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The Whispering Lute.

JAMES BACHMAN.

O'er David's couch, as old tradition says,
There hung a lute turned ever to God's
praise.

And when, upon the passing of the night,
The soft wind whispered toward the gates
of light,

The lute filled all the chamber of the
King

With its melodious murmuring.

Then woke the royal singer, and with
head

Half-raised, as if he heard an Angel's
tread,

Listened, until, his poet soul on fire,
He caught with eager, yearning hands the
lyre,

And sang the songs the world's heart
sings again—

Inspired outpourings of the souls of men.

So, o'er our heads, new dawning truth
abroad,

The whispering lutes sing sweeter
thoughts of God!

O poet, whom the world has wanted long,
Come, smite the murmuring harp strings
clear and strong!

Come, thou new seer, who shalt rise and
sing

This day's evangel of thy God and King!

Punctuality.

(N. Y. Ledger.)

It is astonishing how many people

there are who neglect punctuality.

Thousands have failed in life from
this cause alone. It is not only a

serious vice in itself, but it is the

fruitful parent of numerous other

ones, so that he who becomes the

victim of it gets involved in toils

from which it is almost impossible to

escape. It makes the merchant

wasteful of time; it saps the busi-

ness reputation of the lawyer, and it

injuries the prospects of the me-

chanic, who might otherwise rise to

fortune; in a word, there is not a

profession, nor a station in life,

which is not liable to the canker of

the destructive habit.

It is a fact not always remember-

ed, that Napoleon's great victories

were won by infusing into his sub-

ordinates the necessity of punctuality.

It was his plan to manoeuvre over large spaces of

country so as to render the enemy

uncertain where he was about to

strike a blow, and then suddenly to

concentrate his forces and fall with

irresistible power on some weak

point of the extended lines of the

foe.

In mercantile affairs, punctuality

is as important as in military. Many

are the instances in which the neglect

to renew an insurance punctually

has led to serious loss. With sound

policy do the banks insist, under the

penalty of a protest, on the punctual

payment of notes, for were they to

do otherwise, commercial transac-

tions would fall into inextricable

confusion. Many and many a time

has the failure of one man to meet

his obligations brought on the ruin

of a score of others, just as the top-

pling down in a line of bricks, of

the master brick, causes the fall of all

the rest. Thousands remain poor all

their lives, who, if they were more

faithful to their word, would secure

a large run of custom, and so make

their fortunes. Be punctual, if you

would succeed.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and

neighbors talking about it. You

may yourself be one of the many

who know from personal experience

THE NEW SOUTH.

BY HON. HENRY W. GRADY.

(New York Ledger.)

I was once riding through Lan-

caster county, Pa.—shown by the

census of 1880 to be the richest

agricultural county in America. I

was anxious to know by what means

Lancaster had wrested from Dan-

ness county, N. Y., this distinction.

"What's the secret of your supremacy?" I asked a farmer. "Tobacco,"

he replied.

Shortly after, I was riding through

a scorched and stricken strip of

North Carolina—now happily re-

claimed. I wondered what was the

cause of the unthriftiness, and in-

quired. "Tobacco," was the reply.

The difference was that in Caro-

lina tobacco was made the sole crop.

In Lancaster it is made the crown

and money crop of a diversified

agriculture. The one-crop system

never made any people prosperous.

It very nearly ruined the farmers of

the South. I have shown in a former

letter how the high price of cotton

in 1866-9, put every available acre

in the South in cotton—how the

merchant advanced money and sup-

plies, taking lien on the crop not

yet planted. See how this worked.

The farmer started with nothing, the

war having robbed him. He bought

on credit the bread and meat his

labor consumed while it made his

cotton, and borrowed money with

which to pay the laborers' wages. He

was thus in bondage to the money-

lenders of the East and to the corn

raisers and hay growers of the West.

In this mad race between a money

crop and a mortgage, the smaller in-

dustries of the farm were utterly

neglected—the farmer bought his

hams, his lard, his bacon, and often

his butter and his fruit from the

merchant. Cotton was king—and

then a despot.

WHAT COTTON DOES FOR THE SOUTH.

Cotton is a plant worthy of hon-

or. The soil has not yet given to

the hand of man its equal. Let us

see. This year's crop, 7,500,000

bales, will furnish 3,000,000,000

pounds of lint, which would clothe

in a cotton suit every human being

on earth, and yield to Southern

farmers \$350,000,000 in cash. The

lint sold, there will be left 3,750,000

tons of seed. This will supply 150,

000,000 gallons of oil, which, sold at

forty cents a gallon, will bring \$60,-

000,000. Or it may be reduced to

lard, when it will produce 1,125,000

000 pounds of edible fat. This

grease, healthful and nutritious is

equal in pounds to 5,625,000 hogs of

200 pounds each. Allow 200 pounds

of edible fat to one person per

annum, and this would keep in meat

5,625,000 citizens. But the wonder-

ful plant is not exhausted. After the

seeds are stripped of lint, and the

oil pressed from the seeds, there

remain the hulls and the meal. Of

each ton, the oil takes only 250

pounds, leaving 1,000 pounds of

hull, and 750 pounds of cake or

meal. This is unequalled as a fer-

tilizer, of which we should have left

3,600,000 tons. But it is also the

very best food for cattle or sheep.

Feed to either, it will first make meat

or wool, and then, as animal man-

ure, go back to enrich the soil. Of

stock food, it will furnish 6,568,500,

000 pounds, enough to stall-feed

1,175,000 hogs for one year. These

in turn would furnish meat for 6,000,

000 more of people. Such are some

of the possibilities of this royal

plant.

Those who read these stunning

figures will hear with astonishment

that the farmers who grow this plant

are not the richest farmers in the

world. And yet even more is to

be said of its advantage. It gives

to those who grow it a monopoly

that is beyond the reach of competi-

tion. How important this is in these

days when steam and electricity

have annihilated distance, can be

seen from a study of the situation.

What other product does the Ameri-

can farmer grow, in growing which

he is not thrown in direct competi-

tion with the cheap labor or bound-

less area of other countries?

THE GREAT COMMERCIAL

CHESSBOARD.

Steam has made of the earth a

chessboard, on which men play for

markets. Our western wheat grower

competes in London with the Rus-

sian and the East India. The Ohio

wheat grower watches the Australian

shepherd, and the bleat of the now

historic sheep of Vermont is answer-

ed from the steppes of Asia. The

herds that emerge from the dust of

prairies might hear in their pauses

the hoofbeats of antipolean herds

marshing to meet them. Under

Holland's dykes, the cheese and

butter makers fight American dairies.

The hen cackles around the world.

California challenges vine-clad France.

The Dark Continent is disclosed

through meshes of light. There is

competition everywhere. The hus-

bandman driven from his market

balances price against starvation,

and undercuts his rival. This con-

dict often runs to panic, and profit

vanishes. The Iowa farmer burning

his corn for fuel is not an unusual

type. Of all the American farmers

the cotton grower is the one who is

not driven almost to despair by com-

petition. The mortgage-laden farms

of the West, the deserted farms of

New England—these tell the story

of foreign competition. Even in

our own land the occupation of new

areas increases constantly the wheat

and corn and grass acreage. It is

estimated that the Powell survey of

irrigable land makes an area eight

times as large as Indiana. Add this

to the wheat and corn-producing

lands, and at the same time with-

draw the Southern States, now rais-

ing their own grain, from the list of

purchasers, and what is the prospect

ahead of the American grain grower?

But it may be urged, that the cot-

ton grower in the South has com-

petition in Egypt, India, Brazil and

Russia. Let the record answer. In

1872 the American supply of cotton

was 3,241,000 bales. The foreign

supply, 3,035,000 bales. At that