

COME UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

Come up into the mountains, come up into the blue! Oh, friend down in the valley, the way is clear for you!

A FAIRY TALE.

A fisherman was living in a humble cabin with his wife Stora. One day after having uselessly spent several hours on the river bank he suddenly pulled from the water an immense fish with gold scales and a gold crown on its head.

"Ah!" cried he. "Here's a fine catch. I will take it to the king. He will certainly pay me generously for it."

"All right," good naturedly replied the fisherman. "This is the first time I have ever heard a fish talk, and that in itself is proof of your claim."

Dropping the fish into the water, he returned to his cabin to tell the adventure to his wife. "What!" cried she. "And from that fish, who no doubt has the power of a fairy, you demanded nothing?"

"No," said the fisherman. "It did not occur to me. Anyway, what could I have asked for?"

"What!" she exclaimed. "When we are here in a miserable cabin! You might at least have asked for a cottage! Go back. He is under obligations to you. You saved his life. He can refuse you nothing."

The meek and humble fisherman was not at all anxious to make the attempt, but finally giving way to his wife's determination he went to the water's edge and called: "Fish of gold! Royal fish!"

"Why do you call me?" asked the fish. "Alas," replied the timid fisherman, "I am obeying my wife, who does not always think as I do."

"And what does she wish at present?" said the fish kindly. "Ah," he replied sadly, "she is not satisfied with our small cabin and wishes a larger one."

"Very well. Return home and you will find your wish accomplished."

In fact, in place of the miserable cabin was a beautiful cottage. Stora was sitting radiantly happy on a bench in front of the door. Taking her husband by the hand, she said, "Just come and see how beautiful it is!"

There was a bedroom, with a comfortable bed, a kitchen with a complete assortment of cooking utensils, and near by a low court, from which came the cackle of geese and chickens. Then followed a garden full of vegetables and an orchard of fruit trees. "Is it not charming?" cried Stora.

"Yes, indeed," replied the astonished fisherman, and both heartily rejoiced in their good fortune. Fifteen days later Stora said to her husband: "I have been thinking that we were too modest in making our wishes known. This cottage is too small, and there is not a single field joined to the garden. I should like to have a beautiful country residence."

"What folly!" cried her husband. "What would we do with a country residence?"

"Make yourself easy. I know well of what benefit it would be to us. You have nothing to do but to again see your friend, the golden fish."

The poor fisherman, not being able to resist, went out with bowed head. "Why do you call me?" cried the crowned fish.

"Alas," replied the fisherman, "I come in obedience to my wife, whose wishes are not always in accord with mine."

"What does she want now?" "She thinks she would like a beautiful country residence."

"All right. Your wish is accomplished."

The fisherman, thanking him, turned homeward. To his surprise, he found before him a large house with court, granaries and stables. His wife, waiting for him in her loveliest Sunday dress, led him into their new home. Here was the master's room and there a large one for the servants. The chimney was full of hams. Not far off was the milkhouse and near by a granary full of wheat. In the stable were many beautiful cows. There was a pigeon house on the roof of the shed, which was well filled with fat sheep, and a couple of storks were on the chimney. Around the house were gardens, fields and prairies. "Is this not a delightful place?" enthusiastically inquired Stora.

"Yes," replied the fisherman. "See that we live here in peace."

A few days passed, when one morning Stora said to her husband: "It is indeed a good thing to have a country house like this, but we can do better. We can have a chateau and live as nobles do. This is what you must demand of your magic fish, who is in your debt for life itself."

"No, indeed," said the fisherman. "Certainly not. I will not make this additional demand of him. He would be angry, and he would have good cause."

"Oh, I beg of you," implored his wife, "go to him again. He will refuse you now," with a sweep of her hand including half a dozen very frightened looking little rats of children. Mary was thinking all the time that she did not like scolding mothers and brothers and sisters who were unpleasant and very dirty.

"Antonio," insisted Carmen to the big Mexican, her husband, who sat smoking his pipe with great calmness, "tell the girl that she cannot leave the house; that she shall never see the American woman's face again."

"I am going now," Mary said. "I shall never leave my sweet lady until she tells me to go. She needs me. She has told me that she needs me."

"She has taught my daughter to disobey her mother. You shall not go. It is my right, the obedience of my children!" screamed Carmen.

But by this time Mary was running down the street laughing. The big Antonio went on smoking, and the neighbors came out of their houses to see Carmen and her unruly child.

"Come back!" shouted the mother. But Mary always turned her laughing head and cried, "No, no!"

"May I tell you all about it?" Mary said one morning.

"All about what?" asked Dora, and Mary cried: "Oh, the most wonderful thing has happened, the most magnificent thing. My cousin, who is a widow, mourns no longer. Her house is a fine place, as big as these two rooms. The floor of her house is not like the earth floor of the house of my father. It is a floor of boards, all smooth planks. Last night my cousin came out of her mourning. A great dance she gave to us all. If you could see our Spanish dances! We have egg shells—hollow, gilded egg shells. And, you see, we are to break the shells on the head of the one that is most dear to us. The girls are to break them on the heads of the men, and the men on the heads of the girls. And all the men have broken their shells on my head. And the American man—he, too, has covered my hair with gold. See, see!" and blushing cruelly she held down her head, which sparkled with fine gilt dust.

There were more dances, and this was not the last time that the gold glittered in the girl's hair.

"It is ominous," Dora said to her husband. "I am afraid that Mary has discovered that she is beautiful."

"What is she going to do when we go away?" asked Robert. "What is going to become of her?"

"How serious you are," laughed Dora. "I suppose she will go back to her laundry."

At the end of the season, when the Englands went north again, Dora gave Mary many pretty gifts. When she got into the train, she held the baby up for Mary to kiss and was quite frightened at the look on the girl's face.

"It seems a pity," Robert said. "A good deal might have been done with her, poor little pitiful thing!" And the train moved off, and Mary went out of the station. But she did not go back to the adobe home of Antonio and Carmen.

When Mrs. England heard of it, she cried a little, and she did not look in her husband's face that day or the next day. Niva Sedgely told her. Niva was not surprised. And in the meantime Horace Dulaney staid on at the big hotel until the hot weather drove him away.

—Etta Ramsdell Goodwin in Argonaut.

The Sleeve.

What is it that, in fearful size, That ever grows as time takes flight, In myriad shapes and widespread rage, Is quite the wonder of the age? The modern sleeve.

What is it that gives the best pretex for glances that reveal the heart, For lover's nothings, whispered low, When into coat sleeve it must go? The modern sleeve.

What is it that makes social feuds, Inbitters tempers once most sweet, When in last winter's jacket small Must go the largest of them all? The modern sleeve.

What is it that promotes our trade And makes the merchant's heart grow light? The ceaseless strife for fashion's sake. The countless lengths and breadths that make The modern sleeve.

What is it that fills the theater seat, And at the concert or the play One rival has—the theater hat— And comes in size quite up to that? The modern sleeve.

What is it that will bring about An era of colossal things If other parts must fashioned be In like proportions as we see The modern sleeve? —New York Sun.

Pay of Former Contributors.

Coleridge took at times an exaggerated view of his services to The Morning Chronicle. His surprising statement that Stuart in 1800 offered him £2,000 a year if he would devote himself to journalism, that he declined on the ground that he would not give up "the reading of old folios" for twenty times £2,000, and that he considered any pay beyond \$350 as a real evil, is obviously impossible. Stuart probably tried to spur his indolent contributor by saying that his services would be worth some such sum if they could be made regular. But the statement is only worth notice here in illustration of the state of the literary market at the time. Southey acknowledges his gratitude for the guinea a week which he received as Stuart's "laureate."

Poetry, by the way, appears to have been more in demand then than at the present day. Both Perry and Stuart's elder brother offered to employ Burns, and Coleridge, Southey, Campbell and Moore all published poems in the newspapers. Lamb tried his hand at "jokes."

"Sixpence a joke," he says—and it was thought pretty high, too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases."

The high water mark of a journalist's earnings at the end of the last century is probably marked by the achievement of Mackintosh, who earned 10 guineas in a week. "No paper could stand it!" exclaimed the proprietor, and the bargain had to be revised. A few years later, however, we are told that Sterling, the father of Carlyle's friend, was receiving the sum which Coleridge supposed himself to have refused, namely, £2,000 a year for writing leading articles in The Times.—National Review.

New Definitions.

Inmates of the Home For Feeble Minded Children at Glen Ellen often surprise their teachers by bright questions and witty answers.

"Now, children, which one of you can tell me what grass is?" asked one of the instructors the other day. She selected one little girl from among those who waved their hands in furious attempts to gain recognition, and she promptly answered: "Little live green streaks."

"What is a doll?" was the next question, and a little boy answered: "It is a very baby turned into nothing."—San Francisco Post.

St. Louis' Population.

The St. Louis Directory for 1896, just issued, indicates that the population of the city is now 611,268, an increase of 145,059 since 1890.

Millinery at M. T. Young's at half price.

Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Ry.

JOHN GILL, Receiver. CONDENSED SCHEDULE In effect Dec. 8, 1896.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. NORTH BOUND. No 2 DAILY. Leave Wilmington 7:25 a.m., Arrive Fayetteville 10:35 a.m., etc.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. SOUTH BOUND. No 1 DAILY. Leave Mt. Airy 9:35 a.m., Arrive Rural Hall 11:05 a.m., etc.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. NORTH BOUND. No 4 DAILY. Leave Bennettsville 8:25 a.m., Arrive Maxton 9:23 a.m., etc.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. SOUTH BOUND. No 3 DAILY. Leave Fayetteville 4:38 p.m., Leave Hope Mills 4:58 p.m., etc.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. NORTH BOUND. No 16 MIXED DAILY except Sunday. Leave Ramsauer 6:45 a.m., Leave Climax 8:35 a.m., etc.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. SOUTH BOUND. No 15 MIXED DAILY except Sunday. Leave Madison 12:25 p.m., Leave Stokesdale 1:28 p.m., etc.

NORTH BOUND CONNECTIONS at Fayetteville with Atlantic Coast Line for all points North and East...

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. SOUTH BOUND. No. 403 No. 41. Lv New York via Penn R R 9:30 pm, Philadelphia 5:15, Baltimore 7:31, etc.

No. 403, "The Atlanta Special," Solid Pullman Vestibule Limited Train, with Buffet Sleepers and Coaches (no extra fare), Washington to Atlanta. "Congressional Limited," Pullman Parlor and Dining Cars, New York to Washington. Pullman Vestibule Drawing Room Sleepers, Portsmouth to Charlotte (open at Portsmouth 9 p.m.).

At Atlanta—For Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Texas, Mexico, California, Macomb, Pensacola, Selma and Florida. At Portsmouth—With Bay Line, coastwise steamers, Washington steamers and "Cape Charles Route," to and from all points North and East.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD AND BRANCHES AND FLORENCE RAILROAD.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. TRAIN GOING SOUTH. DATED June 14th 1896. Lv Weldon 11:55, Ar Rocky Mount 1:00, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. TRAINS GOING NORTH. DATED June 14th 1896. Lv Florence 8:40, Lv Fayetteville 9:40, etc.

*Daily except Monday. †Daily except Sunday. Train on Scotland Neck branch road leaves Weldon 3:55 p.m., Halifax 4:13 p.m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:05, Greenville 6:47 p.m., Kinston 7:45 p.m., etc.

Train leaves Tarboro daily, at 5:30 p.m.; arrives Plymouth 7:35 p.m., returning leaves Plymouth 7:40 a.m., arrive Tarboro 9:45 a.m. Train on Midland N. C. branch leaves Goldsboro daily, except Sunday, 6:50 a.m., arriving Smithfield 7:30 a.m.; returning leaves Smithfield 7:50 a.m.; arrive at Goldsboro 9:15 a.m. Trains on Nashville branch leave Rocky Mt. at 4:30 p.m.; Nashville 5:05 p.m.; Spring Hope 5:30 p.m., etc.

JOHN GASTON, Fashionable Barber.

Nash St. WILSON, N. C. Easy chairs, razors keen; Scissors sharp, linen clean. For a shave you pay a dime—Only a nickle to get a shine; Shampoo or hair cut Pompadour You pay the sum of twenty cents more.

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Hammocks at M. T. Young's.

Sewing Machines, all kinds, M. T. Young's.

Shoes, Shoes, Shoes, M. T. Young.

VESTIBULE LIMITED TRAINS DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

Schedule in Effect April 5th, 1896.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. SOUTHBOUND. No. 403 No. 41. Lv New York via Penn R R 9:30 pm, Philadelphia 5:15, Baltimore 7:31, etc.

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