

# The Second Century.

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Column	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
1st Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
2nd Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
3rd Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
4th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
5th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
6th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
7th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
8th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
9th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
10th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
11th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
12th Column	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

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citizens of Albemarle and vicinity.  
May be found at Dr. Wooley's old  
office during the day, and at residence  
during the night.  
A. H. calls will receive prompt atten-  
tion.  
June 21, 1880.

A. C. FREEMAN,  
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Attention Graduates!

FARMERS' HOTEL,  
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This well-known hotel, which was  
kept and conducted by E. Hearne in  
ancient days, is now managed by  
his youngest son, S. H. Hearne. He  
respectfully solicits the patronage of  
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We are having our mills thor-  
oughly repaired, and will be pre-  
pared to give satisfaction to all. Come and  
see us.  
We pay the highest cash prices for  
all kinds of country produce.

## TRUE AS STEEL

A Daughter's History,  
BY  
BARRETT SYLVESTER,  
AUTHOR OF

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

"Father what has become of Nellie Remington? I haven't seen her for the last week or more. I'm sure something must have happened to her!" The speaker, a fair-haired girl of sixteen, looked up at the old gray-headed man seated a few steps away, and drew the little stool upon which she was seated closer. The two were before a bright fire in an old-fashioned New England kitchen, whose apparatus betokened all the comforts of a happy home.

Everything was old-fashioned, even to the prints over the mantel. The windows were small, six-paned affairs—the doors were divided in the centre, the top part of which might be opened without disturbing the lower, and the fire-place glittered with the reflection of the fire upon the brightly-polished and ironed grate.

"Ah, my dear," replied the old man, as the girl drew near, "I am afraid Nellie is ill. She has a hard life—a hard life!"

"A hard life, father!" exclaimed the girl. "What makes you think so?"

"There are a variety of circumstances which induce me to believe it, my dear—circumstances of a peculiar nature."

"What are they, father?"

"The old gentleman had passed in his explanation, and did not seem inclined to go on with it."

"What are those circumstances, father?" repeated the girl.

"I had rather not say," replied the old man.

"Because it would do you no good to know?"

Outside the storm increased. The wind whistled shrilly through the crevices of the old farm-house, and shook the windows now and then with a violence which threatened their future use. But this was nothing new in these parts at this season of the year, for the village was near the sea, and when the wind blew inland they were keenly felt everywhere.

And yet, despite the frequency with which the storms visited this portion of the country, the particular storm caused old Mr. Boyd, the father of this fair-haired girl, to shudder.

"Oh, father! I may say one who would shiver like a pen. This Bessie did not fail to notice, though at first she said nothing. At length, however, she put down her knife, and said:

"Father," she said, "You are cold. You are all in a shiver. Come nearer the fire."

"No, child," replied the former. "I am perfectly comfortable, but I fear there are others who may not be so well housed. Your remarks really worry me, and I fear it may be as you say, that Nellie is ill, and not only ill, but in want of shelter from the rude blasts that sweep mother earth to-night."

"In want of shelter, father!" exclaimed Bessie.

"Yes, in want of shelter. Yesterday they were threatened by the landlord, I know. To-day they may be homeless!"

"Oh, father! Why did you not go to the rescue?"

"Because, my darling, Mrs. Remington would have shut the door in my face. She is a woman who will allow no one to interfere with her domestic affairs. She is a very good woman, but she will not have anything to do with her neighbors."

"What Bessie Boyd was about to say was interrupted by the distant boom of a cannon."

"She stopped abruptly, and a sudden pallor overtook her features. She caught the sleeve of the old man beside her."

"Father," she cried, "do you hear that sound?"

"That distant booming sound, each time sending a shock to the listener's heart. It was a cry of warning—a cry of distress—too well known to the mariner, who trusts himself to the treacherous waters."

"Do you think there is any real danger, father, dear?" asked Bessie, after a moment's pause.

"The light is in the window, and the lightning out at the head of the table, shining brightly; I can see it from the window."

"The wind is strong, Bessie, very strong," said the old gentleman, "and the ship that is well anchored is still precariously situated. I fear—I fear some unlucky mariner has been driven upon the rocks. God help the sailor tonight!"

Once more the signal of distress boomed out, borne aloft by the raging winds.

Bessie Boyd stood by the window peering out into the gloom, seeking to penetrate beyond its blinding darkness. She stood there but a moment, and then hastily left its recess and ran to the little closet at the other side of the room.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed her father.

"Do," cried Bessie, "I am going to save human life, if I can."

She drew from the closet a thick woolen hood and an oiled skin cloak, and adjusted them upon her head and shoulders. Then she flung off her dainty slippers and thrust her feet into a pair of rubber boots. Old farmer Boyd slipped with her at every move.

"You are mad, Bessie—you are mad!" he cried. "What can a frail girl like you do in such a storm as this?"

"I can do my share," replied the girl, "and I must not hold back when human life is at stake."

She was soon bundled up warm, and, lighting a lantern, he went toward the door.

"Mr. Boyd had placed himself before it."

"You shall not go, Bessie!" he exclaimed. "You shall not go! You can do no good. It needs a strong man, able to battle the waves and wind. You would go down at the start. It is useless for you to throw yourself away. It is a sin, Oh, my darling daughter, don't leave me alone—don't leave me alone!"

"I must, father, I must. Precious lives depend every effort that can be put forward, and I, being a girl, stand side while souls are perishing about me. No, I cannot."

"But you are too fragile to be of service," said the terrified father.

"So they and of Grace Darling. But Grace Darling did what men dare not do. My life is not so valuable that I cannot risk it, father, dear, and I am determined, if needs be, to throw all in the balance."

Again the gun boomed in the distance.

"I'll be back soon, father!" cried Bessie.

"An instant more and the old man saw her on her way down the road, holding the lantern above her head. She turned the bend in the road and was lost to sight. By this time the booming of the cannon had ceased."

CHAPTER II.  
WHAT THE WAVES COST UP.

All night long the snow fell in great fleecy flakes. The sky seemed full of it, and the wind blew it bitter and cold upon the faces of the men who were working, as if exulting in its work.

The waters in the bay were lashed to a perfect fury by the gale, and across its dreary waste no moon shed its feeble rays.

Such a storm had not visited this little sea-side village for some time. When morning broke no sun appeared to cheer, but the departure of night was indicated by a

## Humorisms.

Blood relations—War stories.  
A grato singer—The tea-kettle.  
Is it right to write wright rite?  
A very heated term—"You're allier."  
A joiner's bench—The hymenial altar.

The average life of a house-fly is twenty days.  
Both the men and women of Peru have a graceful, gilding gait.  
Knocking a friend down is a sure way of dropping an acquaintance.

What two letters does a drunkard take when recovering from a spree? The f x.  
The injuries we do, and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

The Czar shoes his horse with silver, and the farmer's wife shoes her chickens with an old apron.  
Labor is one of the great elements of society—the great substantial interest which we all stand.

Mr. O'Flannigan, looking at a tailor's window—Pants for five dollars! Begorra, that's just what of pants for meself!

It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eyesight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath!

He was a ragged orphan boy—He did not own a cent—But still whenever he tore his clothes, He'd gather in his rent.  
A West Hill man whose wife cleans house four times a year and sweeps nine times a week, says she is hopelessly afflicted with chronic broom-tism.

"What a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is tired, and can't work any at all, at all!"

"Aristocratic swells now carry scented canes. And there is more scent in the head of the cane than there is sense in the head of the swell" who carries it.  
"Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he?" "No, but I wish he had." "Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the villain!"

"Julius, did you 'lend de las' meetin' ob de debatin' society?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what was de fus ting dat cum afore de house?" "Why, it was a charcoal cart."

They loaded the sick boy with powder because he was a son-of-a-gun. When he discharged the bow, the targets were a very picnic-stricken crowd. He had the crysmeanism.  
One reason why Leadville has no schools is because all the schoolmams who go there find husbands between the depot and the hotel, and don't care whether the school keeps or not.

It is said that the male wasp does not sting. But as a male and female wasp wear the same kind of polonaise, and look as much alike as twins, the only way to distinguish their sex is to catch one. If it stings, it is a female; if not it is a gentleman wasp.

(TO BE CONTINUED)