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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ONLY THE SCARS REMAIN

A Lively Remembrance

OF THE HORRIBLE SORES

Which Caused Them.

Traveler Henry Hudson's Experience

"Among the many testimonials which see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case, and I conscientiously believe it to be my duty to let people know it. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings on my legs, which broke and became running ores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my

Good Old Mother

urged me to try AYER'S Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good AYER'S Sarsaparilla has ne me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed AYER'S Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what

good it did for me."-HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Has cured others, will cure you



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VIOLET WATER, WOODWORTH'S FLORIDA WA

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LOWEST PRICES.

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PANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS

Remember that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

ZOLLICOFFER'S.

I sat beside the streamlet; I watched the waters flow, As we together watched it

One little year ago. The soft rain pattered on the leaves, The April grass was wet-

Ab, folly to remember ! 'Tis wiser to forget. The nightingales made musical

June's palace paved with gold; I watched the rose you gave me Its warm red heart unfold,

But sight of rose and song of bird Were fraught with wild regret-'Tis madness to remember; Twere wisdom to forget

I stood among the golden coru-Alas, no more I knew !-To gather gleaner's measure Of the love that fell from you, For me no gracious harvest. Would God we ne'er had met !

'Tis harder to 'orget. The streamlet now is frozen, The nightingales are fled, The cornfields are deserted, And every rose is dead. I sit beside my lonely fire, And pray for wisdom yet,

For esimness to remember,

For courage to forget.

For cruel as remembrance is,

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

It was New Year's Eve. Downstairs in the parlor was Baby Beth's Christmas tree, just as it had been arranged a week ago-bisque doll, toys, glittering balls, marvelous sugar dogs and bears and ing. All week long, with the fierceness of a tigress fighting for her young, Maron her knees and waited. Towards night alone with the dying child. a change had come. The harsh cough It was a strange scene. Each held a time, he told himself. Their early

"Doctor," pitconsly, "don't you think fixed. Dr. Lemoyne turned away. He had

many a scene like this, but to his kind heart each one was new.

"My child," he said, "she be better-she is dying.

It is curious to see the effect, upon different temperaments, of such a shock. Some receive it with cries and lamentations; others with silent tears; some with blanched faces and tightening lips; while a few shut the teeth together and make no other sign. And under it all is the mother heart and the same wound, and who shall say that there is great grief,

Margaret Thorne made no outcry, shed no tear-she would have "to morrow and all after life for tears,"-to day she had her baby. She bent over the child and half stretched out her arms erybody. It was the instinct of the wounded animal. Then she fell into the monotonous swinging motion of the kness, familiar to mothers, patting her little one softly the while as if she were putting her to sleep

It was heartbreaking. The women to whom the child was only a dear little baby who "would be better off in Heaven," as the phrase goes, crept about the was dry eyed. After a time Margaret

"I can hardly tell," he answered, "but only a few hours at best I think."

She turned to the women. "Send for her father." she said

they went out to do her bidding. And do you ask why the father

REMEMBER AND FORGET, cherish" had stood and cruelly thrust And then there was the time that Beth hands, forget me-nots upon the greet were torn and bleeding.

> moaned: "It was just a word-just a dug her own grave. word-but they can't get it back!"

Papa musta't chill the baby!" The mem- How could she live forty years-fifty, ory of the old time tenderness, the old- maybe, without Beth-or-yes--or John!

of you to send for me." is your child, too."

She had not meant to be harsh, but them. "elphunts," candy apples and hearts, pop corn, colored tapers just ready to be always be misunderstood? He half lighted—you know it all, it was just sighed. The message had come, then, were so sure it could never be "for worse." she knew it sounded so. Why must she what you had for your three year old from no lingering tenderness or returning "For better, for worse"-"For better, for baby-and upstairs Baby Beth was dy. softness, but from a stern sense of right. Well, so be it.

He made no effort at conversation, chamber the mother sat with her baby down the stairs, and the two were left it all out and begin again!

ceased, the panting breath came more a baby hand; each with a burden of grief married life had been as happy as that "Didn't she seem casier?" she had watched the flickering life go out; and "Till death us do part," sounded the asked, and the doctor had answered, each double locked and bolted the heart preacher's voice, as if it were now-"till briefly: "Yes." Then, after an interval that the other should not know what was death us do part." of waiting: "Wasn't her breathing less therein. They were but a hand's breadth John Thorne wiped the sweat from apart, but between them was a great gulf his forehead. He had never felt those

since that never-to be forgotten day when practiced many years, and witnessed he gave her and his home into Margaret's face, for a touch of the baby hands, none but himself would over know. But he had been too proud to ask to see her, and is the way of the sex. A woman would never have forgotten her own child." And she had clasped Beth passionately too late. They could never undo it, to her heart and cried out: "I will be He glanced around the room. I father and mother both to you, my baby, my poor, forsaken baby!"

And she had steeled her heart against her husband for Beth's sake and had kept her proudly out of his way, never doubt- selecting it! And how sweet Margaret ing for a moment that his had been a had looked to him as she lay with the shallow pretense of love compared with tiny mite on her arm and called him

in his eyes, a strange feeling of doubt bewith the impulse to take her and go gan tugging at her heart. Had he really somewhere—anywhere—away from ev- loved the child like this? Uncomfortable regreta took possession of her. Could she have misjudged him? She might have seemed to her now, when she had her all the time. He had been more generous than she. On that dreadful day when they had made their final arrangements and she had asked, with beating heart: "And Beth?" he had answered: "Beth shall stay with you. A mother has the first claim." And she had never let him see her once And Beth had asked for him so often How could she have been so cruel?

Yes, he had been very generous-she tion, shallow natured, and her own hardheartedness she had called loyalty to Beth. Alas! alas! how we worship our very vices under the name of virtues and never known they are miscalled until some light-Significant glances passed from one to ning flash tears away the rags we have another behind her bowed head. Then clothed them in and lays them bare to our

opened eyes! She glanced furtively at him. He res be sent for? why husband and wife had ted his head on his right hand, his left stood alone on this long, long day, when clasping Beth's His eyes were fixed on of all days they should have leaned upon | the child as if he would in these few moeach other? I cannot tell. I only know ments left feast his famished heart upon them that tells to whom the little mound that one year ago to-day, in an unguard-that which had been so long withheld. belongs, and yet when they speak, it is ed hour, a word-born of a throbbing Something in his position made Margaret hopefully and cheerfully. It is a tiny rain, or a quivering nerve, or an aching think of one other night when they had grave-"only a baby," a stranger would tooth, perhaps—had wounded a heart; sat like this and watched Both through say—but we who have stood beside such that other words, sharper and more sting | the croup, and how they had folt that if | know that love and grief are not measured ing, had followed; that the imprisoned God would only spare her they could have by feet and inches demons of misunderstanding and pride nothing in life to trouble them again and obstinacy had been let loose, and How gentle and tender John had been these two had vowed "to love and to that night!

each other through until their hearts was burned and John had walked with turf, and then hand in hand, go forth her the whole night long and would not A stray sunbeam falls across the white And the sun went down on a blasted even let the mother rest him, because "she stone. We stoop to read the the inscriphome. And a man tossed on a sleepless was weak and he was strong," he had said. tion. It is a very simple one:

bed that night, saying over and over: "If How the memories came thronging upon I could only take it back!" And a wo- her! Oh, if she could only wake and find man knelt in her lonely house and sobb. that this year had been a dream-a hored: "O God! O, God! If I hadn't rible dream-and there had been no quarsaid it!" And Memory wrung her rel! She threw her head back and closed hands and wept over them both and her eyes with a sick feeling that she had

It would never be! She would find herself here to-morrow, but Beth would The message was quickly sent and as be gone-downstairs would be a baby quickly answered. The case brooked no that would look like her, but it would delay. Margaret Thorne heard the fa not be Beth. And then there would be mi'iar step in the hall, then in the room the funeral. And then the empty house, below. She knew what he was doing, the house that John had said he should How often she had seen him stoop over never take from her and Beth. And the grate with outspread hands, saying then-oh! what would she do then? cheerily, as Beth crowed and held out Why, she was only twenty-three, and her hands: "Just a minute, little Beth. most people didn't die till they were old.

time happiness struck her with a sudden The clock ticked on, the fire sputtered pang. "Never again; never again!" she fitfully, but the silence of the vigil was whispered, as she bent over the child. | unbroken. John Thorne raised his head A moment later he came in. The and looked at Margaret as she lay with women spoke to him in the sympathetic closed eyes. Her white, suffering face key of the sick room and the doctor si touched his heart. How much older lently wrung his hand. Margaret looked she looked! It was only four years since up with a slight movement of the head, she had stood a bride of nineteen and but did not offer him her hand. He given herself to him. Why, could it be stood irresolute a moment, then took the only four years! It seemed like an chair facing her, the baby between them. eternity. And yet the scene rose before "Margaret," he said, "it was very good him with the vividness of yesterdaythe organ's tone, the brilliant procession

"It was only right," she said, her voice the subdued hush of the church, and hardening in her efforts to steady it; "she then the rector's solemn words. He wondered if he could remember any of

"For better, for worse"-how they worse"-the words said themselves over and over. "In sickness and in health"it was all coming back to him-"to love garet Thorne had fought for her child's and so they sat, the silence of death upon and to cherish." To cherish! that meant life. From the moment that the first them. It grew oppressive. The women to protect, to care for-he had not done hearse cough smote upon her car and one by one, stole out of the room, and that-but he had meant to-as God was Beth had said: "Mamma, it hurts me the doctor finally, with the feeling that his judge he had meant to-he had here when I toff," she had lost no time, even he intruded here, muttered some- made vows in good faith, meaning to All that dectors, nurses, servants, friend thing about going into the library to lie keep them all, but somehow it had all even mother love itself-could do, had down, telling them to call him if there been a miserable failure. He could see beco done, and now in her darkened should be any change. He went heavily the mistakes now. If he could only blot

> "To love and to cherish." He did, for unutterable bent over the little form and of most people, he could honestly say-

ing, so for eternity, as now-now that it

Was it too late? A thrill passed hands and went forth alone. How through him. They were young, after he had longed for a sight of the baby all. They had their lives before them. Why not begin again? Then he re membered, with a sinking heart, the bitter, bitter things they had each said. Margaret had said, in bitter scorn: "It They were not true-he had felt that at the time-but they were spoken and could not be recalled. Ah, no! It was

> He glanced around the room. How natural it seemed! only the crib was gone-Beth had outgrown that, he supposed. How they had laughed and joked over that crib and his blunders in "papa" for the first time! And they had called her their New Year's Gift and said she was to bring new love into their lives! And in that night of anguish, just before, when Margaret lay had prayed in an agony of fear that she might not die, that he might show his love by a life of devotion to her! And

how-ah, how he had broken those vows! The breath comes slowly. The little hands are very still-and yet, O baby fingers, through the solemn watches of this night, thou'rt gathering up the tangled, broken threads of these two lives. and, with a touch no other hand might use, are weaving them together, deftly, surely, with Heaven sent skill !

There was a slight stir. The mother and father felt a quiver pass through the little form. With startled faces they bent over her. There was a gasp, sudden throwing up of the little hands -then all was still.

In an instant his arms were around her, her head on his breast. "Margaret, my wife!"
"O John, John!" she said.

The clock struck twelve. A New Year had dawned

and a woman stand beside a little grave. There is an air of subdued sadness about

The glory of the setting sun fills place. It lights up the faces of father and mother as they lay, with loving

BABY BETH. AGED THREE. "And a little child shall lead them."-Caroline H. Stanley, in Good Housekeep-

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

WANNING NOTES CALLING THE WICKED

TO REPENTANCE. Beauty in the heart will find its way

Faith never builds on the sand Pride kills more people than the small-

No man who believes wrong will do

Treasure in Heaven draws interest on

Work for God must be done in a god-Give greed the rein and it will run it

self to death. Hope's best pictures are made for con tented people.

When you give advice don't try to pu t all in italies.

Success on earth sometimes means very ittle in Heaven. It will not make you any cleaner to

throw mud at another. No one can look at the stars without

wanting to live forever. Every land that flows with milk and

There can be no such thing as the right se of a wrong thing.

noney has giants in it.

know how to win them.

No man ever backslides while he oraising God as he ought. Only those who have a love for souls

Every one of the devil's arrows is dipped into the poison of doubt.

When truth goes to battle it always fights in the front rank. Our mistakes sometimes attract more

attention than our virtues. The most eloquent thing on earth is a

potless Christian character. To oppose God's work in our own hearts is to oppose it everywhere.

No man has great faith who does not

as taken a lie into his heart. It is easier not to speak at all than it is to keep from saying too much.

Some men join the church with no etter motive than others rob a bank . The devil can always find time to rock

the cradle of a sleepy Christian.

Every dollar some men get widens the culf between them and Heaven The sin we hide in ourselves is the one

we strike at the hardest in others. Heaven without love would not be any ore like home than an ice palace.

The laws which control us most hose which have never been written. It will not do any good to pray for ten alents if you are not improving your or

Whoever will receive Christ as a governing power will soon know Him as

One of God's ways of belping us to

will betray Him as soon as he can get

It will not help the cause of God any for you to bost of what a big sinner you

God has ordered that the man who

will not help others may prosper only that he may rob himself. The door of salvation is always oper but it is not God's purpose to drive any

body through it. tries to be good only when his head tells him that he ought to.

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