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A DEMOCRATIC

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MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no pains to make them comfortable.

Respectfully,
W. H. SHIELDS.

Nov 30tf.

FOR SALE.

The following valuable real estate lying near Tillery's Mill, in Halifax county about nine miles from the town of Halifax.

About 361 acres including steam engine, saw mill and fixtures, gin, gin house and fixtures, adjoining the residence of J. R. Tillery.

Mike Wilkins, that contains about 97 acres.

Pope place containing about 150 acres.

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Apply to T. N. HILL, Attorney,
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We are now receiving our new and beautiful goods recently purchased of the manufacturers, and cordially invite you to call and see them. The largest and best selected stock of

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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MORN AND EVE.

I see her at my cottage door,
A little child, with sweet blue eyes,
Where linger yet, like morning mist,
The look she brought from Paradise.

And by her side an old man sits,
And dreams of days long since gone by,
While overhead a robin sings,
And sunset glories light the sky.

Along the paths her feet have trod,
Hope's fairest, brightest blossoms spring,
She hears no mournful undertone,
But sweet and clear life's joy bells ring.

She laughs to hear the joyous song
The sweet-voiced robin gayly trills,
But he, with faded, wistful eyes,
Watches the sunset o'er the hills.

And then, soft-stealing, whispers low,
"My day, like this, draws near its close,
And night comes slowly stealing on,
The night which brings me sweet repose."

AN EAVESDROPPER.

It was Elsa Travers' wedding-day just such a day as Elsa had always longed might smile upon her wedding. A bright October day, with the sun's rays fitfully dancing, as they lost to the clear air something of the past summer warmth. Everything had passed off beautifully, too. The church had been thronged, but all were unanimous in voice of praise—praise of the bride, the groom, the surroundings, the toilets. True, one or two said the bride appeared almost a child—for, far too young to assume the responsibilities of married life. But, then, with what adoring eyes she looked upon the tall, handsome man at her side, who seemed so quiet, calm and unmoved during the utterance of the sacred word!

A wonderfully handsome couple, the world said, and a wonderfully brilliant and well assorted marriage; and as to Elsa herself, it all seemed a dream she was so happy; so happy that, in look ng back over the short vista of her eighteen years—years when she had known neither care nor sorrow—she thought she had never tasted the full, overflowing measures of happiness before. She wanted to be alone—alone with her great joy, for a little while, that she might worship with it, as at an altar.

It was a relief when the moment came that she could slip away from the circle of congratulating friends to make the necessary change in her dress for her journey; but first she must run up to her own room (her travling-dress had been laid out in the room below,) and take one last look within the four walls where her happy girlhood had been spent. Adjoining it was the chamber appropriated to her husband. Her husband? How strange and unreal it seems, that henceforth Pierce Curtin's life and hers were to be irrevocably blended together!

"She's a pretty child, Pierce. Be good to her, old fellow!"

It was his best man who spoke—his oldest and dearest friend, he had told her.

"A pretty child indeed!" She indignantly drew nearer to listen to the reply, smiling even 'mid her annoyance, in anticipation of the loving disclaimer which would follow.

"Yes, a pretty child. You have summed it all up in those three words, Harry. I realized it to the full an hour ago. Any but a child would have discovered the empty heart I have to offer any woman—nay, not only empty, but seared and scarred. Ah, Maude Carlton! I wonder what you will say when you read of my marriage, a few days hence, and learn that men's hearts do not lightly break, but, casting off one allegiance, bend to another?"

"Hush, Pierce!" Don't talk like that; yet I feared some motive had influenced you when you wrote me of your intended marriage. I knew it when I looked upon your bride, and wondered, Pierce—forgive me!—that you dared entre this young life with yours, when you could give her nothing in return."

"Nothing? Nay, she loves me; she does not believe me demonstrative, therefore does not look for it. It is well. Doubtless we shall be a model pair. Who believes in love in marriage now-a-days?"

What was the sound which finished the answer on Harry Reed's lips, and made both men look at each other with white, startled faces? It was such a sound as one might imagine might be the deathblow of a breaking heart.

Pierce Curtin darted forward and threw open the door of communication into the room adjoining, but it was empty. The hall, too, was deserted.

With a reassuring smile at his own folly, he came back.

"I fancied I heard something," he said.

Meanwhile, down the stairs had glided a young graceful figure, whose white satin robes trailed for behind her, but whose face was whiter than her dress—white with that indescribable pallor which tells that the currents about the heart are coursing tumultuously.

As though she would drive them back, she held one little hand tight pressed above. Her eyes were large and dark; one scarlet drop of blood upon her lip told where the white teeth had pressed.

Like some hunted thing, she flew into the room where her maid awaited her. With eager fingers she helped tear off the costly robe, the gleaming jewels, and put on that prepared for her. Then she shut them all out who had assisted her, saying that she wanted for a little time to be alone.

What had happened? What had she learned? That there was neither truth nor loyalty in man; that she had served as a mode of revenge upon another woman; her youth and inexperience had made her a dupe and a plaything; that the heart of her husband was not hers, but had belonged so wholly to another that he did not even hesitate in stabbing her to plunge the dagger through his wife to reach her.

What was she to do? Should she decide to go with him? Should she make their names a target for the world?

A knock sounded on the door.

"Elsa!" her mother called; "come, darling—the carriage is waiting."

Marvelling at her own calm, she turned the key in the lock and came out.

"A pretty child!" So they had called her, scarce an hour ago. Surely a strange title for this pale, imperial woman, whose calm wrapped her about as a mantle, and who quietly slipped her gloved hand within her father's arm, that he might lead her to the carriage.

There were a few farewells, a laughing shower of good wishes, followed by the throwing of a satin slipper, and then she and her husband were alone together.

With the old grace he encircled her waist with his arm, a tenderness, born perhaps of self-reproach, in the gesture with which he drew her to him.

But, with a great scorn blazing in her eyes, she drew herself away from his touch.

"Elsa!" he exclaimed, in a tone of genuine surprise.

"Miss Maude Carlton cannot intrude upon the hours of our privacy; therefore, during these we can at least drop the roll we have assumed for her benefit," she answered, in syllables which fell like icicles of disdain. "Let us understand each other, Mr. Curtin," she continued. "You have married me in order to bloom to another woman the indifference(?) with which you regarded her falseness. Were she fair as the fallen angels, think you it could equal yours toward me? But I wish to utter not one reproach. I am 'the pretty child,' your wife. I accept the word, in all its significance to the world, so long as the world is our audience; but, once the curtain falls upon our private life, I am the woman, between whom and yourself is the impassable barrier of the great wrong you have done her!"

Like blows dealt on his naked soul, Pierce Curtin shrank from her words. He remembered now the sound he had heard, and rightly interpreted it. For the first time he realized the actual sin he had committed in yoking this young life to his.

"Forgive me, Elsa!" he replied, in a broken, choked utterance. "For God's sake forgive me, and I will try to atone and make your happiness—"

"By buying me new playthings to hide the debris of my fallen idol?" she questioned, coldly. "No, Mr. Curtin, I never can forgive you nor can I condone your duplicity in assuming a role which I can throw off with my mask at pleasure."

A pretty child! Had he ever thus termed the frozen woman who shared his life? Pierce Curtin often asked himself, as the weeks wore on into months.

Somehow they had lived through the allotted time appropriated to the wedding journey. He had found his wife a cultured companion; he had discovered in her a depth of thought he had not dreamed she possessed. If she suffered, she hid from him its every trace. She treated him ever with the distant courtesy she extends to the stranger thrown upon our good fellowship; but to any approach to the one topic ever uppermost in his mind, she interposed an insurmountable barrier. She avoided even the touch of his hand, when he would have assisted her with that assistance a man so spontaneously extends to a woman. She shivered and turned pale when sometimes occasion made it necessary.

"Why did it trouble him so? Was it only the ceaseless sting of his self-reproach and his humiliated manhood?

Again and again he found himself looking at the beautiful woman who presided so gracefully at the head of his table. Everywhere her name was spoken in tones of admiration and respect. Men vied to gain one of her smiles, but always as the smile of a woman to whom they gave highest honor.

What did she do with the hours when, in her own suite of apartments, she and her past were alone together? He could not tell. Behind those closed doors he might never look.

* * * *

It was just a year since the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Curtin, when a guest came to visit their near neighbors, the Randolphs, in the person of Miss Maude Carlton. Cards were issued for a dinner-party to be given in her honor.

"We will not go," decided Pierce, when his wife quietly handed them to him, at the breakfast table.

"You have an engagement for that evening?" she asked, in clear, calm tones.

"No; but surely, Elsa, do you not care to meet Miss Carlton?"

A surprised manner was in her answer.

"I certainly do not regard Miss Carlton but with indifference, and, as I feel most kindly towards the Randolphs, if you have no serious objections, I prefer sending in my acceptance."

"As you will!" he replied, hastily; and, leaving his unfinished breakfast, rose and went out from the room.

"How she hates me!" he said, to himself; "and yet I dreaded even her demonstrations, her caresses, her caresses. She is her, she has petrified, whilst I—can it be that this keen pain gnawing at my heart is because I known that the jewel lost to me was indeed rare and precious, while I believed from a glass bauble?"

* * * *

"I never sent you any written congratulations upon your marriage, Pierce; but now that I have seen your wife, you will, I am sure, accept them in lieu of much, even at this late day."

Thus Miss Carlton addressed the man who so short a time ago had been her lover.

She darted a quick look into his face as she spoke.

A half-regret crept in the tone of her words. He had met her an hour since with an indifference that, if acting, was so well feigned that it almost deceived her.

Could it be that she had not read the secret of his marriage aright? that it was, indeed, love which had prompted it, and not the mere feeling of pique to which she, in her consummate vanity, had ascribed it?

Power was Maude Carlton's god. To feel that her empire possessed, she knew not if it was hate or anger, misery or comfort. She had meant only to play with Pierce, not to let him slip from her toils. That he had done so had been at the time cruel suffering; now she must win him back, to inflict in turn that which he had given.

So once more the long lashes dropped over the great black eyes; the firm, red lips half parted in a tremulous sigh; the little hand lingered in his, at meeting and at parting. But he was blind to it all—blind, and dumb, and deaf.

But Elsa saw it all, and the heart she had thought dead beat suffocatingly with the cruel fear, even while she smiled and welcomed this woman to her home—welcomed her, it is true, with cold, blight courtesy; yet in her presence in a measure dropping her mask, which covered her domestic misery, as though it would say, "See your work! glory in it!"

But all the time this dull, dead pain was weighing down her spirit, until she felt that the must break her fetters—must free herself from the man who on, spite of his baseness and her own coldness, she still loved.

The time of Miss Carlton's visit was drawing to a close. Pierce had grown strangely moody of late. Was the old regret still so keen within him? she wondered.

Entering her house, late one afternoon, her footsteps respectfully detained her as she was about to pass up the stairs.

"Pardon, madame, but Miss Carlton called to bid madame good-by, and is awaiting her in the library."

Retracing her steps, Elsa drew aside the portiere of the drawing-room and walked slowly toward the room beyond.

On its threshold, voices arrested her. For the second time in her life she was an involuntary eavesdropper.

Miss Carlton was speaking, and the tone was low and subtle, and dangerously sweet.

"Pierce," she said, "you misunderstood me then. Do not mistake and misjudge me now. Pity rather than blame me. Think what I have lost in losing you! And you—you are not happy. I see it—I know it! Ah, Pierce, says to me just once that you share my regret!"

She would turn away, thought Elsa—she would not, hearing the record of his unavailing regret and his wrecked prospects of life; but a strange fascination fettered her. With pained face and hand pressed to her heart, as she had pressed it on that awful day of her awakening, she waited for the confirmation of that which in her own mind was already certainty. But, was she dreaming? What was he saying?

"You see, Miss Carlton, that I am not happy. It is too true. Instinctively in your desire for triumph, you wish once again to place my name upon the list; then you will turn away, content. You are right—I give you your triumph. I am not happy. No more wretched man exists! Ah, your eye brightens—your cheek flushes! Wait—I have not finished. I am miserable, because I have bartered substance for dross, gold for tinsel, home for contempt. A year ago, I married—married (shall I confess it?) without, as I supposed, having married a child, that through this marriage I might make you feel a little of the agony I had endured through you. My wife loved me then. Ah, can you know—can you dream—what it is to a man to lose heaven, nor know that he possesses it until it passes from him? Hour, it matters not, but on our wedding day she learned all of my perfidy. I found myself, the husband, not of a child, to be moulded to my will, but a scornful woman, whose deep, passionate love I had deservedly converted into loathing, and contempt, and hatred, which day by day has grown, until the barrier between us my longing soul can never pass, for I have learned to love this woman with a measureless love, such as the feeling which once swayed me for you compares as little as man's feeble torch to the God-given sun. Yet my love is as hopeless as it is enduring. I never dare tell her. I could not bear the scorn within her eyes. You have your triumph, Miss Carlton, though not, perhaps, in the form which you most desired it."

With haughty bearing, the proud beauty turned to leave him, but some one on the threshold barred her away.

"Pierce," said a low, sweet voice, "you said you loved me, and love lasted is blind. Oh, my love, my love! May I come home at last?"

With a glad light on his face he opened wide his arms, and as Elsa sprang to their embrace, out from the sunshine of their new-found happiness, as from the sunshine of their lives in this their bridal hour, Miss Carlton passed unheeded, with the knowledge gnawing at her soul that she, too, had cast away a pearl of price, though with her it had gone forever, never to be found again.

Seven Cincinnati editors occupy seats and wrangle in the "amen corner" of a Methodist church. That's where you can find journalistic "amen" by in all its pristine beauty.

SIGNS OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER.—When lights are seen burning in his house before the break of day, in winter especially, it shows that the day will never break on the breaking in of the winter of adversity.

When you see him drive his work instead of work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from good resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity.

When he has a house separate from the main building purposely for ashes, and an iron or tin vessel to transport them, it shows that he never built his dwelling for a funeral pyre for his family, and perhaps himself.

When his hog-pen is boarded outside and in it shows that he is "going the whole hog or none" in keeping plenty inside his house and poverty out.

Which his sled is safely housed in summer, and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of early life, and the winter of old age.

When his cattle are properly sheltered and fed in winter it evinces that he is acting according to Scripture, which says that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."

When he is seen subscribing for a newspaper and paying for it in advance, it shows that he is speaking like a book respecting the latest movements in agriculture, and that he will never get his walking papers to the land of poverty.

DOES WEALTH BRING HAPPINESS?—On one of the last days of his earthly existence Mr. Johns Hopkins called his devoted gardener to him and said: "I am beginning to hate this place, because it does not bring in money. I hate everything that does not bring in money. Did you ever feed hogs? Have you not observed that the strong animals bear away the ears of corn and that the weaker ones pursue them squealingly, in hopes that all or some of the treasure will be lost or dropped?" The gardener replied that the sketch was a true one. "Well, then," said Mr. Hopkins, "I am that strong hog. I have that big ear of corn, and every piggish rascal in Baltimore is intent upon stealing it or wresting it from me!" "Why, sir," he said, turning brusquely to the gardener, "do you think a very rich man is happy?" The gardener answered: "The extreme of poverty is a sad thing. The extreme of wealth, no doubt, leaves with it many tribulations." Mr. Hopkins replied: "You are right, my friend; next to the hell of being utterly bereft of money is the purgatory of possessing a vast amount of it. I have a mission, and under its shadow I have accumulated wealth, but not happiness."

A SAW'S LOG.—The speed of vessels is approximately determined by the use of the log and log line. The log is a triangular or quadrangular piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate of lead as to swim perpendicularly in the water, with about two-thirds of it under the water. The log line has a small cord, one end of which, divided into three so that the wood hangs from the cord as a scale pan from a balance beam, is fastened to the log, while the other is wound round a reel in the ship. The log thus poised, keeps its place in the water, while the line is unwound from the reel as the ship moves through the water, and the length of line unwound in a given time gives the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distances, while the time is measured by a sand glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log, to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences. This is called the stray line.

A STRANGE PREACHER.—There was once a minister of the gospel who never built a church.
Who never preached in one.
Who never proposed a church fair to buy the church a new carpet.
Who never founded a new sect.
Who never belonged to any sect.
Who frequented public houses and drank wine with sinners.
Who never received a salary.
Who never asked for one.
Who never wore a black suit or a white neck tie.
Who never used a prayer book,
Or hymn book,
Or wrote a sermon.
Who never hired a cornet soloist to draw souls to hear the "Word."
Who never adapted his sermons.
Who never even took a text for his sermon.
Who never went through a course of theological study.
Who never was ordained.
Who was never even "licensed."
Who never went to Conference.
Who was he?
Christ.

CURIOUS ILLUMINATION.—The Paris *Figaro* gives the following method of obtaining light instantaneously, without the use of matches and without danger of setting things on fire. Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass, put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, filling the vial about one-third full, and then seal the vial hermetically. To use it remove the cork and allow the air to enter the vial, and then re-cork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light contained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared the vial may be used for six months. This contrivance is now used by all the watchmen of Paris in all buildings where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

A gentleman had five daughters, the first of whom married a man by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters with their husbands were there, and the old gentleman said to his guests: "I have taken pains to educate my daughters that they might act well their part in life and do honor to my family. I find that all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

She was a young lady fresh from boarding school, and she went into the laundry to learn how to iron shirts. She did not succeed very well, and she said; "Oh, Katy, I shall never be able to get any polish on this bosom." "Sure, miss," was the answer, "you want to put a little elbow grease on it. Please get some for me right away, Katy," was the innocent response.

Lawyer Snyder of Cincinnati took the occasion of a trial in court to say that Nannie Murray and Mary McKinney were "as bad in character as they were in face," and when he got out doors they thrashed him soundly, but whether for the attack on their character or their looks is not explained.

The effect on some people of the prophecy falsely ascribed to Mother Shipton, that the world will come to end in 1881, was illustrated the other day in Indiana, where the sudden appearance of a strange cloud, accompanied by a roaring wind, threw several villages into a panic.

Little Annie's mother was trying to induce her to go to sleep, but Annie became interested in some noise made out of doors. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she observed:

"Mamma, I think it ought to be oiled."

Never witness a tear with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions may be artificial; but a tear is unsolicited; it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature and sincerity.

It is the roughest toe-path that the canal-boy ever trod.

NEWS ITEMS.

Garfield says that he naturally prefers Tennyson.

Mr. Jefferson Davis will be 73 years of age on the 3rd of June.

Ralph Waldo Emerson will celebrate his 78th birthday to-day.

The street-cars have commenced running in Jacksonville, Fla.

Conkling is said to be worth between $300,000 and $400,000.

Carlsburz has become editor of the Evening Post of New York.

Mr. Will S. Hays, the song-writer, is a candidate for Mayor of Louisville, Ky.

Mlle. Bernhardt's profits from her American engagements were close upon $200,000.

A son of Stephen A. Douglas is to be a Fourth of July orator at Marshalltown, Iowa.

Josiah Jex, one of the old-time shipping merchants of New York, died Monday.

Madame Gerster got $6,000 for singing six times at the New York musical festival.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, wears a gold pig as a watch-chain charm.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is at Edgewood, her home, writing the memoirs of her father.

Commodore Nutt, the well known dwarf, died in New York last week after two months illness.

Senator Lamar has received invitations from nine colleges to deliver commencement addresses.

A number of Brooklyn clergymen on Sunday used the revised Testament in reading passages of scripture.

Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son, has been raised to the peerage, with the title of Duke of Albany.

Judge Black denies with indignation that he took sides one way or the other in regard to Stanley Matthews' confirmation.

Gen. Longstreet's son, Robert Lee Longstreet, recently declined a Georgia appointment to a cadetship at West Point.

Judge Robertson says that ever since the Chicago Convention Mr. Conkling has been between "combustion and despair."

It is broadly intimated in Washington that Garfield learned his doubtful ways in early life when he used to read circus posters.

"Tom" Platt is the man who said his views were "similar" to Mr. Conkling's. "Tom" is always similar. He ought to be called "Similar Tom."—*Pitt. Times.*

Senator George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, has accepted the presidency of the Civil Service Reform Association of Cincinnati, an organization composed of democrats and republicans.

Our statesmen ought to pass a law making it unconstitutional for wasps to carry concealed weapons.—*New Orleans Times.* There is a point in this, but we do not advise any one to hunt for it.

The printing press used by Benjamin Franklin when an apprentice to his brother James has been placed on exhibition in the Old South church in Boston. It is a cumbersome handpress, worked by a bar and screw.

Secretary Windom has a trade. He is a tailor, and partly supported himself while at the Martinsburg (Ohio) Academy by making coats for the village tailors. He is also a Son of Temperance, and was grand worthy patriarch of the order in 1854.

Malhone tumbles out of sight; but he will long be remembered by grammarians and others as the only United States Senator of this era fit to be ranked with John A. Logan for independence of all the rules, precedents and conventionalities of English syntax.—*N. Y. Sun, Ind. Dem.*

The following is the full title of the new revision: The New Testament of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, Translated out of the Greek: Being the Version Set Forth A. D. 1611, Compared with the Most Ancient Authorities, and revised A. D. 1881. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Chinese are said to believe that the reason why those who read the Bible become Christians is due to the stupefying power of the ink, which takes away his reason and leaves him ready to believe false doctrines. Warnings against the purchase of foreign books are frequent in consequence of this superstition.

While the old translation of the New Testament is still in vogue, we will take occasion to say that Garfield has raised more h—l on his watch than any of his predecessors that we recall. After to-day we would be obliged to say that he raised more "Hades"—but that word is not equal to the occasion.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Great Organ.*

A duel was fought in the parish of St. James, La., last Thursday, between J. E. Poche and A. B. Rowman, both civilos. Pistols were used at ten paces. Three shots were fired without effect, when Rowman's trousers were touched by Poche's bullet. Poche expressed satisfaction, and each acknowledged the other to be a gentleman, shook hands and retired.

Another Jewess, a daughter of Bischoffsheim, known over here through his connection with Erie, has married another Earl, the Earl of Desart, and the marriage was celebrated, after the Rosebery precedent, first at the registrar's and then at the church, as by law established. The stream of aristocracy in England is becoming largely impregnated with Jewish blood.

Mrs. Lincoln, the widow of President Lincoln, is so near the grave that hopes of her recovery have been abandoned. Mrs. C. M. Smith, her sister, says she daily grows weaker, and Springfield and Chicago physicians intimate that she cannot survive many days. Secretary Lincoln will be at his mother's bedside this week.

A Boston firm is reported to be doing a large business in making an imitation honey comb. The comb is molded out of paraffine wax, in good imitation of bees; the cells are then filled with simple glucose syrup, flavored dumb less with some genuine honey, and sealed up by passing a hot iron over them. The product is sold for the best clover honey, and much of it said to be shipped to Europe.

An Alabama father committed suicide because he thought his wife loved their daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a woman who was her junior; a Rhode Island mason because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a satisfactory quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse exasperated him; and a Michigan boy because her husband of three days swore at her.

This generation has not seen so sudden and great a fall in political circles as that of Mahone. Eleven weeks of miserable scrimmage over patronage—scrimmage for which he was largely responsible—has ended his career as a political dictator. His posing in the attitude of a martyr to independence, his vehement shouting for a free ballot and a fair count went for nothing. He was estimated at his true worth from the beginning. The deceit was thoroughly understood by the people. The poor bubble was pin clustered before it was half blown. The democrats rendered a good service in holding up to public scorn the man who introduced petty bargaining into the Senate, if only because the republicans themselves finally grew ashamed of their company. It was a bright day for the country and for their party when the republicans cut adrift from their unholy alliance.—*Pitt. Times.*

Woman's Wisdom.

"She insists that it is more importance, that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of any ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—*New Haven Palladium.*

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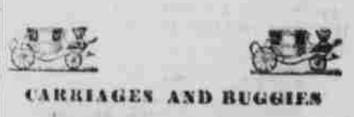

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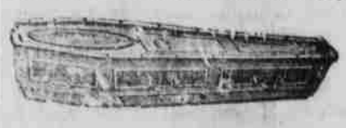

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