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HOW TO OBTAIN APPR

THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO.

MY LITTLE WOMAN.

Would the diamond seem such a peerless gets If it measured one foot around? Would the rose leaf yield such a sweet perfume If it covered yards of ground! Would the dew drops seem so clear and pure If dow like rain should fall? Or the little woman be helf so great

Tis the hand as soft as the nestling hird That grips with the grip of steel;
Tis the voice as sweet as the summer wind That rules without appeal. May fight, and plan and pray, The world will wag to the end of time

If she were six feet tail ?

ATHERTON HALL

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS. "Wake up, gran'-pap! Wake up! Mars Tom's took orful bad, and Miss Car-

olyn's sent for you. Sez he's bin a callin' uv you every minit." With incredible swiftness, Caesar

seizes his hat and stick and walks across the beach to Atherton Hall. An awful hush rests upon the grand old house. He passes through the lofty hall, and the pic-tures of the dead-and-gone Athertons look mournfully down from the walls, and he starts at the sound of his own footsteps, as he toils up the staircase. "Here I is, Mars Tom, an thank de good Lord I kin be here of you needs me. De ole man 'ud go through a sight to come when his young master call."

It is the same room where, in the

Must not lose sight of her. I scarcely

A long pause. The old clock ticks loudly from its corner. A stifled sob bursts from the kneeling girl who is chafing his cold hands.

"I think"—his voice is but a whisper now, and they bend very close to hear it -"I think that I-have never had the full use of my-faculties-since-that night! The tender Saviour—in Whom I trust—will be merciful—remembering that! But the sorrow is going—farther and farther—away! The pain—is—all—he would not hear to it. He said I was that! But the sorrow is going-farther and farther-away! The pain-is-allgone. I will soon—soon be—with—my darling!—Carolyn—my sweet girl!"

"Here I am, Father, close at your

"It is getting dark-Caesar !" "Here I is-right here, Mars Tom. "I am-almost-gone, Caesar, and I have no priest at hand to pray for me. Kneel down—Caesar—you—the noblest—and best—man—I—know, and pray pray for me. Carolyn! where are you? Give me your hand, my pet. It is darkdark."

They kneel down, and Caesar breather a prayer-a prayer full of simple, loving faith: breathes it brokenly-with sobs. "The light—is—breaking.
It is but a whisper. The sad eyes

shine with hope, and a restful smile breaks over the face that looks beautiful and grand in the awful majesty of death,

CHAPTER V.

VERNON NEVILLE. "Why do you treat me with such per sistent scorn? Why do you shun me always, and give me only cold looks and words-you who are ungentle to no one else? What have I done? What curse the brave-hearted girl who left the Hall frests upon me, that I should change your very nature? Your face turns to stone shallowed then with the first great loss of awhile he began to see that her happiness when I approach. I have watched the a life time-had been shadowed all her as well as his was involved. He knew that light go out of it, and a defiant look take life, indeed. Yes she had gone out hope its place. I have borne it for a long time fully to meet the untried future. But the sharpest conflict. He lost all interquietly. To night, I am determined to now! She is most fair to see—a rare picture, as she stands in the warm light should avoid me of all other men."

now! She is most fair to see—a rare picture, as she stands in the warm light against the unbroken background of sea with high "An' did they marry?" "I—I "There is a reason, but I cannot tell

you. Don't ask me why—you cannot help it."

The words break from her, while sained, frightened look comes into her

"Then I was right. You do scorn and hate me. Thank you for being candid. But a generous nature would be kind enough to tell me why, and give me a chance of defending myself." He speaks quietly, though his strong face is eloquent with some deep feeling that he is crushing with his iron will. It is the secret of this man's power, that he never loses his selfcontrol. They are standing together at the window, and her face is turned away. But now she faces him, with flushed

cheeks and strangely excited manner.

"Can you defend yourself for being your father's son? Is it your fault that my home was made desolate, my father's life ruined—through him? I do not

of pain that thrills him, while the words cut to his heart. A sudden flush mounts

clear and ringing.

"Excuse me, Miss Atherton, if I fail to understand you. You have possibly made some mistake. My name? Ah! I think I see. I did not know my father, on whom you heap such reproaches. He died when I was quite young, under the shadow of some great trouble, I was made to understand. When he married a section dwife—your aunt, I think—I lived with my maternal grand-mother. She told me, when I could understand such thines, that my mother's marriage was not considered a suitable one. But she have lost its old-time joyous ring. said that my father, though of plain fam. "Miss Carolyn," he says, when she has said that my father, though of plain fam-

my father to yours for which you are making me suffer. I am not prepared to believe that you are just in your opinion of my father. You may be biased by a same big eyes to him, as if his tenderness are. If I had known that my presence had really caused you so much annoyance" he turns abruptly, and takes several other. They are full of tears as she drops turns across the floor before he speaks again.

"I am only very tired, Uncle Caesar, again.

"I had already resolved to leave you, and have come home to rest." I came to night to say goodbye. I meant to ask you to take for your own the name It is the same room where, in the agony of their final parting, he held his wife in his arms. He lies on her sofa near the flowers in the South-window.

It is the same room where, in the you hate. Fool that I was! I need not tell you that I love you, Carolyn; with such a love as a man knows but once in a life-time. You have never allowed me His face is pale and drawn, his eyes un- to hope, by any word or act or look of natural in their brightness.

"Caesar," he says, "Come here—ah! I knew you would never fail me. I could not live without you to look after me—but your hand and looked at me with about the place, visiting the cottages, diput out your hand and looked at me with about the place, visiting the cottages, diyou have done it since I was a baby—and I cannot die without you." A pause. "I have been wery selfish and cowardly, look, that touch, ever since. And, as I striving to beautify her home, striving to Caesar, I want to tell you about it. I said just now, I came to night to ask you ennoble her life. Caesar, I want to tell you about it. I know it now, when it is too late." Autother pause. "Selfish and—and unworthy of my noble wife—these sixteen years that I have spent in repining. My energies—Give me some more of the brandy—Now!—energies—were paralyzed in—that death-three of separation—from the control of the brandy—whose life came to such an energies every that are like no other pair.

Said just now, I came to-night to ask you to be my wife. Remember, I do not ask that now. But I would have given my life for your love! Look at me, Cartolyn is so jewmestic," says caesar, after having been up to the Hall one morning, where he had seen her filt one morning is about in her white dress, with her sleeves rolled up to her cllows, "an' yit it am't ma'ral to her. Look like she's a doin' it to sorter rest her heart from some more wood in that stove."

Now leading whose life came to such as that now, But I would have given my life for your love! Look at me, Cartolyn is so jewmestic," says carely not be the Hall one morning, where he had seen her filt one morning, where he had seen her filt one morning where he had seen her my darling—whose life came to such an from those eyes that are like no other pair sumthin else, aucful end-through me. I would not of eyes in the world. You will not look

sharp click of the latch as the gate closes knew-how precious she was-until behind him, come through the wide open window and smite her heart with a dull pain. A low cry escapes her as she gets up and walks restlessly up and down the floor.

"His son! his son! she keeps saying to herself, while the aching at her heart grows intolerable. "But so noble! so strong and true! so unlike all others! Oh, why did I meet him? I wise I had never the light of his eyes, but that it was not protection but an humble black. What a noble old servant he is! It would kill had rather die than know it, but I do-I why did you make me love you, when I tried so hard to resist your fatal power?" She buries her face in the sofa-cushions. and when again she lifts the eyes (that are like no other pair of eyes in the world) all the light seems gone out of them for-

CHAPTER VI. VERY TIRED. On a balmy evening, late in summer, as are the same. And yet there is a subtle onsists, but that she is changed a glance this, as he snatches at his white wood with the firm white hands that are lossely about the room. But when I sez right clasped together, have a sad expression. clasped together, have a sad expression.

buzzen he'd a had her, an' not a wisited "Are you glad to see me?" The smile seems the ghost of her old de father's sins upon de chile, she ketched bright smile. He has fallen on his knees, bolt o'my ole black han', and trem'led so, and tears are raining down his cheeks, an' sed: 'O, thank you, Unker Caesar,' an' and tears are raining down his cheeks,

her cheeks waz red as roses, an her eyes a while he softly strokes her hands. "Thank de Lord! Oh, thank de good shainin' like stars. An' O Lordy! he did Lord, I libs to see my haby one mo' time! hev a boy hy his fust wife-wer'ever his Come in de house, Miss Carolyn, an' set right down in de rockin' cheer, an' let de ole man look at you onet mo, an' thank de Lord agin fur fetchin' you back fo' He

name wuz. Spozen she done got erqurinted wid him!" Falling on his knees in a passion of anguish: "O blessed Lord an' Marster in heben above, I beseech an imscorn you. I—it is my curse that I should believe in you, while I hate your name!"

She seems speaking more to herself than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him, and in the passion of her than to him a gitting plore—don't, don't, don' you oneasy fur to see me standin'? No descen' to de man dat cause her mother's ma'am! Caesar aint er goin' to set down death, an' wus'n death to her father! No.

to his brow, but he does not speak at in de house in de presence o' his young it can't be so. No, no, no, no, no it once. When he does, his voice is cold, miss. No, not as long as he can hole up can't be so!" But the more he says to him-clear and ringing.

things, that my mother's marriage was Caesar's car the laugh jars. It seems to is true to himself in the end.

ily, was a man of much pride and energy answered all his questions, and has tried to of character. I do not know much of satisfy him that she has had nothing to him, it is true, but I have been taught to trouble her, but only perfect kindness and respect his memory.

O, what have I done? cries Carolyn.

I did not dream that you could be ignorant of—O, forgive me! I am so sorry to have hurt you I thought—

much love in her new home, somehow it keeps a comin' up in my mind dat you ain't prezackly de gal you wuz fo' you let de ole place. Hev anything pestered you up dar, outside o' yo' own folks, dat much love in her new home, somehow it "Stop a moment." He interposes, you look so white an quiet, an so kinder sassing his hand across his forehead, and skeered an lonesome in dem big putty speaking slowly. I am beginning to eyes? Since I come to look at you close, comprehend. It is some wrong done by pears like yo face ain't nigh so round as 'twuz. You ain't gone an' got onhealthy,

life time prejudice. I only hope that you fills her lonely heart to overflowing. As are. If I had known that my presence if, as he earliest friend, she looks up to him for sympathy more than to any lated means "old boots."

CHAPTER VII.

CAROLYN'S STORY.

She is resolute, though gentle, and they let her have her way. A lady house-keeper is procured, and she settles striving to beautify her home, striving to

He is right. Do what she will, the live for my sweet child, that I might—make my life—worth living—if I would.
But I see—it all now! I see how noble-hearted you have been, true always—to the old-time faith—between master and slave. I have been—a bady—all my life—and you—you—have taken care of—and you—you—have taken care of—and you—you—have taken care of—and you—gou—have tak can be parted from her never more.

One golden day, when Nature is in ecstacies with the glory of sea and sky and sunlight, and her own heart very restless, she walks down to Caesar's cabin, and, sitting down on the door-step, tells him a

"Once there was a Russian Prince of stainless character and proud name, who had a bitter, implacable enemy. The enemy was a man of mean origin, and he envied the Prince his greatness, and hated him because he was noble and good as well as great—hated him at first only for this, for he was brave and courteous, and had not another enemy in the wide world. seemly for an Atherton to be left with no Afterwards the Prince was obliged to punish the man for some weighty offence, and then his revenge and bitterness knew him, in his proud humility, to know that I no bounds. He swore before high heavloved a—Neville. He shall never know en that he would break his heart and ruin it. I will tear it out of my heart! Love his life, and he succeeded, because he was him? Do I love him? O, my God! I wicked and unscrupulous. He robbed him of his dearest treasures, murdered his do! O Vernon, come back to me! Why, cherished wife by his cruel persecutions, and at last the Prince himself succumbed and went down to the grave with a broken heart, in the prime of manhood The Prince had an only son, whose for tunes were faithfully watched over by a freed serf, who had served the family for two generations. The Emperor had freed the serfs, or slaves, who were in a state of abject misery and degradation; but this one, it seems, was an exception. "Years after, this son met and loved the daughter of the enemy of his house, his mother's Caesar sits sunning himself on the bench murderer. He struggled against his love under the arbor of honeysuckle, a shadow for months. She was unlike her father falls athwart the sunlight. Looking up from his doze, he sees "the light of his eyes" approaching across the beach. The glad surprise of his welcome is checked as his ideal of a beautiful woman-he catches sight of her face. Can this be hood, yet he resolutely set his face against and sky. Her auburn hair is smoothed hardly know. I think they did. Was it back from her low, white forehead, and wrong, Uncle Cacadr? What would you braided low on her neck, as of old. Her have done?" The girl has gone, and the complexion is as fresh as ever, though old man sits alone. "I wonder what make pale. Her smiling mouth, with the rare her ax me dat question so arnist?" Sud-red lips, and the large, limpid brown eyes, douly: "Lord bless my soul an' body! No. she couldn't er ment dat!" It is impossible

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMININE FANCIES.

Now that black stockings for females are in fashion, married men find it difficult to keep the inkstands they have at home.

Hand-painted bonnets with parasols to match will be worn at watering-places. Hand-painted complexions will be worn as

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter," broke in the young ardent; "I want her to be my wife."

and a child christened some romantic Indian name, to learn that the name trans-

An English journal says no poet has yet worn the garter. The Sweet Singer of Michigan demolishes this assertion by declaring that she wears two.

Jones says the landlady at his boarding house acts coldly towards him, and he doesn't know of anything he has done except to ask her for "another dose of pie," "Young man, when you see an old maid

adjusting her spectacles and clipping out that part of a paper headed "Scaled Pro-posals," it is time for you to take to the Chicago and St. Louis girls have been congratulating each other upon the fact vouched by an eminent physician that

The wife of a Chicago man thought the feeling is very general.

Many a fond mother imagines that her baby is "just too cunning for anything" when he first begins climbing up stairs;

"Do you suppose eating angel cake will make an angel of me?" asked a scraphic young lady of the worldly young man.

Tye no doubt it will," he answered.

you only eat enough of it." Then she giggled and said "Why?" The records of the Chicago divorce courts eloquently proclaim that it would e a blessing to many men and women if a flat-iron were flung at their heads instead of an old shoe when entering upon sheir worlding experience.

A young lady received the following ote, accompanied by a boquet of flowers; "Dear——— "I send you by the boy a bocket of flowers. This iz like my luv for u. The nite shade menes kepe dark. New Y Rosis red and posis pail, my luv for u shall never fale.

A COOD CREED.

"We believe in small farms and thormeh cultivation.

We believe that soil loves to cat, as well s its owner, and ought, therefore, to be nanured.

We believe in large crops which leave he land better than they found it-making both the farmer and the farm rich at We believe in going to the bottom of

things and, therefore, in deep plowing, and enough of it. All the better if with a We believe that every farm should own

good farmer. We believ that the best fertilizer of

any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, good or-chards, and children enough to gather the

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning-piano, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience.

We firmly disbelieve in farmers that will not improve; in farms that grow poorer every year; in starving cattle; in farmers' soys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers' daughters anwilling to work, and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation, change. You searcely know in what it to describe the horror with which he says or who drink whiskey till honest people are ashamed of them.

There, isn't that a pretty good creed, and one which all progressive farmers can adopt and try to live up to?

will be lots of bluster, mingle gilded hopes.

But the vote A woman always carries her purse in

her hand, so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket, so that his wife won't see it.

ted by the people.

could hear a rolling pin drop.

BOLTING BLAINE.

THE LEADING REPUBLICAN PAPERS IN THE COUNTRY REFUSE TO ACCEPT BLAINE AND LO-GAN AND WILL NOT SUPPORT THEM.

IN WHICH THE PLUMED KNIGHT I SHELD BY THE BEST ELE-MENTS OF HIS PARTY.

Buffalo Express: The fight for Mr. Blaine must be a forelorn hope at the

ident, we hope to see him defeated. Believing him to be a weak candidate, we expeet to see him defeated.

have they ever been withdrawn. In short, he is to-day in all respects the same that he was before the Convention assembled.

thousands of Republican votes for their Presidential candidates in mass provided they select their strongest man. Hartford Times: The Connecticut

condemn the Chicago nomination. If Hartford County is an index of the State, it will be hard work to reconcile them to man, and every man's business, a gratuitous puff. If Mr. A., is painting his house, it them to the support of the ticket. And

to thousands of men who have regarded the Republican party and a revolution in put in in type; and so on through the list

land, or Bayard, or some other first-class man for President and with a well-conducted campaign, their chances for success are better than the Republicans. Chicago Herald: Distrust, planning defeat and proposing an Independent Re-publican ticket, goes out of the Convention. and not all the Republican press will eat

New York Eccaing Post: What makes the matter all the worse is that the situation thus created is one in which no compromise is possible. No voter dares to tell his friends or his family that he is going to vote for a man knowing him to be knave. What is to be the issue from this deplorable and disastrous, but deliberately created muddle, it is yet too soon to fore east. That Mr. Blaine cannot be elected we look on as certain. Whether he can be defeated without ruining the organiza-

Worcester Spy: Not only was Mr. Blaine the free choice of the convention, but it is safe to go further and say that his nomination is acceptable to a considera ble majority of the Republican voters of the country. But that does not imply his election will be easy. What the independent Republicans can do in New York was proved in the election of 1882. What they will do this will be seen in November. We should have no pleasure in predicting disaster to the Republican

Flushing (1.1.) Times: We are of that large class of Republicans who regard Mr. Blaine's nomination as a great blunder. It might be a good thing for the country if there was a change in the Governmental party, anyhow. If the Democrats only had sense enough to repudiate such dema-gogues as Butler, English and Tilden and and trust themselves to men like Thurman, Bayard and Cleaveland it might be well to have a change. Blaine's campaign will b largely composed of his own personal elements-fireworks and brass bands. There will be lots of burrah, of bunting and of bluster, mingled with loud promises and

But the votes-how about them ?

Chicago Times: The Presidential candidacy of Mr. James G. Blaine is a menace of evil to the Republic.

Boston Herald: Believing that Mr. It rather annoys a woman, after she has Blaine would be a bad and dangerous Pres-

> Chicago News: No one has disproved the charges made against Mr. Blaine, nor

Boston Transcript: We only chroniele what is a patent fact to every discerning person, that the Democrats can win

Republicans, the very best class of the party and the larger part of it, too, openly

Springfield Republican: These nominations are revolutionary. They are such as the Republican party has never before presented, and will carry dismay and alarm

its bitter and persistent words of condemnation. Party men will find it wise to defer discussion of Blaine's chances of suc cess until the campaign shall fully open which cannot come until the nominee of his paper to his friends to send to their the later Chicago Convention is fully in

get ready to settle their accounts. To tion which is being prostituted in the service of his selfish ambition remains to be

life in it. So stupid! party, but it is impossible now to expect with confidence Mr. Blaine's election.

wise or a safe choice. In order to win the party must poll its full strength, and there are thousands of lifelong Republi-cans who will hesitate to vote for the A man and his wife had a little difficulty in the kitchen the other day, and pres-Maine statesman. They are mostly the silent men who stand aloof from caucuses ently matters became so quiet that you and conventions and who have nothing to fear from the crack of the party whip. They are thoughtful and in earnest, and, in doubtful States like New York, are like ly to determine the final result. Should these Independents act as they have done in certain other cases the mistake made at Chicago will soon be apparent.

Hoston Advertiser: With unabated devotion to the great purposes for which the

Republican party was organized and has been maintained, we declare our inability to support the nomination, either in the present aspect of the political field or in any which now seems likely to present it-

Ruchester (N. 17.) Herald: The nomination of Jam s G. Blaine, which was accomplished in great excitement on the fourth ballot, cannot be considered a wise choics for reasons many times stated by the Morning Hecald. Blaine is the only man prominent before the Convention whose nomination would please the Democrats, for the reason that he is the only one of the number who has a record out of which that party can make campaign capi-

Harper's Weekly will bolt the nomination and fight Blaine to the end. It will also publish his record, so that he who runs may read. As Nast has returned to ac-New York Staats Zeitung: We would prefer that the country had been spared the danger of the election of such a Presi-cartoons of Pack, will be particularly live-

THE LOCAL EDITOR.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

If any position demands genius, and will be satisfied with nothing short of it, it is the position of editor of a local paper. In the first place, he must know everybody's peculiarities, and be cognizant of all their faults and failings, and the faults and failings of their grand-fathers, and grand-mothers, and cousins, and aunts, and mothers-in-law, else he will be liable to get something into his paper which will

hurt somebody's feelings.

He must print everything sent by an old subscriber. If a man subscribes for his paper, he claims a right to give his views on hen-raising, and pig-killing, and theology, and the moral aspect of dancing no matter if he cannot spell pig correctly, and does not know of a single case where some beautiful young ,lady dropped dead in a ball room. The local editor is expected to give every

must be mentioned in the paper; and if Mrs. B. has a calla fily in blossom, she wants the momentous fact set before the public in printers' ink, headed with capi-When Jones kills a hog weighing four hundred and fifty, that must be chronicled; and when Brown dispatches another, weigh-

ing four hundred and sixty, that must be

of all the other big porkers in town. When there is a wedding, the local Reading (Pa.) Eagle: If the Demo-paper must publish a list of the salt-cellars, photograph-albums, bestowed by the loving friends; and if he does the thing up in good style, and remarks feelingly on the beauty of the bride, he will be rewarded with a slice of brick-bat, frosted with hardtack, yelept wedding cake; and if he cats it, he will need to take a box of pills, and two or three bottles of sarsaparilla before he is well over it.

> The local editor must never includes in personalities. He must pass lightly over the fact that young Jenkins, the son of the rich Squire Jenkins, was arrested for drunkenness, and he must not allude to the fact that Deacon Grimes, who gives so much for the support of religion, made his money by light weights and measures. He must always be ready to give copies

friends. He must not think of asking anything, if anybody he is acquainted with invents a new-fangled nutmeg-grater and wants it noticed. He mustn't charge more than one dol lar and fifty cents a year for his paper. He must never send out bills to his sub-scribers. He must wait patiently till they

send bills looks just as if he was afraid he might not get his pay. Every issue of his paper must suit every ody. It must contain all the news. It must omit nothing fresh. There must be at least two murders, three divorces, and one saicide, in each number, or the paper will be thrown down as flat and stale. No

It must not contain typographical errors

It must print all the poetry seat by all the aspiring young poetesses in that section; and if the kisses should be printed hisses and the shouts should be printed snoutswhich will sometimes happen when the MS, is illegible—then that editor's fate is scaled, and the success of his paper is rained, for she will never, never send him another effusion so long as she lives. No indeed! The local editor has a hard row to hoe

and if he is neutral in politics and religion, it is still harder. But let him brace up and do his best, for everybody knows that if fame does not come to him so soon as he expects, fortune is on the way to him if he waits long enough for it to reach a millionaire than to publish a local paper

REFECT OF SALT ON THE BLOOD.

Dr. Stevens, a French physician saw butcher killing a pig. He observed that he stirred the blood of the animal, and added a handful of common salt to it while stirring which made it crimson,and,the stirring being discontinued remained fluid. The change of color awakened his curiosity. The butcher could give no explanation,

except that it kept it from jellying and

spoiling. Dr.Stevens seized a vessel caught some of the blood, and made several experi-Newport News and Journal: We do not believe the Convention has made a ments by putting salt into it and found blackest blood was instantly changed into a bright vermilion by the use of salt. "And," said he, "here is a fact that observed, that in cases of yellow fever in the army, that the blood drawn was very black and fluid, and on adding salt it became vermilion, and it retained its freshness. Putridity of the blood is one of the characteristics of yellow fever. He there-fore abandoned the usual way of treating it and gave his patients a mixture of various salts, and in a very short time reduced the mortality from fever in the West Indies from one in five to one in fifty.

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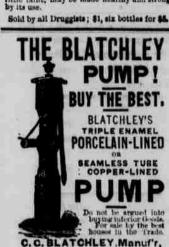
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