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DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

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Professional Cards

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MEERAB THE TIGER: OR, The Queen of the Stranglers. CHAPTER I.

It was quite late one night in the month of June, 1856 that a young noble left the British barracks, in Delhi, later walked toward a portion of the Hindoo city, not noted for a great degree of respectability. He walked rapidly, and, as if to avoid recognition, wore the rim of his hat turned roughly down.

Meerab's meaning could not be mistaken. He meant that the soldier should give his right arm for Alethe. "My arm?" he cried. "My good right arm? No! no! Meerab. You would dismember me because my father, in an outburst of passion, dubbed you fool. I want Alethe. I love her with all my heart; but—"

He continued his walk until he found himself in a portion of Delhi known as the "bad district." It was now eleven o'clock, and a dangerous hour for Englishmen to be abroad, for the mutterings of that terrible storm of massacre, soon to shock the world, were heard but indistinctly as yet throughout the city.

The wizard closed the door, retreated his steps, and passing through the room in which the exciting conference had been held, entered an apartment on whose bare floor a fire of sticks burned brilliantly. The room contained various articles of furniture, a cot, table, some stools, and other things. The table was strewn with great books, ponderous and ungainly volumes, filled with uncursive writings known only to the owner of the place himself.

"Down, Tutar! down, I say! show your teeth, but do not growl," the young officer was asked to enter by the fierce-looking person who confronted him. A moment later the door was closed, and the soldier was following a figure down the dimly-lighted corridor.

"Behold the answer Meerab gives, pointing behind the lovely thing." The gods of India write his answer on the wall. Thrown from her guard, the stranger turned, and the next instant found herself in the wizard's grasp.

"We are here," said the strange person, turning suddenly upon the late visitor. "We have entered the chamber of mystery. No visitor lies to Meerab here. If a word of falsehood falls from his lips—there is the torture!"

"Tutar," he called, and the gigantic tiger sprang from the gloom and showed himself in the firelight. "A delicious morsel here," the wizard continued to the beast. "The queen of all the stranglers. Now rend her limb from limb, and crush her eggs with bones!"

"What will you give?" "Then you will get her for a sum!" cried the soldier, starting eagerly forward. "I have some money; but there is much that I can get. Only that Alethe shall be restored to me."

"Back!—down, Tutar!" Meerab cries to his tiger, as he rushed forward and raised Alethe from the floor. "Merciful God, where's arm I?" she gasped in the wizard's arms. "Did I dream? Did I see a tiger about to devour a woman, or—what is going to come of this strange captivity?"

"The soldier started, and looked incredulously into the wizard's face. "You seem to know that." "Why should I not? Meerab can talk with the stars; for before the future he can tear the veil and read it as he reads the past. Nothing so deep that he cannot fathom it; nothing so wide that his all-seeing eye cannot span it. You want the girl?"

"The wizard opened his eyes as if in surprise. "Yes, that is true. But you are not alone in Delhi to whom the stars speak. We must come to an understanding. I want the English girl."

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He bowed her to the door that led to the conference room, and threw it open. "Tutar," he called, and the gigantic tiger sprang from the gloom and showed himself in the firelight.

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AN HUMBLE PRINTER. How He Got a Dutchman to Guess.

A Dutchman, sitting in the door of his tavern in the far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward on foot, with a bundle hung on a cane over his shoulder.

A Woman's Terrible Experience.

Mrs. Lucy A. Still, of Sharon's Mills, Pa., has passed through most thrilling experiences. She started from her home in that place to visit a sick son who lived near Darby Swamp, about seven miles from her.

"I must be near the place," the soldier said, looking upon the singularly shaven buildings that surrounded him on every side, for he was in a square, and cannot understand why I should be at sea to-night. Yonder—ha! there is a light in his window. Its flash sets me aright."

She loved Essex, the young soldier, but hated and detested Alethe, the girl whom Meerab had stolen from his arms for the purpose of base and brutal revenge. Meerab did not want to give his hidden captive over to Meerab, for such an action would be deprived of his revenge against the soldier, but the stranger queen was all powerful, and he had to deal with her powers superior, if it were possible, to his own.

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FAMILY GROCERIES. BOOTS AND SHOES. PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS.

I have, and keep constantly on hand, a full line of Family Groceries, Canned Goods, of every variety, Heavy and Staple Groceries. Also, a complete stock of BOOTS AND SHOES. My motto is, "Quick sales and small profits."

Groceries. CONFECTORIES!

On the Fayetteville road in Hayti, near Durham, N. C. As he says each week, and thereby saves a heavy discount, he has no business in promoting to sell as low as anybody. "Don't forget the place, but come and see me." DAVID JUSTICE, Durham, N. C.

Wagons! WAGONS, WAGONS

I work none but the best material of both wood and iron, and guarantee my Wagons to do more service than any wagon that can be bought in or out of the State for the same money. I refer to those who have used my wagons of my make. Cash orders promptly attended to.

Dr. TUTT'S Expectorant!

Its properties are Demulcent, Nutritive, Balsamic, Softening and Irritant. Combining all these qualities, it is the most effective LUNG REMEDY ever offered to sufferers from pulmonary diseases. DR. J. F. HAYWOOD, of New York, Vol. 1, No. 1, p. 120.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Every night before James Gordon Bennett goes to bed he receives, no matter what part of the globe he may be, a resume of the contents of The Herald for the next day with the headings of the principal articles. If no answer is received from him by 2:30 a. m. it is supposed that he has no suggestions to make, and the paper goes to press. When he is in Europe these cable dispatches often cost \$100 for one night's budget. Bennett's instructions are never to save money. All correspondents for the Herald have the same instructions, the result being enormous bills for expenses. The tendency is to send all news by telegraph, even letters not exactly of a news character, and here long it is predicted that the graphic dispatches outside of the city news and advertisements.