Miscellaneous.

Read this Carefully.

The following letter from a well-known Western lady explains itself and is worthy of "I wish to say to the sick and those that are feeble and weak from any cause whatever, that in all the vocabulary of medicines they will find the most virtue and the greatest benefit from Parker's Tonic. I have been an invalid for five or six years past, and given up to die by the most skillful physicians of Kansas and Colorado, but Parker's Tonic has kept me alive, and raised me up after everything else failed. I have organic heart disease, combined with spinal and great nervous debility, and have cold sinking spells with no pulse, and and have cold sinking spells with no pulse, and the only medicine that will bring on a reaction is Parker's Tonic. I have never known it to fail in curing a cold if taken in time, and it will relieve pain quicker than any remedy have ever tried. I send you this because would like for others to know how much good it has dene me. It is just as good for children. Try it and be convinced."—MRS. D. SHULTZ, Louisville, Kansas, P. O. Box 92.

Parker's Tonic [Prepared by Hiscox & Co., N. Y.] Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at One

25 Boxes Meat, 100 Bbls. Flour, 10 " Sugar, 15 Sacks Coffee,

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January 4, 1886-tf Principal

And extra fingers to repair the old ones, at W. H. SMITH'S. Goldsboro, N. C., May 17-tf

The Gray Day. Evermore all the days are long, and the cheer less skies are gray, Restlessly wander the baffling winds that scatter the blinding spray, And the drifting currents come and go like serpents across my way.

Wearily fades the evening dim, drearily wears the night. The ghostly mists and the hurrying clouds and the breakers' crest of white Have blotted the stars from the desolate skies-have curtained them from my

Speeding alone, my wave-tossed barque en-counters no passing sail. Welcoming friend nor challenging foe answers my eager hail-Only the sobbing, unquiet waves and the wind's unceasing wail.

Hopefully still my sails are bent, my pilot is faultlessly true. He holds my course as though the seas and the mirrored skies were blue. And the port of peace, where the winds are still, were evermore in view.

For over the spray and the rain and the clouds shines the eternal sun; The unchanging s ars in the curtained dome still gleam when the day is done; And the mists will be klased from the laughing skies when the port of rest is won.

-Robert J. Burde te, in Brooklyn Eagle.

LOVE WITHOUT HOPE.

He might have been very comfortable sitting there by the window. The sunlight had slipped away, leaving only a mild reflection, and the sea-breeze came swelling up with pleasant salty odor. He might have been very comfortable dim. but for one thing-an uneasy conscience. The afternoon light fired the great diamond of his finger-ring, and this diverted his thoughts for a moment; then they flew back to the subject of his uneasiness. If only he had not come to

this place! And yet he had vastly enjoyed resting here on the peaceful coast, in the old sea captain's house. He had enjoyed the air, the bay, the sailing, and the fishing with line and reel. How many

troubled again. He stood up restlessly and looked at himself in the glass. He was growing land. stronger every day; the long illness, from which he had come here to recuperate, was fading from recollection. His friends—which was to say his mother, and Elinor, and others-would

be delighted at the transformation. It was Elinor's last letter that had brought him to his senses, reminded him of his obligations-namely, to get away from this place at once and join his mother and his betrothed at a fashion-

He took his hat and went down into the piazza. Antoinette was sitting there, slim and pretty in her white afternoon dress. It seemed to him she flushed at his approach. And he felt

still guiltier. He sat down on the steps at her feet and sighed faintly. She stopped the motion of her rocking-chair and asked:

"What's the matter?" "Nothing," he answered; "only I feel sad at going away.'

"Going away?" she repeated slowly. 'Are you going sooner than you thought?" "I am afraid I shall have to. I've heard from my mother, and-and I

Antoinette began rocking again, and did not speak for some moments. Then she said quietly:

"We shall miss you very muchmother and I." "You have both been very good to

"Perhaps we shall hear from you sometimes?" she suggested. "You won't

forget us quite." There was always a plaintive note in her voice—a voice that one might more easily become enamored of than its possessor. For she was not a beauty, this Antoinette. She was too brown, too agile, too sparrow-like."

"Indeed, I shall never forget you," he answered gravely; "I have written much about you to my mother and Miss Hast-

"Miss Hastings?"

"Yes." For the moment he almost hated himself, but he was determined to have it out. "Miss Elinor Hastings. We are to be married in the autumn. Then neither spoke. Glancing up in her face, he found it passive, perhaps also a trifle pale. Maybe it was only his fancy; maybe she did not care for him. He hoped so. And now he rose up again, too restless to remain seated. "I am going to row out to the

'Ledge,' " he said. But Antoinette made no offer to accompany him; and so he turned away and left her there.

"It is done," he said to himself; "well, I hope she doesn't mind. Poor little girl! How fond one might be of her! One thing is certain-no more boarding with a widow and young lady daughter. I only hope she won't think me too contemptible. I haven't meant to flirtonly a few soft speeches, a pressure of the hand at times—wrong, of course." The tide was out, and the boat clung to the sand. He pushed it slowly into

He had been at the Ledge many a time ere this, but always Antoinette had gone with him to recall to him when they must leave the rocks. To-day he must remember for himself; there was

no plaintive voice to remind him: "The rocks are covered at high Antoinette had sat looking after him as he went down the road.

"The end of it all," she said to herself hopelessly. "The end of it all." And when he was out of sight, she

went into the house and up to her own chamber, where she threw herself down by the bed and buried her face in her hands. She did not sob or shed a tear. "I might have known!" she moaned:
"I might have known! What am I that he should care for me? Oh, Rich-

ard, Richard!" Meanwhile, Richard Lester, out upon the Ledge, could breathe more easily, since the "murder was out." He fastened the rope of the boat around a rock, and went a little higher. He sat down where it was quite dry, and contemplated

his future. He presumed he should be happy as Elinor's husband. Elinor was called handsome; she was educated, refined. accomplished; she dressed well and moved in the best society. His mother worshipped her. Elinor was twentythree years old—six years his junior. Poor little Antoinette couldn't be more

than eighteen, he supposed. Poor little brown bird! Then his thoughts took a wider

range. He forgot where he was; he grew utterly oblivious to fading sunlight or water rising slowly about the rocks. The lapping, limpid, lingering water, musical and incessant. There was no Antoinette present to

"The rocks are covered at high

Antoinette had been kneeling by her bed for a long, long time-hours, she thought-when she heard her mother | M. ssachusetts.

calling. "Coming directly," she answered, and went down to the sitting-room. There were no tear-marks on her face-only a

new pallor. "Where is Mr. Lester, Antoinette?" "I don't know, mother. Is it near supper-time?"

"Yes, it is getting late. I thought surely you would know where he is." The words hurt Antoinette, innocently as they were spoken; but she only

answered quietly: "He went away a long time ago. He was going out to the Ledge.' "Then he has returned before this; the tide is coming in."

Antoinette felt a sudden inexplicable fear. She turned and went out of the house and off in the direction of the beach. Perhaps it was habit; she had grown accustomed to think of him as in need of looking after.

Richard Lester had finally come to his senses. He remembered now that he must return. The tide was coming in and rowing would be delightful and

But to his unspeakable dismay the

boat was nowhere to be seen. "Gone!" he said in a faint confused tone. "What shall I do?" He looked shoreward and fancied he saw the boat empty, tossing and drift-

ing on the waters that had wooed it. He kept on looking until his eyes were There was no one to see or hear him. And still the water rose above the rocks. He had not tried to swim since his ill-

ness. It was a long distance, and he had never been a strong swimmer. He still looked vainly landward. And still the water rose about the rocks. Then he covered his face. "A punishment," he groaned; just punishment for my actions!"

He wished he could only see Antoinette once more and ask her to forgive splendid fish he had landed! Antoi- him. Perhaps she had cared. Perhaps nette, too-ah, his conscience was she would be sorry. He would never see her again, or any other living creature. For he could never reach the

He would wait until the last moment; then attempt to swim it. But he had no It was getting on towards dusk. The

water rising would soon have covered He tried to think calmiv. He wondered if Elinor would grieve. His mother-something choked him as he

thought of his mother. "Oh, Heaven!" he cried with a sob. Then-then what was that? The sound of oars? He turned swiftly, uncovering his

A boat! Thank God! A boat was creeping against the tide, and something white glimmered through the twilight. And all at once he felt it must be she.

"Antoinette!" he cried out her name as if it were his dearest hope. And then her clear sweet voice rang back to him: "Yes. It is I. I must pull carefully ust here;" and slowly she drew close to

"Now," she said. And he dropped ightly in the boat. "You have saved me!" he said, and

really think I shall have to go tohis voice shook. "You could not have managed to swim t," she answered. "I suppose not. But I should have

tried. She shivered. "Thank Heaven, I remembered where ou were," she said

He took the oars from her hands. "I will pull ashore," he said. In silence she gave him her seat and took the rope to steer. haps, since it hid her pallor.

She was thankful for the dusk, per-"Antoinette, I owe you my life." She was looking out intently for the point at which to steer.

"I am glad I knew," she said.

He waited a little, then spoke awk-"What can I do to repay you?" "Oh, hush!" she cried half impatient-

v. "It was nothing." "It was life or death to me," he said in a serious voice. "I meant my coming out was noth-

"I thought of you," he went on, "and of my mother. "And of Miss Hastings?" she suggested without emotion.

"My mother would have missed me most," he returned. "Elinor would have cared, I suppose; but she is still young, and young people recover from "Do they?" asked Antoinette sharply.

I do not think I could, if-if anyone I cared for were lost." She puzzled him now. Perhaps he had been utterly mistaken. Perhaps she had a lover whom she loved. "There is someone that you care for,

dear child?" he said softly. She started. "Yes." she said defiantly. Her answer brought him vast relief.

"I am so glad," he said earnestly. 'I would like to plan the happiest future for you. I suppose I shall be happy myself. My mother is suited, and Miss Hastings is very amiable.' They were close to the landing, and

Antoinette seemed wholly occupied

with anyone on earth.'

think so much of you, dear child. I was afraid you might think I was trying to-to trifle with you myself. God knows I had no thought of it. You Keeps pure and Fresh Drugs and Brown's won't be angry, Antoinette?"

"No," she answered softly: "I am not angry. I never thought of you as-"And we shall always be friends?"

"Always." The old pathetic ring was in her voice.

They landed and walked slowly home-At the gate he paused, and with : sudden movement drew from his finger the ring that had sparkled there.

nette," he said. She snatched her hand away with a sharp cry: "No-oh no! Not that!" But he, insisting, slipped it on.

Then she broke away from him and ran in, up to her own room. "He does not dream," she sobbed, flinging herself down as once before that day. "Thank Heaven, he does not dream! And I love him. Oh, I love him! But he will be happy; that is the most I care. Oh, yes, he will be

happy!"

Florida is three times as large as

She Was Well Provided For. Grav snits and write hats have gone

out of the good graces of a certain gen-tleman of this town. He has one suit CREAM BALM at least which is possessed of too painful associations to be worn with comfort. I regret that I can't give his name, for some ragged individual might find this an admirable chance to fit himself out with clothes. Some time ago a young lady of unexceptionable family came out here in connection with a dramatic company. Her triends committed her to the care of a most estimable gentleman, who paid her the honors of the introduction. The other day she had a sister coming out on a visit, and she wrote to this gentleman, considering that it might be an equal pleasure to him to see her safe to ner friends. This gentleman consulted a lady, and the result was that on her advice he came to the conclusion he'd go and meet her on the road. Her sister had given him a description of her, in case of any such movement, and he telegraphed to her that he would meet her, dressed in a grey suit and a white hat, and she must look out for such a costume as she neared San Francisco. I don't think women are much to be trusted. Most of them have a habit of setting on foot a practical joke against a man, getting scared before it is carried through, and telling him all about it in time to prepare him for it. That's bad enough, of course, but some of them Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and are capable of worse than that. This fellow regrets that he confided in a woman. The train came booming along, and far away up the road at a station it stopped at, a man in a grey Family Groceries a minute or two had introduced himself to a young lady in a traveling rig as described in the letter. They sat very pleasantly together and grew quite chummy. At Port Costa another fellow in a grey suit and a white hat got on the train and addressed the couple. There was some little confusion, but it was deftly explained, and the newcomer joined the party. At Sixteenth CALLANDSEE ME! street a third fellow in a grey suit and a white hat got on board, and was horrified to see his friend in the described Goldsboro, N. C., May 6-3m traveling rig seated between two grey suits and white hats already. The last Mrs. E. W. MOOR was the real fellow, and he has not got over it yet. His discreet lady friend had put up a little job on him and sent two other fellows ahead of him. They know a man never forgets the insult a mere woman pays him when she gets off a successful joke upon him. As for the girl-well, she rather liked it, for Black and Colored Straws, 25, 35 and 40 cents. obvious reasons. - San Francisco Chron-

A Boston Woman's Work.

Miss Caroline Nolan of Boston, the first woman who ever fired a China kiln, is about 35 years of age, with pale red hair that just deepens from a golden blonde, a plump, short figure, broadened by an apron, which conceals both dress and form. A sweet, low voice and very definite idea of what she wishes to say, and hands dimpled like a baby's. Five years ago she had a kiln of the ordinary size built under the direction of an experienced workman, and, having fitted herself for the business in England and other countries, she hoped to make a success. Just at the critical moment when her first "baking"-an expensive dinner set among it—was ready for firing, her kiln-tender was found in-

Owing to the excessive opposition of the only two firms doing amateur china baking in this city, composed of men, DEBILITATED MEN. Miss Nolan's kiln barely supports itself, her present generous income being derived from designs in stained glass, for which she is justly celebrated. Assisted by six workmen who treat her with utmost deference, this enterprising woman fills orders for the most elaborate rooms and edifices from Maine to San Francisco all from original designs and often original processes. In speaking of her china baking Miss Nolan gave a very interesting description of the usual process, and said that very little change had been made in kiln-building for 400 years. If anything is intrusted to a kiln, no matter how valuable it may be, | 1101111 there is no redress in case of a breakage or injury from smoke or imperfect treatbeautiful effects in stained glass she made many disheartening failures from lack of thoroughness in mastering the rudimentary details of her work. There was not for her more than for others a roval road to success because of quick intentions, and she found it always better to go in the tried and beaten paths than to turn aside. Miss Nolan makes a rule to employ no drinking men, and employing only skilled workmen, learns from their suggestions many new ideas of the possibilities of artistic glass deco-

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic. Resting on his oars, he spoke with a softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHIL-"Tell me, are you very happy in this love of yours?"

"Very happy," she answered, laughing wildly. "I would not change places

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"I am so glad," he said once more. "I—I feared—you won't be angy, Antoinette? I want to tell you the truth, I

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less than usual price. Call on me; I am always about my clace of business, and will take pleasure Glenwood High School, place of business, and will take pleasure in waiting on any one in need of anything in my line. Respectfully, dec10-tf Dr. W. H. FINLAYSON

THE KEYNOTE.

VOL. 10.-1886. "Wear this for my sake, dear Antoi- The Leading Illustrated Weekly Review, Devoted to Music, of equal merit in the State. Drama, Literature, Art, Society and Current Events.

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