THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1885. NO. 9

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY

Trade Mark — On Every Bottle

THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

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.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

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Dec. 18 1yr

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

In order to enrich the blood, and thus impart fresh vigor to an enfeebled system, stimulate flagging digestion with the national invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, by infusing energy into the operations of the stomach, promotes, say, insures thorough digestion and assimilation, and consequent nutrition. A gain in appetite, vigor and flesh, is invariably found to follow a course of this deservedly popular tonic, which is, moreover a reliable preventive of material fevers.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

oct 30 1y

NOTICE.

Just received on consignment the following:
1-50 Barrels of Lime.
2-40 Saw Lummus Cotton Gins.
2-40 " " Feeders and Condensers.
1-45 " " Gin and Condenser.
1-50 " Hall Gins.
Also one or two second hand Wagons and Buggies.
6 or 8 tons of Hay.
For sale cheap. Apply to
J. T. GORCH, Weldon, N. C.

jan 1 6m

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

KITCHIN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

mar 12tf

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 17 1y.

DR. E. L. BUSTER,

Surgeon Dentist.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand.

june 24 tf

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland Maine. feb 5-1y

FOR THE OLD LOVE'S SAKE.

BY ADDIE MAY HADDON.

Thy way he said, is smooth, and green and fair,
There are no thorns to wound and bruise thy feet,
Where summer reigns and and starlike blossoms sweet
Bend to the wind's low call; thy path is there!
And mine? Alas, no dewy mornings break
Across that valley where my path hath lain;
And yet, though youth be dead and faith be slain,
I keep this token for the old love's sake.

Above the urn that holds my hidden treasure
Of silver tires that long have paled away,
I yet may pause, and in the ashes gray
Read with dim eyes the old familiar name;
And if some shadowy memory should awaken,
Blinding again my eyes with tears now wept,
If the my heart should sighing, some vain regret,
Nay, do not scorn me for the old love's sake.

As one who sees in old remembered books,
With eyes that have grown sad with ceaseless tears,
The same glad beauty of the long-lost years,
And hears again the song of summer brooks,
So if from troubled dreams I could awake
And feel thy warm, soft kisses on my face,
I think the sweetness of thy wine-me grace,
Would touch me—sadly for the old love's sake!

BOB AND ANNIE.

A great while ago—long before the late war—there was a young man who carried the mail between Madison and Macon, Georgia. His name was George Lovic. He used his eyes and ears pretty well, and never—fond as he was of a good story—told lies. To say "Bob Lovic says so" was to certify to the truth of a statement, which was certainly to his credit; and moreover, he was honest as the day, and could have been entrusted with untold gold or uncounted diamonds. Morally you could not find a fault with Bob. Mentally he was very well for an educated man; but he had one great failing—great particularly, in the eyes of pretty Annie Wesley, who otherwise esteemed Bob perfection. He had allied himself with a certain class of persons who style themselves "free thinkers."

This theological difference at last led to a little quarrel, and Bob tried to get Annie out of his mind, but failed to do it; and Annie was very miserable, as well for the sake of Bob's soul as for herself; for though she had offers in plenty, not one—not even rich John Grab, who had ever so many acres of land—could be compared for a moment in her mind to Bob, had Bob only held proper sentiments.

So, though they kept apart for a whole month, at last one bright morning, as Bob rode along, slowly and stupidly for him, he saw, sitting under a tree, a little figure in a blue dress that he couldn't pass to save his life. So he stopped his horse and called out—

"Annie, is that you?"

"Yes, Bob," said Annie, showing a pair of wet eyes. "I come here on purpose to see you. I've talked in my womanish words, but you talked so much better than I, that of course it's of no use; and all the while there is One who talks so plainly to us, and the words are here, and I've brought them to you and please dear Bob, to read them, and perhaps—"

She did not finish the sentence, but placed a pretty Bible in Bob's hand.

"I've had it bound very nicely for you, and oh! for my sake read it—it will teach you so much, Bob—so very much!"

Bob took the book. For a moment he felt annoyed, and much like sneering, but Annie was dear to him; so he kept his anger down for her sake thanked her for her present, and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat.

"As if I were to be converted like a sinner in a tract!" said Bob, after he had ridden on a little. "But women are not expected to have minds like ours." And out of another pocket he pulled an infidel tract, which a friend, an unbelieving doctor had loaned him, and fell to reading.

It was not a very wise thing, as the horse left to himself, stumbled over something in the road and was lamed; not badly, it seemed, but it forced Bob to dismount and stop at a country store to examine and bathe the limb, and he then had to allow the beast to take his own time afterwards, so that instead of trotting briskly into Macon before sundown the young man found himself belated on a lonely road hours after the sun had quite vanished—his horse growing lamer and his hopes of supper quite gone.

"Hang the tract!" growled Bob, "what did I bother with it for?" And he gave the paper a toss into a clump of bushes, and then his mind went back to Annie Wesley's Bible.

He felt it. It was safe. He was somehow better, and he walked along with his bridle over his arm in quite a melancholy mood.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the road and Bob looked up. Straight before him a man sat with a black mask on his face and a pistol in his hand.

"Halt!" commanded the individual, ferociously; and Bob halted. "If you are quiet, you will come to no harm," said the man. "I only want your mail bag. I happen to know that it is worth something to-night, and I've followed you from the store back yonder. There ain't a soul within hearing and you may as well take it coolly; I am armed, you see; you are not. Hand over the bag."

"Never," exclaimed Bob. "The mail-bag is in may care—entrusted; I'll guard it as long as I have breath in my body."

"That won't be long," with a course laugh, "if you don't listen to reason."

Bob, for reply, mounted his horse and sat behind the mail-bag.

"Your life is in danger," warned the robber. "I intend to have these letters, and a life isn't worth much to me. I'm in earnest; no fooling?" and he took deliberate aim at Bob Lovic's breast.

Bob was unarmed and he loved life dearly, but he was no coward. It was useless to try to overcome the robber. He had only his fists—rather useless weapons under the circumstances, but he "showed fight," and as the robber's anger kindled he fired. The aim was good. The little ball of lead lodged in Bob's coat, just where the heart should have been, and Bob staggered.

He was shocked rather than hurt, and in that moment of excitement he remembered having heard that it was often so in mortal injuries. Probably he had received his death wound, and the robber would walk off with the mail-bag, where Bob well knew reposed the money which energetic Dick Dorr had sent to take his poor old mother from the almshouse, and other trusts were in that leather bag—the humble hopes and dreams of those who wrote the letters twined around them.

The doctor and his infidel tract had done Bob Lovic little good; but he was honest and kindly yet.

"I'll fight while I have a drop of blood left," he said to himself "And help may come and the mail-bag be saved, even if I die."

He leaped from his horse and sprang upon the highwayman with such vigor that the man tumbled from his saddle. Then Bob struggled for the pistol, and gaining it, knocked the ruffian senseless with the butt end, and sat down on his mail-bag to keep guard, expecting to die every moment, but praying that help might come before the robber recovered consciousness.

About that time a party of young men, who were out on a coon hunt, came up with flaring torches, and a score of dogs at their heels. They all knew Bob well, and the most zealous were for dispatching the robber; but the voice of the majority was for binding him and carrying him to the city, to meet his reward at the hands of justice, and with this party Bob agreed.

He felt weary and his breast ached, and he expected every moment to feel the faintness of death stealing over him; for there was the round hole just over his heart, and the bullet must be somewhere. A few unpleasant misgivings, which proved that his opinions of the future were not so fixed as they might have been troubled him, and he sighed as the new-comers questioned him.

"The bullet went in here," he said, touching the hole. "I don't feel any pain, and must be bleeding inwardly if at all, I think."

He unbuttoned his coat cautiously, and out dropped Annie Wesley's Bible, with the bullet deeply imbedded in its cover.

The tears came to Bob's eyes and the others started, for he had been in the habit of boasting of his infidel opinions and it was odd enough that he should wear a Bible next to his heart. But every one was too glad to find him unhurt to care for much else, and so they gave him three cheers, and started toward the city with their prisoner.

Bob followed, leading his horse, and keeping his eyes on the mail-bag, and on the way he thought—what he thought might be divined from the fact that six months after, Annie Wesley found her lover by her side at church, and heard from his own lips that he had not half so high an opinion of his own smartness and that of his doctor friend as formerly, and he believed she was right after all.

And so they were married, and for many years have been living very contentedly in their cottage on the outskirts of Madison.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

STRONGER THAN FEMININE NEWS-HUNGER.

[*Detroit Free Press.*]

She came bouncing through the sanctum door like a cannon ball, without pausing to say, "How d'ye do," and brought her umbrella down on the table with a mighty crash and shouted:

"I want you to stop my paper."

"All right, madame."

"Stop it right off, too," she persisted, whacking the table again, for I have waited long enough for you to do the square thing."

She quieted down for a moment, and we ran our finger down the list of names, and when we reached hers and scratched it out, she said:

"There, now, mebbe you'll do as you ought to after this, and not slight a woman just cause she's poor. If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed, bandy-legged, squint-eyed, wheezy squawler born to them, you puff it up to the skies, and make it out an angel; but when poor people have a baby you don't say a word about it, even if it is the squarest-toed, noblest little kid that ever kept a woman awake at night. That's what's the matter, and that's why I stopped my paper."

And she dashed out as rapidly as she came.

IT DOESN'T COST MUCH.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

It doesn't cost much to go round the corner after dinner, and ring the door-bell of your sick friend. You can say that you missed him from business during the day, learned on inquiry that he was ill these three days, and, of course, had an interest to know how he was. The mere inquiry of itself will be worth more to the caged invalid than his doctor's doses. To go in and sit with him a half hour would be worth more. The cherry, healthful air of your presence is about all that is needed, you had better assume that he is not very sick; but, if he insists upon it, you had best listen kindly to his narative of ills. I say it is worth much to him. But it is worth incalculably more to you. For, mark you, he will never forget it. He might forget it if you loaned him a thousand dollars, but a sick-day's call? Never Never forgotten! That's one of the ways to make friends.

It doesn't cost much, when you are waiting at a railway junction for your train, to go seek out your acquaintance in the town. Not that you want to sell him any goods, nor transact any other business. Not that you "cousin" for a dinner or would investigate a customer's credit. No errand but to keep up the acquaintance or renew it. It is the way some bright and big-hearted men have of making and keeping their friends.

It doesn't cost much to remember the name and address of pleasant people who you meet crossing the Atlantic, or on some Western stage journey, or in some lone hotel. A wise man will preserve such fragments of delightful relations with his fellows. A fool forgets all about them the next day; he never expects to encounter them again. But he will meet them again be sure of that. Ten to one he will see the day when he will wish he had fostered the acquaintance when he had no ax to grind, for now he has his ax in hand, and these people could grind it for him. But, of course, he is ashamed to ask.

It doesn't cost much to pay your social duties with promptness. You owe the A's a call. The B's are newcomers in your vicinity, and you ought to call; you intend to call; but week after week passes, and you do not call. Other people do the agreeable, and the A's and B's vote other people "very nice." Meanwhile you suffer by contrast: they vote you rude, selfish, unsocial, and what not—all of which you do not deserve; you are simply careless or lazy. But the day comes when it would be worth solid silver and gold to you to be on really good terms with these people; and then it is too late, your overtures would seem mercenary and calculated. Keep your neighbors. It is a easy matter.

It doesn't cost much to do a little more than your part in "covering up" at night, my boy. I mean you, the young clerk in the store. If you are ready to lend a hand at piling back the goods after closing time, if you willingly stay after hours to help some fellow behind with his task, if you share the box of grapes or apples sent down from the country home farm, asking mother to express them to the store rather than your boarding place, and knowing full well that it will be precious few of them that will go down your own throat, yet all this pays. Do not misunderstand me. It would spoil it all if you calculated, selfishly, on the profit of it all eventually for yourself. But to cultivate the heart-feeling, that selfishness is poor economy, and generosity is always legal tender, the wide world over; that is what I mean. And it is the small, inexpensive services—those that do not cost much—which go the farthest.

It doesn't cost much to do an errand, perhaps. You are to be in town and can take a bundle. You are to be near and can squeeze out ten minutes to take a message into an office. You go three blocks out of your way. You think nothing of a little trouble: indeed considerable trouble can be safe assumed. To be sure, there is a limit. Sensitive people dislike to be under great obligations for errands. Hence it is the little errands, those that do not cost much which are most acceptable. But I tell you they make friends fast and firm among people of real heart. The obliged party multiplies the little by a large multiple, he thinks. "What would he have done if I had only put him to a real test? Why, see. He exerts himself to do this small errand for me as if it were an affair of the greatest importance. I like the fellow!" I undertake to say that there is no surer way of knitting up exquisite and strong friendships among fine-grained people than scrupulous kindness in doing small errands. If there is anything under the canopy which it is difficult to get done well, as you would do it yourself, in fact, it is a small errand. Obliging errand-doing is the nap on the fabric of friendship. It is only my best friend whom I dare trouble with a little errand. There are hundreds of people among my acquaintance whom I am afraid to ask to post a letter or call and get me a morning paper. The delicate tracery of fine etching is in these small offices.

It doesn't cost much to remember the vitally interesting events in your neighbor's life-history. What a ghoulish blunder it is to ask after your friend's wife when she has been in her grave these ten days! Nothing, absolutely nothing that you can say next will purge you of cruelty in his mind. And you yourself feel like a grave robber. He was your neighbor, and you ought to have remembered. The pretty little remembrances of a wedding-day, fixed for your neighbor's house, and you have the cards; the child's name, the first that his son sailed on the America and is now due in Queenstown; or that his daughter went away to school yesterday; or that you heard something to his credit this morning. It doesn't cost much after a little schooling of the mind, but it counts for thousands!

Perhaps, after all, I am wrong. It may be that the sort of thing I have been talking about would cost a great deal of effort to a man or woman who finds it unnatural. It may be that these minute tokens of good-will are impossible to a mean and selfish nature. They are, however, like wild flowers on a fat soil, easily growing even among weeds and along the very borders of the garden, to the truly generous. It may be that many people could work themselves up to the performance of a huge and costly kindness who could hardly be civil in a railway car if you had inadvertently taken their seat. An elephant can be pitch-forked untill he dances, but a happy child dances from very joy. No paint ever equals the sunshine. No base, bad heart can be neat in his kindnesses; he is a very sloven, a bungling giant fingers attempting to thread a needle, while the drops of sweat stand on his puckered brow.

Indeed, the unthinking civility which is already done before you are aware of it, the spontaneous, small courtesy that adorn politeness like frosting or silver surfaces, and the rhythmic grace of pretty proffers with genteel speech—these do bespeak a genuine good heart. They give the plowman a politeness rather than the waxed Adonis of the *salon* can generally boast; they lend and added glory to true womanhood; they beautify little children more than their silks and furbelows; they make the statesman "magnetic," and transform the philosopher from a bore to a charming companion; they are indispensable to the clergyman who would win wayward youth; they make a welcome for the family physician, as their lack often costs a physician many a valuable patron with sensitive nerves and a large purse. The small courtesies of a noble and sympathizing spirit and like the nameless aroma of flowers. Science has never yet explained a perfume. Rules of etiquette have never yet composed the thing to which I have easily directed your attention—for every one can recognize it, yet none can quite describe it. It is a good and a severe test of your nature, namely: *Do you easily and naturally, and constantly perform kind deeds that don't cost much?*

WHAT HE GOT BY IT.

"Come mighty nigh killin' a fine buck dis mawnin'," said an old negro.

"Comin' long through de woods an'er ole buck he jumped up an' bookerty, bookerty he run off a few yards an' stop still. Come in one er shootin' him, sah."

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"Didn't hab my gun wid me, sah."

"Then how did you come in one of shooting him?"

"Case, sah, I come in one o' takin' my gun with me."

"Why didn't you take your gun?"

"Didn't hab nuse, sah."

"You are an old fool."

"Look heah, doan 'buse er man dat way when yer ain' got no cause. I ain't got no gun, for a feller dat I was erbout ter buy one frum, axed me jes' one dollar mo'n I could pay. So, I come in one o' gettin' de gun. Ef I had er got it, I would er tuck it long wid me, an' ef I'der had it, I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan come 'roun 'busin' er man when de facks is all ergin yer. I hab knowed folks ter fetch trouble on dar 'selves dat way. Er pusson oughter be keerful in dis heah worl' o' science an' speckerlation. Good mawnin', sah. Since yer's acted dis way I wouldn'ter gin yer none o' de meat ef I had er killed it. 'Fore yer talked dat way I wouldder made yer present o' some o' de buck. See what yer got by it, sah."—Arkansaw *Traveler.*

THE BABY.

Two ladies were overheard talking over the fence as follows:

"What is the matter with your baby? I don't hear it cry any more."

"I have cured it of bawling."

"Do you give it soothing syrup with opium in it?"

"No, I don't give it any medicine at all. I have adopted an entirely different sort plan."

"What is it?"

"When it begins to cry I smear the tips of its little fingers with molasses, and give it a few feathers to hold in one hand. Its attention becomes aroused and it picks off the feathers with the other hand. The feathers stick to the other hand, of course, and the little darling picks them off again. The little angel's mind is thus so completely absorbed with the feathers that it forgets to cry."

NO MATCHES IN THE ROOM.

BY KATE THORN.

How the world ever managed to roll on so many years without matches is a problem!

How our ancestry ever had patience, and perseverance, and "elbow grease," to rub flint and steel together and strike a fire on tinder beats our comprehension.

Now, what a dreadful thing it would be to have no matches at hand! How nervous the woman is who, after she has gone to bed for the night, and had a little nap, wakes up and remembers that there are no matches in the room!

She falls to wondering what she had better do. She knows that a long flight of stairs, and a draughty hall, and a quarter of an acre of cold, slippery oil-cloth lies between her and the kitchen, where the matches are left in a broken stone butter-jar, with a brick on the cover, for fear the mice or the rats or the cat will knock the cover off and set the matches going and fire the house and burn everybody in their beds some dark night when the wind is blowing a hurricane, and the firemen are holding a ball and the hydrants are all frozen solid.

She wonders if her feet would be very cold if she should get up and go down, and if she would be able to steer clear of things in the dark? She wonders if there is any such thing as a ghost? She shivers as she remembers how very, very dismal it always seems creeping down those stairs in the gloom, and feeling always as if somebody or something was following!

She draws one cold foot up and lets it glide slowly down the sleeping six feet of manhood beside her. Nothing wakes up a man so quick as that sort of thing, and one must have had a some time a wife to know just how to do it.

Her husband turns over with a snort, and wants to know what she means by freezing him to death; and he remarks, in his most aggravating tone of voice, that he does wish a woman went to bed to sleep, instead of to rant round and pull the bed-clothes all off from everybody.

Then she ventures to tell him that she can't sleep because there are no matches in the room. What if she should be taken suddenly ill, or he should have one of his colic spells, or the baby should have the croup, or there should be a burglar in the house, or anything should happen? And she sits up in bed, and peers round into the gloom, and fancies she hears something in the closet, and tries to remember if she put her diamond ring under the bureau and her pocket-book between the beds when she retired.

What a terrible need she is in for just one little match! How the need grows as she worries over it! How she does wish he would stop snoring, so that she could listen and make sure about that noise in the closet! How she does wish she had married a man who could sympathize with her in her troubles!

How strange that she should forget to bring up those matches! And she registers a vow that if she lives till morning, she will fill the match-safe heaping full. Yes, she will!

She ignores the fact that hundreds of peaceful nights have gone by and she has not thought of matches, because there were plenty in the room. She calls her husband heartless because he asks her "what in the dickens she wants of matches," and so she lies and worries the night away, and in the morning wonders whatever did make her so nervous. And she lays the blame to the cup of tea she drank just as well all must lay the blame for our silly little fright and worries on anything rather than on our own want of reason and common sense.

POISON IN KISSING.

In an address delivered before the Utica (N. Y.) medical faculty Dr. O. M. Terry said: Lives are daily sacrificed and diseases are daily communicated by the promiscuous habit of kissing. As a custom it should be abandoned among women in their greetings.

In the sacred precincts of the fireside, when death has laid its relentless hands on one of its members, the common practice of kissing is liable to induce septicæmia, and thus other precious lives be exposed to the venomous sting of death. As you can more easily see the action of a drug when given in a large dose, so you will see more pointedly the danger arising from kissing by giving an illustration of a malignant disease.

There is no longer any doubt in regard to the inoculability and infectiousness of consumption. It is not an established fact that it is not contagious. When you remember that more die by its insidious hands than from any other cause, but few families or relatives of families can be exempt from it. This being true, should not persons visiting such unfortunate individuals to do away with the accustomed mode of greeting by kissing? A disease which has resisted the treatment of the most skilled up to the present day should be prevented if possible. Is human life to be sacrificed for the sake of conforming to custom? Change the custom; and other ways of greeting will be equally popular and much more sensible and safe.

EACH TO HIS CALLING.

[Texas Sifting.]

Jim Webster was brought up before an Austin Justice of the Peace. It was the same old charge that used to bother him in Galveston. After the evidence was all in, the Judge, with a perplexed look, said:

"But I do not comprehend, Webster, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."

"Hit wouldn't do yer a bit of good, Jedge, for me splain how I catched dem chickens, for yer couldn't do hit yerself if yer tried hit forty times, and yer might get yer hide full ob buckshot de berry fust time yer put yer leg ober der fence. De bes' way for you ter do, Jedge, is fur yer ter buy yer chickens in de market, and when yer wants to commit any rascality do hit on de bench, whar you am at home."

WHERE NOT TO START A PAPER.

In his letter to the amateur journalist, Robert J. Burdette offers some sage advice regarding the starting of newspapers. Says:

If I start a newspaper in a town where nobody wants a paper;

Or where there are already five papers in a two-paper town.

Or if a long-primer man try to start a nonpareil paper;

Or if he try to run an eight-column paper on a two-column basis;

Or if he skins his home advertisers and cuts rates for foreign ads;

Or if he start out by giving a three-dollar puff for a ten-cent comb;

Or if he starts a paper because he has failed at everything else;

Then indeed hath he bitten off more than he can masticate, and his paper, beloved by the Gods, will die young and fresh.

COLD FACTS.

"We had a very cold winter," said a travelling man to a Westerner on a train between Milwaukee and St. Paul.

"Yes," was the response, "purty cold. Colder up here, I guess, than it was in your State."

"I don't know about that it was so cold along the lake shore that stove lids froze in the holes and when a man went to bed at night he had to break the covers with a club before he could turn them down to get under them."

"That's rawther cool, but it it's not a patchin' to what we have up in this country. I'll tell you a little experience I had in January. I run a livery stable, and a mountain rough came in to hire a rig. It was so cold that I wouldn't let anything go out, and the cuss got mad and begun to tear around. I followered him out on the street, and the first thing I knowed, he had his pistol out, pointin' right at me. I thought I was a goner and jacked off about twenty feet when he sneezed away."

"Did he hit you?"

"No; and that's the funny part of it. The air was froze so hard around the muzzle of the gun that the bullet bounced back and knocked one of of his eyes out, and I had to pay the blamed fool's doctor's bill to keep him from suin' me for damages."—*Merchant Traveler.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill use of his abilities, the more dangerous will he be to the commonwealth.

The conqueror is regarded with awe; the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man that wins our affections.

Let us begin our heaven on earth; and being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.

Avoid raillery; it offends him who is the object of it; he that indulges this humor is the scourge of society, and all fear and avoid him.

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does. The value of superior knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to a performing manhood.

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business; but nimbleness is a full, fair wind, blowing it with speed to the haven.

Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, sobers into manhood, softens into age, tetters into second childhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

A man's conscience in his sole tribunal; and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion" than he should fear meeting a ghost, if he crossed a churchyard at night.

If, by instructing a child, you are vexed with it for the want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and then remember that a child is all left hand.

"What amused me most at the opera," said an Arab chief, who had been taken to hear "Faust," "was one of the musicians in the orchestra, seated a little higher than the rest, who performed on an invisible instrument with a stick."

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A prominent physician lately remarked to the proprietor, that if it were attainable to make public the letters we receive, the "Mothers' Friend would outsell anything on the market.

I most earnestly entreat every female expecting to be confined, to use Mother's Relief. Coupled with this entreaty I will add that during a long obstetrical practice (forty four years,) I have never known it to fail to produce a safe and quick delivery.

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GOOD FARMING.

Henry Pierce, of Franklin County, N. C., reports the following farming in the Petersburg (Va.) Messenger: This year I had 36 acres in wheat, and made 405 bushels; 25 acres in oats, and made 32 good stacks; 35 acres in corn and made 321 barrels or 1,100 bushels; 36 acres of cotton, and made 4 bags, weighing between 400 and 500 pounds, which sold at 11 cents—only what I made to prove, bought Chemicals and manipulated them myself. Made 980 pounds of butter at 30 cents.

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

Messrs. Ketchum & Co., Savannah, Ga.:—Gents: Sirs: The "Home Fertilizer" has for the past two years done so well for me, that I continue with the following order for 10 tons for myself at the same price, and 15 tons for my sons, post cash and spot time. As you may like to know how I use the "Home" I will state that I mixed the ingredients dry all together, having put down green cotton seed in the furrow at the rate of about 20 bushels per acre, and then sowed the chemicals as it was bedded, same as usual, the land and the young cotton plants got all the strength of the cotton seed without rotting, and the chemicals, etc., hastening maturity so the season was cut, kept my cotton green and fruitful to the end, while in the same time helping it to early maturity. I put the "Home" on, as you will see, to about seven acres same as 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 to the acre. I shall use it on my own side this year, and for that shall compost it by the ground.

BENARD SIMMONS, Jr.

ROCKY FORD, SCRIVEN CO., GA., Jan'y 15th, 1885.

Send for Book with formulas and testimonials, orders sent to T. A. Clark, Weldon or Brown & Gray Halifax or to Boykin Cannon, Agt. Jan. 15-1-y.