VOL IV.

YANCEYVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPT. 23, 1887.

THE NEWS

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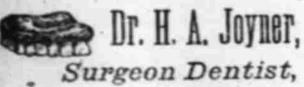
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inder Watch for \$4.00.

Or an Open Face Silver stem-winding Watch for \$3 90. Postage and Rhg. 16c.

New Series Waterbusy Watch, latest out, for \$2.50, postage and reg. 16c extra. New Goals acriving away week.



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The most effective medicine, for the cure of any serious allment. If you are suffering from Scrofuls, General Debility, Stomach, Liver, or Kidney diseases, try Ayer's Sarsaparilla - the safest, best, and most economical blood purifier in use.

For many years I was troubled with a Liver and Kidney complaint. Hearing Ayer's Sarsaparilla very highly recommended, I decided to try it, and have done so with the most satisfactory results. I am convinced that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is

The Best Remedy ever compounded, for diseases caused by impure blood. - Edward W. Richardson,

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James Lull, M. D., Potsdam, N. Y. I have taken, within the past year, several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and find it admirably adapted to the needs of an impoverished system. As a blood parifier, and as a tonic, I am convinced that this wonderful preparation has no equal. —Charles C. Dame, Pastor Congregational Church, Andover, Me.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Bold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



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Mustang Liniment

Scratches.

Lumbago, Rheumatism,

CURES Muscles Strains, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Stitches, Screw Worms, Stiff Joints Backache, Swinney, Saddle Galla,

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its, universal applicability. Everybody needs such a meditine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.

The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Canaler needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work The Miner needs it in case of emergency.

The Pioneer needs it can tget along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard. The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply affoat and ashore.

The Horse-fancier needs it-it is his best The Stock-grower needs it-it will save him thousands of dellars and a world of trouble.

The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers. The Backwoodsman needs it. There is noth-

ing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer. The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.

Keepn Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of Keep a Bottle le the Factory, Its immediate

use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bettle Always in the Stable for

Reduced to almost cost to hulld. Buy direct of Old Established Hanufacturers, and avoid paying Middle-SPECIAL BARGAINS! Storta of Grane, 2 Sets \$27,50 We do not wish you to send us a cont until after you have received Organ, trained it and brand at auth-factory. It is only neces-any to send as references LARGE HLUSTRATED CATALOGUE PREEL Address CORNISH & CO. WASHINGTON, N. L. Mention Paper where this "AB" is seen. . .

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the Tower goeswith it; or against any wind hat does not disable substantial farm buildings; to be perfect; to outlast and do better nork than any other mill made.

Manufacture both Pumping and Geared Mills and carry a full line of WIND MILL SUPPLIES Send for catalogue and prices.

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THE CRY OF THE DREAMER. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

I am fired of elapsing and toiling In the projected hives of sace; Heart weary of budding and spoiling. 1 And specifier and furthing again, And floor for the dear old river. Where I dreamed my youth away, For a dreamer ages for ver, And a toder dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming . Of the life that is half a lie; Of the faces fined with scheming In the throng that harries by. From the sicepless thought's endeavor I would go where the children play; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toder dies in a day.

I feet no pride, but pity. For the lemiens the rich endurer There is nothing sweet in the city But the pottent lives of the poor. & On, the little liquid too skilful And the child-rated choked with weeds?

The dangliger's heart grown wilful,

And the father's heart that bleeds. No, not from the street's ru te bustle, From trophies of mart and stage, I would fly to the wood's low rustle -And the mendow's kindly page. Let me dream an of old by the river, And be loved for the dream alway .. For the dramer lives forever. . And the toiler dies in a day.

FIRST DUEL.

The Unexpected Termination of an "Affair of Honor."

A signal for the departure of the train was given.

Travelling by express in France is not especially pleasant. I barely had time to spring into the first compartment I came to, when the brakeman closed the door.

"Confound it! Be careful! You have hurt my feet!" exclaimed a large man, wearing the decoration of the Legion of Honor, who was half asleep in a corner, and did not seem to think it incumbent on him to arouse himself and draw in his legs to allow me to

"His legs" I say from habit, for one of them, which was carefully crossed over the other, was only a wooden substitute for a leg. It was stained black and was polished.

Already annoyed by the rudeness of the brakeman who had thrust me into the compartment, and again irritated by the brutal tone of my travelling companion's exclamation, I answered in a voice no less unamiable:

"It would be difficult to hurt those

At these words the man straightened up, his face became purple, and turning on me his eye, his only eye (for the other was blind, but frightful in its aspect, shining with a peculiar phosphorescent light), he exclaimed:

"Insolent!" 11:110

"There is no but! You have insulted me. No one care insult me with impunity. There is my card."

Examining my ticket, part of which was visible above the band of my hat, "You get out at Guingamp; so do I."

Then he fell back in his corner and closed his one eye. I picked up his card, which had fallen

on my knee. It read: GRORGES PERCEPEAU. Formerly Foncing Master of the Seventh

Dragoons. Governor of the Military Prison of Guingamp, "The devil" I exclaimed. "A fencing master of the Seventh Dragoons! No," I said to myself, as these terrible words danced before my eyes, "no it is not possible that I am to fight a duelwho have never used the foils; who have never handled a pistol more than once or twice; who have never even

been in a shooting gallery!" "Monsieur!" I said in the softest tones I could assume; "Monsieur!" I repeated, gently touching the knee of the sleeper.

At last he opened his eye. "An apology, I suppose. I never accept an apology-never!"

And again he closed his eye. Turning to look about the compartment, hoping to see the sympathetic face of, some one who would intercede for me, I found only three or four hussars, who regarded me with a bantering, jeering air. Evidently there was no aid to be had in that quarter.

_I then began to study attentively the person of my adversary, and I soon perceived that, notwithstanding the loss of his leg and the fact that the left sleeve of his coat was empty, he was, nevertheless, a stalwart and com-

At last I laid a plan to escape, which I proposed to put into execution at once, for we were rapidly approaching Guin-

Mounting the seat, at one bound I leaped over the outstretched leg of my enemy, and before the train stopped pistol.

I was on the platform at the door. Presently, however, there was a violent outcry, and I heard my enemy stumping along after me. He had perceived and had spoiled my plan.

"Ah, ha, you young rascal!" he exelsimed, "you will not escape in that

In the twinkling of an eye I was surrounded by soldiers, to whom my infurlated adversary explained the case. I was excusing myself when a young man, whose face showed that he had sympathy with me, cut my eloquence

"It is bad for you," he said to me, "to have a quarrel with M. Percepeau. It is to no use to talk with him. The only wey is to act, I will be your second if you wish!"

We have talked too much already." rocced the unrelenting bully, as he tioned his back. "There are my seconds," he added pointing to two officers among his friends, and then he disappeared in the crowd.

I passed that night in great perplexity and agitation. Let him who has passed th high his first "affair of honor" without emotion accuse me of cow-

At last, toward morning, having thought over all these events, and considered them from every point of view, I found that I had become cool, calm

and almost resolute. My second congratulated me on my self-possession, and gave me his final counsel and encouragement. In less than half an hour we reached the place of rendezvous, a little wood in the neighborhood. My adversary was already there, having thrown off his cloak, and showing his impatience by a feverish movement of his one arm,

which seemed to multiply itself. "Come on gentlemen," he called to

us; "let us measure the distance." Twenty paces were measured. Then we took our places opposite each other, pistol in hand. My adversary supported himself on his cane, which formed a sort of prop at his back. My heart thumped in my breast. Presently, at the signal, with a nervous contraction, I pressed the trigger; there were two explosions.

With surprise, mingled with inexpressible joy, I found that I stood erect, and uninjured, while my enemy was on the ground, rolling about like one in

I, with the others hastened to him, but a succession of oaths, uttered in a most energetic manner, reassured me in regard to his safety. My ball had shattered my adversary's wooden leg. While endeavoring to raise himself

he foamed at the mouth with rage, and repulsed all hands extended to help "That shot does not count," he said with an oath. "Come, let us take our

places. Reload the pistols, gentlemen, and measure the distance; make it ten With a desperate effort he succeeded in getting up on his solitary leg and in reaching a tree near by, against which

he took up his position. A piercing cry followed by the sound of footsteps and the rustling of skirts, suddenly attracted our attention.

"My uncle! my uncle!" A young woman, hurrying toward the old duellist, flung herself wildly into his arms. She had not perceived his unstable state of equilibrium, and the result was a fall in which the two, rolling on the ground and mingling their cries, lamentations and prayers on one side and oaths on the other, presented a scene even more laughable

than that which had just occurred. Of course, after this, the continuance of the duel was impossible. The veteran, however, insisted on carrying

"I have not accepted his apology," he said, "and I wish none. I will never accept it-never!" he added, in answer to the supplications of his niece.

pressing entreaties, he exclaimed: "To the devil with the women! An apology! Bah! I do not accept it. Apologies are for girls. Let him make one to you, if he wishes; but to me-

At last, yielding somewhat to her

His niece turned toward me a suppliant look. She was so pretty, her dark eyes shone so bright through her tears her face was so pale, her black hair in such beautiful disarray over her forehead. I was vanquished, and the combat had a denoument which no one expected. I fell on my knee, and, seizing the hand of the charming girl, ex-

"To you, Mademoiselle, to you alone I humbly and sincerely address my excuses for a thoughtless word which escaped me in disparagement of your worthy uncle. Do you accept theme

Mademoiselle?" She blushed and became confused while seeking a reply. "Come, end all this; answer yes,"

said the uncle, as he threw aside his One of the veteran's friends helped him mend his wooden leg, and he limped off in the direction of Guin-

gamp, followed by his seconds.

I remained behind.

"Where is the rascal who made me hite the grass?" said the veteran, as he turned toward me. "Young man, our affair is not yet finished. Offer your arm to my niece. Marie you will an-

swer to me for the prisoner." The way, which had seemed short to me an hour before, seemed much shorter on our return, and I felt both surprise and regret when we stopped before a pretty dwelling covered with ivy which almost darkened the win-

dows. On entering we were all invited to sit at a large table, and at a sign from Percepeau the cloth was laid. A dinner, quickly prepared under the direction of the charming hostess was soon despatched. Then the veteran brought out an old wine which he kept especi-

ally for such occasions. "This is the fourteenth time I have held such a celebration as this," he said triumphantly. The services

"Have you had only fourteen affairs, Georges?" asked one of his Iriends, an

old retired soldier. "Oh, I have had nineteen, but not all terminated happily, you know." Then, counting them on his fingers,

he named those with whom he had the other five "affairs of honor." Then he recounted to us the histories of his duels his stories following one another, as bumper fellowed bumper. for three hours. They were so well told that all listened spellbound. At last, after recounting his eighteenth

affair, the veteran rose. "Gentlemen, you perceive that one remains. It is useless for me to tell you that, is it not?" he said, laughing as he glanced toward me. "But you know," he added, "that it was not my fault that I did not have my revenge on this beardless youth. On, the women,

the women!" "To your future success on the field of honor," he added, extending his glass toward mine. "For a first duel you have not done badly. However, you ought to practice fencing. By the

way, are you married?" In a few weeks I was able to answer in the affirmative.

Thanks to the excellent uncle of her who is now my wife, I am to-day a clever fencer. Monte Carlo. "Try

A half hour's journey from Nice is Monte Carlo, the capitol of Monaco, the smallest kingdom in the world. Monte Carlo may be safely said to be the nearest approach to hell of any place on this terrestrial sphere. The entire kingdom is only two miles square, a little patch perched upon mountains and running down, or rather plunging down to the sea. It is the most beautiful spot on earth. It has the broad sea in front of it, unbroken by land until it strikes the African coast. It is protected in the rear and on both sides by high mountains and enjoys perpetual summer. The orange trees are in perpetual bearing, twelve regular crops a year being gathered. Vegetation is always bright and green. There is no such climate in Europe, and no place anywhere that nature has done so much

This pocket kingdom is the property of one family, the Grimaldis, who were made lords of Monaco in 968, and they have held it ever since. The house is now represented by Prince Charles, a portly old man who is totally blind, Really, it is a part of the French Republic. France holds its custom house and postal arrangements, but for some reason it has been left in the possession of the hereditary prince/who governs it absolutely. It has courts, but appeals are heard in Paris, and really it is governed by France.

Of course it has an army; no prince could exist without an army. The military power of Monaco is composed of seventy men, two-thirds of them being officers, and the rest doing duty as policemen. However, it is a regular army, with a commissary and subsistence department, and everything regular, exactly the same as that of the Emperor of Germany.

The family have something of a reputation for military skill, and have made their mark in their day, but the present prince is not hungering after military reputation. He lives in a gorgeous palace and drives magnificent horses, and lives like a king, which he is in name. The revenues of Monaco are all derived from gambling at Monte

"I wish I was a star," he said. smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily. His heart beat tumnitu-ously. "And why," he asked tenderly, and at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "And why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like bare feet on a cold cil-cloth, "Secause then you would come round only once every fifteen years."

NO. 11.

He Shot a Contipede Off His Toe. A company of immigrants had camped in New Mexico, and one night one of the party, who was sleeping on the ground, was awakened by a peculiar sensation on his toes. He looked and saw an enormous centipede crawling across his foot. Only a few feet from him was the camp-fire, and he could see every fibre of the reptile. Knowing its peculiarities and the effect of its sting; he was in a fever of excitement. Afraid to move a muscle, he dared not attempt to shake it off. After a second's pause he reached under his head, got his pistol, and taking deliberate aim, fired. It was a life-caving shot for the man. The centipede divided and dropped on each side of his foot. But here comes the most remarkable part of the story. Within an hour after the shot was fired the men heard a terrible groaning from one of their mules tied only a few yards away. They went to them and found one of them with his left foreleg swollen to an immense size. The swelling increased as did the agony and grouns of the brute, until it died in about thirty minutes thereafter. An examination was made and it was discovered that the bullet that had severed the centipede had entered the mule's foot just above the hoof and inoculated it with the poison

from the reptile. At the shoemaker's: - "Monsieur, these shoes hurt me." "Take them off and let me look at them." The artist of shoe-leather takes the dainty little shoe, examines it carefully, and frowns ominously:- "Madame, it is not your shoes that hurt you. It is your feet, on the contrary, that ruin my shoes."

A Parrot In Church. A talking bird that always says the right thing in the right place would be a wonder, indeed. This is, of course, too much to expect, for it would be doing better than many human beings do. The Schenectady, N. Y. Star gives the following amusing instance

of a parrot's impertinence: "Children's Day was celebrated in the Methodist church, which was handsomely decorated with flowers, while numerous canaries in cages, suspended about the edifice, added their sweet music to the singing of the children. One lady, not having a canary, brought an accomplished parrot. The parrot behaved quite well for a time; but, when a little boy of his acquaintance stood on the platform and began recitation, the bird commenced to mock him. Finally it screeched out, "Hey, you little devil!" which had the effect of completely breaking up the youth-

-----People Who Travel.

the church in disgrace."

ful declaimer, and demoralizing the

congregation. The bird was led out of

Change of climate or water very often effect the bowels seriously. If on the first symptoms of any disturbance you would take Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial much suffering might be saved.

When symptoms of malaria appear, in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It will prevent a development of the germs of disease, and eradicate them from the system. A cure is warranted in every instance.

A Physician from Iowa.

Dr. H. Mnnk, Nevada, Iowa, states: Have been practicing medicine fifteen years, and of all the medicines I have ever seen for the bowels Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial is by far the best.



Women, and all who less I sedentary fives. It does not injure the teeth, eause bender he or covince constipation—other from medicines of it enriches and parties the blood, stimula the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, to Heres Hearthurn and Beiching, and strength ons the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lastitude, Lack of Energy, de., it has no equal.

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