## THE GOLDSBORO MESSENGER, MAY 24, 1886 .-- DOUBLE SHEET.

Read this Carefully.
The following letter from a well-known Western lady explains itself and is worthy of
careful reading: "I wish to say to the sick and those that are feeble and weak from any cause whatever, that in all the vocabulary of medicines they
will find the most virtue and the greatest ben-
as and Colorado, but Parker's Tonic has kept
else failed. I have organized nervous debility, bined with spinal and great nervous debility,
the only medicine that will bring on a reac- tion is Parker's Tonic. I have never known it
will relieve pain ducker than any remedy I have ever tried. I send you this because I have ever tried, I send you this because I
would like for one. It is just as good for children. it has done me. It is just as good for children. Try it and be convinced."-MRS. D. SHULTZ, Louisville, Kansas, P. O. Box 92.

Parker's Tonic

[Prepared by Hiscox & Co., N. Y.] sold by all Druggists in large bottles at One

Miscellaneous.

25 Boxes Meat, 100 Bbls. Flour, 10 " Sugar, 15 Sacks Coffee, 10 Bbls Molasses, 220 Bushels Oats, 100 Sacks Salt, 25 Boxes Tobacco. 25 Cases Horsford's B. P. 50 Gross Matches, 10 Bbls Irish Potatoes. POTASH, LYE, SOAP, STARCH, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, HARDWARE, WOOD-WARE, &c., &c. The above goods must be sold. **BEST & THOMPSON.** Goldsboro, N. C., Feb. 8,'86.-tf A FEW WORDS



walls, as that made by this same face, the face of a young and lovely woman, which, flushed from the pillow's downy caress, the eyes dewy with sleep, and the rumpled chestnut hair framing the whole in sweet confusion looked out to see what had awakened its owner.

"Oh, it's you, you -chattering little clock," as her eye fell upon the telltale hands, then, before she sank back into her nest, she leaned out to touch an electric button within easy reach. A moment and a soft knock prefaced the "I found my orders awaiting me last entrance of a neat-looking middle-aged night. I leave to-night. May I call woman in cap and apron. late this afternoon to say good-by?" The letter drops from her hand. The dog sees her cessation from writing and "Good morning, Barker," came from the pillows. "My bath, please;" and Barker opened a second door and discomes over to her feet. appeared. In three minutes she was back standing at the bedside with a "Yes, Sultan," she says, stroking his head, "he may come to say good-by. bath gown of thick, soft flannel and a and then we will think no more of this pair of low shoes, warm and woolly.

the vase where you put it, so I thought you would not wish it disturbed." Did a faint blush mantle that smooth

white brow, or was it the wanton fire light which filled the room? "Very well, Barker; it is of no further

And now the hair is done and the muslin gown is doffed for a robe of pale India cashmere lined throughout with quilted satin and trimmed from neck to hem and at throat and wrists with costly fur. Then Barker hands a bit of embroidered cambric exhaling a faint spicy fragrance, and draws aside a heavy portiere, through which mademoiselle passes to a morning-room beyond, a beautiful, cozy apartment full of bric-a-brac and objects of art, an open upright piano in one corner, with a banjo, the latest craze, tilting its flat sphere against one leg. A sea-coal fire glows in the burnished grate, a tigerskin rug sprawls before it, and a breakfast service of transparent china and

old silver is set out upon a claw-legged mahogany table near the center of the room. As mademoiselle enters, a beautiful

collie leaps forward, fawning against her and thrusting his nose under her caressing hand. His mistress pats him a little absently and moves on to the table, where at her plate is piled the morning mail. Letters, notes, cards of invitation, one or two black-edged funeral announcements, for death moves in the best society, too-she looks them all over without great eagerness, though her eyes brighten when she opens one to read that a prominent man of fashion begs the honor of leading a coming much-talked-of cotillon with her, nor do they dull when the next note informs her that her presence is desired among a small select party which an aristocratic society matron is arranging to take to her country-house for a winter's lark. She goes on through her letters while a servant brings the breakfast fruit, chocolate, a pair of reed birds,

with potatoes a la creme, with an omelette aux confitures. Mademoiselle eats with relish and appetite, while the dog, on his haunches by her side, his forefeet on the floor, makes with his head in the air a long. silky, inclined plane of his back, which ends effectively in a brush of waving fur. His eyes follow every movement of the fair eater, but his dumb entreaty gains him naught till the meal is done.

picture-gallery to glance at a canvas which her world is discussing; she

shows herself at a business meeting of

a charitable organization of which she

is a member long enough to say that

she will stand at the Russian table in a

coming festival; she drives to the fur-

rier's to choose her sables, and to her

bootmaker's for consultation over bot-

tines a la St. Petersburg, and she hurries

finally into the boudoir of her dearest

"Just to hope, dear, that you are go-

ing down to Oakcliff with Mrs L. on

the 21st. No? So sorry. And, oh,

Nell, will you kindly lend me that little book on figures for the german your

brother sent out from Vienna last

month? Mr. R. and I want some novelties for the Worthington ball." "That is the last," she says to herself

thankfully when she has kissed her

friend good-by, and "Home," is the

word the footman takes as he climbs to

It is 2:30 when Barker is getting her

out of her outdoor wreps, and luncheon is served, she is told. That meal over,

she must give her maid ten minutes'

confab over the evening's dresses and twenty more to criticise an arrangement

her dressmaker has sent for inspection.

Then a few moments to loll among the cushions of her divan skimming the

One letter of her many that morning she has not yet opened. She takes this now, and as she breaks the seal the same fleeting look which the dving rose had evolved comes back. The note is short, a half dozen lines:

## LOUISE MICHEL.

Louise Michel is writing her memoirs. It is a mass of incoherences, loosely put together, the first chapters of which re-late to her infancy. Their striking ori-ginality and the insight they give into the character of this singular personage render them interesting reading. An e extract will give a hint at the style of the book. She says, in relation to her first proposals of marriage:

beings following one after the other like geese to demand of my grandparents heals the sores-remy hand in marriage when I was only stores the sense of 10 taste and smell. 12 or 13 years of age has taken from me any idea of marriage, even if I ever had

"The first veritable personage of comedy wanted to 'share his fortunes with a girl raised with good principles'-that is to say, like Agnes. It was a little late to take this method with me after all that I had read.

"The animal! One would think that he had slept for one or two hundred years, and recited that on awakening.

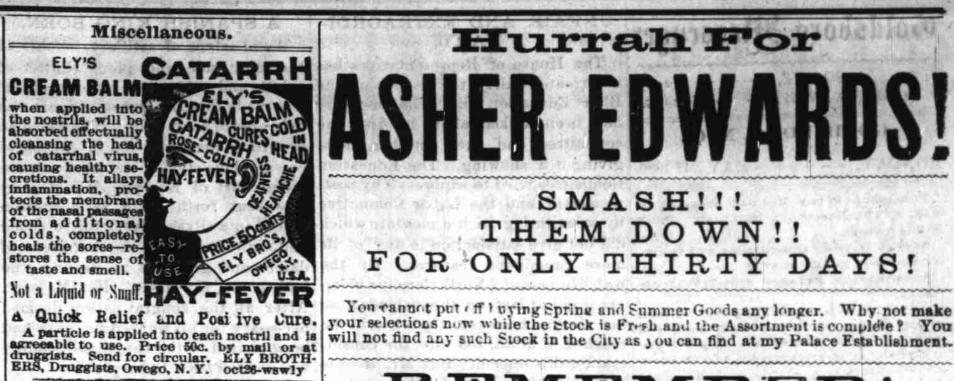
"They let me reply to him. It happened that I had been reading that very day with my grandfather an old edition of Moliere. The applicant appeared to so nearly resemble the suitor of Agnes that I found means to recite to him on the occasion a great part of the scene where he says: 'The little cat is dead.' In fact, I gave him that for an answer, word for word. He did not understand Then in despair of my cause 1 looked him in the face with all the simplicity of Agnes, and said with effrontery: 'Monsieur, is the other eye glass also?' (He had one glass one.) My grandparents seemed to me a little embarrassed at this; he, with his natural eve gave me a malignant look; he no onger wished to make me his bride.

"At this epoch I grew rapidly, my dress was too short, my apron was full of holes, and usually my pocket was tull of pet toads; I regretted not having some of them at this time to pass adroitly into his pocket, but there was no need of that; he never returned.

"Moliere inspired me equally for the second of these laughable individuals. I do not believe that they were acquainted, yet the two made a pair. The the demand of the day and our LIME same idea with both-of choosing a PHOSPHATE is the thing you want. fiancee while young and thus have time to knead like soft wax for several years Analysis by the N. C. Experiment Station.

before offering them as a sacrifice. "Have you remarked how many persons go two by two, three by three, like the stars which gravitate around one another?

"These two double stars had something fantastic, but in laughing at them Potash, ..... the impression was destroyed. "With this one I held nearly the following language: 'You see plainly what is on the wall there? (It was a pair of staghorns.) Very well! I do not love you; I shall never love you, and if I should ever marry you I shall no more restrain myself than Mme. Georges Dandin: you shall wear them one thousand feet higher than those on your charming young officer with his small head! "He never returned, persuaded that I had spoken the truth; but I was advised to be a little circumspect in quoting the DEBILITATED MEN. old authors. "Some time after this my grandfather returning in a stage from Bourmont, met a third maniae, who said to him in pointing out Vroncourt, which they were approaching:



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Yours, &c.,

EDGERTON & FINLAYSON. Goldsboro, N. C., Feb. 1, '86.-tf

SUMMER' Up Among the Clouds 4,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL, 1,700 FEET ABOVE ASHEVILLE,

The young woman got up, suffered the pay and slow promotion, and his temptflannel garment to be thrown over her lace and cambric night.dress, thrust two white feet into the wadded shoes, and ing suggestion of frontier barracks life.' One more letter is quickly added to the number waiting to be sent, then crossed to the bath-room. mademoiselie hurries to her room,

Barker only waited to take from various drawers and presses an outfit of where Barker already awaits her. Twenty minutes later, perfectly feminine apparel, finished with an emdressed in a costume of cloth and fur, broidered muslin combing gown whose whose elegant simplicity equaled its ex-travagant cost, gloved like a Frenchribbons were of the same pale-pink hue as tinted the silken stockings, before woman and shod like an English peershe vanished a second time, and the ess, mademoiselle enters her carriage, room was left to the clock and the fire, and the tall footman holding the door bends to receive her initial order. the naiad in her tub. She drives to her tailor's where she

But not for long. The hall door un-closed again to admit a tall old negress, mounts a wooden horse to have a new habit adjusted, to the jeweler's to select black as Erebus, her head bound in a a present for a fashionable wedding; at brilliant bandana. She shuffled to the a florist's she orders a funeral piece sent door of the bath-room and knocked. to a society house of mourning; she "Ez vou ready, honey?" leaves her carriage for five minutes at a

"In a moment, mammy," sounded from within; then:

"You may come now," and once more the fire and clock had it all their own way in the outer apartment.

Next Barker reappeared bearing a silver tray, on which was a cup of bouil-lon with some wafer-like crackers. She had scarcely placed her tray upon a stand and wheeled a luxurious Turkish chair before the crackling fire when the inner door was flung wide open and, fresh from her plunge and glowing with mammy's vigorous massage, Beauty came out, her flannel gown wrapped warmly about her and her beautiful hair still closely snooded in its oilskin

She sank with supple grace into her waiting chair, the stand with its light refreshment quickly lifted to her side; then, as the fire gleamed too ardently on the soft, clear skin, Barker inter-

on the soft, clear skin, Barker inter-posed a glass screen, which tempered the flame's fervor, while it took nothing from its cheerful light. While the bouillon was sipped and the crackers munched mammy brought a low hassock, upon which she drew her young mistress' feet, and with gentle, caressing touch put aside the wadded shoes and incased each slender ankle and arched instep in its silken covering. and arched instep in its silken covering, using a silver shoe-horn of exquisite workmanship to spring the little satin

chapters of the last novel before another slipper to its place. toilet is in order. At 5 she is again in Then mademoiselle stood up while the black hands went deftly on with the the carriage in a sumptuous reception task they loved so well.

dress, rolling to an "afternoon." Two are down on her tablets for that day, and by nice calculation she gets the cream of both before, shortly after 6, she stands once more in her own hall

the coachman's side.

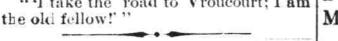
friend

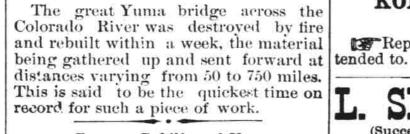
"'You see that old nest of rats?' "'Yes! What of it?'

"There is an old fellow there who raises his grandchildren for the chaingang or the scaffold.' " · Ah! truly!

"'Yes, monsieur. Some time since my friend X. proposed to marry some years hence the little drolesse there if they directed her education to his

··· ·Well?' " 'What do you think? They let her reply to him; she said things so horrible that my friend did not wish to repeat them. If I had a daughter like that I would put her in a house of correction. A little hussy, that will not have the value of a sou. How now! Where are you going?' "I take the road to Vroucourt; I am





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