PROFESSIONAL AUD TALTER P. WILLIAMSON

Attorney-at-Law. TARBORO', N. C. office next that of Col. J. L. Bridgers, over tell's Jewelry store, Main street.) Practices in State and Federal Courts DRANK POWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW ----

DRANK NASE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW TARBORO, N. C. Practices in all the Courts, State and Fed-

HEORGE HOWARD, Attorney and Counselor at Law. TARBORC N. C. Practices in all the Courts, State and

A NDREW JOYNER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C.

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CILLIAM & SON Attorneys-at-Law,

TARBORO', N. C. Will practice in the Counties of Edgecombe, dalifax and Pitt, and in the Courts of the first Judicial District, and in the Circuit and upreme Courts at Raleigh. jan18-1y. IAS. NORFLEET,

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apr 1 '84

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OPPOSITE H. MORRIS & BROS.,

THE TIRED MOTHER. They were talking of the glory of the land be-

youd the skies Of the light and of the gladness to be found in paradise, of the flowers ever blooming, of the never ceasing songs,
Of the wand'rings through the golden streets of happy, white-robed throngs; And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy chair

(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere); What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed, shining shore!"

and Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the reed She was painting on a water jug, and murmured "Yes, indeed."

And Marian, the next in age, a mo

And, "Yes, indeed!" repeated with a ecstatic look. But mother, gray-haired mothe come to sweep the room With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom— Poor mother! no one ever thought

she had to do-And said: "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you. ut seems to me that when I die, before I join I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest." -{Harper's Magazine.

BELLS, BELLS, BELLS! The Literature of the World full of Bells and Music-Dickens' Partiality to Bells in His Novels. Many people are peculiarly sensitive to

the sound of bells and become merry or sad, as their memories may be affected. Those evening bells! those evening bells! How many a tale their music tells Of youth, and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime! So sang Tom Moore, and he only uttered

what everyone feels. Bourrienne relates of the first Napoleon, that one time walking with him in an avenue at Malmaison, they heard the vilage bell. Napoleon stopped, listened intently, then in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne."

In one of the dormitories in the Irish college at Rome there is a space on the wall left ever unpapered and unpainted, whatever repairs the rest of the room may undergo, for there, carelessly scrawled, is the first rough draft of Pather Prout's Bells of Shandon. What a flood of tender melody steals over us as we read that immortal poem, though we may never have heard those famous bells, and have dwelt far enough away from the church and

With deep affection And recollection Those Shandon bells Whose sounds so wild would, In the days of childhood. Fling round my cradle Their magic spells. On this I ponder Where'er I wander. And thus grow fonder, Sweet Cork, of thee-With thy bells of Shandoa That sound so grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

Our literature is full of bells and music. Southey calls the sound of the bells "the poetry of steeples," and George

Think when the bells do chime, : In Enoch Arden, Tennyson says of the poor castaway-Once likewise in the ringing of his ears

Though faintly, merrily—far and far away, He heard the pealing of the parish bells. But there is no writer who so delights in all the varied sounds of bells as Dick ens, or who makes so much of them. Not a novel of his in which bells are not heard ofentimes with startling and dramatic force. In the Chimes he idealizes them with ineffable tenderness and pathos, and Toby Veck's dream of climbing up to the belfry is one of his masterpieces. In some of his stories the bells sound forth only dirges, in others they are monitors to warn from crime, and in others marriage bells, the merriest and most gleeful of all. He marries some of his characters without a good deal of ringing. The door bells are great favorites with him, and he makes the bell handle reveal many of the peculiarities of his characters. Mr. Dowler "rings the bell with great violence," Mrs. Clennam "with a hasty jerk," Mr. Wat kins Totts "with a faltering jerk," Bob Sawyer, "as if he would pull the bell out by the roots," the poor relation, with capologistic softness." "What a demnition long time," says Mr. Mantilini to New man Nogzs, "you have kept me ringing at this confounded old cracked teakettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into convulsions, upon my life and soul-oh demmit!" Sairey Gamp's bell is "the greatest little bell to ring that ever was," and there was another which produced only "two dead tinkles." If there ever was an observer of how bells rang, and who could translate their sounds into wise and witty English, Dickens was that observer. The music and sound of bells have never been

more exquisitely described than in Poe's beautiful poem of "The Bella," the language of which is as reasonant as the bells it describes. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the Swiss Bell Ringers were all the rage, and drew vast crowds to their concerts. Who that heard them will ever forget "The Wrecker's Daughter," "The Carnival of "Ven-ice," "The Monastry Bells," and "Meet Me By Moonlight Alone"? The music of those sweet bells has long been hushed, but concertgoers of that time will still

maintain that we have no music nowa days at all comparable to that. The Russians boast of the largest bells in the world, and the greatest number. The great bell of Moscow weigns 144,000 pounds, and they have one that was cast 150 years ago that weighs 400,000, but it has never been hung. That would be as large as one of our two-story-and-basement dwelling houses. After the Russians the Chinese rank as makers of large bells. The most famous bell in the United States is the Liberty bell in Philadelphia. Then there is what Dickens calls the "abominable get-up bell," which gives notice to sleepers that it is still half an hour to breakfast, and if they are lively at

morning toilet they may nap it for twenty minutes longer. But it were vain to try to enumerate all the bells that in one way or another affect us. We are their subjects and are moved to tears, or laughter, to fear or hope, to wild surmise or calm repose, as their varied sounds falls upon our ears. One bell there is affects us all alike, described by Byron as

That all softening, overpowering knell, The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell. He who is not moved by that sweet concord has lost the birthright of Adam's

The object of technical schools is not merely to teach boys and young men how to make spokes. springs, carriages, harness; how to shape the brass, iron, steel, wood or leather, but how to do these things well. demand is for artistic, thorough the sheep. It seems possible to merable attempts to stimulate mum demand is for artistic, thorough my wheat into vitality have each and the route taken by the great discovery many and liberal pay.

Indicate the find almost anything in the Artic my wheat into vitality have each and liberal pay. mployment and liberal pay.

TWO LONESOME BROTHERS.

The Last of Ten Companions Who Started out as Oil-well Shooters. "Yes, my brother and I feel rather lonesome when we look back and think over of the last five years," said one of the famous Gallagher brothers, oil-well shooters. "A gang of ten of us," said he, "started out in the torpedoing business, then, and my brother and I are the only ones of the party left. I don't suppose, taking it altogether, more than three pounds of the other eight were ever found. They never found as much as a yest-button of poor Lew Gray. He was earrying a few cans of nitro-glycerine on his back in a bag to save carriage, and while he was passing through the Town of Red Rock he slipped and fell. That only left nine of us. There wasn't much of Red Rock left ten seconds after Lew fell with his load. Hen Garth-wait was the next one to go. He was getting ready to torpedo a well at Richand something went wrong with asiness. A can of nitro-glycerine exploded. Ren's cap was found hanging on a tree 300 yards away, three fingers and a foot that had belonged to him were picked up in the vicinity, and that was all any one ever saw of poor Ren. Joe Ross and four others of our gang went to do a job at Corwin Centre. No one ever knew what caused the explosion, because neither Joe nor any of the other four was ever found. It was impossible to tell who the bits of scattered remains that were found belonged to, and the Coroner's inquest was lumped and the remnants were buried together. Bill Grant was unloading a wagon-load of nitro-glycerine soon after that at Bolivar, and was passing the cans out to another man in the way some of the reckless handlers of the stuff have a habit of doing; that is, throwing, them out for the other man to catch, the same as you've seen men unload bricks. Byand-by the man who was catching the cans let one slip through his fingers and it fell on a stone. Bill's widow hadn't much of him to bury. I don't know what the 'other man's name was. Or whether he left a widow or not. So that left my brother and me the last of the gang. We've shot hundreds of wells, I guess, and while we don't have any more fear or nervousness in handling the stuff than you would have in handling so many sticks of wood, we know what it can do ond we favor it all we know how. Still it's only a matter of time, I suppose. One of these days an unlooked-for thing is bound to happen, and then my brother and I will be scattered around like the rest of them were. I might take some other kind of a job where there was less danger

any minute, But maybe they get reckless and forget what danger they're in. They make me nervous." The lonesome brother turned to a workman who was standing several feet away. "Hey, Johnny!" he shouted, "chuck me another can of glycerine. I guess she'll stand another."[-N. Y. Sun.

and the pay just as good, but I don't know.

I do know that I wouldn't hire out to

men running along on the tops of freight

cars it makes me shudder.

work on a railroad. When I see the train-

A Bachelor on Matrimony. This I do know, says a writer in House-

man from marriage, besides those con-tained in the tabular prohibitions of conanquinity. I have heard some say that a man should not marry till he has a fixed ncome of a certain sum, and it is said in such a manner that one cannot avoid the conviction that a man ought to marry when he possesses this marital enfranchisement. Such an opinion has always struck me as being utterly absurd. The conditions of life and the natures of men are so varied that any attempt at classification of the qualification for marriage is impossible. Thrift comes naturally to

some men, to others no account of preaching can inculcate the principles of economy. Two men of these opposite natures may thenjoy the same income in the same sphere of life; the former marries with advantage while to the latter it would be most reprehensible. I maintain that a man is justly entitled to marry when he considers that he can afford to keep a wife agreeably to that station of life in which he moves, and his wife is willing to accept. When and how he can afford this is his business, and as such should be free from all interference save by those who are therein interested, viz., the parents on either side. I have heard of men who have married on the meanest of pittances and ended their lives in princely mansions. The world has not grown smaller, I opine, nor has human energy

worn itself out. There is a very glib saying that has passed into a proverb, and, like many of its fellows, is neither veracious nor profound, that marriage is a lottery. To the blockhead who rushes into matrimony without thought of its duties or care for its consequences I grant it is a lottery, and, like the generality of lotteries, he will find it a swindle. But the world is not as some people would have us believe -wholly composed of fools. I declare it as my humble opinion that there are fewer fools than these pessimists assure us there are wise men, and because a few recklessly risk their happiness in an unconsidered marriage, they would stigmatize mankind as moral gamblers.

A Bit of Steep Railway Travel.

Mr. Meiggs carried his famous railroad from Lime to the crest of the Andes, over three miles high, at a cost of \$27,000,000 and 7,000 human lives, but died before completing it. About fifty miles of track remained to be built. A contract for its onstruction has been made with a brother of Mayor Grace, of New York. It is said that the sensation of riding up this railroad, together with the rapid ascent from the sea level to the mountain's crest, produces a sickness called "sirocche" often fatal, and usually sending people to bed for several weeks. The symptoms are a terrible pressure upon the temples, nausea, bleeding at the nose and ears, and faintness, but the effects can b avoided by taking precautions and observing rules that experience has suggested, the chief one being to drink a glass of brandy, and keep perfectly quiet, as the slightest degree of exercise will floor the strongest

A Four-Eared Man. A man possessed of four ears is a natural curiosity in San Francisco. John Henry Grimes is a native of Novia Scotia, The peculiarity about him that attracts attention makes him the best developed person in the world, so far as hearing is concerned. The front ears, which are placed in their natural position, are perfect and well formed. The extra pair are partly covered by those in front, yet they appear like ordinary ears. Tests have been made which demonstrate that Mr. Grimes can hear equally well with either pair of ears.

Lieutenant Greely says there is a belt in the Artic regions where there are sheep with the head and horns of the ox and the tail of the horse. On his next visit to that country he A LUCKY FIND.

Startling Discovery by an Old Callfornia Miner. Said an old-timer: "I never saw a gl but I once made a pretty good raise where I at first thought I had found a dead man. was prospecting down in Amador County, California. One day I went up the creek about a mile and seated mysel on a rock to rest. Across the stream on the opposite bank were the remains three or four old cabins. Some of these had almost tumbled into the creek from the wearing away of the ground on that side. I observed that part of the fireplace of a near cabin had tumbled down the bank toward the creek and that the foot of an old gum-boot was sticking out of the dirt. It seemed to project from beneath lirt. It seemed to project from bene the stones forming the hearth of the old chimney. I thought it was strange that any man should have laid his hearth over an old gum-boot. Then it occurred to me that some men might have been murders and buried under the hearth.

"Crossing the creek to the old chimney I found that the foot of the old boot pro jected from under a large flat stone that was still in place. I lifted the stone and found that there was only one boot there, and no sign of a human skeleton nor bones of any kind. I kicked the old boot down the bank, and then took a pan of dirt and ashes out of the old fireplace, as I had in several instances made pretty fair strikes in old hearths, for it is well known that the early miners were often careless, and lost a good deal of find gold in retorting it-burning out the quicksilver it contained on shovels. As I was passing down the bank I came to the old cot, and, in passing, gave it another kick, sending it almost into the creek. It landed leg down hill, and from the end poured a golden shower of nuggets and

"In a moment I threw the dirt out of my pan and reversed the boot over it, when out tumbled two large buckskin bags filled with gold dust. So long had he treasure lain concealed under the hearth that the strings with which the ags were tied had rotted, and one gave way under the kicks I had bestowed upon the old boot. When all the gold was gathered up I found that I had nearly \$2,000.

Pleasure and Pain.

Pain is the great agent or lever that moves the world; pleasure produces rest, inertia; pain, restlessness and motion. So pain produces a peculiar and rapid molecular vibration or disturbance, which quickens and educates our mental faculties as no other agent can. Pain and poverly-every great thought and act was thrust into the world by these masters of

man's life or conception of life is Why, they're arranged around and about him exactly apt to fall and get a leg or arm taken off in proportion to his ruling passion; the attractions are always equal to the conceptions; a tree, a bird, a beast is not a tree, or bird, or beast, but merely an emanation, an effluvia of the mind and character of each individual. A child's first attempt at play or work with blocks, spools, cards, &c., is to raise

a tower or pyramid. The higher it becomes the greater his joy. So it is with the soul or mind of man; ever drawn to the ideal, ever attaining, ever rising, an attempt of the soul to flee and free itself rtality and meet and merge into

Earth is but the shadow of Heaven. Every object in nature is a mirror, throwing back the reflection and conception of God. Genius might effectively be compared

to thunder and lighting-like the flash of the lightning it lights and kindles the dead soul-like the reverberation of thunder it reverberates from heart to heart with a thousand echoes. No man can be successful unless he be

sincere-we cannot do anything well unless we believe in it. Genius is the nectar of the gods drawn and drank from the skull of man. A truely great man must be sincere sympathetic and systematic.

Morals always accompany intellectmoral and mind are inseperable. The mind is like a mirror, reflecting its occupants and surroundings-some minds are like concave-convex mirrors, reflect ing all objects with their own convexities and concavities. There are a few minds like rare mirrors, which give an exact

Berlioz speaks of the pain and suffering his repressed ideas caused him. Dumas says he fell ill by interruption and his ideas were broken. 'Tis the activity of the brain, the surplus electricity or nervous magnetic fluid, which not finding all escape, must overcrowd and overtax the nervous system and pain and discomfort physically and mentally ensue. Some one virtue or vice is magnified in every individual. An evil passion, a des tructive passion, subjugated becomes at once a creative force.

The Lost Tribe of Israel. A man calling himself T. C. Pyle, a teacher in the mountains of Tennessee, in a letter to an Ohio paper graphically describes the finding of a cave by a party of railway engineers. The cave was explored for a considerable distance. At the entrance was discovered an inscription in Hebrew characters. After passing some 300 yards into the cave it enlarged into a great amphitheatre. Still further in the cave was found an appalling sight that struck terror to the hearts of the explorers. There, on the right and left and in front, were thausands of grinning skeletons, encased in brass armor, -with ponderous shields. Not less than 5,000 skeletons were seen, each of which was reclining on his shield, They presented the appearance of men killed in battle, who had been brought there for burial A large brass box contained manuscript giving an account of their wanderings According to this veracious chronicler, Tennessee holds the remains of the lost tribes of Israel.

KISS THEM GOOD NIGHT. The tales are told, the songs are sung, The evening romp is over, And up the nursery stairs they climb, With little buzzing tongues that chime Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts Are full of crowding fancies: From song and tale and make-believe A wondrous web of dreams they weave And airy child romances. The starry night is fair without: The new moon rises slowly,

The nursery lamp is burning faint; Each white-robed like a little saint, Their prayers they murmur lowly. Good night! The tired heads are still, On pillows soft reposing. The dim and dizzy mist of sleep About their thoughts began to creep, Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good night! While through the silent air The moonbeams pale are streaming, They drift from daylight's noisy shore. "Blow out the light and shut the door, And leave them to their dreaming."

The story of Egyptian mummy wheat having germinated has never been confirmed and is not credited by any one who is warranted by may discover horses with the head knowledge and experience in such and horns of the ox and the tail of matters to give an opinion. InnuA GENERAL'S WAR ARTICLE.

The Editorial Corrections of His Wife Discourages the Author. General Meckleham decided upon writtreneral mechanism decided upon writing a series of war articles. "Why houldn't I, Mary!" he seked of his wife, who belongs to a literary society and who considered an excellent critic. "I hould just like to know why I ought not give my experience. I went through war and served with distinction, and I ow how to write. I understand the struction of sentences. I understand use of vigorous English. What do you

ec. I shall go to work at once."

The next evening, when the lamps had been lighted, the General said:—

"Mary, are you ready to hear my war He read it to her. "What do you think of it?"

"It is good."
"Do you think it's first class?" "Yes, I do." "I have never said much about it Mary, but I am a writer. Many a time while visiting newspaper offices I have said to myself. Ah, well, you fellows think that you are great writers, but you haven't learned your first lesson.' Now I shall wad it up and send it to a magazine. I ought to get at least one hundred dollars

"You are going to copy it, are you "Oh, no; not necessary. It's as plain as print' "I didn't know but you might want to make a few corrections. Listen to this paragraph:—General Beauregard, seeing that the left wing was weakening, determined to reinforce them.' Don't you think you should say it' instead of

them? "Why? Refers to the soldiers." "No, it means wing, which should be

"Well, go on, go on."
"The General at one time,' continued the woman, finding another objectionable paragraph, was much moved to seeing a soldier dragging a gun with a broken

"What's wrong with that? It's a' fact, for I saw it myself." "Yes, but how did he drag a gun with a broken leg?" "Den't you see? The fellow's leg was

still stuck to the gun." "But he didn't drag it with his broken "Hang it, the fellow's leg

broken "I understand that." "Well, then-leg was broken, but, unwilling to retire from the field, he crawled along, dragging his gun." "With his broken leg."

"The statement is as plain as daylight. When you strike a woman on military matters she can't see two inches."
"I understand it well enough. The man as dragging his broken gun with his beg." which, I should think, would differ the little from dragging his gun with his

The General wheeled round in his chair. shoved both hands in his pockets, and, in a calm voice, slightly trembling on the bosom of a struggle, said:—
"When I married I thought that my wife was a sensible woman. I thought that she was a woman of literary taste.

Read that paragraph again." "'The general at one time was much moved to see a soldier dragging a gun with a broken leg.' Ah! I see!" exclaimed. "I am glad you do, Mary." "The soldier was dragging a gun with

broken leg—the gun's leg was broken."
"Gimme that paper!" he exclaimed.
Then he folded the manuscript with mock precision and put it in the stove .-Arkansaw Traveller.

They Moved it on Him, A Detroiter who was spending several days in a town in the interior soon discovered that every villager whom he was introduced to had a fondness for betting They'd bet on anything, from the color of a horse on the hill a mile and a half away to the number of flies which would light on a pane of glass in a given time. The Detroiter kept clear of any wagers for a day or two, and then put up a job. He got a string and secretly measured the distance from the hotel steps to a certain hitching post, and next day, when the betting fever began to rage, he showed his hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am not a bet ting man, but seeing that you are anxious for a wager of some sort I'll lay \$25 that can guess within a foot of the distance to that hitchingpost."
"Done!" cried the voice of the landlord and the money was put up.

"Now, what do you guess?" "Ninety-seven feet." By his measure it was six inches more He had measured the string twice over with a rule and he felt that he was \$25 ahead. One of the boys ran for tape-line and the measure was taken in a manner no one could dispute. The figures were ninety-nine feet, and the dlord had won.

"I don't see how that is," muttered the Detroiter, but a second measurement veri-fied the figures. It was a full hour before he recovered from the stunning blow. an he walked over to the post and dissovered that some time during the pre-vious night, and probably soon after his measurment, it had been moved a foot and a halfi-Detroit Free Press.

Charity in India. A curious ceremony was performed re-cently at Travancore, India. The Mahare-jah was weighed against a mass of pure gold, which was then dispensed in Charity. This custom, called "Tulabhara," is one of great antiquity, and is said to be trace-able in Travancore to the fourth century. It is not unknown in other parts of India though of course gold is only used in cas of wealthy persons, the humbler sort being content to weigh themselves against spices or grain. On the present occasion the Maharejah weighed a little over nine stone. The Brahmins, it is said, wished to defer the ceremony in the hope that the Maharajah might more nearly approach the weight of his father, who did not undergo the rite until forty-seven years old, when he weighed fourteen and three-fourths stone.

All Explained. "It is immoral not to sleep enough," says the Herald of Health. We have often wondered at the high morals of

cooks, as a class. Now we understand it.

It is proposed in Spain to start a fleet of ships, representing all maritime nations, from the little port of Palos, in Spain, on August 3, 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the sailing of Columbus, and to have

LITERARY WORKERS.

The Rev. James Freeman Clarke De-Scribes His Habits of Life. The Herald of Health is giving a series of articles on the "Health and Working Habits of Prominent Thinkers as Described by Themselves." Following is the Rev. James Freeman Clarke's contribution to I find myself at the age of 75 still able to do a good deal of work, and I attribute it, under Providence, to the following

I do not worry. I am not to any great extent annoyed by disappointments or failure, and it has never disturbed me when I have been censured, so long as I believed I was doing right.

2. I have a great faculty for elecping. Although able to keep awake when necessary without injury, I can always fall asleep at any moment when eleep seems

8. I have always, from childhood, been fond of outdoor exercise. I began to ride on horseback when only about 8 years old, and when a lad joined with delight in I never know on all out of door sports skating, swimming, rowing, and playing ball, and also in in-door athletic exercises, such as fencing, boxing, and gymnastics. But all these belonged to an early period of my life. 4. I have few fixed habits, and am fond of change. When I have done anything in one way for a few times I enjoy it differently. But, if this tendency has its advantages, it on the other hand prevents me from receiving the benefit which comes from established methods of work. 5. Although when young I smoked, I have not used tobaccasince I was 26. In half a century I have only smoked two

cigars, and those only because I happened to be where the air was malarious. 6. Finally, I love work, and especially brain work. My professional duties as a clergyman have been to me a source of great happiness. I have also written several books and many articles for the press, and I believe that this kind of work has been beneficial to my health.

Mrs. Jarby's Spring Chicken. "I hope you will be home to dinner early to-night, Mr. Philbrick; we are going to have spring chicken," said Mrs. Jarby of Brooklyn, as she met Phil in the hall as he was going to the office. "Spring chicken, eh! all right; 5 o'clock, sharn," replied Phil.
Philbrick was on time. Miss Lulu

bloomed out in a new cream-colored punting dress with several extra kinks in it: the other boarders wore a wistful look; they hadn't eaten any lunch in anticipation of the spring chicken, and Mrs. Jarby was in her glory. The chicken was serve and the boarders were eagerly devouring it when Mrs. Jarby happened to notice Phil poking something on his plate. "I hope your chicken suits, Mr. Philbrick," she asked in her blandest tones. "Oh, yes; I had my doubts, Mrs. Jarby, when you told me this morning that you were going to have spring chicken, but I am glad to see that there is no joke about

this one. You know the old joke about boarding house spring chicken?" "Oh, yes; certainly, but I am sure, as you say, there can be no joke about this: "Are you a connoisseur of spring chick-ens, Mr. Philbrick?" asked the lady from

"Oh, not at all." "How did you recognize the differencef "Oh, I found the spring," and Phil held up to view a twisted hair pin.

AMERICAN NOTES. There are 248 cities and towns in the United States having a population of

10,000 and upwards. The practice of numbering houses on the streets of our cities began in Philadelphia, where it was introduced by the Marshal who took the second United States census in that city. It was in that census that the inhabitants of the country were mentioned by name.

At Debusk's ranch, Trinidad, Col. during a thunder storm, a herd of eighteen horses were drivven against a barbed wire fence by the violence of the the twilight eclipses of the sun and wind. The wire conducted a stroke of lightning through the herd and thirteen

The dog business is not suffering from depression, but trading is active on reasonable profits. We quote: English pugs, pups, \$15 to \$20; do, full grown, \$25; terriers, \$10; do, trained, \$75; fox terriers, \$15 to \$25; bloodhounds, \$10 to \$25; greyhounds, \$10 to \$75; Italian hounds, \$30; beagles, \$25; buildogs, \$25; Newfoundland dogs, \$20 to \$25; collies, \$15 to \$20; setters and pointers, pups, \$10; do, full grown and trained, \$75 to \$100; mastiffs, pups, \$25 to \$30 ; St. Bernards, \$150 to \$200, and very scarce.

Cuban Cigar Makers. The Cuban cigarmakers are mainly colored people, although many creoles and Spanish emigrants engage in the trade. The cigarmakers form the roughest and most miserable part of the population of Havana. When high wages are paid they become unmanageable, and manufacturers use every means to entice laborers from one house to another, often bribing and loaning money with no prospect of ever being repaid. Hundreds of dollars are spent sometimes in inducing a single workman to leave one place for another. In times of scarcity of hands the state prisoners are released. In 1851 the government freed 800 convicts to supply the wants of tobacco manufacturers. Another peculiarity consists in having to pay to employes their earnings three times per

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING! Is life worth living? Ask the lad And hear the answer you will get, "My dorg an' me has fun—you bet."

Is life worth living? Ask the wretch Upon the gallows doomed to stretch The hangman's rope, and heed his cry, "It is! It is! Don't let me die! Is life worth living? Ask the tramp Whose home's the gutter cold and damp

And hear him tell you with a jerk, It is, old pard for I don't work." Is life worth living? Ask the dude Whom old Dame Nature somewhat spewed And see him suck his cane and say, 'Aw-weally-life is-aw-quite gay.' Is life worth living? Ask the fool, The giggling maiden fresh from school. The toiler, invalid, the slave;

Ol life, sweet life, they ever crave. Is life worth living? Ask the wise Philosopher who vainly tries To solve the mystery about Is life worth living? Ask the great, The millionaires, the kings in state, And note their looks of utter woe As in despair they shrick: "No! no!" -[H. C. Dodge.

In 1860, only 5,253 newspapers were published in the United States, or one for every 6,000 inhabitants. Now 13,494 newspapers are published the fleet sail to San Salvador over or one for every 3,716 inhabitants; twenty-five years.

PERIODICILY AS A DISEASE.

An Alarming Increase in the Number of Periodical Drinkers. A certain publishing establishment in Chicago has a peculiar class of employes, in that, with the exception of a young lady cashier and the office boy, they are all "periodical drinkers." The "periodical" is the drinker who abstains entirely for a fime and then goes to a frightful extreme in a debauch lasting a week or two ese men are usually able and skilled men sober, and the ones employed by this ablisher are brilliant writers and capable into dissipation. They are paid barely one-third the salaries their talents entitle them to, but he has to take all risks of their fallure to show up when most want-ed. One of these half-paid, struggling writers is a gentleman of classical educat-ion and great natural ability, who has

men about me," said the publisher, I never know on coming down in the morning if I shall find them here. I sympathize with them, and never refuse to employ a periodical if he can be of any use to me. I suppose it was in this way that my place got to be a sort of headquarters for them. It is painful to notice the number of brilliant men who are stricken with this disease. They come and go like driftwood in the currents Every once in awhile we'll get a man who seems to be proof against drink's temptations. We think he never was a drinker and in no danger of ever becoming one. Suddenly some morning he is missing and isn't seen again for ten days or two weeks, when he comes in, wrecked in health and a wreck in appearance, and begs to be taken back. As a disease, inherited or acquired. I think periodicity is entitled to careful consideration by scientific men, as it is certainly becoming very common. We have fewer steady drinkers than we had years ago, but many more men who occasionally fall from respectability to the gutter at one swoop and stay there a week or two at a time, perfectly helpless.

One Effect of Alcohol. One sometimes sees a drunken man nitched violently from a horse and when the bystanders rush to the spot, expecting to find him dead, they are astonished to discover that he has been little injured. In his 'Scrambles Among the High Alps," Leslie Stephen tells the story of a guide who, while drunk, fell over a precipice so deep that a fall over it seemed almost certain death, and who yet sustained little injury. Stephen accordingly gives his readers the advise not to fall precipice, or to get thoroughly drunk befroe doing so. The reason of this immunity is that the nerve centers are so much paralyzed in the drunken man as not to be effected by the shock of tie fall which, in a sober man, would have acted upon them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest the circulation, and caused instant death.

A Wonderful Piece of Mechanism. Detailed accounts are given in the Berlin and Paris papers of a monster movable globe, made of copper, the work of a blind clockmaker, and on the conspent. The globe represents the earth, and, like it, turns on its own axis by means of mechanism, an artificial moon moves round the globe in twenty-eight days and six hours, while a movable metal band on which the hours are marked, indicates the mean time in the different parts of the earth. Round the upper portion of this immense globe, weighs a ton and a half, and whose surface measures 126 feet in diameter. spins a railroad car capable of holding six persons, and which serves to give a better view of the regions of the north pole. The painting of the globe is done in oil, and necessiated the employment of two men during the entire year. The sun is represented by an apparatus lighted by an intense Drummond calcium light, which enables the spectator to watch intelligently the origin and change of the different periods of the day, the early dawn

moon, etc. A Promising Boy. Little Johnny, on being asked by his school-teacher if he knew what was meant by "at par," replied that "Mar was always

at Par when he came home late." FOREIGN NOTES.

The wars which have been waged by Great Britain since Queen Victoria ascended the throne number 25, of which 20 were due to the Liberals and 5 to the Conservatives. The most important of these wars was the Crimea, in 1854: the Indian mutiny, 1857, and the Egyptian war in

Horseflesh is sold wholesale at the Paris abattoirs at 4 cents a pound up, and is retailed at from 6 to 20 cents, according as the purchaser desires soup meat or fillyet-that is to say, filet. Very tough animals are ground into Lorraine Sansages.

The pneumatic postal service in Paris, lately completed, cost over \$200,000, and the length of the pipes is over thirty-four miles. The charge for transmitting a letter to any place within the fortifications is 3 cents. The service covers extreme points about seven miles apart. The business of the little cluster of

slands which lie in the Pacific Ocean just off the southwest coast of Patagonia is sheep raising and selling, and is nearly all in the hands of one man, Mr. Kerr by name, who is the Governor. He went there many years ago as a poor man, and is now worth more than \$5,000,000. The number of sheep on the islands is about It is a very curions circumstance that STATON & ZOELLER

some Roman statues were fitted with movable marble wigs. The statue of Lucilla, wife of Emperor Lucius Verus, in the museum of the capitol of Rome, has a wig of black marble that can be taken off: and in the Vatican a Venus is believed to represent Julia Loæmias, the mother of Emperor Heliogabulus, with hair that may be removed. There is also a bald bust of a woman, with marble wig attached, in the palace of Sans-Souci, at Pottsdam.

Under the Mexican law a creditor can have a debtor arrested on the day when the debt falls due. The prisoner is chained to a post five days, gnarded by an officer. At the end of the time, if the money is not forthcoming, the man's labor is sold to the government at 40 cents a day for as many days as will be necessary to discharge the obligation. The miserable lebtor is sent to the silver mines, where he is chained to a gang of felons, and compelled to work under ground. sleeps under ground, and never sees day-light again until he is restored to free-

A paper is manufactured from seaweed in Japan that has the transparency of glass-not exactly clear flint glass, but a good sort of stained glass-and can be used satisfactorily in windows.

Butternut wood is largely used for certainly a remarkable growth in making shoes to wear in breweries and other damp places.

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