THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

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One Year, in advance, ... $2 00
Six Months, ... 1 00
Three Months, ... 75 cts

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. X. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881. NO. 21.

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 E. 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 23 ly

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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 12 1y

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W. W. HALL,

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WELDON, N. C.

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JAMES M. MULLEN. JOHN A. MOORE

MULLEN & MOORE,

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THOMAS N. HILL,

Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Raleigh and Supreme courts. Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight. may 12 tf

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 9 tf.

W. H. 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 throughout parts of North Carolina. One of the firm will always be found in the office. june 24 1y.

DR. E. L. HUNTER,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. Ja 6 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. ja 13 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 and 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. B. Tillery.

Mike Wilkins, that contains about 97 acres.

Pope place containing about 150 acres.

1 interest in Wade H. Tillery tract, the whole containing about 877 acres.

Apply to T. N. HILL, Attorney.
Halifax N. C. July 8tf

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,
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DIAMOND AND SEAL RINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS,
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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. T. YOUNG & BRO.
Oct 2 1y Petersburg, Va.

DARE TO SAY "NO!"

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink;
Pause for a moment, my brave lad, and think—
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed
For answering "Yes," without counting the cost;
Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of the tears that will fall like rain;
Think of her heart, how cruel the blow,
Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl;
Think of the danger to body and soul;
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;
Look at them now, and at once answer "No!"
Think of a manhood with rum tainted breath;
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;
Think of the homes that now shadowed with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No!"

Think of long graves, both unwept and unknown
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own;
Think of the proud form now force-stretched low,
That might be here had they learned to say "No"
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Drawing to ruin both body and soul;
Think of all this as the journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"

TEMPTATION.

John and Kate Stevens, had been married some years when they, with their children, bade good-bye to the old scenes and sought a home in the west. These eight years had been full of sunshine to both, and it was with hopeful hearts that they set out on their journey. After a few days of uncomfortable travel, the place they sought was reached in safety, and they set about in earnest to make things homelike as possible, that neither might turn with longing tears to the home they had left. After had decided to make their home in a small but thriving city in Iowa, and soon found themselves surrounded by warm-hearted friendly people, that made them feel that they were glad to welcome them to their midst.

John was a house painter, sober, steady, and industrious, and had never been without work for but a very short time, and then, under circumstances that were unavoidable. When he came to the west he felt a good situation for a better one, and fair prospects for the future. Everything seemed bright; John was well and hopeful, and Kate busy and happy in the little home, caring for the three babies and making Johnie's home so bright, that he was always glad to return his face homeward when the day was done, and there abide as long as he might. Answering grave questions, that solver Henry of seven always asked him, or being kissed, petted and cajoled, by Elsie, into all sorts of indulgences of her whims, not forgetting to give baby Frank his share of attention. Thus another sunny year glided by, bringing with it many substantial comforts they had never before felt able to enjoy, so that cheerful letters reciting their success were sent back to old friends, and at fall that more than ordinary blessings had crowned the young family in their venture. But a dark day came to the little cottage home, when John missed his footing and fell from the scaffolding on which he stood while painting a building. He was not working very far from the ground at the time of the accident, or he might have lost his life instead of breaking an arm. But even so slight an injury as that seemed sad to John and Kate, who knew that it meant no wages and no income for weeks and may be longer.

The fracture was of a peculiarly painful nature and just the one to be long in healing. John expected to be confined to the house for days, but the days grew into weeks that dragged lazily along, and almost found active, driving John with their lagging. At first he was able to be about, but inflammation of the limb had been so great, that the physicians forbade his doing any work, for the exertion and consequent heat of the body should increase the difficulty, so that while he was able to be about and do others work and talk of a home of their own, he could not take part in the work himself. Meanwhile the small of the liquors and the surroundings were reviving the memory of a very dark page in John Stevens' life. And with the coming of the wine came the desire to taste it, stronger than he had known it since with desperate effort he broke away from the fiendish hold, and by long and patient struggle overcame the appetite, until he could feel he was again a free man. But to-night, under the spell of these surroundings the old appetite had come back until it cost him a struggle to resist; and he sat battling with his desire to take it, until Charlie ordered the other two glasses to be filled. In the meantime the conversation flowed freely, and John engaged in it with as much interest as either of the others. And it was not until they began to sip their glasses, that John more than half a dozen times took up his glass, tasted it and drained it. His companions noticed the eagerness with which he quaffed it after tasting, and there was more of sadness than satisfaction in their faces as they observed it. When the glasses were empty, John ordered them filled, and again the second time, and his craving seemed only fully aroused, instead of satisfied. And he drank again and again, until George and Charley refused to drink more, and proposed that they be going; but John Stevens was as crazy for drink as he had been in his wildest days of dissipation, and it was only when the saloon was closed for the night that he started for home, staggering and imbecile, with just enough sense left to partially realize what he had done.

He wished there was some place else to go, that he might not have to meet Kate; but he seemed to feel that he must go home. When he got home he found her still awake and waiting for him, wondering what could have happened to keep him so long, and fearing everything but the right one.

She began to ask what could have happened to keep him, but it was plain even to her inexperienced eye what was the matter, and she did not say a word about his being late.

Sorry and ashamed of himself, John Stevens went to his room. And after much awkward work finally got to bed, and all through the night slept the heavy, restless sleep of the drunkard, while Kate, too nervous and miserable to think of sleep, sat the whole night through with wide open eyes and burning brain beside baby's cradle, wondering how it all came about, yet so stunned with the thought that such a sorrow could have come into their bright home, that now and then she started upon if she would shake off the horrid dream, only to find it a dreadful reality.

When morning came, and Harry and Elsie awoke they hurried down stairs in their little night gowns as usual, to see papa and surprise and romp a little with baby. But mamma heard them coming and met them on the stairs and told them to be very quiet, and not wake papa for he was not yet up, and did not feel well. "What is mamma, has papa broke his arm again?" asked Harry who never had known his papa to be so late in the morning, only when he had a broken arm.

"No, my dear, papa doesn't feel well this morning and I want him to sleep, that is all."

There was plainly no fun to be had that morning down stairs, so the little folks scampered back up stairs, to dress and romp while they dressed.

When they were ready for breakfast, they went down stairs again, and kept very quiet as mama had told them, until papa should have finished his nap. Soon they heard papa moving about in his room, and without another word rushed in. Harry wasn't quite convinced that his papa's arm was not broken again, and asked him if that was what ailed him. Papa with very sad voice told Harry that his arm was not broken, but added under his breath that his pledge was, with a face that seemed to say it had much better been the arm. Elsie knew that mamma sometimes had the headache and when they knew it was not his arm that hurt papa, Elsie asked if his head ached. He could truthfully say it did, and they satisfied also in a measure, for although she knew mama felt bad when she had the headache, she got well soon, and Elsie was hopeful for papa. So the children's fears were quieted, but John Stevens decided to meet his wife this morning. A feeling he had never known since they were one. What should he say to her? What excuse could he offer for having gone right into the midst of temptation, when he knew that that same cursed evil had once overcome him and ruined him for a season with a rod of iron? Pshaw, there was no good excuse, he could offer, and he would get it, and tell her the truth of just how it happened and have the blame deserved, and as he was determined never to do such a silly, wicked thing again, he would tell her that, and ask her to forgive him for the needless suffering he had caused her. He met Kate in the hall, on her way to join Elsie and the children in their little morning jubilee, and asked her to go into the sitting room, as he had something to say to her.

Together they stepped into the room, and leading Kate to a chair, John sat down beside her and began with shamed face and unsteady speech to tell her all. As soon as she heard the first part of the story, and felt from what she knew of her noble husband that he was about to say something about forgiveness, she put her arms about his neck and kissed him, and begged him not to say another word about it, saying that he had promised never to do so again and he would behave like, and that then the children discovered their mamma's absence, and seeing their mamma's arms around papa's neck, each added two more little arms, and hugged and laughed and shouted, "Don't it jolly?" little dreaming of the sad scene they had intended upon, but papa and mamma said nothing to check their mirth, and John Stevens went out from that room feeling strong as a giant to withstand the temptation that surrounded him, and determining that by the help of God he would die, before he would again wound that heart that loved him so truly, or let those innocent children know that he could be guilty of a sin.

THE POOR SAVE.—Writing of Saxe and his bagpipe music, some one says: "The melancholy wail it made soon lost after the death of its designer, it was greatly enhanced when he attempted to do some literary work and found the inspiration fathered and lost the thoughts were wind." "Oh, you Gilbert!" That and the music. No music at his bidding came trooping these children of the brain which close the eyes of the sad author. Then he knew the sensations of death in life. One of the compensations for mental aberration is usually an utter ignorance of it in the sufferer. Kind Providence makes the hallucination total, and the victim of insanity is happy, even joyous, in a world created from the sick diseased brain that to know that one is dying at the top, that the work has already begun, and must go on relentlessly till every branch is bare and every leaf withered, that to see, feel, is the concentration of agonies hopeless. Then the mind only consolation of assuaging his grief by waking weird voices from his harp to sound the pain, for touching its strings, he feels them all broken and irreparable. Milton in his blindness, above his sorrows by the power of song, rising into the highest heaven of hope and joy. But Southey and Cowper and Moore and Scott crossed miserably through the last gloomy hall that leads to the grave. So Saxe endures a misery greater than that of total insanity, for he looks upon his decaying brain with a clear understanding of what is coming, what has come. Like the piper who himself detects the cast fatal spot indicating the hideous and incurable disease, which yet in apparent health, he knows he can never more be as other men, and sadly awaits the inevitable doom. And yet this is the once bright soul who carelessly sang at thirty-nine as follows:

"O, how that room this world of ours,
To feel its thorns and pluck its flowers!
Have not a brighter path than mine
From blithe infancy to thirty-nine,
Health, love and friends (life's end part)
A merry laugh, a fresh young heart,
Poetic dreams and love divine—
Have I not these at thirty-nine?
Oh, Time! forego thy wonted spite,
And lay thy future lashes light,
And treat me, I will not repine
After the manner of thirty-nine."

SHE WON'T NEED THEM ANY MORE.—Some days since a discriminator of chief noticed a ragged little boot black putting some bright blossoms from a trellised and I dled lamp post with a chambermaid had thrown from a chamber window into the alley.

"What are you doing with that nosegay, my lad?" asked the discriminator.

"Nothin'," was the lad's reply, as he kept on at his work.

"But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?"

"I suppose that's my business, an' none of yours."

"Oh! certainly, but you surely cannot expect to sell those faded flowers."

"Sell 'em who wants to sell 'em? I'm goin' to take 'em to Lill."

"Oh! Lill is one of your sweethearts, I see."

"No, Lill is all my sweetheart; she's my sick sister," said the boy, as his eyes flashed and his dirty chin quivered. "Lill's been sick a long time, an' lately she talked of nothin' but flowers an' birds, but mother told me this mornin' that Lill would die before the flowers an' birds came back."

The boy burst into tears.

"Come with me to the florist's, and your sister shall have a nice bouquet."

The little fellow was soon bounding home with his treasure. Next day he appeared, and said:

"I came to thank you, sir, for Lill. That bouquet done her much good, and she hugged it till she got a coughin' again. She says that she'll come an' work for you soon as she gets well."

An' order was sent to the florist to give the boy every other day a bouquet for Lill. It was only the day before yesterday that the boy with black again appeared. He stepped inside the office door, and said:

"Thank you, sir, but Lill—Lill—(tears were streaming from his eyes)—won't—need—the—the flowers any more."

He went quickly away, but his brief words had told the story. Lill won't need the flowers any more, but they will grow above her, and birds will sing around her just the same.—Detroit Chef.

NEWS ITEMS.

Williamson's tobacco warehouse in Petersburg was burned to the ground last week.

The Progress is a new paper published daily in Petersburg in the interests of the Readjuster party.

John A. Appleton, a member of the firm of D. Appleton & Co., died on the 11th at Staten Island in the sixty fifth year of his age.

The Post office statistics shows a very large increase in the revenues of the department for the year ending June 30th 1881 over last year.

Governor Foster, of Ohio, has suggested that in every State a day of thanksgiving and prayer be appointed for the recovery of the President. The Governors have nearly all responded favorably.

The Ohio Democrats met in convention on the 13th and nominated for Governor Gen. W. W. Rockwalter. It also passed a resolution sympathizing with the President and condemning the attempt upon his life.

The body of Pope Pius 9th has been removed from St. Peters Cathedral Rome to the church of San Lorenzo. There was, during the procession, some disturbance by young men who cried "Long live Italy," but were dispersed by the military.

The Chicago Socialists Sunday resolved that Guiteau was not a Socialist, but that his act grew out of the present wrong state of society, that the elevation of a criminal to be President is against the principle of equality, and that the Presidency and the Senate should both be abolished.

The large floods in Iowa have destroyed a great deal of property. Many families have been made homeless and thousands of acres of land are submerged. The crops are ruined. In Marengo the water is two feet deep on the public square. This is the largest flood since 1851.

Platt has an income of $50,000 a year, and does it all in addition to a Senatorial stipend. He gets $30,000 a year as president of the United States Express Company, and $10,000 as president of the Southern Central Railroad, and $10,000 more as president of several other corporations.

The opium trade in 1879 amounted to 278,-535 pounds, and in 1880 to 555,197 pounds. The use of this drug is largely increasing, but the large increase for 1880 is partly owing to the fact that a New York syndicate controls nearly the whole opium trade of the world and a great deal is stored in New York.

Gen. John C. Pemberton formerly an officer in the confederate service, died at Penn Lan Pa, last week. He graduated at West Point in 1837, and served in the Florida war against the Seminoles. He entered the confederate army as colonel and rose to the rank of Lieut. General. He was sixty seven years old.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has decided that a draft or bill of exchange demanding payment of a sum of money "with exchange," is not negotiable paper, because of the uncertainty of the amount for which it calls, the rate of exchange not being specified. To make it negotiable in that State such a bill must be drawn without exchange, or rate of exchange must be stated therein.

The leading British agricultural reformers propose to try the effect of joint stock farming upon that once depressed industry of England. It is proposed to lord Derby the Duke of Buckingham and others to secure capital to the amount of $5,000,000 and obtain farms in groups on long leases in different counties, each farm to be under a careful manager, capable of dealing with the land, so as to bring it to a high producing power.

The Washington correspondent of the Alexandria Gazette states that a proclamation has been already written and signed convening Congress in extraordinary session, so that should unfavorable symptoms present themselves in the patient's condition, and his physicians fear fatal results, it can be issued at once, and a President protem and a speaker of the House be elected and the country thereby be provided with a President.

In a recent conversation with Guiteau he expressed considerable admiration for ex-Senator Conkling personally, but recited to think his manners could be improved. Guiteau has a campaign speech on Garfield and Hancock which he has been in the habit of using as an introduction to prominent political personages. In New York while he was approached Mr. Conkling and tendered him a copy of the speech, but was cut dead rather decidedly.

Legislation is having a special meeting of its legislature, and the general expectation is that the building of a new capitol and a license system will be authorized. A prohibition law has been introduced forbidding the manufacture, importation, sale or tax-taking in the state after the first of May, 1882, of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical or sacramental purposes. The bill will lead to a prolonged struggle, but its passage is not considered impossible.

A Hebrew maiden at Rochester, New York, was to be married last week, and she wished to have a novelty at the wedding that would kill a bride and groom with envy, on the day before the ceremony she telegraphed to Mrs. Garfield in an excess of sympathy, and asked this request: "Would thank you to telegraph me to-morrow afternoon, on the occasion of my wedding, the condition of your dear husband." Mrs. Garfield complied with the request, and it was the most brilliant reception of the season.

Ireland is in a most unlovely predicament. In some sections the population is decreasing; in others the people are starving; in all excitement and exasperation prevail. Two hundred persons are imprisoned there under the coercion act, including one member of Parliament, one priest, one magistrate, several town commissioners and many poor law guardians. Indeed the easy-going disposition of that fractious people has been entirely changed, and they are sullen, discontented, unruly and unhappy.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Father Michael in his book on "The Sacrifice of the Mass" relates a touching incident that occurred on board a vessel which sailed from Ireland some years ago. The emigrant ship was full of passengers, and set sail with a favorable wind, the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly. But suddenly the heavens grew dark. A fierce storm arose, the winds howled around the vessel which was hurried on—on till it was dashed against the rocks. The wild surging waves rolled over and split it in twain; part remained suspended amid the rocks and the rest sank with those on board beneath the waves for down into the depths of the sea. The storm continued to rage for several days.

At last when the wind had subsided, some hardy fishermen who lived on the coast, rowed in a skiff to the wreck. They entered the remnant of the vessel still suspended between the rocks. They opened the cabin door. They heard distinctly the wailing of a child, and rushing they found a little babe lying upon the breast of its dead mother. The Child was sucking the blood which oozed from a large wound in the mother's breast. She had died of cold and hunger, but amidst her fearful sufferings, she did not forget her child. She took a sharp knife, and with the wonderful love of a mother's heart, made a deep gash in her breast, in order that her child's life's might be preserved by drinking her own heart's blood.

Patrick, said a priest, the widow Malony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so? Yes, yer honor. What have you done with it? Killed it and ate it, yer honor. Oh, Patrick, when you are brought to account for this with the widow and her pig at judgment, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft? Did you say the pig would be there, yer reverence? To be sure, I did. Well, then, yer reverence, I'll say, Mrs. Malony there's yer pig.

THE PRINTER.—B. F. Taylor, it was, who on one occasion paid the following tribute to the ladies at the case: "The printer is the adjutant of thought, and this explains the mystery of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can—that can warm a heart as no hope—that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the author and printer are engineers together, engineers indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that range to this, whereby they bombard ages yet to be? There at the "case" he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be nobler than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—S-ton with the ring of spears on shield thereon, and think ye musketry is what we are about, in mere gratuity on to be "dated suitable of a well I time?" This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it. The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs, toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime rite that he is performing, when he thus sights the engine that is to fling a wonted truth to grander curves than missile ever before described—fling into the bosom of an age not unborn. Hardly an off his coat in heat, we but wonder, the rather, that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground. A little song was uttered somewhere, long ago—it wandered thence, the twilight feeler than a star—fell upon the ear. But the printer caught it up where it was lying there in silence like a wounded bird, and he equips it anew with wings, and he sends it forth from the ark that preserved it, and it flies forth into the future with the olive branch of peace, around the world with melody, like the shadow of a spring morning. How the type have built up the broken arches of time. How they render the heaven's terrones beyond the pilgrims audible and eloquent—hardly fettering the free spirit but moving—and a word, not a syllable lost in what of the world—moving in connected paragraphs and page, down the length and line of years. Some men find poetry, but they do not look for it as men do for nuggets of gold; they see it in nature's own handwriting, that so few know how to read, and may render it into English. Such are the poems for a twilight hour and a book in the heart; we may lie under the trees when we read them, and watch the glooming, and see the faces in the clouds, in the poetry we may read them when the winter rain is falling and the volume may slip from the fingers of a hand, and still, like evening bells, the melodious thoughts will ring on.

WOMANLY MODESTY.—Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and a full blown rose leave him unmoved, but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bank, and the moon when emerging behind a cloud are to him sources of inspiration and of pleasure. Modesty is to merit, what shade is to a figure in painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Romance has given the rose and violet, lovers the cup of the white rose the name of "maiden's blush." The pure and delicate rose is the only point Christian virtue should use. It is the rose commanded. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, differing in no wise from other colors. Beauty goes with the flowers of the Alps, which bloom and die in a few hours, but modesty gives that permanence to the tints which supply the place of transitory charms of youth.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a disappointed spendthrift, for his conduct.

Lucy, said he, I am like the prodigal son, I shall return by and by.

I will be like the prodigal son, too, she replied, for I will arise and go to my father.

A correspondent asks: What is the best method of feeding cattle in Winter? We don't exactly know. One man might prefer to take the ox on his lap and feed him with a spoon. Others would bring him into the dining room and let him sit at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.

Honored and Blest.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that scarcely all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to day the discoverers of the great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—*Democrat.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of **50 Cents**, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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Groceries!

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Nice NORTH CAROLINA HAMS 12½ per pound.

Confectioneries of all Kinds Nice and Fresh.

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First Street, Weldon, N. C.
apr21tf

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So numerous are the developments of Malaria that people continually suffer from this noxious poison when they least imagine it is lurking in their system.

Chills and Fever, Headache,
Intermittent Fever General Debility
Bilious Fever, Lassitude,
Typhoid Fever, Nausea,

ARE THE

PAINFUL OFFSPRINGS OF MALARIA!

and have their origin in a discovered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue.

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REGULATOR,

(PURELY VEGETABLE,)

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It taken occasionally by persons exposed to Malaria

IT WILL EXPEL THE POISON AND PROTECT THEM FROM ATTACK!

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