Born of the clouds and darkness, On the frosts and early snow; When the summer blooms have faded. The beautiful Christ flowers blow. All through the budding spring time, All through the summer's heat, All through the autumn's glory They hide their blossoms sweet; But when the earth is lonely, And the bitter north winds blow. With a smile of cheer for the dear old year The Christmas blossoms blow.

White as the drifting snow, When our hearts are filled with grieving The beautiful Christ flowers blow. Not all the south wind's blowing Opens their secret heart; Slender they grow and stately, Guarding their life apart; But when the earth is decary, And the heavy clouds hang low, With their tender cheer for the wayworn

year The Christmas blossoms blow.

Sweetest of all consolers, Fairest of flowers that grow; When hopes and flowers have faded, The beautiful Christ flowers blow. Bright in the cottage window, Sweet in the darkened room, Fair in the shortened sunlight, Cheering the dusky gloom. Oh, when our hearts are lonely, And the clouds of care hung low, With blessed cheer for the dying year,

The Christmas blossoms blow.

THE CORPORAL'S LAST CALL.

"It's hard luck," growled the Corporal, as he settled back the saddle on his horse's back, and clinched it tight by the dim light of the lantern held by the sergeant of the stable guard. "Of all days in the whole bloomin' year, when me and
Mary had laid all our plans for
the kid's Christmas. God bless
him! A soldier ain't got no call to get married, anyhow. So, whoa, pet! you'll have work enough before night, for the old man says we'll have to catch L Troop by the time the boys go into camp. Jim, you go off guard this morning. Won't you stop at the shack when you're in town. and tell Mary she and the kid 'll have to eat Christmas pie by themselves? And bully mince pies are them of Mary's, too. Est some for me, Jim, and cheer the old girl up a bit. Well, so long."

The trumpets were sounding merrily, and the quick martial reveille gave glad greeting to the dawn of Christmas Day, as the Corporal rode out from the post. The soldier turned in the saddle for a moment, looking back beyond the buildings of the garrison towards the dark mass of houses of the little frontier town lying in the valley behind him, where the smoke of early fires, misty blue against the morning sky, rose straight up in the still air. There, in a little house on the edge of the settlement, was the Corporal's hum-ble home. There Mary and his one little child were already awake. looking forward to the coming of husband and tather and the Christmas feast, so much talked about and for which such grand preparations had been made. Only a day or two ago the package of toys from the east had arrived, and the Corporal and his wife, as they unpacked the parcel and exposed the treasures it contained to admiring friends and revelled in joyful an-ticipation of the delight of the little one at the wonderful things Santa Claus brings to all good lit-tle boys at the merry Christmas

And now, without warning, the hard exigencies of his service had called the soldier away. A "good man and true" was required for instant duty, and the Corporal had been aroused from his cot in barracks and ordered to ride hard with despatches for the commanding officer of a detachment which had left the post on a scout a day or so before. Everything had been so quiet for months past that no one dreamed of a summons to take the field, and even now it was only the breaking away of half a dozen restless, thieving bucks from the reservation some miles distant that had caused troops to be sent out to head them off and prevent

mischief. With a sigh of disappointment and regret, and a parting wave of his hand toward the town, the cavalryman touched his horse lightly with his spurred boot-heel, and in an easy canter started down the slope on his long and dreary ride. The winter so far had been very mild in this far southwestern region. A light powdering of snow whitened the wide plains stretching away before the Cor-poral to the distant rolling hills, dotted here and there with black masses of volcanic rock, and to the dark mountain ranges border-ing the horizon. Up came the sun, glowing rosy red, casting long blue shadows from every bit of bunch-grass, from every twig that protruded above the smooth, abits of passive obe-orders of his super-torily.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS | iors had made somewhat of a philosopher of him, and, as mile after mile of the journey was laid behind them, his spirits rose, and he pictured to himself the joy of the meeting when, his task accom-plished, he would once more be

with his loved ones. On he rode, now following the windings of some coelee, now loping over smooth-rounded buttes, where the wind had blown away the snow, exposing the wide, rough, deep-rutted trail he was following. Here a stream was crossed, the thin coating of ice on the edges cracking and breaking under the horse's hoofs; then scrambling up the steep bank on the opposite side, on they sped over some smooth plateau. Far above a hawk circled; occasionally a jack-rabbit would scurry away like a flash, scattering the light snow in little smoke-like puffs under its flying feet. Good cavalry soldier though he was, the corporal would halt once every hour or so to shift the heavy saddle, and to let his four-footed companion browse for a moment on the tops of such bunches of withered brown grass as came within his reach. Then to horse again, and away for another stretch on the road. Hour after hour passed; a gray mist gathered over the sky, shutting in the sun. Wild and desolate, scarred and seamed by gully and canon, and strewn with rock and boulder, the foothills now rose on every side, and

distance on some steep hillside. Intent only on accomplishing his mission the Corporal pushed gallantly onward, until, his jour-ney already half-made, he pulled up by a little pool, and made some hasty preparations for the noonday meal. Secured by the long picket rope, with loosened girth, and heavy bit slipped from his mouth, his horse was soon crunching the grain spread before him from the canvas nose-bag, while a few twigs gathered near at hand furnished a small fire to heat the coffee from the Corporal's canteen. Save for their presence no sign of life broke the solitude of the wilderness, and no thought of danger disturbed the brave fellow's mind, as, sitting there by the fire, he looked long and lovingly at the portrait of his little child, which he brought forth from the inner pocket of his great coat.

the trail grew more and more in-

distinct, here entirely lost under

the snow, then showing for a short

Is there nothing to give him as there nothing to give him warning? Rouse, Corporal, rouse! Look about, you man! Danger is near, horribly near! Danger in those dark forms lying motionless as the black rocks about them, in the glitter of the savage eyes that have been watching the approach of the hated white man for an hour past!

"Well, kid, this ain't exactly the kind of a Christmas dinner we thought we was to have, is it, you little rascal? Anyway, I'm going to have a reminder of you, and your picture is to sit on them there stones while your daddy eats his dinner. Lord, Lord! but I did want to see that youngster when he found what Santa Claus brought ;him." And something blurs the Corporal's eyesight and he chokes as he swallows his hard-

Rouse, Corporal, rouse! Look about you man! The dark forms by the black rocks are moving. slowly gliding, like snakes, nearer and nearer, but not a sound breaks the silence of winter brooding over the land, a silence as if of death.

"And Mary, too! She ain't a-goin' to have that brooch till I get back again. It's a dandy, and I wouldn't miss seeing the old girl wearing it for the first time for a colonel's commission, and don't you forget it! Lord! how I wish I was with them now. Darned if that picture don't look as if the dear little cuss was smiling at me! Are you thinking of your daddy, old fellow? Well, here's to you, Mary! here's to you kid! God bless you!"

Corporal! Corporal! for the sake of all that life holds dear to you! Up, man, up! . . . The sharp, vicious crack of a rifle, "one lightning stroke of agony," the wild, exuitant yell of savage triumpn, and then—The silence of winter brooding over the land. Poor Mary! Poor little kid!—Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum in Harner's Weekly Zogbaum, in Harper's Weekly.

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I have sold twenty-two bottles of it and none have been returned. I think I shall get a good trade on it.

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TR	AINS GO	OING	SOUT	н.	
DATED May 28th 1800,	So.25, daily	No 27, daily.	No. , daily.	No. 41, daily, Ex. Sunday.	No. 65, daily.
Leave Weldon Ar Rocky Mon Ar Tarboro Leave Tarboro	int 1 42 2 35	P.M. 5 04 6 61	P.M.	A.M. 6 15 7 20	
Lv Rocky Mor Leave Wilson, Lv Selma, Lv Fayettevill Arrive Floren	2.30	6 01 6 03 8 01 40 April 10 40 April		7 95 7 28	2 40 3 30 3 15 8 30
Ly Wilson, Ly Goldsboro,	2 86	P.M. 6 48 7 85		A. M. 7.58 8.48	P. N

*Daily except Sunday.

Train on Sectland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon at \$10 p. m. Halifax \$400, arrive Sectland Neck at \$48 p. m. Greenville \$28 p. m. Kinston 7.30 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7.20, a. m. Greenville \$22 a. m. Arriving at Halifax \$100, a. m. Greenville \$22 a. m. Arriving at Halifax \$100, a. m. Weldon \$120 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington branch leave Washington 7.00 a. in. arrives Farmele \$40 a. m., Tarboro 9 50 returning leaves Tarboro 4.40 p. m. Parmele 6.00 p. m., arrives Washington 7.50 p. m. Daily except Sunday. Connects with trains on Sectland Neck Branch.

Train leaves Tarboro N. C., via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. Daily except Sunday 5.00 p. m., Sunday \$40 p. m. arrive Williamston N. C. 7.15 p. m., 420 p. m. Plymouth 9.20 p. m., 520 p. m. Returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday 5.00 a. m. Sunday \$10 00 a. m. Williamston, N. C., 40 a. m., 9.58 a. m. arrive Tarboro 10.25 a. m. Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Golds-*Daily except Sunday.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro N. C., daily evcept Sunday 6 00 a. m., arrive Smithnield, N. C., 7 30 a. m., Returning leaves Smithfield, N. C., 800 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, N

Smithfield, N. C., 800 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 9:30 p.m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 9:15 p. m., arrives at Nashville 6:50 p. m., Spring Hope 7:15 p. m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8:00 a. m., Nashville 8:35 a. m., ar Rocky Mount 9:15 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Trains on Latta Branch Florence R. R. leave Latta 7:30 p. m. arrive Dinbar 8:40 p. m. Returning leaves lumbar 6:00 a. m., arrive Latta 7:15 a. m. Daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, daily except Sunday at 6:00 p. m. and 11:30 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8:20 a. m. and 11:30 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8:20 a. m. and 11:30 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8:20 a. m. and 11:30 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8:20 a. m. and 1:30 p. m., connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 40, 41, 23 and 78.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay Line, siso at Rocky Mount daily with Norfolk and Carolina Railroad for Norfolk and all positis North via Norfolk.

J. E. KENLY.

Norfolk.

J. R. KENLY.
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General Sup't,
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ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

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Condensed Scheaute.

No. 23 No. 27 Daily. Daily. Dated May 26th, 1893. 10.10 am | 3.33 p m 10.52 am | Leave Petersburg, Leave Stony Creek, Leave Jarratts, Leave Belfield, 11.32 am 12.15 pm | 5.07 p m No. 117, soing South, leaves Petersburg

Daily. Daily. Leave Weldon, Le Belfield, 1.01 a.m. | 3.27 p. m 4.10 p. m 4.34 p. m Le Stony Creek, Arrive Petersburg, 2.32 a.m. 5.00 p. m

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

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J. H. BOGART anklin. Va., Dec. 15, 1888.

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TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

at 4.08, p. m., arrive at Weldon 5.41. TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 134, going North leaves Weldon daily at 9:20, arrive at Petersburg 10.55 a. m.

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