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WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN ? What is a gentleman? Is it a thing Decked with a seartpin, a chain and a ring, Directed in a suit of immaculate style. Sporting an eye glass, a lisp, and a smile? Talking of opens, concerts and balls. Evening seemblies and afterneon calls, suinning himselfar? Al Homes and harry, Whistling manurkes, and smoking eigers?

What is a grittenian? Say, is it one Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done? One who inclinishingly gibries to speak. Things which should call up a finish to his check?

What is a gentlemon? bott not one Striving instinctively always to please: One also can tell by a glanice at your check, When in he silent, and when he should spea

What is a gentleman? Is it not one Romerly eating the bread he has won, Living in uprightness, fearing his God, Leaving no stain on the path he has trod, Usring not whether his coat may be old, Prising sincerity for above gold, berking not whether his hand may be bused, Stretching it holdly to group its reward?

What is a gentleman ? Hay, is it birth States a man none; or adds to his worth? Is there a family trees to be had approximate many who has first his triple. So dut the many who has first for his triple. Northing to broth fer and nothing to histe; the hie a noble, or he he in trade. This is the gouthernm Nature has made.

### THE SOLDIER.

A soldier who had won imperishable ame on the battlefields of his country was confronted by a gaunt stranger, clad all in black and wearing an impenetrable

"Who are you that you dare to block of war. my way?" demanded the soldier. Then the stranger drew away his mask

and the soldier knew that he was death, "Have you come for me?" asked the oldier. "If so, I will not go with you, , go your way alone." But death held out his bony hand and

beckened to the soldier.

"No," cried the soldier, resolutely, "my time is not come. See, here are the histories I am writing-no hand but mine a treasure to a father's heart." can finish them-I will not go until they are done!!

"I have riden by your side day and now I hold you in my power, come!"

perately that he prevailed against Death, the voice of fame, which, in the post, had and the strange phantom departed alone, stirred a fever in his blood and fallen Then when he had gone the soldier found most pleasantly upon his cars, awakened upon his throat the imprint of Death's ne emotion in his bosom now. The sulfingers—so fierce had been the struggle dier thought only of Nellie, and he And nothing could wear away the mark awaited her coming. -nay, not all the skill in the world could | Then the ship leapt forward in her wash them away, for they were disease; pathway, and the waves were very still, his histories, and for many days thereafter he toiled upon them as the last and best work of his noble life.

"How pale and thin the soldier is getning and his eyes are weary. He hould not have undertaken the historyhe labor is killing him."

They did not know of his struggle with Death, nor had they seen the marks upon the soldier's throat. But the physicians who came to him, and saw the marks of death's cruel fingers, shook their heads and said the soldier could not live to complete the work upon which his knew it, too, and many a time he recoved in his writing and laid his pen aside and howed his head man his hands and steere for consolation in the thought of the great Death came a second time he found the soldier weak and trembling and emacia-

is in your veins, and, see, my dew is on and I will not bear you with me till you have asked one favor, which I will grant." special attention given is collections and remi "Give me an hour to ask the favor," gid the soldier. "There are so many hour that I may decide what I shall

guned with himself. Before he closed ped back over the years, and his whole ife came to him like a lightning flashanionship and smiles of kings md the face of a little girl-ah, there his

thoughts lingered and clung.
"Time to complete our oks our histories," counseled Ambiand crowning act of your great life."

But the soldier's ears were deaf to the eries of Ambition; they heard another voice the voice of the suddier's heartand the voice whispered: "Nellie-Nellie but those, and the soldier struggled to his feet and stretched forth his hands and

"I have made my choice," said the

"The books?" asked Death, with a scornful smile

"No, not them," said the soldier, "but my little girl-my Nellie! Give me a lease of life till I have held her in these

this he went his way.

and a mother, yet even in her woman- to the sign of the Old Climax. her Nellie now, just as he did then, when two episode." she sat on his knee and prattled of her "The participants were journalists, too.

hand, and told of the times when they I said before that times do change." went to the wars together, and the old

So the people came and spoke words of you know. veneration and love and hope, and so with soldier waited for Nellie, his little girl.

She came across the broad, tempestuous and told the winds, and the winds flew further still and said to the ship: Speed on, O, ship! speed on in thy swift, straight course, for you are bearing

It had been noised about that the solsent for across the sea, all the people viod night," said Douth; "I have hovered about with each other in soothing the last moyou on a hundred battlefields, but no sight ments of the famous man, for he was beof me could chill your heart till now, and loved by all and all were bound to him by bonds of patriotic gratitude, since he And with these words Death seized had been so brave a soldier upon the batupon the soldier and strove to bear him defields of his country. But the soldier sence, but the soldier struggled so des did not heed their words of sympathy.

such them away, for they were lingering, agonizing, fatal disease. But and the winds kept whispering, "Speed on, O ship," till at last the ship was come to port and the little girl was clasped in the soldier's arms.

Then for a season the soldier seemed to preserve his health. "He will live," and they prayed that he

The last days of the soldier's life were moment to cause an explosion. ery of ambition and fame and all the or sweeter than that?

No thought of the hundred battlefields upon which his valor had shown conspic- vocacy of their positions. One morning fastened upon the form of his rival and went back with her to the years long Weil's store now is, and he said that if

Away beyond the western horizon upon with me now, said Death. "My poison the prairie stands a little house, over for the bridge he would have expressed from his eyes and then resumed the posiwhich the vines trail. All about it is the himself in favor of locating it at the foot tall, waving grass, and over yonder is the swale with a legion of chattering blackbirds perched on its swaying reeds and tushes. Bright wild flowers bloom on every side, the qual whistles on the pasthings-my histories and all-give me an ture fence, and from his home in the chimney corner, the cricket tries to chirrup and echo to the lonely bird's call. In the little prairie home we see a man holding on his knee a little girl, who is telline his eyes forever what boes should be ask him of her play as he smooths her fair of Death? And the soldier's thoughts curls or strokes her tiny velvet hands; or haby songs, or asking him strange questions of the great wide world that is so new to her; or perhaps he binds the wild sower, the seasts of a quiet home life gas for her new gingham these, or but gay for her new gingham dress, or but we see it all, and so too, does the soldier, and so does Nellie, and they hour the blackbird's twitter, and the quail's shrill about them is the sweet, subtle, hely

fragance of memory. And so at last when Death came and the soldier fell asleep forever. Neille, his Yes, the same Mat Brown who is our think, the injury received in the duel has little girl was holding his hands and whise City Marshal. He is a quiet old man now tened his death. No legal prosecution pering to him of those days. Hers were but in those days the last words he heard, and by the smile that rested on his face when he was dead He feet and stretched forth his hands and called to Death; and hearing him calling, on his knee and bade him weave the followed at his beek and call.

Death came and stood before him.

Wildflowers in her curis.

A NOTED DUEL.

Times change and we change with to denounce kim." arms, and then come for me and I will thom." The aphorism fell from the lips of Capt. James T. Bell to an American audience applauded.

Now the soldier's child was far away- The scribe turned inquiringly upon the curling above his head, many, many leagues from where the sol- Recorder. "The remark," he continued dier lived, beyond a broad tempestuous by way of explanation "was suggested by occan. She was not, as you might sup- a memory. Nearly forty years ago, when pose, a little child, although the soldier a mere lad, I witnessed a famous duel went over to the east side of the Public much worth? I think not; and though spoke of her as such. She was a wife right across this street," and he pointed

same little girl the soldier had held upon men don't fight political duels now. Their time, and she wanted to reload it. He his knee many and many a time while his country is too dear, or they too dear to his knee many and many a time while his country is too dear, or they too dear to too the people to run hip pocket, and after slipping a few caps during emotions, which will beautify his soft fair curis. And the soldier called the cannellet of the coffee and pistols for in his right vest pocket, he left. He

dolls. This is the way of the human Strange? Yes, it does seem a little odd that men who wield the pen should deal Au old comrade came and pressed his in bous fide duelling guns, but you know

"I was a boy when this affaire du honomrade told of this battle and that, and neur occurred, but its details are as how such a victory was won and such a fresh upon my mind to-day as when a city taken. But the soldier's ears heard mere prentice lad. I threw aside my

quietitude, but with a hungry heart the editor of the Banner, and John L. Marling, editor of the Nashville Union. The Banner was the State organ of the Whig cean. The gulls flew far out from land party. The Usion occupied the same as an infernal scoundrel," at the same her. relation to the Democratic party. You existed between Whigs and Democrats. The Great Commoner is deep in his grave; the plume of Harry Clay is no more; his war ery is hushed and his council fires dier was dying and that Nellie had been are smouldered to ashes, but the memory of those days does not easily pass away They were days of strife, and those who figured in the van were rivals in deed and in truth, and blood ran warm alike in old and young veins. Well, you can easily see that Zollicoffer and Marling were bit ter opponents. Their tactics were different, but their opposition was alike intense. rison from the typo's stool to the tripod. stone of his success, dressy to a nicety, generous; quiet in manner, yet lion-hearted. He had but one lung, and I believe

cated below the Methodist Publishing of him. grand pretentions things of life they House. A new one was needed. Zolli- BLOOD STREAMED ALL OVER HIS FACE, human heart, and what is better, or purer, Church street; Marling elsewhere. The I thought he was dying; I turned to Zolli-Lains became warmer and warmer in adthe Union came out with an editorial in was by his side, and his hungry, fainting morning. He owned large property at ed his knees he braced himself for one on Marling, and the following day, in an fer's right hand jerk up; the ball struck fer's explanation was fraudulent and that who knew the men felt that trouble was Union and went direct to the office of the As he passed me I looked at his face. It The Union was in what was then known thought, dead. Mr. Zollicoffer sent for perhaps she is singing him one of her as the Hadley block and extended from across the way, southward along Cherry for justings sixty feet.

I seatched for Mr. Zollicoffer. About

half-past 8 o'clock he came in. He was as cool as I over saw him. He sat down t his desk and turning to me said:

call and the cricket's faint echo, and all ling. You know that I tried to avoid a to Guatemals, not only as a reward for difficulty, but I can't stand it any longer. political services, but in the hope that the see him."

HE WAS CHAINED LIGHTNING. was the most powerful Whig leader you might have though the soldier was in the city, and at elections he was an they were two as game men as ever drew dreaming of a time when Nellie prattled awful rustler. Many a vote it was that the breath of life, and I never pass this love of animal food; when the lower jaw Naturally enough Zollicoffer sough a meeting."-Er.

Whig for his counsellor. I went after THE CELEBRATED ZOLLICOPYER-MARLING Zollicoffer removed a cigar from his lips, Mr. Brown and brought him to the office. shook hands with Mr. Brown and said Recorder Bell's Interesting Story of a "Mat, go to Marling and tell him that at Thrilling Event of Hie Boyhood. 10 o'clock I will be in front of his office.

Mat conversed with him a minute or so and then left. We know that trouble was that, as there are always "two sides to a Then Death's hideous aspect was reporter as they passed down Cedar street near at hand, and the boys in the office question, there may also be to this on changed; his stern features relaxed and a and turned into Cherry one afternson moved about servously, every now and and I wonder if it is really true that ook of pity came upon them. And last week, while the band at the theatre then glancing at the quiet figure which othere is not as secred a gift in the sight Death said, "It shall be so," and saying acress the street played "Dixie" and the sat in the front office with his feet on the of God" as "a scomon's first love." green baize desk and light rings of smoke How is it with a man's first love? Or

coffer pick up his hat and leave the office. "spasms" are each as desirable and valuawent over to the east side of the Public much worth? I think not; and though I Square, where he boarded, and asked his adout that to woman a mighty power of wife for his pistol. It was an old powder loving is given, I do not concede that the hood she was to the soldier's heart the "It was a political duel; but you know and ball weapon; had been loaded some power is exclusively hers. told her that it was useless, put it in his and in his heart there are pure and er came back down Deakerick street to Cherthrough the epoch in which he is most ry, walked down this way until he reached the front of the brick there where Judge "A woman's first love." Yes, it is a Brien has his law office. He stopped; I "sacred gift," and is it strange that she was standing at the corner of Deaderick should expect its full equivalent-viz.,

LIKE A FUNEBAL KNELL.

blue suit with brass buttons on the cost. happy? The duel was between Zellicoffer, then He was in full view of Zellicoffer. They How many a wife can trace her first looked at each other a moment. Zolli- heart-sadness to the finding in her huscoffer broke the silence by shouting to band's heart a corner which he did not-Marling: "I came here to denounce you because, it may be, he wared not-show Marling was a self-made man. He had looked up at Marling, put his right hand drogs of the glass, into his vest pocket, drew out a cap, slip- You may call all this past of yours "a

he trained himself to keep cost in order found, passed close to Zollicoffer,s head. render in return? Hardly had the smoke of the second shot Oh, you had better guard the citadel out of a controversy about the site of a still as cool as an iceberg, extended his in vain. Death's seal was on the soldier the match, but the powder lay in their in since told me that he aimed at the highest win for you that "gift" herent rivalry, which was ready at any brass button on Marling's coat. At the gred in the sight of God." Woman has and let any who can say he is The last days of the soldier's life were moment to cause an explosion.

the most beautiful of all, but what a mock
The only bridge we had was then lo
back. I advanced and caught a glimpse find, a full renumeration for the single. Spartans of old of whom the class crack of the weapon Marling staggered

were! They were the triumph of a coffer wanted it placed at the foot of he leaned against the inner door facing: public grew interested; the Bounet and coffer his face moved not a muscle; his figure was erect and rigid, his eye was his pistol hung at his right side. Marling echo of his eternal fame, nor even yet the sinuating that the Banner was merconary recovered in a moment; he had sunk, as I nurmours of a sorrowing people. Nellie in its motives. Zollicoffer replied the next thought, to rise no more, but as he reachheart fed on her dear love and his soul the foot of Broad street about where supreme effort. He slowly raised his he had any motive outside of his desire aim. He halted a sooment, passed his for the public good in advocating a site hand over his face as if to clear the blood tion to shoot. Zollicoffer elevated his of Broad street, where his property would pistol; at that moment Marling fired his be enhanced in value. This had no effect third shot. As he did so I saw Zollicofeditorial, he boldly charged that Zollicof- the guard and inflicted a slight wound on one of his fingers. He lowered his weapon. he was bribed to write as he did People At that moment, Marling fell over on his face and Zollicoffer turned and walked up imminent. I saw an early copy of the Cherry street and to the Banner office. Banner, which was situated at the corner was unmoved. I followed him. A crowd of Deaderick street and Printers' Alley. had gathered about Marling who was, as I physician and had his hand dressed. He the corner of Cherry and Ceslar, just spoke but little. Murling was carried to his room in what was thought to be a dying cendition. The ball had entered just above the right eye, ranging outward and breaking the skull. He lay at death's door for weeks; but finally appeared to be "Jimmie, I've stood enough from Mar and President Pierce sent him as Cons Go and tell Mat Brown that I want to climate would revive him. It did not, however, and he died there, and, as many

grew out of the affair. Of Ze know what became; his life was finally given for the beloved Confederacy. Yes,

spot that I do not think of their tragio

MAN'S FIRST LOVE.

BY ROSALIE E. GRAVES. "Woman's First Love-There is not as

sacred a gift in the sight of God."

I throw down my paper, not in scorn, for my own sentiments echo those before me. But the thought has come to me

that such an unstable, "gotten-up" affair A little after 9 o'clock I saw Mr. Zelli that its second, third, and numerous

"After God's image was man create

and Cherry streets, watching him like a just as "sacred" a gift—in return? Does she want the ashes of manhood laid at The clock struck 10; it sounded to me her feet in recompense for the undivided affection she bestows? Are wasted, mis-I looked across the street and saw Mar-spent years a fitting substitute to offer no sound of battle now, and his eyes apron and rushed out of the old Banner ling standing just at the foot of the stair- her? And is it, think you, a wonder could see no flash of saher nor no smoke office to see what Mr. Zollicoffer was way leading from the editorial rooms to that so many unions of the present day going to do. He was not a General then, the street. He was dressed in a navy prove so inharmonious, if not really un-

time drawing his pistol. As the words | Would it add to or take from her con have heard of the rivalry and feeling that of insult fell from Zollicoffer's lips, 1 fidence, to know that the voice so fond saw Marling's hand drop like a flash to and tender had whispered many a "lovehis hip-pocket, and in a second he had tale in the days of long ago?—that his drawn and fired. The hall went high, kisses and caresses were only the paltry and broke a pane of glass in the second remnant of his past recklessness? Sooner story of the house over Zollicoffer's head, or later, she will find this out. It may No other word was spoken. Zollicoffer be by the accidental discovery of some extended his pistol, took deliberate aim little hoarded keepsake-his treasured and pulled the trigger; it missed fire. reminder of a foolish but precious past—a Without moving out of his tracks he held bunch of faded violets, a scrap of pas the wearon close to his face, looked in- sionate verse, a stray curl, a picture-all tently at it a moment, and then passed it laid earefully away. These, once from his right to his left hand, resting it discovered, will prove to the sensitive A LITTLE HERO IN ACOTTON obliquely over the left wrist. He then finder that to her had been given only the

blew away the powder dust, put the new her "foolish dreams," and waft into obliv-

immutable love she is ever giving. But elequently tell. think you she does not wish for it because she does not demand it?-that her life does not hunger for it?-and that he. lotte Cushman "had a foot of her own" in cause she is contented without it, she size, and generally were fours, but could would not be supremely happy with it? | crowd into a three and a half on "a tight

In "Heaven's sight" a man's first love, squeeze." One night, soon after recover with its strong emotional powers, and

Therefore, beware lest you fritter it. away in folly and foolishness. Piece by piece worn off through the "sensati firtation" of the present, may spoil the body lend me a pair of slippers, or I'll go pricelessness of the perfect whole, and, ere you realize it, you may find yourself a eartless, cynical skeptic, to whom stancy" is a meaningless word. \*

## CHIN CHARACTERISTIC.

person possessing a congenial love. A person with such a chin will have

with real men or women: The indented chin indicates a gre sire to be loved; hunger and thirst for af-

fection. When large in woman, she may overstop the bounds of otiquette and make ove to the one that pleases her. A narrow, square chin indicates a dealro

to love, and is more common among wolove, combined with great steadfastness

and normanence of affection. The retreating chia is indicative of the

The chin, in its length and breadth, in dicates self-control, self-will, resolution, de-

projecting, while those of the gramnivorous bave the lower jaw projecting.

In man with a projecting upper jay

DON'T USE BIG WORDS.

In promulgating your cotterio cogita tions, or articulating your superficial sen timentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clar ified conciseness a compacted comprehen sibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune habblement and usinine affections. your extemporaneous descantings and un premeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic, profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous, vacuity, centriloquial verbosity, and vanilo-quent vapidity. Skun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang;" don't put on airs, say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big

# TRUE EVEN UNTO DEATH.

[9t. Paul Globe.] That was a touching story told by Mr. Gladstone when announcing the death of

words!-Journal Education.

the Princess Alice in parliament. She had been cantioned by the physician not to inhale the breath of her little boy, who was ill with diphtheria. The little fellow was tossing in his bed in the delirium of fever. The princess stood by the side of her child and laid her hand on his brow and began to caress him. The touch cooled the fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered, "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love was stronger than science, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a woman in all the world but would say she would not have had a mother's heart if she had not kissed her bairn. And so it will be to the end of time. The mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband and the lover his sweetheart, though death in a thousand forms lay consealed beneath the vermilion coloring of the pouting lips.

From the Portland, Oregon, News 1. Funk's starving habits, who wandered Ambitions, of course; that was the key ped off the one which had failed to fire, foolish dream." Yet, will you purdon away in the hills of Mehana on Sunday morning, were not found till Monday affable and gentlemanly, but his eye could cap on the nipper and was just in the set ion her little errors and weaknesses as noon. A shepherd dog, which was a glean with a dangerous light and men of raising the pistol the second time when readily as you expect—nay, demand—she household favorite, followed and guarded had never seen him quail. Zollicoffer has I saw Marling advance a pace, take quick shall yours? gleam with a dangerous light and men had never seen him quall. Zollicoffer has passed into history. His traits are well aim and fire. He had quietly watched the removal of the cap without offering wells the first outpourings of his heart; doubt the faithful creature protected them was among the long dark hours when the rain came unceasingly down. No alone will among the long dark hours when the rain came unceasingly down. No alone will be an apply with an and one of which trains are well as an apply with an and one of the cap without offering wells the first outpourings of his heart; them during the long dark hours when the rain came unceasingly down. No alone will be an apply the long dark hours when the rain came unceasingly down. No alone will be a seen as a special with a suppose to the woman he was a minute of the rain came unceasingly down. No alone will be a suppose to the woman he was a minute of the rain came unceasingly down. No is a suppose with an and seed of which trains are well in a suppose to the woman he was a minute of the rain came unceasingly down. No is a suppose with an and seed of which trains are well in a suppose to the woman he was a minute of the rain came unceasingly down. No is a suppose to the woman he was a minute of the rain came unceasingly down. It is a suppose to the woman he was a minute of the rain trains and the rain came unceasingly down. No is a suppose to the woman he was a minute of the rain trains are well in a suppose to the woman he was a minute of the rain trains are well in the rain came unceasingly down. The rains are well in the rain trains are well i iron; he never grew excited; austere, yet to shoot. That was courage in its highest therefore, why east away as an unworthy from the many wild animals in the deep Marling's second ball, I afterwards if it is imperfect, than you could possibly found, passed close to Zollicoffer,s head.

Hardly had the smoke of the second shot

Gift that which is far more priceless, even woods. But the heroic net of the oldest child remains to be added. He took his own little coat from his shivering body and but it on his weaker both.

A Remedy of which Dr. Baugh, of LaGrang says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods. But the heroic net of the oldest says: "Found one of the second woods."

A Remedy of which Dr. Baugh of the second woods are says and the second woods are says and the second woods are say might. But their hopes and prayers were bridge across the Cumberland. That was pistol arm and take deliberate aim. He bed of their value ere you need them to blasts of that mountain storm. Think of ceased to ask, because she has failed to much of a hero as any of the full grown

> limitless possibilities, is also a "sacred rhenmatism, she was wearing a pair of slippers much too small for her. Darting behind the wings between the scenes, she snatched them off and threw them as far as she could, exclaiming : "Ye gods! Someyou wear?" asked a young actor, ready t holp her in the emergency "Oh, never mind the number, anything from five t twenty!" she replied."

A YOUNG LAWYER SLIGHTED .- A prominent lawyer tells the following: An old darkey was under indictment for so trivial offense, and was without couns beau ideal, and will not be easily satisfied The judge appointed me to defend him. was young and very fresh at the time and it was my first case in court. As I went forward to consult with my client, he turned to the judge and said "Yo' housh, am dis de lawyer what am depointed to "Yes." was the reply Well, said the old darkey, "take way, jedge; I pleads guilty

"Because her beau twisted his rm around her neck the other night, and want of attachment, but little arder in if she had not kissed him he would have strangled her; besides, mother, he aits by her, and whispers to her, and hugs her.'

> A man may successfully paint the town red, but when afterward he has a brush with a policeman he lones

projects, then the love for the vegetable Lord, boss, that fowl must have crawled up my breeches leg."

ADVERTISEMENTS

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