THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1884. NO. 38.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. KITCHIN, W. A. DUNN.
COUNTY ATTORNEY.

KITCHIN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

mar 13tf

F. H. BUSBEE, R. H. SMITH jr.
RALEIGH, N. C. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

BUSBEE & SMITH.

Mr. F. H. Busbee and Mr. R. H. Smith, Jr., Counselors at Law, have formed a limited partnership for the practice of law in Halifax county. Mr. Busbee will attend the courts of Halifax, regularly, and will also visit the county whenever his services are required. oct 16 1y

GRIZZARD & HYMAN,

Attorneys at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

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

THOMAS N. HILL,

Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. aug. 28 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 5 tf.

WALTER E. DANIEL,

Attorney 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 1y.

W. W. HALL,

Attorney at Law,

WELDON, N. C.

Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1 tf.

MULLEN & MOORE,

Attorneys at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—In the Supreme court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. jan 1 1y

DR. J. E. SHIELDS,

Surgeon Dentist.

Having permanently located in Weldon, can be found at his office in Smith's Brick Building at all times except when absent on professional business. Careful attention given to all branches of the profession. Parties visited at their homes when desired. july 12 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. june 22 tf

W. H. BROWN

SPRING TRADE-1884.

I am receiving and placing on sale at popular prices full lines of

Fine White Goods, India Linens, Linen Lawns, Standard Prints at 6¼ to 8cts., Worsted, Poplin, Lustre, Cashmeres, Bunting, Scotch Ginghams, Check Nansooks, Printed Cambrics, Embroideries, Laces, and Edgings.

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HEAVY PLATED EAR-DROPS,
BEST ENGLISH GARNET EAR-DROPS,
BEAUTIFUL SCARF PINS.

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HARDWARE,

—SUCH AS—

Carpenters Tools, Pocket Cuttlery and Razors.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

My Grocery Department is also furnished with Fish, Meat, Lard, Molasses, Syrup, Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Rice, Butter, Pepper, Spice, Starch, Soap and Corn meal.

☞I also keep the very best Tobacco and Cigars. oct 18tf

S. A. CLARK,

WELDON N. C.

CHOICE

LIQUORS AND GROCERIES.

My Bar contains all the choice Brands of Wines, Brandies, Whiskeys, Beer and mixed Drinks are made in the Best manner. Cigars, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco. Call and examine them.

FAMILY GROCERIES

are cheap and all the best kinds constantly on hand and stock continually replenished. apr 17 3m

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

Who will tell him? Who will teach him?
Have you voices, merry birds?
Then be voice for me, and reach him
With a thousand pleasing words,
Sing my secret east and west,
Till his answer be confessed!

Roses, when you see him coming,
Light of heart and strong of limb,
Make your lover bees stop humming;
Turn your blushes round to him—
Blush, dear flowers, that he may learn
How a woman's heart can burn!

Wind, O, wind, you happy rover!
Oh, that I were half as free!
Leave your honey bells and clover,
Go and seek my love for me,
Find, kiss and clasp him, make him know
It is I who love him so!

CONDUCTING HIS OWN CASE

"Let the fortune go. I will not agree to marry a man whom I have never seen, and one whom I know I shall detest."

A small, restless foot beat a tattoo on the carpet, a delicate flush suffused the pretty cheek, there wae a flash in the spirited, blue eyes, as Cora Winchester sprung from the sofa, and tossed the letter she had been reading upon the table; a letter from her uncle's attorney, which had just reached her.

Her uncle had recently died; he was rich, and he had left a fortune to Cora Winchester, the daughter of his only brother who was dead, if she would comply with certain requirements which were set forth in his will; the requirements being, that she should marry the son of his dearest friend.

The friend, when dying, had left as a trust to Hugh Winchester his only son. In managing the fortune left for him by his father, in counseling and over-seeing his education, that trust had been sacredly fulfilled; and Harold Travers, having finished an education which fitted him for the legal profession, had been admitted to the bar, and had also opened an office in an Eastern city; while the handsomely-lettered sign of "Harold Travers, Counselor-at-Law," presented an extremely attractive appearance.

The fortune left by his father, was sufficient to warrant him a life of luxurious ease; but idleness was not an element of his nature.

Six months had passed since he had been domiciled in his cozy office, and he had not yet done business enough to pay his expenses.

His office was unlike most places of the kind, which oftener than otherwise have an uninviting aspect; a gloominess pervading the atmosphere, shadowing the dingy walls, and clinging to the musty old law-books.

Everything in Harole Travers' office was fresh and new. The rich, cheerful paper on the walls, the soft, velvety carpet on the floor, with its pattern of delicate fern leaves, interspersed with bright berries and vines, gave a tasteful cheeriness to the apartment; supplemented as they were by comfortable office chairs, several of which were so luxurious and graceful in proportions and upholstering that they might have adorned a lady's parlor.

There were fine pictures on the walls, and as much out of place as possible, in a lawyer's office, seemed to a tiny linnet, that swung in a gilded cage by the window the live-long day.

Eminently homelike and refined in his tastes, Harold Travers had made of his little office a very attractive place; almost like a parlor, it seemed, and the large carved bookcase, filled with volumes of legal lore, looked fresh and tempting, not having borne the brunt of hard usage; that was to come, the young lawyer would laughingly remark when his friends commented upon the unlegal appearance of the place, and patiently he waited, day after day, for the coming client.

* * * *

A summer morning, with sunshine and healthful breezes stealing through the open casement, and making Dick fairly jubilant, as he swung in his cage, jubilant with the ecstasy of living.

Harold Travers could not read law continually, and leaning back in an easy-chair, he was buried, figuratively speaking, in a scientific article in the *Century*, when the door swung slowly open and a lady entered—a lady, young and fair, and shy, and modest as a violet.

Rich, brown hair rippled about her broad, low, brow, earnest blue eyes, and lips that were suggestive of untasted sweetness, helped to make a singularly attractive face.

She wore a suit of gray that fitted admirably her slender form, and a white hat, encircled with a long, graceful ostrich plume and a cluster of mossrose buds, rested lightly upon her lustrous brown braids.

"Lawyer Travers?" she questioned, as the expressive, blue eyes seemed to take in the details of the cozy room, and left her slightly in doubt regarding her quest.

"At your service;" and with a courteous bow, the young lawyer sprung to his feet, and drew up his easiest chair for his fair visitor.

She sank in the depths of the proffered chair and glanced nervously about the room, but finally explained that she came on business; while Harold Travers mentally hoped that his clients might always prove as attractive.

But the lady seemed quite unable to explain her business, for she had, somehow, expected to meet a grave, dignified, elderly man, who would counsel and advise in a fatherly fashion; and Harold Travers was not yet twenty-five, and, too, he was handsome and courteous, with eyes that looked as though they might read the thoughts she could not express.

At last, she managed to broach the subject, which regarded her uncle's will, and its very eccentric provision; and when she mentioned the name of Hugh Winchester, a look of surprise, which was unnoticed by the fair client, flitted across the handsome face of the young lawyer.

"To think that I should be required to marry some one whom I have never seen!" she exclaimed, after an ingenuous account of her grievances. "Mr. Netherton did not even mention his name. I will give up the money: and I'll write the lawyer at once. Don't you think I had *better* do so, Mr. Travers?" as, after declaring her intention, she asked his opinion; and the blue eyes flashed the indignation she felt, at being disposed of in such a summary manner.

"Perhaps," and Harold Travers hesitated, for it was a delicate subject—"perhaps if you should see the gentleman in question, you might feel differently."

"No, I am sure *nothing* could induce me to marry him;" and the young lady began to pace the floor excitedly.

"Will you allow me, as your lawyer, to write for you? I will endeavor to have the matter arranged satisfactorily, if possible," Harold Travers said, thinking, at the same time, what a predicament he was in; for while his pretty client was ignorant of the fact, he well knew that he was the very man Hugh Winchester had in mind when he made his will: for there was nothing the old gentleman had so much desired as the union of the two who were nearer and dearer to him than all others.

At last, the young lady decided to wait a little time before making a final decision, and after the lawyer had promised to give close attention to the affair, she went away, while he threw himself back in his chair, and fell to thinking.

Pretty, accomplished, poor, but spirited. She was a lovely girl, and worth the winning, but could *he* do it? She was already prejudiced against the man she was desired to marry; how should he combat those prejudices?

She might think that he was taking unfair advantage, and that the fortune was the chief inducement. It was a strange coincidence that had sent her for counsel to his office, of all others.

Then he sat down and wrote to the attorney of the late Hugh Winchester, without mentioning his own impressions of the possible heiress, and awaited an answer and a call from his fair client.

She came with a pensive look in her deep, blue eyes that appealed powerfully to the sympathetic nature of Harold Travers, who longed to convince her that the man of her uncle's choice was less repulsive than she had pictured him: nor was he much averse to having the particular clause of Hugh Winchester's eccentric will regarding himself fulfilled to the letter.

After a time came a letter from Netherton, the attorney, congratulating Harold Travers upon having so fair a client, and, shrewd lawyer that he was, advising a little diplomacy.

He would explain to Miss Winchester that the case would take time; and in the *interim*, if he were a young man, and single, like Harold Travers, and fancied the young lady, he would just make love to her himself; and should he be fortunate enough to secure her affections, he might venture, finally, to show her the picture of the man who had been selected for her hand by her uncle; and, having got the case so far, he thought that afterward Harold might adjust matters amicably without further legal advice.

That was the substance of his suggestions, and the young lawyer thought it excellent counsel; while Cora Winchester, with unaffected ignorance of the technicalities of law, and with implicit confidence in her handsome counselor, waited for the time to pass, which he told her would be necessary for a successful adjustment of her case.

"In the meantime, Harold Travers got in the way of dropping into Mrs. Lee's little parlor, where Cora Winchester boarded, for a social hour; and, as they became better acquainted, their conversation drifted to topics quite foreign to law and Hugh Winchester's will.

In fact, before the business was settled, Harold Travers had fallen so deeply in love with his young client, that one night, as he was sitting beside her in Mrs. Lee's parlor, he told her of his affection, and asked her to be his wife. But Cora, with downcast eyes, and rosa cheeks, spoke of the dreadful will that shadowed her life and happiness, for a regard for old uncle's wishes exerted an influence over her, notwithstanding her repeated declaration that she would not submit to them; and while she shyly acknowledged to Harold that his love was returned, she told him that, out of respect to her uncle's memory, as she could not marry the man of his choice, she should remain single; and to all his eloquent pleading, her resolution was firm.

Then, he went away, after telling her that he had succeeded in obtaining a picture of the man who was chosen by her uncle, and that he would bring it to her the following evening; and Cora's dreams that night were of a suitor, old and wrinkled, and repulsive; and she awoke with a sigh of relief, to know that it was but a dream.

But when the long day was over, and, just in the twilight gloaming, Harold Travers called, she thought of the promised picture; and when he put in her hand an elegantly chased gold locket, she toyed with it long and nervously before she opened it; but when at last she touched the spring, it flew open, revealing the handsome pictured face of Harold Travers, and she looked up inquiringly, as she said, "*this* is *yours*, but where is *his*?" and for an answer, Harold clasped her to his breast, as he told her how he had been conducting his own case, and he pleaded so eloquently for forgiveness for the harmless little artifice that had enabled him to woo the woman of his choice, that then and there he received a full and free pardon, that in the deepening twilight was sealed with a betrothal kiss.

HUMMING-BIRD'S UMBRELLA.

In front of a window where I worked last Summer was a butternut tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window. One day there was a very heavy shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one or two or three large leaves growing close to the nest, and laid this leaf over so it completely covered the nest; then she flew away. On looking at the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked on. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.

LAUGHLETS.

Patient waiters—young doctors.

The issues of the day—the daily papers.

The man who "keeps" his word never speaks.

In what suit does a man never feel comfortable? In a law-suit.

A Boston firm advertises "shoes for elope-mens." They don't squeak.

The man who has the floor is the man who is learning to ride a bicycle.

When men are seen in knots, it doesn't always follow that they have been eating green apples.

They have got a Newark in New Jersey, and are waiting for the coming of a second-hand Noah.

A subscriber advertises for "A plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hanged if he cooked a pretty girl.

An old bachelor wants to know if you ever sat down to tea, when skimmed milk was on the table, without being asked, "Do you take cream."

"You are a nuisance. I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

A school-boy, who stood at the head of his class for dullness, said one day in his recitation in geography, "The crocodile is the largest insect in America.

Two bearers were walking away from the grave in which they had deposited a neighbor, when one said to the other, "Well, Mr. Morse, here's where we've all got to come, "if we live.""

"Why did you put that nickel with a hole in it in the contribution box?" asked one man of another. "Because I could not put the hole in it without the nickel, and I had to put in something."

A NICE PLACE FOR BATCHELORS.

[*Asuncion Letter to Springfield Republican.*]

On Friday morning I looked out of my cabin window to find that we were tied up at the most yellow wharf that I ever saw, and in front of a large, barn-like building. I did not dream that we were at Asuncion but going on deck found that the barn was the Custom-House for Paraguay, and that when we went ashore we were in the city of the republica incognita. A very nice little city we found it to be. Not that it is pretty or pretentious, or worth visiting—but it is an enterprising, republican, go-ahead place. Most of the houses are small and old, and are built without any regard to being on the streets. You cannot imagine a more irregular assemblage of houses, but the symmetry with which the public buildings are built offsets this. The President's house, Government house, arsenal, barracks, and Custom-House stand on wide boulevards and, with the exception of the latter, are as well built as the similar buildings in any American city of the same rank. The word "asuncion," you know, is not Spanish for "ascension," as we used to believe when school boys, but for assumption, and in the case of the Paraguayan city is well bestowed, for it is not often in South America that there can be found a city that is more assuming politically, socially and generally. Appropriations are voted by Congress and that body also fixes the salaries of the officials. The President receives $6,000, the Vice-President, $3,000; the Ministry, $1,500; Congressmen, $500, and the Judges of the Supreme Court, $150. The population is about 300,000; and what is strange about it is that there are only about 30,000 men and 270,000 women. Of course the females are the farmers, producers and laborers. They work slavishly and are very poor. While the men sit at home and drink and smoke, they indefatigably toil and support the families.

AS WE VIEW IT.

THE HABIT OF SHAPING OUR WORLD INTO OUR OWN IMAGE.

A man's world is pretty much what the man himself makes it. It is true in psychology that what the mind itself contributes to the making of a conception is at least as important as what the outer world supplies for that conception. And it is no less true that the things which constitute our social or moral or religious world are affected as much by our own shaping of them within ourselves as by the bare materials of them which exist outside of ourselves. Shakespeare is not the same to any two readers; each reader has his own Shakespeare—a Shakespeare formed by the growth into reader's mind of those elements in Shakespeare which are akin to the mind of the reader. And so it is with every single object which is presented to human thought. Each sees the object; but each puts something of himself into his seeing. The same blue sky is shining with joy for one, and is calmly pitiless for another. The world of nature takes on the aspect of our moods, and what we think of the world of men is but the reflection of what we know of ourselves. If we are convinced that truth and faith and purity have died out of the world, it is a sure sign that we are sadly in need of reformation ourselves. If we recognize nobility in another, it is an evidence that the best within ourselves is not yet dead. This power, this habit, of shaping our world into our own image carries with it a certain responsibility. When we are most firmly convinced that what the world needs in some sharp reformation, we ought first to question ourselves how much of the wickedness we see is really the world's and how much of it is only the shadow of ourselves. Before our world can grow better, we must grow better ourselves; and we never have a right to insist that the world shall purify itself until we first have done what we could do toward its purification, by taking heed to the correction of our own ways.—*S. S. Times.*

A WICKED GHOST.

PROFANE IN ITS LANGUAGE AND PERSISTENT IN ITS VISITS.

Cincinnatti Enquirer.

For several days past this city has been considerably worked up over a so-called epiritual manifestation which has been presenting itself at the residence of some of our best citizens. The house where the spirit presented itself is a two-story frame house on Spring street, and is occupied by the families of Dr. Main and Mr. Tom Criokard. The neighborhood is one of the best in our city. The families who occupy the house are among the best in this place and up to the time of this demonstration had been most decidedly sceptical on the question of spiritualism.

The so-called ghost has been troubling them for several weeks, but they have kept quiet on the subject, fearing that the public would scoffnt them and set them down for cranks. Several friends however having called, and the voice having talked to them from the walls, and having excited their curiosity the matter has finally leaked out, and the neighborhood has become greatly worked up over the matter.

An *Enquiser* representative visited the house for the purpose of investigating the affair, and during a stay of half an hour despite repeated solicitations, was unable to get but one reply from the spirits. After several solicitations the spirit finally reelied, "I am here," in a coarse, masculine voice. At the time there were only ladies present, and as there was no cellar in the house no one could have been concealed. A thorough search failed to reveal the source from which it came. The reporters were unable to get further information from the spirit, but reliable parties state the voice has said that it died fifty-eight years ago, and is now in hell. The voice is very profane, and says that although he is an imp of the devil his parents were good people and are now in heaven. He claims that some $20,000 are buried under the house which is now on the site, although he says when he died it was occupied by a log-cabin.

The parties who occupy the house are greatly excited over the affair, and say they are unable to rest any time at all or to do any of their work, for as soon as they do so the spirits set up a rapping and use the most profane language ever heard. An investigation will be immediately set on foot to ascertain whether the causes are supernatural or whether otherwise.

THOUGHTFUL THOUGHTS.

Do not betray the confidence of any one.

One vice is more expensive than many virtues.

A good word for another is easily said, and costs us nothing.

Failures are with heroic minds the stepping stones to success.

Half the ills we hoard in our heart are ills because we hoard them.

A great soul only finds its true existence in making others great.

When the State is most corrupt, then the laws are most multipled.

Kindness to children is one of the tests by which true worth may be estimated.

Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable and gratitude a thread.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.

You cannot jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.

I know of but two beautiful things—the starry heavens above my head and the sense of duty within my heart.

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there and will reappear.

The administration of government, like a guardianship, ought to be directed to the good of those who confer and not of those who receive the trust.

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.

Everything around us teaches us not to despise small beginnings, for they are the lower rounds of a ladder that reach to greater results, and we must step upon these before we can ascend higher.

NOT REMARKABLE.

"There are two occasions when a man should not speak," said old Sam Johnson turning to Boswell.

"What are those occasions, Colonel—excuse me, I mean Doctor? Thought we lived in Arkansaw. I ask what are those occasions?" taking out his note-book.

"One is when he has nothing to say."

"Yes," said Boswell, taking down the remark.

"And the other is when he has just said what he has had to say."

"Wisdom," muttered Boswell, reaching for his pencil, which had fallen on the floor. "May I ask, Doctor, who was the most discreet man of speech you ever knew?"

"Yes. His name was Anderson Hayley. Used to haul cross-ties out in Saline County.

"In what way was he so discreet of speech, Doctor?"

"In never saying anything that should not be said."

"Did he never, in a moment of forgetfulness, speak without mature deliberation?"

"Sir, he never did."

"A most remarkable man."

"Sir, not necessarily; he was dumb."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A great name is like an eternal epitaph engraved by the admiration of men on the road of time.

GIANTS THIRTY FEET HIGH.

We at the present day are mere Tom Thumbs when compared with the huge individuality of antiquity.

The giant Galbra, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Cæzar, was nearly ten feet high.

Funamen, who lived in the time of Eugene II., measured eleven feet and a half.

The Chevalier Sporg, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain the skull of a giant which had eighty teeth, and it was supposed that his body was not less than fifteen feet long.

The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew to Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high.

In 1714, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isopet, who was twenty feet high.

In 1590, near Rouen, they found a skeleton whose skull held bushel of corn; and whose body must have been eighteen feet long.

Platerus saw at Lucerne the human bones of a subject nineteen feet long.

The giani Buart was twenty-two and a half feet high; his bones were found in 1798, near the banks of the river Mederi.

In 1613, near a castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and eight feet high, on which were cut the words, "Keutolochus Rex." The skeleton was found entire, twenty-five feet and r half long, ten feet across the shoulders and five feet deep from the breast bone to the back.

Near Mazarine, Sicily, in 1517, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high. His head was the size of a hogshead and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

AFTER ELECTION, WISDOM.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The man who didn't bet on the election is the most sorrowful chap in the country. He firmly realized three months ago just how it would turn out, and he meant to put up at least a hundred dollars in money, six hats, four canes, five boxes of cigars and gloves enough to last him ten years. For some reason he didn't do it. He knew that delays were dangerous, but he kept letting go to get a better hold, and the ballot-boxes closed without his having made a wager. There was still time Tuesday evening before the returns began to show up. He knew exactly how every State had gone and he could figure the general result to a dot, when men shook greenbacks under his nose and tenderly advised him to put up or shut up he didn't go down into his pocket. He felt sorry for 'em. All the weather prophets predict a hard winter, and he didn't want to feel that his winning a wager would take the shoes off of his children's feet and bread out of their mouths.

And thus it came about that the farseeing, sons-of-seventh-sons chaps, who could have told any of us four weeks ago how to win a Jersey cow or a trotting horse are about the only men in this country who won't win or lose a cent's worth. They might as well have made a cool hundred thousand apiece, but they couldn't bring themselves to do it.

A METHUSELAH.

[St. Louis Republican.]

Macon County, Missouri, can boast a man who was eighteen years old when Sir Moses Monteflore was born—and has not been given a celebration either. His name is Robert Gibson. He lives with his son, two miles southest of College Mound, and is described as "rather small of size, can get about the house and go out in the yard, sit at the table and eat without help." He was not a soldier in the war of 1812—being too old to perform military duty at the time. He drank a good deal of whiskey in his early days, but finding that the habit was growing on him, abandoned it, and has been a teetotaler ever since. He has chewed tobacco for sixty years, and "does not think it hurts him." He does not know when he was born, as the family record was lost long ago; but putting this and that together, it is made out that he first saw the light in the year 1766 in Randolph County, North Carolina, moved with his father to Kentucky at an early day, and came from that State to Missouri in 1830. He has been married twice, and had sixteen children, twelve of whom are living. He has 150 direct descendants, children, grandchildren and great-grand children.

NOT A VAIN FAITH.

What consolation or what courage through plague, danger or darkness you can find in the convention that you are nothing more than brute beasts, driven by brute forces, your other tutors can tell you—not I, but this I can tell you, and with the authority of all the masters of thought since time was time, that, while by no manner of vivisection you can learn what a beast is, by only looking into your own hearts you may know what a man is and know that his only true happiness is to live in hope of something to be won by him, in reverence of something to be worshipped by him, and in love of something to be cherished by him, and cherished forever. Having these instincts his only rational conclusion is that the object which can fulfil them may be by his effort gained and by his faith discerned; and his only earthly wisdom is to accept the united testimony of the men who have sought these things in the way they were commanded, of whom no single one has ever said that his obedience or his faith had been vain, or found himself cast out from the choir of the living souls, whether here or departed, for whom the song was written: "God be merciful unto us and bless us and cause His face to shine upon us."—*Ruskin.*

All changes, to be permanent and improving must be gradual. Leaps and jumps are not successfully taken either in mental advancement or in moral character.

The cup of pleasure sometimes has dregs that one must drink long afterwards.

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company.

RAPIDITY OF THE BLOOD CURRENTS.

The rate of the blood current generally increases with the activity of the animal being most rapid in birds. In insects, however, it is comparatively slow, but this is because the air is taken to the blood—the whole body being bathed in air, so that the blood has no need to hasten to a special organ. However, activity nearly doubles the rate of pulsation in a bee. The motion in the arteries in several times faster than in the veins, but diminishes as the distance from the heart increases. In the carotid of the horse, the blood moves twelve and one-half inches per second, in that of man sixteen; in the cadillaries of man one to two inches per minute; in those of a frog one inch.

METALLIC CASES.—E. A. Cuthrell keep in stock all sizes and styles of Metallic burial cases and caskets and wooden coffins atlowest prices. Orders by telagraph receive prompt attention. He also keeps on hand for sale a lot of open and top buggies made by the celebrated Columbus buggy company. This is not cheap work often seen here but is of high grade. At Hart's old stand next door to J. T. Gooch.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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