VOL. 1.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1885.

ness in abhorrence. Thus were the

Magdalen shook her head.

"It is not," said Magdalen, color-

ng: "but that tennis is above me.

I tried it again and again at Welles-

ley, but it was never any good. I

Nora's sudden ill temper seemed

very uncalled for, but she was irri-

who had turned to her, "I will be

your partner, and you, Magdalen,

people-that is, if papa can spare us

his walking dictionary of antiqui-

Another illusion to her blueness!

Magdalen gave her sister an appeal-

ing look and turned away. Will fell

Nora as his partner, and the two

than ever impressed with her intense

blueness, for the poor girl had the

hard to look bright and smiling.

Many were the remarks made to her

about Will and Nora, who certain

y played admirably together. In

the middle of one exciting set, a

young married lady, who was sitting

next to Magdalen, whispered confi-

one another, srn't they? Depend upon

t they will be partners in earnest be-

Magdalen went a little pale as

she answered evasively. "Every

sense I mean. What a loss she will

"The question has not been dis-

it seemed to her that her success at

him, or will they have to wait?"

fore Mr. Fairbairn leaves."

only spoil every set I play in.

was above tennis."

"it's all the same."

No. 48.

LYRICS OF HIGH CULTURE.

PRESSING AUTUMN LEAVES.

"You are the autumn leaf," said he, "And my arms are the book, you know; Now I place the leaf in the book, you see, And tenderly press it, so."

The maid looked up with glance demure And blushes her fair cheeks wore, And she softly whispered: "The leaf, I'm Needs pressing a little more." [sure,

LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS.

- In life we meet with joy and woe,
- Where'er on earth we go, A mixture of the good and bad-Fate wills it should be so.
- Just in the flush of our success Reverses kill our joy, But few of us have the ups and downs Of the elevator boy.

SHE COMPLIED WITH HIS REQUEST. "Pray call me a pretty name," said he

One night to his darling Carrie, The girl that he had courted so long she Thought he never meant to marry. Up from his bosom she raised her head, And her cheeks grew red as roses. "I think I will call you 'man,' " she said, "For they say that 'man proposes.' "

A CHANGE OF BASE.

Upon the garden gate they swung When nights were warm and fair, And pale Diana often flung Her light upon the pair.

To-night among the leafless trees The autumn wind makes moan, The gate is swinging in the breeze, Its rusty hinges groan;

And where are now the youth so gay And maiden dressed in lawn, Oh, whither do their footsteps stray, Where have the lovers gone?

Go to the parlor, warm, go there, And ask, if you would know, That double-loaded rocking chair, That lamp turned down so low.

HAPPY MOMENTS.

The rose in her cheeks is red to-night, Her eyes are filled with a tender light, And her heart brims over with happiness, For her lover's proposed and she's answered, "Yes."

- Boston Courier.

AN OLD ARISTOCRAT.

Some time ago, during a horseback ride through a hilly section of Tennessee, I stopped at an old grey stone house that stood near the road. The place was in a state of interesting ruin. The stone walls around the grounds were covered with vines which, seeking security, thrust their tendrils into the crevices wrought by destruction. An old gentleman, dressed in a suit of almost threadbare black, met me at the gate and cordially invited me to enter the house. I was not slow in accepting the invitation, especially as a black cloud, with rumbling accompaniment was drifting over from the west, but more especially because I was hungry. The house was not well furnished. Every thing was faded, but I felt that I was breathing the air containing pieces of a circular saw of extreme refinement.

"Take this seat," said the old man offering me an arm chair. "Hettie," he added, addressing a girl whom I saw standing in the hall, "tell your mother that a gentleman will take dinner with us."

Hettie immediately departed to execute the commission, and the host turning to me, said: "excuse me, sir, for not introducing myself sooner. My name is Leckford, Colonel George Leckford."

"I should have first introduced myself," I rejoined, not without confusion. I then told him my name.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said advancing cordially shaking my tocracy before the war?"

"No, sir," I replied.

to lay aside my pride. I am proud, eyes might be dreamy, but never and I am proud of it."

Just then I heard a terrible crash. tation, sprang to his feet. The amenuensis?" next moment, Hettie ran into the room and exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, the safe has fallen will let me." over and all our pretty dishes are

tell me so?"

The old gentleman struggled She did not foresee all the results

he will soon be back. You must been poring over her books, Nora borhood. The good people were all. wait until he returns."

protestations on the part of my kind tivated various useful gifts. host, I resumed my journey.

previous acquaintance, to enter under an assumed name. I may be pardoned for mentioning a strange

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Singleton." clared at last. said the old gentleman when I had given him my assumed name. "Did ou belong to the aristocracy before the war?"

"Yes, sir." see you. Previous to the great calamity you had no business, of course,"

"No, sir." "Ah! those were glorious days. 'Hettie," he continued, turning to a girl who had just appeared at the door, 'tell your mother that a gentleman will take dinner with us."

startling crash. The old gentleman possible authority and really don't a petty jealousy debarred her from sprang upon his feet. "Oh, papa!" exclaimed Hettie, as

"My gracious, you don't say so?"

"Yes, sir, every one is broken." "Mr. Singleton, this may not have is in disappointing you. I will send a boy to town after more dishs. He will soon be back, for the

place is only ten miles distant." but I finally succeeded. About two hours later I stopped at an humble log house, and was bountifully sup. devoted his heartiest energies to the plied with food.

"I stopped at Colonel Leckford's lighted. honse expecting to get dinner,

"Heard a crash, eh?" suggested the stout farmer who sat at the opposite end of the table.

"Yes, and as I have twice been present when all the pretty dishes were broken, I hardly understand

The farmer laughed. nearly everything in his house, even his tablecloths and dishes. Whenever a stranger happens around at most affectionate sisterly tone. loaded with iron and bricks is over- You see ever since Magdalen return turned, and at the same time, a stout ed from Wellesly she has been enwoman strikes the floor with a bag and half a dozen tin pans. I have People express the greatest admi-

SO BLUE.

"My child, you have more than fulfilled every hope I ever formed of

Magdalen Foster blushed with pleasure at her father's words, a well she might for the letter in her hand announced that the papers sent up by her at the recent classical examination entitled her to the ninth place in the first class.

She was tall and stooped slightly, her complexion, though clear, was colorless, and she had the reflective, hand. 'Did you belong to the aris-full look that is not infrequently the sign of habitual study. Yet her face was singularly sweet in expres-"That was unfortunate,"he rejoin- sion, the open, tranquil brow seemed ed. "Gold, sir, could not tempt me incapable of frowning, the brown

"Magdalen," continued her father, The old gentleman, with great agi- "are you still willing to become my

> "Oh, papa," returned the girl, ea gerly, "I shall be so proud if you

Mr. Foster was an eminent student of the classics, and it had always "Great goodness, girl, you don't been Magdalen's great ambition to help him in the preparation of his valuable works.

hard to control his emotion. "My of her college achievements, and of dear sir," said he, "I tear that we this new relation to her father. It shall be compelled to do without did not occur to the simple-minded girl that there was anything in what I ventured to tell him that I could she had done to alienate her from take a piece of bread and meat in my her old acquaintances. Quite unhand and eat it as I traveled, but he consciously she awed her contemturned upon me and in a severe tone poraries, who, girls and young men alike, fought shy of so distinguished respect, and Nora with familiar leave-taking no longer. Magdalen When he had concluded the pastor hope a continuance of the same. "No man ever left my house in a "blue-stocking." She remained friendness. He had not been kept out of the room, Will's going referred to the interruption and

had studied the art of making her- much mistaken. Will might walk, I could not wait; so, after many self agreeable, and assiduously cul- ride, or play tennis with Nora, or

One evening they were taken by and escort on every possible occasion About six months later I again surprise by the unexpected arrival of but secretly his heart went out toraveled the same road, and, just be- Will Fairburn, an old friend and ward Magadlen. Yet how, after No. say good-bye." ore dinner time, I reached the old playfellow. Dinner was just being ra's words, could be dream of behouse. I did not care to make my served, and the young man took his traying his devotion! How could he, self known to the colonel, and as I seat among them, laughing and put a man's whose only attainments were now wore quite a heavy growth of ting up his hands as if to petition those of physical strength and agilheard I decided, in order to avoid against the volley of questions and ity hope to please a girl thrown both a long conversation, prompted by exclamations with which he was se- by training and natural bent in the

"I haven't distinguished a single Sadly he told himself that she was coincidence. I was again hungry, word any one has said," he de- not for him. Magdalen as sadly

"But I imagine you are asking Torfeited Will's friendship, by which, where I sprang from and what I've had he only known it, she had set to the west in a month's time, and perfection of a gentleman, and per-"Ah, then, I am doubly glad to have come to bid you all a long fare- haps his want of learning was the shaken by violent sobs. In a mo-

"Farewell!" exclaimed all the cordially did she hold her own blue-Festers. "What do you mean?" "I had \$25,000 left me by my two kept apart by a phantom baraunt," Will proceeded to explain; rier raised between them by Nora "and a friend strongly advises me who, without caring for Will herself, to invest it in cattle. He says they resented his preference for Mag-"Now," I mused, "I will get a pay tremendously and the life is de-dalen. She was under no disappre- gie, tell me what is the matter?"

see that I could do better. I hate doing what lay in her power toward she rushed into the room, "the safe office work, I haven't the brains to bringing about a better undesstandfell down and broke all our pretty take up a profession, and farming ing between him and her sister. dren. here is no go. And I consider that | .Will's last day arrived. A tennis I am rather cut out for a rancher." party was to take place at Foster's

He ended in a tone of modest self seem like much of calamity, but it appreciation, which was not unwaris, sir. Those china.-But that's ranted, for he was a man of splendid which oppressed nim. we'll enough. The greatest grief I physique. Besides which, all his tastes fitted him for an occupation demanding physical rather than mental ability. He had never cared for It was with difficulty that I tore study. So long as he could scrape myself away from the colonel's grasp on at school and college without disgracing himself he was content, and athletic sports in which his soul de-

Dinner over, Mr. Foster rose al-

most immediately from the table. "Can you spare me an extra bour this evening, Magdalen?" he asked. won't," said Nora, impatiently; "Certainly, papa, I will come at

"Magdalen is a good deal changed," remarked Will, as he and Nora tated by the disappointment on Will's "That old fellow would rather die strolled out into the garden togeth- face. Presently, however, her equathan work," said he. "He has sold er. Nora offered her own explana- nimity was restored, and she said, tion, taking care to speak in the pointing her hand to the young man

"Yes," she said; "you are right. need not play, but shall talk to the couraged in her devotion to study. seen it work. Help your self to the ration for her talents; then papa has made her his secretary, and so, into a brown study. During the without being in the least conceited afternoon he played a good deal with she naturally feels that she is supeperior to the girls she ordinarily was fully occupied with the game Magmeets. You know, Will, I can't help dalen was called for more than once thinking it was a mistake to let her to do her share in receiving and talk. capital in the cast after all, and eventgrow so very learned. I think it is ing to the guests. They were more woman's part to be helpful and domest ic, to take interest in the good heartache, and found it strangely management of small matters, and ithe welfare of those about her.'

"Why can't Magdalen be domestic as well as intellectual?" demanded Will moodily, "I don't see the incompatibility."

Nora did not choose to tell him that Magdalen has begged to be allowed to take a part in the household affairs and that she herself had opposed the suggestion. She had gained a character for domesticity and she did not wish to have her supremacy shared.

"I dare say there is no actual incompatibility," she admitted gently; "but Magdalen is so wrapped up in her work for papa that we never think of occupying her mind with matters which I am quite willing to cussed yet," she replied distantly; see after myself. Why should she and, awed by her manner, the young the first chapter of St. John's Gosbe bothered? She is not the girl to lady subsided into silence. marry, unless indeed."-Nora laugh- when the party was over, in a very Heaven like a dove, and it abode ed gaily-"she could find a man that miserable frame of mind. As she upon him"-the dove flew to the was all intellect and had no body cast a retrospect over her life of late

needs to be ministered to." Poor Will! Magdalen joined them in the garden later on, but for know how much her three years at then settled upon the platform behis own sake he kept aloof from her. Wellesley had done for her. She was low the pulpit during the sermon. The girl was greatly hurt, as of old important difference between her latter than the pastor enshe had been his special friend. Too habit of mind and that of Nora's, be- gaged in sacramental services and shy to complain however, she shrank tween her unworldlines and Nora's closed the Bible. The bird thrice into herself, and with a pang of re- worldliness. world—treat her, namely, with distant Will could delay the inevitable again, and then nestled by its side. sponsible parties. We are thanking again, and then nestled by its side. to our friends for past favors and

that manner. I will send a boy to Miss Foster only in name; to all in at Foster's many days before his was the most terrible thing that had coincidence, and said the winged the village for more dishes. The tents and purposes Nora was the name was coupled with Nora's by ever happened to her, and she would visitor might be taken as emblemdistance is short, only ten miles, and elder sister. While Magdalen had all the matchmakers in the neigh rather not say good-bye at all, than atical of the Spirit in the church. CREAT ACME PENETRATIVE. have to do it carelessly before them "Where is Magdalen?" asked Will presently.

> even constitute himself her cavalier in Herodotus for me just now. Will said Mr. Foster. "Eva, go and call her; tell her that Will is waiting to

that she could not leave her Greek rest of the family tried to drive the of her own accord, even to bid him arewell. "Magdales is not in the study, young lady in, and flew by the way

"Jane says she saw her go down the ment is made in East Haven, and garden into the shrubbery." midst of purely intellectual interests? "I will go to her there," said Will hastily.

The place referred to was a small told herself that somehow she had preserve just outside Mr. Foster's garden, and it was not many minutes before Will found Magdaien. She was lying on the come about. Briefly, then, I'm off great store. He seemed to her the ground in the dusk, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame ment he was kneeling by her side. thing she liked best about him; so iously, "what is it?"

At the sound of his voice Magdalen rose and checked her tears.

dinner." Just then there came the lightful. I have consulted every hension as to his feelings, and yet He was the only person that ever called her Maggie, and now the old pet name, used for the first time this sessor of a good fat hen, which, like MRS. LAURA BELL. PROPRIETRESS visit, renewed the confidence that other good fat hens, laid one egg a had existed between them as chil-

> "I'm so unhappy," said Magdalen, "so dull, and blue and stupid. I am what his good fat hen accomplished in the afternoon, as a sort of farewell no good to anyone, and nobody cares in this direction, so he set about to DAVID A. MADRY, for me."

entertainment for him, and he did "Now, Maggie," said Will, "you his best to throw off the despondency have told at least half a dozen fibs. You are not dull, you are not stupid "Will you play to-night, Magdalen!" he asked, very hesitatively in deal, and everybody cares for you.' "No," she said shyly, "I don't play

Magdalen shook her head. "Don't be unreasonable," remon-"Of course not,"laughed Nors strated Will-"what about me? Don't Will, what an extraordinary idea! I care for you?' As if you didn't know Magdalen His voice was full of a tenderness

which Magdalen shyly ignored.

"You used to," she said. from pouring out his confession to the false bottom, away from galli-"Oh, well, you can't play or you

"Magdalen," he said, "if I tell you

anything but that you don't care had deposited her egg, in order to as whether I do or not?" It was out now. Magdalen stood and gazed, as if she could not believe

happiness stole about her lips. "Why, Will," she said raising her

don't-you can't really meanmean all and more than that he had

said. Great was the amazement of the Fosters when presently they reentered the sitting-room together, and Will announced that he never meant proved an invincible couple. As Nora to say good-bye to Magdalen at all. Mr. Foster's consent given, he changed his plans, invested all his ually settled down on a large farm would drop through the false bottom near the Fosters, as happy a husband, with as happy a wife, as was

to be found in the United States. Is this possible? Could they live for long together without a difference between them becoming a discord? Yes; for the wise "Professor at the Breakfast-Table" points out to us, "It takes a very true man to be a a fitting companion for a woman of good fat hen every day laid 0 0 0 0 dentially, "Those two are made for genius but not a very great one."

That Descending Dove.

says: "While the Rev. Mr. Clark one likes to have Nora for a part- was preaching in East Haven Congregational Church, and had fin-"Yes, yes, I know; but not in the ished the prayer preceding the sermon, a dove alighted upon the cen- The tale's too sad-I can't go on-Oh! think Mr. Foster will let her go with tre gallery, in full view of the congregation, and began cooing. When This was going too far, Magdalen he had finished his prayer the dove perched on the gallery railing opposite the clergyman. When he read pel at the thirty-second verse-"I Magdalen went up to her room, saw the Spirit descending from is the best wagon made. desk and perched upon the open son's old stand and examining the great Wellesley had cost her everything page of the Bible. The pastor's bankrupt stock-Sol Rothschild, Sales she most cared about. She did not text was from the fourth verse. It man. stepped from the book and on sponsible parties. We are thankfu'

Then the bird perched upon the pastor's head. The effect was electrical and many ladies were in "She was looking out something tears. The pastor took the dove and held it to his breast and gave the benediction. It was Stephen Bradley's pet dove which had fol-Poor Will! It was a bitter thought lowed his sister to church. The

little thing back, but it followed the papa," said the child, returning of the gallery stairs. Much comit is regarded as almost miraculous.

HOODWINKING A HEN.

-Albany Express.

THE NOVEL SCHEME OF AN OHIOAR TO INCREASE HIS YIELD

OF EGGS.

Mr. Ingenius Workhard has per-"Magdalen," he exclaimed anx. formed a great service to his country it will be observed, and he deserves a crow-mo from every thoughtful "Nothing, Will," she said, with quivceive one from every thoughtful citi-"Don't say nothing when you zen, but if he did it would be no mean something," said Will. "Mag- more than he deserves.

Mr. Workhard was the happy posday, including Sundays, Mr. Workhard, however, was not satisfied with aims. Stop at the Railroad House. devise ways and means by which it would be persuaded to add to the and you are not bl-at least, if you (hen) fruitless, and cruel treatment are blue, blueness is particularly was in vain. Workhard wracked his charming; you are good for a great brain and studied. At last he hit upon a plan.

A nest with false bottom was constructed. It worked automatically in such away that when the good fat hen laid her accustomed egg it would It was all over with Will; no power go beyond the seeming limits of the on earth could have held him back nest, and peacefully repose beneath naceous sight, The good fat hen I love you, worship you, think of you was a cautions bird, and was accusnight and day, could you answer tomed to look in her nest after she sure herself that it was real there before beginning her gleeful cackle. he ears, at the hand that had grasped | The first time the ingenious nest was hers. At last a smile of wonderful put in position the hen was nearly knocked over the ropes in one round with astonishment when she found minedd most of all about; but you no egg. Consternation was on her face. It occurred to the honest hen Will did not find it very difficult however that she had made a mistake to satisfy her that he could and did She was off her base. She had laid no egg. So, like the good hen she was, she immediately proceeded to lay another.

hard had two eggs a day for some time and then yearned for more. The nest was altered so that two eggs instead of the, and a third egg was Interest. laid by the hen. The old hen thought it was mighty funny, but being unsuspicious she did not suspect. The good work went on and the number of eggs which suddenly disappeared in the world. I sell the celebrated Wrenn was increased gradually until the work. 00000000 0.-Con.

There was a little man, And he had a little can. A New Haven, Conn., dispatch And a quart or more of kerosene was in

And upon the kitchen fire, To make it burn still higher. He poured the oil, and in much less than a quarter of a minute, There was no little can, There was no little manwhy did I begin it?

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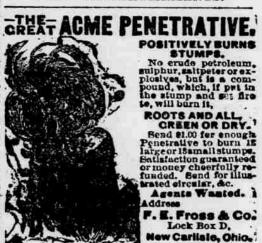
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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