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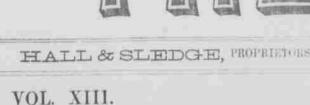
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loss is truly a triumph of elentific skill, and no nore inestimable benefit as ever bestowed on the activers of the world.

Reliant of the world.

better than all,

by diminishes the da blife of both moth child, and leaves 10

or in a conditi y favorable to spec-ory, and far loss 1 w floating, conve-and other alarmic one loss to

this respect cutilities to cuters' FRUND to teel as one of the In

while appliances of the first is world by the discover-and modern science. From the nature of this is it will of course 1 inderstood that we cannot

blish certificates co. ning this KENELY WHI

bitoly remarked to th

the "Mothers" Friend

wife

swered :

that.

Avi-

keep in her own chamber ?

The lady smiled.

wared.

NO TEARS.

No loars to weep " And wherefore not?

Say, is thy sorrow such ?

And has thy heart no tender spot.

And give thy tears their flow?

Can no kind word unlock the springs,

Are human woes such selfish things That none their depths may know?

When earthly sorrow, pain and care Our souls in sadness steep, We pray to Him who heareth prayer

Thy true the world is sometimes dark

And trembling Hope, with waning spark, Failes faintly out-and dies!

A YEAR AGO

And besides, is it really so incomprehen-

her great dark eyes were fixed with be-

A voice, tremulous yet stern, inter-

rapted her-a voice that made them

"She would say that you are right in

own family circle, and higher than to a

ingstone's mother looks farther than her gently :

fault of yours. I will speak to you fur-silver hair.

while so doing have stolen her heart and her.

your artist folly. You would paint my Mrs. Livingstone's arm. pretty companion's picture, forsooth, and "What is this pict

start and tara in some confusion.

What would she say"-----

Vith gloomy clouds that rise,

But when some heavenly vision fair

We wake with joy to feel that there-There are no tears to weep.

Steals o'er us in our sleep,

No tears to weep!" Nay, speak not thus,

That sympathy may touch !

For tears bring relief, And God has set them unto us

To wash nway our grief.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1884.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

In vain Boy sought for her, even with "how shall I thank you for your love and SAVING GRACE IN MONTANA-

the help of detectives; having left home care? Oh, bring her to me. Let me and come to the city for that purpose; clasp her once more in my arms. Why RAWSON'S GULCH DETERMINED TO DOWN while his mother, no less anxious for the do you hesitate? I am strong enough, and the lost girl, made what excuse joy does not kill. What is it?" she conshe could to her assembled guests for his absence. After a month of weary search-ing he returned, heartsick and discour-what is harm befallen my child?

Have I found her only to lose her? Avis, "No news," he said, in answer to his my daughter! Where is she? mother's anxious questions; "nor will there ever be. I have lost all hopes of

EROANOKENE

Rose Brandon rushed to her side. "Be calm," she cried. "Avis is safe and well. No harm has come to her. Listen to me, I can tell you where to find her.

cared for. I left her at home with Ida

his and pressed them to his lips. "God bless you, Rose!" he cried,

*

on the glowing coals.

and a future mistress for The Laurels. Leave us, Avis. I do not blame yon, child, forget this folly, it has been no friend, Mrs. Grey, a fair sad woman with the data sad woman with an integration of the second state of the meek and lowly warsyippers up that an integration of the glowing coals. A world of longing love and fond re-gret was in those great dark eyes, that such an an integration of the second state of the meek and lowly warsyippers up that an integration of the second state of the second

ther presently—wait in my room." "And so," sho went on, turning to her son, when Avis, silently weeping, had left them—"and so this is the result of Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-conquerable grief had preved upon her heart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She learned heavily on Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and un-theart for years and broken down her fragile body. She was a great invalid. Had he forgotten Avis on forget ! Hark ! what was fragile body. Mrs. Grey was a great invalid. Had he forgotten Avis on forget ! Hark ! what was fragile body. Had he forgotten Avis on forget ! Hark ! what was fragile body. Had he forgotten Avis on forget ! Hark ! what was fragile body. Had he forgotten Avis on forget ! Hark ! what was Had he forgotten Avis on forget ! Hark ! what was Had he forgotten Avis on forget ! Hark ! what was Had he forgo

The dusky gray of an autumn twilight filled the lonely school-room that after-noon, but occasionally flashes of light from a small but cheerful fire fell on the

She could close her eyes and hide her

face in her hands, as now-now, partly

look; recall the very words he spoke-his

What was that? That was not fancy,

surely? She sat quite still-her face

still covered by her hands-and listened;

breathed like the very echo of her dream;

erable; "Roy! my beloved !" sprang to the arms, sank on the breast of her true

"You have found me !" she cried.

"Never to love you again, Avis-never

Her great eyes searched his face tim-

idly, anxiousiy. "She will welcome you as I do. We

earnest tone- his sigh.

whispered her name :

You have found me !"

"And your mother?"

again

mother.

last.

iail life.

"Avis! Look at me, Avis !"

A year had passed since gentle Avis "You !" it was Roy who spoke. "You disappeared, and once more a gay party of merry guests made The Laurels bright and know Avis?" "I know her well, but I have never

cheerful, foremost among them Rose known, until this moment, of her connec- in the holy line in St. Paul, an' I thought Brandon, the beauty and heiress and

Brandon, the beauty and heiress and belle. A great favorite was she with stately Mrs. Livingstone, and there were not

your troubles, long ago." "It is nearly a year since she came to us, wanted those who named her as the future mistress of the splendid but gloomy

in-answer to an advertisement for a music house which her beauty and joyous laughgoverness for little Ida. Mother was sick er made so bright.

*Bot you have known me so short a time—only six weeks—how is it possible that you can love me?"

"Roy !" cried the clear merry voice of

painting? You used to be so ambitious,

"I painted the picture, but never put it

on exhibition. My mother has it in the

A kind of chill fell on the company; in

"May we see the picture, Roy ?"

"What is this picture?" she asked that?

library. I have never painted since,'

How is it possible to avoid loving you? prond loveliness, and as he listened to her the first. She told me the simple story of animated talk, the smile that had grown her adoption here and of Roy's love and

sible. Avis? You have known me just so rare stole to his lips and shone like a hers, but without mentioning a single the same length of time, and yet-yet-1 light in his eyes. His mother, seeing him, name, so that I never thought of you.

have ventured to hope that you—that you have me, dear. Oh, Avis, is the sweet hope false? Have I deceived my. She would make a fair and the might forget her. She gave me as a ref-erence her own former music teacher,

self? Or will you, indeed, confirm it by gracious queen for The Laurels, Roy."

as he answered sadly:

seeching earnestness upon his face, an- Rose Brandon-Roy, have you given up there now."

said Roy gravely.

He would have caught and clasped the

aged

finding her."

promising to be, some happy day, my

"It is not what I wish-or even what Only a year ago, I remember you were

you wish-that must be thought of, Mr. enthusiastic about some picture that was

Roy, but your mother, who has been like to bring you fame. What has become of

remembering her, Avis, and that she is stinctively they felt they were on dan-

glad of this proof of your gerous ground. Even the beauty's happy gratitude; for the rest, Roy Liv-voice took a softer tone as she questioned

poor dependent, however good or fair, He arose without a word and led the when she seeks a bride for her only son way to the library, the guests all follow-

and a future mistress for The Laurels, ing, led by Rose Brandon. Last, of all

Leave us, Avis. I do not blame you, came Mrs. Livingstone with her old

a mother to me also, so good, so generous. it? Are you an artist no longer?"

back by a gesture of her little hand, while | cannot transfer my allegiance."

who, while answering for Avis in every But the gloom came back to his face way, declined to tell anything that the

girl had left concealed. So she came to girl had left concealed. So she came to us and has dwelt with us ever since, quiet what, then, has caused this sudden awak-

"My queen went into exile, mother, fair girl in his arms, but she, keeping him a year ago. I have a constant heart, and and sad, poor child, but safe and kindly

lost her own. I might have looked for "The portrait of one whom I reared Nothing in that to make the eyes so this. I should have been more careful, and loved as my own child, and whom we bright and the pale check flush to vivid But do you hope that I shall tolerate such unaccountably lost, owing to an unhap- crimson ! Ah, but it had sounded like I overheard you ask the girl, just py misunderstanding. She was a lovely Roy's footstep. Roy's footsteps herecreature, and was to have been Roy's what idle dreaming! What scrange tow, to be your wife "You did." The young man answered wife. Sometimes I fear he will nover tricks fancy played her oftentimes. only, but with a resolution that was unmis- marry now.

But by this time they had reached the akable. "I love her and will marry library. Of the many paintings on the for shame at her own fond folly-and wall one only was concealed by a heavy fancy, oh, such things! Fancy the Lau-"without my consent? Without your "without my consent? Without your mother's blessing? Is this the affection— the duty of my own child?" He put his arms around her. Wall one only was concealed by a heavy curtain; Roy drew the crimson folds aside. An exclamation from Mrs. Grey and Fancy, on, such things? Fancy the Lau-rels her happy home once more; and Mrs. Livingstone her kind adopted mother !

He put his arms around her. "I shall never set you at defiance, Ros: Brandon and a murmur of admiration from all the rest bore witness to the mother, and least of all for Avis's sake. She is too good, too ardently attached to loveliness of the image that was disclosed. Mrs. Grey pressed forward eagerly, her you to do aught that could wound you. But will you not have compassion on us, weakness seemed for the time forgotalso, mother? We love. Avis has been ton.

to you as a daughter always; let it be mine The portrait of a graceful girl, fair as a to make her so, indeed. Where could lily flower; the lovely wistful eyes, with a and now a voice-oh, heaven, what votcel you ever find a child so truly yours- word of loving tenderness in their mid-whose heart and soul you know-whose night depths, looked out from a face of mind is of your own pure training? 1 love her with a love that will not change. Unless you give me Avis for a wife, 1 shall not marry." She turned, she rose, gazed for one scarlet lips, trailing spray of scarlet blos-soms in the blas-black hair, soft and

shall not marry." shall not marry." Mrs. Livingstone's eyes to the and "" Mrs. Livingstone's eyes glossy as the raven's wing-a simple robe flashed scorafully. "When our guests ar- of white, and on one lovely snowy arm a lover. curious golden bracelet. This was all, rive to-day you will find many far super-Mrs. Grey stood like one entranced, ior to Avis. A foundling! It is not her poverty-we are rich enough-but her her agitation visible to all. Her delicate hands were tightly locked together; her

breath came in quick gasps. "How like !" she murmured, "how "We know nothing of it, and I care nothing. It is herself I love."

"Listen, Roy." The lady's proud face strangely like! In heaven's name, who oftuned as she laid one white hand on her on - shoulder, while his arm stole around "My adopted daughter," Mrs. Living-

her foully. "You are my only child; all stone replied, for Roy had turned aside in my hopes are bound up in you. Let us not quarrel about this foolish girl. She silence, overcome by the sight of the beauty he had loved and lost. "Twelve dear to me, also. Let us take time to years ago I took her-then five years old hink. Compare the girl with others. -from a poor old fisherman down on the When our guests are gone, if you are in the same mind, we will see what is best beach, three or four miles away. He had rescued her from the sea on the night of for all. Will you promise?" a great storm, two years before, and had cherished and carried for her tenderly;

"To wait for your consent until our guests are gone? Yes, I can promise but finding sickness and old age fast rob bing him of health and strength, he "And, meantime, not to speak of this to sought to find a friend for his little girl.

in me. "That's harder, mother. But if you "Imagination cannot picture anything will tell her that you may cousent. I will lovelier than the child was then. I loved her at first sight, and have loved her al "I will tell her every word that has ways. I adopted, educated her, and assed between us," said Mrs. Living- brought her up as my own. I have the

clothes she wore when she was found, And she meant to keep her promise, but they furnish no clue to her paren-But Avis was not waiting for her, as she tage, but on her arm, clasped firmly above al expected. The girl had gone to her the elbow, was a bracelet; it fits her slenwn room, sending to Mrs. Livingstone a der wrist now; you see she wears it in the pitcous little message of excuse. Her portrait; upon it is a single word-the head ached. Might she be allowed to old fisherman took it to be her name, and

so called her; we never changed it. 'Avis was the word, and 'Avis' she is "I will set her heart at rest to-morrow." called -

she thought. "There is no time now." A cry from Mrs. Grey interrupted her; For her expected guests were arriving. she sank upon her knees before the pic-And when Roy looked at her inquirture with outstretched arms. "Avis !" she cried. "My child--it is ingly, as he missed the girl.

"She wished to keep her room to mychild! Fourteen years ago the crael night," she whispered. All will be well sta washed her and her father my arms. The waves restored him dead, but she to-morrow. was seen no more. Where is she But when to-morrow came a sad surprise came with it. Avis had disap- -oh, where is she? And the clothes

she wore ? "That I may not cause you grief or She sank back in Roy's supporting arms pain-you who have been to me a true speechless, almost insensible.

Mrs. Livingstone hastened from the mother-I fly from a tempation that mother-I fly from a tempation that Mrs. Livingstone hastened from the good education and has been a very would prove too strong if I remained. room, but returned immediately with the beautiful woman. She says she enjoys When I am gone your son will soon for- little garments.

cease to love you. Farewell, dearest "Blessed be the merciful Heaven that

has kept her safely, and restored her to ever looks lovely while in the act of flatfriends, Forvive your little Avis" This was all; end she had gone-leav-ine after all these years. And you, my tening her nose against the window in order to eatch a glance of a dog fight. we love, but it is a noble victory to over one self for the sake of our enemies. ing, no trace, making no further sign.

What denomination is in the majority out there?" "None at all. You kin play yer cards

ter suit yerself an' come at us jest us you think the hand orter be played. But say, pard, I reekan I wouldn't ever give the boys a Baptist lay out to play up This mod to.

Why not?" lonely road running out of New Drop, Staten Island, and it was addressed to a "Wal, yer see; we aint moch stuck on water out thar only from a business pint o' view, Water's all good enough mighty valuable fur washin' out dust, but aside from that 'taint much account, Still, if that's yet lay, pardner, come right along. We'll turns an' keep you bapti-zin' half the time, jest to down them Roestill in front of the gate.

a sigh had sounded close beside her, ky fellers. That's a gang o' twenty "Why, sartainly, shipmate," said the obliging tar, as he seized the big horns, Chinamen workin' a placer claim below and relieved the first holder. us, an' we kin run' them up an' let you The latter climbed quickly over the souse the hull mab two or three times a week, if it'll make the Rocky crowd think

"I thank you very much," he said the good work's a moxin right along." politely, when he got to the other side, The minister was forced to decline the You will be surprised to hear that I never call, and the old man said as rose to go: saw that ram before to-day. The brute "All right, pardner, no harm done. I'll attacked me about half an hour ago, and keep up the hunt till I tree my man, we have been tussling together ever since. We'll down Rocky Bar on salvation if it's As long as you stand before him holding in the pans. Good dey, sir, an' if you his horns firmly, he can't hurt you much ever come out our way stop off an' give Good by. 1 hope you will be as lucky in us a little wad o' off hand redeemin' grace getting away from him as I have been.

an' we'll treat you square." The New Drop man, when he told this story last night, neglected to repeat the sailor's reply. He did not know what became of him.-N. Y. Sun. Good bye. Good day.

"OUT OF THE CURRENT." shall part no more. You will learn, dear, that she never meant to part us. And "He fasts enough that has a bad meal, another waits for you. Oh, come, love, "Time marks his fines of travel come, to the heart that aches to welcome wrinkles. you-to the arms of your own true "Contempt should be the best conceal-

ed of our sentiments." What loneliness is more lonely than

Everybody drags its shadow, and every ind its doubt

Languages begin by being a music, and end by being an algebra. He who think himself good for every hing is often good for nothing.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. Doubt springs from the mind; faith he daughter of the soul. The gods have a curse for him

The world is a book, the language which is unintelligible to many people. "Travel improves superior wines and spoils the poor; it is the same with the [From the Paugheepsie Press.]

fon then there was the danger of surprise Men would not live long in society but when the soldier was relieved he rolled they were not the dupes of each other. "himself in his blanket and slept calmly Manners are the hypocrisies of nation knowing that his comrades were watching the hypocrisies are more or less perfectover him in their turn .- The Century for October.

It is with happiness as with watches-A man was tried in Dublin for poly the less complicated, the less easily de-

gamy. He was possessor of five wives. The verdict was "insane with regard to "Rivals who blow out each other's his matrimonial engagements," and he was brains for the eyes of a coquette, prove consigned to an asylum. that they have none."

In condemning the vanity of women. Ben Butler recently attended a picnic men complain of the fire they themselves in Pennsylvania and made himself sick cating pie. In spits of the talk Ben's demagogury, we do believe he is one of the people after all. have kindled. "The pious man and the atheist always talk of religion: the one of what he loves and the other of what he fears."

"Yes, I remember the first quarrel I had with my wife," said an old bald-head "The world is apt to coo in your It may be accepted as a maxim that, to like a dove when you are rich, but if you happen to be poor it kicks like a mule. It is easy to make sacrifices for those to one os his cronies. "It was twenty-five years ago. It war to decide who was to be the boss, and the question isn't settled yet."

"Will you be kind enough, sir to hold this ram for me while I open this gate? It is fastened on the inside, and I must I make a specialty o This modest request was made yesterday by a man was standing at a gate on a CONFECTIONERIES.

stalwart sailor who had just come up. The only other living object visible on the long, straight road was the large black ram, whose massive crooked horns were being held by the man as the two stood quite

TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

A GOLDON TREEPH.

The Boston Transcript, a dear old

quently comes out with some agricultur 1

information that fills us with joy, and

makes us wish to sell our brown-stone

fronts and missellian ous ten ment-houses.

and move right out in the conacry, for

the purpose of softling down and becomin-

natured male. The Torascipt, in a little

article entitled "Bass in Orchards," re-

"It is said a larger crop of apples is

raised when a hive of bass is stationed in

Correct, Benvolio, correct thou art, thou unseemly caitiff. And the crop of

ly long and sharp to sting the small boy

through the hat or boots. Bees are very

pendent of the Transcript reasons, which

include a lot of allusions to "pollen," "pis

tils," "hybrids" and other things used

around an orchard. But yellow-jackets

are better still, and a good Siberian blood-

hound beats even the yellow-jackets. Be-cause the bloodhound is everywhere at

once, and gets in his work without provo-

cation, and that makes the apple-crop

The same paper gives a long-winded account of a French method of preserving

grapes. We can give a better method in

a few words: Hang plenty of fish-hooks

ELECTIONEERING.

"Madam, may I kiss these beautiful children?" in quired Uncle Dick Oglesby,

"Certainly, sir, there is no possible ob-

"They are lovely darlings," said Unele

Dick, after he had finished the eleventh.

"I have seldom seen more beautiful babies.

"Of course they are-the sweet little

treasures. From whom else, marm could

they have inherited these limpid eyes,

these rosy cheeks, these profuse curls, these councly figures, and these musical

"By the way, marm," said Uncle Dick, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband, that Richarn J. Oglesby, Repub-

lican candidate for Governor, called upon

"Alas, good sir," quoth the lady, "I

"But these children, madam-you sure

"I feared you were mistaken, sir, when

you first came up. These are not my

children. This is an orphan asylum .--

THE REWARD OF POLITE-

NESS

ON PICKET.

all were noticed in silence; but let a move

ment occur in the opposing line, and every

musket was instantly cocked, while warning

The lady continued blushing.

as h - leaned over the front gate.

Are they all yours, marm?" The lady blushed deeply.

large and the small boy crop small.

on the arbor.

iection

voices!

him this evening?"

have no husband."

ly are not a widow?"

Chicago News.

good to make the apple-crop large, inde

was invited into the study and after seat- the brather of the gold world and the good

"If I understand you, sir, you desire to secure a pastor for your church out were yellow-jackets, with sabres sufficient-

marks:

[From the St. Paul Herald]

The other day'n St. Paul minister an

swered a ring at his door-bell and found

there a brawny frontiersman, a buckskin

suit and a white Mexiaan wombrero. 11.

Pardner, I'm tryin' to case up a sky

pilot to ladle out the savia' grace to the

boys in Rawson' Gulch, Montanny. The

barkeeper down to the Merchants' Hotel

"That's our little game exactly, pard,

and the boys constituoted me an executive

committee to come in 'yaran' run down one. We want the best heavenly mouth-

piece in the country, an' we've got the

"Who was your last pastor?" asked the

"Never had one. You see, the boys

out thar never stood in much on the

religious racket, but we're agoin' to bank

big on savin' grace in the future an' play

great joy's the winuin' card at Rawson's

from now henceforth an' forevermore.

"I'll tell you, pard; it's just like this,

au' Rocky bar, about five miles furder up

in' fur the lead fur a year, an' we've al-

lers downed 'em on every p'int. Las

fy 'imself an' that he dished up the livin' word like a ten times winner. Wal, that

sort o' paralyzed us, so ta speak, an' we

called a meetin' to see what war' to be

done. At fust it war' perposed tu go up

shout salvation at us in a way that'd make

pardner, an' don't you forgit it !"

ening-this new desire for light?"

er clear up to the limit. Glad tidin's o'

dust to put up fur 'im."

to me you slung about the heftiest jaw the orchard.

ing himself said:

there:

minister.

and mother when I came away. She is Thar's a big rivalry at ween Rawson' Gulch

Roy Livingstone caught her hands in the creek. The two camps hev bin fight

hoarse with emotion. "You have given me back happiness and love. Mrs. Grey, eum back an reporsed that the Rocky

I will bring your daughter to you. I go fellers had a preacher an that salvation by the train that leaves in half an hour; were a rannin' loose in the camp an

before nightfall you shall fold her in your arms. Adieu, all!" and he was gone. He said he heard the holy bloke preachi-

slender girlish figure that sat before it in a low arm-chair, her soft pale cheeks sup-ported by one little hand, her eyes fixed

not what they gazed upon, but were look- I'm yar fur now. The boys'll treat you

Avis could not forget ! Hark ! what was cut o' yer jib, pard, an' I b'lieve you'd

A footstep in the hall outside the door. should salvation at us to a have been salvation at us to a have been salvation at us to a have been salvation at the Boeky Bar galoots powful wea-

ту.

NO. 36:

ADVERTISEMENTS

MARVELP'S Groat

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS,

ROM THE SON : "Serie, then Men

" Gentlement: My failest resides at Giver, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from out-of-uls, and the inclosed lotter will tell you what a marvelous offset

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his ease. I think his blood must invo contained the humor for at least tra' yours; but it did not show, steepin in the form of a serofalous sore on the wrist, until about for system ago. From a few spots which ap-peared at that time, it gradually spread as as to cover his antirs body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his ago who oujoy ne good health as he has. I could eastly mame affly persons who would testify to the fasts in his case. Yourstruly, W.M. PHILEDPR."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months age I was completely covered with a terrible humor and secolulous cover. The humor caused an incosenship itching, and the skin creaked as as to come the blood to flow in many places whenever it mored. My suffictings were great, and my iffs a burden. I commenced the use of the Sanaramitta is April last, and have used is regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The acres have all healed, and I feel perfectly will in avery vork, although 13 years of age. Many inquiry what has wroughts such a cura in my case, and it tell them, as I have here strict to tell you, Aven's Sanaramitta. Glover, Yh, Oste 21, 182. Yours gratefully. Hinax PattLeps."

AYER'S BARSAFARILLA enres Scrofula

and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysip-elas, Eczema, Eingworm, Blotchen, Sores, Bolls, Tumors, and Ecuptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impa-

ritios, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and

PREPARED BY

Dr. J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mees.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

BRICK STORE

IN THE BOTTOM.

I have now in store and am receiving almost daily the following goods:

Hardware, Tinware, Crockery ware, Stove pane Wooden ware, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Mod.

Tolacco, Cigars, Assorted Sur Coffee, Fish, Pure apple Kerosene, Hominy, Rice

strongthens the whole system.

H. C. SPIERS,

oct 18 Jy REAL ESTATE ABERET.

I have established a REAL ESTATE AGENCY IN

WELDON, N. C.

I have TEN houses in Weldon

To the trve soldier picket duty was a positive pleasure. The knowledge that in his hands rested the safety of the army FOR SALE OR RENT. made the most thoughtless grave. Slowly oacing his beat the sentry listened to every sound, watched every movement. As scamperin squirrel among the dead leaves, a twittering bird in the branches over his head, the robin hopping over the grass About half of them stores, others dwe

6.000 ACRES OF LANS

words ran rapidly along the chain of posts. IN HALIFAX COUNTY FOR FAME A chance shot by some excited sentine

gaining an angry response, thr whole line would soon be ablaze. Bullets whistled For further perticulars, garties wishing to bur d rent can apply to me in person or by latter. I am now taking up all lands portion with to odd and advertising the same at my own expanse, methrough the trees as thh musketry grow in strength, and considerable ammunitio would be wasted before orders came to stop less a sale is made and then I charge firing. When the advance beg an, and the

pickets received instructions to move for-For my stancing as a gentlemen and a man worthy to be brusted, I refer by permission to E. T Smith, Scotland Neck : Dr. J. A. Collins, Emfort ward and engage the enemy, every man ran to the line and work opened merrily. Night duly was naturally the most trying, W. A. Daniel, Weldon, T. W. Harris, Ling R. P. SPINES ort 1 tf

W. W. HALL. FIRE INSURANCE AGENT

Can be found in the Roanoke News office

WELDON. N. C.

REPRESENTS.

New York Underwriteen, of New York

Katie Craft, thirty-five years of age, a resident of Peekskill, has spent twenty years of her life in jail. She is shapely dark-eyed and would be exceedingly comely were it not for a bloat of rum on her face. She has been sent to the county jail or the Albany penitentiary from each of the twenty-two towns in

Westchester County. While in jail she begs money from the visitors, 10 cents at a time, "to get tea with." When her sentence expires she goes on a spree with her earnings and is again arrested. She

is the daughter of wealthy parents, has a

a man of an aesthetic nature no woman

Only one month later a brilliant bridal party aroused to joy and mirth the slumdistrust? bering echoes of The Laurels. And who so fair as Avis, the sweet bride, with her troop of lovely bridesmaids,

of whom Rose Brandon laughed and blushed, the merry chief? Who so rich, so proud, so happy as Avis now ? Avis, the foundling, found, indeed, at last, and by her own true mother ; Avis, the lost

villingly tells another the wrong.

loved her faithfully and truly to the

ous noble lover who, in the days of her poverty and nameless-in spite of time, and absence, and silence, and desertion-

restored to all who loved and mourned her; Avis, the joyful bride of the gener-

SHE ENJOYS LIFE IN JAIL.