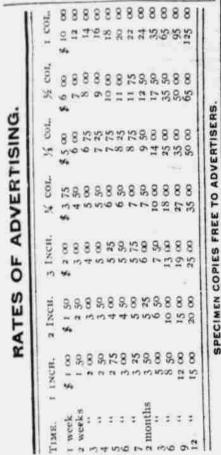
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When you wish an easy shave, As good as barber ever gave, ust call on me at my saloon. At morning, eye or noon; Lent and dress the hair with grace,

To suit the contour of the face My room is neat and towels clean, Scissors sharp and razors keen, And everything I think you'll find
To suit the face and please the mind,
And all my art and skill can do,
If you justicell I'll-do for you.

ROBESONIAN

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Country, God-and Truth.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Butler Scored by Kestler.

ed up G. Ed Kestler, a local Pop-

ulist leader. Kestler was one of

the most active middle-of-the-

for a straight Populist national

sell out the party to the Demo-

without character, a traitor to the

People's party and a political pros-

titute. He may call for 'peace,

peace,' in the Populist ranks, and

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 31.

LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 1435.

he gives.

THE OLD-TIME SUGAR MELON.

They're farmin, now by science-ain't like it used to be; The cotton's growin' diff'run, an' the corn's ahead o' me; An' the melons ain't as juicy in the coun-

try roun' about For they've raised 'em an' they've raise 'em till they've raised the sweetness out !

They grow 'em now for shipin'; they pack 'em in the trains, An' send 'em off to cities 'crost the moun tains an' the plains-

an' small : prosperous people, whose trade is well But the old-time sngar-melon was the sweetest one of all!

They call 'em "Kolb," an' "Jones." an'

Thar warn't no style about it. It growed thar in the dew. n' turned its green sides temtin'ly t

sunshine an' to you; But for these new-fangled melons it wa more than any match-Twas sunny-sweet an' honey-sweet-the pick of all the patch!

When the hot sun was a blazin' in white sky overhead you found a cool fence corner, an' you

ripped into its red, the sweet juice was a-drippin' from your Barlow's rusty bladesweetest ever made!

raise 'em fur and free; They may call 'em "Stonewall Jackson, "Sam Jones" or "Robert Lee;" But I'll tell 'em plain an' even-though

they're liable to doubt-That they've named 'em an' reclaimed 'em till they've drained the sweet- Breakfast." ness out.

I don't keer whar they come from-Kentucky, Tennessee, they may be!

an' I don't keer what they call 'em, or they're big or small-The old-time sugar melon was the sweetest of 'em all1

-F. L. STANTON.

FOUND IN THE DARK.

BY SARAH PITT.

got something to show you."

Dicky slightly moved his head All such business must be PAID FOR IN from the window ledge at the sound now. We'll see what the rest do." ADVANCE. The charge is very small and we cannot afford to take risks or wait the of Min's eager voice, but he did propped him upright.

"What's the matter?" he asked, other end of the room. in a dull, grating whisper. Some-

"Matter! Look at this." Min That means a lovely breakfast for both of us, at the Mission Hall, tomorrow morning. One of the ladies gave it me herself; and there is going to be a breakfast every Sunday or two all the winter, so we may get another sometime, per-

Dicky manifested some interest at the mention of the hot breakfast; but it lapsed as Min went on with her explanation, and present-

on the ledge again. something for him to think about, him far more good for to-morrow."

Min had to go out again herself. and dishes outside the door, waitive owners. She was general mes- desert, and fed them with the what it is." ATTORNEY AT LAW, close by, and the class of custom- would come down their street were greatly addicted to making and hungry, and needed some one their purchases late in the even-like that badly. ng. It was by no means an ariswould accept bundles of waste pain part payment, which added considerably to Min's labors. If the they might touch if it were but the here." basket of crockery was heavy, it border of His garment; and as was at least manageable in comparison with the unwieldy packiges that had often to be carried back on the return journey. Min had borne them patiently for over

> the future over those same pack-There was a fruit and vegetable shop higher up the same street. where the message girl often got an odd apple or damaged orange, and those were trifles that came in most usefully when one's own dinner had been one of the scantiest, or Dickey wanted something to brighten him up. After any chance meeting with that fortunate girl. Min would eye her jugs and dishes with increased disfavor, and reiterate her solemn determination to

change into the provision line at

the very first opportunity.

year past, but she was not with-

out ambition of a kind, and planned

out many an elaborate scheme for

She trudged away with her bas-

ket tonight with a blithe heart: whole.' that scrap of blue paper colored

spectable streets, where only an and find out when the time came; stillness, where the people passed also, she felt sure. placidly by on their way to the ered in knots at the street corners, all over and done with. The hor- stale vegetables that would fill up it seemed to her that the coming to lounge away the time till their izon was blue still with a hope that many a vacancy. wives got breakfast ready. Tribes dwarfed even the memory of the of dirty children camped out by tea and rolls. the gutters, and quarrelled over You talk of honey-sippin', -'twas the their crusts; wet, ragged garments what that man was saying?" she frosted windows. At a corner that came by that night, and gath-Ain't nothin' now kin beat it! They may they were suspended to dry. Near the pavement. the end of one of the better streets stood a small stone building, in no wise distinguishable from its neighbors, except for a notice above the door, "The Sunday Morning Free

Inside, on one of the back benchs, sat Min and Dicky, each with a well packed paper bag of provis-There was little conversation-it that bread and butter on handbut Min's eyes traveled up and down dilligently, missing very little that went on. Dickey's were

still up in his solitary attic. "It's fine in here, isn't it?" ejac-

to speak on a low platform at the chief point.

held out a scrap of blue paper. ing-we will not keep you long."

uneasily at Min, who sat still.

"Sit down," she whispered auyou've eaten up their nice things. Anyway, I'm going to stop."

the two kept their seats, though one of their talks, as she called ly he quietly settled his head down empty benches before and behind them, one-sided though they were. Church of the Good Shepherd." testified to the lack of that feature | "I've looked at all the bills on the "Yes," said Min, looking down in many of the visitors. The hymn walls, and found out what every with his burden. Min stood still, at him thoughtfully; "it'll be or two were sung rather flatly, and little crowd in the street was for; with a face that had grown sudvery much out of time and tune, so I don't think I'll take him out and then the clergyman opened a have heard about it." with me to-night. A sleep will do book and began to read out a story.

Some of the hearers might have heard it before-it was quite new sage girl at a small crockery shop loaves and fishes, Min wished he ers who patronised her mistress sometimes. They were often tired

"into villages, or cities, or coun-

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 Cramps, Croup, Coughs, Colle, Tooth-Colds. ache. Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and an Bowel Complaints. A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for

It is the trusted friend of the Sallor, and in fact all classes. Used internally or externally. Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY Davis." Sold everywhere. 25c. and 50c. bottles.

A-610-610-610-610-610-610-6

many as touched Him were made It was one thing to make up her carry hers alone. She wondered

the whole horizon. Sunday had the platform, a sudden purpose that she would be obliged to do it. quite so far to go. always been a bit different from flashing into her mind. If ever "I heard of a place out Main the rest of the week, but Sunday that Good Shepherd came any way street," she added, after a rapid up the broad steps. The door was with a good breakfast for them near their city-and He went to consideration of the case; "would closed now, but lights still glimboth was something of which she villages, cities, and country, the you speak a word for me if they mered through the stained winhad had little personal experience book said-well, when He did, she wanted a character?" hitherto. Close at hand, too; it would take Dicky to Him to be was Saturday night now-nay, by be made whole, too. Dicky was the time she crept up the long the one joy and anxiety of Min's well enough here." flight of stairs to her corner of the life-to keep him out of harm's quickly, in order to be ready for spoke of him as half-witted. She would tell none of them what she Sunday morning in the quiet, re- meant to do, but she would watch

"Of course you were; well, Dicky, carrying up. I'm going to look out for this Good Shepherd and get Him to make The old red hills of Georgia-wharever ions and a mug of steaming tea. He is. You're not very ill, but it ing through the open door was allago? would be more cheery if you could most equal to a fireside of one's was not the time for it with all talk to other people a bit when I own. She stole up the steps and wasn't here, wouldn't it?"

"Ave." as dull and heavy as if he were they might laugh at us, and it's right up the great building. Lights our business, not theirs."

ulated his sister, with a sigh of of Dickey even remembering any-shining laurel and pine filled every "Wake up, Dicky, quick; Iv'e satisfaction, when the empty bags thing to tell, but Min resolutely corner. Far away to the end was were all that remained of the feast. discoursed to him as a rational and a large white wreath of waxen hot-"I wonder if we ought to go away exceedingly sensible person; and, house flowers, above a perfect bank "Ave," from Dicky. Min look- person has, but what he thinks he moving noiselessly about with flownot take the trouble to open his about her again. A clergyman has, that makes up the sum total. ers in their hands; from somewhere eves until she had shaken and had come in and was standing up It satisfied her, and that was the out of sight came the deep swelling

"My friends, we are going to winter when that first free break- at the door, staring in with misty thing was wrong with the boy's have a very short service now, and fast took place-the first? it was eyes at the fairest sight she had mouth; he never spoke unless he we would like for you to stay for also the last, at least in that par- ever seen or dreamed of. it if you possibly can," he said. ticular quarter; there was an un- "Now, then, you musn't block "Just a hymn or two and a read-expected collapse in the funds, and up the road here!" It was the Some people on their bench had week-day soup kitchen, at some fresh load of greenery; he did not got up to go, disregarding the in- considerable distance—too far to speak illnaturedly, and Min lookvitation. Dicky mechanically got take Dicky, even if Min had been ed up at him with an eager quesup with them. Then he glanced able to spare the time from her tioncrockery basket.

"The Good Shepherd has not doing?" thoritatively. "I don't think it's come yet, Dicky," she said, rather very good manners to go directly sorrowfully, one night nearly two course, and they're getting it ready months later, as she tucked up the little lad on his mattress, and So, for the sake of politeness, curled herself up beside him for if He'd been here I'm certain I'd denly scarlet.

burrowed into his pillows.

"And wherever He went," fin- where they want a message girl, wanted: and if she brought Dicky, tocratic place of business, and ished the reader, in conclusion, and if I can only get away early to- and they waited here on the steps per, rags, and even empty bottles, try, they carried their sick into about it. It's lucky I'm a good there would surely be some chance the streets and besought Him that | walker, for it's an awful way from | to touch His garment.

the cold so much now."

feel the cold. A black, biting frost that hardened the streets like iron, hovered over the city and more pinched. Min carried an Dicky, you must-you must!" anxious heart behind her bas-

"I don't know that it's much use ."They carried their sick into the now trying, amongst other things, till spring? to give it up."

"You've always done your work utter ignorance of the ways of this

So Min got off early, Saturday and wait, Dicky-we'll be in the attic it was Sunday morning, and way, to keep up his reputation night though it was; by 7 o'clock "George"—they've named 'em, big it behoved her to get to sleep among his neighbors, who openly she was speeding to Main street. "It was an awful way," as she had part of the town she had scarcely what it's going to be like, exactly, evertraveled before; but Min came but we'll just get close up to Him, occasional church bell broke the and the stranger would help Dicky back from the expedition with a joyful heart, for she had got the The room was nearly empty. situation. A shilling-a whole different churches, were not the Min slipped off her bench; she shilling more a week it meant, be-Sunday of Min's quarter. There scarcely gave a thought to the sad-sides the hope of casual windfalls that stirred Min's heart strangely. the unwashed, half-clad men gath- dening fact that the breakfast was in the way of over-ripe fruit or He was so near getting well now,

> "Dicky, were you listening to lamps made a lovely glitter on the it was the Good Shepherd himself flapped from the windows, where began, as soon as they were out on where four roads met, stood a ered in the helpless little lamb lighted church with a broad flight and made him whole forever. of stone steps up to the open door. It was his usual response, but At the foot of the steps was a cart Min could always translate it to laden with evergreen and flowering mean exactly what was necessary. plants, that two men were busily

Min stood still and watched the proceedings with great interest; you well. I shall take you to Him her mind was freer now for sightas soon as ever I can find out where seeing, and the warm light streampeeped cautiously in.

"But you needn't go and tell crimson curtain; it was drawn up come?" she cried out sharply; nized traitor is buried in the mire farm. He began with fifty acres anybody what we're going to do; on one side, and Min could see "we've waited all night for Him." burned softly here and there like then the clergyman put his hand over the Union and a gentleman peas. He can make ends meet, he There was not the slightest fear clusters of stars; great sheaves of on her shoulderafter all, it is not so much what a of feathery ferns. People were notes of organ music. No one saw It was the very outset of the or heeded the little ragged figure

the charity was absored into a man coming up behind her with a

"What is it? What are they all

"What is it! why, a church, of for Christmas." "I never saw it before."

"Well, you might have done it's been here long enough-th The man passed on up the aisle

She had found it at last; found Dicky gave a shivering sigh and it when she was not looking, not even thinking about it-the very "Never mind," she said, patting place-and but for this journey to There was a basketful of jugs to Min-the story of the Good him softly. "He's sure to come Main street she might never have Shepherd, who had compassion on sometime. I've got something known of it. Glad tears welled up ing to be delivered to their respect- the hungry multitude away in the else to tell you-you'd never guess and rolled unheeded down her face. She had not fancied it would be No attempt to try. "I knew you such a grand place; the book had wouldn't," she went on trium- said nothing about that, but it had phantly; "but I heard today-a said that as many as touched but woman told me-that there's a the border of His garments were lovely fruit shop in Main street made whole, and that was all she morrow night I shall go and see till the Good Shepherd came past,

"Dickey, Dickey, I've found "He's gone to sleep," remarked | Him; wake up-you're going to se the speaker, after a pause, stooping Him," she cried, as soon as she closer to look at her audience; could get her breath, after her race what a good thing-he'll not feel home, and up those interminable stairs. "Wake up! you're going For when they were asleep was to touch Him, and get quite well almost the only time they did not and strong-now-this very night.' Dicky sat up, blinking. "Bu t's-it's cold,"

"Yes; but you won't feel it after made life but bleak just then. It a little; it won't matter a bit comhad lasted so long, too; and every ing back; it's only the getting day Dicky looked smaller and there; and I'll help you all I can

He stumbled to his feet, and Min ket. Scant food and scantier fire muffled everything she could think -if no helping hand came very of in the shape of wraps about him soon, what was she to do with him and led him down the stairs, out into the frosty night.

your coming here after this wetk," streets." The words came back to to sow discord in Democratic said the woman at the crockery her continually, like the refrain ranks. But the people are "on shop next day. "The place isn't of an old song. "Carried their "Oh," said Min, rather blankly. "they" in the story. She had to Washington Post.

own mind that she would look out if any of them could have found Min sat bolt upright, staring at elsewhere—quite another to know it quite so hard, or could have had

She got him there at last, and dows. "I don't know if He's in-"I'll do that," was the answer. side or not," confessed Min, in her far country; "but we'll stop here right place when He does come.

"We must wait patiently, Dicky it's the first time we've ever had a observed to Dicky, and through a chance to see Him. I don't know and it will all come right then." Dicky's "Aye" was not forth-

coming this time, but he smiled up at her hopeful face-a smile joy was already shadowed out in it. The frozen streets wore a differ- She put her head down beside his, ent look going back, and the gas- and waited-waited. Ah, surely

Confused, giddy and aching in every limb, Min opened her eye in the grey down. She was in the church itself, among the lights and flowers—strange faces all around crats, shows him to be a gentleman her. Only one of them had a familiar look-tne clergyman who had read out the story in the Mission Hall-was it months or years

She tried to stand up, but it was vilify middle-of-the-road leaders, no use; her feet seemed to have who are on to his ignoble scheme lost their power. "Is Dicky whole to destroy our party, but there Across the entrance hung a heavy now? Did the Good Shepherd can be no peace until this recog-For a minute no one answered; repudiated by the Populists all

chairman. Almost every State "The Good Shepherd did come; Dicky has gone away with Him,

and he is whole now." Min has grown wiser since then, and the friends she found there have taught her the meaning of the New Testament story; but she never passes by the stately church where the four roads meet without a long look at the place where, in blind faith, she and Dicky once waited thrugh that bleak winter night for the coming of the Great Healer.

Butler's Mission. Charlotte Observer.

Senator Butler, disowned, des

pised and rejected by his own par ty in the nation at large, hated by his former adherents with a bitterness that cannot find words to express itself, is seeking to bolster up his waning fortunes by an at tempt to maintain his grip on his own State where he also sees that he is personally in peril. Hence his campaigning so long before an election is even in sight. Knowing of his special talents in the way meet his Waterloo in North Caroof fooling the people, he is seeking to bring these gifts into play in the Populist mind. His lonely ple's party of this State is not a campaign at this time is a conset of such tricksters as Butler. fession of weakness on his part which should be especially encouraging to Democrats. Knowing that his success has been solely through maintaining the bal ance of power between the Demrats and Republicans. Senator Butler is badly frightened just at present over the prospects of a straight Democratic fight on State ssues in the next campaign. By a sort of tacit understanding Democrats all over the State, have with one mind and one accord, repudiated the thought of fusion. There appears to be a spontaneous Democratic outburst-caused, perhaps, by Populist perfidy and by fusion misgovernment-in favor of a straight fight. Evidences of such a sentiment are multiplying. It was only yesterday that our Raleigh correspondent noted the fact that Mr. Frank S. Spruill, who had been in the western part of the State, comments favorably on the desire of Democrats there for a straight fight. It is this that frightens Butler. As long as he had the Democrats making overtures to him, he knew he was secure, even though he contemptuously spit upon every proposition made him. But with a united Democracy to face and to fight, the Sly Fox sees his danger, and

its freight of human beings into the ravine below. Interest in the matter has again been awakened by the action taken at the term of Iredell Superior he is going up and down the State Court, held last week, of which the Statesville Landmark says: "The grand jury has returned a

At the proper time the middle-of-

little in the matter."

Charged with Train Wrecking.

The most terrible railroad disas-

detectives at work on the case. No

proof could be found sufficient to

sustain the claim and the outside

public believed that the disaster

was caused by rotten cross-ties on

the bridge, which let the rails

spread and hurled the train with

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two persons were killed in that Senator Butler is engaged in a wreck and the bill of indictment speechmaking tour of the State, charges Hand and Shepherd with in which it is said some scorching the murder of Hugh K. Leinster, language is used. But the crafty of Statesville, one of the victims Senator is not having it all his of the wreck. Both are white men, own way. Others can talk and and both are now serving terms in Mr. Butler occasionally gets some the penitentiary. Hand was sent of the same kind of medicine that to the penitentiary from Irdell in 1892 (for burglary, we under-In his speech at Concord last stand), and Shepherd was sent up week, where he spoke to a crowd for manslaughter from Alexander of about two hundred, Butler be- county in the same year or soon gan his tirade of abuse against thereafter. We haven't learned the newspapers and finally touch- when their terms expire, but when-

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naving just been received from the

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just received. Your patronage is

actories and foundries.

roaders last fall and led the fight with which they are charged. "It will be recalled that the railticket. In this he incurred the road company always maintained displeasure of the boss and was that the horrible disaster at Bosdenounced therefor before his tian's bridge was due to the work of train wreckers, and had one or Kestler can talk, however, and more persons arrested for having his opinion of Butler was given caused the wreck. They were never later. When asked by a corres- able to make out a case, however, pondent of the Charlotte Observer and the general public never acwhat he thought of the speech cepted their theory of the wreck. We do not know the nature of the "Yoy may say for me that I evidence againt Hand and Shept have heard candidates and defeat- herd and consequently are unable ed dead-ducks quack before. His to give an opinion of it, but it was abuse of me because I led the mid- of sufficient importance to cause dle-of-the-roaders last fall in fa- the grand jury to find a bill, and voring a straight Populist nation- this in itself makes the case one of al ticket and would not help him importance."

ever they are discharged from the

penitentiary they will be brought

to Iredell to be tried for the offense

They Farmed. Wilmington Star.

The editor of the Augusta, Ga., Chronicle speaks of having met Mr. J. H. Manning of Little Rock, Marion county, S. C., a practical farmer who in twenty years has never failed to make money farming. Mr. Manning is forty years old and has spent his life on a of his own trickery. He has been of cotton and now plants 350 acres in cotton and 250 in corn oats and will perform the duties of national avs, on five-cent cotton and make money on seven cent cotton, and has set him aside as a traitor and the reason is because he raises not almost every Populist newspaper only all the home supplies he is loud in denouncing him. He needs, but more than he needs and can manage by his paper and salsome to sell. There are a good ary as Senator, that was gotten many of that kind of farmers from the Republicans by false prescattered through thd South. tenses, to work up his schemes in They are in Georgia, South Carothis State for awhile, but sooner lina, North Carolina and in other or later the honest people will States, and among them are men learn that of all slick-tongued who started with nothing but brain demagogues that ever fooled our nerve and industry not many years. people Butler takes the cake. ago who are today independent. Some day the people will know But they farmed. They used brain they have been humbugged by this as well as muscle, studied their prince of humbuggery. He is now business, cultivated an acquaincampaigning for re-election as tance with the land they worked Senator. I have no apologies to and the crops they grew and thus give for aiding in my humble way got the best results out of both. in overthrowing him nationally These men raise crops and while

and this is the reason of his fresh they are doing it improve the land abuse. I am on the executive com- and raise large and better crops mittee of the N. R. P. A. and at at comparatively less expense, and Memphis helped to storm the Nash- thus get more for their labor. ville meeting of which this sneak- Raising their own supplies they ing demagogue was put somewhere | become independent and can carry outside the pale of Populism and out their plans and grow their hence his 'cussin.' Let him howl, crops without going into debt tobut I'll be dad-gummed if he don't do it. That's the secret of their success. Any man who pursues lina as he has met it in every oth- these methods, can succeed on the er State in the Union. The Peo- farm.

> That Is Right. Charity and Children.

We rejoice in believing that the-roaders will be the Populist the business conditions of the party of this State, Boss Butler to country are on the mend, and not the contrary notwithstanding. I, because of the tariff or any other a private individual, did not wish law but simply because our peoto get mixed up so early in poli- ple have been economical and intics again, but if the Senator, dustrious, and the Lord has given elected by Republican votes, wants us good crops. This year's wheat to die politically, ere his national crop is above the average in the course is run, which at best is very United States, while the countries short, then perhaps we can help a that compete with us in supplying the European market are far below. India, with her great famine willt, of course, send no wheat to Europe. this year, and Australia and Ruster that ever occurred in North sia will barely make enough for Carolina was that at Bostian's home consumption. This will inbridge, near Statesville, six years sure good prices. Other crops. ago this month. Twenty-two peo- have done well, and the prospect ple were killed and others injured is bright for good prices. If ourmore or less seriously. Immedi- people will only "be thankful and ately after the wreck the railroad go on," we shall pass out of the authorities said that it was the hard times, hardly knowing how. work of train wreckers and had

A Benevolent Judge.

New York Tribune There is a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris, who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consults his assessors on each side of him as to the penalty proper to be inflicted.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he says, bendingover to the assessor on the right. "I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brothe. er?" to the assessor on the left. "I should give him four years."

The judge, with benevolence: true bill for murder against J.'A. Prisoner, not desiring to give you Hand and Bird Shepherd, who are a long and severe term of imprispaying its expenses and I'm going sick;" it couldn't have been all to give it up."

Secretary Sherman is able to recharged with having caused the left to myself, I have consulted wrock at Bostian's bridge week at Bostian's bridge week. easy work for them; still, it was collect that he didn't say it. - wreck at Bostian's bridge, near my learned brothers and shall Statesville, Aug. 27,1891. Twenty- take their advice. Seven years.