VOL. XXV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

NO. 34.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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#### GROWING OLD.

The fairest lilies droop at entide, The sweetest roses fall from off the The rarest thing on earth cannot abide And we are passing, too, away like We're growing old.

We had our dreams—those rosy dream of youth-They faded, and twas well. This after

Hath brought us fuller hopes, and yet, forwarth. We drop a tear now in this latter time To think we're old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the past— A saddened smile, almost akin to pain-

Those high desires, these purposes so vast, Ah, poor hearts; they cannot come

We're growing old.

Old? Well, the heavens are old; this earth is, too, Old wine is best, maturest fruit mos

Much have we lost, more gained, although 'tis true We tread life's way with most uncer-

tain feet. We're growing old. We move along and scatter as we pace Soft graces, tender hopes on every

EXCELSIOR PRINTING CO., At last, with gray streaked hair and hollow face, We step across the boundary of the

Where no one is old.

#### STORIES OF OLD HICKORY TWO TRUTHFUL AND VERY CHARACTERISTIC YARNS

OF THE HERO OF NEW OR-LEANS Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, was

over at the White House one day with ome important papers for the President to sign, among them being a court martial findings." "Cass, what is this?" inquired Jackson

as he was about to write his name to the document. "It is a court martial," answered Cass. "What have I to do with it," asked

the President. "It dismisses an efficer from the ser vice, and the President must sign such

Jackson toyed with the paper and aid, wasingly "Dismiss him from the army, ch? Why?" "Drunkenness; getting drunk and fall-

ng down on parade, or something of that kind," answered the Secretary. "Who ordered the court?" asked Jack

"Gen. Scott," answered Cass. "Who is it?" inquired the President eich more interest.

"Inspector General Kraun," replied

"What!" shorted Jackson, "My old friend Kraun! Cass, just read what that paper mays

The Secretary read the usual form of the court martial sentence in such cases The President then took the paper and wrote across the bottom where he waabout to sign his name :

"The within fludings are disapproved, and Col. Kraun is restored to his duty and rank.

He passed the paper bank to Secretary Cass and said with his usual vehemence "By the eternal! Cast, when you and Scott serve the country as well as that man has you can get drunk on duty every

A young man from Tennessee, son of a friend of General Jackson's, came to Washington for a place. He looked about and found what he wanted. It was in the War Department and filled by a very efficient Whig, whom Secretary Cass would not remove. The young man told Jackson the situation and Cass was

"Cass," said the President, "this yours man, son of an old friend, says you have got a place in the War Department filled by a Whig which you won't give him."

Secretary Cass explained that the du ties of the office were of a peculiar kind and he could get no one to fill the place if the man now in it should be removed Jackson flated up.

"By the eternal, Cass, do you mean. to tell me you have an office in your de partment filled by a Whig which can't be filled by a Democrat? Then abolish the office!"

The young man got his place.

## A WILD WESTERN STORY.

A unique case has been brought be--Life. fore a Kansas court. A women sent out invitations to a party, and was com-Bucklen's Arnica Salve. pelled, by her husband's failure in business, to cancel the invitations. One of the invited guests had bought a new dress for the occasion, and will sue the giver of the party for damages upon the ground, that the money was spent because of tively cures piles, or no pay required. It false pretenses, as she would never have is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, bought the dress if she hadn't been in-





Patsy-Why don't yer git a new pai me fer a dude fer have more den on pair at a time? Me mudder wants me ter wear dese out first.—Brooklyn Life

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.



Husband-And how is our Wife-First rate. She seems to be particularly neat and pleasant. "But, my dear, that isn't the girl I saw night before last when I went

away."
"Of course not. You inquired about the new girt.—Fliegende Blaetter.



Mr. Kennard-I had a very strange dream last night, Lucie. I thought I saw another man running off with you. Mrs. Lucie Kennard-Well, and what Mr. Kennard-I usked him what he

was running for.-Brooklyn Life



Oh. Mr. Longhead, I just "Good! Now I'm even with him.



Near-Sighted Sportsman-Now isn't that irritating! Shot my last cartridge Once a Week.

ANOTHER BOSS CROKER.

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AFTER MARRIAGE.

HE-My dear, I am a little short of money. Could you let me have twenty thousand dollars of your million for a few days?

Sus-I have no million dollars.

HE-Refore we were married you said you were worth a million.

Sus-Why, you often told me I was worth my weight in gold, and I thought one hundred and forty-two pounds in gold was worth about a million; that sail.



ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN. Bor-Don't whip me much all at once, mar, for I only took the cake a little

## THE NEGRO'S HUMOR.

Among the old time negroes in the region that we have been considering much of the humor was very interesting. Their speech, by constant contact with the white man's, which it sought to imitate, had a curtness and vivacity never heard on large scaboard and river plantations. In the lightness of the negroes part with an imperination that never sought to be curbed, his words and his deportment often had a fun as racy as any lover of that article reasonably could wish to see. Even his complainings, better than fishing on Sunday. oftener than otherwise, were put forth with a resentment so poculiar as to pro voke laughter as well as sympathy. Wit ness the following ancedote of the return to his old master, not very long ago, of one of his former slaves after having served another person for a year;

"Why, Jim, how happens it that you quit Perkins?' asked the gentleman,

"Well, now, Marse Jack, I gwine up ea tell you jes how 't is. I wack fer dah man all las' year, and I wuck hard, en I make him a good erop. Well, now, de troof is, I did git fom him a few, but min' you, jes only a few, merlasses en en one little thing en nother. Well, den, who will never find it out Chris'mus come, en he say, 'Jim, I gwine mike out our 'count.' En den he tuck he piece o' paper, en he pen, and he inkvial, en 'gin a settin' down, en when he thoe wid dat job, he gin a addin' up, en a put'n' down, en a kyar'n; en he kyar'd, en he kep on a kyar'n', ontwel, bless your soul en body! Marse Jacky, when he got thoo, he done kyar'n off all what | was a comin' to me! En so I makes up don't possess it. my min', I does, to leff dar, on pewoose myself back to you, whar I knows dey the whole world is happier than you. no gwine be no sich kyar'n' as dem. Then he joined heartily in the laugh raised by what had just occurred to him as being a good practical joke.

## FOR OVER PIETY YEARS

Mrs Winslow's Southing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with pefect success. It southes the child, softens the gours, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little Deserving Praise.

Deserving Praise.

of Justice, stainless and electron.

May Faircloth and Robinson each for years we have been selling Dr. King's low's Southing Syrup," and take no othNew Discovery for consumption, Dr.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

## BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

Dead men have no faults

A broken word can never be mended. A pig sty is not a good pearl market. Men care least for honor when most in ant of bread.

Try not only to be good, but to be love stories. good for something.

It is better to fail in trying to do good Fishing for compliments is not much

In most cases the reformer goes away from home to begin work.

Find a man whom men love, and you will find one who has first loved men. Nothing is to be gained by talking of

heaven to a man who warships money. It is doubtful if the devil has ever been driven back an inch by star preach-

day he makes a preacher afraid of the

## HOW TO BE POPULAR.

Dan't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right. Don't be inquisitive about the affairs

of even your most intimate friend. Don't underrate anything because you Don't believe that everybody else in

had opportunities in your life. Don't believe all the evil that you hear. Don't repeat gossip even if it does in terest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you. Don't be rude to your inferiors in so

cial position. Don't over or under dress.

Deserving Praise.

King's New life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These medicines have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Wm. Cohen purely on their merits.

## FAIRCLOTH AND ROBINSON.

LIC AND A DEEP . WATER BAPTIST-ONE SHOULD BE RE BAPTIZED AND SOAKED, W. E. Abernethy in Charlotte Observer.

Well, the snointed "prince" of Popu sm, Marion Butler, resides in Golds-

pore, and there, and in that neighborhood, are the "dwelling places" of many of the politically "wicked"

known as Bill Robinson. A few blocks away, in a southwesterly direction, is the home house-early colo nial style-of Chief Justice cleet W. T. Faircloth, commonly known as Old 'Cloth.

Quietly before my gate is the street near whose southern end is the neat New England house of the man whose persistent genius, in the face of the Republican and its leaders, wrought Fusion in North Carolina. He is the most powerful Republican in the State. He made Populism cringe, abjectly and servilely, and pass as a chained slave under the rod of carpet bagism. His name is H. L. Grant, but he is generally known as Grant, the carpet bagger.

About four blocks from my primitive hut on the site opposite the court yard green, is the office of Marion Butler, now designated by the uniquely versatile, brilliant and unchristianized Mr. Christian, of the News and Observer, as the Wizard.

calm to the country seat of Dostor W. Patrick Exum, the Great American Goatherd. Yes, Robinson, Faircloth, Grant, Ma-

with the highway, sweeping with rural

rion Butler and Exum are all here. "Make us glad according to the days wherein thou has afflicted us and the years wherein we have seen evil."-90 to go a courtin Widder Jinkins. So Psalm, 15 verse.

Judge elect Robinson is a shallow- Dan mule an rid over to Long Thomson's water Catholic.

Chief Justice elect Faircloth is a deep water Baptist. Theologically, Robinson and Faircloth

are far apart. Politically, they hug, linger tenderly in unbroken embrace, and whisper each rigiment, an members of the same church, in the other's ear the sweetest partisan an I don't believe Lang ment to do

of a non-partisan judiciary. From a denominational standpoint, an off we trotted, my hart a bobbin up each needs renovation.

purifying grease. left to soak.

ouring and greasing.

In ease Earrooth cludes the earnest The devil does a big day's work on the If you have to shout to tell the people Dr. Fom Pritchard, to keep a sharp look- them fellers does in the books, an just

ble, and re-dip him immediately? Request Dr. Tom to hold Old Cloth under, no matter how much he may wiggle, until the fusion funk washes off. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, say

Take the Levites from among the children of Israel, and cleanse thom." Numbers, 8 chap , verses 5 6. But my gleeful satire is done. A sol-

nn sense falls over me. With a repression of heart-fun and an expansion of soul-seriousness, 1 am reminded that these two-Faircloth and Don't conclude that you have never Robinson-are ef those who shall define and administer justice in this old Com-

> I would that it were otherwise; but, verily, it is so. And since it is so, I pray "that what

Faircloth and Robinson may lack in judicial aptness they may learn in meck willingness before Him, who, with fingers tipped with stars and peaceful moons asleep upon his bosom, is the Supremacy of Justice, stainless and eternal.

"Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people. that I may discern between good and bad; for

never whittles his own furniture?

who is able to judge this thy so great people."-I Kings, 3 chap. 9 verse. JOHN R. MORRIS. Goldsboro, N. C., Nov. 15, 1894.

## THEM DOG-KARTS.

A SHALLOW-WATER CATHO- BILL SHANLY GOES COURT-LNG.

AND THE OTHER SHOULD It were in the fall after the army that BE WASHED IN HOLY WA- Bet tak an' died. She hadn't been nilin TER AND OILED-GOLDS- more'n a month with a sort of nuralligy BORO AS A FUSION STORM of the hart ketched from wadin' in the that durned stock law fence. The nabots Correspondence of the Charlotte Observer: all thought she ment git over it, but she "For ye say, Where is the house of didn't. The preacher said at the funeral cel and where are the dwelling that the "gray mouster, death, just slipt daces of the wicked?"-Job 21 chap, on her onbenown'st, and I reckon it were so. I weren't resided one bit, I hadn't time to get so.

Bet had been my wife for twenty years, and I'd always lowed I'd be the first to go, an' I used to wonder how bad Bot would feel a settin' thar in that old split In Goldsboro, opposite of the south bottom rocker of evenins, a rockin' an' gable of my low thatched but, stands the thinkin', an' me asleepin' out in old Queen Ann cottage of the brilliant Judge- Pisgah grave yard. But the thing had Pisgah grave yard. But the thing had jist turned eend for cend. Bet was gone removed the state and t elect W. S. O'B. Robinson, familiarly an' had left a lonesomeness that went all over the house an' round the yard, an' filled me up so I couldn't sleep o' nites Well, it were hard to git over. The nabors all come round at eider time an' tried to resine me. Our paster-he lowed it were a plum sin fer me, a steward an' class-leader, to be a goin' agin Providence like that, and after while with his soul-retchin' sarmints, an' rastlin' in prayer, I begun to feel my resination comin' back slow, like a feller's appertite

after he's hed typhoid. But it were a hole year afore I'd loo at nary nother woman. I seed 'em, of course, when they come to meetin' or third Sundays, a'd some on 'em looked sorter sorry like at me, but I lowed it were only spiritoul sorrer. Howsomever, one nite agoin home from a 'tracted meetin, when I passed Widder Jenkins, an she talked so soft about Bet and how lonesome I must be by myself, semehow I got a heap more consiled than I ever street, so tranquil before my gate, merges Well, after a time Bets old rocker begun to look at me sorter occusin-like it was hankerin to hold somebody, else-an the hired help were so cussed no count that after tarryin at the throne like wrastlin Jacob with the angel. I had a sorter hunch that the Lord were willin fer me next mornin bright an early I took my to git his kivered buggy, so as to go in some sorter style you know. Lang said his buggy were tuk to the shop, but I were welcome to his dog-kart. He always rid in it when he went by his zelf, Butterick's Patterns he said. Me an Long were in the same R. & G. CORSETS, nothin rong, but of Adam ever haptized Hats and bonnets made and trimmed to Both are old line Republicans. Hence, anything with its own proper name it order were them infernal dog karts. He hope me to hitch the Dan mule in the thing

an down like the shaffs. I were slicked Since Robinson's identification with up with a bran new suit of clothes an hat, fusion, he ought to be washed in holy an I knowed I looked purty fetchin for water and then oiled with some kind of a man of 59 years, with two hundred acres of land, un most of it good bottom Faircloth needs to be re-haptized and land at that. I got to sorter studyin what I was a goin to say to begin with, I will speak to my good Catholic friend

Kase I seed in a old copy book that "fust

Father Price, in Goldsboro, about the impression, was the most lastin." After

Goognafity of civing Robinson a thorough a sphile I seed the long lime past the necessity of giving Robinson a thorough a while I seed the long lane past the widder's house, an I sorter brushed the H cresses outen my clothes an spoke to myand faithful paster of the excellent and self to see if my value were in kilter. Jist 0 upright Baptist folk of Goldsboro, will as I got to a everlastin big mud hole rite H me one connected with the Observer fernesst the widder's door, I sorter quest my sincere and charming triend, straightened back so as to look proud like request my sincere and charming friend, straightened back so as to look proud like tobarker, en one hat, en a pa'r o' shoes, that you are religious, there are many out for Old Cloth, to eateh him, if possi- then that durned Dau mule give a jump over the mud hole an by gosh the shaffs flew clear strait up an back I went the foremest right in the mud. I knowed then Lang Thomson were up to his cuss-

edness an he hadn't buckled the bellyband a purpose.

The widder hearn the kersplash at cum a runnin to the door with a towel round her head an a hollerin: "Lords sake, Brother Shauly, what is the matter?

And do come in and dry yourself."
"Miss Jenkins," I said dignified as man can with his mouth an eyes full o mud; "I haint time, I'm bleeged ter ye I were jist a drivin to town to see about gittin some grave stones for Bet." An I drove on.

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