VOL. VI.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1890.

# WILLIAMS HOUSE, HERE

J. G. WILLIAMS, Proprietor. Travelers accommodated at low rates. Tab'e supplied with the best the market affords. Conveyances furnished on application.

## HARDEN

DEALER IN

# Watches, Clocks & Jewelry.

Having had 19 years' experience in the business I am prepared to do all kinds of Watch and Clock Repairing at short notice. All work guarantes 12 months. Also dealer in and repairer of

Guns and Pistols.

## Photograph Gallery

Over my store, where I am prepared to fill all or-ders for Cards, Cabinets and other sized pictures at short notice. Give me a call.

## E. MOUNTAIN

DEALER IN

## GROCERIES.

Sugars, Coffees, Flour, &c. WINES, WHISKIES, GINS TOBACCO. CICARS.

WINDSOR, N. C.

## JNO. W. WOOD, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

LEWISTON, N. C. Practices in Bertie and adjoining counties.

F. D. WINSTON.

W. L. WILLIAMS.

## WINSTON & WILLIAMS,

Attorneys & Counselors at Law.

Practice in Bertle and adjoining counties. WINDSOR, N. C.

## D. C. WINSTON,

## Attorney at Law

WINDSOR, N. C.

Practices in Bertie and adjoining counties.

# R. C. BAZEMORE,

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hats and Caps, DRUGS,

Hardware, Tinware,

Oueensware and Groceries.

Agent for the best Sewing Machine in the

Prices reduced on all goods for cash.

Highest market prices for peanuts.

Mili days—Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Meal kept at the store and given in exchaege for

WINDSOR, N. C.

## Attention, Farmers! Indian Wood Wheel Factory

I am now manufacturing Cart Wheels, Rims. 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.

## TONSORIAL ARTIST. W. H. LEIGH

Has recently had his shop fitted up in first-class style for the convenience of patrons. Shaving, hair cutting and shampooing done in the most artistic manner. Will be at shop from 7:30 to 9 a. m., and from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. no2 tfn

## TODD & BRO... Goods, Notions, Groceries, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,

GLASS, TINWARE, TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF. Spot Cash and Low Prices.

# WINDSOR - "- - -

WINDSOR, N. C.

J. R. MOODY, Prop.

Table supplied with the best the market affords. Rooms recently renovated and windows cut down to floor. Double piazza around the hotel. Three large Sample Rooms for the convenience of traveling salesmen.

Free Hack to meet Steamers. Telegraph office attached.

# TO SAVE MONEY.

Having just completed the largest and finest store in this part of the State, and filled it with goods at the Lowest Prices for Cash, I am pre-pared to sell goods at VERY LOW PRICES. Below I will mention a part of the immense stock which I carry.

## Notions in all Varieties.

Consisting of Cheap and Fine

Dress Goods. Calico,

> Cotton Cloths. Dress Plaids, Piece Goods. Curtain Goods. Etc., Etc.

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Men's

RUBBER SHOES.

A BIG LOT OF MEN'S AND BOYS'

AT COST.

Men's and Boys' Hats from 25c. to \$3.25 Each.

A BIG LOT OF

TINWARE, ETC.

we can sell you almost anything you may need.

Gall and See Our Stock of Single and Double Guns.

A FULL LINE OF

We are Headquarters for

Doors. Windows. Sash. Blinds, Lime, Etc.,

HAVING THE BIGGEST LOT EVER IN THIS COUNTRY.

We have just received a very large shipment of TRUNKS, which will be sold very low.

We can also sell you a nice

# Top Buggy, Open Buggy or Road Cart.

In fact this is the place to come and get the most for your money.

Thanking the public for their very liberal patronage in the past, I can only say I will guarantee satisfaction in the future.

WINDSOR-N.C.

LIFE'S BETTER UNFLUENCES

Better the song and the smile, my dear, Better the song and the smile. Brief is the time we may linger here, Little avails either sigh or tear; Better the song and the smile, my dear Better the song and the smile.

Better the laugh and the jest, my dear,

Better the laugh and the jest. Sunshine of heart and of merry cheer, Chasing the shadows that oft appear; Better the laugh and the jest, my dear, Better the laugh and the jest,

Better the word that is kind, my dear, Better the word that is kind. Speech that is cold and perchance severe Well may be spared as we journey here; Better the word that is kind, my dear, Better the word that is kind.

Life's but a day at the best, my dear, Life's but a day at the best. Be your endeavor to brighten each year, Making less frequent the sigh and the tear: Life's but a day at the best, my dear, Life's but a day at the best.

-New York Press.

## A DENTAL TRAGEDY,

Smallbore made no secret of the fact that he meant "business" with Angelina Goodluck. She had a good figure, a pretty face, not too much brains and a cool million in hard cash. There was every indication that Smallbore's suit would be crowned with success. Never before had his smile been so bewitching or his glances so thrillingly tender. Miss Angelina basked in the sunshine of the former and revelled in the radiance of the latter. In fact so obvious was it that Smallbore was the favored suitor that all other competitors had retired from the field with the exception of Frank Bluff, and it was the general opinion that he didn't leave it simply because of his conwas beaten.

The Goodluck parties, as everybody in the social swim knows, are delightful and jolly affairs. They are not sufficiently particular, perhaps, concerning the lineage of some persons they invite to suit those who hold strong and uncompromising opinions on the subjee: of "blue blood," but it has arways been conceded that if any one gets bored at one of the Goodluck's entertainments the fault is his own. There is no stiffness or restraint about their hospitality. They possess the happy faculty of making everybody feel at home. The house, with the large conservatory attached to it, is delightfully arranged for "spooning" or flirting, or even more serious amatory business. The house is deservedly very popular with mamas with marriageable daughters. One mama who there successfully launched three daughters on the serene and placid sea of matrimony once remarked: "It is my candid opinion that if a girl can't get off the hooks through Goodluck's parties she may as well retire to a nunnery at

It is not strange, therefore that Smallbore should have decided after careful consideration, to formally "pop" to Miss Angelina at the next Goodluck party. The fateful evening came round in due course as all evenings do, fateful or otherwise. Smallbore was a happy man and he believed that somewhere in the neighborhood of midnight he would be still

The most careful and methodical of men is apt to become absent-minded when he thinks that he is going to "pop" to a young lady within the next few hours. I do not speak from experience but I have been so informed by those whom I have consulted on the subject. Smallbore himself told me afterward that he dressed like an automaton that evening, he was thinking all the time of "something else."

It was a long drive to the Goodluck mansion, but the way didn't seem long to Smallbore. The rain fell in a dismal drizzle. The contrast between the cheerless streets and the brilliantly lighted parlors full of fragrance and laughter and well bred men and handsome women was equal to that between the ogre's den and the fairies' grotto in the pantomime. So it served to the poor people gathered outside who occasionally caught fragmentary glimpses of the scene within when a door was opened, and they wished wistfully that they, too, might be rich.

But no sooner had Smallbore opened his mouth to greet the first friend that he met-young Jack Seaspray-than he found that he had dropped his handker- as in his mind's ear he hears somebody made a discovery which caused him to chief and could no longer hide his em- else complimenting him -St. Louis Star feel that he would gladly change places with the poorest of the poor chaps outside and remain a poor chap for the rest of his days. That he told me himself.

He had forgotten his false teeth! He turned pale and clapped his handkerchief to his mouth while harrowing thoughts swirled through his brain. Great heavens, if he should smile he was a lost man! He could not sing. He was robbed of his accomplishments and transformed into an awkward body.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" asked Seaspray, with genuine solicitude. "Nothing, nothing," muttered poor Smallbore behind the folds of his handkerchief, the absence of his teeth making him lisp. "I gueth ith only a thill, buth I think I'd betther go home."

at that moment he should see, through an

his mental balance disturbed when he accustomed to glisten. His hips were sees a rival, making love to the woman tightly drawn. He presented a most whom he has resolved to make his wife. woeful aspect.

So Smallbore hastily decided that he Miss Angelina's sympathies were

soda," said Seaspray, "you will feel better then."

"Thankth, I thinkth I thwill," replied Smallbore, who felt the need of something to stimulate his courage. It was the worst thing he could take under the circumstances. What he wanted was someand sods doesn't do that.

"It's my private opinion," subsequently observed Seaspray, in the smok-ing-room, "that Smallbore is three sheets in the wind with the fourth flapping."

Seaspray was something of a yachtman and affected nautical phrases.

"Well, if that's the case, he had better fight shy of Miss Angelina," was the judicious response; "she threw over Will Highfly last year because she found him tight once."

Smallbore, despite the brandy and soda, was of the same opinion, but as he explained to me afterward when making a clean breast of the whole business, he realizing sense of what that evening had could not resist the temptation to steal down stairs to see what Bluff was up to. He selected a place deep shadow where he could see without much risk of being seen. But in this as to tell Miss Argelina the true cause of world when a fellow gets into a fix the his seemingly strange conduct. He had thing that he wishes most to avoid is most lost her .- The Epoch likely to happen. The sharp eyes of Miss Kitty Chipper discovered him. She had been out six seasons, and perhaps had her own private reasons for objecting to a long continued tete-a-tete between Miss Angelina and Bluff.

"Oh, Mr. Smallbore," she exclaimed, been keeping yourself so long. I'm so duced the town to ashes. Their King glad I've found you. There are a lot of and a number of his followers were capa duet with Miss Angelina. That sweet one, you know, about love will have its

Miss Kitty tapped him with her fan and added slyly, pointing to where Miss Angelina and Bluff were sitting: "Now don't you think that I'm a real good friend of yours? There's many a slip-'twixt the cup and the lip, you know.' "Confound her!" thought Smallbore.

He really thought something stronger he told me.) Earlier in the evening he had looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to singing with Miss Angelina, but now the bare idea of it made him

"Thu'll have to excuthe me," mumbled Smallbore, vainly trying to control his "I'm noth feething thwell," "Indeed I think we had better excuse

you," replied Miss Kitty with emphasis, lifting her eyebrows. Smallbore didn't appreciate the signifi-cance of that emphasis. He was only too

glad to get rid of her. Meanwhile a false theory concerning the cause of Smallbore's defective speech had traveled like lightning. Tom Jenkins, who bore Smallbore a grudge for a fidence, lived among them for some time, richly deserved snub which Smallbore and two years ago he published a book had once administered to him, found an giving the first detailed information opportunity to whisper the news to Bluff. I got it afterward from a friend

of Bluff's that this is what he said: "That snob, Smallbore, is as full as tick. He can't even talk straight. If centuries, during which time they were you play your cards well you've got a not able to explore the interior .- New

winning game." I don't like Biuff, but I admit he is pretty smart fellow.

He at once perceived the advantages which the situation offered for him. Kittie Chipper had only left Smallbore

"What's this I hear, old fellow; you're not feeling well? I'm deucedly sorry. I'll take you where you'll get well in a jiffy. Miss Angelina has been so anxious to see you all the evening that, by

five minutes when Bluff strolled up to

Jove, she has been hardly civil to me." "Come right along, old fellow," added Bluff with affected good nature patting Smallbore on the back, "you'll get well

in no time." There had been nothing in the terms barrassment behind its protecting folds.

"Why, Mr. Smallbore, Em just awfully sorry to hear that you are sick. What can I do for you? Please do tell me. Perhaps if you come with me into the conservatory and get some fresh air you

will feel better." The tones were tender; the look, divinely sympathetic. It was in that conservatory that Smallbore had fondly imagined he would ask Miss Angelina to be his wife. Here was the opportunity offered him. But he was just as powerless to take advantage of it as if he had been bound hand and foot. He had never before in his life, he told me, felt so abjectly and completely miserable.

"Ith nothing; ith nothing; I atthure thu Mith Anthelins," he said pitiously, Wise decision. Why didn't he stick I'm a lithle thick, thath all; I'll get to it? Because fate had ordained that over ith." Miss Angelina looked at him earnestly

most temperate of wooers is likely to get where four pearl-white teeth had been tonine.

would stay to keep an eye on Bluff, but would make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

touched, Smallbore might have extricated himself from his awkward position and pushed his suit to a successful issue on some other occasion, when better equipped for it, but for one little awkward.

Women are quick to put this and that together and jump at conclusions. I Miss. Angelina had delicate olfactory organs. She detected the odor of brandy. T was the result of that confounded brandy thing to quicken his judgment. Brandy and sods that Smallbore had taken at Seaspray's suggestion. Her manner became frigid immediately:

"Mr. Smallbore, I think you had better go home at once," she exclaimed tartly. Then turning to Bluff, who had re-mained close at hand to see how his little game worked, she said sweetly:

"Will you be kind enough to take me to the supper room?"

"Don't be too hard on him, Miss Angelina," Smallbore heard Bluff say as they moved off, "I don't think that he

often gets in that condition." When Smallbore reached his rooms the first thing that awakened in his mind a cost him was the aight of those precious false teeth glistening at the bottom of a tumbler filled with water. He knew that he could never so far sacrifice his pride

## At War With the Bubl.

The Bubi tribe, who inhabit the little island of Fernando Po in the Gulf of Guinea, recently made a raid upon the town of Santa Isabel, and had it not been for the timely arrival of a Spanish tripping up to him, "where have you gunboat they would probably have regirls who are just dying to have you sing tured and are still in custody. They have once been severely flogged in the open air, and the news was sent to their

> The Bubi are among the most peculiar people ever discovered. Though their island home contains only about 800 square miles, and the whites, Portuguese, British and Spanish, have been in possession for four centuries, the natives were almost as little known as though they lived in Central Africa until a few years ago. They live far up among the mountains that occupy the interior of the island. For generations at a time they did not molest the white residents of the coast unless they ventured into the interior. They kept a breed of ferocious dogs, which were a greater source of terror to the whites than the Bubi themselves, though the latter were well armed with arrows and spears. At one time when they were at war with the whites they were accused of stealing into the settle-ments in the night time and poisoning wells. They have never yet been subjugated, though a while age a white traveler, by exercising great patience and perseverance managed to win their conabout the native inhabitants.

> This is probably the only instance on record of an island, twenty miles wide, being in possession of the whites for four

## Talking to Oneself.

Everyone has, doubtless, at some time or another caught himself talking to himself and smiling as he walked along the street, and has felt his ears get hot as he wondered how many people had ob-served him and put him down as an escaped lunatic. If he wants to see just exactly how ridiculous and idiotic the action is he can observe other people similarly absorbed in their own conversa tion. It is not everybody who, caught in the act, can get out of it as wittily as did the Irishman who, when rallied upon talking to himself, said he had good reason to do so as "He liked to talk to a sensible man and liked to hear a sensible of their acquaintance for the past six man talk." The shame people feel at be-months to justify such familiarity. In ing surprised in this talk to themselves is fact their relations had been decidedly due, if the truth were known, to the fact "strained." But poor Smallbore was that the talk is generally of a supremely powerless in Bluff's hands. He was egotistic character, the talker generally hustled along until he found himself being in imagination in some important plumped down alongside of Miss Ange-lina. To add to his consternation he He is not seldom complimenting himself.

## An Ancient Butcher Shop.

The Museum of Antiquities at Dresden has come into possession of an interest-ing marble relief from Rome, which represents an ancient butcher's shop, of ob-long shape, and divided by a pillar into two unequal parts. In the greater stands the butcher, with a high chopping block, resting on three substantial legs, before him, while behind him hangs the steel-yard and a cleaver, he himself being occupied in dividing a rib of meat with another cleaver. On the wall above him, just as with us, is a row of hooks near to cach other, on which hang pieces of meat already dressed; a rib and a leg of meat, a pork joint and udders—a tid-bit of the Romans; also lungs and liver, and last of all, the favorite boar's head. On the left, in the smaller division of the shop, open door, Frank Bluff paying ardent attention to Miss Angelina.

Smallbore's affection was, under ordinary circumstances, of a well regulated and discreet character. But even the most temperate of woods is likely to get where four postly white teath had been to the butcher sits in an easy chair, with an account book on her knees, engaged in assisting the business of her husband by acting as bookkeeper. Her headdress points to the time of Angelia.

INTERNATIONAL LESSO

Lesson | Text: The Song of

rias," Luke i., 67-S0, Golder Luke i., 76-Comments different, No. 9 Ban

67 "And his father Zacharias

19He hath visited and wrought for His people" (R. V.). It was dred years since Malacht had se and trustfully wait the Lord's tin the great lessons of Scripture exe patriarchs, prophets, apostles, s Lord Himself.

60. "And hath raised up an hor

Israel and her salvation from all as the prophets had foretold. our fathers, and to remember I

runner (Mal. iv., 5, 6). But blindness continues because of their own personal Saviour of God, an heir according (Gal. fil., 7, 24, 29), and shall that it means to be a joint he along and priest unto God, be manifested as King of the Kings and Lord of Lords, who tall down (i'r. lxxii, II).

77 To give knowledge of

Darkness and

Continued on four