THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. X. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1881. NO. 9.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER. DR. D. B. ZOLLICOFFER.

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER & BRO.,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

WELDON, N. C.

Drs. A. R. and D. B. Zollicoffer, having united as partners in the practice of medicine under the style and firm of Dr. A. R. Zollicoffer & Bro. offer their professional services to the public generally and solicit a share of their patronage. They guarantee careful and prompt attention to patients. One of the firm will always be found at their office in Zollicoffer's Drug Store where patients will be treated at all hours and when necessary, both will visit and give their attention to patients without extra charge.
mr 17 tf.

WALTER R. DANIEL,

Attorney and Counsellor At Law,

WELDON, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections in all parts of the State and prompt returns made.
feb. 17 1 y

DR. GEO. W. HARTMAN,

Surgeon Dentist.

Office over W. H. Brown's Dry Goods Store,

WELDON, N. C.

Will visit parties at their homes when desired. Terms Reasonable. oct 28 1 y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession.
Jan 28 1 y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.

ENFIELD, N. C.

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W. W. HALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

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mar 17tf.

JAMES H. MULLEN, JOHN A. MOORE

MULLEN & MOORE,

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Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts.
Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight. ap-9tf

T. W. MASON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

GARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. june 8 tf.

W. N. DAY. A. C. ZOLLICOFFER.

DAY & ZOLLICOFFER,

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. One of the firm will always be found in the office. June 26 1 y.

DR. E. S. HUNTER,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand
June 22 tf.

R. H. SMITH, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY N. C

Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. 16 1y.

MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no pains to make them comfortable.
Respectfully,
W. H. SHIELDS.
Nov 30tf.

FOR SALE,

The following valuable real estate lying near Tillery's Mill, in Halifax county about nine miles from the town of Halifax.

About 360 acres including steam engine, saw mill and fixtures, gin, gin house and fixtures, adjoining the residence of J. R. Tillery.

Mike Wilkins, that contains about 97 acres.

Pope place containing about 150 acres.

½ interest in Wade H Tillery tract, the whole containing about 377 acres.

Apply to T. N. HILL, Attorney.
Halifax N. C. july 31tf

GREAT BARGAINS.

We are now receiving our new and beautiful goods recently purchased of the manufacturers. And cordially invite you to call and see them. The largest and best selected stock of

GOLD WATCHES,
SETS OF JEWELRY,
BAND BRACELETS,
OPERA AND GUARD CHAINS,
DIAMOND AND SEAL RINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS,
SOLID SILVER SPOONS, FORKS &c.

The Best $10 Castor and $5 Clock EVER SOLD.

Use Young's P. P. Glasses and improve your eyesight.

Watches and Jewelry repaired by the best workmen. Engraving neatly done by
J. P. YOUNG & BRO.
g-4 1 y Petersburg, Va.

WHY DO I SING?

Why do I sing? 'Tis hard to tell
Why joyous notes my bosom swell;
Why strains of music, wild and free,
Gush forth in tuneful harmony,
When, underneath a thin disguise,
A sorrowing heart so often lies.

I sing—the siren voice of song
Bears my enchanted soul along
The stream of time to that blest shore
Where mortal cares are felt no more:
And heaven itself were not complete
Without the sound of music sweet.

Why do I smile? Why, mirrored here,
On brows so used to pain and care,
Are gentle smiles that softly chase
Each other o'er a care-worn face?
The heart o'ercast with grief the while—
And yet—'mid unshed tears I smile.

I smile, because to nature true;
Like gleams of sunshine breaking through
The rifted clouds, when storms are past:
Though soft white clouds still overcast
The azure sky, to cheer the scene
Bright rays of sunlight burst between.

Why do I weep? Alas! these tears
Cannot efface the stains of years;
'Tis grace alone can save, I know,
And yet, 'tis well to let them flow;
They soothe the griefs of life's dark hours
As sunlight smiles through April showers.

And then 'tis written, "Jesus wept,"
Above the grave of one that slept.
While friends and loved ones gather'd round
With softened tread the new-made mound;
Then when thus pressed with grief and cares
He found a sweet relief in tears.

THE PAINTED FAN.

'You won't forget me, little one?' said Earl Lysle, in his softest accents, looking down with earnest uplifted eyes into the sweet flower-face, so trustfudy uplifted to his own.

'No; I will never forget you,' answered the girl

And the blue eyes grew moist, and the red lips trembled. The promise broke down the last remnant of her strength; the next moment she had burst into passionate, bitter weeping.

It seemed as though the branches in the tree above them bent pityingly down upon them; as though the sun lingered a moment in tenderest sympathy, ere breathing his good-night to the world; as though the robin checked his notes to listen to the sobs which echoed through the silence of the wood, and stirred Earl Lysle's heart, as it had not been stirred before in many a long year.

He had won the love of many women—won it often for the mere pleasure of winning; sometimes had won and worn it until it wearied him, but always believing that had the condition been reversed, the woman would have done even as he did. In this case he knew differently. When he first met Lena Manning, she had been a child. It had been his hand which had guided her wavering steps across the bound ry line from childhood to womanhood; he who had wakened her child heart from its slumber. For what? For this! It had been in his life a summer idyl, a passing folly; in her, the one spot from which henceforth all things must date. He was a man of the world; she is a child of nature, whose world henceforth was bounded by the horizon of his presence.

'Hush, Lena—hush!' he entreated, passing his arm about the slender waist. 'Do you really care for me like this?'

A passing pride stirred at his question.

'Do you care for me so little that you cannot understand it?' she answered.

'Say! I love you very dearly—so dearly, Lena, that, might I carve out my own designs and forget my duties, I would never go back to the great city, and the life which has grown wearisome. As it is, I must go; Lena, if I may, dear—if I can so shape my destiny—some day I will leave it all behind me, and come again, this time to pluck and wear my sweet woodland rose next to my heart forever.'

Pretty words were very natural to Earl Lysle; yet even as he spoke these, he knew that ere another year had run its course, he was destined to lead to the altar his heiress-cousin a haughty brunette—whose letter regally now lay in the breast-pocket of his coat.

'But—but if things should go amiss—not as you fancy?'

There was absolute terror in the girl's tone—terror so great that, to the man, it seemed cruelty not to quiet it; and, besides, his heart was stirring within him to nobler, better purpose.

Perchance he might avow to his betrothed the truth, that, instead of a marriage of convenience, he sought a marriage of love, and ask her to free him from chains which already began to gall ere they were fully forged.

So he only drew closer to him the girl's slender figure, until the blonde head lay on his shoulder, as he stooped and pressed his lips to its gold-n crown.

'Have no fear, little one. I will come back with the first snow.'

'You promise, Earl?'

'I promise!'

* * * * * *

Lena had always loved the summer rather than winter. The leafy trees, the birds, the flowers, the blue sky—all had been to her as welcome friends, to be greeted rapturously, to be parted with almost tearfully; but this year she could scarcely wait for the turning of the foliage, or the southern flight of the birds.

She smiled from her window, as she looked out one bright morning upon the first frost. She laughed when people said that it would be an early winter.

All her painting—for she possessed great talent with her brush—depicted winter scenes—snow and ice.

But just at the Thanksgiving season her father, a sturdy farmer, was borne senseless, one day, to his home, and died before he recovered consciousness.

It was her first real grief. She had lost her mother when an infant. It seemed to her that she could not have had strength to live through it, but that, as they lowered the coffin into the grave, a few flakes of snow came whirling down from the gray sky, and she welcomed them as heaven sent messengers of hope.

When she came back to the quiet house, through whose rooms the dear, cheery voice would never more echo, she almost expected to find some one waiting for her; but all was still and desolate.

They were dreary weeks that followed—the more dreary that she found a heavy mortgage lay on the farm, and that when all things were cleared up, there would be left to her but a few hundred dollars.

'It will not care,' she murmured, 'it will prove his love for me the more.'

The week after the funeral, set in the first heavy snow storm, and the papers told how it had spread from one end of the country to the other.

Lena was almost barricaded in her lonely home, but she sat all day, with folded hands, looking upon the soft, feathery flakes—watching the drifts grow higher and higher—and knew that it all was bringing summer to her heart.

The neighbors came to take her in their sleighs, when the sun peeped out again and all the earth was wrapped in its white mantle. They said that her cheek was pale and her hands feverish, and that she must have more of this clear, bracing air.

But she shook her head and refused to go. Could she leave the house, when at any moment he might come? Besides, she had sent to him a paper with the announcement of her father's death, and this must surely hasten him.

And day succeeded day, until week followed week, and still he neither came nor sent her word. The snow-clouds had formed and fallen many times, and each time her heart grew sick with longing.

She loved him so wholly, she trusted him so completely, that she thought only sickness or death could have kept him from her.

The hours dragged very slowly. Her little studio was neglected. She sat all day, and every day, beside the window, until one morning she wakened to know that the first robin had returned, and the first breath of spring was in the air. He had failed to keep his promise to her.

That same day, they told her that the farm must be sold. Many neighbors offered her a home, but she declined them all.

A sudden resolution came to her. She would go to the city where he lived. Her pride forbade her seeking him, but maybe, if he were not dead, as she often feared, she might one day meet him in the street, or at least hear some news of him.

The hope of meeting him—of hearing him—vanished, when she found herself in the great metropolis, and realized its size and immensity.

She had secured a comfortable home with a good, motherly woman, but her purse was growing scanty, and she could not tell how long it might hold out, unless she could find some means of support. When one day, sauntering idly on the street, glancing into a shop-window, she saw, some fancy articles, painted by hand.

Gathering up her courage, she went in and asked if there was sale for that sort of work, and if she might be allowed to test her skill.

From that hour, all dread of want vanished, and, now that her hands were busy, she found less time to brood and think.

'I want a fan painted,' the man said to her, one day. 'You may make an original design, but it must be very beautiful.'

Lena's heart had been very sad all day, as, at evening, she unfolded the satin, and sat down, brush in hand, to fulfill this latest order.

'It is a gift to an expectant bride,' the shopkeeper had said; and the words had recalled all the long waiting, the weary disappointment, those words might bring.

And, as she thought, she sketched, and the hours crept on, and the evening grew into night, and the night into morning, and still she bent over her work, silent, engrossed.

The next day, the gentleman who had given the order for the fan sauntered into the store. With an air of pardonable satisfaction, the man drew it from the box.

'The young artist has outdone herself, sir,' he said. 'I never saw a more beautiful piece of work, and the design is entirely her own. I—'

But he checked his sentence.

The gentleman had taken the fan in his hands, and was examining it with startled eyes, and face from which every trace of color had fled.

Could it be that the word Nemesis was painted upon the satin? No, this was all he saw. On one side was a woodland scene, while, seated on a log beneath the leafy branches of an old oak, were two figures, one a man, and one a woman. His arm was about her waist. Her lips seemed to move, her whole expression was full of love and trust, and his of promise. A little laughing stream rippled at their feet. A bird sang overhead.

Where had he seen just such a scene before? He turned the fan on the other side. Summer had vanished. It was winter here. Naught but the fast-falling snow drifting in white heaps upon the earth.

'Who painted this?' he asked, in a hoarse, changed tone.

The man gave the name and address. How well he had known it! but how came Lena here? And what was this which stirred through every fibre of his being? Could it be that his manhood might yet redeem him?

With swift steps he walked to the house of his betrothed. Stately and beautiful, she came into the drawing-room to greet him, and bent her head that he might touch her forehead with his lips.

'Helen, do you love me?'

She had known him for long years, but never had she heard such earnestness, such real passion in his tones.

It was as though his very soul hung on her answer. Strange, she had never dreamed his love for her was more than friendship such as she had felt for him.

A tinge of color crept into her cheek

'I have promised to marry you, Earl. You know that I am fond of you, and how highly I respect you. Will not this satisfy you?'

'No. I want all the truth. Is your heart mine—all mine, so that, to tear me from it, would be to tear it asunder?'

'No, Earl. If it were for your happiness or mine, I could give up my lover and still hold my friend and cousin.'

He raised her hand and carried it to his lips more fervently than he had done even in the moment of his courtship. Then, taking the fan from his pocket, he unfolded it, and told her all the tale of his summer romance.

'I thought that I could forget her,' he said, in ending, 'and that when the snow fell and I did not return to her, she would cease to remember me; but see, Helen! She still remembers, and I still love. I do not know what brings her here. I have heard nothing from her since last summer. But, tell me, cousin mine, what must I do? I leave it all to you.'

'I said that I would be your friend. Now, I will be hers as well. Go, father, find her, tell her all the truth. Then if she forgives you, make her your wife. If she is alone in the world, as you think she may be, bring her to me. She shall be married from my house, as my sister. I accept this fan, not as a lover's gift, but a pledge of the truest, more honest bond which henceforth binds us.'

Lena was exhausted after her sleepless night, and, throwing herself on the lounge in the sitting room of her kind hostess, she had fallen into a dreamless slumber.

Long Earl Lysle stood and watched her, until the magnetism of his glance aroused her. She thought that she was dreaming of the fan; but as he stooped and took her in his arms, she knew that it was reality.

She listened silently while he told her all—even his struggle for forgetfulness, and his ignorance of his own heart and its demands. She heard that she had sent the paper with the news of her father's death to the wrong address, that he had known nothing of the long, lonely winter to which that suggested this wonderful, glorious summer-time of hope.

Poor child! She had no room for pride in the heart so filled by his love. She forgot that there was sore need for forgiveness.

He loved her now! Of that she felt assured; and, after all the snow had only lain upon the ground to warm the earth, and foster the rich, sweet violets, which now bloomed and clustered at her feet, ready for her to stoop and pluck them.

Perhaps some women, in their pride, would have rejected them. She could not; but, stooping, kissed them, then transplanted them to her heart, there to shed sweet fragrance forevermore.

A PLUCKY BOY.

The boy marched straight up to the counter. 'Well, my little man,' said the merchant, complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner—what will you have to-day?'

'Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?'

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small for his age at that. There were a few wisps of hair on the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them, he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hand traveled down to his vest pocket.

'Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter.'

'Oh, yes, I can, and I'm growing, please, growing very fast—there, see if I can't look over the counter.'

'Yes, by standing on your toes; are they cuppered?'

'What, sir?'

'Why, your toes. Your mother couldn't keep you in shoes if they weren't.'

'She can't keep me in shoes, anyhow, sir, and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him; he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

'I thought I should need a microscope,' he said very gravely, 'but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like.'

'I'm older than I'm big, sir, was the neat rejoinder. 'Folks say I'm very small for my age.'

'And what might be your age, sir?' responded the man with great emphasis.

'I'm almost seven,' said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine.

'You see my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she couldn't find five cents in her pocketbook, and she thinks the boy that took the ashes stole it, and—I—haven't had any—breakfast, sir.'

The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

'I reckon I can help you to breakfast, my little fellow,' said the man, feeling in his pocket. 'There, will that quarter do?'

The boy shook his head. 'Mo her wouldn't let me beg, sir,' was his simple reply.

'H mph! where's your father?'

'We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of Boston.'

'Ah, you don't say. That's bad—but you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see;' and he pondered, puckering up his mouth and looking straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight up into his. 'Saunders,' he asked, addressing a clerk who was rolling up and writing on parcels, 'is cash No. 4 still sick?'

'Dead, sir; died last night,' was the low reply.

'Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place.'

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly—then he put his pen behind his left ear—then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

'Oh, I understand,' said the latter, 'yes he is very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?'

'Three dollars, sir,' said the still astonished clerk.

'Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you've got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week's pay. Can you remember?'

'Work, sir—work all the time!'

Tommy shot out of the door. If ever broken stairs, that had a twist through the whole flight, cracked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

'I've got it mother! I'm took! I'm cash boy! Don't you know when they take the parcels, the clerk calls 'cash?' Well, I'm that! Four dollars a week and the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here is a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now.

The house was only a ten by fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it. At first the mother looked— well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, as she caught the boy in her arms, and hugged him and kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness, now.

CRAZED WITH AFFECTION.

THE SAD LIFE STORY OF A PENNSYLVANIA PREACHER—ENAMORED OF A WOMAN WHO COULD NOT MARRY HIM—OFFERING TO GIVE UP ALL HIS WEALTH TO THE OBJECT OF HIS LOVE—EVEN IF HE HAS TO BE DENIED HER PRESENCE—HIS TRAGIC END.

[Utica Observer.]

The Rev. George H. Pool, who lived in seclusion in Brooklyn, was attacked by small-pox in his cloaded one quarters, and before he knew what was the matter, was snatched by the Health Board and carried off to the Flatbush Hospital, where he died of the dreadful malady, and seeming to have neither money nor friends, was buried in Potter's field. It was subsequently ascertained that he was a minister; that he had been pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church of Philadelphia; that he owned and had recently lived alone in a house in Camden, N. J., without even a servant to cook his meals." In his Brooklyn room he lived economically, and even penuriously, having only a little oil stove over which he prepared his food. It was then rumored that he was rich, and the Philadelphia *Times* has published a long list of property which is estimated to be worth $80,000. I happen to know, says the New York correspondent of an Indianapolis paper, of the shadow that was on this man's singular life. It is two years since I first met the Rev. George H. Pool in the business office of a mutual friend down town. He was a tall and erect man, but not very stately, and wore a sleek black wig He seemed quiet and self contained. He dressed always in clerical black and wore a cloth cloak and a silk hat. His face was sallow, his expression thoughtful and he seldom smiled. I soon learned some items of his history. He was a Philadelphia preacher, he was rich, and he was a bachelor of fifty years, now in love for the first time in his life. With whom? With a friend of mine—a married woman, who has been for some years separated from her husband; but, from religious scruples, was not divorced. She repelled his advances, of course, and resented his propositions, but his infatuation was complete. He declared to her friends, as also to his own, that he could never be happy, and that life was not worth having unless she would get a divorce and marry him. He came on from Philadelphia often and renewed his siege. She was an intelligent and attractive woman, practicing her profession in this city. He persecuted her at her house, importuned her at her office, waylaid her on the street. Soon he began to neglect his church. He besought his friends to pray that the Lord would permit him to marry the object of his choice. He called a meeting of his trustees and told them that the Love of the Lord had been superseded; that he was madly in love with a woman who could not marry him if she would, and would not if she could; that he would resign his charge if they wanted him to, but he would not give up the pursuit on which his hopes were set. They reasoned with him seriously, and set forth his neglect of duty, but he resigned and came to Brooklyn last summer. He pursued here two objects; one, the lady I have spoken of, and the other, preaching the gospel among the sailors. To her, through friends, he offered everything if she would put an end to his misery by becoming his wife. He would give her $10,000, he said; he would give $100,000 to any object she named; he would surrender to her all his property. He was a shrewd business man. Inheriting a little money from his father, he early went West and opened two country stores, hiring men to manage them for him. He bought goods himself while preaching in Pennsylvania and supplied the stores. He also made money in patents and in real estate, of which he owned a great deal in Kansas, Illinois Minnesota, and Albion Mich. He owned $80,000 worth of lots in this city. He told the story of his hopeless love to scores, perhaps hundreds, and crave the intercession of everybody who, he thought could have any influence. "Very well," he said one day in despair, "if she can't love me, I will give her a cottage at Cape May, and $50,000 and she may give up her business and go there and live all her life, and I will never come near her." At another time he said: "I would rather go back and give up all my property and be a day laborer, if that would make her marry me, even if she should never be able to walk a step or lift up her head." It seems to have been a case of unique infatuation and devotion; and his tragic end—dying in a small-pox hospital with not a friend informed of his whereabouts, and buried in the Potter's field before one of them knew that he was sick—presents a ghastly contrast, it is a waving of the yellow flag from Cupid's headquarters.

A report on the state of religion in Nevada would be almost as brief as the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland. The following anecdote might, however, be inserted: At the recent opening of the Nevada Legislature an Eastern minister was invited to perform the services. He accepted the call and closed the ceremony with the Lord's Prayer. When he had finished, State Senator Doolan turned to Senator Hammond and remarked audibly: 'He stole that prayer, and I'll bet on it. I heard it almost word for word in Eureka at a funeral over ten years ago.

The mythological representations of spring as a young lady, dressed like an opera bouffe singer, bringing flowers she has received over the footlights of Time are things of the past. Spring is a young man with an ulster and rheumatism.

NEWS ITEMS.

The winter crop of wheat in Kansas is in excellent condition; better, in fact, than usual at this season of the year.

It is said that Kelly was elected as the 'Boss' of Tammany by the aid of Republican members in that society.

The first edition of Jeff. Davis' book will be of 25,000 copies, and the presses will be kept going until 150,000 copies have been printed.

Lord Rowton is left by Lord Beaconsfield sole trustee of all his private papers, with full power to do what he thinks right with them.

Gen. Grant, it is said, has received the cold shoulder in Mexico, the authorities therefearing that he may have sinister designs upon their country.

A delegation from Tennessee waited upon General Hancock with an invitation for himself and staff to attend the Industrial Exhibition at Nashville.

The new Czar leads a very simple life. He rises and takes a long walk, then breakfasts with his family. After dinner he spends a long time in amusing himself with his children.

Over 80,000 buffaloes have been within six months been killed in Montana, mostly for their hides, which bring from $2,25 to $2,75. Men in the fur trade say the animal will soon be extinct.

The Richmond Dispatch says that several pieces of antique furniture which belonged originally to the Jeff. Davis mansion in that city were sold at auction on Tuesday and brought fine prices.

Col. Thomas A. Scott lately bought, at a sale in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, a clock made by his uncle in 1790. It still keeps good time, and every three hours plays a tune on a chime of bells.

Boys looking at a circus procession in Philadelphia from a roof-top, one day last week, accidentally loosened a brick, and it fell upon the head of a lady in the street below, inflicting injuries from which she died four days after.

The second assistant Postmaster-General, Brady, has been requested by the President to resign because of mismanagement of the the star route service in allowing straw bids for carrying mails to be entered by his friends in the ring.

The laborers are on a strike in St. Bernard's parish, and the leader of the strike is a white man. A committee of planters yesterday waited on the Governor who will, if necessary, order out troops to quell the disturbances. One of his staff has been sent to St. Bernard to investigate the trouble.

The body of Mr. A.T. Stewart has, according to the New York *Sun*, been found and deposited by the mourners between two enormous blocks of masonry in the crypt of the Cathedral at Garden City, secured with ponderous bolts and imbedded in cement, lest the wide-awake resurrectionist should again appropriate it to his own nefarious purposes. Judge Hilton declined to be interviewed in regard to the matter.

Notice has been served that the seats of fifteen or sixteen Democrats from the South are to be contested when the House of Representatives meets. This is an old and a familiar game, and means that the Solid South is to be smitten, hip and thigh, with any hammer, be it that of Thor or of a tinker, which may be available, so that the power of the solid South may be broken.

The Virginia Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has concluded its labors. Yesterday Bishop Daniel A. Payne, D. D., colored, preached by invitation of the Main Street Methodist Episcopal church, white, which is the largest and wealthiest church of that denomination in Virginia. Bishop Payne was formerly president of Wilberforce University, in Ohio. He was assisted yesterday in the services by Professor Johns, from the West Indies, and Elder Stogo, both colored. The church was filled with white and colored people.—Danville *News*.

Senator Jackson, of Tennessee, was reminded to-day of a curious verification of predictions made thirty years ago, when Jackson, Thomas Malone and Charles E. Fenner occupied contiguous rooms as students at the University of Virginia. They were boon companions and foremost in their class. A brother student sketched the three in a group one day, and said, 'What shall I put under each figure?' 'Put under mine,' said Jackson, 'Jackson addressing the United States Senate.'' 'And under mine,' said Malone, ''Delivering a lecture to the students of the University of Tennessee.'' 'And under yours, Fenner?' 'Oh, 'Fenner announcing a decision of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.''

The inscriptions were appended, Jackson is today a United States Senator, Malone is connected with Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, and Fenner is a member of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.—Richmond State.

THE NEW SPRING DODGE.

She was looking out of the window when he entered the yard; and she said to herself that he might ring the bell until he was tired, for she didn't want to buy any soap, and had nothing for tramps. He rang and rang, and after the seventh or eighth peal, she went to the door to bless him.

This is the greatest piece of impudence I ever saw, she exclaimed, as she pulled the door open.

He smiled. He lifted his hat and smiled again He had poor clothes and a hungry look, but there was something captivating in his smile.

Well? she queried as she held the door.

My errand is a very pleasant one, and yet I feel somewhat embarrassed in making it known.

If you have any bills to collect, you must call when my husband is in, she observed.

Bills! oh, no Madam you have perhaps noticed in the papers that a book entitled, "Prominent Women of Michigan" is soon to be published?

I—I—yes. I think so.

Well, it is to be illustrated with engravings of 100 striking faces. My instructions are not to look for beauty so much as for marked expression of deep thought. I was instructed to call here and ask you if you would permit the publishers to publish your wood cut in the forthcoming book?

Who could have sent you?

I dare not tell. Yours is to be published on the first page, and only nine more will be taken from the city.

And what's the charge?

Nothing. If you want the book you will have to pay $3, but you are not asked to take it.

I can't see why they should have selected me.

Beg pardon, ma'am, but yours is a very striking face. It portrays an expression of strength of character I never saw equalled. Many ladies have offered me as high as $10 to put them in the book, but we cannot go outside of our selections.

I can't give you a decided answer to-day, she said, after thinking it over. Perhaps my husband will object. You may call again to-morrow, and you will please accept this for your trouble.

Liberality as well as strength of character, he chuckled as he pocketed the bill. Very well; I will call at this hour to-morrow.

That was two weeks ago, but the woman is not expecting him. She has learned from her husband that this is a cold world, and that Gulliver's Travels will be sent to all subscribers for the prominent women book.

Yes, sir, said Mr. Gallagher, it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh, I laughed till I cried. And then he saw a smile go round the room he grew red in the face and went away mad.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it?—Eagle.

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OPINION OF THE CLERGY.

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The symptoms of liver complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is Mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is effected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general costive, sometimes altering with lax. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory accompanied with painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done Often complaining of weakness, debility and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them but the liver is generally the organ most involved.

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Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	35 00	45 00
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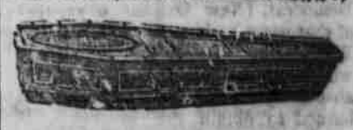

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