THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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XIV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1885. NO. 3:

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY—PURITY—NOT QUANTITY. One Every Bottle. Trade Mark.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

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Dec. 18 1yr

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The finest tonic for the nervous people is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which insures perfect digestion and assimilation, and the active performance of their functions by the liver and bowels. As the system acquires tone through the influence of this benign medicine, the nerves grow stronger and more tranquil, headaches cease, and that nameless anxiety which is a peculiarity of the dyspeptic, gives way to cheerfulness. To establish health on a sure foundation, use the peerless invigorant. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

oct 30 1y

NOTICE.

Just received an consignment the following:
150 Barrels of Lime.
2 40 Saw Lummis Cotton Gins.
2 40 " " Feeders and Condensers.
1 45 " " Gin and Condenser.
1 60 " Hall Gin.
Also one or two second hand Wagons and Buggies.
6 or 8 tons of Hay.
For sale cheap. Apply to
J. T. GOODE, Weldon, N. C.
jan 1 4m

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

KITCHIN & DUNN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.
may 13tf

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

BUSBEE & SMITH.
Mr. F. H. Busbee and Mr. R. 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 16 1y

THOMAS N. HILL,
Attorney at Law.
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. aug. 28 tf.

T. W. MASON,
Attorney at Law.
GARYSBURG, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. june 8 tf.

WALTER E. DANIEL,
Attorney at Law,
WELDON, N. C.
Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties.
Special attention given to collections in all parts of the state and prompt returns made.
feb 17 1y.

W. W. HALL,
Attorney at Law.
WELDON, N. C.
Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1 tf.

MULLEN & MOORE,
Attorneys at Law,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practice in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the supreme court of the state and in the Federal courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the state. jan 1 1y

DR. J. E. SHIELDS,
Surgeon Dentist.

Having permanently located in Weldon, can be found at his office in Smith's Brick Building at all times except when absent on professional business. Careful attention given to all branches of the profession. Parties visited at their homes when desired. july 23 1y

DR. R. L. HUNTER,
Surgeon Dentist.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.
Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extraction of Teeth always on hand.
w22 M

$N more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling $ Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Address BALLANTY BOOK CO., Portland, Maine. feb 5-1y

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful—
Free and easy but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow—
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy—
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you merry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb!
Are you mirthful? How her laughter
Silver-sounding, will ring out!
She can flirt, and coach, and play you
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise—
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love looks in your eyes—
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the Fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and foil you all.

THE LETTER.

"Any letters?" asked the Widow Wadsworth, turning from the grocery counter of the "stores" of Kornhill to the corner by the window over which swung a placard bearing the legend "Post office," upon it, and glancing through her spectacles at the small row of candy jars which were made to do duty as letter holders. "Any letters for our house Mr. Bristol?"

Mr. Bristol, the senior of that name—who was too rheumatic to weigh groceries or measure calico, was as deaf as a post, had, perhaps, the least natural talent for the reading of dubious script that could be found in the person or any living man; and, besides this, could never find his spectacles—roused himself from a nap in which he had been indulging, looking bewildered, and seemed for a moment dubious as to what he should do next; but seeing that Mrs. Wadsworth's eyes were fixed upon the candy jars, decided that she wanted a letter, and, reaching up, slowly took two of them down and, with much deliberation, spread them before her like a pack of cards.

"I've put my specks somewhere," he said, "but where I dunno. Look 'em over and sort what's yours, Mrs. Wadsworth."

This was old Mr. Bristol's usual style of performing the business of postmaster. And as it was an honest place, little harm came of it. Often people carried their neighbors' letters to them when they happened to pass their gates, and the only registered letter that ever yet has been sent to Kornhill was considered an insult to the community at large.

"They might ha' known no one would ha' meddled with it," said the postmaster.

And the farmers talked the matter over as they jogged home side by side in their wagons, and the summer boarder who did the strange thing was made to feel the indignation of her hostess. But that was long after the evening on which Mrs. Wadsworth asked if there were any letters for "her house."

Peering over the little row spread before her, she saw that there was one—a small envelope—addressed in a delicate lady's hand to "James Wadsworth, Esq."

"That's Jim," said the old lady "Who can have writ to him?"

There were no more. She put her single epistle in her pocket, pushed the rest toward Mr. Bristol and nodded at him. Mr. Bristol nodded in reply, rejarred the letters, perched himself upon a stool and went to sleep again. Then the younger Bristol helped the old lady into her wagon, handed in her basket of groceries, and she drove away, with the letter in her pocket, and a queer feeling, half fear and half anger, at her heart as she said over and over again, talking aloud to herself, as the old white horse plodded along the lonely road:

"Who has writ to Jim, I wonder?"

Maggie, the "help," came out to carry in the basket, when Mrs. Wadsworth stopped at her own gate, and she herself walked into the kitchen. There was a great stove there, and on it the kettle was boiling, steam rushing from its spout in one long stream, and creeping in a flat sheet from under the cover. Before this stove Mrs. Wadsworth stood and warmed her hands.

"I wonder who has writ to Jim," she said. "If I thought it was that Girl I'd throw it into the fire."

Then a story she had heard of some one who had feloniously opened an envelope by holding it over the steam of a tea-kettle occurred to her mind.

"I wonder whether it would open that way," she says, "it couldn't be any great harm just to satisfy myself that it isn't from her. Jim is but a boy, and I am his mother, I guess, according to law, I'd have a right. I ought to, anyhow."

Then the hand which held the letter outstretched itself. The stream of steam beat against the flap of the envelope. In a moment or so, it hung loose and limp and wet in her hands."

"I'll go and put my bonnet away," she said, in an unnatural sort of tone, and hurried up stairs.

"I am his mother," she said again, as she sat down in her rocking-chair and drew the letter from the envelope. "It's right I should know."

Then she cast her eye over the writing. There was not much of it. Just this:

"DEAR JAMES: I know, after my conduct, it is my place to write first. I was naughty. Please forgive me. Isn't that humble enough? And if you do, come and take me to the picnic to-morrow.

"Your own

"NELLY."

"It is from that girl," said Mrs. Wadsworth. "It's from her. And things have gone so far, and he hasn't told his mother a word! Oh, how hard it is to bear! That girl I don't want Jim to marry; but of all girls that one!" and she rocked herself to and fro.

"There's been a quarrel," she said at last, "and she's written this to make up. If he never got it, he'd never speak. I know his pride. She comes of a poor lot.

I hate her; she's a bad wife for him. I think it's my duty not to give it to him. I'll think it over." Then she opened the the drawer of her bureau in which she kept valuables and money and thrust the letter in and locked it up.

She had time to think the matter over before Jim came in, for he was late, and "that girl" grew more distasteful to her every moment.

"Going to the picnic, Jim?" she asked, as they sat over their tea. And Jim answered that he hadn't thought of it.

"I'd go if I was you, and take your Cousin Miranda," said the old lady. "She expects it, I guess." And Jim, only moved by the remembrance of Nellie Barlow and a wish to make her jealous, agreed to the proposition. He took Miranda to the picnic next day, and Nellie, was there, and saw them together; and remembering her note, written in a moment of softness, when the wish to recall certain angry words she had said to Jim, was strong upon her, she grew sick with shame. She had held out her hand in reconciliation, and he had not taken it. Could anything make a woman more indignant? After that she never even looked at him.

Old Mrs. Wadsworth having kept Jim's letter a few days, felt that too much explanation would be necessary were she to give it to him after so long a delay. Besides it would be well for her son that he should not see it. He would, of course, marry his cousin Miranda—only a second cousin—a girl she liked, and who would never set herself up above her mother-in-law—a girl who did not like poor Nellie, look aggravatingly stylish.

But Jim did not marry Miranda. No one will ever know whether Miranda would have accepted him or not. After awhile she married a Mr. Wiseman, who was better off than Jim, and old enough to be his father, and Nelly, too, married. While her heart burnt with resentment against her old lover, she chose a new one, a dark, moody, silent sort of man, who carried her away to the city, whence there came rumors now and then that she was not happy, that her husband led a wild life. Once some one declared that he was a very madman in his jealousy, and locked her in her room at times. But no one knew whether it was true or not. Her parents would never say anything about her.

As for James Wadsworth, he had gone to church to see her married and had gone home with a headache. The next day he was delirious; a brain fever had set in and the doctors shook their heads over him. What he said in his delirium only his mother understood, but if she could have undone the deed that she had done, she would have thanked Heaven. For weeks he lay at death's door, and then a pale shadow crept about the house—the wreck of bright, handsome Jim Wadsworth. His beauty was gone, and he was not quite sure about his mind. He answered sensibly enough when he was spoken to, but voluntarily he never spoke.

After awhile he grew strong enough to do farm work, and did what his mother suggested, and she grew used to his altered ways. And so matters rested when, ten years from her wedding-day, Nelly came back to her father's home in a widow's cap. And the people of Kornhill learnt that her husband was dead, and began to wonder whether he had left her money.

Jim, plowing in the adjoining field, saw her as she sat upon the old home stead porch, and stood, for a moment, staring at her. Then he left his plow in the furrow, his horses standing where they were, and went home. His mother saw him coming. He trampled over the beds of vegetables, and trod down the young corn. He sought no path. As the bee flies he sought the doorway at which his mother stood staring at him, and walked into the kitchen past her without a look.

"Jim, my boy," said the old woman, "what is it?"

He made her no answer; but went to his room and straight to bed. For hours he never spoke to her. Then he began to babble. He uttered Nelly's name; he reproached her with inconstancy; he called her tender names in one breath and cursed her in the next. Then he gave one wild cry and sprang up in his bed and dropped back again, with his eyes staring toward heaven. He was dead; the mother knew that before they told her so.

The next day a coffin stood in the low-ceiled parlor, and in it lay a pale statue with closed eyes—all that was left of Jim Wadsworth. One by one the friends and neighbors came softly in to look at him, and went away more softly, often in tears. At last came one woman—a fair woman, in a widow's cap and veil who stood longer than the rest looking at the still, white face, and at her own request was left alone with it, while curious people in the other room wondered whether it was true that Nelly and Jim were once engaged and had quarreled. For this was Nelly, in her widow's weeds, who had come to look at Jim for the last time.

As she stood there, with thoughts for which there were no words trooping through her mind, an inner door opened and an old woman crept in. It was Mrs. Wadsworth, broken down at last, and with the strange, restless light of an unsettled intellect in her light blue eyes.

She held an old letter in her hand, and it rustled as she slowly crossed the room and stood beside the coffin.

"Jim," said she, "here's your letter. I've been thinking it over, and since you take it so hard, you'd better have it. I only kep' it for your own good, Jim. She ain't the girl for you; but you take it so hard. Wake up, Jim; here's your letter.

But the white, frozen hands lay still upon the breast, and other small, living woman's hands grasped it instead. Nelly knew all the story now.

"Here is your letter, Jim," she whispered. "Oh, Jim, Jim," and she laid it softly under the white flowers upon the bosom, and, stooping, kissed the waxen hands and brow. "Oh, Jim, Jim!" she said again, and let her black veil down over her face, and went her way; and the gossips who stared after her as she passed down the village street, wondered again if she had ever been engaged to Jim Wadsworth, but none of them ever knew. The grave keeps its secret, so also does a woman's heart.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[*Milledgeville.*]

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print: Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and taste. The host, though disapproving of theaters and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company seated in the drawing-room some one requested Booth as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned trembling upward, were wet with tears. And yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, 'till at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth "Our Father, who art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, 'till from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's prayer, but I have never heard it—never!" "You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years; and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of it."

THE USES OF TURPENTINE.—Let any one who has an attack of the lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine. It will give relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a remedy for croup. Saturate and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every case three or four drops on a lump of sugar, may be taken.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S GRAVE.—"Bury me in sight of dear old Boston," was the dying request of America's great actress—Charlotte Cushman. And how faithfully that wish has been gratified. On a sloping bank, in full view of the gilded dome of the State House and the piles of brick and granite which cover the hill on which Boston is built, is an ivy-covered grave, and the tall, unpolished granite shaft bears the words: "Charlotte Cushman." The lot is surrounded with beds of ivy, granite posts marking the corners.

A LOVING WIFE.

If you would have a loving wife be as gentle in your words after as before marriage. Treat her as tenderly when a matron as when a miss. Don't quite make her the maid of all work and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when "you first knew her." Don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold her because it does not come on the table "porter-house."—Don't grumble about squalling babies if you can not keep up a "nursery," and remember that baby may "take after papa" in his disposition. Don't smoke and chew tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves and spoil your temper, and make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you. Go home joyous and cheerful to your wife, and tell her the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "lodge," and let her afterwards learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember you are not perfect, but try to be. Let whisky, tobacco and vulgar company alone. Spend your evenings with your wife, and live a decent Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true—if you did not marry a heartless beauty, without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences.

FRIGHTENED BY FORREST.

One of the best known of American actors, who is now living in modest retirement, the other day told this story of the stage to a party of friends:

"I began my professional career as a supernumerary at one of the New York theatres," said he, "and I shall never forget my first speaking part. Forrest was playing 'Macbeth,' and I was supporting him by carrying a spear. At the last moment the utility man, who was to announce that Birnam Wood seemed approaching Dunsinane, was nowhere to be found. I was very ambitious, and had often besought the stage manager to let me essay a speaking part. The golden opportunity had come. I was selected to go on in the utility man's place. A few moments sufficed to make me perfect in the one line I had to speak. When I heard my cue I marched on the stage and boldly announced to Mr. Forrest: 'As I stood looking toward Birnam, anon me thought the wood began to move.' Quick as a flash Forrest had seized me by the throat and roared out in his most terrible voice: 'Liar and slave!' Being taken wholly unawares, I really thought my last hour had come and that Macbeth was going to kill me. My face was blanched with fear, my knees knocked together and I had just strength enough to articulate: 'Forgive me, Mr. Forrest, I didn't mean to tell a lie, and I only said what the stage manager told me.' Like the difficult passages in novels, the shout that went up from the audience may be better imagined than described. The situation was too much for even Forrest himself, and for once even old Metamora's stern features relaxed."

THE CABINET LADIES.

[Washington Letter in Boston Travellier.]

Mrs. Bayard is somewhat of an invalid, but has the assistance of two daughters who have enjoyed ample social opportunities. Miss. Bayard is an accomplished horsewoman and is at her best in society which goes in for mild athletic sports. Both the sisters are fine-looking girls. Mrs. Endicott is a pleasant-faced, elderly matron, who has already shown a wonderful interest in meeting people. She has three daughters who will assist her in her social affairs. Mrs. Manning is a bride, and that means lots of style and good clothes. She is quite a handsome woman, of charming manners, and is bound to make a favorable impression. Mrs. Vilas is equally fortunate in this regard and had a chance to meet most of the last dynasty previous to its close at an afternoon tea Mrs. Leiter gave in her honor. Messrs. Garland and Lamar, are widowers, and are not likely to contribute to the round of gayety. If the Administration continues to tuck itself into bed at 10 o'clock every night there will be either no evening parties or the absence of any one officially great at the late ones. Mrs. Leiter, Mrs. Yules and Mrs. Niles are apt to lead socially in private life during this Administration. All are well fitted for the duties and are, furthermore, widely acquainted and fond of elegant society. Mrs. Leiter, who came here over a year ago almost an invalid, has improved so greatly in health and strength as to enable her to stand such an ordeal. Her spacious home, the Blaine mansion is admirably adapted for entertaining.

THE REMEDY.—A young wife who thought she was losing her husband's affections went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her: "Get an raw piece of beef, cut flat about half a inch thick. Slice an onion and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsely on it, and get him to eat it." The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

NORTH CAROLINA GOLD.

AN ABANDONED CABARRUS COUNTY MINE FOUND TO CONTAIN A RICH DEPOSIT.

Near Concord, Cabarrus county, Robert Paul bought a gold mine which years ago was partially opened by an Englishman, at whose death work was stopped. The mine filled with water, and a large mound of earth taken from it became covered with vines.

Last week Paul hauled some of the earth from near the mouth of the mine to his house. Among the gravel was a lump of gold. He took the earth to the creek, washed it, and got $325 from a cart load. He kept the affair secret. There are 2,000 bushels of earth at the mouth at the pit, and a man named Eli Hinson made Paul a cash offer of $50 per bushel for it, which was refused.

It is stated by a man ninety years old that the mine was really worked by the Englishman in a mysterious way and with wonderful success. It was in Cabarrus county that gold was first found in North Carolina. The nugget weighed twenty-eight pounds, and for many years remained the largest on record until surpassed by one found in California and latter by one discovered in Australia.

NEW ORLEANS STREET-CAR.

[Letter to San Francisco Argonaut.]

Speaking of cars brings to the mind the great politeness and courtesy of Southern men. I have seen three or four of them rise simultaneously to offer seats to an old and ragged negress, and never since I have been in New Orleans have I seen a woman standing in a car while a man occupied a seat. In New York many handsomely dressed and attractive women have become accustomed by long experience to cling to the strap of a swerving bob-tail car, while a dozen or fifteen men sit comfortably. One grows accustomed to that sort of thing, and does not realize what a man's duties are until it is brought forcibly before him, as it is here by the manners of the men of New Orleans. The admirable part of it is that they do not discriminate in the least. A ragged woman of wretched aspect is treated with the same courtesy on every occasion as her more attractive and younger sisters. In passing up her fare, stopping the car—in fact, in every little attention that can be paid to a woman passenger—there is positive competition among the men.

Every street-car driver here is called "Gallagher." The only slang expression in the place is that which is addressed in a chorus to the driver, after a woman has alighted, by the men passengers. She steps off the car, and the driver sits comfortably ahead looking at the mule. He displays every inclination and intention of sitting there forever, until three or four passengers raise their voices and cry, gravely: "Let her roll, Gallagher." Upon this he lets go the brake and the mule trots daintily on its blithsome way.

TWENTY REASONS.

There are some men who don't seem to understand why ladies prefer sober men. The matter is simple enough:

1—Wives like sober husbands because they can reason with a sober man.

2—The sober man is more companionable.

3—Sober men have pride, and pride is a woman's main hold.

4—Sobriety means a comfortable home.

5—Good clothes for mother and children.

6—A house of your own.

7—Evenings at home, instead of a barroom.

8—Better health and enjoyment of life.

9—An elevated view of life and sense of your responsibility.

10—You are a credit to your wife and children.

11—People that once despised you will now bless you.

12—Your word will be gauged as you resist the tempter.

13—Young men will pattern after you.

14—You will be an ornament to society and the whole town in which you live.

15—The whole community will take pride in you and wish they had more like you.

16—Your family and friends will appreciate you.

16.—Your enemies will admire your path of sobriety.

18—Scoffers will be disarmed by your works.

19—Your manly qualities will grow with your years.

20—God will bless you.

WILLING TO PAY EXTRA.

A Western bridegroom at an up-town hotel summoned a bell-boy by bawling down six flights of stairs.

"W—what's the matter?" panted the boy, as he responded to the unique summons.

"It's that airlight," said the bridegroom indicating the gas, "I've been tryin' to blow the darned thing out for fifteen minutes. If it costs anythin' extry to sleep in the dark jes say so, an' I'll foot the bill. Mariar you get behind the trunk a minit."

DRINKERS OF BLOOD.

They haunt the abattior every week and drink the warm beef blood by the cupful. It is caught as it flows from the animal's throat. It benefits thin-blooded persons. Some time since a woman came to the stock yard who said her physician had told her she must drink blood.

"But I never can do it, never!" said she, shuddering.

"But it tastes just like milk," said the gentleman appealed to. "Come, I'll blindfold you and give you a glass of milk. Then I'll give you some more milk, or a glass of blood, then a taste of milk, until you get them mixed up, and you won't know which is which."

She consented, and drank the glass first given her with a relish. "Ah! that was the milk. Now I think I can try the blood," she said.

"But, madam, you have drunk it already," said the gentleman.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

AN ENGINEER'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Charley Robinson, a locomotive engineer on the Hudson River Railroad, came so near running over his own little son, Randolph Robinson, at Cranton on Tuesday evening that he fell back on his seat almost senseless. The litte fellow was coasting and his sleigh went further than he intended it should. As he approached the railroad track an Albany express train was going south and there appeared to be no escape from dashing into it. When his sleigh struck the down track the boy rolled off to the up track and his sleigh went under the passing train and was smashed. At that moment a Cranton special train was rapidly approaching from the south on the up track. The engineer was Mr. Robinson, whose son had just fallen from his sleigh. The engineer saw the accident, but did not know it was his own son that lay by the the track. Nevertheless Mr. Robinson threw over his lever put on his air breaks and pulled the throttle wide open. He brought his train to such a sudden halt it throw the passengers from the seats; but he stopped the train about four feet from the boy, who had been slightly injured by no fall. As soon as the train had stopped Mr. Robinson saw that the little fellow he had saved from death was his own son. The shock was so great that he could no longer stand at his post and fell back on his seat. He soon recovered and clasped the boy to his breast.—New York *World.*

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH HOBBY.

[Washington Letter in Boston Transcript.]

If the President has one hobby above another in connection with selecting office-holders, it is on the subject of health. When a name is presented for his consideration, and after he has satisfied himself that the candidate has the moral and intellectual qualifications, he invariably follows it up with something afters this style: "What sort of a looking man is he?" "How much does he weigh?" "Is he in perfect health?" "Do you think he could perform hard work and still keep his physical condition unimpaired?" The President likes a robust man, and believes that it is a mistake to put men into office who are more than likely to either neglect their duties or to retire with shattered constitutions. Consequently candidates who are not vigorous, in a physical sense, meet with but little favor at the White House.

ABYSSINIAN HEBREWS.

[*From the Boston Journal.*]

One of the most remarkable peoples with whom missionaries have to do are the Falashas of Ethiopia. They are black Hebrews, about two hundred thousand in number, living west of Jordan, who have as their holy writings the Old Testament in an Ethiopic version, and who still rigidly adhere to the Mosaic ceremonies and laws. They are the children of Hebrew immigrants, who, in the time of the great Dispersion, settled in Abyssinia and married wives of that nation. Efforts made during the last 200 years to convert them to Christianity have certainly proved unavailing.

A gentleman saw a board with "This cottage for sail" painted on it. Seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her very politely when the cottage would sail. "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was the quiet reply."

"If others we would criticise,
We should be very sure,
That in the universal eyes
Our characters are pure.
Sometimes we neglect ourselves,
When, if the truth were known,
That while we talk of others' faults,
We're plenty of our own."

The dearest help is often that which costs the least wages. It is poor economy to keep four men to do the work that three or two ought to perform. If a man is for any cause dissatisfied, the sooner he and his employer part the better for both parties.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND's farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running sloughs formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND's direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND's permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 37th and 38th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND's extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

MOTHER

—ARE YOU—

TROUBLED With any disease peculiar to your gentle sex?

If so, to you we bring tidings of comfort and great joy. You can

BE CURED

and restored to perfect health by using

BRADFIELD'S

FEMALE

REGULATOR!

It is a special remedy for all diseases pertaining to the womb, and any intelligent woman can cure herself by following the directions. It is especially efficacious in cases of suppressed or painful menstruation, in whites and partial prolapsus. It affords immediate relief and permanently restores the menstrual function. As a remedy to be used during that critical period known as "CHANGE OF LIFE," this invaluable preparation has no rival.

SAVED HER LIFE!

RIDGE, MCINTOSH CO., GA.

DR. J. BRADFIELD—Dear Sir: I have taken several bottles of your Female Regulator for falling of the womb and other diseases combined, of sixteen years standing, and I really believe I am cured entirely, for which please accept my heartfelt thanks and most profound gratitude. I know your medicine saved my life, so you see I cannot speak too highly in its favor. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are suffering as I was.

Yours very respectfully,

MRS. W. E. STERRETT.

Our Treatise on the "Health and Happiness of Woman" mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

oct 21 1y

HOME

FERTILIZER

The Oldest Best and only Standard Chemical Fertilizer in use.

READ.

GOOD FARMING

Henry Pierce, of Franklin County, N. C., reports the following farming in the Petersburg (Va.) Messenger: This year I had 25 acres in wheat, and made 480 bushels; 22 acres in oats, and made 70 good stacks; 25 acres in corn and made 281 barrels, or 1,100 bushels; 20 acres of cotton, and made 40 bags, weighing between 400 and 500 pounds, used no Guano—only what I made myself, beside Chemicals and manipulated them myself. Sold 900 pounds of butter at 30 cents.

The "Home" can be used up to the day of planting. The following is Wright's plan of combining in the furrow. Read his letter below:

Messrs. Ketchum & Co., Savannah, Ga.—Dear Sirs. The "Home Fertilizer" has for the past five years done so well for me, that I enclose you the following order for 10 tons for myself at the cash price, and 15 tons for my son, part cash and part time. As you may like to know how I use the "Home" I will state that I mixed the two together dry all together, having put down cotton seed in the furrow at the rate of about 25 bushels per acre, and then sowed the chemicals on it and bedded, same as usual, the land and the young cotton plants got all the strength of the cotton seed while rotting, and the chemicals, etc., becoming soluble as the season waned, kept my cotton green and fruitful to the end, while at the same time giving it to early maturity. I put the "Home" on, as you will see, to about seven acres more than if I had composted. The only difference is I left the composting to be done in the furrow. This was my idea and the yield was over 14 heavy bales on 25 acres. I shall use it on my corn also this year, and for that shall compost it by the formula.

ISRAEL BUSBEE, Jr.

ROCKY FORD, SCRIVEN CO., GA., Jan'y, 18th, 1885.

Send for Book with formulas and testimonials, orders sent to T. A. Clark, Weldon or Roper & Jones, Halifax or to Boykin Cameron, Scotland Neck.

Jan. 15-2 M.

MOTHERS MARK.

Mrs. Mary W. Smallwood, Conway, Northampton co., N. C., writes: Dr. J. Bradfield, Atlanta, Ga.—Dear Sir: My child was born with a mark on its forehead like a strawberry, and I tried all the skill of the best physicians to remove it without effect. When about two months old I commenced using your Female Regulator, and before I had used one bottle the mark had disappeared entirely, and my child is now (at the age of four months) as fair and free from blemish as any child I ever saw. Yours truly, MRS. MARY W. SMALLWOOD.

Weldon, Jan. 15, 1885.

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS