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## Poetrn.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

BY ALICE MANSFIELD.

Under the willows we sat and dreamed, When the day was drowsily still, Save for the sound of the distant oars And the click-clack of the mill.

Under the willows my darling decked Her hair with berries red. Sceming like coral sprays to crown

The grace of her dainty head. Under the willows her floating dress Took a strange, etherial light;

Fancy had said. 'From the river's depths Here has risen a water-sprite.' Under the willows my darling gave Promise sweet with sweeter voice .

Happy, the birds burst forth in soug. As if hey too, did rejoice.

### THE DONATION PARTY.

It was the evening of the donation party at Rev. Simeon Slide's.

Jessie Field had trimmed her white muslin dress with apple green ribbon, and even Aunt Betsy had washed and ironed her French Cambric dress, which constituted the cream of her wardrobe, and basted fresh frillings into the neck blacking his boots on the kitchen porch, congratulated himself, in a complacent sort of way, on the contents of the box wagon, which stood out under the shade of an old apple tree.

'If everybody takes as creditable a load to the parson's as that,' said the Squire, 'I guess they won't starve there. A ham, a bag o' mixed chicken food, a firkin o' butter, six dressed fowls, a bushel o' russet apples, and a loaf o' plum-cake, made arter Grandmother Field's Revolutionary receipt; and besides all that-'

'Good gracious, pa;' said Jessie, who was tucking away her curls under the strings of her split-straw gipsy hat, 'how are Aunt Bess and I ever going to ride all right.' with all that load?'

'Well,' said the 'Squire, with an oleaginous little chuckle, you'll have to contrive it somehow. One of you can sit on the butter fir in, and sort o' study it, and there's plenty o' room for the other ! the plum-cake on your lap. And coming bock, I ain't no way disturbed that you'll get plenty of beaux. Gals always do. The moon will be at its full, and Peter Peck and Hiram Jellifer is both to be there and-

'Don't talk nonsense, pa,' said Jessie' laughing, and looking provokingly pretty, just as Aunt Betsey glanced over her shoulder into the glass, saw the reflection of her own face, and sighed softly Ah, the sad, sad difference between 18

'I was pretty, too, when I was a girl,' said Aunt Bettey to herself; I' don't suppose I am positively ill-looking now. But the dimples are gone, and the smooth velvety curves of check and chin and there are incipient crows-feet around my eyes, and a wrinkle on my forehead and when I go to parties I am left to sit

among the old ladies by the wali.' Peter Peck, who lived upon a comfortable farm on the mountain, had shot a deer in the woods-like Nimrod of old; he was a mighty hunter on the face of the earth-and preparing a quarter of venison, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth, for his share of the donation party; but Mrs. Peck, his grandmother, had fished a jar of apple sauce out of the cellar, and

dressed some tender chickens. 'I'm past going to church myself,' said Graony Peck, 'but I always was one to believe in the dissemination of the Gospel, so I don't grudge the chickens and apple sass. - Be sure and carry 'em careful, Peter, and-'

'Granny!' suddenly burst in the honest young giant, who was tying his cravat before the glass with laborous fingers, 'how many years is it since grandfather courted you?

'Good land o' Goshen !' said Granny,

'what is the boy talking about?" Because I want to know what he said, I'm going a courtin' myself, granny, and I ain't had no experience, and I don't know what to say.'

'Well I never !' said Grauny Peck. 'Try to remember there's a good soul,

'It's so long ago,' said Granny Peck, with a sympathetic moisture beginning mother's lesson, 'you can be happy at to suffuse her bleared eye-balls. 'Times Hawk's Farm?'

'But human natur' is human natur' just the same,' said Peter. 'How was it Gr. nay?

lady, assisting her memory with a goodly pinch of rose-colored snuff

'That's it exactly, said Peter. 'I've harnessed up Red Robin and washed off the buggy wagon, and I calculate to ask her to ride home with me from donation party.'

'Moon's at the full" exultingly muttered Peter. 'I believe there's a fate in

'And he set up close to me, and squeezed my hand with the hand he wasn't drivir' with, and he said I was the prettiest girl he'd seen, and could I be contented to come and live at Hawk's Farm. And I said I did'nt exactly know, but he might ask father. And were married the next fall. Ah, deary me, deary me! how long ago all that seems!

'It sounds easy enough,' said Peter, despondently. 'But I'd rather clear off a whole patch o' hickory woods.'

'Don't be afraid, Peter, said the old and sleeves; while the 'Squire himself, lady, laying a kindly hand on his shoulder. 'If she's a gal wuth havin', she'll know you're a good lad. And I'll bet a cookey she'll say 'Yes."

'I only wish I could think so, granny,' said Peter with a smile.

'Is it Kate Danney ?' said Mrs. Peck, or Mary Elsley?'

"Tain't neither one.' said Peter, sheep ishly. 'It's Jessie Field.'

'Land o' massey !' said Granny Peck, elevating her whitening hands. 'What on airth is a pretty pink-and-white piece of china like her to do in a wild place

'She's as smart as a steel trap,' said Peter. 'Don't you worry, granny! Once I gether here, you'll see that she'll be

So Peter plied his venison and chickens and jar of apple sauce into the back of the roomy old buggy, and drove away to the donation party, as full of hopes and fears as any young girl.

But when the saw Hiran Jellifer, the along side o' me on the seat, and hold village store clerk, enter, all redolent of pomatum and cologne, in a city-cut suit of clothes, and hair brushed to a peak over his forehead, his heart sank within him.

'I hain't no chance at all,' he thought. 'Jessie,' whispered Aunt Betsey to her niece, as they were cleaning the dining is "!" room for the games which followed upon the old-fashioned supper, 'do take a little notice of poor Peter Peck! See how his eyes are following you. And you have hardly been decently polite to him!'

Half an hour afterwards Peter Peck. unable to make up his mind to ask pretty Jessie to allow him to take her home with old Robin and the buggy, slided up to the 'Square.

"Square,' said he, jerking the words out with an effort, 'can I take Miss Field

'Much obleeged, I'm sure, said the 'Squire. 'I had the box wagon here, but I don't mind riding home, alone, if so be as you'd like company.'

Peter drew a long breath.

'It's as good as settled now,' said he to

His heart beat high when in the misty moonlight, a slight figure came out under 'Square Field's escort, all muffled, shawled and veiled against the chill, fresh air of the autumnal evening.

'It's a nice, shiny evening,' said he sheepishly, after they were out in the high road.

'Very,' answered a soft voice.

'I hope I don't crowd you? he hazard-'Oh, not in the least!' responded his

And then following an appalling silence, broken at last by the vehement

accents of the young farmer. 'It ain't no use my skirmishin' 'round like this!' said he. 'It's got to be said, and the sooner I say it the better, because it's a chokin' me all the while! I love you, Miss Fields! I can't live, nohow, without you! There, it's all out

'Oh, Mr. Peck!' faltered Miss Field 'Do you s'pose,' said honest Peter, with a dim remembrance of his grand-

'Oh, Mr. Peck!'

'But say yes or no!' pleaded Peter. Will you be my wife, Miss Field?

And the word which floated upon Pe-'He took me out a ridin',' said the old ter's ears, from behind the veils and wraps which he was now valorously huging close up to him, was 'Yes!'

'I never was so happy in all my life!' said Peter, rapturously.

'Nor I,' whispered the voice behind

And then Peter took courage to kiss 'And it was a dreadful moonshiny her, and then Red Robin shied at a tree night-'reflectively added the old lady. stump, and then all too soon, appeared 'Square Field's square red house behind the apple-trees. And Peter helped his fiance out as tenderly as if she were a bar of gold and he a miser. Up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished side-box road wagon, and, turning around, Peter saw springing from it Jessie Field.

Was it witcheraft? Nothing of the sort; for there, close to him, smilling and blushing in the moonlight, with her veil thrown aside, was Miss Betsey who had out. accepted him.

Peter Peck gave a convulsive gasp for breath. What was he to do? Should he tell Miss Betsey he had made a mistake-that he had taken her for her niece? or should he-

But at that instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of Jellifer's, and it was like a revelation to him.

'Hang it-a!l!' groaned Peter to himself; 'that other fellow has been ahead of me! And I don't care a copper cent -she's only a feather headed little coquet, after all, and Miss Betsey is worth two of her, and I ain't so very young myself, and there never was a Peck that didn't stick by a thing when once he said it.

So, taking Miss Betsey's arm tenderly under his own, he proceeded valiantly into the house to ask the 'Square's consent and blessing.

As for Jessie she lingered long under the trees in the moonlight, talking with Mr. Jellifer : and when at the last she came up stairs to the room which aunt and niece shared together, she looked earnestly at her componion.

"Aunt Bess,' said she, 'what is the matter? Why do you look so happy?'

'Because Mr. Peck has asked me to marry him,' replied Aunt Bess, softly, 'and I have answered 'yes.'

'Well, if that isn't strange!' cried Jessie, squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt. 'And I have engaged my self to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, Aunt Bess, what a sweet, bright, happy world this

'it is-it is!' answered Aunt Bess! and

then strange to say, they both cried. Granny Peck was setting up by her candle and fire, when at last Peter came

',Well, Peter,' said she 'what luck?' 'It's all right, graany,' said Peter, 'I've asked her and she has consented, and I'm to bring her here in three months!' Graphy Peck looked doubtfully

'Well,' said she, 'I'm glad you've succeeded, Peter. But I'm a little afeared all these homespun things won't be fine enough for Miss Jessie Field.'

'Jessie!' echoed Peter, with an excellent imitation of surprise. 'It ain't Jessie at all. Jessie is going to marry the Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Bessie Field, the 'Squire's sister, as I've proposed to. 'Well, I never!' said Granny Peck.

How could I have been so mistook? 'I' m sure I don't know;' said Peter,

Some say "Consumption can't be cured." Cherry Pectoral, as proved by forty years' experience, will cure this disease when not already advanced be- ness, a don't-you forget-it-ness in the yond the reach of medical aid. Even then its use affords very great relief, and insures refreshing sleep.

An oyster will live to the age of twenty-six years—that is, in the sea, he will. In the restaurant the chances are decidedly against him. Sometimes he lasts long in the restaurant—oh, a very long time! But he does not live nearly as long as he lasts.

No sufferer from any scrofulous disease, who will fairly try Ayer's Sar-saparilla, need despair of a cure. It will purge the blood of all impurities, thereby destroying the germs from which scrofula is developed, and will infuse new life and vigor throughout the whole physical organization.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, being asked whether a man could be a christian and belong to a brass band, replied, "Yes I think he might; but it would be a very difficult matter for his next door neighbor to be a christian."

### Levity

BY OLD HUBRYGRAPH.

The close of the season-winter clothing. The loudest boasters are the weakest

executors.

The nation most likely to succeeddetermination.

Better than a promising young mana playing one. Every good act is a flower that will

beautify our final home. A man displeased with the world is

What did the man reap, who planted his foot upon his native soil?

never satisfied with himself.

The best telegraphing-flashing a ray of sunlight into a gloomy heart. Only do half you can, and you will be

surprised at the result of your work. "I see through it," as the washer-woman said when the bottom of the tup fell

What is stronger in death than in life? An old yellow-legged hen cooked for dinner.

An exchange advises everybody to be prompt at meals. We always are, so the landlady says.

"Home again," as a tramp remarked when he walked into the station-house and hung up his hat.

Why is the bell of an omnibus like a man's conscience? Because it is an inward check on an outward man.

Sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds always send a wagon to bring their troubles home in.

A little negro refused to go to the 'white folks" church because he didn't want to look like a huckleberry in a pan of milk.

A subscriber wants to know what will stop a horse from pawing in the stable. Why hitch him out of doors. Give us something hard. How to burn up a house, take a girl, a

room where there is a stove full of wood and the thing is done. It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will return his sight;

so much for the horse.—To open a man's

eyes you must bleed him in the pocket, When a boy is sitting in the wood-shed waiting for his father to come home and lick him, you might talk astronomy to him four hours and not excite his inter-

This is a world, filled with care, sorrow, tribulations, trials, and delinquent subscribers; but it is nevertheless the best one we have ever seen, and we're in no hurry to swap.

If another fellow goes to see your girl, don't shoot him. It is better to make a dent in his head with an ax. Then, if he dies, it will be very easy to show the jury that it was an axcident .- Winston Leader.

# Not Exacting.

"One word," she said, "before we part," and her bright eyes glowed in the mellow light of the turned-down lamp. "Are you sincere ?"

"I am sincere," he replied, in tones whose truthfulness could not be doubted by any one, save by the most confirmed

"Then you cannot give me a palace by Lake Como?" and she looked into his eyes as if she would read his inmost soul.

"I cannot," he answered. "Not ever a brown stone front?"

"No." There was a wonderful firmtone in which the momentons syllable

"Not eyen a cottage in the suburbs?"

"Not even that, darling." There was an anguish in his heart that indicated a mind wholly given up to the knawing inroads of a sharpe-toothed despair.

"What can you offer me, then?" she asked; what can you offer me as an incentive to induce me to become your

said this with the deep conviction of a man who knows just how he stands. "It is sufficient," she said with a radiant smile; "I am yours, Algernon. A hall

"A share in seven dollars a week with

a prospect of a rise next spring." He

Bovine towns-Moscow, Stamboul and

loafis better than no bread."

endence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882

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It has given entire satisfaction in every Yours respectfully, WM. CARST CRASS.

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# Where the Fire is Out.

Magic no More a Mystery-Seen From Across the World.

'Haroun of Aleppo,' said Sir Philip Derval,
'had masteved every secret in nature which the
noblest magic seeks to fathom He discovered
that the true art of bealing is to assist anture
to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were
the whole system to eject the enemy that has
fastened on a part. His processes all lacinded
the reinvigoration of the principle of life.

It this the Eastern sage merely anticipated
the practice of the best physicians of to-day.
What life itself is, nebody knew then—soboy
knows now. But we have learned something
of the reasons why the mysterious tide rises can of oil, and a match. Mix these in a

of the reasons way the inysterious tide ri and fails. Provided the great organs of and falls. Provided the great organs of the body are not irreparably destroyed, medical science can always relieve, and often save. Yet no reputable physician now adheres to the barbarous and stupid processes of depletion, such as bleeding, by which it was attempted to cure duscase by reducing the patient's ability to resist it. Now a days we do not tear down the fort to help the garrison—we strengthen it.
In this intelligent and beneficent work, it conceded that Parker's Ponic leads all of

medicines. As an invigorant it acts immediately and powerfully upon the circulation and the organs of ligestion. It follows that all airments of the stomach, kidneys and liver are as once cured. No other preparation embodies the same qualities or produces a imiliar resultant it is delicious to use, and the best known antitoxicant. Price 50c and \$1. Hiscox & Co. New York.



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