THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

SEMI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

DAY & BITCHELOR.

One Year, in advance, . . . $3 00
Six Months, " . . . . 2 00
Three Months, " . . . . 1 00

# The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1878. NO. 3.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

| SPACE | One M. | Thr M. | Six M. | One Y. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| One Square, | 5 00 | 10 00 | 14 00 | 20 00 |
| Two Squares, | 8 00 | 14 00 | 20 00 | 30 00 |
| Three Squares, | 10 00 | 20 00 | 30 00 | 40 00 |
| Four Squares, | 12 00 | 22 00 | 36 00 | 50 00 |
| Fourth Col'n, | 15 00 | 30 00 | 40 00 | 60 00 |
| Half Column, | 20 00 | 40 00 | 60 00 | 100 00 |
| Whole Column, | One Year, | | | 150 00 |

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.

You can easily increase your salary by by devoting a very small portion of your leisure time to my interest. I do not expect you to canvass for my celebrated Beatty's Pianos and Organs unless you see fit to; but the service I require of you in both pleasant and profitable. Full particulars free. Address,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, N. J.

DR. RICORD,

BALTIMORE, MD.

DR. J. E. RICORD, 141 Fayette St. below Howard, has devoted thirty years of his extensive practice especially to the treatment of Chronic and Private Diseases; Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder; Diseases of the Heart and Lungs; Poisonous Diseases of the Blood, Throat, Nose and Skin; Dispepsia, Strictures, Chronic Disease of the Urinary Organs, Ulcers, Offensive Discharges, Nervous and Physical Debility.

YOUNG MEN,

victims of abuse and excess, with Lassitude, Palpitation of the Heart, ringing in the Ears, Nervousness, Blushing, Timidity, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Indigestion, should apply before it is too late, and restore vigor to their bodies and minds, ere they entail misery and disease upon those of their posterity.

Private Diseases recently contracted cured in three days. Mercury and Potash discharged.

Chronic Gonorrhea or Gleet in five days by a local application. Persons at a distance by giving symptoms, treated and medicines sent by mail or express.

A cure guaranteed in all cases.
Write symptoms directed,

DR. RICORD,
141 W. Fayette St.,
Baltimore, Md

apt 1 1-e

ROCKY MOUNT MILLS,

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

January 1st, 1878.

We are now prepared to furnish the trade with

SHEETINGS,

SHIRTINGS,

PLOW LINES and

COTTON YARNS,

all of the best quality and at low prices. Our terms strictly net cash, 30 days.

Address

BATTLE & SON,

'an 05 a Rocky Mount, N. C.

RANDOLPH & CO.,

GENERAL FORWARDING

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Norfolk, Virginia.

Prompt attention given to all Consignments.

Liberal Cash Advances made on Consignments.

LUMBER A SPECIALTY.

REFERENCES: W. H. Smith & Son, W. C. Marrow & Co., A. Wrenn, Norfolk, Va.; A. Garribaldi, J. W. Faucett, J. M. Mullen, Halifax, N. C.

feb 21 6 n

METALLIC BURIAL CASES FOR SALE.

Persons wishing Metallic Burial Cases can always obtain them by applying to or at the Store of Messrs. Winfield & Emry. I am still keeping, as heretofore, a full assortment of the Very Best CASES, at Very Lowest Prices. In my absence from Weldon, Messrs. Winfield & Emry will deliver Cases to persons who may wish them.

JAMES SIMMONS,
Weldon, N. C.

apr 4 1 Q

THE UNDERSIGNED VERY respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his extensive stock of domestic and imported liquors, to which he is still making additions and consisting of pure

RYE AND BOURBON WHISKIES

French, Apple, Blackberry and Cherry Brandies, Jamaica and New England Rum, London, Tom and Holland Gin, Madeira, Sherry, Claret, Rhine and Five-year old Scuppernong Wine, Scotch and London Porter, and a very large lot of

RECTIFIED WHISKIES

which I am offering at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

S. W. SELF.

april 6-a

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. KITCHEN. W. A. DUNN.

KITCHEN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

Scotland Neck, Halifax Co., N. C.

Practice in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. jan18 tf

THOMAS N. HILL,

Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halfax and adjoining Counties and Federal and Supreme Courts.
Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight.

Aug. 28—a

W. H. DAY. W. W. HALL.

DAY & HALL.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts.
Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. jun 29 1 Q

SAMUEL J. WRIGHT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JACKSON, N. C.

Practices in the Court of Northampton and adjoining counties.

sep 15 1 Y

GAVIN L. HYMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.
Claims collected in all parts of North Carolina.
Office in the Court House.

july 4-1 Q.

R. O. BURTON, Jr.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax County, and Counties adjoining. In the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts.
Will give special attention to the collection of claims, and to adjusting the accounts of Executors, Administrators and Guardians. dec-15-tf

J. M. GRIZZARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. jan 12-1 c

E. T. BRANCH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ENFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson.
Collections made in all parts of the State. jan 12-6 i

JAMES E. O'HARA,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edgecombe and Nash. In the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts.
Collections made in any part of the State. Will attend at the Court House in Halifax on Monday and Friday of each week. jan 12-1 c

ANDREW J. BURTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax, Warren and Northampton counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.
Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. june 17-a

LAMBE M. MULLEN. JOHN A. MOORE.

MULLEN & MOORE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Halifax, N. C.

Practice in the Counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—In the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District.
Collections made in any part of North Carolina. jan 1-1 c

## A KISS.

ANNIE WILTON.

There are so many things in life
Made up of love and sweetness,
And yet a kiss transcends them all
And fills it to completeness.
The precious baby learns so soon
The wondrous art of kissing:
Without it what would children do?
Their joys would all be missing.

For childhood demonstrates its love
By twining arms and kisses,
While roguish boys so naturally
Kiss dainty little misses,
Life's sweetest drop lies in a kiss,
And sparkles in its fleetness:
Such pressures linger long and fill
Life up to its completeness.

## "THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN."

The latest September days had come in all their perfection—days when the pure, cool air seemed like an elixir of life and youth—when there was the first suggestion of the exquisitely sad days of the dying summer time in the hazy, red gold atmosphere that hung silently over the hill-tops, and brooded like some palpable blessing over low-land and lawn.

Blanche Carroll sat on the low door-step of the farm-house that had been her home that summer, looking out through the twilight with wistful eyes that were blue as Heaven's dome. Thinking—always thinking, it seemed to her, since those other days, not yet a year gone by, when, instead of being, what she was now, Mrs. Pemberton's half assistant in the duties of the family—half sister, daughter, friend—whatever one choose to call the intimate relation that existed between them—when, instead of this she had been belle and heiress, whose sway was undisputed, whose reign had been as magnificently triumphant as its sudden ending had been pitifully sharp and bitter.

She had never, in all her eighteen years of gay, joyous life, known what it meant to have a wish ungratified—a want, however imaginary, unfulfilled.

There had never been any lack of ready money; there had been horses, and carriages, and servants at the girl's signal, and trips to the Continent whenever the fancy seized her.

Then had come the terrible financial earthquake, and a week after, Blanche Carroll had learned from the lips of her distracted father that everything must go, even to her jewels and laces, and costly little elegancies so that his name would not be dishonored for the first time in his life.

A week after that day, which had seemed the most dreadful of all possible days, some one had come to her, and added the very blackness of darkness to her woe by telling her of how Mr. Carroll was found dead in his office chair—apoplexy or paralysis—which, was not yet decided. Blanche almost collapsed under that second blow. Never having remembered her mother, she had loved her father with double intensity, and when he was dead and buried, the world yawned before her, with no protecting arm between her and it—when there did not remain a hundred pounds in all the wide world she could call her own.

Poor Blanche!

And yet it was not the very worst. The worst of all was Elmer Westcourt's defection, with scores of those whom she had implicitly believed were best, truest, dearest—others whose defection hurt her for the time, but whom she learned she could readily exist without.

But Elmer Westcourt? He had been all that was most noble, most perfect, grandest in masculine human nature. To him she had looked with almost the reverence of a devotee to her patron saint.

His physical beauty had commanded her passionate adoration, his qualities of mind had called out all her keenest approbation, and his peculiarly masterful way had taught the girl for the first time in her life how sweet it was to be governed.

There had never been an engagement between them, and yet Blanche had been so positively sure he loved her.

She had seen it in his eyes, time and again. She had more than once listened to sweet, suggestive words he had spoken, in his low, thrilling voice. She had, with good reason, built the most beautiful castles of their future together, and had been only waiting his pleasure to speak, when her trouble came to her.

And, with all other summer friends, he, too, had left her, without a word, without a sign, to think what she chose, to suffer or not, as the case might be. Then, in her distress, her sorely-wounded pride, her desolation of soul, Blanche had rushed away from London—away up among the cool, green hills of Cumberland, where she was not mistaken in supposing she had one friend left—Mrs Pemberton, who, although personally a stranger to her, Blanche knew had been a dear, warm friend in girlhood days of her mother.

And so it came to pass that Blanche Carroll made her home in the tenant farm-house, where, with light, womanly duties and pleasant responsibilities, she was bravely striving to forget her bitter past, and the sound of Elmer Westcourt's voice, and the look in his eyes.

She was thinking of all this as she sat in the twilight, that cool, breezy September night, and into the beautiful blue eyes had come such a wistfulness and heartsick woe that dear, motherly Mrs Pemberton, looking up from her knitting, saw the misery.

"It will never, never do!" she said, energetically—so much so that her kindly, emphatic tones brought a sudden dash of color to Blanche's face. "It will never do—the way you allow yourself to brood on things that you can't help. I am really delighted to think John will be home so soon. He will take you in charge, and make you give up these useless memories, which only seem to make you miserable. Such a dear, blessed old boy as my John is, Blanche, and so handsome! Why, I confidently expect it will be a case of mutual affinity, you and he, unless he has lost his heart abroad; this year he has been in Germany!"

A case of affinity for her! Blanche felt a thrill of sick pain Mrs. Pemberton never imagined her words had caused, for, although she knew there was a love-story entangled somehow with Blanche's old life, the girl had been proudly reticent of particulars, or Elmer Westcourt's name.

Mrs Pemberton talked so much, so often, of her darling, "her blessed boy," her only son, John, who, to her, fulfilled every dream of manly excellence and perfection. And Blanche used to wonder often what the quiet home would be like when Mrs. Pemberton's son came into it. She used to wonder how it would be possible for her to endure the presence of any one who would in any way remind her of man's perfidy and heartlessness.

But it their lives—her life—was to be invaded by a man. Well, after a time, she grew to be ashamed of her morbid cowardice of feeling, and resolved, with a stern determination that was pitiful, that John Pemberton—and odd, strengthful name it was to her—should not interfere with the duties of the quiet life she had chosen, and which, although she was hardly conscious of it, was leaving its impress on her discipline, and patience, and nobility on her nature.

Nevertheless, the pain—the very bitterness of woe—was not removed. Her father's death she could, in the ordinary healing course of nature, have got over. Loss of wealth, position, and summer friends would, after a time, have been as a trifle to her.

But Elmer Westcourt's defection! So long as she lived, it would hurt her with that keen, sick pain which some women do suffer—women with great purity and trust of nature, who can no more imagine deceit and cruelty in one they love than themselves are capable of it. Truly it was her darkest hour.

To her, Elmer Westcourt would always be the one who had power to touch her heart. To her he would always be the beloved, though not the lover—the one above all others, although unworthy, strangely paradoxical as it was.

So Blanche tried her best and bravest to enter into Mrs. Pemberton's spirit of welcome for her son. She beautified his room, that for more than a year had stood alone in its unoccupancy. She baked delicious cakes, and arranged toothsome bills of fare, and went through the whole house, leaving everywhere the impress of her artistic touch, that delighted Mrs Pemberton so thoroughly.

"John will appreciate it so, bless his dear heart! Blanche, I never wasted anything in all my life as I want my boy. And do, do Blanche, make him feel, so far as you are concerned, that you make him welcome; will you?"

Up in her room, hours after, Blanche remembered particularly what dear old Mrs. Pemberton had said about her contributing her share toward welcoming and pleasing the coming guest, and as she stood before the glass, brushing out the long, lustrous hair, that was full of gleams of sunshine, she thought how far past the time it was when she could be a pleasure or a pride to any one.

She thought how worn-out she had grown to be, how aged and old-womanish her fierce, ceaseless fight with fate had left her, and she smiled wearily at the idea of her being even thought of when John Pemberton came.

I think Blanche really thought it was so—that she was worn and faded, when, instead of her old-time radiant, sparkling beauty, she saw a sweet subdued, serious loveliness, which others recognized and admired if she did not.

She had never, in all her flush of beauty, and wealth, and happiness, made a fairer picture than she looked that day, after she had dressed for Mrs. Pemberton's son's home coming.

She wore white, with delicate blue ribbons, and her lovely hair was piled high on her head in a golden confusion of fleecy puffs, and tenderly risqs, and glossy braids.

It seemed strange to Blanche that she could not possibly take an interest in the coming of this gentleman—she who, not so very long ago, had so thoroughly enjoyed a flirtation. She wondered why, in spite of herself, she was so listlessly indifferent, and honestly tried to catch the infection of Mrs. Pemberton's excitement of joy.

The old lady had put on her best dress—a rich, rustling silk—to do honor to her son's coming, and Blanche thought, as she went into her parlor, that she had never seen a sweeter tableau of placid, aged beauty, and happy old days, than Mrs. Pemberton offered, in her lace cap and gray puffs, and pale face lighted by such glad eyes.

"How your son ought to worship such a mother?" she said, with a warmly graceful little impulsiveness—a characteristic of other days, to which she seldom gave way now. "Mr. Pemberton surely does—"

Mrs. Pemberton jumped up from her chair at the sound of carriage wheels at the door.

"He has come! Oh, Blanche! But whatever possessed you to think his name was Pemberton! Why, John is my first husband's son!"

And Blanche slipped out of the back door as the gentleman came in the front one—went away upstairs again, leaving mother and son to the sweet sacredness of their glad meeting.

In all her life, Blanche had never felt so lonely as in that half hour she spent up stairs, knowing how entirely forgotten she was. She was not selfish, either, but it seemed as if all the trouble she had ever know came surging its waves of keen remembrance over her.

She realized as she had never done before how pitifully alone she was in the world, and then into the midst of harrowing thoughts the tears that had left her heart but had not yet reached her sweet, sad eyes, into the midst of the desolation of her young life, came Mrs. Pemberton's voice, quick, glad, exultant, as she called from the foot of the stairs:—

"Blanche, Blanche, do come down! There's a mystery I can't quite understand. Come here!"

And Blanche, half smiling at the dear old lady's pardonable excitement, went quietly, promptly, to be presented to her son.

Mrs. Pemberton caught her by both hands, to drag her perforce into the parlor.

"It beats all I ever did hear of! I never was so—"

Just then a tall, handsome gentleman came through the parlor door, with quick eager steps, and Blanche looked and saw Elmer Westcourt.

"Blanche Carroll! My darling, whom I thought I had lost until a few minutes ago! Blanche, my love!"

And the girl stood looking at him, clutching Mrs. Pemberton's hand in a vice-like grasp that was chill as death, her face pale as her dress, her eyes full of mingled piteous bewilderment, and wondering doubt, and mute ecstacy.

"To think I never once thought of telling you John's name was Westcourt! You see, I always call him John, although Elmer is prettier, and he has an equal right to it, it being his middle name. And to think—" "Well, I'm clear beat!"

And Mrs. Pemberton sank down in the hall chair, and wiped her eyes and her glasses, while Mr. Westcourt took Blanche in his arms and kissed her, and hastily explained what she did not fully understand till later—how he had sent her letter after letter, and how he concluded she had done with him.

And they both knew then that Blanche's equally sudden removal from her old home, and her self-elected retirement to the country, had been sufficient reason why she never had received what would have changed all her life for her.

But the sunshine was come at last—the glad, bright sunshine, that was all the better for the dark weather that had so long hidden it. And Blanche's life blossomed out anew, under the radiant influences of love and hope.

## HOW I FELL IN LOVE.

It was in the June of 1866, when I, with a party of friends, spent the summer at Hillsdale, a very quiet, secluded spot, situated among the mountains of Vermont. It was a beautiful place. The birds sang all day long; the creek gliding from the mountains, dark and cool, flashed like diamonds; and oh, the mists that at sunrise and sunset hung over the valleys, and wrapped the everlasting hills in purple splendor! At the the hotel where we were staying, there were perhaps a dozen guests, very pleasant people, too, and there were so few of us, and we were so dependent on each other's society, that we soon became quiet like a band of friends—a sort of family party. We rode, we fished, we picnicked, we went a-berrying, and came home tired enough; after an hour or two of pleasant chat in the parlors, we retired, and slept the refeshing sleep of childhood.

A short time before we came away, we got up tableaux for an evening's amusement. They were a perfect success. We had three pieces, the most prominent of which were Faust and Marguerite, which parts Netta Hammond, the belle of our party, and myself, were to represent.

Even now the occurrences of that evening seem to me like some dream. The soft moonlight sleeping so tranquilly without; the warm scented airs that stole in through the open windows, laden with sweets from forest, meadow and garden; the happy, smiling, upturned faces of the audience, and above all, the fair vision that, for a few short moments, became part and parcel of my life. I saw her—I felt that I should see her till I died—standing there before me, half bending, as in supplance, yet with her large, soft, magnetic eyes lifted to my own, with such a world of passionate emotion slumbering in their dark depths. I knew that for a moment she had forgotten her past, and ceased to look forward to her future. The universe had held but us two; she, Marguerite; I, Faust. Then and there I gave my heart without reserve to Netta Hammond, feeling that nothing but death would keep me from winning her as my wife.

Do not think me a presumptious coxcomb, I know that when we met the next morning we should be two commonplace mortals eating our toast and drinking our tea as usual. But, alas, we did not meet! The next morning, almost before daybreak, I was awaked by my friend, Charlie Herbert, to accompany him on a hunting expedition, to be gone for two days; I had promised him two days before, and it had slipped my mind entirely. It went, but when I returned, my bird had flown.

* * * * *

Three years passed. All my friends had married happily, and people wondered why I still remained single. But I knew; a pair of dark, majestic eyes that looked into mine that night at Hillsdale, still haunted me. She had dropped out of my life entirely. I had searched for her incessantly, but could find no trace.

It was in June, 1869, just three years from the time I have written about, when I took a vacation of one year. I intended going to Europe, but I thought that before starting I would visit the place where I had loved and lost. I went, and who should I find but the woman for whom I had sought so long and so vainly.

I need not say, for I suppose you can conjecture, that I wooed and won her; and at the same time, and in the same place, where we had stood three years before as Faust and Marguerite, we stood as man and wife.

A witness was under examination in a Toronto court, in the case of an unpaid account, when the judge put the question to him, "What is your occupation?" The witness did not seem to understand the meaning of the word "occupation," and answered with "Eh?" Judge—"What do you do for a living?" Witness—"Oh, my wife's a dressmaker."

When a boy was asked, "Where was the text this morning?" he quickly replied: "It was somewhere in hatchets." "In hatchets?" "No, it was in Acts." "Well, I knew it was something that would cut," said the boy, triumphantly.

"That's our family tree," said an Arkansas youth, as he pointed to a vigorous hemlock. "A good many of our folks have been hung on that tree for borrerin' horses."

Worth says not one woman in ten knows how to sit down on a dress. He means her own, of course. Any woman can sit down on another's in a stage or horse car, and do it scientifically the first time.

It is said that sliding down hill in the evening air has been the direct cause of over six hundred deaths this winter. Always slide down hill in the summer.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants—forgetting that it too, like them, has its roots in the dirt.

Remember that it is not he who gives abuse or blows who affronts, but the view we take of these things is insulting. When, therefore, any one provokes you, be assured that it is your own opinion provokes you.

Nothing is made in vain—nothing by a complex process which can be made by a simple one; and it has often been remarked by the most diligent students of the living world, that the infinite wisdom of the Creator is more strikingly displayed in the economy than in the manifestation of power.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in the storm, and the most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God is most unfaltering.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—It is stated as a significant fact in the experience of prison keepers, that while wives constantly visit and condole with their husbands, when imprisoned, husbands seldom or never visit their erring wives in prison, but almost invariably desert them in their trouble. And yet how many of these poor women have suffered brutality at the hands of criminal husbands.

KEEP BUSY.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do chores, as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow. The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack, spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most.

WORDS FOR THE AGED.—"Old age," says one whose words have survived his name, "is a blessed time, when looking back over the follies, sins, and mistakes of past life—too late indeed to remedy, but to repent—we may put off earthly garments one by one, and dress ourselves for heaven. Griefs that are heavy to the young, and to the old calm and almost joyful, as tokens of the near and ever nearing time when there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain." Even though walking in darkness for a while, the aged have the sure promise: "At eventide it shall be light."

THE CHANGE.—A newly started paper delicately announces that its charge for marriage notices is "just what the necessity of the bridegroom may prompt."

I talked with a minion from Her Majesty's dominion: Says I, "Where are you going?" Says he, "To hide a hoe." Says I, "What are going to hide a hoe for?" Says he, "I didn't say hide a hoe; I said hide a hoe." Says I, "Shell it." Says he, "I-da-ho." "Oh," says I, "I-daho." "Yes," says he, "Hide a hoe."

## THANKFUL.

During the session of a temperance meeting in a neighboring town, one of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling, "Thank Heaven for that!" One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place."

"Thank Heaven for that!" yelled the deacon.

"But ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening—"

"Thank Heaven for that!" said the absent-minded deacon; and then the chairman took him out doors and had two men sit on him.

## BELIEVED HE WAS A WOMAN.

Quite a play of the imagination occurred the other day with a well-to-do farmer in Caswell County. Very partly in size he was taken sick, a general let down of the nervous system and to the surprise of his friends he imagined himself a woman, and so impressed was he with the belief that he drove every male doctor out of the house and sent three miles after a good old lady who for years had been nursing the sick, and nothing would do but she must rub him and "doctorty" him exactly as if he was a woman. The old woman humored his whims, even to making him hot teas and gruel, and after rubbing him an hour or two she finally persuaded him the crisis was over, and that instead of a woman he was a large full grown man. The regular physician rode home with mouth stretched, and the whole neighborhood got in such a titter that the portly and dignified gentleman cannot appear on the church ground Sundays without a smile all around. The doctors pronounce it the only case of mulierific mania they have ever known recorded in this country.—Reidsville Times.

## HE LOST HIS FORTUNE.

He was a hollow eyed, desolate and forlorn looking individual, and presented a sad type of humanity as he leaned up against a lamp post. The winter winds sang mournful dirges through the rags that hung from his coat, and his neglected beard resembled the fibres on a cocoanut. He had evidently seen many better days and much whiskey that might have been better.

"Move on," said an officer in a gruff voice, as he came up to him.

"That's it," said the desolate looking man; "that's what I've heard from the world ever since I lost my fortune. This big world is too busy to allow one to stand still even for a few moments, and I must 'move on,' although I have nothing to move and nowhere to move it to. Oh, if I'd only saved my fortune this would not have been. I'd been riding in a carriage with four horses and red painted wheels, I'd had diamonds, fine clothes, servants, deadhead tickets to shows, an aristocratic case of dyspepsia and——"

"How did you lose your fortune?" asked the officer, who was perhaps ignorant of the art and desired the information for his own private benefit.

"Well, you see," replied the broken man, "I was in Chicago in 1873 when wheat jumped twenty five cents on the bushel, and I knowed a man who had 400,000 bushels for sale on the day before the jump, and if I'd had the money to buy I'd have made a cool hundred thousand on the next day. So you see I lost a fortune in one day, and here I'm busted flat—on the tramp and out of moo——"

"Now, then, you move on or I'll take you in," said the officer, and he moved on.

## IT WAS ALIVE.

He was rather an uncouth looking individual, and as he sauntered into the store the crowd sitting on the barrels winked at each other and made remarks about his person.

"Where did it come from?" asked one, pointing at him.

"Somebody left the door open and it blew in," said another.

"I don't think it's alive," said a third.

"Touch it and see," remarked a fourth.

"Yes, it's a man—see it move?" queried the first. All hands laughed boisterously.

"I'm a poor man, and I don't want to have any trouble with anybody. I'm a Christian, and I don't believe in turmoil and strife and can't participate in it. I pray you, worldly minded people, that you will allow me to depart in peace," said the new arrival.

One of the crowd, more daring than the rest, hammered the man's hat down over his eyes, and another dabbed his nose full of molasses from a barrel standing by.

Then the poor Christian took a small volume from his pocket and began reading the Scriptures in a drawling sing-song tone.

While he was engaged at this the crowd played all sorts of tricks on him.

One put some eggs in his pocket and another mashed them.

Then the biggest man in the house poured some oil on his hat and lighted it.

Then the clerk hit him under the nose with a codfish.

Then that man quietly put the little volume in his coat tail pocket, and the clerk went head first in the molasses barrel. When the biggest man in the house picked himself from under the counter it was next to an impossibility to guess where his nose left off and where the codfish began. No 1 made work for the glazier as he hit a ventilator in the window. No 2 hatched out half a barrel of eggs, and No. 3 got on the pie shelf and stayed there. As No. 4 walked out of the door on his back he wondered how much it would cost to make him as good as new, and the poor Christian man remarked—

"The next time you folks pick me up for a slouch look out you ain't in the wrong pew. Good day fellers."

The clerk is waiting for them to come round and settle for damage done, but they must have forgotten where the place is as they pass right by without looking in, and their bills remain unpaid.