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In Club with this paper, GODEY'S and the GLEANER.

Land Sale!

By virtue of a mortgage deed executed by Elisha Adams and Sarah J. Adams.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21ST, 1889.

THOSE DREADFUL GIRLS.

The park surrounding Charlton Manor house was looking its best one lovely morning in October.

Her father had suffered like many of his friends during years of agricultural depression.

The next morning was one of those hopelessly wet days which make one feel as if the world could never be dry again.

"Well, now, you are real good! We are over so much obliged to you."

"My dear, what dreadful girls!" said Mrs. Charlton, settling herself among her cushions.

Hope laughed. "They were very kind, mother, and they like the dear old house."

"I shall never endure them or their brother!" said Mrs. Charlton.

"The three girls vary speedily become friends, and Pauline and Clarissa were also soon popular in the neighborhood."

"Mr. Gerrans is a most charming man!" was the unexpected greeting Hope received one afternoon in the week before Christmas.

"Yes," he has been here for nearly an hour, and he might be an English-

man as far as manners and appearance go," said Mrs. Charlton.

"Does he mean to stay long?" inquired Hope.

"I do not know," was the reply, "but I imagine he does, for he is planning all sorts of improvements."

"Do not speak like that, my love; it sounds as if you were not pleased."

"I have no money for these extensive improvements," said Hope.

"Yes; at all events for a time; but I hope to return to see your father before we quit his house altogether."

"I like England very much, Miss Charlton, and I used to wish to live in this country."

"How have you been showing Wilmington how easy it is to speak as you do," said Clarissa.

"Not at all," was the reply; "you do not know what the sound is in a New York drawing room when a good many girls are there for tea; they screech and screech, like rusty car wheels."

"I shall be ever so pleased, my son, if she is real nice to you," said his mother.

Four telegraphic messages can now be transmitted over one wire at one time by using the quadruplex system.

hospitalities of the manor, the goodness of the imported "chef," or the excellence of the host's taste.

Hope was returning one bitter day in March from an errand at the far end of the village.

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Country Editor—I would like very much to see some of your long tailed cats.

Editor—I don't care a cent about that. My wife has put a dark blue skyland in my light dove colored Sunday pants.

She—Do you understand the rule of three, my dear?

KERRECTED.

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule down the main lay Bay.

I heard some talk in the village about her flyin' high.

Two high for bay farner folks with chereer ter dew ter fly.

But I paid no further attention ter all the talk co-

She comes in her rag'lar boardin' round ter visit with us an' her.

My Jake an' her had been chereer ever since they would walk.

But I was ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!"

Jake bore it wonderful patient an' said, in a mournful way.

I remember once he was saidin' for some o' my lujun boys.

An' then he should allow say "them air," said o' them in the class.

Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy, "wornin' an' evenin' long."

Number of People Since Adam.

Did you ever make a calculation of the number of people that have inhabited this globe since the beginning of time?

To give room for any possible doubt as to the average length of life, we will put it down at fifty years.

Admitting that there is a great deal of guess work about this calculation, and that it has been hastily and perhaps inaccurately done.

How the Tiger Kills and Eats. The tiger generally seizes his prey at night; he watches the cattle, or the sheep, and then, with a rush within reach, and then, with a dash or bound, he grips it by the throat, drags or strikes it to the ground, twisting it so as sometimes to dislocate or break its neck.

Diffusion of Odors. It is said that a grain of musk is capable of perfuming for several years a chamber twelve feet square without sustaining any sensible diminution of its volume or its weight.

Ancient Brick Making. The great perfection to which the ancients carried the art of brick making is probably due to the abundance of labor, plenty of time to devote to each stage of the work, their great patience and painstaking and the natural drying and preserving climate of the east.

The Way of the World. "Why do you suppose they call it angel cake?" said the young woman who made it.

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Editor—I don't care a cent about that. My wife has put a dark blue skyland in my light dove colored Sunday pants.

She—Do you understand the rule of three, my dear?

Yes, indeed; ever since I've been in love with you.

RUSSIA'S CRIMINAL GANG.

Scenes Among the Despondent Criminals Leaving Moscow. "What's the matter here?" asked I, finding a considerable crowd assembled around the long low front of the great Eastern depot at Moscow.

I shivered involuntarily at the words, which are a proverbial phrase in Russia for transportation to Siberia, the manufacturing town of Vladimir standing on the great eastern highway, which is the most direct route to the penal settlement.

It was a strange spectacle, and not without a certain gloomy picturesque quality of its own, and had heart sickening effect upon me.

Almost at the end of the gloomy file came the figure of a woman, still young, whose face, wasted and deformed though it was by vice and misery, still bore manifest traces of former beauty.

"What has she done?" inquired I of one of the guards.

"Murdered her child," said the man quite coolly, and I asked him no more.

Thought It Was the Bible. Ten years ago, Mr. Toole, the English comedian, while passing through Stratford-on-Avon, saw a rustic sitting on a fence.

An invention is said to have been patented in New Zealand and in other colonies which, if it does all that is claimed for it, will revolutionize the settlement of bush lands.

There was in the ancient Hungarian crown a fine large sapphire, surrounded with four oblong green gems, the nature of which has not yet been made known.

Professor Starbuck (unimpaired)—And you really love me! I thought your heart belonged to that scapegrace boy of mine.

Lucy—No; it is you, you dear old goose. And, then—as a man of science—I thought you would like me to show you a total eclipse of the sun.