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VOLUME V. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1888. NUMBER 8.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.
Practices wherever his services are required. feb13-1y.

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Waiting for the Bugle.

We wait for the bugle; the night dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair,
The future is veiled and its fortune unknown
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of the bugle each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string;
The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
To banish the chill of their rear bivouac,
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
And no fibre of steel in our sinew remains;
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sear—
Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,
We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

—[Thos. Wentworth Higginson in Century.

ONLY A DEAF WOMAN.

The train stopped at Blue Station on time this Wednesday afternoon. It was not a particularly punctual train, neither did it especially matter whether it was or not, as Blue Station was one of those "lodges in the vast wilderness" where time was not reckoned according to the Wall street standard and where people took things easy.

The stage for Hemlock Hill was waiting there—a clumsy conglomeration of musty leather, faded paint, and ancient wood, drawn by two sleepy horses, and driven by a John so old that one instinctively wondered how he ever got up and down from his aerial perch on the box seat. Mr. Richmond and his friend Col. Jones took their seats, packed their valises snugly under their feet, and fastened their natty silk umbrellas in the rack overhead. There was only one other passenger—a woman in a brown waterproof cloak and a green veil, with a lidded market basket in her lap and a tremendous ear trumpet in her hand.

"Only a deaf woman," said Colonel Jones, glancing toward her.

"I see," observed Mr. Richmond. "We need put no particular restraint on our conversation."

"Are we all ready, driver?" shouted Colonel Jones, who was unused to the leisurely methods of life in a place like Blue Station. The driver appeared to rouse himself from a sort of doze.

"I be if you be!" said he. "Git up, Kate! Look out, thar, you Sorrel!"

And away they rolled.

"Yes," said Colonel Jones, rubbing his neatly gloved hands, "it will be a genuine surprise. And I meant it to be. I want to see for myself how things are."

"Certainly," said Mr. Richmond, lurching from one end of the seat to the other, as the wheels took a big stone on their way.

"The lad is over head and ears in love," said Colonel Jones.

"Young men will be fools," observed Mr. Richmond, cynically.

"But a school teacher; a district school teacher!" sighed the colonel, who was tall and portly and clean-shaven, with very black eyebrows and hair just dashed with silver.

"A good many nice girls take to that business," remarked Mr. Richmond. Mr. Richmond was a gaunt gentleman, with hollow eyes, a parchment-colored skin, and a general dyspeptic air.

"It isn't that I despise the trade," said Col. Jones. "You know that as well as I do, Richmond. If the girl is good and pretty, I'd as soon she should be a school teacher as anything else. But I want my boy to have a real home-like home. My wife gave me one, and I solemnly believe it was the making of me. And Victor's wife must be no mere book machine or wearer of fine clothes. If she can't sew, and sweep and cook she's no fit mate for my son. Well, you see, I have been studying the matter over."

"I see," said Mr. Richmond, holding desperately on to the leather strap above his head, as the driver guided the wheels over a succession of stumps on the side of the road.

"I give them no time for preparation," said the Colonel, chuckling. "I drop down upon Miss Allen like a wolf on the fold. I see just exactly what she is. I judge for myself. I wouldn't give a fig for all the Latin and guitar music and china painting in the world if a woman can't make a loaf of light, sweet bread and cook a steak. Eh? I am sure I beg a thousand pardons, ma'am," as a sudden swing of the coach precipitated his head against the basket and sent the ear trumpet rolling to the floor.

"Allow me! Did you want to get out?"

For the woman with the green veil was making vehement gestures with her hand to the driver. She put up the trumpet with an inquiring expression of face.

"Did—you—want—to—get—out?" roared Col. Jones into its convoluted depths, the veins starting out on his forehead as he did so.

"Yes, sir, please," said the woman; and the courteous Colonel himself got out to expedite the removal of the basket, the trumpet and sundry brown paper parcels which constituted the belongings of their fellow passenger.

The green-veiled head bobbed acknowledgments, the Colonel lifted his hat like a modern Don Quixote, and the stage, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rolled away toward the brightness of the western sky. The green-veiled passenger caught up her parcels, skipped over the stone stile with amazing alacrity for so apparently feeble a personage, and flew like a deer across the wooded solitudes until she came to a low, red farmhouse, and entered a cosy kitchen, where a middle aged woman was making blackberry pies.

"Here's your trumpet all mended, Aunt Roxana," said she. "And here's the alpaca dress and the three yards of flannel and the basket with the tea and sugar and spices. What are you going to have for supper?"

"Spring chicken," said Aunt Roxanna in the soft, subdued voice peculiar to deaf people. "They're on the buttery shelf, all dressed and ready. And baked potatoes; and I calculate to have them pies ready to go into the oven right off."

"Splendid!" said Lurana Hopkins. "I want one of them. And I must have the chickens and that loaf of gingerbread."

"La, me!" said Aunt Roxanna. "Is the girl crazy?"

"It's for the schoolma'am, Aunt Roxanna," explained Lurana, with her rosy mouth close to the ear trumpet. "Her beau's father came up from the train with me in Zadoc Hawley's stage, and he took me for a deaf woman, because of the trumpet, I suppose, and talked before me to his friend real free. And he's come out here to surprise the schoolma'am, and find out whether she is a good housekeeper or not. And if she isn't, he's going to set himself dead against the match!"

"I never heard nothing like it in my life," said Aunt Roxanna.

"And she isn't—you know she isn't?" said Lurana. "She just lives in half of the Widow Skerritt's house, and boards herself on bread and milk. But she is as sweet as a peach, and people can't have all the accomplishments at once—"

"No, to be sure not," said Aunt Roxanna, her slow wits following Lurana's rapid speech with considerable difficulty.

"And she shan't be cheated out of her lover, not if I can help it," said Lurana, hurriedly packing the broilers, neatly wrapped in a napkin, into her basket, and supplementing them with a loaf of spicy smelling gingerbread, two unbaked blackberry pies, a pan of biscuit and a glass jar of honey. "Now, a little canister of coffee," she said "and some of those pickles, and I believe that's all. You must hunt up something else for supper."

And once more Lurana sped across the fields, crossing a noisy brook on the perilous span of a fallen tree, picking her way deftly through the hummocks of a swamp, and reaching the Widow Skerritt's cottage, while the Blue Station stage, travelling the regular road, was still a good mile and a quarter away.

Alice Alden, the district school teacher, was just putting the last stitches in a blue checked gingham gown that she was making when Lurana rushed in like a hazel-eyed whirlwind.

"Quick!" she cried. "Kindle up the fire! Set the table! Your father-in-law is coming!"

"My father-in-law!" cried Miss Alden, aghast.

"In the stage!" explained Lurana, breathlessly. "To take you by surprise, and there's no telling how soon he will be here."

And then as well as she could, she explained this unexpected combination of circumstances.

"But," reasoned Alice, "I do not wish to deceive anybody, I can't cook, I never learned how."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Lurana. "If men will make such geese of themselves we may just as well meet them on their own ground. It would be just as reasonable for you to refuse Victor because he hasn't learned the blacksmith's trade or can't preach a sermon. Wouldn't it now?"

"There's something in that," hesitated Alice.

"Of course there is," said Lurana.

It was 9 o'clock at night when Col. Jones rejoined his friend Richmond at the Hemlock Hill hotel. Outside the whip-poor-wills sung, the pine woods exhaled perfume. Within the Colonel rejoiced with an exceeding great joy.

"It's all right," said he. "All as right as possible. I walked directly in upon her and there she was preparing such broiled chickens I never tasted, and the coffee was superb. There was blackberry pie that melted in my mouth and homemade biscuits fit for a king."

"Isn't that rather an elaborate spread for one person?" inquired Mr. Richmond a little incredulously.

"Oh, I believe there was some other young woman to be with her, but she turned shy and wouldn't come in at the last. But she's the prettiest girl you ever saw, Richmond——"

"The other young woman?"

"Pooh, nonsense! You know what I mean—Miss Alden, herself. And I think my son Victor is the luckiest fellow out. I've invited her to come to New York and spend her next vacation with my wife and myself, and I don't care how soon they fix the wedding day."

And the colonel's face beamed all over.

"Have I done right, Victor?" the schoolma'am asked her lover the next time she saw him.

"Right! Of course you have," cried Victor Jones. "And I shall feel grateful to Lurana Hopkins all the rest of my life."

"But I do mean to go over to the Hopkins farm every day and take a lesson in cooking until I can justify your father's good opinion," declared Miss Alden.

"You're near enough to perfection to justify anyone's good opinion now," said Victor, who, as may easily be perceived, was very much in love.

"And only think," cried Lurana, who danced in at that moment, "all this good has been wrought by Aunt Roxanna's ear trumpet!"

A Bloodless German.

Not many miles from Berlin, Germany, there lives a man who, if what report says of him be true, is certainly one of the most remarkable phenomena on record. The papers state as a positive fact that he has no blood in his veins and that a committee of the leading physicians and scientists have declared their inability to account for this extraordinary circumstance. The man is a Corporal in the German army, and goes by the name of Otto Schrieber. He himself was quite unconscious of his bloodless condition until two months ago, when he fought a duel with a fellow soldier. His opponent ran his sword through his body without, however, drawing any blood, and the "patient" seemed not a bit the worse. The man was so taken by surprise that Otto had no trouble in killing him. Since that time the comrades of the Corporal have been careful not to tread on his toes, and on no consideration to accept a challenge from him. He was submitted to a severe test at a medical institute in Berlin. A knife was thrust into his mouth, the point coming out at the back of the neck. Not a drop of blood was spilled, and Otto felt no pain during the operation. The gentlemen who examined him are now fully convinced that there are many things in heaven and earth that they never dreamed of. Otto Schrieber intends as soon as his time is up—i. e., next year—to show himself in the principal cities of Europe.—[London Budget.

Medicinal Uses of the Lemon.

"Lemons are very healthy and good, not only for allaying the thirst but will cure a multitude of disorders. The juice of the lemon contains citric acid. Acids as a rule decrease the acid secretion of the body and increase the alkaline. Citric acid, which is the acid of lemons and oranges for instance, will diminish the secretions of gastric juice but increases very materially the secretion of saliva. The very thought of a lemon is sufficient to make the mouth water. Thirst in fevers is not always due to a lack of water in the blood. It may be due in part to a lack of the secretion of the saliva. When the mouth is parched and dry the acid will increase the saliva. When acid is given for the relief of dyspepsia it should be taken before eating. Lemon juice drank before meals will be found very advantageous as a preventive to heartburn."—[Chicago Times.

Safeguards Against Jewelry Thieves.

"I have no doubt that the jewellers in this city lose $10,000 or $15,000 a year from ring thieves," said a New York jeweller a few days ago to a Sun reporter. "The ring thief is usually well dressed and respectable in appearance. He calls for several trays of rings, and while he is talking to the clerk manages to steal a ring. It is impossible to refuse to place a tray of rings before a customer, so I have to hit upon the following scheme: Through each row of rings I run a steel rod, these rods are attached to an iron frame, with hinges at one end and a lock at the other. When a customer wishes to look at the rings I hand out this rack. When necessary, I can take off any ring by unlocking the frame. This has proved a great saving."

An Offer to be Declined.

"So you are a bad man, eh?"

"Reckon you're right, stranger."

"Come from Bitter Creek?"

"That's whar I'm from, and no mistake."

"Not afraid of anything that walks, eh?"

"Afraid! Show me the man——"

"Oh, no, I won't show you any man, but I'd like to take you up to the house and introduce you to my wife. I bought her a pair of shoes that didn't fit, and I'm rather afraid to go up alone."—

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Two hundred and seventy-five acres, two and one-half miles from Scotland Neck. One hundred and twenty-five acres in cultivation. Good Dwelling House and good water.

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Two hundred acres, two miles from Scotland Neck. Eighty acres Fresh Land. Good Dwelling, some outhouses and orchard, and good water.

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Any and all the property described above may be bought for one-fourth cash, with as much time as desired on the remainder.

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The above are well known to me. I have been acquainted with the Mrs. Person family for many years, and Mr. Person is one of our best citizens. W. H. Pittman, Sheriff.
Mrs. Joe Person.

The Remedy is for sale by all druggists. Price $1.00 per quart, $5.00 per half dozen bottles. Wash. 50 cents for package, $5.00 per half dozen packages, sent for pamphlet and testimonials. Sold by druggists generally. Orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.
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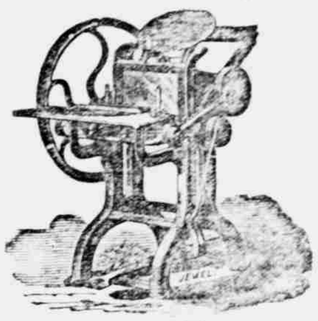

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