The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.

VOL. 63. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 3, 1885. NO. 36

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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A TIN SAFE.

Charles Lynford was a young mechanic in good business. At the age of twenty-five he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Eustis, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him except her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift learned in an economical household under the stern teaching of necessity.

It was well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this character, since he himself found it difficult to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She could not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income, foreseeing that a time would come when the family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, now flourishing, might become less so.

Accordingly, one day she purchased of a tin-peddler who came to the door, a little tin safe, such as children frequently use as a savings bank. This she placed conspicuously on the mantel-piece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

"Hello, Carrie! what's that?" he asked, curiously.

"Only a little purchase I made to-day," said the wife.

"But what is it meant for?" he asked again.

"Let me illustrate," said his wife playfully. "Have you a ten-cent piece about you?"

Charles drew a dime from his pocket. His wife, taking it from his hand, dropped it through a little slit at the top.

Charles laughed.

"So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie! My little wife has become a miser!"

"No; only a little prudent. But, seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every night."

"What! drop a dime into that new-fangled arrangement of yours?"

"Exactly."

"Very well; that will be easy enough. A dime is no great sum. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly commenced hoard?"

"Lay it by for a rainy day," answered Caroline.

Charles laughed merrily.

"And what will a dime a day amount to?" he inquired.

"In a year it will amount—" commenced his wife, seriously.

"Oh, never mind; spare me the calculation. It sounds too much like business, and I have enough of that during the day."

"But you don't object to my plan?"

"Not in the least. I have no doubt it is very prudent and commendable; but you know, Carrie, I never was gifted with much prudenee."

"I am quite aware of that," said his wife, smiling.

This ended the conversation for the time. The plan inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those of whom there are so many, who enter upon a plan zealously, but soon tire of it. In the present case she was thoroughly satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through. Every evening she called on her husband for a dime, which was quickly added to the accumulation. Frequently he had not the exact change, but would toss her a quarter instead. She would assure him, laughingly, that this would answer her purpose as well.

More than once Charles bantered her on the subject of the little savings bank, but these were not the only accessions the fund received. Her husband early arranged to make ample allowance for dress. I say ample, though I dare say some of my city readers might not consider it so. But Caroline, who was in the habit of making up her own dresses, provided herself with a good wardrobe at much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of managing could have done.

After calculation, she came to the conclusion that out of her allowance she could be able to make a daily deposit equal to that which she exacted from her husband. Of this, however, she thought best not to inform Charles, enjoying, in anticipation, the prospect of being able, at some time, to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings.

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied and the entire contents transferred to a more pretentious savings bank, where interest would be allowed. When the sums deposited there became large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew and invested in bank and other stocks, which would yield a large per cent. Of her mode of investment her husband remained in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present and not feeling any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which time he had been unusually favored with prosperity in business and uninterrupted health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income, but, on the other hand, had saved absolutely nothing, twenty-five cents alone standing to his credit.

"Running pretty close, isn't it, Carrie?" he said, laughingly. "I take great credit to myself for keeping on the right side of the line. But then I suppose you have saved an immense sum."

"How much do you think?" asked his wife.

"Oh, perhaps $160," said he, carelessly, "though it would take a good many dimes to do that."

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture.

So things went on till at length came the panic of 1873—a panic so recent that it will be remembered by many readers of this sketch. It will be remembered how universally trade and business of every kind were depressed at that period. And among others, the trade which occupied Charles Lynford suffered.

One evening he came home looking quite serious—an expression which seldom came over his cheerful face.

Caroline, who had watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this. She had expected that her husband's business would be affected.

"What is the matter, Charles?" she very cheerfully asked.

"The matter is that we shall have to economize greatly."

"Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters?"

"I should think there had. I shall have but half a day's work for some time to come, and I am afraid that even this will fail before long. You haven't any idea how dull business of every kind has become."

"I think I have," said his wife, quietly. "I have been reading the papers carefully, and have been looking out for something of this kind."

"Do you think we can reduce our expenses one half?" added her husband, doubtfully."

"I think we shall be able to do so. Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and shall not need any more for a year at least. That will cut off considerable expense. Then there are a great many superfluities you are accustomed to buy—little things you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently—which I can do very well without. Then we can plainly have less pies and cakes; and I have no doubt it will be an improvement so far as health is concerned."

"What a calculator you are, Carrie;" said her husband, feeling considerably easier in his mind. "I really think after all you have said, that it won't be so hard to live on half our usual income—for the present, at least. But," and his countenance changed, "suppose my work should entirely fail! I suppose you could not reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?"

"That certainly surpasses my power," said the wife, smiling; "but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you?"

"Why, no; I didn't think of that," said her husband. "I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks."

"And in those few weeks," she added, "business might revive."

"To be sure," said her husband. "Well, I guess it'll be all right. I'll not trouble myself about it any longer."

The apprehensions to which Mr. Lynford had given expression proved to be only two well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded the limited supply of work which he had been able to secure had entirely failed, and he found himself without any work of any kind—thrown back on his own resources.

Although he had expected this, it seemed unexpected when it came upon him, and again he turned in a fit of discouragement. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had fallen upon him.

"And the worst of it is there is no hope of better times till spring."

"Do you think business will revive then?"

"It must by that time; there are five or six months between. I don't know how we are to live during that time."

"I do," said his wife quietly.

"You!" exclaimed her husband in surprise.

"Yes," your income has never been more than $600 or $700 a year, and I have no doubt we can live on $250."

"Yes, certainly; but where is the money to come from? I don't want to go in debt; and if I did I should not know where to borrow."

"Fortunately, there is no need of it," said Mrs. Lynford. "You seem to forget our little savings bank."

"And is it possible that it can amount to $250?" exclaimed Charles in surprise.

"Yes, and $600 more," said his wife.

"Impossible!"

"Wait a minute and I will prove it."

Caroline withdrew a moment and then reappeared with several certificates of bank and railroad shares amounting to $600, and a bank book in which a balance was deposited to her credit.

"Are you quite sure you haven't robbed a bank?" demanded Charles in amazement. Sure a dime a day has not produced this?"

"No; but two dimes a day have, with a little extra deposit, now and then I think, Charles, we shall be able to ward off starvation for a time."

"All this I owe to your prudence," said Charles, gratefully. "How can I repay you?"

Charles Lynford remained out of employment for some months, but in the spring, as he had anticipated, business revived, and he was in receipt of his old income.

More than two thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assiduous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantle-piece, and never fails to receive the deposit daily.

Not to Be Fooled Again.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I am thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and, leaping through an open window, scrambled up the turf-roof of the house, from which he could see the potato-field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the farm-yard where she was, and, finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time, the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated the outlook; but, on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing at him. On which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Fatal Indifference.

A New York Paper says of a bride and groom who wished to be thought old married folks: They had taken their seats in a drawing-room car, and according to a prearranged plan, almost ignored one another. He let her open the window and in a thousand and one ways showed his indifference. At last the bride dropped, at a time when every eye was upon her, a newspaper; he let her pick it up—fatal mistake, for from her bonnet, as she stooped, fell a shower of rice that had been thrown on them for good luck. Some of the people were mean enough to laugh out loud.

A Great Change.

Philadelphia Call: De Twirliger—"Have you seen Jones since he was married?"

Ponsonby—"No: why?"

De Twirliger—"He is changed from the dude he was."

Ponsonby—"Sub-dued now, I suppose."

Raleigh News and Observer: A singular murder has leaked out at Jonesboro. Nineteen years ago, in 1866, three white men, McDonald, McDuffie and Spivey, killed a negro boy. All three are Republicans, dyed in the wool. Lately they fell out and told on each other. The first two were arrested last week. Saturday Spivey was arrested and Saturday night Judge Walter Clark, en route to Harnett court, was met at Sanford by Spivey's counsel with an application for a habeas corpus. The writ was issued and the case is to be heard at Lillington. Spivey relies on the amnesty act.

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

How the Newsboy Stepped off a Fast Train.

"Practice makes perfect," observed the train boy as he folded and smoothed the newspapers that he had gathered from the seats, getting them ready to be sold again. "Practice makes perfect. If a railroad man jumps from a train when it is making twenty miles an hour he does pretty well if he keeps his feet, but I used to jump off the limited express on the New York Central when it was making fifty miles an hour. Did this time and again, and often with a basket of peanuts in my hand, never spilling a peanut."

"Go tell that to some greenhorn," remarked the brakeman, as he sneaked an orange into his overcoat pocket; "don't tell me any such lies. I know better."

"But it's the honest truth," insisted the train boy, "and I'll tell you how I did it. You are not too old to learn a thing or two, and now just keep your mouth shut and your ears open. I had a run on a Chicago special express. Every Saturday night I wanted to stop off at the town where my girl lived, but the express made no stop there. So I had to go up to Syracuse and there take the local train back. One day it occurred to me that by a little strategy I might get off the limited at that station and save all that time I noticed that just before we got to the station where my girl lived we always passed a local train running in the same direction we were and on the next track to us. Usually our train was just going a little faster than the local. So one day I locked up my box, put some candy in my pocket and got down on the lower step. Just as we caught up with the rear end of the local I stepped across to the lower step of the last car of the other train. It was just as easy as stepping from one freight car to another on the same train, even if we were making fifty miles an hour. In five minutes the local slacked up and stopped at the station, and there I was. Think about that a minute or two, you thick-headed stove-stoker, and don't be so fresh in telling your betters that they lie. Ten cents for that orange, please."

The Growth of Dakota.

The new census of Dakota is interesting. The returns from North Dakota indicate that in this portion of the Territory the population will exceed 150,000, while in 1880 the entire Territory contained but 135,177, and North Dakota had 36,465, showing an increase of 430 per cent. in five years. Fifteen years ago the entire population of Dakota was only 1,213. Total from schedules already completed, 123,836; the rest of North Dakota, estimated, 28,860; total for North Dakota 152,696.

This summary is liable to vary two or three thousand either way. The six counties in the Red River Valley show over one-half the total population, the amount being 80,962. These counties embrace about 7,725 square miles, or one-eighth of North Dakota, while the fifty other counties have a population of about 71,624.

The following is the population of some of the cities reported:

Fargo	7,591	Lisbon	[illegible]
Bismarck	3,167	Ellendale	573
Jamestown	2,382	La Moure	858

One feature is the small number of deaths. Everywhere the per cent is very small, but the following counties report no deaths: Foster, Eddy, Wells, Sumner, McIntosh, Stark, Villard, and Kidder. In many entries not even a case of sickness is reported. The number of farms reported is about 39,656 in North Dakota, against 17,435 in the entire Territory five years ago.

After Millions.

Thomas J. Malby, a Boston teacher, expects a huge fortune. He is about to go to Newfoundland and then to England to secure the Churchill estate of $35,000,000. Over 100 years ago Nicholas Churchill went to Newfoundland and engaged in the seal and cod fisheries. He was very prosperous and invested his surplus earnings in real estate in England and Newfoundland. At his death, about thirty years later, he left some $10,000,000 or $12,000,000 to his daughter, Elizabeth Churchill, a whimsical lady living in England. Elizabeth died without marrying. She was a good business woman and added much to the property. She died in 1876, at the age of 104 years. She left no will, and, as she was supposed to be without living relatives, it was thought that the vast property would revert to the crown. Mr. Malby began to make investigation. It took some time to establish the proofs, but he thinks he now has made out a clear case. Mrs. Malby, the mother of the claimant, was a niece of Nicholas Churchill and cousin to Elizabeth. Church records have been searched and dates and names copied and arranged so that the American family have little doubt of success.

An Angling Cat.

Henry Gallman owns a mill, and a man named Pruit attends to it. Pruit owns a large cat that, as soon as the mill is stopped by shutting down the gate, will immediately run down behind the mill and get on a log just over the sheeting over which the water is flowing. She will then look intently into the water, which is from eighteen inches to two feet deep, until she spies a fish; she then plunges into the water, frequently burying herself under it, but almost always coming out with a fish. She then quietly sits down on a rock near by and enjoys her meal.—*Charleston Courier.*

Journalistic Amenities.

[Kansas City Times.]

Scene—Dentist office in Topeka: beautiful maiden in chair, dentist and doctor on either side. Dentist loquitur:

"Doctor, the patient rallies and the chloroform has given out."

"Quick, the Commonwealth there! Hand it to me! (Reads:) 'The editor of the Commonwealth has been frequently asked, —Ha! thank God! she sleeps! Saved!"

Try It.

The Microscope describes a pretty experiment. Upon a slip of glass put a drop of liquid auric chloride or argentic nitrate, with half a grain of metallic zinc in the auric chloride, and copper in the silver. A growth of exquisite gold and silver ferns will form beneath the eye.

Rusty on French.

A baggageman in Castle Garden asked a French passenger where he was going, so as to have his baggage checked.

"Je ne sais pas" (I do not know), he replied.

"Genesee Falls?" interrupted the baggage-master.

The Supreme Court of British Columbia is the only place in America where the Judges and lawyers wear the wigs and gowns of English usage.

The bathing at the seashore resorts this year has generally lacked the eccentricity of costume remarkable in past years.

Saturday Night.

Saturday night has come. God bless Saturday night. Who amongst us does not? The thousand and one cares of the week, the troubles, anxieties and worries are all behind us. One day of rest is at length at hand, and to-morrow, thanks to an Infinite Providence, we need not labor or worry. "The world, the flesh and the devil," for one day must succumb to the holier, brighter and nobler impulses within us, and for one day at least recognize that while "six days shalt thou labor" the seventh is a day of rest. How many of us there are who look forward to Saturday night conscious that to-morrow is Sunday. That no labor, no toil, no slavery—to-morrow is ours; to us alone the day belongs—that for one day we, the great "unwashed," the component part of the untold millions, we, the busy, careless workers and laborers in the vineyards of money-grabbers and worshipers of mammon, with what feelings of relief do we welcome Saturday night? To-night is the eve of a temporary freedom which must endure till Monday morning, and in consequence the weight of oppressive care is lightened for forty-eight hours. Saturday night, or rather Saturday, is pay day. How we poor toilers look forward, counting hour by hour, fearful of losing even a moment's time when we shall hold within the palm of our hand the little sum which will enable us to enter the conflict refreshed, rested and hopeful again Monday morning. Ah! that blessed Saturday night. What does the little pitiful sum mean? What is it that induces toil week after week? What secret impelling force to renew the battle from day to day—to encounter again each successive morning the strife of the day before us, and morning and night grapple with the worries and anxieties and troubles, as they spring up in our path? Ah! let each of us speak for himself or herself. What would it all be were it not for the peace, rest and comfort promised on Saturday night? A frock for the little one—to-morrow papa will be home all day—mamma won't have to work; and if there are a few cents left, we'll take the little ones for a run in the bright, green woods, and in the peaceful, quiet shade breathe the pure air of God's own green earth, and in prayer and thankfulness return refreshed, renewed in spirit, and prepared to enter upon the struggle again, thanking a Divine Providence for that promise of a Saturday night whose Sunday shall be an all-enduring, everlasting and never-ending.—*Household.*

Label the Little Ones.

The anxiety so often caused by the wandering away of a little child from his usual familiar surroundings, or his being separated from his parents in a crowd, says a writer in Babyhood, is made unnecessarily distressing by the fact that usually he carries with him no certain means of identification. To label him with his full name and address would be so simple a precaution that it is surprising that it is not a universal practice. We brand our cattle, punch cabalistic characters in the web feet of our fowls, engrave dog collars, and scrupulously tag umbrellas and bunches of keys, while giving happen to our little speechless toddlers and ourselves should they stray into unknown streets or meet with some accident in the domains of strangers. In the customary marking of undergarments with indelible ink it would be but little more trouble to use the full name instead of initials, and on outer garments a convenient place could be selected—say the inside of the collar-band or of the end of the sleeve—where the full address could be placed. If every reader of Babyhood would adopt such a plan and recommend it to others there would be at once a beginning go far toward establishing a uniform custom, the usefulness of which would seem to be beyond question.

The Monkey Boy and Girl.

The household that possesses a monkey is to be envied—if, that is, it be the true, thoroughbred species. That this type represents the best physical variety of mankind would be bold to say, but the case might be argued. The monkey, as every one knows who is acquainted with it, is never ill. It has an "accident" daily, and would have a score if its quickness and activity were not almost equal to its wickedness. But "disorders" which we have cause to think natural to childhood are unknown. And when, as years pass, the animal develops human nature, it is the pride, the joy, the comfort of the home. The brightest boy at school, the most promising youth, the keenest and boldest and most successful man was the family "pickle." Not less striking, and much more interesting, is the transformation of the girl. It begins later, owing to the different position of the sexes, maybe; but when it comes, the idlest, least helpful of children proves to be the busiest of managers, most ingenious of housewives, tenderest of thoughtful friends and most loving of daughters, sisters, wives.—*London Standard.*

An Optical Delusion.

(Chicago Herald.)

"Talking about lightning," said a passenger from the West, "if you want to see lightning that's lightning, just go out into western Nebraska. That's where it lightnings for all that's out. But I'll never forget how I was fooled out there one day. A few days after I got there I was going across the prairie with a friend of mine, when I saw something that caused my hair to stand on end. It was a streak of lightning going across the prairie in leaps, as if it were an animal. My eye could hardly follow it, it went so fast. 'Well,' says I to my friend, 'that beats all the lightning ever I heard tell on. I've seen forked lightning and sheet lightning, and zig-zag lightning, but I never saw lightning following the ground like that.' "'That's where you're off,' says my friend; 'that ain't anything—that's a jack rabbit exercisin' hisself.'"

Fine Sense of Honor.

It is extremely refreshing to notice the fine sense of honor possessed by some of the rising generation of Virginia City. The Chronicle says that two youths met on C street when the following dialogue took place:

"I say, Bill, you got my knife?"

"No, I ain't."

"'Pon your word?"

"'Pon me word."

"'Pon your soul?"

"'Pon me soul."

"Hope you may die if you have?"

"Hope I may die if I have."

"You ain't got my knife?"

"I ain't got your knife."

The quarrel seemed to be still incredulous, but was on the point of giving it up in despair when a bright idea occurred to him, and he returned to the attack with,—

"'Pon your honor?"

"O," said the other, "now you touch me honor, take your dagged old knife," and he handed the article over.

"Well done, Bill," said his chum, "I allus knowed you was a honorable chap."

Some of the gamblers driven out of Chicago have established their games in boats beyond the city limits on the lake.

A girl at a Maine summer resort carves skulls and crossbones on the trees thereabouts, but in other respects is normally frivolous and blithesome.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

HER LITERARY TASTE.

They sat in the library alcove,
And they gazed at the hundreds of books,
And she gave, in exchange for his sighings,
The sweetest and shyest of looks.

"Here are volumes of very great value,
And you," he remarked, "are well versed;
Now supposing a fire should break out here,
Which book would you try to save first?"

"I would seize"—and she grew quite excited
And then she grew terribly calm—
"I would seize papa's pocketbook first, sir;
That's the kind of a book-worm I am!"

A North Carolina man shot his head off to cure a ring worm on his neck.

Genuine butter can be bought in Iowa at seven cents per pound, and the cows grin at the lardine factories.

Reform at Niagara has not yet hurt the hackmen, who are still permitted to charge $2.50 an hour.

At the annual sale of yearling colts from Winter's stable in Sacramento, fifteen colts sold for nearly $14,000.

The polygamists of Utah now introduce one woman as "the wife" and the others as her "companions," and the law is put out over the trick.

A grand-nephew of Bonaparte lives in Baltimore and has so much of the fighting blood in his veins that no one dares tread on his coattails.

A fool in a Kansas village brushed his hair upright and stood still for a noted marksman to shoot off the ends of it. A scalp wound was the consequence.

A reformed burglar delivered a lecture to a large and sympathetic audience in Oregon, and a confederate picked up eleven wallets while the crowd was filing in and out.

A Vermont girl went into a meadow to sketch a cow. The cow happened to be an old one with a ring in her nose, and they picked the girl up on the side of a seven rail fence.

South Carolina is the only state in the Union in which an old gander who has outlived his usefulness can be coaxed to set on hens' eggs and bring forth the Spring chickens.

Michigan has a judge who says from the bench: "Any girl foolish enough to marry a drinking man should be compelled to live out her days with him, no matter what the abuse."

A remarkable bedstead made to order by a Milwaukee furniture firm is twenty-four feet wide and has nine compartments, each intended to hold one of the purchaser's children.

A Chicago girl had two suitors. She angered one by going for an evening walk in a park with the other. The enraged chap borrowed the uniform of a policeman, lay in wait for the sentimental couple, and arrested the favored lover for kissing the maiden. The fraud was not discovered, for it was dark, until the offender had begged for mercy and paid a

A horse that kicks from being touched by the whiffletree or other substance touching him should be immediately taken out of the vehicle and allowed to kick until he becomes tired. The whiffletree should be padded so as not to seriously injure him. It may then be lowered so as to touch his heels when he moves. When he ceases to kick he is generally cured entirely. The remedy may seem severe, but a kicking horse is worthless, because always most dangerous. In lieu of the whiffletree a sack stuffed with hay may be suspended so it will touch his heels in the stable. But a confirmed kicker should be sold to work in a heavy team where he cannot do much harm.

Facts about Meat.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

Over-done beef or mutton is quite as indigestible as hard-boiled eggs; it should be well cooked to be healthful, but rather inclining to under-done. Roasting retains the juices of the meat; boiling does not, but the liquor in which meat has been boiled may be used as soup. Made dishes are not so wholesome or easily digested as joints, and if much flavouring or rich sauces be used they are bad indeed for the dyspeptic. Veal does not suit the dyspeptic well. The fat of beef is digestible, that of mutton less so, and that of game apt to disagree. Much of the flavor of meat lies in the fat immediately beneath the skin.

A word about *vegetables*. The potato is king of them, but very seldom well cooked. Potatoes ought to be very well mashed, then stirred with a little milk till as white as snow and as smooth withal. All green vegetables are better mashed, and they should be eated separately, and not with the meat. They ought to form a dish, indeed, and might often take the place of soup with great advantage to the diner.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

How to Double Your Money.

In return for ten cents and a postage stamp a New York swindler sends to the unsophisticated the following valuable information in a cheap unsealed manila envelope, and is printed on a slip of the cheapest white paper:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your esteemed favor of recent date, asking us to teach you "how to double your money?"—

We will tell you a plan for gaining wealth,
Better than banking, trading, or leases;
Take a new green back and fold it up,
And then you will find your wealth increases.

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,
Keeps your cash in your hands and with nothing to trouble it;
And every time that you fold it across
'Tis plain as the light of day that you double it.

How Rosalind Was Aroused.

The birds were carolling forth their overtures to the rising sun, which electrified each dewdrop into a sparkling diamond. It was nature's awakening hour, and Rosalind McGush aroused herself, and gazing form the casement of her boudoir soliloquized:

"Isn't it beautiful! How warm and delightful the morning's haze rests upon yon eastern hill. I would compose a symphony on the occasion"——

"Rosy! Rosy!" sounded a sharp voice at the foot of the stairs. "You've got to milk them cows this mornin'. Your father's got the sciatics."

Taking the Chances.

"Do you know," said George, warningly, "that in this extremely hot weather two or three dishes of this ice cream might prove fatal?"

"I haven't a doubt of it," replied Clara, "but it would be a happy death to die."

A Fashionable Boarding House.

"What class of boarders have you?" he asked of the landlady while looking at the fourth floor back; "fashionable people?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "some of the biggest bugs in town board with me."

Never Again.

A gentleman said to a minister:

"When do you expect to see Deacon Smithe again?"

"Never," said the reverend gentleman solemnly. "The deacon is in heaven."

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless, he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it—Ruskin.

There are 250 patients in the Insane Asylum at Raleigh.

MY SWEETHEART.

I, too, have a sweetheart—pray cease your deriding;
You were singing last night, "Love can never grow old."
Do you think just because my old poll is so frosty
My pulses are sluggish, my heart has grown cold?

Well, well, laugh away, I care not for your jeering—
I have my own sweetheart, my daintiest dear.
When she comes through the meadow grass, singing so gaily,
The birds cease their carolings only to hear.

The grasses wave round her, the blossoms bow to her,
All doing her homage, all kissing her feet;
And wild timid creatures in woodland recesses
Lose fear at her coming and leave their retreat.

She is rich and her wealth without stint, without measure;
She wears in her tresses bright, chimmering gold;
She has pearls, whitest pearls, and her red lips disclose them
When the smiles chase the dimple her rosy cheeks hold.

With eyelids half shut I can see she's debating
As to whether I sleep, with comical quiz;
I smile, and her white arms go up in a twinkling,
And her cheek is laid close to my wrinkled old phiz.

O, she is my sweetheart, my merriest of maidens,
And how much I love her I never can say;
She's my darling, my pride, and my heart's dearest treasure.
Her age? Do you ask it? She's six come next May.

Bad Habits of Horses.

Among the tricks or rather habits acquired by horses in the stable, resting one shoe upon the other hoof, lying in the gangway, rolling in the stall, and kicking are among the worst. In the first, the horse if suddenly startled is apt to bring the resting-foot down suddenly, often seriously injuring the coronet.

The remedy is a boot covering the part likely to be most injured. Lying in the gangway may be prevented by placing a bale or rope behind the horse, preventing him from backing up. Standing in the gangway may be prevented by the same means.

Rolling is the most difficult to cure. The most feasible plan is to keep the skin of the horse free from sweat and dirt, which induce itching; and also to allow the animal to roll in soft ground when sweaty and tired. A roomy stall, with sides slanting up to the perpendicular walls, will also prevent this, but a box-stall will be the best preventative. Severe strains of the loins, even fracture of the hip bones, and other disabilities, are often the result of rolling in the stall. Lying in the stalls, at the extreme length of the halter, results in strains and sprains in the attempt to rise.

Kicking is one of the worst vices to which a horse can become addicted. If the habit is not inveterate it is cured by hanging a sack well stuffed with hay so it may strike the animal in the rebound from the kick. Let him kick this innocent to quit forever.

Spiritualism.

That famous Methodist, the Rev. Dr. D. D. Whedon, had, shortly before his death, evolved a curious theory as to disembodied spirits. His idea was that the entire nervous system in a human being, not contents of the cranium alone, constituted the mind. Therefore, the ramifications of the nerves, forming in themselves a shape conforming exactly to that of the whole figure, made the soul of man just like his body so far as configuration was concerned. He believed that at death this contour and semblance of the dead body separated itself and became the eternal form of the spirit, visible to its fellows, and, under some conditions, to terrestrial folks. Dr. Whedon described how the soul gets out of the body. "Emerging upward," he says, "the spirit awakes into the pure ether—a blessed atmosphere. This paradisiac ether is an effluence from the divine essence and the emancipated soul bathes, swims, lives in its own genial and native element. Paradise thus pervades our air above and around us, and at death the spirit enters thereinto as through a veil." He intimated that apparitions are glimpses of the beings of this close by but usually invisible world. "Even the resurrected body of Christ," he says, "walked through the solid wall of the house, and first revealed itself to His disciples at the table." He called these beings angeloids, and argued that they leave behind them, in the discarded corpse, the baser attributes. The pertinency of Wheden's theory to modern spiritualism lies in it harmony with the alleged phenomena of materialization. It has been seized upon by several of the professional mediums, and in some of the seances forms in semblance comporting with the conditions of his angeloids, have been shown to astonish deciples.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent excitements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm come—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous achievements, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

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RESUMED.

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