

# THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOITO.

Subscription \$1.50 per year

VOL. VII.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1891.

NO. 22

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OPEN AT ALL HOURS  
Satisfaction guaranteed to patrons.  
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Gives personal and prompt attention to all consignments of Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Etc. 4-17-90 ly.

**CO-PARTNERSHIP.**  
PETERSBURG, VA., April 25, 1890.  
WE HAVE THIS DAY ASSOCIATED ourselves together under the firm of

**STEEL & ALEXANDER,**  
For the purpose of conducting a GENERAL FOUNDRY AND MACHINE BUSINESS, at the stand lately occupied by the firms of Wm. H. Tappay, Tappay & Delaney, Tappay & Steel and Tappay & Lumsden & Co. for the past 49 years, and having been associated with them as foreman for 30 years and book-keeper for 18 years, we feel confident that in entering upon this enterprise we do so with a thorough and practical knowledge of the business, and trust to have a share of public patronage. Very respectfully,  
R. J. STEEL,  
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**BOTTLED BLOOD TONIC**  
**ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.**  
The Best Household Medicine.  
Once or twice each year the system needs purging of the impurities which clog the blood. From childhood to old age, no remedy meets all cases with the same certainty of good results as  
**BOTTLED BLOOD TONIC.**  
W. C. McCaughey, Webb City, Mo., writes, "B. B. T. has done me more good and for less money than any other blood purifier I ever used. I love the comfort of my life to it."  
It is a Sufferer, Norfolk, Va., August 10, 1889, writes, "I depend on B. B. T. for the preservation of my health. I have had it in my family now nearly 20 years, and in all that time have not had to have a doctor."  
Write for Illustrated "Book of Wonders." BOTTLED BLOOD TONIC, Atlanta, Ga. Sent free. 2-15 ly.

### So Goes the World.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)  
Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For the brave old earth must borrow its mirth,  
It has troubles enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh, it is lost on the air!  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.  
Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe.  
Be glad and your friends are many;  
Be sad and you lose them all.  
There were none to decline your nectar'd wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.  
Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by;  
Succeed and give and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train;  
But one by one must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

### The Boys and the Bricks.

I once heard of a boy amusing himself by setting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, and then tapping over the first, which striking the second caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the course until the bricks lay prostrate on the ground. Thus it is with all our influences. They are continually knocking other people down. If I take a dram, somebody else will be influenced by me and will also take one, and because he does so somebody else will do it too and because this one does it still another will, and thus my little influence goes on making drunkards through all the future ages.  
Again; if I utter blasphemous language, another will do it, and because he does so another still will do it, and the evil genius goes on working demoralization and ruin through all the coming centuries. And thus it is with all the evil practices of which we are ever guilty. They all exert influence over others tending to drag them down to degradation and ruin. We cannot avoid it. "None of us liveth to himself, nor man dieth to himself." Rom 14: 7. Living or dying, we cannot avoid being influential and the fearful reflection is that our influences is that our influences are indestructible. They will continue their operations throughout the degradation of time. Every act, every word, perhaps every thought strikes a chord which will vibrate on the shores of eternity! What a fearful thought! What a striking lesson the boy and the bricks teach. As one brick knocked another down and that another and so on to the last brick in the row, so our influences will affect each succeeding generation through the ages until the end of time. O then, let us be careful what character of influences we set in motion. Once started we can never stop and to the Almighty Judge we must ere long render a strict account for all these things and what guilty soul can stand before him?—Selected.

### Happy Husbands.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes, "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of some place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Goodner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he dies or lives; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c a bottle at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store."

### La Grippe Again.

During the epidemic of La Grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colics, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it confirm this statement. They were not only quickly relieved, but the disease left no bad after results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe, or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble. Trial bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c and \$1.00.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE DEMOCRAT,  
\$1.50 A YEAR.

### SO IT IS.

#### WE HAVE SEEN IT SO.

#### TRIALS OF THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

(Selected.)  
A correspondent of the New York Sun was in a little town in North Carolina recently, in which, he says, there seemed to be plenty of activity. Happening to pick up a copy of the two weeklies published there, and finding nothing in the shape of "items" in the local columns, I was led to wonder what sort of newspaper men the editors were. Meeting one of them the same day I asked:  
"Doesn't anything ever happen here?"  
"Heap" he replied.  
"There must be runaways, rows, dog fights, fires and accidents."  
"Certainly."  
"And are you too lazy or too short-handed to gather and publish the details?"  
"Sir, every community has its particular idioms, and they do not always appear on the surface. Suppose, for instance, there should be a runaway on this street. I write and publish the facts. The paper is hardly out when old Silo Smith, owner of the team, comes in and says:  
"Look-a-yeer, Kurnel, you're a do! gasted liar! Them hain't no dog mews at all, but one is sarin' and 'other cl'ar white. Stop my durn paper just as quick as the Lord will let ye!"  
"And he has no sooner departed than in comes Franks, the grocer, to say:  
"Hyar, Kurnel, hain't this sort o' low down? Them mews of Smiths started in front of my grocery, and you took good keer to work around it. Fraid it might advertise meeh? Jess you stop my paper right off, sudden!"  
"And I haven't got his name crossed off the book when comes Major Bliss to call out:  
"Recon you have started out to commit suicide, Kurnel. Got through with this town, eh? Called in to stop my paper, sah? In that item about the mews you say they narrowly missed my buggy sah? Why, sah, they smashed the off hind wheel all to pieces, sah, and it will cost me \$5 to get a new one. You didn't keer to say so because I didn't order it in at regular advertising rates. Stop my paper, I say—stop it!"  
"And after him," continued the editor, as he looked out of the window in a gloomy way, "would come four or five others, all hurt in their feelings in some way, and I'd lose a dozen subscribers by the one item. It would be still worse if I published an account of a row or a dog fight, and yet worse if—"  
At that moment a man entered with a dark look on his face and struck out with:  
"Kurnel, I Jess doan' want yo' paper any mo'! In this year item 'bout my ba'n burning up you state that it was insured. That's a reflection, sah, a reflection on my character. I have already been asked, if I set it afire to get the insurance, keep yo' paper, sah! It ain't reliable, sah!"

#### Never Be Commonplace.

"Bring your feet with you and have them fitted to a pair of our common sense shoes," is the way a Pittsburg dealer advertises. It is a good phrase and one which attracts attention. The man who succeeds in advertising in such a way that people read his advertisement is the one who draws trade to his store as sure as magnet draws a needle to itself. Study up quaint, pithy or witty phrases to head your advertisements, and be not too modest in the space they occupy.—Brookton Shoes.

#### Mrs. Million's Ride.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride, she travels forth in state, her horse full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate; but all the beauties of the day she views with languid eyes, her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh.  
For Mrs. Million is an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help, \$500 reward is offered by the manufacturer for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

#### Use none but Rolan Baking Powders.

Use none but Rolan Baking Powders.

### STILL ANOTHER MYTH.

It Was Not Roguet de L'Isle Who Wrote the Music of the "Marseillaise."  
Yet another tradition is disproved and a graceful legend upset and discredited. Every one knows, says the Chicago Journal, who wrote the music of the "Marseillaise," and how Roguet de L'Isle, lying in prison in Paris, heard the troops marching from the South singing the famous war song which he had composed to cheer the conscripts at Strasbourg. The troops were coming from Marseilles; Roguet de L'Isle's hymn was henceforth called the "Marseillaise," and in 1830 its composer was pensioned by Louis Philippe. Well, did not write the music. There lived at St. Omer, in the department of Calais, a modest old chapel-master who had controlled the music of the cathedral and believed himself to be a composer. He wrote hymns and anthems and pieces during the years of his office, which began in 1775 and ended in 1787. He even wrote an oratorio, taking the choruses from Racine's "Esther," for his libretto, by calling his chorists by that name. When he retired from his peaceful office, two years before the taking of the Bastille, he drew up an inventory of all his works and deposited it and his manuscripts in the archives of the town. These they have remained, cared for certainly as the old organist would have wished, but also wholly undisturbed. In the introduction to the "Marseillaise" for his libretto, in which two years after the choir-master's retirement, Roguet de L'Isle set his famous words. The manuscript has lately been brought forth from obscurity and the air discovered in the composer's autograph. There is even something stranger. The battle hymn, as Roguet wrote it, had certain fugal passages which he judged in accord with martial music. Subsequent arrangements by more skilled composers have reduced or omitted these, and in so doing have left the composition exactly as it appears in the old chapel-master's autograph score.

### AMERICAN LIFE.

The Dangers Which Threaten Men of Business.  
American life is too often a tragedy which ends with the sudden death of the most prominent actors. The eager, anxious, restless life—the hot, hard, desperate pursuit of wealth and fame, the killing of time, the besting of their time. A great man fills in the midst of his usefulness; a popular General dies in his prime; a leading merchant falls dead in his store. These are no nurses' tales to frighten children. They are the occurrences of our daily life. They should make us pause. Call upon a man of business, and he is too busy to attend to you. He gives you his ear, but his mind is far away. In the end, struggle for wealth, instead of doing the work of one man we vainly try to do the work of three. We scarcely take time to eat or sleep. Hence the softening of the brain and other mental diseases which are so common in this country. This was not always the case. A generation since our people lived their full time. Astor was a great merchant, but he lived until he was eighty-four. Clay was a great statesman, and he lived until he was seventy-six. Scott was a great General, yet he lived until he was seventy-nine. Our life needs toning down—we want less rush and more repose.—No Name Magazine.

### IT WAS THE WHISTLE.

An Old Lady's Experience with a Steam Engine.  
Dr. C. C. Abbott, in "Outings at Old Times," tells a tragic tale of an adventure which once befell an old lady, "long, long ago." The spot where she lived was almost a wilderness, and was beset with the perils of a new and recently-settled land.  
The now almost-forgotten Camden & Annapolis railway was in operation, but, though scarcely a mile distant, it was as nothing to her. She knew neither what nor where it was. But where the best whortleberries grew, in the back swamp, was knowledge worth her possessing.  
Although her cousin Abijah had killed a bear there during the winter, she did not stop to think of that, but one day started for berries where few men would care to follow. With a light heart she gathered and gathered, until at length an ominous shrieking fell upon her ears.  
"Could it be another bear?" thought she, and turned her face homeward. Her big basket was not quite full, and there were such loads of fruit within easy reach. This was tantalizing, but all her doubts vanished with the second shriek, more unearthly scream.  
The path was no longer plain, nor was she sure-footed. As she pitched recklessly forward the berries were bounced by handfuls from her basket, and finally in despair she threw aside the basket itself.  
And still sounded through the swamp the terrible screaming of that angry bear. At last she could see her cottage through the thickly-set trees, but not so plainly the tortuous path. One mist-step, and she sank, waist-deep, in the yielding mud of an old well, and there she stood serene, until her husband came to the rescue.  
"Do be still, Hannah," was his first remark, after she had shrieked and called his attention to the still audible cries of the bear; "that's only the new-fangled steam-whistle!"  
"And to think," the old lady went to remark, on concluding this story, "to think I lost all them beautiful berries!"—Youth's Companion.

### Old Clothes from London.

There are London dealers who advertise their readiness to buy "cast-off clothes for export only." To what country are these cast-off clothes exported? A New Yorker who ought to know says that the chief markets for them are among the blacks of the British possessions in Africa. Some of them are sent to Asia Minor and the regions bordering on the Red sea, but more of them go to Guinea and the lands of the Hotentots. It is a proud day for a negro when he can stride among his bare-boned brethren in the garb of a London dandy. There can be no doubt that civilization is promoted by the trade in old clothes.—N. Y. Sun.

### Matrimonial Contrasts.

The longer a man is married the more he appreciates the selfishness of woman; the longer a woman is married, the more she appreciates the selfishness of man.—Somerville Journal.

### Use none but Rolan Baking Powders.

Use none but Rolan Baking Powders.

### IN A RESTAURANT.

The Health-Destroying Foods That Go Into Men's Stomachs.  
"The risks which New York men take with their digestion," said the proprietor of a group of well-known restaurants down-town, "is a constant source of surprise to me. Heavy pie and pulpy pudding are bolted at the very time when careful eating should be rigorously attended to. I sit and look on at times in my different restaurants with absolute amazement at the judgment, or rather lack of judgment, which men exhibit at the table. We have some about half-past nine in the morning. It is composed of brokers, business men, clerks and office employes who have grown into the habit of rising late and rushing down to the office without breakfast so as to start the work of the day on time. They could easily get their breakfast at their own pace a half hour earlier, but most of them are up late at night, and the temptation of a longer nap in the morning is too alluring to resist. So they hurry downtown, open the mail, start things a-going, and then rush into the nearest restaurant for breakfast. It does not hurt any man to take a little exercise before he eats in the morning, and undoubtedly a delay in the first meal of the day would not do them any particular harm if they would be careful about the character of their food. But after working two hours on an empty stomach they come in in violent haste, order a cocktail, and then eat the digestion of an ostrich. They usually start in with roast beef or some other dish that is really not to be eaten with grease upon a boiled apple dumpling. I know many a business man who comes in and consumes three or four dishes and is out of the place again in less than fifteen minutes. At lunch time they come in again and load up with an oyster pattie or beefsteak pie or some other dish in which rich pastry is an important factor. This second rush of trade is even more interesting than the first, because it shows how the habit of eating pastry grows. It is no unusual thing to see a man of forty years of age take what cakes, sausages and mince pie for his luncheon. He bolts the sausage, covers his cakes with rich sirup, and has his pie served hot and sprinkled an inch deep with powdered sugar. He is invariably a fat and somewhat despicable in appearance, and for some unaccountable reason he seems to succeed in business. It does not do any good to sneer at the pie eaters of New York, because half the railroad presidents, telegraph superintendents and influential men of affairs of this town eat things which cause a man of gastronomic intelligence to shudder. Most of the absorbed and nervous financiers and business men die at fifty, and everybody says it is due to overeating. All a mistake. Pie is the fell destroyer."—N. Y. Sun.

### SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

The well employed man comes nearest being the happiest man.  
Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.  
The great difficulty about common sense is that it is so tremendously scarce that it isn't common.  
When there is no hawk flying around the biggest thing in the barn-yard is the strut of the smallest rooster.—Atchinson Globe.  
The man who spends much time in trying to please his enemies is one of the most foolish of spendthrifts.—Somerville Journal.  
The world may owe you a living, young man, but the account can not be turned over to an attorney for collection.—Jamestown News.  
It is strange how a man will himself admit that he is a fool, yet if any one else tells him so he will get hopping mad right away.—Boston Herald.  
When society whispers, you can bet it's whispering ill of some one; when it speaks good of any one, when it is a long distance trumpet.—St. Joseph News.  
Some men receive impressions after the manner of a blotter. They get things directly opposite from what they were originally.—Boston Transcript.  
Some men can be coaxed, some must be driven, and once in a long, long while we meet a man amenable to plain, cold reasoning.—Indianapolis Journal.  
In the present progressive age the man who waits to be sure he is right and then goes ahead usually finds that he has been anticipated by somebody who was willing to take a few chances.—Washington Post.

### MANNERS OF MEN.

If fathers could be sons to themselves, wife would sons they would be.  
We never see a poor man without wondering why he never got rich.  
When the fires of youth go out in a man he wonders that they burn in others.  
We don't suppose there ever was a small boy who could be made to believe that there are only ten commandments.  
A man's boasts are a great deal like the diamonds he wears; the larger they are the more apt people are to say they are paste.  
"He is a good man," people will say of you the day they hear you are very sick. "But he might be better," they add, when they hear you are getting well.  
SOMEHOW when you see a man who is an adept at paying compliments to women you can't help wondering what has become of the women he practiced them on.  
It makes the best man in the world mad if his wife begins to talk or work up a reform. He is willing and anxious that the world should be better, but he doesn't want his wife to have her hands in it.

### WITTY ANSWERS.

JAGGS—"Much left in his will; Wagg's—"All his relations."—Town Topics.  
JACK—"What's the best way to get hold of Greek roots?" Jim—"Dig, of course."—Yale Record.  
SAPPY—"Very few people get what they deserve in this world." Miss Castique—"Aren't you glad?"  
"I see through my error," said the boy who broke Jones' window with a snow-ball. And Jones forgave him.  
FABROR MAID—"Give me a pound of tea." Shopman—"Black or green?" Maid—"Doesn't matter which; missus is blind."—Moon.  
THE SHOEKEEPER—"My landlord has raised the rent on me." His Friend—"Have him arrested for shoplifting."—St. Joseph News.  
HE—"I'm afraid I wasn't myself at the reception yesterday." She—"I thought not; you were so entertaining."—St. Joseph News.

### LITERATURE AND ART.

Boston has a school the object of which is to teach models how to pose.  
It is reported that the Pope intends to renovate Michael Angelo's celebrated fresco, "The Last Judgment," which is the glory of the Sixtine chapel.  
The venerable James Parton works six hours a day at his home in Newburyport. His desk is his place of rest and recreation, for that is what literary occupation means to him.  
W. CLARKE RUSSELL, whose sea stories have such remarkable dash, breeziness and out-of-door freedom, has long been a hopeless and well-nigh helpless invalid, chained to an in-door existence in an inland town.  
Miss K. T. MUMFORD, of Detroit, at one time George Bancroft's amanuensis, says that the historian, though deluged with letters and telegrams of congratulation on every birthday, scrupulously replied to every solitary one by letter.  
A MONTREAL citizen has purchased for \$400 a landscape painting that he would be willing to sell at a discount. The chief value of the picture was in the signature, "D. Tennant," in one corner, but Mrs. Stanley pronounces it a forgery.  
The Russian press unanimously laments the death of Gregory Petrovitch Danilevsky, editor of the official Russian Gazette, which he converted from a dry and uninteresting record of official acts into a journal of distinct literary attraction.  
The royal Saxon collection of china, the finest lot of Dresden china in the world, has just been greatly increased by the addition to it of the 14,000 pieces of Dr. Gustav Spitzner. The museum now contains about 34,000 pieces from the royal factory.  
FRANKLIN W. SMITH, of Boston, is the projector of an ambitious scheme to build an immense temple of the arts at Washington. It is to cost \$5,000,000 and occupy 150 acres of ground. Mr. Smith has had the plans drawn, it is said, and hopes to raise enough money in the next five years to begin the work.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

OFFICE OF CALDWELL COMMISSION CO.,  
CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 21, 1890.  
A. R. GRIFFIN, Nashville, Ga.

DEAR SIR: My son, a man of 20 years, was attacked with La Grippe, and, believing it to be of malarial origin, took your Johnson's Tonic as directed for Chills and Fever. The result was he escaped the Fever which follows the severe aching, and was able to be at work the second day. I was taken with the disease, every bone in me began to ache, and my suffering was great. I was compelled to go home and to bed. I fully expected to be there a week. My son told me of his experience, and urged me to take Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic. I did so, with regularly all through the night, and was greatly surprised to see that my fever came, I continued until I had done—felt weak and exhausted; but no fever, and aching disappeared. Next morning I had a good appetite for my breakfast, felt quite well and went to my business as I ever was. Since then I have tried it with like two other cases. Yours truly,  
W. W. CALDWELL,  
President and manager, with our Broken Bone Fever or Dengue is a specific for any malarial trouble, hence it cures La Grippe.  
For sale by all Druggists, and one \$1 cent bottle guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded.  
9-25 ly.

### Special to The Ladies.

Scotland Neck Bank  
—FURNISHES—  
NEW YORK EXCHANGE  
At the following rates:  
1 to 5 dollars ..... 5 cents  
5 " 10 " ..... 8 " " "  
10 " 20 " ..... 10 " " "  
20 " 30 " ..... 12 " " "  
30 " 40 " ..... 15 " " "  
40 " 100 " ..... 20 " " "  
100 " 1000 " ..... 25 " " "  
Larger amounts at 4 of one per cent.

### SELMIM.

—SEVEN-EIGHTS PURCHERON.—  
I will stand my feet GRAY  
HORSE at the following places:  
Tillery, ..... March 27th,  
Easfield, ..... March 27th,  
Scotland Neck, ..... March 28th,  
And at each place every ninth day thereafter.  
G. W. COUGHENOUR,  
Sol. Alexander, } 519 2/2  
Groom, }

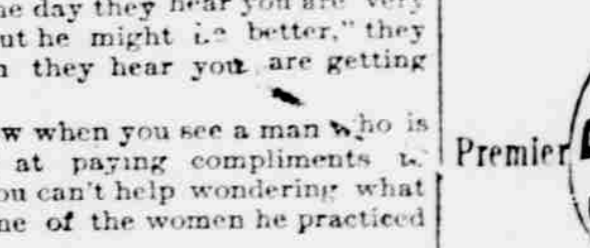
### DITCHING.

Ditching by contract on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
LIMUS BAKER,  
3-5-91. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

### WANTED.

Quotations on No. 1 Logs f. o. b. Tillery, or cars, for immediate delivery. Address  
**N. C. LUMBER CO.,**  
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### PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.

ESTABLISHED—1774.—  
—THE—  
Premier  Flour

### PERFECTION IN FLOUR.

PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT. THE PREMIER FLOUR of America.  
Is unsurpassed for Bread, Biscuit or Pastry.  
Ask your grocer for PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT Melora, High Grade Winter Patent, ROLAN CHOICE PATENT, PATAPSCO FAMILY PATENT, ORANGE GROVE EXTRA, BALDWIN FAMILY, MAPLETON FAMILY.  
C. A. Campbell Mfg. Co., 214 Commerce St., 3-29 ly. BALTIMORE, MD.

### FOR MEN ONLY!

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and general Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine bottle made and crossed red lines on wrapper.