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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THE BUDGET OF WIT AND COMMONSENSE.

A Little Pain Humbles the Most Stiff-Necked of the Race.

All the world's a stage; as Mr. Shakespeare says, and all the men and women merely travelers. It is a mighty big stage, of course—in fact, an omnibus, for it carries us all, and we are traveling along and getting on and getting off all along the line, and ever as I am stopping by the wayside to nurse our sick and bury our dead. There is nothing else that puts a brake on us as we move down the big road on the journey of life.

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and brought me material, and after while the water began to rise on me, and got higher till it went over the dam.

JUDGE JAMES E. SHEPHERD.

The Durham Tobacco Plant Suggests Him for a Supreme Court Judge.

The Plant has no favorite in the ordinary acceptance of that word, but always tries to recognize and applaud merit. Judge Shepherd would be a good addition to the bench. He possesses, according to our ideas, the exact qualifications for a Supreme Court judge, and the Plant knows no gentleman in the State, whose elevation to the Supreme court would be a more genuine satisfaction by the bar.

LOCKED BRACELET.

THE CONSTANCY OF THEIR DEVOTION.

At Last They are Joined in the Last Sweet Embrace of a Sleep That Knows no Waking.

I was quite a big girl, nearly 12 years old, when my father decided to retire from business in New York, and settle down for the rest of his life in his native village, Millville. He had left there quite a young man—not thirty—and returned an old one, over seventy, but possessing large wealth.

ANOTHER SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

The Poor Defenseless Negro in the Hands of the Whittans.—Where is John Sherman?

A telegram from Pickens county, S. C. gives the particulars of another Southern outrage. Now let John Sherman foam and abuse the negroes as he pleases, but let the white people of the South. The telegram says: A few nights since, a negro family living on the plantation of Geo. W. Cox, near York, were sitting in their cabin and went off to a revival meeting, about two miles distant.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A condensed report of the news as gathered from the columns of our contemporaries, State and National. Hickory has a canning factory. Work will soon be begun on the new railroad from Henderson to Durham.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Let the 'Honored Old Man' Rest in Peace.

The Republican organ, at elections are pending. Mr. Davis is honored by the Southern people because of his spotless personal character and the cause he represented. It is the struggle which terminated happily for all concerned in the quarter of a century ago. He did not make the rebellion; he was the people who were the undertaker to do so.

WE MAKE MISTAKES.

But Judge by the Cardinal Course of the Two Parties.

Yes, yes, the Democratic party has committed some errors, but never systematically, deliberately and with malice aforethought. It has trampled the constitution and liberties of the people and so on.

RAILROADS IN PITT.

Railroad Talk in That Good Old County.

A Pitt county correspondent writes the Wilmington Messenger as follows: The people of Pitt are again hopeful that a railroad will be built to Greenville.

HE WAS A LAWYER.

The Blame is Truth.

In the Supreme Court of one of the Western counties of the State for an act of violence. The defendant, an action was being tried on the market on this account.

A TOUCHING STORY.

For School Purpose.

The cost of punishing and repressing the crime that whiskey produces falls upon the State. The support of the paupers which it entails is a heavy burden.

WHAT IS WOMAN'S WORTH?

Poor's Pleasant Purgative Pellet.

asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W. O. man" (double you, O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength.

AN ANCIENT CITIZEN.

Who Shall It Be?

Another native of North Carolina comes to the front from Monroe county, Ind. His name is Riley Smith. He is 75 years old, is tall and wears a 30. If you show that will hold a quarter of a peck of corn.