A few brief days!

Though dark the way and drear my

For evermore my life will hold love's shrine,

By Walter Littlefield.

a good weed and a good story.

noticed.

it to me.

On drawing his cardcase from his

"What is it?" inquired M. Blouet.

him carefully as it was examined.

my eye caught sight of a date and an

inscription upon the ring of the key-

The one addressed buffed assiduo

"Come, come," said M. Blouet as he

leaned forward with interest, "there

"You are right, gentlemen. There is a

since you desire it I will tell it to you

tion, this little bit of metal that I hold

in my hand has one of the most re

"Tell it! Tell it!" we both exclaimed

Fresh cigarettes were lighted, and

to bear witness to what he said, M.

"It was in 1871, just after the surren-

der of Paris. The second empire had

the government. Evidences of the ter-

rible commune were on every hand,

still the city was beginning to look like

the habitation of a civilized people.

One morning Le Journal des Debats

announced the death at Versailles of a

Russian lady who for more than 20

years had kept all the gossips of the

Paris salons busy concerning a mystery

that seemed to surround her. For rea-

sons that I shall presently explain she

became known as 'La Dame a la Clef.'

Now, a nickname in Paris means a

great deal more than it does here.

When one is nicknamed there, one car-

"The notice in Le Journal des Debats

mentioned 'La Dame a la Clef est

morte.' It did not give her own name.

That would have signified nothing. The

paper concluded by saying that she

died, aged 45, in complete solitude. It

seems that her husband, who was much

older than she, had visited her regular-

ly every six months during the past ten

years and then had disappeared, no one

knew where. All was mysterious about

this 'Lady of the Key.' One day came

to her the news of her husband's death.

She survived him but a short time, and

it was whispered that she had allowed

herself to die from hunger. That was

all the notice of her death had to say

about the matter. The mystery still

remained unexplained, and the interest

concerning her grew less and less and

M. Lebon paused to relight his ciga-

rette, which he had allowed to go out.

After doing this, he settled back in his

chair, puffed once or twice, but did not

seem at all inclined to continue the

"Well," I ejaculated, "go on. That is

no story. Why, you haven't even said

what the mystery was, or why she was

"Ah, yes," he replied pensively, "quite right. I had forgotten. Gentle-

men, I have not said that she was

beautiful, yet such was the case. Her

face was one of the lovellest that I

have ever seen, her figure was perfect,

"Well?" interrupted M. Blouet some-

"Gentlemen, I will not bore you,"

imagine her beautiful in face and form;

then, gentlemen, around her neck,

which was of the purest mold, was

riveted a golden chain to which was

attached this key. And, gentlemen, from the 1st of June, 1848, to the day

of her death the chain never left her

He paused again and once more

"Well," said M. Blouet, " we have the

mystery; now for the solving of it."

"Gentlemen," continued M. Lebon,

amiling sagely as he tipped off the ashes of his cigarette, "I have told you

all that anybody but myself knows.

Is that not enough? You now know what all Puris knew. Are you not satisfied?" and he laughed quietly to him-

We smoked for a few moments in silence, both M. Blouet and myself sur-mission that the best way to hear the

rest of the scory was to leave the par-

continued M. Lebon smiling. "Sir

called 'La Dame a la Clef.'"

what impatiently

k, bor the key.

seemed disinclined to go on.

gradually died away altogether."

ries that name to the grave.

markable of histories."

Lebon began his story.

in a breath.

for truly, gentlemen, without exaggers

like that. Why not let us have it?"

and thumb, but he made no reply.

'Ier Juin, 1848. Memento mori!"

CHURCH DIRECTORY METHODIST Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. GEO. S. BARBE, Supe Preaching at 11 A M., and 8 P. every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday night
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FOREEST SMITH. Pastor Preaching at 11 A. M., aud 8 P. M.

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THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1901.

THE FAMOUS ROUGH RIDING CAM-PAIGN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It Carried Panie and Confusion Into Ohio and Indiana, but Resulted In No Benefit Whatever to the Confed-

"Cavalry riding," said the major, "is exciting, but very exhausting business west. When he started from the Cumproperly supported, he would capture

another attempt at Wellsville, but was

finally captured at New Lisbon.
"This was the most remarkable raid of the war. It carried panic and confusion into Ohio and Indiana, but in results it was of no benefit whatever to the Confederate cause. Morgan believed that there would be an uprising in the Confederate interest in Kentucky. There was not. He believed that the peace Democrats in Ohio would give him at least secret support, but when his men stole the horses of the peace Democrats the latter joined the ranks of Morgan's pursuers, and before the raid was half over the whole state was aroused, and men who had taken no interest in the war previous to that time shouldered their squirrel rifles to fight the raiders who were stealing their horses and carrying the horrors of war to their very

make a bad story, would it? I think I will work it up-elaborate it a little, ion pursuers simply because they stole horses right and left and remounted I left the house feeling deeply morti- the men, but they were finally capturfled to think I had been so effectually ed, and that fall Ohio gave the war diana and Ohio, provoked a furious feeling of resentment, which influ-

a more difficult task to perform they never received half the praise given to the raiders.

left, and some of them had bolts of Ike." calico strapped to their saddles when

they were captured. udah's men, closing in on the other

Just Like a Man.

when she had five pennies in her purse."-Chicago Post.

Remarkable Cures of Rhe From the Vindicator, Rutherfordton. N. C.

AT TWILIGHT.

In the sid home alone at Iwilight gray, As night folds her robes o'er Tounksgiving da I am dreaming again by the franghi's glow The besutiful dreams of the long ago-

When the dearest joy of the gladeone earth Was the blush of arbutos, the violet's hierb, And the deep-st of all my children wees. Was watching the bright petals fall from the control of the control of

Rambling o'er money raths gray
is the exlanting of the perre, and today
its bright thomas gleam in the autuum sum.
But its blossoms have fallen one by one.

As I sit aloue in the shadows gray, Though the arbutus bitemens, and

in his hat and the telegraph wire bracelets became too importunate in his demands for eigarettes, and as be had been detected in the act of appropriating a wooden handled skinning knife, valued \$1.50. five minutes before the post trader walked around the counter and kicked him energetically out of the store and half way around the hay corral. It spoke volumes for the post trader's activity that he was able to do this, for it is no easy matter to keep within kicking range of a prop erly scared Crow Indian for the dis tance that he covered, to say nothing of performing the act itself. Therefore the post trader was breathless when he returned and had to lie on the counter with his head on a bolt of pink striped calleo to recover himself. The old bullwhacker, who had been watching the race from his seat on a nail keg, with a grin on his wrinkled mahogany visage, complimented the advance agent of commerce on his

that I ever seen the time that I could have done better than that. I'm reus a physical feat. however. I'm not sayin that you showed a strikin amount of jedgment. When Young Man Afraid of His Breechclout has got you knotted up with green rawhide on the squaws are fixing the fire fer the grand barbecue, mebbe you will regret your pernishus activity an cuss the day that you humbled the proud spirit of the noble Injun warrior. Is this shebang insured?" "You was never introduced to me rejoined the post trader. "I've got a

half inch of callous on the soles of my feet, an I come into this country from the beadwaters of Bitter creek along of J. W. Hancher an Ed Phernetton an the rest of them desperadoes. I've got relatives by marriage among the Crows and Ogallalas, an I've drunk more alkali water an eat more dog an buffalo berry than any white man this side of the big Mizzoura. I didn't bring my outfit in here in the spring of '09. What did you expect me to do - give that greasy, tin tagged coyote my stock of elgarettes to keep him good tempered?"

forfuted his friendship," returned the idee his beart is bad, an he won't come an see you no more. An Injun has got his feelin's the same as a white man has, an I reckon you would git hostile if any hombre booted you from blazes to breakfast because you ast bim fer the means of soothin your nerves. You injered that Crow in a sensitive spot,

trader. merry Cair scalpin an burnin through the paleface settlements an the good hearted granger was raked in the Injun that he had saved sashays in an rescoos bim from a turr'ble death?" "I've rend them storles," said th post trader.

"But you don't believe 'em." said the old bullwhacker. "You sin't sanguine concernin the good that there is in your feller man. If you git a bad deal, you lecline to chip in an lay down your hand instid of callin fer cards an draw-

"I don't draw to no two spot in the hope of completin a flush." "Well, my the'ry is that there ain't no galoot so low down hat if you treat him with kindness an keep him close erded be will show the good that's in him. Did I ever tell you about old man Haines an Gus Minnick? Well, It goes to prove what I wux a-sayin. Old man Haines lived out on Blue creek apiece above where it empties into the Platte, opposite the mouth of Ash Hollow, where Harney cleaned up the Sloux. He was jest about the most benev'lent old duck that ever ripped up tough sod with a balky team of

like him, an his ole woman was save in an np-to-date comic opera rate of one first-class fare for the round worse'n he wuz.

An Honest Medicine for La Grippe, George W. Waitt, of South Gardiner. Ma., save: "I have had the worst cough, cold, chills and grip and have taken lots of trash of no account but profit to the render. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only thing that has done any good whatever. I have used one bottle of it and the chill, cold and grip have all left me. I congratulate the manufacturers of an honest medicine." For sale by W. G. Thomas.

"As soon as they explained who they wus an identerfied their ponies, the boss strangler allowed that there wurn't no reason why the cerem shouldn't perceed, an he throwed the other end of the rope over the limb.
"'Why,' says the old man, 'you hain't

goin to hang that poor boy, air you?"
"I reckon I am," says the boss strangier, cheerful an gay.

"'I don't believe it belps a man to hang him,' says Haines. 'You jest give him up to me, an I'll take him back to the ranch with me an surround him with moral influences an keep him out of bad company. He's got good in him, an I'll bring it out of him an make a useful citerzen of him."

"Well, the long an abort of it wus that he begged so loud that they let Minnick go, an old man Haines started back with him. On the way be talked to Gus like a father an told him how grong it wur to rustle cayuses when he could get 'em himself by workin honust fer 'em. He made Gus a present of the ten that he had stole as a starter an offered him good wages to work on the ranch.

"Gus staid there fer two months, an then he got inter a argyment with the liggest boy about breakin a colt an slot him up an lit out. Old man Haines wuz real provoked about it, but he jumped on a horse an put out after Minnick an overtook him at Box Elder. As soon as Gus seen him he throwed down on him with a Winchester, but the old man told him to behave himself an quit monkeyin with fire-

"'I sh'd think you'd seen the evil of them sort of actions after killin Hen-

'Did I kill him? says Gus. "'Yes, you did,' says the old man as severe as he knowed how. 'An I sh'd think you'd be ashamed of yourself. I from the surface of the coins, formerly don't wonder you felt as if you didn't want to look me in the face after sech actions. All the same, I don't want now.in circulation. you stragglin off where you'll get inter bad comp'ny, so you jest come right back home with me. We've got to have them colts broke, an we're short handed now.

"Well, Gus knowed how forgivin the old man wus, an he went back, an they cored her. It's a guaranteed cure for all avoided the subjec' of Henry, so's not to burt his feelin's. He staid on a month figger, an then because the at W. G. Thomas'. when I wur younger an limberer than old woman burned his cakes fer him what I am now," he said, "but I dunno he brained her with the skillet. The other boy told him that that wusn't no does, not by what he thinks he does, way to do, an Gus got mad an sacreed him with the butcher knife an then set fire to the house an lit out. "When old man Haines got back an found out what had happened, he said

that it wuz enough to make a man lose patience, but he wun sot in his ways. an he said that he would make a good citizen of Gus in spite of hill an high water. So he went out after him again an coaxed him back, an everybody said that Gue was a changed man from that time forward, as meek as Moses an honust as the day." "Are they livin there together yet?"

inquired the post trader, with some

chew of tobacco before replying. Then he said: "I wux hopin you wouldn't ast me that question, becus it might seem to milertate against my the'ry. The truth is that the old man sent Gus to town one day, an Gus come back with a jug of whisky for himself, but he forgot the old man's smokin terbacker. The old man said that it showed selfishness an ingratitude on Gus part, an he allowed that he must be poor material anyway, an he had done the best that he could with him, but that settled it. They wus standin by the woodpile at the time, an the old man had the ax. I come along jest in ime to assist at the funeral.

"Still I never took the old man's view. I reckon that Gus jest forgot." -Chicago Record.

Good Advice; Hard to Follow Extreme worry comes from trying to nstead of letting each day's evil be sufficient unto itself. If we could live our whole life in a few hours, it might be consistent to think it all over in one night. There is no past, there is no future, for doing or accomplishing The present time alone is for action and the order is and always will be one thing at a time. This one thing must be done on the instant in whatever cirumstances we find ourselves.

Not that we should be forgetful of the past or careless of the future. The former has been our faithful schoolmaster; the latter bolds for us the issues of life. That we may set intelligently in the present it is essential for us to look forward as far as the future can reasonably be predicted, but not to A degree of anxiety may be founded

ipon facts that point almost inevitably to future difficulties, but a large part of the forecast of trouble is groundless, as is proved when things do not turn out as expected. Overanxiety is al-ways crossing bridges before they are reached, and it will stay awake all night borrowing trouble from the re-mote future.—Chaptapquan.

Strikes A Rich Find Strikes A Rich Find,

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nevous debility," writes F. J. Green; of Lancaster.

N. H., "No remedy helped me until. I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years, She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them, Only 5 c. Satisfaction guaranteed by W. G. Thomas.

gards dress stands without parallel excursion tickets fro

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Reasons For Differences In Tint of Coins of French Mintage, me time ago a Frenchman placed other a number of gold coins of ach mintage of the beginning middie and end of the last century. He was much surprised to see that they differed in color. He set about finding out the reasons for this difference, and the results of his investigations have been published in La Nature.

color as a "beautiful palences" and ex-presses regret that it is lacking in later coins. The explanation of it is very simple. The alloy that entered into the French gold coins of those days con-

The coins of the era of Napolson III were more golden in bue. The silver had been taken out of the alloy.

The gold coins of today have a still warmer and deeper tinge of Jellow. This is because the Paris mint, as well as that in London, melts the gold and the copper alloy in hermetically scaled obses, which prevents the copper from being somewhat bleached, as it always is when it is attacked by bot air. So the present coins have the full warmness of tint that a copper alloy can

If the coins of today are not so impdsome in the opinion of amateur collectors as those issued by the first Napoleon, they are superior to those of elther of the Napoleons in the fact that it costs less to make them. The double operation of the exidation of the copper and cleaning it off the surface of the York, or apply to coin with acids is no longer employed, and the large elimination of copper practiced, made them less resistant under wear and tear than are the coins

A Horrible Outbreak

"Of large sores on my little daughter's head developed into a case of scald bend" writes C. D. Isbill of Morganton. Tenn. but Bucklen's Aroles Salse completely

When man is judged by what he

Working 24 Hours a Day. There's no rest for those tireless litt workers-Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always busy, curing Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Bilicospess, Fever and Agos. They banish Sick Headache, drive out Malaria. Never grips or weaken. Small, taste nice, work wonders. Try them, 25c at. W. G. Thomas,

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are worthtees. The original quickly cures piles sores and all skin diseases. W. G. In addition to its value as an illu

excuse for kicking against the trust, Reports abow a greatly increased death Feed Sale ? Livery to the prevalence of croup, possessions and grippe. We advise the use of One Minute Cough Core in all of these difficulties. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Children like it. W. G. Thomas.

Scientists blindly leave Fifth avenue behind and hunt for the missing link n African jungles,

A powerful engine mannot be run with bear all the cares of a lifetime at once | a weak boiler, and we can't keep up the strain of an active life with a wrak stom-

The sensation of being hanged would be described by a woman as perfectly killing."

The original is a safe and certain cure for iles. It is a soothing and healing salve for sores and all skin diseases. Riots are occurring in the cities of

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Any quantity of fire that will will with the use of a PERSIANS STRAM COOKER, cook a meal.

MRS. J. A. THOMAS.

VOL. XXXI

rator completely to himself. In a mo-ment the latter began again, speaking RESPITE. A listle while, dear God, a few brief days, rapidly and in short sentences. I pray thee, let me keep this love of mine Just in my inmost heart, safe from the world! Too dear, too deep, it lies for earthly gaze.

"In 1848 her husband owned a country house near Passy. She was then young and gay. No chain or key A little while, ch, grant the boon I sak,
For none can ever know save heart divine
How life's environments have bound my soul,
Dear God! Ch, say I need not wear my mask
A few brief days! adorned her neck then. One day she was surprised by her lord, shutting somebody in the wardrobe. A servant had betrayed her. The Muscovite Othello turned the key twice in the A little while, oh, just a little while, To have and hold the love I've prayed so long! wardrobe, took it out, then told his wife to follow him. A traveling brizska stood a few paces from the villa. More dead than alive, the un-Though love but linger here

A few brief days!

—Rose VanB. Speece in Scranton Tribune

happy woman obeyed. When the husband had placed her in the carriage he gave an order in a low voice to the coachman. 'Keep this key,' he said to his wife. 'I have forgotten something and will return,' then went back to the "He returned, according to his promise, but as the carriage descended the hill the poor woman saw flames issuing from the windows of the villa. She fainted. Three days she remained un-

There were three of us one evening conscious. On regaining her senses she perceived that a gold chain was riveted in the reading room of the Press club -M. Paul Blonet, better known as around her neck, to which was attach-"Max O'Reil" through his sketches of ed a golden key, the exact counterpart French and English life and character: of the original, bearing an inscription. M. Charles P. Lebon, instructor of She wished to kill herself, but her hus-French, who, by the way, is a litteraband pointed to the inscription and teur of some little note, and myself. added that if she would save her fam-The conversation, after various fluctuily from dishonor she must ever obations, had assumed a story telling serve it. She was therefore condemned drift. M. Blouet had just related an to live. Her strange necklace excited amusing anecdote of his Boston somuch curiosity in Paris. At last her journ, and we were silently puffing in tyrant allowed her to retire to a quiet that agreeable languor that arises from retreat on the express stipulation that she would not attempt to destroy her-

pocket M. Lebon brought forth a small leased her from this condition." bright object that glistened a second in the lamplight as it fell to the floor. He Some three weeks later I was calling stooped for it with rather undue baste; on my friend Lebon, who wished to with so much haste, in fact, that he show me some old manuscripts that he called our attention to a movement that had been collecting. He produced a otherwise would have passed unlarge box of rosewood, which he casually remarked contained his family papers. To my astonishment, he drew Without a word Lebon handed him from his pocket the mysterious key and the object he had dropped, but eyed inserted it in the lock, which yielded readily to his pressure, and the lid flew "A key," remarked M. Blouet; "a key

self during his lifetime. His death re-

and evidently of gold." And he passed "Why," I exclaimed in wonder, "that is the key!" I held in my hand a key of perhaps "The key?" he interrogated. Then he an inch in length and half as wide. laughed long and loud. "And you swallowed all that," he said when he could There was nothing particularly remarkable about it unless it were the control his merriment. material of which it was composed, "Certainly," I replied grimly. that appeared to be gold. Suddenly "By the way, though, it wouldn't

back.

you know." "A curious key," I suggested as I returned it to M. Lebon. "Tell us about "sold." A desire for revenge took pos- party the ession of me, and I determined to steal for a moment or two as he twirled the a march on him. I have done so .- Crimysterious key between his forefinger

Don't Scold.

Of all forms of human effort and execution scolding is the most useless. must be something to tell about a key When a parrot, a chipmunk, a squirrel or bluejay scolds he is ludicrous. For people to scold is ludicrous, too, but curious story concerning this key, and with a difference, and assuredly the difference is on the unfavorable side. It never did and never will do any one any good. It has done much harm. Besides, scolding grows to be a habit. We have all suffered because of the shortcomings of some one else, recelving tremendous tirades over what we had no hand in, because we hap-

still holding the key in his hand as if pened to be present when the scolding habit was yielded to by one of its vic-Scoiding is easy. It takes neither fallen. M. Thiers and his party held power of brain nor heart to scold. It does not even make any great draft upon the physical being. Any fishwife

alive can be a grand success at scold ing. Why compete with her?
Scolding should be compelled to per ish from the earth. The tongue, the voice, the eye, the face-all should be trained not to scold-yes, and the pen. for of all things a scolding pen is the worst. And the habit once formed with the pen is apt never to be entirely shaken off .- Ada C. Sweet in Woman's

Home Companion. Millions Spent In Amusements. "The American people are great theater goers and spend about \$112,000,000 annually for such amusements," said a prominent theatrical manager to the writer recently. "This vast sum of money is paid into the treasuries of some 1,000 companies, which were estimated to be playing in all parts of the United States last year. This includes everything that can be considered strictly professional companies, to say

nothing of the countless amateur or "Of the strictly theatrical organizations it is safe to say that the average receipts per night for the 1,000 come. nies is \$400 each. At seven performances per week for each company tile weekly average would be \$2,800. The average theatrical season is 40 weeks. The entire 1,000 companies, with average nightly receipts of \$400, would produce weekly receipts at seven perormances per week amounting to \$2, 800,000. This multiplied by 40, the number of weeks in the theatrical season, will yield gross receipts amounting to \$112,000,000, which is probably ar below what the people of this coun-

try really do pay every year for the-atrical amusement."-Washington Star. Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate. of Alex andria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicine failed, three \$1.00 bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Cough, Colds La Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. G. Thomas' drug store. Night Was Her Terror.

White roses are the most beautiful nd desirable of all flowers, they are at the same time the most difficult of flow: s to raise and the most pestered with insect enemies.

A Good Cough Medicine for

"I have no hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says F. P. Moran, a well known and popular baker, of Petersburg, Va, "We have given it to our children when troubled with bad coughs, also whooping cough, and it has always given perfect satisfaction. It was recommended to me by a druggist as the best cough medicine for children as it contained no opium or other harmful drug." Sold by W. G. Thomas

MORGAN'S RAIDERS.

Long distance raids in an enemy's untry can be made only where there are a good many horses. John Morgan-could never have made his raid through Indiana and Ohio in 1863 if the counties raided bad not been well supplied with the best horses in the berland river, in east Tennessee, Morgan believed that he would sweep everything before him and that, if

"Morgan, with a well organized brigade of cavalry 4,000 strong, swept northward from the Cumberland river through Kentucky to the Ohio river at Brandenberg, 40 miles below Louisville. There he captured two steamboats, crossed the river, swept through southern Indiana, galloped around Cincinnati, not more than ten miles from the city, and then moved eastward, expecting to cross the Ohio river at Buffington, but was driven back, made

"There was hard riding all the time for Morgan's men. They left behind them a wreckage of broken down horses. They kept ahead of their Untory of the state up to that time. In fact, the Morgan raid, by carrying the war into the peaceful districts of In-

enced people for 20 years.
"The comedy of the raid was furnished by the people of the districts wholly unused to war, wholly unprepared for it and with exaggerated deas of the ferocity of Morgan's men. For two weeks it was only necessary for some mischlevous boy to shout, 'Morgan is coming!' in any village in central or southern Ohlo to create a panic. I know that many of the raiders after Morgan got no rest night or day, slept in the saddle, and not a few of them fell off their horses in sleep. At the end of the raid they were as exhausted as Morgan's men, but with

"I remember," continued the major, one case in which a woman stabled her carriage horses in the parlor for two days to keep them out of Morgan's hands. I saw Morgan's men ride by that house and saw some of them stop to listen at the unusual sound of horses' feet on a carpeted floor, but the parlor horses were not disturbed. Some of our neighbors drove their horses cattle and sheep 30 miles into the interior and were away from home a week. Morgan's men looted right and

"Morgan, it must be remembered. made his whole raid with artillery and a wagon train, but he was not in Ohlo to fight, and he demonstrated at once the ease with which a peaceful district may be invaded by a mobile column and at the same time the peril involved in such a venture. In a few days 50,000 militiamen were in the field. against him. At first he played with these green soldlers, but at last they hung on his flanks, eager for fight as buildogs. In the last days Hobson's men, who had followed Morgan for hundreds of miles through three states, closed in on their old enemies with a gleefulness that exceeded anything of the kind I ever saw in the army, and

ide, settled the fate of the raiders. "Morgan's men knew by the maneuering and the firing when they were faced by trained soldiers, and the first charge of the Union cavalry had in it the impetus of delayed vengeance. The Unionists who rode in that charge had old scores to settle, and Morgan's tired veterans were overwhelmed. After Morgan had escaped from the peniten tlary at Columbus and had reorganize his command and was again raiding Kentucky hundreds of Union soldle on their way home for discharge left their trains and joined in the pursuit simply to get a crack at the old raider. and Morgan knew when their rifles spoke that he was up against the real

"Oh, no; she's not at all what you would call a really feminine woman. She affects masculine ways." "Well, for instance, yesterday I saw her give a street car conductor a nickel

Long ago, when my wayward feet Wandered mid flowers wild and sweet, When hear's were golden and skies were blue And life reflected each glorious bus,

Pale is the blossom I blushing knew And its leaf overthowing, with texts of dew. The violet some as she drouge her head, "You loved me not as you lessed the dead."

Ab, I know full well, for my thoughts will stray

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

The red gentleman with the feathers

"An if you had you wouldn't have old bullwhacker. "As it is I've got an

"I done my best to." said the pos-"He may belong to the Badface band an have hair in his tepee," continued the old bullwhacker in the same grave he's a human, an as a human it's your play to extend the right hand of fellership to him instid of the sole of your mber nine. Hain't they got no Sunday school liberries out on Bitter creek? Hain't you never read about the settler who found a poor, starin redskin out in the snow plum exhausted an took him inter his strack an fed im up a whole let an warmed him an exhoomed the tomphawk an raised

bulls. Long sofferin wuzn't no name fer him. He had two boys that wun

The editor of the Vindicator has had occasion to test the efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice with the most remarkable results in each case. First, with rheumatism in the shoulder from which he suffered encruciating pain for ten days, which was relieved with two applications of Pain Balm. rubbing the parts afflicted and realizing instant benefit and entire relief in a very abort time. Second, in rheumatism in thigh joint, almost prostrating him with severe pain, which was relieved by two applications, rubbing with the liniment on retiring at night, and getting up free from pain.

For sale by W. G. Thomas.

Gus' neck when old man Haines comes up with his biggest boy, Arch. They had been hot an close on the trail all

COLOR OF GOLD COINS.

There is a paleness about the reliew of the 10 and 20 franc pieces which bear the efficies of Napoleon I and Louis XVIII that is not observed in the goldpieces of later mintage. One admirer of these coins speaks of their

tained as much silver as copper, and it was the allver that gave the colus their

oman may throw a stone and hit one of a flock of barns,

Moderation in sin is as possible oderation in banging. Like all bad dollars, all counterfeits of

minating agent, gas is a mighty good

strain of an active life with a wrak stom-sche; neither can we stop the human machine to make repairs. If the stom-ach cannot digest enougo fod to keep the body strong, such a preparation as Ko doi Dyspepeia Cure should be used. It digests what you cat ond it simply can't, help but do you good W. G. Thomas.

There is always danger in using connecteits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve

ittle liver pills ever made. W. G. Thom-Many men fan the flames of their

INAUGURAL EXCURSIONS.

On account of the inaugural ceremo-