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W. FLETCHER AUBSON, EDITOR.

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PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1892.

NO. 30.

Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT.
Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alamance.
Secretary of State, Octavius Cooke, of Wake.
Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake.
Auditor, Geo. W. Sanderlin, of Wayne.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sidney M. Finger, of Catawba.
Attorney General, Theo. P. Davidson, of Buncombe.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.
Sheriff, Levi Blount.
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Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.
Commissioners, H. J. Starr, W. C. Marriner, E. D. Latham, Jos. Skitticharpe and M. A. Litchfield.
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Superintendent of Health, Dr. E. L. Cox.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. Lathan Elliott.

CITY.
Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Bryan.
Treasurer, E. B. Latham.
Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker.
Commissioners, E. B. Latham, G. B. Ratemon, D. O. B. May, J. P. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Lowe and Alfred Chisner.

CHURCH SERVICES.
Methodist—Rev. W. B. Moore, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8. Sunday school at 9 a. m., J. P. Norman, Superintendent.

Baptist—Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor. Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m., J. W. Bryan, superintendent.

Episcopal—Rev. Lathan Eborn, rector. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., L. I. Fagan, superintendent.

MEDICAL SOCIETY.
Meets Tuesday after the first Monday of each month. Dr. H. P. Murray, Chairman.

LODGES.
K. of E. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508—Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays, 8 p. m., each month. W. H. Hampton, Dictator.

K. of L. of M. Roanoke Lodge—Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays, 8 p. m., each month. J. F. Norman, Dictator.

I. O. O. F. Esperanza Lodge, No. 28 meets every Tuesday night at Bueh's Hall. J. W. Bryan, N. G., L. T. Houston, Sec'y.

COLORED.

CHURCH SERVICES.
Baptist—Lester A. B. Hicks, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., E. G. Mitchell, superintendent.

Methodist—Rev. C. B. Hogue, pastor. Services every 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 a. m., and at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., B. W. Wiggins, superintendent; J. W. McDonald, secretary.

1st Baptist new Chapel—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 3 p. m. S. B. Knight, pastor. Sunday school every Sunday.

3d Baptist, Zion's Hill—H. H. Norman, pastor. Preaching every 4th Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday, Moses Wynn, Superintendent.

LODGES.

Masons, Caribegian—Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S. Towe, W. M., A. Everett, secretary.

G. U. O. of P. Meridian Lodge 1624—Meets every 3d and 5th Monday night in each month at 7 o'clock. T. F. Bembry, N. G., J. W. McDonald, P. S.

Christian Brother's Lodge K. of L. No. 1—Meets every 1st Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock. J. M. Walker, secretary.

Roper Directory.

CIVIL.
Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Cheson.
Constable, Warren Cheson.

CHURCHES.
Methodist, Rev. J. J. Finlayson, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock (except the first) and every Sunday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. J. Roper, superintendent, E. R. Lewis, secretary.

Episcopal, Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Thos. W. Blount, superintendent, W. H. Daily, secretary.

Baptist, Rev. Jos. Tinch, pastor. Services every 3d Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

LODGES.

Roper Masonic Lodge, A. F. & A. M. No. 443, meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:30 p. m., 1st and 3d Tuesdays after 1st Sunday. J. L. Savage, W. M.; E. L. Williams, Secretary.

Important to Ladies.
Sir—I made use of your PILLOTTON with my last child, in order to procure a safe and easy travail. I need not tell you how much before my expected time, until I was taken sick, and I had a very quick and easy confinement, nothing occurred to prevent my convalescence, and I got about in less time than was usual for me. I think it a medicine that should be used by every expectant mother, for should they but try it as I have, there would never again be without it at such times. I am yours respectfully, Mrs. ELIZABETH DIX.
Any merchant or druggist can procure RILEY'S PILLOTTON for \$1 a bottle.
CHARLES F. RILEY, Wholesale Druggist, 63 Canal St., New York.

THE PARTING HOUR.

There's something in the parting hour
Will thrill the warmest heart.
Ye kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all apart;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or black frontier,
To solitude or war;
Still some bright cheer the heart that dreads
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to her husband's home
With doubtings and with tears,
But does not hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears;
And the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find?
But this the gods are happier
Than the one she left behind.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear?
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet converse
O'er take it not unkind.
Measure your term of sweet converse
At length will have an end!
If he who goes is happier?
Then, on he leaves behind!

God will it so, and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stray;
And when at last, poor man subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind!

[The above exquisite poem, says the Portland Evening Commercial, was written by the late Edward Pollock, the gifted California poet on the 6th of January, 1877. It was given by the poet to a friend who was about to depart on a steamer for Oregon, Pollock saying: "Take this; you may perhaps read and appreciate the sentiment long after I have ceased to be among the living"—Selected.]

Dream Appointment.

"It is growing quite dark, Thomas," I called out to my servant, who was riding ahead. "Do you see any signs yet of the tavern where we were to halt for the night?"

"Nothing is in my sight yet, sir," he replied. "The woods are as dense as night. I fear we have lost our way. Stay! Yonder on the hill is something that looks like a house; but it can't be the tavern, and it seems to be unoccupied."

"Well," said I, "we must try it at all events. Even an empty barn would be preferable to a night's lodging in these dark woods."

Turning aside into a sort of blind path we forced our horses up the steep incline and drew rein before the dwelling in question. It was a dismal an edifice as could well be imagined.

Built of dark stone, low-roofed, and with gaping, unlighted windows, it presented a repulsive, frowning aspect that was far from pleasant.

There was, however, no help for it. We knew of no other habitation for miles around, and was fully determined not to make my bed upon the damp ground at that season of the year. Dismounting, we led our animals into the weed-grown courtyard and forced our own entrance into the house through the decaying front door.

The interior was scarcely more inviting than the outside view. The dust arose in a perfect storm under our tread, and a host of startled vermin scuttled away at our approach.

Bidding my servant kindle a fire in one of the rooms which bore traces of more recent occupation than the others, I threw myself upon a sofa and prepared for slumber. Wearied as I was, to my vexation I found myself persistently wakeful.

For a long while I lay staring at the various objects in the room, and at length began a critical survey of the pictures upon the walls.

One of these, hanging in the strong glare from the firelight, particularly attracted my attention. It was the portrait of a young girl attired in a modern costume, and exquisitely beautiful.

It was such a face as one meets but once in a lifetime and never forgets; rare in its delicate perfection of feature, rarer yet in its magnetic sweetness and strength.

The dark eyes looked down at me with an expression of living intelligence that was almost startling.

I was without relatives or social ties, and my noblest ambition was to kill time; and a dreary butchery I had made of it so far. So, in all solemnity, I murmured:

"Yes, I would give a year of my life to meet her."

Studying the portrait a little longer, I at length turned over upon my side and fell asleep.

How long I had slumbered I could not guess, when I found myself lying broad awake, my heart bounding with an indescribable sense of wonder and alarm.

The fire had gone out and the room was intensely dark. But as I lay there striving to conquer my unaccountable nervousness, it seemed that a pale, lambent glow began to irradiate the wall before me.

At first it was so faint that I believed it a mere delusion of my excited fancy; then it grew brighter and stronger by degrees, until objects were visible in a dull, lurid glare such as is cast by the moon in its last quarter.

I had been lying with my face to the wall, but now I turned over to discover whence the light proceeded. It appeared, however, to come from no central point in the room, but to pervade it like a lucid mist, through which I could dimly perceive the painting looking down at me with its weirdly intelligent eyes.

Was I dreaming? It was the first question I asked myself in explanation of the phenomenon. I arose to a sitting position and gazed around me. No; I was neither dreaming nor deceived. The light was in the room, a light unlike any known illumination, coming from no visible source. It imparted a pallid distinctness to the furniture, and shone with glistening lustre upon my hands and dress.

And now, as I sat staring in blank amazement, a nameless emotion stole upon me, a sense of awe absolutely superhuman. My heart seemed to pause in its beating, a dead numbness seized upon my limbs, and my teeth clenched themselves tightly in a frightful nightmare. Yet it was not with terror. My sensations were purely physical, as if I had been blasted with an electric shock. My mind, despite its overwhelming wonder, was clear, suspicious and active.

An instant later a rush of air, so cold, so Arctic that it seemed to coagulate my blood, swept around me. Just before me in the middle of the room the radiant mist grew perceptibly brighter, waving to and fro with the fluctuations of an aurora. Then it gathered itself together in a luminous mass, the size and shape of a human figure. By slow degrees it darkened and assumed a more decided outline, until within the very reach of my outstretched arm, I saw, as through a pale fog, the form of a young girl.

The face was turned toward me, the eyes met mine with an expression unutterably sweet and solemn, seeming to ask me some unknown question.

With a shock I recognized the face in the portrait. Yet as I glanced toward the picture I saw it still looking down on me from its oval frame. Mastering my quivering nerves with a mighty effort, I again bent my gaze upon the shadowy form beside me.

Jealously I studied it, feature by feature, line by line. I saw that it had no solid outline and that objects were dimly visible through its substance. Brilliant as a summer dawn, it was yet like the impalpable image of a camera.

"It must be a dream," I muttered. "A hallucination of my senses."

I had not addressed the shape before me, but what were my sensations when a voice, clear, sweet, bird-like, coming from a vast distance replied:

"It is no dream. You wish to see me. I am here."

Cowering back in my seat I remained speechless for an interval. Then, with quivering lips, I forced myself to speak.

"Who, and what are you?" I asked.

"The shadow of her whose portrait hangs on yonder wall," it answered. "The intelligence of a living woman who lies in slumber miles from here."

"Why have you come?"

"Did you not will that I should?" replied the shape.

"No," I returned. "Had I dreamed that my wish would call up so utterly nameless a thing as you, it should never have been spoken. I longed to see the original of that portrait in the living flesh."

"Loved her?" murmured my weird visitor, bending its soft eyes upon me; "dare you prove your own heart by meeting her in the flesh?"

"Why not?" was my instant reply. "If you are in truth the disembodied soul of that woman, come to me in a guise that my mind can grasp and my sense define and you shall put me to the test."

"I will," answered the shape. "Appoint the time and place, and I shall not fail you."

"Here," I cried, recklessly, "in this very room, a year hence, at this very hour."

"Be prepared," said the shadow. "I will come."

The voice grew fainter, as coming from a distance still more remote. The light fluctuated, and the radiant image seemed to be dissolving back into the mist.

"Stay!" I cried. "Yet another word. My soul is troubled at what I have seen. I am still incredulous. I cannot believe that my senses are deceived. The experience is too awful. I do not fear, but I am filled with awe of you. Explain this mystery, I conjure you."

"I cannot," was the answer. "I only know that I am sleeping in the flesh miles away, and that my soul is with you in the room. Tomorrow I shall believe it a dream, but I shall nevertheless, fulfill my promise. Remember, tonight, a year hence; till then, farewell."

The glorious shape melted into the etheric lustre of the room. Again the cold air rushed around me, and then I was alone with my awe and wonder in the darkness.

Covering my face with my hands, I fell into a trance of nameless emotion, and so remained until the first pale rays of dawn entered the apartment, and my servant came to arouse me.

Neither to him, nor to any other, did I breathe a word of the weird experience of that night; but the memory of it never left me for a moment in the days that followed.

The close of the year drew nigh, and I made arrangements to keep my strange appointment. Without informing anyone of my design, I set out upon my journey, and at the verge of evening arrived at the old house.

As upon my previous visit, all was darkness and decay within the dwelling. A minute search through the building revealed no trace of any living presence nor had any human being entered the place since my departure. The dust and rubbish lay undisturbed upon the floor, and no article of furniture had been shifted from its original position.

Leaving the outer door unbolted, I returned to the appointed room, and, lighting a fire upon the hearth, sat down to await developments.

Midnight arrived, and still I sat, listening only to the crackling of the fire and the moaning of the night wind in the eaves.

"She will not come," I muttered, impatiently, at last. "Either I was wholly deluded, or it was a lying demon that I spoke with. I will sleep now, and tomorrow leave this place and its false memories behind me forever."

Throwing myself upon the sofa, I tried to sleep.

Perhaps I did, indeed, sleep, for after a short interval I was suddenly and unaccountably aware that I was not alone in the room.

A light step and a soft rustle sounded on the floor behind me and turning quickly, I saw again that mysterious form confronting me.

But it was different from its last appearance. There was now no mist or light in the room. The broad glare of the fire fell upon a figure of flesh and blood and a face beautiful beyond words, but of substantial mold.

For a moment I paused undecidedly. Then I sprang forward and my grasp fell upon an arm, round and warm.

"This is no shadow," I said. "You have kept your appointment with me in the flesh."

The girl looked at me with wonder, and yet with kindly interest.

"Yes," she replied, "I am here. I know that I should see you."

"Do you remember, then," I said, "what occurred in this room one year ago to-night?"

"I remember only that I dreamed of coming here and seeing you, and that I promised to meet you in this room a year later."

"Do you not recall what I said to you?" I asked. "Did I not tell you that I should love you in the flesh? Did you not dare me to prove my own heart by this meeting?"

"I will," answered the shape. "Appoint the time and place, and I shall not fail you."

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WILLING TO RISK IT.

Day was trembling on the edge of night. The sun had dropped behind the hills and splashed the sky with red.

For two hours Susan and Harry had been talking. Gentle reader, do you know what they were talking about?

No. Then guess. Suffice it to say, whatever it was, an amicable conclusion had been reached.

Susan was sweet-faced and tender, and the amethystine tints of the evening touched her face softly and the fading light threw a halo about her head. Yet she was no spring chicken.

But what odds? Henry had passed all the years of his bachelorhood in a boarding house and could have told spring chickens from old hen any day.

He folded her to his throbbing bosom and then slowly unfolded her. "We shall be as happy," he whispered. "Yes, Harry," was her murmured response, "and so harmonious. Whatever you say I shall believe, now, henceforth and forever."

He held her close once more. "I can never be such a husband as you deserve, Susan," he almost sighed. Susan's promise crowded in upon her. "No, Henry," she said, "I suppose not, but at my time of life I can't afford to be too particular. Come in and have some supper."

And Henry went in.

Some Christians give according to their means, and some according to their means.

To learn the worst of one's self is very disagreeable. None the less it is the only way to personal improvement.

The man who is ashamed to confess his ignorance by asking for desired information will remain a dunce as long as he lives.

When a man reaches the point at which he cannot get along without the approval of his fellow-men, all the glory has gone out of his character.

The devil blinds the eyes of his votaries. Not many commit sin without first persuading themselves that they are thereby to secure for themselves some substantial good.

The devil himself could not exasperate the archangel into denunciation. There are some of us who might follow the archangel's example to our profit.

Every day we see around us in the ministry and in other walks of life a great many half men, fragments of men. The lack of early training dwarfed and narrowed them. The worst of the matter is that there is now no remedy for them.

How few preachers today dare "open the subject of personal religion" to a Wall Street multimillionaire; a cabinet officer, a senator, or even a local nobly, yelped "colonel." The poor more than the rich have the gospel preached unto them nowadays.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Miley strong—Limburger.
Low tied—Dancing pumps.
A bald spot—The front row.
Breaks his word—the stutterer.
A thought