

# ROANOKE BEACON.

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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. FLETCHER AUBSON, EDITOR.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 31.

## Directory.

### STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alliance.  
Secretary of State, Octavious Oaks, of Wake.  
Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake.  
Auditor, Geo. W. Sanderlin, of Wayne.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sidney M. Finger, of Catawba.  
Attorney General, Thos. F. Davidson, of Brunswick.

### COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

County Clerk, Levi Blount.  
Deputy Sheriff, D. Spruill.  
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.  
Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.  
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.  
Commissioners, J. J. Barr, W. C. Marriner, B. D. Latham, Jas. Skittles and M. A. Litchfield.  
Board of Education, Thos. S. Armstrong, T. H. Thompson, J. E. Norman.  
Superintendent of Health, Dr. E. L. Cox.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. Luther Eborn.

### CITY.

Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Bryan.  
Treasurer, E. K. Latham.  
Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker.  
Councilmen, E. M. Latham, G. R. Bateman, D. O. Binkley, J. F. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Lowe and Alfred Chisler.

### CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist - Rev. W. H. Moore, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8. Sunday school at 9 a. m. J. F. Norman, Superintendent.  
Baptist - Rev. J. F. Tattle, pastor. Services every 1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. J. W. Bryan, Superintendent.  
Episcopal - Rev. Luther Eborn, pastor. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. L. E. Egan, Superintendent.

### MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Meets Tuesday after the first Monday of each month. Dr. H. R. Murray, Chairman.

### LODGE.

K. of E. of Plymouth Lodge No. 2508 - Meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights in each month. W. H. Hampton, Dictator. N. B. Yeager, Fin. Reporter.  
K. of E. of M. of Roanoke Lodge - Meets 2d and 4th Thursday nights in each month. J. F. Norman, Dictator. N. B. Yeager, Fin. Reporter.  
I. O. O. F. Esperanza Lodge, No. 28 meets every Tuesday night at Bush's Hall. J. W. Bryan, M. G. L. F. Houston, Sec'y.

### COLORED.

### CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist - Rev. A. B. Hicks, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. E. Mitchell, Superintendent.  
Methodist - Rev. C. B. Hogans, pastor. Services every 1st and 3d Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 2 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. M. S. Wiggins, Superintendent; J. W. McDonald, Secretary.  
1st Baptist, New Chapel - Services every Sunday at 11 and 3 p. m. Rev. S. B. Knight, pastor. Sunday school every Sunday.  
2d Baptist, Zion's Hill - H. H. Norman, pastor. Preaching every 4th Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday. Moses Wynn, Superintendent.

### LODGE.

Masons, Carthagian - Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S. Lowe, M. A. Everett, Secretary.  
G. U. O. of O. F. Meridian Shod Lodge 1624 - Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month at 7 o'clock. E. F. Seabury, M. G. J. W. McDonald, P. S.  
Christopher A. Cook Lodge, K. of L. Meets every 1st Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock.  
Burying Society meets every 2d Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock. J. M. Walker, Secretary.

## Roper Directory.

### CIVIL.

Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Cheson.  
Constable, Aaron Caboon.

### CHURCHES.

Methodist, Rev. J. C. Finlayson, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock (except the first) and every Sunday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:30. L. G. Roper, Superintendent.  
Episcopal, Rev. Luther Eborn, pastor. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Thos. F. Blount, Superintendent; W. H. Daily, Secretary.

### LODGE.

Roper Masons Lodge, A. F. & A. M. No. 443, meets in their hall at R. per. N. C. at 7:30 p. m. 1st and 3d Tuesday after 1st Sunday. J. L. Savage, W. M. E. L. Williams, Secretary.

### Important to Ladies.

Sir-I made one of your PILLS FOR WOMEN with my last child, in order to procure a safe and easy travail. I used it about two months before my expected time, until I was taken sick, and I had a very quick and easy confinement. Nothing occurred to detract my convenience, and I got about in less time than was usual for me. I think it a medicine that should be used by every expectant mother, for should they but try it as I have, they would never again be without it at such times. I am yours respectfully, Mrs. ELIZABETH BAKER.  
Any merchant or druggist can procure RILEY'S PILLS FOR WOMEN for \$1 a bottle. CHARLES F. RILEY, Wholesale Drugist, 62 Cortlandt St., New York.

## AUTUMN SIGNS.

BY J. S. R. HAZZARD.

Oh! if I were a poet,  
Could sing with poet's tongue,  
I'd write in rhythmic measures  
The song to me you sing.

Sang at my chamber window  
On that October day,  
That watched my eyes to slumber  
While I lay, listless lay.

You sometimes whisper'd softly  
In sweet pathetic sighs,  
Just like a loving mother  
Would hush her lullabies.

Then in a louder voice  
You'd tell your sorrowful tale,  
And I would listen close  
To a low, another's wail.

And now you sadly murmur,  
How pit-on you mean,  
A-fear your leaving home  
Hope has forever flown.

Then in the wildest passion  
You sob a muffled sob,  
That's in a moment follow'd  
By transient silent sob.

Again the shutters rattle,  
And you sob and sigh,  
You seem so broken hearted,  
Why do you sob and cry?

Just then you shilly whistled,  
And suddenly shook the vision  
That chamber round my couch  
One, in the distance twined.

You are so very fitful  
I can't divine your mood,  
You'll sigh in sweetest phrase,  
Then angry grow, and rade.

## ALL IS THE FAMILY.

Annie was very pretty; next to Lissa, Lissa was the best-looking girl in the valley, and that ought to have counted for something; but other girls were occasionally courted and married, and Lissa was twenty-five, and still, to quote her mother again, she hadn't "made her market."

Now, it certainly was hard that Annie should be the one to suffer most from her sister's misfortune, but such was the case; for Lissa, McPike and his wife were firm in the determination that their younger daughter should not marry till the oldest was provided for.

It was in vain that Annie assailed her parents with prayers and complaints. "No," said her mother; "I've seen too much of the youngest girls marryin' first."

"I've seen the same thing," said Lissa. "At once the oldest girl gets a name of not bein' wanted, she never is wanted."

Now, among Annie's admirers was one, young Joe Perkins, whom she found worthiest of her regard. Joe was twenty-six years old, very good-looking, and had what Annie considered very superior manners.

He managed his father's farm on shares, and besides had forty acres of land and a span of horses all his own. Annie was very proud and fond of him, and she believed he returned her feeling in an equally liberal degree. Whenever opportunity offered they discussed Lissa's chances and their own. To Annie a runaway match appeared better than apparently hopeless waiting; but Joe never suggested it, and she was a modest girl and waited for him to make advances.

Annie had retired at 7 o'clock, under pretense of not feeling well, but really with the intention of reading an innocent novel which Joe had lent her, but of which she knew her parents would disapprove. Lissa sat with her father and mother, doing some kind of fancy-work with her plump fingers.

There came a knock at the front door, and Mr. McPike admitted a tall, handsome young man, whom he recognized, having seen him several times before, as Peter Doolittle, the new teacher of the valley school. Lissa presented Mr. Doolittle to his wife and daughter, after which events took place best reported by Lissa, who, at 10:30 o'clock, burst in upon Annie, who had fallen asleep over her book.

"Goodness, Lissa!" cried Annie, "what's the matter? You look awfully excited."

"Annie," said Lissa, "who do you suppose has been here?"

"No," Mr. Doolittle, the new teacher. He came over to get acquainted."

"Oh, Lissa, did he? Tell me all about it. What is he like? Did you talk to him?"

"Well, you see, ma and me was kind of flustered at first, seeing him so unexpected; but you know what

a talker pa is.

"Well, pa talked, and the teacher talked to him; but once in a while he'd look at me and say something, and after awhile I could have talked back, but pa kept talking so much—I think pa kind of forgot about me at first."

"I'm bound to say it isn't often that pa does forget."

"After awhile ma went into the kitchen to set the bread raisin', and pretty soon she called pa out and told him to set down there or go to bed, and give me a show. Well, after a little, I got so I could talk to him pretty well, and we got acquainted; and, Annie, what do you think? Mr. Doolittle thinks I'm you."

"Thinks you're me, Lissa? What on earth are you talking about?"

"It's a fact, Annie. You see, he isn't much acquainted round here, and some way he's got us mixed. I don't mean that he thinks my name is Annie and yours Lissa, but he thinks I'm the youngest, and the one that gets all the notice."

"Oh, Lissa, how awful of you! You know you tried to fool him."

"No, not exactly, Annie; it's his own mistake. And now, Annie, if he gets to liking me before he knows I'm not you, perhaps he won't mind after he does find out, and will keep on liking me; and that's what I thought the minute I see what he'd got into his head. And I want you to help me out, Annie; it'll be as good for you and Joe as for me."

Then Lissa got into bed, and the two girls laid their fair heads together on Annie's pillow and plotted against the school-teacher's peace.

The next day the school-teacher became a member of the McPike household. Lissa smiled on him and looked her sweetest, while Annie wore her most unbecoming dress and a more unbecoming manner.

It was plain to all that Mr. Doolittle was attracted to Lissa. Annie observed him furtively, and after a while, began to speculate about him. She had long been used to frank and direct admiration, and in this instance she felt that she was being loved by proxy, as it were.

Annie took her book, and again went early to bed, and when Sunday morning came the school-teacher drove Lissa to church, where their presence created something of a sensation. Again, in the evening, Annie retired early, and again was roused by Lissa.

"Joe came, Annie," said Lissa, "but I thought I'd best not call you, he might have given things away somehow."

"We'll have to tell him what we're up to," said Annie. "I expect Joe felt bad because I wasn't there."

"I told him you wasn't feeling very well. He stayed real late, though. I got along fine, Annie. I believe Mr. Doolittle thinks I'm just right, and I guess Mr. Joe opened his eyes a little. He sees somebody can like me, after all, and I shouldn't wonder if he tells Ben and Halsey."

Annie sat straight up in bed and stared fixedly at the opposite wall.

"What's the matter, Annie?" said Lissa.

"Nothing," said Annie, rather shortly and lay flat down again.

"Do you know, Annie," said Lissa, "Mr. Doolittle is quite a singer—I suppose you heard him at the organ—and he says he's going to get up a singing class, just for fun, you know, so we can all have a good time. He's going to send word to everybody to come to a school-house tomorrow night. If you'd just stay at home, Annie, it would help matters along an awful sight. Will you?"

"Yes," said Annie, rather faintly. "I'll stay. I guess I'll send word to Joe to come and spend the evening with me."

When evening came, and Lissa and Mr. Doolittle had gone, Annie made herself look as pretty as possible, and waited for Joe.

But she waited in vain. Joe did not put in an appearance, and at 9 o'clock, weary and disappointed, Annie went to bed. She could not sleep, however, and when Lissa came home, happy and triumphant, she found Annie still awake.

"Joe didn't come," said Annie. "Have you seen anything of him?"

"Yes," said Lissa. "Joe was at the class. He had to go after some cattle this afternoon, and when he got back it was too late to come here, so he came to the class to see how we were getting along. He told me he was real sorry you didn't come."

And this, with the rest of Lissa's account, had the effect of keeping Annie awake an hour or so longer.

The next day she was dejected and abstracted.

By the time Mr. Doolittle returned

in the evening her dejection had vanished, but her abstraction remained to such an extent that, meeting him suddenly, she flashed a brilliant smile at him, and talked to him for several minutes with considerable animation before she recollected her duty to Lissa.

"Why can't she always be like that?" wondered the teacher.

On the next Thursday evening there was to be a social at the minister's house, and again Lissa begged Annie to remain at home.

"If you go," she said, "they'll all be crowding round you, and I don't want the teacher to see me neglected."

"I'll stay," said Annie, "but I'll make sure of Joe this time. I'll send him word today, and he can lay his plans accordingly. Then I'll have good talk with him and tell him how things are going."

But the note Annie sent her lover was rather sharp in tone, it seemed to him, and he was disappointed because she didn't want to go to the social.

"It's downright unreasonable," thought Joe. "I guess I'll go for a while, anyhow, and then I'll ride over to see Annie."

At 8 o'clock Annie was sitting with her father and mother, her cheeks burning and her eyes glittering. The conviction had forced itself upon her that Joe was not coming.

"He ain't, pa, I know he ain't! He's gone to the social. Pa, I'm going, too! I'm bound to see what's going on!"

"It's too late, and you musn't think o' such a thing."

"I'm going! Get out the cutter, pa—I'm going!"

To tell the truth, Lissa and his wife felt a certain sympathy for their youngest daughter; and they were not without a feeling of curiosity to discover how Lissa was really getting along, and what kind of an appearance she made as a possible belle.

So, after some discussion, they decided to humor Annie. The mother announced her intention of going, too, and not more than half an hour elapsed before they reached the parsonage.

The noise of their entrance was drowned by the merry confusion in the parlor, and, the door being open, Lissa and his wife and daughter had a full view of the company, and were not themselves observed.

Lissa was looking her prettiest, the school-teacher leaning over her chair as if calling her attention to something. Halsey Powers sat on a hassock in front of her, leaning back, his large red hands clasped over one knee and an unmistakable look of interest and admiration on his face; and—could it be Joe?—yes, Joe was sitting beside her, and they were talking and laughing together as if they had been the best of friends all their lives.

Annie gave a little gasp and her mother was stricken dumb.

When Annie came into the parlor a little later, Joe sidled up to her and began to murmur excuses. He had only intended to stay a little while—he had certainly meant to visit her that evening—he had no idea how fast time was going—and so on. Annie stopped him with a haughty gesture.

"I've done with you, Joe Perkins!" said she, and walked across the room. Then she sat down and reviewed the situation.

Annie is the evening pass without exerting herself to be agreeable or disagreeable. Halsey Powers and Ben Hight would have approached her, perhaps, but the expression of her face was such as to make a snubbing pretty certain.

She was glad to go home; once there, she went to bed and cried bitterly. Lissa tried to reason with her, but Annie got as far away from her sister as possible, and having cried until she could cry no more, finally fell asleep.

Joe called the next day and made some advances toward a reconciliation; but it led to a violent quarrel. She gave him an unqualified dismissal, and a few days later he proposed to Lissa in the face of the school-teacher's attention, and was accepted.

"Now, Annie," said her father, jealously, "trot out one of the rest of 'em and we'll have a double wedding!"

Annie smiled rather faintly, and, putting on her hat and cloak, went for a walk. The November air was bracing and the snow-crop under foot. After all, Joe was not worth a thought, and it certainly was a mercy that Lissa was going to be married.

She had walked a mile or so when a sudden turn in the road brought her face to face with Mr. Doolittle.

Annie had given him a smile, as indeed she had done quite frequently of late, and

now she blushed deeply.

"It's strange," thought he, "I was almost sure that I loved Miss Lissa, now I'm wondering if it isn't Miss Annie."

Annie kept up a cheerful train of talk, and, by the time they reached the house and she had given him a parting smile and tripped lightly upstairs, it was all over with Mr. Doolittle.

When the school-teacher proposed to her, Annie gave him both her little hands.

"Peter Doolittle" said she, "the day that Joe and Lissa are married, you may ask me this. 'Till that day,' with emotion, 'let the matter rest. Why, if it was known that you liked me so much, they'd come back like a flock of sheep, Joe and all, and then it would all be over with Lissa, and neither of us could ever get married in the world!'"

Peter Doolittle, thinking that Miss Annie had gone crazy, took her in his arms and refused to let her go till she had explained her strange words. Annie felt a little ashamed, but she told the truth. The school-teacher laughed heartily.

"I suppose," he said, "you thought I was like a sheep, too, and I don't know but that I was for a time; but you were an angel, and, after all, I have proposed to you, though I didn't know till this minute that you were the belle!"

## TIME FOR SERIOUS THOUGHT.

Gold Leaf.

The fall season is the time when we are apt to turn our thoughts in the direction of more active trade and general business improvement. And as the fall of this year comes on and Autumn's early frosts begin to lay their fiery fingers on the leaves," led by considerations more effectual than a melancholy season of the year, we realize the fact for us, especially "it is time for memory and for tears."

We remember what we might have done, and then we remember what we should not have done for the betterment of the town and the advancement of the community industrially and commercially.

But while we contemplate the past history and the present outlook of the town, we should know that it is worse than folly to think of it in any other light or for any other reason than to impress upon our minds a lesson of valuable experience, bringing its present and future reward.

"Regret is a fool's passion," it has been said, and discontent is an infirmity of the mind. Hear now a word of truth and encouragement! If the business men of this town would go out and shake themselves; put a little determined thought into their efforts, and resolve to win, Henderson would rise like a young giant, with unshorn locks, and break its fetters as smoking flax.

A man of true grit is like an India rubber ball, which when thrown down rises again, higher from the rebound. If this town is drooping and business dull, it is because the people are either despondent, lazy, or very unfruitful in business planning and enterprise.

Which is it then? Let us find the cause and apply the remedy. What are we doing to improve the condition of things? Absolutely nothing. Something needs to be done. There is no middle ground. We either stand still or go backward. Are those whose interests are greatest doing anything to push the town forward? For their actions be the answer. For the past year you have been silent as the subterranean hub of Roman catacombs. Notify Gabriel that he is needed with his trumpet! It is "a time for memory and tears," but a memory of perpetual short comings, and tears our continued inactivity.

We talk about small enterprises, local industries, domestic economy, business expedients and make a hundred suggestions about traffic and trade but they hardly elicit the interest and the general welfare seems to fall like "moonlight on a frozen fountain."

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## A LUXURY.

"Jim Cook" of the Concord Standard, has been enjoying a modern attack of the toothache recently of which he has the following to say:

"A well regulated mouth has as a usual thing 32 teeth. There is no orthodox size for them. Each mouth being a criterion within itself. The teeth shed themselves, but it's the last one that suggest the thoughts that appear in this thesis.

Teeth, in the main, are of a bone material with just enough life to make them attractive at times. They grow until they fill up all vacancies about the gums—some bud themselves about and on top of each other in a way that reminds you of a hill of sweet potatoes. In the duties they have to perform, they wear away and show effects of years.

In the early life of one's last set of teeth, by practices or rather lack of some practices, the teeth begin to crack, split off, crumble, etc. It is now that the tooth carpenter gets in his work—charges. These cavities are filled up with all kinds of stuff, unknown to the majority of the sinners who call on them. These fillings very often remain in 24 hours and a few have been known to remain as long as ten years, but the dentist that does work like that would soon perish, were there no increase in population, if people took a notion to be toothless.

But we have digressed. We started out to write about something that is quick and devilish. In the thoughts that contained as for the last few days—thoughts that took us to our grave where heavy clouds were raining upon our pine casket—we have had but little time to study in one direction very long. A thought could not be carried far until a knee, dull dull side, tracked us on towards something else. In the move, minus that we quickly made, the expressions we assumed and the gesticulations that proceeded from us the lady editor suggested that "probably you have a toothache." Since coming to ourselves and cheating the grave of a bright light and being more calm and serene, we rather think we did have something of the kind.

A man (or a woman) that can have half a dozen snags on either jaw stirred up to a point where there is commotion (a kind of a Vauxhall all at once) a caving in, a tumbling, a jerking and a pin-sticking sensation going on in the same hemisphere of his head—we say. A man, that can sit quietly during such a toothy performance as this is a man without much conscience, makes no difference if he is married. And when a man is met with free advice from all sides to call on a dentist during such a luxury and none nothing but Sunday School and family circle words, he's too good for this mundane sphere. Like Enoch, he ought to be removed.

Just let a man start up street with the whole side of his head about to cave in, he'll hear a variety of remarks that would try the piety of a preacher. These are samples: "Get the toothache!" "How long you had it?" "Anything wrong?" "Your wife dead?" Cold steel is good. "Use an hot ash poke." "Get some whiskey" and many other things. An average man can stand all these, but when a son of a gun really remarks: "Does it hurt?" then it is here you can't stand. A man that would ask such a question as that would steal, do anything—he's too mean to live.

If it takes a doctor, a preacher's wife, a mother-in-law and a female music teacher three hours to get six aching snags under control, what time would be required for a preacher to operate the man that "our lives are continually blessed."

A fellow that remains awake with a grain of morphine in his left arm and a quarter of a grain in his stomach: all at the same time, must have a pain somewhere. But then pour in seven-eighths of a pint of rye whiskey on top of this (the fellow a prohibitionist too) and then remain both awake and sober—we repeat he must have a PAIN. A fellow in this fix is perfectly excusable for rolling over the floor, on the bed and grunting loud enough "to wake up the company," and exerting around, and talking out of his head and doing other that he hears about when "Richard's him-self again."

Our institutions need to strive to cultivate the intellect. Our parents are sending schools where foot-ball is the majority of the literary course; if fathers would just have the teeth of their sons extracted at the age of 15 and their daughters' teeth at the age of 14; and give them false teeth that don't ache, it would beat all our modern schools.

The man that has pretty gums, and can wear false teeth or carry them in his pistol pocket (like a Concord druggist does) must certainly be happy; if he's not, he ought to