# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. G. ELLIOTT.

**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**

NORFOLK, VA.

Rooms 2 and 3 Virginian Building. oct 5 1y.

BRANCH & BELL,

**Attorneys at Law,**

ENFIELD, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. jan. 12 tf.

R. H. SMITH JR.

**Attorney at Law,**

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. oct 16 1y.

GRIZZARD & HYMAN,

**Attorneys at Law,**

HALIFAX, N. C.

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THOMAS N. HILL,

**Attorney at Law,**

HALIFAX, N. C.

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T. W. MASON,

**Attorney at Law,**

GARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. june 8 tf.

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**Attorney at Law,**

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**Attorneys at Law.**

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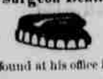
DR. J. E. SHIELDS,

**Surgeon Dentist.**

Having permanently located in Weldon, can be found at his office in Smith's Brick building at all times except when absent on professional business. Careful attention given to all branches of the profession. Parties visited at their homes when desired. july 12 1y.

DR. E. L. HUNTER,

**Surgeon Dentist.**



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June 16 1y

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wines, brandies, whiskies, beer and mixed drink are made in the best manner. Cigars, Cigarettes Smoking and Chewing Tobacco. Call and examine them.

**FAMILY GROCERIES**

are cheap and all the best kinds kept constantly on hand and stock continually replenished

**BILLIARDS AND POOL**

Tables always ready for customers and the public are invited to visit our house where they will well treated and where they can play Pool an Billiards at a small expense. marl5 1y


## YOU OR I?

BY MARIE S. PADEN.

A gap in the crowd, and a moment we stand
Face to face and hand clasped in hand,
While your eyes, that are light with a soulful beam,
Awaken in mine own an answering gleam;
But a moment—then not knowing whither we're bound,
As the human tide that is surging around
Rolls between, we rush on with the hurrying throng
And our friendship is but a forgotten song.
Sweet while it lasted, but soon forgot—
A flower that has faded—a dream that is not.

A firmer hold, and a stronger clasp,
A kindlier smile, and a heartier grasp,
And the crowd might have swept unheeded by,
But who was to give it—you or I?
So a sweetness is gone from our lives, and the flower
Whose beauty has gladdened us many an hour
Lies dead, and the dream that we might have made true
Like a shade has fled. Who is to blame—I or you?

Ah, the world is so wide, and, day by day,
We drift from each other still farther away.
So many around us with smiling applause
That seemingly gates us, we never pause
To think of a friendship that might have been,
Till a world-wide distance lies between,
And the tide has turned, and stranded alone
On the bare, bleak shore, we wearily moan
For the love we let pass us unheeded by:
Then who is the sadder—you or I?

## MISGUIDED AMBITION.

"It looks as though we were going to have a hard shower" said a matronly woman to her husband, Joseph Parish, as they sat on the piazza, in the twilight.

"Well, let it rain; thank heaven our wheat is all in, and we never had a better crop—all of thirty bushels to the acre. And now, wife," continued Mr. Parish, "we will have that new phaeton, for I made the last payment for our farm yesterday; and, as we have both worked pretty hard to accomplish it, I think we can now afford to live easier and enjoy ourselves."

"Yes, I think we may," replied Mrs. Parish, "but, I declare, I fear that Jennie will get wet coming home from Mr. Mason's."

"Oh, have no anxiety about that," said Mr. Parish, "Dan Mason will see to that."

"Perhaps so," said his wife, "but," she added, musingly," "I do not exactly like the increasing partiality that Dan and Jennie seem to have for each other."

"Why, wife, what is the objection to Dan; there is not a more honest, sensible, industrious young fellow in the county."

"I know that," replied Mrs. P., "but neither is there a more handsome or lady-like girl than Jennie. When Mrs. Furbelow, from the city, spent a week here, she said to me a dozen times, as she looked at Jennie, 'What a pity that you do not live in the city, where Jennie would be the belle of society, and would no doubt make a brilliant marriage for she would grace a palace.'"

"Well, wife, I don't believe that the mistress of a palace is any more happy than the mistress of a farmhouse."

"Possibly; but, Joseph, I don't want Jennie to plod through as many weary years of drudgery as I have had to.

"Yes, 'Liza dear, you have had to work too hard; but though your tired limbs ached with fatigue you have never had any heartaches to endure; and he gently took her hand with a pressure of love that was as grateful to his wife as a kindly rain to the withered flower.

Mrs. Parish resumed the conversation: "You know that our Eddie does not really like farming, and Professor Morse told Mrs. Brown that he was the most promising youth in his academy, and it was too bad to keep him following the plow."

"Humph!" said Mr. P., "he could follow worse things than the plow." But the farmer's wife had attacked his weakest point, for Eddie was his only son, and a sprightly lad upon whom his father had built high hopes.

Mr. Parish was ambitious for his son, and it was the roseate dream of his waking hours to see that son distinguished, and all his own old aspiration fulfilled in him. This was not the last time the subject was discussed and finally it was decided to lease the farm and remove to the city.

There had been no engagement between Dan Mason and Jennie, not even a formal love-making, but they were mutually attracted to each other, and there was a sort of tacit understanding that they loved, and as a matter of course would sometime be married.

"Dan, did, you know that we are going to move away," said Jennie, one evening as they were taking a walk together.

"Going to move away!" said Dan, with unfeigned surprise, the color leaving his face. "What do you mean?"

"Why, father has rented the farm, and we are all going to the city to live."

"Then the one hope of my life is ended," said Dan, his voice husky with suppressed emotion.

"Why, Dan, you goose, we are not going out of the world, and sometime, without doubt, we shall come back on the farm."

"Jennie, you are going out of my world, never to return, and should you ever come back to this place I will never seem to you again as now."

"Why not, Dan?"

"I have never told you, Jennie, how beautiful you are, for it seems so like flattery, which I despise, but there are plenty besides me who see that you are, and you will have numerous admirers, whose elegant manners and polished speech you cannot fail to contrast with my awkward ways and homespun talk, and I will appear in a very disadvantageous light."

"O, Dan, how can you say so? You know I have always, since we were children going to school together, liked you better than any one else. I am sure that just to see a little of the world is not going to change my feelings towards you."

"Ah, you think so now, Jennie, but after enjoying the glitter and excitement of the city you would never be content with the quiet, humdrum life of a farmer's wife. You will there have suitors at your feet who will plead their cause like knights of romance. You will be bewildered, fascinated, enthralled; and oh, may he who wins your heart give you one in return as honest, loving and devoted as mine. But, Jennie, if you ever have need of a humble friend, like myself, remember I would sacrifice my life to secure your happiness."

His toil-hardened hand clasped hers; he tried to speak again, but no sound was uttered; a silent "good bye" quivered on his lips as he wrung the hand he held; then turning, strode hastily away. Jennie was astonished at the vehemence of the usually quiet young man. She had never dreamed before of the intensity of feeling that existed under that placid and imperturbable exterior. Jennie's heart was deeply touched, and she sincerely sympathized in his distress, and half regretted the change they were about to make. But she was only eighteen, and her imagination was captivated with anticipation of the new and gay life upon which she was to enter, though Mr. Parish and his wife felt, that to themselves, this change af residence would be a sacrifice of both money and comfort; but it was for the sake of their children, and so, a few days later, the family was settled in a fashionable quarter of the great city. Eddie had obtained a place as a student in a law office. Mr. Parish found city life rather irksome, and would have been far happier on the old farm. It was an anxious, toilsome task, too, for his wife to adapt herself in manners, dress and conversation to city ways, being quite unaccustomed to them. But she strove to acquit herself well in her new sphere for Jennie's sake. As for Jennie, chaperoned by the fashionable Mrs. Furbelow, she was introduced to the gayest society, and, as predicted, became the much-admired belle of the set or clique in which Mrs. Furbelow moved. For a time the thought of poor Dan, and his sad look as they parted would steal over Jennie, causing a thrill of pain, but it was soon forgotten in the gay whirl of what is popularly called pleasure. She was quite intoxicated with the charming little flatteries that were poured into her unsophisticated ear. Instead of the cloister-like seminary from which she had graduated, had she attended an institution where co-education prevailed, where the young ladies and young gentlemen mingled in the same class-room and met at the same table, she would now have been far less susceptible to the adulation of the gay young men who fluttered about her, for the very novelty of it led her to place an undue value upon their unmeaning attentions.

There was one man, representing himself as a gentleman of wealth and leisure from the South, who had luxurious rooms in a first-class hotel, and with little efforts had gained admission into Jennie's circle of society. His manners and conversation were those of a refined man of the world, and the ladies all pronounced him charming, his bearing was "so elegant and distingue." He had completely won the good will and confidence of Eddie frequently taking him to his rooms, where in the most familiar manner he spoke of his business matters, his plantation, his sugar crop, his railroad stocks, and his Louisiana State bonds, all conveying the idea of immense wealth. In the most patronizing way he took him around the city, just to show him a little of the world, and invited him into a notorious but gorgeous gambling house. Edward hesitated. "Oh, 'tis only to see what is going on," said Montville, the name by which Edward's new friend was known, "we are not going in to play; I never gamble." So they entered, and watched the players. A few awhile Edward became interested in the game. "By George" said he, "I wish I had an X. I'd like to try my luck."

"Well, just for the fun of it. I'll lend you one," said Montville, handing him a ten dollar greenback. Edward staked the money and won. A second time he asked and won. A third time he was going to try, but Montville checked him. "No, no, my boy, quit now, before your luck turns," and led him quite reluctant out of the house. But the young man had imbibed a moral poison, and the virus was slowly undermining the correct principle inoculated into his nature in his early home.

As for Jennie, she looked upon Montville as a prince, and her vanity was excessively flattered by his assiduous attentions, though her affections were much less interested than her pride and ambition; and when he at last proposed marriage, though for specious reasons he enjoined strict secrecy upon her, she was delighted beyond measure, and her imagination in the illimitable wealth and splendor with which he would surround her.

"I don't like that Montville who calls here so often," said Mr. Parish to his son, just as the postman had left a note from the gentleman named, inviting Eddie and his sister to take a drive with him.

"Why, father, he is a perfect gentleman," cries Jennie—

"And a deuced good fellow," chimed in her brother.

"A deuced humbug, if nothing worse," said their father; "those restless, piercing black eyes of his never look me straight in the face, as those of an honest man would."

"That is all a whim of yours, father," replied Edward, "why he showed me more than $50,000 worth of bonds and railroad scrip, and only yesterday, while I was at his rooms, he received a letter from his broker in New Orleans, saying that he had just sold two hundred hogsheads of his sugar."

But Mr. Parish shook his head incredulously.

Montville and Edward again visited the gambling saloon. Montville now, rather reluctantly, took a hand. Edward avoided betting high, and at first won, then his luck alternated and he became more reckless, and all his own money was lost. Montville supplied him with more, but still he lost, and he became despondent.

"Bear up, my dear fellow, you'll have better luck next deal. Here, waiter bring us a couple of glasses of brandy," said Montville.

"No, no, I never drink," said Edward.

"Just a glass to steady your nerves, my boy."

And Edward gulped it down. Unaccustomed to ardent spirits it excited his brain, and he bet and played wildly, little thinking that his opponents were confederates of Montville, who at last declared his purse exhausted. Edward was frantic. Montville plied him with more liquor and drew him into a side room.

"Here, my boy, just write your father's name to this, and I can negotiate it and get the cash in five minutes."

"But, my God, Montville, that would be forgery."

"Pshaw," replied he, "it's only the use of his name for a few hours; that will hurt neither him nor you. See, it's payable at the First National Bank, and will not be due yet for a month. To-morrow you can drop into the bank and deposit the money to pay it, and no one will know of the transaction."

"But," pleaded Edward, "luck may run against me still."

"No danger," replied his tempter; "but if you are afraid, here is a bundle of securities that will sell on 'change to-morrow for ten times the amount of the note"—and the half-intoxicated young man put them in his pocket and signed his father's name to a $2,000 note.

Montville stepped out for a few minutes and returned, pretending to have procured the money on the note, and they returned to the gambling table. But the drugged liquor that had been administered to Edward began to take effect, and soon he was unconscious. Montville took him in a hack to a low hotel, placed him in bed, and left him.

Half an hour later another scene was transpiring at the dwelling of Mr. Parish. Jennie, well enveloped in a cloak, stole down stairs, carrying a well filled satchel, noiselessly opened the back door, and passed out and around the house on the street, where she was handed into a carriage which drove rapidly to the depot.

In the morning a note was found on her dressing-table explaining her hurried departure.

But Jennie's journey was cut short, for at the first station from the city, two officers, who had been telegraphed, entered the car and arrested Montville, adorning his wrists with iron bracelets, and let him out of the car, followed by Jennie, who was frantically screaming as she thought only of train robbers and bandits. Montville turned to her and said, savagely, "Stop your noise, you d——d little fool, and go home." This brutal speech brought Jennie to her senses, disenchanted her, and she realized at once the horrible gulf she had so narrowly escaped.

A dispatch to the press the following day ran thus: "A notorious felon caught. One of the most astute and accomplished of forgers, black-legs and swindlers in the country, John Kasson, with a dozen aliases, was arrested this morning on the westward-bound train, and returned to prison, from whice he had escaped a year since, and where he is serving a ten years' sentence for forgery. He has been figuring here for some months in the role of a wealthy Southerner, and had wormed his way into society, and we fear that more than one young man has been entangled in his wiles and fleeced. He had become the leader of a notorious gang here, all the rest of whom are at large, but the detectives are on their track. When caught he was being accompanied by the beautiful young daughter of one of our most respectable citizens, whom he had induced to elope with him. She was rescued and restored to her distracted parents, whose names we suppress. In the rascal's trunk was found a large amount of fraudulent bonds, and many forged business letters, conveying the idea of great wealth."

When Edward awoke the next day with an aching head and bewildered brain, the recollection of his mad behavior slowly dawned upon him, and he rose and hastened to the hotel to find Montville. There the mortifying truth with regard to his dear friend Montville was made known to him. Then he went to a broker and found the securities given him entirely worthless; and he had no doubt the villains had negotiated his note, and disgrace and a prison confronted him. In his desperation he would have taken his own life, if his death could conceal his crime and leave his name unblemished. There was but one course for him to take, and that he dreaded to do, for he knew it would wring his kind old father's heart; but there was no alternative; he must tell him all and throw himself upon his mercy.

Shocked and distressed as he was at his son's obliquity, he would shield him at any sacrifice, and both himself and wife felt that the misseeps of their children would never have occurred but for their misguided ambition in regard to them. Mr. Parish raised the money by mortgaging his farm to pay the forged note and avoid exposure of the crime. Then he took immediate measures to return to his old home; and never did wounded doves seek safety in their own cote with more joy than did the whole Parish family in the dear old farmhouse.

One pleasant afternoon, some two years after the occurrences described, Mr. Parish said to his wife, "Come, let's take a walk over to Dan's new house. You know that next week he and Jennie will move into it."

"Please wait," replied his wife, "till I can pick up Ed's books and newspapers, for he leaves them screwed around."

"Wife, don't scold about Ed., for he is doing nobly. He has learned independence, and his work as an agent has not only fitted him for any position in life, but paid off that unfortunate mortgage on our farm.

"Jennie," said Dan Mason to his young and pretty wife, "I must go to the city to-morrow, would not you like to go with me?"

"No, I never want to go to the city again."

"What makes you hate the city so, Jennie?"

"Oh, I became so tired and disgusted with the city life during the year that we were there, it makes me sick to think of it."

That one miserable episode in Jennie's career that came so near making a wreck of her life, and was remembered by her with such intense chagrin and remorse, let us hope, never came to the knowledge of her kind and worthy husband.

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The director of the mint advises that the coinage of gold dollars and three cent pieces be discontinued. So far as the gold dollar part of the advice in concerned, we do not care; but when the three cent piece is withdrawn from circulation we shall feel that our financial friend has been taken from us.

## CHRISTIAN REID.

A PLEASING SKETCH OF HER HOME AND SURROUNDINGS IN SALISBURY.

Raleigh State Chronicle.

When the body of Col. Charles Fisher was brought home from the battlefield of Manasses, his sister, Miss Christine Fisher, forbade anyone entering the room where he lay until she had finished a portrait of him. Then when he was buried she made herself a mother to his children. She is a devout Roman Catcholic and a recluse. But for the care of her brother's children she would have taken the veil. The children were Miss Frances Fisher and Mr. Fred and Miss Annie, the latter being twins. Miss Frances Fisher became "Christian Reid," and war which wrought her irreparable loss brought us our chief literary renown. It was a matter of bread and butter. "Christian Reid" has established her fame and held the old homestead. Mr. Fred Fisher has been educated to the law and Miss Annie Fisher is now finishing her musical training. It is a variously gifted family. Mis Christian Fisher uses her pencil with much grace and Miss Annie Fisher has musical talents of a very high kind.

At present, during the absence of the last from home, the household consists only of these two maiden ladies, Miss Frances Fisher and her recluse aunt. They live at the old "Fisher place," which with the little brown Catholic church makes one of the large squares of the town. It is a cosy but hardly a cheerful place. The old two-story frame house, with its "bended" weatherboards, was once painted brown. The dark front door suggests retirement. The stone floor of the piazza has somehow a hint of a convent in its appearance. The kitchen stands far back in the rear and a large area of pear trees and box bushes stretches down to the little church. In the front yard are oaks and cedars, and an avenue of small box bushes leads to the front door.

Miss Fisher herself lives an almost retired life, not from inclination so much as because she is very busy. During these years since she began to write fiction she has been as industrious as the busiest man in North Carolina. The work has not been a recreation, but a creation, and therefore hard and continuous labor. The people of Salisbury without regard to creed not only esteem her highly, but even regard her with a sort of homage. "Bless your life," said a gentleman to me, "there isn't a man in Salisbury who would not pull off his best coat for Miss Fanny Fisher to walk on and wish it were made of better cloth to be so honored."

## AARON BURR'S LETTERS.

Hon. Perley Poore's Reminiscences.

Matthew L. Davis, who died in the spring of 1850, was probably the most influential of Washington correspondents. He was a New Yorker and a printer by trade. Becoming editorially connected with a paper, he had entered political life in 1790, almost immediately after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. He joined the opposition or Democratic party, which came into power by the election of Jefferson as President and Burr as Vice-President.

Matthew L. Davis was the intimate and most confidential friend of Aaron Burr for nearly half a century. When Burr died he left all his papers to Mr. Davis, who became his biographer. He also published the private memoirs of Aaron Burr in two volumes. In the preparation of this last publication I will have remark that Mr. Davis acted in a manner which does honor to his memory. The extraordinary fascination of Burr when the fair sex were concerned is a matter of history. He left behind him letters from ladies of the highest rank in our English aristocracy which told the story of their frailty in black and white. The publication of these letters would have destroyed the peace and domestic happiness of hundreds of families in this city alone, at the same time, it would have made the fortune of the publisher. So great was the excitement in regard to these "tell-tales" that no sooner did the facts become generally known that Burr was dead and that his letters and papers had gone into the possession of Mr. Davis, than hundreds of letters from all parts of the city and country came pouring in upon him, asking "about certain letters," and begging, in the most humiliating terms, that he would destroy them, and appealing to him as a man of honor at least not to publish them.

This was highly honorable to Mr. Davis, and I hope his successor will follow his example, as I feel satisfied that even now the publication of these letters would cause the greatest misery among some of our first families, whose heads might have to change their names on finding such terrible proofs against their legitimacy.

## THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

Almost every father knows about the inquisitive boy, and frequently has occasion to wish his boys were girls. A North Hill father began shaving himself in the presence of his four-year-old hopeful. The boy commenced and kept on, with a result somewhat as follows:

"What you doing, papa?"

"Shaving."

"What you shaving for?"

"To get my face clean."

"Why don't you wash your face to get it clean?" "Ain't the way I do."

"I shave it to get the hair off."

"What hair?"

"The hair that grows on my face."

"What hair that grows on your face?"

"My whiskers."

"What are whiskers, papa?"

"Hair that grows on the face."

"What does the whisker hair grow on the face for?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know why whisker hairs grow on the face?"

"Because——"

The interview came to a sudden termination. A long gash and flowing blood was the cause, with the sudden departure of Young America in his mother's arms as an incident.—*Des Moines Mail.*

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Every effort is made in forming matrimonial alliances to reconcile matters relating to fortune, but very little is paid to the congeniality of dispositions, or to the accordance of hearts.

## A LIVELY CRITICISM.

HOW THE SINGING OF A DIVA WAS APPRECIATED BY A RURAL EDITOR.

The following musical criticism from an Aurora (Ill.) paper is full of strong contemporaneous human interest:

"The Kellogg concert, as might have been anticipated, was largely attended. The dollar freeze out was rather rough on the hoodlums, but the audience managed to exist without the customary war-whoops. The divine Louise was as resonant as usual, which, by the way, she ought to be, being well seasoned. The editor of that paper makes no great pretentions in the way of musical criticism, but when a genuine $600 grand spiral stub-and-twist, back action, self-adjusting, chronometer-balanced, full-jewelled, fourth-proof, rip-snorting conglomeration comes to town he proposes to hump himself. Kellogg's diaphragm has evidently not, like wine, improved with old age. Her upper register is upstairs near the skylight, while the lower register is closed for repairs. The aforesaid Kellogg performed her grand tripple act of singing, rolling the eyes and talking to some one in the wings at the same time. Her smiles at the audience were calm, but determined, but her smiles at the "feller" hid behind the scenes were divine. Her singing, when she condescended to pay any attention to the audience, to our critical ear (the other ear being carefully folded up), seemed to be a blending of the fortissimo crescendo damfino—or care either. Her costume was a harmonious blending of the circus tent and balloon style, and was very gorgeous, barring a tendency to spill some of the contents out at the top. The Italian part of the business was as fidgety and furious as usual, and demonstrated what early associations with the hand organ and monkey will accomplish. The venerable and obese freak of nature, Brignoli, was as graceful as usual. His appearance very nearly resembles a stove in a corner grocery, or a water tank on a narrow guage railroad. He was not fully appreciated until he turned to go off the stage. He then appeared to the best advantage, and to take an interest in getting out of sight as soon as possible, an effort in which he had the sympathy of the audience."

## THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Detroit Free Press.

A boy, ten years old, pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and lath taken from some demolished structure—an every day sight in all large cities. Tired and exhausted he halted under a shade-tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes in rags, his face pinched, and looking in years older than it should. The boy laid down upon the grass, and in five minutes was asleep. His bare feet just touched the curbstone, and his old hat fell from his head and fell on the side-walk. In the shadow of the trees his face told a tale that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted with mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A laboring man—a queer old man with a wood saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment beneath the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat, if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carefully away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight, as he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a lever it was! The human soul is good and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps, and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman went down, and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched-faced boy suddenly awoke and sprang up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down and covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

## EULOGIZING WOMEN.

Marion Crawford in his new novel, "To Leeward," says: "Oh, woman, God-given helpmate of man, and noblest of God's gifts and of all created things—is there any man bold enough to say that he can make praises for you out of ink and paper that shall be worthy to rank as praise at all by the side of your good deeds? You, who bow your gentle heads to the burden, and think it sweet, out of the fullness of your own sweet sympathy—you, whose soft fingers have the strength to bind up broken limbs and rough, torn wounds—you, who feel for each living thing as you feel for your own bodily flesh, and more—you, who in love are more tender and faithful and long-suffering than we, and who, even erring, err for the sake of the over-great heart that God has given you. You are only women, and you know no better? What greater, or higher, or nobler thing can I say of you, in all humbleness and truth than that you are what you are, and that you know no better? What better things can any know than to bear pain bravely, to heal the wounded, to feel for all, even for those who cannot feel for themselves, and to be tender and faithful and kind in love? And even, being given of heaven and loved of it, that you should turn in time of need and trouble and say a prayer for strength and knowledge, even that is a part of you, and not the least divine part. So that when the man who cannot suffer what you can suffer, nor do the good that you can do, sneers and scoffs at your prayers and your religion, I could wring his cowardly neck to death."

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The Toronto *Globe* of Jan. 4 among other details of the scenes at the hospital among the injured by the recent railroad collision at Hamber, Ont., has the following:

In ward No. 1 at eleven o'clock last night lay Patrick Cavenay, seemingly enjoying a sweet sleep. He was terribly scalded, and bandages permitted only a small portion of his face to be seen. On a couch beside him lay his mother resting, but not sleeping, watching tenderly over her son. She had been there in early morning, and started her intention to remain there till to-day. During the day, from time to time, the mother told a reporter, her boy would wake and ask: "Are you there, mother? Don't leave me." The poor boy was unable to open his eyes, and it was unknown whether or not his sight was gone, though the doctor gave no hope that it was preserved. Cavaney's mother said she was a widow, and had been so for nine years. She came to Toronto in June last with her son Patrick, then aged sixteen, one older son, and three younger children. The oldest son has been out of employment for some months, and Patrick was almost the sole support of the family. It was the knowledge of this that made him say when he awoke on one occasion, "Oh, mother, mother! if I die there will be no one to help you. The poor mother was almost broken-hearted, but still she bore up bravely. The soundness of the sleep in which he was wrapped at eleven o'clock raised her hopes and caused her to believe in the recovery of her son. Alas! a few minutes later he awoke. He whispered "mother," and his mother bent tenderly over him. He could not see her, his poor eyes were blinded, but he knew that she was by him and he was happy. "I am dying, mother," he said, "good-bye." The mother called the nurse, she came, but could do nothing. The power against her was mightier than hers, and with a few murmured words the dying boy passed into eternity. The broken-hearted mother wept bitterly for a while, and then left the hospital for her now desolated home.

## CONFRONTED.

When Mr. Popperman threw off his overcoat last evening his wife said:

"My dear, this is your birthday. Now, what kind of a present would you prefer?"

"Well, money."

"That's just the kind of a present I have for you," and Mrs. Popperman took from beneath her apron a plethoric bag and emptied upon the table a pile of jingling coins. "There's your birthday present."

The husband looked at the coins in amazement, and then said:

"Why, my dear, the money is no good. There is nothing here but lead quarters and dimes with holes in them. Here's a quarter with a hole in it, and the hole is bigger than the quarter. What rascal palmed that money on you? Oh! the scoundrels there are in the world!"

"Calm yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Popperman. "That money must all be good. That's what you've given me for pin money since we've been married."

## MARY'S LAMB IN A NEW LIGHT.

"Darling," said he, tenderly encircling her slender waist with his larboard arm, "can you tell me in what respect you resemble Mary, of the little lamb fame?"

"No, I cannot, dear Henry," she answered, blushing one of those western sunset blushes that betoken colder weather. "Because," said he, as he tenderly stroked the golden hair, "because you have a pet that loves you so. "And now, dear Henry, can you tell me why you are like Mary's lamb?"

"No, dear, why am I?" "Because," said she, glancing nervously toward the door, "because you are sure to go. I hear papa coming down the stairs and you know."

"Why am I like Mary's teacher?" thundered the old man, poking his head in the door and fondling a seven pound Indian club. "Because," answering himself, after 11 o'clock is against the rule and I am going to turn you out." As the young man limped painfully away he was heard to mutter to himself: "Well, I differ from the lamb in one respect, for I'll never follow Mary anymore!"

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THE HOUSEWIFE.—A domestic journal for American housekeepers, will be sent for one year free to every lady who will send at once the names and address of ten married ladies or housekeepers and 24 cents in 2-cent stamps for postage. It is the best family paper in the U. S., and this offer is made only to secure names to whom to send sample copies, as we know every lady who once sees THE HOUSEWIFE will subscribe for it. Regular price $1.00 per year. Send to-day so to secure next number. Address,

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"I am passionately fond of flowers," said Miss Fusanfeather to Algernon, the the other evening. "I always have some kind of a flower about me."—"Well, I can tell you," replied the devoted Algernon, "that you must have had a mighty mean kind of flower with you last night, for I have worked on the lapel of my coat for an hour and I haven't got it all off yet!"

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ITCHING PILES.—Symptoms and Cure. The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum, the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter Itch, salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents, 3 boxes, $1.75 (in stamps). Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.


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It was bitter cold last night, yet we had a beautiful midsummer dream.—We dreamed we were walking in groves and grottoes with a beautiful dark eyed maiden with oh! such ruby lips, and as we were about to snatch a kiss we felt a shake on the shoulder and heard a voice saying, "George, George! Get up and poke the fire." Some women can't let a fellow kiss a girl even in a dream.

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HAVING engaged Mrs. Eva Davis, of Weldon, N. C., to take charge of my millinery and dress goods department, I now offer all my fall millinery and dress goods at prime cost—to make room for a large and beautiful line of dress goods and ladies hats, bonnets feathers, in fact a regular millinery store for the coming spring season.

L. A. FARINHOLT.



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**PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.**

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.

Impure Air made healthful and purified.

For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.

Contagion destroyed.

For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chaffings, etc.

Rheumatism cured.

Soft White Complexions secured by its use.

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To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.

Catarrh relieved and cured.

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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. SANFORD, Eyrie, Ala.

Scarlet Fever Cured.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and destroyer it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.

Darbys Fluid is Recommended by HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia; REV. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.; JOS. LECONTE, Columbia, Prof., University, S.C.; REV. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University; REV. GEO. F. PIERCE, Bishop M. E. Church.

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME. Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.

The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have absolute evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

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 poisoned, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.

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The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. STOLLENWERCK, Greensboro, Ala.

Tetter dried up.

Cholera prevented.

Ulcers purified and healed.

In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.

The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

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