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\$1. 25 to \$2. 75.

to \$1. per pair.—Ladies' nice shoes \$1. 10 to \$2 per pair.—Men's shoes

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-Full assertment of the following AT COST:-Suspenders; Ladies and

Gents Gloves; Corsets; Gents Shirts and Collars; Gents Scarfs; Handker

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All persons are requested to come and secure the benefit of these whole.

La All persons who are indebted to me are requested to call and settle

cents each-Good Jesus 40c pr yd,-Best Jeans 50c pr yd.

No goods will be sold on time after this date, Fab,

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Recently erected by them. They keep a large and complete stock of

BY MRS. E. H. HOUGH.

"COUSIN FRANK."

"I must now bid you good morning, Miss Ogden; my train is about starting. I am sorry you are obliged to remain here until tomorrow, in consequence of the break in the road: but you will find everything pleasant here at the Sherman House. I have entered your name on the books, and have also given the name and address of your father, which will be all the guarantee you will require for the best treatment they can give you."

'That is all right, Mr. Werden, and I am greatly obliged for your kindness," was the pleasant response. not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it. — J. W. PARK-INSON, Philadelphia. The lady whose attendant had thus bowed himself out and away was a

happy young girl of eighteen, who had been spending the holidays with some relatives in St. Louis, and was now on her way to her home in Rochester. She had been accustomed to travel, both in company and alone, and did not regard it as a very serious calamity when she learned from the gentleman in whose charge she had been placed, and who had ac companied her as far as Chicago, that she would be obliged to remain there a day or two.

It was now eight o'clock in the morning, and having breakfasted in her room, and while thinking how pleasant it would be to find some one in that great city whom she knew, she chanced to remember having heard her father say that he had a nephew residing there by the name of Charles Brown, a dealer in hard-

The city directory having been sent for, gave her the address of "Charles Brown, Hardware," and within the next twenty minutes a cab placed the young lady, with her satchel in her hand, at the door of his residence.

The bell had been rung, and steps were approaching the door, when our heroine began for the first time to query with herself as to whether she had gone into the cousining business in the most prudent way. Would it not have been much better to have sent her card and informed those cousins that she was at the ho tel, and would be glad to see them? She must now go in and say to the lady:

"I am a cousin of your husband. My name is Agatha Ogden, and I am a daughter of Ralph Ogden, of Roch ester, New York."

How different an awkward transac tion looks, when we get fairly into it, from what it does when thought of or seen at a distance!

"I am much pleased to see you, Miss Ogden!" was the form in which the young lady was received by Mrs. Brown. "Please let me take your hat and wraps. My sister, Miss Williams," she added, as the lady thus introduced entered the room. "My husband is out of the city, but will return tomorrow. His brother, Frank, is at the store, and will be home to lunch. I know very little in Fall line of School Books, Garden and Field Seeds. Call and see us regard to my husband's relatives, and do not believe Frank knows much about them, he having left home when

not more than ten years old." "I do wish I was back at the Sher man House!" Agatha said to herself. the first moment she was alone. "These ladies seem very kind; but how extremely awkward I shall feel if the gentleman should not be a rel ative of mine after all! They will think, and so shall I, that I have made a very great fool of myself. And even if they are my cousins, they will no doubt think I came here to save my hotel bill. But I am here now, and they are making me welcome; of course, I cannot do otherwise than to remain until the elder brother comes home. I do wonder if other people ever act as foolishly as I do sometimes? How father and 12 Yds. Good Domestic for \$1.-14 Yds best calico for \$1.-14 Yds white

mother would scold me!" Frank Brown, the cousin who would be home to lunch, was an earnest young fellow, twenty two years old, overflowing with life, and had seen just enough of the world to make him somewhat bold and selfreliant.

To make sure of Frank's company to lunch, Miss Williams went down chiefs; Oil Cloths; Nails and Horse Shoes; Well Buckets; Shoyels; Knives to the store soon after the visitor and Forks; Creckery and Glassware; Lamps and Lanterns; Men's Saddles came in and told him the whole story, ending with:

> "She is really a very pretty girl, Frank. We are just delighted with Frank Brown had never heard of

any cousin of that name; but that only made the discovery more interesting.

Having put himself through the hands of his barber and boot embel lisher, and given each part of his wardrobe a few extra touches, he ordered a cab to set him down at his door-that unusual precaution having been taken in order to bring himself into the presence of his new cousin in an unsoiled condition. Then, after giving himself a few more touches and scrutinizing glan ces on entering the hall, the young man marched boldly in, and having been duly announced, said :

"I am delighted to meet you, cousin !"

At the same time-for the whole story may as well be told—he took her fondly and affectionately by the hand, and placing his left arm gently around her, waited a second or two, until he saw her fair blue eyes looking firmly, affectionately, and as he thought invitingly, right into his own, and then gave her a cousinly kiss, not roughly or hastily, but in a very becoming and orderly way. He said again:

"I am delighted to meet you, Cousin Agatha !" To which the young lady respond

"And I am pleased to meet you, Cousin Frank."

The young man remained at home that day an hour longer than usualin fact, did not return to the store until one of the clerks came for him. and then remained only long enough to answer a question or two. little business at the Sherman House required his attention. Cousin Aga tha's trunk, the check for which he had received from her, must be sent over to their house, and her name withdrawn from the books. Miss Ogden would be their guest while she remained in the city, and she had already very kindly consented to prolong her visit some two or three

"Well, my dear," said the elder Mr. Brown, on hearing the whole story from his wife, immediately after he came home, "this is a comi cal adventure -one, however, that does not seem likely to damage any of us. The young lady is certainly not my cousin, nor in any manner related to me. I understand, how ever, exactly how the mistake has occurred. There was another Charles Brown, who left here a year ago, whom I knew very well, for he was also in the hardware business, and he had, as he told me, an uncle by the name of Ralph Ogden, in Rochester. We were talking one day in regard to our respective families, when he incidentally mentioned that fact, and spoke, as I remember, in very high terms of that uncle. The young lady is, of course, the daughter of that gentleman. She is now, as you say, down in the city with your sister ?"

"Yes; they went out together an hour ago to do a little shopping, and will soon return."

"Well, we must correct the mistake as gently as possible, and make the young lady's visit none the less pleasant to her. I will go to the store now, and return within an hour, and while I am gone you will, of course, explain the mistake to our visitor. Meantime, I will set Frank all right in regard to the matter, and prepare him to be a little demonstra

The mistake was first explained to Miss Williams by her sister, and then both ladies united in making the revelation to their guest, and all were soon laughing heartily at what seemed to them a very enjoyable

As for Frank, his feelings were mixed and peculiar; and our heroine also experienced a sensation that seemed like a gentle confusion, when she thought of the earnest and affectionate kiss she had already received from the young gentleman, whom she had never met before, and to whom she was in no way related.

A slightly awkward and embarrassing situation, and to get back to the formal and dignified propriety which should be observed between strangers, and do so in just the right way, might possibly require more skill and tact than a girl of eighteen would be expected to possess.

"Well, Cousin Agatha, how have you enjoyed yourself since I you last?" was the greeting Frank

met after the mistake was discovered. Agatha flushed a little, but not very crimson, and managed to go back timidly while the other visitors through her part of the programme in a way that made all parties feel as if they had found a happy and congenial friend, worth knowing and loving, even though she was not their cousin.

Mr. Charles Brown mentioned to his family, in the course of the even ing, that he had learned from reliable parties that the young lady, as he had conjectured, belonged to one of the most respectable families in Rochester.

"A good and worthy girl," he as ded; whose visit we must make as pleasant as possible."

And to the sarrying out of that programme the whole family address ed themselves -especially Frank.

Of the mistake that brought the young lady to their house, nothing was said to friends who came in Miss Ogden was simply introduced as a friend from Rochester, who was paying them a visit; and all joined with them in saying how very sorry they were that her visit would terminate so soon.

Whether the cousinly kiss with which Frank Brown and Agatha Ogden greeted each other, when first meeting, was repeated at parting, has never been known -unless to the young people themselves. But for some reason the acquaintance begun in that random way did not end with that visit.

on her way home, Agatha came to the conclusion that it would not be best to tell any one, except her father and mother, the story of her cousinly adventure; nor did she tell quite the whole story, even to them.

"A letter for you, Agatha, and from Chicago," was Mr. Ogden's remark, while distributing the mail matter the postman had brought in, one morning, a few days after his daughter had returned. "From your consins, perhaps."

"Have we any cousins in Chicago?" asked an old sister.

"We had some time ago," was the evasive answer which Agatha, with a sly but imploring look, prompted her father to give.

"Who is your letter from, Ag?" asked her sister. "I saw the address -a gentleman's writing. "Please don't bother me now,

replied Agatha, placing the letter in her pocket without reading. "Just the way," said the sister,

that young ladies treat the first letter they receive from their beaux." "After they have received as many as you have," retorted Agatha, with

just a very little spite in her tone; "I suppose they give the first reading to any one who is willing to perform a service of that sort!" "A love letter as sure as I live!"

exclaimed the sister. It is scarcely necessary to say that

the letter was from Frank Brown, who managed the correspondence so cleverly that, at the end of two months, he was a welcome guest at the residence of Mr. Ralph Ogden, and the accepted lover of his daugh ter Agatha.

A few young friends, that sister among them, were mischievous enough to say, on the day of the wedding, that Agatha-"Ag," as they persisted in calling her most of the time-knew very well, when she called on Mr. Brown, that those people were in no way related to her. but just went on a love making adventure.

A slander, of course, and they knew it. No young lady ever made a more honest blunder, or a more lucky one; for the young man, whose first introduction was that earnest and affectionate kiss, proved to be a worthy and faithful husband. Agathe could not have foudd one who would have suited her better if she had lookek the whole continent over.

AT THE DEATHBED OF AARON BURR

New York Sun.

"On the day following Colonel Burr's death, and shortly before the funeral, a touching incident—al most the only pathetic thing in connection with it-occured, which has always lingered in my memory. I was still in charge of the remains, when among those who came down from New York on the early boat that morning I noticed a closely gave their guest, the first time they a beautiful little girl of twelve over again. I am sure I am sot"

or fourteen. They seemed to have. come accompanied, and they hung werp passing into the room for a parting look at the remains. Presently. however, when she could do so unobserved, the lady ventured to ask me I if she could enter. Of course there was no objection. When she and her young companion beheld the dead old man, no one else being present but myself, they both fell to weeping and sobbing unrestrainedly, the girl in a child's way, and the woman passionately, as though her heart would break. The latter, having raised her veil while giving way to her emotion, showed the features of a still beautiful woman, as yet on right side of forty, I judged. After they had somewhat composed themselves, and while passing out, I heard the little girl say: 'We shall never see poor papa again, shall we mama?' Hush, hush, my child!' was the woman's only response, in a sort of agony, as they hurried away together. In spite of the obloquy that has been heaped upon Aaron Burr's private character, I have ever since then al ways thought that there must have been something good, or at least something exceptionally fascinating, about a man who could thus even from his shroud, after a checkered and stormy career of eighty years, command the heartfelt respect and grief of such a refined woman."

LIFE ON A DESERT LAND

Strange Adventures of Shipwrecked

Joseph Fuller, of the bark Pilo't Bride, of New London, who has just arrived in Boston, tells a remarkable store of a shipwreck and castaway life. The Pilot's Bride left New London April 17, 1880, for the Island of Desolation, between Cape Town and Australia, on a whaling voyage. and was wrecked in a storm on the 4th of October, the same year. All the crew succeeded in reaching an uninhabited island safely, and there they had to until September, 1881 living on some flour and bread which had been saved from the wreck, and what they could find on the island. Capt. Fuller says : "We could not roast everything

very well, for the reason of the pecu liar way in which we were obliged to build our fire. We had not enough wood to last to keep up a fire and we used the blubbers of sea elephants as fuel. These creatures were killed in abundance as we caught them crawle ing on the beach. We built a fire of word and placed this blubber above on cross sticks. The heat caused the oil to drop down continually, thus keeping up the blaze. It was a nice contrivance for a fire, but it imparted an exceedingly unpleasant smoky and oily flavor to the food and we were obliged to be very careful. We also found growing about a species of wild cabbage, which we cooked and ate frequently. Our chief trouble was to find clothes; our garments, though shabby, held together, but our shoes after a while gave out. We tried to supply their places by hoots made from sea elephant's hide, but the trouble with that was they soaked water too fast, Finally we were reduced to shoes, the bottoms of which were made of plank and the uppers of canvas. The men now began to become discontenteu, and wanted to have their own way. One night some six of the dissatisfied stele stole our best boat and pulled some forty miles off, and were gone a month, They got out of bread and came back, prowling around the camp one night. We caught them, and the next norms ing took them over to an island, some mile er so off shore, and there left them with one-third of our pro-

"Our rescue did not take place until September 6, after over eleven months of castaway life. It was brought about by no accident. The owner of our vessel, Mr. C. A. Wilhame, of New London, sent out a vessel of his own to look for us, and knowing where our stores were kept help them in getting in the cargo, It man. was not until January 22 of this year that we put in at Cape Town, I arrived home last Wednesday. The mate also came home. The rest of the grew. I believe, are somewhere on their way, Everybody is safe and sound, though I don't think any of them are desirious of having the veiled lady in black, accompanied by the experiences of the past two years | And besides, the average Indian is-

M .. IT CAN BE DONE

" Can the Southern farmers double their crops of corn, potatess, osts, bay, and other farm products, and make all the cotton the world needs baskles, and double their yearly meat producte? We think they can do all this with no addition to their labor whatever, and can do it in less than five years. We think we can prove the truthfulness of this statement, basing our proof upon facts which none can dispute.

The most of the cotton and corn lands of the South have been worn out by a bad egitten of cropping, by neglecting a proper retation of crops, and by throwing away cotton seed and manure for more than half a century.

The humus and much valuable min. eral metter have been destroyed or carried away from the old cultivated fields. These wasted elements of fer. tility can be restored, and the lands can be made to produce equal to vive gin soil, at an expense which should be considered insignificant compared to the value of the work when com

Numerous are the instances in the South where worn out lands, which would not produce bun fred pounds of lint cotton nor eight bushels of corn to the acre, have been worked up in productive capacity in a few years, by a better husbandry, five hundred fold. Some have made ten bales of cotton en lands that had not been making a bale, and ten bushels of corn in place of one bushel when the lands were poor.

The whole matter of fertilizing the poor lands of the South and greatly increasing the production of the better lands rests upon commercial fertilizers, home made composts and the field pea. These are the three giants that could do this mighty work in five years if in the hands of farmers who have faith in fertilizers and in solid work also.

The whole matter of making these Southern States permanently prosperous and independent forever, rests with the farmers. If they would all of them inform themselves in regard to fertilizers and the key to success, and would properly apply their infomation, in five years the Southern States would be amply supplied with home made corn, pork, beef and all farm products and a surplus to sell. besides making cotton enough to clothe the world. We havn't a doubt in regard to the correctness of these conclusions.

A Raccof Men Who Wore Mighty in

Elizabeth City Economist.

To the lovers of antiquity Nag's Head invites to the contemplation of a boary past. Four miles away Amadas and Barlow, under the auspices of Sir Walter, first landed on the shere and threw over their ballast at Ballast Point. Before Plymouth or Jamestown was known, three hundred years ago, these hardy sailors landed on Rosnoke Island. The remains of Indian fortifications are yet to be seen silent witnesses of that conflict which, commencing then, has gone on without end. Away, twelve miles to the north, the ethnologist is invited to the remains of an extinct race of extraordinary physical conformation. Thigh bones of a race that must have ex. ceeded in stature any race now known. Heads, bird like in shape, jaws with double front teeth-these are some, times washed out from the bank, near a fort or bresatwork, indicating the place of burial of the slain in war.

Joseph Smith, of Racine, fell down the cellar stairs the other day and broke his leg, his right arm, two ribe, his nose, one finger, and cut his scalp. sprained his ankle, and put his shoulder out of joint. But he didn't really begin to feel had shout it till his asked him if he was hurt.

A young man who was engaged to be married borrowed money of his in tended mother in law to purchase a license, and used it to marry the came directly to our harbor. After daughter of another woman. It is we were rescued we continued to useless to state that he was an Ohio

> The longest lived people in this. country are the American Indians. Health journals teach that cleanliness. is conducive to health, and as an Indian washes himself only in the summer time, the cause of their lungevity is partially explained. too lazy to catch a disease.