## The Weekly Star.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. - Latest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

## HENRY SYLVESTER. By AUGUSTA LARNED.

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[CONCLUDED.]

and Henry Sylvester had seen him hanging about the stable in Sim's spare hours. Charley was sallow and dark, with a great shock of black hair crowned by a greasy cap. His clothes were shabby and inadequate to keep out the cold, and he seemed to be perpetually waiting for a job that never came.

But Henry Sylvester was rather proud of his acquaintance, for Charley drew a delightfully long bow in story telling and used many quaint and original slang terms. Now, as he held out his large, dirty red hand the child gave him his tiny speckled white and red mitten and felt honored by the notice, for Charley pressed the little mite very cordially. "Glad to see yon, pal. Odd, ain't it?

I was just looking hereabouts for you, for I knew you wouldn't miss the soldiers on no account." "You bet!" said Henry Sylvester,

winking hard with both eyes and straightening himself with hands deep down in his pockets.

"You see, pal," Charley went on in a confidential tone, "I don't want to scare you, but your ma has had a little accident down on the Covington road. The horse took fright at a furniture van and ran away and threw her out and broke her collar bone. It happened right in front of old Miss Jones', and she was carried in there, and Miss Jones got her next door neighbor, the butcher Andrews, to come for the doctor, and your ma was bent on having you fetched to her right away, she is such a doting ma."

Henry Sylvester had turned slightly pale. He loved his mother dearly, and

## trod on her till she was all black and

"She's taught you to say that," whispered the man, fiercely clutching the child's arm, while the hot breath came against his face and made him quiver. But he was determined not to show the white feather. He clinched his little baby fists and held on hard. "Don't you know I'm your father and you be-long to me by law? You're mine, body and bones. I can whip you and starve you and make you work like a tiger if I

There was an awful sinking of Henry Sylvester's whole being-a kind of moral caving in. He had never dreamed that Harvey, the ogre of his childhood, could be his father, and he did not believe it now. Charley had lied to him, and this pretense of Harvey's was only an excuse to steal him away.

"You ain't my father!" he cried passionately as he again kicked the man's leg with all his might. "My father's dead and buried in the graveyard. And if you was my father and starved, and whipped me ever so, I wouldn't love you.

I'd hate you always." Suddenly the man was seized with a

terrible coughing fit that bent him nearly double. He put a ragged handkerchief to his lips, and when it came away it was covered with blood. Henry Sylvester was awed by the sight. A gleam of pity came into his soul for this bad, wicked Harvey. He must be very sick, and in fact even the child's eyes noticed how weak and feverish he looked. He

watched him as he drew a case bottle out of his pocket and took a long pull at the contents. And then the man turned round and looked again searchingly at the child, and his eyes were softer and more gentle. There was almost a deprecating, humble light in them as they rested on his face.

"Well, kid," sai the slowly, "I guess I ain't your father stier all. You belong to her, and there ain't nothing of me in you, and I'm glad there ain't, for I'm a bad, wicked man, just as you say, and it ain't to be supposed you could take to a man like me. Of course your own pa is lying in the graveyard. He was a good, pious chap, and you're too cute a youngster to be taken in. Look round you, kid. Do you know where you are?"

"No, I don't," said Henry Sylvester, plancing above at the bare fields and naked woods, massing their purple stems against a heavy, leaden sky, for night was now coming on, and the bright weather had fled, with a change of wind that betokened snow.

"You see that little crossroad," he went on hoarsely, pointing with his whip toward a lonely highway running vestward between two long lines of stone wall.

Henry Sylvester stood up to take an observation and nodded his head. "Well," said the man, still pointing with his whip, 'you see that house and barn yonderhe red house and the new shingled barn, backed by some tall pine trees?" Again Henry Sylvester nodded.

"That's where your Uncle Josiah lives. Tain't half a mile from this if you go straight. Your legs are short, but I guess they can stump it that far. Now I'm

### said to himself, "Dandy!" The regular, solid, easy trot came nearer and nearer, and with it was mingled the light spin

of buggy wheels. Henry Sylvester got on his legs, though they felt very weak and heavy-much as if they belonged to some other boy-and stood by the side of the road, swinging his cap. As the buggy came along he gave a startling cry like the shriek of some wild bird in the night. The horse checked its pace. "Who's there?" called Miss Spencer as she put her head out of the black hood.

"It's me," piped up a childish voice. There were exclamations, and wondering cries, and notes of alarm, and in the midst of it all Henry Sylvester was drawn up into Miss Spencer's lap and tucked under the laprobe and a warm cloak. He felt very sleepy and tired as he cuddled down in the soft nest, his head on Miss Spencer's breast, while she rubbed him and felt of him all over to see if any bones were broken in his little body. Before he went off fast asleep he heard her say close to his ear, "How in the world, Henry Sylvester, did you

come here?" The boy was so tired and drowsy did not know how to frame a word. It occurred to him, however, that he would not give himself away. He had never heard his mother talk to any of

the neighbors about Harvey, and so he decided to tell a little white lie, a wee one, although he had a contempt for lying.

felt himself lifted down at his mother's door. Mrs. Miller was sitting in the kitchen with her things still on just as she had come in from her drive. She was strong, dry eyed, pale as marble. Her hands clinched until the nails hurt

or even thought of. A little night lamp -a mere spark of light-was smoking on the table. The poor old lady, all disheveled and woebegone, her cap off, and the gray hair hanging down her cheeks, was standing over her and pleading with her child.

"Why don't you scold me?" she moaned tremulously. "You may strike me if it will do you any good. I must have gone to sleep in my chair. I know I was settin right there in the rocker, thinkin about Harvey. There was military music in the street. Henry Sylvester was settin right there in the corner with his slate, and suddenly I lost myself. It couldn't have been a minute,

but when I come to he was gone." "Oh, mother, mother!" was all the poor woman could say. She extended her arms and fell them closing on air. "Shan't I ever feel his little tight arms

round my neck again, and them kisses he gives when he's been naughty and wants to make up? Seems as though my brain is reeling. Do you think I shall go crazy? If I do, don't put me in one of them straitjackets. In mercy let me drown myself. I've been to the sheriff's,

and I've telegraphed all over the conntry, and now there ain't anything more to do, and I can't cry, and my thoughts nd feelings are all froze u Lord doin it to me for? Haven't I suffered enough?" At that moment the door was flung wide open, and Miss Spencer rushed in. followed by her young man, who was carrying a child in his arms. Mrs. Miller gave an awful shriek, and for the first time in her life she fainted dead away. For a week the adventures of Henry Sylvester were the talk of the town. He found himself a hero. He knew not why. People came from some distance to shake hands with him, telling him he was a fine little man. His mother's nerves were so shaken she could not look at him without weeping and catching him up wildly in her arms. The adventures of that memorable day had wrought a moral change in the child. His observing powers had always been of the acutest, but now he began to revolve matters in his mind, to put this and that together, and the picture of Harvey, sickly, coughing and spitting blood, with his gaunt head and long ragged hair bowed over the dashboard. as he waved farewell with his hand, remained in his memory and burned itself in like an indelible picture. His mother had talked with him in the woodshed and up stairs when they were alone together, and little by little she had made out the whole story, and her soul was troubled. "Mother," said she one day about a fortnight after the abduction of the boy, "I guess I shall take that gun away from the head of my bed and put it up garret. It's kind of a scary thing to have round, and Henry Sylvester might get hold of it." "So do," said the old lady humbly. "I guess you won't feel like trustin me any more with him, Belindy, and I ain't surprised."

**A Racking Cough** 

Cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Mrs. P. D. HALL, 217 Genessee St., Lockport, N. Y., says :

"Over thirty years ago, I remember hearing my father describe the wonderful curative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. During a recent attack of La Grippe, which assumed the form of a catarrh, soreness of the lungs, accompanied by an aggravating cough, I used various remedies and prescriptions. While some of these medicines partially alleviated the coughing during the day, none of them afforded me any relief from that spasmodic action of the lungs which would seize me the moment I attempted to lie down at night. After ten or twelve

such nights, I was Nearly in Despair, and had about decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then oc-curred to me that I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a spoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning greatly refreshed and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then grad-ually decreased the dose, and in two weeks my cough was cured."

#### **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

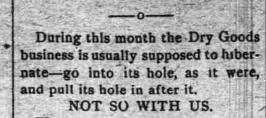
Prompt to act, sure to cure

BUSINESS LUCALS. Watts, and other short miscellaneous advertigements, inserted in this Department, in leaded Nonpareil type, on first or fourth page, at Publisher's option, for 10 cents per line each insertion; but no advertigement taken or less than 25 cents Terms, positively cash in advance Factions of lines counted as whole lines, Wante -Position as Steno rather and Type Wante -- Position as Address "Stenographer," riter. Terms reasonable. Address "Stenographer," jan 14 2t We want to buy the ty-five head Cattle for feeding purposas Prefer good sound Ste. rs etween three and six years . Id. No fat cattle wan ed. Apply North Carolina Cotton Oil Co. jan 14 1t Will sell cheap one thousand cart loads damaged Cotton Seed Hulls for manure. North Carolina Cotton Oil Co. jan 14 1c B. F. Penny, 110 Market street. For sale cheap-Two (2) good working mules, H. C. Evans', 115 Princess street, where you get you jan 12 St boots and shoes cheapest. Dr. W. H. Wakefield, of Winston, will be in Wilmington, at the Orton House, on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 17 and 18. Practice limited 'o eye, car, nose and throat. jan 6 10t New York Shoe Shining has been introduced by P. W. Miller, at his new Shaving Parlor, No. 7 South Front street. Shoes will be pr perly oiled and scraped before they are re-blacked and polished. A special man will attend to the shoe-shining chair. Holiday Photographs .-- I will make Cabinet Photographs for \$2.50 per dozen, from now until the 15th of January, regular price \$4.00 per dozen. Come before the rush. First clas- work guaranteed, U C. Ellis, Photographer, No. 114 Market St. dec 17 Im Received to-day-Mountain Butter. N. C. Buck. wheat, Chickens and Eggs, at A. G. Alderman's, No. 17 Dock street. Notice .- I will have on Monday 100 bunches o fine Bananas, and also a lo: of fine Mountain Apples. which I will sell low down. A. S. Winstead, No. 115 North Second street. This year's peanut vines the cheapest good forage for cows and mules; also grain, hay, and all kinds of mized feed. John S. McEachern, 211 Market street. Telephone 92. Fur wanted,-Send your fur to us, and .save all commissions for selling. Highest cash prices paid and honest grading guaranteed. We are exporters agent, and pay freight on all fur sent to us. Write for prices; W R. Slocum, No. 120 Market Street. c21 Krahnke, F. H., & Co., are now prepared to fis you up a fine winter suit to order for \$25, and up Princess street, Smith's building. at Geo W. Huggins, 105 M rket street. Richter, Manager. Manager. The Purcellar living rates. promptly attended to.

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A Magnificent Art Series, known as John L. Stoddard's Portfolio of Photographs of famous cities, scenes and paintings, with descriptive text by Mr. Stoddard, has just been issued. The First Series, now ready, contains the following photographic views, each 11x13 inches in size: Li'e-Like Portrait of Juhn L. Stoddard; Panorama of Paris; Ann Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford-on-Avon, Eng. Ellen Isle, Loch Kattine, Scotland; Blanney Castle, Ireland; Panorama of Stockholm, Sweden-Group of Laps, Norway; Heidelberg Castle, Germany; "The Dying Gaul," Capi oi, Rome,

was successfully taken, and within the short space of one hour the work of more than 11 years was tested and pronounced good. The negative was made on a glass plate 12 by 15, and the little, insignificant looking glass plate represents a triumph in astronomical observation. Photographic telescopes with eight inch lenses have been used before, one of these now being in the Harvard observatory, but nothing in the astronomical world thus far has ever approached this big 24 inch lens.-Philadelphia Ledger. Admonishing Him. All the wedding party were assembled at the registrar's. The bridegroom alone

She unclasped the dead fingers.

clasped the dead fingers. They were holding a little book carefully wrapped

She unfolded it tremulously. The

pale dawn light was with her now. It

was a bankbook, and inside lay an old

yellow letter she had written to him

when they were first lovers. There was

ascrap of paper tucked into the envelope, with a bit of writing upon it in a feeble, uncertain hand. "This book is for my

boy," it said. "I leave it to him. It is

THE END.

The Big Bruce Lens.

The Bruce photographic telescope, made after designs of Professor Picker

ing of Harvard university, was tested on

the grounds of Alvin G. Clark's work-

shop in Cambridge, Mass., one night re-

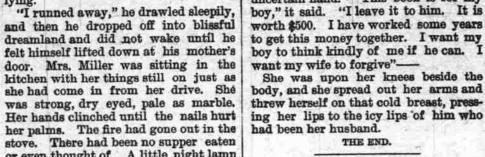
cently. A photograph of the north star

in a tattered handkerchief.

was missing. At last he put in a belated appearance. He was a hale old gentleman of 70.

-Atlanta Constitution.

"Another time," said the registrar, "come a bit earlier!"-Sonntagsblatt. A SUNDAY SER TON. Last Sunday there was preaching', an we all went out to hear: The little church was crowded, for the rich an' poor was there; was jes' a splendid sermon, an' the singin' full an' free-Amazin' grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me." When I call the sermon splendid I mean it was the kind To take deep root an' bear good fruit in every sinner's mind : was full of consolation to weary hearts that bleed-Twas full of invitation to Christ, and not to creed. The text was 'bout the prodigal who spent his livin' neat. Intil he came at last to want the husks the swine did eat : But a sweet thought gave him comfort when he hardly wished to live. will go unto my Father-for my Father will forgive.' I'm talkin' to you fellows," said the preacher, "here to-day, Who spent the Master's livin' in a coun try far away; You've got to where that fellow wasyon can't tell why or how, But come back to the Father-he's a waitin' for you now ! From the amen corner to the door the people gathered near, An' "Pray for us!" they shouted, an' it WASHINGTON NEWS. ny Telegraph to the Morning Star



he forgot everything but her danger and looked with perfect childlike confidence up into Charley's face. "I'll go and ask my grandma," said

he tremulously, "and if she says I may go"-

"No need of that, pal. I've been to the house and spoke to the old lady about it, and she said most likely I should find you out here, and she give her consent that you should go with Andrews. There's his wagon down by the cross street on the other side of the track. He couldn't get up nearer owing to the crowd."

Henry Sylvester, with his little heart swelling, looked in the direction indicated and saw a wagon with a small house at the back having a door closed with a lock and key. It was a kind of wagon he had long desired to ride in. Charley led him up to the side and lifted him by his arms toward the high seat occupied by the driver. Henry Sylvester scrambled to his place beside the man, who was tall and spare, with bowed shoulders and long hair. He was buttoned up to the chin in a rough, shaggy coat, and a woolen muffler wrapped about the neck concealed the lower part of his face. A wide brimmed soft bat was pulled well down over his eyes that looked out at the child with a strange, stealthy glance. Charley came round to the other side of the wagon, and the man who was fingering the reins impatiently bent his

seat, with his short legs in the air. The well.

had helped Harvey to catch him and being who stood to Henry Sylvester for the very incarnation of evil. The child's heart contracted as if a large, strong would stand up to Harvey and defy him and show he was a man. Suddenly he laid hold of the man's arm, and in his high, childish treble he cried:

The man dropped the muffler from neglected beard on the lower part of the face mingling with his long, unkempt hair. There were signs of emaciation and recent illness about the thin, worn

goin to make a bargain with you, youngster, seein I ain't your father, and never shall try to steal you away again, and never should if I hadn't kinder be-



"You ain't my father!"

lieved you was my boy, and had a kind of achin and hungerin to see him before I die. Now, if you'll pretend I'm your pa and will put your arms around my neck and kiss me just once, and promise to try to think, if I am a bad man, I ain't the very worst that ever lived, I'll set you down on the road here, and you can run to your Uncle Josiah, and he will take you home to your ma."

way he strained him against his breast.

run yourself down. I'm glad it happened."

strange woman.'

She lighted a lantern, drew on a pair of men's boots, put a shawl over her head and went out around the house. The drifting snow had covered the footsteps, if any there were, but she kept on in the teeth of the wind, bracing herself until she came to the stable. All was locked and silent there. The two men in the barn chamber were still fast asleep. She struggled on toward a shed in the rear where old wagons and sleigh



