

**YOU WILL MISS ME.**

"Sometime you will miss me, darling,  
When the long night shadows fall,  
I shall be beyond the starlight,  
And I shall not hear you call.  
You will miss me—it must be so,  
But perhaps our God will give  
Unto me the power to cheer you  
And watch o'er you while you live.

"All the hopes and aspirations,  
In the olden, happy time,  
You will think of, and weave it  
Deftly into heart-felt rhyme.  
You will miss me—it must be so,  
But perhaps our God will give  
Unto me the power to cheer you  
And watch o'er you while you live.

"I shall come if he is willing,  
At the lonely midnight hour,  
And my presence soft around you  
Shall unfold when storm-clouds lower,  
Shielding you from every evil,  
Though you may not see my face,  
I will never leave you lonely—  
There shall be no vacant place.

"All the hopes and aspirations,  
All the precious love we've known,  
This shall draw out souls together  
Round the great Eternal Throne.  
Do not mourn for me, my darling,  
Meekly hear the chastening rod—  
Think that I am with you always  
Who love you next to God."

**SOUTHERN PORTS.**

THE FUTURE OUTLETS FOR WESTERN GRAIN.

The *Manufacturers' Record* of September 12 says:

The recent advance in cotton, and the assurance of the largest grain crops for many years, have still further strengthened the position of the South in all business and financial matters, and everything indicates a very active winter and spring. The tendency of capital seeking investment must inevitably be Southward, for no other country possesses such wonderful resources, and nowhere else are the possibilities of profitable development so promising. The increasing importance of the South's foreign trade and the position of Southern ports as the future outlet for the grain of the West is illustrated by the fact that Galveston is to have a 1,000,000-bushels elevator and New Orleans one of 300,000 bushels capacity, while the grain trade at Norfolk has developed so rapidly that the elevator there has been unable to handle the business, and a floating elevator has been secured from New York, and even one of the big coal piers is being used in helping to transfer the immense traffic from the cars to the steamships, while some days ago the Norfolk & Western had nearly 600 grain-loaded cars on the track at Norfolk. This rapid growth of the export business of the South, added to the industrial development that has been going on for the last few years, will greatly enhance the prosperity of this whole section. New industrial enterprises are daily being organized, and as this is not a speculative period, they must all be of a solid character.

**MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE**

When either of the parties marries for money.  
When the lord of creation pays more for cigars than his better half does for hosiery, boots and bonnets.  
When one of the parties engages in a business that is not approved by the other.  
When both parties persist in arguing over a subject upon which they have never thought, and can never think alike.  
When neither husband or wife takes a vacation.  
When the vacations are taken by one side of the house only.  
When a man attempts to tell his wife what style of a bonnet she must wear.  
When a man's Christmas present to his wife consists of bootjacks, shirts and gloves for himself.  
When children have to clamor for their rights.  
When the watchword is: "Each for self."  
When the dinner is not ready at dinner time.  
When "he" scores the loudest while she kindles the fire.  
When the father takes half the pie and leaves the other half for the mother that made it and her eight children.  
When the children are given the neck and back of the chicken.  
When the money that should go for a book goes for what only one of the house knows anything about.  
When politeness, fine manners and kindly attention are reserved for company, or visits abroad.  
After all, the best way to know the real merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, is to try it yourself. Be sure to get Hood's.  
Those who perspire least, it is said, suffer most from the heat.

**A GOOD SHOT.**

STAND UP IN THE CORNER AND LET ME SHOOT A DIME OFF YOUR NOSE.

"Have you got any nerve?" asked my friend Simpson, as we halted before a saloon in Toughville, Mont.

"What if I haven't?" I answered evasively.

"I asked for information. You are a stranger here; you know, and you don't tuck your pants in your boots, or talk about our private graveyard, or anything like that, and as I've got to go in here and interview the proprietor I won't take you along unless your nerve will stand it."

"Go in," I answered laconically.

We entered a long, low-ceiled room with a bar at one end. Several card tables were scattered about at which gentlemen of rather unsavory appearance and reckless manners were playing.

While my friend was transacting his business with the proprietor I drew a chair into a corner and tried to appear perfectly at home.

Taking a cigar from my pocket I calmly placed it between my lips and lighted it, when—whiz! it was knocked clear out of my mouth by a pistol ball.

I never so much as winked an eye! I did not even turn to see who had done the firing, but, with the greatest coolness, I drew another cigar from my pocket and lighted it. I leaned back in my chair and smoked with extreme nonchalance—I don't think, I have ever before or since, been so utterly and so hopelessly nonchalant upon the occasion set forth.

As I smoked, the ashes naturally accumulated upon the end of my weed, and I was just thinking of knocking them off when that unknown friend with his convenient pistol performed the service for me.

Everyone in the saloon was looking in my direction, but did not show the barest tip of a white feather. I puffed away, with head thrown back and a dreamy contented expression on my face that I would have tried in vain to produce under ordinary circumstances.

Again the ashes accumulated, and again the timely bullet removed them.

At this stage I found myself wondering how I was going to keep my nerve when that cigar had burned down to a mere stump and my friend's marksmanship would be required to pick it out from between my teeth.

But I was equal to the emergency, and when my cheroot was two-thirds gone I held it out between my thumb and forefinger, while the unknown shot it out with a skill that was remarkable. Then I dusted my hands, brushed the ashes from my clothes and joined my friend at the door. Before we could leave the room, however, a man in a blue shirt and buckskin leggings, carrying a six-shooter in his hand, approached and embraced me.

"Say pard, dern my pictur if I hain't clean gone on yer nerve. Here's a buck-eye that I've carried ever since I broke jail in Ohio en come hyer. Take it en wear it in yer pants' pocket for the sake of Vermillion Pete, the all 'round terror of Bitter Creek. An', pard?"

"Well?"  
"Say, I want yer to stand up there in the corner en let me shoot a dime off yer nose—"

"Come on here," said my friend Simpson, as he yanked me through the door by the tail of my coat, without giving me time to frame a reply.

But I was glad he did it. A dime isn't very thick, and then Vermillion Pete might have missed it.—*Exchange.*

**"Don't Care To Eat."**

It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

**FIGS AND THISTLES.**

Profession is not godliness.  
The devil has no flowing wells.  
Heaven's stairs are paved with Bible promises.  
Love never complains that its burden is too heavy.  
Bad habits are great bars in the devil's prison.  
If you want to be a happy Christian be a useful one.  
A lie in the heart is as black as it is in a horse trade.  
REMEMBER a cold winter is predicted.  
COTTON continues to advance in price.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Cleanse Your Blood**

With Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Druggists approve it, doctors recommend it, and the public prefer it to any other. The reason is—because, tested *chemically*, Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves to be the most scientific remedy of its class; tested *professionally*, it is recognized as a standard pharmaceutical preparation; tested *by individuals and whole neighborhoods*, it is demonstrated in actual use to be the strongest and most effective, and therefore the most economical and desirable blood-purifier. Don't fail to get AYER'S; and be sure that every bottle has upon its wrapper, besides our name, the place of manufacture, LOWELL, MASS.

**With Ayer's**

**Sarsaparilla.**

"As a standard blood medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always maintained a first-class position in the trade and in popular estimation. We invariably recommend it in preference to any other."—J. O. Loomis, Apothecary, 717 Main st., Hartford, Conn.  
"I have always recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as superior to any other preparation for purifying the blood."—G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., Fenner, W. Y.  
"For two years past I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood. It sells well in my store."—E. R. Boyle, M. D., Third and Oxford sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I have been in the drug business in Lowell for twenty years and sell more of Ayer's than of other Sarsaparillas. It is made from the best blood-purifiers known to medical science, and contains nothing but what can be recommended by the most scrupulous physician. I have known of a great many cures effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, some of them very remarkable and worthy of record."—G. C. Osgood, M. D., cor. Merrimack and Suffolk sts., Lowell, Mass.  
"It gives me satisfaction to acknowledge the superior merits of such a well-known blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am confident it has no equal."—J. H. Conden, Pharmacist, 22 Flower st., Hartford, Conn.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for building up the health generally, stands at the head of the list."—Jas. M. Williams, M. D., Sumner, Ark.  
"The public have decided that, for purifying the blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla heads all in point of merit. With the best drugs and appliances, and long experience, J. C. Ayer & Co. supply, in their Sarsaparilla, a rich alternative medicine. All our customers say it does its work well."—William Lamport, Druggist, 157 Market st., Newark, N. J.  
"There is no better blood medicine than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. We sell more of it than all others together."—Lyman Crawford, Pharmacist, cor. Main and Union streets, Springfield, Mass.

"The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best, for chronic diseases of almost every kind, known to the medical world."—D. M. Wilson, M. D., Wigs, Ark.  
"In my practice, I invariably prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood."—W. P. Wright, M. D., Paw Paw Ford, Tenn.  
"For years my blood was in an unhealthy condition. After having tried other medicines without success, I have lately been taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The results have been all that could be desired. It is a wonderful blood-purifier."—Richard W. Phillips, 1833 North Second street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.  
Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

**COHEN'S PHARMACY!**

GARWOOD'S EXTRACT, NACE'S TRIPLE, VIOLET WATER, WOODWORTH'S FLORIDA WATER, AND SACHET POWDER.	—New Line of— <b>STATIONERY</b> Just Received 150 Linen writing Tablets, which I'll sell at a small <b>PROFIT.</b>
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ACCURACY!

PURITY!

MY PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT is under the charge of a Graduate of Pharmacy.

NEW DRUGS RECEIVED EVERY WEEK.

Stag Brand Prepared Paints, Pure White Lead & Linseed oil. I'll sell paints at a very small margin.	A Large Stock of— <b>LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEED.</b>
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**Woolton's Patent Wire Tobacco Hangers**

**CAN BE USED IN ANY BARN.**

Wires are movable. Tobacco can be properly spaced on Stick and Bulked Down on the Wires when cured. Simplest, Cheapest and Best in the Market.

PRICES, when Cash Accompanies the Order:

100 Sticks Complete (7 Wires to Stick).....	\$3.00
1,000 Wires (No Sticks).....	4.00
PRICES ON TIME:	
100 Sticks Complete.....	3.50
1,000 Wires (No Sticks).....	4.50
Baskets, per Dozen.....	4.00

Sample Stick and Wire for 5 Cents.  
Treatise on Tobacco Culture and Curing FREE.

AGENTS WANTED.  
TOBACCO HANGER MFG CO., Houston, Halifax Co., Va.

**H. J. GORDLE,**  
WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,  
LITTLETON, NORTH CAROLINA.

Makes specialty of repairing fine WATCHES and CLOCKS.  
Fitting spectacles and eye glasses.  
Cash paid for old gold and silver.

A nice line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY, Always on hand for sale CHEAP. Watches sent me by mail will be carefully repaired and promptly returned.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**FOR - SALE.**

**ONE OF THE BEST FARMS IN THE COUNTY.**

A chance that does not often come. The well known "EDMUNDS" farm one (1) mile from Tillery station on the railroad from Weldon to Kinston, nine miles below Halifax and eight from Scotland Neck.

The farm contains by survey 720 acres of which 430 acres are open and ready for the plow.

There is 100 acres seeded down in the best grasses for hay, 20 seeded in permanent pasture, 5 acres in grapes, 2 acres in Japan plums, 2 acres in Asparagus, 7 acres in straw berries.

The grapes, asparagus, plums and strawberries will be in full yield next year.

There is no better peanut farm in the county.

It is an excellent trucking farm and WELL LOCATED for that purpose.

The farm can be divided up if desired.

Parties wishing to buy can call on or address

**E. T. CLARK,**  
Weldon, N. C.

**FARM FOR SALE.**

**125 Acres of Valuable 125**

Farm Land adapted to the cultivation of

**COTTON, GRAIN, TOBACCO, GRASS.**

**FRUIT, VEGETABLES AND**

**ALL KINDS OF TRUCK.**

Within one mile of the corporate limits of

**WELDON. 75 ACRES CLEARED.**

**A Good House AND OUTHOUSES. Splendid well of water.**

A Stream of water runs through the land.

In good state of cultivation.

**TERMS CASH.**

Apply to  
**EDWARD T. CLARK,**  
Real Estate Agent,  
Weldon, N. C.