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Eternal Justice.

(Old Homestead.)

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil,
For him the ax be bared.
For him the gibbet shall be built,
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim,
And malace, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name:
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro,
Trust to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds the light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine;
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man
By all the poison ever was bruised
Since time its course began.
To-day absorb'd, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray anchorite,
Be wiser than thy peers,
Augment the range of human power
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise—
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days,
But not too soon for human kind.
Time hath reward in store,
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord,
So round and round we run,
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear,
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair;
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow—
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe,
But never a truth has been destroyed.
They may curse and call it crime,
Pervert and betray or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time;
But the sunshine e'er shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these,
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery
And left their thoughts untold;
And many live and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the old world's ban,
For sending their bright, far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief
Unknown, if not maligned—
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

J. B., New Orleans.

"She is a Simple Home-Body."

Sometimes one hears it said of a good wife and mother that "she's a regular home-body." The phrase is simple, but what a world of ennobling qualities it indicates, and what a universe of frivolities it excludes. The matronly home-body is, indeed, "Heaven's best gift to man," and the husband capable of maltreating so true a help-meet, is only fit for such companionship as Nebuchadnezzar found in the Babylonish pastures.

Dashing ladies, whose mission it is to set the fashions, won't you look in upon your gentle sister as she sits in her well ordered nursery making the children happy with her presence? Note how she adjusts their little difficulties, and admonishes, encourages, instructs, amuses them, as the case may require. Do you think any nurse-maid could produce such harmony in that little circle? Is she not an enchantress? Verily, yes, and her charm is "love stronger than death" for those sweet young faces where you may see her smiles and frowns (though she seldom has occasion to frown) reflected in glee and sorrow, like sunlight and cloud-shadow in a quiet pool. What she is, she will teach her daughters to be, and blessed are the sons that have such a mother.—Ex.

THE cures made by Radam's Microbe Killer are in many cases considered almost a miracle. If the doctors can give you no hope, try it. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co., agents for Halifax county.

MOTHERS DEAR.

Weary Mothers.

(N. Y. Ledger.)

I am convinced that there are times in everybody's experience when there is so much to be done, that the only way to do it is to sit down and do nothing. This sounds paradoxical, but it is not.

For instance, there is the overtasked mother of a family, in moderate circumstances, who must be brains, hands, stomach and feet for a dozen little children, and their father, who counts full another dozen. Do the best she may, plan the wisest she may, her work accumulates fearfully on her hands. One day's labor laps over on the next, till she cannot sleep at night for fear she shall oversleep in the morning. And though she works hard all day, and gives herself no relaxation, she cannot see any result at the close, save that "she hath done what she could."

Of course, you say: "Let her be satisfied with that, and not worry about it." That is only another proof how easy it is for some people to bear the troubles of other people. Suppose her nervous system has been strained to the utmost, so that every step is a weariness and every fresh and unexpected demand sets her "all of a tremble," as women express it, what is the use of reasoning then about not working? The more she can't work, the more she will try to, till she drops in her tracks.

Now, there are self-sacrificing mothers who need somebody to say to them:

"Stop! You have just to make your choice now between death and life. You have expended all the strength you have on hand, and must lay in a new stock before any work can be done by you. So don't go near your kitchen. Get right into bed and lie there, just as a man would do if he didn't feel one quarter as bad as you do; and my word for it, the world will keep on going round just the same as if you were spinning a spasmodic teetotum, as hens do, long after their heads have been cut off. Yes—just lie there till you get rested; and they all find out, by picking up the burdens you have dropped, what a load you have been uncomplainingly shouldering. Yes—just lie there; and tell them to bring you something nice to eat and drink—yes, drink; and forbid, under dreadful penalties, anybody asking you what the family are to have for dinner. Let them eat what they like, so that they don't trouble you, and season it to their tastes; and here's hoping it will do them good."

And now, having located you comfortably under the quilt, out of harm's way, let me tell you that if you are doing God service, or anybody else, by using up a year's strength in a week, you have made a sinful mistake. I don't care anything about that basket of unmended stockings, or any nursery nightmare which haunts the dreams of these "Martha" mothers.

You have but one life to live: that's plain. And when you are dead, all the king's men can't make you stand on your feet again; that's plain. There, then—don't be dead. In the first place, go out a part of every day, rain or shine, for the fresh air, and don't tell me you can't; at least, not while you can stop to embroider your children's clothes. As to "dressing to go out," don't dress. If you are clean and whole, that's enough. Have boots with elastics at the side, instead of those that take so long to "lace up;" in short, simplify your dressing, and then stop every wheel in the house, if necessary, in order to go out, but go. Fifteen minutes is better than nothing. If you can't get out in the daytime, run out in the evening; and if your husband can't see the necessity of it, perhaps he will on reflection after you have gone out. The moral of all which is, that if nobody else will take care of you, you must just take care of yourself.

JIMES, N. C., July 30th, 1889.
Messrs. A. T. Shallenberger & Co.
Rochester, Pa. I enclose two dollars for two bottles of your Malaria Antidote. The bottle you sent me a year ago I gave to a nephew of mine who had chills for more than three months, and taking medicine from the doctor all the time without improvement. Before he had taken half the bottle of the Antidote he was entirely cured.
Yours truly,
H. H. CONRAD,

Preparation for Opportunity.

(Youths' Companion.)

Sir Henry Havelock joined the army of India in his twenty-eighth year and waited till he was sixty-two for the opportunity to show himself fitted to command and skilful to plan. During those four and thirty years of waiting, he was busy preparing himself for that march to Lucknow which was to make him famous as a soldier.

Gen. Charles James Napier, while Governor of Scinde, wrote to an ensign advising him by study to prepare himself for the higher ranks of his profession, so that when promotion came he would be ready to discharge the duties of the new position. The general's words should be inwardly digested by all young men. He wrote:

"By reading professional books you will discover what is faulty in your corps, if faults there are; you will then learn how things ought to be, and will by daily observation see how they are. Thus you can form comparisons which will in time teach you your profession.

"Keep up all knowledge that you have acquired, and gain as much more as you can. By reading you will be distinguished; without it abilities are of little use. A man may talk and write, but he cannot learn his profession without constant study to prepare; especially for the higher ranks, because there he wants the knowledge and experience of others improved by his own.

"But when in a post of responsibility he has no time to read, and if he comes to such a post with an empty skull, it is then too late to fill it and he makes no figure. Thus many people fail to distinguish themselves and say they are unfortunate, which is untrue; their own previous idleness has unfitted them to profit from fortune.

"The smith who has to look for his hammer when the iron is red strikes too late; the hammer should be up lifted to fall like a thunderbolt while the white heat is in the metal. Thus will the forging prosper."

What Ladies talk About.

When two or three or more married ladies are gathered together in a confidential way, they almost invariably talk about servants, babies, and sometimes husbands are discussed; but cooks and chambermaids and waiters are upon the whole, safer subjects. Differences of opinion have always existed and always will exist in mixed society as to the merits of infant prodigies and model spouses; but in relation to the shortcomings of domestics the ladies are all but unanimous.

Now, the eyes of servants may be full of motes, but are those of their employers free from beams? It must be confessed that the majority of ladies do not treat their domestics on the "Do-unto-others-as-you would-they-should-do-unto-you" principle. If there is any ground for the saying that good husbands make good wives, there is certainly equal reason to expect that just and considerate employers will be faithfully served. In the treatment of domestics, the familiarity that breeds contempt should be carefully avoided; but it is possible to make those who do your behests your friends without making them your confidants. Be thoughtful for their comfort and welfare. Do not require too much of them. Fancy yourselves servants now and then, ladies, in order to realize how *they* feel.—Ex.

PHILA, PA., March 4th, 1889.
DR. KIRK:
Dear Doctor—I had a violent attack of gravel, afterwards had pains across small of my back, extending around my sides: my stomach was disordered, bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated; was compelled to stop work for a few days. I took the Microbe Killer according to your directions, and was soon feeling all right again. We always keep a jug on hand to take when we get cold, or for any emergency.
R. P. MOORIDGE, (with B. Shoemaker.)
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co., agents for Halifax county.

You can be cheerful and happy only when you are well. If you feel "out of sorts," take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co

FOR weak back, chest pains, use a Dr. J. H. McLean's Wonderful Healing Plaster (porous.)
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

OUR LAND.

The South Self-Sustaining.

(Southern Cultivator.)

That the South can produce everything she requires for her own use, is not disputed. Her climate and resources give her a decided advantage over every other section.

Before the "late unpleasantness" the people of the South paid very little attention to diversified agriculture, but seemed devoted exclusively to the culture of cotton. The proceeds of their year's labor went to the purchase of more land and slaves. Since the close of "the war between the States" it would seem that the South has received for her cotton crop four billion dollars. This has gone, to a large extent, towards building up the whole country, and the South has, therefore, been a large factor in enhancing the general prosperity of the entire Nation.

Now, we would be slow to urge the striking out from the list of products of the country, such an important one as that of cotton. It is, say what we please, an element of power. As an American, we would not advocate any policy that would deprive the entire country of the benefits of growing so valuable a crop. As a Southern man, we would still be less inclined to urge such a line of action, as we of the South grow the bulk and finest quality of this grand article that the world must buy.

The Southern Cultivator, from its first issue, has been an ardent advocate of diversified agriculture, and has endeavored to stimulate the people to raise at home everything required for the sustenance of themselves and stock. To achieve the best results, under surrounding circumstances, requires the constant exercise of thought and skill in our modes of farming. The use of improved labor saving implements; thorough preparation and cultivation of the soil; better preparation of produce for market; in fact, in every detail of farm economy, the most rigid scrutiny and constant improvement is rendered necessarry.

It is folly for a man to use steam power where horse power could be employed as well, and equally so to employ the muscles of men to do that which can be accomplished by machinery as well as more economically. It is not necessary to abandon the culture of cotton in order to diversify our agriculture. It is, however, essential that we bring our agriculture up to the point that the capacity of an acre will be tested to its utmost. Our system must then be intensive. If we can make an acre produce one bale of cotton instead of one-third or one-half of a bale, then the other acre or two acres can be used for other products.

It does not folllow that because we diversify our agricultural products, we are exclusive, and propose non intercourse with the other sections of the Union, the outside world and "the rest of mankind."

The march of science and the progress of the age is tending to bring the nations of the earth more closely together. No nation is independent of neighboring nations. They cannot afford to be, just as a man cannot be his own hatter, shoemaker, tailor, dentist, lawyer, doctor, etc. There must be exchanges. The people of the South can, however, make the effort to reap some of the fruits of their own labor in producing cotton. Whatever they can produce on their own farms they should do so, and if it costs them more to raise it than they can buy it of their neighbors, they should diligently seek to cheapen the cost of its production.

The interest alone on the amount received by the South for cotton since 1865 would enable the people to become rich indeed. The amount received for her cotton crop would give the South a working capital that would develop her vast mining and manufacturing resources, utilize all her waste water power and give employment to thousands of the unemployed and non-producing classes.

In order that we may receive the full advantage of our cotton crop, we should raise everything possible on our own farms and strive to produce them at the least possible cost. More good can come to us from producing what we need, and cheapening the cost of production of all our crops, than by high prices for cotton alone. Let us work to make the South self-sustaining in every possible way.

The Stern Parents of Old.

The stern parent of real life died out long ago. Severe and obdurate fathers may still be found on the stage, but not in private residences. Perhaps it is not to be regretted that they are obsolete. They were terrible old fellows. Their offspring approached them with fear and trembling and felt, while in their presence, as if under the lee of an iceburg. The mothers—Heaven bless them!—were always motherly, from Rachel down; but *paterfamilias* when he wore knee-breeches, a cocked hat, and buckles in his shoes, was really somewhat of a satrap.

A hundred years ago, when a son had occasion to write to his father, he addressed him as "Honored Sir" or "Honored Parent." The mildest head of a family in those days kept a strap or "tickle-toby" in his private closet, and administered it in such doses as the case seemed to him to require. If a boy wailed under his whaling, it was taken as prima facie evidence that the dose was too small, and it was repeated until the "old Adam" was whipped out of him.

Good old times those—remarkably so. Children were treated as a turbulent element of the body politic, that must be snubbed and kept down. Slaves supposed to be on the verge of insurrection could scarcely have been subjected to stricter discipline. Boys were not allowed to sit at table with their fathers, to speak except when spoken to, to do anything, in fact, of their own volition. A father who mixed with his children familiarly, on terms of mutual equality, was considered a domestic radical—a pestilent disturber of old conservative maxims of household policy.

We have got bravely over all that sort of prejudice. Democracy has been introduced into the domestic circle. The heavy fathers—heavy-handed correctors of youth that they were—sleep with their fathers. Peace to their ashes! Perhaps our young hopefuls push family democracy a little too far. Perhaps they are a trifle irreverent—some one might make bold to say so. We are afraid they are. But even this is not so bad as the icy intercourse between child and parent which was in fashion when our great-grandfathers were boys.

American Liberty.

Oh, brothers, come! The breath of heaven is here!
One draught can make the slave and master one!
The grace of liberty softens year by year,
And in a richer flood the stream of life flows on.

ALL forms of organic and functional diseases cured by Radam's Microbe Killer. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co., agents for Halifax county.

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 just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its stauch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at E. T. Whitehead & Co.'s drug store.

If you suffer from any affection caused by impure blood, such as scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, tetter, ringworm, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

The First Steps.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at E. T. Whitehead & Co.'s drug store.

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—AND—
RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER
Exterminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have any ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malaria Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.
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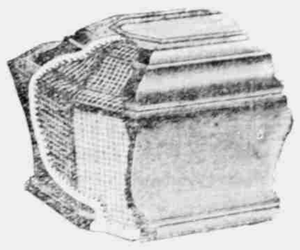

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FURNITURE
at Baltimore prices. All goods will be furnished to the Scotland Neck house direct from Williamston.
Thanking the public for past favors, I solicit a continuation of same. Yours truly,
J. C. WILLIAMS.
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