

The Fireside. THE GRAY DAY. ROBERT J. BURDETTE. Evermore all the days are long, and the cheerless skies are gray...

FOR HUSBANDS ONLY. A Little But Pretty Story—It Has a Moral—Courtship of the Wife After She Has Been Won.

It seems as if there never could have been a prettier bride than was Mrs. John Wiseman, and John Wiseman was just as proud and fond of her as he could be...

She was just as loving as ever, apparently, and certainly as fond of her home, still doing all she could to make it pleasant...

Then John Wiseman became interested in politics; and the city elections became matters of great importance to his eyes...

One Sunday, about this time, while sitting in church, he noticed his wife kept her eyes fixed upon Mr. James Lovering's pew as if something fascinated her...

Two or three times on glancing at his wife during the sermon, Mr. Wiseman noticed her eyes kept filling with tears, and he wished to himself, half impatiently, that Mabel would "spunk up" and be her own bright, lively self again...

But at dinner that day Mabel was decidedly thoughtful, and at dessert, after the children had left the table, her husband said carelessly: "There seemed to be some attraction for you in Lovering's pew this morning, I thought, Mabel."

"Did that?" she asked, as if surprised. "Why, I didn't know it, and yet—" the words came dreamily, as if the recollection either hurt or pleased a little...

Well, it certainly didn't trouble you, did it, to see another man hugging up his wife in church? I don't know as I should exactly advocate that sort of thing—myself."

"Oh no," she said, flushing and laughing; at the same time her eyes looked dewy, and she appeared a little confused. "Oh, no. I'm sure I can't tell why I kept watching them, so only I couldn't seem to help it."

All through that afternoon something followed John Wiseman; something like the ghost or the shadow of a hillside unexpected wrong or mistake creeping into his life, the nature of which he yet failed to recognize...

during the evening, and remained so late that Mrs. Wiseman had been sleeping some hours when at last her husband reached his room. Sometime in the middle of the night, he became aware that his wife was dreaming, she seemed so restless, and just as he became wide awake he heard her say slowly and distinctly a few words which struck to his very heart with a sudden chill.

"Then she grew quiet and slept on, but John Wiseman grew restless and nervous and wished the night was gone. In the morning while dressing, he turned to his wife and said, rather testily: "Mabel, I wish you could recall a dream you must have had last night."

"Why, John?" "Well, because, you were restless and uneasy, and all at once said plainly: "Put some in my right hand, John." Now, can you tell me what that meant?"

Mrs. Wiseman's sweet face flushed and twitched for a moment, then she said calmly: "Yes, I remember; I dreamed I was dead, and you were crowding all the flowers into my left hand, and I thought my right hand had loved and seeded you faithfully as the left one, so I struggled hard to speak, and finally did manage to say, "Put some in my right hand, John."

Perhaps it was not unlike what a great many other men might have done, but John Wiseman faced sharply around again and asked, with entirely unaccustomed fierceness: "What made you have such a dream as that, I wonder?" Then he added, with something akin to a wail: "Or I might say, such a maddening dream!"

He left the room a moment later, and Mrs. Wiseman crossed her arms and said softly to herself: "He does care for me. John still loves me. I know he does! There was more tenderness than wrath in that outbreak, for I know John Wiseman well. His neglect has only been owing to overwork, and one of these days, if I'm only patient, he'll forget his indifference and be my own loving Jack again. I know he will."

After breakfast, Mr. Wiseman took his usual hasty departure and went forth to what promised to be a very busy day; but a great haunting dread had taken possession of him. All the morning he tried to battle off the impression, but he knew instinctively a season of self-examination and close at hand.

He was not a superstitious man, but he fairly shuddered at the coincidence when on taking up a little book which had been left near his desk, he read the thrilling, reproachful lines: "You placed this rose in her hand, you say. This beautiful rose in her hand of clay? Methinks could she open her sealed eyes, They would glance at you with a grieved surprise."

The next verse asked: "Pray when did you give her a rose before?" Then great scales fell from John Wiseman's eyes, and he knew the whole truth. Fortunately he was alone in his office, or any one might have thought the man was wandering as he strode—not paced—the office floor.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, not irreverently, "to think I haven't seen it before! It amounts to nothing short of sheer neglect—flying out to a meeting here, hurrying off to meet an engagement there, leaving everything, the thousand and one domestic duties, the care and training of the children, everything left to one frail woman to manage, while I have fancied myself too busy even to take affectionate leave of that precious wife. I see now why Lovering's caressing hand put such a stinging look into her great, beautiful eyes yesterday morning. Bless my Mabel and her dreaming! My sweet May-flower! Thank God she is neither drooped nor faded while I chased—what?"

"All well enough for a man to be public-spirited and active in business and all that, but God pity the fool who forgets the loyalty of a husband and becomes indifferent to the sweetest and holiest of all influence—the love and constancy of a faithful wife, and that too, the way he may gain such unsatisfactory things as popular favor or merely business profits!"

That afternoon, as Mrs. Wiseman sat waiting for her husband's return, he softly entered the library, which was lighted only by the glowing coal in the grate, and, going directly to her side, he gently lifted her right hand and placed in it a bunch of sweet bright flowers.

He felt conscious as he did so that his heart of hearts he thanked God they were not cold, colorless blossoms with trailing vines, nor yet immortelles with their sad significance, but they were fragrant, brilliant flowers put into a warm, sensitive hand; then, kneeling beside her and opening wide his arms, he said simply: "Oh, my Mayflower, forgive me!"

And he knew by the way the brown head nestled against his cheek that he and his wife were lovers again. John Wiseman is still an active business man and a useful citizen. But the holiest, best claims—wife, children and home—have the first and right place in his heart.

And Mabel! If she was beautiful as a bride fifteen years ago, she is radiant now in her matronly beauty and appreciated wifely worth.

"Adam the goodliest man of men since born," still could not be called exactly enviable, for when he tilted the ground in the dewy twilight and caught a sharp tone of rheumatism, he had no Salva-Oil for his cure, and no twenty-five cents to try it.

Miscellaneous. Assets, - - - \$29,771,230 Liabilities, - - - 24,789,784 Surplus, - - - \$4,981,445

Aetna Life Insurance Company Has paid Losses in North Carolina Over \$1,100,000.

Is your Life Insured? If not, why not? If it is, are you carrying enough?

DO YOU KNOW that every \$1,000 produced by you hand and brain annually, represents the producing power of \$15,000 at 7 per cent? DO YOU EVER reflect that your death would destroy that producing power, and would take from your wife and children just that much capital?

WHAT A LARGE BUSINESS MAN would risk a \$15,000 stock of goods in one building without fire insurance, and yet the same stock may never be destroyed? IS IT PRUDENT or kind to permit your family to carry that much risk upon a life that is certain of destruction in a very few years, and that may be destroyed to-morrow?

DO YOU KNOW that a Life Insurance Policy costs LESS THAN A FIRE POLICY? On an ordinary stock of goods you pay a rate of from one per cent. to two per cent. per annum. In case of a fire your loss will not probably exceed one-half of the stock, while it may be but a trifle.

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DAISY TURN PLOW! "Carolina" Cotton and Tobacco Plow!

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GREAT SALE AT COST.

On account of a change in our Business, we offer our Stock of Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Glass-ware, Lamps, and Household Furnishing Goods, generally.

AT COST FOR CASH, until the entire Stock is disposed of.

Parties owing us will please come forward and pay up, as we can not give further indulgence.

Respectfully, FUCHTLER & KERN,

\$400 GIVEN AWAY TO MY CUSTOMERS.

The unusual success that has attended my efforts to furnish Cheap and Reliable Hardware and Agricultural Implements, has induced me to make this Liberal Offer to my Customers, in the reduction of the Price of Plows alone.

1,600 Plows and Harrows, 50,000 pounds of Plow Castings, 100 Cucumber Pumps, 250 pair of Hames, 200 Trace Chains, 250 Kegs of Nails, 500 Shovels, Spades and Forks, 100 COOK STOVES.

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Call and See Us! Respectfully, J. D. FARRIOR.

JUST RECEIVED! IRISH POTATOES for PLANTING, Garden Seeds, Choice Cuba Molasses, Vinegar, Sugar, Coffee, Potash, Lye, Snuff, Tobacco, AND FLOUR FROM THE LOWER GRADES TO "BEST IN THE WORLD."

HOOD, BRITT & HALL. WANTED! 200,000 feet of Pine Lumber for which we will pay cash.

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W. S. FARMER, GOLDSBORO, N. C. GOLDSBORO MUSIC HOUSE. WILL N. HANFF, Manager. WEIL BUILDING, GOLDSBORO, N. C.

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Musical Instruments OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. I am here to remain, and will give my personal attention to the business. When in the City call on me.

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When you can do so at such a small cost by calling on the undersigned, I represent the LARGEST MARBLE WORKS IN THE SOUTH, and can furnish anything in my line cheaper than the cheapest.

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At Actual New York Cost! OTHER GOODS AS LOW As You Will Find Them Anywhere!

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Parker's Hair Balm

Important To Farmers! Peterkin Improved Cotton. Excellent Staple, Large Bolls, Small Seed, Easy to Gather, Prolific, Stands Dry Weather Better Than Other Varieties.

Just Received! Another lot of those popular Cook Stoves—the "Cotton King," "Iron King" and "Monumental" at mch8-3w-1