoot, poised it for one thrilling instant, and then kicked Lady Haggerstone, chair, pail and all, half-way across the farm yard. The gallant gentlemen ran to the rescue, some with their handkerchiefs in their mouths to keep back the laughter, and Lady Haggerstone was borne into her dairy, whence she did not emerge again that day.

It is the want of appreciation of what we have that makes our life poor and often so uninteresting as it is, so devoid of inspiration. There is the delusion that has befallen many people, that life to be of any real value must be attended with an extraordinary array of circumstances. Unusual and signal occurrences must conspire to create great days, and then life will be worth living. But no greater delusion comes to mortals. Great lives are great and rich and of transcendent interest, not because of signal and crowning circumstances in themselves considered, but rather because a genuine soul has been thrust into the circumstances, and so they have become signal and extraordinary.—*Rev E. L. Reaford.*

Committees on Orphan Asylum

- Lily Valley Lodge, No. 252—John R. Hill, William H. Kiddick, Erastus Bagley.
- Eureka Lodge, No. 283—G. A. J. Sechler, S. G. Patterson, Charles W. Alexander.
- Fulton Lodge, No. 99—A. Parker, V. W. Taylor, J. Samuel McCubbins.
- Mount Energy Lodge, No. 140—Henry Haley, John Knight, H. F. Parrett.
- Hiram Lodge, No. 40—George M. Smedes, Theodore Joseph, John Nichols.
- Evergreen Lodge, No. 303—M. Morrison, H. P. Harman, L. McNeil McDonald.
- Fellowship Lodge, No. 84—Joseph Parker, C. S. Powell, John T. Cobb.
- Wayne Lodge, No. 112.—E. A. Wright, Augustus Edward, E. W. Cox.

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CERTIFICATES:

NOTTOWAY CO., VA., Sept. 20, 1882. This is to certify that I used two tons of the Norfolk Fertilizer and Insecticide, purchased from Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Norfolk, Va., on my crops of cotton and tobacco this year, and that it acted to my entire satisfaction. My tobacco is considered equal to the very best in Nottoway county, and my cotton much better than where I used the same in equal quantities, say from two to three hundred pounds per acre. Such is my satisfaction with the Norfolk Fertilizer that I expect to use it much more largely in the future. J. M. HURT.

HERTFORD, N. C., Nov., 10, 1882. Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: I take pleasure in saying that the five tons of Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last spring I used under corn, potatoes and vegetables with decidedly better results than where I used the high-priced fertilizers which cost from \$35 to \$45 per ton. Am satisfied I will get one-quarter to one-third more cotton where I use it. In composting with cotton seed, stable manure and rich earth, it is the best Fertilizer I ever used. Will use it under all my crops next year. Hoping you much success, I am, Very truly, JOSEPH A. HUGHES.

KEMPSVILLE, Princess Anne Co., Va., 1883. Messrs. Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: I used your Norfolk Fertilizer under Irish potatoes at the rate of 300 lbs. to the acre, and the yield was abundant, in fact surprised me. Also used it under corn and made an excellent crop. My kale is looking well where I used it. Am so well pleased with it shall use it again next Spring. Very respectfully, N. B. SANDERLIN.

PERQUIMANS CO., N. C., Nov. 30, 1882. Messrs. Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: The half ton Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last Spring gave entire satisfaction. I used it along side of higher priced fertilizers, and the yield from yours was fully as good as where I used the other brands. Yours truly, B. F. CITIZEN, SEBRELL'S P. O., Southampton Co., Nov. 30, 1882.

Gentlemen: The five tons Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last Spring I used under cotton and peanuts with very satisfactory results. Please ship me ten (10) tons by 1st February, '83. Very respectfully, W. N. SEBRELL, WINFALL, Perquimans Co., N. C., Nov. 10, 1882.

Gentlemen: I used 1 1/2 tons Norfolk Fertilizer under Cotton this year, side by side with Peruvian Bone Dust, at the rate of about 175 pounds per acre. The result was in favor of your Fertilizer. Will use it again next Spring. Respectfully, W. L. JESSUP & CO., WINFALL, N. C., Nov. 10, 1882.

Gentlemen: The two tons Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last Spring I used under cotton at the rate of about 175 pounds per acre, which gave better yield than any other Fertilizer. Will use it more extensively next year. Yours truly, H. B. KIRBY, Feb 7y1

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