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SCOTLAND NECK

Mayor—W A. Dunn.
Commissioners—Noah Biggs, J. R. Ballard, R. H. Johnson, J. Y. Savage.
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Policemen—A. David, W D Shields, C. F. Speed, Sol. Alexander.
Treasurer—R M Johnson.
Clerk—J Y Savage.

CHURCHES:

Baptist—Rev. D. Hufham, D. D., Pastor. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 11 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Colored Baptist—Eld. Andrew Moore. Services every third Saturday and Sunday morning.

Methodist—Rev. J. Crowson, Pastor. Services every second and fourth Sundays at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10 o'clock, A. M. Also at Christ Church every first and third Sundays at 4 o'clock. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Services at Parish House every fourth Sunday afternoon and evening. Sunday school at 9 o'clock every Sunday morning. Bible class every fourth Sunday at 4 o'clock p. m.

Baptist—(colored.) George Norwood, Pastor. Services every fourth Sunday night. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

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Inferior Court—Every third Monday in February, May, August and November

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Constable—J. C. Derr

CHURCHES.

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Baptist—Services every second Sunday, at 11.00 A. M., and 7.00 P. M., and third Sunday at 7.00 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. Rev. W. J. Hopkins, Pastor.

Protestant Episcopal—Services every second and third Sundays at 11.00 A. M. Rev. A. S. Smith, Rector.

Methodist Protestant—Services every fourth Sunday, at 11.00 A. M., and 7.00 P. M. Rev. W. H. Willis, Pastor.

County Appointments—M. E. Church—1st, Sunday, at Eure's School House, at 3 P. M.
2nd Sunday, at Pierce's, at 11.00 A. M., and at Smith's, at 3.00 P. M.
3rd, Sunday, at Ebenezer, at 11.00 A. M.
4th. Sunday at Haywards at 11.00 A. M.
Communion at each appointment in Feb May, Aug. and Nov. Rev. W. H. Wilkins, Pastor.

M. P. Church—1st. Sunday, at Bradfords, at 11.00 A. M., and at Reid's School House, 7.00 P. M. Whitaker's 2nd, every second and fifth Sunday, at 11 A. M. Roseneath, 3rd, Sunday, 11.00 A. M.

Baptist Church—Every first Sunday at Conoconara, 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Enfield the Saturday preceding. Prayer meeting each Wednesday night 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m.

Dawson's Church, Dawson's X Roads, every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday preceding the fourth Sunday at 11.00 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. Rev. W. J. Hopkins, Pastor.

Colored Churches—1st, baptist—Every first Sunday, at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. C. B. Gibbs, Pastor.

2nd. Baptist—Every second Sunday, at 11.00 and 7.00 P. M. Rev. W. R. Shaw, Pastor.

A. M. E. Church—Every fourth Sunday at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Rev. J. H. Merrick, Pastor.

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Knights of Honor—Meet every second and fourth Tuesdays, at 7.00 P. M.
Legion of Honor—Meet every first and third Tuesdays, at seven P. M.

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☞ Terms moderate.
KITCHIN & DUNN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Scotland Neck, N. C.
June 29th. 1882.

CASTLE BUILDING.

Build thou thy hope on sand -
If so thou likest, who will say thee nay?
Let fancy's skillful hand
Its shapes portray.
Though it may be unstable in its rearing,
May totter, fall, and crush thee in the end,
Build thou to suit thy fancy; still unfearing
Which way the work shall tend.

In unsubstantial air
Rear thou thy castle's lofty tower and dome,
And find in it a fair
But failing home;
Rear the bright turrets as thy fany willeth,
High up where gleams of quenchless splendor play,
Scorn, if thou wilt, the emptiness which filleth
Its courts and portals gay.

Since it is bright to thee,
And pleaseth thee, what more shouldst thou require?
As yet thou shalt not see
The light expire,
For God knows that all the brightness of the gilding
Will soon be dimmed by sorrow's rain of tears,
And that shall live hope's fairy power of building
But once in all thy years.

Some live who wild condemn
Thy youthful fancy for its wasteful move;
Yet life holds naught for them
So fair and good.
Time was, when hope held forth her power of pleasing
To even such as those who count thee vain;
Time is, when hope her airy labors ceasing,
Life is blank again.

And fancy tells thee this—
While yet she builds her castles frail as vasi—
Nothing of joy or bliss
In life, shall last.
No single form in life for time is granted,
Death ends the chill of pain, the mirth!
Build as thou wilt, thy castle shal be planted
As firm as aught on earth.

RICHARD J. HEMMINGS.

LOTTA'S BURGLAR.

It was unprecedented at Erisham for the students to break out so late in the term. Still more unprecedented was it for a potent, grave and reverend senior to have any share in the mischief. Yet, only three nights before commencement, the students "made things howl," and Tom Anstruther was head and front of the offending. They nailed up over the chapel door the sign "To Providence and way stations," stolen from the railroad, They serenaded obnoxious members of the faculty in terms anything but flattering. They built a huge bonfire on the campus, and indulged in a promiscuous song and dance performance around it.

In the midst of the uproar there was the cry of "Faculty! Faculty!" followed by an instant hush. The students scattered in all directions, Anstruther as fast as any—faster, indeed, when he found himself closely followed. His particular pursuer appeared to be one of the younger and more active of the professors, who quite caught the spirit of the chase. Tom found it impossible to shake him off. Was the valedictorian of the graduating class to be caught thus ignominiously?

An open basement window gave him an inspiration. He sped past it; then, doubling cleverly on his foe, sprang through it, and laughed to hear his pursuer's footsteps grow fainter in hot pursuit up the street.

Up-stairs, Lotta Desmond was brushing out her pretty brown hair preparatory to retiring. On her daintily frilled-toilet-table, looking oddly out of place, lay Cousin Jim's revolver. There had been a good many jokes about that revolver. Her uncle and cousin had solemnly installed Lotta as man of the house during their absence. Jim had reminded her of the exploits of brave Mrs Brown and plucky Mrs. Peters, as recorded by the "Daily Chronicle" The first of these ladies had alone and unarmed, held a burglar captive until help came, The second, under like circumstances, had completely routed two desperate villains.

And Lotta had demanded Jim's pistol, and declared that she only longed for a chance to emaculate their heroism. And Jim had promised to watch the papers for a similar mention of daring Miss Desmond. So she smiled when her eyes fell on the pistol, for as yet no opportunity for glory had come to her, and Jim would be home to morrow.

Just then her aunt came into the room, fancying—as she had fancied every night since her husband's departure—that she heard a noise. And would dear Lotta, who was so fearless, mind going down-stairs to investigate?

So Lotta thrust her little bare feet into slippers, threw on a wrapper, and sallied forth, pistol in hand. Aunt Lucy detained her with a last word: in case it should be any one, to "let her know immediately; but otherwise not to disturb her, as she was exceedingly fatigued."

With a dim recollection that the dining-room window had not been closed, the young girl made her noiseless way thither at once. The gas had been put out and a miserable candle left burning. What Lotta saw by its dim light was a tall young man, rather roughly clad.

Alas! Tom, usually something of a dandy, had that night donned his poorest array; his hair disordered, his clothes grimed with dust and soot, from which not even his face had escaped—he stood coolly examining her uncle's silver. Spirit of Mrs. Brown and Mrs.—the other lady—inspired Lotta!

"Drop that or I fire!"

Tom turned with a start. What he saw was a pretty girl in a charming negligee, whose voice and hand both shook as she uttered this doughty threat, and in whose face a certain resolution, akin to one frightened at her own daring, appeared to his sense of humor. But it would never do to laugh at her. Besides the pistol in her uncertain, unsteady hand was no joke. So he said, with due humility,—

"I surrender. But, for Heaven's sake, put up that revolver! You are as likely to shoot yourself as me."

"Not at all," she replied, evidently nettled; "I am perfectly accustomed to using it."

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with the intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him with much outward severity and some inward tremors, thinking, withal, that your housebreaker is not a desperado test he is pretend. Still, keeping watch over one's weary work, heigho! Tom tacitly determined to see the adventure through. Time enough to make his escape should she call for help, or should any fresh complication arise. He hoped she was not going to keep him standing all night. Presently he ventured to suggest that she could mount guard over him just as well seated.

Lotta assented gladly. Her burglar was quite a model, she thought. And why should she encumber herself with that unnecessary pistol, of which, she acknowledged to herself, she was more afraid than was her prisoner. Accordingly, she laid it carefully down within reach. Then, with what seemed to Tom a most amazing underrating of her strength, she announced her intention of holding him until assistance should arrive.

To him the situation was not without its charm. It does not often happen to any of us that a pretty girl will insist on sitting next us and holding our hands—and that she was pretty, exceedingly pretty, Anstruther managed to satisfy himself in spite of the stingy light. Once or twice he added a remark to his fair captor, but she discouraged all attempts at conversation.

And they sat in silence, while the candle burned low and finally went out, and the cold, gray light of dawn crept into the room. Even this did not cause Lotta to change her position. And, looking cautiously at her, the young man discovered that his sleepy guardian was asleep.

How long and dark were the lashes resting on the fair cheek, he thought, gazing down at the sweet, peaceful face framed in his wealth of auburn hair. Surely none of the young lady's ball-dresses could set off her beauty as did that old blue wrapper.

Tom was strongly tempted in his character of robber to steal a kiss, but there was a certain odd chivalry in his composition that kept him from taking any advantage of his unconscious captive. He withdrew his hands from hers without awaking her—such gentle, little soft hands they were. And no wonder. [illegible] of early morning made him [illegible] although it was [illegible]

He might as well make her comfortable before he went. He groped his way into the hall. On the hat-stand lay a heavy shawl. In it he wrapped his unconscious captor as well as he could, then escaped through the still open window.

* * * * * *

If Miss Desmond was now the belle of the college ball, it was of course, strictly speaking, there were no other belles of balls. But, in the language of other young ladies, she "received a great deal of attention." And how she did enjoy herself!

About the seventh tour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther composedly requested the pleasure of a dance, and before she could collect herself sufficiently to refuse, his arm encircled her, and they were gliding over the polished floor in perfect time and measure.

"You have my step exactly, said Miss Desmond, when they stopped.

"Have I? Then it must be a direct inspiration, for I never was known to keep time with any one before."

Now did ever a man waltz to perfection without knowing it? Lotta looked at him a little contemptuously. Her thought did him injustice. Tom was not affecting modesty, only making talk to keep off the question he expected.

"May I take you into the library? There is an anxious-looking young lady I should like to avoid. I suspect that I have stolen his dance."

"If you have, you are only pursuing your profession as a robber," laughed Miss Desmond. "What were you doing that night in uncle's dining-room?"

Then it all came out, and Tom explained and apologized, seated in an alcove of the college hall.

"And how righteous you were when I and the pistol appeared upon the scene!" said the young lady, maliciously.

"I was not!" he said indignantly.

"You turned pale."

"Then we must have been a well-matched pair for courage. The pistol shook so in your hand that I was afraid it would go off accidentally. Terrors are the worst feelings of the case, for I do not yet believe that you would have been bloodthirsty enough to shoot me."

"I am sure I would not. I was immensely relieved to wake up and find my captive fled."

"What did you do?"

"Counted the spoons and went to bed."

"The spoons were all right. There was no one thing stolen that night."

"Mercy! what was that?"

"Only the burglar's heart"—sentimentally.

Lotta looked at him and began to laugh. Then she said,—

"You might advertise for it as people do for stolen articles. You might say, 'O no value to no one but the owner.'"

"Thank you, but I am not sure that I want it returned," said Anstruther, laughing too, but letting his eyes rest upon her fair face until her warm color surged up beneath his gaze.

"'Thou hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.'"

he quoted, low.

Lotta was a little glad as well as a good deal sorry that her ill-used partner at this moment appeared in the doorway.

"Before that fellow comes, can't you promise me one more dance?", said Anstruther.

"I am engaged for all but the last. I can give you that one, if you are going to stay till the end."

"How Miss Desmond contrived to pacify the rightful claimant, and how partner succeeded partner until that she enjoyed no dance as she did that last one with Tom. And then Tom's worst enemy could not criticise his dancing.

As he relinquished her to her cousin's care, Anstruther heaved a sigh of exaggeration but very real regret.

Then Lotta put out an impulsive little hand, and said, hastily,—

"Mr. Burglar, if you can conquer your fancy for entering people's windows enough to call in a more orthodox way, I shall be pleased to see you."

"Thank you," murmured Anstruther, pressing the soft, warm hand with quick, unnecessary warmth.

The acquaintance so oddly begun was prosecuted with ardor. Lotta's burglar laid hot siege to her affections, and before long induced her to set up housekeeping—I had almost written housebreaking—with him.

MORE BEAR THAN LAW

When Chippewa county first began to be discovered by pioneers, and soon after it had its first justice of the peace, a Mr. Davidson walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor, James Merchant, for assault and battery. To save the constable a three mile ride the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davidson hailed him with:

"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in a awful hurry—come to-morrow."

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a trial to-morrow."

"Merchant, did you hit him?"

"Yes."

"Davidson, did you strike first?"

"No."

"Merchant, had you rather work for him these days than go to jail?"

"I guess so."

"And will that satisfy you Davidson?"

"Yes."

"Then make tracks for home and don't bother me another minute! My son just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same beech down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm goin' to have some bear meat if it upsets the supreme bench of Michigan. Court stands adjourned!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE WOLF BOY.

THE CAPTURE OF A WILD BOY—FOUND PLAYING WITH CUBS—A CURIOUS CASE—DOES NOT LONG SURVIVE CAPTIVITY.

One morning many years ago Mr. H., who happened at the time to be magistrate and collector of the Ecawah district, was out riding, accompanied by a couple of sowers or mounted orderlies. They were passing over a portion of the road that lay in the vicinity of the river Jumna, where two half-grown wolf cubs crossed their path, and, following them more slowly, came a very remarkable looking creature, which shambled along on all fours in an extraordinarily uncouth fashion. This turned out to be a wolf-child. Letting the other two go unmolested, the three men proceeded to hunt down the human cub and succeeded in bringing it to bay. As they wished to take the creature alive, and were altogether unwilling to hurt it in any way, they found the greatest difficulty in attempting to secure it, for it fought, bit and clawed with extreme fierceness and pertinacity; indeed, having driven it into a corner, Mr. H. and one of the sowers had to mount guard, while the other native proceeded to the nearest village and got a stout blanket for the purpose of throwing it over its head, and it was by this means that the capture was at length effected. All the way home the wolf-child behaved like a madthing, screaming and howling, now piteously, now in a paroxysm of impotent rage. It was, however, taken to Mr. H.'s house; but would not be comforted and for a long time refused all kinds of raw meat. The creature was a boy of about nine years of age, and it may here be stated that no female wolf-child has ever been heard of or seen. It is not easy to assign a sufficient reason for the fact that females have never been so discovered, unless we suppose that, being less vigorously constituted they have been unable to withstand the terrible hardships of such an existence, and have very soon sickened and died. In appearance this boy was exceedingly repulsive; his features were blunt and coarse, and their expression brutalized and insensible. As to his habits, they were exactly those of a wild animal. Mr. H. caused minute inquiries to be made throughout the neighboring villages as to whether the inhabitants had lost any children through their being carried off by wolves, and, if so, whether they could recognize the human waif that had been recovered by means of birth-marks, moles, or other indelible tokens. In the course of a few days the father and mother of the lad were discovered. They identified him by certain well-defined marks about the breast and shoulders, and stated he had been carried away when about two years of age. His parents however, found him very difficult to manage, for he was most fractious and troublesome, in fact, just a caged wild beast. Often during the night for hours together, he would give vent to the most unearthly yells and moans, destroying the rest and irritating the tempers of his neighbors, and generally making night hideous On one occasion his people chained him by the waist to a tree that stood near the hut, which was situated on the outskirts of the village. Then a rather curious incident occurred. It was a bright, moonlight night, and two wolf cubs—undoubtedly those in whose companionship he had been captured—attracted by his cries, which [illegible] prowl, came to him and were distinctly seen to gambol about and play with him with as much familiarity and affection as if they considered him quite one of themselves. They only left him on the approach of morning, when movement and stir again awoke in the village. Accustomed to the wilds for at least half a dozen years, captivity and the change in his mode of life appeared not to agree with him, for he gradually pined away and died. He never spoke a word, nor did a single ray of human intelligence ever shed its refining light over his poor, debased features.—Chambers' Journal.

AN EXCELLENT FERTILIZER.

A German farmer once told the writer that every year he prepared a heap of manure which, when applied to his soil, made it produce marvelous yields. His mode of preparing it was as follows, to use his own language: "I have but one horse, one cow and about two dozen fowls. I save every particle of their droppings and place them under a shed which has a cemented floor upon this I spread a layer of forest mold, and in order to preserve the ammonia in it, I cover the dung with another layer of mold taken from the woods close to my house. I continue this system of layering, each time the stable, cow and hen houses are cleaned out. I also save the urine of the animals and that from my house, and pour it upon the heap; sometimes I also add a small quantity of litter from the stable, and, when not too busy to collect them, a lot of leaves. By attending to the heap in person, and seeing that all the manure is rigidly saved, I find on hand by the early spring a large quantity of the richest fertilizer I ever used. During the few winter months it has thoroughly rotted, and when needed to spread upon my garden it resembles a heap of ashes, so completely is it pulverized. My garden consists of five acres of ground, which receives this valuable manure. On a farm where twenty or thirty horses, mules and cattle are kept, and a flock of sheep and a fair number of fowls, besides their combined droppings, if treated as above, enough of this excellent fertilizer could be saved each year to fertilize annually manure fifteen or twenty acres of land, and no farmer should be at a loss to have what manure he requires, for this is the foundation of successful farming.—Southern Industries.

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

A citizen who yesterday received a telegram to meet a friend from the western part of the State at the depot, was there on time, and after the greeting said to him:

"Now we'll get on the car and go right up to the house."

"But you are not keeping house?"

"No; I'm boarding at the same old place."

"Then I can't go."

"Can't? What's the trouble?"

"No; under the circumstances I should not like to eat dinner with you."

"What circumstances?"

"Well, Trover's present wife used to be my wife. We didn't exactly agree, and she got a divorce and came down here and married him."

"Why, that's nothing. Such trifles as that wouldn't stop me."

"Yes, I know; but I'd rather not go. I've applied for a divorce from the wife I married after this one left me, and she's in town too, and if I should meet the pair up there I don't believe I could eat half a meal—really I couldn't!"—Detroit Free Press.

A MISTAKE OF PERICLES PERKINS.

"You have stepped on my foot."

The murmuring zephyrs of a June morning were kissing with dewy breath the rose bushes that were soon to burst forth in a wealth of bud and blossom; the twitter of the robin and the meadow lark rose cheerily upon the cool, fresh air that came from beyond the hilltops in the west, and athwart the eastern sky with faint bands of crimson light, rosy harbingers of the golden flood that was to come made a vivid contrast to the deep blue of the zenith, wide over all was spread the solemn hush that comes before breakfast.

"You are mistaken, darling," said Gwendolen Mahaffy, looking up tenderly at Pericles Perkins; "it was the horse."

"Perhaps you are right," the man replied, stroking the neck of the horse—a beautiful Norman that weighed nearly a ton—"but it would have deceived even a more trusting heart than mine"—Chicago Tribune.

THE EFFECTS OF HEAT.

In Prof. Sanborn's experiments, as stated in the *American Agriculturist*, the effects of warmth regulated the degree of increase. The hay eaten was daily weighed for each lot of cows fed, the weight of the cows noted and the amount of butter from a given quantity of milk taken. The food saved by the warmer stalls was eight pounds clover and nine pounds hay per cow per day, and the increase of milk-flow 28 per cent. With hay at $16 per ton, clover at $8, and a cow giving ten quarts of milk per day worth 2½ cents per quart, we have a total in favor of the warmer stalls of 11 cents per cow per day The difference in temperature of the ceiled stalls and those of the open barn was from ten to twelve degrees. These experiments demonstrate the importance of furnishing good, warm quarters for cattle.

NEW RICH BLOOD!
Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.
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A Household Article for Universal Family Use.
Eradicates MALARIA.
For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.
Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.
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Wounds healed rapidly.
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An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.
I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room. —WM. F. SANDFORD, Eyric, Ala.
SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED
A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I used the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it. —J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.
Diphtheria Prevented.
The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.
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Tetter dried up.
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