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E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5 1891

NO. 14

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RETROSPECTION.

Only some withered blossoms.

Craving to dry their tears.

Only a few half torn leaves.

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FOILED HIS SLAYERS.

A PACKMAN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM

BEING MURDERED.

A Thrilling Story of Early Life in Sparsely

Settled New Mexico—Father and Son

and Their Wives All Took a Hand in

Planning the Death of Travelers.

Campbell Hardy, a jeweler from Boston,

when in his apartment at the hotel,

related some of the experiences he had

when in New Mexico ten years ago. Mr.

Hardy made the money that gave him a

start in life when a packman. He traveled

through all the western states, and the

most exciting time he had, he says, was

in New Mexico.

"One day, when much fatigued and

hungry, I stopped for dinner at what

appeared to be a pioneer's cabin," he began.

"The house was miles from any other

habitation. I had about \$500 worth of

stock and \$1,200 in money. When I entered

the house I found the occupants to be

a man of about 60, his 25-year-old son

and two women. The appearance of the

old man caused me to mistrust him, and I

heartily wished I had not visited the

place two minutes after I entered it.

"Of course, the men and women wanted

to see what I had for sale, and the women

permeated about \$3 worth of goods. The

old man, whose name was Moody, was

particularly anxious to ask me whom I

had been, and to learn whether or not I

had any friends in the country. Afterward I

found out he wished to learn if I would be

misled if he made away with me.

"In a strange house.

"Just before I came down to dinner I

happened to look out of the window, and

I saw him go into the barn with a

shotgun in his hand. He steadily

maneuvered me on my guard, and I took good

care that my gun was within reaching

distance. I cannot say I enjoyed the

meal. I quickly swallowed a cup of

coffee, took a few mouthfuls of bread

and slipped what I could into my pocket. Then

I prepared to leave.

"But you must see the blooded stock

I have before you," said Moody. 'Probably I

can trade one of the animals for a silver watch.'

"But I know if I ever went into that

barn I would never come out of it alive, so

I made some weak excuse and started

down the road, keeping a sharp lookout

behind me. The old man was much

angry at my not falling into the trap, and

just as I stepped out of view I saw him

enter the barn. I determined to

watch, and went into a grove a little

farther down the road, and stood where

I could see what was going on at the

barn. I saw Moody and his son come

out, each armed with a rifle.

"I walked into the woods not far

from where I was, and, not wishing to

be seen, I hid myself behind a tree. I

heard them enter the barn, and just as I

was about to enter the grove I saw a

flash of light, and then a shot. I

was in the bushes, and I saw the old

man fall. I saw the son fall. I saw

the women fall. I saw the old man

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LETTERS OLDER THAN SOLOMON.

Misadventures of 400 Years Before

His Father's Birth—A Story of the

Discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Information of the discovery at

Tell-el-Amarna, in upper Egypt, of a

number of tablets relating to the history

of Jerusalem, and dating back 600 years

earlier than any records hitherto known.

When it is understood that these tablets

of stone are letters passed between the

king of Jerusalem and the Pharaoh of