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Established in 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

NEW SERIES-VOL 8 NO 50

#### An Alaska Witch.

Wallandey a grav-haired, decome into town and and to the interpreter that ductor. Quesse, at the ordered that he should on which at two o'clock that. and asked that he receive tum the white men. The and the matter before the be Indian ductor was imnested and brought up for responsation was held be-Day on the succeeding the following facts were

> wher had been for sor ring a square who was from the effects of a Notwith-tanding the the autoliums the patient The doctor then to cure her was be witched by the that he was powers and until the witch then fore he ordered

for facts in the case bu-band of the sick well up before the are good them that -new thing as witches, would have to give up. which the they were willing fordo. and that if he persined t his intentions of burnof witche now or hereid hauge and that of the . further molested he the alcestor's head to be The prisolers were bound of \$200 to keep the d were blen discharged. and the beselver Indian and of at Killisnoo, in this

flowing areas introcen the whites and Later there. An Indian doctor, was the most prominent has in the dasa was ordered by the be to be shaved, the ereed among I many being that if one of their re and diene men is shorn of and it is forever disgraced in the The doctor made most that if his hair was cut off the steamer James. of all a known anchor in the bay. I have upon the emptain of the an added the doctor to be taken and the paradesground, in sight of in thinvel as close as a razor at a which was done. But the " and and and sink. Now the the had out the idea that shaving and of encof their doctors divests u of he supermatural power:ment of cuty) Free Press.

E. Same Waggins comes to the suras he says, "come to some and to intercede the other planets' against the atas of Partie-son Practor. Wiggans-- the colors are always increase and the state of t space falling upon their I low the largest planets, are the smallest, are the oldest. The same traveled in an orbit all the sun than now, and time income as large and are as to from the solar orb as. The large solid bones of the of main and the great saurians of att its me indicate that the earth a large was nearer the sun. a shall almost to a crushing the weight of objects on our

# News from the Planet Mars.

Male, may justly be con-Alfal of dividend earth it x may down the hand, water, all, and show accumin-The poles in their rest alls of winter. If this be some of the planet is, was a mark more rare I be cartle so that it only planet a surface a presit is a pounds and a quitrpulse men. The elimete of from the small the without accumulates at the pranet, to be comparabe water is distribcomplete series of long which run out from over to an extent, in places, of three and four thous-- As is well known, astrone. Sir, two moons, these he ng present a diameter of lot on six or seven miles, and one on completing a revolution all the planet in a little more than on lyones. New York Sun.

### A Slight Incumbrance.

We had gone up to visit a lady a with whom her acquaintance a slight, and she wanted to let her w something that is usually confed among ladies rather important. "You know I am engaged to be mar-

les, charming: a delightful gentle-

And when is the ceremony to take

Wall. I don't quite know." Those needn't be any delay about a thing as that. He's wealthy, is

The he's very well off. But you well, there's a slight incum-

Assight Incumbrance?" "I mean-well-he's not divorced 1th -San Francisco Chronicle.

To meet an old hero face to face, A soldier under Napoleon.

A Soldier Under Napoleon.

And orns where the flower-pots used

Do you see that tumble-down cottage there,

Beyond the road, by the sycamore tree, With rays in the broken window panes

You never would think, in such a place,

There's little herole, I confess.

In the witherest old man in his corner chair;

Not a teach ner a thought in his hairless As he sits and mumbles and grumbles But if ninety years take much away,

A soldier under Napoleon. His dim eyes watch his daughter at work, A thin old woman in called:

He sometimes notes her grandson at play With his painted soldiers all in a row; And he dearly byces his pint of gin-

His title, at least, will always stay

And his black cany pipe, this man who has A soldier under Napoleon But Jena, Marengo, Austerlitz, And last and bloodiest, Waterloo! Will his eye not flash if I speak these words, And the sluggish blood in his veins burn

And in memory's light, at last, appear A soldier under Napoleon. "Good sir," I say, "do you recollect
The last great day when, the records tell,
You fought so bravely, nor quit your post
Till the last man left of your comrades

He's deaf, but I'll shout them out till he hear,

"I've lost the names," he says to me; "Ljust remember I used to be A Soldier under Napoleon. Charles F. Richardson, in Harper's.

### IRRESISTIBLE.

"I will not be untrue," she said, and her dark eyes flashed. "I love you. but I shall not marry you."

"And your reasons," he asked, in a voice that trembled despite his strong efforts to control it.

She looked at him quietly, pityingly, and her answer rang through his very

"Because you would make my life one long regret. Because, far in the years to come. I foresee such after degradation for you as would make the life of any woman mad enough to give her happiness -her fate-to your keeping a life of such misery that the grave would be a welcome refuge." "You love me, and yet you can say

"I could not have loved you had I dreamed of this before. As I say, I will not be untrue. I believed in you wholly. I thought you the only one I had ever known who had touched my heart, who could awaken in me the life. I yielded myself gladly to the and was there no hope for him? knowledge of this feeling, for I could truly, entirely, herself. But for the line of her usual life. late knowledge that the fatal cup, of thousands, is not strange to your entirely. lips, my heart would be wholly yours."

such power over the; under it, what when exhausted by study or fatigue can I not conquer? Blessed with your | had become a necessity to him, and the love, what might I not become?"

The beautiful lips lost their firmness | decision at which she had airived. of expression, and quivered with She was a girl of no ordinary charstrongly-expressed feeling.

said sadly. "God only knows how in- life, taught her to doubt the influence tensely I pity you, but I should go mad | she could wield against the triumphal if I were forced to pity my husband. Juggernaut, whose victims can never I must esteem, respect, as well as love | be numbered.

cold, so hard, that you deny me all all that stood between me and my much or little. dearest hopes of earthly happiness? Margaret! Margaret! no human crea- her father, yielding to the infirmities of ture but yourself can save me. If you | old age, demanded her care and attenrefuse to listen to believe I care not | tion. what gulf bears me to oblivion."

"I dare not listen to you," and great not take upon myself such vows as bind our earthly fates, and feel in my

heart how entirely we shall vet be separated in all true union. I must say to you. I have no faith in the dead-Is infatuation of one who indulges in the appetite for strong drink."

"You condemn me, then, to ruin?" "I condemn you to rain! God forbid! Herry Norton, it all remains with yourself. I cannot conceal from you that I think you have a hard battle. before you in life. To conqueg that appetite to determine that you will not yield, and to abstain from all that tends to tempt, to awaken desires for stimulants, no matter how weary, how worm you are with the struggle-demands the strongest will, the greatest self-so-rifice, the prayerful spirit, the Christian life! Are you capable of all this If you doubt your self at all, in the every never tempt a woman to share a draukard's life to behold herself the member of children who will never kur with beauty, the holiness, the proto the of house.

"You think I exaggerate your faults. You do not know all that is burned as with the stamp of fire upon my memery. The years roll back, and I see a young, trusting, credulous girl, who kin w neither herself nor her needs in life woulded to a man whose earthly prosperts seemed fairer than those of most men. But this girl, so innocent, lovely, and trusting, learned soon - ah, too soon that her whole life was sacrificed to one whose taste for the accursed stimulants of liquor far exceeded his love for the woman he professed to adore. Year after year passed on. adding to this fatal taste additional strength. No caresses of sweet-voiced lovely little children, no delights of home, were half so dear to this man as

the one infatuation of his life. "This girl, always masure in mind. and far his superior in nature, left no means untried to save him. She was

very attractive in manner, conversation, and peg-on, and all her attractions were put in force to save him. She convealed his habit of intemperance for years. She kept his faults to herself. She never breathed anght against him. She upheld him, strengthened him, counselled him. If , woman's influence could have saved him he would have been saved.

"I have seen her home taken from her. Her children and herself wandering from one place to another, as she could best earn their support; and this man, seemingly devoid of human feelings, leaving her to her own resources, while wealthy relations cared for him.

"This woman was very near and dear to me, and nothing upon earth could induce me to put myself in sub-You have my true friendship, my best wishes for your welfare, my sincere prayers that you may conquer in this fiery trial, but I dare not give you more. God only knows how hard this is for me to say to you. How willingly would I share your fate in poverty, in any ordinary trial of life; but I of this no more.

ly. "Margaret," he said, "let me kiss

And before she could reply his burning lips touched her pure cool brow, "God bless you, Margaret, whatever becomes of me!

In another instant he was gone. moment before the open parlor-window, where an old gentleman rested in 1 an easy chair.

"It is a lovely night, father," she said: "but I will go to my room, I believe. I am very weary to-night. Good might!

"C i night, my daughter!" An dargaret went as usual with her stately step to her chamber-door; but a within its solitude, and the prote resolved spirit was bowed in bitter sorrow.

her whole frante shook with the sobs she da ed not vent loudly, and the tears rushed down the proud beautiful love a woman gives but once in her line. Must she thus condemn him,

How she had loved this man! And

He was a student of medicine, studynot mistake your manner, your feel- ing of late with her father, and an ings to me. I saw my influence over leager, apt student. He had com into you with none of the triumph of a the quiet life of this girl as a bright coquette, you well know, but with the sunbeam. His quick active intellect quiet happiness of a woman who loves | groused her from the ordinary rou-

His tastes harmonised with her which has ruined thousands, and tens own, and she had given him her heart

Then, one day, she learned that the But, Margaret, your influence has fatal habit of stimulating his energies interview we have just related was the

acter. Her clear good sense, with the "I have no faith in my power," she intimate knowledge of her friend's

the man to whom I give control of all | Harry Norton left the village for the distractions of a life in a great city. "Is there no hope for me?" he pas- Now and then news came of him as a sionately exclaimed. "Are you so clever successful practitioner, accompanied with doubtful surmises as to trial that you refuse to believe for certain changes in his habits of lifeyou I could conquer, would conquer, vague speeches, meaning, perhaps,

Margaret's life flowed quietly on;

Perhaps close observers might detect a shade of sadness now and then in tears rolled down her checks; "I dare | those clear grey eyes, but she was not one of those who live solely for their own pleasure, and no one in all the village was more relied upon in sorrow or trouble as a kind sympathiser than

> A young clergyman who settled in the parish was soon observant of this strong, self-reliant nature - this tender daughter and kind friend. Margaret was not doomed to live a solitary life. She found much to esteem in Mr. Eldon, and at last much to love; and one bright spring morning she stood with him at the village altar as his bride.

> As she entered the carriage a nacket was given to her, and opening it, she found a wedding-gift -a brooch formed of a large pure pearl, finely set, and a

The letter was as follows:

Mangaret - You are a pearl among all others in my memory, and I beg you to accept this symbol of yours if as a gift from an old friend. You were right. Margaret - no man, knowing himself a slave to intemperance, should over tempt a woman to share its curse. What can I write you of my life? Only that there are times when I am mad-when no reason remains to me-and then I come out of this valley of the shadow of death, and I see you, strong, pure, so far away from me. Your words come back to me, and I know you were right when you chose to walk apart from one so unworthy. Do not bedeve that I do not struggie, but a power stronger than I controls me can rejoice in your happiness, and I know that I was once blessed with your love—that my true self was once dear to you. But purity rectifude, were dearer to you than aught else and he who failed of these could not hold possession of your heart. That one worthy to be your guide, your staff through life has won ou, awakens no selfish feeling in my heart. have said that I can-I do-rejoice in your Happy bride though she was, tears

filled her eyes. She pitied him very tenderly, and pitied him all the more because of her own happiness." The years rolled quietly on with her;

children were given to her love and care. In the pleasant village home where her childish days were passed she lived the contented life of a happy wife and mother.

It was towards the close of a bright summer day that Mr. Eldon came | Washington Letter.

slowly up the garden-walk, and Margaret, hastening with tender welcome to greet him, saw at once, from his face, that he bore unwonted news.

"Margafet," he said. I wish you would come with me to see a dving man who wishes to bid you farewell. ton. It is he.

It was not calmly she could think of the interview. Her hands trembled as she tied the strings of her bonnet; tears filled her eyes, and she leaned heavily on the arm of her husband as he related to her the story of his summons to the house where Harry Norton, feeling his days was numbered, had come to bid her farewell to die.

The setting-sun was glorifying all things; the distant mountains and jection to the possibility of such a fate. | rivers were bathed in golden light. They entered the chamber of the dying man. The same golden atmosphere filled it; from the open window came the soft summer air, the glad notes of singing birds.

"You are good as ever, Margaret," Harry said faintly, "to come; but I felt that if you wished me God speed, dare not, for mine own soul's sake, say | I might more safely cross the dark I take your life, whatever it may be river. You cannot know-no one can for mine. And so, Harry, let us speak | know but its victims the irresistible power of the disease which bears me She held out her hand. He caught to my grave. It is a disease-a madit. He drew her impulsively toward | ness with some - and I have been one him. He held her for an instant close- of those fatal ones. If I could say with supermatural power: 'Touch it not when first you feel the accursed thirst, or you are lost!' But who would believe me? God only knows!

Long and tenderly Margaret and her husband talked with him, listened pityingly to his account of the struggles he had made so uselessly against She passed through the garden-walk | What he believed to be a madness, and into the pleasant porch, and stood a | soothed and comforted by them, he passed quietly, resignedly - nay, thankfully, into the other life, the "great beyond."

#### In the White House.

If people think that the President is not sociable in his official prison life in the White House they do not know him. He is warm-hearted and companionable in his hours of leisure from the routine drudgery of his high place. He is fond of his friends and always has a good deal of company. As a bachelor a friend or two at dinner was a regular occurrence, to which he now often adds the friends of Mrs. Cleveland. The President is also a good liver. His greatest fondness\* is for game

in season. Chef Perin resented with an emphasis which looked as if he might seize the nearest skillet and bring it down upon the offending pate when the buckwheat scandal of the Executive kitchen which went the rounds of the press in the early days of the Administration was mentioned.

·Me makee buckwheat cakes, pancake deble noir? Never, sir, vile I am here. Le President never eat buckwheat cake from me."

Then, rising with a sort of Marsellaise-hymn enthusiasm: "I see. That Dutch cook. Yes, yes. Maybe he make buckwheat cake. France, no. Germanee, yes."

The Presidential buckwheat cake threatening to become an international issue, the chef tempered his national aversion for "Die Wacht am Rhine" by cooling off in the pastry kitchen with

the mercury sizing up to 110 degrees. The gastronomic economy of the Executive Mansion in the diurnal revolutions of that portion of the earth's surface over which the President of the United States governs represents three epochs: Breakfast at 9 a. m., luncheon at 1:30, and dinner at 7 p. m. The chef who makes the life of a President, allimentally speaking, a joy, and thus maybe a benefactor, begins the day with a breakfast of three dishes-fish. a steak, and eggs with coffee. He divides the day with a luncheon of cold meats and broiled, small, feathered game in season. He makes his triumph at the family dinner-ovsters, raw: a soup, fish, an entree, perhaps a sweetbread, a releve, a roast and vegetables, terrapin, an entremet suere, perhaps a pudding or a jelly. Dessertpastry, ice-cream, nuts, fruit and coffee. Since his marriage the President has lingered longer at his meals and enjoys life in his domestic circle, even if the precogatives and proprieties of supreme rank do debar him from many of the dittle jovs and diversions of his fellow-mortals .- Washington Letter.

# Spooks at Red Top.

There seems to be a great deal of trouble in keeping servants at Red Top. The fierce winds of March drive the president and his family from their country residence, because they found the alterations in the house had been made for the soft zephyrs of summer, and not for the March gales. Soon after they left the steward of the White House, who has charge of the servants also at Red Top, got notice from the . domestics employed there that they would like to leave. He tried others, but they, too, left, and after wondering what the cause was he found that the olored people employed were afraid to stay there. They were superstitious. The howling winds had made the windows rattle and whistled through the burg Disputch. woodwork of the house. Stories got abroad that "spooks" were there. Then some said that an old man had died in the house, and his ghost was revisiting it. This was enough for the colored servants, and forthwith they resigned. In vain, it is said, did the steward try to show them how foolish were their fears, but they would not listen to him, and now the lonely mounted policeman alone keeps guard.

# WIT AND HUMOR!

The only people who keep diaries for any length of time are those who keep them for sale. - Harper's Bazar.

This is Patti's last farewell tour, but You have never forgotten Harry Nor- if we all club together and ask him. possibly Nicolini will come over and see us again. - Puck.

The Mayor of Montreal wears -2.500 gold collar about his neck, but never when any member of the American colony are around. Washington

Customer (to baker's boy) Is your

bread nice and light, sonny? Baker's boy (contidentially) Yes, maxim, it only weighs ten onnces to the pound. Once in a while it is well to remem bei that a crown will not cure a head-

ache any more than a golden slipper will the gout. Shoe and Leather Re-The Hooshe Tunnel is nearly five miles long; but it's no use, young people, no use. The brakemen always

light the lamps before the cars run in. - Some with Journal. No matter how had and destructive a box may be he rarely becomes so degraded or loses his self-respect suf-

ficently to throw mud on a circus poster. Texas Siftings. A Michigan school-teacher punishes the big girls by kissing them when they misbehave. As a consequence he

has the most unruly school in the State. Philadelphia Call. "Shocking unprincipled lot, those bus conductors! One of them passed a bad sixpence on me a fortnight ago,

confound him! And I've not been

able to get rid of it yet!"- Punch. "If you want tew git at the circumferenge of a man examine him among folks; but if you want tew get at his actual diameter measure him at his fire-side. Boston Commercial-Bulletin.

There's a good deal of bosh written about "the square gambler." In the game he plays the chances are usually so much in his favor that there is no need of crooked work. - Buffalo Ex-Wisconsin claims to lead all other

cheese. If this true, none of them. will care to approach near enough to take it away from her. New Haven "Who is the ugliest woman in town?" asked the strunger. "Cant tell von replied the citizen, "she

never comes in until fifteen minutes after the entertainment begins .-Burthtte. Joe-Where are you going to spend the summer? Eli-I was thinking of going to Maine on a fishing tripe Joe Going to Maine to go fishing? Why,

man, that is a prohibition State! Detrait Free Press. A distinguished physician has discovered that the gall of a rattlesnake will cure its bite. From this we infer that the average rattlesnake has almost as much gall as a book-agent .-

New Haven News. long. Parson Dear me; I'm sorry. me a horrible headache. - Tid-Bits.

and some rest." "Did you get it?" got the rest. - Atlanta Constitution.

A gentleman writes on the subject of spirits and beer. One point he fails to make is, that too much beer makes one lose one's spirits, while an overindulgence in spirits is only too likely to result in a premature bier .-

Snookson A vaas Jones is a vefy good fellaw a I don't know that I quite call him a gentleman, you know. Miss Sharp (who has a liking for | wholly off her guard. Jones)-Don't you, really? But perhaps you are not a very good judge! -Punch:

A Chinese theatrical manager is taking steps to introduce the Chinese drama in American theatres. This will be a cruel test of our forbearance, but the manager evidently knows how we have behaved under British infliction. New Horen News.

"I wish I had your conscience for a pair of suspenders, was the witte remark with which Alderman White floored un enponent whom he desired to accuse of too much clasticity in the region of his moral mentor, in the city council proceedings. - Buffile

"The only possible objection that can be found with the house, said the but themselves, their contemporaries belandlord, after showing all the apartments, his the absence of a bathroom. "That doesn't make any difference at all, said the would-be ten- that when the versatile Mr. Lucy took ants: "we are Anarchists. - Harper's charge of the Daily News he actually

Miss Upperten Oh, by the way, dear. I am going to send you an invitation to my party. It is to be next whether Lucy ever had the temerity to week. Miss Sassiety Party! Why, love, you surprise me Is it possible you are not keeping Lent? Miss Upperten-Oh, not it's so common. - Pitts-

As a gentleman in the parquet remarked: "None but women who have purchased high hats and have none other to wear, because they can't afford to buy new bonnets, would dare to wear them to the theatre after all the hue and cry that has been raised."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

There is a movement in Erie for the erection of a monument to Commodore Perry.

#### How to Live for a Full Century.

Professor Humphrey, of Cambridge, has prepared a series of tables which contain some interesting information about centenarians. Of fifty-two persons whom he mentioned at least eleven-two males and nine femalesactually attained the age of 100. Others attained very nearly to the hundred years. Only one of the persons reached 108 years, while one died at the alleged age of 106. Of the fiftytwo persons, thirty-six were women and sixteen men. Professor Humphrey tells us that the comparative immunity of women from the exposures and risks to which men are subjected, and the greater temperance in eating and drinking exhibited by women are the chief points in determining their higher chances of longevity. Out of the thirty-six women twenty-six had been married, and eleven had borne large families. Of the twenty-six who had been wives eight had married before they were 20, one at 16, and two

Twelve of the fifty-two centenarians were discovered to have been the eldest children of their parents. This fact, adds Dr. Humphrey, does not agree with popular notions that first children inherit a feebleness of constitution, nor with the opinion of racing stables, which is decidedly against the idea that "firstlings" are to be depended on for good performances on the course. The centenarians generally regarded were of spare build. Gout and rheumatism were, as a rule, absent. "It seems," says Professor Humphrey, "that the frame which is destined to great age needs no such pophylactics, and engenders none of the peccant humors for which the inger joints (as in gout) may find a

Of the fifty-two aged people, twentyfour only had no teeth, the average number of teeth remaining being four or five. Long hours of sleep were notable among these old people, the period of repose averaging nine hours, while out-of-door exercise in plenty and early rising are to be noted among States in the production of Limburger the factors of a prolonged life. One of the centenarians "drank to excess on festive occasions;" another was a "free beer drinker," and "drank like a fish during his whole life." Twelve had been total abstainers for life, or nearly so, and mostly all were "small meat eaters." - St. James Gazette.

# Caught by the Lawyen.

A dramatic little scene occurred in court here recently. It was no very great matter, but it is a pretty instance of legal dexterity. The case was a suit for damages brought in behalf of a girl who had been run over by a brewer's wagon, and the testimony of the plaintiff was flatly contradicted by that of a girl of her own age who had been playing with her on the curbstone at the time the accident occurred. Both the girls, who were each about Parson How did you like my ser- nine years old, gave their testimony mon this marning? Parishioner-Too | with much directness and stood well under cross-examination. The lawyer Parishioner So am I. If I sleep five for the plaintiff, however, at last got minutes over my usual time it gives | the second girl on the stand, and after asking her several unimportant ques-A Northern man says: "I came tions, said aside to his associate coundown to Florida to get a little change | sel: "Would you risk it?" The question being answered in the affirmative. some one asked. "No; the waiters he turned to the witness with the air got the little change, and the hotels of a man who wishes to make an im-

'You seem to remember extremely well," he said. "What sort of stockings did you have on that day?" "Brown stockings." she returned,

without hesitation, "brown stockings with white clocks." "What kind of a hat?" "A brown straw with brown rib-

"Who told you so?" "My mother," replied the witness, "When did she tell you?" pursued

the lawver with no change of counter "Day before yesterday," was the re-

sponse, fatal to the case of the defense, since upon this child's testimony they chiefly relied. Of course such an incldent is not so extremely rare in the records of trials, but the thing was very prettily and effectively done .-Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

#### A Peculiarity of London Papers. The great morning dailies of London

ignore each other's existence. They are a set of editorial ostriches, if we reverse the simile, for they seem to go on the principle that nobody sees anything ing hidden in the sands. I think I've mixed the metaphor there a little, but let it go. I have a dim remembrance mentioned the name of another paper in its columns, but whether the paper ever recovered from the shock, or do it again, I really don't know. The earth, I believe, made its customary thousand miles an hour in twenty-four laps the next day. The only paper that seems aware that there is another sheet published in this village is the Pall Mull Gazette. As its office is situated away up by Charing Cross, how it ever found out what the great journals of Fleet street never discovered I have been quite unable to ascertain. It was a great journalistic feat, anyhow. To sum up the case: I beg to remark, and my language is plain, to get out of the dark, and their rights to obtain, the papers must all pull together, which the same I am free to maintain - Detroit Free Press.