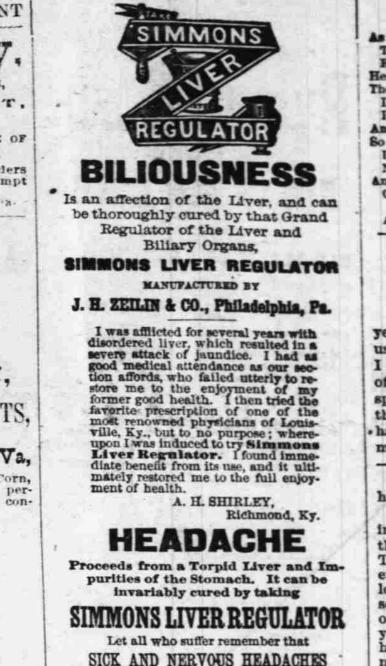
# "THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

# VOL. IX .--- NO. 27.





ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1887.

The old tune bringing memories & Joh by Deep buried in the past, once gial and strong He feels again those joy an own lides tarong. And weeps crewhile to think they cannot stay: So I, a-weary with the passing hours, In musing fell upon the name of one. Now dead and gone, who was one dear to me, And recollections, sweet as summer showers, Came back, swift as the first, faint gleams that

At dawn across a great gray waste of wa. -William Bartlett Tyler in Boston Transcript.

### **KENYON'S VERSION.**

us; but I had come west years before when of them for ten years is fit for nothing else I wasn't much more than a boy, to get rid in God's world. He can't get away. He's of the lung fevers I used to have every spoiled for everything else under heaven. spring sure, and maybe the fall between thrown in. I had nothing but my two hands to start with; but as soon as I'd made a beginning-a small one, of course -I went back for Molly.

In the first place, we were burned out in the town and never saved a thing but the clothes we stood in and my team. Then we started again out on the edge of everything, where land was cheap, and it looked as if hard work might count for something. That time the Indians ran us off. Never saw an Indian? Well, sir, you never want to. I don't want to be hard on anything the Lord saw fit to make. I suppose he knows what they are made for-or what he meant them for-I know there's a good deal of talk lately about their wrongs. They've had 'em, sure enough; may be I don't see things all round as I ought to. They say all general rules bear hard on particular cases. I'm one of the particular cases, perhaps. Anyhow, they killed one of the children there-the girl, 5 years old; shot her right in full sight of the cabin, and Molly hasn't got over it till this day.

I picked up a few head of cattle cheap

## about that as we had done about every-thing else-take our chances.

I shan't forget that day. Along in the middle of the morning a norther began to blow. It did not snow, although the sky thickened up with gray, woolly looking clouds, low down and threatening. You never felt a norther? A wind that goes through your bones, that clutches your heart and stops your brain; that breaks you up body and soul. You don't know anything about cold till you've felt one. If there is such a thing as a frozen hell, that's where these winds come from. It isn't pure cold, it's ghost cold, and all the infernal regions let loose, yelling and thundering up in the awful emptiness over your head and round you.

KENTON'S VERSION. We had it rough, Molly and I, for five years. We were New Englanders, both of us, but I had even New Englanders, both of He's got to have the sky and a chance to breathe. It's about all there is to get, better than he can have anywhere else; but it's a sure fact that so much he's got

to have whatever else gets left. It's like -I went back for Molly. And then, as I said, for five years we myself-driving across them in warm weather; horses fresh and well fed, with a big tent and spring cots for camping and a supply wagon with every-thing you can think of but ice, and may be that; all the world a-ripple with summer green; like the south wind surging like a warm ocean and the sky blue and soft and arching away up to the great white throne. That's one thing. To go trailing along, horses dead beat and half starved, pulling a big wagon through sloughs up to the axles or over frozen ruts that wring every bolt in the concern and every bone in your body, while mile after mile of dead grass stretching out to the edge of the world, with buzzards swinging up out of nowhere, more like something infernal than any decent living thing; with coyotes yelping and crying all night-that's another thing, and the kind that doesn't get talked about much. Perhaps you don't remember that item in last winter's newspapers-a half dozen lines or so-two families frozen in a Texas norther, horses, dogs and all, just

as they stood.

less. I should drop with enhanstion in a few minutes, and I must keep going. And then I found burned grass under

my feet. There had been a fire over the prairie. The ground was not cold yet. A new dread got hold of me. Who knew where it had gone or what had stood in its track? I ran along screaming something -praying or swearing-quite mad, I think, for a little, till I fell sigain, and the jar brought me to my senses.

Falcon.

I had gone over the edge of an old buf-falo run scooped deep by the rush of sum-mer rains. I lay still for a little while. I must have gone to sleep, or perhaps I fainted away. Anyway, when I came to myself again the world was as still as the STATE.

The wind had gone down, as it will sometimes, suddenly and entirely. The silence was horrible. I got on my feet stiff and benumbed. In all that gray, still, ghastly space there was nothing to tell sast from west or north from south. I was

lost on the big range. It was still enough, but the cold was dangerous. I could not stop. I must move somewhere. I must make myself a purpose a purpose to keep myself alive at least-till daylight came.

I began walking; it did not matter in what direction. If only my strength held out till morning-strength to keep off that horrible drowsiness. I know I stumbled heavily along. I was thinking about Molly and her baby; it all seemed like a dull dream.

And then bells began to ring; deep and soft and far off. I stopped in my tracks to listen. It was the sound of bells, certain, full and sweet; and I turned and

Ali at once I saw a light. It wasn't a scrofula. Yours sincerely, star; there were no stars. And nobody lived on the big range, unless some camper was traveling about, and travelers don't travel in the teeth of a norther. And this light swung and waved, went out entirely for a second or tw. and then burned up again. And near or far I could not tell, only it was a light and it moved, and I followed it. And I could hear the bells all the time.

Then, all at once, another one of Molly's Bible verses flashed into my head; something about a "star in the east that went

### FIVE CENTS

#### How a Baby a Life was Saved.

Death, the grim monster, is fond of entering the happy family circle, and to cut down with its fatal scythe the sweet, roung biossoms of humanity which cheer and brighten the household; but often the keen edge of his scythe can be averted by the fond parents, if they will exercise good judgment in procuring a good remedy for their aling child. Nuch a case is related below, and the testmony given by the mother cannot fail to impress itself upon the memory of all mothers who may be called upon to undergo a similar experience, and who are anxious to save their own baby's life from the unsidious attack of a disease which poisons the very

fount of life, to end, finally, in death. Furthermore, the entire harmlessness of S. S. S. is seen in the fact that little fourmonths old babies take it with impunity and benefit. Babies predisposed to scrof uia should be brought up from the age of three months to eighteen months on S.S. S., that they be free forever thereafter from the awful malady. Doctors pre-scribe S. S. S. for scrofulous babies.

GASTONIA, N. C., April 4, '87.

Gentlemen-Several months ago, my baby, then only four months old, developed scrothia. He had two severe sores and risings on the neck. I sent for our family physician, who pronounced the case scrofuls and prescribed S. S. S. for it. I gave the baby S. S. S. for about a month, and it soon got the duscase under control. The sores are healed and the baby is very well and healthy in appearance. I know S. S. S. saved the baby's life, and I told our doctor so. He is a went blindly on, following the sound as a regulr physician, and prescribed S. S. S. hound might follow a scent. for the baby as soon as he saw it had for the baby as soon as he saw it had

AMANDA INGLE.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Disease mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Strawberry Ronners,

All who have cultivated strawberries must have noticed how inconvenient it is to have the runners extending in all directions. Sometimes they run from one row to another where they are torn up by the cultivator, and sometimes two plants send their runners toward each other. making some parts of the row too thick. and leaving others vacant. All this may be avoided by setting the plants in such a position that they will run in a given direction. It was discovered years ago that the strawberry plant sends out - runners in but one direction, and from one side, and that is the side opposite the old runner that produced it. If the side of the plant from which the main runner was cut is set toward the north, that plant will run to the south.

last ten miles was one of the things that couldn't be done. So we got our fires made and our horses fed and sheltered as well as we could, and put some heart into ourselves with buffalo steak and hot coffee, and the rest of them packed themselves into the wagon. Some one had to stand guard and keep the fires going, and I took the contract. It wasn't a dark night. There was a goodish bit of a moon behind the clouds, and it made a gray kind of light over everything. We were at the bottom of a dry canyon that ran east and west, and the wind did not reach us. It screeched and screamed over our heads, and through it all there was a kind of moaning roar, as if we were at the bottom of a tide as deep as the stars are high. I got to thinking about old times away back, of one Sunday night just before we were married. had gone east a little sooner than we expected, and had to wait for her things to be finished. We went to church that night." A keen, crisp, still night it was, when the sleigh runners squeaked on the snow and the moonlight traced the shadows of the elm on the white ground as if they had been put in black drawing. The church was warm and bright and they hadn't taken down the Christmas greens yet, so the air was full of the smell of them -that spicy, haunting smell, that seems as if it came somehow from a world before

It was years since I had smelled it, and I sat and listened to the music and looked at the people, with their comfortable clothing and faces that were cheerful, not worn and wrinkled with care and weather. Molly was an awfully pretty girl in those days; all pink and white like an apple blossom, somehow. And fighting to keep awake out there in the heart of a Kansas prairie, I got to thinking about her as she was then and how she had changed. Skin the color of tanned leather now, and that wild, hungry look in her blue eyes, as if they were always staring into the dark for something that frightened her. And both her children dead, and not even a spray of the pine she loved so, nor a breath of music; nothing but a dirt floor and log walls that did all that was expected of them if they kept the weather out. Somebody hailed over the top of the

bluff. "What camp's that?"

the sides of the gulch on his sure footed mule-"you, Kenyon? News for you. A kid up to your ranch, ten days old All hands doing well yesterday morning." The rest roused themselves, sleepily. He had got off the trail, and seeing our smoke had struck for it. We knew and he knew that the chances were that it saved his life; but he swallowed his coffee and smoked his pipe and turned in with the rest as if getting lost in a norther was one of the things that happened, of course, to every man.

"You take my turn," I said to him;

the place where the young child lay." That night we went into camp ten miles

Well, I wasn't a wise man, or from home. There was a ravine and shouldn't have got in such a fix. : don't plenty of brush, and the horses were think I am an irreverent kind of a llow, ready to drop in their tracks, and that either; a man could live with Molly many years and be that. Only I was looking for a young child too, and bables-little ones-always did seem to me near enough to heaven to make that story about the star reasonable enough. Anyway, there it was, meant for me or not, and I followed it.

More than once I fell, but I always got up and went on. I was talking to myself part of the time, hearing my own voice and thinking it was some one else's. I lost my sense of time again, but kept on doggedly; and then, suddenly, the light flashed brighter, whirled about in a wild sort of a way, and went out entirely. I gave a shout and ran forward.

hought I should die if I lost it. And there I was standing on a wide trail, with a sort of square dark shape standing up in the dimness before me, with light and voices coming out of the chinks, and somehow, there was the door, and my hand on the latch, and in another second -oh! it was Molly-Molly with a lamp in her hand, bending over a feeding box made into a cradle, with a great armful of hay and a white sheepskin for a cover, and Madison's wife kneeling on one side and Clayton's wife on the other, and beyond, with the lights flashing in their great, wandering, shining eyes, a pair of astonished horses. And then there came a piping cry from the feeding trough, and I knew I had found the baby.

Burned out? Yes, sir. That was the last thing; but they had had warning before the fire came down on them. Jim Clayton had taken the women and struck across for the big road and they took the first shelter they came to, a stable that had been built in the days when all the California supplies went overland by mule train. When the wind fell he took the lantern and tried to find a cabin that used to stand somewhere near, and I had been following him for half an hour.

Oh yes, I'm well fixed now; three thousand head of cattle out on the Gunnison. And Molly spends her summers back home, and she and the babies bring back enough croup and catarrh and bronchitis sore throat to last them half the next winter .- New York Independent.

Device for Reporting Sporting Figures.

Mr. D. Wilkins, pressman of The Chicago Mail, has recently patented a device, the practical workings of which, we are credibly informed, have increased the extra edition of that journal containing the re-sult of the baseball matches from 1,200 to 24,000 copies. A few evenings since, on invitation, we visited its pressroom, in which are located two Presto presses, about 5:30 o'clock. The plates were already on the cylinder, containing a detailed description of the match up to the sixth inning. In these plates were in-serted a number of square black blocks, with the names of the contesting clubs preceding them. At the telephone, near the presses, was a teller, who announced the results of each inning, received di-rectly from the ground, to the pressman As soon as the result of the ninth inning Darbys Prophylactic Fluid in every sick

#### Greatly Excited.

Not a few of the citizens of Elizabeth City have recently become greatly excited. over the astounding facts, that several of their friends who had been pronounced by their, physicians as incurable and beyond all hope-suffering with that dreaded monster Consumption-have been completely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only remedy that does postively cure all throat and lung diseases, Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis. Trial bottle free at Wood& Wadsworth's Drug Store, large bottles \$1.

A Wonderful Newspaper.

The New York Herald, which has on many occasions given proof of great jonrnalistic enterprise, will hereafter be printed and published simultaneously on two continents, arrangements having been perfected for its publication in Paris every morning, where it will be sold for two cents a copy, its New York price. In making the announcement the Herald says "it will hereafter cross the ocean by chained lightning." The result of this new departure in journalism will be watched with interest.

#### An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harfisburg, 10. says : "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25 cents per box by Wood & Wadsworth.

#### Billions of Postage Stamps.

Forty five years ago there wasn't a postage stamp in the United States, but in the last twelve months the people of this country have individually and severally put their tongues out 1,968,341,000 times to moisten the postage stamps for the billions of letters and millions, of newspapers, periodicals and parcels that are carried and delivered by the United States government.

Typhoid, Scarlet and Yellow Fevers, an Measles, Diphtheris, Cholers, etc.

Darbys Prophylactic Fluid will destroy the infection of all fevers and all contagious and infectious diseases. Will keep the atmosphere of any sick room pure and wholesome, absorbing and destroying unhealthy effluvia and contagion. Will neutralize any bad smell whatever, not by standing ready, die in hand, to impress on the respective blocks the required figures. I use disguising it, but by destroying it. Use

Pine Hills of the South,

"Kenyon and mates." "I 'lowed it was"-scrambling down

Then I sat and thought a while, and finally I roused out Madison.

"I'm going home."

we got the price of the hides. Then three of us were to work in the coal shippings, and Jim Clayton went back to stay with the women. He had smashed his shoulder that summer and was of no mortal use with shovel and pick. We were to keep them in supplies, and it looked as if, after all, things might have been worse. And they got worse before a great while. The coal company petered out just as the real cold weather set in. We took back a big load of coal; it was the only pay we

called another council. Along in November late-about the time when they were keeping Thanksgiving on the side where they know what Thanksgiving means-we started on a buffalo hunt. There was enough to eat, such as it was, for a month in the cabins, and fuel enough to keep them warm; and by that time we thought work might begin again. Anyway, we'd have our meat for the rest of the winter.

Well, it's no use to go over that. It wasn't a pleasant trip. We weren't out for the fun of killing. We camped out at night, and rode and shot and dressed game by day, and did not starve nor quite freeze to death; and we got back again on to the plains along in December.

I wanted to push through and get home. but the horses were played out; and all the next day, after we struck the level. there was a doctor in the town, and Clay- Once I tried madly to fight back into the ton had a good horse, and we had to do wind. It was hopeless, worse than use-

'Not a brute that will travel.' "I'll do my own traveling-on foot."

"You'll pass in your checks before morning."

"No, the wind is at my back; no fords; I'll keep going;" and I went.

Went; half running, with the wind driving me on till I was ready to drop. Once I fell and lay there with the wind dragging and tearing at me till I began to grow sleepy, and then I had to get up and go ahead again.

Perhaps you never tried crossing a prairie at night without a trail to follow. It's a curious thing, one I cannot account for; one that makes you feel as if your botly and all your senses were of no more account than a spent cartridge. It happened to me that night, space and time seemed to get all mixed up together all at once racing along; it seemed to me that I had been keeping up that sort of thing for hours. I felt so adrift somehow-so horribly lost-as if I had slipped out of myself and was out in space without a landmark to measure anything by. I expect you'll have to try it yourself to know what I mean. I had no watch; there was no way of knowing how much time had gone. Of all the devils that can enter into a man uncertainty is the worst. Every sort of a fancy came into my head. Perhaps I did not know the route as well as I had thought. Perhaps I had even we just crawled along. We had not heard a word since we started, and I was pretty anxious-Molly was not well when I left have reached them in three hours at the her; but there was no choice about it, I utmost. It seemed to me that I had been had to go; the women were with her, and hurling along for twice three hours.

was received and the totals inserted the room machines were set in motioh, and in

twenty-two seconds from the announce-Spots can be found all the pine hills of ment of the result a paper containing an the Southern States as healthy as any account of the game was placed in our hands; in less than a minute the newsforests in the world. Some invalids are boys were selling them on the street, and before the crowds at the grounds had dispersed The Mail wagon was on hand to supply the demand for the "extra."-Inland Printer.

#### Physicians as Opium Slaves.

Many physicians become slaves to the opium habit. A recent Austrian medical author speaks of the incredible number of physicians who have fallen victims to it and of the many who have only just es- Bot h sexes. All ages. Out this out and caped. A Prussian writer had sixteen cases of morphia addiction under his cases of morphia addiction under his care, of which medical men formed more than one-third. The majority of my own than one-third. The majority of my own patients are medical men. The physician is apt to resort to the drug because his calling involves special inroads into his mental and physical well being. Nearly always, in them as in others, there is some form of neurotic disorder. Any form of persistently painful disturbance involves this risk. A medical gentleman (a former patient of mine) says:

"I proclaim it as my sincere belief that any physician afflicted with neurotic discase of marked severity, and who has in in The Epoch.

beginning to understand this fact and profit by it. At least a million invalids and wealthy people in the North and West would winter on these southern pine hills and on the Gulf shore, if they knew the climate of the Southern States. Good Wages Ahead. GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland-Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home, making great pay.

You are started free. Capital not needed write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work, after you learn all. All particulars free. Best

The Difference.

It takes a Missouri journal to give a comprehensive opinion. We find in a St. Louis paper the discision that "if you are a married man your wife can compel you to support her. If you are not, she can't." -Pittsburg Chronicle.

An Untimely Death,

An untimely death so often follows his possession a hypodermic syringe and Magendie's solution, is bound to become, sconer or later, if he tampers at all with the potent and fascinating alleviative, an opium habitue."—J. B. Mattison, M. D., & Wadsworth.