

HUNGRY MAN'S DREAM.

An Ex-Convict Tell How He Was Tortured in Sleep.

One of the worst evils attending penal servitude is said to be the hunger which assails a man with a healthy appetite during the first few months or years of his imprisonment, says the Boston Globe.

"I used to go to bed ever night pinched by hunger. I began dreaming of banquets, and would have thought nothing strange about it had not the same dream come to me every night. The banquet was always the same, in the same place, and I always had the same place at the table.

"The xasperating thing about it was that just as the first course was offered I always awoke, so that even in my dreams I was not permitted to taste of the magnificent spread which was nightly presented to me in my sleep.

"I dreaded to go to bed because the dream tortured me. It only made me the hungrier, and I then understood the agony of Tantalus, the fabled hero who was tortured with thirst, and to whose lips the waters were ever coming and receding just as he was in the act of taking a drink."

The Secret of Health.

Don't worry. Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify." "Simplify." Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air, day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

"Seek peace, and pursue it." "Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal. Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, for less the universe. Trust the eternal."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—Laws of Life.

Too Expensive.

Mrs. Von Blumer—Mr. Witherby, where is the principal scene laid in the play that you are writing for our amateur company?

Witherby—In a ballroom. The leading lady, magnificently attired, enters the drawing-room at just the right moment to disconcert the villain.

Mrs. Von Blumer—Splendid! Did you know that your wife has consented to take the part.

Witherby—Great Caesar, no! If that's the case I shall have to change it to a bathing scene.—Judge.

An Eye to Economy.

She was a girl of wisdom. He said to her: "Do you not love to wander in the moonlight?"

"Yes," she answered. "Why?"

"Because it saves gas."

Then he did some mental arithmetic, thought it over and said: "Will you be mine?"

Saying a Kind Word.

"My dear friend," said a temperance advocate to a storkbaited tramp, "let me say a kind word to you in regard to drinking."

"Thank ye, sir," replied the tramp, expectantly. "I think whiskey is the word ye'll be after sayin', yer honor."—Texas Sitings.

Nothing to Be Thankful For.

Bleeker Bond—I suppose you celebrated Thanksgiving Day with a great deal of zest, considering the large crops you had, Uncle Si?

Uncle Si Low—I dunno as I did. Crops was so big I can't get no kind of price for anythin'.—Puck.

A SAD CASE.

Hurry, Doctor Tommy, Dolly's dreadful sick. Be too late to help her. "Low you got there quick. It was just this morning that she took her bed. But she's never healthy since she broke her head!"

First she bumped her nose off— That was no great harm— Then she sprained her ankle, Then she broke her arm, Then she cracked her shoulder— Almost made me cry— Then she bled some stuffing, Then she lost her eye.

Yes, we often doctored 'Fore we came to you; First a dose of putty, Then a dose of glue, But I'm quite discouraged; Many a time I've said Nothing seems to help her! Since she broke her head! —Youth's Companion.

DE LAMB'S A-STRAYIN'.

Exhortation at a colored camp meeting in Mississippi.

Look out, backslider, whar you walkin'! Make a misstep, sho's yo' bo'n. I tell you whar, it's no use talkin'. If you slip up, chile, you gone! De road is full of stumps an' stubble, But an' sinkholes eberwhar."

"If you don't stop yo' footin' dar, it's dark ez pitch an' mighty shoddy. Spo' de debbil's walkin' round. Fine ting you know he'll tell you 'howdy.' Liff his hoof an' stomp de ground. Man, can't you see a stomp-a-brewin'?"

"Hear de awful thunder peal! Look! Iftain' lightnin' threat'nin' ruin— Oh, backslider, how you feel! Drop on yo' knees an' go to prayin'. As de Lawd to help you out. Chile, tell Him you's a lamb a-strayin'— Done got loose and stumblin' 'bout. An' den you'll see de stars aglamin'— 'Laminatin' all de way: Yea, 'bout ten thousan', twinkito', beamin', Smack untwe'll de break er day. But ef you fail de debbil git you. Fetch you slap right in de eye, You'll feel mos' like er grapeshot hit you, Drained from half way to de sky!"

—From the Nebraska State Journal.

WE ARE DWINDLING AWAY.

By 4,000 A. D. Only Lilliputians Will Inhabit the Earth.

A French statistician, who has been studying the military and other records, with a view of determining the height of men at different periods, has reached some wonderful results.

A Frenchman is naturally an artist, even in figures. A German might content himself with a dry arithmetical compilation; but this artist carries his statistics into the realm of history and of poetry, and even of prophecy. He has not only solved some perplexing problems in regard to the past of the human race, but also is enabled to calculate its future, and to determine the exact period when man will disappear from the earth.

The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries. It is found that 1610 the average height of men was 1.75 metres, or say 5 feet 9 inches. In 1790 it was 5 feet 6 inches. In 1820 it was 5 feet 5 inches and a fraction. At the present time it is 5 feet 3 3/4 inches.

It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature, and then apply this, working backwards and forwards, to the past and to the future. By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first men attained the surprising average of 16 feet 9 inches.

The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og, while Goliath was a quite degenerate offspring of the giants. Coming down to later times we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was 9 feet, and in the time of Charlemagne it was 8 feet 8 inches, a fact quite sufficient to account for the heroic deeds of the Paladins. But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future.

The calculation shows that by the year 4,000 A. D., the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches. At that epoch there will be only Lilliputians on the earth.

And the conclusion of the learned statistician is irresistible, that "the end of the world will certainly arrive, for the inhabitants will have become so small that they will finally disappear"—"finish by disappearing," as the French idiom expresses it—"from the terrestrial globe."

Latin as it is Pronounced.

A young lady was once talking with a very young and very smart man who was inclined to air his knowledge of the languages a little beyond what she felt that modesty required. She therefore said to him with an air of deference to his superior attainments: "You are a Latin scholar. I wish you would tell me how to pronounce the word 'so-met-i-mes.'"

The youth with a kindly air of patronage, replied, "I have not met the word in my Latin reading, but I should have no hesitation in saying that it should be pronounced 'so-met-i-times,'" (giving it in four syllables, the accent on the second). "Thank you for telling me," replied the girl, demurely. "I have always heard it pronounced 'sometimes,' but if you say the other way that must be right."

Wasn't All in His Head.

A lawyer walked down the street recently with his arms taxed to hold a lot of law books. To him a friend, pointing at the books, said:

"Why, I thought you carried all that stuff in your head?" "I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."

Proportional Punishment.

Mistress: "Mary! Mary! I've just broken my hand-glass. You know how unlucky it is—seven years' unhappiness!"

Maid: "Oo, that's nothin', ma'am. 'Ow about me? I've just smashed the large glass in the drawing-room."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HILL'S Double Chloride of Gold Tablets. REMEMBER WE GUARANTEE A CURE. TOBACCO HABIT EASILY CURED. A FEW Testimonials from persons who have been cured by the use of Hill's Tablets. THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO., 51, 53 and 55 Opera Block, LIMA, OHIO.

TEACH \$3000 A YEAR. YOU LEARN. Have you written the year? If you haven't, wisdom and intelligent analysis suggest...

WORK FOR US. A few days, and you will be started at the unexpected success that will reward your efforts. We positively have the best business to offer an agent that can be found on the face of this earth.

HARRISON BROTHERS, MERCHANDISE - BROKERS, WELDON, N. C. MEAT, FLOUR, LARD, SUGAR, GRAIN, SALT, COFFEE, MEAL, CAKES, CRACKERS, POTATOES, LIME, CEMENTS, PAINTS, CANNED GOODS, OILS, HAY. All orders by mail or in person promptly attended to and we guarantee satisfaction and ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. TRY US.

COHEN'S PHARMACY. ACCURACY! PURITY! NEW DRUGS RECEIVED EVERY WEEK. GARWOOD'S EXTRACT, NAGE'S TRIPLE, VIOLET WATER, WOODWORTH'S FLORIDA WATER, AND SACHET POWDER. STATIONERY. Just Received 150 Linen writing Tablets, which I'll sell at a small PROFIT.

SCOTLAND NECK STEAM DYE WORKS. The dyeing and dry cleaning of garments by French process done with NEATNESS and DISPATCH. Woolen and mixed goods dyed at from one-fourth to one-third and cotton one-half less than City prices. For convenience of town and vicinity articles needing attention may be left at the store of Mr. E. W. HYMAN. Interview or correspondence invited. Address, STEAM DYEING CO., Scotland Neck, N. C. Jy 21 th.

EDWARD T. CLARK. Real Estate Agent, WELDON, N. C. THE SUN. HAS SECURED DURING 1892: W. D. Howells, George Meredith, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Rudyard Kipling, E. Louis Stevenson, W. Clark Russell, H. Rider Haggard, Norman Lockyer, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, J. Chandler Harris, William Black, Mary E. Wilkins, Frances Hodgson Burnett. And many other distinguished Writers. THE SUNDAY SUN. Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. PRICE FIVE CTS. A COPY. BY MAIL \$2 A YEAR. Address THE SUN, New York, N. Y.

FREE. Trial. Why suffer from the bad effects of the La Grippe, Lame Back, Kidney and Liver disease, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, any kind of weakness, or other diseases, when Electricity will cure you and keep you in health. (Headache relieved in one minute.) To prove this, I will send DR. JUDD'S ELECTRIC BELT to any one on trial, free. Prices \$3, \$5, \$10 and \$15, if satisfied. Also, Electric Trusses and Box Batteries. Costs nothing to try them. Can be regulated to suit, and guaranteed to last for years. A Belt and Battery combined, and produces sufficient Electricity to shock. Free medical advice. Write to-day. Give waist measure, price and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Address: DR. JUDD, Detroit, Mich. may 19 ly.