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SECRETS.

July roses wet with rain
Tap against the window-pane:
There is something they would seek,
Had they voices and could speak.
Silence seals their crimson lips,
And the dull rain drops and drips.

The other side the streaming glass
Stands a little sad-eyed lass:
There is something she would seek,
But a maiden may not speak—
Silence seals her longing lips,
And the dull rain drops and drips.

And salt tears in showers stain
Her side of the window-pane:
And the crimson roses grow
Pale as dreams dreamt long ago.
(Hearts may break behind sealed lips),
And the dull rain drops and drips.
—Marie Hedderwick Browne.

LYNCHING.

[Suffolk, (Va.) Observer.]

Saturday afternoon about 9 o'clock while officer J. S. Branch was on his way towards Chuckatuck, with Isaac Jenkins in charge, in his buggy, a crowd of persons walked out in the road and ordered the officer to stop, at the same time catching hold of the bridle of the horse. The officer drew his weapons and ordered them to stand back, but the crowd being overpowering in numbers commanded him to drop his hands without firing, they having weapons leveled at his head, seeing the peril he was in there was nothing to do but obey or be killed. The mob then knocked out the darkey and carrying him off strung him up to a tree with his hands fast, and they also put a shot or two in the neck, after which they left. The darkey fell to the ground, the rope parting and he came too and slipped the ropes from his hand, after which he secreted himself. The Sheriff and said officer went to the darkey's residence, where his wife informed them that she knew where he was, but did not tell.

It seems that said Isaac Jenkins some time ago lived on the land of Mr. Cartwright, at Sleepy Hole, and the darkey being insulting and bossy Mr. Cartwright ordered him to move from his land. He did so, and since then Mr. C. has had some 8 horses poisoned and his house burned down at Sleepy Hole. The darkey, it is said, told some one of the poisoning of some horses, and this led to the lynching.

We learn that Jenkins managed to get to Norfolk by some manner and was arrested and locked up with the hands off on his wrists, which was a cruel thing. He is waiting for the military authorities, and says he would rather stay in jail always than hang again.

It is time to Subscribe.

THE GOVERNORS MET.

SENATOR VANCE DESCRIBES THE INTERVIEW OF THE EXECUTIVES OF NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

[New York Herald.]

In the olden times of our statehood before the steam engine "bullied" the earth with thunderous stroke and reduced space to a mere matter of time, when whiskey with sugar was five cents a glass and all backs were turned as that glass was filled, and when a white man was considered as good as the negro if he behaved himself, the Governor of North Carolina took it into his head one day to pay a long promised visit to his neighbor, the Governor of South Carolina. So he put a clean shirt and a pair of socks in his saddle bag, mounted his horse and rode away through the pine forests toward the south. Diligently following his nose in this direction he came in due time to the home of his brother Governor, where he was received with all the honors of genuine Southern hospitality. When asked how he felt his characteristic reply was, "Thank you, Governor, I am tired, sleepy, hungry and sober." The host cordially assured him that he could remedy all these.

Next day dinner was served at twelve o'clock as the horn blew for the hands to come in. After it was over the two Governors retired to the shade of the long back porch, where corn-cob pipes, with long twists of home-grown tobacco awaited them.

There, in the long, soft afternoon, reclining on easy bottom rockers, they lolled and smoked and talked the hours away. Betwixt the twain, on the floor, sat a brimming pitcher of apple toddy, with the mellow, roasted fruit impudently floating on the surface of the divine tipples. From time to time this aided and enlivened the conversation. They talked of the comparative excellences and advantages of their respective States, of the price of cotton or horse raising and run away negroes, as they talked they smoked and as they smoked they drank. They speculated on the coming glories of the country, they pledged eternal friendship to each other personally, and vowed to preserve all neighborly courtesies between the two Carolina States forever and forever. Amen! Now and then they would doze in their easy chairs under the mellow influence of their happy surroundings, and on waking up would indignantly deny having been asleep and take another drink to prove their wakefulness. And thus things went on.

Now it happened that the Governor of South Carolina had a wife—as

all good Governors should have, on the principal of the old maxim that he who aspires to govern should first learn to obey—and her name was Betsy Jane. She well knew the failing of her Governor and she easily guessed that the visiting Governor was tarred with the same stick. Quietly watching proceedings she at length concluded that these two old coons were about as full as they could well hold without slopping over, and it was time to step. Watching her opportunity during a rather protracted doze, she slipped away the pitcher, still half full, and inserted in its place a piggin of cool spring water with a clear, yellow gourd hanging on the handle. But the instincts of nature are infallible. Though sound asleep the Governor of North Carolina felt that something was wrong—a lack of spirit as it were—every nerve in him cried out against the presence of a hostile element, and he awoke. His disturbed spirit had not deceived him. The pitcher of toddy was gone. He immediately awakened his host, who courteously inquired, "What is the matter?" "Don't you see what is the matter?" said the guest, looking indignantly at the piggin and the gourd. "Indeed, I see nothing wrong," said the now distressed host. "Please tell me what is the matter, my dear governor."

"The devil you say! Nothing wrong, indeed! I go to sleep with a pitcher of toddy before me, I wake up and find a piggin of spring water, and the Governor of South Carolina tells me in his own house that he sees nothing wrong in that! Well, well! All I have to say, sir," said the Governor of North Carolina, rising with great but rather unsteady dignity, "is that it is a damned long time between drinks." "Oh," said the Governor of South Carolina, as the situation flashed on him, "I see; that's Betsy Jane. She means stop, and we're done for today. I'm sorry I can't bring that pitcher back. I humbly beg your pardon, Governor, but maybe there's a Betsy Jane at your house and maybe you know how it is your self." The offended dignity of the Governor of North Carolina dissolved slowly into a genial smile of intelligent comprehension, and solemnly working one eye, he fell—either upon the neck of his host or upon the porch floor, tradition does not say which—exclaiming, "You bet old boy; you bet."

And that's how it came about! Throughout all that Southern land tradition has wickedly repeated and kept alive the saying of the Governor of North Carolina as a convenient mode of joggling the memory or stimulating the flagging hospitality of a

host, but has failed to emblazon in human memory the righteous prudence and wifely virtues of Betsy Jane, the spouse of the Governor of South Carolina.

For near on to a hundred years the saying has been a faithful one, and worthy of all acceptance in our country—that is to say, it has been faithfully repeated all that time and anything offered in response there: o has been a universally accepted either straight or with sugar.

ZEBULON B. VANCE.

SPECIMEN CASES.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fere-sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by W. I. Leary, Druggist.

The Puzzling Case of Ah Wing.

"Well, this stumps me," said Lawyer G. W. Stapleton the other day as he concluded the reading of a letter from Ah Wing, a Chinaman who is serving a life sentence in the Deer Lodge penitentiary. Ah Wing wrote Mr. Stapleton that he was in for life, and wanted to know what effect the Geary law would have upon him. The law provides that all Chinamen should register at a certain time—May 6. If they are not registered at that time they shall be deported. Ah Wing says the prison authorities would not let him out to register, and he will be perfectly satisfied to go back to China. This is a condition which the framers of the law hardly looked for, and it is likely the supreme court will be called upon to settle the point. Ah Wing killed three of his countrymen in Beaverhead county three years ago.—Butte-Inter Mountain.

Same Old Crowd Every Year.

"Onward and Upward" met "Night Brings Out the Stars." Presently they were joined by "Nil Desperandum," "Life's Mission" and "Outward Bound." Each brushed the dust off his time-worn garments, loosened his creaking joints by a little active exercise and greeted the other members of the party as old, familiar friends. Then they all marched off together to the nearest female seminary, where they played star engagements in the commencement exercises and sat down to the banquet of the graduating class.—New York Herald.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses. Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bone Stiffes, Sprains, all swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure known. Sold by W. I. LEARY Druggist, Edenton.



S. P. SMITH, of Towanda, Pa., whose constitution was completely broken down, is cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes:

"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from constipation, kidney trouble, and indigestion, so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such excellent results that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condition, and, in all their functions, as regular as clock-work. At the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 120 pounds; I now can brag of 150 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see me before and after using, you would want me for a traveling advertisement. I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day."

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