

Miscellaneous.

Attend to It Now.

Many suffering people drag themselves about with falling strength, feeling that they are steadily sinking into the grave, when by using Parker's Tonic they would find a cure coming surely and quickly back to them.

Parker's Tonic

Prepared by Hiseox & Co., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at One Dollar.

Valuable Land For Sale!

We will sell on easy terms the land in Brogren township, described as follows: It consists of two (2) tracts, adjoining each other, about one (1) mile west of Dudley.

The other tract lies just east of and adjoins the above, and extends to within one fourth (1/4) of a mile of Dudley, and contains about a four (4) horse farm cleared; the woodland is well timbered with pine and oak; it has a good dwelling with eight (8) rooms; out houses and one (1) good tenant house; good apple orchard and one of the finest mulberry orchards in the State; a fine opportunity for hog raising and silk culture.

Edgerton, Finlayson & Co.

General Commission Merchants, OFFER AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL!

- Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Crochery, Lamps, Glassware, Wood Ware, Baskets, Red C, and K Oil, Molasses, Syrup, &c., Bagging, Arrow and Delta Ties.

EDGERTON, FINLAYSON & CO. Goldsboro, N. C., sep6-tu

NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE DOG DAYS ARE UPON US, YOU CAN FIND AT SPIER'S FAMILY GROCERY!

- West Walnut St., Goldsboro, N. C. A Good Supply of Fine Groceries and Foreign Delicacies, Snuff, Tobacco, Cigars, Tin, Wood and Willow Ware, &c., which he is offering at very Low Prices, FOR CASH!

Don't fail to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. July 1-tf

CHEAP DOORS.

500 O. G. Doors, (Gills) AT 75 CENTS A PIECE.

These are good strong 4 panel doors, but knotty. For cheap tenement houses just as good as a higher priced door. J. STRAUSS & CO., Goldsboro Rice and Planing Mills. sep9-1m

SUMMER Beverages

Send in Your Orders for Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Soda Water, California Pear Nectar, And the Latest Think Out, TONIC BEER!

You will find all the above Drinks to be Good, or No Charge.

GROCERIES!

I am still leading in Low Prices in Groceries. My Stock is complete. Call and get prices before buying and I know I will sell to you. Respectfully, R. E. PIPKIN, Walnut Street, Goldsboro, N. C., Mar. 22, 1886-tf

Gregory Hotel Barbershop!

STILL IN OPERATION. Shaving and Hair-Cutting quickly and neatly performed by the well-known tonal artists, James Bates and William Best, their parlor in the Gregory House, dec24-tf

The Scout—1884.

As I ride with a keen look-out throughout the town, In the wind of the Autumn blowing free, You lean from your open window down, And I raise my face to your own, cherishing my life to the end of your run.

When the rattle of sabres would pass away, And the winds would whisper to you and me, That love is the best, whatever betide, And the journey of life, made hand in hand, Is a path of flowers; but the dream soon died in the air of this war-curst land.

This very moment I catch the beat, On the wind of the Autumn blowing free, Or a squadron passing with muffled feet, By the mill, who are hunting me!

One touch of the roses so fair to see; If they drag me in to die at your feet, You must kiss me in my death!

"Penniless!" said little Ruth Egerton, "Oh, I never thought to come to this." It was a dull grey winter day, with a raw chilliness in the air which threatened snow, and now and then a bleak gust sweeping across the river like some angry demon bearing storm-threatenings on its wings.

And Ruth stood under the shadow of the bridge, pallid and shivering, with her stoney shawl wrapped around her slim shoulders, and the scarlet birds of her hat shinning like a speck of fire in the semi-darkness.

"It was one thing to run away in a spirit of girlish adventure from the old farm, because her aunt had no sympathy with her youthful aspirations, and wanted her to sew carpet rags and work button-holes on endless piles of vests; it was quite another to find herself alone and friendless in a great city.

She had been talking until every bone and muscle was sore—her last penny was spent for a cup of muddy coffee at a street-stand—coffee which had not even the merit of being hot, and now she did not know what to do.

She had believed, this little Ruth, that life was full of romance and adventure, and how bitterly she had been disappointed! How thankful would she be to go back to the farm now, and the button-holes, if only she had money to take her there!

"Here, young woman! hold this basket for me a minute." Involuntarily Ruth obeyed the behest. A stout little lady in a black cloak stood opposite her, overburdened with baskets, bundles, and parcels, fumbling in her pocket for her purse.

"Oh, here it is," said the little woman. "I almost thought I had lost it—or had my pocket picked!" "Please, ma'am," said Ruth in a faltering voice, "might—might I carry it across the bridge for you?"

The little woman turned a pair of black beady eyes quickly upon her interlocutor. "No," said she in a voice that sounded like a snarl. "You're an impostor! You needn't think I'm to be imposed upon because I came from the country."

And she snatched her basket from Ruth and went her way. Shivering and discouraged the girl shrunk back. At that moment she saw a benevolent-looking old gentleman buying some roasted chestnuts from a stall, while a weird-faced little street Arab was delfly engaged in spriting his white silk pocket-handkerchief from the recess of his overcoat.

"Stop thief," he cried, springing forward. "But in her haste she had not perceived a huge four-horse van thundering down the bridge-way." There was a cry of alarm on all sides; she was jerked vehemently back by a policeman, but not until her shoulder had been violently struck by one of the wheels.

"Are you tired of living, my girl?" sharply questioned the policeman; "because if you ain't, I'd recommend you to keep out from under warehouse-carts for the future. Here, stand up! You ain't much hurt, are you?"

And while Ruth was trying to stammer out that she was not much hurt, everything turned black around her, and she fainted away. "Number Fourteen, in the Accident Ward!" said Dr. Fletcher airily, glancing at his note-book. "Oh, she can go out any now!"

Ruth looked wistfully up. "If I only knew where to go!" said she. "Why, to your friends, of course," said the young surgeon carelessly. Ruth's head dropped. She could not tell him that old Aunt Peace was the only relative she had, and that to her she absolutely dared not return.

"For I was so ungrateful and obstinate," Ruth had told herself. "Oh, I never, never can look Aunt Peace in the face again!" The trained nurse who was bandaging a broken ankle in the next bed looked up at this moment. She, in her time, had been friendless and alone. Perhaps she understood Ruth better than the doctor did.

"If Miss Harrison would like a place," said she, "I know a nice old lady in the country who wants a lively cheerful companion, and helper about the house. The wages may not be great at first, but it would be a comfortable home."

"Oh," cried Ruth, "I should be so much obliged for your recommendation!" For, by a curious admixture of events, Ruth and the poor victim of a lamp explosion had been brought into the Accident Ward at about the same time, and the cards on their respective head-boards had somehow got transposed. The "R. Egerton" of the Accident Ward had been buried for ten days, the "A. Harrison" was now sitting up and trying to occupy herself with some necessary needlework. At the time, Ruth had been too ill to set the error straight. Afterwards she had been too listless to think that anything mattered very much.

"I feel like a ghost!" she said to herself, "why not be a ghost?" "The old lady is a friend of mine," said Miss Corbit, the trained nurse, in the soft, well-modulated voice that had mingled so sweetly with Ruth's dreams while she was yet delirious. "She is in great trouble! She has lost a dear friend!"

Ruth looked up, her eyes softening. "Has she?" she murmured. "Then I am sure I shall like her. How soon can I go to her?" "I'm glad she is going to drive out there to-morrow afternoon," said Miss Corbit. "Perhaps we can get you ready to go with him?"

lesson—yes, a lesson!

And in the yellow afternoon sunshine of the next day, Miss Corbit packed "Number Fourteen" carefully into the old-fashioned buggy beside the spectacled, middle-aged brother, who evidently regarded the young lady exactly as he would have regarded a sewing-machine, or a barrel of apples, or any other package consigned to his care for safe delivery at a certain place.

It was a March day, all blue dazling sky overhead, all sweet suggestions of the coming spring below. Once across the bridge, once beyond the wretched trail of the city suburbs, sweet spring looked them in the face.

Here and there the willows along the watercourses had hung out their banners of gold-green mist—the apple-blossoms blushed on the edge of the woods, and the songs of birds filled the air. Ruth clasped her hands eagerly.

"It is like coming home again!" she cried. "How far are we going, Mr. Corbit?" "A bit farther up the road," said her charioteer composedly. "Out Hempstead ways."

Ruth leaned back in her carriage. It was content enough for her to breathe in the balmy air, to feel that Heaven's blessed sunshine was folding her around as with a mantle of healing.

"It is as if I had died and come to life again!" she kept thinking to herself. She closed her eyes peacefully, and let her head rest against the clothing of the carriage.

She did not think she had fallen asleep for a few minutes, yet it must have been so, for when she once more looked up, a familiar landscape met her eyes—the old brown house with the budding lilacs clustering around its eaves, and the fence half hidden by rose-bushes.

At the door stood Aunt Peace herself, in the self-same brown-alpaca gown and fluttering cap-borders, clear-arched in double ruffles, that she always wore.

"Oh, where am I?" cried Ruth. "Is this a dream?" "Bless and save us!" exclaimed the old lady. "Why, it's our Ruth come back again!"

In a second the two were clasped in each other's arms while honest Mr. Corbit sat looking on in sheer amazement. "You—you seem to have met before," was all he could say.

"My own little girl!" faltered the old woman with tear-dimmed eyes; "no words can tell how I have missed you! And if you'll be content to stay here and live with me again, I won't be so hard with you—I promise you that."

"Dear, dear Aunt Peace, if only you can forgive me!" sobbed Ruth. Miss Corbit smiled when she heard how strangely fate had united the destinies of these two.

To her it was only one more of the inscrutable pages of experience which "It is often so," said she. "We think we are going our own way when it is God's way, after all, that He is leading us. Well, I am glad that little pale girl has found a home after all. I should have guessed the riddle long ago if I had known that her name was not 'Annie Harrison!'"

How to Select a Piano.

In selecting a good piano from a variety of instruments, a person of musical taste, the chief object naturally should be to find one which combines, as nearly as possible, all those qualities which render it both pleasing and sympathetic in tone as well as solid and durable in construction.

The quality of tone should be first considered, the question to be decided being whether the tone is sonorous, full and strong, and at the same time sweet and agreeable to the ear, and not sharp and offensive. With this is coupled the question whether the tone responds easily to the softest pressure of the key, and whether the touch of the key, on applying a different force, will also produce a proportionate tone.

It is not only the different octaves that are equal in the tone of their several keys, but the same character of sound should prevail in the piano from the lowest to the highest note. The labor and expense in regulating a piano in the above-mentioned manner is so great as to prevent manufacturers who do not make strictly first-class instruments from bestowing the necessary attention upon this part of the manufacture; instead of this, however, they make the tone "brilliant," as they call it, in order to hide the defects in the evenness of the piano, resulting in either the bass being too noisy, or the treble too sharp, so that the ear is very soon offended by the sound.

The action of the piano must be elastic and the touch easy, although not light enough to cause a rattling of the keys after a short period of use. A heavy, unyielding action tires the player out, and makes the performance tedious.

These are the main points to be considered in selecting a good piano. The integrity of a well-known manufacturer should be a safe guarantee that he uses only the best material, dry and well-seasoned wood, substantial bracing, good strings, etc., in manufacturing the instrument. As a matter of course, every manufacturer tries to make the outside appearance of his pianos as attractive as possible, but the purchaser should not be influenced by the faultless exterior finish alone in selecting a piano. The real merit should be sought in the perfection of the action and the inner construction of the instrument. Poor pianos may be fitted up in most elegant cases, but after a little wear they fail to give satisfaction.

The Editorial Excursion.

Once upon a time a real editor, by some strange chance, found himself alone with one of those editorial excursions that you frequently read about. There were a couple of hundred in the party, but he was the only real editor among them, and he felt very lonesome. Not only that, but he was looked upon with suspicion and interest by the other fellows, who wondered what business he had there, anyhow.

One veteran traveler on a dead-head pass that he wasn't entitled to said he had been on scores of editorial excursions, and that was the first time that an editor, that is to say, a real bona fide editor, had ever shown up. If this thing was encouraged he felt that the editorial excursion was doomed. Its epitaph might as well be written.

So with one accord they all sat down on the solitary editor, and made it so comfortable for him that he got off the train at the first stopping place and returned home.—Texas Siftings.

Doctoring an African King.

It is no joke to be a doctor to the king of Uganda, for whenever I took him a new supply of medicine I had always to take a dose myself and to administer one to seven of the persons who might happen to be present. Should one of these seven unfortunate die within a week it would be considered that I had attempted to poison the king. If the king had to take a pill I had always to hold two in my hand; he chose one and I had to swallow the other, unless I had a friend with me who kindly undertook the office. I soon noticed, however, that Mtesa always chose the smallest, and so I arranged accordingly.

One day Mtesa played me a nice trick. I had been to the palace to take him a lotion, and had warned him particularly not to drink it. After I had left he sent a page after me with a gourd of mwenji, asking me to taste it and say if he might have some. I did so and said "Yes." It being a very hot afternoon my friend drank the remainder; but it soon became evident that the king had doctored the wine, for my friend became violently sick. It turned out afterward that Mtesa wished to see what effect the lotion would have upon me.—Scottish Magazine.

The daily newspapers of New Orleans have abolished the custom of redeeming unsold copies. The proprietors had their suspicions aroused lately that they were being systematically robbed. An investigation was instituted, and it was found that a number of dealers had established routes on which they rented papers at a reduced price, instead of selling them. They delivered the papers in the morning, gathered them up in the evening and returned them to the office and had them redeemed. It was also found that by a trick in folding a number of papers in a bundle were counted two or more times, so that a package supposed to contain 100 really contained only seventy-five.

Women Carried Across Wet Streets.

When the streets in Mexico become flooded by the heavy summer showers multitudes of "cargadores"—standing upon either pavement, with their trousers rolled to the thighs—ply a lively business carrying pedestrians across up on their backs. They make nothing of hoisting a woman as though she were a sack of potatoes, with her reticule, fan, parasol, and other paraphernalia, and trotting away with her—while her little feet dangle and generally beat a tattoo upon his back, and her fingers clutch him nervously amid a series of shrieks—and dump her, dry shod, upon the other side, all for six cents! When a family party comes along—mother, maids, and children—it is a funny sight to see them transported, one by one, over a three-foot-wide, six-inch-deep torrent, with more fuss than Barnum's menagerie, white elephant and all, would make in crossing the Mississippi.

A report comes from London to the Book Buyer that tireless people—some call them birds, others poststers—in-sist on calling to see Oliver Wendell Holmes, and when they are shown into his room, immediately strike an attitude and in a loud voice, and with much violent gesture, forthwith recite an ode or an address, to which he is expected to listen.

You'll find her smiling night and day, Although at times she is not gay. And should you wonder why you meet This constant smile, regard her teeth. She only laughs those gems to show, Which SOZODONT makes white as snow.

Jaughter Lends A New Charm To beauty when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant SOZODONT.

"SPALDING'S GUM," mends Furniture, Toys, Crochery, all ornamental work.

Miscellaneous.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

Books for the Graded School!

Books for Everybody.

You will do well to consult before you make any purchase.

DRUGS, Patent Medicines Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

AROMATIC SYRUP

for disguising Quinine and other nauseous medicines.

KIRBY & ROBINSON,

Messenger Building, Goldsboro, N. C., Sept. 23 tf

SIMEON WOOLLEN, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, LA-GRANGE, N. C.

Now in Store!

- 2 Car Loads Prime Timothy Hay. 2 Tons Wheat Bran. 10 Tons Mixed Cow Feed. 25 Cases Soap. 40 Cases Ball Potash. 55 Cases Concentrated Lye. Tobacco, Snuff, Strach, Cotton Bagging, &c.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

Opening of a Mammoth Stock

Fall and Winter Goods!!

H. WEIL & BROS.

We are now prepared to offer to the Public one of the Largest and Best Selected Stocks of Merchandise it has ever been our pleasure to offer. We have Goods of every grade, and we are candid when we say that we believe we can suit most any one in Quality and Price.

Don't send North for your Goods this Fall. We can use the Money at Home to as good advantage as Northern firms and will give you as good values for your Money as any House you can trade with. We will suit you both in the Quality of Goods and Price. Whatever you buy from us, that does not suit you exactly, we are right here to take the Goods back or exchange them.

In our Dress Goods and Wrap Department

We are displaying all the Novelties that are out. We have an Elegant Line of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Wraps in the Latest Styles and at very Low Prices. At the same time we would call your attention to our Stock of HOSIERY, GLOVES, BUTTONS, FANCY GOODS and TRIMMINGS which is complete in every particular.

Our Shoe Department

Is likewise complete. Every pair warranted to be Solid Leather and give entire satisfaction. We sell at the Lowest Possible Price and will save you the Jobbers profit, as we get all our Shoes direct from the Manufacturers.

Our Clothing and Gents Furnishing Department

Is Full and Complete. As heretofore, we keep only the best makes in this line. In addition we were lucky to get hold of large lots of Goods in this line which we bought considerable under regular prices. We have one lot of 100 Suits which we are offering at \$7.50; they are all wool Cassimer, and the original price was \$14.00. Another lot of Union Cassimer Suits we offer at \$5.00 per Suit, original price \$10.00. It is impossible to enumerate the different Bargains we have, therefore would only request an examination of our Stock.

In our Merchant Tailoring Department

We are prepared better than ever before to make your Clothing to order on TEN DAYS NOTICE. Our Goods will be made up with the greatest of care and skill, at very reasonable prices, and we guarantee satisfaction in every case.

Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts, Carpets, Rugs, Mattings and Oilcloths.

In this Line, as in the rest of our Stock, we are displaying the Newest Designs of every grade and at prices which will be hard to duplicate in Northern Markets. We keep a full line of Carpets always in stock.

Do Us The Favor To Examine Our Stock

Thoroughly before purchasing or ordering. It is our determination to get you to buy your Goods in Goldsboro, if sufficient Stock, Variety and Low Prices can accomplish it.

This Is No Idle Talk; We Mean What We Say,

H. WEIL & BROS.

Our Wholesale Department

Is replete with a Large Stock and Varied Assortment of Desirable and Seasonable Goods. We guarantee to Duplicate any bill in this Department, no matter where bought, and save you Freight and Expenses.

H. WEIL & BROS.

In Our Grocery Department.

25000 Pounds of Side Meat are received every week. 1000 Bundles of Arrow Ties. 500 Rolls of Bagging (different weights). 25 Barrels of Sugar. 100 Cases Soap. 25 Cases Lye. 150 Gross Matches. 250 Barrels of Flour direct from the Western Wheat Growing Section. 25 Barrels of Snuff (Ball & Ax and Lorillard's). 25 Barrels of Molasses. 25 Cases Potash. 25 Cases Soda. 50 Boxes Tobacco.

As well as other Goods in the Grocery Line which will be sold Wholesale and Retail at very Low Prices. H. WEIL & BROS. WEST-CENTRE STREET, GOLDSBORO, N. C. -ws1m