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HIS ENEMY,



HE train bad come and gone, and brought only one passenger, Marian turned her face quickly away as of the lithe, manly figure, and began to budy herself with the carriage

Eugene Landt, for Eugene Landt it was, happened to be the one human being toward whom Miss Hanford felt a strong aversion. The taint was in her blood, no doubt, for her father and his had been sworn enemies and contestants at law, and to the final triumph of John Laudt was due the change from wealth to poverty that had fallen on Hugh Hanford, and left his only and motherless child to a hard fight with fortune. Marian had always believed that sorrow and disappointment had caused her father's sudden death. She could not look at the Landt mansien, nor at any-thing that bore the hated name, without exceeding bitterness of spirit. She had a home in her uncle's house, and taught the district school. Every one was sorry for Hanford's pretty daughter. Mr. Hanford's pretty daughter did not seem to be sorry for herself. She kept her head up and faced the world bravely. When Eugene Landt returned from his five years' sojourn abroad he came to her apologetically one day on some trifling business connected with the school, and held out to her the hand of fellowship. comported herself with such pride and cold dignity that his first visit was her on the street again. He had known her since childhood, had been her play-mate and classmate, but he taught himself now to pass her by like a stranger.

At the first glimpse of her enemy, as we have said, Marian became deeply occupied in the readjustment of her car-riage robe, keeping her face carefully averted from the tall figure that was striding up and down the platform. She was waiting for Jake, the station hand, to pack the wagon floor behind her with some bags that had come for her uncle; Kenb, by the noon express. It was snowing fast and furiously; the flakes were whirling quicker and quicker in wild gusts of wind from the northeast. An hour ago even no one could have foreseen such a storm, but here it was in all its splendid strength and fury, blotting out the far landscape, and making even the near distance wavering and indistinct. There was ro other vehicle at the station besides Marian's little open carriage, and no other human being to be seen but the deliberate Jake and the one other individual whom Marian declined to see.

"Thank you, Mr. Stover, very, very much." The soft, light voice was sweet as a silver bell,
"It it all right now? Everything in?

"It it all right now? Everything in? Do you think," doubtingly, "that it would be of any use to raise my umbrella?" She can searcely see Jake's face through the hurrying flakes, "No ma'am, not one bit," was the prompt reply. "You best jest git along quick—that's all. This stormain't go'in to be no lighter 'fore mornin'. It'll be

heavier a blaceed sight nor you think don't know he were comin'. No one n't here to meet him. Hedunno what

"Ob," soid Marian coldiy. She gave her role an extra tack and shook her valuations more before tying it across of then it appeared that Mr. wer had been misled on the informabeew exactly what to do. He came acres the platform with his quick, light step, touched his fur cap and said gay-

Friend, neighbor, Christian, may I eg you to give me a lift as far as you that is, if it be anywhere in the direction of New Church? I am unfortunate. Ah," he said, in genuine surprise, "it is Miss Hanford," and then

Um, why she go all the way to New Church," said Jake, obligingly. "She

"Ven." said Marian, in a clear voice that had more chill in it than the biting "Certainly I pass your loor, Mr. Landt."

And then, poor girl, she was con-strained to make room for him and to feel in the midst of her anger and de-

teene's along c' ye."
Eat the friendly remarks of Mr. Stovid not reach the ears for which they

ty prompt and polite refusal, and sat amused, and smiled to himself a and deal, with an expression it was not no well Marian did not see. He as fresh, swift and excited by the storm He pitied her presently and

leoded again.
"Mr. Landt," she said, severely, "I
must drive. The horse is a new one
must drive. The horse is a new one He does not know the way, and I should not feel safe unless my hand was on the

"He doesn't know the way," repeated Eurene, in an old tone. "That's bad, Mess Hanford. I am very much afraid mone of us will know it, if the snow con-tianes at this rate." For, indeed, they hs, and they were breathing snew-

grasped the reins from her, and she covered both hands, gladly enough. No. "Your people will be alarmed about and nodded."

word accompanie! this proceeding.
Marian's eyes were full of angry tears, and Etigene's were blinking off the crystals that stung and hitt them. It was growing so dark now that not even the nearest trees on the roadside were visible. "I really don't know where I am;" Eugene murmured, peering right and left with anxious glances. "Do you, won't they, Miss Hanford?" he inquired at length, standing with his back to the fire and looking very bored and very handsome; "especially if the wagon goes home empty."

"I think the horse will take the road to his old home at Meadowsville," she said composedly. "He would Hardly know the way to Uncle Reub's. My people will simply conclude that I was afraid to drive in this storm and that I have staid over in the village."

Miss Hanford?

"So far I do. The schoolhouse is just a little beyond, I could walk there blindfolded. We'll pass it in about half an minute. The road isn't very good just here. If you could drive more slowly."

But scarcely had the words struck the



air when the wagon turned over. Miss Hanford tumbled into a snow drift that had already heaped itself on the roadhanford tumbled into a snow drift that had already heaped itself on the roadside, and lay there, a muffled, almost indistinguishable heap, and Mr. Landt half fell, half sprang beyond her, but was on his feet instantly again. The horse also was on his feet and going into the distance at a fine gallop, the sound of which was soon lost on the sweep of the angry wind.

"Ah, are you hurt? Are you burt? He had gathered Miss Hanford up in his arms, and was holding her as easily as if she had been a child.

"I don't know," said Marian, struggling promptly to regain her footing on the earth; but the instant she accomplished this a cry of pain escaped her.

"My foot," she said, faintly. "Something is the matter with my foot."

"A sprain, perhaps," Eugene said, compassionately, "Just try to walk a step or two,"

step or two."
She did try, then caught at Eugene's arm with both her hands.
"I can't," she said quietly. "The pain is terrible,"

"Then, good heavens, what are we to do? I could carry you easily—but—to keep my feet in this wind." You can carry me to the schoolhouse,

if you will. I have the key here. I am sorry, Mr. Landt, to give you this trouble—"

"The very thing," he said promptly.
"Lucky it's so near. Just put your arm round my neck, please. That's right."

"And I am sorry you are so ungentle-manly," she flashed out at him; "so rade, so unbearably impertiment—but I could expect no better! Nothing good if you will. I have the key here. I am

plod his way, with bent head, against the storm. "You'll have to guide me, Miss Han-

ford, if you can."
"Go on straight a little way—a few steps further. Now, turn off the readfor. 'Gene Landt," leaning forward confidentially, he's in a fix. His folks right. You'll feel the fence in a minute." had struck film in the face and he was powerless to return the blow. He drew a deep breath and walked away, after "I feel it now," said Eugene, bumping himself against it; "and here's the gate. Actually 'we are in luck,' as Mr. leaning on his hand.

unlocked. Within all was cimmerian darkness, but the change to a warm, dry her heart seemed bursting asunder betion he had just youchsafed. Mr. Landt | atmosphere was a delightful sensation. the desk and kindled a cheerful wood fire in the big drum stove. Then he removed her snow powdered wraps and his own overcoat, shook them vigorously and to soothe and comfort his frank little bung them in friendly companionship

"Now, we must see a little to the poor foot, Miss Hanford," he said, going down on his knees before her. "Let me remove your boot. Don't be afraid; I won't hurt von.'

But despite his light, careful touches Marian winced with pain. The removal of the stocking was accomplished with some time before Eugene himself suc-an air of almost professional gravity, and cumbed. The wind had gone down, and then Eugene, having satisfied himself now there was nothing to prevent him that no bones were broken, began to taking the road to New Church, except—

so, said Jake, encouraginly. "This going to be a blizzard, this is. 'Night, we Hanford: I'm good and glad Mist teene's along c'ye."

"It's too bad, of course," he said gently, "but accidents will happen. We were blown rudely from his hips and the standard of the said gently, "but accidents will happen. We must make the best of it."

"Who is

"Of course," said Marian. "Thank "Oh, oh! Mr you." She looked anywhere but at the bright and reassuring face above her. "It has but Marian and Engene were speeding away brough the pathering twilight, meeting the tempest side by side.

Of course Mr. Landt at once offered to take the reins, but was met with a locale the reins to take the r

At this overflow of base and truly feminine ingratitude Mr. Landt merely raised his eyebrows and walked over to a distant bench, whereon he settled himso by her upright attitude and the solid in an attitude of repose. The little solid in an attitude of repose. The little clock between the windows ticked solid into a firesh, swift and excited by the storm well. He pitted her presently and tire suggested comfortable companionship; but these two very handsome
voung people, whom fate had paired off
in this novel and unexpected fashion,
listened to the rearing of the sterm
listened to the rearing of the sterm
outs partly agaret by the
until very very lately. It seems I am
only just beginning to know you now.
And then—well, I—ob, Eugene, you
are good!"
To this little outburst of cohorent elogusts, the rattling of doors and windows, in cold and formal silence. Now and than a word was uttered and answered relative to the flight of time or the con- ly: dition of the fire, and egain silence

of us will know it, if the snow constant this rate." For, indeed, they say could see the horse's back, the before them seemed full of black his, and they were breathing snow-sinstead of sir.

It perhaps needless to mention there was no more sleep that night for Mr. Landt grew restless presently. He stirred about the room, picking up a school book here and there, yawning undisguisedly over an old almanac he discovered, and altogether betrayed the utmost weariness of soul. As for Miss besides her. As the day grew really bright he roused her cently brooded. When they had gone perhaps a mile in silence, Marian drew in one little stiff had under the robe an instant; then, and to subdued resemble to the resemble of the robe and subdued resemble to the robe and subdued resembl

have staid over in the village."
"Well, really, I don't see that there is any hope of better weather. I think I ought to start along and try to get to New Church and send someone to bring

you home."
"Walk is New Church!" she asked m astonishment: "You never could in such

"But there's no need. We are com-fortable enough for the present. The wind must abate before long; and at any rate," she went on with firmness, "I couldn't stay here alone, Mr. Londt. I

could not allow you to leave me helpless in this deserted place."

"But, my dear Miss Hanford, the storm may last till morning, and certainly we couldn't—I couldn't—" He stopped embarrassed. She was looking at him with such grave, unconscious eyes that he could not bring himself to hint at the impropriety of their remaining together, as viewed by the outside world, even for the length of

time that had already passed.
"If you will not let me leave you," he said, catching at a thought, "how can I possibly procure assistance? You can't walk and you don't want to stay here all

"But the weather may change." "That's the merest chance, Miss Hanford. We can't depend on that. I think I had better make a start. If I am blown into the canal," he added lightly, "or perish otherwise---"

perish otherwise—"
"But I have told you I will not be left here alone;" she interrupted quickly and indignantly. "It is your fault, sir, in the first place, that this accident has happened. If you had allowed me to keep the reins we would probably be safe at home by this time; instead of which—"

She threw out her hands with a gesture that finished the sentence eloquently enough. Eugene bit his lip. He blushed angrily, but spoke with calmness. "May I ask your reason for not wish-

ing to stay alone." he asked ironically; "that is, if there can be anything like reason connected with such a whim."

"I have told you I am utterly power less, and I am afraid," "Of ghosts, perhaps, or mice! Which

Miss Hanford did not answer. too, bit her lip, but it was to check back her quickly rising tears.

"I am sorry you are so unreasonable," he said quietly, "so childishly absurd. It places us both in a very ridiculous

could come from any one who bears

a deep breath and walked away, after

Marion continued to sob convulsively. Another minute's careful plodding All the wrongs and sorrows of her brought them to the door, which Eugene father's life came surging back to her, milocked. Within all was cimmerian overwhelming tide; the flood-gates of fore the pent-up bitterness of years, Mr. Landt groped his way to a seat, de-posited Miss Hanford thereon, and under her direction lit the little lamp above enemy who had so bitterly spoken her

Engene awoke with a shiver; the lamp had burned out, the fire was almost dead, and—what was this? Beyond the window panes clear moonlight and a cloudless sky! Miss Hanford was still asleep in her chair, as she had been for now there was nothing to prevent him From that she was sheltered by his arm from the worst violence of the storm, and must be more or less comforted, despite her detestation, by his near presence through the long and dreary ride that hey before them.

"Grown, now! you ain't got a second to lose," said Jake, encouraginly. "This is roing to be a blizzard, this is. 'Night, Mass Hanford; I'm good and glad Mist."

I'm the tore in strips his own linen handker—the handker and looked at his watch. It was two o'clock a. m. He walked to the window and stared out hopelessly. Of what avail was the colm brightness of earth and sky? It had come too late. What now could turn aside this disgrace that hey before them.

"Grown we are ahead of the swelling, anyway, and I'll make you as comfortable as I can. Let me lift you into this armchair. Then you can lean back—so." He caught a stool and placed it under her feet, and stood looking down kindly on her said. the sleeper on the chair stirred and

"Who is that?" she demanded quickly. "Oh, oh! Mr. Landt, is it you? Where

voice sounded sweet and friendly. "But the storm is over. I am so glad." "Glad!" Eugene said nothing. He

closed the door and came and kneeled by

sure to pass, now. How late is it—ten o'clock, eleven o'clock t"

But when Eugene informed her, in a constrained voice, she merely said, light Well, it won't be long till morning, specially if we go to sleep again,"

It perhaps needless to mention there

full consciousness came back, she smiled

"Yes, you can go now. Oh, how strange we have been here--all night!" Eugene turned away quickly and began to put on his coat. Then he came back and stood beside her, strangely

"I am going to Dixon for a carriage. he said hurriedly. "And, Miss Hanford I will bring a minister with me and a witness. It is impossible for us to return to New Church until we are marri-

"What?" said Marian, almost start-ing from her chair, "Married? You and I?"

"It must be so," he answered decisive-"It must be so," he answered decisively. "I will never force my companionship on you; you will be perfectly free.
Listen to me"—he spoke quite sternly—
"the only way by which you can save
your reputation or regain your place
before the world is to let me make you
my wife."

"I won't do any such thing," she
answered instantly. "I am surprised
you should think that I could."
"But I ask it for your sake." he said

"But I ask it for your sake," he said pointedly. "An adventure of this sort may be overlooked in a man, but in a

"An adventure," repeated Marian, her frank, brown eyes full of astonishment, "But could we possibly help it? Did we want to stay here? Who in the world could blame us for a matter entirely be-

yond our power to control?"

Eugene looked at her fixedly for a long moment. "It was in your power, Miss Hanford," he rejoined quietly. "You would not allow me to leave you.

I am going to Dixon," he repeated with added firmness, "to find a minister. In the meantime, try to use your reason—if that be possible"—he could not refrain from this slight thrust. and be assured of one thing, that it will not be my fault if your good name is is sacrificed through an accident for which you tell me I was to be blamed in the first place."

He turned upon his heels and left her helplessly watching his retreating

"Good morning, Uncle Reub, can I see Mrs. Landt?" "Marian," shouted Uncle Reub, put-ting his head in at the doorway, "come down, will you? Mr. Lan—your hus-band's here."

He bestowed a wink on Eugene as he

He bestowed a wink on Eugene as he substituted the word. "Her foot's all right again. She's goin' up to school to-morrow, I believe."

He nodded and passed along the veranda to the farmyard gate.

In a moment Marian came. She was blushing and breathing fast, and her brown eyes were lowered. They barely touched hands.

"I heard you were about to take up

"I heard you were about to take up school again," he said gravely. "Is it

"But I must," she answered in a sub-

dued voice, not daring to look at him.
"My term will not end—"
"Marian!" He caught her gently, turned her in his strong arm, and then walked her into the little dark parlor, where the horsehair sofs and mildew were, "Let us talk together a moment as friends, at least. You are my wife." She winced at the word and Eugene She ended in a passion of tears.

Mr. Landt continued to look down at her with a sort of startled, shocked expression. It was as if her delicate hand had struck him in the face and he was powerless to return the blow. He drew right, dear, only for the legal injustice that made it mine. I have arranged to go away. But I shall go away a very wretched man unless I can think of you cared for and happy. Promise me that you will not teach any more; that you will accept your rights as my wife, as the woman I love."

the woman I love."

"Pon't dare to say you love me." She stepped back from him, looking very pale, but very piteous, too. "You are sorry for me; and you think—"

"I am not sorry for you," he interrupted, firmly. "Indeed, no. Who could be sorry for one so proud and—cold? But I am sorry for myself," he added, slowly, because, in spite of all added, slowly, because, in spite of all your faults, I do love you dearly."

And then Marian came slowly near, and very shyly took hold of Eugene's coat button and examined it closely as

"If you love me," she said, softly-"you took a long time to tell me so."



"Marian!" "You did. This is the first time you ever hinted such a thing was-possible." "Dearest - but you must have

"Only tell me by what means, I might as well say that—you—must have

"Oh, Marian." "Well," she said, but she laid her check against his arm to say it, "I didn't love you the least bit—not at all,

quence Mr. Landt merely said:
"My precions girl."
Presently she held up her obstinate little head again.

"But I never would have married you that morning—never—never—only the minister—only dear old Mr. Earl—per-suaded me. You never could have managed it for yourself." "Td have managed it later though,"
Eugene answered, laughing.
MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Irate Student-Don't you ever sweep under the bed, I'd like to know.

THE TWIN STATES.

SCRIH CAROLINA.

Franklin county has just voted a sub-scription of \$50,900 in aid of the build-ing of the Great Western Air Line road, from Charlotte to Weldon.

A great soldlers' reunion is to be held at Pittsboro on the first Thursday in August. Governor Scales, Senators Vance and Ransom and Lieutenant Gov-ernor Steadman will make speeches.

The fifth meeting of the North Carocity ended Friday after a two weeks session. More than 2,000 teachers were present. A party of several hundred teachers left for New York by steamer excursion which is to occupy a week or

At a meeting of the Horticultural Society, at Raleigh on Wednesday, arrange metris were perfected for the Fruit Fair, which it is decided to hold in Metro-politan Hall August 16th, being the same time agreed upon for the conven-tion of the Farmer's Alliance. It was decided to invite Judge Fowle to deliver the address of welcome and Col. S. B. Alexander the annual address,

North Carolina Crop Report.

The crop report for June is made up rom reports of a thousand correspond from reports of a thousand correspondents covering every county in the State, is as follows—100 being taken as the estimate of the full crop: Wheat 833-4, oats 91 1-7, corn 87, cotton 78 3-4 tobacco 82 5-6, rice 93 1-7, sorghum 80 1-2, apples 66 1-4, peaches 66, hay 95, clover 90, peanuts 86. Inquerries were for the first time made with a view to ascertaining the cost per bushel of producing that quantity of wheat is 68.9, while that of corn is 441-4 and of oats 30 1-2. Comparing the crop report of that fer May it is observed that there is a falling off in every respect. Corn is off nearely twelve points, wheat 13, cotton 21, tobacco 4 and rice 5.

Two Men Killed by Lightning.

A fatal and destructive thunder squall is reported from the coast section of Beaufort county, S. C. In a small vil-lage called Dicksonville, adjacent to the county seat, and occupied exclusively by negroca, two men, Ben Harvey, and Sherman Simons, were struck by lightning and instantly killed. The clothes of Simons took fire and his body was scorched. There were about ten persons in the house, four of whom besides the killed were serlously shocked. The building was badly damaged.

Several Lives Lost.

A train southbound, proceeding to Mobile, went through a small bridge near Tensas, Fla. The engineer, John Morgan and Sam Williams, the fireman, and two tramps who were stealing a ride, were killed. Mail agent Davis was dangerously hurt and four passengers and the baggage master was slightly injured. The engine, baggage car, the mail car, two passenger coaches, and one sleeper were totally wrecked. The killed and wounded were taken to Mobile.

Both Were Killed.

Melville Lites, a young white man, and a negro Wash Haralson, fought with pistols near Richmond, Alabama and last were killed. They were living on the plantation of A. T. Jones. Lites being an overseer and the negro a last borer. The negro had been ordered to negro's home he fired on them. Lites was shot twice and died within fifteen minutes. Haralson was also fatally

Sweltering New York.

The continued heat is playing sad havoc among the children in the tenement house districts. The cirtificates of deaths are pouring in and several clerks are kept busy tabulating them for future reference in the bureau of statistics Over 100 deaths of children from diar rhoa caused by the heat were recorded, and the books show fully 300 deaths for the day, the heaviest for a year. Horses are suffering severely, and a number of cab and car horses have dropped dead from the heat. The latter, notwith-standing the fact that the companies have relays at intervals of a mile and hospital stations all along the line. At noon Monday the themometer registered

The Green-Eyed Monster.

On Monday, Smith & Wilson, coatractors, discharged Louis Nicholi, a stonecutter, for drunkenness. At 6 o'clock last night Nicholi appeared at the works and shot Contractor M. B. Wilson in the neck. He then walked home and placing the muzzle of the revolver in his own mouth sent a bullet into his head. They both died.

Thurman's Opinion.

In answer to the question, "What do you think of the Republican nomination?" Judge Thurman said Tuesday night: "I consider it a very strong ticket, I have no fears however of the result in November. We shall have a Democratic victory."

Iron Works to Shut Down.

Pittsburg, Pa., Special -All the iron and steel manufacturers in the city gave notice to buyers that no orders would be received after Saturday, and that none would be taken which cannot be filled by that time. This is indicative that they regard a shut down as inevi-

Terrible Disaster.

The steamer James W. Baldwin ran down a pleasure launch on the Hudson just after leaving Newburg, N. Y., and cut it in two. There were eight persons on board the launch, two men and six ladies. Two of the latter, Mrs. Benj. Calm Chambermaid—I always do. I B. O'Dell, Jr., and Miss Annie Miller, prefer it to a dustpan.

Joseph Edwards,

"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.

ADIES' DRESS SILKS, in all shades, former price \$1.10, now 40c. a yard. NUN'S VFILINGS, all wool, in the latest shides, 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

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 eity patrons to do their shopping outside of Saturdays in order to be able to give better attention to their wants and desires.

Remember the sign in front of my store:

Joseph Edwards, "The Champion of Low Prices."

H. WEIL & BROS., leave the place, but refused to do so and when Lites went with Jones to the Wholesale and Retail Merchants,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

IN ECONOMY THERE IS WEALTH! IN THE JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE OE MONEY THERE IS ECONOMY!

In buying your 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

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 n anufacturers, 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.