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VOLUME IV.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1888.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. A. DUNN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. Home been allowever his neavers are

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T. E. WHITAKER, Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Practices wherever his services are Capt W. H. Kitchin will appear with

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3-22-1y.

Giving.

There is no life, however low Or humble in its birth, That may not, from its stora Some brightness o'er the e

Each little blooming wayside flows Tho' lacking beauty rare, Freely offers all its dower To make the summer fair.

The tiniest star, tho' far away. Doth send an off-ring down, And helps by its tremulous, golden ray The brow of night to crown.

The river hastening to the sea, With all its gathered treasures, Yields up its offerings, full and fre Their worth it never measures.

Thus Nature proves in many a way The noblest rules of living, Would ye receive! Then day by day Increase thy store by giving. -[Helen G. Roberts in Boston Journal.

A SOLITARY PASSENGER

The 10.50 train from White Peak 2.3.1y. was late that snowy February night. It never was what one would call a painfully prompt train, but tonight it was fully fity mitutes behind its usual time and the telegraph operator had nearly fallen asleep behind the pane of ground Practices in all the Courts of Halifax glass over which the word "Ticketa" d adj inter counties and in the Su- was inscribed in a half circle and toward which a most inartistically foreshortened hand was depicted as extending a gilt finger for the enlightenment

of the general public. Not that the Big Pine telegraph was ordinarily open at so late an hour as this. Seven o'clock was the usual period of countries Helifax and adjoining countries. Nor had Eunice Berlow any the Collections made in all parts of the official right to the tall wooden stool behind the semicircular gilt legend re-W. H. Dav. A. C. Zonne or pan, R. Banson, ferring to "Tickets." In a manner she had had greatness thrust upon her. Old Mr. Pettyclove, who represented the majesty of the railway company in this particular spot, had gone home in the early dusk with a raging facial neuralgia, and in common humanity Eunice could not have refused temporarily to assume his position with its duties.

work," she told herself, cheerfully, as she put an additional log of frostfringed wood into the little air-tight Practices in the Courts of Halifax and stove. "When the 10,50 has passed I can shut up the place and go home. There are only two night freights, and the conductors on both of them have keys to the freight house."

Suldenly the silence was broken by ATTORNEY AT LAW, the tiniest sound, like the throbbing of some small silver heart. Eunice jumped up, instinctively, obedient to the call of stranger, with fervor. 'You see, it There was another from Col. Copley of

"A message!" she thought. "And at this time of the night. Well, wonders will never cease."

A message it was: to Peter Petty-Attorney and Counselor at Law, clove, station agent at Big Pine sta-

Defalcation in Home Bank. Detain pas-Proffices who rever his services are re- senger on train No. 21. Small, dark, wear- in the meantime, was secretly marvel-Special attention to collection ing fur-trimmed coat. Keep in custody unling at the case and lightness with had done no more than your country out houses. Good orchard and good til further notice. H. V. CARTER,

Chief of Police at White Peak, Almost before she had deciphered these words, Eunice Barlow telegraphed back "All right;" and once more the small silver heart left off its tumultuous throbbings. And not until then did the telegraph operator realize what a very tralto." p culiar position she was in. All alone at Big Pine Station, and officially authorized, in right of her substitution, to

arrest a bank defalcator on the spot! full and examine Disc Harrow and Even while she pondered on this unexpected state of things there was a curious thrill and tremble of the floor beams under her feet; a shrill steam whistle rising above the su tained roar of the tempest. The 10, 50, efficially known as No. 21, was swinging around

in the deep snow of the rude board platform with the lighted lautern in her to all consignments of Lumber, Shingles, hand. The conductor of the train was tonight and shelter you, I must have robes, and the plains all sheet d in level not at all surprised to see her there. He knew that Peter Pettyclove was old and feeble, and a spirited young female telegraph operator is rather at her full gasped the solitary passenger. value in the Big Pine section. She tried to signal to him that she wanted to said Eunice, severely. "You know another young woman is England. But speak to him, but the blinding snow drove its shroudlike sheets between them. He smiled and nodded to her in the aggravating way that men have See to it that this chance does not pass many an English dinner table afterward when they are particularly obtuse, shouted some incomprehensible comthe brakes, and was an eighth of a mile up the took before Eunice's lantern light was weingle black figure, its hat pulled over its eyes, its form closely buttoned up in-a fur-trimmed over-

"Is this the station?" said a low, well modulated voice, which gave Miss Barlow the idea that the unhappy gentleman of justice was a gentleman born and bred. "Where are the porters? bank defalcator." Upon my word" (looking around after a bewildered fashion) "I'm afraid fellow a chance?" uttered her compan- Sir Ernest talk, the American girls they've forgotton to put off my luggage. Isn't there a fire somewhere here- but hear.' I've nobody's money but my "She was; I can vouch for that," said

abouts?" Eunice Barlow looked solemnly at | don't know anything about your banks him as she opened the door into the bright, cheerfully lighted little station. Yes, the telegraphed description had been correct. He was sm.tll and dark, and, poor fellow, he locked as if he was half frozen to death. But now arose the perplexing question, how was she to "detain him?"

ness, and I am the telegraph operator, Pine Barracks, seven miles beyon!

on duty in his absence."

"Can you tell me," pleaded the soli tary passenger, "where I can get a night's lodging and something to eat? station, and I am just recovering from must be some one around here who the same, it's awfully good of you to At could act as my guide."

"There is no one here but me," said Miss Barlow, locking the cash draw and proparing to extinguish the one reflector lamp that glowed above the new arrival's head. But if you choose to go nificant pause-"you can begin a new

alacrity. But how many careers per chance." old one continued."

down the hill. You are perhaps una- the table. ware that a telegram describing your personal appearance has just come in from the White Peak office?"

thing is out, then !"

He spoke quickly; there was genuine disgust and di-satisfaction ex-"It will be only another hour of pressed in every feature of his face. "Yes," responded the telegraph operator, "the whole thing is out. Your conjecture is quite correct. '

is a matter of some importance to medoes any one know it besides yourself?"

"I may depend on you?" with imploring emphasis. "Yes, you may depend on mo."

things talked about."

"So I should imagine." A brief silence ensued. Eunice was overdue at the burracks. wondering how her strange companion "Was he utterly dead to all shame?" she thought. The strange companion,

out through the snowdrifts. timbre of her voice; it's a regular con- with it."

"It seems to me," observed the young | your train, Sir Ernest," she said, man, after another interval of silence, "But I haven't thanked you half two and one half miles from Scotland during which the crunching of their feet enough." II stood holding both her in the snow and the persistent howling | hands, his fresh English face all eagerof the win I was all that broke the spell, ness, "that they put a great deal of responsi- "It is quite unnecessary to say any bility on young women in this part of | more," observed Miss Barlow, quietly.

them, and a good deal they assume Ernest. I wish you a very pleasant themselves," said Eunice Barlow, com- journey." your promises -- "

perfectly well what I mean. I have he sent a superb hamper of game to given you a chance for freedom; for Mrs. Barlow, in care of the telegraph what is still better, fame and character. operator at Bi; Pine station; and at unimproved."

"Mad!" muttered the stranger to ture in the wild west, for it, snowstorm and all?"

with the freezing sternness of idealized I'm not ashamed to own it, even bejustice; "in other words, you are a fore Lady Tinsallon here. Eh, Kate?"

ion. "As the school books say 'Strike, must be full fludged heroines." own, and none too much of that. I Sir Ernest .- [Harper's Bezer. nor their defalcators. I've been only two weeks in your country and I think its the snowiest climate going. My name is Ernest Tinsallon, and I was to have been met at the station by Col. Copley of the 400th Cavalry."

Eunice Barlow gave a little shriek of amazement. "Sir Ernest Tinsallon! | talk .-- [Epoch.

"You are mistaken, sir," she said, ir ! he cried. "The Englishman who was answer to his questions. 'There are no coming out here to hunt buffalo and porter here. There is no hotel nearer follow up the line of the Pine river! than the Pine Barrens, four miles away. | But you have alighted at the wrong The agent is detained at home by sick- station; you should have stopped at

"I heard the conductor bawl out comething about pine of one sort or and ther," said the young Briton. "I It is six hours since we left the supper | was dead asleep, and didn't stop to discriminate, and I see myled off. So a siege of malarial fever. Surely there Two made a mistake, have 11 Bit all ffer to conduct me to a place of Christ. an shelter."

"And I have made a mistake too," sail Eunice with a masp. "Just before your train came in there was a message wired to Big Pine station- a message home with me I dare say my mother to detain a bank robber who was said will give you some supper and a bed. to be on the train. I was all alone, but Our house is the nearest to this place. I could have locked him into the ticket And tomorrow"-with a somewhat sig- | effice perfectly well. We Western girls are prepared for any emergency" (with some pride). But I was sorry for you, "I'm awfully obliged to you," said | you looked so young and innecent; and the gentleman, jumping up with I determined to give you one more

week do these Westerners count upon? "For a new career," interrupted the I've no objection, for my part, to the stranger, with a gust of laughter. "The key to the pazze! I see it all Miss Barlow's face remained inexora- now. Don't y uknow, I was beginning bly grave. She considered it no part of to think you must be a funatic. And her duty to countenance flippancy like | how disagreeably near I come to being this. She locked the station, and hung locked up, after all! And the bank the key on its hooked nail close within | fellow, whoever he is, seems to have the latticed casement outside, where got off scot free. Really, now, if ever a winds could not hurl it away nor | man had a genuine guardian angel, you storms disturb it, before she said, are one," he added, as Emice led the quietly: "This way, please, The lan- | way into a pretty little si ting room, all tern will light you sufficiently if you aglow with rel carpet and curtains, are a little careful; otherwise you will | where a fire of logs burned on the open find the way rather steep and narrow | hearth and a cosy meal was spread on

Sir Ernest Tinsallouslept in the spare chamber that night, was called by starlight, and breaklasted at 6 o'clock the "A telegram! By jove the whole next morning with the telegraph operator and her mother, and afterward accompanied her to the Big Pine station, plunging through white masses of snow drift and sliding, school-boy fashion, across the mirror-like surface of frozen brooks. Mr. Pettyelove was there with his face tied up in a spotted silk pocket "Does-I beg your pardon, but this handkerchief. There were also sever al telegram; awaiting the hand of the operator. On was from the chief of police at White Peak, stating-rather late, perhaps-that the bank defalcator had at the eleventh hour and on the very step, so to speak, of the train, sur-"Thanks, awfully!" declared the rendered himself to the local authorities. makes it very unpleasant to have those the 400th Cav Jrg, inquiring if anything had been hear I at Boy Plan station of the missing Eiglish baronet who was

"Only think," sail Miss Barlow, with could speak so coolly of "these things." a little shiver, ".. I had looked you up in the ticket office all night, what would Col. Copley have said?"

which this extraordinary girl stepped | expected of you," returned Sir Ecnest. "But, I say, all this thing was awfully "A perfect Amazon," he sail to him- placky of you, Miss Barlow. I don't self, "and a pretty one, too. Why know of an English hirl that would doesn't she keep talking? I like the have had the courage to go through

Eunice smiled a little, 'Here is

"There is the telegraph. I am wantel "A good deal of it is forced upon at my post of daty new. Good by, Sir

posedly. "I am willing to admit that | Sir Eraest Tin allon went on his way Scotland Neck. Eighty ners Fresh In an instant Eunice Barlow was out I have taken a heavy responsibility on into the blue, glittering cold of that Lond. Good Dwelling, some out-houses myself tonight. Understand," aided peerless winter morning, with the pine and orehard, and good water. Miss Barlow, "that if I take you home | trees looking like Druits chall in ermine pearls, and Eurice Barlow never saw "The new career question again! I'm him more. No, he did not come back blessed if I know what all this means," to woo and wed her, as the hero of an orthodex love tale should have done, "Equivocation is entirely useless." He could not, being already engaged to

he told the story of his midnight adven- adveted to the production of notif, cotment on the westher, helped to loosen himself; "very mad! Entirely a hope- "The prettiest girl you ever saw, by tatoes, and veget bles of all kinds. less case, I should say. I wonder if Jove!" he reiterat d, in that earnest Three good churches in the town there really was a telegram, or if that is way of his, "and the plucklest! Joan of merely part of her brain disorder? I Are was nothing to her. I dreamed of wonder if I'd better keep on with her, her for a week afterward, with her nobody knows whither, or cut and run swinging lantern and those great gray eves of hers, and the pretty little "You have basely absconded with speeches about 'turning over a new leaf' your employers' money," said Eusice, that she made to me. Yes, I did; and

> And the English bride laughed good "Oh, come, now; won't you give a humoredly, and observed that "to hear

> > For Her Sake. Wife -- John, your hair is coming out at a terrible rate.

Husband -- I know it is, my dear. I must do something for it at ones. Wife ... I wish you would, John, to my sake. You know how people wi'

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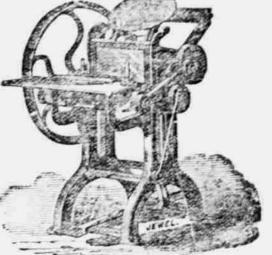
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