

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

ROLAL BAKING POWDERS
FOR SALE BY
E. A. COVINGTON & CO.

Dr. D. B. FRONTIS,
Physician and Surgeon
Wadesboro, N. C.
Office in Post-Office Building.

W. A. ROSE,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.
Represents the leading Fire and Life Insurance Companies.
Office—Martin Street, Wadesboro, N. C.

RAPHAEL ALLEN,
Barber.
HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING
Shaving, &c., done with neatness and dispatch. Shop near Mr. Bruner's Bakery.

Rocky River Springs Institute,
MALE AND FEMALE.
Second session begins Jan. 7th, 1889. Board can be had in Hotel, including washing, fuel and lights, for \$7.50 per month.
This is the healthiest place in North Carolina, and that should be the first item in selecting a place to send to school.
For circulars, &c., address,
H. S. PARKETT, Principal,
18—6mo.

Anson Institute,
WADESBORO, N. C.
D. A. MCGREGOR A. J. PRINCIPAL.
THE FALL TERM
BEGINS MONDAY, SEPT. 3rd, 1888.
TUITION IN LITERARY DEPARTMENT—\$3,
\$5 and \$4 per month.
Music—\$4 per month.
No deduction made for lost time.

DR. J. C. BROWN,
Surgeon Dentist.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Anson county, and will visit any neighborhood where there is Dental work to justify.
I will be at Wadesboro on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of court week.

L. M. WOODBURN,
Druggist and Apothecary,
MOKVEN, N. C.
I keep at all times a full line of DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, TOILET ARTICLES, &c., &c.
My Prescription department is in charge of Dr. J. M. Bell, who will take pleasure in filling them night or day.

Polkton Academy,
POLKTON, N. C.
REV. JNO. P. BOYD, PRINCIPAL.
MISS LORENA BOYD, ASSOCIATE.
TERMS PER MONTH:
Primary Course, \$1.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$3.50
Preparatory Course, \$1.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$3.50
No deduction for lost time. Tuition payable at end of each school month. For further information apply to
REV. JNO. P. BOYD, Polkton, N. C.

The Central Hotel
WADESBORO, N. C.
D. L. PARKER, Proprietor.
The CENTRAL HOTEL is now open for the accommodation of the public, being newly furnished throughout.
Patrons will have the attention of polite and attentive servants.
Board by the month can be obtained as cheap as elsewhere in Wadesboro.
Thinking my friends for past favors, and asking a continuance of their patronage, I am, very truly,
D. L. PARKER, Proprietor.

T. J. INGRAM,
Corner Wade and Rutherford streets,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Will continue to furnish his patrons with
BEEF
Mutton, Pork, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fresh Oysters, Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.
And whatever else can satisfy the appetite of a gentleman—always giving the best the market affords.—I will pay the highest market price for Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Chickens, Eggs, &c., &c.

A DAUGHTER OF CAIN.

BY S. J. JESSAMINE DICKSON AND MRS. M. F. DAVIS.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOME-COMING.

What means that trembling voice, that trembled near before!
What means the ghastly shade that spreads her dark face o'er?
What means that pallid brow, and what that startled cry?
What means those shaking limbs and that wild frightful eye!

Two months had passed since the events recorded in our last chapter. It was now the middle of August and one of the warmest days of the season. The heat was so intense that the parching earth seemed almost ready to blaze. Not a breath of air stirred the green leaves overhead. The flowers languished, and even the very birds were silent, while the numerous horde of little negroes at Sunnyside were quiet for a wonder, lying about in the shade, and looking idly up at the blue dome above them.

In her own apartment sat Mrs. Waldron making vigorous use of a large palm leaf fan, while she muttered in an undertone:

"Married! married! Can it be possible that Randal Marvin is married! That accounts for his remaining away from home so long. Well, I suppose wonders will never cease!"

The words had scarcely left her lips when Violet rushed into the room and threw herself at her feet, her little form quivering with emotion, and her eyes heavy with weeping.

With considerable surprise, Mrs. Waldron lifted the bright head, saying:

"Why, Violet, my sunbeam, what ails you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Waldron, I ache so here!"

"Where, child?"

"Here," laying her small hand on her heart.

"Why do you ache there, Violet?"

"Because the blacks say my papa has a new wife and will never love me again. Oh, Mrs. Waldron, is it really true! Will papa never call me his little sunbeam now?" sobbed the child, lifting her meek eyes with an expression of such mute appealing that the woman's heart was touched to its uttermost depth. She did not answer the question immediately, but sat looking straight beyond, a half sad, half-bitter expression coming out upon her dark face.

Was memory leading her back through the past? Was she dreaming of other scenes called up by the present one? Yes, she saw another wee child standing at its mother's knee and she heard the fathering, eager voice crying:

"Will he love me as my own papa did—mamma my mamma?"

She saw all this and she said bitterly:

"Ah, heaven! that fatal step! why was it permitted, and why was I stained and blackened all over with sin!"

"Do you think he will not love me, Mrs. Waldron?"

The soft, pleading voice of the child recalled her to the present, and with a quick motion she drew the little head to her bosom, saying:

"You must not listen to what the blacks say, Violet. Your papa will be at home on Thursday, and he must not hear anything of this."

"But are you sure he will love me all the same?"

"I am quite sure, Violet, because you resemble your mamma very much, and he loved her passionately."

"But the blacks say he will forget her now."

"The blacks know nothing about it, child."

"Do you think papa's new wife will love me?"

"I hope so."

"You will love me always, Mrs. Waldron?"

The dimpled arms were around her neck, and the rosy mouth was pressed to her cheek.

"Yes, Violet, always. Why should I not since you are the only earthly creature who professes a mite of affection for me? Yes, I will love you, and I will be your friend, and the woman said with a quiver of emotion in her voice.

Down in the culinary department another scene was being enacted. Standing in front of a table, busily kneading dough, was Aunt Dinah, the cook. Gathered around were several others listening to what the negro termed "a piece of her mind."

"I kin tell dat de new mistress git here, she'll make some ob you niggers stan' rou'n an' no 'stake 'bout dat!"

"How do you know, Aunt Dinah?" said a bright mulatto woman. "She may be a born angel like our Miss Violet."

"How you does talk, Milly Marvin!" cried Aunt Dinah, wheeling about and crossing her huge black hands upon her heart. "As if any woman on earth or in hebin could be like our poor dead and gone Miss Violet. No, child, die, die, die, ole Dinah sees it in the stars and feels it in her bones."

"I never thought Master Marvin would marry again," said the chambermaid.

"Neither did I, honey, fur don't de blessed Scripser say he as git married oned do well, but he what gits married twice do wuss!"

"Do de bible say dat, Aunt Dinah?"

"It so do, honey. Now, I know as sho as I knows anything dat she'll be explain on poor Miss Violet's child, and de nigger can't stan' dat, caze I lube de little thing better'n my own soul."

"What's all dis row about Aunt Dinah?"

The question was asked by a stout negro man, who entered at that moment, letting his hand fall heavily on the cook's shoulder.

"It's 'bout de new mistress, dat's what it am," retorted Aunt Dinah,

wheeling about and at the same moment administering a sharp box on his ear.

"Yes, and when de Boss comes home he'll git arter you wid a rod of incorrection."

"Better say he'll git arter you wid a limber limb, you imp o' Satan! What's dat, you're doin'! Breat of he aint stealin' my bread! Git out wid you—git out I say!"

Aunt Dinah made a mad plunge at the offender as she spoke, but only a mocking—

"Yah! yah! yah!" greeted her, as he bolted from the room with his hands full of bread.

"Hangin' too good fur dat whelp!" she muttered, returning to her work.

The long summer days were slowly away, and Mrs. Waldron busied herself making preparations for the reception of the master and future mistress of Sunnyside. As the day of their arrival drew near Violet grew more and more impatient, talking continually of her papa and plying Mrs. Waldron with eager, childish questions. If a cloud fell for a moment upon the listless face, the housekeeper did her best to dissipate it, and bring happiness to the sensitive heart.

This was a new role for Mrs. Waldron to play. She had never felt any particular interest in the child, until during the absence of her father, when a strange new tenderness had come into her heart. It might have been the sweet unalloyed innocence of the little one that drew the woman to her, and for a brief season awoke in her the purest love she had ever known.

The anxiously expected day arrived at last, and early in the afternoon Joel drove to the station to meet his master and mistress.

"If it was only de Boss I was gwine arter, I'd carry a lighter heart, but it goes against de grain ter fetch a new mistress ter Sunnyside, an' not knowin' what sort of a critter she be nuther," grumbled Joel, as he drove away.

All the evening Violet was in a fever of excitement, and at last when the shadows of night drew near, she sought the housekeepers room, saying with a quiver in her voice:

"Do you think my papa will not come to day, Mrs. Waldron?"

"I think he will come," she said, as she took the lined child in her arms, and smoothed the tawny hair from the flushed brow.

The excessive heat, together with the excitement of the day had proved too much for the little one, and soon the bright head sank on the housekeeper's shoulder, the dark eyes closed, and Violet slept.

Disrobing the sleeping child, she laid her to rest. At the same moment the whir of carriage wheels fell upon her ear. She stepped to a window and glanced out. The vehicle had paused and Mr. Marvin was lifting the form of a woman to the ground. An instant later he placed a child at her side.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "if there is not a shield with them! wonder if he has married a widow!"

She had no time to speculate, for already they were entering the house. Mrs. Waldron hastened to meet them. They had entered the parlor, and as she approached the trio, Randal Marvin's wife lifted her veil, and the eyes of the two women met.

With a smothered cry, Mrs. Waldron started back, while a shadow like unto the shadow of death crept to the very lips of the new mistress of Sunnyside, as with shaking limbs and disoriented eyes she cried out:

"My rival God!"

A moment later, she lay like an image of marble in her husband's arms.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT DID IT MEAN?

Was there something in the past—
Some dark and evil power,
That drew the two together
In the midnight hour?
Was there some dread secret
Deep buried in the heart,
Whose still and constant burning
Was like a fiery dart?

Surprised, and for the moment somewhat bewildered, Mr. Marvin laid the apparently lifeless form on a sofa just as the child, Claudine, sprang forward, and casting herself on her mother's bosom cried wildly:

"Mamma! Mamma! Oh, my beautiful mamma dead!"

"Stand aside, Claudine, and let me get to your mamma, she has only fainted," Mr. Marvin said, endeavoring to draw her away but she snatched her hand from him, saying with childish anger:

"I will not stand aside! She is my own mamma, and I will not leave her."

"This is odd," said Mrs. Waldron, who had regained her usual composure. "When she lifted her veil I observed a deadly pallor on her face, and was so startled I could not suppress a cry of terror."

"Was this the cause of your emotion?"

"It was. I never saw such a ghastly face in my life."

Claudine was still sobbing over her mother and taking her in her arms by sheer force, Mr. Marvin seated her among the cushions of a large chair, saying:

"Mrs. Waldron, this is my daughter."

Then he turned his attention to his fainting wife. It seemed ages before she evinced any signs of returning animation, but at last a convulsive tremor attacked her frame, and her eyes slowly unclosed. The moment her gaze fell upon Mrs. Waldron another deathly hue crept over her face.

"What is it Hester? Mr. Marvin said, bending so low that his face lay against her cold cheek. In an instant the luminous eyes were veiled under their long lashes and she answered:

"It is that awful pain at my heart again. I believe it will be my death of me yet."

"I will call in Dr. Morrison tomorrow, and see if he can not do something for you."

"No! No! I beg you will do nothing of the kind!"

"Why not, Hester?"

"Because I have a nervous dread of the whole medical fraternity."

"Foolish child!" he laughed, then added more seriously: "I am beginning to be alarmed, Hester. This is the second attack you have had just since our marriage."

"I know, but I will promise not to frighten you again soon if you will not call in this horrid doctor."

He smiled gravely, and turning to Claudine, who had approached her mother, took her hand saying:

"Firely, your mamma is better now."

"I'm not a firely, sir," she retorted, giving him a side long glance from her blue-black eyes.

"I will endeavor to do my best for you, and I will ever be successful in making friends with the child." Mr. Marvin said in an amused tone.

She was about to reply, when the patter of small feet was heard, and the next moment a little thing with a long white robe falling about it glided into the room. It paused a moment in the doorway, then with the joyful shout:

"Papa! papa!" ringing from the rosy lips it sprang into Mr. Marvin's outstretched arms.

"Violet! Violet! my precious sunbeam!" was his answering cry, then leading her to Mrs. Marvin, he said:

"This is my daughter, Hester, my baby Violet—will you love her for my sake?"

For answer she bent forward letting her lips just touch the fair sweet brow, although the child had shaped her little mouth for a kiss. Violet turned away, a thrill of disappointment chilling her sensitive heart.

Mr. Marvin observed this, and leading her to Claudine, joined their hands saying:

"You two are sisters now, and I trust will love each other very dearly."

"Is she really my sister papa?" Violet said, raising her soft eyes to her father's face.

"Yes, darling, really and truly your sister, and I wish you to love and welcome her to Sunnyside."

"Indeed I will, papa!" she exclaimed, giving Claudine a kiss, which she returned rather coldly, then glided away to her mother's side, while Violet established herself upon her father's knee.

"Do you love me just the same, papa?" she queried, when she felt his strong arms about her.

"Why of course I do, my innocent! I could never love you less, you sweet little Violet!"

He checked himself suddenly, and a silence of some minutes ensued, then Mrs. Waldron asked if they did not wish to change their travelling costumes before tea.

"Thanks, Mrs. Waldron, I had quite forgotten that," Mr. Marvin said, putting Violet down and rising to his feet. His back was turned for the moment, and Mrs. Waldron bent toward his wife and whispered:

"Come to my room to-night at twelve o'clock."

"I will," she answered back, then taking Mr. Marvin's arm, she quitted the room following Claudine.

At ten o'clock the travelers retired, and Mrs. Waldron repaired to her own room, but not to sleep. Trimming her lamp, she drew her chair near the window, and yielded herself to thought, and were the thoughts of all human beings such as Mrs. Waldron's must have been, judging from the changing expressions of her face, we would certainly agree with that person who has said, "Thought is the devil."

The moon shone brightly, and the night was one of exquisite beauty, but Mrs. Waldron saw nothing of this, she was a shadow on her face, but a deeper darker one on her soul. One moment her dark eyes would gleam and flash, then a shudder would agitate her frame and she would cower down as if seeking to screen herself from view.

Even!

At last the little clock on the mantle chimed the hour of twelve. Five minutes later, the door opened softly and the mistress of Sunnyside entered. Noiselessly as a cat she glided into the room, and laid her hand on the housekeeper's shoulder.

"I have a quick, sharp cry, Mrs. Waldron, I was up, for a moment the two women stood face to face looking fixedly into each other's eyes. So motionless did they stand that they might have passed for statues."

"Mrs. Marvin broke the silence."

"Well!" she breathed, rather than spoke.

For answer the housekeeper stepped forward and throwing her arms about her kissed her lip cheek and brow.

"For heaven's sake do not smother me! There you are entirely too foolish," Mrs. Marvin said, disengaging herself from the woman's clinging arms.

"No foolish, Claudine!"

"Hush—hush!" a dark frown gathered on her face. "Don't forget that walls have ears sometimes, besides, I wish you to remember that I am the mistress of Sunnyside, and not Claudine!"

She put her lips to the woman's ear and completed the sentence, then drawing her white night robe about her she hurried her out, leaving the cushions of an easy chair, saying:

"But tell me how come you here."

"It is too long a tale to repeat. It is the same reply applicable to yourself."

"Oh, no, I came here as the mistress of this splendid property," she said, with a low, pattering laugh, then with a furtive glance around the room, she leaned forward, saying:

"Do you remember where we last met?"

A shuddering cry broke from Mrs. Waldron, as with shaking limbs and dilating eyes, she put out her hands, exclaiming:

"Do not speak of that! I have been haunting me all night! I have been feeling the clutch of the skeleton hands, hearing the awful groans, and seeing the white ghastly face!"

A sarcastic smile wreathed the thin lips of the listener.

"I must say, Mrs. Waldron that you have lost much of your nerve since we parted."

"I have! I have! For six years I have been trying to lead a better life, but now that you have come—"

"I will change your good intentions," interrupted the other.

"You have said it, for when did you ever lead that I did not follow?"

"That is encouraging," was the sarcastic reply.

"Do not speak to me in that way," she said in faltering tones.

"Really, Mrs. Waldron, you must be growing childish! Come, be seated; I have something to say to you."

The housekeeper obeyed, and drawing her chairs close together, those two sat for hours, and carried on a whispered conversation.

What strange link bound the two together, and what was their secret? What awful deed was hidden in the solemn past? Where had they met before, and for what purpose?

Only God knew—and those two women.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Talking Dolls.

And now Mr. Edison has invented a genuine talking doll. He calls it a Dollphone. He puts a little phonograph with a clock-work accompaniment, in the doll's back, and by pressing a spring the doll will say:

"I love you, mamma; I love you dearly, mamma; but I am tired and sleepy now. Please put me in my little bed," or something else equally astonishing. The reporter of the Chicago Tribune visited Mr. Edison, and saw those wonderful dolls. He says:

"Mr. Edison wound up a brunette doll, with jet black curls and sparkling brown eyes. This doll started off at a brisk rate with the following:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Another doll-baby sang in a sweet, childish treble "Rock-a-by Baby on the Tree Top" all the way through with good expression and without a false note. She sang it quite loudly, too, so that any one could have heard her across a moderate-sized room.

Still another sang a pretty little German song. It is so constructed that phonograph cylinders are interchangeable, and new sets of sentences may frequently be introduced into the toy's talking machine.

Why We Were Refused.

Arizona Kicker.

"The Jackassities of Jackass Hill are chucking because it is reported around town that the First National Bank refused to discount our note for \$25. We did go to the bank and ask to have a note of that size discounted, and we failed to get the money, but it was not because our note was not considered good. It was because the president of the bank, assisted by the gentlemanly and able cashier, had lost every dollar the bank possessed; at a faro table the night before, and they were waiting for an old sucker in Massachusetts to send on some more tin. The First National advertises a capital of \$75,000. It never had above \$2,000 in its vaults. It has always been run in connection with Switzer's dance house, and its staff of officers have been the patrons of the gambling houses and the race track. Jackass Hill had better draw in its horns or we'll give half a dozen more of the bon ton away to the Sheriff."

The Ways of Lawyers.

The Boston Journal relates a good story of a prominent legal firm in that city, which does a great deal of business for a rich mercantile concern. It lately received a bill which the senior partner of the mercantile establishment (who was accustomed to liberal charges) thought was too high. He, therefore, took the bill to the law firm and asked the chief to look it over and see if it was all right. The account was subsequently returned with \$10 added for "advice" as to the reasonableness of the bill.

Extraordinary Bone Scratching.

Herbert Sperry, Tremont, Ill., had Erysipelas in both legs. Confined to the house six weeks. He says:

"When I was able to get on my legs, I had an itching sensation that nearly ran me crazy. I scratched them raw to the bones. Tried everything without relief. I was tormented in this way for two years. I then found Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Skin Cure at the Drug Store, used it and it has cured me sound and well."

Clarke's Flax Soap has no equal for Bath and Toilet. Skin Cure \$1.00. Soap 25 cents. For sale at E. A. Covington & Co., Druggists.

Why Women Fade.

Women lose their beauty because colds underrmine their life. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption is an absolute cure for colds. Sold by E. A. Covington & Co.

Do Not Suffer Any Longer.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption, and will refund the money to all who buy, take as per directions, and do not find our statements correct. E. A. Covington & Co.

What is your Heritage.

Youth's Companion.

Newspapers published in Kentucky recently contained an account of three brutal murders committed by members of two families, between which a bitter feud has raged for three generations.

At the same time, a war was raging in West Virginia between two other families who, for several generations had made it the object of their lives to maltreat, and to kill each other.

"Why do you hate the C—s?" a stranger asked of one of the rival factions. "They have never injured you personally."

"I inherit my hatred of them, just as I do my gray eyes and hooked nose," was the reply.

A vendetta, terrible as it is not the worst legacy to which a man or woman may be heir.

Of a family in one of the Middle States, people of prominence and unusual intellectual force, it is stated that not one male member for three generations who has ever tasted liquor, has escaped the death of a drunkard. The only chance of life for the "Blanks lies in total abstinence."

The middle-aged readers of the Companion can teach, doubtless, out of his or her experience recall the history of families in which there was a hereditary tendency to dishonesty, to carelessness in money affairs, or on the other hand to noble self-sacrifice, or to stern integrity.

Possibly they may question the propriety of suggesting these given problems of life to our younger readers.

But if a boy is the heir to an estate, he should be taught something of the value and management of land. Or, if he is to inherit a great business, he must begin early to learn how to conduct it. How much more necessary is it then, if some vicious ancestor has bequeathed to him a moral taint which predisposes him to drunkenness or theft, that he should be told of his danger at the time when it is easiest for him to resist it.

Examine into your heritage, boys. Not into the amount of stock or acres, but into the dominant traits of your family character. If your kinsfolk are obstinate, teach yourself to yield; if they are shallow, learn to think and reason; if they are tricky and false, cling for the life of your soul to the truth.

If they have been just, honorable, devout men, thank God for this noble inheritance, and strive not to shame them nor your blood.

Longevity Aided by Salt.

Chicago Mail.

In a recent work by Prof. Burgrave of Ghent, the prominent theory maintained is that salt is the greatest regulating agent of life, and on the proper use of which human