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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
LEWISTON, N. C.

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WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. LINNEAUS BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake,
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion!
With all that is divine,
To feel their is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As the Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

THE WORK OF A TEAR.

For the first time in two years these two, who had once been man and wife, met in a hotel parlor. They were parted through the machinations of a jealous woman, who, failing to inspire a love in the husband, had set herself to work to make the couple unhappy. The meeting was strictly a business one, that brought them to tether some legal papers assuring a separation had to be discussed and signed by both parties. There was a wail, imploring grace in the man's eyes when they fell on the wife's face but she did not seem to notice it. She seemed nervous and dispirited, and the white hands trembled visibly, and she did not dare to raise her eyes for some time.

She was richly dressed in plain black velvet, that set off her superb figure. She was much his junior, but a woman in the prime of beauty's summer.

He thought of his lost happiness with many a pang and of this woman he could never call her by the sacred name of wife again. A hard decree of law had snatched her from his side forever.

This stately, beautiful lady was "Mas. Jernyngham" now, for him as for all others. He had no right to take her hand or clasp her in her arms. He must still the beating of his aching, agonized heart, and address her as he might address the veriest of her sex.

It was a terrible effort, but he made the effort bravely: and succeeded far better than he had hoped.

She looked up with a start of surprise, as his cold and measured tones fell on her ear. She turned deadly pale as she met his eyes, and then the color rushed back to her face in an overwhelming tide of crimson. She took the chair he brought her without a word, and then leaned her head upon her hand.

Presently she looked up. Her eyes avoided his. But her manner was perfectly quiet now, and her face was calm, though pale. "We will go on with our business, now if you please, sir," she said, in a voice as measured as his own had been.

He bowed low and drew his chair near the table where she was seated. Spreading two for mable looking document on the table before her, he began explaining their nature and contents as calmly as if he had been some tried lawyer and she his client. She listened in silence.

"You fully understand the nature of this deed—Mrs.—madam?" he said, when he had concluded.

"I do."

"You are satisfied with the provisions herein made for your future? Can anything more be done? Can I be—"

His voice faltered a little and broke. Her hand, lying on the edge of the legal document, trembled slightly.

"I am perfectly satisfied, sir," she answered at last.

"Then you will have the goodness to sign your name within that blank?"

A pretty, fanciful inkstand of malachite and ornoln stood on a marble slab at the further end of the room.

He rose to bring it. Her dark gray eyes followed him—was it with a look of yearning love? If so he knew it not.

Returning he placed the open parchment sheet before her and pointed to the blank.

"What name?" she asked in a sad voice, and again that crimson tide surged up over cheek and neck and brow.

"Your own, madame!" he answered, coloring painfully in his turn.

"Alexia Jernyngham."

She wrote it calmly, and in a full, free, flowing hand. And he looked on the white, thinking of other days when in their own home, he had often watched her fondly and proudly, as she signed another name.

Throwing down the pen as the last letter was formed, she rose to her feet.

He rose also.

"Farewell—madame!" he said in a broken voice. And again the dark blue eyes were bent upon the downcast face with a passionate despairing look.

Her breast heaved convulsively once or twice. She put her white hand suddenly up to her throat, as if something had stopped her breath. Her hand met the golden chain.

The next moment that chain was torn from her neck, revealing a beautifully executed miniature, set closely in a border of forget-me-nots, formed with rare skill from clusters of precious gems. His quick eye fell upon the portrait—his own face! And she hid her face in her hands.

The chain flashed brightly in the sunlight; diamond guarded wedding ring shone like a circle of living fire, as she tore it hastily from her hand and dashed it with the picture at his feet.

"Take them!" she cried wildly. "Take them away from my sight forever. Oh, I wish I could tear every thought of you from my breaking heart."

And as she spoke something brighter than the diamonds—of infinitely greater value than gems, or gold, of the finest skill—flashed also in the sunlight and fell upon her cheek.

It was a tear.

He saw it and his heart beat high. Yet even in that moment pride must come between them.

"Alexia," he said, gravely, "if I take these it must be to give them back to you again. Shall it be so, my darling?"

The once familiar pet name fell slowly and hesitatingly from his lips. But still she heard it. She came a step nearer. The tears fell faster now and the white hands she held out to him trembled like a leaf.

"My husband!"

"Oh, my wife! my wife!"

And holding her to his long widowed heart the strong and stately man laid his proud head upon the woman's shoulder and wept.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

We take the following from the last issue of the Kicker:

APoloGISTICAL.

We are compelled to apologize to our subscribers for the typographical appearance of the present issue. Owing to the snow blockade, a keg of ink which we ordered weeks ago failed to reach us, and rather than issue an issue we compounded a substitute. We don't seem to have hit the right proportions, or else molasses and lampblack are not the proper substitutes.

As it will be impossible for subscribers to make out any of the reading matter, we will place them with the statement that there is little or nothing worth reading. We hadn't much time to give to the paper last week, and it is just as well that we hadn't. It would have been time thrown away.

THE USUAL REWARD.

We understand that Arizona Joe, Col Hilton, Dick Fenshaw and other ingrates are going about with the statement that we were horse whipped by the Widow Burnham one day last week. When we refer to these hyenas as living liars, we do so in all gentleness. We can't afford to get mad and kick such freaks of nature. Arizona Joe is wearing a collar we lent him from our slim stock, and if any one will rip the Colonel's coat down the back he will find one of our undershirts surrounding the ingrate's body. When Dick Fenshaw struck this town he hadn't eaten anything but pigweed for three days, and he was trying to make a pack of cards cover his nakedness. We filled his stomach, gave him a coat and lifted him out of the slough. Sick trash! Sick gratitude! Sick hyena!

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The steamer Orange-Nassau has left New York with arms and ammunition for Hayti.

Ex-Alderman McQuade will be the next extensible case to be taken up by the New York Special Court.

A number of Northern capitalists are now organizing prospecting tours through Southwestern Virginia, after which they will proceed South.

M. Eiffel, the famous engineer, who is building the great tower for the coming exhibition at Paris, has had a great deal of trouble with his workmen. They objected to laboring at so high an altitude as 600 or 700 feet unless the scale of wages was raised in proportion.

All difficulties have, however, been amicably adjusted, and the work now goes rapidly forward not even Sunday being a holiday.

On January 7 the tower had attained the 700 foot-level, and was expected to be completed by the middle of March.

THE HOME.

Home is a Woman's Kingdom. If it is not, she has none at all. All the efforts to get outside and make something else her Kingdom has been disastrous to society in general, and fatal to herself in particular. She is the natural conservator of all the simple virtues, the first teacher of the primary lessons of life, the appointed guardian of the infant race, and it is around the fireside that her sweet and gentle influences fall upon the heart like the summer rain falls upon the grateful earth.

IRRIGATION IN EGYPT.

A proposal has been made to turn to account a piece of depressed land in Middle Egypt by converting it into a large reservoir about the size of the Lake of Geneva, for the purpose of storing the waters of the Nile when the river is in flood. The water would be available for irrigating the lower country, when the Nile was low, between February and June. It would cost \$2,000,000, but it would add in ten years \$500,000,000 to the wealth of Egypt.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

We learn through Col. Julian Allen, of Statesville, a member of the North Carolina committee of the Southern Exposition to be held at the North, that the committee was very cordially received in New York city Wednesday. A number of newspaper men called, among them being the manager of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. On Thursday a conference was held with the most prominent newspaper and business men of the city. By invitation the committee visited the residence of the Commissioner of Immigration of New York State and met the Mayor. Friday it met the Southern Association of New York. All New York Southerners are very anxious to have the exposition located in New York city.

The committee was to remain in New York until this (Sunday) morning. Col. Logan H. Roots, of Little Rock, Ark., is aiding the committee in its work. Col. B. T. Pardee, of New Haven, Conn., who has been such a earnest worker for North Carolina and the South, is very much interested, and the committee is indebted to him for valuable assistance. Dr. W. R. Capehart is very active in his aid, and Mr. John T. Patrick displays his usual energy. —News and Observer.

THE PURCHASE TAX.

The Revenue Act, Section 21 of 1887, says: "Every Merchant, Jeweler, Grocer, Druggist or other dealer who shall buy and sell goods, wares, and merchandise of whatever name or description not specially taxed elsewhere in this act shall in addition to his ad valorem tax on his stock pay as a license tax one-tenth of one per centum." etc.

The merchants of Washington, and we see where many other places have done the same thing, have gotten up a petition which was signed by every merchant here, asking and praying the present Legislature to repeal this law. If there ever was an unjust law, it seems to us it is this. The merchant should be protected as much as any other class of citizens. In Beaufort county, and we would think that every other county in the State does the same thing, the merchant who purchases \$10,000 worth of goods during the year has to pay \$10 special tax, \$10 county tax and \$10 State tax, making \$30 as a purchase tax. He has to pay his ad valorem as much so as the farmer in addition to this purchase tax, and to tax one class of people more than another, where the business is equally honorable, is unjust in the extreme. The liquor dealer has to pay one-half of one per centum on his purchases, and his ad valorem tax.

We would suggest that the merchants in every town in the State, where they have not done so already, get up petitions and send them to their representatives asking them to repeal this act, and we would ask the Press of the State to aid the merchants in the repeal of this law. If the merchants aided by the Press of the State will do their duty, we feel sure that the Legislature will grant the prayer of this class of industry and make the law a thing of the past.—Washington Progress.

LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.

The following lesson in street etiquette may contain a useful for more than one young man who may never have looked at the matter in the light in which it was forcibly brought to the attention of a thoughtless brother. A young man whom we will call John stood in a doorway of one of the crowded streets of a large city. Another young man, with a young woman leaning on his arm, passed along the street.

HARRY, MARY!

from the doorway, kindly and familiarly to the young woman. The young man with her arm around her, excused himself and left her by. Then he went back to the one called John, who still stood in the doorway, and asked him what he meant by his impertinence.

"What do you mean by impertinence?" angrily asked John.

"You insulted the lady I was with," was the reply.

"I didn't do anything but say 'Hello, Mary!' And anyway, don't you know she's my sister?"

"Yes, I know that, but you've no right to attract attention to her on a crowded street by hollering at her. Do you suppose the other fellows and the crowd knew that you were her brother? What would they think of a girl thus accosted?"

"Never thought of that," said the brother, slowly. "Well, I'll look out next time." —Youth's Companion.

F. D. WINSTON. W. L. WILLIAMS.
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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

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J. R. MOODY, Prop. Feb 18 1889

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