

THE COMMONWEALTH.  
Scotland Neck, N. C.  
An uncompromising Democratic Journal.  
Published every Thursday morning.  
B. NEAL, Manager.

Subscription Rates:  
Copy 1 Year, \$2.00.  
6 Months, \$1.00.

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**  
For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

**SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.**  
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes in the left under the shoulder-blade, mistaken for rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with laxity; head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy; considerable loss of memory, accompanied by a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough; flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weakness and debility; nervous, easily startled; cold or burning, sometimes a prickling sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and dependent; although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to do it; fact, distress very readily. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet the disease is not less advanced. The Liver to be examined after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively changed.

Persons Travelling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally of the Liver in healthy action, will avoid Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Depression of Spirits, etc. It is a purgative like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Physicians and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House. Whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly purgative, attractive and tonic can be put out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

**IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.**  
It has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or other mineral purgatives, without any of the injurious after-effects.

**A Governor's Testimony.**  
"I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a testimonial."  
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Alabama.

**The only thing that never fails to relieve.**  
"I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never found anything to benefit me so much as Simmons' Liver Regulator. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve."  
P. M. JASNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

**Dr. T. W. Mason says:** From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in practice I have been and am satisfied to prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always has the Wrapper and the red Z Trade-Mark Signature of J. H. ZEILEY & CO.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**GENERAL DIRECTORY.**  
Scotland Neck.  
Mayor—W. A. Dunn.

Commissioners—Noah Biggs, J. R. Ballard, R. M. Johnson, J. Y. Savage.  
Met first Tuesday in each month at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Chief of Police—C. W. Dunn.  
Assistant Police—A. David, W. D. Shields, C. F. Speed, Sol. Alexander, Treasurer—R. M. Johnson.  
Clerk—J. Y. Savage.

**CHURCHES:**  
Baptist—J. D. Hufham, D. D., Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 7, P. M. Also on Saturday fore the first Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Primitive Baptist—Eld. Andrew Moore, Pastor. Services every third Saturday and Sunday morning.

Methodist—Rev. C. W. Byrd, Pastor. Services at 3 o'clock, P. M. on the second and fourth Sundays. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10 o'clock, A. M. Sunday school every Sabbath morning.

Meeting of Bible class on Thursday night at the residence of Mr. P. E. Smith.  
Baptist—(colored.) George Norwood, Pastor. Services every second Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7, P. M. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

**COUERTY.**  
Superior Court—Clerk and Probate Judge—John T. Gregory.  
Inferior Court—Geo. T. Simmons, Register of Deeds—J. M. Grizzard.  
Solicitor—A. J. Burton.  
Sheriff—J. J. Lewis.  
Coroner—R. H. Jenkins.  
Treasurer—E. L. Browning.  
Do. Supt. Pub. Instruction—D. C. Clark.  
Keeper of the Poor House—John Ponton.  
Commissioners—Chairman, Aaron Peggott, Sterling Johnson, Dr. W. R. Wood, John A. Morfleet, and M. Whitehead.

Superior Court—Every third Monday in March and September.  
Inferior Court—Every third Monday in February, May, August and November.  
Judge of Inferior Court—T. N. Hill.

**A MISTAKE OFTEN MADE.**—Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and canny. They imagine, if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, soon or late, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every double dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

# THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor.

"THE LAND WE LOVE."

Terms: \$2.00 per year in Advance

VOL. I.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883.

NO. 31.

THE COMMONWEALTH.  
Scotland Neck, N. C.  
Advertising Rates:  
1 inch 1 week, \$1.00.  
1 " 1 month, \$2.50.  
Contracts for any space or time may be made at the office of THE COMMONWEALTH.  
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

markable run of 350 successive nights! The title role of Esmarelda is played by Miss Annie Pussell, who was selected by Mrs. Burnett from among 51 applicants for the place. Mrs. Burnett considers her the ideal of her novel and the play. After its successful run in New York, it was put upon the road, and last night it was played before a full house here in Louisville. The play opens with a scene in the rooms of a North Carolina farmer's house near Bald Mountain.

A mining engineer, Geo. Drew, accompanied by his friend Estabrook, "an anatomical artist," visits old Mr. Rogers, the farmer, in order to make arrangements for the purchase of his farm, which Drew has learned is immensely valuable on account of the mineral wealth which it contains, of which mineral wealth Rogers is ignorant. Drew is a cunning, shrewd speculator and attempts to purchase the farm from old Rogers who, however, refers him to his wife, telling him at the same time that although he (Rogers) paid for the farm, Mrs. Rogers "runs it." This Mrs. Rogers is a high tempered vixen, dissatisfied woman, who is ambitious of moving in a higher sphere of society, and who at once agrees to sell the farm for what appears a very fair sum of money. The bargain is however prevented by Dave Hardy, a young North Carolinian, who is in love with Esmarelda, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. Dave has seen her during the day, prospecting the farm and examining the mineral deposits, and he tells the nature of his discoveries, thereby exposing Drew's scheme, who is compelled to confess his baseness, but who renews his offers of purchase proposing to give a sum commensurate with the value of the land. Mr. Rogers and Esmarelda protest against selling the old place, but the Madame is incorrigible. She makes the bargain, receives the money, and then tells David he must break off his relations with Esmarelda. Of course he protests but she pursues him that he is acting selfishly thereby, that he is injuring Esmarelda and that if he truly loves her he will not hinder or jeopardize her welfare or advancement in life by injuring his own claims. With a heroic worth of his nativity, Dave sacrifices his love for Esmarelda's advancement and releases her from her troth.

The second act opens upon an artist's studio in Paris, where two sisters, Kate and Nora Desmond are water painting and discussing the state of affairs in the Rogers family, who have lately arrived in Paris and who are making themselves ridiculous by their utter inability to conform to the usages and conventionalities of well bred society. They sympathize with old Mr. Rogers and Esmarelda whom they suppose to be possessed of innate gentility and nobility of nature, though lacking in polish, but they unreservedly and unmercifully condemn Mrs. Rogers, whom they consider a fool, a panderer to the vanities and empty honors of a world for which she is totally unfitted. These two girls are sisters of Jack Desmond, an artist who is an American by birth but a Frenchman by adoption. Mrs. Rogers meanwhile has formed the acquaintance of a certain Marquis de Montessiu, an adventurer who, for the sake of her money, has asked and obtained from Mrs. Rogers the promise of Esmarelda's hand in marriage. Esmarelda and her father overawed by the violent and imperious temper of Mrs. Rogers, passively submit to her plans for a time, but learning from Jack Desmond that Dave Hardy, poor faithful one had scraped his little all together, sold it and followed her to Paris, Esmarelda and her father determine to oppose Mrs. Rogers' plan, and with that idea Mr. Rogers appeals to the Marquis to break off the engagement, first stating to him the exact nature of the relation between Esmarelda and Dave Hardy. The Marquis refuses to do, but Esmarelda, with a hidden courage born of despair braves her mother's anger, dares her to do her worst, indignantly banishes the Marquis and declares her intention of going on an immediate search for her David. Estabrook meanwhile has fallen in love with Nora Desmond and they, both being good and true friends to Esmarelda and her father, endeavor to concoct some scheme by which the mother's plans may be frustrated entirely. Estabrook receives a letter from an old friend in North Carolina stating that the supposed wealth of the minerals on the farm purchased by Drew, the payment for which was only surface deep, that it had been exhausted and that the Rogers family was consequently as poor as before the purchase. This friend also stated that the really valuable mineral deposits were on the farm of David Hardy, adjoining that of Mr. Rogers. Estabrook finds Hardy in Paris almost starved, sick and the picture of sorrow, believing as he does, the Esmarelda is to marry the Marquis. Estabrook and Nora tell him gradually the good news from North Carolina—tell him he is rich—a millionaire—tell him that Esmarelda is a beggar, and also tell him that Esmarelda still loves him. Jack Desmond then takes him in to relieve his almost starved condition, and meanwhile during a very interesting courtship scene between Estabrook and Nora, old Mr. Rogers comes in and is followed soon after by Mrs. Rogers, who begins a perfect tirade of abuse against the entire assembly. Old Rogers, much to the surprise of himself as well as the attendant spectators, braves his wife's anger, tells her he is master and that he must and will see his daughter, his darling, happy with the man she loves.

While they are yet talking Esmarelda herself appears and once again dares to assert her rights, disclosing her love for David and for him alone, and just then Dave Hardy himself appears in the door-way. Esmarelda sees him, rushes to him, falls in his arms, and a mutual, joyous reunion of two long parted loving hearts occurs. Old Rogers, in a gentle, soothing way, attempts to pacify his wife. Estabrook reads his letters, declares the financial bankruptcy of the Rogers family and David's advancement to countless wealth, and David stepping forward declares that what is his is Esmarelda's, her father's and her mother's. A general understanding, a glad reunion and of course a most delightful denouement ends the play. Restricted to a limited space I have given, of course, only a bare synopsis of the play, and it is impossible to form a just conception of its merits from such a meagre account. Underlying the entire drama, there is a substratum of pathos and intensity of simplicity and true nobleness, which gives an indescribable charm to the play, especially when acted by such talented professionals as compose the Madison Square Company. The most conspicuous character in the play, Elbert Rogers, the farmer, was the role in which Jno. E. Owin, the original "Soton Shingle," appeared. Elbert Rogers is taken as a typical North Carolina farmer, simple, unsophisticated in his ways, plain in his manner, uncouth in appearance, and devoid of the polish, the external insignia of a gentleman, but honest, gentle, pure and noble-hearted in nature, with no greater or higher ambition than to live as he has always lived on his simple country farm with his horses and fields and dogs, and surrounded by all the home ties so dear to him. He is passionately devoted to his daughter, the gentle, pure-minded Esmarelda, whose character with that of Dave Hardy, her betrothed, and old Elbert is so noble and upright as to win for them the love and esteem of all who knew them. One feels proud of a nativity represented by such types of humanity, and all honor to Mrs. Bennett for her faithful and true picture of a genuine North Carolina "Tar Heel!" She has put our old State and our people before the world in a true light, in a manner calculated to dispel the erroneous and unjust opinions which are held in some parts of the North as to our State and our people, and I say again, all honor to her for it!

"N. C."

**WOMAN AND WORK**  
One of the best evidences we have that this is, in reality, a progressive period in the history of our race, is the palpable fact that woman's area of useful employment is steadily and beneficially enlarging, in spite of narrow-minded prejudice, mean bigotry and bitter opposition; and there is no more hopeful indication of the future than woman's increasing mental development, her enlarged views of duty and capacity, her ambition to emancipate herself from absolute dependence on marriage for a living, and her firm determination to have and to do her share of the work in this working world, not merely in household drudgery, but in every field of human effort not closed to her sex by a fair construction of social and business proprieties.

Some of the most repulsive exhibitions of masculine meanness that our age has witnessed have been the various phases of opposition to woman's rights—not the alleged right to vote and go to Congress; not the alleged right to manage primaries, dispense patronage and boss State conventions, but the undeniable, inalienable right to earn her bread to use her mental and physical powers to the best advantage, to get fair pay for good work. Not a single step has been taken by woman, even in this exceptionally liberal country, towards the occupancy of a higher position than that of home drudge or parlor ornament, that has not been stoutly resisted. Men have planted themselves in almost every occupation for which women have special aptitude and peculiar fitness, not excepting even millinery and dress-making, but when women have striven to enter avenues of employment for which both sexes are equally qualified they have found the doors barred, and have encountered ridicule, contempt and other phases of mean hostility.

In the early days of our national history men only were deemed fit to teach schools. By slow degrees women were admitted to this occupation, but their admission was coupled with the understanding that they must work for less than half the pay of male teachers. They soon demonstrated their superiority to men not only in controlling the children and youth by gaining their respect, affection and confidence, but in inciting interest in studies and imparting instruction. But it was many years before it occurred to the most liberal minded of Christian men that it was not altogether the proper thing to pay an experienced woman teacher half as much as was deemed proper compensation for a young man making his first experiment in that line of work. And even now, in many rural sections and in not a few towns and cities, this cruelly unjust discrimination is kept up. It is, however, slowly giving way, breaking down under the force of an enlightened public opinion, and must soon disappear with other old usages that civilization has condemned.

Who does not remember the storm of opposition encountered by the brave woman who first assailed the barricaded doors of the medical profession. Insult, calumny, personal vilification, the pitiless piling of ridicule—these were a part of the agencies used to drive her back. The masculine American has seldom made so disgraceful an exhibition of himself as he did when he undertook to say, in effect, that a sick woman should not have a chance to get intelligent advice, in relation to her ailment, from one of her own sex; that a most delicate, shrinking girl must in all cases have a male physician or go uncared for. This opposition is not dead, but it is dying, for it can't live in the light of the nineteenth century. Women now have facilities for the study of medicine, and the male doctors find that there is plenty of room for women to work without crowding them out of the field. Society recognizes the propriety of giving women a share in the work of ministering to the sick.

One of the most pathetic stories of woman's struggles against prejudice is that of Miss Anna Oliver, late pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church in Brooklyn—"the city of churches." Of this woman and her work the *Louisville Journal* says:  
The accounts in the newspapers only outline the facts, but give a touching glimpse of larger hopes which slowly faded, aspirations that were unfulfilled, humiliations without end, and discouragements ending finally in defeat. She took charge of the church at the request of a small congregation which had been torn with factions and was at odds with itself and with outsiders. Against every obstacle and discouragement, Miss Oliver worked faithfully, and in the four years succeeded in bringing harmony out of discord, largely increased the attendance, and by her untiring efforts raised money to repair the building and partly remove a heavy debt, giving up all of her own salary for that end. During all this time she was treated with coldness and contempt by the ministers of her denomination. In fact, their action fell little short of persecution, as they used every effort to prevent people joining her church.

It appears that the brethren did not object to Miss Oliver personally. She was modest, intelligent, earnest—a good Christian woman—but because she was a woman she had "no business to preach." As the *Journal* puts it: "No matter how fervent her sermons, nor how fervent her prayers, she was out of her place in their estimation, and they would not countenance her. She might be a missionary in some far off land and exhort the heathen to her heart's content, but she must not venture upon such a course towards 'civilized' heathen. When she did that she trampled upon their own (the male ministers) stamping ground. And then there were St. Paul's strictures on the female sex, which did not apply, of course, to missionaries who went to China or Polynesia, but they were emphatically applicable in Brooklyn and to Miss Oliver. A woman shall not speak in public and a pulpit in that city without denunciation and reproof from Paul's righteous masculine disciples. The conference refused to recognize Miss Oliver. Her church was loyal and willing to follow her lead and let the conference go, but the conscientious woman refused to place her charge in a position to its disadvantage."

It seems to us that this is a good time for the clergy to wrestle with, and try to get above such narrowness as is here so vividly portrayed. The press has a right to speak plainly on this subject, for its doors are wide open to women, and there is no discrimination against them in the matter of compensation. The story of Miss Oliver ought to be told in every home in the United States, and there ought to be such an expression of public sentiment in relation to the men who froz her out as would not soon be forgotten.

**PECUNIARY AID TO STUDENTS.**  
How to help a young man obtain an education, without injuring his manhood, is the problem. Ignorance is bad, but a spirit of dependence is worse. Learning is good, but manliness is better.  
Without help the late A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, would never have been lifted to the higher plane of power and usefulness. If tradition be true, he was faithful, out of his first earnings, to repay that debt. The latter act made the former benefit count at its full worth.  
One reason why so large a proportion of the sons of poor widows come to honorably manhood is that the habits of self-help is early developed and sternly nursed by necessity.

The rich Churches of the North and East, and the old and wealthy institutions, have been extending to theological students too much help in their seminaries tuition, board, lodging, and money to buy books and clothes, are not infrequently given. President Elliot, of Harvard, in a late address, declared that the "clerical profession" had been notably injured and depreciated from this cause. The *New York Tribune* (Feb. 23), remarking on this address, says:  
The existence of the evil is admitted. How to remedy it is the problem which has had the earnest attention of our college presidents for many years. We should hesitate to offer advice to such competent judges, but it seems to us that no reform can be effective which does not abolish entirely the aim-giving character of the aid extended. The money might be lent, not given. Let the deserving student borrow it without interest for an indefinite period. When he receives it he can sign a promise to repay it as soon after leaving college as he is able. If he is a manly fellow, he will rejoice in this opportunity to have his manhood tested, and will keep his promise. If he is not a manly fellow, he will be made no worse by failing to keep his promise. A few years ago there was a wealthy old gentleman in a New England college town who lent money to students in precisely this way. It was his delighted boast that not in a single instance did one fail to repay, and all instances the boys turned out well in life. Surely our college system of aid should be constructed in such a way as to make our boys more, rather than less, manly.

This is exactly the plan of Vanderbilt University, and has been from the beginning. If we mistake not, Randolph-Macon, and some other Methodist colleges, pursue it also. Thus a small fund goes a great way—it is a circulating and self-helping affair. The student of to-day is preparing for best work on the very fund that helped one through a few years ago.  
The young preacher who forgets this debt, or delays its payment beyond the first opportunity, is keeping some needy and worthy young man away from the means of education which he enjoyed, and who is waiting for the aid which his predecessor must replace. More than this: the young preacher who is neglectful of this obligation will not do much good anywhere. He is a poor investment.  
The plan suggested by the *Tribune*, and already in operation among us, will work well so long as help is confined to the right sort. The authorities who administer the fund must be on their guard against "dead-beats." The sooner they are sifted out of the ministry the better.

In this connection we are pleased to learn that the Bursar of Vanderbilt University has begun to recede from former students to help others through at Wesley Hall. Some in 1883 are going through on what helped others through in 1877-78.

**THE RATS BEAT THE MAN.**  
On a wager of \$200, Wm. Henry Lewis tried to pick up and put in a barrel 100 live rats. The articles of agreement stipulated that to win, Lewis would have to transfer the rats from the pit to the barrel in sixty minutes, and the work to be done with bare hands and arms. Lewis is a Philadelphian and forty years old. He has had 15 years' experience as a professional rat catcher. For five years he was employed catching wharf rats in New York for the well known dog fancier, Harry Jennings. Twice he won money in New York by picking up rats within a given time. On one occasion he won \$50 by picking up 25 of the animals in 10 minutes. They were rats he had handled before, and he escaped without being bitten. The exhibition occurred in Frankfurt, and 50 men paid \$1 each to witness it. In the centre of the room a space 8 feet square was surrounded by a tight board fence, four feet high. The floor was covered an inch deep with sawdust. In the centre of the pen stood an empty whiskey barrel, the upper head of which was replaced by

piece of canvas with a hole in the centre. The rats were confined in three tin lined wooden cages, which stood in the yard. While the judge was trying to borrow a watch, Lewis lumbered into the pit. He wore a sleeveless undershirt, checked pantaloons and brogans. The legs of his rousers were tied around his ankles, so as to prevent the rats from taking refuge therein. His hands and arms were covered with musk, which he believes will prevent rats from biting him.  
Forty rats were dumped from a cage into the pit. The rats darted wildly around through the sawdust and made vain attempts to scale the fence. Finally they huddled in a wriggling mass in one corner, and the judges gave Lewis the word to begin. He moved over to the pit of rats and without a moment's hesitation thrust his naked hand in amongst them. He caught five fat fellows and dropped them into the barrel. He next picked up three, then four, then two and so on until six minutes expired, when he had placed 21 of the rodents in the barrel.  
The rats that remained in the pit were wild and he was compelled to catch them one at a time. The very first rat he picked up bit one of his fingers through the nail to the bone and lunged there. Lewis jerked his hand up and sent the vicious rat against the ceiling.  
The wounded finger was dipped in whiskey, and the chase resumed. Seven rats were picked up and deftly tossed into the barrel, and then Lewis was bitten twice on the right arm. He received four more wounds before the fortieth rat was imprisoned in the barrel. Then 40 more rats were dumped into the pit, leaving 20 to form the last batch. Lewis worked with great agility, and rat after rat was lifted and dropped into the barrel with amazing rapidity. The fifty-seventh rat he attempted to catch sprang into his face and bit through the man's lower lip. Without flinching he grabbed the little brute and tossed it through the canvas cover.

He lost five minutes staunching the blood that flowed from his lip. In picking up the other twenty-three rats he was bitten slightly five times. Eighty rats were in the barrel, and Lewis had but seven minutes to pick up the remaining twenty. The time was limited and Lewis gave up the job and got out of the pit.

**NORTH CAROLINA STATISTICS.**  
North Carolina has 8 colleges. In the Preparatory department there are 10 teachers and 328 pupils; in the collegiate department there are 70 teachers and 894 pupils. The income from productive funds is \$10,000. The income in 1879, from tuition was \$27,500. The number of volumes in college libraries is 29,543. Value of grounds, buildings and apparatus \$539,000. There are the figures for 1879. There has been some increase all around since, we suppose.

Number of miles of Railroad in North Carolina 1,498.  
In 1880, there were expended for Public Schools \$352,882. Of this sum teachers received \$318,453. The school population is 459,324. Number enrolled, 225,606. Average attendance 447,802. Average duration 54 days.

North Carolina is the fifteenth in size, its population in June 1880, being 1,399,750. Its population is now probably one million and a half. There are 50,704 square miles and 326,450,560 acres.—*Patriot*.

**A WOMAN'S WAY.**

Woman, in reading a newspaper, has a distinct method of her own. She takes it up hurriedly, as begins to scan it over rapidly and though she were hunting some particular thing, but she is not. She is merely taking in the obscure paragraphs, which, she believes, were put in the out-of-the-way places for the sake of keeping her from seeing them.  
Marriages and deaths are always interesting reading to her, and advertisements are exciting and stimulating. She cares little for printed jokes, unless they reflect ridicule upon men, and then she delights in them and never forgets them.  
The column in which the editor airs his own opinions, in leading highfalutin, she rarely reads. Views are of no importance in her estimation, but facts are everything. She doesn't care for it, but makes a practice of reading it because she thinks she ought to do so.  
She reads stories, and sketches, and paragraphs indiscriminately, and believes every word of them. After she has read all she wants, she lays the paper down with an air of disappointment as she observes "that there is nothing in it."

**For Sale or Rent.**  
THREE STORES on Main Street, in good business places, on easy terms. Also for sale a complete set of fixtures for a tobacco factory.  
Apply to W. R. WALSTON,  
Scotland Neck, N. C.  
Jan. 6, '83, 12-30.