

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Never Put Off

Till to-morrow, to-day's day. If you have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, or any form of Throat or Lung Disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relieve and cure all ailments of this character.

Two years ago I took a severe Cold, which, being neglected, was followed by a terrible Cough. I lost flesh rapidly, had night sweats, and was soon confined to my bed. A physician was called, but the medicine he prescribed afforded only temporary relief. A friend advised me the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I began taking this medicine, and before finishing the first bottle was able to sit up; four bottles effected a perfect cure.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price: \$1; six bottles, \$5.



Dr. BIGGER'S RUCKLEBERRY CORDIAL. The Great Southern Remedy for ALL BOWEL TROUBLE AND CHILDREN TEETHING.

There are very few who do not know of this little bush growing abundantly in our mountains and hills, but very few realize the fact, that the little purple berry, which so many of us have eaten in some shape or form, is a vegetable in its nature, and we have been told, by the doctors, Dr. Bigger's Ruckleberry Cordial is the greatest and most reliable remedy for all the little ailments of childhood.

Real Estate Agency. AARER & KERNODLE, Agents. GRAHAM, N. C.

A plantation one mile from Mebane in Alamance county, containing 25 acres—45 acres in original growth, 80 in 1850, 100 in cultivation. The place is well watered, a creek and two branches running through it. A fine orchard, 3 good tobacco farms, 2 tenant houses, good feed barn, a 3 room dwelling with basement and L., and good well of water, are on it. Convenient to churches, school, and a good mill will be built on the place. It is a desirable farm adapted to the growth of tobacco, grain and grapes. Price \$2500. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. dec 2 '87

MONEY. For the sake of the world. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home—either sex, all ages. Some thing new, that cost only money for some workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the greatest and most important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. dec 2 '87

The Old Doctor. A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed testimonials. Address D. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. JAS. E. BOYD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Greensboro, N. C.

F. H. WHITAKER, Jr., ATTORNEY AT LAW, GRAHAM, N. C.

J. D. KERNODLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, GRAHAM, N. C.

JNO. W. GRAHAM, JAS. A. GRAHAM, H. H. GRAHAM, N. C.

GRAHAM & GRAHAM, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

A SERVANT LASSIE.

Only a simple servant lassie? Yes, but for a that there will be servant lassies in heaven just as well as law folk. The poor were never despised by him when he was on earth.

High! I have written half a dozen lines of my story yet, and I'm so conscious that I've made blunders already. I mean to write it in English, and if a bit Scotch wordie does tumble in now and again I'm sure you'll forgive me.

My name is Jennie, Jennie McLean. That's it altogether, or complete as I ought to say. From far, far north the Tweed I come, ay, and north the Lee as well.

My mother died when Johnnie and I were so young that neither of us could remember her, and Grannie kept my father's place. Dear auld Grannie, with her dear caller, catty face, and her busy, happy ways, it is years ago since she has gone to her long home in the auld kirkyard.

Imagine us, if you can, gathered round that Scottish country fire-side, a great fire of peats and wood is blazing and crackling on the hearth—there is no other light. At one corner sits my father in an easy chair, his day's toil is past and his pipe is alight; at the other is auld Grannie, and click, click, click, go her knitting wires as she tells her tale.

There was always plenty to do, and Johnnie and I were never sorry when Sabbath came. Sabbath and a long walk to the wee bit kirky on the hill head, where in each way I remember the good minister would point the way to happier spheres; he never failed to breathe words of comfort for the weary, consolation for the bereaved, and hopes of future joy for all.

Never a Sunday passed that Johnnie and I did not linger behind, till all the other kirky folk had passed away out and homeward, then we would go quietly round and visit mother's grave. This was not all sentiment, both of us loved mother, though we hardly remember her there in that auld kirkyard; and they would rise again, such was our simple faith; and we never looked upon mother as dead, but as a saint in heaven. She could see us, we thought, may, might even be permitted to watch over us, and lovingly guard and befriend us in trial and in danger.

One day I was out and about the grassy knoll and hill, and there on a hillside I saw a bonnie lassie, she was so young, but in spring there were the sweet scented yellow primrose and sprigs of crimson may, in summer there were always rich buttercups and rich eyed daisies, and a hundred wild flowers from hedgerow and copse; even winter brought its garlands of red rowans and its evergreens, so all the year round mother's grave never wanted beauty.

That old churchyard and the wee bit kirky I have but to shut my eyes and I'm back in the days of my childhood. Though the kirky itself was simple, the bell devoid of music, the grass long and green on the graves, and after rain looking as though it had been combed down; what though the tombstones were gray and lichen clad, and least in every direction except the right one—mother's grave was there!

Our English maids may laugh at me, but ah! you little ken how dearly we Scotch mountaineers love our hills; besides, you know—I'm only a simple servant lassie.

Our Johnnie could play the fiddle so sweetly. It was the merry airs auld Grannie liked the best, but there was one thing that Johnnie used to play and sing that never failed to bring the tears to my eyes at least; though somehow it was a sweet kind of melancholy it inspired, and neither grief nor melancholy ever injures the heart if tears can flow.

Had I any other companions except Johnnie? Yes, a neighbor lassie would sometimes drop in and—well, why should I deny it, sometimes a neighbor lassie—why shouldn't a simple Scotch lassie like me have a bit sweetheart? Was it for no?

But it was only on Sunday evenings in the sweet summer time that Johnnie and I used to take a lonely walk. And down we walk, talk, you? Why, down the line. You see in the far north of the dear auld Scotland trains don't run on the Sabbath day, and the line is the favorite promenade. Green, feathery larch trees bounded the banks all along, and the banks themselves were planted with

will flowers in the sweetest colors you could imagine—patches of ribbons orange, patches of white clover, beds of crocus, crocuses, beds of blue speedwell, and tall ragged robins everywhere. Then there was the hum of the bees, as they buzzed from flower to flower, the sweet perfume of the clover and the wild, glad notes of the chaffin and his nest in the tree. And—yes, and Jamie's voice, sweeter to me than all. Did I love Jamie? I dimly knew. Jamie never did what you might call made love to me, but I dare say I did like him a wee bit.

But one wet, rough winter's evening, with the wind moaning in the chimney and the cold snow and sleet tearing over the hills and through the woods, father came home looking wan and queer. No, no, I cannot dwell on this. That night he took to his bed, and in spite of the doctor's attention, in spite of the kind ministrations of an English lady who was dwelling at the big house, he slipped quietly away one night and joined our mother in heaven.

What a change! The funeral past and a broken up home. Everything except the old eight-day clock, which Grannie wouldn't part with, sold by roup, Grannie herself dwelling in a little hut by the hillside, and Johnnie a soldier in the gallant Forty-two. And right handsome did he look in his Highland dress, with his braun legs and his bonnet and plaid.

One day mistress had been more talkative than ever, and my eyes were red with weeping. John noticed it, and talked over so kindly, and I told him all, and from that day for months I took to telling John all, and he always had a word of comfort for me. Is it any wonder that my heart warmed toward him? I used to light him down to the dark cellar, and it was down there we used to hold our little confabs.

Which I've loved you for a long time," said John, "though I don't know as you mean to speak my mind. But I have the prettiest little cottage and garden in the hontsirks as ever ye seed. And it only wants a mistress, Jennie, which'll be your sweet self and no doubt else."

Yes, it is a sweet, wee cottage, and I'm no one as would speak my mind to the perch in murrin, and John is the dearest and best of husbands. Yes, I'm happy, and I've almost forgotten that ever I was a simple servant lassie.

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It is stated on what seems good authority that the festivities of the present season will be fostered by a new kind of entertainer. From certain firms from whom jokers, drawing room Punch and Judy, etc., can be hired, it would seem that professional funny men, warranted to keep any moderately festive table in a roar, can be secured for so many a night. These "funny men" will mix with guests, and are guaranteed not only to be primed with all the newest funny stories and topical jokes, but also to be well up in impromptu efforts of an amusing kind.

Chinese indifference is still worse than Chinese superstition. "The Chinese is born a man, lives a dog, and dies an ass." No assistance can be found in that country, where one has to rely on himself and believe in man. The want of a sense of the common good, and of all self sacrifice, is so great that all the celebrated fall into decay, such as the temples and royal tombs, many of which are beautiful. London News.

Curious Coal Formations. Coal miners frequently find curious formations in a vein of coal. An Ankok, Pa., miner took out a piece of sulphur a few days ago which was a perfectly perfect cube of coal, the kernels and rows being very distinct. It was under twenty feet of solid rock and in the middle of the coal vein. Boston Budget.

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How Did He Get There? M. T. Elmore, while getting a well near Berrington, Ind., encountered a solid block without lead at a depth of 140 feet. The wood was perfectly sound, and the question is, How did it get down to that remarkable depth? Chicago Herald.

Locomotives now run in Jerusalem, and the shrill steam whistle is heard in the streets once and by King David. Whales Not Fishes. Whales are not fishes. They have no scales; they have warm blood; they give milk to their young; and finally, they would be drowned if they were to remain longer than half an hour under water.

hurriedly and silently swallow a few mouthfuls, then, making some excuse about work to finish, disappear. But the room never was dusted enough to please mistress, the fire never burned brightly enough, the things were never properly put on the table.

Was it any wonder I got this and worn and so nervous that my mistress would suddenly calling "Ann" felt like a red hot knife jerked into my heart? I now come to the turning point of my somewhat sad history, which would never have been written had I not thought this simple narrative might move some mistress to be a little more considerate of the feelings of her servants.

What was my fate to be, I often asked that question of myself, lassie like. Would Jamie be my fate? Though I knew he liked me, in his letters he never breathed a word of love, but always told me about auld Grannie and the eight day clock and about his horses and kye.

I had only one friend now in the world. And he—I feel sure you will laugh—the brewer's drayman. When he called for an empty cask or to deposit a full one in the cellar, he always had a gentle word and a smile for me. He was a jolly looking young man with a handsome face, a kindly heart, and an ardent lover of a bathing tub. And if you'd only seen him pitch the great casks about—why John was strong enough to lift a cow.

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INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

A Flatboat Load of Contrabands Waiting to Towed to Freedom. As we returned down the Yazoo, at every possible point where the river could be reached there were throngs of negro families waiting to be taken away.

I remember one instance connected with this history that was somewhat out of the usual course of events. At one point where the Silver Wave halted there was an immense encampment of negroes with their scanty furniture waiting for removal. Attached to the shore was a large flatboat which just at the stern of the steamer. I happened to be lounging in that portion of the boat, and was attracted by the character of the contents of the flatboat.

The other people in the boat were probably his descendants. There was a white headed woman who was his daughter, then a stalwart man and a woman who must have been his grandchildren, and then a host of children of all ages from 20 down to a little piskinny lying on its back and sneezing its thumb, kicked up its heels and gazed with its blank, bead-like eyes into vacancy.

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THE HOARDED WEALTH OF INDIA.

How the East Indian Turns Everything He Possesses into Jewelry. Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock.

The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite well. He can scarcely be cheated. Jewelry forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her stridhan, which is often equal in value to five years' income of the bridegroom.

The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else; she cannot be robbed. The family that does not possess jewelry is absolutely indigent. One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry owner is that his hoard cannot be taxed. A man may own jewelry valued at a lakh of rupees and pay no income tax.

Under no native prince or rajah of former times has jewelry accumulated as it has accumulated under the British government in British India. For a century past the sacking of towns has been unknown; the plunder of individuals has been greatly restrained, and wealth in the form of jewelry has accumulated.

When a person is obliged to lie constantly in one position, as is the case with a broken leg, the pressure coming constantly on the same place, bedsores must be guarded against. The lower part of the back is most frequently attacked. The nurse should pass her hand under it at least twice a day to see that the draw sheet is free from wrinkles and creases.

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HAVE YOU FORGOTT

Have you forgot that long gone summer days? The clear, blue sky with scarce a cloud to vex the head.

Have you forgot that glowing summer eve—The rose and elder were in bloom—You stooped and kissed me as you took your leave—And I blushed rosy in the twilight gloom—Have you forgot?

Have you forgot the bitter, bitter pain, The dull despair, the heavy, aching heart When we were parted not to meet again, And woe then distance kept us far apart—Have you forgot?

Some of the amusements enjoyed by the descendants of the "water graven" or rather barons, and chief among them stands the play of "Kat-knuppelen." It is to be met with in the hamlets around Amsterdam. Two poles about sixteen feet high are placed twenty feet apart; a new barrel two holes bored into the heads, and a rope is put through the holes and attached to the top of the poles, allowing the barrel to swing about twelve feet from the ground.

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