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ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for Space, One M., Two M., Three M., Four M., Five M., and One Y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. G. ELLIOTT, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Norfolk, Va.

Branch & Bell, Attorneys at Law, Enfield, N. C.

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D. R. E. I. HUNTER, Surgeon Dentist, Weldon, N. C.

M. J. MOORE, Attorneys at Law, Halifax, N. C.

V. J. NAW, Baker & Confectioner, Weldon, N. C.

W. W. HALL, Attorney at Law, Weldon, N. C.

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ONE LITTLE KISS.

"And their four lips became one burning mouth."

So sings the poet—and who hath not found in some long kiss when lips gave forth no sound because too deep within the spirit lay the bliss.

For ought save soul breathed through the wondrous kisses, And heart clasped heart so close that heaven above No joy could give beyond that touch of love!

And once into my life there stole a dream So sweet, of love so tender, it did seem As if my spirit waking while I slept Into her warm embrace with gladness crept— And there I found rest free from all rush and pain— I awoke—but prayed, God let me dream again.

Long years sweep by—the dream a dream was still A shadowy light within my soul until Sitting one eve beside a soundless sea, Watching the sunlight stinging lovingly Upon the waves, a hand stole into mine— The touch thrilled through me with a joy divine. Four lips impetuously met; the dream was past. The night was gone; love's morning broke at last.

LENORE.

He glanced up from his writing, in the dim old library. He cast a hurried look at the open window; for it seemed to him that for just one instant a face that he had known was there, set like a picture in the frame of jay boughs.

A face that he had known—and yet not known. A low broad brow, with auburn hair that rippled back from it in soft waves; a delicate red mouth; great, deep-brown eyes. Yes, but the brown eyes he had known never had that weary wistful look in them; the red lips had kissed him never quivered away with happy smiles.

He brushed his hand across his eyes to shut the vision out; and when again he looked up, it was gone. He drew a long hard breath, and then he bent down to his writing again.

It was a large sheet of paper which lay before him; and the upper half of this page was covered with close writing, a critique for the magazines upon some scientific book. Over the lower half of the page his pen began to move now, steadily though slowly, and as if the writer were plunged in deep thought.

The curtains were put back from the windows, that the last light of the declining day might reach him here. The writing-table at which he sat was in the middle of the floor, and he had his back to one of the side windows opening down upon the lawn. Thus, when through the divided curtains woman's figure stole in noiselessly, he did not know.

She came quite near, this pallid creature with the wistful brown eyes, and the trembling lips. She stood behind him with her two hands clasped together; then suddenly she dropped down on her knees, and hid her face upon his right arm which lay on the table as he wrote.

The man started at the touch, lifted his head, and looked at her. Perhaps it was the spell of those eyes upon her, perhaps it was the unbroken silence; but she too lifted her head after a pause, and the two looked full at one another, for the first time in years.

It was her face that spoke more—her quivering lips, palpitating, feasting, yet expectant face. But it was he who broke the silence with words.

"Why have you come back here, Lenore? Five years ago I would have brought you here; five years ago it was all my hope, all my dream of the future that you should be here at my side. But now it is too late!"

Her color fled from cheek and lip. "Too late?" she said—"too late!" Then, suddenly, and trying hard to bring her voice to a dead calm: "You mean some other woman has the place that was to have been mine? You mean that you are married?"

"She had risen to her feet; she stood half averted from him in the act to go away. But she paused for his answer first, leaning heavily with one hand on the table.

"Married?" he laughed a short hard laugh that had no merriment in it.

"Do you think I would have tried that bitter face again? No, Lenore. It was enough for me, the lesson which you taught me, when you fled out of my ken upon the very eve of our marriage."

Just a tinge of color came back to her trembling lips.

"Have I taught you to distrust all women?"

"All women," he said, shortly.

INGERSOLL.

WHAT IS SAID OF FATHER PHELAN'S VIEWS. From the Eye (N. Y.) Herald.

No one who has ever heard Robert Ingersoll lecture will deny that he is a rare orator. His word-painting is wonderful, his eloquence entrancing.

In his crusade against Christianity this skeptic has appeared in the eyes of his followers a giant against pigmies. He has encountered an adversary, however, seemingly in every way his own peculiarities of rhetoric, to judge from the following extract from a sermon delivered recently on the occasion of the dedication of the Church of the Annunciation, at Kansas City, Mo., by Rev. Father David S. Phelan, of St. Louis, well known as the editor of the Western Watchman.

Having asserted that the idea of the soul and the faith in its immortality must have come down from above, as earth could not have taught it, nor could death have inspired it," the reverend father said:

"If there is no hereafter, then life is one long debauch, and the highest education is to know how to find and how best to enjoy pleasure. If there is no hereafter, virtue is a deceit and heroism is a lie. See that young man bleeding from a hundred wounds. He died in defense of a sister's honor. If there is no hereafter, that noblest of deeds will go unrewarded. See that young sister in the hospital bending over a victim of the plague; to-morrow she will succumb, and a rapid ride and a hasty sepulture will reward her devotion. If there is no hereafter, her charity met a sorry requital. See that man holding an afflicted child at the window of a burning building. He holds it long enough for a study companion to grasp it from below, and he then falls back into his fiery tomb. If there is no hereafter, such sacrifice is heartless and unmeaning cruelty. See that troop of soldiers marching by to the beating of the drum. Their country has called, and they go forth to defend her honor on the battle-field. They follow that flag into the thick of the fight, and when the bugle sounds the retreat, few return from the carriage. Those brave soldiers die, their face to the foe, and a snail was stamped on their features in death. If there is no hereafter, their heroism was suicide and their courage a mockery of fate. Earthly life is closed in death, the grave terminates all coarseness and association with things of time; but, wafted above the bier, the wreck of the tomb, floats the sweet voice of God, saying: 'I am the Life.'"

Contrast the above with the following from one of Colonel Ingersoll's lectures, and a beautiful and tender as is the language of the infidel orator, that of Father Phelan loses nothing by the comparison.

"Next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those who have loved us; next to that to be wrapped in the dreamlike drapery of eternal death. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no waves. Eyes that have been tortured by the everlasting dark will never know again the touch of tears. Lips that have been touched by the eternal silence will never utter another word of grief. Heads of dust do not break. The dead do not weep."

The Kansas City Journal, publishing the sermon, said that its subject matter was only equalled by the grace and charm of its delivery. It is hardly likely that Mr. Ingersoll will attempt to ridicule this Catholic priest as he has so many assumed defenders of the Christian faith. Father Phelan is apparently a very different adversary from some of the pulpits' mountebanks Mr. Ingersoll has encountered, whose drivelling sentiment and lumping logic do more to injure the cause of religion than even Mr. Ingersoll's insidious arts and eloquent periods. Father Phelan is master of the weapon Mr. Ingersoll uses and the infidel orator must eat porridge from his own dish in an encounter with this knight of the cross.

PROVERBS FOR THESE DAYS.

Beware of false prophets and patent toothache drops.

Look not upon the horse race and monkey with the pool seller, for it is not wise to bet unless you can win.

Try not to gey the stranger who sojourneeth in the land and seemeth meek and sad; for of such are three-card monte men made.

A wise woman will not light the fire with kerosene, but will invite the servant girl, to whom she owes three months' wages to do the same.

If a man smites thee on the right cheek, turn also to him thy left cheek, and peradventure thou shalt with great ease plant a kick that will cause him to become discouraged and repent of his folly.

The young man who drinketh too copiously of fire-water, and trieth to "run a town," will surely come to grief when in the fullness of time he hath everlastingly hammered the stubborn limestone.

Experience is a high grade school—course thorough, tuition free—but incidental expenses enormous.

The foolish man saith to himself: "I will blow in the muzzle of this empty gun," and the wise coroner will say in his report: "Accidentally blown to the hereafter."

"BUCHUPATRA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. B. Druggist.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

"What on earth is that you have got on your upper lip?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in and began to peel a ratatouille, and his upper lip hung down over his teeth, and was covered with something that looked like shoemaker's wax.

"You look as though you had been digging potatoes with your nose."

"O, that's some of pa's darn smartness. I asked him if he knew of anything that would make a boy's nose like a rat, and he told me the best thing he ever tried was tar, and for me to rub it on thick when I went to bed, and wash it off in the morning. I put it on last night, and by gosh I can't wash it off. Pa told me all I had to do was to use a scouring brick, and it took the skin off, and the tar is there yet, and say, does my lip look very bad?"

The grocery man told him it was the worst looking lip he ever saw, but he could cure it by rubbing a little cayenne pepper in the tar. He said the tar would neutralize the pepper, and the pepper would loosen the tar, and act as a cooling lotion to the irritated lip. The boy went to a can of pepper behind the counter, and stuck his finger in it and rubbed a lot of it on his lip, and then his hair began to raise, and he began to cry, and rushed to the water-pail and ran his face into the water to wash off the pepper. The grocery man laughed, and when the boy had got the pepper washed off, and had resumed his ratatouille, he said:

"That suits your fate. No man ever trifles with the feelings of the bold because of the Spanish mail, without living to rue it. I will lay for you, old man, and don't you forget it. Pa thought he was smart when he got me to put tar on my lip to bring my mustache out, and to-day he lays on a bed of pain, and to-morrow your turn will come. You will regret that you did not get down on your knees and beg my pardon. You will be sorry you did not prescribe cold cream for my loused lip, instead of cayenne pepper. Beware, you have twelve ounces to the pound huckster, you gimlet-eyed seller of dog sausage, you sauced-slight-of-hand-rotten-egg fiend, you villain that sells smoked sturgeon and dogfish for smoked haddock. The avenger is on your track!"

"Look here, young man, don't you threaten me, or I will take you by the ear and walk you through green fields, and besides all waters, to the front door, and kick your pistol pocket clear around so you can wear it for a watch-pocket in your vest. No boy can frighten me, by crines. But I'll see, how did you get even with your pa?"

"Well, give me a glass of cider, and we will be friends, and I will tell you. Thanks! Gosh, but that cider is made out of mouldy dried apples and sewer water," and he took a hand full of layer raisins out of the top of a box to take the taste out of his mouth, and while the grocer charged a peck of ratatouille, a gallon of cider and two pounds of raisins to the boy's pa, the boy proceeded: "You see, pa likes a joke the best of any man you ever saw, I fit in on somebody else, but he kicks like a steer when it is on him. I asked him this morning if it wouldn't be a good joke to put some soft soap on the front step, so the letter carrier would slip up and spill himself, and pa said it would be elegant. Pa is a Democrat, and he thinks that anything that will make it unpleasant for Republican office-holders, is legitimate, and he encouraged me to paralyze the letter carrier."

The letter-carrier is as old a man as pa, and I didn't want to humiliate him, but just wanted pa to give his consent, so he wouldn't kick if he got caught in his own trap. You see? Well, this morning the minister and two of the deacons called on pa, to have a talk with him about his actions in church, on two or three occasions, when he pulled out the pack of cards with his handkerchief, and played the music box, and they had a pretty hot time in the back parlor, and finally settled it, and were going to sing a hymn, when pa handed them a little hymn book, and the minister opened it and started pale and said, 'what's this?' they looked at it, and it was a book of Hoyle's games instead of a hymn book. Gosh, wa'n't the minister mad? He started to read a hymn and he said, after he read two lines there it said 'In a game of four-handed euchre, never trump your partner's ace, but rely on the ace to take the trick on suit. Pa was trying to explain how the book came there, when the minister and the deacons started out, and then I poured the two-quart tin full of soft soap on the front step. It was this white soap, just the color of the step, and when I got a special I went down to the base-ment. The visitors came out and pa was trying to explain to them about Hoyle, when one of the deacons stepped in the soap, and

SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

Without unremitting labor, success in life, whatever our occupation, is impossible. A fortune is not made without toil, and money unearned comes to few. The habitual loiterer never brings anything to pass. The young man whom you see lounging about waiting for the weather to change before they go to work, break down before they begin—get stuck before they start. Ability and willingness to labor are the two great conditions of success. It is useless to work an electrical machine in a vacuum, but the air may be full of electricity, and still you can draw no spark until you turn the machine. The beautiful statue may exist in the artist's brain, and it may also be said in a certain sense to exist in the marble block that stands before him, but he must bring both his brains and his hands to bear upon the marble, and work hard and long, in order to produce any practical result. Success also depends in a good measure upon the man's promptness to take advantage of the rise of the tide. A great deal of what we call "luck" is nothing more or less than this: It is the man who keeps his eyes open, and his hands out of his pockets, that succeeds. "I missed my chance," exclaims the disappointed man, when he sees another catch eagerly at the opportunity. But something more than alertness is needed; we must know how to avail ourselves of the emergency. An elastic temperament, which never seems to recognize the fact of defeat, or forgets it at once and begins the work over again, is very likely to ensure success. Many a great orator has made a terrible break-down in his maiden speech. Only a merchant loses one fortune only to build up another and a larger one. Many an inventor fails in his first efforts, and is at last rewarded with a splendid triumph. Some of the most popular novelists wrote very poor stuff in the beginning. They were learning their trade, and could not expect to turn out first-class work until their apprenticeship is over. One great secret of success is not to become discouraged, but always be ready to try again.

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