

Roanoke-Chowan Times.

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Only Thing of Gray

How is this? Perhaps sleepless nights, or grief, or lack of rest, or perhaps it was care. No matter what the cause, you cannot wish to look old at thirty.
Gray hair is starved hair. The hair bulbs have been deprived of proper food or proper nerve force.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Increase the circulation in the scalp, gives more power to the nerves, supplies missing elements to the hair bulbs.

Used according to directions, gray hair begins to show color in a few days. Soon it has all the softness and richness of youth and the color of early life returns.

Write for it.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the Vigor, write the doctor about it. He may be able to suggest something of value to you. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
WINDSOR, N. C.
Practices in all Courts.
All business intrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

Established 1899.
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COMMISSION MERCHANT.
25 & Co Roanoke Dept. NORFOLK, VA.
Specialties:
Sigs, Hides, Live, Potatoes.
References—Bank of Commerce

Horses and Mules.
If you want a good Horse or Mule it would be well to examine our stock before buying. We try to please our customers.
EDWARDS & BEALE
Fayetteville, N. C.

Job Printing.
J. H. Parker & Co., Woodland, N. C., are now prepared to do your Job Printing at low rates.

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If you want a house moved it can be done reasonable, have moved over two hundred. Heavy houses a specialty. In writing to me please give the dimensions of the house, distance and condition of the way.
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Rich Square, N. C.

J. W. Beaton & Son
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
217 County Street.
SPECIALTIES. Hams, Eggs, Chickens, Lambs, and all kinds of Stock
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C. L. DAUGHTREY,
Marble and Granite Dealer
Special attention paid to Cemetery work.
All orders received by mail filled without delay.
Stone carefully boxed and shipped at lowest rates.
I defy competition in prices. Save 20 per cent.
Yard 728 and 730 High Street,
Fayetteville, Va.

Licensed Auctioneer.
Having taken out license as a public Auctioneer, I respectfully ask the patronage of persons selling property at public auction. I am the only licensed auctioneer in Northampton, with the exception of the Sheriff.
JAMES H. CARTER,
Rich Square, N. C.

GAME IN NORTH CAROLINA

Sportmen Paying Taxes on Land For the Privilege of Hunting Partridges Numerous. Says Col. Olds in the Baltimore Sun: The shooting season in this State will begin November 1. It is safe to say that not in many years have there been more partridges. It was feared by many persons that the extreme cold weather and the deep snow last February would destroy them. The birds are in all that part of the State east of the Blue Ridge and extending to the tier of counties bordering the sounds. From Danville to Greensboro, thence as far west as Morganton and eastward to Goldsboro there are birds in abundance. Granville county offers good sport, and so does Person.

The Legislature, at its last session, enacted a law for a number of counties, requiring hunters to have a written permission of landowners when hunting on the latter's lands. This was aimed at "hot hunters." In part of the State, mainly in the High Point and Hickory sections, Northern sportsmen, to a very large extent, pay the taxes on the lands and have all the privileges. East of Guilford county this is not done. The large landowners make it particularly pleasant for sportsmen, but some of the smaller ones give trouble sometimes.

Sportmen from the Baltimore section will find good shooting in Randolph county and also in Moore. It is evident that the plan of securing hunting rights by paying the comparatively trifling taxes on lands will be widely extended. It is not permitted to ship birds out of this State. The law is violated by taking birds away in trunks and in such packages as would not be suspected to contain them. A number of live birds were sent to Virginia last spring.

Newbern remains the centre for the best deer shooting. It is said there are more wild turkeys in the lower Roanoke river country than elsewhere.

Honolulu Belles.
People rave for hours over the languishing Spanish girls, but like the native song I sing, "Give Me the Honolulu Belle," whose graceful form, thought, nearly concealed, flesh flowing gowns, can be faintly discerned through the clinging folds, and whose thoughts and passions can be read in the shy glances from their lute eyes. They are rather dark, well developed even at an early age, with even features and large, expressive eyes, cold black hair, intensely white teeth, and walk leisurely, for this is a tropical climate. One cannot help admiring these pleasant, soft-speaking women. The beautiful flower wreaths worn as hat decorations, also lend, apart from their natural attractiveness, to set off the languishing beauty of these natives. A language that contains but twelve letters in its alphabet, one word expressing several things, tends to innocence of mind and habits. The scandals and intrigues without which the Spanish world perish are unknown to the Honolulu belle, and in her straightforward and candid glance you can note the elevation of her mind and purity of her thoughts. They love madly, love as many tales bear out. "But that I know not of,"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Insurance Meeting.
The annual meeting of the Northampton and Hertford Branch of the Farmers Mutual Insurance Association is hereby called to meet at Rich Square on Saturday, November 11, 1899, at 11 o'clock A. M. At this meeting full reports of the work of the past year will be made, new officers elected and other business of importance transacted. A full attendance of policy holders is desired. All members are requested to pay assessment No. 3 on account of A. J. Draper's loss, at once so the matter can be settled and included in the annual report.

Community Drifting.

[New Bern Journal.]
There is no sadder sight than to see a person who is a drifter, one indifferent and heedless of the duties of life, careless of appearances and reckless as to future conditions. There are various causes which produce drifters. Inherited and acquired laziness; rebuffs and failures in attempts at business ventures, and fatal heartedness when success does not come at once, are some of the causes which make drifters in the world, persons who are really more or less of a menace to society and material progress. Communities like individuals become drifters, but the character of their drifting is of a Sleepy Hollow nature, waiting for some thing to come along and wake them up, a fire, and epidemic or a hurricane.

Without these external arousings there are few if any local changes in the community, son succeeding father in business, property willed to successive generations when death comes to the owner and the spirit, "oh, it ought to be good enough for me," is the protest offered when attempts at progress are made, or some one tries to infuse an up-to-date feeling in the community's midst.

This feeling of drifting becomes chronic in some communities. The merchant sees no use of spending money for advertising, therefore his goods are one to two years out of date, and his customers seek other stores, while the merchant grows and complains of hard and dull times.

The property owner becomes indifferent as to keeping up his buildings, and tenants avoid him, finding quarters in new neighborhoods where the houses are modern and kept in good order.

In a community which simply drifts along there is no impulse start manufacturing enterprises, for from banker to laborer, there is a disposition to let matters take their own course, drift along, for to be progressive means haste, a reinvestment of money, therefore some risk, and for the laboring men it means competition in the labor market, and a disturbance of his regular hours and indifferent wages. Steady and regular hours, a fixed work with increased pay has no attraction for the drifter, it disturbs and shakes him up too much.

True Heroism.

"Oh, how cold!" escaped my lips as I stumbled through the attic door. The mother was out, but her twelve-year-old boy was mounted guard over the other children as they played about the poorly furnished room. I shivered as the wind whistled through the broken window panes, causing me to pull my overcoat over my ears. The boy was in his shirt-sleeves, but I refrained from asking questions as to the whereabouts of his coat, in case its absence might have been the means of providing a crust of bread for the fatherless family. "Are you not cold, my boy?" I asked. "No," said he, "not very." Yet I noticed how his pretty teeth chattered. I waited awhile and spoke to them; then I took a look into the cradle, where, sleeping quietly and comfortably, the baby lay, covered with the boys coat.

Talk about bravery in men facing cannons, in the best of passion they will do anything. But here was a hero—a bitterly cold day in his shirt-sleeves, because he wanted to shield his little brother from the biting effects of a cold February wind. Men say the age of heroism is past. This fable! As long as the nation raises boys like this one she has within herself the germs of a boyhood that will keep her forever in the very forefront of the world's history.

My friend, is your coat around your little brother, shielding him from the biting blasts that surround him on every side?—Watch man.

INTRODUCTION OF BROOMCORN.

Benjamin Franklin Brought the First Seed to this Country.
Everybody knows Ben Franklin as a sage philosopher, a wise statesman, and a good printer and publisher, but few are aware of the fact that to him we owe the introduction of broomcorn to America. "Poor Richard," by the way, seems to have been about the "biggest jack-of-all trades" that ever helped the United States to become the richest and most powerful nation of the world. If this story is true he is the patron saint of the housewife and the broommaker as well as a kite-flyer, lightning-catcher, printer, publisher, editor, author, philosopher, statesman, and other things "too numerous to mention."

Broomcorn first grew in India. From there it was carried to Europe. The story goes that Doctor Franklin was examining a whisk broom that had been brought over from England in the days before we had any broomcorn of our own. He found a single seed on the broom, so to speak, picked it off, planted it and raised a stalk of corn from which is descended, so to speak, all of the broomcorn of the United States. However this may be, broomcorn grows much like its first cousin, our maize, which originated here. The head is larger, however, the seeds grow on the head instead of in ears. The heads are cut off, leaving about six inches of stalk, and the seeds are scraped off by a machine which does a clean job and does not injure the broom. They are fed to horses and poultry and ground into meal for cattle. In the making of the brooms the corn is put around a handle of basswood or soft maple turned in a lathe. Each layer is wound tight with a twine or wire until the desired size is attained. The broom is then pressed out flat, and sewed to keep it in that shape. Whisk brooms are made in the same way.—Chicago Chron.

A Short and Good Lay Sermon.

The battleship Texas the other day left Norfolk harbor to find and destroy a dangerous derelict, which had once been the three-masted schooner, Carrie E. Lane. But even while the battleship was out looking for the wreck, the sturdy North Carolina fishermen near Beaufort had boarded, mastered and anchored the hulk of the vessel, which had drifted in afterwards, saved the cargo of valuable lumber and made ready to repair the ship and again sail her over the seas.

The sea of life is strewn with human wrecks, which are a menace to other lives that must steer their little ships over the same course. Some of us perhaps like the great, cannon-loaded, heartless battleship Texas, may think a derelict only a danger to be utterly destroyed. Is not the fallen woman a dreadful derelict, wrecking the soul of many a once unblemished boy? Is not the "jailbird" in his striped convict clothes, a human wreck, which death always a good riddance to society? Yet Jesus Christ rescued Mary Magdalene and revealed Himself first to her—all His early friends—after His resurrection from the dead. And Jerry McAuley, once a human derelict, but rescued and set afloat again, became at once a light ship and a life-boat, as long as he sailed life's stormy ocean. Far better than to destroy a derelict is it to save it, as the North State fishermen did the Carrie E. Lane. Let them picture to us those whom the Master, who is "able to save unto the utmost" made "fishers of men."—Charlotte Observer.

R. W. BLANCHARD, A. J. OUTLAND, J. G. PARKER
Woodland M'ng. Co.,
WOODLAND, N. C.
Keeps in stock Black Broad cloth, Cassacks, Burl and Walnut Cassacks, Coffins from the cheapest made to the finest Walnut.
We are prepared to furnish Coffins from \$5. to \$25. Cassacks from \$12 to \$35. Childrens Coffins from \$2 to \$10. Childrens Cassacks from \$2 to \$5.

R. W. Blanchard having more than 10 years of actual experience in the Coffin business is our trimmer. He has a horse and a driver the coffin at any place desired.

Boys.

Of all existing varieties of insects or animals, the human boy is the most potent source of worry to ordinary men. Women seem to find the boy much more tolerable than the men find him, but the reason doubtless is that the boy contains the promise and potency of a man, and women have a hopeful way of looking for ward rather than backward. A boy will make more different kinds of objectionable noises in the course of a day than could be made by two boiler factories, seven head organs and a street singer. He can take the simplest, and apparently the most harmless object and extract from it a miraculous volume of noise. We all know what the boy can do with an empty tin and a string. No body but a boy would ever have dreamed that a string could elicit from a disused tin walls that would strike terror to the average feud. Up to the age of fourteen the boy can whistle with an ear-piercing shrillness that rivals the best efforts of the locomotive whistle. No man and no boy of more than fourteen years of age can whistle in this way. The moment he ceases to be a boy, and begin to put on humanity he loses the ability to whistle in other but a commonplace way. This is, however, only one of the many illustrations of the fact that there is a peculiar and fiendish skill in noise producing which belongs exclusively to the small boy.

No boy ever had the slightest love for music, but every boy revels in any sort of instrument that will make a noise. Give him a tin trumpet, and he will stand and blow stogie notes on it for hours at a time. The drum is, perhaps his favorite instrument, but he can do great things with a mere mouth organ, and can devastate an entire street with a pair of bones.

If you are driving with a family of which a little girl forms a part, her presence in the carriage will rarely inconvenience you. But in a similar situation a boy will apparently develop as many legs as a heathen idol has arms, and will proceed to kick you simultaneously and constantly with all his legs. In point of fact it may be boldly said there is no situation in which a boy is tolerable. Life is filled with great and little worries but the worst of them all is in the small boy.—Scottish American.

What Young Southerners Need.

Whenever a new cotton mill or factory for other purposes is established in the South, one of its first needs is a young man from Massachusetts or Pennsylvania to superintend it.

We have young men of our own who should be available for this work, but owing to our faulty ideas on education, while they are prepared to be doctors or lawyers, they are not prepared to be handlers of coal or iron. Thus we see them standing about without employment or clamoring for commissions in the army, while the fat berths with comfortable salaries at home are almost all taken up by strangers.

The need of our country, then, is education—technical education. We do not need men who can expound Blackstone, but men who can swing hammers and press electric buttons. If we do not make our facilities for technical education broad enough and thorough enough, we must expect to see the Massachusetts man sitting in the superintendent's office, while our own sons pass around the water pail.—From the Atlanta Constitution.

"Better do it than wish it done." Better cure catarrh by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla than complain because you suffer from it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

Those Happy Days.

[Scotland Neck Commonwealth.]
To one in childhood knew no educational facilities but "old field school," taught in the "old log school-house" by the teacher who "boarded around," the modern methods seems a little hot house like. It is a memory to be cherished—the sight of a score of children trooping away from school just before sunset, each one armed with a "blue back" speller, and one for every five carrying a tin bucket or oaksplit basket from which ever and anon some scamp aring "brat" would snatch the broken biscuit, the cold potato or bit of cold potato pudding left over from the dinner which a half dozen jabbering children enjoyed together on a big log at "play time." So simple were the school child's equipments in those days! Now, every one carries a satchel, or book-bag with something under a dozen books, some a slate with a sponge, but for the most part the slate is left at home and all work is done on store tablets, composition books and the like.

Indeed, it does seem that the old time way of doing school-work is almost forgotten. The acquiring of an education no longer seems a task, but with the many conveniences and extra advantages, it is more like a picnic holiday all through the school year.

We may be a little foggy, but we candidly believe that the thing is made too easy in these last days. There is too much paraphernalia. We believe that we need to return to ways and means of more simplicity.

If the ordinary school child years ago could have seen the same school of to-day it would have looked like a visitor from fairy land.

Naming the Baby.

"Charlie dear," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby. We will call her Imogen."

Papa was lost in thought for a few minutes. He did not like the name, but if he opposed it his wife would have her own way.

"That's nice," said he, presently. "My first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she will take it as a compliment."

"We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.—From Collier's Weekly.

What Befalls the Spendthrift.

By most men the rosy dreams of youth are never realized. The workman must always far outnumber the employers, more than one hundred to one. The man who puts off the practice of economy, waiting for a time when it will be easier for him to deprive himself of certain pet luxuries, learns when it is too late that he has passed the point where he can demand of the present that it shall help provide for his future. Among all the acquaintances I have had in the past forty years, not one spendthrift among them has retired from business a successful man.

Possibly you may look upon that word "spendthrift" as one that cannot be applied to you. You may think it applies only to one who foolishly throws away a fortune. If you will turn to your dictionary you will read that he is a spendthrift who is improvident or wasteful. The word applies with equal force to the man earning ten dollars a week and to him who has thousands.

There are no miracles in a business career. The man who wins success has toiled early and late with all his powers of body and mind. He has been subservient to his ambition. He has pushed aside, because it was the first step toward success, every habit and desire that stood in his way.

successful ones unless he was waiting and prepared for fortune when she looked at his door. She has never yet been known to wait for any man or boy to prepare himself for her company. I know of no one habit that so thoroughly moulds the character of a young man as the habit of economy. It gives him strength of will. It teaches him to look beyond an action to its final result. It continually reminds him that the pure, sweet, innocent pleasures of life are almost to be had for the asking, and that Satan is not only a cruel but an expensive taskmaster.—From the Saturday Evening Post.

Seaboard Bargain House.

A full line of Men's and Boy's Clothing prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$2.50. Hats, Caps and Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies Cloaks, Kid Gloves, Umbrellas Hardware Glassware, Linenware, Oil Paints, Enamels, Trunks, Mattings from 10 to 15 cents; Table Oil Cloth. Decyls 3, 5, 8, and 10 cents. A full line Suspenders. We also have a 6' and 10 cent counter. Come and see and be convinced.
W. S. PRUDEN & CO.,
Seaboard, N. C.

TALK IS CHEAP.

Provided you do not talk by the use of Printers Ink, in that case it comes high unless you have something worth saying. What I am going to say is for the mutual benefit to the reader and myself. To the point. I now have a fairly well selected stock of Dry Goods and Notions, Hardware Crockeryware, Tinware, Field Seed, Groceries, Drugs, &c., &c., and my prices are marked way down. I am at small expense, comparatively, and don't have to add to the price of my goods to make up for bad accounts as I sell for cash or barter only. Here are a few prices: Meat 6c; best Granulated Sugar 6c; choice coffee 10c; best cooking soda 5c; starch 5 to 10c; white fish small size kegs \$2.50, standard size \$2.70; best pure lard 5c; Ivory soap 5c; good assortment other toilet soaps at low prices, good laundry soap at 8c; Flour and all other groceries at lowest market prices.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
I keep a good line of Drugs, Medicines and Druggist Sundries. Plenty of blue vitriol (bluestone) for wheat growers, soap, borax, alum, salts, coppers, pepper, sulphur, nutmegs, oils, turpentine, flavoring extracts, camphor gum, liniments, Porter's Healing oil (best in the world for burns etc.), Chamberlain's medicines, Bromo Seltzer, Dr. King's, David's, Warner's and Pierce's medicines, Laxative Bromo Quinine, Grove's Chilli Tonic and half a hundred other articles in this line, all marked way down.

DRY GOODS.
Good yard wide cotton cloth 5c; heavy quality 3/4 to 6c; bleached cotton cheap. Many styles and grades of ladies dress goods at 5, 6, 7, 10, 12 1/2, 15, 18, 30, 25 cents per yard and up. Men's shirts at from 25 cents to \$1.00. Big value at 30c; big lot of handkerchiefs at stunningly low prices.

A large lot of new Pants, bought very close, but my space is all used and will have to wait till another week to tell you about them. Don't forget that I keep Brau, Middlings, Men's, Ours and pay the highest market prices for Eggs, Hides, Cotton, Peanuts &c.
MILLS H. CONNER,
At Depot,
Rich Square, N. C.