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OPEN AT ALL HOURS Satisfies in guaranteed to patrons. Corner North Main Street, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. Jan 6 ly.

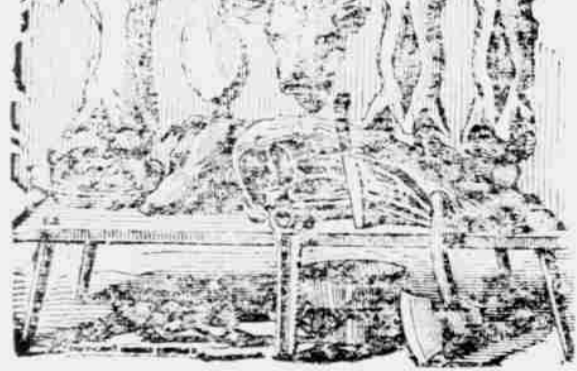
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Gives personal and prompt attention to all consignments of Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Etc. 4-17-90 ly.

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Has moved up town to his old stand on Main Street near the Brick Mill.



Fresh supplies always on hand. Old customers invited to call. 1-1-91 ly

A Wonderful Remedy FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

B. B. B. Botanic Blood Balm

It Cures SCORFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, every form of BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASE. How to use it is explained in the system and restoring the constitution, who have been cured by its use. Its almost magical healing properties are fully as in guaranteeing a cure, if directions are followed.

SENT FREE. BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

1-15 ly.

FOR MEN ONLY

For Loss of Sperm, Weakness, etc.

Every man should use P. P. P., because at this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood.

The Country Doctor.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

When the winds blow And the blinding snow, Beats petulantly in his cold face, He must take the road To some humble abode, To visit some charity case.

When the winds roar, When the rains pour, No shelter or rest for him, Be it dark or light, Be it day or night, No rest for the weary limb.

When snug in bed He pillows his head, And hears the storm whistle abroad "The unwelcome 'Hello'" Resounds at his door, To summon him forth to the road.

A long weary ride, To some one's bedside, He plods on through mud and mire, Relieves them of pain And starts off again, Never expected to tire.

For months and for years, 'Till the snow of age appears He tells thus throughout his life: And when rest doth come, And he is laid in the tomb, What is left for his children and wife?

His total assets, Are a lot of bad debts, Worth a cent on the dollar, perhaps, And all of his fame, His honor and name, Is worth to them hardly two snaps.

—Country Doctor.

And He Went.

"I'll have to charge you for that boy, madam," said the conductor of a west-bound train the other day, as he punched the ticket of a sharp featured woman of middle age, and held out his hand for the additional fare.

"What for?" she asked. "He's more than five years old, he looks as if he was nearer fifteen." "Ain't you Jack Sampleton, that used to live down in Streator about eight years ago?" inquired the woman, eyeing him keenly.

"Yes, what of it?" "Used to buy your butter and milk of Widdler James?" "I believe I did."

"I'm the Widdler James. Recollect the last jar of butter you got of me—the one you was going to pay for inside of ten days?" "Why—Mrs. James, didn't—that jar of butter, Mr. Sampleton, ain't been paid for yet, and this boy looked about a month of being five years old when you got it. Does he go?"

"He goes, madam," said the conductor, as he passed on with a sickly smile. The boy is probably large for his age.—Chicago Tribune.

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head, And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red, Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves, (Though grandma declared it was nothing but "nerves.")

The poor woman thought she must certainly die, Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try,— No wonder its praises so loudly they speak; She grew better at once, and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A prominent Railroad Superintendent, living in Savannah, one suffering for years from Malerial and General Debility, says, on having recovered his health by the use of P. P. P., thinks that he will live forever, if he can always get P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium). His party's name will be given on application.

Cure Your Corns By Using Abbott's East Indian Corn Paint for Corns, Blisters and Warts, it is great.

How I Was Cured of So-Called LULUTION, GA. DEAR SIR—This is to certify that I was a sufferer with a place on my under lip for fourteen years, and was under treatment of different physicians, but they done me no good. I had lost hope of being cured by medical treatment. I then went to a doctor living in Florida who treat d them by art. After going to him it got well, apparently, for a while, but returned as bad as ever. I then concluded to try P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium), and after taking five bottles (one size) was cured. I also find it to be a good medicine to give a good appetite and to give proper digestion.

Yours truly, L. J. STRICKLAND.

Every one should use P. P. P., because at this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood.

A TRUE BILL.

Grave Charges, but They are all Sustained.

We clip the following from the Wilson Mirror, which is worth reading very slowly at least one time: "Intemperance cuts down youth in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes the natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings premature age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends; and all, paupers. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, embraces consumption, and fills the land with misery and crime. It begets controversies, fosters quarrels and riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for the scaffold. It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwaymen, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, and reverences fraud, hates love, scorns innocence and virtue. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, and a child to grind the patrician axe. It burns up the men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It tribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, endangers the Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, calmly surveys its rightful desolation, and snaring in its havoc, it wipes our national honor, then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin. It does more—murders the soul and sends it down to eternal perdition and ruin.

A judiciously marked book is a source of delight to the maker and his friends, and becomes tenfold more a part of the reader's thought than any other. It is unnecessary to say that the marking should be done by no one but the owner, and common-sense will suggest a hard pencil for the purpose.

The advice so generally given to pass by no reference the meaning of which is not at once apparent works in two ways. The reader who takes up Milton for the first time, and whose education has not been a liberal one, would lose all the freshness of the thought which the author breathes forth if he forced himself to continually consult books of mythology and history. The habit of frequently interrupting the author's thought to consult dictionary or encyclopedia results disastrously if one is attempting to recognize the author's genius. Sometimes a blue mark, or a list of obscure words jotted down for future reference, will relieve the reader's conscience, and not sensibly diminish his interest in the book. At other times the close relation of thought and illustration positively demands investigation from some outside source.

Read with a friend if possible; not necessarily aloud or together, but if the thoughts of two friends are directed to the same course of reading during the day, its subjects are pretty sure to be discussed, and its substance more thoroughly digested and assimilated. Years after, an illusion to the book or a quoted passage recalls the thought and the friend both profitably and pleasantly. Discussion always emphasizes and greatly facilitates comprehension of a written page.—Helen Marshall North, in Harper's Razor.

Tom Dixon on Phillips Brooks.

NEW YORK, June 7, 1891.

Rev. Thomas Dixon Jr., preached today in his native village, Shelby, N. C., a little town that nestles among the spurs of the Blue Ridge, in Western North Carolina.

The following review of current events was read in association hall by his associate preceding the regular service, which was conducted by the Rev. William Warren Giles, pastor of the church of the Redeemer: "The Episcopal church recently did itself the high honor of electing to its highest office the greatest preaching within its fold in America—Phillips Brooks. Phillips Brooks is not only the greatest preacher in America, but he stands foremost among the greatest preachers of modern times. He is every inch a man. He is one of the preachers ordained of God—ordained by his magnificent nature to the priesthood of the living God.

AHEAD OF HIS TIMES.

He is one of the thinkers and leaders of the race. He stands for the highest and purest conception of a spiritual religion that has yet been evolved in the conflict of the ages. He commands profound respect of the world—the world that differs from him, and the world that does not need what he says, and yet recognize in him truth. It is a high honor for any church to have among its ministers such a name.

A KING AMONG MEN.

It was among the things eternally fit in their nature, that such a king among spiritual teachers should be called to rule, should be called to rule within his own church. The church in that act lifted the history of christi-nity through, and made its position stronger in its fight with the world.

FURBLINDNESS.

It seems impossible to believe that there could be found within the church, capable of producing such a man, a faction large enough to seriously impede his confirmation as hi-bishop. It seems utterly preposterous that any set of men would have the cool audacity to stand up and declare Phillips Brooks unfit for the office of a bishop in his church—and yet it is so.

Some Hints On Reading.

All books need not be read carefully; indeed, it is often a waste of time to linger long over a volume whose entire thought is not essential to one's purpose. It is an art acquired only by practice to glean wisely and rapidly from a somewhat barren yet occasionally fruitful book. Many, probably most, volumes demand time and careful thought. The second reading of a good book is often of great value. The thoughts from the first reading are impressed more fully on the mind, and become assimilated with one's mental structure, while others of value that were unnoted before are gathered in.

If there is no time for second reading, it is an excellent idea to read with a blue pencil in hand, and to mark those passages on which one would like to bestow further thought. In the eyes of some people, marking a book is an unpardonable sin, but the practice has many advantages. The value of the marked volume is greatly enhanced not only to the owner, whose attention is thus readily called to passages of special interest and importance, but also to the borrower, who is able to follow the reader's thought, and learn his judgement and taste. The objection that a book whose margins and interlined looks less clean and fresh than if free from markings, has no weight. Of what value is a shelf full of books that have been rightly kept free from these written comments, and look as clean as just from the publisher, except to command a higher price when, some years hence, our cherished possessions are taken to a dealer in second hand literature?

A judiciously marked book is a source of delight to the maker and his friends, and becomes tenfold more a part of the reader's thought than any other. It is unnecessary to say that the marking should be done by no one but the owner, and common-sense will suggest a hard pencil for the purpose.

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Twenty Six Thousand.

(Sulphur Springs speaker.)

Did you ever figure out the circulation of your little home paper, that prints, say 500 copies a week? The papers with a big circulation won't look at a town for less than \$100 a look, and shoot off a squib or two—at regular rates, but reduced to you, you know. That mighty puff appears but once, probably noticed by one in a thousand of its readers, and may be read by one in a hundred of those who may have noticed it. Like a bubble on the ocean, it is but momentary and is soon lost to sight and memory dear. On the other hand, the little town paper is perpetual, its every issue is full of home advertisements—at least ought to be—and must be a very poor paper, indeed, if it doesn't contain something of interest to its readers at a distance, concerning its town.

It, in three months, prints and distributes 6,500 papers; in six months, 13,000, and in a year, 26,000. This is regular, and although many go to the same address week after week, yet many changes are made, and it is quite safe to say that nearly half of the total number of copies issued find their way into the hands of that many differ-

TRUE TO LIFE.

THE STORY OF TWO SCHOOL GIRLS.

Beauty Versus True Worth.

(Old Homestead.)

Recently a friend of mine, a lady of great culture and refinement, related to me a story of which the moral is obvious. Said she:

"When I was in Washington a few weeks ago I attended a reception at the home of one of our most noted senators, and there I had the pleasure of meeting with two friends of my youth whom I had not seen since we graduated together at Mme. Julien's seminary in Philadelphia several years before the war. The first one of these two I remembered as Eloise Hathaway, the beauty of the school, a girl with great, lustrous, dark eyes, glorious complexion and hair, and manifold, winning graces. She was the spoiled pet of both teachers and pupils, and I often wondered how it was that she never was chided for bad lessons nor corrected when every bar of her music teemed with mistakes.

"On the morning of commencement day there was not a girl in our class but would have cheerfully exchanged her future for that of Eloise. Every one predicted for her heart conquests by the score, and in the end an extremely brilliant marriage. At the reception I drew her a little apart from the crowd for a few minutes' private chat, and inquired how old father time had dealt with her.

"Well," she replied, glancing up at me with an odd, pathetic smile which instantly caused me to suspect that she had happened to a "might-have-been"; "I am still Eloise Hathaway. You never expected, when we were at school together, to see an old maid, did you?"

"No, I can't say I did; but you're doubtless happier so than a widow and childless as I am," I answered.

"Indeed I'm not," she said, hastily; "my whole life has been a disappointment. I was petted and spoiled at home and at school, and as a consequence I grew to think too much of myself; I was, like Cardinal Wolsey, too ambitious, and, like him, I forgot that 'by that sin fell the angels.' I might have married well half-a-dozen times, but I kept waiting, waiting for some more brilliant chance until at last I found myself stranded high and dry, with all my former beaux either married or playing the devoted to younger girls than I. Once, I think, I really loved, but the object of my affection, not coming to my ideal standard, went by the board with the rest of them."

"She had realized her mistake and the awakening had brought with it deep bitterness of spirit. I left a kiss of true sympathy upon the wrinkled cheek before going to claim acquaintance with my other old schoolmate. I found Agnes Channing in the front drawing-room the centre of an animated knot of conversationists, among whom I recognized one or two noted politicians, a famous painter, a not less famous author, and several other equally distinguished men and women. I was surprised to find her occupying this position, as at school she had always been extremely modest and retiring unless fate threw a chance across her way to aid someone. I fear we never respected Agnes as we should have done after we learned that she was a pensioner of madame's, despite the tangled threads she had straightened and the mathematical seas she had tided us over.

"How have you fared since last we met?" was the mutual inquiry when I had made myself known.

"Oh, the world and I are on capital terms with each other," she replied to my question, at the same time beckoning to a tall, intellectual looking gentleman who was the centre of another group near by. "This is my old school friend, Mrs. L., dear; Mrs. W., she said when the gentleman reached her side, her face aglow with honest pride and love.

"I left my card with her and the following day she called at my hotel on me.

"I found it rather hard to get along at first after leaving the seminary," she confided to me when we fell to talking of old times, "for, you know, I was an orphan with no 'visible means of support'; but after a time—through the kindness, too, by-the-by, of one of our classmates—I gained the position of amanuensis to an eminent literary lady, and

from that time I date my good fortune. It did not take Miss T.—long to discover that I was of a literary turn myself, and she encouraged me in developing my talent and gave me a great deal of necessary assistance and advice in my career. My stories, poems, and essays soon found a market, and before many years had passed I had made a name for myself and was known as Miss T.—'s protegee. It was just at this point that I one day met the man who afterwards became my husband. He is, as you know, a well-known scientific man and an author. We have six children, the eldest herself a mother, and I can truthfully say there is throughout this whole broad land no happier woman than I."

"Beauty fades away like wine; I moralized as I watched the wife's carriage driving off over the asphalt pavement."

GEORGIA BELLE BURNS, Macon, Ga.

OLD FOGYISM.

THE OLDEST MAN I KNOW. THE YOUNGEST MAN I KNOW.

Another commencement at Wake Forest again reminds me that time is flying. Yes, there are grey hairs coming. I see it. My wife says it is true, and it must be so. What is age? Wherein lies the weakness of age? Is age measured by the pendulum, or the almanac?

The oldest man I know is a young man about thirty. He knows it all. Every point of philosophy and theology with him is settled. He is a complete old granny in his opinions. What he believes is "so" just because it's "so." He is as hide-bound in his stupid opinions as an old mule. He has the force of young manhood's energy to maintain his hardheadedness. Such a man is a hopeless fool. It is useless to argue with him. He is an old young man.

The youngest man I know is the oldest member of the faculty of Wake Forest college—Dr. William Royall. Young man, if you are so fortunate as to have him for your teacher, grip him to your heart with hooks of steel. He is a marvelous man. He was educated in the old school. He has read with open mind and heart all the new school has written. He has joyfully gone out to meet the light and cried "more light, more light!" He was educated with many prejudices. He has no prejudices. He is still a loving, eager, student of the truth. It is an inspiration to be near him. He breathes the breath of progress. He holds fast to all that is worth holding. He does not profess to know everything. Many things he is quietly waiting for God to unfold. Ah! well do I remember him in the class room, with his quiet, gentle ways, and yet his enthusiasm. It fairly takes my breath away when I go to Wake Forest now and talk with him and find how many new mile posts he has passed since then in his eager pursuit of light and truth. I sit down and say to myself: Will I be so enthusiastic and faithful at seventy? Will my heart be so warm and true? Will my faith be as bright, my hope as large? I can ask no more of old age. You will see him at commencement, this quiet old gentleman—look well at him. You may not see his like again. He is very quiet and simple in his ways, but he leaves the imprint of character on the student he touches. He is in my opinion the GRAND OLD MAN among Southern theologians and teachers. He reminds me in a thousand ways of William E. Glalstone. I write this because I really envy the young men of Wake Forest the privilege of studying with him. He may have his equal in the South—but I don't know him. May he live to be a hundred! I write this freely of him, among other noble men in the faculty, because he is too old in years to make others envy, too young in heart to take offense.

THOMAS DIXON, JR. In the Pines, June 10, '91.

Mr. J. H. Estill, President Morning News Co., Savannah, Ga., says: A member of my family who has been a martyr to neuralgic headaches for twenty years, has found in Brady's cure an infallible remedy.

"WOMAN, HER DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT." A valuable illustrated book of seventy-two pages sent free, on receipt of 10 cents to cover cost of mailing, etc. Address, P. O. Box 1200, Philadelphia, Pa.

1874 Photographs

With the exception of our made-up orders for our Scotland Neck office, all other orders are made up every month, and every order is given PERFECT SATISFACTION.

We have the facilities and we are determined to make you a FIRST CLASS CRAYON PORTRAIT for less money than those northern "rubber" and "gilt" portrait houses charge for their oft-times overrated. Do not delay, but come at once. We guarantee to please you. Very respectfully,

GEORGE WINDLETT & SONS, 102 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md. 4-16-91.

Confederate Money.

Wanted for cash in large amounts only, and good prices paid, especially for the 1861 issues. A full list of Union Bank Notes of every description. GEORGE WINDLETT & SONS, 102 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md. 4-16-91.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

I am prepared to fill all orders for anything in the

FURNITURE

OR COFFIN line. Being a practical undertaker myself you can always rely on getting prompt what you order.

After January 1st, I shall open a full line of all kinds of

FURNITURE

AND COFFINS in my house in Scotland Neck.

Orders filled at any hour day or night. Address J. C. WILLIAMS, WILMINGTON, N. C. 7 24 ly.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE

By virtue of power in me vested by a deed of trust executed by me on the 18th day of April, 1880, by M. P. Wain and his wife, I shall sell at public auction, in the town of Scotland Neck, on the 20th day of June 1891, the following described land, to wit: that land which the grantor now lives, which was purchased from the late N. B. Jesse, and bounded by the tract of J. D. Weeks, George Weeks, R. L. Javay, Jack Burgess, Bill Brady, Miss Braxwell and by the road leading from Braxwell's to Wain's, and containing one hundred and twenty five acres, more or less. This June 25th, 1891. W. A. DENN, Auctioneer.



NOTICE NOTICES

By virtue of the power in me vested in a certain deed in trust, executed by R. M. Burroughs and Helen Burroughs, his wife, on the 14th day of March, 1888, recorded in the office of the Register of deeds for Halifax county, book 79, page 431, and in the office of the register of deeds for Bertie county, book H 62, page 141, I will sell for cash in the town of Palmyra on the 30th day of June 1891, at public outcry, the following described real estate, to wit: That store house and lot in the town of Palmyra, situated at the corner of Main street and the Hill's Ferry road, and running along main street sixty five feet then at right angles to main street and parallel to Hill's Ferry road back towards the river to the canal, then along the canal to the road then up the road to the beginning. Also another tract in said town, beginning at a stake on Main street, S. Andrews line, then up Main street to the canal, then along the canal southerly to S. Andrews line, then along his line to the beginning, containing one half an acre. Also another tract lying on Roanoke river in Bertie county, bounded on the east by Hardy & Taylor line, on the south by the Roanoke river, and on the west by the Roanoke river, containing about four hundred acres. Half of sale between 11 and 12 o'clock. To be sold separately. This May 29, '91

R. H. SMITH, Trustee. 5 28 41.

Advertisement for Abbott's East Indian Corn Pain Remover, featuring text and an illustration of a person in pain.

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