THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1884. NO. 6.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. KITCHIN. W. A. DUNN. COUNTY ATTORNEY.

KITCHIN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

mar 13tf

BRANCH & BELL,

Attorneys at Law.

ENFIELD, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. jan 12 tf.

F. H. BUSBEE, RALEIGH, N. C. R. H. SMITH jr. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

BUSBEE & SMITH,

Mr F. H. Busbee and Mr R. H. Smith, Jr., Counsellors at Law, have formed a limited partnership for the practice of law in Halifax county. Mr Busbee will attend the courts of Halifax, regularly, and will also visit the county whenever his services are required. oct 18 1y

GRIZZARD & HYMAN,

Attorneys at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. jan 12 1y

THOMAS N. HILL,

Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. aug. 28 tf.

T. W. MASON,

Attorney at Law,

GARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. june 8 tf.

WALTER E. DANIEL,

Attorney at Law,

WELDON, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections in all parts of the State and prompt returns made. feb 15 1y

W. W. HALL,

Attorney at Law,

WELDON, N. C.

Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1 tf.

MULLEN & MOORE,

Attorneys at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—In the Supreme court of the State and in the Federal courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. jan 1 1y

DR. J. E. SHIELDS,

Surgeon Dentist.

Having permanently located in Weldon, can be found at his office in Smith's Brick Building at all times except when absent on professional business. Careful attention given to all branches of the profession. Parties visited at their homes when desired. july 12 1y.

DR. E. L. HUNTER,

Surgeon Dentist.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. june 22 tf

SWAYNES PILLS

KNOWN TO MEN OF FAME AND SCIENCE FOR REMOVING

ALL IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

Acknowledged a Grand, Pleasant, and Efficient Cure for

CONSTIPATION stress at stool, bad breath, dull face, heaviness.

DYSPEPSIA, known by irregular appetite, sour belching, weight and tenderness at pit of stomach, despondency.

LIVER Complaint, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills and Fever, causing soreness in back and side, also bottom of ribs; weariness, irritability, tongue coated, skin yellow, hot and cold sensations, eyes dull, dry cough, stifled and obstructed feeling, irregular pulse, bad colored stools.

APOPLEXY, Epilepsy, Paralysis, dim sight, sound in ears, giddiness, confusion in head, nervousness, flashes of light before eyes, loss of memory. Diseases of Bladder and

KIDNEYS, burning, stinging, bearing down sensations, frequent desire to urinate, uneasiness, inflamed eyes, dark circles, thirst. Disease of

HEART, nervous pulse, fluttering or weight near heart, loose so as to be moving quickly and when lying on left side; want of breath on exertion.

HEADACHE dull or sharp pains in temples, eyes or head. Symptoms vary with causes.

Dropsy is caused by watery fluid. Rheumatism, &c., by uric acid in blood. Bowel Disorders by corrupt matter. Worms by the pests within. Colds by choking of the secretions. SWAYNES PILLS, by gentle action, remove the cause, making a permanent cure. Sent by mail for 25 cents box of 30 Pills. 5 boxes, $1.00. (In postage stamps.) Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

June 28 1y

TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH

Use the Magneton Appliance Co.'s

MAGNETIC LUNG PROTECTOR!

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They are priceless to Ladies, Gentlemen and Children with weak lungs; no case of pneumonia or croup is ever known where these garments are worn. They also prevent and cure heart difficulties, colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Throat troubles, Diphtheria, Catarrh, and all kindred diseases. Will wear any service for three years. Are worn over the under-clothing.

CATARRH. It is needless to describe the symptoms of this nauseous disease that is sapping the life and strength of only too many of the fairest and best of both sexes. Labor, study and research in America, Europe and Eastern lands, have resulted in the Magnetic Lung Protector, affording cure for Catarrh, a remedy which contains No Drugging of the System, and with the continuous stream of Magnetism permeating through the afflicted organs, must restore them to a healthy action. We place our price for this Appliance at less than one-twentieth of the price asked by others for remedies upon which you take all the chances, and especially invite the patronage of the many persons who have tried drugging their stomachs without effect.

HOW TO OBTAIN This Appliance. Go to your druggist and ask for them. If they have not got them, write to the proprietors, enclosing the price, in letter at our risk, and they will be sent to you at once by mail, post paid.

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NOTE—Send one dollar in postage stamps or currency (in letter at our risk) with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magnetic Insoles, and be convinced of the power residing in our Magnetic Appliances. Positively no cold feet where they are worn, or money refunded. oct 11 1y

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

So still and calm, so beautiful the night,
The burning heat had passed;
To eyes that wearied with excess of light
Darkness had come at last.

Far overhead, in the deep vault of heaven,
Stars kept their brilliant way—
The great Orion, and those Sisters Seven,
With all their bright array.

And as I watched the glorious firmament,
Behold, a bright star fell;
Soundlessly it fell, with slow descent,
And sad and mute farewell.

Say, hast thou left the sphere appointed thee,
Like some lost earthly soul,
Finding thy faith and patience failing there
Before thou dst won the goal?

Or hast thou taken but a lower room
In which to work and pray;
Unselfish love seeking, through toil and gloom,
Those that have gone astray?

With trembling hope and passionate desire
The eager questions rose;
Unsatisfied, unquenched, they still aspire,
Till this strange life shall close.

Striving to penetrate the mystery,
Our human senses fail,
Till death, the great revealer, passing by,
Gently withdraws the veil.

THE SHADOWED HOME.

In a richly furnished parlor, its crimson curtains closely drawn to shut out the piercing winter night, before a glowing fire in the grate, sat Charlie Hilton, his black hair well sprinkled with gray, and about 54 years of his life passed and gone, and his face, with its deep-set hazel eyes and compressed mouth, seemed like one much older. That face was one where will was graven on every feature; but some regret—some lasting shade—was there. He was not happy. He had wealth and every outward means of happiness, save the dear faces by his fireside, and tones of home affection. In his palace-like home he lived alone. His housekeeper was faithful to her duty, and she only felt an interest in the lonely man. But he could not silence the thoughts that oppressed him—the aching want in his life. Ah! there was a shadow on Charles Hilton's home, and heart, too; one of his own making.

His wife sleeps near the old church, and his only son, his devoted and true-hearted son, is no longer by his side. He kept his faith with the one loved, who lacked only gold, and for this he banished him from his home, an tried to drive his image from his thoughts. But that he could not do. The sight of a child climbing a father's knee, or clinging to his hand, always gave him a thrill of pain for it brought back days long past. A gleeful voice carolling old ballads never failed to wake echoes in his soul he dreaded to hear. Every face he met in the street seemed to look at him with reproachful eyes. He saw his wife growing paler and thinner day by day, and though no word of complaint came from her lips, he knew his own hand had wrought this. Yet pride held him in its iron sway, and not till it was too late, not till the suffering mother lay on that bed from which she would rise only on the wing of an immortal life, did his will bend. Then, in the loneliness and sorrow that followed, realizing for the first time all that the feeble woman, no longer his, had been to him, his very soul was bowed, a regret awoke that would not be silenced, and he would have given his whole fortune to undo what he had done.

Time passed on, and he became accustomed to his lonely life. At times, as he sat alone by his deserted fireside, the thought of his son grew so vivid that he seemed to stand beside him. The white brow, the radiant brown hair, was the same, but the eyes with a sad reproachful look were then changed.

"Ten years to-day since Arnold left me," said Charles Hilton to himself. It was a mild sunny spring morning, and opening leaf buds and a scent of garden violets brought glad tidings of that which should be. A sudden impulse came over him to visit Arnold's grave. It was a lovely shaded spot near the river, and the early flowers were beginning to bloom. Charles Hilton stood there alone, as in God's great peace, and in those moments a glimpse of a higher, better life dawned on his soul. The thought thrilled him as never before, how soon he, too, must lie down, his heart as still as those beneath the grass, his hand powerless to change aught he had done in life, and a great sorrow for the past came over him. Could he now make any reparation for the cruel wrong he had done his own child?

What startled him? What made the strong man tremble in every nerve? For the moment it seemed to him a vision. A young girl passed with a basket of flowers on her arm. He had only a glimpse of her face, but the golden hair beneath the little sun-hat, the step and bearing, told who it was. A great hunger sprang up in his heart, and he could not resist the impulse to follow her. He did so, silently, slowly, not attracting her attention. She did not see him approach, as she sat on the grass twining a wreath of the flowers she had brought, and singing a low street melody. But the revelations made there are not for mortal pen to describe. When he left there was peace between them.

Five years have passed since he took his little granddaughter, Sadie, home with him. Her presence has become the sunlight of his home, her voice the sweetest music that meets his ear, her hand alone rests on his temple with soothing touch, when sad memories oppress him, and ever, as she comes near, the shadows grow less.

He sits musing alone this evening, and a shade of troubled thought is on his brow. Rarely does he talk to himself, but he feels lonely now, though Sadie has been away but a day. "Five years!" he says. "How happy we have been! And here this girlish fancy must upset it all. Why haven't I seen this before? Why didn't I stop it? Wonder if I wasn't an old old to let them go off on that boat trip to-day? But, if I had refused, what them? It would only provoke Will and start him up, more resolute than ever, like as any way. And as for Sadie, she'd have cried all day, I suppose. I'm in a pretty plight, I declare. I might have foreseen it, but the mischief, I didn't, when I took Will into the store, and let him come here so much. I don't want him to have her. He's poor as Job's cat—steady and good, to be sure—and loves her—no doubt of that. I'm not afraid he wouldn't be kind. I'm not afraid she would't be happy. But I wanted my pet, my pride, my beauty, to take a place befitting her. But dear me, if I say no, she'll run away with him, or she'll go and break her heart. They are all alike, these girls." A look of intense pain passed over the old man's face, and he murmured:—"Maybe, if I had been different, Arnold might have been here now. Sadie, too, who knows? "What makes me think of Arnold so to-night, I wonder? he said, moving uneasily in his chair. "I wish those youngsters would come home, I do. It seems as if he stood by me this blessed minute. O, Arnold! Arnold! don't look so. I haven't done it, Arnold, I haven't harmed them," cried the old man, half wild in his excitement.

"Will you have tea now, sir, or wait for Miss Sadie;" asked the housekeeper, opening the door. "It's past your usual time."

"Tea before she comes! No, indeed," was the instant reply.

"But isn't it time for her to be home?" "The boat is a little late to-night, I reckon, sir. She'll be in soon, no doubt."

"Late!" the old man sprang to his feet as if his years had suddenly rolled from him. "Late!" he repeated, as he glanced at the clock, and then walked nervously to the window and back again. Ten minutes passed, and he grew so excited that the good old housekeeper, while she tried to quiet him, bitterly reproached herself for her casually spoken words. There was really no cause for alarm, as he would have seen, but for his nervous excitement; but all manner of accidents ran riot in his fancy, and the moments seemed hours. The door-bell rang. An instant after Sadie's merry voice wound through the entries and up the stairs, and in she came, radiant with health and happiness, just as she had parted from him in the morning.

"O, grandpa! such a splendid day we've had," she exclaimed, clasping her arms round his neck.

"Then you had no accident?"

"No, indeed. What made you think of that, grandpa? Am I late? Oh, yes, I see," glancing toward the clock. "Just a little delay with something about the machinery, grandpa. We were talking, and I didn't mind much about it."

"Happy child!" thought Charles Hilton. "God helping me, I'll never break her heart—one's enough," and the shadow grew less than ever.

A year went by. Will had become a junior partner in the firm of Hilton & Co., and in the old family mansion a bridal feast was made.

"Ah!" thought the housekeeper, as she herself fastened the white dress, and placed the orange-flowers on Sadie's fair brow. "If I could have done this for her dear parents, well, what's past is past forever."

"God bless you, my children!" said the old man, and the shadow grew light.

Ten years more. Sadie has filled Arnold's place in grandpa's heart, her husband has long been as a dearly-loved son; her children, the little heart's-ease blossoms that brought comfort to his spirit. He is way-worn and weary now, and the loving friends gathered around him know that he is passing from them swiftly, but with peace and trust in his heart. For an hour or two he had slumbered lightly, Sadie sitting beside him, his hand clasped in hers, when he opened his eyes, and looking at her with a world of affection in their clear, steady gaze, said: Sadie, darling, I have seen your father, he forgave me long ago. In a little while I shall clasp him to my bosom again as I did when he was a babe. He is so beautiful, Sadie, all in white as young and bright as you are. I have tried to make you happy, dear—kiss me," and as Sadie bent her face, dripping with tears, to his, the failing hand caressed her golden hair, as it had been wont, and he spoke once more, feebly: The shadow is gone now.

A WOMAN GAMBLER.

[From an Eagle City (Idaho) Letter.]

What man has done man may do" has long been a favorite maxim of the moralists and the copy-books, but it is reserved for the philosophy of the mining camp to demonstrate that "what man has done woman may do also." Amid the general din of the saloon, and rising above the general confusion, the clink of glasses against bottles and the tinkling sound of ivory chips may be heard the words, "Queen high," "pair kings," "bets two beans" and the like, uttered in a soft but penetrating voice which attracts one on entering the door. Making my way to a corner of the room, and elbowing a path cautiously through a pack of men, I saw a remarkable sight. Before one of the ordinary poker-tables sat a woman of no ordinary beauty. The traces of refinement had not yet been obtained by coarse associations and reckless dissipation. She was dressed in a tight-fitting gown, fitting about the bust like the waist of a riding habit, and adorned with a double row of staring gilt buttons. On her head was a jaunty jocky cap of blue, but its little visor shading a face whose delicate lines and marked individuality would in any other place have secured for its possessor immediate notice as a cultivated, intellectual power. Yet there she sat, dealing the cards with a graceful ease born evidently of long practice in simily scenes. Careless of the rough talk and ribald jokes of the men the female gambler dealt the cards, raked in the chips, paid losses, replied to the sallies of the men and attended to business with a devilish insouciance and calmness which was simply horrible. A more painful sight I never saw, for there was a refinement of wickedness about the scene which robbed it of the vileness of the slums and invested that woman in the corner of a mining-camp gambling-house with a horror which was simply satanical.

"Is talk dying out?" asks a magazine writer. The writer should listen to the conversation of three or four girls who have met for the first time since they attended an evening party. He would answer his conundrum in the negative with deafening emphasis.

"Yes," mused a military man, as he strolled along the seashore over the shells—"yes, the waves are ever at war. They are constantly shelling the beach!"

[Written for the ROANOKE NEWS.]

TO YOUNG GIRLS.

BY AUNT JUDY.

You have heard of Punch's favorite advice—"To those about to marry—don't." Well, I do not quite agree with Punch. I say, if you are old enough and have had sufficient experience to know what you are about, go ahead and marry as soon as possible. But young girls just released from boarding schools are not fit to marry. How should they be? What do they know of the trials and disappointments, the burdens and responsibilities of life? They are no more fit to be a man's companion, helpmate and consoler, than a china doll. I believe one-half of the domestic squabbles and unpleasantness we are constantly hearing of, are caused by girls marrying before they are old enough to realize the solemn responsibilities resting upon them, when they speak the irrevocable words that bind them, until death steps in to release them. Young girls of sixteen or seventeen will talk of their wedding finery, the attention of their lovers, and the fine times they expect to have—but not one word of the solemn vows they are to pledge before God and man. Well, the honeymoon is soon over, and they have to leave the airy heights of fancy, and settle down to the sober realities of life. Then their eyes are opened; their allusions vanished. They awake to find life full of cares and perplexities, and themselves totally unprepared to meet the conflict. They are too young to bear patiently their unaccustomed burdens. The intense feeling of dread their resposibilities bring, discourages them. They have not yet learned that though sorrow and pain are common attributes of life, yet joy and happiness are still to be found in the mazy labyrinths of existence. They have lived just long enough

"To know life's falsity in youth,
But not enough to know its blessed truth.

Young people are not as able to withstand trials as those who are older. A girl of twenty-five or six is more apt to be happier, wiser, and better than one in her teens. She has passed through the painful period of early youth, and has learned the secret of life that experience alone can teach. In her heart is a perennial fountain of youth and at seventy she will be a sunny-faced youthful woman, whose cheery spirit brightens the world to all those, with whom she comes in contact. Then girls, do not marry too soon, wait until your judgment is more matured. If marriage is not to make you better, wiser, and happier; if it is not to develop the latent good of your character, then I say, like Punch—"Don't."

MEN IN PETTICOATS.

Men appeared in Elizabeth's time in ruffs, pleated and plaited as daintly as any dame; they carried fans and pocket-glasses, by which to arrange any occasional disorder in their dress. Then, too, they carried muffs and revived a fashion of wearing earrings. But lest it should seem that this araignment of men is, piece by piece, taking from our forefathers all title to respect, it should be mentioned, that to men originally belonged the right to wear ruffs by virtue of original ownership. It was only when ladies invaded masculine privileges, and took to ruffs, that a keen competition began, in which each sex strove to outdo the other in extravagance, and the heads of the people appeared as if borne on linen trenchers. Earrings, too, were worn by men before the conquest. This cannot be held to exonerate men from blame, nor divert us from the conclusion that at certain periods men have generally adopted an unseemly display and been guilty of an effeminate refinement in dress.

It is not so much to the discredit of Englishmen that they wore petticoats and stomachers in early days, when those were recognized parts of male costume, as it is to the disgrace of their descendants who took up the wearing of fripperies and fineries proper to women—the dissolute cavaliers who, after the restoration, pranked themselves out in laces and ribbons and feathers and flowing curls, or the cravated and bewigged dandies and macaronies of the succeeding reigns, who with their garish coats, laced cuffs, silk breeches, clocked stockings and buckled shoes, were at least as fine, and certainly no less depraved, than their fathers. It is well that masculine dress has now distinct lines of demarcation, and has become generally dark and somber in color, so that, although "mashers" and "dudes" perpetuate effeminacy in men, they have not at least the advantages, which gaudy apparel and common garments might give them in parading the degenerate daintiness of which they seem so unworthily vain.

INFLUENCE OF SIN.

However high the sun may be in the heavens, and however brightly he may be shining, a passing cloud is sufficient to cast a shadow on his brightness; and the gathering of heavy clouds, such as precede a storm, many veil his light altogether and change the day into darkness of a starless night. This veiling of the sunlight is a type of one of the deadly effects of sin. God shines forever as the one true light in the spiritual world; but the moment an act of sin is deliberately committed, a thick cloud is interposed between the sinner and the light of God; and he who has done the wrong becomes conscious that there has been a sundering of something between himself and his Lord. The peril of this condition is that the wrong-doer is apt to think that the separation has come directly from the act of God, rather than from the sinner's own act; and hence, desparing of God's mercy in Christ, he is likely, by farther acts of sin, to make the separation still wider, instead of throwing that sin, like his other sins, at the feet of the Saviour, who is able to forgive all sin. It is the privilege of the child of God, and it may be the privilege of those who do not count themselves children of God, to bring every sin—however great may be the alienation from God which it has wrought, however great may be the burden of guilt and despair—unto the merciful.

It doesn't speak much of the size of a man's mind when it takes him only a minute to make it up.

PAYING BUSINESS.

A Look Through the Clothing Factory—What it is Doing—16,000 Pairs of Pants in Four Months—An Enterprise That Puts the Lucre into Circulation.

"The Charlotte Clothing Manufacturing Company" is a big sign in gilt and black that spans the entire front of the third story of the Johnston Block. People who do not stop to think, have no idea of the significance of that signboard. It attracts the visitor to an enterprise that is bringing hundreds of dollars to Charlotte that formerly went to New York or other northern cities. Messrs. E. D. Latta & Bro., are the leading spirits of this enterprise which was inaugurated last fall and which is now no longer an experiment but an established success, working day and night to meet the demands made upon it by by a steadily trade. The factory proper covers the entire third floor of the large block and is divided into three departments by neatly constructed lattice work. On one side of the room is the cutting and sewing departments, on the other side is the storeroom for made up goods and in the centre is the supply room. To the left on entering, a sample room, neatly carpeted and papered, is divided off. In this room samples of every piece of work made in the factory are shown. The counter is piled with pants that give evidence of the careful and excellent work of the cutters and sewers. The seams are corded and the work generally, is as good, if not better, than that in the finer ready made goods from the Northern markets. These pants are supplied to the trade at from $6.75 to $15 per dozen. They are made up from a very fair article of goods and meet with ready sales. The clothing factory confines itself exclusively to the manufacture of pants, shirts and drawers. The latter are made from cloth bought from Southern mills, and for a good substantial article they cannot be excelled. The drawers sell at from $2.25 to $4 per dozen and the shirts at $3, $4.50 and $6.

The factory gives employment to one hundred and eighteen operatives and its pay roll amounts to $1,000 per month. Operations were commenced last September but it was not until about November that work was going on under full headway. Since that time sixteen thousand pairs of pants, with drawers and shirts in proportion, have been turned out. Loads of goods are daily shipped to various points in North and South Carolina, and the company finds itself taxed to its fullest capacity to keep pace with its demands. The factory is under the immediate supervision of Mr. John Brookfield, whose long experience in the clothing business, peculiarly fits him for the place.

Besides the operatives, cutters and clerks, the business of the factory calls the services of three drummers into requisition, who are on the road almost constantly. The factory though yet in its infancy, is already an assured success and as its trade increases, an enlargement of its facilities must necessarily follow. It would not surprise us, therefore, if within the next few years, we should see it occupying a large building of its own, with its numbers of operatives sitting in rows by their machines that will be running by steam power, turning out instead of 16,000 pairs of pants in four months, 16,000 in one month. There is a great day ahead for our clothing factory, and we eagerly await its coming.

GEN. ROBT. LEE.

His Unselfish Devotion—The Brilliant Offers He Declined for a Lost Cause.

Not many people know that Gen. R. E. Lee was offered the chief command of the army in 1861, and declined it. The offer was made upon the recommendation of Gen. Scott, backed by the venerable Francis E. Blair, Sr., who conveyed the tender of the position in person. It must have taken great moral courage to decline the highest position to which he could ever have attained in his most ambitious dreams. In 1865 the railroad which is now called the Virginia Midland, and its connections was mainly owned by English bondholders. After an expert had carefully examined the condition of things the committee of bondholders held a meeting and tendered to General Lee the presidency of the road and its connection under one organization at a salary of $50,000 a year. About this time one of the most powerful of the New York life insurance companies offered General Lee $10,000 a year and a house in Richmond to take hold of and build up their Southern business. Gen. Lee declined both of these splendid offers to accept a place as teacher of Southern young men at $3,000 a year. Capt. Burritt says that "the Duke of Beaufort, Lord John Manners and two other English noblemen tendered General Lee a splendid estate in West Riding, at Yorkshire, with a handsome rental, equal to $25,000 a year, for life, if he would accept it and live upon it. Earl Spencer, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made the tender. General Lee, with a charming dignity that these gentlemen say was beyond anything they had imagined, declined the offer.

GUITEAU'S PREDICTION.

It will be remembered that when the verdict in the Guiteau case was announced the prisoner leaped from his chair and shouted; God will punish you for this, and then pronounced a prophecy of vengence upon his prosecutors, their witnesses and the jury. Corkhill, the District Attorney, has lost his office and is looking for something to do. One of his associate counsel took to drinking soon after the trial, and is now a common drunkard. Two of the jurymen are dead, two more have failed in business, and another is hopelessly insane. Three of the medical experts who testified to his sanity are dead; and a fourth has become insane. And now it is announced that J. W. Tilden, the chemist who discovered the poison in the bouquet Mrs. Scoville sent to her brother the morning of his execution has gone crazy, and been committed to the Government asylum for treatment.

"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it: "Look at that hole, boys. If it had been a low-crowned hat, bedad it's my had that would have the hole in it."

A NORTH CAROLINA INVENTION.

Dr. Gatling Tells How he Came to Invent the Gatling Gun.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, as everybody knows, is a native of Eastern North Carolina. In a recent Washington letter to the Cleveland *Ledger*, the story of his invention and its success is told in an interesting way. Dr. Gatling said:

"In 1861 I was living at Indianapolis. One surprise to me was that the number of men killed by sickness and all disease was more than those killed, by ball or actual battle. One day I remember nineteen corpses were landed at the depot; three had been killed in battle. The thought then struck me if a gun could be invented that would do the work of a hundred men and would require but a few men to operate it, that the horrors of war would be greatly diminished, and an end would come much sooner of every struggle. The thought took such hold of me that I commenced to work on it at once. The result was a Gatling gun.

"My first guns were made in Cincinnati, and they would fire from 150 to 250 shots per minute. I had six of them manufactured in 1862, when the foundry was burned. Next I had thirteen guns made at what is now the type foundry in Cincinnati, and these I sent to Washington to persuade the Government to buy them. The chief of the Ordnance Department at the time was an old fogy. He had no faith in the gun, and believed the flint-lock muskes, were on the whole, the best weapons for warfare. Ben Butler bought them on his own responsibility, giving his voucher for $12,000 for them. Ben Butler took the guns he had bought with him to the battle of Petersburg and fired them himself. They created great consternation and slaughter, and the news of them went all over the world. Now they are used by all the leading governments of Europe and also in Asia and Africa. They enabled the Prussians to conquer Austria in 1860, though the Austrians had the larger forces, and they shortened the war between Germany and France so that it practically lasted but a few days.

"The Gatling gun is now made in Hartford, in this country, and in Europe at Newcastle-on Tyne. I sell only to governments and the United States uses many of my guns. They now take part in all wars and you have seen the reports of the work they have done in Egypt. The Gatling gun will send a ball from two to three miles.

"We can aim the gun at a plank nailed to a support several thousands yards away, and by moving the gun rapidly along while firing we can cut a line through the board as though it were sawed. No two bullets leave the gun at the same time, but when you consider that 1,200 shots are fired in a minute you will see how rapidly and regularly it works."

IN DIXIE LAND.

I don't say that a true Southerner would be mortally offended if you refused to drink with him, yet when he invites you, you sometimes feel that the invitation comes right from the heart and you feel mean not to accept. Don't imagine that he walks around hunting for somebody to swallow liquid in chorus with him. His invitation comes only after you have sat down with him and had a chat on old times and future prospects. He is shy of you at first. You can feel that he is sounding you and trying to make an estimate of whether you will do to tie to. By-and-by he warms up and does two-thirds of the talking. Further on he hitches his chair a little closer. Then he grows more confidential, and first thing you know he taps your arm or your leg with his finger to emphasize his remarks. An invitation to drink is not far off. I have watched it in a hundred cases, and I never knew it to fail once.

"Yes, sir," he says—"yes, sir, I was in that very fight you speak of, and my brigade was on our left flank. I tell you it was hot. You Yanks were down behind a ridge, and it seemed as if every one of you had a sixteen shooter. Along about 4—— Say, let's have something."

But I started to tell you how a Southern man drinks. Almost invariably he takes a straight whiskey. Your beer is waiting while he pours out his hair lifter. He raises his glass, surveys the contents for five seconds, and then with a nod and mumble in which you catch the word luck, he seems to throw the whiskey down his throat in a lump. He never stops to taste, nor smack, nor dilute, but down it goes as if he had not a minute to spare, and you are left with two-thirds of a glass of beer in your hand. He'll settle the score, wipe off his mouth, chew up two or three kernels of coffee and consult his watch before the last of your glass is gone, and you can't help but feel that you are trespassing upon his valuable time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LINGUAL DIFFICULTIES.

It won't always do to depend too implicitly upon the dictionary when one is trying to speak a foreign language; as witness the plight of a worthy English clergyman who was speaking in French. He was exhorting his hearers to a diligent and constant study of the Holy Scriptures, and evidently thought in his own language, though he used French words, which we translate into English:

"My dear brethren," said he, "let me exhort you never to let a day pass over your head without taking large draughts of the pure *eau di vie.*"

"Water of life," he meant, of course, but that was not quite the idea his hearers drew from his words. His mistake was not more deplorable than that of a good French clergyman who had been hospitably entertained by an Englishman's family. Before taking his leave he had, by the aid of grammar and dictionary, prepared a short farewell speech in English.

"Is he honest?" inquired a banker of a friend who recommended a man for the position of janitor. "Honest?" he echoed; "well, I don't know what you call it; but he returned an umbrella which he borrowed from me yesterday." The man was engaged as cashier.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

GEN. SIMON CAMERON ON THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"What do you think of the general condition of the South and what are its future prospects?"

"Undoubtedly the South is making rapid progress and is not behind the times. There are places where change is unknown, but those are dead places. The increase of the general wealth of the South since the war greatly exceeds the loss sustained by the liberation of the slaves and this increase is the result of the development of the white people's energies and talents, which before the war had lain dormant. The exercise of these has opened coal mines, great coal fields, established industries of all kinds and [illegible] to the up in its own [illegible] tion grown by it. [illegible] and workman [illegible] ration, the one [illegible] brings speedy return [illegible] which is well paid. Sectional feeling is dying away and Northern people are well received, especially [illegible] to stay and bring wealth. [illegible] and property, so far as I am aware in the South. Disorder sometimes prevails elsewhere than in the South."

Speaking of some leading Southern men General Cameron said:

"Gordon is upright and honest and open in his dealings. He is a very shrewd business man, and is getting rich through his coal mine and railroad operations. He will be one of the very rich men of the South some day. Yes, I am acquainted with Senator Ransom, of North Carolina—quite well acquainted, and I like him very much. Like Gordon, he is open and honest. He is not a man of any wealth and must, I believe, live somewhat economically."

IMPECUNIOUS GREAT MEN.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

A considerable number of public men have received testimonials from their friends. Daniel Webster was tendered and received for many years the earnings of $100,000, which was put at interest for his benefit by his friends in and about Boston. Had not this provision of $6,000 a year been made Webster would have retired from the Senate, for he declared he would not give his life to his country for $8 per day. "Tom" Corwin had his debts paid once at least by his friends. He never laid up anything while holding Federal offices. He retired from the office of Secretary of the Treasury comparatively poor. The mortgage on Corwin's homestead was once taken up by his political friends. Henry Clay had the same service rendered him on the part of his political friends. He had been for a whole generation in Congress. He sometimes lived beyond his means. He was hospitable and even generous. He had little tact in managing his private affairs. His homestead at Ashland was mortgaged, and would probably have been foreclosed had not his White friends, just after his defeat in the Presidency, in and privately cancelled the mortgage. Thomas Benton was thirty years in Congress. Yet in all that time he never became rich, nor did he improve any of the opportunities for making money while holding a Federal office.

TWINS.

Petersburg (Va.) Letter in Baltimore Sun.

The good old county of Chesterfield, famous for its great men, its mineral resources and its persimmon crops, has just given life to a pair of twin children who, if they live, will rival the famous Siamese Twins. The bodies are united just above the hips and the union extends down the right leg of the one and the left leg of the other, though the feet to the toes. The double foot, however, has ten well-developed toes. The children are boys, and were born not long ago. They are getting along well, and to all human appearances will live and grow. Their aggregate weight is ten pounds. The heads, breasts, forearms and [illegible] are perfectly formed. The parents of the twins are respectable mulatto people who live a few miles from this city, and to whom, during their wedlock, ten children had previously been born.

GOLD IN OUR OLD FIELDS.

When we consider health to be better than wealth the, must we consider the old field mullein better than gold—at least the medical world so recognizes it, and attests its merit over Cod Liver Oil for lung troubles. Made into a tea and combined with Sweet Gum it presents in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, a pleasant and effective cure for Croup, Whooping Cough, Colds and Consumption. Price 25cts. and $1.00. This with Dr. Biggers' Southern Remedy, an equally efficacious remedy for Cramp-Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and children suffering from the effects of teething presents a little Medicine Chest no household should be without, for the speedy relief of sudden and dangerous attacks of the lungs and bowels. Ask your druggists for them. Manufactured by Walter A. Taylor, Atlanta, Ga., proprietor Taylor's Premium Cologne.

mar. 27-1-m.

WHY NOT?

[From the Chicago News.]

An exchange says it is remarkable with what facility New York editors secure rich wives. Why not comment upon the facility with which rich girls secure New York editors? There is nothing surprising in the fact that an editor should capture a rich wife, but it is rather unusual that a wealthy woman should have the good sense to marry an editor. It has always occurred to us that if we were a rich girl we would demand an editor or death, but the large majority of affluent females nowadays seem to manifest a decided preference as between the two for the latter.

It is said that the wives of all American humorists are invalids. We believe it. All writers have a way of taking home anything that they deem especially funny and reading it to their wives first. Poor things; no wonder they suffer.

"Is this a singing doll?" asked she of the clerk. "Yes mademoiselle." "How do you make it sing?" Just as you would any other young lady." "How is that?" By pressing it." "Oh!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Dysentery, and a host of other complaints, for all of which they are a safe, sure, and gentle remedy. [illegible]

A Subscriber from [illegible] writes:

"[illegible] Six Bottles of your Sarsaparilla [illegible] Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The Rev. Francis B. Hamilton, [illegible] from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For years I have been subject to [illegible] which, in spite of the [illegible] various kinds, I suffered [illegible] constantly until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. [illegible] so tested the curative [illegible] have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

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THE BLATCHLEY PUMP!

BUY THE BEST.

BLATCHLEY'S TRIPLE ENAMEL PORCELAIN-LINED on SEAMLESS TUBE COPPER-LINED

PUMP

Do not be misled into buying inferior goods. For sale by the best houses in the trade.

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Write to me for name of nearest Agent.

feb 7 1y

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

This fluid is not a partisan of the blood, and when their functions are interfered with through weakness, they need toning. To restore health, strive by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which failing, shock of life from other sources. This invigorating tonic also prevents and arrests fever and ague, constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, rheumatism and other ailments. Use it with regularity.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

June 14 1y

nov 22 1y

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

I have established a REAL ESTATE AGENCY in the town of

WELDON, N. C.

I have TEN houses in Weldon

FOR SALE OR RENT.

About half of them stores, others dwellings.

I also have about

6,000 ACRES OF LAND

IN HALIFAX COUNTY FOR SALE

For further particulars, parties wishing to buy or rent can apply to me in person or by letter.

I am now taking up all lands parties wish to sell and advertising the same at my own expense, unless a sale is made and then I charge commissions.

For my standing as a gentleman and a man worthy to be trusted, I refer by permission to R. H. Smith, Scotland Neck; Dr. J. A. Collins, Enfield; W. A. Daniel, Weldon, T. W. Harris, Littleton.