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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. XIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1885.

NO. 40.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

When the leaves fall from the trees, it is a beautiful sight. The colors are so varied and so beautiful, that it is almost impossible to describe them. The leaves are so full of life and so full of beauty, that it is almost impossible to describe them.

Two Thanksgivings. Sunshine and shadow.

Now, don't think of me, my dear Harry, said I, stepping into the kitchen, which was completely filled with the smell of spices and other delicious odors. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and the air was so full of life and so full of beauty, that it was almost impossible to describe them.

Nobody made better pies than mother, and, of course, she knew twice as well as I did what seasoning they required, but I trusted just to please her, and suggested that she put in a dust more of cloves, because I knew she was doing her best to get up an extra good Thanksgiving dinner on my account, for, you see, I was expecting to see Harry Carlton the next day, and he was the one man in all the world to me.

I kissed mother's wrinkled cheek, and hurried off to my duties as teacher in the public school. Father was only book-keeper in the mill, and had delicate health habits, so I was obliged to do all I could to support myself and help the family along. My voice was naturally clear and strong, and my parents had denied themselves many comforts, that it might be carefully trained. I sang in the choir, gave a few music lessons, and, with my school teaching, earned quite a comfortable little salary. But my hard work was soon to be over, for Harry was coming and we were to be married at Christmas.

I haven't told you about Harry, have I? It seems as if everybody knew about him as well as I do myself, but that is foolish, of course. He was a big, strong-bodied, cheerful fellow, with a handsome, intelligent face, and laughing blue eyes. He was proud and sensitive, yet tender and generous-hearted to a fault. To me, who knew all his goodness, he was a perfect idol. Four years before he had told me in his straightforward way that he loved me. But he was poor, and declared himself of the Irishman's opinion that, "if a fellow hadn't anything, he had no business to ask any girl to share it with him."

Soon after, a remunerative position was offered him in Japan, and he had me good-bye with the words, "Be brave and patient, little woman, and, if we both live, in a few years we shall have the happiest home in all Connecticut."

Now the waiting and uncertainty were almost over, for I had Harry's last letter, dated a good while back, in my pocket. In which he said, "I shall sail on the 'Neptune,' which leaves Yokohama in two weeks, and, if nothing happens, darling, we shall know Thanksgiving together."

I hardly know how I was able to teach at all that day; the happiness I felt must have betrayed itself in my face and rung out in exultant tones of my voice. On my way home from school I stopped at the post-office, hoping to get word that the "Neptune" had arrived. A group of men were talking earnestly together, and I heard the name "Neptune" mentioned several times. I walked straight up to a gentleman whom I knew and asked if he had heard any news.

"Nothing definite," he replied, "the ship was due two days ago, and the others begin to say that it is not at all strange, ships are often delayed at this season of the year."

This answer reassured me. I had never had any real trouble, and, although I felt grieved and disappointed that the ship had not arrived, it never occurred to me that anything serious could have happened to her.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold and our folks decided to go to church in the delight. The frost and snow often come before the governor's proclamation in New England, you know. I stayed at home to take care of the house and finish getting the dinner, besides, I should not like to be away if Harry should happen to come. Looking back upon that time now, I wonder how I could have been so calm. I basted the turkey, made sauce for the puddings, arranged the golden pippins and pound sweatings in the

glass fruit-dishes and placed the vases of cut flowers by the side of every plate. Then I ran up stairs to put on my new navy-blue suit—Harry liked the color, and it was very becoming to me. I had just finished tying the ribbons in my hair when another came in. I turned round and gaily asked her if I was not beautiful, before I noticed her white sad face. "Oh, mamma," said I, "you have made yourself ill with hard work."

She staggered toward me, and throwing her arms around me, tremblingly exclaimed, "No, no, darling, I am not ill! God help you, my poor daughter! The 'Neptune' has gone down!"

I have been told that when a soldier first receives a bullet wound on the battlefield he is insensible to pain. That is something like the effect that sudden shock of my great sorrow had upon me. I did not weep nor cry out, but stood like one paralyzed.

It is not possible for the soul to pass at once from the sunlight of hope to the darkness of despair. It will grope about for a little while in the vain hope of retaining its natural atmosphere.

But the terrible awakening soon came, and then the long and almost hopeless struggle for subsistence to the inevitable. I used to feel that my suffering could have been more easily borne if I had been permitted to look upon his dead face or visit his grave. When the wind moaned at night, and I thought of the noble form that I had almost worshipped being buried in the cold earth, it seemed as though I should be driven mad. But duty remained when hope and love are gone, and I gradually took up the fragments of my broken life and found comfort in constant usefulness work.

Then a new trouble came. Esther, who had never been strong, took a violent cold and died of pneumonia. I think the sorrow I had borne made me more tender and considerate for the griefs of others, and I felt a thrill of satisfaction when mother stroked my hair in her old fond way, and called me her "sweet comfort."

Through the influence of Mr. Mason, our choir leader, I obtained an appointment in a fashionable New York chirologist, a position made vacant by the resignation of the principal surgeon, who was furthering his musical studies in Europe.

Mother and I sold our little house, paid all our debts, and moved to the city in May, where we lived in a comfortable, quiet way, in an unobtrusive street. We formed a few pleasant acquaintances among our neighbors, some of whom were lonely and sorrowful like ourselves.

As Thanksgiving approached, mother resolved to leave this all at our house and "make the day as much like the old times in the country" as possible. For several days we were baking pumpkin pies, staining raisins, and making a hundred other preparations for our little feast. But great choking lumps kept coming in my throat, for everything so vividly reminded me of that other Thanksgiving two years before, when the greatest worldly joys had been taken out of my life.

I put the finishing touches to the arrangement of our very little apartments and left mother to receive our guests while I attended service at the church.

I will not attempt to tell how I was sustained and soothed by the thoughtful advice of the venerable old minister, who chose for his text the words, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As my voice rose and the expression of my heart, which was uttering a song of thanksgiving that I had ever been permitted to know and love Harry, although so rubly separated from him.

"My Morton, your voice is developing wonderfully. I congratulate you," said the pastor, as I turned to leave the church.

I walked briskly home through the crisp frosty air. Just in front of me was a young man in the conversation of a young man, apparently her lover, while a little girl, about three years old, trotted along beside him in advance. As I arrived at my house and turned to run up the steps, I was shocked to see the child dart out in front of a little dog almost under the wheels of a heavily-laden beer-wagon which was passing down the street.

A spring to her rescue, and caught her in my arms, but in the excitement I struck my five fingers the curbstone as I reached the sidewalk, and should have fallen head-foremost to the ground, but that I was saved by a pair of strong arms.

My next recollection was called back to consciousness by kisses, caresses and tears. I was lying on the lounge in a sitting-room. Harry was leaning over me, his eyes full of tears, and smiling, and all manner of loving words. At first I did not know whether I was on earth or in heaven, with my darling. But mother was so nervous that she split the chamber in my face, and Harry was saying that if I did not stop crying because he had come back to me, he would go right away again, and then I realized the great happiness that had come to me. I do not like to talk about that time. If you have ever experienced the sudden joy of having the dead restored to life, you will understand how I felt, as I leaned my head on Harry's shoulder and listened to the story of his rescue from a fragment of the "Neptune" two hours after she had gone down. The ship that had saved him, was a clumsy

glass, bound for Australia, while he was taken, and, as he had lost all he had when the "Neptune" was lost, he had now to work hard for money enough to pay his passage home. He had only arrived in America that day, and was on his way to take the cars for Connecticut, when I stumbled into his arms on the street. Before he had answered all my questions, mother reminded us that our guests were waiting, and then the dinner was spoiled.

We have now a very little home of our own, and Harry is becoming a prosperous business man.

WAR ON MALE ATTIRE.

THE ABSURD GARMENTS OF OUR HIGH CIVILIZATION.

Of What Use is the Vest to the Man of Modern Times—The Origin of the Collar Came Into Being—Amusing Facts.

[The Eye.]

The first article to oppose is the vest. In half, at least, of our modern styles it is of no earthly use, save an expense, an increase of bulk to the wearer, and an increased profit to the tailor. The customary coat buttons over it although, and is made to keep buttoned. So does the "Prince Albert" or frock coat. Both extinguish the vest completely. What, then, is the garment for? If for warmth, why not add its thickness to the coat? If for appearance, why not have it seen?

The truth is the vest is the rudiment of the last relic of the old-fashioned "waistcoat," worn when coats were charged principally with the duty of protecting a man's back and arms. The "waistcoat" was made to protect the chest and stomach. It was cut much longer than at present. Our forefathers "padded down their vests" more than we do. They had more vest to pull down. We have curtailed the vest and hung on to it out of custom and sheer stupidity. The tailor says we must have it. So we go on wearing two coats, one completely covering the other. We might with equal reason wear two hats, one inside the other.

Next the pantaloons. These are but a pair of bags for the legs, conical at their symmetry. Every man is supposed to have a sharply flared from the knee downward. Our forefathers were proud of their calves. They revealed their contour by wearing the long stockings. The modern trouser came in with the French revolution. It was only a modification of the baggy leg wear of the French peasant. He got democracy on the brain, or rather his conception of democracy, and because the aristocrats wore stockings to the knee he argued that stockings to the knee indicated tyranny and oppression, and his kind of trousers equal rights for all men.

As we cut off the heads of those who cling to stockings, people found it to their interest to cut off stockings and put on trousers. Hence, the modern pantaloons. The fashion has been retained, some say by reason of its greater convenience.

The movable shirt collar arose in France. It is a base subterfuge. It came thus into being: Several hundred years ago linen was a luxury, and but few could afford to wear it as an under tunic, or shirt. As to cleanliness, the condition of that part of the tunic exposed above the neck was presumed to show the condition of the part concealed below it. Then, as now, some people were so well satisfied with the appearance of cleanliness as with cleanliness itself. So they cut off the exposed portion of the tunic and replaced it with a movable one—a false collar, in fact, which could be changed, daily and replaced with another bit of clean linen, which was buttoned on to the under garment, to bear false witness by its own purity that a similar condition existed below. Such is the origin and mission of the movable shirt collar. As if, when the upper portion of a garment was no longer fit to wear through uncleanness, the lower part was not also!

It is doubtful if there really be any need of the hat at all. The Indians for the most part wear none, and an Indian is seldom bald at 20. True, Mr. Indian will stick on an old pig given him by his white brother and wear it indolently and, but he thinks it an ornament. The Blue-ribbon school-boys in London wear no hats save on sabbath for four years, being so compelled by the rules of the school for the last 400 years, and you will notice that their growth of hair seems uncommonly vigorous and luxuriant. The Parisian shop-boy working girl wears neither hat nor bonnet on week days, and one of the first things noticeable in Paris is how much prettier are well-dressed heads of hair than shod or sooty combs. Perhaps had nature intended that men and women should place artificial coverings on their heads, she would have left the hair all together. She effects such result now in many cases where people and generations before them have persisted in keeping their heads ever covered. Nature is inclined to be very accommodating. She says, "if you don't want to use your hair for the purpose I intended, why you needn't have any at all," and the result may be seen any Sunday in looking from the church gallery down on the congregation—a mass of bald and semi-bald male crania.

For pure whisky Myers' Sunny South Malted Rye Whisky is unrivaled.

AT W. H. CARROLL, AGENT.

SCIENCE AND SHAMMING.

In a large factory, in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in visiting his hamper, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew half-way across the room and struck a fellow-workman in the left eye.

The man claimed that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half his eye sight, and refused all offers of a compromise.

Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of the kind, and although he believed that the man was shamming, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim.

The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist, retained by the defense, examined the alleged injured member, and gave it as his opinion, that it was as sound as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's final protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer, and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim.

And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the color green and red combined make black. He produced a black card on which a few words written in green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red, and the one for the left eye consisting of an ordinary glass. The card was handed to him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the chest was at once exposed.

The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which was claimed to be sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.

Thus the fellow was not only fooled in his attempt at blackmail, but he was in addition instantly arrested, and, after trial, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

BLAINE'S LAST SCHEME.

TO EMIGRATE TO SOME WESTERN STATE AND ELECT HIMSELF TO THE SENATE.

You see in the newspapers occasionally something to the effect that Senator Hale, of Maine, intends to resign so that Mr. Blaine can be elected to fill the vacancy. That is all moonshine. Of course I do not know whether Mr. Hale would be willing to sacrifice himself or not, but this I do know, Mr. Blaine himself would not permit it. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Hale are fast and firm friends and there is no prospect of any breach in this intimacy. As for Senator Fry, Mr. Blaine has not the same consideration for him that he has for his associate.

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WHAT MADE HER LEAVE.

A Jameville young lady, wishing to write some poetry on tobacco, thought it would be a good idea to go to a warehouse and learn all she could about the culture and care of the weed. She did so, and the proprietor, a young man, answered all her queries pleasantly, and showed her about the building. After looking through the sheds and putting several boxes of "chew" home, in her satchel for future reference, they came to the basement. "Down there," said the proprietor, "is the stripping room, where—"

"The what?" said the visitor.

"The stripping room,"

"Well, excuse me," uttered the young lady, and she left the premises so suddenly that the young man couldn't explain.

GLEANINGS.

Mark Train is in his 51st year.

Mr. Hendricks' estate is worth about \$100,000.

Sunset Cox will write a story about T. C. Hill.

Neal Dix calls Boston "the paradise of grog shops and drunkards."

A new paper in Cincinnati is called *The Bark*. Every man in Ohio wants it.

Robert Garret's new residence near Baltimore, new building, is to cost a cool \$1,000,000.

The negro problem just now is how to lift a one hundred and fifty-dollar mortgage from his male with a forty-dollar bale of cotton and have any male left.—Ex.

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusement had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring and youth, the former from the year, the latter from the human life.

MORALITY.

What sort of morality is that which satisfies a man in the non-payment of a debt as long as his creditor refrains from "dunning?"

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because it is a small amount—a trifle?

What sort of morality is that which calls the attention of the creditor to an overcharge but is silent about an under-charge?

What sort of morality is that which seeks to avoid meeting his creditor but he should be more plainly reminded of his indebtedness?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because of a failure in farming or other enterprise or undertaking?

What sort of morality is that which gets offended when asked to pay a debt which the debtor promised to pay long before the time of dunning?

What sort of morality is that which provides for his own wife and children by defrauding the wife and the children of another man, dead or alive to whom he is justly indebted for things which have been used by the debtor's family for their own enjoyment and profit?

What sort of morality is that which lightens the obligations to pay a just debt in proportion to the length of time since it was contracted?

In short, what sort of morality is that which disregards the command, "Thou shalt not steal?"

HUNG FOR BURGLARY.

TWO NEGRO THIEVES SUFFER THE EXTREME PENALTY OF THE LAW.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Dec. 9.—Nelson Stewart and Anderson Davis, colored, convicted of burglary, were hanged within the jail inclosure in this city this afternoon. The drop fell at 11 o'clock, and Davis' neck was broken by the fall. As the trap was springing, the nose around Stewart's neck slipped so that the knot rested at the back of his head, and he died from strangulation. Davis died in ten minutes and Stewart in ten and a half minutes. Both men mounted the gallows with steady step and exhibited no emotion. They bade those present farewell and said they were going to Heaven. They were attended in the last hours by Rev. Father Gross of the Catholic church.

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