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After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been DRINKING TOO MUCH, SICK HEADACHE, and nervousness which follows, restore the appetite and remove gloomy feelings. Elegantly sugar coated. Take No Substitute.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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THE BANK OF ALAMANCE

Here is our condensed opinion of the Original Laxative Cough Syrup: "Nearly all other cough syrups are constipating syrups in disguise. Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels. Contains no opiates. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Simmons Drug Store."

SERIOUS, YET FUNNY

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR THAT HELPS TO PUT SPICE IN LIFE.

Some Examples of Delightful Incongruities in Speaking, Writing and Painting That Appeal Strongly to the Sense of the Ridiculous.

Nothing has added more to the merit of the world than the unintentional, unconscious humor of writers, public speakers and, in fact, all classes and conditions of men and women. And there is none so delightful. It far exceeds in mirth provoking quality the cold blooded humor of the professional wits.

We Americans are a fun loving people, and we must and will have our jollity. Some one has said with certainty: "With all our vanity, energy and unrest, we are not a dull, cheerless people. Sour faced fellows, yellow and dyspeptic, are to be met with in our cars and on our streets, but they are not the type of the American, for he is as ready for a laugh as for a speculation, as fond of a joke as an office."

And the joke is all the more enjoyable when it is spontaneous. The greater the strain of a man's life the greater the need and demand for humor, and no one depreciates the value of humor excepting those who have none of this good gift to their portion.

"Sunset" Cox, one of the wisest men of his day, says in his book, "Why We Laugh": "Eliminate from the literature and conduct of any one people the amusing and the amused faculty, and you produce a sterility as dull and uninteresting as the clinders and ashes of the volcanic fields of Iceland. But include the amusing element within the experience and history of mankind, and no description of luxuriance, with grape, olive, nectarine and orange, such as makes the vales of Portugal a perennial smile, is adequate to emphasize the contrast."

One could not well instance a more amusing blunder than that in a painting of the "Blessed Virgin" in an old church in Spain. In this painting the Virgin is represented as sitting on a red velvet sofa fondling a cat with one hand, while with the other she is pouring coffee from a silver coffeepot.

This is as amusing as a painting in a German church representing the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. In this painting Abraham is about to discharge a huge pistol at Isaac when an angel descends and pours a pitcher of water on the pan of the pistol, thereby saving Isaac.

The writer once saw a crude painting of King Herod with a pair of spectacles painted on his nose. There is a very old painting of St. Peter denying the Saviour, and several of the Roman soldiers in the background have pipes in their mouths.

Those who are on the lookout for them will find many amusing blunders in the daily papers and in periodicals of all kinds. It was but the other day that the writer saw Miss Fanny Gray referred to in a religious paper as the "author of so many blind poems."

And it was a great metropolitan daily that one morning gave its readers the wrecking of a ship the night before: "The captain swam ashore and succeeded in saving the life of his wife. She was insured in the Northern Marine Insurance company and carried a cargo of cement."

Equally amusing was the statement made by another paper regarding the capsizing of a boat at sea. It said that "but one life was lost, and that was found afterward."

He must be sadly deficient in humor who does not find himself amused by a sign like the following seen in the window of a shoemaker: "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this shop." It was an enterprising furrier who placed a card in his window stating that for the benefit of the ladies he would make "muffs, boas, etc., out of their own skins."

A prolific source of amusement to manuscript readers is the surprising way in which aspirants for literary honor and glory often "put things."

We find one young woman saying of her heroine: "The countess fell back in a deadly swoon. When she revived her spirit had fled."

Another young writer places her heroine in a very peculiar situation and then says of her, "Her lips quivered; her cheeks grew pale; her breath came in short pants."

A third writer gives this amusing description of the appearance of some one she referred to as "the bell of the ball": "She was clad in some soft, clinging, feecy, vapory stuff of purest white that gave the appearance of a bit of detached cloud floating in the sky. She wore no ornament with the exception of several bits of rare triceratops gathered in a foreign clime."

A charming bit of purely unconscious humor was the great English coal mine. At the mouth of the great central shaft hundreds of feet deep was a placard bearing these words: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."—Detroit Free Press.

Market Rate. Some of these big magazine editors are humorous at times. In response to this inquiry from an amateur, "What does poetry bring in New York?" one of them replied: "We have no regular price, but if you ship it in crates or carloads we believe that you can realize 1 1/2 cents a pound for it."

He is great who is what he is from nature and who never reminds us of others.—Hudson.

Two Sides of a Word. Miss Sharp—I've paid this bill once. Baker—Indeed, ma'am. I'm very sorry that I didn't recollect it. Miss Sharp—I dare say that you are sorry that you didn't recollect it, but I'll take care of that.

THE CUMFOO DANCE.

One of the Popular Pastimes of the Negroes in Demerara.

The negro has undoubtedly a very strong inclination to sleep in the day and to spend the night in gossip, dancing or singing. On this account he is often a nuisance to his neighbors, especially when he has a wake. As his home is often nothing more than a single room about eight feet square, the funeral party is conducted in the open yard. Here congregates 50 to 100 people, who begin the entertainment with hymns, going on after midnight to songs and games and often winding up toward morning with a free fight. Then there is the cumfoo dance, one of the finest institutions in the world for producing nightmare. Two men beat drums with the hands, the one instrument producing a tumtum and the other a rattle rattle, almost without intermission during the whole night. At intervals of about a minute the party utters a weird cry in some African language which startles you as you lie in bed vainly trying to sleep. As hour after hour passes your house appears to vibrate, the bed shakes and your spine feels as if made up of loose segments. How can the drummers keep this up for ten hours? And the dancers? With the latter exhaustion alternates with the renewal of the orgy. One set falls down and another takes its place. This and other dances are connected with obeah, the witch cult of the African.

Every negro and most of the colored people have an innate fear of the obeah man, however they deny it to the whites. One of the latest developments of this superstition was brought to my notice in connection with a cricket match. The Admirable Creolians were to play a match, and from a few words dropped by the captain of the latter it appears that he was sure of victory to his side because a notable obeah man had oiled their bats.—Saturday Review.

Where Charity Begins. The public spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her. She stared at him in her nearsighted way.

The Lady—Little boy, haven't you any home?
The Little Boy—Oh, yes; I've got a home.

The Lady—And loving parents?
The Little Boy—Yes'm.

The Lady—I'm afraid you do not know what love really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?
The Little Boy—Yes'm.

The Lady—Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?
The Little Boy—Yes'm.

The Lady—Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on "When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?" next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Lyceum hall?
The Little Boy (explosively)—What's the matter with you, ma? Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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PRODUCING PURE MILK.

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