

When We're Alone.

When we're alone, Louise and I, She, somehow, sees us afraid and shy; She talks of books and hobbies art, And if I hint that I've a heart She flutters and prepares to fly.

I look at her oftentimes and sigh, And mark her grace and wonder why She seeks to play so cold a part When we're alone.

If others chance to linger nigh She heedlessly informs me by Her glances that she feels the smart Left by the keen, delicious dart— Then turns the cup and leaves it dry, When we're alone.

-S. E. Kiser.

An Officious Censor.

A Russian press censor named Krassovsky, in the reign of Nicholas I, was the bugbear of poets. He not only blacked out all that he did not approve, but he often favored the poet with criticism. A poet named Olline wrote the following verses, and was rewarded with the following criticisms by the censor:

What bliss to live with thee, to call thee mine, My love; thou art pearl of all creation! To catch upon thy lips a smile divine, Or gaze at thee in rapturous adoration.

Censor—Rather strongly put. Woman is not worthy for her smile to be called divine.

Surrounded by a crowd of foes and spies, When so-called friends would make me part, Thou didst not listen to their slanderous lies, But thou didst understand the longings of my heart.

Censor—You ought to have stated the exact nature of these longings. It is no matter to be trifled with, sir; you are talking of your soul.

Let envy hurl her poisoned shafts at me, Let hatred persecute and curse, Sweet girl, one loving look from thee Is worth the sufrage of the universe.

Censor—Indeed?!! You forget that the universe contains czar, kings and other legal authorities whose good will is well worth cultivating—I should think!

Come, let us fly to desert, distant parts, Far from the madding crowd to rest at last, True happiness to find when our (two) hearts Together beat forgetful of the past.

Censor—The thoughts here expressed are dangerous in the extreme, and ought not to be disseminated, for they evidently mean that the poet declines to continue his service to the czar, so as to be able to spend all his time with his beloved.—Current Literature.

When Rocketteller Worsted Hanna.

The venerable teacher of Cleveland's original high school, Andrew J. Freese, had many pupils who became famous. Two of these were Marcus A. Hanna and John D. Rockefeller. John was quiet and studious, while Mark was inclined to fight as a means of daily exercise. Young Rockefeller stood watching the other boys at play one day in the open space in front of the schoolhouse. Hanna spied him and tried to draw him out of his habitual reserve by throwing apples and sticks at him. John only smiled—until a particularly large apple struck him on the nose. His reserve seemed to vanish at once, for he walked up to his schoolmate, rolled up his sleeves and gave Hanna the worst trouncing he had ever received. Afterward the two became great friends. Senator Hanna, however, even to this day, is just a little shy of getting into decided opposition to the quiet man of millions.

The romance of John D. Rockefeller's life had its inception in this humble schoolhouse. Lucy Spellman was a pupil there, a bright, winsome, sensible girl, who studied hard and entertained an ambition to become a school teacher when she should grow to woman's estate. Little did she dream in those days that the slender but manly young fellow who escorted her back and forth to her home would make her the richest woman in the world and happier than a queen.—Success.

Atlanta's Carnegie Library.

There is in this city no more beautiful building than the home of the Carnegie library now nearly completed. Its architecture and its workmanship make it an ornament to Atlanta. It is built of Georgia marble, which is now in demand throughout the United States for great and elegant structures.

The library building will soon be thrown open to the public. Mr. Carnegie has made three donations to this institution, aggregating \$150,000. Atlanta's city government has contracted to give \$5,000 a year toward the support of the library.—Atlanta Journal.

She—"But I can't cook, and I hate to wash dishes." He—"Then I am decidedly the one you should marry. I can't afford to buy anything to cook, and so we won't need dishes."—Ex.

The World Loves a Lover.

Recently the newspapers have been filled with an "English" woman's love letters. These have been widely read, not, it must be confessed, because they were particularly attractive, but for the reason that "all the world loves a lover" and there is no lover whom the world loves so much as the devoted husband or wife.

Bismarck, "The man of Iron," was the kind of lover whom the world delights to honor. Recently the love letters of Prince Bismarck have been published. The following are interesting extracts:

"My Love—I have just received your letter with much pleasure, and have read it in a very tiresome committee meeting held to consider the punishment of people who try to corrupt the soldiers. Hair-splitting lawyers and would-be orators enlarge upon the simple question that I can't prevent my thoughts from wandering, and I give them a free course to you, my angel, whither your dear little letter points the way."

"You must look with contempt on every one who does not know enough to appreciate your merit; and to every one who has not yet proposed to you, or would not at least like to, you must say, 'Sir, the fact is that Herr von B. loves me, and this proves that every male person who does not adore me is a blockhead without discernment.' Why should not Lepsius worship you? 'Tis his duty and obligation. Don't be insultingly modest, as though I, after wandering around among the rose-gardens of North Germany for ten years, had finally grabbed at a buttercup with both hands."

"I am genuinely homesick and long to be with you quietly in Schoenhausen. Have you received the ribbon for Annchen?"

"On reaching the village I felt more distinctly than ever before what a beautiful thing it is to have a home—a homewith which one is identified by birth, memory and love. The sun shone bright on the trim houses of the villagers, and their portly inmates in long coats and the gayly dressed women in short skirts gave me a much more friendly greeting than usual; on every face there seemed to be a wish for my happiness, which I invariably converted into thanks to you."

"My Sweetest, Dearest Heart—Why so sad? for it is pleasant in foreign lands, but I can hardly restrain my tears when I think of the quiet country life with you, and all that goes with it; the life that will probably be a thing of distant dreams to me for some time to come and which just now appears more charming than ever. Why do you talk of a long separation, my angel? Do accustom yourself to the idea that you must go out with me into the winter of the great world; how am I to warm myself otherwise?"

There is nothing more beautiful than the love between husband and wife, and the older they become the more beautiful seems their affection. In New York recently, a couple, both of whom were more than 90 years of age, were in dire financial straits. It was suggested that they be sent to the poor house, but owing to the rules of that institution that would have necessitated a separation. They pleaded to be permitted to remain in one another's company and finally the New York Journal took up the case and made provision for them so that the 90 year old lovers will be permitted to remain together until their death.

Such a case as this would offer a great opportunity for men of wealth, who, like Mr. Carnegie, do not want to be disgraced by dying rich. A little money expended in behalf of such people would go very far toward what Mr. Carnegie calls "the making of the soul."—Bryan's Commoner.

Old Soldier's Experience.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 25c at Hood Bros. drug store.

The difference between the editor and his wife is that she sets things to right and he writes things to set.

Literary Notes.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald. Mr. Ernest McGaffey, the Chicago poet, has been appointed by Mayor Harrison to a city office which pays a salary of \$4,000 a year. We regret to be compelled to add that Mr. McGaffey's appointment was made not as a recognition of his splendid merits as a poet, but because he is a Democrat and as such has a considerable following in his ward.

Mr. Winston Churchill announces that he has about completed another historical novel, and that Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant and William Tecumseh Sherman are to figure in it. Mr. Churchill would doubtless have chucked Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson in if he could have had a little more time. It is reported, however, that he received the following telegram from his publishers a few days ago: "Chop it where you are. Mob outside howling for the new book. We can't hold out much longer. First edition, 960,000 copies."

The author of "The Helmet of Navarre" is a young lady who is only a little more than 20 years old. The story has an average of two bloody fights to the page. It is alleged that Miss Runkle fainted the other day when her mother's cook cut her thumb with the potato knife.

Some publisher is missing a golden opportunity in neglecting to bring out "The Love Letters of Brigham Young."

Homer had to beg. Dante was poor. Milton died in obscurity. Goldsmith often went to bed hungry, and Poe never knew what a \$20 bill looked like. Not one of the gentlemen named ever wrote a historical novel, a series of love letters or a book of animal stories, so they had only themselves to blame.

A Chicago writer agreed a short time ago to write a novel for a New York publishing firm. The negotiations were conducted by wire. When all other matters had been agreed upon, it having been stipulated that the first edition was to be 100,000 copies or more, the author telegraphed: "What shall I write about?" The answer of the publishers was: "Suit yourself, only the fights must all be with swords. Our readers like that kind best. Can't you work in the Billy Patterson episode some way?"

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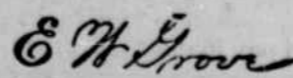
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Mr. Spiers' seven-room house recently occupied by Prof. Parker is for rent. A good well of water and a very desirable place. BEATY & HOLT, Smithfield, N. C.

Exodus of Congressmen to the Philippines.

There will be a very exodus of Congressmen to those new perplexities in governmental affairs, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, during the coming summer. Congressman Cooper, walking down from the Capitol, after the defeat of his pet measure, an appropriation for a congressional commission, raised his hat to cool his well-shaped head, and said: "We are going just the same. How can you expect members of Congress to serve on the Insular Committees and vote understandingly upon these questions without a most intimate personal knowledge of the situations and conditions? I am going to spend all my time until Congress meets in December in getting at the facts."

Representative Cooper is chairman of the House Insular Committee and stated that over fifty members of Congress will visit the Philippines before the next session. Chairman J. A. T. Hull of the House Military Committee is also among the number who are disposed to "see for themselves."—Joe Mitchell Chapple in "The National Magazine" for May.



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She Sang Just the Same.

Senator Vest's most famous anecdote is that of Miss Bertie Allendale. It was told when the two chambers were arrayed against each other on the tariff of 1894, and the House was insisting that the country would go without any tariff act unless the Senate were prepared to forego its own schedules and adopt those of the House.

"In my younger days out West," said Mr. Vest, "I went into a variety theatre one night. 'Miss Bertie Allendale,' remarked the manager, appearing in one of the interludes, 'who has entranced two hemispheres with her wonderful vocal powers, will now render, in her own inimitable style, that exquisite vocal selection 'Down in the Valley.'"

"A gentleman in a red flannel shirt arose in the midst of the audience and exclaimed in an impressive bass voice: 'Oh, thunder! Miss Allendale can't sing for green apple!'"

"The manager who had started to leave the stage, halted and turned. An ugly light flashed from the eye which swept the audience and finally rested on the face of the interrupter. Raising one shoulder higher than the other, and letting one hand drift significantly toward his hip pocket, and thrusting his nether jaw forward in a savage way, he observed with a deliberateness which emphasized every syllable: "Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Miss Bertie Allendale will sing 'Down in the Valley.'"

"And she did sing. So, likewise, nevertheless and notwithstanding the Senate schedules will stand."—St. Louis Republic.

Childhood of Great Men.

In a statistical investigation of the early life of fifty great men of the present century, it was found that while they are absent-minded, generally speaking, their memories are very strong in the things they are interested in. In childhood they seem to be more imaginative than average children. It is generally said that a great man owes his success to his mother's influence, but there are many exceptions. They were influenced much by some one person, and the mother's place was often supplied by that of an aunt or relative. The child born of parents in the prime of physical life probably has the better chance of greatness, for the average age of the fathers when the great man-child was born was about thirty-eight, and that of the mothers thirty. The average number of children in the families was six. Eleven of the great men were only sons, and sixteen youngest sons; that is, in all over fifty per cent. If it is important to study the criminal to find the causes of crime and thereby know best how to prevent or lessen it, it is perhaps more needful to study great men in order to learn those conditions and characteristics which make them great.—Everybody's Magazine.

What is Known of the Planet Mars.

What is known and what has been variously theorized concerning the planet Mars would make a picturesque and interesting volume. That the planet comes at fixed intervals within studiable distance of the earth has given it a special prominence. It has been mapped, photographed, measured, and is better known in its geographical aspects than any other planet. Its more intimate study began with the astronomer Huyghens, in the reign of Louis XIV. The discovery of certain geographical markings which we suppose to be seas and of certain straight lines covering the surface of the planet and apparently connecting them, lines now known as the canals of Mars and responsible for many of our theories concerning its inhabitants, was made soon after.—"The National Magazine" for May.

Prize Winners in Every Line.

American mines, forges, oil wells, mills, bridges, engines and machinery of all sorts take the first prizes and are the acknowledged models and exemplars from pole to pole and all around the equator. James Russell Lowell once wrote of a certain condensation in foreigners. Uncle Sam has achieved so many triumphs that he may now possibly take on a certain air of condensation toward other peoples. That would be an unfortunate mistake, but it would only be natural in present circumstances.—New York Tribune.

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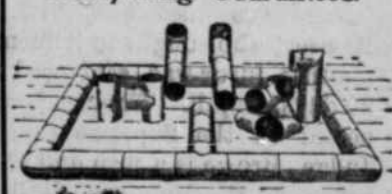
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