THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

VOL. XVII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17. 1887. NO. 47.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PATAPSCO 196 SUPERLATIVE PATENT C.A.GAMBRILL Mfg. Co. BALTIMORE

THE

Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOUR MILLS.

ESTABLISHED--1774

The value of FLOUR depends upon the ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF NUTRITION CONTAINED IN THE BREAD IT MAKES. Maryland and Virginia Wheat, from which our PATENT ROLLER FLOURS are chiefly manufactured, has long been conceded to be SUPERIOR to any other, because it has a BETTER COMBINATION OF GLUTEN AND PHOSPHATES. This fact is recognized not only in this country, but in the United Kingdom as well, where the "PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE" COMMANDS DECIDEDLY MORE MONEY than any other American Flour. Ask your grocer for it. Also for

Patapsco Superlative, Cape Henry Family, Bedford Family,
Patapsco Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra,
Patapsco Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family,

C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

aug 12 1y

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

PETERSBURG RAILROAD.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Read Down. 1886	No. 48, Daily.	No. 40, Daily.	No. 42, Daily.
Leave Petersburg	11.00 a.m.	3.50 p.m.	10.30 p.m.
Leave Jarratt's	12.2 p.m.	4.12 "	11.50 "
Leave Stony Ck	12.2 "		11.50 "
Leave Emporia	1.05 "		12.15 a.m.
Arrive Weldon	1.55 "	5.15 p.m.	1.05 "

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 41 Daily.	No. 47, Daily.	No. 43 Daily.
Leave Weldon	7.40 a.m.	2.25 p.m.	4.15 a.m.
Leave Emporia	8.10 "	3.11 "	
Leave Stony Ck	8.42 "	3.38 "	
Leave Jarratt's	8.52 "	4.01 "	5.16 a.m.
Arrive Petersburg	9.45 "	4.50 "	5.57 "

All Trains run solid Weldon to Washington.
J. R. KENLY, Supt Trans. JOHN F. DIVINE, Gen'l Supt'd.
T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

WILMINGTON & WELDON R.R. AND BRANCHES.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Read Dec. 12, 1886.	No. 48, Daily.	No. 40, Daily.	No. 42, Daily.
Leave Weldon	2.15 p.m.	5.38 p.m.	1.10 a.m.
At Rocky Mount	3.57 "		
Arrive Tarboro	4.30 p.m.		
Leave Tarboro	11.30 a.m.		
Arrive Wilson	4.05 p.m.	6.18 p.m.	3.07 a.m.
Leave Wilson	4.15 "		
Arrive Selma	4.57 "		
Arrive Smithfield	5.25 "		
Arrive Fayetteville	6.15 "		
Leave Goldsboro	4.34 "	7.42 "	4.38 a.m.
Leave Magnolia	6.09 "	8.26 "	5.15 "
Leave Burgaw	7.00 "		6.15 "
At Wilmington	7.50 "	9.50 p.m.	7.00 a.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 41, Daily.	No. 47, Daily.	No. 43, Daily.
Lv. Wilmington	11.00 a.m.	7.30 a.m.	8.40 p.m.
Leave Burgaw		8.24 "	9.36 "
Leave Magnolia	12.12 p.m.	9.12 "	10.42 "
Arrive Goldsboro	1.35 "	11.5 "	11.8 "
Lv. Fayetteville		8.00 "	
Arrive Selma		10.47 "	
Arrive Wilson		11.30 "	
Leave Wilson	2.52 a.m.	12.2 p.m.	12.[illegible] a.m.
At Rocky Mount		1.00 "	1.[illegible] "
Arrive Tarboro		4.30 p.m.	
Leave Tarboro		11.30 a.m.	
Arrive Weldon	4.05 "	2.15 p.m.	2.45 a.m.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Halifax for Scotland Neck at 3.00 P. M. Returning leaves Scotland Neck at 8.30 A. M., daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle & Raleigh R. R. Daily except Sunday, 4.00 P. M., Sunday 3.00 P. M., arrive Williamston, N. C., 8.10 P. M., 5.40 P. M. Returning leaves Williamston, N. C., Daily except Sunday, 8.00 A. M. Sunday 9.00 A. M., Arrive Tarboro, N. C., 11.00 A. M., 12.30 A. M.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro, N. C., Daily except Sunday, 5.30 P. M. arrives Smithfield, N. C., 7.00 P. M. Returning leaves Smithfield, N. C., 7.30 A. M. arrives Goldsboro, N. C., 9.30 A. M.

Southbound train on Wilson and Fayetteville Branch is No. 46. Northbound is No. [illegible]

Train No. 40 South will stop only at Wilson, Goldsboro and Magnolia.

Train No. 42 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond, and daily except Sunday via Bay Line.

Trains make close connections for all points North via Richmond and Washington.

All Trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington, and have Pullman Palace Sleepers attached.

J. R. KENLY, Supt Trans. JOHN F. DIVINE, General Supt.
T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD,
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
Raleigh, N. C., July 22, 1885.

MAIL TRAIN.

Leave Raleigh	9 45 A. M.
Arrives at Weldon	2 00 P. M.
Leaves Weldon	2 20 P. M.
Arrives at Raleigh	7 25 P. M.

FAST THROUGH FREIGHT.
(For Portsmouth.)

Leave Raleigh	7 00 P. M.
Arrive at Weldon	2 05 A. M.
Leave Weldon	2 05 A. M.
Arrives at Raleigh	9 05 A. M.

LOCAL FREIGHT.

Leaves Raleigh	5 15 A. M.
Arrives at Weldon	3 45 P. M.
Leaves Weldon	8 45 A. M.
Arrives at Raleigh	3 05 P. M.

Mail trains make close connections at Weldon with the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad and Bay Line Steamers via Baltimore, to and from all points North, West and Northwest and with Petersburg Railroad via Petersburg Richmond and Washington City, to and from all parts North and Northwest. At Raleigh with the North Carolina Railroad to and from all points south and southwest, and with the Raleigh and Augusta Air Line to Fayetteville, Hamlet, Charlotte and the South.

W. S. SMITH, Supt.
JNO. C. WINDER, General Manager.

OFFICE SUP'T. TRANSPORTATION, S. AND E. R. R.
Portsmouth, Va., July 15, 1885.

Trains on this Road will leave Portsmouth daily except Sundays, as follows:

Mail Train	10.00 A. M
Raleigh Through Freight	7.00 P. M
Way Freight Tri Weekly	6.45 A. M

Trains Arrive at Weldon daily, except Sundays as follows:

Mail Train	1.25 P. M
Raleigh Through Freight	12.18 A. M
Way Train	3.00 P. M

Trains of this Road will leave Weldon daily, except Sundays, as follows:

Mail Train	5.30 P. M.
Raleigh Through Freight leaves Weldon for Portsmouth daily (except Monday morn.)	8.15 A. M.
Way Freight	8.00 A. M.

Trains Arrive at Portsmouth, daily except Sundays, as follows:

Mail Train	8.50 P. M
Raleigh Through Freight	4.30 A. M
Way Freight	2.15 P. M.

Mail Train stops at all Stations. Steamer leaves Precaitis Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays, for Edenton, Plymouth and Landings on the Blackwater and Chowan rivers.

Apply to R. O. Edwards, Agent, Weldon, or to
L. T. MYERS,
Superintendent of Transportation.

ALBEMARLE & RALEIGH R. R. CO.

On and after June 1st, 1885, trains will run on this road by the following schedule:

TIME TABLE:

P. M.		A. M.
Tarboro, (Leaves)	4 00	Tarboro, (Arrives), 9 54
Harrell's,	4 15	Harrell's, 9 05
Warren's,	4 25	Warren's, 8 51
Little Creek,	4 30	Little Creek, 8 55
Bethel,	4 50	Bethel, 8 30
Robersonville,	5 15	Robersonville, 7 50
Everett's,	5 35	Everett's 7 30
Williamson, (Ar.)	6 05	Williamson, (Lv. 7 00

The 7.00 a. m. train from Williamston will arrive in Tarboro at 9.05 a. m., allowing passengers to connect with the morning train on the W. W. R. R. for Rocky Mount.

The 6.00 p. m. train from Tarboro connects with the boats at Williamston for Norfolk via N. S. Railroad and intermediate points; also at Jamesville with the J. & W. Railroad for Washington and all points below.

This table may be changed at any time as necessity and circumstances may require.

JAMES M. PATTY, Gen'l. Sup't.

M. C. PAIR.

ALL

Heavy Wool

GOODS at COST.

WINTER BOOTS

AT COST.

M. C PAIR,
Washington Avenue, Weldon, N. C.

aug 19 1y

Ladies Fine Shoes

WE HAVE MADE

M. F. HART,
WELDON, N. C.,

N. B. JOSEY & CO.,
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.,

BRANCH & POPE,
ENFIELD, N.C.,

Our agents for the sale of our Ladies' Fine Shoes, for their respective sections.

We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acme, Waukenphast and Creole lasts, the latter is just out and is very nice. We use the McKay Machine and sew with best Barbour's thread. Every pair warranted. They are nice, neat and stylish. Give them a look when you want a shoe and you will be pleased.

E. P. REED & CO.
sept 16 1y Rochester, N. Y.

WOULD WE RETURN?

[*Robert Burns Wilson, in February Century.*]

Would we return
If mists the gates which close upon the past
Were opened wide for us and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us clear
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last,
Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast
Revealed the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes and brought anew
The far-off streams in which our skies were glassed;
Did those lost dreams which make the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and waited our returning,
Would we return?

Would we return
If love's enchantment held the heart as more
And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain;
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
Of mountain gates, or, on some alien shore
Worn out the soul's long anguish and had slain
At last the dragon of despair—if then the train
Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,
The same voice called, and with soft eyes beguiling,
Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,
Would we return?

Would we return
Once we had crossed to death's unlovely land
And trod the blossomless ways among the dead
Long and unhappy, after years had fled
With twilight wings along that glimmering strand,
If there—an angel come with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled indread
How soon the hours that once for aye shed
May flow for others—how like words in sand
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,
Would we return,—
Would we return?

HER LESSON.

Madge Arnold closed her sewing-machine, with a weary sigh, and placing her work in the basket, arose to her feet. It was nearly night, and her day's work was done. "Six o'clock!" she said aloud, "and John will be home to supper, at seven! Oh, dear, I'm tired of that horrid machine! But John, poor fellow, is obliged to work hard, too, yet we never get anything ahead; and the world looks dark to-night; I declare I get discouraged at times, and I cannot help it! What a dreary, disagreeable evening!" she went on, dolefully, as she glanced toward the window—"raining! raining! raining all the time! And my life is just as dark and dreary—the outlook just as cheerless!"

She closed the blinds and drawn down the shades; then she brightened the fire, which burned red and slumbrous in the grate, and having lighted a lamp, she smoothed her brown braids and added a fresh white collar, to enliven her plain dark dress. Her little arrangements completed, she went to work to prepare the frugal supper. That was soon neatly placed on the round table in the center of the room, and the tea-kettle singing merrily upon the grate, then Madge seated herself in a low rocker before the fire, to await her husband's coming.

The wind blew outside, and dashed the rain against the house; there was no other sound to break the drowsy silence save the faint tinkle of the car-bells on an adjacent street, and occasionally the dropping of a coal in the grate. Some strange, spirit seemed to have taken possession of the young wife's heart, and she went on complainingly:

"We've been married a year now, and I don't see any hope of prosperity, yet. John was so sure that he would have a more paying situation by this time! Mr. Walton promised to advance him, but he has never done it yet, and John's health is not half as good as it was six months ago! It makes my heartache when I look at his pale face, and I know that when summer comes he ought to go into the country for a good long rest. Dr. Jones says if he does not, he will not answer for John's life; yet, the doctor might almost as well have prescribed a trip to the North Pole, for we can never spare the money! Oh, dear! when I reflect upon all our troubles, and remember how small a sum of money would save us from want, and give my poor darling his strength, it seems to me as if I should go wild!"

Yet, Madge, never stopped to think of the many blessings vouchsafed her—of her own perfect health, and how good and true and faithful was the man whom she had promised to love, honor, and obey. She only remembered their griefs and troubles—and gave no thought to their blessings. John Arnold was assistant book keeper in a flourishing firm, a very intelligent and capable man, one bound to push his way forward. But, ill health—the natural consequence of too strict confinement at sedentary employment—had overtaken him, and success seemed very far away. He had married an industrious girl, and Madge had finally resorted to the sewing which she obtained from a few old friends, that she might be a help to her husband. She had worked very hard, with the wild ambition of being of some real and tangible assistance, but it was slow work and poor pay, and to-night, weary in mind and body, she was ready to despair.

All at once the sound of a step coming slowly up the walk which led to the door of her humble house, made her start. Why, John had come, and here she was sitting wrapped up in gloomy thoughts, instead of disguising her own anxiety with smiles and endearments, as was her wont.

She arose hurriedly and flung the door wide open, only to recoil with an exclamation of surprise and alarm, for a stranger stood on the threshhold—a man in the blue uniform of a policeman. Madge stifled the cries that arose to her lips, and faced him pale and frightened.

"Is Mr. Arnold in?" the man inquired gruffly.

Madge shook her head, a strange, suffocating sensation began to steal humbly over heart.

"What—is the—matter?" she gasped brokenly.

"We are after him, that's all! You tell him for me, if he shows himself around here, that 'tain't no use, we're bound to get him!"

"What—has—he—done?" demanded the frightened woman nervously.

"Enough. He's robbed his employer, Mr. W. R. Walton, of five thousand dollars, and liked to kill Mr. Walton himself who came near catching him. Arnold seen him, and wheeled about unexpectedly, pulled out a revolver and shot him, and the doctors afraid Mr. Walton won't get over it!"

Madge sank into her seat, with a frightened cry.

"There's some mistake!" she faltered "my John would never do such a thing."

The policeman smiled sardonically.

"May be not," he returned dryly, "but all the same I've got a warrant for his arrest on the charge o' embezzlin' his employer's funds, and assault with the intent to kill. And m'am, if you've got any idea where he is, you'd better tell me now, or 'twill be the worse for you."

Madge arose, fearless and wild eyed.

"I do not know where he is!" she answered, fiercely, "and if I did, I would die, before I would tell you!"

The policeman shrugged his shoulders.

"I've nothin' to do with that," he retorted, "my duty is to serve the warrant and arrest my man, when I find him, and I'm bound to find him if it kills me! Ah I *knew* he was here somewhere; John Arnold you are my prisoner."

And then a vision of a white, anguished face and wild dilated dark eyes, flashed before the stricken wife. There was a mad struggle, a wild cry of horror and heart-break, as John Arnold at length, overcome by superior numbers (for the policeman had speedily summoned assistance), gave up in mad despair, and was dragged away to the old stone prison in the lower part of the city.

There was a numb, blank sensation in Madge Arnold's brain, a feeling of utter terror and a desolate heart-break, that cannot be described; as she heard the retreating footsteps, and knew that she was alone—worse than widowed! She sat down and thought the matter over. She would go to Mr. Walton herself; he had always liked John, and perhaps, he might be induced to forgive him, and withdraw the charge against him, for the sake of the poor, heart-broken wife. Madge threw on her hat and shawl, and quite unmindful of the fast-falling rain, she went out alone in the night and darkness. She was bewildered, and her brain seemed in a blaze; but all at once she stood before Mr. Walton's great house—a splendid mansion on an aristocratic street. She paused with a gasp of horror, and muttered a cry to God for mercy. The front of the house was darkened, and a great black streamer of crape hung from the massive entrance. Just then a voice reached her ears; two men were standing near, and, still in that cloudy bewilderment, she hesitated while one said, in a low, eager tone:

"Poor Walton! To be shot down by one whom he had befriended! It was the miserable cur that bites the hand that feeds it!"

"Yes," returned his companion, "and it will go hard with Arnold. Manslaughter, I suppose! Great heavens— Harry—that's his wife, and—she's going to faint—she's falling—she——"

Madge heard no more. There was a rushing, buzzing in her head, she trembled like a leaf and then she fell down—down, and with a loud cry of anguish, swoon!

She was in John's arms—before the fire, half burned out now. The wind and the rain were having it all their way outside; and her husband, eager and excited, with the raindrops dripping from his hat and overcoat, was holding her to his heart and kissing her fondly.

"Why, Madge—pet—you've been asleep and dreaming a bad dream," his cheery voice was saying, eagerly, "if I had not come in just now, you might have fallen into the fire! What is it, little girl?" For Madge was sobbing bitterly. But, before the story of her dream was half finished, she was sobbing for joy. For, if dreams go by contraries, hers was no exception.

Such glorious news he told her!

John had been detained at the office that night by his employer, who had offered him the position of head bookkeeper, with a promise of taking him into the firm in the course of time, provided he continued as faithful in the future as in the past. And he was to have two months' vacation when the warm weather should come, his salary to go on as before, while he took his wife to the mountains or the seaside, and regained health and strength.

"Our fortune is made, little wife!" John cried joyfully, when he had repeated the good news. "You shall not sew any more, for money, now, and we will move into a larger and more convenient house; and you shall have a servant, and not work, for you have been overexerting yourself lately, and have grown nervous and fanciful! Dear little wife! Never for one moment need you fear that I shall be guilty of dishonorable deeds!"

Madge Arnold never forgot her dream, nor the lesson which it taught her; and never again while she lived did any one hear her complain over the small trials of life. For she had found out something. She had learned that as long as she had a loving heart to lean upon she had a treasure "of more value than gold—yea—than fine gold!"

A GRAND OLD REBEL.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF THE CAREER OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The London Pall Mall Gazette, in its review of General Long's book, says: "No biographer ever had a nobler subject. Robert Lee had a character all but flawless; he was a real king of men, spotless in his highsouled integrity, born to command and yet to be loved, unspoiled by fortune, as grandly calm in adversity—the shining figure, in a word, of the stupendous struggle that evoked the full development of his special genius. In the fell rancor of a civil war, no adversary ever pointed a word of venom against Lee. Such soldiers of the North as Meigs and McComb record in General Long's pages their memories of days of early commandership with the soldier who, campaign after campaign, heaped defeat upon the North. Ere yet the sad time of internecine strife had come, Lee had won renown as a soldier of the Union. Old General Scott his commander in the Mexican war, had paid him the remarkable tribute of writing of him as the "very best soldier" he had seen in the field. Than Lee no American citizen was ever prouder of the Union; he realized that there would be no greater calamity for the country he loved than a dissolution of that Union; he was prepared to sacrifice for its preservation everything but honor.

When it became clear to him that honor called him to share the fortunes of his native Virginia the sacrifices he made to honor were unquestionably unique. Other soldiers abandoned their profession. Lee turned his face away from the proffer of the Federal commander in chief. He threw affluence behind him, for Arlington from the first was camping ground for the Federal levies. Nor was his sacrifices gilded by the hope that success was to crown the issue which North and South were preparing to fight out. "I never believed," said he, two days before the catastrophe at Appomattox, "I have never believed," that we could make good in the long run our independence * * * But," he added, and the words might adorn his tomb, "such considerations made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and sacred rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

And yet Lee's military genius accomplished success which, if they never beguiled the steadfast chief, fighting out his duty-fight against hope, yet inspired friend and foe alike with sanguine anticipation or gloomy apprehension, as the case might be. The most remarkable phenomenon of our time—one of the most beautiful and hopeful things in all secular history, ancient or modern—is the swift bridging over, or heaping in, rather of that awful chasm of blood and hate which not twenty years ago yawned so widely between the North and the South. The "bloody shirt" has been washed white; gloomy men no longer mutter over the corpse of the "Lost cause!" nay, the South has accepted the conviction that, bitter as was the experience, it has been well for it that the cause should have been lost. Not yet awhile, but twenty years hence, when there shall endure but a scant remnant of the war veterans of the mighty struggle, the martial pride of the great Republic will centre, not in the bloody triumph of the North on the Cemetery Ridge of Gettysburg, nor in Sheridan's inspired rally of the fugitives from Cedar Creek, not in Pickett's stately march through the hurricane of shot and shell to the final bayonet charge on the Federal breastworks, nor in Stonewall Jackson's flank march at Chancellorsville, no, but in the long, stubborn, heroic defence the South made under condition, so adverse and against odds so stupendous. And never can it be forgotten that of this wonderful, this unique defence, the spirit and genius was Robt. E. Lee. No campaign in the long annals of war, except the Seine and Marne campaign of Napoleon in the winter of 1814, will bear comparison with the series of desperate battles of 1864 in the tangled glades of the Wilderness.

The wonderful Healing properties of Darbys Prophylactic Fluid in case of Accidents, for Burns Scalds Cuts, Wounds, etc,

Its prompt use will invariably relieve and prevent Erysipelas, Gangrene, or Proud Flesh. Owing to the cleansing and purifying qualities of the Fluid the most obstinate Ulcers, Boils, Carbuncles, and Running sores are rendered pure and healthy and speedily cured, no other application being necessary. Jan. 20 1m

COFFINS.—E. A. Cuthrell still keeps on hand a large assortment of wooden and metallic coffins and cases of all sizes and qualities. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

The Bureau of Statistics at Washington has issued in a large volume a report upon the commercial and industrial condition, transportation and other facilities of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and Kentucky. The information was collected by expert agents detailed to each of these ten States. The development of transportation by railroad and water, the growth of agricultural and mineral operations, etc., are given in great detail. Chief Switzer, in reviewing the report says: The book, whatever speculations may be deduced from the exhibit here made or the lessons it may teach our statesmen, it will not be questioned that the reports furnish evidences of recuperative energy and of material progress and developement by the Southern people unexampled in the history of our civilization; in short that the new and mightier South is rapidly emerging from the blight and desolations of the civil war, and promises in a short time to attain a high degree of prosperity. This marvelous developement can be truthfully affirmed, not simply or chiefly in respect to railway transportation or mining or manufactories, but to every material interest of the South, and to almost every section of it. The exceptional sections are those which are destitute of direct railway or water communication with the markets of the world; these, and these only, are yet to feel the forces which quicken the sluggish currents of the old life, and these, no doubt, in a compartively short time will bear, in the wheels that weave the webs of towns. The contents of this report will be a revelation to the country, even to the Southern people themselves, for they disclose a wealth of opportunities for enterprise and industry which is unparalleled. The advantages of the South for agricultural pursuits, not simply for the cultivation of cotton, sugar and rice, but for agricultural developement in all its branches, and for manufacturing and for mining the precious metals, for coal and iron (which are more substantial foundations of prosperity), for lumbering and for stock raising, are being appreciated by the people of other parts of the union, and already thousands of enterprizing immigrants from the North and West, and millions and even hundreds of millions of capital are pouring into the Southern States.

THE SOCIAL LOBBY.

WASHINGTON THE MECCA OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE BY THEIR WITS.

Next to the political lobby in power is the social lobby. It may seem quiet that such a thing should exist, but the fact remains. The members are well known and the methods are pretty much the same as their brethren of the political lobby practice.

The object of the political wing of lobbyists is to influence favorable action on bills before Congress in which they are interested or have inducements offered them to further. The social lobbyists work to get people in society who have no other claim than money or a pretty face, for a pretty face here will keep one in office or society either. It sometimes happens that there is a danger that a social bill, in the form of people, will not pass the social congress. There is a sort of social Senate that goes into executive session, and sometimes the nominations of the social lobby are not confirmed. You meet people every day who are in the full swim of society who have been engineered through by their friends in the social lobby, who get their pay in prospective dinners—the run of the social kitchin, so to speak. They make themselves useful in a thousand ways to people who have more money than anything else, and are consumed with a burning ambition to be thought social leaders. These would-be leaders are fully equipped with everything conducive to success. They have their notoriety or advertisement provided for, and their social novelties and new lines of goods in the way of guests are immediately put in their show windows. They are supplied with a full chorus of greedy sycophants and toadies waiting for their cue to sing the praises of their special owner.

One of the most astonishing features of life in Washington is the extraordinary number of people who are preying upon society and living, as it were, by their social wits. They have the barnacle faculty of worming themselves in and sticking for all time. Many a social hulk is now lying up, condemned as unsocialworthy, which has been brought to the docks by the social barnacles.

Minot's Dentrifice.

What is more beautiful and comforting than well preserved teeth? Try Minot's Dentrifice, a perfectly safe preparation. By its daily use the teeth are cleaned and beautifully whitened, without injury to the enamel. Insist on having Minot's Dentrifice. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists. Jan. 13-1m.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Brown & Carraway, Halifax, N. C.

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SEE HIS CIGARS,
SEE HIS GROCERIES.

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dec 16 1y

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jan 6 2m

WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED

PARTS of the HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED AND STRENGTHENED, etc., is an interesting and earnest long talk in our issue. In reply to inquiries, we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars, by addressing Erie Medical Co., Buffalo, N.Y.—Inclose Foreign Fee.

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150 Bbls. Sugar, all kinds.
200 Packages and Crates Pure Lard.
150 Bags Rio, Laguyra and Java Coffee.
50 Boxes Roasted Coffee.
150 barrels Bright Syrups.
50 " New Orleans Molasses very cheap.
500 Kegs Orange Rifle Powder.
300 bags assorted Shot.
500 Kegs Old Dominion Nails.
50 barrels pure cider Vinegar for pickling and table use.
50 boxes Bacon and Bulk Meat.
200 " good to fancy Cream Cheese.
50 tubs and tierces Butter.
500 caddies Chewing Tobacco, all grades, very low.
200,000 Cigars and Cigaretts, all style and brands.
100 Cases Smoking Tobacco, different brands.
150 Caddies Green and Black Teas.
300 Boxes Soap, all kinds.
200 dozen Pails of different grades.
50 " Brooms.
50 barrels Kerosene Oil.
100 Gross Ralphs, Star and Carolina Bell Snuffs.
1000 Reams Wrapping Paper.
50 Cases Canned Beef.
100 Gross Masons Blacking.
50 Cases Sardines.
500 Boxes Starch all styles of best make.
200,000 Paper Bags.
15 Bags Pepper, Spice and Ginger.
150 Packages Cooking and Washing Soda.

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