

Table with columns: SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., Four M., One W. Advertising rates for various ad sizes and durations.

ADVERTISEMENTS

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID. A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases.

For the relief of the Sick, should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used.

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"MARSE ROBERT IN ANGLEP."

By Miss S. Valentine. [A Gray Coat relates to his friend, a Blue Coat the following incident of the late war: General Lee, sorely fatigued by a hard day's march, sat down to rest at the roadside, when he soon fell into a deep sleep. His soldiers, who observed him as he slept, whispered warnings to their nearest comrades not to disturb him. The whisper was then passed from man to man along the line of march,--Southern Historical Papers.]

BACKBONE AND GRIT.

"The stage has gone, sir, but there's a widow lives here, and she's got a boy, and he'll drive you over. He's a nice little fellow, and Deacon Ball let's him have his team for a trifle, and we like to get him a job when we can." It was a hot day in July. Away up among the hills that make the lower slope of the Mountain a friend lay very ill. In order to reach his temporary home one must take an early train to the nearest station, and trust to the lumbering old coach that made a daily trip to E. The train was late; the stage, after waiting some time, was gone. The landlord of the little white hotel appeared in his shirt sleeves, and leaning his elbow on the balcony rail, dropped down on the hot and thirsty traveler what comfort could be extracted from the opening sentence of my sketch.

THE SOLID CONTENT A FARMER HAS.

Farming is a slow way to make money, but then there is a law of compensation about everything in this life, and farming has its blessings that other pursuits do not have. The farmer belongs to no body. He is the freest man upon earth and the most independent. He has more latitude and longitude. He has a house in the country with plenty of pure air and good water. If he makes but little in the field, he has no occasion to spend but little. He can raise his own hogs and sheep, and cattle and chickens. His wood costs nothing, and the luxury of big back logs and blazing fires in open fire-places all winter long is something that city people long for, but cannot afford. My own farm cost me \$7,000. I have 120 acres of open land in good condition, and it yields me on an average about five dollars an acre over all expenses. Say nine per cent. upon the investment. Well, that is mighty little considering my own labor and supervision. I've seen the time when I made five times as much without any capital except my head. But then we have to keep a pair of horses to ride around and they have to be fed from the farm.

THE NEW RIVER MINES.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19.—The Norfolk and Western Railroad Company will soon have the coal mines on its New River Division so well developed that the daily shipments of coal to Norfolk will amount to 1,500 tons. It is intended at an early day to double these shipments, and with the introduction of new capital and mining facilities to make the shipments reach the enormous figure of 15,000 tons daily at the expiration of the first year. The coal lands owned by the company are 25,000 acres in extent, and a vein on a large portion of these which is eleven feet in thickness is estimated to contain 250,000,000 tons of coal. So extensive is the coal business of the company to become, that its management has purchased Lambert Point, just above Norfolk, upon which very extensive wharves and docks for the shipment of coal are to be erected, and, in connection with those already built at Norfolk, will give the Norfolk and Western a capacity for handling an unlimited quantity of coal. The situation of Lambert Point as a shipping harbor is said to be superior to any other in Virginia, not excepting Newport News. City Point is also to be made a coaling station, and by the first of the year docks and wharves upon an extensive scale will be erected there.

A NOVEL SUIT.

Published by request of a Physician. A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his lilla long overdone, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved the number of his visits, their value according to the local custom, and his authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it. "No," said Peter "I hired you to speak in my case; now speak."

BABY IS DEAD.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words, passing along the telegraph line, copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again, I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of all those words my mean. Somewhere—a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June, dropped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again. Two soft hands, whose rose-faded fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loose holding white buds, quietly folded in confined rest. Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as a trill of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love. A tiny mound snow-covered in some quiet grave-yard. A silent hush—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle-bed unpressed. Little shoes half worn—dainty garments—shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away. A mother's groping touch in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land. The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead!" Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those for whom our careless pen-stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.

WASPS.

REV. DR. LAFFERTY. We are persuaded that the wasp is not an incentive to rural piety. Why the country sexton allows them to hibernate in our Bethels we cannot find out. The first warm spring day is a signal for a parade of these countless dormant insects. They attempt flight on heavy wings over the congregation, and drop on the heads of the just, and unjust. The hair is directly and rapidly shaken out to the terror of neighbors. The hearers lose the thread of the discourse and their temper. Men with bald places are in a fidget; spinsters quiver with hysterics. The audience are concerned more about the flight of the wasp than the soaring of the preacher. They are on the look out for the perforation of the wasp, and not the sermon. There is usually a window in the rear of the pulpit. The wasps turn their faces towards the rising sun. They buzz about the head of the expounding Ezra. When he rises to the height of some great argument he squats to escape a sting. The reservoir of poison secreted during the long winter and suddenly shot under the tender skin at the nape of the neck has a disconcerting influence on "Thirdly."

TWILL EVER BE SO.

Nearly all the great statesmen of the present day can look back to the time when they would rather stand in the mud and water up to their knees and fish for bull-heads than help plant potatoes in the best garden in the country. Even the best kind of a boy, who will gladly work like a major at any other season of the year, seems to have a fearful falling out with all manner of labor in the spring. But somehow the spring garden is made each year, and the boy grows up to manhood, and finally has a boy of his own, and a garden that demands attention; then it seems that when he wants his own boy to help in the garden, and fifteen minutes after he sets the boy to work he finds him in the street playing marbles, he forgets how it was when he was a boy himself, and he argues with his boy with a head-ache, "I was ever thus."

CONSCIENCE.

A tender conscience is like the apple of a man's eye; the least dust that gathers in it affects it. There is no surer and better way to know whether our consciences are dead and stupid than to observe what impressions small sins make upon us. If we are not very careful to avoid all appearance of evil, and to shun whatever looks like sin; if we are not so much troubled at the rising up of sinful desires in us as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened, and our consciences are stupefying; for a tender conscience will not more allow of small sins than of great ones.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

- W. G. ELLIOTT. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, NORFOLK, VA. Rooms 2nd & Virginia Building. Oct 31 y.
B. BRANCH & BELL. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. ENFIELD, N. C.
R. H. SMITH, JR. ATTORNEY AT LAW, SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY N. C.
J. M. GRIZZARD. ATTORNEY AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.
T. THOMAS N. HILL. Attorney at Law, HALIFAX, N. C.
T. W. MASON. ATTORNEY AT LAW, GARYSBURG, N. C.
WALTER E. DANIEL. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, WELDON, N. C.
W. W. HALL. ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.
D. R. E. F. HUNTER, SURGEON DENTIST.
V. J. NAW. BAKER & CONFECTIONER, WELDON, N. C.
W. W. HALL. Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
WELDON, N. C.
R. P. REBERTS, JR.

BROWN & SIMMONS, WELDON, N. C. SOUTHERN HOTEL. B. B. DICKENS, Proprietor, HALIFAX, N. C.

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