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Travelers accommodated at low rates. Table supplied with the best market affords. Conveyances furnished on application.

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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 guaranteed 12 months. Also dealer in and repairer of
Guns and Pistols.
Photograph Gallery
Over my store, where I am prepared to fill all orders for Cards, Cabinets and other sized pictures at short notice. Give me a call.

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Agent for the best Sewing Machine in the market.
Prices reduced on all goods for cash.
Highest market prices for peanuts.
Meal kept at the store and given in exchange for corn.

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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.

J. P. SMALLWOOD, M. D.
Hancock Hotel,
LEWISTON, N. C.
July 1-ly

AMERICAN HOUSE,
WINDSOR, N. C.
J. B. MOODY, Prop.

Table supplied with the best market affords. Rooms recently renovated and windows cut down to floor. Double piazzas around the hotel.
Three large Sample Rooms for the convenience of traveling salesmen.
Free Hack to meet Steamers.
Telephone office attached.

Love's Coming.
Love came to me in life so late
That Time had closed the outer gate—
So late it seemed the door was barred,
Bolts shot, and all the house rough scarred
That owned my habitation gave no sign
Of welcome to the God benign,
For Love with all his power divine
Had come so late.

It seemed that none would ever come
In answer to his knock, though some
Sweet thought stirred restless in my breast
Uneasy waked from its long rest,
So strange were such fair visitors that when
Love came and called, and called again,
It was at first in vain, for then
It seemed so late.

No chamber had my soul prepared
Against his coming, none had dared
Foretell his advent; it did seem
More of a sweet, unstable dream—
Before his summons, sweet and clear, rang
Out
Waking the drowsy-lidded rout
Of fancies, passion-sweet, his shout
Seemed all too late.

No rich feast had been spread for him;
All the guest-chamber lights burned dim,
For few had come that way to claim
A resting place—e'en fickle fame
Had fled long, long before Love came—
And yet the close gate opened wide
At his approach; bolts shot aside;
All the bright soul lights flamed, and loud
Rang out the welcome of the crowd.
My soul's best minstrelsy did welcome him,
Bright grew my dimmest, darkest dream,
For after all it did not seem
Love came too late.

THE STORY OF A DUEL.

"Comrades! have ye heard the news? A man hath come forward to answer the challenge of Jacopo the Swordsman!"

This announcement, made in one of the principal streets of Florence on a fine summer morning in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was quite sufficient to gather an excited crowd round the speaker the instant he uttered it; for Jacopo Belloni (popularly known as "Jacopo the Swordsman," from his deadly skill in fencing) was widely renowned as the most formidable prize-fighter in all Italy, although (according to the custom of those times) he fought, not with his fists, but with his sword.

The redoubtable Jacopo had already killed three or four fencers of renown who had ventured to encounter him, and then, finding that people seemed to be getting rather shy of testing his prowess, he had lately issued a formal challenge to all comers, and had offered to stake a pretty large sum of money upon the result.

This challenge, however, had already been thrice repeated without any one appearing particularly anxious to accept it; and therefore it was no great wonder that the announcement quoted above should have been received with looks and exclamations of doubt, and even of flat disbelief.

"It is impossible, Maso! (Tom). No man living would be so mad!"

"It must be a jest—and a sorry one, too."

"Or else Maso is lying. Confess that thou art lying, according to thy custom, brother Maso, and we will forgive thee!"

"Laugh if ye will, my friends," said Maso, slightly affronted, "but I lie not. It stands writ out in the Market Place, full fair to see, that there is a man ready to meet Jacopo on the seventh morning from today."

"Then there is one more fool in the town than I thought," granted a stout armorer, "and there will soon be one less."

"Who is the man?" He must be a stranger here, or he would know better."

"I can not tell," said Maso; "for, although his challenge is fairly writ, there is no name signed to it."

"Then it must needs be a jest," growled a sturdy butcher, beside him. "No jest, I'faith," cried Maso; "for he hath staked one thousand five hundred pistoles on the event."

Incredible as Maso's news appeared, however, it was speedily and surely confirmed, and the tidings of the expected combat flew abroad like wildfire, kindling a universal excitement. When the day appointed for the fight came, not only all Florence, but all the country round seemed to have gathered to watch the sport, and in the ranks of the spectators were to be seen young nobles from all the greatest families in Northern Italy.

The stage upon which the two champions were to meet was a large platform of smooth planking (thickly strewn with sawdust to keep their feet from slipping), which, being full thirty feet in length by at least twenty

in breadth, gave ample space for all their movements. At either end of the stage was a smaller platform, on which stood a tent of white canvas; and upon these tents all eyes were fixed in eager expectation, for they had from eight the heroes.

Presently one of the tents was seen to open, and forth stepped the famous Jacopo Belloni himself, bowing condescendingly in acknowledgment of the thundering cheers that greeted his appearance.

The renowned swordsman's tall, active, sinewy figure was a perfect model of well-trained agility and strength; but his dark, lean, wolfish face, with its hooked nose, sloping forehead, bristly, black moustache, sharp, white teeth, and fierce, restless, gray eye (which was turned hungrily upon the opposite tent), were unpleasantly suggestive of some ferocious beast of prey.

And now the other tent opened in its turn, and a long cry of astonishment broke from every lip. The man who was about to encounter the dreaded Belloni was seen to be a slim, handsome youth, barely twenty years old, so slender in frame, and so smooth and delicate in face, that, but for his lofty stature and the silky moustache on his upper lip, he might have been mistaken for a girl.

The bravo shrugged his broad shoulders with a disdainful laugh, and muttered some coarse jest about "whipping the child back to its mother;" but the young man took no heed of him.

Then up rose a fine-looking old man in a richly-embroidered suit of crimson velvet, the Marquess di Scala, who, as warden of the Market Place, had charge of the day's proceedings. He announced that this young man staked one thousand five hundred pistoles (nearly one thousand three hundred pounds) against one thousand wagered by Jacopo, adding that, as there was no personal enmity between the two combatants, the first wound received by either might fairly end the fight.

But here the young stranger interposed. "Let me entreat your worship," said he, with stern emphasis, "not to defeat the sole purpose which could have made me stoop to encounter you out-throat. It is full time that his murderous hand were stayed from shedding more blood; and, with the help of Heaven, mine shall be the arm to stay it. Ere I leave this spot, he or I shall lie dead."

In the dead hush of universal amazement, those clear, stern, menacing tones rang out like the summons of a destroying angel. The spectators stood agast, and looked at each other in silence; and even the savage Belloni seemed cowed, for the scornful smile faded from his lips, and a faint uneasiness made itself visible for the first time through the swaggering impudence of his look. These signs of wavering did not pass unnoticed by the watching crowd, some of whom taunted him with his changed look; on which, stung to the quick, the bully fiercely shook off his momentary hesitation, and advanced upon his foe with uplifted sword. The latter met him with equal readiness, and a deep and solemn hush settled down upon that great multitude as the shining blades were seen to cross.

Belloni pressed furiously forward, his sword flickering like lightning as he dealt thrust after thrust, with a quickness which no eye could follow. He appeared to be bent upon bearing down his young opponent by sheer strength; but to his own surprise, and that of every one else, he seemed to have met his match at last. Lunge after lunge did he make, with seemingly irresistible force, and again and again did the bystanders draw in their breath as they watched to see the stranger fall; but the thirsty point was always turned aside just as it seemed about to pierce him. Nor did he once break ground, but kept circling round and round his foe, watching for a chance of attacking in turn.

That chance came at last. Jacopo, spent with his own violent exertions, could no longer maintain this exhausting attack. His breath began to fail and his hand to tremble. Then the stranger sprang forward, and attacked Belloni in his turn, with the light of a sudden and terrible gladness upon his beautiful face, which made the hardest spectators shudder as they saw it.

Twice Belloni dashed aside the point just as it reached him, but the second time an ominous stain of crimson on his white vest showed that the parry had come all but too late. They closed a third time—there was a quick trampling of feet, a clash of a steel, a hoarse choking curse—and the destroyer of so many lives lay dead at the stranger's feet, pierced through the heart.

The momentary pause of silent stupefaction was followed by long-continued thunders of applause, while the Marquess di Scala, seemingly much pleased, held out to the conqueror the heavy purse containing the stakes; but the latter, to every one's surprise, waved it haughtily away.

"Money that is stained with blood shall never be touched by my hands," he said, in a tone of such commanding dignity as to impress even the proud old noble to whom he spoke. "Give it to the widows and the orphan children of the men whom this wretch hath slain."

"And who art thou, fair sir, I pray thee?" asked the marquess, looking at him wonderingly.

"I am from Scotland," answered the victorious youth, "and my name is—James Crichton!"

"The Admirable Crichton!" shouted the throng, with one voice, hailing the renowned Scot by the title which he had already made famous throughout all Europe.

"Ay, the Admirable Crichton, in good sooth," cried the Marquess di Scala, "and never more truly admirable than when he thus risks his life to punish the guilty, and gives up his well-won gains to relieve the distressed."

The Language of Animals.

Every one who has heard a dog or a horse welcome its master with exclamations of joy, or a cat plaintively meowing for its food, ought to believe that animals can talk. The dog has different sounds to express hunger, pain, joy, sorrow, thanks and fear. Birds have different songs and notes to express their feelings. We recognize their songs of victory and of love, as well as the notes of anger and fear. It is evident that these notes are understood, not only within the limits of one species, but among other birds; for different tribes often make a common cause of joy and battle. Monkeys express their passions, fears and desires by various cries and gestures. Some of the most uncivilized languages are but little richer than theirs. Abbott tells us that crows have twenty-seven distinct cries or utterances. Many scientists believe that certain sounds made by fishes are for the purpose of expressing their feelings. It is clear to the careful observer that language is universal wherever there is sensation, and all animal life more or less inter-communicative.—[Piscayune.

The Mystery of Memory.

"How far back in your life can you remember?" asked a psychologist yesterday, referring to great feats of memory. "Let me see," said his friend, reflectively, "I can recall incidents in my life as far back as my fourth year." "That is about the average," replied the gentleman, "although many people claim to be able to recall events in their lives as far back as the age of two. I myself can recall one or two events that must have happened when I was not more than two years old. One thing that I recall is that I have a vivid impression of sitting on the floor of the nursery, playing with my blocks. My mother came in the room. She wore a hat with an ornament of a big bird. All this is clear to me, even today."—[Detroit Free Press.

A New Method of Robbery.

A young lady of Paris has invented a new method of robbery which she has carried on with a good deal of success for several weeks past. Wearing a traveling dress with a traveling bag in her hand, she waited about the stations, as if she were quite new to Paris, and did not know where to go. It constantly happened that gentlemen took pity on her, and proposed to take her to a hotel. On arriving at the hotel, the gentleman, of course, demanded to be shown rooms. The young lady invariably stopped down stairs, and before he returned had jumped into the cab with the gentleman's luggage and driven away.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Ten ordinary eggs will weigh a pound.

There is an Indian chief named Thomascot.

The color used to denote mourning has often been changed and even today countries differ widely.

A mountain side makes the best pasture for young cows, because climbing tends to strengthen the calves.

A New Jersey peach grower went into his orchard this year and found but half a dozen peaches on 1,700 trees.

Old Battersea bridge, the solitary surviving pile bridge on the lower Thames, London, is to be pulled down.

In Rome males wore black for mourning, while the women indicated their grief by wearing white garments.

Hollyhocks, single and double, formed the chief feature of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society's show in Boston.

The chief supply of cloves is obtained from the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, where the clove tree was introduced in 1830.

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

Fright caused a young lady in Madison, Ind., to scream so loudly, and open her mouth to such an extent, that she dislocated her jaw.

The Chicago Drivers Journal observes that southern cities are showing up well in the annual statements of trade and commerce.

The art of veneering was known to the Egyptians more than 3000 years ago. The sculptures of Thebes are said to illustrate the process.

A fat men's club, containing 119 members, and representing an aggregate weight of 24,000 pounds, flourishes in Mount Pleasant, Mich.

A huge catfish was found alive imbedded in a hollow log in a mill dam at Martindale. It swam in a small hole when a little fish and was unable to find its way out and grew in the log.

A remarkable proceeding is reported from Chicago where a father was arrested for not taking out a theatrical license for a little theatre which his children ran in the cellar, charging five pias for an admission.

I. N. Blankinship, of Marion, Mass., has a clock which was made in 1732. The works are of brass, and the clock keeps as good time as it did when it was made, 158 years ago, but the accounts vary as to the kind of time it kept in 1732.

Several old villages in Cass County, Michigan, have clung to the ancient custom of ringing the church bells whenever anybody dies. The doctors say their melancholy tolling at night has depressed many a despondent patient unto death.

A house in Georgetown, D. C., has just been shingled for the first time since 1808, and the carpenter says he has found sawed shingles that had been laid within ten years in much worse condition than the shaved pine shingles which had been in wear eighty-seven years.

On Col. Crockett's monument will be inscribed his famous declaration in Congress: "I am at liberty to vote as my conscience and judgment dictate to be right, without the yoke of any party on me or the driver at my heel with his whip in hand commanding me to go-wo-haw just at his pleasure."

Opium, or rather the poppy plant, from which it is derived, can be cultivated in the United States, but not profitably. The plants yield so little of the milky white juice from which the narcotic is made that with the high price of labor in this country the cultivation of opium is not commercially feasible.

Dr. Mary Walker asked Congress to pass a law to appoint a national costumer. He will be a member of the Cabinet, and will make designs every three months for the dresses of every lady in the land. The United States Government will issue a handsome quarterly magazine of fashion plates, which will be mailed to every lady in the country. This is what Dr. Mary Walker proposes.

How Baby Wakes.

Through the drowsy dreamland haze
Peeps two roguish orbs of blue
Wonderment is in their gaze
As they chance to rest on you;
Cherry lips begin to work
And you catch a cherub smile,
Dimpled dimples twinkle and jerk
As you pause to watch awhile.

Then a troubled spirit wakes,
Fears the leader behind and lead,
Or the face a storm cloud breaks
And enmesh a plashy veil;
Then a brief, expectant look,
Struggling through the depth of woe,
Finally says: "I will not look
Any more delay, you know."

Now you raise her in your arms,
Pressing close the quivering form,
Captive to the many charms
Of the murmuring soft and warm;
And you own the magic way
Of the despot smile and sweet,
Casting in a reckless way
All your heart at baby's feet.

—[Frank H. Welch, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

Tongue-tied—The nuptial knot.
A fair count—A blood nobleman.
Holds his head high—The giraffe.

The man who walks a crooked street is on the warp-path.

There is no rest for the weary, and nobody else needs it.

An infant industry—Making papa walk the floor nights.

All the "big guns" in Washington are not at the navy yard.

A coming-out party—The prisoner who is to be given his liberty.

We all have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of others.

In the battle of life it is the tramp who is always asking for quarter.

As a rule the watch and clock maker, even in his busiest times, has plenty of time.

He—You are a puzzle to me. She (coldly)—Well, you had better give me up.

A horse is a most sagacious animal, and never more so than in slipping up his driver.

"I can't keep a friend," remarked the lemonade, sadly. "I am always getting shook."

"I say, Charley, that man over there must be a millionaire." "No, I guess not. He looks too happy."

Van Housen—Don't you find that you can write better on an empty stomach? Scrawler—No, I can write better on paper.

If you ever doubted that a man could be sarcastic, you doubt it no longer when you have heard him praising your enemy.

"Times are getting so hard," remarked an unsuccessful business man, "that it's getting to be all I can do to collect my thoughts."

He (reading the sign board)—"Lovers' Retreat." I wonder what they retreat for? She—To get away from the old folks, probably.

If the tree is known by its fruits, one of the impressions of the present season is that the peach tree stands a very poor show for identification.

"I trust," said the love-lorn young man, "that the poem I sent you touched you, even if only a very little."

"It did, it did," she murmured. "I made curl papers with it."

Mamma—"Why, Susie, you've offered your candy to everybody but little brother. Why didn't you hand it to him?" Susie (with innocent candor)—"Because, mamma, little brother always takes it."

"New York is a great place," said the tourist. "It has an Italian quarter and a Chinese quarter and a French quarter, but where is the American quarter?" "In the pocket of the hotel waiter," answered his American cousin.

Footman (at the crib): Beg pard'n, sir. Languid Swell: We-all, what is it, James? Footman: Beg pard'n, I'm sure, sir; but do you know, sir, is there a gentleman waiting for you in the reception room with one eye named Walker? Languid Swell: Don't know him, sure. Say, what's the name of the other eye?

The Present Duty on Beans.
Miss Blocker (of New York)—I see that there is a proposition to put a duty on beans.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—A duty on beans already exists.

Miss B.—Indeed! What is it?

Miss E.—To bake them to a delicious brown.—[West Shore.