

THE ROBESONIAN,  
Published every Wednesday at Lumberton,  
N. C., at \$2.00 a year and \$1.00 for six months.  
It is read every week by a large number of the  
most intelligent people of Robeson county and  
has a general circulation in all the surrounding  
counties, including Florence, Marion, Marlboro  
and Burlington, in South Carolina. The Robe-  
sonian is now in its twenty-eighth year and is  
no longer an experiment. It never missed an  
issue until the death of its late owner and hopes  
to make as good a future record. Particular  
attention will be given to keeping up the high  
standard of excellence it has attained as a pur-  
veyor of local news.

# THE ROBESONIAN

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Country, God and Truth.

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LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 1448.

THE ROBESONIAN JOB OFFICE

IS FULLY EQUIPPED WITH  
Fast Presses and Excellent Machinery.  
Everything is new and up to date,  
having just been received from the  
factories and foundries.  
A large stock of all kinds of paper  
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solicited.

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## MAMMY'S WONDERFUL HOUSE.

Oh, a wonderful place is mammy's house. And "mam" is the king of her cabin home. Where he rules her heart with a wand of love. And welcomes mamma and papa to come. He's gathered from out of his treasure store A numberless host in the picture line; And marvelous tales does she weave for him While his big brown eyes with wonderment shine.

She tells of the "Lady riding the Moon," All saddled and bridled, steed of the night; There is the "rabbit" and little "joree" And terrible "fion," monster of might.

She sings of "moo-cows," "baa-sheepies" so white, And tells of the "dog that catches the rat"; Talks low of the "owl," that witch of the dark, And warns him to shun the wing of the "bat."

The walls of this cabin gorgeous they are And often his brow with worry is knit, To learn why it is that mamma's own room Isn't made like that mammy's, for living more fit.

—ALEX. W. BEALER.

## "Poor Mr. Ferrers."

He was tall, pale, fair—or, perhaps, rather grey-haired—and fifty. Men of less stature have been dubbed "fine."

Of less pleasant appearance have been called "good-looking." Of riper years have still ranked as "young." But being only a curate of middle age compliments were little wasted on him.

Most of the good things said about him were said up back streets and by-lanes. He had been "shaft horse," or "punched to the wall," during most of his career. The excellences which earn such positions are not of a showy type. Having little or no private means he was socially—that is matrimonially—quite unavailable.

The respect his unblemished life commanded at Langton Bishops was largely mixed with patronising pity, and high and low invariably spoke of him as "Poor Mr. Ferrers."

Still, eighteen years of pious devotion in a parish do occasionally earn some recognition; and when the absentee rector died at Baden, there was a pretty widespread feeling that Mr. Ferrers ought to step into the living.

It was small, only two hundred a year; but that was an improvement on a hundred and ten and a curate's cottage.

The poor people raised such an outcry at the notion of losing their friend that the next rank condescendingly took up his cause. What little money Mr. Ferrers had to spend, he always did spend in the parish. With stores and co-operatives hanging over their heads, the tradespeople had no mind to lose even that. So these, in their turn, stirred up the elite on the subject. Society heads held a private meeting; memorialised the Lord Chancellor, in whose gift the living was, and having secured the name of nine everyone who could write in the parish, calmly awaited the result, confident that such a petition could not fail to attain its end.

Within a week the document was answered. But how? By the appointment of a total stranger from the other side of the kingdom. A gentleman who proposed to enter into residence in a month; who was not rich; who would dispense with a curate altogether; who would be much obliged by the present one quitting Langton, if possible, four weeks from that date.

The people of Langton were furious! As hard words, however, break no bones, the exalted culprit was little affected by this anger; and the excitement of the parish happily diverged into another channel.

If their wishes were thwarted in one direction, at any rate they could be gratified in another. Mr. Ferrers should not leave without a presentation. A substantial one. A worthy proof of the regard in which they held him. A something which should show the Lord Chancellor (to whom they intended sending a paper with an account of the gift) that they of Langton Bishops knew how to requite modest merit if he didn't.

The light of that presentation was not to be hidden under a bushel. The good folks were vastly proud and pleased with themselves for their generosity in thinking of it. One way and another the intended recipient heard so much about it before the week was out, he began fervently to wish it had never been started.

The good woman at the farm which supplied his daily pint of milk, told him, with an affable smile, when he paid his month's bill, she was "a scrapin'" and a "scrowin'" against the time when the bag was brought round for him. One churchwarden, in a burst of indignation against the peccant Chancellor, patted him on the back, and ended his philippic with, "But you shan't be turned out to starve, sir; we'll see to that!" The other warden—the people's—told him, with a confidential nod over the counter, as he took the curate's last order for tea, "You may treat yourself to half a pound of three shillin', sir, this week. A little bird have whispered to me there's something comin' in that'll pay for it."

The maiden sisters, treasurer and secretary of the fund, called on him to ask privately, "If he would mind the lower classes, cottagers and so on, being asked to give to it. They thought they had best inquire first, they had no wish to hurt his feelings." Then they called again to say some of the Chapel Row people wished to give something too. "But they must not be allowed must they? Oh, just as Mr Ferrers wished! though if their advice,"—and Miss Scott and Miss Angelina Scott went from this interview with the curate in rather a huffy frame of mind. Really, Mr Ferrers had no proper pride!

Then there was a rosy-faced little maid at the Sunday school fidgeting about under his eyes with a small brown paper parcel. This presently bursting, out flew five halfpence and a farthing, and the curate having dusted himself dreadfully by helping to collect this booty, was rewarded in face of all the giggling teachers by, "Please, sir, would you keep 'em now you've got 'em? me and Bobby was a saving of 'em up for you 'cos you was so poor, sir." Furthermore, Mrs. Clench, the well-to-do malster's wife, beckoned him across a muddy road, and patting him with her plump hand, "Oh, you shan't go away without a little something in your pocket, sir, I said to my husband last night, 'It shall be no threepenny piece collection we make for poor Mr. Ferrers. He shall have something handsome, for I daresay he haven't saved much! And something handsome you shall have, sir.'"

These things made the curate wince, but according to his wont he had some genteel, courteous answer for each.

"Saved indeed!" Ah, people might think he ought to have done so. But he had not, for reasons best known to himself. Nor had he accumulated in that little cottage of his many worldly goods. If everything it held, barring a few books, had been sold, enough would not have been raised for him to live upon, even frugally, for half a year.

Somehow, wrongly he could now see, he had so fallen into the groove of this parish, had found among its fifteen hundred souls such a plenty to keep him busy, that he had never contemplated removal. Twenty years ago (he coloured to think of it now) he had dreamed a ridiculous dream, connected with—love! But the centre of that dream had gazed blandly at him when he mentioned the matter to her. "Care for you, Mr. Ferrers? A curate? How can you imagine such a thing?" And her family had been so shocked at his presumption he had shrunk humbly into himself, vanished from his fascinator's path, taken a long time to get over his disappointment (though when he saw her a year back, stout, red, rich, and very vulgar, he mildly rejoiced at his escape), and settled in his mind that his place in the world was that of a nobody, or its synonym—just a curate.

So his kindly nature fastened—like some common hedge-climbing things that are so beautiful, though passers-by rarely trouble to think of them—on this village, and scrouned its poor, its sad and troubled folks. Very, very hard now it was to wrench himself from these; to go forth without youth, without much courage, to begin life again.

But to this end he sent for clerical papers and answered scores of advertisements. He got very few answers. Elderly curates were shouldered off the field by younger rivals. He would probably have to leave Langton before another post was secured. The pounds his friends were collecting would assuredly be welcome. Yet he be-

gan to feel humiliated by the vaunted liberality. Secretly he soon writhed at the mere mention of that testimonial.

One person he could not fail to note took no part in the proposed benefaction—a principal inhabitant, too, of Langton Bishops. A lady who inhabited Gray's Court, childless widow of the late owner of this, the largest property in the parish. A quiet, reserved woman, some five years younger than himself. Mrs. St. Quentin mixed but little with the village upper ten. Her husband had been something of a bear, niggardly and unapproachable. Before his death they had been much abroad. Now, though her help was always ready for whatever object he asked it, the curate only met her rarely.

By chance he encountered her visiting some old servants who were devoted to "mistress." Once, when a laborer at the Court was badly hurt, he had gone hastily and found her tending the sufferer, not the least like a grand lady, but with a helpful womanliness that he never forgot. Her regular presence in the big pew in the pulpit always made him get through the service better. The refinement of her still fair and rather wistful features was agreeable to the eye to rest on. In her he had always one attentive listener. Her voice was very sweet, too, and he liked to hear her singing. Generous she was, and to him invariably kind, but somehow he worried poor Mr. Ferrers to think of her in connection with that terrible testimonial. At the very back of his thoughts he was constantly wondering whether she knew, and what opinion she had of the whole begging business.

Mrs. St. Quentin knew of it, certainly. The church-warden's lady called and explained it all with charming candor: "Poor Mr. Ferrers would literally, I do believe, ma'am, almost starve, if we didn't do something for him. We think he might have put by—"

"Oh, pray don't blame him for that. He couldn't possibly," interrupted Mrs. St. Quentin.

"Perhaps in your position it seems impossible," assented the canvasser, with a flattering smile; "but others think he might. Still, however much he may have been to blame, we don't wish to turn him off without a farthing in his pocket. Several have promised us," running volubly over her subscription list, "and we hope perhaps you would head us with something handsome."

But Mrs. St. Quentin did not rise to the occasion. She would add her contribution at the end, she said. There was a little awkwardness in these presentations. Perhaps she would send it to Mr. Ferrers privately. And she backed out of any immediate step so firmly, that the industrious collector went away disappointed. Mrs. St. Quentin appeared lukewarm on the whole proceeding, or rather to dislike it. The annoyed lady met the object of her charitable exertions as she went out of the Court gates, and told him this. (The curate turned him and went to his little home sorely depressed.) Then she went to her afternoon tea committee and told them the same. It seemed to damp everybody's fervor. The presentation was to have been fussy and fashionable. It was dropping into a humdrum affair after all. Subscriptions languished, interest waxed faint.

"After all, poor Mr. Ferrers has always been paid for what he did here," said one churchwarden's wife.

"Oh, dear, yes! just a little memento of us is all we need offer," said another.

"I understand that the people in Chapel Row are offended now at what Miss Scott said, and won't give a penny," said the doctor's lady. "It's a pity they weren't managed a little more carefully, my husband says."

"Then it's a pity your husband didn't manage them for us himself," said Miss Scott, tartly. To which—

"Oh, of course, we thought it would be cruel to take any labor for poor Mr. Ferrers out of your hands, Miss Scott," retorted the married lady; and Miss Scott turned scarlet (for at one time she had laid lively siege to the unsuspecting man) and bridled up, and said in insinuations, and gossip, and slander were to enter that committee-room the sooner she left it the better.

This desertion was followed by

that of Miss Scott's friends. These were followed by others who understood the new rector wanted a new organ, and they couldn't give in all directions." Others cooled off from their first liberal intentions. "I don't hold with sending the hat round for them that calls themselves gentlemen," said the butcher, who never by any chance went to church, and was annoyed by the curate's abstemious habits. His remark was repeated, "as a capital joke, you know," to the unfortunate beneficitee. The fund grew slowly. At its close it was but small. Yet expectation of receiving it half crushed poor Mr. Ferrers.

The committee quarreled fiercely over the form of presentation. Secretly, all were ashamed at its parseness. Though "really, you know, quite sufficient," it looked rather contemptible when drawn in black and white; and there was a general idea that the best way of concealing its dimensions would be to lay the gift out in some purchase, not to make it in coin.

An ink-pot was suggested; an easy-chair, a time-piece, flash-knives and forks—all, in turn, were supported, contested, and thrown over. At length peaceable decision was arrived at over a teapot. It was to be electro, and rather small. He could never afford to entertain, poor man, so a large one would be absurd. Its purchase would have this advantage—being electro (which was really quite good enough), they would have a margin, as much as three sovereigns, perhaps, which could be put in a purse.

The people's warden's wife had a very awkward one, which always laid the money out. She generously offered that, and—there you were! "Presentation of plate and purse to the Rev. G. Ferrers." Yes, properly paraphrased for the county paper, that would thrill the heart of the Lord Chancellor with shame; so a teapot it should be.

Three ladies drove to Bridgeborough and bought it. A deputa-tion called at Ivy Cottage and presented it; and between the address they read and the speeches they made, they left the unhappy recipient more mortified than he had ever suspected himself capable of feeling.

Pride was a deadly sin the curate knew; but he almost wished he had had enough left in him to give those blundering, heavy-footed patrons of his their precious teapot back again, and tell them that remembrance of Langton and of them was all he wished to carry away with him.

Pride for such a feat of self-assertion had failed him, however, and the gentle kindness that would not hurt a worm had prompted courteous words of gratitude. Now, he had practically parted with his parishioners. Next day he would be packing up; the day after, he would be gone. Whither, beyond that natural refuge of all lonely folks—London—he hardly knew. Sadly he was sitting that February evening, pondering his next move, when a knock at the door brought him a note "From Gray's Court":—

"Mrs. St. Quentin would be greatly obliged if Mr. Ferrers would call on her the following day at three o'clock."

He had missed her name from the list yonder with an extrating of pain. Now, was he summoned to have her benefactions separately bestowed, with more elaborate pity, more "hopes that he would soon find a livelihood elsewhere?" No! The curate felt a glow under his rusty waistcoat. This lady of Gray's Court would hurt him by no word or deed, he could be positive. Her kind womanly nature would only heal, not wound him. It was—yes, just to himself he might confess it—it was a trial, going to say "good-bye" to Mrs. St. Quentin. But the idea of leaving without farewell had been haunting him as even a harder trial. So he would even pull himself together and go.

And he did.

Mrs. St. Quentin was in a pretty room, all aglow with afternoon sunshine, as he entered.

There were pots of hyacinths on a corner table; some sweet early narcissi smiling at him from the chimney-piece; dainty little bunches of snowdrops in all directions. Through half-curtained glass doors brilliant azaleas and fresh green ferns made a delightful background. As the lady rose

she seemed just in keeping with her surroundings. Quite unaffected, not handsome, but gracious and winning, dressed in a soft grey she always wore, a more pleasing woman of uncelestial middle age than Mrs. St. Quentin it would have been difficult to find. Poor Mr. Ferrers thought so, and the words that escaped him as he took her white hand, "How charming everything here is!" certainly included his hostess.

"You're in confusion, of course, at your own home," Mrs. St. Quentin said, motioning him to a chair (oh! such a soft, deep, comfortable one); "and that is why I troubled you to come to me instead of myself calling upon you."

Deeply thankful the curate felt for her thoughtfulness. Compared with this, his home was simply poverty-stricken. Glad he was she had never seen it. Something he murmured about his little place not being fit to receive ladies or friends; and she went on—

"I fear there have not been too many at Langton of whom you could make friends, Mr. Ferrers. I think you have been rather a hermit, like myself. I hope your next home will be brighter and far more genial for you."

"You are very good," the curate said, looking down into his well-worn hat with a sudden heaviness of heart; leaving had never seemed quite so bad as at this moment; "At my age one ceases to expect much brightness. But Langton has been my home a long while; my poor people and I get on so well. For that and for other—"

"You have not accepted a fresh post yet?" the lady asked.

"I can't find one," he answered, simply. "But," hastily, "most likely I shall soon. And it doesn't at all matter—except to me."

"Ah," she said, very kindly, "I understand that 'except to me' better than you think, Mr. Ferrers. Do you happen to know a place called Higham Grange?"

He looked at her—startled. "Ye-es; by name only."

"Well, it was there last month. Its owner is an old friend of mine. And she had a new companion—a young man. Such a nice girl; and her name—can you guess it?—is the same as yours. And to tell the truth, Mr. Ferrers, I soon found she was your niece; and heard how from the time she lost her father and mother something teapot back again, and tell them that remembrance of Langton and of them was all he wished to carry away with him.

"Oh, really, Mary ought not—"

began the curate, earnestly; but Mrs. St. Quentin, with a little gesture, silenced him.

"And I ought not! Perhaps it is not right of me to let you find that I know what you have kept hidden so long—your great self-denial, and most brotherly charity."

The lady's voice was a trifle unsteady.

The curate, with a shake of the head, would have deprecated praise; but she went on—

"Still, I hope you will excuse me. Sometimes—by—and-by, when you are gone—you may not be sorry to reflect that one person, at any rate, understands and appreciates the unselfishness of your life here. And you have found ways to help a lot of the poor, too, I know."

"Oh, very, very little," said the curate; but he felt that many a supperless night, many an old coat, many a patched pair of boots, were now getting a reward little expected. This recognition from this lady gladdened him—or a thousand pounds.

"Whatever that little was, it was worth a hundred-fold more than doles given out of abundance such as—mine," said Mrs. St. Quentin, softly. "But," suddenly sitting very upright and assuming a severely business-like tone, "what I particularly wanted to say was that, as all this liberality of yours—yes, liberality it was, as he demurred—"must have been a very heavy pull, I hope you won't resent my taking a small share of the burden. It is my duty and—my pleasure. I did not put my name on your testimonial; I dislike publicity in things that do not belong to you. But you will take this and use it when you leave. Oh," hastily, "you need not open it till you go."

"Excuse me—I should prefer,"

stammered the curate, and nervously tore the envelope which the lady gave him.

The check he drew out was for fully a year's stipend. He got up, walked to a window, and looked at the slip of paper again. Even that bore the impress of sympathy, worth more than any money.

"Pay"—not the Rev. G. Ferrers, the impecunious, cast-off parson, but "Pay bearer," signed, "Margaret St. Quentin."

"Margaret St. Quentin!" The only person through that troubled month who felt for him as he stood there with a mist before his eyes, he thanked and blessed this generous gentlewoman. But, alas, from her less than from anyone could he take such a dole. By so doing he realized in one bitter moment he would sink into depths—ah! lower even than the parish testimonial plunged him into. Quietly the curate turned, moved back, and laid the check upon a table by his hostess.

"Dear lady, I cannot have it. 'Give me,' looking away over her head, "something smaller, something—you have used, perhaps, that will be a pleasure to me to the end of my days. That and—knowing you think—kindly of me. Give me—any trifle you choose, and I will say good-bye."

"You are not treating me very well, Mr. Ferrers," said Mrs. St. Quentin, her face pained and pleased at the same moment.

"You grieve me by refusing this little acknowledgment."

"Grieve you!" he said, eagerly. "I wouldn't do it for the world. Pray believe I shall for ever cherish remembrance of kindness greater than I have ever met, kindness that I pray may be rewarded by a life as fortunate in the future as—"

Looking round the lovely room—"as it has been in the past."

She shook her head.

"By refusing my poor check, you deprive me of what would have been a very keen joy. 'Then, waiting half a minute, she added, slowly, 'And of such I have not had too many in my life.' Another pause. 'You may not have known—and it's all done with now—I married, literally out of the schoolroom, a wealthy man double my age. It was a help, I trust, to my family, but,' sadly, 'not to be called fortunate to myself. It is only lately I have felt that any good could come of it; since I have been able to try and make my money useful. And now you will not gratify me by letting me do that—for you."

Mr. Ferrers looked wildly about for his hat. Oh, that that fair, rich woman would speak less kindly! A queer throbbing was going on in his chest, much worse than that of a quarter of a century back, when Arabella cut him adrift.

"I—I can't take it," he said, his voice faltering; "you are so generous. Do let me go!"

He held her hand—surely it was as nervous as his own!—then lifted it to his lips; and in that instant of farewell a most curious thing occurred.

Another hand came gently on his shoulder, and a clear voice said, softly—

"Mr. Ferrers, if you and I are not such very old people, I think we are too old to miss a chance of happiness when it seems plain before us. Do you know what I mean?"

"No—I—daren't—say!" he answered, keeping her hand, and gazing at her as if not quite sure he was awake; "I—daren't presume—to imagine—"

"Well, please do," said Mrs. St. Quentin, with something between a gasp and a laugh. "I'm not ashamed—I'm very proud—to say I think we care for each other. So—so—"

So instead of going home and packing up his few goods and chattels, the guest, who had come in half-reluctant mood, stayed on through all that February afternoon (by the way, it was St. Valentine's Eve—true wooing and wedding-time!), and in the warm, dancing firelight, laid those plans which, a month later, fairly electrified all Langton Bishops. For the curate's departure was soon followed by that of Mrs. St. Quentin—on a visit to a relative, this latter, it was understood; but from that visit, one bright March evening, came back a thoroughly contented couple—Mr. Ferrers and

his wife, the Mistress of Gray's Court!

After that the people repented greatly that they had not made the teapot a silver one, and lined it more liberally.

But not a trace of ill-will on that subject lingers in their quondam curate's heart. He is much too thankful for the pleasant places in which his lines are cast to harbor one purly thought of bygones.

Curate he persists in calling himself still; administrator with his wife of their abundant means; foremost with her in every work of kindness which gladdens the sun-shine of spring; and very specially a friend to that small person who saved her coppers for him when he was only "Poor Mr. Ferrers!"

Florida Philosophy.

Florida Times-Lion.

A good listener always has more friends than a good talker.

A mortgage on a home is a sure preventative of happiness.

The man with empty pockets has no business at a church fair.

The man who earns a nickel and spends a dollar will never get rich.

Ham sandwiches are sometimes made of almost everything but ham.

Some men never see the wall in the way until they break their heads against it.

A woman can look well on a very little while a man can look ill on a great deal.

Be true to your friends and be very careful never to have a confidential friend.

It makes a hen cackle tremendously when she lays a bigger egg than her next nest neighbor.

If strength is what you want, you should study what causes your weakness. It is practically lack of food.

But you eat three meals a day, and all you can eat at a time.

Yes, but do you digest it? Food undigested is not food. It is not nourishment.

To digest your food take Shaker Digestive Cordial at meals. After a Dinner you will digest your food without it. Then you will get well, and strong and healthy.

Shaker Digestive Cordial cures indigestion and all its symptoms, such as nausea, headache, eructations, pain in the stomach, gidd