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LOVE:

that such a thing as love, true love; 1 in glorified essence dwells above; at here through earth its rivers run me r and gleam neath moon and sun, arden and water, yea, every one This beautiful river of love.

is I have heard the song it sings? hours, I have but my best loved ones took

gath, and sky, and bird, and song, me to love though they are gone, crything in the world is borne Our the river of love.

as of lere, delightfully new and strange, a which fastens two hearts, nor knows a

der they obb, and the tides they flow; lose increasing, doth stronger grow

leaside the river of love.

here does he live? What is his name? My then shall I see his manly form? My love! ald love him now if I knew him mine; weate his name in my homely rhyme, of fowers of beauty plant and twine

Over the river of love, 44 me, lave of mine! My beart awaits thy

ings, thy voice, must first awake its blush: ilowers and blossoms vigil keep une alone the breath to leap and adorn with blossoms, and bud, and leaf The glorious river of love.

An Unpublished Chapter of Georgia Scenes.

to, according second volume of "The Memories of Fifty Years."



HAVE perhaps been prolix in this chapter, I could not do justice to

ty, Georgia. It was on Sunday precedadge Longstreet from Greensborough, village of his residence, to Washing-

ion. Wilkes county. We had both received our legal education at the law school conducted by those eminent jurists, Tapping Reeves, the brother-in-law of Aaron Burr, and lames Gould, at Litchfield, Connecticut. I had but just returned, after having completed my course, and was on my way to apply for permission to plead and practice law. We were on horseback, al the distance was short and we rode isurely, falking over our student exrieners, and enjoying many a joke conet of with names then eminent, who mi been educated legally at Litchfield; all of whom have long since passed away. Of all the Georgians there educated in the law I know of but one, save a James Clark, of Atlanta, now more

than eighty years of age. As we journeyed we were, about noon, assing a farm house, which was not ery far from the highway, when reining up his horse, "Old Planter," (how select me if I was hungry. Being answered in the affirmative, he continued,

out our dinner, in relation to our early maintance. But rememder, it is to be appearing ridiculous myself."

Just as we turned from the read to in for it, and must go through with it. 'Hold his head, Nancy,' said the oun to the house, we met a servant. It was not long before the Judge re Judge. She was holding the basin, TO up to the house, we met a servant,



who, to our inquiry, informed us that the family were absent. We turned and in family were absent. We turned and as long as I live; for go where I would, as long as I live; for go where I would, or when, Nancy was sure to be in the "Yow, for the story," I remarked, "it way to watch and titter.

Cammings, a Presbyterian minister up lore, And then I could find cheap leard in the country, and be away from laftneness about Augusta, our home, i very severe attack; but you are well over out of the room, After looking at my leaf of it, sir."

"Wouldn't a sovereign do it?

"The Scotchman threw up his hands in astonishment, and called out with sin astonishment as a strong as a horse could be a strong as a ho

nood. I did so at the house of this woman's father over here. He was a stout,
staid old gentleman, with aldermanic
proportions; a strict member of the
church, and a regular attendant at the
weekly service. His wife was a little
weazen-faced woman, with a sharp nose,
always red at the point, and an eye as
always red at the point, and an eye as weazen-faced woman, with a snarp nost, always red at the point, and an eye as black as a sloe and as sharp as a laneet. She rarely said much, but what she did first. Nancy, you have him some chicken broth made, and he must take very brother was about my age, rosy, plump and pretty, and amply imbued with the spir inflammatory attacks, must be depleted and should be have a return of it, blood lotting may be necessary—scarcely any-

of wenderful river of level prefer to be seen or heard by heart shall very as well as this?

One Sabbath day, Nancy, as the family each my heart to thrill with large a beart shall teach my heart to thrill with large a beart shall very least shall yet with some others dwell beside the river of love.

I did not go to church with the old people, but remained to prepare my lessons for the morrow. I knew my tutor, who was the preacher, would rather by him, yet openity to me. I was twenty-tutor, who was the preacher, would rather by him, yet openity to me. I was twenty-tutor, who was the preacher, would rather by him, yet openity to me. I should miss attendance at clinical and should be have a return of it, blood lotting may be necessary—scarcely anything else will so soon reduce such a pulse as he had yesterday."

Nancy, all this while was behind her father, making every demonstration of mirth she could, not to be seen or heard by him, yet openity to me. I was twenty-tutor, who was the preacher, would rather by him, yet openity to me. I should miss attendance at clinical to a pulse as he had yesterday."

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Nancy, all this while was behind her father, making every demonstration of mirth she could, not to be seen or heard by him, yet openity to me. I should miss attendance at clinical to a pulse as he had yesterday."

The house was one of those old-fash lief to the terrible cravings of my appetioned houses, yet common in Georgia, with two rooms in front and two rooms. It was fully three hours before the back—shed rooms, you know, with two rooms in the attic. One of these attices that a gallon of the bowl with at least half a gallon of the second rooms. rooms was Nancy's, one of the shed rooms thin chicken water. It was meager diet but it was a passage way be tween the front rooms. The entrance from the yard in front was from the broth, as if to ask to be lifted out of the burger of these two rooms.

larger of these two rooms.

I was out in the yard under the shade of an apple tree, in my shirt sleeves busily engaged in the mysteries of Virgil's Aneid, when a stroke from a switch across my shoulders made me cry out and spring from my chair, up tetting my little table, Virgil, laxicor and all, and running away to the house was Nancy. I was half mad, for the blow was a scorcher, and after her I went. was a scorcher, and after her I weni determined on revenge. Through the house we went. Nancy was fleet. O, the country girls of Georgia in that dvy What strapping things they were. They never saw a corset-never wore a tight fitting shoe, and their toes were as free the memory of my from corns as their fingers were from friends of after diamond rings.

week of our acquaintance. The old gentleman came slowly into the room. He could not, or would not, compromise his diginity by accelerating his routions. his diginity by accelerating his motions for any consideration. He was a Judge of the liquor into the saucer, to say for at the inferior court, and that was to be me that I had eaten some of it. I trust thought of in all he said or did. Nancy thought of in all he said or did. Nancy came in behind him, and whilst he fell spoon and saucer lie for me.

It was noon before I was visited again. him, grinning and winking in cestacy over my shamming. I could have murdered her. Slowly the old man continued to feel my pulse and to look wise. He shook his head gravely as he took his fingers from my pulse.

"Why Gus my son" he exclaimed:

"Why Gus my son" he exclaimed:

"Why did you do this? Bun Naney. As the shook his head gravely as he took his fingers from my pulse.

such a pulse in the worst of fevers." There stood Nancy, peeping and winking from behind her father in mockery. when the old man, with great gravity, asked, "Gus, how are your bowels?"

Nancy jerked her head behind her fathet

Nancy jerked her head behind her fathet

Nancy jerked her head behind her fathet as I groaned and turned over. Turning or you will bring on a relapse. I tell to his daughter the Judge said, "He is you, my son, the disease you are sufferpretty sick, and needs medicine; go you ing from its highway, when reinard up his horse, "Old Planter," (how and get that yaller mug, the big one—put in as much senna as you can grast put in as much senna as you can grast so, (with the point of his finger upon his once may lead to your ruin. Take it, thumb) and fill it up with boiling take it," and almost perforce I swallow

opital story to tell you, after we have and putting her thumb upon the tip of silent demonstration of delight at my her nose, waved her fingers and darted away. The Judge slowly left the room, discovery by her father. It was not ten and had there been any chance for my minutes after swallowing the wine beescape from the house unobserved, I fore I became terribly sick and began to would have fled like a felon. But I was vomit

> Nancy, hold this, I must go and see the it with a vim. Nancy screamed, knock-prescription Dr. Sankey left for your ed over the basin from the hands of her mother," and he handed her the mug father and sent it with all the water and and cup. This was her opportunity. what I had thrown up, over the floor. She sat down on the bed side and assum. I was seized with an epileptic fit, shivering the gravity of her father, asked with medical and bit. Nancy screamed much sympathy, how I felt, putting on as long a face as a hypocrite at a camp meeting, and insisted on feeling my fit," ran from the room and sent for a pulse. But the Judge returning said, doctor. "Even," I said, as I released the prescription of the doctor said two the finger. The Judge came in flushed cups full at first, and one every half hour after until the bowels were relieved. | Nancy?" he anxiously asked. She was Nancy stood behind, with her tongue wringing her hands, whilst her eyes thrust into her cheek and her eyes were filled with tears. gleaming with mischief, as she poured out a cup full to the very rim of the with anger and pain. "There is nothing nauseating stuff. I swallowed it and the matter with him." "Nothing the

affected sympathy.

That day will be remembered by me

will answer for a dinner."

"I suppose so," he replied, "if the old new is truthful, which says, 'laugh and mow int."

When I was fitting for college, my father felt there was no man in Georgia or competent to the task as Father Commaings, a Presbyterian minister uplere. And then I could find cheap that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for that I came home at the time I did for the came in confound him; and look at the fix this gay. Just look how he has bit my finger, confound him; and look at the fix this floor is in. I knew there was nothing the matter with him from the first."

"Nonsense! I tell you, Nancy! That pulse yesterday could not be deceit. Why, it was thick as my little finger and beat at least two hundred times a minute, and was as strong as a horse could not be at a least two hundred times a minute, and look at the fix this floor is in. I knew there was nothing the matter with him; and look at the fix this floor is in. I knew there was nothing the matter with him from the first."

"Nonsense! I tell you, Nancy! That pulse yesterday could not be deceit. Why, it was thick as my little finger and the first the

that might keep me from studying. My father was not wealthy, and it was a pretty tight squeeze for him the spare the money necessary for my education.

When I came up here I fewed Parson Cummings had more pupils than lie could accommodate with board; so I was compelled to find board in the neighbornood. I did so at the house of this woman's father over here. He was a stout, it is now. Lucky. Nancy, wasn't it!" "Very," said Nancy, with a sly leer and wink at me, "nothing like a good purgation.

"Do you feel like you could cat something, my boy!" asked the considerate Judge, "Yes, sir," I answered emphasically, "I am very hungry." "A very good sign, my boy; bet you must be careful lest you have a relapse, my that might get you into trouble, and might,"

I should miss attendance at cliurch a verely sick from the senna, but now redozen times than to be deficient in a lieved from this I could have eaten a cat or dog, or anything which promised re-



er," she exclaimed loud enough for me she left the room, winking wickedly at the meeting of the Superior Court, to hear, "cousin Gus is mighty sick." me.

Wilkes county that I rode with She had called me cousin from the first 1 at once got out of bed and locked

his fingers from my pulse.

"Why Gus, my son," he exclaimed, you must be very sick, for I never felt and bring me the bottle of antimonial wine and a cup and spoon.' As usual, Nancy turned at the door to give me a

Yonder lives a well-to-do man. His door turned half round to look at us, behind her father and making every minutes after swallowing the wine be-

turned with the yellow mug, brimming which she transferred to her father and with senna tea, and Naney following.

He poured out a tea cup full of the tea.
"Here, my son," he said, "drink this you must take another cup full," "Here, my son," he said, "drink this you must take another cup full," "Here, mouth. One went into it and I seized

"All over," she exclaimed, half crying they left the room, but not until Nancy matter with him, indeed," said her had given me another specimen of her father. "Such a convulsion as that nothing; and that pulse yesterday, nothing. Nonsense, girl. I am afraid he

tongue and feeling my pulse, the Judge concluded that I was better and left me.

tongue and feeling my pulse, the Judge concluded that I was better and left me. Polly, the negro woman servant, came in with a tub of water and a cloth to cleanse the floor.

"Marse Giff." size remarked, "you sin't mighty sick, is you? Master he says you has had a fit," and she laughed as she looked at me.

"What do you think, Pollyi" I asked.

"Why, Mas Gus, I seed Mise Nancy when she creeped up and hit you with dat switch yesterday, and I seed you jump up and turn over de sable with all dem books what you were readin', and you and Miss Nancy runnin' round de house; and I seed you when you catch her on your bed just as the old folks comed home. You must hab been tuken sick mighty quick. And yisterday when Miss Nancy was makin' dat tea, she laughed fit to kill herself. I spects she's been foolin' you. She's mighty had dat way."

"Make haste" said the Judge as he

"Make haste," said the Judge, as he came in, "the doctor will be here soon, and I don't want this floor wet when he

"How do you feel now my boy? Nancy is raving about your biting her. I tell her you didn't know what you was about. Ain't you subject to fits, Gus? Nancy says it was all sham, but I tell her that is all nonsense. You wouldn't a bit her so on purpose, I know."

In a short time the doctor came, and my case was explicitly laid before him.

In a short time the doctor came, and my case was explicitly laid before him, especially the wonderful pulses and the fit. The judge was called sway, when I asked the doctor if he would, upon his honor, promise never to speak of it, I would tell him a secret. He promised, and I told him the whole story—for I felt I could not stand any more thysic. He laughed until he cried, and many times since have we laughed heartily over it.

We met, after many years' separation, in New York, in 1884, at the conference which divided the Methodist church, and

which divided the Methodist church, and spent a day together pleasantly, recalling the memories of the past, and this especial one, when I threatened to give the story to the public.

"If you please," he said, "do not do it while I live." I promised, and we parted for the last time. I have a dear memory of the kind hearted and generous old man that will only perish with my life, which is now wasting its laste sands in our dear old native land. With his wife he lies buried at Oxford, Mississippi, near the home of his two chilsissippi, near the home of his two chil-dren, one the wife of the distinguished L. Q. C. Lamar, and the other the wife of Dr. Henry Branham. Y. M. C.

MEN OF OREAT MEMORIES. Freight Conductors Who Can Tell

the Number of Every Car in a

As an illustration of how the memory may be cultivated in retaining a long list of numbers, one has only to observe

the freight conductors, and very often remakable examples of retentive memories will be found. I have been on the road as a freightconductor for fourteen years and in that time my memory has had a careful training in the particular line of retain-

ing the numbers on the cars. I start out on a run and know the numbers of up, and while some cars will be left at stations along the road and other cars tell him without referring to my book.

Now, when it is remembered that the

train may be made up of forty cars, and that the numbers run all the way from the hundreds to the twenty-five and thirty thousands, and that a dozen cars may be taken off and another dozen taken on along the road my statement undoubtedly seems incredible to those not familiarly acquainted with this particular department of railroading. But it is a fact nevertheless, and I have known quite a number of freight conductors who have memories of equal

Noting the numbers of the cars daily for years a conductor becomes so familiar with the work that his memory holds these large numbers with but little diffi-culty. The style and peculiar finish of the cars from different roads are also learned, and a conductor at a glance can tell the road to which a car belongs as far as he can see it .- St. Louis Globe-

Power of Half a Sovereign.

Mr. Chauncey Depew lately told the full story of the Edinburgh castle-guard: "It was when I was in Europe four years ago," related Mr. Depew. "I had been ago," related Mr. Depew. "I had been in Edinburgh several days, and had put off my visit to the old castle until the last afternoon. Just as I reached the castle I saw the guards going away. I found that the hours for visitors were over, but I was going to get in, for it was my last chance. One of the old fallows was near me, and I called out, 'Say, balle! I want to go in'. hello! I want to go in."
"But you can't, sir, for the grounds

"Well, that doesn't make any difference to me. They can be opened. I came all the way from New York to see this

castle, and I am going to see it."
"Well, I don't see how you are going to see it this afternoon. It's too late for me to take any fee, and I am going

I leave to morrow morning at nine, and you don't open until elevon. You can show me through that gate, can't you, and let me see the outside grounds and look over the ramparts?

"Yes, perhaps."
"Then I took the guard along with me
to the gate, and he had the soldier let us
in. We walked around, and I looked in. We walked around, and I looked around and over the ramparts and saw the guns, and all the while the guard kept tagging along with me. Finally we reached a place to which he pointed and said, "There, see that. There's where they keep the crown jewels."
"Well, are you going to let me in to see them?"

see them? 'I can't, sir; the door is locked.' "Well. can't a door be opened!"
"No, sir; no, sir. Not all the power in Edinburgh could get that door open

now after hours.'
"'Wouldn't a sovereign do it?'

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

HUMOROUS THINGS TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Etc., Etc.

A LAWN.

The man who owns a lawn—
Who's always up at dawn—
To off his patent mower doth begin, 'gin, 'gin;
The time is drawing nigh
When we in bed shall lie
At morn and smile to hear its merry din, din,
din Boston Courier.



TAKING HIS CHANCES

Country Minister (to boy fishing)— What will your father say, little boy, then he discovers that you have been fishing on Sunday?

Boy—I duttee, sir; it depends on how many fish I ketch.

Elder Sister (aged twenty-four)—I'm sorry you can't go, Maud; but you know mathua thinks you are too young to enter society.

Younger Sister (aged eighteen)—No, Cicely, mamma doesn't think I'm too young; she thinks you are too old for me to enter society.

PRIDE REBUKED. Mamie had noticed that the ducks and chickens did not stay much together. Not knowing that the ducks preferred the pond to the barn yard, she one day

"Auntie, I think the chickens treat the duckies real bad. I b'lieve they just won't 'sociate with them because they've got big feet and such ugly noses. I wouldn't treat my friends that way just because they don't look pretty."

AN OBJECT OF CHARITY. Lady (entering Burlington editor's sanctum)—I should like to find out, sir,

sanctum)—I should like to find out, sir, something about the condition of the poor in this town.

Editor—Weil, ma'am, at present we are well supplied with potatoes and cordwood, but a new pair of trousers or a spring overcoat would be quite acceptable.—Burlington Free Press.

DOESN'T COUNT.

There is no place where style counts so little as in the lining of a pocketbook. -Danville Breeze.

Mr. Switchell (home from a club dinner at daylight, full of the speech he has been making, and champagne)—
"Feller (hio) cizzens! The day is not far distant"

Mrs. Switchell (at an upper window) -No, John, the day is not more than an hour distant, and you had better come in and go to bed.

Mrs. Della Creme (wearily)—I know everything we cat is adulterated, but what can we do, Reginald? We must

Mr. Regina Creme (drearily)—Ah, yes, Della, very true; and if—oh, if—our grocer would only trust us! DESTROYED HIS APPETITE.

meal in a New York dime restaurant)-Give me a mutton chop— Waiter (top of his voice)—Bah! Bah! Mr. Timothy Sead—And some fresh

Vindictive Youth-Yes, I've been cut out three times by these infernal dudes, rich girls every time, too; but I'm getting even with the whole tribe of 'em now, you bet. They're every one of them just wishing they'd never been born; they'll never interfere with me again.

Friends—Eh? Joined the Anarchists

and sending 'em death notices?

"Better than that. I've got a job as bill collector for a fashionable clothing store."-Omaha World. A STRANGE SCHEME.

Cashier-Not a dollar of that \$200,000 you have been lending to your stockbrok-ing friends can be collected. Director-I see. The bank will have to break, but if it does the directors may

"I thought not. We have kept your "Eh!" "You will be out of a position and likely to starve when the bank breaks."

"I know it."

"Well, here's \$20,000. Take it and go to Canada. I'll announce that you have skipped with \$220,000, but we'll take good care not to find you."—Omaha

SUFFERED. Judge-You say you want a divorce

from your wife?
"Yes, if your Honor please."
"But reflect for a moment that you have lived together nearly half a century."
"Well, haven't I suffered long enough?"—Texas Siftings.

A NEGLECTED FATHER, Mother (to Bobby, who has just completed his prayers)—Why, Bobby, you forgot to pray for papa.

Bobby—Why, so I did; and he needs it so much, doesn't he, ma?

Joseph Edwards,

A Collector's Revenge A Simple The Champion of Low Prices."

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE NORTH WITH THE LARGEST AND

BEST SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS THAT HAS EVER

BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW PRICES, WHICH WILL TELL THE TALE.

LADIES' DRESS SILKS, in all shades, former price \$1.10, now 40c. a yard. NUN'S VFILINGS, all wool, in the latest shades, double width, former price 60c., now at 42 1-2c.

ALBATROSS, the latest of the season, former price 65c., now selling at 16 1 2c.

A FULL LINE

Of Ladies' Dress Goods, Scersuckers, Ginghams, Henrietta Cloths, Poplins, all kinds of Embroideries, Hamburg Edgings. Of these goods we deduct 35 per cent, from the usual selling price.

100 Pieces of Straw Matting

Just direct imported from China, from 20 to 30c. a yard, actual value 75c.

Clothing, Clothing,

FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN

A fine quality of CORK SCREW SUITS, former price \$20 00. we are no

500 MEN'S SUITS, all wool Cassimere, worth \$15.00, we are now driving at

DOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, FURNIURE. We take off 35 per cent. from the usual price this season.

WE ALSO KEEP A FULL LINE OF

Heavy Groceries,

Such as Meat, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc., the regular supplies for farmers which will be sold to responsible parties ON TIME, until next Fall, for CASH PRICES.

Since my return home the rushes have been so immense that I would beg our city patrons to do their shopping outside of Saturdays in order to be able to give better attention to their wants and desires.

Joseph Edwards, "The Champion of Low Prices."

H. WEIL & BROS., Wholesale and Retail Merchants,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Mr. Timothy Seed (taking his first IN ECONOMY THERE IS WEALTH: IN THE JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE OF MONEY THERE IS ECONOMY!

eggs—and—
Waiter—Cluck! Cluck!
Mr. Timothy Sead grasps his umbrella and flees.—Puck.

In buying our goods of us you will find that you are expending your money JUDICIOUSLY.

HAVE YOU VISITED

Our Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Department. If not, depend upon it you're behind the times in knowledge of the prevailing styles.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY

Of our Merchant Tailoring Department, and have your garments made by famous Northern Tailors. We guarantee to please all.

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

land in the penitentiary. You have no money ahead, I suppose?

"Not a cent."

is pronounced the most extensive in the city. They are NICE; they are NEW; they are NEAT.

REMEMBER THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM

When you enter our Shoe Department. We are selling only Shoes of well-known naturacturers, and guarantee satisfaction as to PRICE and QUALITY.

WE WILL DUPLICATE BILLS From any Market in our Wholesale Department. Call and be conrinced.

Children's Carriages in the most unique styles. CARPETS, MATTINGS, OILCLOTHS, ETC.

A large assortment of new and exclusive patterns, at Lowest Prices. IT WILL COST NOTHING

To look through our Stock and convince yourself that we carry the most complete line.

H. WEIL & BROS.