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Couldn't Get Over It.

From the Detroit Free Press.

In the suburbs of Calera, Ala., I found a white man sitting by the road-side. He was dusty, ragged, long-haired and down-hearted, and the dog he had with him looked even worse.

"Are you farming around here?"

"I asked as I sat down near him."

"No, sir; my farming days are over," he replied.

"I didn't know but you had some crops in."

"No, sir. Haven't raised a crop of anything but rags since 1860."

"You work at something else?"

"No, sir."

"You live about here?"

"Well, I sort of exist, I suppose."

"Good country, isn't it?"

"Poorest on earth."

"Good people?"

"Worst lot I ever saw."

"Isn't there a good show to get along?"

"No show at all."

"You're the most discouraged man I've met in the State. What seems to be your trouble, anyhow? What is the bad luck which has followed you?"

"Look here, stranger," he answered as he squared himself around, "when the war opened I owned half a nigger. That durned Lincoln government came down and run him off, and the Jeff Davis government stood me up for three years to be shot at. When the war closed my half of that nigger was in Ohio, I had two Yankee bullets in my body, and I couldn't bustem myself to the new order of things; I can't yet. I'm trying to, but it's no use, and me'n the old dog has set out for Mexico to die. Good-bye, stranger. My half of that nigger was worth \$400, and I can't get over it—never can, and shan't try to."

A Generous Soul.

From the Uniontown Genius of Liberty.

A few years ago an old-fashioned 'squire in a neighboring village was called upon to go to an old farmer's house to perform a marriage ceremony for a very old-fashioned couple, well advanced in years, especially the bridegroom. After traveling over hills and dales in the night time the house was reached and the ceremony performed. The polite old bridegroom asked the 'squire his charge, and, after a brief pause, was answered, "Well, I believe the law allows me \$2.50." The hand of the now happy bridegroom was quickly put in his pocket and a half dollar brought forth, with the remark:—"Here is a half dollar more; with what the law allows you this will make you three."

We Tell You Plainly

that Simmons Liver Regulator will rid you of Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, and Biliousness. It will break up chills and fever and prevent their return, and is a complete antidote for all malarial poison—yet entirely free from quinine or calomel. Try it, and you will be astonished at the good results of the genuine Simmons Liver Regulator, prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

The congregation of Zion M. E. Church South, on last Sunday, raised over \$200 for the purpose of repairing and painting their house of worship, and to fence in the graveyard. This church is thought to be the oldest church in the county.—Troy Vidette.

Posterior vs. Ancestry.

It is no longer questioned, it is admitted, that the blood of man is improving. The children of to-day are better formed, have better muscle and richer minds than our ancestors. The cause of this fact is due more to the general use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic than any other source.

Gen. Averill at a Confederate Memorial Day at Staunton, Va.

But they need not regret their lack of understanding, for very few of our leading men in government, literature, legislation or politics, at that time, or even this day, have reached down to the broad and fruitful promises which should underlie any philosophical and candid consideration of the origin and results of the war. Not remembering that the organized aggregate of humanity, called society, the parent of government, derives its character from the character of the labor that supports it—that the people of the North and the South were sustained by entirely different forms of labor—that the different social conditions which resulted were originally united by the ties of helplessness and mutual dependencies in resisting the oppressive exactions of the mother country and achieved the independence of the Republic and afterwards tried to perfect and perpetuate the Union of States by adopting the Constitution that great men of both social conditions strove earnestly and long to maintain the Union in spite of the natural and irresistible diversities which sprang from social, political and commercial antagonisms between these different social conditions, the accumulating aggravations of which no government devised by man could repress, until it fell to the lot of the eighth generation of Americans, no longer able to control or harmonize them, to resort to the arbitrament of arms. They followed a heroic period which gave birth to great names, glorious achievements and heroic deeds. One of these antagonistic social forms had to be crushed. The strength of anything is measured by the force required to break it. \* \* \* The nation can remember with honorable pride that Southern men were great in war; it remembers that when their cause was hopelessly lost they were greater in accepting with the dignity of brave men the conditions and consequences of defeat; but posterity will never forget that they showed themselves greatest in meeting promptly and manfully the exigencies of free labor. \* \* \* The memories of the four years' war which cluster about the graves of the "Blue" and the "Gray" are identical and equally dear to the surviving comrades of each. There is one grand memory which we may every one enjoy, the fortune and devotion of American soldiers, north and south, and their manhood in battle will not fail to awaken the admiration of mankind so long as any people are called Americans. The grand efficient result of the war was to fortify our nation with a public opinion which has since envied the world. Where is the nation that does not recognize its power, or that can afford to disregard it? \* \* \* Another wonderful thing is that the very soldiers of both armies who did the fighting enjoy the readiest mutual confidence and brotherly esteem, and mayhap in spite of indifference and ignorant politicians, they and their children will become the strongest social cement of our permanent union.

We dashed together like waves on rocks, We fought 'til the ground was red; We met in the shuddering battle shocks, Where none but the freed soul fled.

Now side by side in the Nation's life, And shoulder to shoulder are we; And we know by the grip of our hands in strife, What the strength of our love may be.

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I planted rare sweet roses In April's soft bright air, And said, when June disclosed Their bud and blossom fair, I'd rest my eyes on fragrant And beautiful borders gay; Alas! a wandering vagrant Supplanted me in a day!

I heaped in iron coffers, Gold under lock and key, And tho't the ease it offers, And comforts, are for me, But while I saved a weary, To add to hoarded wealth, I woke one morning dreary, To find it flown by stealth.

My soul grew sad with burden; I took for life, a friend, And said this golden garden, This love, can never end, A form crept in; I know not If it was fate, or sin, But naught is left, I trow in, But dead leaves drifting in.

A PREACHER'S SIN.

From the Arkansas Traveler.

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As stated, the house is an old one; it was an old one at the time of which I write, when I used to sit in its straight-back "pews" and listen to the "drippings from the sanctuary." The grove surrounding the hallowed old edifice is a beautiful one, and the clean gravel walks and grassy plots made it picturesque and lovely.

In 18—, the Rev. Mr. Norfleet was the pastor in charge of the circuit to which this church belonged, and he preached at Bethel the first and third Sundays in each month. Mr. Norfleet was comparatively a young man—not more than 30, was of medium size, straight black hair, and black eyes which fairly sparkled when in the height of a discourse. Rather handsome, pleasing in address and insinuating in manners, he had the confidence and esteem of his entire congregation of credulous, simple country folk. He was much given to moral sentiment and virtuous precepts, and lost no occasion to lecture his flock, both publicly and privately, until they came to look upon him as a second Paul. But a close observer of human nature would have seen beneath all this outward sanctity a subtle cunning foreign to one who is consecrated.

Among the members of his congregation was a Mr. Silas Markham, a thrifty, well-to-do farmer, whose home the preacher always made his stopping-place when at his appointments. Mr. Markham had a pretty daughter, who was the promised wife of Joe Niven, a young man who owned a neighboring farm. Martha Markham and Joe Niven had been engaged for more than a year, and Joe had often entreated her to "set the day," but she would as often put him off with the reply:

"No, Joe, there's plenty of time yet. Let's wait a little while longer," and, giving him a hearty kiss, she would invariably send him on his way in happy anticipation of an early consummation of his wishes.

Thus it went on for several months, and at last Joe began to notice a little diffidence on the part of his affianced; she was no longer free and easy in his presence, and any hint about marriage was cut short.

He noticed, also, that any reference to the minister brought blushes to her cheeks and silence to her tongue, while formerly she dilated on every gesture and every phrase of his sermons, over and over again, in the most rapturous and innocent manner. Finally, she refused to go to church with him and went with the minister instead. This set the gossips a-going and stung Joe to the heart, and he lost no time in calling upon her for an explanation.

"Martha," he said, "it is now two years since you promised to become my wife. How much longer must I wait?"

"I don't know," she replied, in an evasive way, "wait—wait, till I get ready."

"But, Martha, pleaded Joe, "I've waited two years already. Is that not long enough? Or do you ever intend to marry me?"

"I—don't—know," falteringly replied the girl; "I guess so."

"You guess so!" he said, his temper somewhat rising. "Perhaps the minister, as the neighbors say, has supplanted me."

"How dare you or the neighbors either to accuse me of such a thing?" she replied, with some asperity. "I suppose I have a right, if I see fit, to ride to preaching with the minister. He is good, and better, morally, than you or any of the neighbors."

"Perhaps he is Martha, but it seems to me that you are more intimate with him than is good or necessary. Oh, Martha, as I love you, do not put yourself in the way of temptation. Preachers are but men."

"How dare you, sir, to talk to me so!" she interrupted, hot with anger. "If that is the best opinion you have of me, leave me this instant, and never let me see you again."

"Don't be hasty, my dear girl," pleaded Joe; "I simply desired to warn you against the 'appearance of evil,' as the neighbors would view it. Mr. Norfleet is a married man, and I insist that it is not proper that you should show such partiality for him."

"I don't thank you for your advice, sir. He is the pastor of our church and a man above reproach or the 'appearance of evil,' as you aptly put it. If you object to my going with him, you can go with some one else. I shall go with him when I choose."

"Very well, Martha, he replied, "but you must cease to go with him or me."

"Go," she said, sternly, "I shall do as I please."

With a sigh, Joe Niven turned and left her standing on the porch. He wended his way homeward with a heavy heart, for he loved Martha with the full strength of his nature. The only consolation that came to him was that conference was near at hand, and perhaps Mr. Norfleet would be transferred to some other charge and Martha's love would return to him, if indeed it had been alienated, which he could hardly believe to be true. She was infuriated, he argued—nothing more. "If only—but ah, he dared not think of the possibilities."

Joe became almost a recluse. He ceased to go to preaching, or anywhere else. Conference met, and Mr. Norfleet was returned to his circuit. Joe's hopes sank, and he gave himself up to despair. He went absolutely nowhere, and had but few callers, from whom he learned that Martha went regularly to preaching with the minister, and seldom with anyone else.

It is a beautiful morning in September. The golden sunbeams are just gilding the tree-tops and mingling their mellow rays with the emerald of the pines, whose turreted peaks seem to reach up, to grasp the flashing rays. The lianet pipes its soft notes, and the chattering sparrows chirp in "mirthful glee." But Joe Niven heeds them not, as he paces back and forth under the old grape arbor in the garden. He is thinking—moodily thinking—of a day just twelve short months ago, the day upon which the cup of his promised happiness was dashed from his lips and shattered. Look at him now, as he slowly paces—old beyond his years, almost a physical wreck. Disappointment and dissipation are too plainly written in every lineament of face and form.

A horseman comes up to the gate and calls. Slowly he goes out to meet him, and is handed a note. A glance at the hand-writing, and he is all nervousness. Has she called him back? He can hardly break the seal, but finally his nervous fingers unfold the single sheet, blotted and blurred with tears—scalding tears. He reads:

"MY DARLING JOE:—Oh, my God, why did I spurn your words of warning and send you from me? I have wrecked a noble life and brought shame and disgrace to myself and family. Oh, Joe, I loved you always more than I can tell, but that serpent charmed me and compassed my ruin. I cannot live through it, and when this reaches you I shall be dead—dead, Joe, and may the God of peace deal leniently with me, for I die by my own hand rather than face the world in disgrace. Forgive me, dear Joe, and remember that my love has always been yours."

"MARTHA MARKHAM."

"That infernal scoundrel shall die!" said Joe aloud, when he had read the note the second time, "and by my hand."

But it was not so ordained. Joe set about the task of finding the hypocritical preacher, but before he accomplished that purpose his mind, weakened by dissipation and brooding over his trouble, gave way, and he became a raving maniac and was confined in an asylum, where he shortly died.

The minister, expelled in disgrace from the ministry, took to drink, and at last died in the throes of delirium tremens, despised by his neighbors and forsaken of God.

Intellectual North Carolina—Now and Recent.

From the Goldsboro Messenger.

"At no period in her history has North Carolina borne better fruit than she has been doing in these latter years of recuperation and transition. To-day we speak of scholarship and literary talent only. And we include in the scope of our bird's-eye survey the sons of the State who have for temporary or permanent objects gone forth from her borders. They are all her sons—children of the all-nourishing, majestic mother.

A few only of the workers can here be named, for—strange as it may seem to the doubter—their number is legion.

In the field of letters some are dead who have achieved merited success. The poet and novelist Edwin W. Fuller is the first whom we shall name. The flower of all his work was his metaphysical poem, "The Angel in the Cloud." It struck a true, perhaps a minor chord. His mind was broad and his nature generous; his gifts were genuine gifts from the gods who dwell on Olympus, and of the uses who descend from Parnassus into the hearts of the divine sons and daughters of genius. It is not without a tear, such as the English of his time shed for Keats, the Immortal, that we recall the splendid budding talent of this child of song and Carolina. Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, too, is dead. Much that she wrote was addressed to the last generation. It seems but yesterday, however, that we read her stirring war poetry and her poems of passion and sentiment. She also was a true poet. And latterly did some good critical work in the periodicals.

Theo. H. Hill and John Henry Boner, the one in North Carolina, the other in New York; abide with us, we trust, to do more and more delicate, subtle and finely wrought lyrical work. Here is the finest field for the modern poet. The days of the epic—of Dante and Milton—are perhaps gone forever. The age is brisk in movement and heroic chiefly

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

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A NORTHERN SOLDIER'S ORATION.

Gen. Averill at a Confederate Memorial Day at Staunton, Va.

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From the Arkansas Traveler.

In one of the middle counties of North Carolina there stands to-day the decaying remains of an old church, built in true primitive style, of hewn logs and weather-boarded with "clap-boards." Passing the the spot a few days since, and resting under the cooling shade of the spreading oaks, which, erstwhile, was a well-kept grove, called to mind a long forgotten story connected with the old church, which is well worth a recital, because it carries with it a wholesome moral. It is not the "correct thing," I admit, to write stories with "morals" in this progressive age, but I will relieve all apprehension by stating in the outset that I do not propose to moralize; the story carries with it the moral, to those who choose to apply it.

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