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BENJ. H. SWAIN, OWNER AND EDITOR.

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WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1888.

NO. 11.

JNO. W. WOOD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
LEWISTON, N. C.

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I am now manufacturing Car Wheels, Hubs and Spokes from native timbers which I will sell from \$3.50 to \$5.25 per pair of wheels. A discount will be allowed if as many as ten pairs are taken by one party. All work warranted. Special terms to Coachmakers. Shipments F. O. B., at Coniot landing on Roanoke river.

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WHY?

AMELIE RIVES.

Heart of me, why do you sigh?
Why droop your eyelids, pale and shy,
Like snowflakes that on violets lie?
Why do you sigh, my heart?

Sweeting, wherefore do you weep?
Till the flowers that May winds steep,
When the day has sunk to sleep,
Seem from beads o' dew to peep?
Why do you weep, my sweet?

O, my love, whence comes thy glow,
Like the sunset on the snow,
Which on your fair face doth show?
Why do you blush, my queen?

Must I speak your answer dear?
Listen, then, and you will hear
Why you sigh, and weep and blush,
Why, e'en now you bid me hush;
Sing, O sing, ye winds that be;
Answer, music of the sea;
Spin, old earth of melody;
For my one-love loveth me—
Doth she not, my heart?

—Harper's for May.

ANECDOTE OF HORACE GREELY

When I was a cub—back in the thirties—I was living with my mother and step father in Brooklyn. One day I was sent over to New York to deliver an imposing stone to the firm of Greely & Winchester, who were then publishing the New World. I was told not to deliver the stone unless I got my money. When I arrived at Horace Greely's office he immediately ordered his men to hoist the stone to the third story with a block and tackle, and it was hoisted. I had insisted with Mr. Greely that I could not leave the stone without the money, but he simply answered me by saying, "My son, the stone is in the third story; how are you going to get it down? You come over Saturday and I will pay you for the stone." I told him if I went back without the money I would get a terrible thrashing, and which, by the way, I unquestionably got.

I went back Saturday and Mr. Greely wanted to put me off again. I told him of the beating which my stepfather had given me. He seemed to doubt it, so I pulled off my jacket and showed him how black and blue my back was. When he saw the marks he said: "My God! what a brute a man must be to beat a child in that manner. Sit down. I'll get the money, although I'll have to borrow it." In five minutes he returned with some apples and ginger cake for me, and then he went out and was gone for an hour, when he appeared with the money. When I receipted the bill he handed me one dollar, saying: "This will take a little of the pain out of your back, and if ever you want a friend and I can serve you, come and see me." I did not meet Greely again for seven years, when I met him in Washington. I was in need of a friend then, and he introduced me to Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, and did all he could to further my interests, which by the way, was my first successful stepping stone in life.—Ex.

Many whose occupations are of a sedentary character, often have the feeling of being literally worn out, and are reminded very forcibly of declining years, when if they knew what ailed them, they would find that all their troubles arose from the inaction of their kidneys or liver. If they would at such times take Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm, would again feel the vigor and strength of maturity.

THE CONVICT'S KISS.

A more or less amusing incident is told at the expense of Miss Lela Robinson, a woman who has had some notoriety in the ranks of the legal fraternity of Massachusetts. She was assistant counsel in a case in which an important witness was a man who is in the Massachusetts State prison on a life sentence. The unhappy

wretch has not been out of duress for seventeen years, and a sight of a bit of the world, even though that bit was no more cheerful or attractive than the court room filled, his whole soul with a wild jay. He was so thoroughly delighted that in a moment of rapture he threw his arms about Miss Robinson and kissed her fervently, as a means of expressing his appreciation of the distant glimpse of liberty he had through means of the summons to the witness box enjoyed. The lawyer who was senior counsel in the case naturally felt called upon to defend Miss Robinson, since even admission to the bar does not confer upon a woman the strength to fight her own battles, when the convict disarmed his wrath and brought the blushes to the maiden barrister by saying: "I am glad she is your wife, because you will excuse me for kissing her. You see I could not help it."

The incident ought to be true, and is told as a fact. It illustrates the beautiful and refined influence of woman in the court room, the jail, or wherever she may find herself. No doubt the convict is from that day a changed being. If he is not, he ought to be or the story has absolutely no moral whatever.—Ex.

Kidney and bladder troubles produce a feeling of utter despondency. A genial stimulant and tonic, and an unfailing remedy for all such troubles, may be found in Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

A WISE DOG.

Bruno and his master were very fond of each other, and went out together a great deal. One evening they made a call. Bruno walked into the kitchen to stay, lay down and fell asleep. His master spent the evening in the parlor. When it was time to go home, the master forgot his dog and went home without him. But in the morning, almost the first thing he saw was Bruno, safe at home. How do you suppose he got there?

He did not wake till late in the night, when the house was still; but then when he found that nobody came to let him out, he jumped through the window and broke out all the glass. The noise he made waked everybody in the house, and they all got up and came downstairs to see what was the matter.

Some weeks after, the gentleman called again on the same family, and Bruno with him. He went into the parlor as before, and sent Bruno into the kitchen. When it was time to go home, the master's hat and cane were missing. He looked and looked, but could not find them anywhere.

At last, somebody happened to go into the kitchen, and there lay Bruno under the table, fast asleep. The cane lay by his side, and one of his great paws was on the hat. His master was called out to look at him, and everybody laughed heartily at Bruno's forethought and planning.

He did not mean to be left behind again, and he knew that if his master forgot his dog, he would not forget his hat and cane.—Ex.

If you find indications of malaria in your system take at once Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure, it will agreeably and effectually eradicate the poison from your system. 50 cents per bottle, warranted.

REVOLUTION IN FARMING.

In Harper's Magazine, Mr. Chas. Dudley Warner has a remarkably interesting article entitled: "Studies of the Great West."

Speaking of the State University of Wisconsin, Mr. Warner praises its agricultural department in high terms; but what im-

presses him most is the connection of the university with the farmers' institutes. Under a recent act of the legislature farmers' institutes have been organized, and placed under the control of the regents of the university, who have the power to select a State Superintendent to control them. The farmers, therefore, while not actually students of the university are directly instructed by it. The State appropriates \$12,000 a year to this work, and the money has been found sufficient to pay the salaries of the Superintendent and his assistants and the expenses of specialists who are called in from time to time. In forty-five counties last year there were held eighty-two farmers' institutes. At the meetings 279 practical topics were discussed and lecturers were employed. The meetings are managed by local committees, and every effort is made to interest the farmers and bring them to the front.

Sickness comes uninvited, and strong men and women are forced to employ means to restore their health and strength. The most successful of all known remedies for weakness, the origin of all disease, is Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier.

THE APOMATTOX APPLE TREE.

General Grant wrote as follows to a gentleman in Philadelphia: "When I reached Appomattox Court House, Lee had been in McLean's house for some time. All there is of the apple tree story is this: When I received a note from Lee asking to meet me at Appomattox, where he then was, I sent him a note saying I would be there as soon as possible. There was an old apple orchard on the hillside opposite McLean's house, where the advance of Lee's army had halted when the white flag was exhibited. A farm road ran diagonally up the hill through the orchard. In places where trees were close to the wheel tracks on the upper side of the road the roots had been cut off by being continually run over. This left a low bank between the road and trees so that when the officer (Gen. O. E. Babcock) who bore my reply to General Lee reached him, he was seated on one of those embankments with his feet in the road and his back against the tree. He was then invited to pass through our lines to a house to await my arrival."—Ex.

Nature usually makes a gallant fight against disease, and when helped by Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will eradicate it from the system.

WOMAN ABROAD AND AT HOME.

"Oh, woman, woman!" shrieked an orator in a speech the other night, "thou art the light, the life, the salvation of the world! I shudder when I think of what this world would be without thy gentle, refining, ennobling influence. I bow at thy shrine, acknowledging thy purity and truth. There is nothing so beautiful, so glorious, so true, so perfect, as a woman! I reverence and bow down before thee!"

And when he went home he said to the woman who was so unfortunate as to be his wife:

"What did you let the fire get so low for? You knew I'd come home half froze. You're just like the rest of the women; you haven't a thought beyond your nose. Stir around and get me a cup of hot tea, can't you? See if you can do that much for a fellow. I'd just like to know what you women think you're good for, anyhow."—Ex.

No need to take those big cathartic pills, Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills are more agreeable and effective.

QUEER AMUSEMENT.

At the court of the Adiamite Sultan there still exists a few white noblemen who hold office in the seraglio. They are dwarfs—about five in number—regular microscopic creatures. They are employed as foils and jesters and are subjected to all kinds of practical jokes. One of these consists in placing a dwarf in a deep dish of rolled rice. The centre of the dish contains a sort of niche made of cardboard, in which the dwarf is concealed, and the steaming rice is then poured on the top and around the sides. The dish is set before the guests; but no sooner have they tasted the first morsel than there is a sudden upheaval of the mass and out springs a dwarf all dripping with rice and perspiration. The unexpected appearance of the little monster creates a general panic and puts a speedy end to the repast. Of course the poor dwarf has to pay the penalty of the little joke, for during the ten or fifteen minutes he spends under the hot rice he undergoes the experience of a Turkish bath.—Osman Bey.

For rheumatic and neuralgic pains, rub in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, you will not suffer long, but will be gratified with a speedy and effective cure.

ONE MAN'S BRAVERY.

When a man performs a noble deed the whole world is sure to learn of it. We all know the story of Sir Philip Sydney, who, when mortal wounds, gave his glass of water to a dying soldier, saying: "Thy necessity is greater than mine." In the ordinary walks of every day life one not infrequently hears of equally noble deeds. For example, a New York gentleman of the name of Simoon A. Bernheimer, died recently, of whom it is related that on one occasion when everybody fled in terror from a man stricken with smallpox and crying out for a drink of water, Mr. Bernheimer went to him and assuaged his thirst, saying: "What is my life worth when compared with helping this poor fellow." Brave actions like this one make us all feel that the world is not quite so bad as some pessimists would have us believe.—Epoch.

The blood must be pure if the body would be in perfect condition. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier makes pure blood, and imparts the rich bloom of health and vigor to the whole body.

STRANGE PHENOMENON.

There is a strange phenomenon connected with the Upper Red river. I have several times been stranded by low water in the Upper Red, say 500 miles below the source, lying with a steambot for weeks awaiting rain and a rise. Without any rain in the vicinity of where the boat was I have seen the river come up twenty feet or more in one night. I figure out the phenomenon in this way: The sources of the Red river are in the Llano Estacado of New Mexico, and the rains falling upon these great plains pour down into the headwaters of the river, and the water comes rushing down many hundreds of miles, where there have been no rains for weeks, and thus result in the unlooked for swell in the water.—Globe Democrat.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. To give up something when giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little around rather than come against another; to take an ill look or a cross word quietly rather than resent or return it; these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured.—Ex.

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CAKES, ETC.

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