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Paradoxical as it may seem, it is a fact that the more Mumm a man gets the more loquacious he grows.

He—"And, darling, what does your father think of my suit?" She (sobbing)—"He thinks it is a misfit."

Soulful Youth (languidly)—"Do you sing 'Forever and Forever?'" She (practically)—"No, I stop for meals."

"Why are burglars like railway trains?" "Because they remove other people's goods without disturbing the sleepers."

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken down with a bad cold, which settled on my Lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all, eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's drugstore, regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

The home stretch—Laying the carpet.

A counterfeit \$100 bill reminds us of the dead C.

A poem that is always sure of a market—the lay of the hen.

The cyclone country is the place to look for real estate transfers.

The coal miner is a circumspect man. He always "picks" his way.

Freddy Fangle—"What are letters of credit, papa?" Fangle—"I. O. U."

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic look, and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched look. Electric Bitters is the great alternative and tonic and acts directly on the vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at W. M. Cohen's drugstore, 50c. and \$1 per bottle.

"Why was King John like a counterfeit coin?" "Because he was a bad sovereign."

Chitty—"O, there are some honest men among lawyers." Laymen—"Their clients."

"What joint is it that no one ever cares to partake of?" "The 'cold shoulder'."

"What is that which the more you take the more you leave behind?" "Foot-steps."

No other Sarsaparilla has the merit by which Hood's Sarsaparilla has won such a firm hold upon the confidence of the people.

No other combines the economy and strength which make "100 Doses One Dollar" true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. No other possesses the combination, proportion, and process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself. Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

"Pretty heavy for a light bill," sighed the humorist as his landlady added \$3 for gas.

Jagson says it is proper to wish the anxious candidates many happy returns on election day.

"Why is E the most favored letter in the alphabet?" "Because it is the first in Everything."

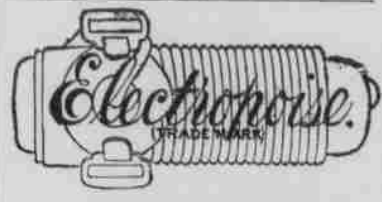
The bookmaker illustrates the injustice of life. He is constantly getting the best of his bettors.

"What is the difference between a tea service and a buttercup?" "One is a whole tea set, the other's but a cup (buttercup)."

"My Lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

"Trust men and they will be true to you," says Emerson; but any ordinary grocer could have given Emerson points on that.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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BASED ON NEW THEORIES OF THE CAUSE AND CURE OF DISEASE. It deals with the electrical and magnetic conditions of the body and the gases surrounding it in the atmosphere, controlling these conditions at will. It is not electricity. Disease is simply impaired vitality. The Electro-Poise constantly adds to the vitality and only assists nature's way, to throw off the trouble.

ATLANTIC ELECTRO-POISE CO., Washington, D. C. Charleston, S. C. Atlanta, Ga. nov 19 ly

Advertisement for Tyler's Famous Antique Oak Roll Curtain Desk, featuring an illustration of the desk and prices: \$21, \$23, \$22.00, \$23.00.

SPECIAL RUN No. 19. GREATEST VALUE ON EARTH. Tyler's Famous Antique Oak Roll Curtain Desk complete, see special circulars. No. 4004, 3 ft. 6 in. long, net \$16.00. No. 4009, 4 ft. 6 in. " " \$21.00. No. 4010, 5 ft. long. " " \$23.00.



Another He Without Bread. XI. The Rev. J. Ross, of above place, writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming on I take a dose of Paster Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it, and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

WALTERS, TEL., Oct. 11, 1891. About 14 years ago my son had the first attack of this disease and he has since then suffered from it. He is now 17 years old and is a student in the college. His case is a good one, and the medicine he takes is a great relief to him. After taking 3 bottles of Paster Koenig's Nerve Tonic the attacks are no longer so frequent and severe and he even goes to school daily. After taking 3 bottles of Paster Koenig's Nerve Tonic the attacks are no longer so frequent and severe and he even goes to school daily.

FREE Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address. This medicine is free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Paster Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856 and is now prepared under his direction by us. KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles \$5. Large size \$1.75. 12 Bottles \$9. aug 20 ly

Advertisement for Tut's Tiny Pills, featuring a circular logo and text: 'The smallest Pill in the World! Tut's Tiny Pills are very small, yet possess all the virtues of the larger Pills which have been so popular for thirty years. Their size and sugar-coating commend them for the use of children and persons with weak stomachs. For Sick Headache there is no remedy as they cause the food to assimilate, nourish the body, and pass off naturally without nausea or griping. Both sizes of Tut's Pills are sold by all druggists. Dose same. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y. feb 4 ly

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FLATTERY.

Oh, you pretty robin, keeping watch beside a lowly dwelling.

Where the happy sunshine rushes o'er the gorse bloom bright and gay.

Where the blackbirds and the thrushes are their loud love stories telling—

Do you know, I fancy, robin, you as sweetly sing as they.

Do you see that verdant meadow where the buttercups are growing.

Where the golden-hearted daisies twinkle 'mid the tender grass?

Do you mark the lights and shadows that the fleecy clouds are throwing.

As across the sky of azure they fantastically pass?

Just above it there's a cottage, sheltered by the budding beeches.

Where the cherry bloom is scattered on the scented crocus lines

By the playful south wind's antics, where the glistening ivy reaches

To the red-tiled roof and chimneys where the green wisteria twines.

Pretty robin, there's a maiden tall, and fair, and rather stately.

With a voice as soft as yours is, dwelling in that very cot.

And her tresses catch the sunbeams, though she speaks and moves sedately.

And her eyes are just the color of a blue forget-me-not.

Whisper, robin—can you tell me is she wandering by the river.

Where the catkins clothe the willows and the watercresses grow?

Tell me, robin, pretty robin, and I'll be your debtor ever.

For her father does not love me, and so, mind you, whisper low.

—M. Rock, in Chambers' Journal.

A BEGGAR WOMAN.

The Kind Deed That Crowned a Broken Life.

A strong breeze, sharp with the cold suggestion of coming winter, swept on from the bay and tossed the creaking boughs of the old button woods that stood along the roadside until they labored in the wind like ships at sea.

The last of the fog was just disappearing and curled fiercely up from the woods and waters, rolling away in great, sudden masses. In the north a long line of snow clouds were sluggishly moving forward. There was something peculiar—almost sinister—in their slow, heavy formation, and the weather-wise fisherman off shore watched them uneasily and began to draw in tackle and make preparations to seek harbor.

On the land the farmers shook their heads and hastened to get the last of the pumpkins and apples under cover. Of their own accord the cattle left off grazing and sought the barnyards. Now and then stragglers from some frightened flock of wild geese flew toward the south in anxious search of their mates.

Near the end of one street of the little fishing hamlet was a weather-beaten, wood-colored homestead of one story and a loft, surrounded by a fence almost as old as the house itself; but as one passed through the gateway and up the grass-grown walk into the smoke-painted kitchen the poverty of the outside surroundings was forgotten in contemplation of the profusion inside.

At least this seemed to be the case with the little old woman who hobbled painfully up the path to the half open kitchen door. There she stopped irresolutely, but the savory smell of cooking was irresistible, and she pressed slowly forward into the low doorway. The kitchen was fragrant with the odors of the Saturday's baking; from the stove at the far end of the long room came a cheerful sputtering and hissing and over it a woman bent in impatient suspense. Her back was toward the door, and she did not notice the great hungry eyes that were fastened on the loaves of bread and the pies and cakes and cookies that loaded the pine table. Such profusion made the wistful eyes gleam and the withered form tremble with eagerness. But she did not venture to cross the threshold.

On the floor two children were playing. They had watched the woman's approach with childish curiosity. The youngest rose to his feet and toddled toward her. After gazing at her a few moments with his big, wondering eyes he held up the cookie he had been nibbling. She hesitated, then took it and ate it greedily.

The boy laughed and went to get another, but at this moment Mrs. Barten looked up. Her face was flushed with heat and vexation. She was about to speak sharply to the children when she caught sight of the bent figure in the doorway, and her wrath was turned. Of all things she hated beggars the most. During the summer months many of them drifted up from the neighboring seaports and proved a constant source of loss and vexation to the fishermen and farmers. Mrs. Barten had suffered with the rest, and as she turned from the stove her lips were drawn sharply over her strong white teeth. She did not see the wistful eyes and patient smile. What she saw was a cowering beggar, with some outlandish kind of head covering and a ragged shawl closely drawn about the slight form.

"Well?" she said, in a sharp, interrogative tone.

The old woman stivered as though something had struck her, but her face remained perfectly blank.

"A furrier?" Mrs. Barten sprang forward and drew the children from so dangerous a presence. To her a foreigner seemed all that was dangerous and depraved. A sudden sputter recalled her to the stove, and by the time she was again at leisure a trace of her natural kindly disposition had come to the surface. Taking a generous handful of cookies and one of the loaves of bread, she returned to the door. But the old woman had already passed the rickety gate and was hobbling slowly down the street.

Mrs. Barten looked after her regretfully. "I wish I'd give her suthin'," she muttered, as she replaced the food on the table. "but land's sake alive," she continued, briskly, after a moment's thought, "why sh'd I feel sorry? Like as not the old tramp was jest spying round arter suthin' to steal. Most likely she'll have a dozen snacks gin her before night. Here you, Rob 'n' Liza, come back to the house this min-

ute, and don't you dare go trapezin' out ag'in!" And with mind at rest and conscience satisfied, Mrs. Barten returned to her compounds of fragrant odors.

Slowly the afternoon wore away; the pies and cakes and cookies disappeared from the table and were replaced by pans of crisp doughnuts and heavy spherical loaves of brown bread, with raised lines encircling them; with platters of juicy meats, browned to the critical point of perfection, and flanked with dishes of yellow pumpkin and white turnip and scarlet cranberry. As the table became crowded these in turn were taken to the storeroom to wait the coming of the "great day." And still the tired and flushed mistress of the kitchen went on with her mixing and tasting and baking.

The low, sullen line of clouds became more menacing and crept on until they had masked the entire sky. The wind grew strong and was soon filled with fine particles of swirling snow, but Mrs. Barten heeded not; time was too precious.

"It's growing dark," she grumbled, as she slid more pans into the oven; "days are pesky short this time o' year."

It was only when a fierce gust of wind hurled a cloud of snow against the window that she looked up.

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "It's snowing 'n' I'll lay a dollar them dratted children's out in it."

Hurrying to the door she called shrilly: "Bob! Liza! March your boots in here quicker'n lightning!"

Receiving no reply she muttered angrily: "Upstairs rumgin', most likely. Seems with all my work they might get their diddles for awhile."

But when a sharp call up the stairs failed to elicit response she began to look anxious. Throwing a shawl over her head she went out into the yard. The snow was now whirling past in blinding sheets, and the keen wind cut one like a knife. Already white drifts were forming in the fence corners and sheltered places. Objects a dozen yards away were becoming indistinct.

A thorough search of the yard failed to show any trace of the children, and she returned to the house to decide on her next move. She could not determine the direction the child's feet had taken and once out of sight of the house she knew there was little probability of their finding their way back by themselves. There was no danger of their being lost unless they wandered away from the village, but Liza had scarcely recovered from the measles and Mrs. Barten had all the mother's horror of wet feet and colds.

A smell of burning bread drew her attention to the stove. When she returned to the door she saw a bent figure coming up the path. A moment later and the old woman stood before her, but now the ragged shawl was closely wrapped around one child, while another clung to her skirts, sobbing bitterly. The stranger's face was full of a wistful tenderness, but Mrs. Barten did not see it. Assured of the children's safety, her feelings underwent a quick change. Her child in the arms of a dreaded "furrier." In a moment she had hurried the little ones to the fire and was removing their outer garments. What contamination and disease might not lurk in the ragged shawl and dragged skirts!

She was aroused from her reflections by the entrance of her husband. "More wet feet, eh?" he said, as he drew a chair to the stove.

"Aller's wet feet, when there's anything to wet 'em in," she returned. Then, after a moment, she added: "You go tell the old woman she can come in to the fire. Beggars and young 'uns are enough to make folks lose their wits."

"I passed an old woman outside the gate," he said, as he took his pipe from the shelf and began to fill it. "If it's her you mean, she's half down the street before this."

"Then I'm shet o' thet trial," she said, in a relieved tone. "Some of the neighbors will be sure 'n' take her in."

All night long and the next day and night the snow whirled and drifted about the village. Then the sun came out and the men and boys took their teams and shovels and began to dig communications between the houses. As the paths became clear one neighbor after another sallied forth to gossip over the events of the storm.

At length some one mentioned the old beggar woman, and then it was learned that no one knew of her whereabouts; nearly all had seen her, and most of them confessed that they had sent her away with a "flea in her bonnet."

One man thought she went toward the Freeman house. This was a deserted building just out of the village. Without hesitation the men took their shovels and began to dig vigorously in that direction. And Mrs. Barten worked with the foremost.

"Lucky there's a good fireplace and plenty of fuel in the old house," said one. "The old lady can keep warm, but I guess she'll be mighty hungry."

When they reached the house there was no sign of its being occupied.

"She ain't here," said the man who had spoken before, as he threw open the door.

But he was mistaken; they found her inside. She was dead.—Kansas City Times.

He Was a Stranger.

"Alas," exclaimed the returned native as he wiped his eyes with his pocket handkerchief. "Alas, alas! I see no one I know! They are all strange faces here, are they not?"

"Nay," said the resident, "they're the same faces we see every day! Yours is the only strange one here!"—Boston News.

—Poems as Printers to the Public.—Struggling Bard—"Can you use this half-column poem?" Editor—"Certainly not. Don't want any poems, and especially if they are long." Bard—"But this is headed 'Roll It Down,' and advises correspondents to be brief." Editor—"Say, make a column of it and I'll take it."

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