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BENJ. H. SWAIN, OWNER AND EDITOR.

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A SUCCESSFUL OCCUPATION.

BY HONOR BRIGHT.

[Written for the Ledger.]
As an idler, I sat one day Thinking of what I'd be. The lawyer's bar came in my way, Money in it, I could see.
I read and studied hard at law, But to my consternation, Found that I for the lack of jaw, Failed on examination.
Then next with all my might I tried The doctor's books to master. But if I'd kept on soon would die, From being stuck with plaster.
A preacher, is next on circuit, But then I couldn't speak. As I the Bible can't interpret— That hill's for me too steep.
A paper needed in our town— Then an editor I'll be, And advertise it all around, On every board and tree.
But editorials were scrutinized, And so's to make me pout; Thus, snubbed in all the town folks eyes I closed the office out.
A school teacher, is next on roll, And I the public thank, But soon to me, the patrons told, Was an ignominious crank.
I envied then a drummer's life, And thought no better chance, To look around and find a wife, My pleasure to enhance.
Now, only part my efforts failed, I with a bit of strife, Out the drumming business sailed, But took to me a wife.
And now, I am her honored slave, And that's just what I'll be— Ten thousand dollars was the crave, Which now's my annual fee. Scotland Neck, N. C.

LOOK AT YOUR CHILD.
As the doll is the teacher of the child, so may the child be the teacher of the man. Come into this school, ye fathers, and you'll never want to play the truant from it. If you have come home from work, and have an idle hour that you don't know what to do with, and feel inclined to go to the public house and have a drink and a smoke to while away the time, just take a peep into that cot where lies a little two year old asleep, before you go away. Look at the little sleeper steadily; not for a moment, but for five quiet minutes at a time. Stoop down and kiss its forehead gently. Let the breath fan on your face, Observe the hand upon the coverlet, so soft, so white, so tender. The closed lids like shells, the lashes like a fringe of tender seaweed clinging to the shell. The mouth with parted lips, and the first little teeth, like pearls between the coral. Look at it well; and with a man's a father's heart, awake. Remember it is a life; a history—a life and history which owes its life to you, and claims your care, your guidance and your love.
Now turn from that cot and sit down for a moment in your chair and keep the vision in your mind. The helplessness, the trust, the ignorance of the rugged world amidst whose storm it sleeps. Asleep upon a pillow, while the waves of the world's sorrows beat up big and briny round the lute bark. Think of it all; of that child's feebleness, of the possibilities of its opening life for good or ill, for pain or happiness, for woe or woe.
And think of its claim on you. And then go to the public house, and drink and drug your senses if you can. If you do go, that child's cry, plaintive and sad, shall haunt you, and the vision of its little helpless hands outstretched shall come, and they shall seem to clinch and gather into Samson fists to strike the tankard from your fingers. As you bend over the sleeper, let not a father's face be the symbol or the harbinger of a blackening cloud over the little life, making its morning

like a midnight, and its East like hell. If you saw a naked sword hanging above that cradle head, you would push it away with horror. If you heard the crackling of rafters, and the splitting of beams, as fire thrust its forked tongue into that chamber, you would rush madly, on the wings of nature, to the rescue. If you saw coiled up under that baby's pillow one baleful slimo of a fanged snake, you would crush the envenomed reptile with the grip of desperation. If a wolf blinked from the darkness at that sleeping prey, you would chase the invader to the death. And yet I tell you that storm, and fire, and sword, and snake, and wolf, all laired around that sleeping child at once, were not fraught with a damnation half so dire in its possibilities upon the opening life as the presence of a drunken father.
"Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's And the fountain of feelings will flow, When I think of the paths steep and stony Where the feet of the dear ones must go; Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them Of the tempests of fate blowing wild. Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy As the innocent heart of a child."
—Pulpit of To-day.

For physical ailments, especially those incident to declining years, there is no remedy which produces such satisfactory results as Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm, its genial and invigorating effect on Liver and Kidneys is remarkable.

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

"Talking of prestidigitateurs" said a travelled citizen, "do you remember Anderson, the Wizard of the North? he called himself? I remember years ago he closed his engagement in London in Covent Garden Theatre, by giving a masquerade ball, and while the masqueraders were in the midst of their revels the theatre took fire and was burned to the ground, the masqueraders escaping through the windows, and barely saving their lives. He was called by many the incarnation of the evil one from the marvellous tricks he performed.
"One in particular I will mention. He asked if any one in the audience would lend him a Bank of England note, and an old, dilapidated £5 note backed with nine signatures, was handed to him the owner having just taken a note of the date and number of the note, and the signatures, some of which were well known to the holder of the note. Prof. Anderson took the note held it apparently in the flame of a candle until it was consumed, coolly remarking to the gentleman who handed it to him 'I am sorry for your note.' The audience, of course, enjoyed the joke immensely, but after performing a few other tricks, he suddenly turned to the lender of the note and said: "Where would you like to have your note from, this lemon or this loaf of bread?"
"The lemon was chosen, whereupon the wizard severed the lemon in the centre and drew out a new, crisp Bank of England note of the same denomination and handed it to the gentleman. Knowing the one he handed to the wizard was old, dirty and with worn edges, a careful scrutiny was at once made. The date number were found to correspond and the endorsements on the back were intact.
"The wizard inquired: 'Is that the note you gave me, sir?' and on receiving the reply, 'it appears to be but the one I gave you was an old note, but this is a new one,' coolly replied: 'It has gone through a cleaning process.' Not feeling satisfied, the owner of the note showed it the next day to the person he received it from, and whose signature it bore, and said: 'Is that your signature?'
"Yes," he said, "but that is not

the note I gave you; I gave you an old one."
"On the circumstances being explained the two went to the Bank of England and presented it for payment. The paying teller examined it carefully and paid it and was then asked, 'Is that note a good one?'
"He again examined it critically, and said, 'Yes, but it is remarkably clean and new for a note bearing that date. Why do you ask?'
"He was then told what had occurred, and invited the persons into the directors' room, where the details were given to a director. A member of the Fairchilds, counsel of the Bank of England, was summoned, and in his presence and that of a detective the circumstances were again related.
The note was pronounced to be a good one, and the secret possessed by the wizard 'a most dangerous one' for the bank. It was arranged that a note which was privately marked and bore signatures especially put there should be presented to the wizard the next night by the same person who gave him the 'mystery,' as it was called, the detective to sit by him and witness the operation. The note sent was an old £100 bank post bill. The wizard took it, heated it in the same manner as he did the £5 note and with the same result, but how he did it no one could find out."—Luter Ocean.

Sick headache is the bane of many lives; to cure and prevent this annoying complaint use Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills. They are agreeable to take and gentle in their action.

A CURSE OF GOLD.

There is a singular superstition in the mining districts of America that the discoverers of hidden treasures in the bowels of the earth are sure to meet with a violent end. Many instances are from time to time adduced in support of the statement and go far to show that numbers of adventurers literally die in their shoes. The original proprietors of close on forty successful mines have been accounted for in this way. Twelve were shot, three were engulfed, while the rest disappeared in the cities of Dakota and New Mexico and were never heard of afterward. George H. Fryer, from whom the Fryer Hill Mine had its name, committed suicide in Denver. Two years before his death he possessed \$1,000,000; the expenses of his funeral had to be paid by the authorities. The discoverer of the Standard Mine in California was swallowed up by an avalanche. Colonel Storey, another wealthy miner, was killed by the Pyramid Indians. William Fairweather, who brought to light the hidden treasures of Alder Gulch, came to his death by drinking and riotous living. A yet more terrible end had William Farrell in a hospital in San Francisco. He had discovered the rich mine at Meadow Lake; but hundreds of deceived gold seekers surrounded his bed, "gnashing and grinding so horribly that he could not die." The owner of the Homestake Mine became a highwayman; one day he attacked a mail coach, but the attendants shot him dead. John Homer, of the Homer Mine spent his last cent and then put a bullet through his brain. "Doughnut Bill," "Old Eureka," "Niuemile Clarke," died literally in their shoes, being killed in saloon scuffles. Montana Plummer, who discovered one of the richest mines in the world, and was sheriff for a time, died on the gallows.—Chamber's Journal.

Ladies who experience a sense of weakness, and sometimes heaviness of the back should use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, it will supply the much needed strength and overcome all weakening irregularities.

DO THY BEST.

A young painter was directed by his master to complete a picture on which the master had been obliged to suspend his labor on account of his growing infirmities. "I commission thee, my son," said the aged artist, "to do thy best upon this work. Do thy best." The young man had such reverence for his master's skill, that he felt incompetent to touch canvass which bore the work of that renowned hand. But "Do thy best," was the old man's calm reply; and again, to repeated solicitations, he answered "Do thy best." The youth tremblingly seized the brush, and kneeling before his appointed work, he prayed: "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power to do this deed." His hand grew steady as he painted. Slumbering genius awoke in his eye. Enthusiasm took the place of fear. Forgetfulness of himself supplanted his self-distrust, and with a calm joy he finished his labor. The "beloved master" was borne on his couch into the studio, to pass judgment on the result. As his eye fell on the triumph of art before him, he burst into tears, and throwing his feeble arms around the young artist, he exclaimed, "My son I paint no more!" That youth, Leonardo da Vinci, became the painter of "The Last Supper," the ruins of which, after the lapse of 300 years, still attract annually to the refectory of an obscure convent in Milan hundreds of the worshippers of art.—Ex.

Disease lies in ambush for the weak, a feeble constitution is ill adapted to encounter a malarious atmosphere or sudden changes of temperature, and the least robust are usually the easiest victims; Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will give tone and vitality and strength to your entire body.

HOW TO TELL BRIDES.

"Yes," said an old and experienced hotel clerk recently, "I can tell a bride and groom at a glance. For some reason or other they all seem ashamed to have it known that they are newly married, and they all try to give the impression that they are comparatively old stagers, as it were, but it's no use with me. I smile when I see their old trunks—to come with brand new ones, you know, would be to advertise the fact that they had just been wedded—and I laugh outright when I receive a letter from a bridegroom, saying: 'Myself and wife will be at your house on Wednesday night between 12 and 1 o'clock. Our luggage will arrive during the afternoon, but we will not arrive ourselves until after the theatre.' Then I watch and see them come in with a bundle of umbrellas and capes, a hatbox and a couple of valises, which I have no hesitancy, of course, in believing they took to the play with them. How do I tell a bride and groom? Well, there's something about the way they look at each other when they are together, and when the newly married man is by himself I can tell by the manner in which he uses the two words 'my wife.' He's not used to the combination, and they sound as unnatural to me as they do to himself."—Tr. y Telegram.

To allay pains, subdue inflammation, heal foul sores and ulcers, the most prompt and satisfactory results are obtained by using that old reliable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be quickly cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box.

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MILLINERY GOODS
A specialty at the old stand,
BALTIMORE MILLINERY.
Miss Lizzie Bridge has returned to Windsor with a full and choice stock of Goods. Millinery, Notions and Dress Goods. A fresh lot of those R. R. Sailor Hats, also all the novelties in shapes and colors in ladies' and children's Straw and Felt Hats. Velvet Hats and Bonnets made to order, city work and style at low prices. Bustles, Umbrellas, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Merino Vests, Corsets, Jerseys, Ruchings, Collars and Cuffs, Ribbons, Velvets, Plushes, Feathers, Plumes, Ornaments, Flowers, etc., etc. Ladies from a distance visiting Windsor will find it their interest to call. Polite attention and convenient accommodations for ladies. Terms cash. Quick sales and small profits.

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Rooms recently renovated and windows cut down to floor. Double piazza around the hotel.
Private sitting room for ladies up stairs.
Free Hack to meet Steamers.
Telegraph office attached.
J. R. MOODY, Prop. fe18th

GRAND EMPORIUM OF FASHION.
Mrs. S. C. Burrell has just returned from New York with an elegant line of Spring goods. Consisting of millinery of all kinds. The latest novelties of the season in Hats and Bonnets. FANCY GOODS—Her Notions are unsurpassed. DRESS GOODS—The latest novelties in styles and shades. Trimmings to correspond. Elegant line of Beaded Trimmings and Panels for Silks. Fine line of Silks in patterns, handsome Velvets. Everything that pertains to beautify the ladies. Give me a call, will guarantee prices and styles shall suit the most fastidious. I thank my friends for past patronage and hope to see my old customers and a number of new. Come one, come all, and see the handsomest line of good in Windsor.
B. M. BATCHELOR.