ROSCOWER, Editor,

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

W. P. DAVIS, Publisher.

VOL. I. NO. 42.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1888.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

HE OLD FARMHOUSE ON THE

that not of Queen Anne cotteges; con of summer villas gav. Cornet of stately palaces wher) marble fountains play, be architect ne et yet designedand design he never willpile that can compare with the of farmhouse on the hill.

the millionaixe in maneions grand was pictures old and rare, and all the luxuries of wealth Has gathered round him there; In spite of all his bric-a-brac and store of wealth, he still of thinks of the low, gable-roofed (ii) farathouse on the hill.

Er backward glances and he sees He mother as she sits Next by the hearth and croons to him, And dettly mends or knite. Acar he hears of Sinbad bold. and rattling Jack and Gill, The while the shrill wind whistles 'round The farmhouse on the hill.

He says his father grave and stern. But ever good and just, Acain his fav'rite maxim bears; "In heaven put your trust."
And e'en old Rover seems to hear A whining at the sill That he may join the group within The farmhouse on the hill.

TWO WAYS OF ASKING.

-From the Arkansauc Traveler.

MINE DOLLT'S LESSON IN LOVE.



Niobe dissolved! My dear child, what on earth is the matter? Time: four of a

summer afternoon. Place: a pretty bou-doir, furnished in the fashion of to-day, modelled on the style of Louis

nze, with a dash of "Liberty" wn in, and modern accessories, has crystal flower vases, three volume is, and photograph stands, juxta-d with Queen Anne silver and knickks ancient and modern. Dramatis rsopse: a graceful figure in white, ng with an air of desclation on the t beside a sofa, her charming nuque ible beneath delicious little rows of den curls, her frame shaken by sobs: older woman standing a few yards stant, dark, beautifully dressed, "good looking enough for anything without being distinctly handsome, aged some-where within the right side of thirty, and wearing an expression half compassionate, half amused. There is a suspicion of raillery in her voice, which is felt and deeply resented by the fair sor-Anger is often akin to sorrow as ty is to love, and the voice which reads to the question when reiterated

I wish you would go away and leave

ms the other. "I am going to talk ou, and I do not care in the least urns the other. hether you are angry or not, although had much rather you would take my arks in good part."

Oh," responds the voice, still smothin the sofa cushions, but losing of herself a few hours later. othing of its resentful quality. "I how clever you are, and that you think that you can 'manage every one's affairs a great deal better than them-

She intends this to be a nasty one, Stall as a matter of fact, it does not fall very pleasantly on the ears of her interbut she sits down on the sofa, replies with good humor, "Well, live, I may confidently say that I manage your affairs a great deal better than you manage them yourself, and that if I were you, I would have Mr. lemont Lascelles at my feet in a very

Perhaps you have him there now the prostrate one, ceasing to sob ving to sneer instead.

Dolly dear, to tell you the trath, I fail myself to recognize in that young man the charm which I observe for-for some people; Indeed, I der him a poseur, with an exasper y good opinion of himself, and, if my candid opinion, I think that all be all the better for being

Derothy flounces up in a moment, "I trouble you not to insult my she cries, with flaming cheeks. And it is not very easy to believe your enerity when he was sitting in your weket all last night, and you were out salking with him for two hours this

any case," replies Mrs. Dalton "your remarks prove that I have your remarks prove that I have and time and opportunity to form an spin of his qualities. I don't deny hat he is good-looking, but it is intolerable that he should be so conscious of it. wimit that he is not without a certain ant of cleverness, and has been y well educated; but I violently obbut to his thinking himself able to sit in la igment on people a good d al older and cleverer than himself."

On you, for instance!" cries Dolly. No. I was not thinking of myself, though I admit the soft impeachment the one regarding my age, at least); and what I dislike most of all is his placing himself on a pedestal to be looked at and longed for by—by pretty, silly little girls, who ought to know better."

Dolly stiffens her back, and says, with in assumption of dignity which sits in-differently well upon her, "If you will excuse me, I should prefer not discussog Mr. Lascelles with you. You are effectly welcome to your opinion of aim, and I claim the liberty of retaining mine." Then, her majesty suddenly toppling over, she says vindictively, in e a different tone of voice, "Perhaps think I am such a fool that I don't

ee through your mean abuse of him?" That I may win and wear him my suggests Mrs. Dalton, quite good-redly. "No, my dear and acute believe me, you have not fathomand unmasked my baseness this time. set upon this fascinating young I don't think there is really any a him, and I am magnanimous though to be ready to show you how to way?

Yes, suppliant. Every one, my love, can see—he most of all—how you hang upon his smiles, and despair when he is

indifferent or capricious."

Wrath makes Delly absolutely speech less. If looks, etc., etc., Mrs. Dalton

"Don't be a goose, Dolly," resumes her friend, not having suffered any visi ble injury from the lightning glances to which she has been subjected. "Heep



your temper and reap the advantages of my superior age and experience."
"Keep them to yourself!" retorts

Dolly, tartly.

"The first I must, whether or no, but the latter shall be yours. Come, dear child, you know I am fond of you; be lieve me when I say that I would not that I am desirous to see him subjugated by you. He shall be yours, I promise, and I will only make one condition."

Dolly seats herself on the sofa, and allows Mrs. Dalton to take her hand, though she looks rather sulky. Still, she does, poor little girl, regard Mr. Clement Lascelles as the first prize in the marriage lottery, and is willing to take upon herself his part of the contract to worship him with her bedy and tract: to worship him with her body and endow him with all her worldly goods. For in a small way she is an heiress, though he is not destitute of money, and has an excellent position. Truth to tell, the young man is not what is called "a b*l sort;" he has good looks, good brains b*l sort;" he has good looks, good brains and good manners, when he is not egged of to taking liberties by the silly finteries of the other sex. Poor Dolly loves him madly, and has innocently shown her pleasure in his notice and her sufferings at his neglect. Mrs. Dalton, having paused to give due effect to her words, Dolly, after a moment, is constrained to say rather sulkily: "Well:"

"You must take the yow first."

"What yow:" with latent irritation.

"What yow;" with latent irritation. "The vow never to tell any human being-Mr. Lascelles least of all-that I, or, for the matter of that, any one, advised you how to act toward him.

"O, of course, I promise."
"Promises are like pie-crust," replies
Mrs. Dalton; then with an air of great
solemnity, she goes to a small bookesse
at the end of the room, and comes back with a bible. "You must kiss the book,"

she says.
"O, no," cries Dolly, frightened. For she knows that she never kept a secret in her life, and is terrified at being put on an oath which she may break in spite

"Well," says Mrs. Dalton, firmly, "do you want him or do you not?"

"Yes," cries Dolly, with tears in her eyes, 'I do."
"Then kiss the book." "But how do I know there is anything

loubting Dolly. "Because I say so. Do I not know the world and men? Dolly takes the book trembling. "But

what am I to say?" she falters.' "Say: 'I swear not to tell Clement Lascelles or any other person that Marion Dalton advised me how to win his af-

With a sudden desperate gesture Dolly kisses the book and repeats the formu-"Now, then!" she cries out, excit-

Mrs. Dalton takes up her parable, 'Clement is really fond of you-he would be exceedingly fond of you if you only

"If I allowed him!" gasps Dolly.
"Yes," repeats her adviser, "By allowing him, I don't mean throwing yourself at his head, and showing him that you adore him; but by making him doubt your love and his own capacity for pleasing you. Different men want dif-ferent treatment. There is nothing so delightful to some as to see and know that a woman cares for them-it adds ten-foid to their devotion for her; but I am bound to say these men are in the minority. Most of them are far more stimulated by doubts and fears—the woman becomes more dear as she seems to be more distant, and, as a rule, when a man is literally crazy about one of our sex, it is because she has worried and tormented him, and kept him on a continual balance between hope and fear. Now you, and others like you, have so hung upon Clement Lascelle's words and looks, have so positively shown him that he is a great being, a lofty intellect, a rival to Apollo, that it is not likely he is coming off his pedestal to worship his worshippers. Your only chance, my dear, is to abandon your worship and to counterfeit indifference as best you may, and to let a gradual and startling conviction come over him that you were not

really in earnest after all." "It is very easy to talk, though," pouts "It is very easy to act, too," returns Marion, "if you are positively certain

that your plan of compaign is going to be successful " "How do I know that it will be?" "Try it for twenty four hours, and see

"But I don't know what I am to do."

"You must be absolutely guided by me, and not act for one moment on your own responsibility. "I daresay it will turn out all wrong,"

savs Dolly ungraciously, "and that I shall lose him altogether." "All right," replies Mrs. Dalton, losing patience and rising from her seat. "Do as you like. After all, what on earth does it matter to me whether you are happy or miserable? Go your own

tell me."

"Then hearken and obey. Dick Wyndham is coming to night. You knot he is rather fond of you. Talk to him, and to him o'lly, all the evening. Do not glance in Mr. Lascelles direction. I will keep my eye on him, and report to you how he takes it. If he approaches you in the evening look bored and distraite, and reply to him by mon osyllables."

"I shall never beable to do it," groans

dinner. She is looking charming in a dress of a delicious apricot tint, which he has not seen before (he is a great connoisseur of dress); if he could only catch her eye he would beam on her one of those glances which would have intoxicated her maiden soul. But whereas it has been his wont to meet her tender pleading glances every two min. It is the does him an excellent turn by the does him an excellent turn b

whereas it has been his wont to meet her tender pleading glances every two minutes heretofore, to-night he might be Banquo's ghost, and she one of Mac beth's guests, for all she seems to see him. His memory serves him up various sneering and savage quotations on the theme of souvent femme varie. He is so little congenial to his neighbor at dinner that she expresses the most unfavorable sentiments regarding him in the drawing-room later on, causing Dolly to halt between the desire to defend him hotly, and a sense of pleasure that some

the former, who presently retires in tragic dudgeon, and leans against the wall looking like Hamlet, Lord Byron, or any other blighted being in the good use of your knowledge." sulks.

In reality, Dick is the person most to be pitied, although his face is alight with smiles, and his heart aglow with anticipations of posessing a lovely woman, and satisfying the debtors who, metaphorically speaking, take him by the throat, crying, "pay me what thou owest!" est!" Innocent creature that he is, expects no treachery, nor dreams that the milk-white bosom palpitates for the "infernal young prig" over the way. Dolly will play billiards and lawn-tennis with him on the morrow; in the afternoon they are to ride together; and, as he sits a coking after the ladies have retired, he reflects on the most approvin what you are going to tell me," says ed method of asking a certain ques

Up to this moment Clement Lascelles hes not any necessity for putting his fate to the touch, because he had been absolutely certain of winning; but now that for the first time he has a rival—a rival who is progressing by leaps and bounds in his lady's favor, he sees that something must be done. He cannot have been befooled. She loves him—or

broken ere he courts repose.
"Marion!" cries Dolly a few hours
later, bursting into her friend's room, whilst that lady—no early riser at the best of times—still nestles among her pillows, "read this!" and she seats herself on the bed in a state of great excite ment, whilst Mrs. Dalton languidly per uses the letter thrust into her hands. "I call it great impertinence!" she re

marks, returning it to Dolly. "Impertinence!" with wide open eyes.



"Certainly!" and Mrs. Dalton, taking

it back, quotes from it: "Though I cannot pretend to offer you the one great passion of a life—sad passages beyond the ken of other mor-tals have tarnished the pure lustre that once surrounded my soul as with a halo yet, if you will take a heart weary with the sorrows of the ages, dimmed by the darkling doubts with which an intimate knowledge of humanity clouds the spirit, take me to your tender breast and let me find shelter there from life's griefs and disappointments. What recom and disappointments. What recompense a heart blighted as mine has been can bestow I will strive to make to your angelic sympathy and goodness."

Mr. Edward Atkinson says the two things most needed in those days is, first, for rich men to find out how poor men live, and, second, for poor men to find out how rich men work.

Dolly springs up and catches her by the suppliant instead of you."

Suppliant!" cries Dolly, with fresh flames from her burning heart ascending to her cheeks.

Dolly springs up and catches her by the arm. "No, ho, Mariou, don't go: an ecstacy. "I wonder what he means? I suppose some horrid woman threw tell me."

Dick
You and I hope you will resent it."
Resent it." slmost shricks Dolly, "Why, it is a declaration!

"Why, it is a declaration?"

"Get me my blotting-book off that table;" commands Mrs. Dalton resolutely. "Now she said, beginning to write, "you will answer it in this way, or I wash my hands of you, and to introve he will have reduced you to abject misery again."

osyllables."
"I shall never be able to do it," groans Dolly.
"Not with such a big stake to win!"
(a little sarcastically.)
"Ah! you don't know what it is to love!" cries Dolly.
"Not as you do, certainly," retorts Marion, with an inflection of voice which Dolly is net cute enough to catch.
Dick Wyndham arrives in time for dinner. He is rather fond of Dolly—he is exceedingly hard up, and wants her money even more than her sweet self. He is bright and amusing, has a considerable fund of small talk, is devoted to sport, and has not Mr. Lascelles sethet ic taste or lofty manner of showing superiority. He has a genuine contempt for a man who talks art and plays classical music as Mr. Lascelles has for one who thinks of nothing but hunting, lawn-tennis, and polo, though he rides fairly straight and is an average shot himself.

Not a little disgusted is Lascelles, The writes hurriedly for a few minutes, and then, with heightened color, fixed the draft aloud:
"But, for my part, I look upon the write as very pleasant place, and have made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible; so, as I could not console you, and then, with heightened color, fixed the draft aloud:
"But, for my part, I look upon the write as very pleasant place, and have made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible; so, as I could not console you, and you. With the tideas you express, would make me miserable, I think you had much better look for somebody whose temperament is more like your own. I suppose you mean me to understand that you have been much more in love with zone one else than you seem to have suffered.

The is a desperate fight between Mrs. Dalton and Dolly before the latter can be persuaded to copy and forward what she considers a heartless and flip-

can be persuaded to copy and forward what she considers a heartless and fliphimself.

Not a little disgusted is Lascelles, therefore, when Dolly, whose sorrowfulness and its cause have greatly soothed his complacency for the last twenty four hours, seems to have eyes and ears for no one but this half-witted soldier at discovered by the discovered by the period of the pe

hotly, and a sense of pleasure that some answer, Clement Lascelles carries off one besides herself has suffered by his the young lady to her boudoir on precoldness. Mrs. Dalton makes a pretext for calling Dolly saide, tence of wanting to be shown something, and, replacing the melancholy of Hamlet for calling Dolly aside.

"Excellent, my love!" she cries, in high good-humor, pressing the girl's arm. "He is enraged beyond measure. He scarcely took his eyes off you. Go on and prosper!"

Thus stimulated, Dolly does go on, and prospers exceedingly. When Mr. Lascelles and Dick approach simultaneously she devotes her whole attention to the latter, and has scarcely a word for the former, who presently retires in the same property of the former, who presently retires in the same property of the former. The property of the former is the cries, in by the conquering airs of young Love-lace, takes her in his arms, swears he has been a fool, and has never really loved any one but her sweet self, and that if she accepts him her life shall be one round of pleasure. Twenty minutes later, Dolly has passed on all his embraces and more to Marion.

"How clever you are, darling:" she says admiringly.

Paper Fabrie.

The use of paper fabric for building purposes—by the term paper being meant broadly a flexible sheet made of vegetable or other fibre, which has been reduced to a pulp, and then pressed out and spread and dried—is now advocated by some builders for the following reareer every door was open to him. - Cou sons: First, continuity of surface-that is, it can be made in rolls of almost any width and length, is flexible, or by glueing several layers together may be made stiff, and will stop the passages of air because there are no joints; second, it has no grain like wood and will not split; third, it is not affected by change of temperature, and thus it has an advantage over sheet metal as roofing material; fourth, whereas, in its natural state it is affected by moisture, it may be rendered waterproof by saturating with asphalt, or by a variety of other methods; fifth, it is non-resonant and well fitted to prevent the passage of sound; sixth it is a non-conductor of rerish the thought!

With gloomy brow and stately step he retires from the smoking-room, and seeks the solitude of his chamber, but not his couch. The dawn has not long broken ere he courts repose.

"Marion!" cries P. C. heat, and can also be made of incom-bustible material, like asbestos, or renadaptability is the ease with which it may be made into sheets of any width and thickness, that will not warp or shrink from heat, cold or dampness.

A Drummer Keeps Warm.

Said a travelling man in the Palmer House yesterday: "I never order a fire in my room at a country hotel. I carry a warming apparatus along which is both convenient and not costly to myself. See?" And he pulled out a pair of nippers and a gas burner which would throw a flame at least seven inches wide. "It's this way," he continued.

egister and go to my room. The burner is, of course, plugged with cotton so that you can't get enough light to see the bed by. I yank it off with my nippers, screw on my own patent appliance, and then sit by the window and watch the city gas tank sink down towards the ground while my room gets warm."-Chicago

The Wrong Girl.

The St. John Telegraph tells this story:—A young man well known about town made an eventful call on a lady a few evenings ago, and it is said that he is not very likely to "call again" for some time to come. It appears that he was very well acquainted with the pretty servant cirl who generally answers the servant girl who generally answers the door bell, though he would not have his friends know it for the world. On the evening in question he rang the bell, and then stepped behind the door that and then stepped behind the door that remains stationary, and waited. Presently a head appeared around the door, and the young man leaned forward and impressed a kiss upon the fair one's lips. A shriek followed. The young man thought he kissed the hired girl. But it was the hostess.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

THE FUNNIEST THINGS THE HU-MORI TS ARE SAYING.

Arithmetical Problem, &c., &c.

INTEREST.

There is a movement on foot in Boston to abolish usury. The brokers take much interest in it.



OPENING THE SEASON,

Mother (to boy who was badly used up)—Why, for goodness sake, Adrian—Adrian—Don't say nuthin', Mother.
Do you hear them shouts? We have beaten the champion Mudlung nire and

killed an umpire It was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the Constitution of the United States were under examination.

"How is law made?" said the in-

structor.
"Oh," said a tailor-made damsel cheerfully, "the Senste has to ratify it, and then the President has to veto

GIVEN AWAY.

Mamma-I don't see where papa can Mamma—I don't see where papa can be. He's very late to-night. Mildred—Why, he's fixing his cane or something. I heard him tell Uncle George, this morning. Mamma—What did he say? Mildred—He said "George, I've got to blow that new club of mine off to night." —Tid Bits

it, has just been shaved, and the tonso-rial artist "touches" him for a hair-

Barber-Your hair looks pretty bad-omes over your coat collar, sir. Shan't

OPEN. In the death of Leary New York loses one of her distinguished burglars. Mr. Leary was hit on the head with hard burnt brick, and lived but a few days after the concussion. It may be truly said that during Mr. Leary's long ca-

Visitor (to Montana widow)—And you say your husband met his death by falling off a scaffold? Montana Widow—Yes; poor John. Visitor—How far did he fall? Montana Widow-Er-oh, the fall was bout three feet, I think.

NOT FOR HIMSELF. Mendicant—Will you please gimme a few pennics, sir! I have a blind brother to take care of.

Gentleman-A big robust man like you ought not to beg.

Mendicant (with dignity)—I am not begging for myself, sir; I am begging for my blind brother.

ACQUAINTED.

Fogg, the eminent lawyer (who has a weakness for charging high fees), to nephew who has been speculating—What! you paid two dollars for one rabbit, Bobby?

Bobby (seven years old)—Yes, sir. Fogg—Why didn't you consult your Bobby (who has heard of his uncle's fame)-Then it might have cost me five.

RIGHT PACE. A story is told of an Irish drill sermand: "Right face," one of the recruits turned completely about, bringing him-self exactly in the same position from

which he started.
"Holy Moses!" shricked the drill sergeant, "Phat does yez mane by turnin' completely about, when I sez right

The recruit was as awkward in his anwer as he had been in his manœuvring and the old sergeant, with the intention of sending him to the guard house, demanded his name.

"Turner," said the man, whereupon Irish wit asserted itself and the old sergeant said: "Begorra, and yez couldn't help it

Guest (to Florida hotel keeper-What is this item among the "extras;"
"Weather vane, \$4?" Hotel keeper—
Yes, sir; we charge \$1 a day for telling which way the wind blows, and there is no money in it at that .- Tidbits,

PROUD OF HIS DOG

Mrs. Smith—I left the house a few minutes this afternoon, John, and baby destroyed those two cigars you left laying on the footrest.

Mr. Smith—The meddling little thing! She ought to have been punished. Thos

cigars cost me 20 cents.

Mrs. Smith—And your terrier puppy
completely ruined my new spring bon-

Mr. Smith-Ho! ho! ho! The frisky little rascal. I tell you, Maria, there's mettle in that pup.—Binghamton Re-

Joseph Edwards,

The Sergeant's Order-Western Ball 11 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

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

A FULL LINE

Of Ladies' Dress Goods, Seersuckers, 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

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

WE ALSO REEP A FULL LINE OF

Heavy Groceries,

Mr. Rural Hayseed, (in town on a vis- 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 Hayseed-Wall, I don't care if you do. You might just pull the coat collar eity 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.

IN ECONOMY THERE IS WEALTH! IN THE JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE OF MONEY THERE IS ECONOMY:

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

HAVE YOU VISITED

geant who had been put in charge of an awkward squad. At the word of combehind 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

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 nanufacturers, and guarantee satisfaction as to PRICE and QUALITY.

WE WILL DUPLICATE BILLS

From any Market in our Wholesale Department. Call and be convinced. 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 com-

H. WEIL! & BROS.