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GIVEN AND TAKEN.

At my feet as on a shrine Love has laid its gifts divine. "Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet With their sweetness came regret And a sense of unpaid debt.

"Hands that ope but to receive Empty close; they only live Richly who can richly give.

MRS. LIGHTFOOTS JEWELS

Everybody wondered why pretty Mrs. Lightfoot, with all the alluring possibilities of Newport, Lenox and Bar Harbor in full view, should have chosen to bury such charms as hers in that out of the way, dreary nook, Royston by the See

Borston-by-the-Sea.

In truth it was a trifle perplexing that a widow, young, handsome and in a period of mitigated grief—just beginning to take notice—to whom the air of Bellevue avenue or Frenchthe air of Bellevue avenue or Frenchman's bay was as the breath of life,
t Locomotives, Pole Road Lacomotives,
t Locomotives, Pole Road Lacomotives,
or feeders, Lubricators, Tobacco Maman's bay was as the breath of life,
should colmly elect herself a denizen
of a little, lazy, seaside village, too
far away for the man of business, but
not-far enough nor fair enough for
the man of leisure, and whose male contingent exhibited, therefore, an unlovely blending of the cradle and the
grave.

largent exmotted, therefore, an inlovely blending of the cradle and the grave.

Still, there she was, the one gay figure amid a throng of health hunters, listening with sympathetic grace to lurid details of symptoms, aches and agues, kaleidoscopic in variety and picturesque in detail as a patent medicine puff, the very air raw with suggestions of the Geneva Cross with ambulance frimmings.

Yes, her world marveled greatly at such a butterfly turned grub, yet apparently smiling at the change; but that world has never yet been capable of getting inside of a smile. Had it been able, what an elaborately withered sarcophagus it would have discovered at the back of this one. For our dear little Lightfoot was, in truth, a gilded picture of misery and on image of inwardly growing despair. She herself was on a health hunt, like all the others at Boreton, except that the weakly object of her solicitude and nursing care was her bank account, not her rosy, bright eyed self.

The fact is, that early in the spring.

Fire, LIFE, Accident.

Sank account, not her rosy, bright eyed self.

The fact is, that early in the spring, visions of pretty toilets with which to delight Newport, ensuare Bar Harbor and thrill Lenox had so absorbed her and thrill Lenox had so absorbed her very being that, regardless of last winter's output, she had held high carnival at the modiste's, which resulted in an accumulation of purple and fine linen fit for a royal progress, and a warning note from her trustee to the depressing effect that next quarter's income was so forestalled that she would probably have to make it convenient to camp for the summer in one of her large trunks, with a

it convenient to camp for the summer in one of her large trunks, with a small one by way of kitchen annex.

This note brought to Mrs. Light-foot's tearful attention the stern, cast iron fact that it is impossible to spend two thousand dollars a month out of an income of six thousand a year, without speedily stranding on the weather shore of Cape Hard-up and being buffeted by waves of bills payable.

Imagine such a thunderbolt launch-

weather shore of Cape Hard-up and being buffeted by waves of bills payable.

Imagine such a thunderbolt launched upon a pretty head brimful of dreams of summer conquests! Imagine all those new gowns changed to sackcloth and ashes at one swoop of that musty trustee's pen! Think of that brilliant campaign from Rhode Island's shores to Maine, and the Berkshire hills turned into a Moscow retreat, like that of a stranded theatrical troupe! So it was, however. Early in July the census of Boreton-by-the-Sea was increased two souls by the arrival of Mrs. Sylvia Lightfoot and maid, and the number of its habitable structures was nearly doubled by the advent of their luggage.

On arriving at the station, Maria, the maid aforesaid, sniffed a stern disapproval of Boreton and all its surroundings. She had been Sylvia's nurse from the day that, as a baby, she uttered her first indignant protest at being brought into this world without her consent being first asked and given. From nurse she had developed into general proprietor of the orphan girl, which office she filled with all the tyranny of affection, grimly resigning it when her charge married, and resuming it like an heir restored to his own when death removed "the obstacle," as, in her hears of hearts, she called the husband.

The first day at Boreton fulfilled Maria's impressions. There were showers without alld tears within, alternated with that joy of woman's life, unpacking—which, however, in Sylvia's case, was lessened by the discovery that her jowels, instead of being sent to the safe deposit, as intended, had been packed and brought down in her luggage. Here was a sleep destroyer! With those jewels

finally settled into a condition of languid security regarding her treasure, giving it no attention, more than an occasional hasty visit of inspection, which always ended in a weary sight that Boreton had no Casino balls whereat to display their radiance.

So the drowsy season dragged into Angust, quiy to find Sylvia hopelessly at odds with self, world, everything. Turning the days into a very winter of discoutent, without so little as a shadowy prospect of even one presentable son of York, to make them glorious summer to her. When lot just as the last leaf was dropping from her flower of resignation, there came to Boreton a man. Not a downy undergraduate, nor a post-dated dyspeptic, but a real man, and a handsome one too, as Mrs. Lightfoot mentally noted when first he appeared on the beach, strolling by her in flannels redolent of Cook or Poole, tall, dark, with just a shade of sadness in the brown eyes that for a moment glanced toward her and then turned seaward.

Dame Chance, good soul, found her toward mission that day in bringing

and then turned seaward.

Dame Chance, good soul, found her fondest mission that day in bringing Sylvia face to face with the interesting stranger and adding fresh fuel to the morning's spark of curiosity. She was alighting from her afternoon drive behind pony Jingo, when the all observant Maria remarked that her driving coat had dropped out of the back of the cart, where she had stowed it on starting, and was now, "some where 'tween here and nowhere."

That coat was one of the combination of causes that had buried Sylvia in Boreton, and she did not beam at the thought of a garment that had cost her so dear on the shoulders of some rural Cynthia Jane at the next county fair. So Jingo's protesting steps were urged along the back track, while hedge, ditch and road were dissected by Maria's sharp glances. A fruitless drive of more than a mile brought them to a corner, the turn of which revealed the stranger of the morning, advancing with the lost wram in hand.

them to a corner, the turn of which revealed the stranger of the morning, advancing with the lost wrap in hand. "I had the good fortune to find your coat on the road beyond. May I have the pleasure of restoring it?"

It was a charmingly smooth voice and the manner "all of sweet accord." For the first time in her life Sylvia found her wits at fault a she stammered:

mered:

"You—you are very, very kind; but how did you know it to be mine?"

"I knew it must be; you wore it at the beach today."

Then, with a profound salute, he struck across fields toward the village. Sylvia nervously turned Jingo's head homeward, rousing that eagerly stable loving beast to an ambitious trot, with which her thoughts kept pace until the pony, with a joyous frisk, was led to the stable, and then they raced on their own account in they raced on their own account in the direction of a pair of brown eyes

the direction of a pair of brown eyes all the rest of the evening.

Next day, in the usual gathering on the beach, appeared "the mystery," as Maria had already dubbed the stranger; but this time be was neither alone nor unknown, for with him strolled the buzzing social blue bottle, Maj. Dashell. Every one knows the major, and he—well, the sacred four hundred limit is too pent up for his world. He knows everybody from New York to Yokohama and from Campobelle to the Upper Nile. True, his acquaintthe Upper Nile. True, his acquaintance is rarely more than superficial, for, nod to the major, and you are his life long friend; but then a man who knows so many, who spreads so small a supply of the butter of friendship over so vast a surface of social bread, can't be expected to know any one

over so vast a surface of social bread, can't be expected to know any one very well.

He was evidently boxing the compass of Boreton's habitues for the benefit of "the mystery," whose eyes wandered from face to face as each was discussed, until they rested upon Sylvia, snugly propped up on her lounge of sand under a bright hued umbrella, and entirely conscious that she was worth tooking at more than once. Immediately the major's reminiscences were broken by a few words from his companion. He halted, smiled approvingly and approached the pretty picture.

"Mrs. Lightfoot, yesterday a happy chance gave my friend, Mr. Faunt, the honor of meeting you. May I be the happier chance that gives him the pleasure today?"

A few moments later Sylvia's umbrella sheltered the major and his charge. The episode of the coat was renewed with fuller details, and when the bathing hour had passed those two very agreeable men accompanied that one fair woman to her cottage, leaving her with a lively impression that Boreton-by-the-Sea was like some oysters, dull to sight and taste, but holding a goodly pearl to reward the patient seeker.

Mr. Faunt had arrived from England only the previous week, for a shooting trip to the west, but finding his arrival

only the previous week, for a shooting trip to the west, but finding his arrival a trifle in advance of the season, had yielded to the major's blandishments by running down to Boreton for a few

The few days passed without a sign of intended departure by the young Englishman. Indeed, when with Sylvia, which was the larger part of the time, the word "depart" seemed to be stricken from his dictionary. Western game apparently had no attractions compared with its eastern rival, and the prairies of Minnesota sank into gloomy oblivion in the presence of the sand hillocks of Long Island, set off by a certain fair widow with a gay umbrella in the foreground.

As for Sylvia, a season without at least one mild affair was to her no season at all, but this one began to exale odors of orange blossoms and to open vistas toward which her coy steps were not to be easily led. She was one in whom an adorer seeking wedlock was quite sure to find only a sympathizing aster, but also was she one who dearly loved an opportunity to pour asterly consolation upon the heart which she had scientifically turned inside out for that express purpose.

So she calmiy awaited the evidently

at first. Mr. Faunt had evidently seen women before. He was calmly clever—exasperatingly so, Sylvia thought. He wasted no time in talking platitudes about her eyes, or discussing the thousand and one personal charms that women are supposed to cherish as a baby its rattle. She had long ago been surfeited with that sort of Huylerisms, but never before had she been posed as a genius "with a woman's soul and the confiding heart of a guileless child." It remained for this approciative foreigner to discover what she had long felt to be her mission, and to persuade her that an intellect such as hers, buried at Boreton, was a boon denied to the world.

So Sylvia listened, and then laughingly opened that "confiding heart" by telling him of the Arctic necessity that had stranded such mental charms with the addition of a Newport outilt, jewels and all, on a Long Island beach, including in her confidences the tale of Maria's trunk transformed into a sincere and capable safe deposit company.

He listened with affectionate con-

He listened with affectionate concern to the story of the clammy hearted trustee, and with admiring interest to that of the ingenious hiding of the jewels. It recalled to him an occurrence to some family treasures at home which he related with interest, incidentally mentioning his mother and sisters and the "old place in Keut, which he hoped Mrs. Lightfoot would some day honor with a visit." Soon the day for his fraternal enlistment was evidently approaching. His calmness gave way to symptoms which Sylvia thought she knew only too well; the game of fence was now all one sided.

One August evening, unless all

well; the game of fence was now all one sided.

One August evening, unless all signs failed, he was ready to surrender at indiscretion. They were seated by the great elm in front of her cottage, and at last he began to talk of eyes, and her eyes, too, when Maria cut his best verse in two by appearing to ask leave to visit a neighbor, which was granted with an emphasis that sent her fairly spinning into the darkness down the road. Then, just as the thoughts of the soon-to-be brother were resuming their flow, a slight shiver from Sylvia sent him into the cottage for her wrap, which, man like, he found only after a ransacking search of the whole house.

Once more comfortably settled by the great treee, his story was evidently just reaching a nervous beginning—for he was strangely disturbed—when Maj. Dashell. loomed at the gate. He had come to stay, and he did stay, late. Again was the day of adoption postponed. The two men departed together, leaving Mrs. Lightfoot in a condition of grim disapproval of maids and majors who went about at night to visit neighbors.

However, to-morrow is better than today when today is yesterday, and a game delayed is not lost. But again did Sylvia's wires fail to work. "Mr. Ifaunt," so Maj. Dashell told her on the beach the following morning, "had been suddenly called to town for a short time."

a short time."

Time had rheumatic wings that morning. Sylvia began to hate the poor Englishman for thus evading the sentimental rack that sho had so carefully prepared for him. As a man of sat upon at once and not keep a lady waiting so indefinitely. Woe to him when he did return! Not even a sis-ter should be find!

when he did return! Not even a sister should he find!

However, as the day wore on, the old rentine, broken of late by the absent one, reasserted itself. Gowns were taken out, tearfully inspected and put back. Maria's trunk was visited for the first time since a week, and the case containing her necklace—pride of her eyes—drawn from its hiding place and opened—empty! With a great gasp, she stood tearing at the satin lining, almost hoping that sight had left her and that her benumbed hands would find the treasure. Then, sinking beside the trunk, she drew forth the other cases. All empty! All gone! All gone!! All gone!! Two weeks laler a package by mail was felivered to Sylvia. It contained one of her bracelets and the following note:

It was formerly the universal belief among lovers of the blood orange, and a great many believe so yet, that the fruit was the result of grafting the orange and the pomegranate, but that is a fable. The blood orange is simply

TO PREVENT BALDNESS.

A Dermatelegist's Opinion Concerning the Falling Out of Bair.

The principal cause for hair falling out is neglect. Very few people understand the nature of hair and the proper way of taking care of it. Premature baldness may be prevented and hair made to grow on the heads of over half of the people who consider themselves hopplessly bald. In the first place, every person's scalp should produce from 450 to 690 hairs to the square inch. These have bulbs or follicles that are supplied with life from the minute blood vessels under the scalp. In ninety-nine cases out of one the minute blood vessels under the scalp. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred loss of hair is caused by bad circulation in these blood vessels. When the hair first begins to fall out is the time for the individual to look after it. If proper treatment is now followed the loss of hair may be easily storned.

after it. If proper freatment is now followed the loss of hair may be easily stopped.

There are numerous symptoms of approaching baldness that give warning to an expert, but most people do not know until the hair actually falls out. All human beings shed their hair at different times, but when the hair continues falling, then there is lack of vitality in the bulbs of the hair. The germ has not a sufficiently healthy action to produce another growth of hair. People who do not understand the treatment of the hair should simply wash the head with warm water and pure Castile scap. The water should be 10 degs, below blood heat. Castile scap is the best, because it is made of clive oil, and contains very little alkali. This operation should be gone through with at least three times a week for thirty days. In seven cases out of ten this treatment will check the consumption in the blood vessels and in the bulbs. The washing removes all organic matter from the porces of the scalp and helps to allay any inflammation that may be present. Under such circumstances in no case should ammonia or borax be used, although they are often recommended.

I hold, individually, from twenty-five years experience that in no case

I hold, individually, from twenty five years' experience, that in no case should the head be washed with cold water. The cold creates too sudden a reaction, and the results must be injurious. No one in ordinary health need become bald if he will follow sensible treatment that he can grasp himself.

sensible treatment that he can grasp himself.

In the second stage, or when the falling of the hair has not been arrested by the first treatment, more active measures are needed. First cut the hair with scissors close to the scalp. Then shave the top of the head where the hair is falling out. Be sure to use warm water and genuine Castile soap in shaving. Then a proper stimulant should be applied to the scalp, and the shaving and application should be continued twice a week for from one to four months. This will allow the bulbs to regain the strength that they have lost by becoming impaired by bad circulation of the blood vessels. The object of their treatment is to keep the strength in the bulb instead of its passing into the hair and exhausting the bulb. By shaving the head the strength is allowed to accumulate in the bulb. The drain on the blood vessels is also less, and by resting they gain strength. In no instance has a

vessels is also less, and by resting they gain strength. In no instance has a man received injury from shaving the scalp if it is properly done, but, on the contrary, the results have, in nearly all cases, been beneficial. Care should be taken to avoid alkalies and cheap soaps, as the pores are open and the hair is susceptible to injury at this time. Where the first two stages have been neglected and the hair has apparently fallen out, leaving a baid head, there is still a chance of regaining the hair. About 80 per cent of the men who are generally termed bald are not absolutely bald. A close examination shows fine silken hairs remain, indicating that the life of the bulb is not extinct. About two thirds of these cases can have their hair restored by proper treatment. The other cases where no protrusions through the pores of the scalp can be seen, and fine hairs are not visible, are hopeless. If a man is thus actually bald, there is no power on earth that can produce hair, and it is foolish to spend money on nostrums.—Matthew Bruce in New York Mail and Express.

Chris Pharo owns a poll parrot that is a dandy. The other morning a rat, lured by the luscious mells of the bake shop, left the stenches of the cellar and sower, and, climbing upstairs, made a raid on cream puffs, gorged down a few tarts, nibbled the macaroons, sampled the pies and ginger bread before his depredations were discovered. Then he was hustled off with a vengeance, and, rushing into the room where the parrot was, succeeded in breaking into polly's cage. Polly was playing circus with her claws and bill, and when she spied the rat she came down on his back with both claws and held it firmly to the bottom of the cage. The rat relied over and twisted its head around, squealing like mad as polly pecked at its eyes and soon had them both out. The rat snapped and tore out some of polly's feathers, but she held fast to the varmint and succeeded in killing it. Then mounting her perch and ruffling her feathers about her neck, she announced, "Polly wants a cracker."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the days of chivalry feats of arms were celebrated by the ministrels or recorded by Froissarts. In these prosaic days any heroic action looking to the welfare of others kindles the keenest sensibilities, is trumpeted by the press and often commands substantial recognition in the shape of testimonials or rewards.

Whether it be the rescue of a ship's human freight or the act of some during sailors in Samoa, or the courage of engineer or fireman on shore, the world nowadays, amidst all its noise of traffic, has a quick car for humane exploits and is not meager in its commendation.

The tendencies of the age are to finer sinceptibilities and a more vivid sense of the value of life.

It is the fashion to speak of it as the selfish age. Does the legislation of the past sixty years support any such charge? Do the individual acts of kindness that come to light warrant any such accusation?

On the contrary, there are abundant evidences that with advancing enlightenment the world is growing mellower and gentler and more charitable.

One of our judges is an angel of mercy compared with the judges of

table.

One of our judges is an angel of mercy compared with the judges of the last century in England.

The age of chivalry is gone, but the age of brotherhood is fairly dawning. There is at least a promise of it. The signs point that way.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Scake Bite Antidote.

Discovery of the peculiar virtue attaching to the sulphur springs of Virginia was due to a striking incident that has been preserved in my family history. My great-granduncle, Andrew Lewis, was riding one day when a snake struck his horse about the fetlock. The venom caused the leg to swell, and in order to get remedies to save him he took a short cut home. While passing over the ground saturated by the springs water he noticed a secretion exuding from the wound, which close examination proved to be poison, it being drawn by the water in the ground. Dismounting, he left the horse a few hours, at the end of which the flow ceased and the horse suffered no further from the snake bite. The property which the water possessed, in common with liquor, caused the rumor to go forth that the ground was sonked with whisky, the idea that a snake antidote must possess intoxicating qualities being very popular.—Interview in Globe-Democrat.

Interview in Globe-Democrat.

It is about time that somebody was raising a voice in defense of Jobs wife and saying a kind word for the poor woman, who for 4,000 years has suffered the slings of unjust criticism in uncomplaining silence.

They came on to New York one Saturday, expecting to sail with me that afternoon. At almost the last moment my engineer had discovered a flaw in the shaft, and the Baltic, Capt. Bence, was substituted. As Capt. Bence, was su sage and see them off, I found her somewhat excited and nervous. Suddenly she turned to me and said: "Captain, I would get right off the ship now and go back and wait for you, but as prayers will be offered up in two churches to-morrow for our preservation while on the sea, it would hardly be right for us to be safe and sound on shore, would it?"—Capt. Kennedy in North American Review.

Miners' Terms.

There is very great lack of understanding of mining terms, even of those in common use. I have, for instance, been asked to explain what a foot wall is, and how there can be a hanging wall to a vein that runs up and down through a mountain. The explanation is that there are very few absolutely perpendicular veins, as they nearly all dip more or less. Veins showing an angle of 45 degs., even, are not uncommon. The upper wall in a dipping vein thus becomes the hanging wall, and the lower one the foot wall. In a perpendicular vein, there can, of course, be no hanging or foot walls, and they must be referred to as north and south or east and west. I presume the term originated really in coal mining, where the veins are flat.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chicken Baising in Georgia.

The Albany small boy is nothing if not progressive. A few days ago a fond mother in the city noticed that her little fiyear-old son visited a particular cogner in the garden quite often, and watched his movements. Going to where he was stooping one day she saw him examining a feather he had pulled out of the ground to see if it had sprouted. His mother inquired his object in planting the quill, when the youngster replied:

"Hum, I guess I'm going to raise chickens as well as anybody."—Albany (Ga.) News.

The Virtues of Vegetables.

Celery acts upon the nervous system, and it is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes stimulate the liver, and spinach and common dandelion, prepared in the same way, have a direct effect on diseases of the kidney. Onions, garlie and olives promote digestion by stimulating the circulatory system, with the consequent increase of the saliva and gastric juice. Haw onions are also regarded as a remedy for sleeplessmens, and the French believe onion soup is an excellent tonic in cases of debility of the digestive organs.—Philadelphia Press.

JUSTICE TO MRS. JOB AT LAS

with about as much equanimity as the average woman would do.

In the first place she was suddenly reduced from luxury to penury. Any unfortunate woman who has suffered, this ordeal knows just the frantis of mind poor Mrs. Job was in.

In the next place, she was bereft of her children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from sight.

In addition to this accumulation of sorrows, she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught us that there is no more exasperating patient than a man with a boil on him. There are wives, and good wives, too, in this Christian land of ours whose lives have been made most miserable for days and weeks at a time by a husband and one boil. Just of ours whose lives have been made most miserable for days and weeks at a time by a husband and one boil. Just think, then, what this poor woman had to endure with a husband with perhaps from 500 to 1,000 boils on him! Is it any wonder that the woman encouraged her husband to terminate his existence? The only wonder is that she didn't cut her own throat in desmair.

she didn't cut her own throat in despair.

But these were not all the troubles that Job's wife had to bear. Her husband's friends came on a visit to him and took possession of the house for six weeks at a time. Other women, and good women, too, have had to endure the same affliction, and they can easily account for Mrs. Job's exhibition of bad temper. Job got worried with the three visitors himself, and yet he didn't have to wait on them, to clear up their rooms, to wipe the tobacco juice from the parlor carpet every day, to sweep out the mud they carried in on their boots, and to submit to the thousand and one annoyances that a male visitor gives the housekeeper.

It is about time that somebody was raising a voice in defense of Jobs wife

this life and who get no sympathy. And their name is legion.—Ladies Home Companion.

"Gentle Carriage Exactse."

A mourning coach, forming part of a funeral procession, bound for Highgate, was stopped the other day in the neighborhood of Oxford street by a melancholy looking gentleman, attred from head to foot in black. There was room for one inside, and the melancholy looking gentleman entered, and, without uttering any of the commonplaces customary on such occasions about the variety and uncertainty of life, maintained a grave and decorous silence. Arrived at the cemetery gates, the late comer gotout, and seemed about to retrace his steps toward town, when the undertaker pointed out to him that he was walking away from the place of burial. "You are one of the relations?" suggested the funeral furnisher. "No, I am not," was the reply. "You are at least an intimate friend?" "Nothing of the kind." "Only a casual acquaintance, then?" "Never aw the man in my life!" The departing one then explained that his doctor had recommended him "gentle carriage exercise," and that he was in the habit of taking it in mourning coaches, which, he said, moved at a moderate pace and made no charge: —London Life.

The Timberman does not seem alarmed at the prospect of an early destruction of our timber supply. It asserts that Puget sound has 1,800 miles of shore line, and all along this line, miles and miles further than the eye

Pertinent Inquiries

Is "chesp food" the chespest?

Do diamonds and dime novels go well together?

In not a secret safer with one than with half a dosant.

Which is the worst! To be worried by fortune or misfortune?

Is it not before to wait until the day is done, before boasting of its schieros ments?

Does not be who picks a quarref sometimes find the sore on his ownt person, which the "picking" madel—tood Houselessing.