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"LET AL! THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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WILSON, FRIDAY, - June 24th, 1881

POETRY.

As this poem has been and is one of those splendid successes that set the length and breadth of the land ablaze, Exceptin' when we've quarreled and and contains so much of the genuine freshness of nature that repetition only enhances its merits, we give it en- So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll tire as it appeared on the occasion of its first printing:

em good and stout,

rest of our nat'ral life.

swar it's hard to tell! passed by very well; I have no other woman, she has no

other man-Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

sy has talked with me, And so we've agreed together that we can never agree;

Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime; We've been gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we, both had for a start, Although we never suspected 'twould Read it by little and little, for her eye

take us two apart; I had my various failings, bred in the ffesh and bone; And Betsy, like all good women, had

a temper of her own. The first thing I remember whenever

we disagreed Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed; We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we

And the more we arg'ed the question the more, we didn't agree. The next thing that I remember was

when we lost a cow; She had kicked the bucket for certain. the question was only-how? I held my own opinion, and Betsy an-

And the next that I remembe, it started in a joke; But full for a week it lasted, and neith-

cause she broke a bowl; and had'nt any soul,

And so that bowl kept pouring dissensions in our cup;

always a comin' up; er to us got, But it gave us a taste of somethin' thousand times as hot.

all in the solf-same way:

thin' sharp to say, And down on us came the neighbors, And lent their kindest service to help lifted his slx foot of manhood out of cheek and lips surging treacherously the thing along.

And there has been days together and many a weary week-We was both of us cross and spunky and both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the whole of the winter and fall, why then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me, And we have agreed together that we

can't never agree; And what is her's shall be her's, and what is nine shall be mine:

And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign! Write the paper, lawyer-the very first paragraph-

shall have ber half; For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day, And it's nothing more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

a man can thrive and roam; they have a home;

never failed to say, That Betsy should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay; A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;

Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at; Put in another clause there, and give.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my giving her so much: Yes, divorce is cherp, sir, but I take

no stock in such; True and fair I married her, when she And Betsy was always kind to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once when I was young as you and not so smart, perhaps, For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps; And all of them was flusterett, and fairly taken down. And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Merchant

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1881.

rich, but I have a competency-and a in the awful accident-list she had read competency, with sovancement with- the words: She nursed me true and tender, and in reach, is almost prosperity. Come put me out of suspense, dear-let my

answer be yes!"

was hidden.

"Charlie, it cannot be 'yes'-you with face cold and set, know that! Why," with a faint little -in the way you mean. Besides-' "Go on! Besides what?"

"Don't make say it!" she cried, passionately, all her feigned nonchalance of manner gone. "Don't make me say the contemptible words, which are so horribly true, and for which I should despise myself-don't!"

She had risen, and was standing before him, with scarlet cheeks and trembling lips, an angry child in her defiant rebellion.

Charlie Clifford folded his arms a little tighter together. "(to onl" he said, in a tone ominous-

ly repressed and quiet. "I at least should be privileged to learn the rea-For just a moment, the girl's proud

pretty, gipsy face softened, and tears came very near the dauntless brown

For one moment only.

"Well, if you must know the truth." And lawyer' writin' ain't no print, known it all my life, and the only blest best man-" good thing I ever got-my education -made me ambitious. As your- object to hearing my epitaph before the treadmill drudgery of a govern- ling?" ness to wealth and luxury-"

"Oh, pardon me! Your logic reproves my stupidity. In fact, in my mad eagerness. I had quite forgotten Harold Phillips' bank-account, as well ing back. as a woman's philosophy. But remember, Ray, an honest man's love awe-struck tones. And I told her in the future I would'nt ia ever above scorning. You are privileged to reject it, merely that!" If half the crockery in the house was

"Charlie, Charlie!" she cried wildly out, don't be so hard on me!" He smiled a little sadly as he turned

"Hard on you? What right have I

Gotham society?" friendly gesture.

"Congratulations from me would be a farce, Ray, I shall not offer them. Rob Daly and I go west to St. Louis to-night, and I probably shall not terrible test." bave another opportunity of saying

goodby!" "Good-by!" She looked up at him with eyes wide and startled, the warm color in other lips are dumb!

back to her heart. "Yes," he said, pitilessly, "we may be gone several days. Make my adieux to your mother, will you, Ray?

Once more, good-by!" And with that quiet, friendly, unimpassioned band-clasp, he was gone.

'We're going to have such a cozy evening all to ourselves, mother,' And Ray fluttered round the room, lamps a trim, pretty figure, in her soft gray dress, dotted here and there with

knots of cherry-colored ribbon. milkman's wagon, for by jupiter, 'You have not much to aid you in your task save deft fingers and good out of the way street! Yes, I did speak, taste, my dear,' her mother-a silverand for once, Ray, you must be seris haired old lady-said, as Ray began that perplexing process known to wo-

men as 'turning' a dress. 'More successful than good materi-

A small stout man, a neighbor, redchecked, black-eyed, good-natured, opened the door.

haven't you heard the news?' his florid face growing a trifle paler. 'Good-evening, Mr. CrokeV nodded

world wags? And she laughed merrily.

'It's a railway accident? the mon

blurted out, awkwardly.' 'Fell down an embankment. I-I'm most afraid to tell you? blustly. With a quick fear, a vague, sudden n't get my poem into either of their prescience of evil, Ray crossed over to papers, and it hasn't been published

where he stood. 'Give me the paper!' she said, authoritatively,

Mechanically he handed it to her. She glanced down the first column, then clutched the paper convulsively with one hand, her eyes wild and dilated, riveted in horror on one line, one

And once when I had a fever-I won't voice. "I love you deatly, and violently, she flung the frail sheet though I cannot give you wealth, I aside as though it had stung her, and can give you a cozy home. I am not cruched back with a wailing sob. For

"Charles Clifford, dead!"

The following day, Ray Stanly stood He could only see the crisp waves of walled library. A sadly different Ray versation last week she related the fol- There are the gentle pressure of hands The house and kitchen was tidy as any dark hair; the dainty, drooping face from that of yesterday. The bright, lowing experience: Some months the glances of loving eyes, the blend-She spoke at last, still without look- face was white as marble, her eyes Miss Finnell home to be our neighbor life, the first exquisite rapture of honing up, toying nervously with the burning. She listened wearily to her -a plural Mrs. R. To my surprise I eymoon, which cheats itself with the the garden. crimson cord and tassel at her wrist: wealthy suitor's protests and pleadings was the recipient of an invitation to delusion that a capital stock of love

laugh, "I like you too well to love you lips. Do you not see it is impossible? ceived me kindly; far away down deep of all pretense of spirituality, the briin death than I was in life. I tried to qualities in kinship. We sat down to veins there can be the confiningling that comes to every woman but once table. The new Mrs. R. sat by "Sister can have only with any woman in marin her life. I thought I had succeed. Julia." I had the post of honor at the riage. No, Mrs. C., a marriage to one mistaken, and have come to tell you kind of Benedict wore an almost sheep

> She said these words as though they were a lesson she had to repeat.

"Forgive me if you can; I am suffering a bitter punishment!"

through the chill April dusk.

poverty-genteel poverty! I have I let him go? Dear Charlie! the no- to feasting wolves. "Come come now, Ray! I seriously

your wife," she hesitated a little over I'm dead; it's a trifle too suggestive!" the fateful word, "I would be com- cried a tender, cheery voice; and the paratively poor still. Don't-don't figure in the shadow of the mantle quite despise me, Charlie!" as she saw suddenly assumed gigantic propor-And kisse I me for the first time in the scorn in his eyes; "I'm not worse tions. "You let me go just for the joy than most girls. And the escape from of coming back, didn't you, my dar-And Charlie Clifford held out lov-

ing human arms to the penitent little figure before him; but with a wild cry half joy, half fear, she shrank shudder-

"Charlie-is it Charlie?" in low

"Well that's what I call a sensible question," cried a thoroughly unghost like voice. "Did you think my name was Jeremiah? But Ray-Ray, my own darling!" springing to her side and clasping her close in eager arms, "give me a welcome worthy of my And so we sat a talkin' three quarters to judge the prospective Queen of love. I was on that fated train, but had got off two stations before the He held out his hand with his usual accident occurred. My name was recorded as that of some poor fellow who had handed in his checks. The fire had proved the true gold of your heart, my dearest, though it was a

lover's breast, knew that she worshiped a mightier god then Mammon, and damned. A woman's natural love that when a woman's heart speaks all

newspapers came up for discussion .- for God's sake, remember where you One man said that the editors were are." more jealous of each other than any I did remember, and discomfitted word for each other, etc. drawing the curtains, lighting the look, spoke up, and, heaving a sigh, silent party at first Mrs. R. still

ny himself comforts for the benefit of a brother editor. 'Where did that happen?'

'It happened in a western Texas town where I lived,' sighed the young

'I had dashed off a little poem of ten or fifteen cantos about 'Beautiful 'Come Spring.' There were two rival papers in the place—the Bugle and the Trombone. I had heard that the editors were deadly enemies, and sighed to shed each other's gore, and was afraid which you are passing." if I let the Trombone publish it first "I am not jealous, Mrs. C. Not only "Good-evening, ladies! Haven't- there would be a deadly encounter. I am I not jealous, but happy in this multaneously in both papers. When new love of my husband. Our faith I called on the editor of the Trombone teaches us to love these sisters in marhe said that the editor of the Bugle had riage as our own flesh. This marriage Ray, smilingly. 'Take a chair, a large family, and that he would pre- is not an estrangement of my hus-What's the news? Mamma and I are fer it to appear in the Bugle, as person-band's love as it would be in an unso quiet we hardly know how the ally he loved the editor of the Bugle. I went to the Bugle man and he said the sanctified Gentile, but a remarriage to editor of the Trombone was his warm- myself. In this marriage I live over est personal friend, and he would be again my own esponsal, my own byglad if I would be glad if I would let ting bread in his mouth and clothes on married love." But my impulse of would be a clear violation of the h his back. So, owing to the love those pity was strong, and almost involun-

> once more the long-haired poet sighed like a bellows. There was a pause, and an old coon with a frost-bitten nose drawled out: 'Yer never tried them same editors with a cash advertisement, did yer?"

Bitter Misery.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF A SCENE WHICH DEPICTS THE SHAME OF POLIGAMY IN THE FAR WEST.

before Harold Phillips, in his wealth- Lake City is now in this city. In con- to-night a finan, wife-not more. childish insousciance was gone. Her since Mr. R. brought the beautiful ing of lines into one destiny in this attend the supper given in celebration has been laid in sufficient to draw up-"I can never be your wife, Mr. Phit. of this event. Mrs. R. (the first) re- on for life. Beyond these rise, in spite shops. Yes, he is dead; but I will be truer in her life this Woman and I have dal bed, the cradle, the child, in whose persuade myself that falsity was truth; supper at 6 o'clock. Mr. R. and his life current of but one father and one I strove to ignore in silence the love first wife sat at opposite ends of the mother. All these things one man ed. Last night, I discovered I was right of the bridegroom. This new ish air and was ill at ease throughout. It dawned upon me at last that my presence on such an occasion was a reproach to me. I was more than row .- N. Y. Express. ashamed of my own stupidity in yield-And with haggard, pallid cheeks, ing to what appeared so plainly as a the poor child passed lonelily home most vulgar curiosity. In such a mood it was, of course, difficult to be She went wearily into the shadow- amiable, and as the best substitute for filled parlor at home, and flung off her that amiability, due from a guest at a marriage feast, I tried to be witty .-"Yes it's all over, mother," she said Suffice it to say, we succeeded in drearily, to a figure in the shade of stinging each other like a nest of horthe mantle piece. "Harold tried to nets, and nothing but our good breedhold me at first, but I was resolute; so ing prevented an open quarrel. We On the shield are the words: "Dien I am free. Oh, mother! mothe!" with animals fed at that supper with some- defendre le droit," and "Confederation." she flashed forth, "it is this: I hate a passionate burst of tears, "why did thing of the snappishness attributable

stood around the bright fire in the stars and a square figure which I take cozy little sitting room. Mr. R. had to represent the Ark of the covenant planned to take his bride to the theat or the Treasury box of our fathers. tre, and so preparations in the way of The sword was cut up many years ago gloves, cloaks and bonnets began .-The late Miss Finnell was soon toileted for the opera in most fashionable attire. Mrs. R., my friend, stood half reclining against the piano. We had been silent for a moment, and to relieve the embarrassment taking possession of us, I said: 'Mrs., R, it almost makes one wish to be a bride again .-Mr. R. laughed accommodatingly .-Just then Mr. R. placed his arm gently around the slender waist of his new bride, folding her handsome opera cloak close to her form, and drew her towards him. She responded to this caress by a tender upward glance of has some North Carolina paper curher beautiful eyes. Then I looked towards my friend, to find her face pallid as death, while a look of agonizing endurance, mingled with devilish Malignity, almost froze my blood. I had said aloud in actual surprise before turning towards her, "As I live, he actually loves this girl!"-The face told me all. No lies, now, with ready lips, at the bidding of fealsensitive face proclaimed the system rose grandly in the awful denunciation of those fierce eyes. A great throb of pity filled my own woman's heart. I saw all the torture and the noble rage of self restraint. I stepped towards her, as if to hold her in pity to my There were several men clustered heart. My Mormon lady friend took around the stove of a Galveston saloon, me by the arm with almost rude force,

other class; they never had a good returned to my place near the mantle. Amid this flurry the bridal party took A long-haired youth, with a solemn their departure. We women were a said that he had had some experience stood leaning on the piano, with her with editors, and he found them the re- look bent upon me almost resentfully. verse of jealous to each other, that a "You don't think yourself called upon April, 1776. Texas editor was always willing to de- to pity me, Mrs. C?" sue said, with an almost quarrelsome tone.

"I do pity you, Mrs. R. and I have a right to." "You think me jealous of my new

sister, then? "Mrs. R., we are both proud women We only need to look into our own hearts to learn what a real woman must feel under the ordeal through

dal, and renew again the first sweets of a licensed or an univensed drug ist two editors had for each other, I could tarily I hurried to her side, and, taking her face between my hands, I looked steadily into her eyes for a et .I never saw two men so anxious to help each other out of distress,' and moment. Her gaze fell, and, throwing herself upon a sofa, she cried out

in bitterness: all the light of my religion stands that branches already."

woman. This girl's face is hateful to me; that my husband should love one for her mere beauty alone? My huagination cannot be held back from all the soul-corturing, crucifying things ion, which follow in the train of this mar-A lady formerly residing in Salt riage. The box at the theatre holds woman unmarries a man to all other

There was no answer; I offered none, but, kissing her cold forehead, I left her alone with her desolate sor-

Revolutionary Relies in Nast County, N. C.

Mr. L. F. Battle has in his possess sion a buckle, slide and shield, or ornamental plate belonging to a revolutionary sword belt. On the slide the name "P. Morgan," is neatly engraved. The last word is in a half circle containing thirteen stars, and above is an That agonizing supper over, we All-seeing eye looking down upon the and made into butcher knives. These relics have been in Mr. Battle's family ever since before his recollection, but are said to have belonged to an officer of the Revolutionary war. Can any

used in the Revolutionary war by Wm. Joyner Sr., his thaternal grand-father. The staves are three inches long and it is six inches across the head. It has no bulge like a barrel but is held ## gether by two tightly fitting hoops very ingeniously locked together.

B. F. Collins, of Nashville; N. C. rency issued during the Revolutionary war. These bills are printed on coarse paper. A \$20 bill signed by John Taylor, and printed by Hugh Walker at Wilmington in 1779, under order of the State Congress at Smithfield, May 15th 1779, bears the motto: signed B. Exum, dated Hillsborough, August 8th 1778, with the motto:-"Persecution the ruin of Empires." A \$5 bill No. 15283, signed Wm. Sharp, printed by J. A. Davis 1778 ander act passed at Hillsborough, August 8th, 1778, mottoes: "The rising States;" and "Death to Counterfeits." Another \$5 bill signed C. Marklann, Another signed by John Taylor printed by Hugh Walker at Wilmington under an act passed at Smithfield May 15th, 1779, with the motto: "Good Government always revere." A \$2.50 bill signed by Turner W. Haywood, Daniel Duncan, Wm. Williams, and J. Webb, with the motto: "Libertas and Natale Solum," issued by authority of Congress at Halifax the 2nd day

The Prohibition Question.

The Texas prohibition ists, at their State convention last week, decided that it was not advisable to form a separate political party, the great majority of the delegates being of the pinion that the Democratic party can be made available, with proper action | those that are infected with the plague; on the part of the prohibitionists prior no, though thou think thyself guarded to the meeting of the next Democratic with an antidote. Mate Convention.

Attorney-general Johnson, M Kansas, has given an opinion that the con-

"I'll teach you how to lie, and steni,

Pungent Partigraphs. Cure for halp heads-Change Prides fiself upon its rank-The on

A collection of stamps Applicate gallery.

How to make your coat last-Make your trousers and waistcoat first. Adam established the "ploneer press" when he first hugged Eve in

People who really pick their teeth are those who buy sets at dentisted

A bunghole is a very necessary thing in a barrel, but, after all, it is nothing.

The hair dresser hopes his heir will never be able to say, "He dyed poor." There wasn't much money in stocks when they were employed in the form of punishment.

A clock much like a man; Wen it raises its hand, look out for lit. It is going to strike a man a manual

When a woman becomes a laundress late in life she may be said to have reached the iron age.

When a young mad is deeply in love with a pretty girl, to squeeze her hand is a pressing necessity.

"Is this the Adams House P" Mkeet stranger of a Bostonian HYes, till you get to the roof; then its cayes." Scrince is able to product small sparks from ice. Pshaw-i who have \$ seen ice parks several acres in area ?

Emma,s head is bound up closely In a naffkin's folds so tight-Hendache? No; it hides the curiers, She will friz her hair to-night.

habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe? Because it's precious A gentleman was a sofreplaining that he had invested a ruther large sum of money and lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked fhim if he

Why is the money you are in the

was a bull or bear, "Prwhich he replied : "Neither : I was a lackuse." An old couple wefe walking down the street not long ago reading signs, when they run across one which the old man read thus a "Johnson's Shirt Store." "Well I worker excinmed the old lady' I wonder how he

A small boy of Bath, Me., had just gone to bed, when he began to dream about cows. Some slight noise woke him up and he said, "Mamma, I saw some cows." Where? she asked. Up there, said he pointing to thel celling "Peace on Honorable Terms." A \$10 His mother remarked that that was a bill, No. 4846, issued and signed the queer place to see cows, and the little smire as the above, with the motto: fellow got slightly angry and said. And Ray, sobbing joyfully on her ty to religion. That agonized, refined, "Virtue excels riches." A \$10 bill "Well, I guess they could be angel cows, couldn't they?"

Belief is not in our power but truthfulness is. in the discommand surrow Life is too short for its possessors to

wear long faces. A sensual disposition deforms the hand-omest features. M. de las Divine vengeance comes with feet of

lead, but strikes with hands of iron.

thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought. He who, with good health, half a true friend, may laugh adversity to

He needs no other rosary whose

scorn and defy the world. Prue benevolence is to love all men. Recompense injury with justice and kindness with kindness

This is the present reward of virtuous conduct-that no unlacky consequence can oblige us to regret it.

Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the eye, link us with nature and innocence, and are something tolove.

Venture not into the company of

To protect a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to pronounce a man healthy merely because he has enough to est.

No man ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others. To measure one with his own yardstick may be hard, but if is fair.

The wisest man may be wiser to day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from hange does not imply total freedom from error.

There is nothing worthy of the name and smoke, and use profane language / ef education which is wholly upart "Oh! Mrs. C., I am most wretched. said an irate Galveston parent to his from religion. Every child has a soul. Between me and any celestial lights, oldest offspring, at the same tim swing-or any glory or peace or consolation in ing a good sized sapling. "I'll teach the unseen and the elevals, and this this life or in the world to come there you, you young scamp!,' "Never soul, fallen in Adam but redeemed in stands that woman. Between me and mind, father, I know all of them Christ, must be educated in the truth as it is in Jesus,

"Betsy and I are Out."

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make

For things at home are crossways and Betsy and I are out. We who have worked together so long as man and wife Must pull in double harr . s' for the

"What is the matter?" say you. Most of the years behind us we've

So I have talked with Betsy, and Bet-

arg'ed the thing at tea,

other had; And when we were done a-talking, we loth of is were mad.

er of us spoke; And the next was when I scolded be-And she said I was mean and stingy,

And so that blamed cow-critter was And so the heaven we arg'ed no near-

And so the thing kept workin', and Always somethin' to arg'e, and some-

and walked a cross the room-a tall

If I can't live kind with a woman, the street below.

become in the grocer's cart and the Of all the farm and live stock that she

Give her the house and homestead-But women are skeery critters, unless And I have always determined, and pretty, piquant face.

"Ray!" her all of that.

that which she was afraid her intense nervousness would betray.

forget it soonvas hot as a busted turkey and crazy as a loon: Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight-

stuck to me day and night.

And If ever a house was tidy, and ever # kitchen clean, ever had seen; And I don't complain of Betsy, or any of her acts,

told each other facts. go home to-night, And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right; And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a

And kiss the child that was left us, and out in the world I'll go. And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur, That when I am dead at last, she'l bring me back to her;

tradin' man I know,

And lay me under the maples I planted years ago, When she and I was happy before we quarreled so. And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,

And lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree; Add, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer, If we leved each other the better be son of my rejection." cause we quarreled here.

Then Betsy she got her specs from off eyes. the mantle shelf, And read the article over quite softly to herself

is gettin' old,

over twenty years!

speak cross or rash

of the night,

her over again.

didn't come to inquire,

especially when it's cold. And after she read a little she gave my arm a touch And kindly said she was afraid I was lowin' her too much. But when she was through she went for me, her face astreamin' with tears,

I don't know what you'll think, sir; I

But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire; And I told her we'd bury along side of the cow; And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

broken all to smash. And she said in regard to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And we opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light. And the day when I was winnin' her away from somany men, Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted

"Ray!" No answered, "Hay!" Si-Captain Charlie Clifford deliberately a springless, rep-covered easy chair

manly-looking young fellow, in his dark tweed suit. He paused at the window where a young girl sat, looking lazily out on

"Did you speak cousin Charlie?" Two saucily-demure brown eyes looked up into Cousin Charlie's angry "Did I speak?" in a mild sareasm -"How suddenly interested you have

that's all there is to be seen in this

"Will you marry me?

ous and anwer me!" "Very well." Ray resignedly clasped her slim hands in her black merino lap, and als and bad taste,' cheerily. looked up in Charlie Clifford's face in! with mocking, mischievous gravity, His handsome eyes, very stern, very resolute, looked down on the

"Charlie," in a tone of solemn, funeral conviction, "I knew it!" "Knew it?" "Yes," nodding gravely, and speaking with deliberate emphasis, "I knew you were going to make love to me, and I hate being made love to!"

"Yes, I do! That's the tenth time you've said "Ray." Love is a regular fun-killer. We've had such good times together, and now I suppose you will "stride away, like the hero of a novel, and I'll never see you again. Though why disappointed lovers 'stride away,' instead of coolly walking off, is more than I could ever understand, Can you Charlie?" She was striving to lightly laugh off

"This is no affair to be joked down Ray," he said a sad sternness in his name. Death-white and trembling each other.

Toe Affectionate. and somehow or other the subject of and whispered warningly, "Mrs. C.

The poet answered in the negative, whereat the audience significantly nodded their heads and winked at

women, or there is no marriage."

one tell who P. Morgan was? The writer has a wooden canteen

scientious use of wine at the communion service is not forbidden under the new prohibitory law of that State, but that its sale for such purpose by either and would make him liable to t same exfent as if he sold liquer tob