State Library

THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT.

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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

GOOD FOR EVERYBODY

[illegible] is at all times of the [illegible] always about, and the [illegible] relief is to keep the [illegible] help the Liver a bit, [illegible] the Old Friend, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the RED Z. [illegible] of Lancaster, Ohio, [illegible] SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR [illegible] Malarial Fever of three [illegible] me, and less than [illegible] business. I shall use [illegible] and recommend it."

Be sure you get it. Always look for the RED Z on the package. And don't [illegible] REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, and there is [illegible] every one who takes it is [illegible]. THE BENEFIT IS [illegible]. Take it also for [illegible] Sick Headache; both are [illegible] Liver.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

Pine Tar Soap,

[illegible] Dandruff [illegible] general household use.

Five Cents a Cake.

300 POUNDS

BLUE STONE,

JUST RECEIVED.

MILLER'S DRUG STORE.

Sold By The Sheriff!

[illegible] received from Baltimore [illegible] several large [illegible] being enabled to [illegible] on

ENORMOUS STOCK OF GOODS

[illegible] by paying [illegible] is a positive [illegible] to my customers in every department [illegible] goods at

Fabulous Low Prices.

[illegible] yourself that this is [illegible] "the case," you only [illegible] my store, no matter if [illegible] anything, or not, [illegible]

Goods Are Being Slaughtered.

[illegible] over $1,000 worth of [illegible] and which must be [illegible] never before heard [illegible]. Likewise, a [illegible] stock of Clothing, [illegible] Gents' Furnishing Goods.

We Will Save You Money

[illegible] and defy any of [illegible] to do any way [illegible]. We have a well [illegible] Dry Goods and can [illegible] the ladies as to quality and price.

Remember The Goods Must Go!

[illegible] it will be to your [illegible] not to wait, but [illegible] and see what rare [illegible] bargains I have [illegible] every line I handle. [illegible] first served.

The N. Y. Racket Store,

A. M. SHIRAGO,

Proprietor.

[illegible] St., next to Cohen's market

FRANK BOYETTE, D. D. S.

[illegible] in the line of Dentistry [illegible] style. Perfect satisfaction [illegible]

[illegible] front rooms of Boyden [illegible] Bissell Bro. & Co.'s dry [illegible]

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. [illegible] at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

[illegible] Corns, Bunions and Stubborn Corns [illegible] Sure. Stops all pain. [illegible] Druggists.

NOTICE.

[illegible] man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky Habits to take one of my books on these diseases. Address E. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 365, and one will be sent you free.

Causes for Thankfulness.

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk—
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing Summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood—
For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep that comes at night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee—
For everything give thanks!

—ELLEN ISABELLA TUPPER.

Misplaced Sympathy.

It is extremely difficult to be just in this world. If one is sympathetic he is tolerably sure to be unjust, and if he is unsympathetic he cannot help being unjust. One man cannot understand or appreciate another unless there is some bond of sympathy between them, enabling each to see as the other sees and feel as he feels. But society is so organized that we cannot deal with one person alone without affecting others. If we allow sympathy with one person to control us, disregarding all others and paying no attention to the dictates of reason, we are almost sure to do injustices of which, however, we may not be cognizant. When a man has committed a great crime and has been committed to prison to expiate his offense, everybody at first approves; but after a time his case inspires the pity of the sympathetic. The criminal's family suffers in material comforts because the bread winner is absent, as well as from the disgrace he has brought upon them, and for their sakes the unthinking seek to procure a pardon for the prisoner. They are kindly and sympathetic and, when they are opposed, rejoice that they are not as other men, and yet they may be doing a great deal of mischief. They are, in fact, breaking down the laws of the land and helping to make distinction between the criminals who have influential friends and the unfortunates who have been as outcasts from birth.

As a matter of reason, the cultivated man with an assured income and hosts of friends, who goes wrong, is much less deserving of sympathy than the poor wretch brought up to a life of misery and crime. Yet the sympathetic, who yield to impulses instead of being guided by reason, always exhibit greater interest in the criminal of high degree than in a commonplace thief. And in sympathizing with him they forget to sympathize with his victims. They will help the murderer and his family, but pay no attention to the relatives of the murdered man, impoverished perhaps by his sudden death; they will help the embezzler to get out of jail, but will do nothing to relieve the distress of the scores or hundreds who were robbed of their little savings through his rascality. What is worst of all, they help to break down respect for and dread of the law. One of the purposes of the punishment awarded to crime is to deter others from entering upon a criminal career. But when they see that influence, especially political influence, and the clamorings of sympathetic friends are sufficient to unlock prison doors, they are less afraid to take the risk of being found out, and that is all that they dread.

Nearly all criminals who have led double lives and appeared to be honest and respectable have had in the beginning at least what seemed to them to be an honest purpose. They intended to use for a little time only the funds of the bank or public office intrusted to them, and then to replace all that had been taken, keeping for themselves the profits. A fall in the stock market or some such accident has revealed their criminality, and then their sympathetic friends get to work to relieve them from deserved punishment. And every time they succeed they encourage others to take similar risks, with two chances in their favor—first, that they will not be found out, and, second, that if found out, they will be enabled to escape severe punishment through the unwise assistance of sentimentalists. Whenever appeals are made to our sympathies in such cases duty requires that we shall seriously consider the effect of any action we may take in the matter, and that instead of allowing sympathy to control us we shall keep it under the control of reason and of our sense of justice.

A genius has devised for sleeping carriages a system of beds made of rubber bags, which are to be stretched over steel frames and inflated with hot air from the locomotive. In fifteen minutes an entire car can be made ready for the night. In the morning, when the hot air is turned off, the mattress and pillows will immediately collapse.

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. For sale by M. E. Robinson & Bro., and J. H. Hill & Son, druggists.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

The Recent Demise of Eugene Field Sets Arp to Ruminating.

Oh, what a pity of it; Eugene Field is dead. When everybody loves a man it does seem hard that he should die. Just in his prime and getting riper, purer, mellower as years rolled on. We of the South had learned to love him for he was gentle and kind to us. He loved Grady and Grady loved him. They are together now somewhere. I wonder how their spirits met and what they said. It is hard on the South to lose two such friends. They were of the same age lacking a few months. Love, kindness, tenderness of heart are redeeming traits in human nature, and they had them.

I have been reading Wallace Reed's pleasant reminiscence of Henry Grady and it carried me back to the hard days when Henry, like Field, was struggling against fate to make his paper a success. The merchants had not then learned the value of advertising, and Henry pleaded in vain for a more liberal patronage. A leading merchant who claimed to be his friend stubbornly declined to give him a big "ad" and said it would be money thrown away, for nobody read them. "Don't read them!" exclaimed Henry, "don't read them! Well, I will show you." Next morning's paper contained a short editorial on cats and told how cat fur had recently come into great demand in fashionable circles in New York and how the long coarse hairs were eliminated and the real fur was made into tippets and muffs and every fashionable lady wore a feline, etc. Not far off in another column was a displayed advertisement that said:

"WANTED—1,000 cats, for which 50 cents each will be paid."

The merchant's name was signed to it. By noon the cats began to roll in. Small boys, white and black, brought them in baskets and bags. For a while the merchant enjoyed the joke, but soon got tired and went away to dinner. By the time he returned the boys and darkies from the suburbs were coming in and the sidewalk was blockaded. Henry had laughed until he was exhausted and sat on a window sill across the street, threatened, he said, with a cataleptic fit. Neighboring merchants and their clerks gathered around and laughed and shouted and cried at every new arrival of cats. As fast as the merchant drove off one crowd another filled their places. He armed himself with a big stick, but at last he closed his doors in sheer despair and night relieved him from the pressure.

But the next morning the catastrophe was worse. The catalogue was not ended, for the country people had heard the news and brought cats in on their wood wagons and under buggy seats and tied up in cotton baskets like chickens. Henry took his stand near by and leaned against a telegraph pole for support. He and Shanklin—dear old Shanklin—and the folks who loved fun, were all there and while it was fun to the boys and death to the frogs, it was such a rare and racy joke that the merchant couldent get mad and finally surrendered. He made an appropriate little speech to the crowd and told Henry that if he would promise never to do him so any more he would give him the biggest "ad" he had ever had in his paper. Henry promised and the "ad" was given. That illustrated the mischief that was in his rollicking nature.

But one evening Henry was sick and left his junior to make up the paper. It was just on the eve of an exciting municipal election and some right bitter things had been published and more bitter things had been said. It was feared that some of the contending parties would come to blows. A candidate who had been sorely maligned wrote a bitter denunciation of his opponent and took it to the junior just before the paper went to press. It was received and inserted and printed in about three hundred copies when Henry walked into the office to see what the boys had done in his absence. He read the article and was horror-stricken. "Stop that press!" cried he. "Stop it; stop it. I would not have that article go in for $1,000. Both those men are my personal friends, and they will fight. There will be bloodshed either on the street or in a duel. Both have wives and children and it would be a shame to widen the breach. How many have you struck off?" "About three hundred," they said. "Well, get your knives and scissors and we will cut it out of every one and print no more with that bloody piece in them."

All hands went to work and soon had every paper perforated with a hole 2x4 inches, and so they were folded and mailed. The town wondered, but Henry had sworn all hands to secrecy and not more than five of us ever knew what had been cut out. Long years after he said to me one day in his Atlanta office, "I believe I saved a man's life that night and it was a good spirit that moved me to get up off a sick bed and go down to overlook the paper." Henry is dead and Shanklin, whom he loved, and Dwinell and John Riley and I reckon everybody else who was connected with his paper. His brother is dead and his sister. Only his good old Christian mother remains of that family. It seems to me that old Father Time ought to take us by our ages and let the young live on. Eugene Field was not even sick nor forewarned. This heart failure is getting alarming. It is a good text for Moody, for nobody is safe nowadays.

There is another of that trio—Grady, Field and Joel Chandler Harris, all about the same age. Two shall be taken and the other left. May the good Lord spare him till he sees his three-score years and ten; yes, till the red locks turn to gray. It is a deeper grief for those to die who are in the prime of life and usefulness. A young mother died here the other day who all her life had been well and strong, a good daughter, a loving wife, and our hearts full of sympathy went out to the bereaved ones. Only a year married and full of hope and joy and love. The child is there and the father's tears fall on it sometimes, but what is home without a mother? After all that we say about each other the world is full of sympathy and one touch of nature makes us all akin. The sweetest poems that were ever written were founded upon love, and that is why everybody loved Field. His "Little Boy Blue" is love itself, and even his prose was full of it. That sweet little story of "The Old Man" will bring welcome tears from eyes unused to the melting mood. The poems that have lasted the longest and still live in our hearts are not the stately measures of Byron or Shakespeare or Pope, but they are from Leigh Hunt and Coleridge and Goldsmith and Tom Hood and Burns and Jean Ingelow.

I was reading "The Fisherman's Prayer" aloud the other night and had to stop before I got through, for the little six-year-old grandchild filled up and began to sob like her heart would break. I learned the "Hermit" when I was young and I love to repeat it now. Halleck and Bryant are grand, Longfellow is beautiful and Holmes is delightful, but they don't touch deep down like those I have named. "Genevieve" and the "Hermit" and "Song of the Shirt" and the "Cotter's Saturday Night" will live as long as our language. A good heart loves to weep sometimes. A man who can't shed a tear over poor Rip Van Winkle as acted by Joe Jefferson is in a bad way for Heaven. Walter Scott says that the only time he ever saw Burns was in a room where there was a painting of a young mother with a babe in her arms who had just found her husband dead on a battlefield, and underneath the picture were these lines:

"Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad story of his future years—
The child of misery baptized in tears."

Scott says that Burns could not conceal his emotion, but wept like a child. And yet there are folks who fancy the painting of a great battle with all its blood and carnage and misery! A. T. Stewart paid $60,000 for one. It is now in the Central park gallery in New York. The one that Burns wept over ought to be right under it as a contrast—an object lesson.

But we are calm and serene in these parts now. There is no war nor pestilence nor any great calamity. The land is filled with plenty and I reckon our people are thankful. The good book says: "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." It does look like our enemies are harmonizing of late more than at any time since the war. There is nobody breathing out threatenings and slaughter against us now except old man Hoar and he is almost dead. There was comfort in what Mr. Loomis, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., said when he got back home: "The South has never had a chance since the war. Stripped bare as a bone—no money, no annuity, no pensions—it is past reason how she has come to the front. Think of it! The government has since the war paid out in pensions alone $1,500,000,000 that staid in the North. Of this vast sum the South had to pay her part in taxes and got nothing. Just give her $100,000,000 as a starter and in ten years the North would howl at her progress. * * * And we are compelled to look to the South for true American patriotism. They are all Americans down there with their blood pure through a century of American parentage. It is refreshing to run up against a whole community of pure Americans."

How is that for a manly confession? BILL ARP.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden, the merchant there sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial. On meeting Mr. Wells the next day he was told that she was all right, the pain had left her within two hours, and that the bottle of Pain Balm was worth $5.00 if it could not be had for less. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by M. E. Robinson & Bro., and J. H. Hill & Son, druggists.

A NATION'S DOINGS.

The News From Everywhere Gathered and Condensed.

Lowell, Mass., had a $200,000 fire early Wednesday morning.

Two boys were drowned near Burlington, Vt., Monday, while skating.

A boiler explosion in a saw mill at Ligonier, Pa., Saturday, cost three lives.

An incendiary fire almost destroying the town of Purcell, I. T., Thursday night. Loss, $500,000.

The old Volks Garten, an old New York theatre on the Bowery, was destroyed by fire, Saturday night.

The South wall of the Poland Seminary, at Poland, O., fell Saturday, seriously injuring four female pupils.

By a fall of coal in the Glendower colliery at Minersville, Pa., Saturday, Adam Burke was instantly killed.

The business portion of Madisonville, Ky., was burned early Monday morning, involving a loss of about $150,000.

In a quarrel with his aged father, Friday, Joseph Jeffries, of Providence, Mo., seized a shot-gun and killed him.

Burglars cracked the safe in the post-office at Summit, N. J., Wednesday night and got over $6,000 for their work.

When W. H. Walker, of Gadsden, Ala., tried to follow his wife as she was leaving him, Friday, she turned and shot him dead.

Two young men and a young lady while out boating near Nashville, Tenn., Tuesday, were drowned by the capsizing of the boat.

In the bathroom of his Brooklyn home, where he had shot himself, Joseph S. Rown, a coffee broker, was found dead by his little son, Sunday.

The house of Irvin Robinson, colored, was destroyed by fire at South Pittsburg, Tenn., on Sunday night. Two of his children were cremated.

By an explosion of dynamite cartridges held over a stove to warm, Frank A. Johnson, of Wellsboro, Pa., was horribly mangled, Monday.

Returning Wednesday from Ohio to his old home near Baltimore after two years' absence, John Poffinberger dropped dead just as his aged mother greeted him.

The Excelsior building and an eight-story structure immediately adjoining, were completely destroyed by fire at Chicago, Thursday. Loss nearly $700,000.

For attempting to assault Miss Bessie Shelton, near Gibson, Ga., Friday, Balam Hancock, colored, was caught by officers and jailed, and a lynching followed.

While being taken to the penitentiary to serve a life sentence, Jack Yarborough, a notorious colored murderer, was lynched by a mob at Crystal Springs, Miss., Tuesday.

In satisfaction of an old grudge, Patrick A. Hearns of New Orleans, fatally shot Charles F. Porter, on the street Thursday, and then wounded Porter's six-year-old daughter.

After being married only five days, Mrs. Rosa Webb, residing near Olive Green, O., committed suicide, Monday, by taking arsenic. The marriage was bitterly opposed by her parents.

A mob took L. W. Perdue, a school teacher, from the jail at Mount Vernon, Ga., Monday night, and lynched him, for betraying Miss Mattie Grady, a pupil and assistant in the school.

At Brownsville, Ore., Lloyd Montgomery, aged 18, is under arrest, charged with the murder of his parents and D. S. McKeecher, who were found shot to death in Montgomery's house, Friday.

Domestic troubles induced Mrs. August Sinnar, of Milwaukee, Wis., to kill herself with poison, Saturday night. When Sinnar returned and found his wife dead, he blew his brains out with a shot-gun.

Alighting from a train at Easton, Pa., Thursday night, Mrs. William White was struck and killed by another train she did not see. Her husband was at the station to meet her and witnessed the dreadful accident.

With desperation suggested by the perusal of dime novels, four boys wrecked the fast mail on the New York Central, near Rome, N. Y., Monday night. Two lives were lost and a score of people were more or less injured.

A house containing straw was burned near Hodges, S. C., Tuesday. A young white woman's burned body, that of Narcissus Bagwell, was found in the ruins. Two negroes have been arrested for murdering her and placing her body in the house and then firing it.

Fire destroyed nearly $500,000 worth of property at Chicago, Friday. Four firemen were killed, one girl fell from a window and received injuries from which she died, and a dozen other men, women and girls were hurt or overcome by smoke, and many were rescued from imminent death.

Financial and Commercial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25, 1895.

Special Correspondence.

Business during the past week has continued to show the moderated activity noted a week ago. The distribution on account of current and old orders continues large; but new business shows a slackening, which is in part due to delayed consumption of previously bought stocks and in part to lower prices and a feeling of uncertainty about the future of values. Markets for food products generally have declined, and there has been a further fall in prices of iron and steel, white cotton goods prices show less strength, and there is a disposition to await developments in leather and some other manufactures which retards trade. But railroad earnings, which have increased over 10 per cent. for half of November, show the activity of the trade movement, and the heavy fall business throughout the country accounts for continued weekly payments through the banks considerably larger than those at the corresponding period in 1893-4-5 and slightly in excess of the big November totals of 1892, the year before the panic.

Financial uneasiness has been increased by gold shipments, which during last week have been very large—about $7,250,000—and have reduced the actual Treasury reserve to the neighborhood of $82,000,000. The foreign financial and political news has been more reassuring, but the gold outflow has increased distrust in the currency situation. The danger of Treasury depletion, which is the one serious disturbing factor in the business situation, accentuates the need of prompt action by Congress, which alone can afford a permanent basis for restored confidence. Business failures as reported by Bradstreet's show another marked increase, which has been chiefly in the Middle and Western States. The number of failures in the United States has been 323, against 279 the previous week, 295 in the corresponding week a year ago, and 358 in the third week of November, 1893.

Cotton prices, after a fall of 1-16 of a cent, have recovered and advanced 1-16 of a cent, owing to a more active Liverpool trade with English spinners who had previously been drawing largely upon reserve stocks to meet their current requirements. American spinners have continued to operate cautiously; but exports have moderately increased, and the comparatively small receipts from the South have contributed to the support of prices. But although over 1,000,000 bales less of cotton have been brought into sight since September 1st, than the amount marketed during the corresponding period last year, the world's stocks of American are only 200,000 bales smaller and European stocks of cotton are 162,000 bales larger than they were a year ago. Northern mill takings in two and a half months show a comparative decrease of 193,000 bales, and exports in the same time a decline of 672,000 bales.

Wheat prices have declined 1¼ cents per bushel in Chicago and ¾ of a cent on the Atlantic seaboard; and corn values have gone down 1¼ cents in Chicago and ½ to ½ of a cent in New York. The relatively greater fall in Western markets is the effect of a natural tendency of the trade to adjust price differences to the new freight conditions following the close of lake navigation. The primary cause of weakness in prices has been the heavy Western receipts of wheat, which so far this crop year have exceeded all records, except in the big crop seasons of 1891 and 1892. Warehouse stocks in this country have increased nearly 8,000,000 bushels in two weeks, and 25,000,000 bushels since September 1st. This steady gain in stocks has induced a revision of estimates of the yield, which now range from 475,000,000 to over 500,000,000 bushels.

The corn movement from the West has continued moderate for the season, and from Western points to the seaboard has been disappointingly small. This is due to low prices and a prevalent feeling that they are unreasonably low, which has induced unusually extensive cribbing operations in the West. New corn at 34 to 35 cents on the seaboard compares with corn at 57 to 60 cents in 1890, the previous big crop year; and in view of the fact that average export values in the year following the 1889 crop were 42 cents, and in the year after the 1890 harvest were 55 cents, it is not surprising that the holding sentiment in the West should be so strong.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look, if your stomach be disordered you have dyspeptic look and if your kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures pimples, blotches, boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. H. Hill & Son's, Goldsboro, and J. R. Smith's, Mt. Olive. 50c. per bottle.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

A Summary of Current Events for the Past Seven Days.

The Alliance shoe factory is to be located at Hillsboro.

A new furniture factory is soon to be erected at Mount Airy.

Two large distilleries in Cumberland county, went up in smoke, Thursday.

A little boy of Peggy Bunting, colored, fell into a well in Craven county, Tuesday, and drowned.

The brandy distillery of James Bunn, in Johnston county, was raided by revenue officers, Saturday.

The Elliott furniture factory, of Charlotte, was put in the hands of a receiver, Friday. Liabilities, $20,000.

Two little children of Samuel Lovingood, in Cherokee county, were poisoned, Saturday, by eating arsenic.

Wiley Rawley, colored, of Surry county, was shot dead by two white men, Saturday, with whom he had an altercation.

The Durham Sun says that James Vickers, of that county, possesses a Poland-China hog that weighs nearly 1,200 pounds.

A negro named Dave Edwards was jailed at Charlotte, Monday, for having two wives at Charlotte and one at Wilmington.

John Shields, of Forsyth county, had his left leg shot away by the accidental discharge of his gun, while out hunting, Tuesday.

The cotton gin of W. B. Wilder with fifty bales of cotton, was burned in Wake county, Thursday. The loss is $2,000, without insurance.

A runaway horse threw Mrs. John W. Horton and daughter, of Chatham county, out of the buggy, Sunday, causing serious injuries to both.

George Washington, Jr., the negro who recently murdered Charles Neville for his money, will be publicly hanged at Tarboro December 4th.

While out rabbit hunting in McDowell county, Saturday, Charles Hunter, aged 13, accidentally shot himself, inflicting a serious wound.

A runaway team threw James McCauley, of Durham county, out of his wagon, Monday, the wheels passing over his body, inflicting serious injuries.

An explosion in the brandy distillery of Thomas Mabe, in Stokes county, Saturday, fatally injured Mabe and his two sons, James and Granville.

A little daughter of J. M. Jolly, in Columbus county, was burned to death Saturday night, her dress becoming ignited from a torch she was playing with.

Manly Gibson, colored, was accidentally shot and killed at Laurinburg, Tuesday, by his little sister, who was fooling with a supposed unloaded pistol.

A white man named George Logan was jailed in Yadkin county, Saturday, charged with breaking into a store, and afterwards stealing a horse to carry off the plunder.

Mrs. George S. Lanier, of Statesville, while standing in front of the fire, Thursday, had her clothing ignited from a flying spark and came very near of burning to death.

While two young men were out hunting in Wilkes county, Saturday, one of the hunters' gun fired accidentally, killing Alexander Wright, one of the young men, instantly.

Will McCarter, a 16-year-old white boy, was committed to jail at Dobson, Tuesday, charged with committing a nameless crime upon the three-year-old daughter of R. W. Marsh.

A suit about a tract of land has just been decided in Rutherford court after many years of wrangling. The Shelby Aurora says that the costs have surpassed the value of the disputed land.

While A. M. Benson, who lives near Benson, was hauling straw, Saturday, his mule became frightened and ran away with him, throwing him against a tree and inflicting a serious wound on his head.

A snuff salesman named Webb was held up by two women in Wilkes county, Friday, who mistook him for a revenue officer. The women were the wives of moonshiners and had already leveled their rifles at the drummer's head.

An incendiary fire destroyed the barn and contents belonging to W. H. Conduit, in Columbus county, Sunday night. A short time ago, some one went to his house and cut his grape vine off at the root and threw the ax in the well.

The Wilkesboro passenger train, on Thursday evening, ran over the body of Frank Parks, colored, near Roaring River. His brother Clarence has been arrested on the charge of murdering him and placing his body on the railroad track.

The Fife meetings closed at Winston last week. It is claimed that there were more than 900 professions of religion. The evangelist and his assistants received $1,400 for their work and about 4,000 people went to the depot and wept over them at parting.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

HOME LIFE.

Thousands and tens of thousands of people the wide, wide world over are talking of the happy home-life which they are enjoying to-day. There are others far from home who delight to go back in memory to the scenes of other days, visit again childhood's home, and talk of the home life in the dear old home with father and mother and brothers and sisters. The word "home" touches the hearts of all classes and conditions of men.

Remembering these things, it seems to me that the founders of a mighty institution for good, exercised great wisdom in the selection of a name, when they decided that the company about to start on its mission of usefulness should be called the "HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY."

The "HOME LIFE" is now about 36 years old. It has paid many millions of dollars to policy holders, thereby carrying gladness and sunshine into the homes of many poverty-stricken widows and orphans; and in these homes of independence and plenty, the memory is blessed of the father who made such wise provision for his family by taking a policy in the HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, which enabled them to have a comfortable home.

Knowing of its clean record of more than a third of a century, there are to-day thousands of policy-holders who fondly speak of the company as the "HOME LIFE."

The HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY gives 30 days grace for payment of premiums.

The HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY does not take 60 or 90 days to pay death-claims, but pays all death claims immediately on receipt of proofs of the death of the person whose life was insured.

The HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is one of the strongest life insurance companies in the world.

If you contemplate taking life insurance, write to A. C. Davis, General Agent Home Life Insurance Company, Goldsboro, N. C., stating your age at nearest birth-day, and you will receive full information.

Reliable agents are wanted in unoccupied territory in North Carolina.

Feel Badly To-day?

We ask this repeatedly, because serious diseases often follow trifling ailments.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. Benefit comes from the very first dose.

IT CURES

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