

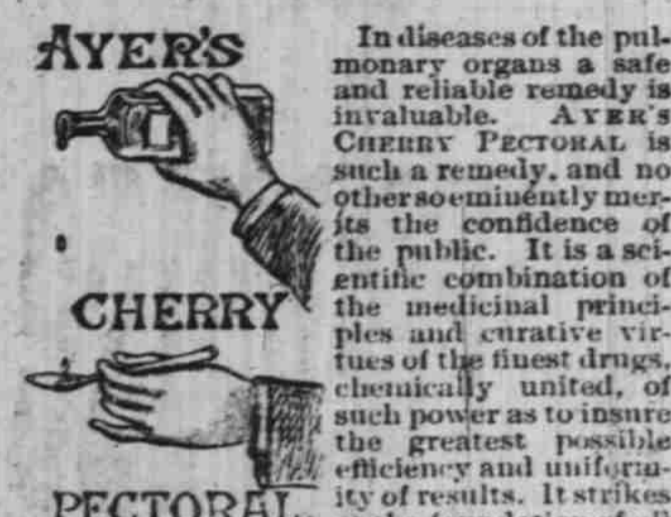
YADKIN VALLEY NEWS.
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THE BEST REMEDY

FOR
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.



AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL** is such a remedy, and no other so eminently meritorious and so generally known to the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL** are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.
Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL**, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as any careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,**
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

Spring and Summer of 1881.

Hinshaw Bros.,
Winston, N. C.

Four years ago to-day we opened our first stock of GOODS in one of the buildings we now occupy. Not satisfied to remain where we started we have from time to time added to our building and stock so that we can safely say that we now have the most complete Store Rooms in the State. We have in use two of BATES' best ELEVATORS by the means of which we have easy access to all parts of the ten Rooms in our Block all of which are filled with Merchandise of every description which we buy at lowest prices, mostly from manufacturers and which we sell at reasonable prices.
IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH ARE THE LARGEST IN TOWN, we will duplicate in prices any bill of an ordinary amount bought in any market, freight taken into consideration.
OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENTS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN WINSTON. We call especial attention to our line of

Dress Goods,

Trimmings, Lawns, Pequets, Suitings, Notions, Parasols, Cottonades, Cassimeres, Boots and Shoes.

WINCHESTER VIRGINIA AND MILES' PHILADELPHIA SHOES A SPECIALTY.

—OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF—

- 400 Suits Men's and Boy's Clothing.
- 40 Cases Hats.
- 85 Cases and Bales of Dry-Goods.
- 50 " Notions.
- 100 Bags Coffee.
- 50 Barrels Sugar.
- 75 " Syrups.
- 150 Kegs of Nails and Horse Shoes.

—Splendid Stock of—

STAPLE HARDWARE,
DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES.

TIN WARE, HOLLOW WARE, AND QUEENSWARE
IN LARGE QUANTITIES AND GREAT VARIETY.

- 2,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton at New York Prices
- 2,000 Pounds Sole Leather.
- 20,000 Pounds Meat and Lard.
- White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

We intend to make it to the interest of every one to come and see us, and we invite you to do so.

7,500 BAGS OF THE CELEBRATED STAR BRAND TOBACCO MANURE FOR SALE THIS SPRING.

Buy your goods of us and sell your Tobacco at our New Warehouse, (PACE'S) when completed and you will come as near getting the worth of your money in Merchandise, and the worth of your Tobacco in money as you can get in this wide world.

Come One, Come All.
Respectfully,
MAY 21. **HINSHAW BROS.**

MALARIAL POISON.

The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year has its origin in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman writing from South America says: "I have used your Simmons Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for Malarial Fevers on the Isthmus of Panama."



A PURELY Vegetable MEDICINE.
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR MALARIAL FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, JAUNDICE, COLIC, RESTLESSNESS, MENTAL DEPRESSION, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, NAUSEA, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, &c.

If you feel drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take

Simmons Liver Regulator.

It is given with safety, and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. It takes the place of quinine and bitters of every kind. It is the cheapest, purest and best family medicine in the world.

Buy only the Genuine in white Wrapper with red Z. prepared only by **J. H. ZEILIN & CO.**

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

The 51st Session of this well known Institution will begin on Wednesday, 24th August.

TERMS PER SESSION OF 20 WEEKS:

Board and Tuition in full English course, \$75.00. Charges for extra studies moderate. For particulars apply for Catalogue to **T. M. JONES, President.**
Greensboro, June 24, 1881.

The Yadkin Valley News is only \$1.00 a Year in Advance.

W. M. HINSHAW.

Story.

A SUMMER'S VACATION
—IN THE—
White City of the Mountains.

[WRITTEN FOR THE NEWS.]
CHAPTER V.

A day or two after my drive to the "Flat Rock," I sat on the portico of the Banner House reading the "Concord Sun." In the column under the caption of "personal mention," I read the following:

"Off for the Mt. Airy White Sulphur Springs. Mr. Garrell, of our city left this evening on the 5:40 train for the above mentioned watering place, where his daughter, Miss Kate, has been sojourning with her aunt for several weeks. Mr. Garrell is accompanied by a Mr. Worthington, who also seeks recreation at the same delightful resort."

"Well," thought I, as I threw the paper aside, "here's a fine prospect for some accession to the number of visitors at the Springs. I wonder who Mr. Worthington is, any way? My heart, prophet like, seems to speak to my heart and say, *he is my rival!* He travels with the lady's father; but does that signify anything? He may be one of Miss Garrell's old beaux, who follows her to the mountains, and then he may not even be an acquaintance. Any way, I am not going to allow my imagination to conjure up a rival in the person of Mr. Worthington. If he is in love with her, I'll find it out soon. But what if she's in love with him and they are engaged! O my, such a revelation would indeed be hard to bear!" My vague and unsatisfactory surmises on this subject were terminated by the appearance of my landlord who remarked:

"Grand ball at the Springs tonight. A crowd of ladies and gentlemen from town are going out, and a nice time is anticipated. Will you attend, Mr. Harris? And, by the way, you have not been to the Springs for several days. Anything unpleasant occur on your drive to the 'Flat Rock?' he enquired with a smile.

"In reply to your first interrogatory, I will say that I was not aware that a ball would be given at the Springs to-night, but I shall certainly attend; and, in answer to your second question, I can truthfully say that I never spent a more delightful afternoon than that which I passed at the 'Flat Rock.'"

"Am glad to hear it, indeed I am. Hope your visit to the mountains has been pleasant any way, taken all together."

"Indeed, it has, and I shall regret when the claims of business call me home."

"What time do you wish to leave for the Springs?" my landlord asked.

"I will not start until after tea, as the day is very warm."

Late in the afternoon I strolled up Main street, and on my return to the hotel, I met several conveyances loaded with merry young ladies and gentlemen of the town, on their way to the Springs. A joyous group they

seemed to be, happy in anticipation of the gayeties of the ball, delightful promenades around the balconies, or, perchance, a boat ride upon the moon kissed Ararat. Just as the twilight began to deepen, I rode out of town, the Springs my destination. An hour's ride brought me to the place. As I approached the hotel there came to my ears, from the scene of revelry, borne on the wings of the gentle night breezes across the verdant lawn, strains of music most enchanting, and voices clear and joyous. I found Hal in the office. Together we sought the balcony and paused before an open ball room window. The orchestra had commenced playing 'the Beautiful Blue Danube,' and the waltzers were taking their positions upon the floor. Couple after couple moved off in the graceful evolutions of that dance, which embodies the very poetry of motion.

"Hal, who is that gentleman dancing with Miss Garrell?" I asked, as she glided by the open window.

"Mr. Worthington—just arrived from down East somewhere, and as rich as Croesus, they say." This was the information my companion imparted to me in regard to my imaginary rival.

"An old acquaintance of Miss Garrell's, I suppose?" I asked in measured tones.

"No, they never met before to night."

This last announcement produced in my heart a peculiar feeling of satisfaction. It at once put an end to my vague suspicions in regard to the relations existing between Mr. Worthington and Miss Garrell.

The dance had ended and the moonlit balconies were thronged with gay promenaders. Miss Garrell passed, leaning on the arm of her partner in the last dance, and gave me a nod and a smile of recognition.

"I am half inclined to believe that Worthington's going to be in my way!" I thought, as the couple paused at the farther end of the balcony.

Hal, who had just conducted a pretty little brown eyed girl to her seat in the ball room, joined me and exclaimed:

"Why, Claude, you don't seem to be entering into the spirit of the occasion! Have you no engagements for the dance? Come, I will assist you to a partner. The second quadrille will be called in a few moments. There, they are calling it now. I have an engagement," and he moved hastily away. The promenaders entered the ball-room, and the little *tete a tete* at the farther end of the balcony was interrupted by a young physician from Mt Airy, who claimed Miss Garrell's hand for the second quadrille. Worthington remained in his position, and the brightness of the moonlight enabled me to obtain a good view of his appearance. He did not strike me as being particularly handsome, yet his face bore an intellectual look. He was attired in full evening dress, and wore upon his shirt front a pin of peculiar brilliancy. Presently he entered the ball room.

I drew from my case a cigar and enjoyed a smoke alone. The dance was over, and again Miss Garrell appeared upon the balcony with her partner in the quadrille. The couple paused. I advanced and entered into a conversation with the promenaders. The young doctor interpreting my little intrusion to indicate my desire to promenade with Miss Garrell, generously withdrew, and soon had leaning on his arm, a fair haired girl, whose conquest over his heart was complete. So we were alone at last, Miss Garrell and I. What followed, do you ask? Ah! nothing more than "the old, old story." That story which was first whispered beneath the boughs of sinless Eden. That story which has come down through all ages of the world, illuminating all classes of society with a halo of romance, and bringing joy or grief, happiness or woe, to the hearts of earth's prosaic millions.

"Yes, Miss Garrell," I continued, after some trivial introduction of the subject more prominent in my mind than all others, "you must have divined from my constant attention and marked appreciation of your company, that a feeling of more than ordinary friendship for you, has sprung up in my heart. You may not have regarded the impulse as worthy of the name LOVE, yet I tell you it is nothing less, and a true, sincere passion it is. There is little sentimentality in my nature. I am not *au fait* in the practice of flirting, and if I were, such an inclination in this instance would be checked. The very love I entertain for you has already begun to cast a holy radiance over my life. Let me tell you, for years I have longed to meet that woman to whom I could say, with hand on my heart, 'I love you.' Little did I expect to find her here in these mountains, but Kate—"

I looked down, and the moonlight showed the deep blushes which mantled her cheeks in crimson loveliness. It was the first time I had ever addressed her thus, and I feared that my familiarity had displeased her. She remained silent, however, and I continued, "yes, I do love you, with all my heart, passionately and sincerely!"

"Mr. Harris, are you quite sure that your love for me is not the fancy of a summer's day, nourished by dreams and fed by hallucinations?"

"I am quite sure that I love you, but the hopes which my love inspires, may exist only in dreams. It is for you to bid my vague and dreamy hopes become more real in their nature."

"At present I cannot, but I must confess that since meeting you a feeling has arisen in my heart never known before. When I was quite young my mother died, and my training and education were entrusted to my aunt, who is with me in the Springs now. My entire life has been spent away from society in the seclusion of her home. Until now I was doomed to move in the puritanical circles of my aunt's own selection. I am naturally possessed of a lively disposition, and often longed to participate in the gayeties of the fashionable world, but no such delight ever came to me in my isolation at "Blandwood." My aunt always seemed to take especial pains in impressing upon me the fact that the pleasures of gay, fashionable life were evanescent and unsatisfactory, and calculated to develop a superficial nature. Consequently I was seldom allowed to associate with those whose tastes and inclinations were more closely allied with my own. Great care and prudence were exercised in regard to the books which I should read. The works of Hannah More, Fox on Misery, or the sermons of some English divines, constituted my usual literary routine. Occasionally I could slip from the library, which my aunt watched with a vigilance worthy of an Argus, some romance of mediæval days, and peruse its contents as I sat alone beneath the wide spreading oaks of "Blandwood." Then laying the book aside I would delight to dream of how, in the old historic days, fair maidens were rescued from castles dim with age, by the brave and daring knights of chivalry. But Mr. Harris, I have never been in love—at

least, I have never felt that passion, of which the poets write."

"This little recital of the manner in which you have spent your past life, which must certainly have been quite monotonous, only tends to enhance my appreciation of your character and to increase my desire to win your love. Though you may at times have felt inclined to regard your aunt's course as a little cruel, yet it is not to be regretted that you have been brought up away from the influences of fashionable society, which not infrequently tend to check the development of higher and nobler impulses. As the daisies which bloom in freshness upon the cliffs of yonder mountain are too sickly exotics in conservatories, so are you to those frivolous maidens of society, who, like insects, have been caught in the "glitter of a garish flame"

"Right here our conversation was brought to a close, by the appearance of a messenger from Miss Garrell's aunt, calling my charming companion to her room. So I reluctantly bade her good-night and entered the ball-room. The dance in which I participated had concluded, and Hal and I stepped out on the balcony.

"Well, Hal, I believe I will return to town to-night. I will have moonlight as you see, and I can accomplish the ride in an hour." We then exchanged good-nights, and in a few minutes, George, my faithful steed, was bearing me rapidly away toward Mt. Airy.

[CONTINUED.]

The Feeding Value of Bran.

The late Alexander Hyde, a well known agricultural writer, had a high opinion of the feeding quality of bran. Experience of stock-feeders has confirmed the opinion long held by men of science that in some essential elements of food it is much richer even than the pure kernel that it encloses. Mr. Hyde says:

The conclusion is irresistible that bran has not been sufficiently appreciated as food for stock in past times, and that Dr. Graham was right when he recommended unbolted flour as the best for bread making. Graham flour is specially adapted for children, as it furnishes the material for making bones and developing teeth. Some objection is made to the use of bran by farmers, as it has a laxative tendency. This is due to mechanical, not chemical, influences, the coarse particles when fed alone, often irritating the intestines, especially at the first feedings, if given in large quantity. This may be obviated by feeding bran gradually at first, and in connection with hay. A slightly laxative condition of the bowels is far healthier than constipation; and if children are troubled with the latter, Graham bread is just what they need.

One great recommendation of bran as feed for stock is that it makes the manure pile so rich. A large proportion of the inorganic matter (ash) in bran, is composed of the various phosphates, just what most old soils need, those salts having been carried off in the milk and sold. We have seen wonderful changes produced on old farms by liberal feeding of cows with wheat bran. The pastures in a few years have renewed their age. Rye bran is not quite so rich in ash as wheat, but it makes an excellent food for producing milk, as it contains over twelve per cent. protein compounds, just the thing for cheese-making, and over two per cent. of fats. Indeed, dairy farmers generally give the preference to rye bran, and one reason is that it is finer, and does not induce such a laxative condition.

THE FAMILY EDUCATOR.—"No family of children ought to be brought up without having ready access to this grand volume (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary). It is a library in itself. It will answer thousands of questions to the wide-awake child—not simply concerning the spelling and meaning of words, but also with reference to every branch of study with which the young mind must grapple at every stage in the course of securing an education.

The book is an ever-present and reliable school master to the whole family.—Lutheran Sunday School Herald.

Mr. W. T. Blackwell, of Durham N. C. has a stud of fifty horses, and among them is an old spotted fellow that has been laid by for the good he has done, and to this old horse a gander has taken a wonderful attachment and has deserted the flock of geese, that runs in the stable yard, and roost every night with the horse in his stall. The gander will show fight if one enters, and if the horse is separated from him seems to be miserable.

[Reading, (Pa.) Times and Dispatch.]

ART AND OIL.—The Norfolk Virginian of January 16, 1881, refers to the remarkable cure effected by St. Jacobs Oil in the case of Prof. Cromwell, known the country over for his magnificent Art Illustrations who had suffered excruciating torments from rheumatism, until he tried the Oil whose effects he says were magical.