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CHAS. M. STIEFF, 9 N. Liberty st., Baltimore, Md. Washington, 521 Eleventh st., N. W. Norfolk, Va.—The Monticello. Charlotte, N. C.—213 N. Tryon street. Oct 11 ly.

FALL OPENING.

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF HATS and BONNETS. And Millinery Novelties.

We have engaged the services of Miss Grace Greenwood, an experienced Baltimore milliner.

MRS. W. R. HART, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

HUDSON'S ENGLISH KITCHEN.

347 Main st., Norfolk, Va. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Room. ALL MEALS 25 CENTS. EXCESSIVE COFFEE A SPECIALTY. J. R. HUDSON, Proprietor. The Best of Everything in Season Oct 11 ly.

Old Jacob Grover's Selected and Private Stock Rye Whiskey, of the Purest Distillation, and is Recommended to all who use or Require a Stimulant of Reliable quality.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO., Sole agents for the Distiller, Richmond, Va. W. D. SMITH, at Weldon, N. C. is the sole distributing agent at that point, for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey. DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO. 212 1/2 St. Petersburg, Va.

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41 Bank st., Petersburg, Va. Dealers in—

High Grade Pianos,

Organs, Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Music and Music Forks, and everything known to the music trade. TUNING AND REPAIRING. We have the most complete department in character in Southern Va., and do any work with promptness, and accuracy and guarantee satisfaction. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue. LYMAN BROS., Petersburg, Va.

PROF. JAMES HARVEY,

SPECIALIST AND AUTHORITY ON all Chronic Diseases.

Who are suffering with any BLOOD DISEASE, would be wise to call on or write by mail. Consultation free and medicines compounded to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

PROF. JAS. HARVEY, 425 Church St. (New No.) Norfolk, Va.

WALTER R. DANIEL, DALLAN & DANIEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

Waiting For Her Boy. HIS RESOLUTION KEPT.

SITTING IN THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of the father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation, and exposed to many temptations which endangered the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility and many a time did she look upward toward the Heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older, this became a severe tax both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music and became a skillful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of day. Upon one occasion it was nearly seven o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting-room, he saw a sight that can never be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his loved mother, fast asleep, but evidently, she had been weeping. Her fringed cap, as white as snow, covered her gray hair, the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candle stick and down her dress.

Going up to her the young man exclaimed: "Why, mother, what are you doing here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and pitifully, but O, so tenderly, looking up into his face, said, "I am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and throwing his arms around her, he said: "Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me."

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the other world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.

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SOME MARRIED COUPLES SHOULD BE SEPARATED FOR A FEW MONTHS YEARLY.

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Returning from a 20 years' hermitage, in a lawless country, a wealthy gentleman was embarrassed to learn that his wife, whom he had basely deserted, was still living in the old house. His first impulse was to flee back to the wilds, but he delayed his return a few days, and in that very short time he found himself once more madly in love with his wife. He wanted to seek her out and plead humbly for pardon, but she completely ignored him, and seemed to take a keen delight in rousing his jealousy. At every social function men of all ages flocked around her, and she was always most vivacious and charming when she knew that her husband was watching her.

The husband was baffled, but he would not give up hope of a reconciliation, and one morning chance brought about what diplomacy could not do. Turning down a side street he observed his wife in hot argument with a drunken cabman, who was loudly declaring that she had given him a base coin.

Without attempting to get at the root of the matter, the gentleman pitched into the cabman with a fierce frown and reduced him to a popy state in a half dozen well directed blows. After such an exhibition of gallantry, the lady would have been equal indeed if she had refused her husband's escort, and they went home together just as in the happy days of their early married life. From that moment the renewed courtship proceeded swimmingly, and when the lady finally agreed to take him back into favor, the gentleman was so overjoyed that he gave a right royal dinner to the local cabmen and presented a £10 note to the Jehu whose face he had mauled.

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"You think we are getting slightly effete?" inquired the young man who is learning the politics business.

"Undoubtedly. And the worst of it is that we are getting effete and effete. The people ain't governed as they ought to be. A whole lot of folks have noticed it. I'll never forget the first time I ran for office," he went on in a dreamy reminiscence tone. "There was one township that was dead against us. And we needed it. And we got it. But we didn't send around a lot of clumsy and commonplace agents with check books. Nor did we have to resort to any of the elaborate methods of surreptitious persuasion that I have heard about so often and with so much pain."

"How did you manage it?"

"Delicately, but thoroughly. We were a little bit annoyed at first by the fact that a circus had arranged to show at the village on the day election occurred. It was only a small circus, but big enough to make trouble unless we headed off its deadly influence. Its arrival was a temptation for everybody to come to town and cast a vote, and the more votes there were the more trouble one ticket had to overcome, for that was the most prejudiced township it was ever my experience to do business in. But I didn't despair. I had a long interview with the circus manager, who combined with a love of his art a very acute business sense. The circus was showing in a vacant lot adjacent to the polls. When the crowd began to gather, it found canvas walls stretching from the main entrance to the polls. People who went to make purchases at the ticket wagon were informed that Socrates Sorghum, Esq., was giving a theatre party that day, and that there wasn't a room in the tent for anybody except his guests. When they began to assemble at the polls I announced that I appreciated the expression of loyalty and esteem which had proceeded from Elderberry township, and that in my turn I proposed to show the citizens a good time. I informed them that each of our ballots had a coupon which would be stamped by a man who stood just outside, where he could see that the holder had not been deceived into voting the wrong piece of paper, and would admit the bearer and his family to the circus. Those who were not entitled to my hospitality could follow the show to some other town and see it next day."

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"Not finding his name in either Dun's or Bradstreet's, I wrote to the Postmaster of that town, and he returned a very flattering letter in return, saying that the party I inquired about was one of the town's solid citizens and good for any amount."

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"It wasn't long before I received an answer from the Postmaster saying he had followed my instructions and handed the matter to an attorney who had succeeded in collecting the amount, but at a considerable expense. In fact, the attorney had a bill against me for \$25 more than he had collected, and that he (the Postmaster) had paid it and would look to me for the amount."

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"But it was no mystery to me. I had seen a great light. He has an endless chain arrangement that will make him a fortune if some one doesn't get mad and go out there and kill him."—Detroit Free Press.

Two Bodies. "I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

THEOLOGY IS FOR SCHOLARS; CHRIST IS FOR ALL MEN.

(New York Herald.)

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.—1 Corin. xiii, 4.

While enjoying a brief sojourn in Europe it was my privilege to have an interview with Max Nordau. I was curious to look into the face of the man who had the audacity to write the word "degeneration" on the page of history—a word, however, which the spirit of progress immediately erased, for one must eliminate God from the universe before he can play the dirge of despair.

Considering my profession, it was natural that the conversation should group its way to the subject of personal immortality. When I find a deliver into the problems which form the basis of staunch faith or study doubt I like nothing more than a candid relation of his reasons for belief or unbelief.

While my friend was engaged in the serious task of proving that the grave is the inevitable terminus of life's devious pathway and brushing immortality away as an interfering and intrusive cobweb, Pere Hyacinthe was announced. Then I witnessed a battle royal between two well armed knights, both of whom had the courage of their conviction, and neither of whom lacked the ability to defend his position. For sixty minutes the conflict raged with shot and shell of logic and rhetoric and facts. It was a spectacle which those who saw it will not easily forget.

As I looked and listened it seemed to me that I could see the dim figure of the Christ in the shadowy background of that room, and could hear a still, small voice whispering—"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." The question which was being so impatiently discussed assumed a practical aspect in my mind, and I said to myself, "Which of these two scholars offers his fellows the larger incentive, and which of these theories will better serve as a foundation on which to build a noble character?"—for, after all has been said on both sides, we have just one criterion of judgment—the practical results produced by the ideas advanced. When we test ideas in that way we can definitely appraise their value. If a man offers us a new theory of political economy or of mechanics he must put it to the proof in practice. Let him show us that it will work well, that it will do away with existing evils and increase human happiness, and then, but not till then, will we honor him while living and keep him in grateful remembrance when dead.

No religion is worth a second thought which has not earned a right to our respect by producing holy lives. Theology is for scholars; Christ is for all men. A volume in which speculative religion is discussed has no value in comparison with even the humblest life which illustrates the power of faith to transfigure the soul. If my religion makes me self-denying and sweetly resigned to whatever ill befall, and your doubt fails to produce equal results, I am not rash in asserting that what I believe is better than what you do not believe, and is much more likely to be true.

So I sat in that room listening to the two speakers and at the same time thinking of something else. I went back to the solemn hour when I sat by a dying father's side. Was it all an illusion—his promise to meet me on the further shore, his assurance that death was merely a retirement from mortal sight? No man ever closed his eyes more willingly in sleep than he, and none felt more sure of waking in the dawn of an eternal morning. When one can greet death with a smile and feel that the grim messenger is doing him a friendly service there must be a solid basis for his faith or his world is the worst of all places to live in. The religion which compels virtue and develops the grander qualities of character and puts a wreath of forget-me-nots on the grave is certainly to be prized. It is false, unfounded, a mere hallucination, then, the sooner we abolish deity the better, for he has made us with unpeakable wisdom and furnished the soul with exquisite cruelty.

And I wondered as I sat there what the effect would be if the sceptic were endowed with omniscience and should sweep away our faith in immortality with his besom of destruction. Above every home is heaven. What it is, or where it is, we may not know until our feet press its green sod; but that there is a heaven and that we are journeying in that direction, and that the missing members of the household await us there, yes, that we are guarded and guided and protected by the loved ones who dwell in that unseen and partially unknown world—this faith is as necessary as sunshine is to the crops and the flowers. A world in doubt is a world in darkness.

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SOME MARRIED COUPLES SHOULD BE SEPARATED FOR A FEW MONTHS YEARLY.

A lady novelist recently suggested that married couples should separate mutually for at least four months of the year, so as to run no risk of boring one another. Her plan smacks of Bohemianism, but in some instances it might possibly prove beneficial. Absence is supposed to make the heart grow fonder, and it is quite true that men occasionally fall in love a second time with the wives they have previously become tired of.

Returning from a 20 years' hermitage, in a lawless country, a wealthy gentleman was embarrassed to learn that his wife, whom he had basely deserted, was still living in the old house. His first impulse was to flee back to the wilds, but he delayed his return a few days, and in that very short time he found himself once more madly in love with his wife. He wanted to seek her out and plead humbly for pardon, but she completely ignored him, and seemed to take a keen delight in rousing his jealousy. At every social function men of all ages flocked around her, and she was always most vivacious and charming when she knew that her husband was watching her.

The husband was baffled, but he would not give up hope of a reconciliation, and one morning chance brought about what diplomacy could not do. Turning down a side street he observed his wife in hot argument with a drunken cabman, who was loudly declaring that she had given him a base coin.

Without attempting to get at the root of the matter, the gentleman pitched into the cabman with a fierce frown and reduced him to a popy state in a half dozen well directed blows. After such an exhibition of gallantry, the lady would have been equal indeed if she had refused her husband's escort, and they went home together just as in the happy days of their early married life. From that moment the renewed courtship proceeded swimmingly, and when the lady finally agreed to take him back into favor, the gentleman was so overjoyed that he gave a right royal dinner to the local cabmen and presented a £10 note to the Jehu whose face he had mauled.

Things Getting Undemocratic. HE HIRED THE WHOLE CIRCUS.

HOW AN ENTERPRISING CANDIDATE WON VOTERS FROM HIS RIVAL.

"Times," said Senator Sorghum, reflectively, "ain't anything like they used to be. There's too much formality. We're getting to where the first thing that's done when a good old-fashioned impulse asserts itself is to the same tape around it and choke it off."

"You think we are getting slightly effete?" inquired the young man who is learning the politics business.

"Undoubtedly. And the worst of it is that we are getting effete and effete. The people ain't governed as they ought to be. A whole lot of folks have noticed it. I'll never forget the first time I ran for office," he went on in a dreamy reminiscence tone. "There was one township that was dead against us. And we needed it. And we got it. But we didn't send around a lot of clumsy and commonplace agents with check books. Nor did we have to resort to any of the elaborate methods of surreptitious persuasion that I have heard about so often and with so much pain."

"How did you manage it?"

"Delicately, but thoroughly. We were a little bit annoyed at first by the fact that a circus had arranged to show at the village on the day election occurred. It was only a small circus, but big enough to make trouble unless we headed off its deadly influence. Its arrival was a temptation for everybody to come to town and cast a vote, and the more votes there were the more trouble one ticket had to overcome, for that was the most prejudiced township it was ever my experience to do business in. But I didn't despair. I had a long interview with the circus manager, who combined with a love of his art a very acute business sense. The circus was showing in a vacant lot adjacent to the polls. When the crowd began to gather, it found canvas walls stretching from the main entrance to the polls. People who went to make purchases at the ticket wagon were informed that Socrates Sorghum, Esq., was giving a theatre party that day, and that there wasn't a room in the tent for anybody except his guests. When they began to assemble at the polls I announced that I appreciated the expression of loyalty and esteem which had proceeded from Elderberry township, and that in my turn I proposed to show the citizens a good time. I informed them that each of our ballots had a coupon which would be stamped by a man who stood just outside, where he could see that the holder had not been deceived into voting the wrong piece of paper, and would admit the bearer and his family to the circus. Those who were not entitled to my hospitality could follow the show to some other town and see it next day."

"Did it work?"

"Work! Several of the men on the rival ticket voted for us rather than miss the circus. But you couldn't do anything like that now," he added with a sigh. "Circuses have got so big that nobody could afford to hire one for a whole day. And, anyhow, everything is getting sort of complex and undemocratic."

One little boy was afflicted with rheumatism in his knee; and at times unable to put his foot to the floor. We tried in vain, everything we could hear of that we thought would help him. We almost gave up in despair, when some one advised us to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. We did so, and the first bottle gave so much relief that we got a second one, and, to our surprise, it cured him sound and well.—J. T. Bays, Pastor Christian Church, Neodesha, Kan.

Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon; J. S. Brown, Halifax; Dr. A. S. Harrison, Redford, Druggists.

Bound To Get Rich. TANGLED IN AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

A BUSINESS MAN LEARNS HOW A GENERAL UTILITY CITIZEN WAKED PROSPEROUS.

"I suppose we all get caught at times," remarked a well-known business man, "but I have had an experience that was particularly mortifying to one who has been in business for forty years."

"I received some time ago a letter from a party living in a little town in the West who wanted a small bill of goods."

"Not finding his name in either Dun's or Bradstreet's, I wrote to the Postmaster of that town, and he returned a very flattering letter in return, saying that the party I inquired about was one of the town's solid citizens and good for any amount."

"This allayed any suspicion that I had and I forwarded the goods ordered."

"I sent three bills before I received an answer, and then it was not satisfactory. I allowed the matter to run for some time, and, at last, getting a sassy answer in reply to a letter of mine asking for a settlement, I lost my temper and wrote the Postmaster a letter, telling him to hand the matter over to the leading attorney in town for collection, no matter what the cost would be."

"It wasn't long before I received an answer from the Postmaster saying he had followed my instructions and handed the matter to an attorney who had succeeded in collecting the amount, but at a considerable expense. In fact, the attorney had a bill against me for \$25 more than he had collected, and that he (the Postmaster) had paid it and would look to me for the amount."

Here was a situation. I hadn't instructed the Postmaster to act as my cashier, but thinking that that was the Western way of it, and not caring to have the fool Postmaster lose the amount, I sent him a check, and considered the matter closed.

"But the other day I chanced to meet a party who formerly lived in the town, and I asked him if he knew the party who had beaten me out of a bill of goods. He said he did. He was a general utility man for the whole neighborhood. Ran a general store, kept the Post-office, and when he could get nothing else to do, took what business he could get as a lawyer. He added that he appeared to be making money, but it was a mystery to every one how he managed it."

"But it was no mystery to me. I had seen a great light. He has an endless chain arrangement that will make him a fortune if some one doesn't get mad and go out there and kill him."—Detroit Free Press.

Two Bodies. "I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

THEOLOGY IS FOR SCHOLARS; CHRIST IS FOR ALL MEN.

(New York Herald.)

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.—1 Corin. xiii, 4.

While enjoying a brief sojourn in Europe it was my privilege to have an interview with Max Nordau. I was curious to look into the face of the man who had the audacity to write the word "degeneration" on the page of history—a word, however, which the spirit of progress immediately erased, for one must eliminate God from the universe before he can play the dirge of despair.

Considering my profession, it was natural that the conversation should group its way to the subject of personal immortality. When I find a deliver into the problems which form the basis of staunch faith or study doubt I like nothing more than a candid relation of his reasons for belief or unbelief.

While my friend was engaged in the serious task of proving that the grave is the inevitable terminus of life's devious pathway and brushing immortality away as an interfering and intrusive cobweb, Pere Hyacinthe was announced. Then I witnessed a battle royal between two well armed knights, both of whom had the courage of their conviction, and neither of whom lacked the ability to defend his position. For sixty minutes the conflict raged with shot and shell of logic and rhetoric and facts. It was a spectacle which those who saw it will not easily forget.

As I looked and listened it seemed to me that I could see the dim figure of the Christ in the shadowy background of that room, and could hear a still, small voice whispering—"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." The question which was being so impatiently discussed assumed a practical aspect in my mind, and I said to myself, "Which of these two scholars offers his fellows the larger incentive, and which of these theories will better serve as a foundation on which to build a noble character?"—for, after all has been said on both sides, we have just one criterion of judgment—the practical results produced by the ideas advanced. When we test ideas in that way we can definitely appraise their value. If a man offers us a new theory of political economy or of mechanics he must put it to the proof in practice. Let him show us that it will work well, that it will do away with existing evils and increase human happiness, and then, but not till then, will we honor him while living and keep him in grateful remembrance when dead.

No religion is worth a second thought which has not earned a right to our respect by producing holy lives. Theology is for scholars; Christ is for all men. A volume in which speculative religion is discussed has no value in comparison with even the humblest life which illustrates the power of faith to transfigure the soul. If my religion makes me self-denying and sweetly resigned to whatever ill befall, and your doubt fails to produce equal results, I am not rash in asserting that what I believe is better than what you do not believe, and is much more likely to be true.

So I sat in that room listening to the two speakers and at the same time thinking of something else. I went back to the solemn hour when I sat by a dying father's side. Was it all an illusion—his promise to meet me on the further shore, his assurance that death was merely a retirement from mortal sight? No man ever closed his eyes more willingly in sleep than he, and none felt more sure of waking in the dawn of an eternal morning. When one can greet death with a smile and feel that the grim messenger is doing him a friendly service there must be a solid basis for his faith or his world is the worst of all places to live in. The religion which compels virtue and develops the grander qualities of character and puts a wreath of forget-me-nots on the grave is certainly to be prized. It is false, unfounded, a mere hallucination, then, the sooner we abolish deity the better, for he has made us with unpeakable wisdom and furnished the soul with exquisite cruelty.

And I wondered as I sat there what the effect would be if the sceptic were endowed with omniscience and should sweep away our faith in immortality with his besom of destruction. Above every home is heaven. What it is, or where it is, we may not know until our feet press its green sod; but that there is a heaven and that we are journeying in that direction, and that the missing members of the household await us there, yes, that we are guarded and guided and protected by the loved ones who dwell in that unseen and partially unknown world—this faith is as necessary as sunshine is to the crops and the flowers. A world in doubt is a world in darkness.

DO NEGROES SNEEZE?

"Some time since I read a paragraph," said a physician, "to the effect that colored people rarely, if ever, were heard to sneeze. Since then I have given considerable attention to the subject, and have inquired of other physicians as to their experience or observations on the question. They all concur that sneezing is very infrequent among the colored race, and some of them say it never occurs, unless it is brought on by artificial means."

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teaching, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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