THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

VOL. XIV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17. 1885. NO. 27.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is THE GREAT SOUTHERN REMEDY for the bowels. It is one of the best, pleasant and efficacious remedies for all summer complaints. As a cause which evident advance of the power cannot be frequent, some speedy relief should be at hand. The reserve mother, being always in nursing the little one nothing should be this condition. Sold, a bottle. Send 25 stamp to Walter A. Taylor, Atlanta, Ga., for Biddle facts.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Price 50c. and $1 a bottle.

FOR SALE BY BROWN & SIMMONS. WELDON, N. C.

aug 20 1y (extra)

COFFINS.

METALLIC CASES,

Wood Coffins

ALL SIZES, ALL STYLES AT

LOW PRICES.

Orders by mail or by telegraph promptly filled.

A good assortment of each kind always on hand and purchasers can select to suit themselves.

E. A. CUTHRELL, Weldon, N. C.

HELP YOUR EYES

BY USING YOUNG'S CELEBRATED

IMPROVED PERISCOPIC GLASSES,

CLEAR AND SOFT TO THE EYE, STRENGTHENING TO WEAK EYES.

For sale in Gold, Steel, Rubber and Celluloid Frames.

HELP TO SAVE

By buying the greatest Bargain ever offered in a

GOLD HUNTING WATCH.

Varying in price from FORTY TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Worth nearly double the price.

SETS OF JEWELRY.

Handsome in design and in fine quality. A thousand different styles of

RINGS, PINS, EAR-RINGS, CUFF BUTTONS, STUDS, COLLARS, BUTTONS, BRACELETS, SILVER SPOONS, FORKS, &c. CLOCKS, PLATED CASTORS, ICE PITCHERS, &c. &c.

At the lowest possible prices. Orders promptly attended to.

J. W. YOUNG,

(SUCCESSOR TO J. T. Y. & BRO.)

Petersburg, Va.

a 21 1y

A. WRENN & SON

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES, BUGGIES

—and—

HARNESS

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

Nos. 24 and 26 Union Street.

NORFOLK, VA.

oct 30 1y

A WOMAN'S WAY.

Young souls with the strongly troubled face,
And the features set and close,
Do not quit them by a gentle grace,
And a softly whispered "No."
You cannot think life is a difficult fate
There is hope for you yet.—Say,
In your hours of bitterness say this:
"It is only a woman's way."

You do not let be centually said,
Your manner, or forwardness pally,
Rather like hoyden, or giddy or gay,
While you stand in angle or valley,
And a man you offer your heart and hand,
Then, startled, you turn away,
Saying, "I thought he would have him plead—
It is only a woman's way."

Old maidens ever women crossly,
Bitter with disappointed hours,
Who have found it a cultured to bring scorn
To the sweet lips possessing,
Who have found it a cultured to bring scorn,
Lest, lest, they should be wrong,
Who, well, or ill, know, or a mistake, or blunder—
It is only a woman's way.

Should a woman through life's road,
Go the palace and the cot,
Who, with her sweet smile, and her power to bless,
Is a woman's greatest way.

(Written For The ROANOKE NEWS.)

BY QUANKEY'S STREAM.

A STORY BY E. C.

CHAPTER—V.

A BUNCH OF WHITE FLOWERS.

The old Ewell's mill hurred and buzzed with a pastoral sound suited to its surroundings. On the top of the hill a group of fodder stacks stood out against the sky, down by the mill house a speckled hen scratched industriously, clucking up her young brood when, now and then, she discovered a feast of scattered corn-grains, a black sow lay asleep in the sunshine, her litter of grunting pigs playing over her, one or two patient-looking mules, with the cars hitched to them, stood under some trees, and made ineffectual attempts to reach the imbibing foliage, the brown water of Quankey turned the wheel in showers of white foam, then widened out into a stream, where a flock of geese were swimming, and where further two ragged negro boys were beguiling the time while their corn was being ground by fishing for perch. It was peaceful, prosaic, pastoral and doubtless, if the figures which made up the scene could have thought, they would have declared Mister Trenton and David Cabal, as they stood on the mill bridge, the disturbing spirits entering their Paradise.

"This is the spot for the factory, Mr. Trenton," David was saying, emphatically, "the very best place on the creek. We can always have plenty of water here, with management. And yonder's the town within three-quarters of a mile of us, so that we can buy the cotton and ship our goods with little or no expense for hauling."

And the two walked around, discussing earnestly each advantage and disadvantage of the site.

"Yes," Mr. Trenton said as they came back to the bridge, "this strikes me as the place. But let us go home to dinner now, and I will ask Margaret to come out this afternoon and say what she thinks of it."

David heard this speech with surprise. He had been in Fairfax a week, and had gotten the impression from Mr. Trenton, himself, that he like David was a stranger here, and had no family. Then who was this Margaret, David thought curiously, upon whose opinion the location of that factory, it seemed, would depend? But long contact with strangers had made David cautious so he asked no questions, and Mr. Trenton, apparently unconscious of anything remarkable in his last speech, went on talking about the factory, and David, after a fashion he had of growing absorbed in his work, forgot "Margaret," for machinery. Ah! David it is well enough you could, it is but just that you should, seeing that in the months to come you will so often forget machinery, for Margaret.

Mr. Trenton had grown young again he told himself gratefully, during his month's stay in Fairfax. The Spring had been early that year, and his health grew stronger in the mild climate. He enjoyed, with his busy practical mind, the new interest, of a new enterprise, whereby he was waking into new life the hitherto dormant energies of this hitherto "undiscovered country." And he felt a warm human feeling become deeper within him, from his daily companionship with the Hamiltons. Mr. Hamilton had gradually lost the reticence and coolness of his first manner and seemed rather to experience a sense of relief from Mr. Trenton's evident fondness for his daughter.

"If I were to die," he said to him once, "Margaret would not be friendless, now you are here."

And so naturally did the three accept the friendly relations between them that no one of them had even conceived the possibility of the idea which had occurred to the good people of Fairfax, and from an idea grown into an assertion, that, "the rich man was dead in love with Margaret Hamilton."

Judith Edgerton had been the first to mention it to Margaret on the same afternoon that Heywood had referred to it and her indignant denial and evident astonishment had given rise to Judith's hasty warning to Heywood.

But the absurdity of such a report was too patent for her to take notice of it, Margaret determined, when she had thought about it; so it was with her frank, cordial manner unchanged that she met Mr. Trenton when he came the next day.

"I want you to walk with me to see the place where we think of putting the factory," Mr. Trenton said. "Cabal and I like the location."

"Then I will," Margaret answered, smiling, "having faith in 'Cabal' and you rather than in myself, remembering that I never saw a factory."

"Yes that is true," Mr. Trenton said musing in his turn, "but, somehow, I have gotten to want a show of approval from you, in whatever I undertake."

Margaret despised herself that at these words Judith's and Heywood's speeches returned to her and made her feel hot and uncomfortable. Mr. Trenton had no thought of love making, however, as was proved by his saying, as they got over the bars leading out to the road:

"Let us go by the office and get your father to come with us," a proposition to which Margaret agreed readily, and the two walked down "Front" street together, thus affording gossiping comment for more than one group of idlers on the side walk before the store doors, as well as for industrious ladies who were yet not too busy to peep out at the couple from behind window-shutters, as they passed. Mr. Hamilton's office door was locked when they reached it, so they once more walked down the street together, this time turning into a side street which continued itself into a long lane that led to the mill.

When they had reached the gate that opened into the mill property Mr. Trenton stopped and said as he lifted the latch:

"Cabal may be down here. He is a fine young fellow, and I want you to be a friend to him. He is worth being kind to. Shall I introduce him to you?

Margaret hesitated, and the color rose in her face, as it had a troublesome trick of doing, whenever she was embarassed. She was ashamed of her prejudices, as she had told Heywood, but that did not prevent the prejudices; and she could not at once consent to being made the social acquaintance of a workman as she said to herself this Mr. Cabal might be. Mr. Trenton noticed the hesitation, and grew angry at it. "The absurdity of an almost penniless girl's objecting to meeting a man, simply because he works for his bread," the rich democrat thought, indignantly.

"You are aristocratic I see," he said, shutting the gate with a bang, and speaking with a sneer. "I should have remembered that I am in the *South*. But you might have known I would not introduce a man you ought not to know."

He said the last words half angrily, half reprovingly, losing sight of the fact, which Margaret remembered, that he himself was an acquaintance of scarcely a month's standing. The words and the tone of them roused her quick temper, and she was about to make a proud reply instead of the consent she had at first meant to give, when they turned a sharp curve of the hill, and came in view of David Cabal and Heywood Montfort in apparently familiar conversation. Heywood saw them, and came to them, instantly, with a significant smile on his face at sight of Margaret's companion, that deepened the flush on Margaret's.

"Miss Hamilton," he said, with easy assurance, "allow me to introduce Mr. Cabal. I hope you will join me in persuading him to attend our hop (for Judith's sake," said Heywood, sotto voce,) I have walked and talked the whole way out here to gain his consent."

There was a mischievous twinkle in Heywood's eye that made Margaret see his purpose to surprise and tease Judith, and joining him she smiled brightly (as indeed women generally smiled at Heywood,) and held out her hand to the diffident young stranger with a graciousness which set him at ease, and set Mr. Trenton to wondering at the changeableness of woman.

"Mr. Cabal," she said, "if you knew how Mr. Montfort values both his steps and his eloquence you would be forced to go to the hop from sheer gratitude. But possibly you do not like dancing?"

"I don't know whether I do or not," David answered, with awkward truthfulness, "I never danced a step in my life I never had time to learn."

Margaret looked at him, interested. Lack of time was a strange excuse to her, accustomed, as she was, to easy indolent Southern associates. The man was a new type, and his acquaintance might be pleasant, so she said cordially:

"It is worth taking time to learn. I advise you to come to night and try."

David looked down on his strong, but rather ungraceful frame, and glancing up again, said in a tone of frank amusement:

"Wouldn't I be a figure on a waxed floor?"

"If it is the waxed floor you dread," she said, smiling in response to his look, "let me tell you, for your consolation, we never had one, though I believe Mr. Montfort, who secretly sighs for such luxuries, does occasionally have the planks swept with meal to make them smooth."

"That, Mr. Cabal, is a taunt at me," explained Heywood, "because I'm not so young as she is. Now she and her friend, Miss Edgerton, think themselves so youthful and so agile that they fancy they could dance lightly on a pile of sawdust."

"Was it Miss Edgerton I saw on the bridge with you, yesterday?" asked David irrelevantly."

"Yes," Margaret said, "why?" smiling as she asked.

"Because," says honest David with no trace of a smile, "I think she is quite the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"Score one for the 'Gypsy,'" whispered Heywood, who by this time is next to Margaret, and Margaret nods in acquiescence. She is used to hearing Judith complimented and has only a passing pang of mortified vanity at the way she herself is forgotten. To atone for the pang she says with extra warmth:

"She is, indeed, perfectly lovely—and as charming as she is beautiful."

At this point, Mr. Trenton, who is not interested in Miss Edgerton's charms and is concerned about the factory, interrupts them saying:

"Miss Margaret you haven't looked at the factory site yet."

"And I am so anxious to see it," Miss Margaret says, in such a hearty way as to disarm suspicion or impatience, "though, I warn you, I will think just what you and Mr. Cabal do."

The four of them went on to the mill and up the stream, David losing his shyness as he talked of things he understood; and Margaret asking questions which, ignorant as they showed her to be of factories, yet gave evidence of her great interest in the scheme as also of the clear common sense she possessed.

When they were returning Margaret saw on the opposite bank a tree laden with fairy-like white blossoms, but so far bent over the water that to reach them from either side seemed impossible, which impossibility rather gave impetus to Margaret's desire as she said impulsively:

"Oh! how I do wish I had those flowers!"

"Wish for the moon," suggested Heywood, "it is as easy to get."

"But they are so beautiful," said Margaret still longingly.

"So is the moon," Heywood answered consolingly, and the two walked on together, so engaged in the light badinage which followed that they did not perceive that David had fallen behind.

"What are you going to do?" Mr. Trenton asked, as he saw David turn back.

"Only going up the stream a little way," David answered.

"Don't be a fool, Cabal," Mr. Trenton said, "and risk being drowned for a woman's whim. That fellow Montfort wouldn't do it, for all she likes him so well."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Trenton had not entirely regained his lost temper.

"There's not much risk," said David, laughing, "and if I fall, why, I can swim."

He went on briskly till he reached a shallow place in the stream where a series of rocks made a crossing, and going to the tree, he climbed out on its frail trunk and at the imminent risk of a wetting, if not of the drowning darkly predicted by Mr. Trenton, he gathered great bunches of the waxen blossoms. Heywood and Margaret were standing on the bridge still talking gaily when David came, and putting the bouquet into Margaret's hand, said simply:

"Here are your flowers."

The simple kindness of the giver, the beauty of the gift, touched Margaret greatly. It was but a trifle, but, like most sensitive natures, Margaret was peculiarly susceptible to trifles; and there was something suspiciously like tears in her brown eyes when she looked up in pleased surprise at David and said:

"Did you go to all this trouble for me—how can I ever thank you?"

"It was no trouble," David said, surprised himself, and a little embarassed at her earnestness, "and it is quite thanks enough to see that they please you."

This speech, conventional enough surely, was yet said in such evident ignorance of conventionality, that Margaret was still further pleased.

"As a proof how much they please me," she said, "I mean to wear them to night."

"And I will expect you to be there, Mr. Cabal," (she added, as she and Mr. Trenton turned to go,) "to see them—and Miss Edgerton."

"The flowers did wonders for you," Heywood said, as David and he too walked towards the village, though some distance behind Mr. Trenton and Margaret. "She is the most appreciative little woman in the world."

"Is she a relative of Mr. Trenton's," David asked, still mystified as to their relationship.

"Well no," answered Heywood, laughing heartily; "but to tell you the truth, it seems to me that he would like to make her one, a very *near* one."

"Oh! I see," said David. "She has numbers of aspirants to such relationship hasn't she?"

The tears had so far soon David, that he already had grown to consider admiration of Miss Hamilton, an entirely laudable and natural sentiment.

"No," Heywood replied, "I think not. I know of none but George Bellamy and this man Trenton. She has no fortune you see."

"I shouldn't think a woman's fortune would make any difference," unworldly David said with a slight ring of contempt in his voice.

"The *look* of it might," answered worldly-wise Heywood, and touching his hat he disappeared down a cross street, thinking, with an amused twinkle in his handsome eyes, that it was "a tie between the Gypsy and the Daisy as to which had won the Wild Irishman."

When Margaret got home she found Judith already there.

"Isn't this a fine way to treat company?" said Judith, meeting her in mock indignation.

"Oh! well," said Margaret kissing her, "my company will forgive me when I share my flowers with her—and tell her the news."

"Perhaps she may, if you have any news—but where in the world did you get the flowers?" asked Judith, as Margaret spread out the large bunch.

"Mr. David Cabal, (that's your young Irishman,) gave them to me," Margaret answered.

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Judith, "that you have met him and talked to him, and gotten intimate enough for him to be giving you flowers?"

"Thank you for saying it all for me," Margaret replied laughing. "And Jude what do you think he had the impertinence to say? He told me to my face that you are 'quite the most beautiful woman he has ever seen.'"

"Did he?" asked Judith well pleased. "But pshaw! Meg," she added in a second, "you *made* him say it." Which speech spoke volumes for Miss Edgerton's faith in her friend's affection.

"Upon my word I didn't," declared Margaret solemnly. "He just up and said it, right so," (as Mary Anne says.")

Then she detailed minutely to Judith every incident of the afternoon, winding up by saying:

"And wasn't it nice in him to get me the flowers? Judith, I do hope you wont flirt with him."

"Wait 'till I have the chance," says Judith, like a cautious general preparing in case of defeat.

"Of course you will have the chance," declared Margaret, whose belief in the power of Judith's attractions was implicit. "Everybody falls in love with *you*."

"Not *everybody*, Meg," said Judith with a sigh and a seriousness of voice that made Margaret look at her quickly, then she put her white cheek against Judith's rich dark one, and asked with the tender directness their friendship warranted.

"Is there anybody you want to fall in love with you, sweetheart?"

"Sometimes I think there might be," Judith answered seriously, as she looked into the bright fire. "The Wild Irishman for instance," she added presently in her usual gay manner.

"As if I believe you meant *him*," said Margaret. "But you needn't tell me now. Wait 'till to-night when we blow out the light, and then you can tell in the dark, (a mode of facilitating confidence, which it is possible Miss Margaret had seen practiced.)

"Hush such nonsense, Meg," said Judith laughing, "of course I was only joking." And "Meg," holding her peace, pushed the fire reflectively, and wondered who Judith could mean.

"I wonder," she thought at last, "I wonder if it can be—Heywood," and at the possibility a shade, which the firelight did not make, darkened for a moment Miss Hamilton's bright face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIGHTING OFF DEATH.

A Conductor's Brave Fight Against the Conqueror--Waiting for His Wife to Come.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Conductor Frazer, of the International and Great Northern Railroad, tried to fight off death a few hours in order that he might see his wife once more. He had been shot by a tramp and had been taken to Tyler, Texas, in a dying condition.

"Help me fight back this cruel death, boys, until my wife gets here," said the dying man, cheerily.

The doctors had already told him he could live but a few hours. With a calm courage he heard the verdict and called all of his wonderful force to his aid in the struggle to live until his wife arrived.

"Tell me exciting stories," he said to the boys around his bed, "for I must make this run till she comes."

And the boys did laugh and tell big stories, poor fellows, when their stout hearts were filled with sad regret. The hours sped rapidly by, the merry voice of the conductor grew fainter and fainter, but his courage never faltered.

A telegram from his wife, in answer to one sent to her some hours before, was brought into the room and read. She was coming on a special train; the road cleared for her passage and with lightning speed her train was annihilating distance. What a race! A young woman in the full flush of love and a new life pitted against the king of terrors. The news nerved Frazier for a moment and his efforts to keep up were renewed. A little later another telegram.

"Old boy," whispered a brakeman, "she will be here in an hour."

"Turn me over, boys," he said.

It was done. He whispered to an attendant:

"Charlie, cannot run on this schedule. Good-bye!"

He was dead.

OLD NED'S BANKING EXPERIENCE.

After Being a Depositor He Loses Confidence in the Concern.

[Opie P. Reid.]

Old Ned Daniels came to the city several days ago, for the purpose, he told a friend, of depositing his money in a place of safety. He was afraid, he declared, that some of his neighbors, knowing that he had money, might rob him. Those who heard him talk thought that he at least possessed several hundred dollars. Reaching the bank he said to an official: "Mister, I wants ter 'posit some money in dis heah house. Ken I put $10 in heah?"

"Oh, yes, you can put in any amount."

"No, I kain't."

"Yes, you can."

"I says dat I kain't fur I hain't got any ermount. Do haw, haw, I got yer dat time. Well, now, put dis $10 back in dar fur safe keepin'."

The official took the money and handing the old negro a small book, said:

"Give me your signature."

"I ain't got er one; been. Let 'em all at home, I thinks."

"Write your name here."

"Oh, yes, I ken do dat."

After much labor he wrote his name. He was greatly pleased with the performance, and after he went outside he stood for a time, grinning with satisfaction. One of his country acquaintances accosted him:

"How'e yer, Bruder Ned?"

"Why, bless me, of dis ain't Bruder Rodney. What yer doin' up heah, man?"

"Oh, nuthin much. Jes knockin' roun' er little. What yer doin' yussell?"

"Wy, I'se got tur be er man o' biggest sorter 'portance. Yer oughter seed me jes now."

"What wuz yer doin'?"

"Writin' fur er bank. Mor'n dat, I put some money in de bank."

"Now, look heah, man, I thought dat yer done had more sense dan dat. De fust ting yer knows de bank gwineter be broke, an' er white man gwineter run off wid yer money."

Old Ned was troubled. He had heard of bank failures, and now he regretted that he had placed so much confidence in men who were strangers to him, but remembering that he could get his money, he went to the bank, and addressing a man who was counting money behind a network of wire, said:

"Look heah, yer gi'e dat ten dollars yit?"

"What $10?"

"De money dat I put in heah jes now."

"I don't know. Come around some time when the bank's open."

"Ain't de bank open now?"

"No."

"I say it is. Wa'n't open I couldn't git in heah."

"Go on away, I tell you. If you don't go I'll call a policeman."

"Oh, I'll go. Reb er man, an' den want to 'rest him fur it."

"Come around to-morrow old man."

After a sleepless night, Old Ned went to the bank. The same man whom he had seen on the previous evening stood behind the network of wire, still counting money.

"Wall, sah, I'se heah."

"You'd have to wait until the bank opens."

"Look ahcah, ain't it open yit?"

"No."

"Dis heah is the d—dest house I ever seed. Er passon ken git inter hit jes as well when it's shet as he ken when it's open I want dat $10 now. I'se tired o' foolin wid dis heah 'stablishment."

"Go, on, old man, and come back after a while."

"I'se dun been erway an' I'se dun come back arter a while. You folks hab dun stole dat $10 an' is now lissu' on de fut o' de lan'. Oh, yer needn't ter laugh. I'se gwine erway an' stay er few minits an' den when I comes back I wants sat's fackshun."

About an hour afterwards when he returned the bank was open.

"I wants dat $10."

"Well, make out a check."

"How make out er chick?"

"Here, I'll fix it for you. Now sign your name to this," he added. "Here you are," handing him the $10. "Now go on away and don't come back here any more."

"Dat 'vice am unnecessary, sah. I'll neber come heah ergin. Dis heah is too much o' er open an' shet bus'ness ter suit me. Dis ain't de same money I put in heah, an' I wouldn't be s'prized ef it wa'n't counterfeit. Dis settles me wid de bankers, 'ca'se I ain't had no peace since I'se been runnin' wid 'em. Good day. Yer's foolin' wid de wrong man when yer foolin' wid me."

RULE FOR BOOK-BUYERS.—"Take care," says the Book-Buyer, "to read what you buy, and to buy only what you read." The advice, followed, would make book-buying a very simple matter in most cases.

The Rev. Mr. Talmage preached at St. Enoch's church in Belfast, Ireland, last Sunday to a large congregation numbering fully 4,000. He afterward addressed an assemblage, computed at about 40,000 who could not gain admittance to the church.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.

(Hall's Journal of Health.)

As a universal rule in health, and, with very rare exceptions, in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or taste relishes.

Persons rarely err in the quality of the food eaten; nature's instincts are the wisest guides in this respect.

The great sources of mischief from eating are three—quantity, frequency, rapidity, and from these come the horrible dyspepsia which makes of human life a burden, a torture, a living death.

Rapidity—By eating fast the stomach, like a bottle being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the saliva for like ice in a tumbler of water the smaller the bits are the sooner are they dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea it digests almost as soon without being chewed at all as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for even if it is well chewed the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness or bad teeth. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating.

Frequency—It requires about five hours for a common meal to dissolve and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles, after such a length of effort. Hence persons should not eat within less than a five hours interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one-third of its time. The brain perishes without repose. Never force food on the stomach.

Quantity—It is variety which tempts to excess, few will err as to quantity who eat very slowly.

SEVEN BLIND WONDERS.

A Negro Family Almost as Gifted as the Original Blind Tom.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

For several days past there has been a remarkable family of negroes in Atlanta. Their name is Williamson, and they came from Wilson county, North Carolina. There are three brothers and four sisters, all of whom have been totally blind from their birth. They are the children of black parents, who were slaves and ordinary field hands. Unto them were born fourteen children, seven of whom had sight, while seven were blind. The blind children were not only hardier and healthier, but their mental endowments are superior to those of their brothers and sisters who could see. They went to Raleigh to the State Blind Asylum, and were there well educated. Every one of them developed a remarkable talent for music, and on leaving the asylum organized themselves into a concert company, and began to travel through the South. The oldest brother married a smart negro woman, who acts as a guide and business manager of the party. They have been all over the South giving entertainments, which have paid them handsomely. They sing and play on various instruments with remarkable skill. All of them have good voices, which have been well trained. The most remarkable performance are the exhibitions of their powers of mimicry. They imitate a brass band so perfectly that a person outside the hall in which they are humming would almost invariably be deceived. Their imitation of the organ is equally perfect. Each of the singers makes a peculiar noise, and carries his or her own part of the performance, and the combined result is a deep music, very like to the pealing of a grand organ. These are two of their many tricks. They are constantly adding to their repertoire and perfecting themselves more and more in their curious arts. They have educated the sense of touch to a very remarkable degree. By feeling of a person's face and head they can give an accurate description of his or her appearance, and one of the sisters claims that she can tell the color of the hair by touching it. The seven will stand with joined hands, and any object can be placed in the hands of the older brother at the end of the line. While he holds it, he claimed that a magnetic current which passes through the entire line will enable any one of his brothers and sisters to tell what he has in hand. At any rate, some remarkable guesses of this kind are made.

Says an eminent physician: "A man should not run after he is 40." That depends upon circumstances. Most politicians are willing to run for office at any age. Other people, who are wise, will run if they are 50 if they see a woman approaching with fury in her eye and a broomstick in her hand.—Mobile *Register*.

Some people toss up their heads and sneer whenever it is intimated that the world is becoming more bulky in the brow; but the fact cannot be dodged that the small boy of to-day knows a heap more than his daddy—according to his own estimate.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. PURITY. On Every Bottle.

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 unerring 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, and does not constipate—other Iron medicines do.

It cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

Be sure the genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Dec. 18 1yr

$200,000 in presents given away. Send 10 cents postage, and we will send you free a package of goods of the value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, in all places, for all the time or space (that only) they can spare at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

feb 5 1y

LIVER WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

dec 18 1y

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. Ladies or gentlemen, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers. Absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

feb 5 1y

FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Loss of Appetite if Foutz's Powders are used in time.

Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject.

FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.

Sold everywhere.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor, BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by BROWN & SIMMONS.

nov 28 1y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

KITCHIN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

sept 12tf

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

BUSBEE & SMITH.

Mr. F. H. Busbee and Mr. R. H. Smith, Jr., Counsellors 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 1f.

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 3 1f.

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 12 1y.

W. W. HALL,

Attorney at Law,

WELDON, N. C.

Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1 1f.

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 12 1y.

DR. E. L. HUNTER,

Surgeon Dentist.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

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

June 22 tf

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. Some full. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

feb 5 1y