**The Wilson Advance**

WILSON, N. C., AUG. 28th, 1890

## Bad News For The Newspaper Dead-Beats.

Cheerful news for newspaper proprietors comes from Ohio. A paper in that State recently brought suit against forty three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment for the full amount in each case. Twenty eight at once prevented attachment by making affidavit that they had no more than the law allowed. Under the dicision of the Supreme court they were arrested for pettit larceny and bound over in the sum of $300. Six of these did not give bond, and went to jail. This is the result of the working of the new postal law, which makes it larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

## Love Your Boys.

Do not work the boys too hard, or their natural love for nature and the open air will be turned to hate of you and their surroundings, which they will leave when advancing years give them the power of doing so. Many a little scraggy knotty nature can be made to grow into fairness and vigor if planted in soil of love, watered with tenderness and nourished in the air of freedom, instead of getting pinched and twisted beyond all future redemption. We should certainly make an effort to get the good will of the boys in our neighborhood especially if bad ones are inclined to rob us. Let us invite them into the garden to share any fruit or flower we have to spare. The fruit is always appreciated, if not the flowers, and we most effectually get rid of our enemies by making them our friends.—Ex.

North Carolina has wild pasturage enough to maintain handsomely 5,000,000 sheep, and if proper attention were given to it and dog laws passed by our Legislature to protect sheep husbandry, there is no industry in the State that would yield a greater income to the amount invested than that of sheep raising, but until some law is enacted to protect sheep from dogs, men of capital will be loth to invest it in this State. We call our Alliance friends' attention to this important matter, and we trust they will vote for no man for the next Legislature until he has cummitted himself by signing a card or otherwise to vote for a law that will protect this long negleted industry, that will bring millions of dollars into the pockets of our people.—Raleigh Farmer.

The lightning struck a ferry boat, says the New Berne Journal, and so stunned two workmen that they were first thought dead. They recovered, however. The boat was injured.

The Piedmont Springs property has been bought by Judge Gilmer.

A gentleman near Greensboro thinks he's "struck oil" and is making preparations to bore for it.

The Tarboro Banner says the people of that section are enthusiastic over their tobacco crop

BLOOD POISON CURED.

I was troubled for years with a Blood Poison in its very worst form. I was treated by the very best physicians of Louisville, Ky., and Evansville, Ind., but they failed to benefit me in any way. A few bottles of Swift's Specific (S S. S.) cured me sound and well. This was over four years ago, and there has been no return of the disease since, or any symptoms of it. I have recommended it to others for blood poison, and in every case they were permanently cured."

D. H. KAIN, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

HUNGER IS THE BEST SAUCE.

As a rule, a person who has a good appetite has good health. But how many there are who enjoy nothing they eat, and sit down to meals only as an unpleasant duty. Nature's antidotes for this condition are so happily combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla that it soon restores good digestion, creates an appetite, and renovates and vitalizes the blood so that the beneficial effect of good food is imparted to the whole body. Truly hunger is the best sauce, and Hood's Sarsaparilla induces hunger.

Radam's Microbe Killer,
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen—I take pleasure in testifying to the remarkable benefit I have recently received from the use of Radam's Microbe Killer. I have been much troubled with chills and night sweats for months, and after trying a great many remedies to no avail, bought a jug of Microbe Killer and was completely cured in ten days.

Respectfully,
J. J. SMITH.

FRANKFORT KY., March 15 1890
For sale by D. Herring.

I cheerfully testify that after taking Microbe Killer for fifteen days I am entirely cured, after being sick two years with malarial fever, and during which time I contracted other diseases, flux, etc. I was attended during this time by three of the best doctors of the city without being benefitted.

WM. DOHERTY, 10 Celeste St.
NEW ORLEANS, FEB. 27 1888.
For sale by D. Herring.

# TWO SOLDIERS

## A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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And here, in great agitation, the old gentleman rose from his chair and began nervously pacing up and down the little room, wringing his white, tremulous hands and turning his face away from the silent soldier that he might not see the tears that hung to the lashes or the piteous quivering of the sensitive lips. For a moment or two nothing more was said. Then, as though in surprise, Mr. Vincent stopped short.

"Did you understand me, Capt. Lane? I do not exaggerate the situation in the least. I do not know how soon the ax will fall. We are safe for today, but know not what the morrow may bring forth. I may be met en route by telegrams saying that the journey is useless—that we are ruined—and the money I hope to get in New York to tide us over would come only too late. Next month at this time the house in which Mabel was born and reared may be sold over her head, with every scrap and atom of its furniture, and we be driven into exile. Do you realize this, sir? Do you understand that if you win her affection and she becomes your wife I have not a penny with which to bless her?"

"Mr. Vincent," answered Lane, "I would hold myself richer than any man in this world if I could know that your daughter cared for me and would be my wife. Do not think that I fail to sympathize and feel for you and all who are dear to you in your distress and anxiety but I am almost glad to hear that she is not the heiress people said she was. It is Mabel I want,"—and here his voice trembled almost as much as the old man's, and his honest gray eyes filled up with tears he could not down—"and with her for my own I could ask nothing of any man. I have your consent to see her, then, at once if need be? You know I am relieved from duty here and must rejoin my regiment within ten days."

"My full consent, and my best wishes, captain," said Mr. Vincent, grasping the outstretched hand in both his own. "You have not spoken to her at all."

"Not a word, Mr. Vincent; and I can form no idea what her answer will be. Pardon me, sir, but has she or has Mrs. Vincent any knowledge of your business troubles?"

"My wife knows, of course, that everything is going wrong and that I am desperately harassed; Mabel, too, knows that I have lost much money—very much—in the last two years; but neither of them knows the real truth—that even my life insurance is gone. A year ago I strove to obtain additional amounts in the three companies in which I had taken out policies years ago. Of course a rigid examination had to be made by the medical advisers, and the result was the total rejection of my applications, and in two cases an offer to return with interest all the premiums hitherto paid. The physicians had all discovered serious trouble with my heart. Last winter our business was at it lowest ebb. I had been fortunate in some speculations on 'change in the past, and I strove to restore our failing fortunes in that way. My margins were swept away like chaff, and I have been vainly striving to regain them for the last three months, until now the last cent that I could raise is waiting the result of this week's deal. Every man in all the great markets east and west knew three weeks ago that a powerful and wealthy syndicate had 'cornered,' as we say, all the wheat to be had, and was forcing the price up day by day; and I had started in on the wrong side. Even if the corner were to break to-morrow I could not recover half my losses. The offer the insurance companies made was eagerly accepted, sir; I took their money, and it dribbled away through my broker's fingers. If wheat goes up one cent, we cannot meet our obligations—we are gone. We have been compelled to borrow at ruinous rates in order to meet our calls; I say we, for poor Clark is with me in the deal, and it means ruin for him too, though he, luckily, has neither wife nor child. Are you ready, sir, to ally your name with that of a ruined and broken man—to wed a beggar's daughter?" And there poor old Vincent fairly broke down and sobbed aloud. Long watching, sleepless nights, suspense, wretched anxiety, the averted looks and whispered comments of the men he daily met on 'change, the increasing brusqueness and insolence of his broker, Warden—all had combined to humiliate and crush him. He threw himself upon the sofa, his worn old frame shaking and quivering with grief. The sight was too much for Lane. This was her father; it was her home that was threatened, her name that was in jeopardy.

"Mr. Vincent," he cried, almost imploringly, "I cannot tell you how utterly my sympathy is with you in your anxiety and distress. I beg you not to give way—not to abandon hope. I—I think it may be in my power to help a little; only—it must be a secret between us. She—Mabel must never know."

CHAPTER VI.

*"Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir."*

In the three days that followed the transfer of funds and property at the recruiting rendezvous took place, and Mr. Noel stepped in, vice Lane, relieved and ordered to join his regiment. The former was having a delightful time. A guest of the wealthy Witherses could not long be a stranger within their gates to the Queen citizens, and every afternoon and evening found him enjoying hospitalities of the most cordial character. At the club he had already become hail-fellow with all the younger element, and had made himself decidedly popular among the elders, and every man who had not met that jolly Capt. Noel was eager to be presented to him. He was ready for pool, billiards, bowling or a drink the moment he got within the stately doorway; and, as he sang, whistled, laughed, chatted and cracked innumerable jokes during the various games, was a capital mimic, and could personate Pat, Hans or Crapaud with telling effect, his presence was pronounced by every one as better than a solid week of sunshine—something the Queen City rarely, if ever, experienced.

Poor Lane, on the contrary, was nearly worrying his heart out. He had gone to the Vincents' the very evening on which he had seen the father of the family off for New York, and had nerved himself to put his fortune to the test—to tell her of his deep and devoted love and to ask her to be his wife. That she well knew he loved her, without being told, he felt sure must be the case; but, beyond a belief that she liked and trusted him, the captain had not the faintest idea as to the nature of her feelings towards him. He was a modest fellow, as has been said. His glass told him that, despite a pair of clear gray eyes and a decidedly soldierly cut to his features, he was not what women called a handsome man; and, what was more, there were little strands of gray just beginning to show about his broad forehead and in the heavy moustache that shaded his mouth. Lane sighed as he remembered that he was in his 36th year. How could she care for him—fifteen years her senior? Lane rang the door bell that night and felt once more that his heart was beating even as it did at 1 o'clock when he was ushered into the awful presence of her father.

"Miss Vincent has not left her room today, and is not well enough to come down to-night, sir," said the servant who came to the door, "and Mrs. Vincent begged to be excused because of Miss Mabel's needing her."

"I—I am very, very sorry," stammered the captain. "Please say that Mr. Lane called" (they had known him so well for two months as Mr. Lane that he could not yet refer to himself by his new title), "and—and would call again to-morrow, hoping to hear Miss Vincent was much better."

And then, dejected and miserable, and yet with something akin to the feeling one experiences when going to a dentist's to have a tooth drawn and the dreaded wielder of the forceps proves to be away, Lane retreated down the broad stone steps until he reached the walk, gazed up at the dim light in the window which he thought might be hers, anathematized himself for his lack of self possession in not having asked whether there wasn't something he could bring her—something she would like—for the simple hearted fellow would have tramped all night all over town to find and fetch it—and then a happy thought occurred to him: "Women always love flowers." He ran to the next street, boarded a west bound car, and was soon far down town at his favorite florist's.

"Give me a big box of cut flowers—the handsomest you have," he said; and while they were being prepared he wrote a few lines on a card, tore it up, tried again on another, and similarly reduced that to fragments, and finally, though far from content, limited the expression of his emotions to the simple words:

"Do get well by Saturday at latest. I cannot go without seeing you. F. L."

"Where shall we send them, sir?" asked the florist, as he came forward with the box in his hand.

"Never mind; I'll take it myself," was the answer, as the captain popped in the little missive.

And when he got back to the house the light was still burning in the window in the second story, and the doctor had just left, said the sympathetic Abigail, and had said it was nothing serious or alarming; Miss Mabel would have to keep quiet a day or two; that was all.

But what hard luck for poor Lane, when the days of his stay were so very few! All Thursday morning was spent at the rendezvous, counting over property and comparing papers with Noel. Then, while that gentleman went to the club for luncheon the captain hastened to the Vincents' door to renew inquiries, and was measurably comforted by the news that Miss Mabel was much better, though still confined to her room. Would he not come in? Mrs. Vincent was out, but she thought—did that most intelligent young woman, Mary Ann—that perhaps there was a message for him. Like Mr. Toots, poor Lane, in his anxiety to put no one to any trouble, came within an ace of stammering: "It's of no consequence," but checked himself in time, and stepped into the bright parlor in which he had spent so many delicious hours listening to her soft, rich voice as she sang, or as she chatted blithely with him and her frequent guests. It was some time before Mary Ann returned. Evidently, there was a message, for the girl's face was dimpled with smiles as she handed him a little note. "Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir; she had to write lying down. Miss Holton has just gone away, after spending most of the morning."

Excuse pencil! Lane could hardly wait to read the precious lines. How he longed to give the girl a five dollar bill! But this wasn't England, and he did not know how Mary Ann would regard such a proffer. She promptly and discreetly retired, leaving the front door open for his exit, and the sweet June sunshine and the soft warm breath of early summer flowing in through the broad vestibule.

"How good you are to me!" she wrote. "The flowers were—and are still—exquisite. I shall be down stairs a little while to-morrow afternoon, if the doctor is good to me as you are. Then I can thank you, can I not? M. L. V."

The hours dragged until Friday afternoon came. He had to go to the Witherses to dinner on Thursday evening, and a dreary, ostentatious, ponderous feast it was. Noel, in his full dress uniform, was the hero of the hour. He greeted Lane a trifle nervously.

"I meant to have telephoned and begged you to bear me out, old man," said he, "but this thing was sprung on me after I got home. Cousin Mattie simply ordered me to appear in my war paint, and I had to do it. You are to go in to dinner with her by the way; and I wish you were en grande tenue instead of civilian spike tail. Here's Amos."

And Amos marched him around to one guest after another—"self made men, sir"—heavy manufacturers and money makers, with their overdressed wives. Lane strove hard to be entertaining to his hostess, but that lady's mind was totally engrossed in the progress of the feast and dread of possible catastrophe to style or service. Her eyes glanced nervously from her husband to the butler and his assistants, and her lips perpetually framed inaudible instructions or warnings, and so it happened that the captain was enabled to chat a good deal with a slight, dark eyed and decidedly intelligent girl who sat to his right, and who was totally ignored by the young cub who took her in—the eldest son of the house of Withers, a callow youth of 20.

"You did not hear my name, I know," she had said to him. "I am Miss Marshall, a very distant connection of Mrs. Withers', the teacher of her younger children, and the merest kind of an accident at this table. Miss Faulkner was compelled to send her excuses at the last moment, and so I was detailed—isn't that your soldier expression?—to fill the gap."

"And where did you learn our army expressions, may I ask?" said Lane smilingly.

"I had a cousin in the artillery some years ago, and visited his wife when they were stationed at the old barracks across the river. There's no one there now, I believe. Listen to Captain Noel: he is telling about Indian campaigns."

Indeed, pretty much everybody was listening already, for Noel, with much animation, was recounting the experiences of the chase after the Chiricahua chieftain, Geronimo. He was an excellent talker, and most diplomatic and skillful in the avoidance of any direct reference to himself as the hero of the series of dramatic incidents which he so graphically told, and yet the impression conveyed—and intended to be conveyed—was that no man had seen more, endured more or ridden harder, faster and farther, than the narrator. Flattered by the evident interest shown by those about him, and noting that conversation was brisk at Lane's end of the table, the lieutenant soon lost himself in the enthusiasm of his own descriptions, and was only suddenly recalled to earth by noting that now the whole table had ceased its dinner chat, and that, with the possible exception of the hostess, who was telegraphing signals to the butler, every man and woman present was looking at him and listening. The color leaped to his face, and he turned towards Lane with a nervous laugh.

"I'd no idea I was monopolizing the talk," he said. "Fred, old man, wasn't it G troop that tried to get across the range from your command to ours when we neared the Guadalupe? Amos and Mr. Hawks had been asking me about the chase after Geronimo."

"Yes, it was G troop—Capt. Greene's," answered Lane.

"You know that Capt. Lane and I are of the same regiment, and, though not actually together in the chase, we were in the same campaign," said Noel, apologetically, and then, quickly changing the subject: "By the way, Mr. Hawks, is Harry Hawks, of the artillery, a relative of yours?"

"A nephew, captain—my brother Henry's son. Did you know him?"

"Know him? Why, he is one of the warmest friends I have in the whole army—outside of my own regiment, that is. We were constantly together one winter when I was on staff duty in Washington, and whenever he could get leave to run up from the barracks he made my quarters his home. If you ever write to him just ask him if he knows Gorden Noel?"

"Do you know, Capt. Lane, that I have found your comrade captain a very interesting man?" observed Miss Marshall; and her eyes turned upon her next door neighbor in calm but keen scrutiny.

"Noel is very entertaining," was the reply; and the dark gray eyes looked unflinchingly into the challenge of the dark brown.

"Yes, I have listened to his tales of the frontier at breakfast, dinner and during the evening hours, since Sunday last. They are full of vivacity and variety."

"One sees a good deal of strange country and many strange people in the course of ten or a dozen years' service in the cavalry."

"And must needs have a good memory to be able to tell of it all—especially when one recounts the same incident more than once." And Miss Marshall's lips were twitching at the corners in a manner suggestive of mischief and merriment combined.

Lane "paused for a reply." Here was evidently a most observant young woman.

"There! I did not mean to tax your loyalty to a regimental comrade, captain; so you need not answer. Capt. Noel interests and entertains me principally because of his intense individuality and his entire conviction that he carries his listeners with him. 'Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety,' but there should not be quite so much variety in his descriptions of a single event. This is the fourth time I have heard him tell of the night ride from Carrizo ranch to Canyon Diablo."

"You have the advantage of me, Miss Marshall," answered Lane, his eyes twinkling with appreciation of her demure but droll exposure of Noel's weak point. "It is the first time I ever heard his version of it."

"It is the last time he will mention it in your presence, if he saw the expression in your face, Capt. Lane."

"Do those introspective eyes of yours look clear through and see out of the back of your head, Miss Marshall? You face was turned towards him. You stopped short in telling me of your cousin in the artillery and your visit to the barracks, and bade me listen to something I did not care half as much to hear as your own impressions of garrison life. Never mind the quadruplex account of the night ride. Tell me what you thought of the army."

"Well, of course, the first thing a girl wants to know is what the shoulder straps mean; and I learned the very first day that the blank strap meant a second lieutenant, a single bar a first lieutenant and two bars a captain—that is, in the artillery. I know why this provoking distinction in the cavalry! Here's a captain with only one bar, a captain whose letters from the war department come addressed to Lieut. Gordon Noel!"

"Noel never speaks of himself as captian, I'm sure," said Lane.

"Neither do you; and for a year past, ever since I have known you by sight"—and here a quick blush mounted to her temples—"you occasionally came to our church, you know," she hastened to explain—"you have been referred to as Lieut. Lane or Mr. Lane; but we know you are a captain now, for we saw the promotion recorded in the Washington despatches a fortnight ago. What was the date of Capt. Noel's elevation to that grade? I confess I took him for your junior in the service and in years too."

"Yes, Noel holds well to his youth," answered Lane, smilingly.

"And about the captaincy?"

"Well, he is so very near it, and it is so apt to come any day, that perhaps he thinks it just as well to let people get accustomed to calling him that. Then he won't have to break them all in when the commission does come."

"Then he is your junior, of course?"

"Only by a file or so. He entered the service very soon after me."

"But was not in your class at West Point?"

"No; he was not in my class."

"In the next one, then, I presume?"

"Miss Marshall, is your first name Portia? I should hate to be a witness whom you had the privilege of cross examining. There are ladies learned in the law,' and I expect to read of you as called to the bar within a year or two."

"Never mind, Capt. Lane. I will ask you nothing more about him."

"No, Miss Marshall, I presume that my clumsiness has rendered it totally unnecessary."

That night, as the guests were dispersing, Lane did what most of them entirely omitted; he went over to the piano and bade Miss Marshall good night.

"Capt. Lane," she said, "I beg your pardon if I have been too inquisitive and too critical, as I know I have been; but you have taught me that you know how to guard a comrade's failings from the world. Will you not forgive a woman's weakness?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Miss Marshall. I hope sincerely that we may meet again before I go back to the regiment."

And later, as Lane was walking homeward from a final peep at the dim light in a certain window, he had time to think how intolerable that dinner would have seemed had it not been for the accident which placed that dark eyed governess by his side.

CHAPTER VII.

Lane was awake with the sun on Friday morning, and lay for a few moments listening to the twittering of the sparrows about his window sills, and watching the slanting, rosy red shafts of light that streamed through the intervals in the Venetian blinds. "Does it augur bright fortune? Does it mean victory? Is it like the 'sun of Austerlitz?'" were the questions that crowded through his brain. Today—today she was to "be down for a little while in the afternoon," and then she "hoped to be able to thank him. Could she?" Ten thousand times over and over again she could, if she would but whisper one little word—Yes—in answer to his eager question. It lacked hours yet until that longed for afternoon could come. It was not 5 o'clock; but more sleep was out of the question, and lying there in bed intolerable. Much to the surprise of his darky valet, Lane had had his bath, dressed and disappeared by the time the former came to rouse him.

Noel was late in reaching the rendezvous. It was after 10 when he appeared, explaining that Mrs. Withers was far from well, and therefore Cousin Amos would not leave the house until the doctor had seen her and made his report. Lane received his explanation somewhat coldly and suggested that they go right to work with their papers, as he had important engagements. It was high noon when they finished the matters in hand, and then the captain hastened to the club and was handed a telegram with the information that it had only just come. It was evidently expected. Lane quickly read it and carefully stowed it away in an inside pocket. In another moment he was speeding down town, and by half past 12 was closeted with the junior partner of the tottering house of Vincent, Clark & Co. Mr. Clark was pale and nervous. Every click of the "ticker" seemed to make him start. A clerk stood at the instrument watching the rapidly dotted quotations.

*Her fair head pillowed on a silken cushion, reclined the lady of his heart.*

"Have you heard from Mr. Vincent?" was the first question, and without a word a telegram was handed to him. It was in cipher, as he saw at once, and Clark supplied the transcription:

"Rossiter refuses. Watch market closely. See Warden instant touches half. Break predicted here."

"Twenty minutes more!" groaned Clark, as he buried his face in his hands. "Twenty minutes more of this awful suspense!"

"What was the last report?" asked Lane in a low voice.

"Ninety-eight and a quarter. My God! Think of it! Three-quarters of a cent between us and beggary! I could bear it, but not Vincent; 'twould kill him. Even his home is mortgaged."

There came a quick, sharp tap at the glazed door; the clerk's head was thrust in:

"Three-eighths, sir."

"It's time to move, then," said Lane. "I cannot follow you to the floor—I have no ticket; but I will be awaiting your call at the Merchants' Exchange. Mr. Vincent has told you—Better have it in treasury notes—one hundred each—had you not?"

"I'll see Warden at once. D—n him! he would sell us out with no more compunctions than he would shoot a hawk."

"You infer that Mr. Vincent has had no success in raising money in New York?" asked Lane, as they hurried from the office.

"Not an atom! He made old Rossiter what he is—hauled him out of the depths, set him on his feet, took him in here with him for ten years, sent him east with a fortune that he has trebled since in Wall street, and now, by heaven! the cold blooded brute will not lend him a pitiful twenty thousand."

At the bank Lane found an unusual number of men, and there was an air of suppressed excitement. Telegraph boys would rush in every now and then with dispatches for various parties, and these were eagerly opened and read. Scraps of low, earnest conversation reached him, as he stood a silent watcher. "They cannot stand it another day." "They've been raining wheat on them from every corner of the north and west. No gang can stand under it." "It's bound to break," etc. To an official of the bank who knew him well he showed the telegram he had received at the club, and the gentleman looked up in surprise.

"Do you want this now, captain? Surely you are not"—

"No, I'm not, most emphatically," replied Lane, with a quiet laugh. "Yet I may have sudden use for that sum. I telegraphed to my agents at Cheyenne yesterday. You, perhaps, ought to wire at once and verify it."

"Those are our bank rules, and I presume it will be done, though of course we know——

"Never mind. I much prefer you should, and at once." And, leaving the man of business to attend to the necessary formality, Lane strolled to a window and looked down the crowded street towards the massive building in which the desperate grapple 'twixt bull and bear was at its height. The day was hot; men rushed by, mopping their fevered brows; a throng of people had gathered near the broad entrance to the chamber, and all its windows were lowered to secure free and fresh currents of air. Lane fancied he could hear the shouts of the combatants in the pit even above the ceaseless roar and rattle of wheels upon the stone pavement. Little by little the minute hand was stealing to the vertical, and still no sign from Clark. "Has she touched a half yet?" he heard one man eagerly ask another as they dived into the broker's office underneath.

"Not yet; but I'm betting she does inside of five minutes and reaches ninety-nine first thing to-morrow."

At last boom went the great bell—a single, solemn stroke. There was a rush of men for the street, a general scurry towards the great board of trade building, a rapidly increasing crowd along the curbstones as the members came pouring out, and brokers and their customers hurried away towards numberless little offices all over the neighborhood. Dozens of them passed along under his post of observation, some flushed, some deathly pale, and finally Clark himself appeared and Lane hastened forth to meet him.

"Saved by a mere squeak so far," was the almost breathless whisper as Clark removed his hat and wiped his clammy forehead. "But we know not what a day may bring forth. It's a mere respite."

"Can the syndicate carry any more weight, think you? Prices jumped up two and three weeks ago. Now they only climb a hair's breadth at a time. I hear they are loaded down—that it must break; but I'm no expert in these matters."

"If you were, you'd be wise to keep out of it. Who can say whether they will break or not? It is what everybody confidently predicted when eighty-nine was touched twelve days ago; and look at it!"

"Do you go back to the office from here? Good! I'll join you there in ten minutes," said Lane, "for I shall not come down town this afternoon, and may not be able to in the morning."

And when Capt. Lane appeared at the office of Vincent, Clark & Co., he brought with him a stout little packet, which, after the exchange of a few words and a scrap or two of paper, Mr. Clark carefully stowed in the innermost compartment of the big safe. Then he grasped Lane's hand in both of his as the captain said good-by.

That afternoon, quite late, the captain rang at the Vincent's door, and it was almost instantly opened by the smiling Abigail, whom he so longed to reward for her evident sympathy the day before, yet lacked the courage to proffer a greenback. Lane was indeed little versed in the ways of the world, howsoever well he might be informed in his profession.

"Miss Vincent is in the library, sir, if you will please to walk that way," was her brief communication; and the captain, trembling despite his best efforts to control himself, stepped past her into the hall, and there, hurrying down the stairway, came Mrs. Vincent, evidently to meet him. Silently she held forth her hand and led him into the parlor, and then he saw that her face was very sad and pale and that her eyes were red with weeping.

"I will only detain you a moment, captain," she murmured, "but I felt that I must see you. Mr. Vincent wrote to me on the train as he left here, and he tells me you know—the worst."

"Mr. Vincent has honored me with his confidence, dear lady; and I—saw Mr. Clark today."

She looked up eagerly: "What news had he from New York? Did he tell you?—about Mr. Rossiter, that is? I knew perfectly well what Mr. Vincent's hopes and expectations were in going."

"There was a telegram. I fear that he was disappointed in Mr. Rossiter; but the money was not needed up to the closing of the board at 1 o'clock."

"I am not disappointed. I thank God that the Rossiters refused him money. It will open his eyes to their real characters—father and son. I would rather go and live in a hovel than be under obligations to either of them." And now the tears were raining down her cheeks.

"Do not grieve so, Mrs. Vincent," said Lane. "I cannot believe the danger is so great. I have listened to the opinions of the strongest men on 'change this afternoon. A 'break' in this corner was predicted in New York at 11 this morning, and that is the universal opinion among the best men now."

[Continued next week.]

A GOLD WATCH
FOR ONLY
ONE-:-DOLLAR
Per week, by our improved Club System. The cases in our watches are fully warranted for 20 years. The movements are Elgin and Waltham, reliable and well known. The watches are hunting case or open face, Ladies or Gents' size, stem winders and setters, and are fully equal in durability, service and appearance to any $50 watch. We sell one of these watches for $25 00 cash, and send to any address by express, with privilege of examination; or by our Club System at $1 per week. One good reliable agent wanted in each place. Write for particulars. EMPIRE WATCH CLUB CO., 34 Park Row, New York.
Feby 6,'90 6m

Spring Millinery!
—A POPULAR LINE OF THE—
LATEST STYLES
—ARE BEING RECEIVED BY—
MRS. ANNIE GRIFFIN,
—THE—
Rocky Mount Milliner
who has purchased for the Spring and Summer trade the latest styles in all things pertaining to Ladies' wear and that pleases the eye of woman. Her line of Laces, Embroideries, and white embroidered robes can't be equaled at any place in Rocky Mount. She has on hand, black lace net for trimming dresses, Vandykes in all widths and styles, Ruchings of every shade and price, Sash ribbons in beautiful designs, and the latest things—Buckles for dresses—to please you. Stamped Linens a specialty. Call early and often at her store in
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR OF MANHOOD! Greater LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; SIREN Weakness of Body and Mind. Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD Fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Testimonials from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs (sealed) FREE. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 101½ Whitehall St.

HAWKES
CRYSTALIZED LENSES
TRADE MARK
Most Brilliant, Pure and Perfect Lenses
In the World.
Combined with Great Refracting Power. They are as transparent and colorless as light itself. And for softness of endurance to the eye cannot be excelled, enabling the wearer to read for hours without fatigue. In fact, they are
PERFECT SIGHT PRESERVERS.
Testimonials from the leading physicians in the United States can be given, who have had their sight improved by their use.
All eyes fitted and the fit guaranteed at
A. W. ROWLAND'S DRUG STORE
Where an immense assortment of these celebrated glasses can be found and properly adapted to all conditions of the eye.
These glasses are not applied to peddlers at any price.
None genuine unless the name HAWKES is stamped on the frame.
Wholesale Depots. Atlanta Ga Austin, Texas.

Another Gold Watch

Will be given out to some one member of EVANS' POPULAR WATCH CLUB at Rawls' Jewelry Palace, Saturday night, at 8 o'clock sharp.
☞ Remember, every member will be the possessor of a handsome watch at the expiration of twenty-five weeks from the time of starting. No one will be swindled as there are no
—BLANKS.—
The member's name who shall remain in the hat the longest will be presented a handsome chain to go with his watch.
—JEW—
—and GENTILE,—
—SAINT—
—AND SINNER—
are cordially invited to witness these drawing, but be it understood:
—ALL RASCALS ARE EXCLUDED.—
Hand in your names if you wish to join the Silver Watch Club 50c. a week is all it will cost you—for 25 weeks. Fewer the vices—better the morals: Stop drinking, chewing or smoking and you can easily save this amount and buy an accurate time piece that will notify you when to go to your labor, attend court or go to church.
R. B. EVANS, Manager.

J. & P. COATS'
50 YARDS
BEST
SIX-CORD
Spool Cotton
IN
WHITE, BLACK AND COLORS,
FOR
Hand and Machine Use.
FOR SALE BY
J. & D. Ochtinger, J. D. & S. C. Wells, J. T. Wiggins, M. Rountree & Co., A. Heilbroner (Manager for M. R. Lang.)

### Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Bartlett Perkins, dec'd, notice is hereby given to all person indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to the undersigned and to all creditors to present their claims for payment on or before the 4th day of August 1891 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This the 4th day of August 1890.

G. T. DANIEL, admr.
August 7—6w.

### NOTICE.

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Jno. W Perry notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me on or before the 1st day of August 1891 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This August 1st 1890.

LUCY L. DEW, admr.
August 7—6w.

### NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of Temperance A. Fulghum dec'd, late of Old Fields Township, Wilson county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Temperance A. Fulghum to make immediate payment and settlement; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them for payment on or before the 1st day of August 1891, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This July 29th, 1890.

T. W. FULGHUM,
admr of T A Fulghum dec'd
Jno F. Bruton, atty. Jy 31 6w

### Notice,

Having qualified as administrator of Joseph Farmer deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to his estate to make immediate payment, and to all persons having claims against his estate to present them to me for payment on or before the 10th day of July 1890 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This July 10 b 1890.

CEBRON FARMER, Admr.
J. D. BARDIN Atty.

WIRE RAILING
AND
ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK
DUFUR & CO
6 North Howard St., Baltimore.
Wire Railing for Cemeteries, Lawns, Gardens, Offices and Balconies, Window Guards, Tree Guards, Wire Cloth, Sieve Feeders, Cages, Sand and Coal Screens, Iron Bensteads, Chairs, Settees, &c.

Atlantic Coast Line

WILMINGTON & WELDON RR
AND BRANCHES.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

| Dated May 11th, 1890. | No. 23, Daily. | No. 37, Fast Mail, Daily. | No. 41, Daily except Sunday. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Leave Weldon | *2 30 p m | 5 43 p m | 6 00 a m |
| Ar Rocky Mt | 1 46 " | | 7 10 " |
| Ar Tarboro | *2 36 p m | | |
| Lv Tarboro | 10 20 a m | | |
| Ar Wilson | 2 20 p m | 7 00 p m | 8 18 a m |
| Lv Wilson | ‡2 30 " | | 8 25 " |
| Ar Selma | 3 40 " | | 9 40 " |
| Ar Fayetteville | 6 00 " | | 11 30 " |
| Lv Goldsboro | 3 15 " | 7 40 " | 9 05 a m |
| Lv Warsaw | 4 10 " | | 9 54 " |
| Lv Magnolia | 4 24 " | 8 40 " | 10 08 " |
| Ar Wilmington | 5 50 " | 9 55 " | 11 30 " |

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

| | No. 14, Daily. | No. 40, Daily. | No. 42, Daily except Sunday. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lv. Wilmington | 12 01 a m | 9 00 a m | 4 00 p m |
| Lv Magnolia | 1 21 " | 10 34 " | 5 31 " |
| Lv Warsaw | | 10 48 " | 5 51 " |
| Ar Goldsboro | 2 23 " | 11 45 " | 6 55 " |
| Lv Fayetteville | | *8 40 " | |
| Ar Selma | | 11 00 " | |
| Ar Wilson | | 12 10 " | |
| Lv Wilson | 3 03 a m | 12 35 p m | 7 15 p m |
| Ar Rocky Mt | | 1 10 " | 8 18 " |
| Ar Tarboro | | *2 30 p m | |
| Lv Tarboro | | 10 20 a m | |
| Ar Weldon | 4 30 " | 2 45 p m | 9 20 p m |

* Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Scotland Neck Branch leave Weldon 3 15 Halifax 3 37 P M, arrives Scotland Neck at 4 52 P M, Greenville 6 10 P M. Returning leaves Greenville 7 21 A M, Arriving Halifax at 10 10 A M, Weldon 12 05 p m daily except Sunday.

On Monday Wednesday and Friday leave Freight leaves Weldon 10 30 a m Halifax 11 a m Scotland Neck 2 00 p m Arriving Greenville 5 10 p m Returning leave Greenville Tuesday Thursday and Saturday 8 30 am Scotland neck 1 00 p m Halifax 3 35 p m Arriving Weldon 4 p m

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle & Raleigh R. R. daily except Sunday, at 7 00 A M, Sunday 3 00 P M, arrive Williamston, N C, 6 30 P M, 4 20 P M. Plymouth 7 50 P. M, 5 35 P. M. Returning leaves Plymouth, N. C., Daily except Sunday, 6 00 A M, Sunday 9 00 A M, Williamston, 7 10 A M, 9 58 A M, arrive Tarboro, N C, 9 30 A M, 11 20 A M.

Train on Midland N C Branch leaves Goldsboro, N C, daily except Sunday, 6 00 A M, arrive Smithfield, N C, 7 30 A M. Returning leaves Smithfield, N C, 8 00 A M, arrive Goldsboro, N C, 9 30 A M.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 3 00 P M, arrives Nashville 3 40 P M, Spring Hope 4 15 P M, Returning leaves Spring Hope 10 00 A M, Nashville 10 35 A M, arrive Rocky Mount, 11 15 A M, daily except Sunday.

Train on Clifton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily except Sunday at 6 00 P M and 11 10 A M. Returning leaves Clinton at 8 30 A M and 3 10 P M, connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 41, 40, 23 and 78.

Southbound Train on Wilson & Fayetteville Branch is No. 51. Northbound is No. 50. *Daily except Sunday.

Train No. 37 South will stop only at Wilson, Goldsboro and Magnolia.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond, and daily except Sunday via Bay Line.

All trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington, and have Pullman Palace Sle