HIS LAST TRICK.

Why Ted and His Mother Left the Circus.

Everything had seemed to come to Ted by instinct until he was taught the great "ring trick." He had been born in the circus, and long before he could walk was used to riding round and round the ring on the "learned pony." swinging his bare legs defiantly and erowing with gice every time he passed the starting post. He climbed ladders and poles, holding on by his chubby little hands, as soon as he could toddle alone, and crept into risky places where, as the whole troupe used to say, watching him with joy and pride, he was obliged to "hang on by his eye-

When he was five years old he used to perform regularly with old Benny, the famous "bareback rider," in the "wild Indian" act. All the glitter, color, stir, life of the circus was the joy of the youngster's existence. He was so used to the sight of expert riders and acrobats going through their parts he had no thought of any possi-ble danger attending their exploits, and all that others could do he felt he could do and longed to do. His father had been the wonderful rider, Llewellen, killed, unluckily, by a kick from his favorite horse's hoof just as he carelessly stopped to feel the fetlock. That was when Ted was but two years old, and Llewellen had been so much beloved that the company adopted the boy, as it were, and took pride in his cleverness and promise, for there could be no doubt that nature had given him the true eye, the steady head, the indomitable nerve and the quick sense of the laws of balance, which are needed by a man whose profession it is to dangle 'twixt heaven and earth. His mother was a farmer's daughter, who had made a romantic match by running away with the handsome Llewellen. She had remained in the company after her husband's early death as a sort of "wardrobe woman." It was she who refurbished the old costumes, braiding them with tinsel, and sewing on fresh spangles; she regilded and restarred golden crowns, and added fresh skirts to the airy exuberance of the circus queens. She was called Mrs. Llewellen, and she and her boy lived in a small compartment of the great property van, which, when the show moved from town to town, was drawn by six white horses. Few experiences pleased Ted better than this sort of royal progress, which, in spite of its grandeur, was extremely convenient, since his mother could cook their meals or go on with her sewing while they were in motion, and Ted could eat his bread and butter while he nodded and waved to the boys gathered at every corner to welcome the splendid procession. Ted had learned to read from the great, flaring hand-bills: "Greatest Show in the Universe," "The Unequaled and Matchless Troupe," etc., and his heart had thrilled with a sudden conviction of his own preeminence when he spelled out "Master Edward Llewellen, the Remarkable Infant Rider and Acrobat" But, after all, his pride was in the fact of his belongnot in himse For all the members of the troupe were so interesting, so superior. There was old Benny-not that he was old, but so called to distinguish him from young Benny, the lion tamer. Actually, there was nothing that old Benny could not do; it was he who performed the famous country-bumpkin trick, at which Ted was never tired of gazing; in the first place mounting the horse on the wrong side and holding on by the mane as if he were going to fall off; then, after committing every possible blunder, suddenly showing his real powers and going through a series of dazzling transformations until he emerged the inimitable Benny, the king of the circus. Then there was the clown, a great friend of Ted's; a quiet, melancholy fellow who played the banjo, and the lady riders, chief of whom were Mrs. Bill and Miss Fanny, rival queens of the circus. All were so accomplished, so splendid in their attire (at least on occasions) and so kind and tender to Ted it was little wonder if he thought it the finest life in the world. At times when his mother sighed over her work it disturbed him to think that she was not thoroughly

Still, much as Ted delighted in the excitements of his life, the climbing, vaulting, balancing, and above all the riding when he leaned forward 'drinking in the wind of his own speed," he was happiest on Sundays, when it seemed to him in the sudden hush as if the very heart of the world had stopped beating. Then in bad weather he and his mother could shut themselves up in their own little nest, or if it were fine were free to wander outside the town into the fleid. It was only at such times that his mother really taiked, but alone with her boy she would string out stories about the old farm where she had spent her happy, free girlhood. Ted heard about the old house with its pent-roof and gables; the well by its side, with its long sweep, which moved with a mournful, musical creak when the bucket was lowered. He was used to lions and tigers, and there was sat sfaction in the descriptions of the soft-eyed oxen and cows-all the tender, patient creatures of the farm, besides the fierce turkey gobblers, hens and fluffy downy chickens. Close by the farm ran a little river, where the geese and ducks paddled and on the other side was the wood, where there were always rustles and murmurs, where nuts pattered down in the autumn, and squirrels whisked their tails and chattered in defiance of the intruders who ponched on their winter stores. The garden and the orchard, too, were something to hear about. Ted knew every flower which grew in the borders, and his mouth watered at the account of the apples, white and red, which ripened on the hillside. It is a great deal to know as much about the world as Ted did, so he used to tell

happy and contented, but no doubt, he

said to himself, she was thinking about

his father.

ald Benny about the farm which was to him such a wonderful fairy tale.

"Pity, now, your mother couldn't go home and take you to see her folks," said Benny.

"Go home and take me?" said Ted. "Why, could she?"

"Why not?" said Benny. This new and startling idea dawning on Ted's mind took his breath away.

"Mother," he cried, running to her, "Why don't you take me down to see grandfather and grandmother and the

flowers and the apples?"
"Ah, why not?" burst out the homesick woman, with a bitter cry. "Because I gave that all up when I ran away with your father. Because they wouldn't speak to me; no, not if I went down on my knees to them."

"Why wouldn't they speak to you?" said Ted, aghast.

"Because I belong to a circus," she

Ted comprehended the pain behind his mother's words, although he did not understand the words themselves. He was, indeed, really amazed that anybody should not be proud to know the distinguished people he was used to. But he realized now that the reason that his mother sighed sometimes was that she felt shut out from the old paradise, and he began to sigh too. Perhaps he was tired; perhaps he had, in his young energy, gone a little beyond his childish strength, but he began to feel fretted by the noise of the circus and a curious homesickness grew in him for the whisper of the forest, the early morning rush of the birds, and sight of animals not trained and kept in cages, but playing about the fields. He longed to climb the hill and meet the wind ready to buffet him when he reached the top, and to dabble his feet in the cool stream where his mother's brothers used to swim on summer afternoons. The season was hot, and on nights when the animals were restless, when the lions roared and lashed the bars with their tails and the tigers, snarling, paced their cages, and the hyenas yelled, and the elephants trumpeted, and the horses, frightened, snorted and stamped in their stalls, Ted could not sleep. There was no air to breathe and the many scents made him long for the fields of clover and the garden with its bed of mignonette.

'Mother," he burst out, "why don't they like the circus?"

Who?" said his mother, startled. She sat late on her sewing as usual; but she had supposed the boy was fast

"Why, grandfather and grandmother and the rest of them."

"Some people don't like a circus, Ted," she said, gently. "It's just a feeling."

"But it's the greatest show on earth." "I know it's a great thing in its way," said Mrs. Llewellen, "but you see. Ted, my family are quiet people and their way is different. I suppose it is partly the tights and the spangles and the crowns, the gaudy make-be-lieve, which made father feel that nothing is modest and honest and real about anybody who belongs to a circus. But if father knew old Benny, if he knew him as you and I do, he would say he was a good man. And if he knew how everybody had to work, to go over every part again and again, he would t no good performers could be

dissipated or lazy.

It was just at this time that Ted was learning the "ring trick," and certainly there was plenty of hard work about that. It was, as we have said, the first thing that Ted did not take to by natural instinct, as a duck to water. Never before had he shrunk back from what he was bidden to do, giving way to a fit of trembling. As old Benny said, the new trick was no harder than the trapeze, and Ted liked of all things to go flying from rope to rope to the topmost ring, loving the idea that the hearts of the spectators sank into their boots at the conviction that he was in danger. Now he suffered nameless terrors; he felt clumsy, he had lost faith in himself. The truth was, up to the present he had gone on doing everything that came in his way without a thought of what might have happened if he failed. Now he was like a somnambulist who awakens to find himself in a position of danger. It was as if he had to learn his tricks all over again, gaining again piece by piece by hard trial and proof instead of heretofore swiftly and unerringly by instinct. Old Benny was patient and tender with the

"All you have to do is to catch hold of the ring and turn round on it," said "You know all the while there is a cushion underneath you and that if you were to fall you would not be

little fellow.

"I shan't fall," said Ted, "but I don't like it."

"You have not got used to it, and it's there the fun comes in," said Benny. "You never had a stumble yet, not even a balk; you're like a bird."

Ted hung his head and confessed to himself that he no longer felt like a bird. He was so weary. There was a gray haze over all this narrow little world of his, and each day it settled closer and closer. He felt dull, inert, as if he longed to sleep; at least to sit down aimlessly and dream wide-awake about the hill and the river, and the cool. quiet nights in the old place.

"I myself have hated to do things that I grew mighty proud of when I got at the knack of them," said Benny. Come now, try again, Ted."

Ted braced himself up and went through the rehearsal, but when it was over he burst out crying and sat down all in a tremble.

"It's a safe sign to be a little afraid," said Mrs. Bill. "It isn't the tricks one is afraid of that one trips in, but those one feels too spre of."

They all flattered and encouraged him, and Ted felt ashamed of his faintheartedness. A regular salary was promised him by the manager as soon as he made a success of the ring trick, and this was went he and his mother had been looking forward to ever since

be was ten years old. It was odd how he disliked the ring trick, when it was simply a matter of swinging himself up to the top of a high, tell framework on rings which

hung on horizontal bars. The supports below were twelve feet spart, but met with another transom beam and ring on the apex. The way was to catch the lower ring, swing round on it, then with the impotus gained to leap the gap, seize the opposite ring a little higher up, and so on from right and left and left and right to the top ring and down again. It was a pretty feat, and, perhaps, no haster than any other of the flying tricks, but it needed a clear head, and the trouble was that Ted had got into a dreamy mood. He was so homesick nowadays for the farm and for the different life. He liked better to brood over the idea of the bees humming over the flower beds and the doves and martens calling for the cows than to give his whole heart and mind to the actual things he saw and touched.

However, practice makes perfect, and by the time the new season opened in Brighttown Ted had mastered the ring trick. There was a famous programme, and Ted had six different parts; in the Indian act, the buffalo hunt, the chariot race and so on finally to the wonderful ring trick now exhibited for the first time. The excite-ment was good for Ted. The dull, weary feelings he had suffered from of late vanished, his blood warmed to his wish, he liked the mad gallop, he felt the joy of his own youth and strength. and was ready to take wings and float in air. The tent was packed with admiring spectators, and all the performers were in high spirits. The ringmaster and clown cracked fresh jokes, at which even the members of the company could laugh. The horses went like the wind, the performing dogs and elephants and bears all seemed singularly intelligent, and altogether it was one of the great days of the greatest show in the universe, and the 'ring trick" was to be the grand climax.
"All right!" said old Benny to Ted as

the little fellow ran out of the dressing-tent in scarlet tights and cap. "All right, on deck," said Ted.

" Nimbledy, nimbledy, up I go, The sky above and the earth below."

He stood for a mome..t measuring the supports and frames with a knowing glance, then with a bound caught the lowest ring, spun round, and light as a squirrel leaped to the opposite one and thus zigzagging mounted the upper ring. Here, just to rest and steady himself, he swung round twice, then reversed before he should begin the descent. He liked it up A cool breath of air freshthere. ened him. The middle flap of the tent was open for the sake of ventilation and light, and as he swung he caught a glimpse of the sky, dotted with tender, fleecy little clouds, like sheep in a pasture, as his mother had once said. His thoughts wandered to the farm for a minute, and he suddenly remembered what he had to do; yes, he had to reverse. He quite forgot that he had already reversed. What was this? Where was the ring? How still it was! How cool! Who was it gave a sharp cry? What was that roar? Not of wild beasts, but of men and women. Oh! that crash-the end of the world must have come.

"I'm not hurt," said Ted, "really,

Then he fainted away, and was carried out in old Benny's arms. Word was passed round that the boy was not hurt, and the show went on to its close, although all the performers were flurried and everything went badly.

Ted had broken no bones, strange to say; he had fallen on the cushion; yet somehow he was hurt and badly hurt. Nobody quite knew why they were afraid it was his back. Days came and went and he lay on his little bed, holding his mother's hand.

"I couldn't get up to-day," he would mutter in alarm when anybody came near him; "but I'm getting rested, and perhaps by to-morrow-'

He was so used to playing his part that he was ashamed thus to lie and eat the bread of idleness. But he and old Benny used to plan the wonderful feats he would accomplish as soon as he got well. Yet it was soon understood that he would never regain his old powers.

"You see," the doctor said, "he is shattered. His age is in his favor, and if he could have a good home in the

"He shall have a home in the country," said old Benny, and he did not lose an hour. He set off to Mrs. Llewellen's old home, he saw her father and mother and pleaded her and Ted's case with them, but he did not need to plead long. Ted got his first glimpse of the house and the river and the road within a week. The sight of it brought the color to his cheek and the light to his eye.
"Why, mother," he cried, raising

himself up. "It paid It paid to have the fall. Perhaps we couldn't have come home if I hadn't been laid up." -Ellen Olney Kirk, in St. Louis Re-

FEELING IN THE BONES.

They Ars Ramifled with Delicate Nerves

Sensible to Every Injury. People usually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. No one who has ever had a leg or an arm cut off is likely to indulge in such a mistaken notion. Comparatively speaking, little pain is felt when the flesh is being cut through, but when the bone

is attacked by the saw, oh, my! You see, as a matter of fact, there are blood-vessels and nerves inside the bones just as there are outside. Anyone who has purchased a beefsteak at the market knows about the marrow in the bone. It is the same with other animals than the bullock, including human beings. Through the marrow run the nerves and blood-vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes, which you can see for yourself any time by examining a skeleton, or part of one. When the disease called rhoumatism, which no physician understands, affects the nerves within the bones, no way has been discovered for treating it successfully. It does not do to smile when a person says that he feels a thing in his ones. - Pearson's Weekly.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. & W. R. R. & BRANCHES

Condensed Schedule.

	TI STATE	1 777	Device of	
JANUARY 4TH.	34	I SE SE	Supp.	25
1892.	No	No.	No No	No. Dal
	[р. м.	P. H	А. Ж.	r. M.
Leave Weldon	13:30	5.43	640	11 110
Ar Rocky Mount	1 40	6.36	7.47	13 01
Leave Tarbero	119.58	6.00	20000	100
Arrive Wilson.	915	7 00	3 17 1	12 33
Leave Wilson	1 42 30			190000000000000000000000000000000000000
Arrive Selma	1230	1		
Arrive Fayetteville,	15.30			
Leave Goldsboro	3 15	7.40	1900	1 15
Leave Warsaw	4 14	1	[10 00]	N-20
Leave Magnolia	4 27	8 40	110 14	7 17
Arrive Wilmington	16 (0	9 55	111 46	3 40

Leave Wilmington
Leave Magnolis....
Leave Warsaw...
Arrive Goldsboro
Leave Fayetteville
Arrive Selma
Arrive Wilson
Leave Wilson
Arrive Rocky Mt.
Arrive Tarboro,
Leave Tarboro,
Arrive Weldon,

*Daily except Sunday.

*Daily except Sunday.

Train on Scotland Neck Brauch Road leaves Weldon at 400 p. m. Hallfax 422, arrive Scotland Neck at 515 p.m. Greenville 652 p. m. Kinston 800p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 716.a. m. Greenville 528 m. Arriving at Hallfax 1106.a. m., Weldon 1125 a. m. Arriving at Hallfax 1106.a. m., Weldon 1125 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Local freight train leaves Weldon on Monday, Wednesdays and Friday at 1015 a. m. arriving at Scotland Neck 105, a. m., Greenville 520 p. m. Kinston 740 p. m. Returning, leaves Kinston Theaday, Thursday and Saturday at 720, a. m. arriving at Greenville 925, Scotland Neck 220, p. m. Weldon 513 p. m.

Train leaves Tarboro N. C., via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. Daily except Sunday 440 p. m., Sunday 300 p. m., arrive Williamston N. C. 715 p. m., 420 p. m., Plymouth 820 p. m., 520 p. m., 820 p

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Golds-boro N. C., daily except Sunday 6 00 a. m., arrive Smithfield, N. C., 7 30 a. m. Returning leaves Smithfield, N. C., 8 00 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, N.

Smithfield, N. C., 900 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 930 p. m.
Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 5 15 p. m., arrives at Nashville 5 55 p. m., Spring Hope 6 30 p. m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 50 a. m., Nashville 8 35 a. m., ar Rocky Mount 9 15 a. m. daily except Sunday.
Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, daily except Sunday at 6 00 p. m. and 11 15 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8 20 a m and 3 10 p. m., connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 40, 41, 23 and 78.
Southbound train on Wilson and Fayetteville Branch is No. 51. Northbound is 56. *Daily except Sunday.

Branch is No. 31. Northbound is 36. Daily except Sunday.
Train No. 27 South will only stop at Rocky Mount. Wilson Goldsboro and Magnolia.
Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay Line, also at Rocky Mount daily with Norfork and Carolina Railroad for Norfolk and all points North via Norfolk.
Trains makes close connection for all points Norfolk.

Trains makes close connection for all points
North via Richmond and Washington.

All trains run solid between Wilmington and
Washington and have Pullman Palace Sleepers
starshed.

attached.

J. R. KENLY,
Sup't Trans
T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

Condensed Schedule.

PETERSBURG & WELDON R. R.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Jan. 4th, 1892		No 27 Daily.
Leave Petersburg, Leave Stony Creek,	10.10 am 10.53 am 11.11 am	
Leave Jarratts, Leave Belfield, Arrive Weldon,		4.49 p m 5.23 p m

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 14 Daily.	No. 78 - Daily.
Leave Weldon,	6.40 a.m.	3.15 p.m 3.52 p.m
Le Beifield, Le Jarratts, Le Stony Creek,	7.29 a.m. 7.43 a.m.	4.09 p. m
Arrive Petersburg.	8.15 a.m.	5.12 p.m

All trains run solid Weldon to Washing

E. T. D. MYERS, T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Superintendent. Gen. Passenger agt

TO THE PATRONS

-OF THE ALBEMARLE STEAM

NAVIGATION CO

QUICK TIME Between NORFOLK and EASTERN N. CAROLIN

On and after Monday. December 17th, and until further notice, the Steamer CHOWAN, Captain Withy, will LEAVE FRANKLIN on Mondays, Wed-

nesdays and Fridays for EDENTON, PLY-MOUTH and all intermediate points on arrival of mail train from Portsmouth, say RETURNING the "Chowan" will

reach Franklin on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9:15 A. M., in time to connect with Fast Mail train from Raleigh to Portsmoutn and with Express train for the South.

Passengers, by this arrengement, taking the Steamer Chowan at a 1y point on the

REACH NORFOLK by 11 oclock A. M., sell property in the town of Weldon, will and thus have the entire day for the transaction of business in that city. do well to see or correspond with me. I have been surveying the lands in and GIVE THIS ROUTE A TRIAL. around Weidon at various times for the

Respectfully.

Franklin Va., Dec. 1: 1883 Sape thing of the value of these lots.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS ..

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE! TOWN LOTS FOR SALE!

SPLENDID TO WN LOTS FOR SALE IN THE TO WN OF WELDON, AT

LOW PRICES, ON REASONABLE TERMS

FINE FARMING LAND FROM 1 TO 2 MILES

FROM WELDON, N.C.

PURCHASER. PURCHASER.

This is a fine opportunity to purchase land where it will be certain to double "in value in two or three years. Apply by letter or in person to

T.N. HILL

This delightful Story of

Mr. J. T. Gooch will take pleasure in showing the lots and lands to any one wishing to see them.

A YEAR

WELDON, N. C.

THOSE desiring to purchase or

past ten years and hence I know some-

and 12 Graphic Illustrations, by Charles Augustus

Journey from the BALTIC to the

DANUBE Portrayed in 38 Chapters

Decorated with Gold Eagles. FREE to Every New Subscriber to -tho-

NEW YORK OBSERVER, the foremost Family Rolligious News-

One book and one new subscriber, \$3,00.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE, NEW YORK OBSERVER. 37 MND 33 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

DO YOU KNOW

That you can have your eyes tested accurately, and fitted with glasses by a practical optician at Real Estate Agent,

YOUNG'S JEWELRY STORE.

The finest set of test lenses in the state and there will be no charge for tes'

More eyes are ruined by by incompetent persons t1 ause. Therefore, we ad careful with your sight eyes examined by

COMPETENT

of goods, at the

Silver goods for brid monds of the finest qualmakers and good timers, and Christmas goods, gold head and plain gold rings, opera glass fancy hair pins, and of the latest a

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Co Syca. & Bank Sts. Petersburg, Va.