



POETRY.

The Lips That Touch Liquor Must Never Touch Mine.

You are coming to woo me but not as of yore, When I hasten to welcome your ring at the door.

I think of that night in the garden alone When I whisper you told me your heart was my own.

Oh, John! how it crushed me, when first in your face The pen of the 'Rum Fiend' had written 'disgrace.'

I shattered the hopes I had trusted to last; It darkened the future and clouded the past;

I loved you—oh dearer than language can tell, And you saw it, you proved it, you knew it too well!

You promised reform, but I trusted in vain, Your pledge was made to be broken again;

If one spark, in our bosom, of virtue remain, Go fan it with prayer till it kindle again;

Resolve with 'God helping' in future to be From wine and its follies unshackled and free;

OUR FIRESIDE.

THE UNEXPECTED TEST.

James, I found you and Mr. Cooper together this morning, and as I entered the office I knew my name was up on Mr. Cooper's lips.

misunderstanding, on the previous evening, and almost come to blows, and were now as unhappy as it was possible for two well-meaning men to be who had both been very foolish.

'Was it not so?', repeated Landrove. 'It was sir.'

'And what did Mr. Cooper say of me? You need not be afraid to tell me.'

'James Worcester became calm and self-possessed, though a trifle paler than usual. He knew that Mr. Landrove had employed him, that to him he must look for the retaining of his situation, and yet he resolved to be a man.'

'Mr. Landrove, you must excuse me.' 'Ah! Did he place you under a ban of secrecy?'

'No, sir.' 'Then what did he say to you of me?'

'I cannot tell you, sir.' 'Not? Then you mean that you will not?'

'As you please, sir.' 'While Landrove was silent with amusement, his department on the part of the creature of his bounty the youth proceeded.'

'Mr. Landrove, as God is my Judge, I am your humble friend and obedient servant, and if I have a love more strong for one of my employers than the other, that love is for you. But I cannot do an unmanly thing. What ever Mr. Cooper may have said to me was in confidence. I know that he would not like that I should repeat his words. I hold them as I would hold his money that he has placed in my keeping.'

'Then you flatly refuse?'

'I refuse to betray the private speech of Mr. Cooper, as I would refuse to tell him, were he to ask me, what you have said to me.'

'Very well, you may close up your accounts and pass your books over to Mr. Nickerson; for—'

'Of one thing I can assure you,' said Cooper, 'he loves you truly and devotedly. I know it from the words he spoke this morning and from the warm tears which crept out upon his eyelashes as he gave them utterance. His refusal to repeat my words was from principle.'

'Ah! and from principle very seldom found in this poor world of ours. By my life, Albert, he'd be worth his weight in gold to us! We can trust him.'

The Paramore Case.

The mysterious suicide at Cheraw, S. C., concerning which we wrote last week, of Henry Powers, has been identified with Howell Paramore of Newbern, N. C., who with his brother W. B. Paramore was convicted of perjury and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

The latter had also been convicted of well-poisoning, in Wilson county, from which place he made his escape. Both have been in hiding for some time, W. B. Paramore at Rossville, Md., near Baltimore, the other in our midst. Illness and the melancholy induced by it, with that strange idea of what disgrace really is entertained by so many, probably induced Howell Paramore to prefer a violent exit from this world's stage to a probable term of imprisonment.

Soon after the death of Powers a letter to his address was opened by permission of the authorities, from which names and some of the facts were obtained. W. B. Paramore accompanied by his lawyer, ex Judge Moore, of N. C., arrived in Cheraw on Saturday for the purpose of identifying the remains and taking charge of effects of deceased. A warrant was obtained and he was arrested as a fugitive from justice, but on a hearing before trial Justice Prince was dismissed for want of evidence. He was immediately re-arrested by the town Marshal for the purpose of holding him until the arrival of the Wilson county sheriff. A writ of habeas corpus was granted by two trial justices and he was again set at liberty. Almost immediately he was en route for safer quarters, but was re-arrested and committed by the Intendant to the guard house. Another writ was sued out against the Intendant, and a hearing given to Judge Moore before the Town Council. He denied sheriff Bryau's account of the well poisoning case, and very much modified the entire charge. Paramore was released and went to Gashier's Hotel, but when wanted for some purpose the door of his room was opened and it was found that the bird had flown. The sheriff of Wilson county had come as far as Florence, but was notified as above.

We publish below, the information which was in possession of the authorities on Saturday last and which caused them to pursue the course they did.

Letter from W. B. Paramore to deceased, directed to Henry Powers, Cheraw, and mailed at Baltimore:

ROSSVILLE, MD., May 18, 1881. Howell:—Years of the 11th was received a few days ago, and I would have answered it before now, but have been busy all the time and when night comes I am so dazed tired, I go to sleep as soon as it is dark. I commenced work out here the next day after you, but am getting but am getting but little pay, \$15 a month and my board is all I can get.

I am getting so now I can do a full day's work and am the best hand on the place. The old man came out here the other day and told me when George went to town, for me to take charge of all the business for old Smith, that his overseer was so dazed old he would not say anything, if every hand in the field was to stop and said he would make everything easy for me after a while. I think I may stay.—The young man is a good nice young fellow. He wants me to go to every place with him, but I don't want to go much until P. case is over with. If you hear from them as soon as it is over please write me as soon as you can. In regard to the forty dollars you can send a post office order. Make it payable to George D. Fawcitt; that is the man I am with and it will be all right. I had a letter from Lon Moore and thought to send it to you, but forgot it and left it at the farm but will send it as soon as I get back to morrow. I came in town tonight to meet some stock that is to come from the West this afternoon. But I can write you just what he said, they all went over and Laughinghouse was doing all he could against us and had you called out and a judgment taken against your bond. My case was continued and capious was ordered; that was about all they could do of course. Let me hear from you soon.

I am yours, W. B. PARAMORE.

Have you heard from Sugg? Upon receipt of this, letters were addressed to different points, where it was thought probable, more information could be obtained. The following is one among several received:

Letter from Sheriff of Edgcombe county, N. C. TAMBORE, N. C., May 25, 1881. Messrs. Coston & McTeer, Cheraw S. C. Gents:—

Yours in regard to a suicide committed in your town on the 15th inst., to hand. From the description and copy of the letter from W. B. Paramore, of Rossville, Md., and the circumstances generally I think it is Howell Paramore, who was under a heavy bond for his appearance at the last term of the Federal Court at Newbern for perjury. His brother, or the one writing from Maryland, is wanted now in that court for the same offence, and in the State Courts for well-poisoning; he was convicted of the latter offence in the Superior Court of Wilson county, this State, a few months ago and when the jury rendered their verdict he made his escape at once. They both lived in Pitt county and the case was re-

moved to Wilson. I expect he will go to your place to see about his brother's property. I have notified the U. S. Marshal at Raleigh and asked him to attend to the matter. The man Lon Moore spoken of, is a Newbern lawyer and defended them. Any other information wanted, will be given freely. Yours Respectfully,

B. BRYAN, Sheriff Edgcombe County, per John R. Stuton, Deputy. N. B.—The description of W. B. Paramore is about the same as that of Howell, with the exception he has red hair. Next came the following from the Marshal of Baltimore: POLICE DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE MARSHAL, Baltimore, May 25, 1881.

E. M. Wells—Chief of Police, Cheraw, Del. Sir: Your letter of the 21st inst., in reference to death of a man at a hotel in your city, received. In answer, will state that the brother of the deceased is here now and will leave for your city to-morrow. From him you will get particulars. Most respectfully yours, J. T. GHAY, Marshal. P. S.—The man Paramore is the brother referred to. J. T. G.

Telegram from Deputy Sheriff, Cheraw: Cheraw, S. C., May 28, 1881. To Sheriff, Wilson County—Wilson: Do you want W. B. Paramore? Answer immediately by telegraph, E. M. WELLS, Deputy Sheriff. Wilson County Sheriff's answer. Wilson, N. C., May 28, 1881. E. M. Wells—Deputy Sheriff: Yes, hold him, will send for him. K. H. WINSTEAD, Sheriff, Wilson County.

Acting on above, Paramore was arrested and every effort made on the part of officials here to detain him, but of no avail.—Cheraw Sun. [Sheriff Winstead did not go to S. C. as the above report states.]—Ed.

An Editor's Debt.

In the years ago, when De Witt, Clinton county, was the county seat, and a right spart village in the woods, or on the way to be, the editor of its weekly paper had some subscribers who paid in wood, others in produce, others in fur, and others yet who didn't pay at all. One of these latter class was name Lemon, but to squeeze anything out of him was next to impossible. He had excuses at his tongue's end for not paying, and the longer the debt stood the more reasonable his excuses seemed to his creditors. One day the editor met him on the street, and after a general greeting began on him with:—'Mr. Lemon, you have been owing me for two years.'

'Yes, but I had bad luck in my sugar bush.' 'But you might have brought me wood.'

'So I should, but I broke two new axes and couldn't buy another.' 'I offered to take it out in turnips and corn.'

'I know, but the crows ate up my corn and the Indians stole all my turnips.' 'Well, how are you getting along now?' asked the editor. 'First-rate.'

'Have you got a good run of sugar?' 'Yes.' 'Corn doing well?' 'Splendid.' 'Wheat all right?' 'Yes, all right.'

'Well, if corn, wheat, potatoes and turnips turn out good, and you keep all, and you have no losses, will you pay me in the fall?' 'The farmer scratched his head and took a full minute to think over it before he replied:—'That's an honest debt and order be paid, but I won't positively agree to square up this fall until I know what sort of a corn season we are to have.'

It is needless to say that he never squared.—Detroit Free Press.

The Anti Prohibition Convention.

The Anti-Prohibition Convention which met in Raleigh at Metropolitan Hall last Wednesday was quite largely attended. There were delegates present from nearly every section of the State. It is estimated that about one fourth of the delegates were colored, and by far the largest number from Wake county, and West of Raleigh. Representatives from Northern liquor houses were present and were given seats in the Hall. We append the proceedings in a condensed form.

At 11:30 a. m. the Convention was called to order by Mr. T. N. Cooper of Iredell, who stated that the purpose was to organize a party in opposition to the Prohibition movement, arising from the act to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, as passed by the last Legislature.

A committee of five on permanent organization was appointed, viz.: Messrs. E. P. Powers, H. E. Scott, W. A. Ellison, J. J. Stewart and Nat Atkinson.

While the committee were preparing its report the Convention was addressed by Mr. James E. Boyd of Alamance.

The committee selected the following named gentlemen for permanent officers of the Convention: President R. C. Baiger of Wake; Vice Presidents, S. Angle, of Iredell; J. E. Boyd, of Guilford; J. T. Respass, Beaufort; J. E. O'Hara, Halifax; Henry Northrup, Richmond; J. H. Renfrow Wake; Daniel Kelly, Moore; M. N. Leary, Cumberland; W. H. Bailey, Davie; E. W. Turner, Vance; W. J. Doughty, Carteret; D. B. Johnson, Warren; A. Moore, Cumberland; G. A. Bingham, Rowan; William Johnson, Mecklenburg.

Committee on Resolutions—Nat Atkinson, George Matthews, S. M. Carpenter, J. E. O'Hara, John Spelman.

Executive Committee—State at large, S. M. Carpenter, T. N. Cooper, H. E. Scott, H. Brumfield. First district—W. A. Moore, of Chowan; second district—J. E. O'Hara of Halifax; third district—Ed. P. Powers, of Cumberland, fourth district—J. H. Renfrow, of Wake; fifth district—W. B. Stafford, of Guilford; sixth district—J. J. Simms, of Mecklenburg; seventh district—C. J. Bailey, of Iredell; eighth district—Nat Atkinson, of Buncombe.

Secretaries—H. J. McDuffie, George L. Tonnofski, James McGowan and W. V. Turner.

Upon taking the chair, Mr. Badger addressed the Convention, complimenting the assemblage by saying that it was immeasurably superior to any other which he had ever presided.

The Convention was then addressed by Messrs. J. E. O'Hara, J. T. Respass, Nat Atkinson and S. M. Carpenter.

The following resolution was introduced by Mr. S. M. Carpenter, and adopted: RESOLVED: That it is the sense of this convention that no formal allusions of a discourteous nature shall be indulged in during the session of this convention, against any person or persons, present or absent, whose views upon the subject of prohibition may not be in accordance with those of the delegates taking part in the deliberations of this convention.

AFTERNOON SESSION. The convention reassembled at 5 o'clock, after a recess of three hours. The following was introduced: Whereas, complete organization has been perfected in many of the counties against prohibition, therefore be it RESOLVED: That this convention adopt the name, to be known in future as the "Anti Prohibition party for the State of North Carolina."

A Long Fast.

The Scotch fasting girl, Christina Marshall, continues to live on a teaspoonful of water two or three times a day. She is thirteen years old and lives at Chapelton, a small village near Strathaven. Her illness dates from August or September last, when she was treated for pulmonary cold. She gradually got better, but, instead of fetching complete convalescence, fell into a thoughtful mood and betook her self to bed. She expressed the greatest disinclination for all kinds of food, and it was only by the most urgent entreaties that she could even be persuaded to take wine or grapes. At the New Year, however, she expressed herself unable to take any kind of food at all, and her parents, seeing that their entreaties only caused her pain and sorrow, forebore to ask her any longer, and since then she has subsisted solely on a few teaspoonfuls of water per day.

A thorough examination of the patient failed to discover any trace of internal disease. The girl is, of course, growing gradually weaker, but so slowly that the change is almost imperceptible. At first she did not care for any one sitting up with her, but latterly she has insisted on having either her father or mother by her bedside all night long. Although not daring to enter into conversation, she answers all questions put, and appears to be fully aware of whatever takes place in the house, either by night or day.

One Vaccination too Many. Bright and early yesterday morning a middle-aged man, of anxious look and much corporeity, called at the City Hall and went for the Chief of Police with:—'Haf we some small-box in der city?'

'I believe we have a sporadic case or two,' was the reply. 'Und doze somebody haf to got vaccinated to keep him away?'

'Every citizen should protect himself.' 'How many dimes was I got vaccinated to keep der small-pox out of mein house und saloon?'

'Oh, I guess once will do.' 'Vonce! Great shiminy! no more ash dot! Shust wait a minit!' He jerked off his coat and pushed up his shirt sleeves and pointed to four spots on his left arm and five on his right, and said:—'Four und five makes nine dimes dot I vas vaccinated in four days!'

'How is that?'

'How ish dot? Dot's what I like myself to know! I vas shust reading at der Sherman papers when two men vhalves in mine saloon und says:—'Sharley; dot small-pox is lofer down und you must be vaccinated or der Gommon Council vill close opp. So I vas vaccinated for two shillings und zwee class beer.'

'Yes?'

'It vas shast twenty minutes ven a man comes in und say he vhas sent to vaccinate me on der odder arm, und I pay him two shillings und class of beer.'

'Yes?'

'Before night a man mit spectacle comes in und says he vhas sent by der Healthy Poard to see of I vvas vaccinated. I show him two places, but he shakes his head und say: "Dot vaccination am too high oop, und you vill git der small-box in der hands." Den he makes dot black here, und I gif him twenty-five cents und class beer.'

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