WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1884.

NO. 9.

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CATARRH, it is needless to desthis nauseons disease that is sapping the life and strength of only too many of the fairest and best of stength 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 Mag-nette Long Protector, affording cure for Catarrh, a remedy which contains No Drugging of the System, and with the continuous stream of Magnetism per-menting through the afficted orgains, most restore thom 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 put-rounge of the many persons who have tried drug-ging their stomachs without effect.

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A PICTURED MEETING.

I some sweet night, out of the mist and rain the sea's hearts or, and the tunishiness petit of about while waiting at their own unrest, not coheren arise from no one, heard unblest-sudden bell should ring and I should hear our inforgation coince of the rain of the same of the same

t your voice would answer, quier and low, tell-fouly long to know?

A LOVE STORY.

AS TOLD BY ACAT CREECY.

Well, as de time drawed nigh fur de

marriage, dar was work at our house. I tell rison 'menced gittin' mad, case he say jess yer. Ole Miss she wara't over pleased at | ez fierce! but kinder sad too: de match, but she was de proudes 'ooman! You all's gran ma was de proudes ooman your promises?"
In dis whole country! An she warn't She didn' ply gwine let nobody's son be better fix dan hern. Sa she sot de seams ers ter work, an dey bemmed piles an piles o sheets an table cloths, an made pillow cases an quilted bed-quilts, an tacked comforts. 'twell dey hed two gre't big chists, packin l'ull o bed-close an table fixins, 'sides de four, five feather beds whar dey fixed furde new house. An some de res o de women fokes was over at Thorndyke a scourin' an' a washin' winders (do it was mighty cole weather) an' de men fokes er chicken wid his head cut off. He wad him, he say : give orders, an' be wud alter things, au' den sometimes he'd say, so proud!

My wife will fix that wen she comes, Soom lak Miss Bessie didn' take so las (do she gi Miss Liz beth er heap o' turnin ter Marse William, "I shall claim you all. her close, I reckon). She used smy over my own." Den Miss 'Liz'beth, she stood "w'ile Auntie was busy at Thoradyke," (she allers called ole Marster Uncle, an' ole Miss, Auntie uvver sence she was er chile)

slow an quiet:

"Bessie you will go with me, won't

she say ter Miss 'Liz'beth, jess ez sharpan'

An' ole Marster he bowed, stiff an'

still a shakin han's out in de passage. An Si say be hear Mist Harrison (dats who it

was) tell de Cunnel ez how his uncle hed

(See Cunnel Taylor lived nigh de depot.

an fokes whar come on do train, onex-

pected, was allers borrowin' horses fum

All right, John, all right. Come in ter

some o' the way. We are goin' ter er

"William Leslie an' 'Liz'beth Grahame

got all sort o' colors.
"William Leslie an' who," he say

"Seuse me John, 'seuse me," de Cunnel

say "I forgot you used love de girl.

"Who?" Mist Harrison 'quired:

de Cunnel 'plied.

him) Si say de Cunnel 'plied:

jess lef him fifty thousan' dollars an' he

mes' sincerely for your choice."

Las', de day come fur 'em ter be married. Dey was gwine have er big weddin' ter Ginerl Grahame's dat night. See Ginerl an Mis Grahame dey was just tickled ter death at de match (course dey was, case let lone bein' de finest born white bless God! et she didn' wheel roun', quick wouldn', he was too dead in love ter think bout enny thing else, den.) But, ez I William he warn't dar. He quit w'en he to live, an ole Marster tooken sole Thornwas a savin' de Grahames was so pleased he see Miss Liz'beth ketch hold o' Mist dyke, funniture an all. Seem lak he an ole Miss couldn' b'ar de sight on it. dat dey would er sold dey las nigger Harrison an say what she did. He didn' (which dey didn' have many) rather dan need no mo' tellin' ez ter which she loved, mandin things roun' er table, so ole Miss sont me over soon dat evenin', ter he'p Mis Grahame's sarvinis. But, Lawd bless yerl eben 'fo' I lef' home Marse William wanted ter 'mence dressin'! He warn't ginerlly so powerfle hard tor soit, but I hear Jim, dat was his body sarvint. Boun ter hep eunybody in 'stress no matbut I hear Jim, dat was his body sarvint. boun ter hep emybody in stress no mat-say dat he reckon Marse William tied an ter how dey got dar) an ole Miss say: ontied his curvat one hundred times dat night 'fo' he got it 'zackly right, an' he you?" Den she bowed ter de comp'ny, an' say, he b'lieve he throwed way er half

An' I hear Mary, Miss Bossis's maid was er little chile, an ole Marsier nel an his fambly got out, come ter de tooken made her drunk offen eggnogg, weddin, but bless de Lawd! dey didn' But she forch it, an' she say Miss Bessie see none! We all niegers, we went roun' dronk it right down, an' still didn' no color ter de kitchen, an' presn'y Si, Cunnel Tay-come in her face, an' she say, "Mary doan' ba's kerridge driver, come in an' we told yer know emything I can do ter get some color?" But Mary didn', case Miss Bessie Dar! "Si say, "I knowed by de way nuvver had er dust o' paint in her bureau drawer in her lifetime. Do, she needn' minded poleness, case, fo'de Lawd. Miss Liz beth looked lak she was donedead an laid out, she was so white. Miss Bessie, she come over dar soon, er long time 'fo de yuther lokes, an' w'en she see Miss 'Laz' both I reckon she got sorry for Marse William, knowin' all she did, case she kissed Miss Lizbeth an she say Oh! Lizbeth you will try ter make William

happy won't you?"

An' Miss 'Liz'beth she 'plied: "Yes, Bessie, I will do my best."

But her voice soun'ed cur'ous, an' she looked so pale, dat Mis Grahame come in bout den, an' axed her of de rom warn't him say too warm. But she said "no" an' den she pulled hersel tergether, an' went on

Pres'n'y de preacher come, an' de waiters an' de yuther comp'ny. An' arter while de preacher he put on dat ar long white gown o' hisu', an' put dat black concern round his neck an' tuk his stan' on de flo, under de big bell, made outen hear him ask de Cunnel ter len him er arbor vitae an some white flowers, whar horse, so he could go on down an sprise we all hed hung up in de middle o' de his kintokes.

Den dar was er mighty whisperin' an' ebrybody 'menced lookin' ter de do, 'openin' into Mis Grahame's rum, whar de bride was gwine lead outen. An' de white fokes dev all tried git er good place so dev could supper, an' then we'll keep yer comp'ny hear, an' we all niggers we crowded tor de winders, so we can peep. I got er stan whar I could see, I tell yer. I'm allers gwine see, or break my neek, yes suh! dat "William Leslie I is! Pres'n'y de waiters 'menced ter de Cunnel 'pliest.

cum out an' den here come Marse William Si say w'en Mist' Harrison hear dis, he wid Mis Grahame, an' de Ginerl wid Miss 'Liz'beth, an' Marse William an' Miss Liz'beth stood tergether an' de preacher menced ter marry em. He got ter de

knowed it. John Harrison done jump in len me a horse quick. de rum an cotch her ter keep her from Den, Si say, Cunnel Taylor, sont him fallin. Yes, bless God! John Harrison out ter saddle his ridin' horse, an' Mist Doan' yer all mine my cryin' shilling. his own self! Gentermen!! dar was so ne stonished fokes dar, den! I thought fust, twas er haint but he didn look lak no sperit, less twas de Devil. His eyes was fyar buruin, lak fire, an his face was a quiverin, an his close was jess kivered wards. Si say de reason Council and the said look lak no made Marse William gallop er hour arter wards look lak grant from the same ex he was er stracted man (lak he made Marse William gallop er hour arter wards look lak grant from the same ex he was a same ex he was a fyar buruin, lak fire, an his face was a quiverin, an his close was jess kivered wards. Si say de reason Council me to be found the tears from her eyes, i loved ole Marster, same ex etc. Dev hed er big funer'l (dar ward) molecule and look lak no made Marse William gallop er hour arter wards look lak no made Marse William gallop er hour arter wards look lak no made Marse William gallop er hour arter wards look lak no made Marse William gallop er hour arter wards look lak no made Marse William gallop er hour arter wards look lak no jumped ou dat horse, an he galloped off lak he made Marse will have a look lak no jumped ou dat horse, an he galloped off lak he made Marse will have a look lak no jumped ou dat horse, an he galloped off lak he wards him.)

Note that the said as she wiped the tears from her eyes, i loved ole Marster, same de et be probable and have a look lak no made Marse wards no made Marse fyar buruin, lak fire, an his face was a made Marse William gallop er hour arter quiverin, an his close was jess kivered wards). Si say de reason Cunnel Taylor ez she was his own chile. in mud. He hilt Miss 'Lizbeth in his an' de ladies didn' git dar no sooner, dat arms er secon' den he laid her on de sofa. Wile horse 'menced caperin' an' kickin' up an' Mannay weut 'ter git some bark, an' Mannay William he went right over to her. so bad dat dey loss er heap o' time on de jess ez we was 'bout ter git some bark, an' Marse William he went right over to her, so bad dat dey loss er heap o' time on de Marse William he went right over to her, an he motioned off de fokes, so she could git air (see she hed fainted wen she cotch sight o' Mist Harrison lookin' at her so myself).

so had dat dey loss or heap o time on de whar we all used play I see Marse William an' Miss Bessie commi down de road; an' Miss Bessie commi down de road; an' wendey got close ter de thicket. Marse William sorter smiled, an' he say: Au' now I'm gwine back ter Marse straight) an he knelt down side her, an Au now I'm gwine back ter Marse called her his darlin' an fanned her, an William. Manuny an Annt Dinah, dey

HE ROANOME NE

rubbed her han's, an' Mist' John Harrison was left ter take keer of de gre't 'ouse he cotch up er glass o' water, an' flung it 'twell de white fokes come home dat night. in her face. Lawd! how dem too men did an' w'en ole Marster an' de yuthers got love dat 'ooman! 'Peared lak, eben den, back, Mannay tole 'em ez how Marse dey warn't thinkin' o' nuthin' in dis world but her! But soon a'ter Mist Harrison onyethly dat Maumy say: flung de water in her face she come too;

An' she say, he said: sorter lak herse'f agin; seem lak Mist' Har-" Liz'beth is this the way you keep up stars an put on some mo' close, an tak She didn' 'ply or word, she didn' eben say, seem lak he was sorter sorry fur you used ter be in play, my own hittle

an soon ez she sot up on de sofa, an looked what is de matter?"

Miss Liz both, Mist Harrison say

She was gaged ter me, sir. Now let her choose between us.

She wall tell yer, Annt Cinty. An what come home, married to-day an' den der moved tee Thruston, what der how home ter me.

Wen de white fokes got back, ez 1 tole mighty cole weather) and do men fokes dey was a hauling furniture: and Marse Good," Mist' Harrison plied. Den he say, william he was clary where at once, lak clear and loud, so all do fokes could hear Miss Bessie do note. It was mighty short, and Manney she lissen so, dat she knowed and Creecy acswered. Not yet Mister Leslie. Not yet thank "Now Liz'beth choose between us. If it by heart, an she learnt it ter me. Here you love him (an' his voice shuk (I've is what it was :

nauch part in de prep rations towards de low) den Mister Leslie," he went on, can. Comfort them Bessie an' God bless Dat was all an' Mammy say w'en Miss home ter "keep Uncle comp'ny" she said up an wen she did, Gentermens! yer Bessie read it out loud, ole Miss she sot could er heerd er pin drap in dat house!! right down on de low bed in her rum, an

Er hush fell same ez it was summer time ole Marster he put his arms roun' her an sot dar by her, an' Miss Bessie she jess an' er thunder storm was comin' up.
Miss 'Liz'beth drawed herse'f up. (See she was tryin' ter be mighty brave den ter bead in ole Miss lap; an' dar dey stayed. make up fur faintin' jess now) an' she say, an' cried, an' cried, 'count o' Marse Wil liam; case dar warn't nothin' in dis here "Mister Leslie is right. I have chosen, world dem three fokes loved lak dey loved an of course the ceremony will"-but den | him.

Dar warn't no Chrismus at our house fokes roun' here, de Leslies was 'mongst ez enny flash, an' her face got fust red an' dat year, 'cep wid de chillun. Me an' de riches. I spec Marse William was de den whiter dan ever, an' sheput bole han's Mammy cooked er fine dinner, but de very riches young man in de councy.

Den he was smart! coh! jess smart ez er steel trap. De fokes dene axed him ter made you come back?" an' she busted out be or cand ate fur de Leg shatur, but he wouldn', he was too dead in love ter think

Wen de fokes looked roun' fur Marse

William so bad. 'Course Miss' Liz'beth didn' come to our house no mo' but long in January she an' Miss' John Harrison got married, an' went ter Texas to the receiver of the she was too dead in love ter think.

Wen de fokes looked roun' fur Marse

Las' er letter come frui Marse William not made er big show. So, dey was gwine give cm er tearin down weddin, dat night, she followed hun, but time she got ter de an Jim (dat's Marse William's body saran' we all was gwine give 'em er big dinin' front do' Marse William done jumped on thin) he begged so hard dat dey let him an' we all was gwine give 'em er big dinin' front do Marse William done jumped on next day. I was er mighty handy gal, den, bout waitin' on white ladies, an' Mis, Harrison rid, do Marse William handin' things roun' er table, so ole Miss didn' know dat) an' was a ridin' down de weut way, las year, ole Marser come in

She wouldn' marry, do' de beaux fairly kep de road hot, a ridin' ter see her. 'fused 'em all. She used to tell ole Marster an' ole Miss she couldn' love none on 'em dozen pa'rs o' glovos 'fo' he got er pa'r ter cuttin' ez er razor.

"Miss Grahame 1. at least, thank you fle glad, case she was dey main 'pendence well ez she did dem. An' dey was powerdese days). But ez I was tellin' yer. Miss Bessie she writ, m' de week a ter say dat wen time come fur her ter dress she was jess ez white ez her white silk proud ter de fokes, an' he gi' ole Miss his Chrismus Marse William come, lockin so coat, whar she was gwine w'ar ez fast arm an' dev walked outen dat rum same paie an' thin an' sad, yer wouldn' searcely waiter. An Mary say, wen she was bout half dressed she done hak she couldn' stan up, an she sot down (Mary thought she was sick. I spee she was heart-ick) and she sont Mary down ter ask ole Miss ter how Mist Harrison happen ter git dar. hollerin, an' he hisse't'a laffin' an' a dancin'. send her er little brandy—Dat stonish d Mary, case Miss Bessie nuvver was known time our kerridge went out de gate, Cun-lively ez er erieker, dis time, de sky was ter drink brandy sence dat time wen she nel Taylor's kerridge driv in, an' de Can-thick cloudy, de groun' was kivered in snow, an wass dan dat, Marse William looked lak er ole man. Trouble kin work mighty changes, an' dat in jess er little while. But a'ter he got home he 'menced lor's kerridge driver, come in an' we told the sorter pearten up some. An' de cur ous paff on it was, dat he done jess lak his father an' mather, he 'pended on Miss Bessie fur chrything. Dey didn', none on dat man look, w'en he let' our house dis Bessie fur chrything. Dey didn', none on evenin' he meant some mischuf! Lawd em, want her outen dey sieht. But she won't Misstiss be sorry she warn't here ter see de fuss!" den Si tole us dat, dat 'menced sittin' thin an' nervous lak, a'ter Marse William come. De trouble peared ter come ter de weddin', Cuanel Taylor

evenin jess to he menced ter hitch up ter bar on her den, wass dan uvver. Dat March was er mighty cole, "damp sont fur him in his rum, ter give him spell o' weather; an' in de fust o' de Bor some scructions bout bein michty rown days ole Marster come in one keerful wid de harness, count of er will-horse dey was gwine drive; an 'de road-was miser hie bad. St say, wile his marster Doctor, an 'she an 'Marse William, an' was giviu' orders, somebody, knocked at Miss Be sie mussed ele Marster day an' de front do, an' Cunnel Taylor went an' night; but dis here was de siekness whar Miss Bessie musted de Marster day an' opened it hisse f, an' den, Si say, he heerd no Doctor couldn' cure, an' no nussin' de Cannel laffin' an' doin' lak he was couldn' he'p. It was de las sickness, an' mighty glad ter see somebody, an' hear God was a callin' fur ole Marster an' he come ter know in dem too weeks what er beautiful 'coman Miss Bessie was; case seem ter me, ex she prayed by de bed, an' see yer, glad ter see yer, my boy! Come back, handsomer than ever an' wid er pile o' Texas dollars I reckon" de Cunnel said read de Bible out loud, an waited on ole John's wife always meeting him with a Marster peared ter me she look lak de smile and roses in her hair—though she

face, lak de glory o' de world ter come, making machine. There is no

Any son, she was the wife you ought to hold of John to send him from home with a kiss and welcome him back with a smile, han' still closer, an' he say so yearnus! If know that now Father."

An' Marse William he hilt Miss Bessie's had 'still closer, an' he say so yearnus! If love is triple-plated. Den ole Marster's face sorter got bright,

down outen sight, draweder long breth, an'

One evenin', not long a'ter de faner'l, m

'Bessie doan' you remember how we used play house here, and I used call you Little

I was right in those days Bessie (he say, mighty solemn) I know now as I told Fathe, that you ought to have been my wife I loved Ligheth very much but Bessie I have thanked God, a thousand times, wice "In de name o God Marse William I came home, that he knew me better than I did myself, an that he kept my hear for this high an' true an' pure love; an' I shall thank Him even if you never mar a me the "Nothing" so short dat she was feerd didn' lak sayin' den las' words, er bit) den he cotch Miss Bessie's chin an' lined up he ter ax him ennything else. An' he went up stars an' put on some mo' close, an' tuk 'Taut you will marry me, won't you my his overeout; an' w'en he come down, she darim'? You will be now, in saraest, what

look at him, but jess kep' her eyes on de the Den Mist Harrison say ter Marse william, which was stanin' right close ter Miss Liz beth, Mist Harrison say:

Speakin' so sharp, case he giv ber er note an tole her ter give it ter Miss Bessie, and he say:

William, which was stanin' right close ter Miss Liz beth, Mist Harrison say:

She will tell yer, Aunt Cinty, An yauder an' dev 'ived here 'twell dev son her choose between us."

Marse William he bidered er minnit, an he glance down at Miss 'Liz'beth, an seem lak his whole heart come in his eyes; but he seid mighty proud:

Aunt Cinty" an Mammy say de way he spoke, so fur away an sad, would a made or block o' wood cry. An' den she say he went an jumped on his own horse, which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block on which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block on which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block on which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block of which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block of which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block of which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block of which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block of which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter, and der should a loved or block of which he must er saddled hisse I, an' rid Galanne's daughter.

decidedly, "case he war a't lov t' har juss fur her purty face (do dat was purty muff) got no other word ter say. If you love me, yer did once 'Liz' beth, "the say sorter' Will write to Father and Mother when I tells us dat eben God Hisse'f does 'speshly

> Bessie to quizzically, and said, as he b sed Cous'n B sie, co-day.
>
> She doesn't layer her mother. She is some the gratike you, my we're

EVERY-DAY CIANTS.

PRIEENO.

for Nome Men.

From the Decroit Free Press. The man in the household is not popularly an object of much selicitude on the parc of the members of the family. There I wants to talk ob de old times. I is an erroneous idea that he stays downtown all day having a good time, that he is always smoking or telling stories or going out to see that mysterious other going out to see that mysterious other Take yo' ole mammy's hand, honey, and combining pleasure with business. business is the last thing that he ever

ent his finger, and the girl has gone to her consin's foneral and there's no fire in the range. Oh, dear? If girls knew when they were well off they'd never get mar.

and all de chillan I noised at dis bress has gone to a Dey's waitin for dere mudder on the gone too. Dey's waitin for dere mudder o

"For merey sake, John, do stop that chisding and come to supper. Oh! my

John goes to support there is a whistle about "Home. Sweet Home," strangled in his throat, and it chokes him into silence: he tries not to think of a sweet, serone face with an aureole of white bair that used to look at him with foud appreciative eyes ontil a few years ago, when the film of inquiringly into the face of Harold death blost I him out. His mother, who Wyyerne, and over the sweet, girlish face had always a kind word to welcome him swept a wave of pallor, quickly followed with to whom he had takes all his foelish- by a surmy smile as she saw by the exhis frequent disappointments, whose eyes had not been asked in seriousness.

"How you frighten me!" she said. ven vet-his mother!

John, did you see about the boiler. to-day ?"

"There! I knew there was something I

man he cannot talk back and preserve his words, even though spoken in jest, have tives of a depraved appeale, without a sin-own self-respect; he hasn't the heart to affected her strangely, and she smals nway gle reflection that the cost of the viands on whistle, and it would only make matters for an instant to conceal the tears that which we were gorging to repletion, would werse if he did. He wou'd like to cry—
yes, he wou'd, just as he used to when he
was a boy. face downward on his own
knowing too much. He was a young man

administer con or, to hundreds of perishing wretches.

In brief, view the no-hearted man in all

no Doctor couldn' cure, an no nussin couldn' he p. It was de las siekness, an God was a callin' fur ole Marster an he was willin' ter go. I b'lieve Marse William paper, helps undress the baby and wonders as he looks at it if life is indeed wor.h living.

There may not be any necessity for Lawd Jesus hed sont her fur er Peace was ready enough to do that when she Angel, ter he'p him ter face death, an' was not his wife, but she has other duties one evenin' de sun was stealin' thew de winder blines, an' streakin' de bed close wid yaller light, an' fallin' on ole Marster's as it he were a more calculating, money-Ole Miss an' Marse William an' Miss downy-cheeked, rosy-liped baby that love Bessie was kneelin' by de bed, an de being petted any better than that same Doctor was stannin' fo' de fire place, salwart John! He needs to be peaised mighty still; an' I was squattin' down by too, and to feel that he is appreciated, and de fire, fixin' some hot bricks; an' I hear he do sn't want to wait until he has ole Marster say Bessie!' and Miss Bessie typhoid fever or pneumonia, either, in she went closer ter him, an' he tuk her order to be of some consequence at home. han den he reached out an ank Marse The Indians believe in hardening their William's han' an' he put Miss Bessie's in braves so that they can endure mortal it, an' he hilt 'em both in hisn, an' he pain and make no sign, but they are say-My son, she was the wife you ought to hold of John to send him from home with a

and, Nellie, don't forget it! The armor of

THE COMING HOTEL.

A German Description of the Next Great American Wonder.

article in a Berlin paper which will convey an idea of the German estimates of the

coming American hetel: "The latest American progress in building will be the mammoth hotel, soon to be erected on the Shell Road, St. Augustine, Fla. This enormous hotel is to have a frontage of three English miles long and a depth of six miles, the height of seventy-seven stories; will measure 3,840 feet ters are to be employed, but visitors will put up in every bod room, which will do all shaving, shampooing, etc., for the guests by a very simple and invenious ar-

ter the automaton will be able to call No. 13, 107, and the water will be up in seven seconds by a patented elevator. Half dream. Describe her? Were my pen a seven seconds by a patented elevator. Half an hour before table Thote, instead of quill from the pinion of the loftiest seran hour before table d'hote, instead of ringing bells, a gun (wenty-four pounder) will be fired on each floor to call the guests to get ready for their meals. The Raphael's ghost, after three centuries of tables in the dising rooms will measure four miles each, attendance being performed by twelve waiters on horseback on nr s. either side of the table. Music during table d'hote will be played, gratis, by eight bands of seventy-five men each. For the convenience of visitors a milway will. There is a great comfort to be a boy in be built on each floor, as well as tele- the amount of work he can get rid of one 'nother an' got married.'

'It ee tain'y does' said Lucy 'but Aunt Creecy, Uncle William loved Aunt Bessie will be from one to ten dollars. The cost slow he can go an errand; perhaps he will be from one to ten dollars. The cost slow he can go an errand; perhaps he of the building is estimated to be \$680, couldn't explain himself why, when he is to 000,000. The billiard room will contain the neighbors for yeast, he stops to stone nine hundred American, ninety-nine the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but French and one English tables, and most he wants to see if he can't hit em. It is of the visitors are expected to be Ameri- a carious fact about boys, that two will be cans. The billiard room will be fitted out a great deal slower about doing anything

A BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

Doctor, is I got to go ?" "Aunt Liza, there is no hope for

ness. Ise ready." The doctor gave a few directions to the

knowed you when a boy, long fore you greater dispatch. Leapfrog is one of the

home at night his wife looks at him suspiciously and says in a fret'il voice:

"I should think you'd want to say home some, mea, John. Baby's sick, and Harry and all de chillen I massed at dis brest has smasing story, which has not hitherto ap-

> its flight to the Great Beyond, rested on we were for unate enough to surround one the dusky face of the sleeper, and the watchers, with bowed heads, wept siently. She was dead. - ELI PERKINS.

CLEAN CONE.

[Fennethe Chicago Trimune.] "Do you really love me, Beryl?"

lawn in front of Monticello one evening and shawl her, admire her. His love when he espied a solitary horseman coming up the road from Charlottesville. As nels. He must be a full man for her prised to see him.

"Yes, Tom, I thought you'd be wur play?

The following is the translation of an

from the ground floor to the roof. The have found powerful as the green withes hotel will have no stairs, but five hundred that bound Delliah's Saurson. Matchless balloons will always be ready to take in grace. Marvelously gifted in woman's he served by a newly patented automaton, tropic s as at twilight. A polar star in every Supposing the guest requires hot wadown sairs: A bucket of water for room ted through the paradise of raptest poet's

colestial practice, would faint at the task of trying to depict her transcendent leveli-

"Bress the Great Master for His good-

with the tide.

A pair of soft, lustrons eyes looked up sorthood hopes, his little tormenting cares, pression of Harold's face that the question

trustful way that is so characteristic of and sing without a hour. We could cat woman when she is about to lay pipe for a a good dinner, crack a good joke and enjoy new bonnet. "If you had been in carness, the joll, he of He with no need of such a June 113y. had forgotten, Nellie, but we were invoice Harold, I believe your words world have superfluer as a heave. We could sit down

little bed, with his mother's loving hand of singularly pure life and tight pants, and the varieties of existence, and he is an obnever once had there swept across the un-flecked horizon of his lawn-tennis and eig-dance of hie, the gayest of the gay. He wrotte existence the cold, stolid fact that sheds no tears, he heaves no sight after whirling in the dreamy measures of a waltz even the best of women love to steal his cheek; and, while it is the fate of other a while away and stand unostentatiously men to bend beneath the pressure of afflic on the side of their feet in order that their tion, he stands impregnable to all the ascorns may throb untrammelled in all the saults of adversity .- St. Louis Magazine. buoyant gladness of a temporarily removed There comes a time after marriage, says

prised; but I have come to you to stay." You'll be as welcome as the sunshine George; but what has occurred to make you leave Mr. Vernon?" inquired Mr. "Martha has learned 'Sweet Violets?"

said the Father of his Country. An Austin man, who has just get out a

book of poems, met Gilhooly, and the following proceedings were had: "Did you bride and becomes simply a wife when she words "Ef enny man kin show jest cause" words "Ef enny man kin show jest cause" words a hutton on her husband's but he say:

"Wed ter love her," Mist Harrison say, but he say:
"Great God, Cunnel Taylor, I was hurryin and he say:
"My las' yethly wish, thank God."
"An' den he kissed ole Miss once er twice phant is white."

"How did you like it?" "My dear, sir, I clothes." It is this fact that Mr. Barnum is having as a gentlemon and a man worthy to be trusted. I mise by pernatasion to R. R.

"How did you like it?" "My dear, sir, I clothes." It is this fact that I laid it aside with a great such happy people. The country is full of brides.

"An' den he kissed ole Miss once er twice phant is white."

A VIRCINIA BELLE.

A Virginia reporter thus describes the

belle of a ball he recently attended : Complexion neither blande nor bruneste, hovering between the dawn and the saurise of a summer's morning, eyes beside whose cured by a king's teach. The works is where now, and knows that arrowy glances Cupid's kn one todarts are only tit for killing frogs and clams-eyes that drive the very stars of heaven distraced with envy: Leshes more glarionsly added than ever bringed the hids of Oriental houri. Have in which ten thousand strainants o stle, darkly bright, fine as gossamer throads, but forming a network which scores of masculine struggles grand endowment-tongue. Tones soft as the softest warblings of a flate on throng toward whom all museuline compasses point with constant finger. A magnet strong enough to turn a whole buttal ion topey curvy, and bring the planets rushing from their far off spheres. Love-

"And Lucy" After said "Uncle William was thinking about what Anna Creecy has been telling vs. when he looked at Anna been telling vs. When the looked at Anna been telling vs. when he looked at Anna been telling vs. When telling vs. when he looked at Anna been telling vs. which are been telling vs. which was a been telling vs. When telling vs. which we will be telling vs. which was a been telling vs. whi each other do nothing. But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place, he is to do all the errands, go to the store, post office, and carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have us many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate in about the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people and seared to leave, when he was recalled who have seen him "turning cart wheels" along the side of the road have supposed by the old woman, who was driving out he was amusing himself and bading his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locometion, so that he could economise legs, and do his errands with went and been a doctor. I called you methods of getting over the ground

"YER KILLIN DEMOCRAT."

ried."

And John goes into the Liteben, whister the sall the cine he is making the fire, holds the buby and whistes ill it goes to sleep, and is still whisting softly "Home.

Sweet Home," when his wite cells out.

Marso John, for de good fight, and Lee hord, and the was one regiment particularly the Vinth which fought like figers, and is still whisting softly "Home.

The soul white of the good fight, and Lee hord, and the value of the Massachusetts troops, and there was one regiment particularly the Ninth which fought like figers. It so happened that during several engagements we were pixed against each other.

The soul white of the Massachusetts troops, and there was one regiment particularly the Ninth which fought like figers.

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The soul white of the Massachusetts troops, and there was one regiment particularly the Ninth which fought like figers. of their companies, and as we were shooting away, they, seeing that unless they surrendered they were certain of annibilation, showed the white flag. Unfortunately, this was not seen by my entire command, and several shots were fired after I had given the order to cease. In the midst of this desultary firing, there came a strong Hibernian voice from out of the bushes:

"Howld up, yez scoundrels; we hav surrendered, and yea Lillen' Dimocrats,

IF WE HAD SO BEART.

If we had no heart we would have no meeting close beside him in the confiding, treathest. We could laugh and be morry ing all day."

Hardd, I believe your words wor'd have superflue, as a heart. We could sit down broken my heart — and scopping to the proken my heart — and scopping to the abanquet and emulate Heliogabulus in glattony and Cleopa, a in extravagance— they had wandered after the last waltz, and see about it. I haven't anything to do a women never do have, you know.

John doesn't say anything; being a man be cannot talk back and processes had all the proventions method for the conservatory, into which they had wandered after the last waltz, the minery of the scarving thousands by a thought of the minery of the scarving thousands daily. We could sit down to about the provention of the minery of the scarving thousands discourse most conservation.

Poor little birding, said Harold to himself, show madly she loves me! My was pates, frictureses, and all the provention of the conservation in the provention of the minery of the scarving thousands discourse most opening to the abanquet and emulate Heliogabulus in glattony and Cleopa, a in extravagance—
if we wished—unannoyed by a thought of the minery of the scarving thousands discourse most opening to the conservation, and the provention of the provention of the minery of the scarving thousands discourse most opening to the conservation.

Mrs. Stowe, when a husband, if he WHY THE GENERAL LEFT HOME. anything of a man, has something else to do than make direct love to his wife. Thomas Jefferson was sitting in the cannot be on duty at all hours to fan her, he approached, the sage of Albemarle recognized him as General Washington. He whole world of interests that takes him went forward and greeted the old here warmly, and remarked that he was sur- a woman do whose only life lies in petting and adoration and dis-

The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome Life is sweet and tolerable only in our be lief in such society; and actually, we man-

"It is now settle," says an exchange, less a sale is made and then I charge commissions. "that a newly married lady ceases to be a has sewed a button on her husband's

ADVERTISEMENTS.

KING'S EVIL Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstinen that it could be

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough emittees that of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its think through generation after generation. Annoy its earlier symptomatic development and Eczenia, Cutaneous Eruptions, Pumors, Bolls, Carbuneles, Eryslpelas, Purnlent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rhenmatism, Secofulous Catarris, Ridney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by ft.

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lief in such society; and actually, we manage to live with our superiors. We call our children and our lands by their names; our children and our lands by their names; I am now taking up all lands parties wish to sell the same at my own expense, us-