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The reason RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER is the most wonderful medicine...

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Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fever, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every disease known to the Human System.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations. See that our Trade-Mark (as above) appears on each jar.

L. J. HUNTLEY CO., Druglists and General Merchants, sole Agents for Anson County.

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

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W. F. GRAY, D. D. S., DENTIST. (Office Over L. Huntley's Store), Wadesboro, North Carolina. ALL OPERATIONS WARRANTED.

Anson Institute, WADESBORO, N. C. D. A. MCGREGOR, A. B. PRINCIPAL. BEGINS SPRING TERM, MONDAY, JAN. 6TH, 1890.

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Estimates furnished for the construction of all kinds of buildings, from the cheapest to the finest.

WADESBORO Shaving Emporium. My Barber Shop is now furnished with the FINEST and most COMFORTABLE Chairs of any town in this section...

Central Hotel, WADESBORO, N. C. D. L. PARKER, Prop'r.

The above Hotel is now complete, well and neatly furnished, and guests will receive polite and careful attention.

T. J. INGRAM, Corner Wade and Rutherford streets, WADESBORO, N. C.

BEEF, Mutton, Pork, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fresh Oysters, Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.

LOOK OUT! Great Excitement in Wharftown!

The WHALE has Threatened to Swallow Everything that is High.

Forced to Mark Down at the lowest prices to keep the whale from getting them.

See The Whale. Highest prices paid for all kind of country produce.

JOHN A. KENDALL, Wharftown, N. C.

THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BAROLY NORTH.

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CHAPTER XIII. THE INTEREST IS CONSIDERABLY HEIGHTENED.

OLBROOK'S reverie, however, was soon disturbed. The messenger came in with another card.

"Mr. Geo. Parker." "I have an unusual run of callers today," said Holbrook.

"What do you know about him?" "Not much, and what I do, not to his advantage. A rather shady character.

"He came for information which I couldn't, and therefore didn't, give him." "It was for no good, I'll bet," replied the clerk as he left Holbrook.

CHAPTER XIV. TOM PURSUES A CLEW WITH SUCCESS.

HEN TOM DRYAN left Holbrook's office he sauntered up Broadway planning his day's work.

"By George!" he cried, slapping his thigh and stopping short. "Just one suit that I know didn't belong to the U. S. T.'s."

"Tom now had a basis for proceeding and tried to stop the flow of talk." "Have you sold the same clothes to any one else?"

"Just one suit that I know didn't belong to the U. S. T.'s." Tom brightened up. "We ought to get on to him and make him go with us."

"That's what you ought to do." "Can you recollect the sort of fellow he was?"

"Well, sir, that's pretty hard to do." "By thunder! I'll bet I know who it is. Tall fellow, slim, dark haired, dark eyes, handsome, swells—kind of a dandy fellow."

"Well, that does kind of answer to him." "Yes, by thunder! That's just like his pranks. See here, did he get a suit as large for him and didn't buy the vest?"

"Well, no, I can't recollect that, and I don't think I know who sold a vest with every suit. You see it would cost the same whether it was a vest or not."

"If he was up to the game I think he was, it wouldn't make any difference about the price. I say, would you recollect his face if you saw a photograph of him?"

"I can tell by looking at the sales slips I always keep the slips." "No, the clerk went off and returned with a handful of papers. Looking them over he finally extracted one."

"It was on the 19th, in the afternoon." "Five days before the murder," thought Tom. "Aldo he said: 'Thank you. I am on to him. Please send these clothes to No. 1,100 East Thirty-first street. I'll pay you for them now.'"

"This is such a good day's work," said he, when out on the street. "I think I will dine well and at the expense of the vapor."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVING HOMES.

Nothing appears to us so beautiful in human experience as the reciprocal affection of parents and children, especially after the latter have attained maturity, and it may be, form new relations in life.

We have seen the loving and lovely daughter, after she had become a wife and mother, seize every opportunity of visiting the parental home, to lavish her affectionate attention upon her parents, and by a thousand graceful and tender kindnesses, assure them that though she was an idolized wife and a happy mother, her heart still cleaved with ever strengthening fervor to father and mother, who watched over her infancy and guided her youth.

It has been our privilege to know such; and as we have witnessed the outpourings of love and happiness between these devoted and glowing hearts, we have felt that surely much of heaven might be enjoyed here if all families were equally attached.

And would that every daughter knew what pure joy she might create in the parental bosom by a constant keeping alive of the spirit of filial devotion, and seizing frequent opportunities to make it manifest in little acts of gentleness and love, notwithstanding the child may have become a parent. The child never grows old to a father's eye. It is always the dear child, and never so dear as when it keeps up the childish confidence and love of its earliest years.—Ez.

Inherited Blood Poison.

How many people there are whose distressing diseases are due to inherited blood poison. Bad blood passes from parent to child, and it is heredity in the most direct sense that keeps blood pure. This is easily accomplished by a timely use of B. B. B. (Bottled Blood Balm). Send to Balm Co., Atlanta, for book of most convincing proof.

James Hill, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "My two sons were afflicted with blood poison, which doctors said was hereditary. They both broke out in sores and eruptions which B. B. B. promptly controlled, and finally cured completely."

W. Williams, Sand's, Texas, writes: "My three poor afflicted children, who inherited blood poison, have improved rapidly under a use of B. B. B. It is a God-send."

J. R. Wilson, Glen Alpine Station, N. C., Feb. 13, 1885, writes: "Bones and blood poison forced me to have my leg amputated, and on the stump there came a large ulcer, which grew worse every day until doctors gave me up to die. I only weighed 120 pounds when I began to take B. B. B. and in 12 bottles I was cured and well. I never knew what good health was before."

MIGRATION OF ANIMALS.

By Prof. S. M. Wayland.

The migration of certain animals, at particular seasons, from one country to another, in search of a climate or district congenial to their habits, forms one of the most remarkable phenomena in natural history.

Migration takes place with quadrupeds, fishes, birds and insects. As to the first, it does not appear that any of them migrate periodically and regularly, like many species of fish and birds, for which a sufficient reason may be found in the almost uninterrupted passage which air and water permit, whilst the land offers many impediments to change of place.

Yet some quadrupeds are suddenly seized by the desire of migration. The lemming rat, which is in the northern part of Europe, migrates at irregular periods, when a severe winter is approaching, in incredible numbers, and always in a straight line, stopping not for rivers or lakes. Some other quadrupeds, also, occasionally move in large numbers, and for considerable distances; but these expeditions do not take place at regular periods, and seem to be owing to accidental causes.

Some fishes remove into warmer situations during winter; thus the salmon leaves the rivers and shores, on the approach of winter, to seek the warmer waters of the deep sea. Other fishes do the same. The cod fish move in great numbers, about the month of May, from the northern seas towards Newfoundland. The shoals of herrings, which periodically traverse the ocean, are innumerable. The same is the case with the mackerel, pilchard, anchovy, etc.

That insects migrate is well known. For instance, locusts, ants, etc.—and move with surprising obstinacy, in a given direction.

The animals, however, with whose migrations man is most familiar, and which appear to migrate most regularly, are some species of birds. The facts which are known relative to this point are very curious, and afford a vast field for interesting observation.

Some regularly return, after a certain absence, not only to the same country, but to the same spot where they built their nests before, or where they were bred. Many storks, have become half tame in Germany, and are marked, and a note to return regularly to their old nests, built on a wheel, which the peasants of that country, particularly in the north, place for that purpose, on the corner of the roofs of their houses. The same is related of swallows, and other birds of passage. Other birds do not return to a particular country, but travel, according to circumstances, from one to another. Among the former are some which remain in the country of their nativity only as long as is necessary to breed and bring up their young; others are absent but for a very short time.

Hunters, and other people living much in the open air, know that certain birds do not migrate, except on the approach of a severe winter. How are these birds led to migrate at such seasons? The general and easy answer is, by instinct. But what is instinct? Certainly we cannot mean, by this term, a constant direct intuition of Providence, which drives the birds away because a severe winter is coming on. Instinct, whatever it may be, must be guided by general laws. In what way, however, the birds are led to guard against the severity of the approaching season, whether by peculiar sensibility to the cause from which its severity will proceed, or in other ways, we know not. It has been maintained that much of the conduct of animals necessarily implies reflection. The vicissitudes of the atmosphere, on the arrival of the migrating time, have also a great influence upon them.

Most birds perform their migration during the night; some species, however, by day. Others stop not, either by day or night. To the class which fly by day belong the birds of prey which obtain their food by day—the crow, pigeon, woodpecker, catbird, goldfinch, lark, swallow, and some others. Those which travel by night are the owl, blackbird, etc., and a great number of aquatic birds. Those which stop not, day or night, are the heron, wagtail, yellow hammer, plover, stork, crane, wildgoose, swan. It is very remarkable that individuals of those species which travel day and night, and which, by some cause, are prevented from migrating, remain during all the time of the migration of their species, awake, and only occupy themselves with taking food. These birds like particularly to travel in bright moonlight.

Many birds obtain their food on the wing. The swallows, traversing the sea, catch insects, and fishing birds catch fish, whilst they continue their journey. If the titmouse, wren, woodpecker and pie rest for some time on the branches of trees, they soon resume their flight, after having fed. Those birds which habitually alight on spots where they find nourishment in abundance, never remain longer than two days in succession, if nothing opposes the continuance of their flight. It is a curious fact that at these times many birds utter cries such as they are never heard to make at any other times. Unless obliged by fogs to keep near the ground,

SPARTANS.

Youth's Companion.

War develops not only heroes but heroes, as is well remarked by a North Carolina woman who relates, in "Our Living and Our Dead," the story of one of her neighbors during the late Civil War, a story which the Companion is glad to reproduce.

This neighbor was a widow with four sons, all of whom entered the Confederate service. The mother took her married son's wife and little ones home with her, and during the four years of the war she ploughed and worked the land, and thus made a good support for the family with not a man to help her.

She cut and hauled the wood, fed the stock, and, in short, did all the work usually performed by her sons. The farm was five miles from the postoffice, but every week she came for letters, and I, being the postmaster's wife, was called upon to read them to her and write the answers at her dictation. She always urged her sons never to shirk a duty, and to feel perfectly easy about her.

She told them every little particular about the horses and cattle, and promised to break the "critter" as soon as it was old enough. She often walked on her arms, picking as she walked, so as not to lose a moment.

Her sons must have warm clothes, she said, and at night, when work was over, she carded, spun and wove the cloth with the assistance of her daughter-in-law—who was too delicate to work in the field—and made them garments which she sent to them in a box every few months. Often the boxes did not reach them; then the carding, spinning and weaving must all be done over again and another suit finished as soon as possible.

On one occasion she walked fifteen miles to procure leather of which to have boots made for them.

About the middle of the war she received a letter saying that one of her sons was very ill with typhoid fever, at Richmond. Instinctively she felt that a mother's care was needed, and with a large basket of live chickens and a bottle of brandy she set out to nurse him.

Arriving at Richmond, she went from one hospital to another, but not a word could she hear of her sick son. In despair she finally turned her face homeward, and on her arrival found a letter giving the name of the hospital, and the ward in which her son could be found.

She stayed at home only three hours for refreshment, and started on her journey again,—though it was twenty miles to the nearest railroad station. This time she found her son, and not a minute too soon.

His fever had left him, and he was in a fainting condition. Now her brandy and chickens came into play. She prepared soup with her own hands, and hers was not the only son who was brought back to life under her ministrations. As soon as her boy was out of danger she returned to her home duties and farm work, for the little ones must be fed.

Thus during that whole stormy time she stood bravely at her post, encouraging her sons and never complaining of her own hardships. One of the sons fell and three came back to comfort their mother in her declining years.

Early's Nigger Joe. St. Louis Republic.

"One of the greatest instances of devotion I ever saw," said an old Virginian, "outside of that of a dog for his master, is that shown by Early's 'Nigger Joe.' Joe is an old negro, about 70 years of age, was born a slave in General Jubal Early's family, brought up with 'Jube,' became his body servant, served all through the war with him, as watchful of his master as a mother of her babe. After the 'war Joe was informed he was free. 'I was free,' said Joe, with a look of contempt. 'I'm not free. I belong to Mas Jube till I die.'"

Early is very fond of his servant, and has told every storekeeper in Lynchburg to let Joe have anything he wants and send the bill to him. Joe follows his master around on certain occasions like a dog. When Early lets the mountain dew of Old Virginia get the better of him, Joe will say:

"Mas Jube, you mus' come home." "Why, you nigger, who are you talking to? Who's boss, anyway?" "Well, Mas Jube, when you're sober you're boss, but when you're drunk I'm boss."

"Well, Joe, you're right. When I'm drunk you're boss."

"And Early will resign himself to the faithful old darkey's care."

The Pulpit and the Usage. Rev. F. M. Shourt, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mount, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonder Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly damaged, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and an amount well gaining 50 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Croup, and Whooping Cough, is the best medicine I have ever used. I can do my many thousands of friends to urge them to try it. Free trial bottles at 26 London St. N. Y. City. Regular bottles 50c. and \$1.00."

When nature fails and requires help, resort to the unfailing energies with Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. \$1.00 per bottle.

Sick headache, wind on your stomach, biliousness, nausea, are promptly and agreeably relieved by Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills. 5c. a vial.

STRANGE FUNERAL.

A Minister Who Preached a Sermon Over his Own Corpse.—Hym Sung by a Dead Wife.—The Oldest Service Order the Dead Ever Held on the World.

New York, Feb. 25.—Who ever before heard of a dead man preaching his funeral sermon over his own remains. That occurred yesterday.

Furthermore, the dead wife of the corpse sang hymns over the coffin. For the past four years the Rev. Thos. Allen Horne had resided at Larchmont, and spending the declining years of his life attending to a little farm. In summer he watched with pleasure the yacht sailing and steaming about the Sound.

Eight months ago his wife, the partner of thirty-seven years of his life, was carried to the grave. But to him she was still alive, and often at evening the sweet sounds of her beautiful voice pealed forth, singing the hymn:

"We shall meet once more On that beautiful shore."

Lately Mr. Horne had been laid up with pneumonia, and last Friday he expired at the age of seventy-seven. He had left explicit instructions as to his burial and the services to be held over his remains, and yesterday his dining room and parlor were filled with mourners who had come to pay respect to his memory.

THE STRANGE CEREMONIES. Shortly after 1 o'clock the ceremony commenced, and from the table was heard the sound of an angelic voice singing that beautiful hymn:

"A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those we love In the land beyond the sea."

For some time a feeling of superstitious awe pervaded the apartment, as many distinctly recognized the voice of Mrs. Horne, but when they perceived that it came through a phonograph they grew more composed, though many wept as they recalled the owner of that sweet voice.

As soon as the hymn was over Charles Horne, a nephew of the deceased, made some alterations in the machine and inserted a roll that contained the funeral sermon of his uncle, uttered by himself.

Seldom has a more impressive one been listened to. It sounded so weird that two ladies fainted and had to be carried out.

The well remembered voice of the deceased clergyman told of how at the time that his audience would hear him he would be in that land—

"Where the wicked cease from troubling And the weary are at rest."

He went on to say that he would have passed the portals of ignorance and would have entered that existence where there is no further mystery, but where all things would have been made plain.

It is usual at a funeral to eulogize the dead, and the pastor who preaches the sermon seldom touches on the deceased man's faults, but faithfully carries out the old precept: "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

HIS VIRTUES LEFT ALONE. On this occasion the virtues of the dead man were left alone, and instead there was a long list of faults enumerated, for which the mourners were asked to pray for God's pardon.

There was a stop, and the nephew put in another roll.

The voice took up the address where it had left off.

It enumerated the virtues of the deceased wife and prayed God that the speaker might be considered worthy to become a member of that portion of God's kingdom where she might be enthroned.

At this point of the address the voice of the deceased had evidently broken down, and from the instrument the terrible sounds of a strong man weeping and unable to restrain himself broke out with terrible realistic force, and caused a shudder of horror among those who were present at this extraordinary service.

The next few sentences were uttered in a broken voice, and prayed God that if it pleased Him to remove the speaker by a sudden death or to take him away in some unusual manner, he would consider prayers after death as efficacious as those before.

At the close of his address he called upon his hearers to join him and his wife in singing the hymn, "There is a Better Land."

THEY SANG TOGETHER.

The nephew arranged two instruments on the table and at once the soprano of the wife and the baritone of the husband joined together in singing. Several of the audience tried to join in the hymn, but their voices were choked with emotion and they were unable to proceed.

The internment took place in Woodlawn cemetery. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave the impressive burial service of the Episcopal church was read over it, still in the voice of the deceased.

The end came without a hitch, the final words being: "God grant that in the sweet by and by we may all meet in that beautiful land."

The Rev. Thomas Horne was a familiar figure to the yachtmen of Larchmont, and on any summer day he might be seen with his great spectacles, broad straw hat and sun umbrella sitting on the east cliff in the vicinity of the old club house reading his book.