THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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VOL. XIII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25. 1884. NO. 28.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

KITCHIN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

mar 13tf

F. H. BUSBEE. B. H. SMITH jr.

RALEIGH, N. C. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

BUSBEE & SMITH.

Mr. F. H. Busbee and Mr. B. H. Smith, Jr., Counselors 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 11 1y

GRIZZARD & HYMAN,

Attorneys at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

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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 5 tf.

WALTER E. DANIEL,

Attorney at Law.

WELDON, N. C.

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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.

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DR. J. E. SHIELDS,

Surgeon Dentist.

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DR. E. L. HUNTER,

Surgeon Dentist.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

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june 22 tf

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June 28 1y

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I DOUBT IT.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, may be you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, may be you can—but I doubt it?

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, may be you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Will you guard it, and keep it and act the good part?
Well, may be you will—but I doubt it.

FATHER AND SON.

It was a hot summer day. The day was oppressive at the early hour when I was roused to go over to the court-house, and as I rode across the country, the sultry air was exceedingly dispiriting. I had not taken charge of the defense myself. Two eminent counsel were engaged, familiar with criminal practice, men of keen intellect, and whose experience in that branch of the profession enabled them to catch at every chance for life, and to detect every flaw, however minute, in the links of the evidence opposed to them.

It was a very old court-room in which the trial took place. The bench for the court was at the end opposite to the entrance, and consisted of a raised platform, with a table on it, and a rail in front of it, which looked as if it might have done service in a colonial court. On each side of the doorway the seats were elevated one above the other, rising toward the rear of the room, so that you entered between two walls which grew lower as you advanced to the bar. The only bar was a high, close board fence—I can call it nothing else—sweeping in a semicircle around the room, inclosing the seats and tables for the gentlemen of the profession. The prisoner's box was outside of this fence, elevated above it, and arranged with due reference to the impossibility of an escape. The audience occupied the elevated seats in the rear, and some vacant places behind the jury box, which was on the judge's left. The latter mentioned space was generally occupied by ladies, when any case was on trial which interested them.

On the occasion of which I now write there was not room there for them. Long before the hour of opening, the court-room was thronged with the female population of the county, almost to the exclusion of the men who came from all quarters to attend this first murder trial in their neighborhood. The jurors were in their places an hour before the time, as they feared that the crowd would prevent their being admitted. The bar was, as usual, thronged with lawyers and their clerks, chatting, laughing, and joking, as if the most important question of the day were how to keep cool, and no one had any thing to do with the life or death of a young, strong man.

The prisoner was brought in before the court was opened, and took his seat in the box. He turned his gaze for a moment around the crowded room, catching the eyes of many that he had known and loved for years. There was one face that knew as that of one of his mother's friends, a kindly woman who had held him on her knees a hundred times. She looked into his face with a longing gaze, that asked him as plainly as if he had heard the words, whether indeed he were guilty of that horrible crime. And the reply was as plain, as legible, or audible whichever you choose to call it, as was the question. Every one who knew the relation of that boy to the good woman knew that his answer was true, and if there had been doubt before, it fled before that clear, bright look of rectitude and calmness.

And now the presiding judge entered the court-room. For a little while there was a gathering near him, and he chatted pleasantly with the members of the bar whom he knew, and then took his seat. Before opening court, and even while the clerk was calling the jury, he occupied himself in reading a newspaper from the city, interrupting himself occasionally, or allowing himself to be interrupted, to grant an order or sign a paper thrust before him by an audacious attorney.

At the moment when Stephen Forster was arraigned and pleaded to the indictment, a veiled lady, leading on the arm of a well-known country gentleman, entered the private door of the court-room from the sheriff's apartments, and took a seat near the judge, and within the bar. I need not conceal the fact that this was Miss Wilson, whose faith remained unshaken to the last, although I doubt much whether the prisoner recognized her at first, or until his vision had penetrated the folds of her veil, at a moment when she was remarkably occupied in listening to the opening counsel.

There is one prominent fault in our system of administering justice, which is derived from old times in England. I allude to the prescribed course of conduct on the part of the prosecuting officer. I know by experience how difficult it is for the attorney for the State to get rid of the professional idea of antagonism which requires him if possible, to be successful in the contest. But it is manifest at a glance that the whole duty of the district attorney consists in having a fair, impartial statement presented to the jury, and then laying before them the entire testimony, while he takes care that no improper or illegal course is pursued by the defense. The custom of suppressing testimony, of not subpenaing witnesses whose evidence is likely to favor the prisoner, of stretching rules of law to their utmost tension, or with the aid of an easy court, even beyond all legitimate bounds—the laboring assiduously with all the force, talent, and trickery of the profession combined, to procure a conviction, and the opposing every effort of the prisoner to establish innocence and good character, all this is an offense against justice which prevails to too great an extent among officers of the State in our courts, and which by no means tends to procure justice or to secure the punishment of crime, since it reduces trials at the bar to a skirmish between opposing counsel, and leaves justice to be administered according to the skill of the contestants.

There is no more painful scene to an idle looker on, than the anxiety of some district attorneys to procure the conviction of criminals; and, indeed, it is at the first a painful employment to the attorneys themselves; but the eager excitement of professional labor soon removes all thought of pain; and the eagerness with which the victim is hunted to the death, while every avenue of escape is guarded and stopped, is absolutely appalling. Let us look and labor for improvement in these customs of the courts, and for a substitution of impartial, substantial justice in the place of the two-sided contests which now assume the name of justice, and in which court and jurors vainly strive not to enlist their feelings with one or the other side, and which result necessarily in the escape of the guilty, or the punishment of the innocent, quite as often as in correct verdicts.

In the trial of which I now write the prosecuting attorney was a man of undoubted talent, whose life had been devoted to his profession, and who regarded a verdict of not guilty as in all cases a triumph over himself, which he must strive against with might and main.

He opened the case to the jury with deliberation, but with tremendous force. He detailed the simple incidents of the family history with telling effect. He had not spoken ten minutes before the audience began to look dark, and a gloom settled on the countenances of all present; for there were few in that crowd who had not loved Stephen Forster, and who did not feel deeply his awful position.

As the counsel stated the testimony which he proposed to offer, there was a hopeless look in the eyes of the whole assembly which I have never seen before nor since in all my practice, and when he closed, there was a feeling of relief, a momentary breathing, as if a weight were removed from the breast of every one.

Then came the testimony, slowly piling up its mountain-load on the young man's fate.

First of all was the medical testimony, describing minutely, and in terms which physicians alone know how to use, the death and the causes of death. Then followed the long cross-examination, which failed to shake the calm medical men, and the State called its next witness.

The day wore along slowly and painfully, and the evening approached. The court had taken a short recess for dinner, and an interruption of a few minutes now occurred, during which I approached the prisoner and conversed with him. He seemed to have made up his mind to a verdict of guilty, and to be weary of the delay.

"I wish it were over," he said; "why torture me in this way? I do not love life enough to pay this price for it. I have had one wish sin. I sat here today, and that was, that I had died like my old friend, three years ago.

"It was a summer night like this; the clouds lay even as now in the west when he died. He had not lived long enough to know that the world was a poor place to live, a hard place to suffer, a pleasant enough world to die out of. To him it seemed agony, and he longed for life and its experiences. How blessed to go away thus, and yet he knew it not. How blessed to die in the young spring of life, and yet he would have lingered till the summer heats overpowered him, or the winter frosts chilled his very soul.

"And here am I, the mock and gaze of the crowd, waiting to hear the doom which is soon to be pronounced, and which you lawyers are postponing hour by hour, only to increase my pain. Let it be over at once and forever, I beg of you. Let—"

"Mr. Phillips—one moment, if you please."

I hastened to the counsel for the defense, who were calling, and found them deep in consultation about a proposition suddenly started. The object of the elder Forster in convicting his son of murder was to my mind very clear. He had doubtless expected to inherit the really splendid landed estates of Judge Dusenberry, and the motive appeared by no means insufficient, when the enmity and hatred which had existed for years between him and his wife and son is taken into consideration. The testimony for the prosecution was now all in, excepting only the clinching evidence, namely, that of Stephen Forster the father, which, on close examination, proved to be the sole evidence which connected his son with the poisoning. The proofs thus far had been complete, to the effect that Mrs. Forster had been poisoned and was dead, but no idea was given that her son had committed the deed, except in the fact that he had purchased the article in the city shortly before the death; but this was relieved by the circumstances that he had purchased other articles for chemical experiments at the same time, and had several times, at least twice previously, purchased the same poisonous drug.

It was therefore with no small degree of risk, and yet with a cool and well-advised professional determination, that the counsel engaged for the defense determined to direct all their force toward breaking down the evidence of the elder Forster, and abandoning the chances. It was, in point of fact, a new idea, suggested by the junior counsel at this stage of the case, and involved the abandonment of the previously adopted theory of defense, which had been that the harassed and weary wife had committed suicide. The moment of time in which this consultation took place may well afford to readers of this history an idea of the momentous responsibilities under which lawyers labor. The cool face, the smiling countenance, the quick sparking retorts, the gay, trifling manners, which lead the bystander to imagine that the lawyer is enjoying his contest as he might a game of chess or of billiards, often cover the deepest anxiety, the most fearful tremblings for the fate of the client whose life hangs on the quickness or skill of that apparently thoughtless intellect. I think there is no other consideration needed to convince men that the profession is one of most terrible labor and responsibility, than the idea that in such a trial as this I am now describing there may be several moments when it is necessary to determine, again and again, what new theory of defense shall now be adopted, what new plan of action devised, to save the life of a man whose innocence is clear to the mind of the lawyer, but whose guilt appears almost established to the minds of the jury.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STORY OF ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

[*Letter to Pall Mall (London) Budget.*]

Now that so much discussion has been raised on the subject of the alleged cannibalism in the Greely Expedition, some interest may be felt in another dreadful story of privation and danger, where a similar temptation was heroically resisted, as told by James McIntosh, sole survivor from one of the boats of the whaler Chieftain. On May 26 last the Chieftain sent out four boats in chase of a whale, two of which, one commanded by Alexander Bain, the harpooner, lost the ship, and failing to find her, shaped their course for Ireland. Some days later two of Bain's crew died, and McIntosh then came into Bain's boat from the other to act as steersman. The only other occupants of the boat then were Bain and a seaman named McGregor. On the following day Bain thought he saw land, and they altered their course to steer to it, but found it to be only the reflection of a cloud. By so doing they lost their consort, which did not follow them. Next day McGregor died, and his body was committed to the deep. The same day a storm arose, which lasted three days, during all of which time McIntosh remained at his post as steersman while Bain lay helpless and despairing in the bows. At last the storm abated, and the undaunted steersman addressed some cheering words to his comrade, but without rousing him from his lethargy, which continued so long that McIntosh at last grew anxious, and though hardly able to move, his legs being benumbed with cold, managed to crawl along on his hands and knees to the bow of the boat, and found Bain quite dead. A terrible sense of utter loneliness came over him, mingled with the fear that in his desperate condition (he had not tasted food of any kind for several days) he might yield to the temptation of supporting himself on the awful means of nourishment within his reach. Determined to avoid this danger at all events, he with a great effort, weak as he was, succeeded in heaving his dead comrade's body overboard. On the fourteenth day he perceived a small schooner and made a desperate effort to wave his cap to attract attention. He was seen and picked up by the ship, but it was found necessary to amputate both legs, mortification having set in. He finally arrived at Dundee on Friday week. This gallant fellow, who is married and has one child, is now in a perfectly destitute condition, as the loss of his legs precludes his returning to his former sea-faring occupation, and he has never learned any other trade.

ARTHUR'S FUTURE.

"He has a high notion of the dignity of of the Presidential office. He will try to remain on the pedestal which he thinks it has set him on. His ambition was to be continued by marriage in an office which chance had given to him, but that disappointment will not affect his future. He will neither take a lower place in politics, nor return to the practice of law. He is not very rich—probably he will retire from the White House with less than a hundred thousand dollars to his name. He had more than that when elected Vice-President, but his expenditures have ever since exceeded his income. His social disbursements in the capital are greater than those of any preceding President, and his efforts to get a renomination were very costly. However, he will live the rest of his days in dignified retirement from all business. And he will do it elegantly, too. He has made friends while President who will enable him. They will not make him an object of charity, but they will make it possible for him to so employ his moderate fortune that it will afford the income of a great one. The Astors are under obligation to him for sending Waldorf Astor to Italy as United States Minister. They are just now showing their gratitude by lionizing him at Newport, and how easy it will be for them to put him in the way of immensely remunerative real estate investment. He has within a month been entertained by the Astors, Belmonts, James Gordon Bennetts, and others millionaire people, irrespective of party adherence. Most of these friends he has made while President. His social hold on them is firm. They will never let it be necessary for him to work for a living. He will be an ornamental ex-President, and perhaps occasionally useful in a non-partisan public way, but he will not let himself down to any pursuit for a livelihood."

A HEAD LIVES AFTER DEATH

[*Paris Despatch to London News.*]

M. Brown-Sequard wanted to see whether life, after a violent death, is susceptible to being recalled in an animal killed in a healthy state. He beheaded a dog familiar with his voice. The blood of another dog was beforehand prepared to be transfused into the arteries of the head. No sooner was it injected than the inert head became animated, the eyes opened and, on the Professor calling the dog by his name, an attempt was made to answer by a caressing look. When the arterial blood was exhausted life disappeared. This painful experiment was suggested by one made by Dr. Lebocle on Campi's head an hour and a half after execution and when, presumably, the cerebral matter had greatly lost excitability. Nevertheless, when arterial blood was injected into the head the mouth appeared to take a living character, the eyelids were raised the pupils contracted when light flashed upon them, and, by an orifice in the skull, it was seen that circulation was momentarily established in the intellectual convolutions.

"You did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear, this morning." "O, yes, I did, mamma." "Well, what did the minister say?" "He said that the picnic would start at ten o'clock Thursday morning—and oh! ma, can I go?"

SIGNIFICANCE OF RINGS.

A person who writes to the Brooklyn *Eagle* and inquires as to the significance of rings is thus answered:

It is understood that a gentleman who desires to marry wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left or heart hand. When he becomes engaged the ring passes to the second finger. After marriage it passes to the third finger. If, however, the gentleman desires his lady friends to clearly understand that he is not "in the market," and does not wish to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger. This will inform all ladies that he is beyond reach. With the ladies a plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the left hand indicates "not engaged" or ready for an offer. When engaged the ring passes to the third finger of the right hand. When married the third finger on the left hand receives the ring. When a young lady desires to defy all suitors she places rings—one on the first and one on the fourth finger. A writer on the subject of rings says: "Though the ring of gold has long been looked upon as a necessity in the marriage ceremony, it is by no means indispensable, and civil marriages may be contracted without it. The Puritans abolished the ring, or, rather, tried to do so; they looked upon its use as superstitious and of heathen origin. Quakers generally object to the ring on account of heathen origin, but the ladies of that persuasion have shown a decided preference for its continuance on account of the invidious position in which a married lady might be placed for the want of it. Wedding rings are placed on the left hand to typify obedience. The converse is probably the reason why the engaged hand is placed on the third right finger of a *fiancee*, who still possesses a large amount of freedom and frequently exercises her power in an arbitrary manner.

OPPORTUNE REMARKS.

[*From the Arkansas Traveller*]

Among the first Confederate troops that went out from Arkansas was Parson Geesmore, who enlisted as a chaplain. He was a devoted Christian and his prayers were regarded by the men as utterances from a higher power. Just before the battle of Jenkins's Ferry the old man in a sermon said:

"My dear boys, I have decided to go into the next fight with you. I don't think a man can properly preach about the evils and sensations of war unless he has experienced the feeling of going into battle. Now, the next fighting we engage in shall have me numbered among its participants."

The old gentleman rode a large gray horse and when preparations for the battle of Jenkins's Ferry were being made he appeared on the snowy charger. Some of the officers begged him to keep out of danger, but with an expression of heroism he replied that he would engage in the battle. The first artillery fire from the enemy shot the horse from under the old gentleman, and by the time he settled himself on his feet a bullet came along and carried off one of his fingers. He attempted to be calm, but just then a bullet carried away the right thumb, and wheeling around the old man struck a determined trot for the rear.

"Hold on, parson!" called some one.

"Hold on, h—l!" he replied. "Ask a man to hold on when the whole d—n universe is shooting at him. Take care of your body and the Lord will take care of your soul!"

A RAILROAD TO MAKE A CITY

[*From the Baltimore Sun.*]

The New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad has determined, it is stated, to make a city out of Cape Charles City. It is to be built on what is known as "The Old Plantation," which commences at Cherrystone Inlet and stretches down the bay coast to Cape Charles. The situation commands a splendid view of the bay, and possesses the advantage of breezes from both the Atlantic and Chespeake. It is proposed to make Cape Charles City a summer resort, and it is thought the place will spring into popularity as soon as its advantages are made known to the public. The peninsula is very narrow from Cherrystone down to the cape, with splendid shooting and fishing grounds along the bay shore, and within easy reach on the sea coast.

It is also thought that Cape Charles City will become very attractive as a resort for invalids in the fall, winter and spring months. The climate is mild there during all the cold months, and the extremes of heat are never felt in summer. The new city will be laid out in avenues and streets. The avenues are to be named after the Governors of Virginia and the streets after fruits. The railroad company, it is stated, have leased the wharf and warehouse property at Norfolk, known as Smith's on Town Point. It has a frontage of 441 feet, and finely situated for transportation facilities. A number of new freight houses and places for the accommodation of passengers will be erected on the property. The lease gives the company possession on the 1st of October.

A LARGE DIAMOND.

[*From the London Times.*]

A very extraordinary diamond of no less than 457 carats has, we are informed, been shipped from South Africa and sold by a city firm to a syndicate of diamond merchants. The color equals, if not excels, that of the finest India diamonds, and in the opinion of competent judges it will cut to a perfect and lutrous brilliant. In drop shape it will weigh as nearly as can be estimated about 220 carats, or in lozenge shape, briolette, about 300 carats. The brilliant will therefore exceed in weight all the historical diamonds. The Koh-i noor weighs 106 carats, the Regent of France 136 carats, and the Orloff, which was cut for weight, 195 carats. In size, color, purity and quality it is expected to prove to be the most marvellous stone ever known.

When you hear a rushing torrent of profanity, it is a sign that a dam has burst.

VALUABLE GEMS.

Industry prevents vice.

Love and trust but few.

Scorn to do a mean act.

Promise little and do much.

Write your own history daily.

Economy is the chair of old age.

Betray no trust; divulge no secret.

Pen and ink are the best witnesses.

Little boats must keep near the shore.

Short reckonings make long friends.

Do good whenever you can, and forget it.

Defile not your mouth with impure words.

The fall of the leaf is a whisper to the living.

Judge charitably and act kindly to each other.

Study not to beautify the face, but the mind.

Truth is the hidden gem we all should dig for.

Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

Truth is a rock large enough for all to stand upon.

Plain words make the most ornamental sentences.

Avoid yourself what you think wrong in your neighbor.

Speak well of your friend; of your enemy say nothing.

If none endeavored, there would be an end to discovery.

People swear because they know their words are worthless.

How much pain the evils have caused us that never happened.

There is no disease so dangerous as the want of common sense.

A child is the brightest ray in the sunshine of a parent's heart.

SINGLE LIFE.

A state of single blessedness has its mischievous side. The mischief of divorce is a mere bagatelle, as compared with the harm done by the influences which operate in both sexes to prevent marriage. We do not say delay, but to prevent; for the alarming fact is not the numbers who believe that they can achieve the ends and the happiness of life better without being entangled in the matrimonial web. This opinion has more prevalence among young men; but it is the other sex who suffer most under its operation. It is not altogether loose and libertine reasoning which leads young men and young women to this conclusion. It may be forced on them by the cogency of special facts in the world's way of thinking. There is a great mass of selfish and worldly convenience and comfort which induces them to take that side at once. There are risks in domestic life which are so great in the higher ranges of society as to take the ignoble look from a young man's selfish cowardice. The public discussions of woman's position and prospects have drawn the sexes apart in feeling and antagonistic interests. Wedded life is less attractive to young men. Its promise does not seem to equal its burdens. The young women, on their part, are frightened by the dismal pictures spread before them. Maternity, the crown and glory of their sex, is dishonored; and while on the one hand they have been morbidly informed of its costs and its perils, they have little but the dictates of their own nature to encourage them to assume its burdens or to reward them with the honor they deserve for having done so.—*Waverly Magazine.*

JEFFERSON'S RULES.

The following rules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson in a letter of advise to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1825:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst or cold.

6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

PROHIBITION BEER.

[*Flushing (L. I.) Journal.*]

Once, in a small Connecticut village, a number of habitues of the tavern were surprised to see Deacon J——enter the barroom where they were sitting. The deacon was a churchman and a "Prohibitionist." He observed the inquiring looks of his fellow-townsmen and, to do him justice, looked embarrassed—he blushed and the evidence of embarrassment mantled his entire countenance, particularly his nose. "John," said he to the bartender, "you may give me a glass of water, and just put a spoonful of sugar in it." Observing that the interest in his actions was lessening, the worthy deacon, growing bolder, remarked, "John, just fill that up with whiskey and make a kind of beer of it." That is the kind of a Porhibitionist he was.

"Man does not conceive of the magnitude of a billion," remarked the lecturer; "why, a billion sheets of paper, placed one on top of another, would make a pile nearly fifty thousand miles high." At this juncture a very solemn looking party with a large Adam's apple, rose up from a back seat and said: "Yes, but how are you going to pile them up?" And because the lecturer wouldn't explain, the solemn party sailed majestically out of the hall, thumping his cane angrily all the way.

MEDDLESOME PEOPLE.

All communities are more or less infested with a class of individuals who, forgetful of their own interests, are all the while intermeddling in the affairs of their neighbors, suggesting, prescribing, complaining, fretting and abusing because certain things do not joint up just in conformance to their own wishes and interests. Such individuals are always repulsive in the eyes of decent society and should be shunned by all good people. Small villages are mostly infested with this class, yet the small-pox would be far preferable. It is a principle greatly to be abhorred, and one of the most difficult to pass, being the result of extreme ignorance and low raising. Beware of the meddler.

SHE KNEW HOW.

She was young and sweet and poetic, he was young and mischievous. They were sitting out on the veranda in the moonlight and she grew ethereal.

"Oh, how, I love to sit out here in the moonlight, she cooed, "to be fanned by the languorous perfumes of the roses and to be kissed by the soft airs from the South!"

Then he kissed her and she grew indignant.

"How dare you?" she almost sobbed.

"Why, I'm a soft heir from the South," he replied contritely.

She didn't say anything when he kissed her again.

Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us toward what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

A country woman, who was visiting her married daughter in New York, wrote home that she was "living on a flat." A family council was held to determine what the phrase meant. The oldest son, who had been to the city, said it meant that she was "living in a great big house." But the majority came to the conclusion that she meant that she was living on her son-in-law.

To be certain of getting a bite when you go fishing, take it along with you.

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Yours Respectfully,

FRANK Y. CLUVERIUS,
"LITTLE GEM STORE,"
Weldon, N. C. may 22 6m.

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For Colds, take AYER'S PILLS to open the pores, remove inflammatory secretions, and allay the fever.

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