

# The Oxford Free Lance.

JOHN T. BRITT, Proprietor.

"Hew to the line, let the Chips fall where they May."

\$1 25 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 2.

OXFORD, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1878.

NO. 11.

## THE OXFORD FREE LANCE,

FREE AND INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,  
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R. J. MITCHELL & SONS,  
OXFORD, N. C.  
BY  
JOHN T. BRITT.

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The Free Lance is the Leading  
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and circulating largely in all  
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dressed to the Publishers.

## DIRECTORY.

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Oxford Post Office; L. C. Taylor, P. M.  
Henderson mail leaves Oxford daily at 8 a. m. and arrives at Oxford at 7 p. m.  
Mails for Sasfras Fork, Youngs N. Roads, Brownsville, Buchanan's Oak Hill, leave Oxford Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 a. m. arrive at Oxford same days at 6 p. m.  
Mails for Tally Ho, Knap of Reeds and Dutchville leave Oxford Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 a. m. arrive at Oxford same day at 9 p. m.  
For Berea leave Oxford Saturdays at 6 a. m. and arrive at Oxford same day at 4 p. m.

### Churches.

Episcopal: Rev. M. H. Vaughan, Rector. Services every 2nd and 4th Sabbaths at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m.  
Evening Service and Lecture every Friday at 4 p. m.  
Presbyterian: Rev. D. E. Jordan, Pastor. Services every 1st and 3rd Sabbath morning and night.  
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.  
Baptist: Rev. F. R. Underwood, Pastor. Services every 1st Sabbath morning and night; 2nd Sabbath night and 3rd Sabbath morning.  
Prayer meeting every Thursday night.  
Methodist: Rev. J. T. Gibbs, Pastor. Services 2nd Sabbath morning at 11 a. m. and 3rd and 4th Sabbath night in every month.  
Prayer meeting Tuesday night.

### Lodges.

Oxford Lodge, No. 103 I. O. O. F., Wm. Biggs, N. G., meets every Wednesday night at 7 o'clock.  
Tuscarora Lodge, No. 122 F and A M. J. L. Hubbard Master, meets 1st Monday night in every month in their hall.  
Oxford Lodge No. 12 I. O. G. T., Wm. Biggs, W. C. T., meets every Friday night in Masonic Hall.

### Hotels.

Oxford Hotel Main Street, R. E. Elliott, Proprietor.  
Osborn House, Williamsboro Street, D. S. Osborn, Proprietor.

## Cooper & Williams

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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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OXFORD, N. C.  
Office after the first day of January, over the new store of T. D. Crawford & Co.

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Attorney at Law,  
OXFORD, N. C.  
Attention paid to collection of claims not 3

T. R. VENABLE,  
Attorney at Law,  
OXFORD, N. C.  
Practices in Supreme, Federal and State Courts  
Collections of Claims a Specialty.  
Nol 117

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M. BRIGGS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Raleigh, N. C.  
Practices in the Courts of Wake and Orange and the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Special attention given to collection of claims and to the adjustment and settlement of accounts, particularly to the accounts of Guardians and Ward, Executors, Administrators and Trustees, and all business in the Probate Court generally. Office corner Fayetteville and Martin streets, opposite Citizens National Bank, upstairs. Jan 17th

DR. GEO. W. LANDIS,  
Offers his professional services to the people of Oxford and surrounding country. Can be found always at one of the Drug Stores, or at his father's residence. No 14th

R. T. COUCH,  
Surgeon Dentist,  
OXFORD, N. C.  
May be found at his residence where he will take pleasure in meeting his friends and attending to their wants in the different branches of his profession. Residence opposite Baptist Church. nol 17

DR. J. BUXTON WILLIAMS,  
OXFORD, N. C.,  
Respectfully informs the people of Granville County that he has located in the town of Oxford for the practice of his profession. When not professionally engaged I can be found at the Drug Store of R. J. MITCHELL & SONS, or at my residence, lately occupied by Capt. John A. Williams, on College street.

OXFORD HOTEL,  
R. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.  
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JOHN L. MARKHAM,  
DURHAM, N. C.,  
Respectfully asks his friends and the public generally to come to Durham and look at his large stock of  
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Nissen, also Spack  
WAGONS.  
Guarantees the best goods at the very lowest prices. Jan 25 1y

## A HERO!

BY L. A.

"John Dutton! What a common place name. I am sure he can't be a bit good looking," and Marion Harion Hampton looked up inquiringly at her uncle as she spoke.

"Well, bless my soul, of what a romantic turn of mind you are to be sure!" cried old uncle James, with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "I think John is a good strong name; in fact one of the best names that can be found; and as for John Dutton's looks, well he is a quiet unpretending young man."

"Oh, I know I shall not like him. You have already as good as told me that he is but one remove from a saint. I do detest your quiet, saintly men; there! Uncle James, said quietly. "If you do not like John Dutton there will be no harm done. I know his name is not so fanciful as Spence Arnott's, neither has he had so large a share of romantic majesty in his composition as that young gentleman; but what's the use of talking? You have a woman's idea, Marion. A man to make any headway with your sex must have a springing of satan running pretty thickly through his composition."

"Uncle, I think it is a shame for you to speak disparagingly of Spence Arnott," cried Marion with an indignant toss of her head.

"Don't dare up so, child; I didn't mean to speak ill of Spence. He is a careless, fun-loving young man; that's all that can be said against him; but my dear, I will say that he isn't to be compared to John Dutton, as you may learn some day."

"I shall never think any man better than Spence Arnott. Everybody has their likes and dislikes, uncle. I like Spence."

"And you have made up your mind to dislike John Dutton?" interrupted uncle James.

Marion made no reply. Spoiled child that she was, she was accustomed to acknowledge that her uncle had hit the truth. She had determined to dislike John Dutton.

"Who was that talking to you at the gate, Marion? Looked like a preacher."

"Hush, Spence, he may hear you. That is John Dutton."

"O, the young gentleman, I've heard you speak so often about. He interests me more than I thought he would, but I— I detest him for all that Marion was going to say; but Spence interrupted her with: "I should say he did interest you! You seem to be on very friendly terms for such a short acquaintance," said Spence, a slight frown showing itself on his fair face.

Marion's heart bounded with delight. Here was a chance to torment Spence as he had tormented her all the week, and she said:

"Not on any more friendly terms than you've been with Clara Mawbray, for the past week or two."

Spence looked down at the pretty, piquant face. He often confessed that he did not like to tease Marion! As uncle James said, he was careless, fun-loving; he said and did a great many things he was sorry for; but in regard to this last accusation of Marion's, he was innocent. If he had shown any unusual attention to Clara Mawbray, it was unintentional on his part. Whether it was that he was innocent of Marion's charge, or that her appearance of undue friendliness to this favorite of uncle James' annoyed Spence, we cannot say. But he was annoyed more than he would care to confess, for under his careless exterior lay a vast depth of love for Marion.

"You have no grounds for making that assertion, Marion," said Spence with more indignation in his voice than he had ever used to Marion.

Marion tossed her head, thought she had good ground for her assertions, and stood upon them so firmly, that Spence left her in a fit of pique.

Marion watched his tall, manly form disappear down the road. What a kingly fellow Spence was! Never before did she take notice of the width of his shoulders, or the manner in which he held his head, so thickly covered with tawny, curling locks. How foolish she was to quarrel with Spence; and Marion's heart rose in her throat, and her eyes filled with tears. Was ever a hero of a novel handsomer than he—and to quarrel with him for that plain, matter-of-fact John Dutton.

Perhaps it was John Dutton's tall, lank, misshapen form appearing upon the lawn, that revealed Spence's fine proportions so vividly to Marion. Surely one could never make a hero out of him! And to think that she had quarreled with

Spence on his account. She would never speak to that horrid man again; and it was not enough for Marion to think this, but she sought uncle James, and told it to him with a stamp of her foot and a toss of her head, and uncle James said:

"My dear you are altogether too romantic,—which was the truth for the old gentleman.

Marion tried her best to dislike John Dutton, but she was interested in him in spite of herself. There was something in the man's nature that she could not fathom; perhaps it was this that interested her so much. He looked at her so gravely; indeed, he even went so far as to shake his head at her wilful conduct, and with that shake of his head, John Dutton put his foot in it. Marion had her own way all her life, and would let John Dutton see she would not be dictated to by him. He was throwing a spell over her that was every day becoming harder to resist. Indeed, she was miserable ever since she came to her home—miserable for Spence Arnott, whom she loved! did not like John Dutton, and she was growing colder towards him every day.

"I will have him regard me as the chief of sinners. I will not allow him to come between me and Spence!" cried Marion. "I will be as wicked as I possibly can before him;" and unthinkingly, Marion threw her little pet dog, which she had been fondling, from her lap as she rose from the seat on the porch.

The dog struck the stone floor in a manner that made him howl piteously for a minute, and that moment John Dutton appeared and shook his head gravely at Marion. He spoke not a word, Marion understood him, and said:

"It's only a dog, and any way it's mine, and I shall do what I please with him."

"Only a dog, Miss Marion!"

"He that prayeth well who loveth well, And things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He hath made and loves us all."

Marion's eyes filled with tears. Something in the depth of his brown eyes, something in his gentle voice touched her heart with remorse. He cast an influence over her that she could not easily resist. Just at that moment she felt like telling him that she did not mean to do that cowardly act, but just as she was about to speak Spence Arnott, who been in the house unknown to her, stepped out upon the porch. The tears were still in Marion's eyes, and as a matter of course, she looked confused.

"Ah, I beg pardon for intruding," said Spence, about to step back.

"You are not intruding, Mr. Arnott; I believe you have a right here!" said John Dutton, quietly, and turning away he entered the house.

"Marion, what does this mean?" cried Spence, an angry flush spreading to the roots of his hair, as he perceived Marion's agitation.

"O Spence!" cried the impetuous girl unable to control the tears which were fast rolling down her cheeks; "don't be angry, he is so good!"

"So good! I hate him, there!" and Spence Arnott strode angrily away.

Marion stood looking after Spence. She was the picture of grief and despair, and John Dutton's heart was filled with sorrow as he watched her from the window. He came to this house to meet his fate—a fate of which he now little dreamed. He had learned to love the handsome, wilful girl standing out there on the porch, but that look on her face now, as she gazed after Spence Arnott, told him beyond doubt, where her heart was. He had nothing to hope for.

That night John Dutton was awakened from his sleep by some great confusion in the house. Through his window he saw that the sky was in a blaze. There was a big fire somewhere in the neighborhood, and in an instant he was up and dressed. He went down stairs, and the first one he met was Marion, in bonnet and cloak, crying and wringing her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Dutton, will you take me there? The Arnott mansion is in flames—caught fire while the inmates were sleeping. I must find out whether every one has escaped."

John Dutton drew the little hand within his arm, and hurried out into the night air. His heart beat painfully with the little hand upon his arm, but he spoke not a word until they reached the burning building.

"Have all the inmates escaped from the building?" he asked a bystander.

"No; they are offering a large reward to any one who will venture in and save young Spence Arnott, but it is as much as a man's life is worth."

"Spence in the building yet?" shrieked Marion. "Oh, God, mercy! We parted in anger to day. Oh, Mr. Dutton, I shall die, if I cannot speak to Spence once more!"

At a moment John Dutton looked down on the white, appealing face. He caught her hands with a vice-like grip.

"Marion, I will save him, or perish in the attempt! The reward I ask is that you will think of me sometimes."

He tore himself away from Marion, and entered the building, enveloped in flames.

I heard you tell Marion to-day how you hated me, but I forgive you. You had come to save you, because she loves you. Be kind to her always."

Spence Arnott was saved, but the voice that whispered the above in his ear was lost forever amid the burning flames.

"Marion, he lost his life saving mine for your sake. My darling, let me ever cherish the name of John Dutton," said Spence Arnott reverently, as he gathered Marion to his heart.

Plain John Dutton! Marion thought that name immortalized, and why not? "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

## THE TIME SHALL BE.

BY MILLIE C. POMEROY.

I wish some magic pencil,  
To fly out the earth or sky,  
Would paint me in my coffin  
At I shall lie,  
And found about me things  
Spring roses blossoming,  
A clear or cloudy sky,  
And fresh green grass,  
Or snowflakes white,  
A day or night—  
As I shall come to pass,  
My day and hour shall be  
When death shall come for me.

The picture is it fair,  
With curls of sunny hair,  
By both dimpled hands;  
Or is it grey and old,  
Wrinkled and faded out,  
No trace of youth or joy  
Lingerer about?  
I would not, if I could,  
Live one year o'er,  
With all its pleasures, and its pain,  
Yet I ask more!

No picture comes to view:  
I cannot say  
What circumstance is true  
Of hour or day;  
And only this I know—  
The time shall be  
When death shall come and bring  
My shroud to me.

A Yankee editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

DOX QUIT ALL DAT NOW.

Mr. Stephens has many stories to tell of negroes, and one is of a famous potton and chicken depredateur, who, since the war, met the ex-vice-president in the road. "Well, Thomas," was the kindly salutation, "I was sorry to hear that you had been in trouble about Mrs. Tripp's chickens."

"Yes, Masr Alec, but I done quit all dat now," said the negro, very penitently.

"How many did you take before you stopped?" asked Mr. Stephens.

"I took all sne had," was the perfectly innocent reply.

DON'T SEE HIM HUNG.

The disappointment of the colored folks in Goldsboro several days ago, because Stephen Darden's (the colored boy) sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, was deep, intense and outspoken.

Angered negroes walked twenty miles, from the lower edge of Greene county, to see him hung.

"Well, Antie," said a bystander, "your asks are all dough, the hanging won't come off."

"Does yer tell me, honey, isn't gwine to hang nobody? An' I walke all dis distance in vain? It's too big!"

"Yes, Antie, the Governor has respited him—or rather commuted him."

"Yes, he jus' done it spite an old nigger. Dey is allus mutin' and spittin' us. We poor niggers ain't got no rights, an' a culud pussion an't respect no how. Well, I'm gwine home to die 'thout seein' nobody hung."—Tarboro Southerner.

"Wiy, Sammy!" said a father to his little son the other day, "I didn't know that your teacher whipped you last Friday."

"I gress," he replied, "if you had been in my trousers you'd a known it."

## Rail and Schedules.

### CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

Raleigh & Gaston R. R.  
RALEIGH & GASTON RAILROAD,  
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,  
Raleigh, N. C., November 11, 1877.  
On and after Sunday, November 11, 1877, trains on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:  
MAIL TRAINS MOVING NORTH.  
Leave Raleigh at 10:30 a. m.  
Arrive at Weldon at 3:00 p. m.  
MAIL TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.  
Leave Weldon at 12:40 a. m.  
Arrive at Raleigh at 5:30 a. m.  
JOHN W. WINDEN, Superintendent.

OFFICE SUPERINTENDENT TRANSPORTATION,  
S. & R. R. Co.,  
Porter's Building, Va., November 17, 1877.

### CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

On and after Monday, 19th instant, trains will run as follows:  
LEAVE PORTER'S BUILDING:  
Mail train at 6:00 a. m.  
Franklin Accommodation train at 9:30 a. m.  
Mail train at 12:40 p. m.  
Mail Trains of the Wilmington & Weldon and Raleigh & Gaston Railroads, Mondays, Tuesdays & Fridays at 9:30 a. m. and Saturdays at 11:30 a. m. connects at Weldon with the Wilmington & Weldon and Raleigh & Gaston Railroads. And on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, with steamers for Edenton, Beaufort, Currituck and Landings on Chowan river. Freight trains leave daily, except Sundays at 1 p. m. E. G. GHIO, Superintendent of Transportation.

### SCHEDULE OF TRAINS.

TO TAKE EFFECT SUNDAY, NOV. 11, 1877.  
Petersburg Railroad Company,  
Petersburg, Va., November 10, 1877.  
New York Express leaves Petersburg daily at 9:50 a. m. Arrive at Weldon at 12:25 p. m. Southern Express leaves Petersburg daily at 12:45 a. m. Arrive at Weldon at 3:30 a. m. Freight with Passenger coach attached, leaves Weldon daily, except Saturday, at 8:00 p. m. Arrive at Petersburg at 1:55 a. m. Through tickets sold to all Eastern and Southern points, and baggage checked through.  
First-class Pullman Palace cars, and night trains, connect with Atlantic, Mississippi & Ohio main lines, and with Chesapeake and Ohio trains at Richmond, for all the Virginia points.  
E. CLARK, Dispatcher of Trains.  
R. M. SULLY, Superintendent.

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