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The Haxall Crenshaw Co.,
HAXALL MILLS,
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"BYRD-ISLAND"
Patent Roller Family Flour.
And all other grades of
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ALWAYS READY
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Passengers carried quickly to any
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Two Sinners.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
There was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart
keep quiet,
When the blood is a river that's running
hot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And a man's the better who's had his day.
The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the
fold,
And christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command
And a spotless woman gave him her hand,
And the world strewed their pathway
with flowers bloom,
Crying, "God bless lady and God bless
groom!"

There was a maiden went astray,
In the golden dawn of her life's young
day,
She had more passion and heart than
head,
And she followed blindly where fond love
led.
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.
The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in;
The preacher prayed that she might be
forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in heaven.
For this is the law of the earth, we know,
That the woman is scorned, while the
man may go.
A brave man wedded her, after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall
not call."

Education in Northampton County.

Cor. of the News and Observer.
JACKSON, N. C. Feb. 17.
The teachers' institute convened
here the past week, conducted by
Prof. Melver, the able educator
and the most interesting speaker to
teachers and the people, that we
ever heard of on the subject of educa-
tion. There was a good attendance
and Prof. Melver spared no pains
in showing the importance of educa-
tion and the simplest methods of
teaching. It is hoped that he left
a lasting impression that will aid
in the advancement of educational
interests in which our white people
are much slower than the colored
race. The darkeys are striving
with all the energy they have to
obtain an education, while many
of our white people are indiffer-
ent about educating their children,
who are to make our State what it
is to be in the future.

Why She Was Impatient.

N. Y. Ledger.
As a Boston horse-car was going
north the other evening, with a
young lady and an old gentleman
as sole passengers, the maiden ex-
hibited symptoms of impatience at
the slow progress made. The car
had to halt for a team on the track,
and she would have got off but for
the gentleman, who said: "It's for
only half a minute—don't be impa-
tient." Then the car waited two
minutes on a switch, and she put
her head out of the window, then
got out, walked up and down, and
was on the platform when he said:
"There comes the other car. You
seem so impatient that I am led to
believe that some of your family are
sick. Is it so?"
"They are all unusually well," she
replied, as she took her seat again.
One block more, and the car left
the track. She waited half a minute
to see if it could be hauled on
again right away, and then she
started to go.
"It will be all right in a minute,"
protested the old gentleman.
"Can't see it," she curtly re-plied.
"Then you will go?"
"I will."
"And it isn't sickness?"
"See here," she said, standing on
the lower step, "if you are dining to
know the cause of my hurry, I will
tell you. My beau is to be at the
house at half-past eight, and I'm
not going to run the risk of losing a
good offer for all the old men and
all the street-cars in the world.
There! Does that make you feel
any better?"
The old man pondered it as the
car rolled around and bonned and
bobbed and he concluded that she
was perfectly correct, though a little
impudent.

If you feel "out of sorts," and pe-
vish—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsa-
parilla; cheerfulness will return and
life will acquire new zest.
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(Old Homestead)
It will be difficult to find in the
State of Georgia, or in the South, a
man to fill the place of the late
Henry W. Grady, the peerless orator
and matchless writer. His thorough
culture, his sense of justice, his love
of right, and his power of analysis
eminently fitted him for leadership;
but death cut him off in his young
manhood, and his friends and the
country have lost the ripeness of his
years. What fruits those riper years
would have borne we can only judge
by those already gathered.

As a writer he brought to his argu-
ments the aid of a style of singular
vigor and perspicuity, and fortified
his position with learned facts and
authorities that made it impregna-
ble. As an orator his eloquence was
faultless, and multitudes hung like
the bees of Hybla upon his lips to
catch the sweetness his eloquence
distilled. His resources of learning
supplied him with rich stores of
classical illustration, which were
used not to embellish but to intensify
his logic of pen and tongue.

Henry W. Grady was one of the
greatest men the South has ever pro-
duced. His life was too short to
measure its greatness, as it closed
before noon, while the sun was still
shining on higher eminences just be-
fore him. It closed on a career in-
complete when the greatest honors
were awaiting his outstretched hand.
It is no injustice to Lee, Stephens,
Hill, and Davis to say that Grady
will live as imperishably as they in
the minds and hearts of the South-
ern people.

Editor Grady's Boyishness.

Henry Grady was a boy—nothing
but a boy—we all called him Henry.
His smooth and boyish face and
laughing eyes and merry laugh did
hardly become a man. He had to
be deeply impressed with the deep
concern or peril of anything to put
off his boyish ways. Only a few
years ago I rode with him and two
friends in the country, and seeing a
squirrel across the road, he leaped
from the carriage and chased him
far in the woods. He came back
laughing and panting, and said: "I
would have caught him if I—if I had
been a dog." He loved the boys and
their boyish sports, and once re-
marked that he would go to
school again if he was not ashamed.
Said he wanted to play marbles and
skiball, and would try a game of
mumblepeg with a newsboy if there
was nobody watching him. When
baseball came on the carpet he was
delighted, for it gave even a man
a chance to be a boy again. He
joined in the sport with eager en-
thusiasm, and kept it alive, and
became for awhile its champion. I
remember being in the office one day
when Henry came sauntering in
with a happy smile upon his face,
and Evan Howell said: "You needn't
come here laughing, just look at
that bill for telegraphing your base-
ball news from all over the coun-
try. That's the bill for one week—
just one week—and if you don't stop
it I'm going to charge it up to you.
We've got it to pay, but I am going
to charge it up to you." Henry glanced
at the bill and said: "That's all right;
charge it, I don't care; but I'm going
to have the baseball news all the
same. What are you fellows talking
about?" When he left the room
Howell said: "Was there ever such
a boy in the world?"
Bill App.

A Scrap of Paper saves her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of
wrapping paper, but it saved her
life. She was in the last stages of
consumption, told by physicians that
she was incurable and could live
only a short time; she weighed less
than seventy pounds. On a piece
of wrapping paper she read of Dr.
King's New Discovery, and got a
sample bottle; it helped her, she
bought a large bottle, it helped her
more, bought another and grew bet-
ter fast, continued its use and is
now strong, healthy, rosy, plump,
weighing 140 pounds. For fuller
particulars send stamp to W. H.
Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial
Bottle of this wonderful Discovery
Free at E. T. Whitehead & Co.'s
Drugstore.

For rheumatic and neuralgic pains,
rub in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic
Oil Liniment, and take Dr. J. H.
McLean's Sarsaparilla. You will
not suffer long, but will be gratified
with a speedy and effective cure.
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Too Soft.

(Youth's Companion.)
In April, 1864, a New York regi-
ment was in Covington, Ky. Cin-
cinnati lies just across the river and
the temptation to visit it was too
strong for men who had been for
years enduring the privations of
army life. A little party of them
determined to go over and attend a
place of amusement. What took
place after the performance is thus
described by one of the participants:
We thought it would be a rare
treat to put up at a hotel for the
night, enjoy a sound sleep on a soft
bed, and have a good breakfast be-
fore returning to camp in the morn-
ing.

To this end we repaired to the
hotel, paid a dollar and a half each
for our double-bedded room—there
were four in the party—and then
went to the theatre.
We enjoyed the performance, and,
after partaking of a good oyster sup-
per, returned to the hotel and retired,
anticipating a good night's sleep
on the feather-beds.

After criticizing what we had
seen, and eating ever again in im-
agination the excellent supper we
had enjoyed, and contrasting our
nice, comfortable beds with the
places we had been obliged to sleep
in during our late campaign, we turned
over and tried to sleep.
All was quiet for perhaps half an
hour. Then I noticed my bedfellow
becoming very restless, apparently
trying to get into a comfortable posi-
tion.

"Come, John!" I exclaimed, "why
don't you lie still and go to sleep?"
"Why don't you go to sleep your-
self?" was the response.

Then we heard similar questions
and exclamations from the other
bed, and soon our companions were
heard tumbling out and lying down
on the floor, declaring that they
"couldn't sleep on that bed; it's too
soft."

We chaffed each other a good deal
about our adventure, but decided
that rather than pay for beds in the
hotel and then of our own accord lie
on the floor, we had better go back
to the barracks and lie in our own
bunks.

"Yes," said one, "but we have
paid for our breakfast, too; we don't
want to lose that."
"Never mind," rejoined another,
"let's go back."

So we got up, dressed, and sneak-
ed downstairs, as though we had
been trying to "jump" our board
bill.

The night-clerk sat dozing in his
chair. We felt too sheepish to ac-
knowledge the truth to him, and
simply inquiring at what hour break-
fast would be ready, we started for
the ferry and managed to catch the
last boat to Covington.

In less than five minutes after
stretching ourselves in our bunks,
we were sound asleep. We did not
think it worth while to go to back to
the hotel for our breakfast.
Fifteen years afterward I met my
bedfellow of that night, at the break-
fast table of a hotel, but neither of
us complained of having been unable
to enjoy the soft beds. Our Cin-
cinnati adventure was recalled, and
we smiled together over the days of
long ago.

A very "Curious Woman."

"You're the most curious woman I
ever heard of," said a boy to his
mother—"you tell me that I have a
bad temper and yet blame me for
losing it!"

Anecdote of Ben Butler.

He was called on by a man who
wanted to have a talk with him.
"Mr. Butler," said the caller, "one
of my neighbor's cows jumped my
garden gate last night and com-
pletely destroyed my wife's flower
beds. The gate was of the height
required by law and was closed.
Now, I wish to know whether I can
obtain damages."
"Most assuredly," replied Butler.
"How much?"
"Well, ten dollars I should say."
"But, Mr. Butler, triumphantly
the cow was yours."
"Ah!" said Mr. Butler, thoughtfully,
and he looked unutterable things
out of his bad eye. Then he
turned to his desk and scratched
off a few lines on a piece of paper
and handed it to his visitor. It
was in the form of an account, and
ran as follows:
"B. F. Butler to Mr.— \$10. Dr.
damaged caused by cow, \$10. Cr.
By legal advice, \$15; bal. due, \$5."
"Mr.—" said Mr. Butler,
softly, "you needn't hurry about
the payment."

RAILROADS AND RAILROAD COMMISSIONS.

No. 12.
To understand the relation be-
tween the sovereign power of the
state and the corporate power of
the railroads, and also the relation
between the railroads and the people
as individual patrons of the roads,
we must bear in mind that these
corporations petitioned the state to
grant them special and absolute
privileges and immunities above all
other citizens, and over the territory
of the state and over the citizens'
lands in defiance of, and against the
will of the unwilling. Keep in mind
also that these corporations paid to
the state not one dollar in return for
their exacting rights to transport
persons and freight over the state.

No other individual has any right
whatever to run his vehicle over
these public highways.
Under these conditions ordinarily
all competition is shut out; and if
the position of the railroads and
their attorneys be the law, then the
legislature has created a new class
of citizens and clothed them with
power and prerogatives greater than
are possessed by other citizens—
power to oppress others of the state
even unto the confiscation of the
property of all other citizens. To
suppose that the legislature granted
or intended to grant to these cor-
porations any such power, is to suppose
that they were composed of very
ignorant or wicked men. And if
any legislature ever intended to
grant such rights it had no power to
grant them.

If the legislature can not regulate
the tariff to be charged by these
corporations for these services, then
they charge the full value of a car
load from Raleigh to Weldon for its
transportation, provided the owner
of the same could not get it to Wel-
don for less money. And the right
having been granted to corporations
to transport between these two
points, and it being equipped for
work, no other person or corporation
can afford to build and equip a new
line, because the first line can haul
cheaper than a new one; and if it
could not it would buy off the second
line or pool the freights and kill
competition, and it would still take
the value of the car load to get it to
Weldon on either line.

The Constitution in allowing the
law making power of the state the
right to charter these corporations,
did not intend to surrender the right
of self protection. Nor could the
law making power have intended to
destroy competition in transportation
and place the citizens of the state at
the mercy of these soulless corpo-
rations. And it is believed by many
able lawyers of the country that a
combination of the traffic between
these corporations for the purpose of
keeping the rate of transportation
above high water mark is a perva-
sion of the power of the corporations
sufficient to forfeit all rights under
these charters. If it were otherwise
there could be no limit to the power
of the railroads. If they can charge
what they please, then they can
charge to the value of the goods
transported. If they can not charge
what they please then there is a limit
to their power to charge. If there is
a limit to their power to charge ex-
orbitant and oppressive rates, where
does the power exist to limit the
power of the corporation to charge
up to the point of confiscation.

It must exist in the same body
that granted the charter—the legis-
lature.
Many persons become merchants,
horse dealers, millers, &c., and ask
no special privilege and are granted
none.
Each one has a right to follow
these callings without the consent
of the legislature and no one has any
exclusive right over any one else.

All stand on the same footing and
compete with each other for patron-
age.
It is not so with the corporations.
Three or four wealthy men put their
heads and capital together; they
secure a charter, they build a road
from Raleigh to Norfolk; equip it
and commence work. They calculate
what it costs to produce a bushel of
wheat in Wake county and what it
will bring in Norfolk, and charge for
transportation exactly the difference
between the cost of production and
the selling price in Norfolk.

The farmer is helpless—he has no
other means of getting his wheat to
Norfolk, and can not find a market
in Raleigh. Competing corporations
agree to charge the same tariff, to
deduct expenses and then divide the

profits.
What is known as competing lines
of corporations never permanently
lower the rates of freight. They
always increase the rate in the end.
No competing lines ought to be
allowed. Where one line can per-
form the work that line ought to be
compelled to work for the public at
reasonable rates; so as to make rea-
sonable dividends.
Without a charter these corpo-
rations could not build one foot of
road over the lands of the citizens,
and yet it is contended that the
legislature granted these special
privileges with full power to con-
fiscate every man's property that comes
to them for transportation without
any power reserved to the legislature
or the people to in any way interfere
in the people's behalf.
The legislature has no such power
and the constitution never confer-
red any such power.
If the legislature has no power to
control the railroads, then they are
tyrants with unbridled and unlimited
power to confiscate any man's prop-
erty transported by them. It is not
necessary to charge for transporta-
tion the full value of property in
order to confiscate it. To charge
the difference between the cost of
production and the price at the point
to which it is transported is sufficient
to bankrupt the producer.
When the railroads were first built
in the state they were allowed to
charge more than for their work than
they ought to be allowed now. This
I shall discuss in my next, and
perhaps last, paper.

Peculiar Coincidence.

(Argus.)
Quite a peculiar coincidence hap-
pened Saturday. Mr. L. D. Gid-
dens has a very large lamp that
gives a most excellent light, but he
could not find a chimney large
enough for it in Goldsboro, and
his stock on hand had become ex-
hausted by breakage he ordered a
lot from the factory. Messrs. Hood
& Britt have a lamp the same size
as that of Mr. Giddens, and knowing
this Mr. Giddens stepped in there
Saturday night to ask if they would
take some of the chimneys off his
hands. "No," said Mr. Britt, "we
have been using that chimney up
there for over two years constantly,
it doing service in the best during
the Pearson meetings, and I don't
believe it is ever going to break."
Just at that instant "crack" went
the chimney—"crack, crack"—and
fell to pieces, while they looked on
in astonishment. Now, what caused
that chimney to break right then?
Was it the concentrated current of
their thoughts? It is needless to
add that Mr. Giddens sold them
part of his stock of new ones.

WAKE FOREST.

REV. THOS. DIXON WILL DELIVER
THE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.
Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York,
will deliver the Commencement ad-
dress at Wake Forest College, next
June. He will be the youngest com-
mencement orator, perhaps, in the
history of that college, and a son of
the other leading colleges of the
State.
The Wilmington Association of
the students and friends of Wake
Forest College are to be organiza-
ted upon their selection of Rev.
Thomas Dixon to deliver the annual
address at the next Commencement
of that progressive institution. He
is an alumnus, a native North Caro-
linian, a man of parts and digni-
ty. It is true he lives in the North,
but he is of us, of North Carolina
birth and breeding, and we hope he
will never become so estranged and
alienated with Northern ideas, notions,
customs, habits, and modes of
thought as to be "a man and a
boy" and "a man and a green" and
the homespun principles and methods
of his own people. We like to see a
young North Carolinian recognized
and honored. Why should I care, if
legions go abroad in a search of
prosperity when they have a plentiful
material among their own people
and friends? We can name a dozen
young men who would be glad to
take the occasion, and would deliver
as good or better addresses than many
in the past that were best digested
and then published. We are some-
times in church and see one among
those under forty five, who would be
able to "fill the lot" most profitably
and entertainingly and that is with-
out the glare of a microphone, name
abroad. Honor the strong young
men of the State, and then ask
your speakers for more.

North Carolina Industries.
News and Observer, 1889.
Topping into the mammoth es-
tablishment of Messrs. W. H. & R. S.
Eucker yesterday, which presents
an inviting appearance to the passer-
by at all times, we were much
surprised to learn from Mr. James
Boylan, who kindly showed us
around, what an extensive business
is now being done in the products
of our own state. Mr. Eucker in
the course of his usual management
maintained the *Manufacture of*
upon his efforts in forming and
bringing out North Carolina prod-
ucts and surprised us by showing
in that connection what an exten-
sive business was already being
done in home products. For in-
stance, he showed us Mr. Eucker's
knives manufactured in Wake county
which are sold at 25 cents. These are
showed by way of comparison with
the Northern manufacture at the same
price, which it could be seen at a
glance was not so good a value for
so stylish an appearance. He also
showed us *Manufacture of*
North Carolina knives, which sold at
25 cents, while the Northern manu-
facture sells at 75 cents, and so on.
Numerous other articles of North
Carolina and Southern products
were shown us, and a splendid
astonishing degree of enterprise
over the Northern and foreign
when compared with the products
of those were embraced in the
kettles, paint goods, *Manufacture of*
blankets, a number of *Manufacture of*
stripes, chevrons, plaid, check,
sheetings, plaids, box-cloth, shir-
twaists, undershirts, stockings, *Manufacture of*
knitting cotton, sewing thread,
North Carolina shoes, and the
North Carolina *Manufacture of*
articles and manufactures of all
Carolina and Southern products
shows the trade being done by
us and cheaper than the Northern
manufacture. Every one who
can should be proud of the
Old North State in these, and
Messrs. Eucker are to be thanked
for bringing them so prominently
before the public.

There is probably no other article
for the public which is so much
used as Sarsaparilla. It is
for Malaria. It is a good
makes a permanent cure and is
for the medicine. It is a good
used every season. It is a good
only needs to be known to
its merits. A few doses will destroy
all Malaria in the system. Sold by
mail for one dollar.
Dr. J. H. McLean.

Don't irritate your lungs with a
sunless cough when a pleasant and
effective remedy may be found in
Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung
Balm!
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

It goes right to the spot, said an
old man, who was told by Dr. J. H.
McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment
to relieve rheumatism.
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.