HALL & SLEDGE PROPRETORS

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS. W. H. KITCHIN.

W. A. DUNN.

KITCHIS & BUNN.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

R. H. SHITH Jr.

Attorneys at Law.

HALIFAX, S. C.

THOMAS S. RILL

BALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Rulling and a United countles and

Attorney at Law. GARYSBURG, N. C.

WALTER E DANIEL.

Attorney at Law.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties special attention given to evidentions in all of the State and prompt returns made, fels 17 by. W W. HALL

Attorney at Law. WELDON, N. C.

MULLEN & MOORE.

> Attorneys at Law. HALIFAN N. 4

Practice in the counties of Balifax, Northamp Edgecombe, Pitranel Martin—In the Supremess of the State and In the Federal Courts of the East Bottlet. Collections made in any part of the St jun 1 by





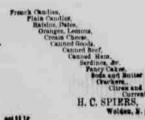
Can be found at his office in Enfield



BRICK STORE

IN THE BOTTOM.

CONFECTIONERIES.



#### AT DAWN.

As lover, stricken with a neighty way,
Who issued quiet be not unless find.
But rectless and with half distincted mind.
But rectless and with half distincted mind.
Sads and his heart where the haps to go.
Thinking to chap the joys he more did know
so all right, grieved the sad antiquod win
Full of a service deep releases that
Faith's requirem for the flowers shoul and low.

## TENDER AND TRUE.

CHAPTER I. THE DAWSING OF LOVE.

A tall, fair man, in a velveteen shooting jacket, coming slowly across the fields. gun in hand. A handsome aristocrate looking man, in spite of his careless

bright, brown hair, leaning over a low,

A sudden loy in the man's eyes when he sees her a little tremble in the slim. white hand that goes gladly out to greet him and then for a moment silence.

That is the picture I see for down nemory's track, as the mists that the years have gathered roll away; and again I greet. as plainly as if it were but vesterday, those two, one of whom was my heart's darling and the other my darling s lever.

It was the old, every day and usual story weary in the telling and weary in the acting. She was all the world to me while I was nothing to her. And yet i wrong her. She did love me, in her gentle, winsome way, as a child loves one who has guarded and watched it with care.

"You like me James don't you?" she would sometimes ask, reguishly, and I would laugh and call her a baby, even while the man's heart within was longing to tell her of the love that filled me and would linger till God should give me rest. I never did tell her, though sometimes

the temptation seemed greater than I could combat. I know so well how it would have pained her gentle heart to know she had caused me sorrow, however mintentionally. And I loved her too well to shadow, even lightly, her days with grief.

She was the light of our home-this girl, with her grave eyes and merry ways and the sunlight of that dull, gray life nto which my footsteps had fallen ince years before the trouble had compon us which had driven our father to suicide's grave and left us beggars.

I was the pener of St. Stephen' refined. Bitterly indeed had I rebelled against the quiet, uneventful life which I knew lay before me when I accepted the rectorship of Kingston; but gradually I had buried all my high hopes and aspirations; and the years, as they glided onward, and had brought me peace

ister from a friend who was dying in Lundon. She obeyed the summons; and three days later she returned with a littlesilemu-faced child, who crept like a tiny ghost into my arms, laying her tired head on my shoulder.

"James" said my sister, "I want to have this little hirdling stay with us. She is fatherless and motherless, and has n one in the wide world to protect her

I looked down into her hig brown which eyes were watching me. "She is the daughter of your friend !

Unterrogated.

Enough !" I interrupted. "We have

known what it is to be friendless ourselves Kate, and our knowledge is not limited a to how pitiless the world can be to those in used. Certainly we will keep the child, and guard her as her dead mother would have done."

So the little one's fate was decidedour home was her home henestorth and in place of the mother she had lost. Year by year she grew more dear to us. All the strong love of Kate's nature was lay ished on her, save what she reserved for me, and the latter was no beggar's por-

But to me Ruth Parley grow up to be learer than a sister -though, thank God. she never knew my heart's secret never knew me as other than her own fond, in dulgent fasterbrother.

Ah, me ! how foolish we are, the best of us, sometimes! How we create bright, imaging gentles, and possive them with those over whose lives we have no con-

A change came—the change with which

I have opened this narrative. Brian Vaughan and I had been friends in our youth. In my Etonian days I had thing!" she said slowly, revealing more in always liked the wild, impulsive boy, whose nature was a strange mixture of grand virtues and great faults-whose life his face as he laid his hand on her bright had been empty for the love all children hair. crave in the midst of the grandeur which change in a good many things since our there is a God when one reflects that He parting, and he had changed with the creates such beings as you." rest. Then he was scarcely twenty-one. She lifted her grave, brown eyes and had not learned much of the world's face.

had reverenced every grand or great with

Of late certain whispers concerning him what society thought of him-for his past few weeks in Kingston." talents and family were distinguished trifled with the affections of numerous women, that he had wasted any amount of want of anything lovable in his nature was time being was certain to win any one. pertain that beneath the thin erust of in her was waking, noble qualities a little choked in their growth, perchance, by the atmosphere be breathed - but still there -- remnants of the lotty aspirations which had won my heart

A distant relative of his mother had died, leaving him a small annuity, and a great barracks of a place, called Raleigh and ever ! Hall, remarkable for nothing but its numberless, motheaten rooms and general dilapidation. He had accepted the money, as he afterward informed me with placeity; but the Hall was in danger of never again seeing him; when, by some strange freak, he one day left London, in the very height of the season, and came there for what he termed quietness and

As our cottage was within easy walking distance of the Hall, it was not remarkable that we often met; and gradnally the old friendship was renewed; for he was pleased to greet me with a genuine heartiness that was not feigned, and I was glad to welcome him to my home

"Do you like him?" I asked Ruth, week or two after he had arrived. She was bending over a rosebush, ping the dead leaves with a little pair o issors, and she did not raise her head as she answered me

I never asked her again-I had no need to for in the days that followed her eyes told me all I wished to know.

Looking at him that morning. I ac knowledged to myself that he was the pleasantest, cheeriest companion I had mais that few could resist its charm, and I did not blame her that when he was near she seldom saw or noticed me.

They were standing together now. "Look!" she said, after a moment's little view through a gap in the treesyellow corn field, a purple moor, a hill be in a sudden glory by the morning's sun God, as children love those who are kind

his attention for more than the landscape though I know he was charmed by the maint, simple words.

· How different you are, Ruth, from the women one generally meets," he

ook his words as a kind of rebuke, and her face suidened.

she sighed. "Yet what you say is true, I suppose I am different from all the nee

ple you know." You are indeed!" he replied, in a ton grateful that it ought to have conveyed

to her his meaning. But griof and disappointment had fallen

edly. Then, after a little pause, she added. How paltry our lives must ap-

He laid his hand gently on the little finesers that rested on the care, and

"By returning I would lose you" he aid, and there cannot be much gladness in the thought of that."

Isn't it strange," she remarked rather in a few days. redevantly, "how people come and go in one's life, like the waves of the restless sea? and how soon we can forget the friend of a year in a day?"

forget, or to remember, lies not within so low he could barely hear:

"We seldom wish to forget a pleasant A great tide of tenderness swept across "Tell me the truth !

"Ruth," he said, his voice lingering surrounded him. There had been a softle over her name, "one cannot deny

wisdom. His standard of truth and "Tell me-has your visit here been honor had been very high, and his soul happy one ?"

There was a world of entreaty in her voice, and her lips quivered slightly.

"I was never before, I may never again had reached me-odd bits and ends of be as happy as I have been during the Then there was a pause. To them both pered.

enough to make it worth the world's while the hour was fraught with a tremulous love as yet unfold That night she was strangely quiet, and

talent through sheer indolence; that missing the merry laugh, I became unthough he had many friends warmly at easy; and when, for a brief while, we were tached to him, he himself was incapable alone together in the tiny, perfumed garof any warm attachment; and this marked den, I asked her if any thing had happened during the day to give her pain. For answer she smiled brightly in my

into mine. And looking down at her, ion with the angels within." But it was hard for me to believe that a where she rested at my feet. I saw that few short years of contact with the world though she was but a child in years a had warped all the good in him. I was child in heart—the woman's soul that lay vaicism, which the spurious dandies of "Ruth," I said, stroking the bowed

to-day consider quite the thing, lay many bead very tenderly, until he came your love was given to us undivided; now it is different; but, dear child, keep one little portion of your heart reserved for us and think of us sometimes."

trenulous voice, with deep emotion. "I lieve me, my heart loves you—therefore will remember to love you both, always

"Child," I whispered, drawing the win ning face near my own, some echo of the pain my heart felt lingering in my voice, "why did my friend come here to disturb your calm serenity, and teach you things you might otherwise never have known?" God sent him, I suppose," she anawered, a tender, loving smile playing round her lips. "Love is an atmosphere that all higher souls breath in-a medium through which all things earthly seem clothed in glories borrowed from

"Perhaps so?" I sighed; "but to very few does it bring happiness, and many ives would be the better without it."

dear old hermit, must not think, because you are proof against and despise such follies that all the world is the same !"

And I laughed-laughed pleasantlywith never a tremble in my voice. God family household, of which our aristocraand died died, a few perished in the arena

UNDER THE AUTUMN MOON. It was night-one of those soft, stilly nights when the earth laughs back to the his voice) Heft London to avoid a cerstar-studded sky and the very air seems tain lady my mother wishes me to marry. filled with fragrance. The wind murmured musically through the branches of tempted me had I strayed. I am going the trees, rocking to sleep on its bosom the flowers, and whispering good night to 'myself and return to you. But love, can the birds. In the distance lay the bay, you trust me? silence, stopping to show him an exquisite calm and placid. Not a ripple, not a sigh, to disturb it screnity, or mar the perfeet beauty of the silver pathway thrown beyond, and the clouds over all, bathed so lightly upon it by the moon, which fell so clear, so unbroken, that one could nto it on the far horizon.

"When I argor and saw the dawn, I sighed for thee,"

nize and form part of its beauty

wavy hair. A rare, fair woman was Ruth-a rare, fair woman always-but to its fullest energy. With noiseles presence he forgot all he should have re-

she turned to great him ne," he said, "or I might not have known

pear in comparison to yours! and how his gaze met hers, some of the truth and from her to him, and the great, pure, can came into his eyes and lingered

said after a pause. "I will have to leave,

"To leave?" she repeated, in a voice from which all joy had tlown. "I am

"But the wave that departs in the before her. There was no quiver in her norming comes back at night, he whis tone-her lips did not tremble-yet he pered; "and one may choose to forget, and could see how pale she had grown beneath not be able to accomplish the desires -for to the moonlight. Then she said, in a tone Why need you go until after Christ-

"Ruth, do you want me to stay ?" he

her simple speech than she was aware of, asked, taking gentle possion of her hands I do !" she answered, tremulously.

But why? It is because you love me,

caught her in his arms.

She lifted one hand and drew his face

with all my heart and soul!" she whis-

to attend to him. It was rumored he had joy-a vague, sweet longing that meant crossed his face, and I know he was regretting the vanished days of his youth, when his standard of truth had been high and his deeds for evil few, and he lood

> cence eyes, and listen to your words, I feel face, and her little hands stole confidingly adise, who has no right to hold commun

> > She smiled contentedly from her shelter within his arms. There would be no paradise if those we love could not enter!" she murmared.

"Therefore heaven to me would not be "Von should not report mult be original emorsefully-regretting, even while he

gloried in the lesson he had taught her "I am not worthy of it!" "Brian, love should never doubt! Be-

my soul knows no fear. He did not answer for a while. Then very gently, he released her; and taking both her hands in his, he looked steadily into her upturned face

"I am not a good man, darling." said. People have called me bad, and reckless not without just cause. But my surroundings have had a good deal to do with it, I think. When, as a child, I prayed, all a boy's possionate longing, for which alone keeps them alive, love, it was denied me. I had a mother who never kissed or caressed me as I saw other children's mothers do. I never had any one to sympathize in my taste, o teach me to pray to the God who created

me. And as I grew older, and learned "Treason!" she returned, gayly. "You that, though our names adorned the book at St. James, and the queen figured on means were employed to obtain them. The prayers I lisped in my babyhood were for wealth that panacea for all evil-and back determined to try hard and conquer

## fro be continued. WOMEN IN SICKNESS.

disease may indeed be said to be the woman's home. We there behold her in her toice seemed not to disturb the exquisite firm, without being barsh; tender, yet not silence of the night, but to him harms- weak active yet quiet gentle patient an-She was standing on a little rustic feeling that so peculiarly graces the femibridge and the moonlight glimmered over nine character, is there called forth; while her, kissing her lips, her cheeks and her the native strength of mind which has hitherte shumbered in inserioire, is roused she moves about the chamber of the inmade her seem almost divine, and Brian valid, her listening ear ever ready to eatch Vaughan might be pardoned if in her the slightest marmur, her quick, kind wish, and supply the half formed want. She smooths with careful hand the uneasy From where I stood, in the shadows of pillow that supports the aching head, or the trees. I saw the tender joy with which with road hand smooths the fevered brow, the grateful draught, happy if she meet New York, on Monday last give birth to one kind glance in payment for her labor

which breaths of life and hope of health and is but six inches long, but as full ing clay. Through the dim silent watches ster were of the regular size. The sur of the night, when all around are hushed prised parents and the attending physiin sleep, it is hers to keep long vigils, and can are unable to account for the strange she would cheerfully sacrifice her two. goetly formed is about the size of a ctail and watches with dreary eyes the face she loves then sinks again to rest, to start

#### LAUGHLETS.

"Time will tell"-a lady's age. To make cakes short-eat them. Why is a convict like a halloon? Re-

Why is a clerk like a gun? Bee

When does a man have a wife in

Teacher (to new pupil)-How muc is 8 and 87" New pupil-"88." Why does a man cross the street? Be

use he wants to get on the other side. What is the difference between a Cathdie sister and a Catholie woman? Nun When does a girl have a naughty beau? When her bonnet strings are in a hard

rubber ball. When he gets bounced by a

Never tease an Irishman now, lest he turn upon you and ask you who was Jas.

for whiskey, what condition is he in? Why is a school-boy after a flogging

When a drunkard spends his last cen-

like the American flag? Because What is the difference between a drink

of whiskey and a drunkard? One is se up and the other is usset. There are many weakly papers in this

If a former Governor is an ex-Governor a former pressman is an ex-pressma an old sample is an ex-sample.

ountry. They are one-half patented,

#### A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

my mother's visiting list, we were very far will call Sandy Black, whose frequent fits from being rich, and that many were the of spleen produced some amusing scenes struggles and trials which disturbed our of senseless irritability relished by all excopt the brute's good, patient little wife knows, of all the martyrs who have lived the friends never faintly guessed. I made One morning Sandy rose bent on a quar up my mind that the best things in life rei; the fish and eggs were excellent, done were wealth and power, no matter what to a turn, and breakfast passed of without a cause for complaint.

What will you have for dinner, Sandy? A chicken, madam said the mean hus-

Boost or boiled? asked the wife-Confound it, madam, if you had been good and considerate wife, you would have known before this what I liked! Sandy growled out, and slamming the

door behind him, left the house, The dinner time came and Sandy down to the table. The fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him in a towering passion he

salled out Boiled chicken! I hate it, chicken boil-

another chicken roasted to a turn. Madam, I won't eat roast chicke oared Sandy. You know how it should

At that instant a broiled chicken

nushrooms, was placed on the table.

Without green peas! roared the grum-Here they are, dear, said she, How dare you spend my money in that

chair, and rushed from the room, with How dare you receive a present without

# THE SMALLEST EVER BORN.

Mrs. Charles Tracy, of Kings bridge in store for happy days to come; or tells of life and gitted with as much lung power away at me when I'd stick my head out dark power of death shall no more have well developed, and the three children dominion over the frail, suffering, perish been to them before the present youngto hold communion with her God, and freak of nature. The baby's body could silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, he circled by a fourteen year-old child's for the prolongment of a life for which thumb and index finger. The head, per-And even when exhausted nature sinks to apple. Its mouth is so small that it is brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even unable to partake of its natural nourishin her sleep, she seemed awake to this one ment, and it takes its milk through a small chit? great object of her care. She starts and uppple, the size of a straw, attached to a

with every chime of clock or distant sound. Black's novel having aroused some interwhich formerly had passed unheard, or est in Judith Shakespeare, it is well to only served as a lullaby to her sweet sleep. know the very little that is known about the real daughter of Shakespeare. She A man in a train was heard to group so and her twain brother. Hammett, were feightfully that the passengers took pity born in 1584, and a few years before her as him, and one of them gave him a father's death (1616), she married Thomread in her eyes what her lips were afraid drink out of a whiskey flask. "Do you as Quincy and had three chileren.-She to repeat; and, with a glad, low cry, he feel better?" asked the giver. "I do," died in 1691. The mention in her fath said he who had grouned. "What ailed er's will seems to indicate a good deal of "Oh, child-my little, white child of you?" "Ailed me?" "Yes, what made affection on his part, and we know she of grace—I have so hungered to know if you groan so?" "Groan! Great land of could not write her name, but signed with it were true! I love you with all my freedom! I was singing!" a cross.—Boston Journal.

### BEECHER IN LOW SPIRITS.

HE IS READY TO LAY DOWN HIS BURDEN AND DIE.

The Rev. Houry Ward Bescher was in low spirits the other night, and a certain amount of melancholy was infused into his prayer meeting. The hymns he selected were of a mouroful character and the prayer he effered up for the Rev. Dr. Noah Hunt Schenek was fervently sorrowful. He took for the subject of his talk the horror with which men view

death, and dwelt long upon the theme. "If God were to ordain me to begin life again," he said, "of course I would list cheerfelly. But I am glad the end is drawing night. I have had a good deal of trouble, though they say that thrashing is good for wheat and minister. It takes away lots of straw and leaves the grain. I hope it will have a good effect upon

"And yet," said Mr Beecher, wistfully and deliberately. "I have had health, vigor, quick perception of humor, clear understanding, and great enjoyment in the production of it. I have had the smypathy of men, and certainly no being ever had a church gathered around him with people more affectionate in it. They love me, and have been taught, as the Lord has said, "those whom the Lord leveth he

chastiseth." Mr. Beecher's voice sank into a whisper and it was with an effort that he coused himself from his reverie. "I am 71-or 72, which is it? Not quite 82 years old, I think, and at that age most folsk are dead and gone. But I find myself in perfect health. I am strong, in good spirits, and in good relations mith men. But I feel, with the Apostle Paul, that it is better to depart and be with Christ. I have had this feeling a good many years, and I did not die. I don't consider it as an intimation that I am going to die, though I have the feeling now. I cannot help thinking of Dr. Schenck, who was my friend at a time when friendship meant something, and though I do not covet any one's goods, I say to myself: "Why he? Why not I?" It seems to me that these boundaries are either brought nearer to me or I to them. I have chided myself that I have never been able to preach what lies latent in my fancy in respect to the blessedness of the other life. Dying is radiant. It is the whiteness of the saints descending from

## ALL SIGNS FAIL.

Dr. Dosem, an Austin physician was call on to attend old Uncie Mose, who

You have been gorging vourself with green watermelons for dinner, said the physician, feeling the patient's pulse. How de debble did yer find dat out-

by feelin' my pulseses?

under the bed

For God's sake! said the old man, rais ing himself up in bed; you am de knowninist man in Austin, Heab, old 'oman, take dat ele harness from under the bed or dish heah medicineal gemman am gwine ter treat me for eatin' a mule for dessert to settle my stomach. I sin't techad a watermillion in foah weeks. Hit's rheumaticly ole niggar in Texas at dis sesson

Mr. Hacklin went into an unbealthy acigliborhood and started a newspaper Several months afterwards he was seen in the vicinity of his former home

Hello! said a friend, back so scon? Yes, I got restless. Didn't like the neighborhood? Not after the people became too famil

iar. I had not been there long until it

## THE HOT WATER CURE.

Poctor-You have tried the remedies

Patient-I have, doctor, and fellowed ur directions faithfully. D .- And you have experienced no ben

P.-Not a particle.

D .- Then there is only one thing that will avail you; you must try the hot water

D .- Nothing els: will help you. P.-Then I'm a gove mun.

P.-Haven't I? Why I've been m ried ten years and my mother-in-law live in my house.-Boston Boston.

D .- What makes you think se? You

ADVERTISEMENTS

## AYER'S Hair Vigor

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

# FRIEND!

HOPE

JOY. SAFETY AND EASE

-10-SUFFERING WOMAN IS

H. D. HOLMES, M. D., Atlanta, Gr

TORPID LIVER

PETERSBURG, VA.



COTTON PRESSES 12-flaw Mills, Grist, Mills, Mill Leons, Phone

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS.

-