

THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

Ever Since Eve's Time It Has Been a Source of Trouble.

There are some people who, with the best intentions in the world, have an inveterate habit of getting themselves into trouble by talking when they should keep still, of saying a little too much or not enough. They are like the Frenchman who did not understand our idioms, and who said something malapropos at a social gathering. Seeing that he had broken a conventional rule he attempted an apology. His American friend laughingly said: "When we let the cat out of the bag we never try to crowd it in again."

The Frenchman at once became angry. "I see no cat, and no bag, what you mean, ha?" he asked.

Here is another case. A lady of this city who has only one child, a beautiful little girl, remarked to a lady, an acquaintance, that she was going to the photographer's to get the child's picture taken as a birthday present for the father. A few days later the acquaintance met the couple in a dry goods store.

"Oh," she said, thoughtlessly, "did you get a good picture of Mabel?"

Plump went the apple of discord into their midst.

"I did not want her papa to know; it is too bad!" said the mother.

The father only whistled and looked unconscious. A maa is seldom surprised.

But the young wife could not disguise her annoyance and regret.

"I had been months planning to give him that picture, and now it is too bad."

To the apologies of her friend she only replied:

"You have done your worst. You might have known I did not want it spoken about."

The relations between them have never been harmonious since. The fruit did its mission of mischief only too well.

The apple of discord is a social bomb. It is usually thrown by a woman, as befitting, and it is not one of the regular weapons of war. Women are notorious for lack of skill in throwing missiles, but this effort never fails. It is the unexpected which is always happening.

There is an afternoon tea, and when there is a lull in the conversation some too vigorous thinker suggests the possibility of an interesting criminal who is undergoing trial being hanged. Instantly there is an awful silence—the apple of discord has fallen. All remembered that a remote ancestor of the hostess was hanged a hundred years ago for some political crime. The smartest jingle of the tea things will not cover up the awful mischief that has been done. The guests have not reached what Thackeray called "cab-wit," and will have no soothing response ready until to-morrow when it will be too late.

An antidote to the poison would have been very simple. To have quoted the speech of a past distinguished man—Dr. Johnson, was it not?—who, when he asked his wife in marriage, was told by the lady that one of her ancestors had been hanged.

To this the doctor gallantly and sensibly replied that although none of his ancestors had been hanged, he was sure that plenty of them had deserved hanging.

"I saw your husband at the theater on Tuesday night," a giddy girl remarks to a young wife on whom she is calling.

"Oh, no, that is impossible. He was at his office all the evening. I remember perfectly, because I wanted to go to the theater that night myself," answered the young wife in startlingly distinct tones.

Now it is no part of the modern Eris who throws the apple to help undo the mischief it has caused, and she, too, ascertains:

"My dear, he bowed to me; I could not be mistaken."

Do you suppose she is ever forgiven for telling the truth? Not a bit of it. The husband, too, may tell the truth on his side, that he ran to see the last act after his business was finished at the office and forgot to mention it to his wife. No harm would ever have come of it but for the apple of discord thrown, perhaps, with malevolent intent.

Come to think of it, the apple is responsible for a great deal of mischief in the world. Before the golden apple was thrown to the most beautiful lady, and by creating envy won its name of the apple of discord, it was a source of trouble. The most beautiful woman in the world—as she was the only one—got up a scene in the garden of Eden by indulging her appetite for the apple of knowledge. Generous, as most women are where men are concerned, she gave Adam a bite, and the mean fellow told of it and laid the blame on the "woman that Thou gavest," and she has been blamed ever since.

Whenever we go into the presence of our fellow men and women let us search our pockets beforehand, find that miserable apple and throw it away.

Or we can eat it ourselves if we have no idea to follow the example of the little boy who was asked by a girl to bite from the apple he was holding in his hand.

"I will bite the core,"

"I will bite the core," answered the small boy.

L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

The average Chinese laundryman never understands what you mean until you try to explain to him that your shirts have got into somebody else's bundle by mistake, but his knowledge of English is perfect when he needs to make you understand that you owe him thirty-seven cents.—Somerville Journal.

—Head of Firm—"Mr. Travers, while you were out a man came in to collect a bill from you for an ulster, which he said had been raining for a year. Can't you pay for your clothes, sir, out of the liberal salary we give you?"

Travers—"No, sir; I can't do it and be a gentleman."—Clothing and Furnishers.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Coconut Cookies.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one egg, one-half cup of coconut, one teaspoonful of baking powder, flour to roll.—Home.

—Scalloped Potatoes.—Pare and slice the potatoes; cover the bottom of a baking dish with bread crumbs, a little salt, pepper and butter, and place upon these a layer of sliced potatoes and season. Fill the dish in this way, then pour over all a sufficient quantity of milk to moisten; place in moderate oven and bake for nearly two hours.—Detroit Free Press.

—Clear Soup.—Place all remnants of beef-steak left from breakfast, or bits of roast, fatty parts, bones, etc., which may be on hand, in cold water. Let it simmer for several hours, then add a sliced onion, two potatoes sliced, salt, white pepper and a half teaspoonful of celery seed. When the potato and onion are boiled to shreds strain and serve with squares of stale bread fried in butter.—Housekeeper.

—To Prevent Moths.—A large sponge saturated with turpentine and thrown into trunks and packing boxes twice a year will keep garments packed in them free from moths. Remove all clothing, shutting the sponge in two or three days. Clothing to be packed for a length of time must be thoroughly brushed and beaten. The odor of the turpentine will not be perceptible in the clothing.—Dramatic News.

—Salmon Soup.—Put a pound of fresh or a pound of canned salmon in a sauce-pan, cover with boiling water, boil very gently for ten minutes, then strain; remove the bones and skin, press through the colander, add a pint of boiling milk and the same of veal or chicken broth, thicken with two even tablespoonsful of sifted flour, blended with a tablespoonful of butter; add salt and pepper to taste. Stir all together until it thickens and serve.—N. Y. World.

—Sometimes simple old-fashioned remedies are as efficacious as serious drugs. A cure in use for years for catarrhal colds and mild bronchial affections in a certain household is to inhale the fumes of singed mullein leaves. Scatter the leaves on a hot shovel or stove lid and breathe in the smoke which will arise. In all ordinary cases it will bring speedy relief. In the family referred to, the mullein is gathered in the late summer and dried, but the Shaker pressed mullein to be had at any druggist's is as good.—N. Y. Times.

—Cheese Straws.—Put into a basin two ounces each of finely-grated cheese (any kind), fresh butter and sifted flour, add a seasoning of pounded mace, cayenne and salt, mix thoroughly and form a stiff paste with beaten eggs. Roll out this paste just as thin as possible, then cut part of it into strips or straws, about four inches long and not more than one-half inch wide and stamp out the remainder in rings an inch in diameter. Place both straws and rings on a greased baking tin and bake for a few moments in a brisk oven until just delicately colored. When done place as many straws in each ring as convenient.—Boston Herald.

—Potato salad is the simplest and easiest of salads. Chop any amount of potatoes or slice them, sprinkle a layer of potatoes with minced onion, add a layer of hard-boiled egg, if you have plenty of eggs; omit it if you have not. Make a mayonnaise dressing, and spread over each layer of potatoes. If you wish, capers and olives may be added. It is quite a go-as-you-please salad, and all potato salad is good, but some potato salad is better than others. Stuffed potatoes are in general merely potato puff made out of the insides of baked potatoes, instead of out of boiled potatoes, and then replaced in the skins. The tops are sometimes varnished with egg, sometimes not; sometimes dusted with bread crumbs, sometimes brushed with melted butter, and in most cases are replaced in the oven to heat and brown before serving. It is well to cut off one end of the potato before baking, in order that it stand in the pan after stuffing.—Boston Budget.

IMPROVING THE RACE.

Man Could Wonderfully Advance Were He So Inclined.

If men could be disciplined, physically and mentally, by an order of beings as superior to themselves as they are to the horse, there is no telling at what a pitch of perfection the race might arrive. But man, being "lord of himself, a fearful heritage," and governed rather more by his passions than his reason, does not improve as fast as might be wished. Some writers say he degenerates, and it may be reasonably questioned whether he is as strong, as long-lived, as vigorous, or as happy as in the pastoral age.

What a pity it is that we cannot be "cultivated" like the quadrupeds we ride—paired with due reference to our "points," intellectual and muscular, and that our reason is not improved from generation to generation, like those of racers and trotters. The thing might be done by no one but God, if we would all agree to make philosophical principles and train ourselves in all respects as carefully as we train our steed. Many philia-thropists have proposed this plan of improving the species, but, somehow, it does not take. Our sentiments are in the way, and they are ridiculously capricious. We insist on following our divided likes and dislikes, without regard to the best interests of the genus. We are free agents, and soon to be controlled except by our feeling, our appetites, and a little law and then—by our conventional consciences.

These last, we are sorry to say, don't reverence the abstract properties as they ought. We care little for the status of posterity, and like to take comfort as we go along. Mortification of the flesh, persisted in for centuries, would be an incalculable blessing to the people of a thousand years hence; but, selfish wretches that we are, seven-eighths of us prefer a short life and a merry one, for our own gratification, to a philosophical life for the benefit of the world in its entirety.

H. L. White, Fond du Lac, Mich.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. B. C.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the favorite cough cure, relieves Asthma, cures Bronchitis, and, if taken during the earlier symptoms of the disease, prevents Consumption of the lungs. Even in the later stages of that malady, this preparation eases the distressing cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

Asthma.

"Asthma and lung troubles are hereditary in my family. My father, mother, sisters, and brothers all suffered from pulmonary diseases and died nearly forty years ago. About that time, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was recommended to me as a relief for asthma. I commenced using this medicine and was astonished to find that the sense of suffocation and difficulty of breathing quickly disappeared. Indeed I am satisfied that without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral I should never have attained my present age, 77 years. I have recommended the use of this medicine to hundreds of persons suffering from asthma and diseases of the throat and lungs, and have never known it fail to afford speedy relief."—H. L. White, Fond du Lac, Mich.

"My mother has been a great sufferer from asthma for the past ten years, and her recovery is almost without a parallel. On account of her advanced age—over seventy—we had but little hope of ever seeing her well again; but she has been cured by only a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—Ingles Banks, Tar Brook, N. S.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again a little troubled with the disease, I was promptly relieved by the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted."—F. S. Hassler, Editor "Argus," Table Rock, Nebraska.

Bronchitis.

"Suffering for some time from chronic bronchitis, which would not yield to any medicine, I was at last recommended by my druggist to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this preparation restored me to perfect health."—Enrique Alonzo, San Domingo.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of young children, so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consolator of the afflicted.'"—Jas. Rudel, Sancho, W. Va.

"Having thoroughly tested the properties of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a remedy for bronchial and throat affections, I am glad to testify to the merits of this preparation."—T. J. Macmurray, Author and Lecturer, Ripley, O.

Consumption.

"I have been a life-long sufferer from weak lungs, and, till I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, was scarcely ever free from a cough. This medicine always relieves my cough and strengthens my lungs, as no other medicine ever did. I have induced many to use it in throat and lung troubles, and it always proved beneficial, particularly so in the case of my son-in-law, Mr. Z. A. Snow, of this place, who was cured of a severe cough by its use."—Mrs. L. I. Cloud, Benton, Ark.

"In the winter of 1885 I took a severe cold, which, in spite of every known remedy, grew worse, so that the family physician considered me incurable, supposing me to be in consumption. As a last resort, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, in a short time, the cure was complete. Since then I have never been without this medicine. I am fifty years of age, weigh over 180 pounds, and attribute my good health to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—G. W. Youker, Salem, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1. Six bottles \$5.

COHEN'S PHARMACY!

GARWOOD'S EXTRACT,  
NACE'S TRIPLE,  
VIOLET WATER,  
WOODWORTH'S FLORIDA WATER,  
AND  
SACHET POWDER.

—New Line of—  
STATIONERY  
Just Received 150 Linen writing  
Tablets, which I'll sell  
at a small  
PROFIT.

MY PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT is under the charge of a Graduate of Pharmacy.



ACCURACY!

PURITY!

NEW DRUGS RECEIVED EVERY WEEK.

Stag Brand Prepared Paints,  
Pure White Lead & Linseed oil.  
I'll sell paints at a very small margin.

A Large Stock of—  
LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEED.

THE PLACE TO GET

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

—AT THE—

LOWEST PRICES,

IS AT

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER'S!

WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVE. OPPOSITE R. R. SHED.

WELDON, N. C.

STOCK KEPT COMPLETE BY FREQUENT ARRIVALS.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIAL.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.

PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,

FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

REMEMBER that hearty welcome always awaits you at

ZOLLICOFFER'S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BALTO. 1864. SADDLERS BRYANT AND STRATTON COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1864 by the present executive—Occupies four buildings—Unrivalled in facilities for educating YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN for success in life. The outlook for demand for our graduates is unprecedented. No vacation; pupils can enter at any time with equal advantage. Never attend a school because the tuition is cheap, for CHEAP is very dear; it means cheap surroundings, inferior facilities, and offers NO opportunities for securing PORTFOLIOS for its pupils and graduates.

school, owing to its HIGH standard of excellence, has placed in business more young men and women from Md., Va., N. C., S. C. and Ga. than all similar institutions combined. Catalogue and particulars mailed. W. H. SADLER, PRES.—F. A. SADLER, SECVY., BALTIMORE, Md.

FARM FOR SALE.  
125 Acres of Valuable 125

Farm Land adapted to the cultivation of

COTTON,  
GRAIN,  
TOBACCO,  
GRASS,  
FRUIT,  
VEGETABLES AND  
ALL KINDS OF TRUCK.

Within one mile of the corporate limits of

WELDON.

75 ACRES CLEARED

A GOOD HOUSE AND OUTHOUSES.

Splendid well of water.

A Stream of water runs through

the land.

In good state of cultivation.

TERMS CASH.

Apply to  
EDWARD T. CLARK,

Real Estate Agent,  
Weldon, N. C.