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A FULL STOCK OF

Cheap Bedsteads, Lounges, Parlor and Chamber Suits.

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A large stock of Furniture is now being brought in the Rockingham market. Prompt attention given to orders.

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Steam Engines and Boilers.  
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Separators, Thrashers and Horse Powers.  
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Will practice in Mecklenburg, Robeson, Anson and Moore counties.

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Will practice in Mecklenburg and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to all business.

## HAMLET THRIVES

—AND—

## THE PEOPLE ARE HAPPY.

—AND—

## THE BARNES HOUSE,

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

The table will always be supplied with the best of the market.

—AND—

## J. W. PARKS

Sells Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes, etc. SO LOW that the natives are astonished. Before buying, call and see my stock of

RY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, CUFFLINKS, MEATS,  
FLOUR, MOLASSES, RACON, SHIP STUFF,  
And almost everything needed by the people. Be sure to call and see me before buying. It will be to your advantage.  
J. W. PARKS,  
ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

—AND—

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## NOT HIS NAME

Out in Xenia, Ohio, there is a bright lawyer. There is a score of them in fact, but this bright particular legal star is Henry Warrington. I call him Henry Warrington because that is not his name. His real name appears on the playbills as "Tom." Well, the Second Advent is come to Xenia one time and the preacher did a lot of street preaching. One day Lawyer Warrington stopped to listen to him just at the time when he was wanted in court, and a balliff came to the window to call him. The preacher was just shrieking: "And who will be damned? Who will be damned?" Roared out the stentorian tones of the balliff over the way: "Henry Warrington! Henry Warrington!" And Henry only said he would be, if he was. Only he didn't say it just that way.—*Traveller.*

—AND—

## The Oyster's Enemies.

At a meeting of oyster raisers on Long Island, Mr. John Mackey said: "I have made a special study of what oysters feed on. They feed on vegetable matter so minute that it can be seen only under a microscope. A star fish destroys the oyster in this way: It spreads itself over it and cuts off a part of the upper shell with an instrument it has in the centre of its body. Then it strikes a long kind of thing into the oyster and smokes it out. The winkle has a saw with which it cuts off the edge of the shell and so does the drill or borer. I've seen star fish chew up sea spiders, too. It picks 'em all to pieces, and things look like a wreck when it gets through."

—AND—

## A Neighborly Way.

A citizen having heard that his neighbor was scandalizing him called around at the office for an explanation.

"Haven't I always Spoken Well of you and yours?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Haven't I lent you my Snow Shovel, my Flat-irons and my Coffee Mills for these many years past?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what! What on Earth could have induced you to throw out hints that my Aunt was my Uncle?"

"Why, my Dear Sir, your Snow Shovel is broken, your Flat-irons too old to be of further use, and your Coffee Mill will no longer grind. How can I Longer Neighbor with such a man?"

Moral: When you can't live off a Neighbor make him sorry for it.—*De-troit Free Press.*

## ARAB LOVE SONG.

The love fire glitters in the sky,  
The earth is filled with dreamy light.  
Oh, come to me, for I am right.  
Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!  
Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!  
The earth is filled with dreamy light.  
The night wind scatters odors sweet.  
Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!  
Lo! I am waiting at thy feet!  
The night wind scatters odors sweet.  
It wakes the slumber-laden flowers.  
Lo! I am waiting at thy feet—  
Oh, leave thy jasmine-scented bowers!  
It wakes the slumber-laden flowers.  
The nightingale breaks forth in song.  
Oh, leave thy jasmine-scented bowers!  
My heart, why tarriest thou so long?  
The nightingale breaks forth in song.  
My heart, why tarriest thou so long?  
When they awake will thou still wait?  
The roses away above the gate.  
Thy sister blossoms, red and white.  
When they awake will thou still wait?  
Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!  
Singer: HANNAN FRASER.

## JOHN'S DAUGHTER.

"You will care for my child? You will not let my little one suffer?"  
My old friend and college chum, John Harmon said this as he wrung my hand hard. I repeated my promise that in my own homestead, where there was a nursery full of little ones, Susie Harmon should hold a daughter's place.  
We were standing upon the wharf waiting for the signal that it was time for my friend to step aboard our outgoing California steamer. He had lost his wife within the year, and soon after was beggared by a fire that totally destroyed the cotton mills in which he had held the position of superintendent for ten years. With his home desolate, his purse empty, he resolved, as many a man had done before him, to seek his fortune in the modern El Dorado, and dig for gold in her mines.  
The only drawback to this scheme was the difficulty of taking his three-year-old daughter, who had been in the care of hired nurses since her mother died. I, who shared every thought of John's mind, talked with my wife, and found her eagerly willing to take care of the little one.

"I am sure," I loved Mary as well as you loved John," she said, "and there is no one can have a stronger claim upon the child than we have."  
So, sure of her cordial welcome in our nursery, I made John the offer of a home for his little one, and it was accepted as lovingly as it was offered. This care removed, my friend's back to the westward.

But the more I pondered over the matter the more I was inclined to obey the summons. So pleading business, saying nothing of the letter to any one, I left home by the night train for Cincinnati.

No. 47 M—street I found to be a boarding house for the poorest classes, and in a shabby room, half furnished, I found an aged, worn man, perfectly blind, who rose to greet me, sobbing.  
"Fred, I knew you would come."  
"Why, old friend," I said, when surprise and emotion would let me speak, "how is this? We thought you were dead."  
"Does Susie think so?"  
"Yes, we all love you up."  
"Do not weep," I said, "I meant to come, but I was so glad to see you."  
Do not let her know that only a blind, sick wretch is left for her to call father. Tell me of her, Fred. Is she well? Is she happy?  
"She is both, John—a happy wife and mother."  
"Married! My little Susie?"  
"Married to Albert, my son, of whom you may judge when I tell you folks say he is his father no more for my child," said John.

Then, in answer to my anxious questions, he told me the story of the years of silence. He was preparing to pay his promised visit when a great fire broke out in San Francisco, that ruined his employer for the time, and swept away a row of buildings uninsured, in which John had invested all his savings. Worst of all, in trying to save the books of the firm, John was injured on the head by a falling beam, and lay for months in a hospital. When he so far recovered as to be discharged, his mind was still impaired, and he could not perform the duties of clerk or superintendent, while his health was too feeble for manual labor.

"I struggled for daily bread alone," he told me, "and when I received your loving letters, and dear Susie's, I would not write, hoping to send better tidings if I waited for a turn of fortune's wheel. It never came, Fred, I left California three years ago, and came here, where I was promised the place of foreman in a great pork-packing house. I saved a little money and was hoping for better times when my health failed again, and this time with it my eye-sight. I hoped against hope, spending my savings to have the best advice, and not until I was pronounced incurable would I write to you. I want you to take me to an asylum, Fred; and, as I must be a pauper patient, I must go to my own town. You will take me, Fred?"

"I will take you to an asylum, John," I promised.  
"And Susie? You will keep my son safe. You will not disturb Susie's happiness?"  
"I will not trouble Susie's happiness," I said.  
Yet an hour later I was writing to Susie, and I delayed our departure from Cincinnati till an answer came. It was the answer I expected from the tender, loving heart, but I said nothing of it to John.

handsome, brunette daughter, both became popular.  
Albert and Will, my boys, were older than the girls; Albert in business with me, and Will at college, the winter when Joanna and Susie made their debut.

It would take me quite too long to tell of the pleasures of the young folks during this winter, but Joanna was won from us by a Cuban gentleman, and Susie became, if possible, dearer than ever.  
Spring had come, when one evening Albert came into my library, where I was peering over a book, having worked busily all day. He fussed about the books in a nervous way, quite unlike his usual quiet manner and finally said:  
"Father, you have often said Susie is dear to you as one of your own children."  
I looked up amazed at this opening speech.

"Will you make her your daughter in fact by giving her to me for a wife?"  
Dear I dear! To think I had been so blind. Susie had in truth become so much one of our children that I was as much astonished as if Albert had fallen in love with Joanna.

But I soon found, when Susie's blushing face was hidden upon my breast, that she, too, had given away her heart, and I was only too well pleased that no stranger had won the precious girl.  
In September they were married, my son and the child of our adoption, and I gave them a home next our own for a home, having old-fashioned ideas about such matters, and believing it is better for young married people to live by themselves and assume housekeeping cares.

The new home was a gem of neatness under Susie's dainty fingers, and the spirit of perfect love kept it ever bright. Having been brother and sister for so many years, Albert and Susie thoroughly understood each other's dispositions and I have never known domestic happiness more perfect than theirs.

Susie's first child, named for her father, John Harmon, was two years old, when the mail brought me a letter in an unknown hand from Cincinnati. I opened it, and upon a large sheet of paper found written, in a scrawling, uneven hand, three lines:  
"Dear Sir: Will you come to me at 47 M—street without letting Susie know."  
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At first I believed it to be a hoax. John had written a bold, clerk-like hand, clear as print. This was a scrawl, struggling with the pen, as if the writer were a child.

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long cramped in the ear-seats, I proposed to walk home.  
"It is not too far off?" John asked.  
"I thought the asylum was a long way from here."  
"Oh, the whole place is changed from the little village you left!" I answered; "We have a great town here now, and your asylum is not very far from here."  
He let me lead him then, willingly enough, and we were not long in reaching Susie's home. She was alone in the cheerful sitting-room as we entered, but obeyed my motion for silence, as I placed John in a great arm-chair, after removing his hat and coat. He looked wretchedly old and worn, and his clothes were shabby, yet Susie's soft eyes, misty with tears, had only in their expression, as she waited permission to speak.

"John," I said to him, "if I had found you in a pleasant home, happy and prosperous, and I had known that Susie was a kindly and blind, would it have been a poorer lot for me to hide her misfortune from you, and passing by your home, to have placed her in the care of charitable strangers?"  
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## DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

How Miners Can Die Loved.

Calmly Writing Messages to Loved Ones While Dead Creeps Upon Them.

Sixteen years ago there was a terrible colliery explosion in Saxony, by which a large number of miners lost their lives. Of that disaster an old miner in Scranton has preserved a most remarkable record in a series of manuscript copies, translated into English, of messages written to their friends by such of the doomed Saxons as were not killed outright by the explosion, but were preserved for the no less sure and more terrible death by suffocation, as the poisonous gases slowly destroyed the pure air that remained in the mine. These messages were found in note-books and on scraps of paper on the dead bodies of the poor men when they were at last recovered. The manuscript copies of these touching notes were made in Cornwall by a relative of the old miner, and were sent to his shortly after the disaster. They are interesting contents of their pathos, as answering the frequently asked question, How do men feel when about to die—not after being wasted and weakened by disease, or when the blood is heated by the strife of battle, but when they see inevitable death slowly but certainly approaching them, and know that in exactly so many minutes it will seize upon them? Do they rage and struggle against their fate, or do they meet it with calmness and resignation? These messages show that the poor miners awaited the coming of death with singular calmness and resignation. Not one word in the whole record reveals a feeling of bitterness against the fate they could not avert.

There is a curious pathos in some of the lines scrawled by these death-besieged men in the gloom of their narrow prison. A young man, Janetz by name, had pinned to his coat a leaf from a note-book. On it were written his last words to his sweetheart: "Darling Rita—My last thought was of thee. Thy name will be the last word my lips shall speak. Farewell."

The miner Reiche, when his body was found, clutched in his hand a scrap of paper. "Dear sister," it read, "Meyer, in the village, owes me ten thalers. It is yours. I hope my face will not be distorted when they find us. I might have been better to you. Good-by." Reiche, according to the old Scranton miner, who seems to have the histories of all the unfortunate Saxons miners at his tongue's end, was a severe man, and though his last words were so touching, he was not a saint.

"Where is she, Fred? You would not talk so if you did not know my child still loves her father," Susie said; and I stole softly away, as John clasped his child in his arms. Albert was in the dining-room with Johnnie, and I was chatting still with him, when I heard John calling:

"Fred! I Fred!"  
I hurried to the room to find him struggling to rise, Susie vainly trying to calm him.  
"I want my child!" he cried, deliriously, "you promised me my child!"  
I saw at a glance that the agitation of the evening had brought back the wandering mind, of which he had told me. Albert and I released Susie, who left us quickly.

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## THE GUY FAWKES PLOT.

The Infamous Conspiracy to Blow Up the House of Lords Recalled.

The explosion in the English House of Parliament recall the infamous "gunpowder plot," of 1605, for which Guy Fawkes was executed in London, January 30, 1606. The event has already been a memorable one in the history of England, and November 5, the day of the disclosure, was set apart as a day of thanksgiving, and is religiously observed in England. The historical features of the affair may be told briefly. Guy Fawkes was an adventurer, who, at the time the plot of blowing up the House of Parliament, and thus destroying the King, Lords and Commons, was conceived, was serving in the Spanish army in the Netherlands.

Upon the accession of James I., the severe penal laws of Elizabeth against Romanists were again put into execution, contrary to the expectations of the followers of that faith. The plot was conceived by Robert Catesby, a Roman Catholic of an ancient family, who vowed vengeance against the English rulers for the severity of the penal laws. Guy Fawkes was the fourth person admitted into the conspiracy. He with the others took the oath of secrecy, and the sacrament was administered by a Jesuit priest. Among the other conspirators was Thomas Winter, who selected Fawkes to visit Spain and solicit the intervention of the King in behalf of the English Catholics. Fawkes returned to England in 1604, having been unsuccessful in his mission. Shortly afterwards Thomas Percy, another one of the conspirators, rented a house adjoining the one in which Parliament was to assemble, and Fawkes, who was unknown in London, took possession of it under the assumed name of Johnson.

Parliament adjourned until Feb. 7, 1605, and on Dec. 11 following, the conspirators held a secret meeting in the house. The work of excavating a mine was begun and seven men were engaged in this labor until Christmas Eve. They never appeared in the upper part of the house, where Fawkes kept a constant watch. When Parliament resembled the work was abandoned, but finally completed between February and May following. About this time Fawkes hired a vault beneath the House of Lords, which had been vacated by a dealer in coal. At night thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were carried into the vault and covered with faggots.

The conspirators then adjourned to hold a consultation. A number of wealthy men were taken into the plot, among whom were Sir Everard Digby, and others. They were to meet again on November 5, and Fawkes was appointed to fire the mine with a slow match. Some of the new men who had been admitted into the conspiracy, desired to save their Catholic friends in the two houses. Lord Montague, a Roman Catholic peer, received an anonymous note cautioning him against attending the meeting of Parliament. The matter was laid before King James, and at midnight, November 4, a search was made of the neighboring houses and cellars, which resulted in the capture of Guy Fawkes as he was coming from the cellar. Matches and torchwood were found in his pockets. Although put to torture, he refused to disclose the names of his conspirators. A meeting of the conspirators was convened, and in the excitement that followed they were all either killed or captured. Guy Fawkes and eight others were tried, after which they were drawn, hanged and quartered.

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## WINTER AMONG THE WOODSMEN.

Hard Work by Day and Jolly Times at Night in the Forests of Maine.

Despite the unpropitious year just past in the lumber business, the woodsmen have gone on awarmer from Bangor, as usual, this winter, to cut spruce and pine on the Penobscot. One inducement to the lumbermen to operate is the low cost of provisions, it being possible to board a crew of men 20 to 25 per cent. cheaper than a year ago. Labor also is low, as the Prince Edward Island boys have poured into Bangor by the hundred this season looking for employment, and they have put wages down and kept them there. Think of a stout young man swinging an ax all winter for \$10 to \$15 a month and his board. These are the wages accepted by many of the Prince Edward Island luggers. There was a time in the days of big prices, near by, when a woodman was looked upon as a man who had learned a trade.

Many people have queer ideas of how loggers live in the woods. They build a camp immediately, if there is not one already near the scene of their work, and are seldom more than a day absent. The camp is simply a log house, with low sides and steep-pitched roof. The chimneys of the walls are filled with mud, moss, and leaves, and a high banking of earth or snow reaches almost to the eaves outside. The entrance is in one end, and the only window is in the opposite end. The cook and his assistants have a sort of pantry partitioned off at the window end, and there are wood and provision storerooms on either side of the entrance. The remainder of the building forms one room. On one side is a long couch made of boughs, hay or straw, covered with heavy quilts and blankets, of which the men sleep in a row. On the opposite side is a long table, made of small logs, hewn smooth on top, on which the food is served. In front of it is a big log hewn out for a settee, and called the deacon seat. The men, when done eating, have only to turn around in their seat to toast their shins at a big fire of logs, which glows like a small volcano in the midst of all, and sends its smoke and sparks through a hole in the roof, six feet square, the draft being aided by a roof-vent.

The fare is plain and monotonous, but wholesome and substantial. Pork and beans, bread and molasses, and pork fat, the latter used for butter, make up a breakfast at sunrise. Then the crew go to work, and, if near by the camp, they come back at 12 o'clock for dinner, which is beans and pork, with pork scraps and doughnuts. The men cook their supper, and then come back to eat a supper, and then come back to eat a supper, and then come