tien lanh iner gleaner.

## J. D. KBRNODLE, Proprietor.

## 


 propessionoxat cainos.


J. D. KERNODLE, Attorney at Law,

| Practices in tho State and Eederal ourts Will faithfully and promptly attend to all busiaces intrusted to him |
| :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |

CRNINT, 屰.


##  MARRIAGE MENEEW 

## FIRE INSURANCE.

-office over
WE HOLD TIE SIFE
 ansurance company, nobth
ASSETS, $88,000,100,000$.
STAR INSURANCE COMPANY,
NEW YORK
NEW YORK
ASSETB, $85,00,00000$.

Hackney \& Mackay,


'But human natur' is human natur Gr: Het ook me out a ridin',' said the old 'Thinch of rose-colored snuff. harnessed up Red Robin and washed of the enggy wagon, and I calculate to ask
her to ride home with me from donation her to ride
party.
'And it night-reflectively added the old lady. 'Moon's at the fuil' exultingly mut.
tered Peter. 'I believe there's a fate in
${ }_{\text {ed }}^{\text {it. }}{ }_{\text {ed }}{ }_{\text {An }}$
ed my hand with the hand he wasn't drivir' with, and he said I was the pret-
tiest girl he'd seen, and coold I be contented to come and live at Hawk's
Farm. And I said I did'nt exactly know, but he might akk father. And
were marriced the next fall. Ab, deary were marrica the next hall. Ah, deary
me, deary me! how long ago all that
seems"!
'It soonds easy enough,' said Peter,
despondently,
'But T d d rather cleare off a wholepatcho' hickory woods.' 'Don't be afraid, Peter, said the old lady, laying a kindy hand on his shoul know you're a good lad.; And I'll bet
cokey sell say 'res.;
'I only wish Icould think so, granny, 'I only wish I could thi
said Peter with a smile.
'Is it Kate Danney $\%$ ' suid Mrs. Peck, or Mary Elsley?
"'Tain't neither one, said Peter, sheep" istly. 'It's Jessie Field.'
'Land o ' massey ' said Granny Peck, elevating her whitening hands. 'What on airsh is a pretty pink-and-white pieco
of china like her to do in a wild place
li

I | I |
| :--- |
| all |

So Peter plied his venison and chick-
ens and jar of apple sauce into the lack
of the roomy old buggy, and drove away
of the roomy old buggy, and drove away
to the douation party, as full of hopes and fars as any young girl.
But when the saw Hira.n Jellifer, the But when the saw Hira.n Jellifer, the
village store clerk, enter, all redolent village store clerk, enter, all redolent
of pomatum and cologne, in a eity-cut suit of clothes, and hair brushed to a
peak over his forehead, his heart sink peak over his
within him.
'Thain't no chance at all,' he thought. niece, as they were cleaning the dining room for the games which followed upon the old-fashioned supper, 'do take a lit-
tle notice of poor Peter Peck! See how his eyes are following you. And you have hardly been decently polite to him!, Half an hour afterwards Peter Peck. unable to make up his mind to ask pret-
ty Jessie to allow him to take her home with old Robin and the buggy, slided up to the 'Square.
'Square,' sid he, jerking the words out with an effort, 'can I take Miss Field
'Much obleeged, I'm sure, said the 'Squire. 'I had the box wagon here, bu I don't mind riding ho
as you'd like company.'
Peter drew a long breath.
'It's as good as settled now,' said he to himself
His heart heat high when in the misty moonlight, a slight figure came out under 'square felds scoled and veiled against the chill, shawled and veiled against
fresh air of the autumnal evening. fresh air of the autumnal evening. sheepishly,
high road.
'Very,' answered a soft voice.
'I hope I don't crowd you ? he hazarded. 'Oh, not in the least?' responded his companion
And then following an appalling silence, broken at last by the vehement accents of the young farmer.
'It nin't no use my skirmishin' 'round like this'' said he. 'It's got to be said, and the sooner I say it the better, be cause it's a chokin' me all the while! I love you, Miss Fields ! I can't live, nohow, without you! There, it's all out
'Oh, Mr. Peck!' faltered Miss Field 'Do you s'pose,' said honest Peter, with a dim remembrance of his grandmother's lesson,
'Granny"' suddenly burst in the hones young giant, who was tying his crava how manj years is it since grardfather urted you?
'Good land o' Goshen !' said G
'Because I want to know what he s , Becaus I cartin' myself, granny, an Im going a courtin' myself, sud I don't ain't had no exp
'Well I never !' said Grauny Peck. urged Yeter. 'It's so long ago,' said Granny Peck
'But say yes or no!' pleaded Peter.
'Will sou be my wife, Miss Field?' Will sou be my wife, Miss Field?
And the word which floated And the word which floated upon Pe-
ter'd ears, from behind the veils and er'd ears, from behind the veils and
wrapswhich he was now valorously huging close up to him, was 'Yes!'
'I never was so happy in all my lifel' Peter, rapturously the veil.
And th

## And then

 her, and then Red Robin shied at a tre Square and then all too soon, appeare Square Field's square red house behind fince oute-trees. And Peter helped his fiance out as tenderly as if she were abar of gold and he a miser. Up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished side-box road wagon, and, turning around, Peter
saw springing from it Jessie Field. Was it witcheraft? Nothing of sort; for there, close to him, smilling and
blushing in the lushing in the moonlight, with her veil
thrown aside, was Miss Betsey who had accepted him.
Peter Peck gave a convulsive gasp for beath. What was he to do? Should etell Miss Betsey he had made 2 mis niece? or should he-
But at that instant he caught a fleet ng glimpse of Jellifer's, and it was like a revelation to him.
'Hang it-all!' $g$.
'Hang it-all!' groaned Peter to him-
of fue! And I don't care a copper ent
-she's only a feather headed little co-
quet, after all, and Miss Betsey is worth
wo of her, and I ain't so very young
didn't stick by a thing when once b said it.'
So, tak
so, taking Miss Betsey's arm tenderly under his own, he proceeded valiantly sent and blessing.
As for Jessie she lingored long under
the trees in the moonlight, talking with the trees in the moonlight, talking with ame up stairs to the room which aun and nieces shared together, she looked earnestly at her componion.
"Aunt Bess,' said she
matter? Why do you look so happy?'
'Because Mr. Peok has asked me
narry him,' replied Aunt Bess, sofly 'Well, if that iun't 'yes.
Well, if that inn't strangel' cried Jessie, squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt. 'And I have engaged my self to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, Aunt Bess, what a sweet, bright, happy world this
is'!' it is-it is!' answered Aunt Bees! a Granny Peck was setting up by h candle and fire, when at last Peter came home.

## ',Well, Peter,' said she 'what luck?'

't's all right, granny,' said Peter, 'T've asked her and she has consented, and Granny Peck looked doubtfall

Well', said she ' 'I'm glad you've suc
eded, Peter. But I'm a little afeare all these homespun things won't be fine enough for Miss Jessic Fimld. 'Jessie!' echoed Peter, with an excellent imitation of surprise. 'It ain't Jessie at all. Jessie is going to marry the Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Bessie Field,
the 'Squire's sister, as I've proposed to.
'Well, I never!' said Granny Peek.
How could I have been so mistoot??
How could I have been so mistook? I'm sure I don't know;' said Peter, eyes

yond the reach of medical aid.
then its ose affords very great
and insures refreshing slcep.
 a suffuse her blear
si changed now-
Levity
BYCGD HUBRYGBAPH. ing.
The The loudest

## The nation $m$

## Better than \& playing one.

## Livery good act is a

A man displeased with
ever satisfied with himself.
What did the man reap, w
is foot upon his native soil?
The best telegraphing-flashing a ray
f sunlight into a gloomy heart.
Only do half you can, and you will b "I see through it"" of your work.
I see through it," as the washer-wo
What is stronger in death than in life
n old yellow-legged hen cooked for
An exchange advises eyerybody to
$\square$
andlady says.
"Home again
"Home again," as a trainp remarked and hung up his hat.
Why is the bell of an omnibus like man's conscience $P$ Because it is a
ward check on an outward man. ward check on an outward man.
nvitation, but complaining minds at ways send a waton to bring their troubles home in.
A litte negro refused to go to the want to look like a huckleberry in a pan of milk.
$\boldsymbol{\Delta}$ subscriber wants to know what will Why hitch him out of doors, Give omething hard.
How to burn up a house, take a girl,
can of oil, and a match. Mix these in a room where there is a
and the thing is done.
It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will return his sight ; so much for the horse.-To open a man's
Whes you must bleed him in the pocket.
waiting for his father to come home and lick him, you might talk astronomy to est.
This is a world, filled with care, sor ow, tribulations, trials, and delinquent best one we have ever seen, and we're no hurry to swap.
If another fellow goes to see your girl, don't shoot him . It is better to make a
dent in his head with an ax. Then, if he dent in his head with an ax. Then, if he
dies, it will be very easy to show the ury that it was an axcident.-Winston Leader.

Not Exacting.
"One word," she said, "before we part," and her bright eyes glowed in the mellow light of the
"Are you sincere?"
"I am sincere," he replied, in tones whose truthfulness could rot be doubted pessimist.
"Then you cannot give me a palace by Como ?" and she looked into his eyes as
soul.
"I can
"I cannot," be anpwered.
Not ever a brown stone front?"
"No." There was a wonderful firmness, a don't-gou forget-it-ness in the tone in which
was spoken.
"Not even a cottage in the suburbs ?
"Not even that, darling." There was mind wholly given up to the knawing inroads of a sharpe-toothed despair. "What can you offer me, then ?" she
asked; what can you offer me as an incenasked; what can you offermeas an incen-
tive to induce me to become your tive to
"A share in seven dollars a week with a prospecit of a rise next spring." He man who knows just how he stands. "It is sufficient," she said. with a radiant mile; "I am yours, Alge

Ayer'sHairVigor


Where the Fire is Out.

> J. Southgate \& Soni Life and tire Insurance Agem DURHAM, N. C.
> Large lines of inasurines phenatith ompanies,
Oet. 2,

