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"In God, We Trust."

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TRUST ME.

BY CARINE.

Trust me, darling, let no doubting, Cause thy heart one moment's pain; And if it will give you pleasure, I will say it o'er again.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY VIVIAN.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright, in Heaven's jeweled crown, They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the Summer showers, To golden grain, or mellow fruits, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize, And feed the hungry moss they bear; The forest leaves drink daily life From out the vales of air.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved things away, And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate, He plucks our fairest flowers; Transplanted into blits, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

Born into that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them—the same, Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe Is life. There are no dead!

LONDON, June 6th, 1885.

AN ODD STORY OF THE JUSTICE ROOM.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER IV.

"A clergyman to see Miss Mander? I will see him first myself," said Miss Mautree, in her stiffest tone. She was the principal of the Mautree House seminary, the propriety of which was so rigid that no letters were permitted to be received by pupils or governesses, save such as could first be read by that dragon of virtue, the principal.

early Globe, pointing out the reports of the proceedings at the Mansion House. "Pray be as calm as you can!" She went white to the lips as she read, but save one faint cry when its meaning broke upon her, gave no sign of the demonstrations so much dreaded by the detective. "Now I'm quite aware, Miss, that you were the lady who was with the accused. If you are implicated—he did not think after a glance at her face she was—"you had best say nothing. But if the young man is innocent you take it very coolly, Miss."

no time," he added cheerily. "Your young gentleman shall be free in a day or two. And I hope that then he will teach you a better cipher, miss—or get rid of any necessity for using one." On the tramcar Peters said to himself, "Wanted, some one with two things. Firstly, a motive for murdering Critchlow, and secondly, a knowledge, however gained, of the relations between Crisp and this very nice girl. By gad! This is a new idea! Could it be that Critchlow fancied the girl and tried to decoy her there with this bogus message, and was found out and killed by the jealous lover before the girl came! I must consider that. That is a new idea!"

CHAPTER V.

"Are you engaged to marry the accused?" This was not the first question put to the witness, but it was the first that promised to afford the spectators, who occupied every inch of floor in the justice-room, the slightest return for the trouble they had taken. The city were talking of nothing but the Critchlow tragedy; and even in Cheapside the excitement was plainly visible. Every one who could win an entrance, and was engaged elsewhere, was there. It was rumored that the matter was now as clear as the murder was diabolical, and that the young man would certainly be committed for trial to day. Among the persons pointed at, and scanned that close, green-painted court, wish the one window and the skylight, was Mr. Parkman; and close observers noted that his eyes would now and again turn from wandering over the court to cast a look of anxiety, of expectation, almost of dread, toward the door.

They could not swallow it, in vulgar phrase. She was then taken through the events of the Saturday afternoon, and examined particularly as to the prisoner's statements about the deceased. Afterward, solicitor for the defense, well-known to be employed by Mr. Parkman, drew from her all that might tell in the prisoner's favor; and then casting one long, loving look of comfort at her lover, Ethel sat down. She had told the truth; she had perfect trust now in the wisdom of the law. Two or three unimportant witnesses followed, the medical evidence succeeded these, and then Mr. Parkman was called. As he took off his glove many sympathizing glances were cast at his handsome figure and grave face. What a trouble and annoyance it must have been to him! What a loss to be deprived of his two chief employes at once! And then how rich he was said to be; and almost fashionable too, for was he not going to be married to the Hon. Sylvestra Hautban? Even the lord mayor could hardly refrain from leaning forward in his great oak chair to look his sympathy.

Thus recalled to himself, Mr. Banckworth rose from his stooping position and seemed to hesitate. Finally he said, with an air of reluctance, "Yes, my lord, I fear I have. Mr. Parkman, did I understand you to give it as your opinion that whoever inserted that advertisement committed this murder?" A strange pause, then, in an equally strange hoarse tone, "Yes." "Is that," holding up a Russia leather blotting case filed with green blotting paper, "the blotting case you use in your library at Richmond?" It sounded, apart from the sudden production of the case, a harmless question enough. And yet how was it that through all that crowded court every one felt the terrible nature of the silence which followed? Was that ordinary looking case a gorgon's head, that at sight of it the perspiration should spring in great beads to the witness' forehead, and his mouth should writhe in vain attempt to speak? He couldn't. In the end he only nodded. "Then can you explain," the lawyer asked solemnly, "how it happens that upon a page of this blotting paper there appears in printed characters a reverse impression of the latter part of this advertisement?" The crisis had come, the worst had happened; and yet even now some cool plausible reason might be given; but now all these were wanting! He glared round him for a moment on the sea of faces, grasped wildly at his throat, and fell to the floor of the box in a fit. Amid a thrill of such sensation as few in that court had ever experienced they bore him out to an adjoining room. But he was dead before they could bring a doctor to him. That moment—and heavens knows what of bitter anticipation—had been his punishment in this world. Peters, it appears, had gone down to see him at Richmond, and while waiting in the library had in the instinctive pursuit of his profession turned over the leaves of the blotting book. The cipher caught his eye; but the merchant entering at that moment, it was not until he left for town that Peters could get into the house again, confirm his impression, and with this strange piece of evidence follow to London by a latter train. For a few hours after the merchant's death it seemed one of those motiveless murders that upset all calculation. But among his papers was found the key. He had lost great sums by deep play at a West End club. His father was then ill, his needs were most pressing. He had already far exceeded his right to draw upon the firm; to get more he deposited forged acceptances. At his father's death the cashier discovered this, and though the junior partner was now able to refund the money, Critchlow held the forgeries in "terror" over him. Parkman, secretive yet fierce, took his life. Of him enough? For Ernest Crisp, he married Ethel three weeks later.—London Society.

THE MORAL RIGHT. Man has been described as a turbulent and warlike animal. Whether this be true or not there is no doubt that the history of nations has been for the most part a continuous record of bloody wars waged for conquest. The wars fought for justice, progress and the rights of man have been extremely few. England and Russia are now and have been for years past the two great powers which have been stirring up broils among weak and semi savage nations and tribes in the east for their own aggrandizement. The honesty and morality of such policy is indefensible. The time is near at hand when these great powers must cease their aggressions in the east or come in conflict with each other, as they now stand almost face to face. Russia's object in case of war with England in the east would be to compel her to relinquish her hold on India and abandon her pretensions to absolute dominion in that part of the east, or let Russia take Constantinople. Should the fortune of war hand the Indian Empire over to the Czar, the moral, social, and political condition of the millions of that country might possibly be bettered, and could scarcely be worse than it now is under English rule. From time immemorial India's native sovereigns have been absolute despots, religion and literature of its own—the destinations of caste, the inexorable law of daily life comprehending even the most trivial things, is a bar to national brotherhood, to legal equality, to the rights of man. As the gulf between them and their conquerors is impassable while present conditions exist, and as England's only care has been to wring every penny possible out of the miserable inhabitants, English rule and civilization which has done much for other portions of the world has been a curse in that country. Russian despotism, grinding as it is, can be no worse than English tyranny, which is the exasperating, irresponsible, administration, not of one man, who might be an honorable "accident" as has happened in the world's history, but of a multitude of officials insatiable to their greed and odious in their tyranny and arrogance. Russian rule could be no worse and might be better. Greenville Reflector: Mr. J. T. Dunn, living just beyond the Eastern borders of the town, had a hen that was setting on 15 eggs. She left the nest Saturday morning with 16 chickens and one of the eggs did not hatch, making 16 chickens from 14 eggs. One of the little chickens had four legs and appears to be getting along as well as any of the brood. A boy by the name of Robert Pendetton while engaged in that gymnastic exercise known as "skinning the cat," in a barn, about four miles from the town of Lincoln, a few days ago, fell about ten feet and sustained a compound fracture of the arm. He who thinks too much of himself will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world.