THE GOLDSBORO MESSENGER, JUNE 7, 1886 .-- DOUBLE SHEET.

Miscellaneous.

Read this Carefuly.

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-efit from Parker's Tonic. I have been an invalid for five or six years past, and given up to die by the most skillful physicians of Kansas and Colorado, but Parker's Tonic has kept me alive, and raised me up after everything else failed. I have organic heart disease, combined with spinal and great nervous debility, and have cold sinking spells with no pulse, and the only medicine that will bring on a reaction is Parker's Tonic. I have never known it to fail in curing a cold if taken in time, and it will relieve pain quicker than any remedy have ever tried. I send you this because would like for others to know how much good 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 Dollar. may19-wsw1m



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. then. 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

BOX MEATS. FLOUR MEAL, &C.

O, heart, dear heart, the slow years grow more faded. Dulled is the music of the world to me,

The Outlook.

No light is in the wide, deep heavens above me, No thrill is in the passionate surging sea. The chords of life are jangled an discordant,

I mind me of the music once they made. And now that life has grown so blank before

I turn me to fae past and seek its shade.

O friend,"sweet friend, the great.years unrelenting

Have hastened on and robbed us of our youth: Robbed us of many shy and tender praces, Many fond dreams, much of our early truth; And left us dregs where once life's wine was

leaning The glow, the sparkle, the bouquet, are gone;

What have we left to keep our hearts from failing. As the pale years leap swifter on and on

Only the memory of the hours departed, Only the after-glow from off the years, Only our thougats grown tender with brood-

And softened by the fail of many tears. O friend, sweet friend, lif narrows to this treasure, have but one delight-the thought of thee;

This I shall hold when, drifted from life's har-I float out on death's shadowy, shoreless sea. --Hattie Tyng Griswold in Brooklyn Magazine.

BEYOND HOPE.

It was at a "meet" in the Roman Canipagna that Sebastian Dexter first saw

Linda Lyle. She was riding, as was he, and he

turned towards him in her saddle, the young blood mantling in her clear cheeks, her eyes glistening, her flaxen hair roughened by the wind that swept the broad bare plain, escaping in shining tendrils from under her little jockycap. She was the incarnation of beautiful, innocent, joyous youth.

He felt, with a thrill, as he looked at her now, that she was changed since

It had not been so many months ago, and yet Linda, child as she looked at that moment, sitting on the low hassock by the corner of the wood-fire, that gave but his lips where white. He felt as disabled old furniture, had, by some the eyes. subtle and indefinable difference, be-

come a woman. As though her thoughts had myster- looking man with a gray mustache, "is that of his, she looked up and said: "To-morrow is my birthday. I shall be seventeen. Is not that a respectable

"To-morrow? Seventeen?" he repeat- a moment before also. .She looked at Dexter as they It flashed across him that he was thirty-five. "I am glad you told me." She would not have been sorry to trans-"Oh, I didn't mean—" she faltered, fer her hand from the diplomat's coat-blushing suddenly all over her fair sleeve to his. throat and face. "I didn't think--" "Do you know him? But he is not "You didn't mean to remind me of a English?" pursued the Frenchman. present." he laughed, filling up the "No. He is an American. I knew a pause. "You didn't think I would take cousin of his once. They are from Bosit so; and I did not. But you did know ton, I believe." -you ought to know-that I should "Ah! I have heard nothing of his not have forgiven myself if the knowlprivate history, except that they tell me edge had not come to me in some way." his family is among the best over here," He added in a moment: "I ought to he added with naivete. "In any case know everything that concerns you." he is very fortunate. Family, that is a The blush that had been fading out thing not many Americans bring here. of her cheeks came again at this. It is enough that they have millions, like She turned her head away; a strange Mr. Dexterre. Besides being so beau tremulous feeling of happiness stole garcon.' over her. She clasped her hands, on art, some priceless treasures. -a short winter afternoon. The dull making his way thither.

ment, and could not wait to see he," he told the man, as the latter held his sur-

tout for him. Out in the narrow street, with frowning old palaces on either side, he went, and in a few moments was on the Corso. It was all alight; a few belated car-riages were rolling in divers directions. He hailed a passing cab. His dinner-

party was at half past six. He took his hostess's hand only one minute before. "If you had failed me!" she murmured, raising a mock warning finger.

"Madame!" "No; you are not suffering with a leathwound, and nothing short of that

would make such a crime on your part possible. But you don't know what I the courage. have in store for you. You shall take the English heress and beauty. Miss Blood, in to dinner. She is to be your neighbor.'

A few seconds later Dexter was seated beside Miss Blood, the heiress and beauty. She was a faultlessly perfect creature,

and she talked well. Dexter devoted brilliant, as usual; acquitted himself faultlessly

At ten o'clock he took his leave and went to a ball at the French embassy. An hour later, Mrs. Lyle, likewise

coming from a dinner-party, swept through the rooms, making a little stir as she went. She was still a very beaunever forgot the picture she made as she tiful woman; and she held her own against all competitiors.

"Ah," she said, pausing before Dexter and lifting her heavy fan in admonition, "never run away as you did this evening! What was the matter? Was am afraid my little Linda did not en-

tertain you as well as she should." Something in the way she lifted her full, golden lashes-though they were so unlike!-reminded him of Linda. He bowed with perfect ease, he

a gleam of home-like comfort to the though he could not look this womangreat high-ceiled Roman room, with its light, frivolous, worldly as she was-in

> "Le beau Dexterre." said one of the French secretaries, a shrewd, amiable- Pontine marshes.

ously fallen into a train analogous to commencing to go down. He does not look as well as he used. Harassed. driven, I don't know what." His companion, to whom he had just

given his arm, was Miss Blood, arrived

went on. To the end of his life Dexter never heard an intoned service without a shiver. ELY'S

She turned slowly, but he made a rapid stride forward. He stood in her CREAM BALM way. All his passions-an agony of Gives Relief at once despair, an agony of loss-were unand Cures chained

COLD in HEAD. "You shall not go from me so! Listen, at least, to my vindication. Good God! CATARRH, such vindication as it is! The woman HAY FEVER. whom I married years ago, as a wild boy, was not worthy-was such as you, Not a Luquid, Snuff poor innocent child, cannot know. or Powder. Free When I found it out-when I woke from injurious from my mad act. I would have divorced myself from her. I could; but I had not Drugs and Offen-

sive Odors.

Shade Hats in Cantons, 20 cents.

Black and Colored Straws, 25, 35 and 40 cents

Trimmed Hats, in everyfStyle now worn,

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REAL OSTRICH PLUMES.

16 and 18 inches, 65 to 75 cents, great bargains'

Scrim and Madrass Curtaining at 20 cents.

As Cheap as can be bought. >

"I shrank from publicity; from the exposure of my voutiful folly; from the mire through which my people's good name and mine would be dragged. In my pride I covered it all up. I left her, supported her. I paid her to keep

"She is now-what I cannot tell such 2.3 you, child. No one knows my secret; himself as much as beseemed him; was but she is living. And I-I deliberately stole your love. Linda; touched your pure lips with mine. But you may at least know how mad I was. How I loved you ----

She raised her hand with a faint checking motion. He bowed his head. "True. I have not the right to tell you of my love. The very word from me is pollution. But Linda, Linda!" His heart-hunger was in eyes and voice. 'You will at least say good-bye!" "Good-bye.

He put out his hand. Hers dropped at her side. She turned. She was gone. my toilette too long an operation? Ah, yes; an engagement. So you left word. His hand dropped also. She had not touched it. Well' what elso had he expected?

He reeled into the rapidly darkening streets as one drunk or dazed. The chanting still went on, reached his ear in muffled, faraway strains, sad as the wailing of lost spirits, as the curtain smiled, he made the proper remarks, swung back in its place.

That evening he was leaving in the night train northward about 11 o'clock. A late moon, pale and mishapen, rose in a clear sky, as the train whizzed and flew through the dark stretches of the

But before his eyes there was one face, blanched, blighted, all the youth and hope and gladness crushed from it evermore, and he knew that so he

should see it, with an endless agony of remorse, waking and sleeping, through all the coming years.



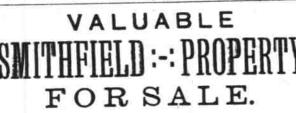
25 Boxes C. R. Sides 50 Barrels Mess Pork. 125 Barrels Flour (all grades.) 11 Barrels Kerosene Oil. 13 Barrels Sugar. 22 Barrels Molasses. 200 Bushels Oats. 200 Bushels Corn. 200 Bales Timothy Hay. 100 Cases Matches, Potash, Lye, &c. Large Stock of Canned Goods !

100 Barrels Irish Potatoes (for seed)

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2. Lot just West of foregoing, fronting

feet on Market street and running back

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SUMMER 4,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL,



The Indians of Mexico.

That is a superb idea started by Gov. Jose Maria Ramirez, of Chiapas-that southernmost state of the republic, so

little known, but which is taking the initiative in a matter of great import-Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, ance, the education of the Indian in Mexico. To educate five million Indians, the "great unwashed" of Mexico, is a task of stupendous proportions. To do this Gov. Ramirez makes the proposition that the president of the republic appropriate \$1,000,000 for this purpose for the first year and as much in after years as may be necessary.

EMBROIDERJES AND WHITE GOODS These Indians are in a proportion of 30 per cent of the entire population of Mexico, and they speak thirty-five

the Yaquis in Sonora, and the Chan Santa Cruz in Yucatan. These are the more warlike tribes. But the vast majority live a dark life in the far away stretches of sierra or among the emerald

They live in the solitudes of the virgin nolding their primitive farms and alor any enterprising chief or cacique

tight like the Swiss mercenaries under he man who will pay the best.

ng of blood by intermarriage with forigners of any race, nor will they favor colonists, with but a few notable excep-



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