

**J. E. MOORE,**  
MORVEN, N. C.

I AM RECEIVING THE  
Largest & Handsomest  
STOCK OF  
DRY GOODS  
I HAVE EVER CARRIED.

The Best \$1.00 Shoe  
Ever sold in this market. Don't  
fail to see it before you buy.

JUST RECEIVED A  
CAR LOAD OF HAY AND FLOUR.

THE LADIES have a special invitation to call and examine my large stock of NEW DRESS GOODS—all styles. No trouble to show them to you.

**Lynch Cotton Planter**  
—AND—  
PIEDMONT WAGON.

Largest stock of these goods ever brought to the county. Don't fail to see me before you buy. Prices guaranteed.

G. A. MARTIN, Morven, N. C.

**RACKET STORE!**  
MORVEN, N. C.

Facts worth Knowing  
**THAT**

Four Hundred and Sixteen Broadway New York is Headquarters. That we buy goods BELOW THE MARKET VALUE. That we sell for SPOT CASH at a

**SMALL PROFIT.**

That we make no choice of customers. That we give you FULL VALUE for your money. That the "RACKET" is the place to buy your goods. We simply UNDERBUY and UNDERSELL. That we have greatly REDUCED THE PRICE on our WINTER GOODS. That we are CLEARING OUT for our SPRING STOCK. That our town is on a BOOM. That we will sell you goods at the

**LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.**

We will sell you a DOLLARS WORTH OF GOODS FOR A DOLLAR.

YOURS FOR BARGAINS,  
**BAUGOM & CO.**  
N. Y. Office, 416 Broadway.

**Protect Your Eyes!**

**HIRSCHBERG'S**  
IMPROVED DIAMOND  
SPECTACLES

Mr. H. HIRSCHBERG, the well-known Optician of 107 N. Fourth St., (under Planters House) St. Louis, has appointed Dr. A. B. Huntley, of Wadesboro, N. C., Agent for his celebrated Diamond Spectacles and Eye-glasses, and also for his Diamond Non-Changeable Spectacles and Eye-glasses. These Glasses are the greatest invention ever made in Spectacles. By a proper construction of the Lens a person purchasing a pair of these Non-Changeable Glasses never has to change these Glasses from the eyes, and every pair purchased are guaranteed, so that if they ever leave the eyes (no matter how rusty or scratched the Lenses are) they will furnish the party with a new pair of Glasses free of charge.

Dr. A. B. Huntley has a full assortment and invites all who wish to satisfy themselves of the great superiority of these Glasses over any and all others now in use, to call and examine the same at Dr. A. B. HUNTLEY'S Drug Store, at Wadesboro, N. C.

**Notice.**  
I HAVE this day taken out letters of administration, which will entitle me, on the estate of Vincent Parsons, deceased, and hereby notify all persons having claims against the decedent to exhibit the same to me on or by the 23rd day of March, 1890, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery.

March 19th, 1889.  
E. A. COVINGTON, Adm'r. C. T. Annexed of V. PARSONS, dec'd.

**Notice.**  
WE WILL SELL TO THE HIGHEST bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in Wadesboro, on the first day of April, 1889, the public school lot of one-half acre, situate in the town of Wadesboro immediately on the Salisbury road, left hand side as you go from Wadesboro towards Ansonville. It adjoins the lot of the Zion colored Church, and other lots. March 19th, 1889.

T. S. CRAWFORD,  
E. A. COVINGTON, School Com.

**Notice.**  
J. C. CROLAUCHLIN,

**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 make-of-lowest—short—weight alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall St., New York.

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

**DR. J. T. J. BATTLE**  
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE PEOPLE OF WADESBORO AND VICINITY.

J. M. DUNLAP, M. D. S. R. CARPENTER, E. D. Ansonville, N. C. Cedar Hill, N. C.

**DRs. Dunlap and Carpenter**  
Having formed a copartnership for the practice of medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the good people of Anson and contiguous territory.

**W. A. ROSE,**  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

Represents the leading Fire and Life Insurance Companies.  
Office—Market Street, Wadesboro, N. C. 6

**RAPHAEL ALLEN,**  
Barber.

**HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING**  
& all the latest improvements in hair dressing. 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 \$1.50 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, etc., address  
H. S. PICKETT, Principal,  
18—6mo. Silver, N. C.

**Anson Institute,**  
WADESBORO, N. C.

D. A. MOORE, JR., PRINCIPAL.  
THE FALL TERM  
BEGINS MONDAY, SEPT. 2nd, 1888.

Tuition in LIBRARY DEPARTMENT—\$2.  
Music—\$4 per month.  
No deduction made for lost time.

**DR. J. O. BROWN,**  
Surgeon Dentist.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Anson county, and will visit any neighborhood where there is Dental work to be done.

I will be at Wadesboro on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of court week.

**Polkton Academy,**  
POLKTON, N. C.

REV. JNO. P. BOYD, PRINCIPAL.  
J. M. SIMPSON, ASSOCIATE.

TERMS PER MONTH:  
Primary Course, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00  
Preparatory Course, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50  
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.

**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. 294

**"OSGOOD"**  
E. A. COVINGTON,  
Sole and Retail Dealer,  
3 TON \$35.  
Other sizes and prices on application.  
Sole and Retail Dealer,  
OSGOOD & COVINGTON, Birmingham, N. Y.

**PARLOA'S COOK BOOK.**  
Large Quarto. Lithographed Cover.  
Over 100,000 Parloa Cook Books have been sold. Mail on receipt of 30 cts. by any bookkeeper, or ESTES & LAUBMAN, Boston, Mass.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM.**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color. Cleanses and soothes the scalp. Sold by all Druggists.

**LETTER SHADES.**  
S. J. J. DORRISON AND MRS. M. F. DAVIS.

Painter, dinner given to the light. And mystic shades begin to fall. Like the evening twilight, bright, Obscuring earthly pleasures all.

Bounding hearts have ceased to beat In union with the dancing feet. And silent grow the dancing feet. While earth's vain pomp all float away.

In regal palace, cottage, hall, The laughing jest no longer rings, And on the vast cathedral's wall, Light falls the touch of seraph wing.

Dear Lord, in this sad lullaby, All faint and worn on beaded knee, With faith and love interlarded, We bring our suffering hearts to Thee.

We bring our burdens and our woes, Our weary weight of dreary days— We come while shadows deeper grow, And darker falls the mystic maw.

Before Thine altar, bending low, Beneath the cross borne once by Thee With human pain and footsteps slow, To weary Mount of Calvary.

We bring them all and breathe them here— But Thou who countest every tear Will feel and pity—Saviour—Friend!

Through darkness led no mercy fade, Till weariness and griefs surround, Enfold in faith through luteen shade Thine everlasting arms of peace.

**A DAUGHTER OF GAIN.**  
BY S. J. JESSAMINE DICKSON AND MRS. M. F. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XII.  
BETROTHED.

Time shall not see the hour that tears my soul from thee; Even Agral, from his deadly quiver When flies that shaft and fly it must, That parts all else, shall doom forever Our hearts to undivided dust.

Leaving Rex and Una, St. Orme rode straight on to Sunnyside, for now that there was a chance of seeing Violet alone, he determined to ascertain, if possible, the cause of her studied coldness.

Arriving at Sunnyside, he sent his card and waited a little impatiently for Violet to appear. She came at last, her face proud and cold, and her manners marked by a chilling reserve.

"Miss Marvin," St. Orme said, plunging boldly into the subject nearest his heart, after a few commonplace remarks, "may I know why I am treated with such marked coldness by the daughter of one of my father's most valued friends? In what way have I deserved it? If I have been so unfortunate as to offend you, tell me so frankly, and allow me to do at least, to win back your good opinion."

For the first time perhaps in Violet Marvin's young life an expression of infinite scorn overpread her exquisite features, and a bitter smile came about her sensitive mouth.

"And may I know, Mr. St. Orme," she answered in a tone of cutting sarcasm, "why the gentleman who claims my parent as one of his father's most valued friends should take the trouble to write out his not very flattering opinion of that friend's daughter and leave it lying in her father's house, as if designed for her perusal?"

He gave her a quick, incredulous glance, and said almost sharply: "Are you insane?"

"I believe, sir, I am in full possession of all my mental faculties, at least, I have not, as yet, developed any symptoms of insanity," she said haughtily.

"Pray pardon the rudeness of my speech, Miss Marvin, I scarcely knew what words I employed, and will you not explain? I am mystified. I utterly fail to comprehend you. I cannot even grasp at your meaning. Do believe me when I assert and reassert that I am altogether in the dark."

"It is exceedingly refreshing, Mr. St. Orme, for a young girl who just making her debut in society to have her dreams of the truth, nobility and uprightness of her fellow beings so rudely shattered at her first entrance, by finding deception and falsehood lurking where she had expected and looked for truth and goodness. But I suppose I have much to learn yet."

He looked at her in blank amazement. What did she mean? and what had transformed the gentle girl into a bitter scornful woman?

"I brushed his hand across his brow, saying with a mixture of pride and impatience:

"I have sought an explanation, and you have refused to give it. I have done all that any gentleman could do—all that my manhood could expect, and now I will go no further—I will bend the knee to no woman!"

"Be good enough to wait until you are called upon to perform that humiliating act."

"I fancy I would not have long to wait," was the hot reply.

"You forget, Mr. St. Orme, that you are intruding yourself upon a lady in a most ungentlemanly manner."

"Thanks, Miss Marvin, for the reminder," he said haughtily. Mr. Palmer's society would no doubt be far more agreeable than mine. Allow me to bid you good morning, Miss Marvin."

He took up his hat and turned away, while Violet no longer able to command her feelings, sank on the sofa with a ball suppressed sob. His quick eye caught the heaving, and notwithstanding his assertion a moment previous, he was on his knees in an instant, her hands clasped in his own, and his handsome face proudly penitent.

"Pardon me, Miss Marvin—pray pardon me! I have wounded you in an ungentlemanly way of anger aroused by your stinging words. It was both cruel and unmanly, and I do earnestly crave your pardon."

"Do please go away!" she cried, drawing her hands from his grasp, while her sweet eyes drooped and her cheeks grew pink and pale by turns. But St. Orme did not evince the least inclination to go away; to the contra-

try he recaptured her restless hands, and held them firmly while he said: "Miss Marvin, I entreat, I insist that you explain this matter. To what piece of writing do you allude a moment ago? If you have anything of the kind in your possession, I do assure you I am not its author. Again, if it places me in a false light and reflects dishonor upon me, I have a perfect right to see it, and it is doing me the greatest possible injustice to keep it from me!"

Mistaking his very earnestness for deception, she cried out: "Oh! how can you be so deceitful!"

Despite the mystery of the whole affair, he could not suppress the involuntary smile which rose to his lips. "If I am using any deception with you, Miss Marvin, I know not where it consists. Will you allow me to see this piece of writing?"

She left the room without a word returning a moment later with the piece of paper which she had shed so many tears.

St. Orme seized it eagerly, and as his eye took in its contents, a dark red flush stained his brow, then with an impatient gesture he cast it from him, saying:

"Without the least difficulty. It is not my chirography, and I could not imitate it if I were to try."

"The painful flush died out of her cheeks, and her voice and manner softened perceptibly, as she said: "Who then can be the author and for what purpose was it written?"

"Can you deny it?" "I can and with truth."

"Can you protect yourself innocent of the authorship, Mr. St. Orme?"

"I do not know. I do not believe me to be the author of that piece of writing."

"I can and with truth."

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"I can and with truth."

til death do them part. The great organ peals forth the grand wedding march, and they pass from the sacred sanctuary—no shadow on the brow, no shadow on the soul!

Five years later Allan Ratcliffe failed in business, and like many others in a similar situation, he sought to drown his troubles in the wine-cup. Shielded by the love of her husband, the young wife could have endured the keenest form of poverty, but in the presence of this fiery monster her sensitive spirit shrank and quailed, and a shadow fell upon her heart and soul.

But she didn't yield herself to vain repining, the mischief was wrought, the woman was left alone at her home, and putting aside her womanly weakness, she set herself to work to expel the evil visitor, but vain was the effort. The iron grasp of the skeleton hand was all too firmly fixed upon Allan Ratcliffe, and for her husband's sake she received only curses and brutal blows. The man was transformed into a wretch whom it were gross flattery to call a coward.

In a few years he filled an insupportable grave, and the broken-hearted woman was left alone save for one bright boy, her youngest born, and the sole survivor of four children.

By close economy she succeeded in giving him an excellent education, and when he had completed his nine-month year he came swathed with maternal pride, as she looked at her manly boy, who in return regarded his patient mother with an almost worshipful love. But by-and-by a little cloud arose which filled her heart with alarm and brought the sad sorrowful light again to her eyes.

Ever and anon a vague report would reach her that Everett had been found in evil company, and frequent on his return at evening from his daily occupation she had detected the strong scent of wine on his breath, which she mentioned those reports to him, he would laughingly answer:

"Little mother, you have been dreaming, adding more seriously, as he saw the shadow deepen in her eyes. You must not credit every word I say, my dear mother, darling, I do the very best I can."

"It is for love of you that I fear, Oh! my boy, my boy, if you should go as your father did!"

"I will burden you with no such trouble, little mother," would be the fond reply, and he really meant it, but he had not the moral courage to resist the many temptations thrown in his way, and it soon became a frequent occurrence for him to be brought home in a state of intoxication.

It was then that the mother's heart bled, almost with anguish, and she cried out in the bitterness of her sorrow:

"Why—why was I ever born! Why, Oh, Lord, have I been so grievously burdened!"

Suddenly a marked change became apparent in Everett, and a wild, sweet hope sprang up in the mother's heart, a hope which grew and strengthened day by day, as her boy ceased to come to her at evening with flushed face and the taint of wine on his breath. One night he was quite late returning, and when his step at last sounded on the piazza, Mrs. Ratcliffe started up, and she white and trembling waiting to see him come reeling into her presence; but—could she believe it! The door opened and Everett stood before her with sparkling eyes and radiant face, no sign of intoxication in his clear, happy gaze.

"Thank you, my boy, my boy!" she cried out joyfully, and he caught her in his arms and kissed her saying:

"What is it, mother, darling? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"You were late, my boy, and I feared you had again fallen in the street," she said, clinging fondly to him.

He laughed joyously, saying: "Fear not, little mother, I will cause you no more sorrow. You believe me? I added, lifting his clear eyes to her radiant face.

"Believe you?" he said, with all a mother's soul in her face and voice. "Yes, my boy, for I see the light of determination mirrored in your eyes, and I truly see my sorrows are at an end."

"Verily they are, little mother! I have resolved to make a man of myself, and instead of being ashamed, you shall be proud of your boy, my mother!"

She kissed him fondly, saying: "God will bless and help you, Everett. Night and morning I have prayed one constant prayer that you should be a pure and noble man, and God only knows the anguish of my heart when I saw you going, as I thought, down—down into the yawning gulf of destruction!"

"I well know, mother, dearest, the sorrow I have caused you—I know how you have mourned for me even more bitterly than if you had had me in my grave; but the worst is past, and I will no more bring you rue, but roses. Look up, little mother! The clouds have parted, and the sunlight streams in!"

The face of the youth was beautiful at that moment. His eyes beamed with unusual brilliancy, his proud young head was uplifted, and the reflection of a grand resolution irradiated his every feature.

"Drawing him in a fond embrace, Mrs. Ratcliffe murmured:

"May Heaven's richest blessings rest upon you, my boy, my Everett! They will, since it is the prayer of my dearest mother," he said, gently caressing her hand, and adding after a brief silence; "I have so much for which to live and make a man, little mother—more than you could ever expect!"

"More? Can I not guess even now, Everett?"

He paled, and said in a quick, startled tone:

"Guess, what, mother?"

"Did you not have reference to, pre- tending in his questioning eyes, "I used to fancy that you were quite fond of Nora?"

A relieved lock came over his face, and he said:

"I love her as I would a sister, but nothing more. Were I seeking a wife—contending I shall never do—I would not choose little Nora."

"Surely my boy does not contemplate a life of celibacy!"

"I shall never marry," he said with a gay laugh, adding in an undertone as he walked to the window and looked out through the half-parted curtains; "I could not if I would, since I am already a wedded husband. May holy angels guard you, Claudine, my beautiful!"

A year passed and Everett Ratcliffe remained true to the promise made to his mother. He never came to her now with flushed face and wine-tainted breath, but was always gay and joyous. Surely God had heard her prayer and saved her soul!

Suddenly Everett expressed a desire to go South, as he had long been confined to business had impaired his health, and that he must have rest. Though unwilling to be separated from her son even for a brief season, the fear of approaching ill-health caused Mrs. Ratcliffe to urge his speedy departure. So one bright summer morning after many affectionate kisses, mother and son parted, she bravely dashing the scalding tears from her eyes, and he hastening away to catch the southern bound train, little dreaming that he had looked for the last time upon the face of his gentle patient mother.

Two months later a letter bearing a Southern post mark was put into Mrs. Ratcliffe's hand.

It read:

**MOTHER DARLING:**  
I have a secret to confide—a secret dear to me as my own life, it can not be other than safe.

"Do you remember when we were speaking of Nora Dean a year ago that I said to you I would never marry? Do not start, mother, dearest, when I tell you that I really meant it, and that even then I was already married. My wife was in the academy one mile from our cottage. You remember I was late that night coming home, and you feared I was again in evil company. On that night, mother, I was secretly married to Miss Armitage, now my dear wife and your daughter, Claudine Ratcliffe. Do not chide me, little mother, even in thought, for we love each other dearly, devotedly.

"We can not make our marriage known for three years yet, when Claudine will be of age, and I at liberty to claim her as my own wedded wife. In the meantime I will go to California—will start from this city, and spend the three years of waiting in working for you and Claudine, mother, dear. Do not grieve or feel anxious, for I will take care of myself both for your and Claudine's sake.

"As soon as I reach my destination I will write to you again. Adieu, little mother, and keep a brave heart for the sake of your

"Affectionate Son,  
Everett Ratcliffe."

How Many Minutes Have Passed at the End of the Year 1888. Calculating from the Beginning of the Christian Era?

This question has recently been answered in an interesting article published in a German Journal, the Munich Anzeiger Nachrichten, with the surprising result that not a milliard minutes have passed. The calculation is as follows: 1888 multiplied by 365 days equals 689,120 days which must be added 460 leap year days, making a total of 689,580 days, which contain 16,549,920 hours, or 992,995,200 minutes, that is 7,004,800 minutes less than a milliard.

The milliard minutes will be reached by France on the 23rd of April, at 10:40 A. M.

Taking in consideration that the indemnity paid by France to Germany after the war of 1870-71 amounted to 5 milliard francs, it follows that if this sum were to be paid at the rate of 5 francs (about \$1.00) for every minute since the beginning of the christian era up to date, that sum would not have been paid yet at the present time.—T. G. H.

**Extraordinary Bone Scratching.**  
Herbert Sperry, Fremont, 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 (Pappillon) 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.'s Drug Store.

**Catching an Heiress.**  
Citizen (to Uncle Rastus)—So that is the woman you're going to marry, is it, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, dat am de lady. She yain't much to look at.

Citizen—Well, no not very much, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—But she hab got forty-seven dollars in de bank, boss, an' she hab promised to gib me de power ob attorney-generalship.—Harper's Bazar.

**Why the United States Known by the name Uncle Sam, and when was the name given?**

It was during the year 1813 that this phrase originated as a title for the United States. A large amount of provisions were bought at Troy, N. Y., by Elbert Anderson, a United States contractor. The goods were inspected at Troy, by two brothers named Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson, the latter of whom was known among all the workmen as Uncle Sam. The packages of goods were marked E. A.—U. S. A. witty workmen were asked what these letters meant, and jokingly said it must be Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. The latter term soon came to be in current use for the United States.

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

**DETERMINED TO MARRY.**  
A Rich and Racy Marriage in Halifax County.

The Scotland Neck Democrat tells