

SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

What are the sweetest things of earth—
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn;
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep;
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days.
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release
Dark footsteps guided into peace.
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
An honest hand that needs no ward
A life with right in true accord.
A hope-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things on earth.
Emma C. Dowd, in Ladies Home Journal.

A TRANQUIL MAN.

BUT HE WANTED TO HAVE A QUIET SEANCE WITH A FRIEND.

There was a man walking up and down in front of the Pavoia ferry house at the foot of Chambers street the other day with a parcel in his hand, and after a time a policeman, who thought he might need information, asked him what was wanted.

"Look a—there!" replied the man as he opened the parcel and displayed a pair of suspenders which had once been of a sky-blue color, but which had faded out to the hue of a November corn husk.

"Well?" queried the officer.

"Bought 'em of a young feller right here four weeks ago!" hoarsely whispered the victim. "Give him a quarter. He warrented 'em not to run or fade. I want to see that young man for about two minits."

"They have faded, I see," observed the officer.

"I should remark! I hadn't loaded three loads of hay before they commenced to run, and the red went clear through to my hide! The young feller lied—deliberately lied, and I want a brief interview with him!"

"I would advise you to be tranquil," said the officer, as he returned the suspenders.

"Oh, I am a tranquil man. I'm the tranquilist man in our county. I'm jest as cool and calm as an ox in a fence corner. I don't even breathe hard. Haven't seen the young feller around here to-day hev ye?"

"No. If you raise a row you will be run in."

"I shan't raise no row. I'll jest go along up the street and look for him. If I find him there won't be no scrimmage. I'll jest walk up to him and sorter reach out, and whoever finds the body will find these suspenders reposit, on his cold and dewy bosom. I'm a tranquil man and very tenderhearted, but I'll jest walk a long up the street and look for that liar. He won't holler and he won't suffer long—not more'n fifteen seconds.

He headed off up the river, looking very stern and solemn as he dodged among the vehicles, but as no report was made of any one being found dead he probably missed the suspender man—
"M. Quad" in *New York World*.

LIVED OVER A CENTURY.

A MAINE WOMAN WHO ATTRIBUTES HER LONGEVITY TO A LACK OF CORSETS.

Mrs. Sarah Van Nostrand, who is now entering upon her 104th year, and is still hale and hearty, attributes her longevity and good physical condition to the fact that she never wore a corset. The hale old lady celebrated the anniversary of her 103d birthday the other day at her home in East Millstone, Me. She was conceded to be one of the "youngest" in the party, so lively and sociable was she. On that occasion she did not hesitate to make it known that her disobedience of fashionable decrees, and especially those that ordain the corset, was the cause of her hale old age.

"If our girls abandon the corset," said she, "they would live longer and be healthier. I always hated corsets and would never wear them."

She was married in 1810, and during her fifty-five years of married life she gave birth to eight children. The old lady says she thinks she will live to see her 125th.

"Just as Good."

Say some dealers who try to sell as a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is peculiar to itself.

SHE SETTLED HIM.

A FEMINE LESSON THAT A YOUNG HUSBAND WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER.

The other evening a fellow was waiting for the suburban gates at the Northwestern depot to open. He was a respectable married man from Irving Park, but he had always prided himself on his eye for female beauty. He wouldn't have anything to do with really fast women, and always thought of them with a species of disgust. But here, at the side of the baggage room door, was a demure little woman, pretty as a peach and with a form fairly glorious. He had missed his regular train and would have nearly half an hour to wait. At another time he would have gone away and transacted some business in the meantime, but here was an opportunity not often to be met. He would make a "dash." He walked past her two or three times and convinced himself she was willing to pick up a flirtation. As he walked past her one time his heart gave a great thump, for he thought she came just to the point of speaking to him. Next time he came along he stopped a trifle behind her, and said, low, so that the baggageman could not hear:

"Evening, little one."

His head was in a whirl. He had insulted many a woman with his eyes, but here was the first time he had attempted to complete the outrage. She turned about slowly, met his eyes without a tremor and waited. He didn't know what to do. The muscles of his face refused to manufacture a smile. He was conscious of a twitching, an embarrassed look, a guilty blush. He struggled a moment under the cool challenge of that superb being and then he started to turn away, for a group of men and women had come clattering and laughing down the iron stairs, and he recognized some Irving Park and Des Plaines people. But he had no time to escape.

The pretty girl caught him and held him and nailed his shame upon him, and she did it without for an instant appearing anything other than the lady she must have been:

"Hereafter when you don't want anything, don't say anything. Married men sometimes think themselves irresistible because they once fooled one good woman."

The chattering, laughing group stopped at the foot of the iron stairway, caught the tableau, almost pitied him in the painful confusion and then permitted him to escape from the depot. He waited for the last train home that night and never again attempted to pick up an acquaintance with a handsome woman.—
Chicago Herald.

There can be no health for either mind or body so long as the blood is vitiated. Cleanse the vital current from all impurities by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine recruits the wasted energies, strengthens the nerves, and restores health to the debilitated system.

WISE WORDS.

The parlor is the matrimonial market place.

Are you a man or woman, or are you a part of the public?

Do not grow old; it is both unnecessary and inexcusable.

There is no perfume like a fresh-turned furrow in the spring.

The trouble with the crank is that he will turn only one way.

The lark rehearses not and men do not catch the secret of his singing.

There is more good, common sense in the French duel than in any other kind.

Children warm the world; there is a wintry landscape in a graybeard's face.

Carving white pine goods boxes with a pocket knife is a profession and not a trade.

There are two ways to forge a head, and young men are frequently getting them fixed.

He said, "Good-morrow, neighbor," and "I wish you well." And I said, "Canst lend me gold?" And he bade me good bye.

Learn your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing; in nowise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Observe system in all you do and undertake.

Labor and pluck are the invincible heroes who win success; they strike out new paths, create, contrive, think, plan, originate, take all legitimate risks, toil to surmount obstacles, push forward and win renown by success. The glorious galaxy of successful business men and illustrious authors have all been hard workers.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's drug-store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Surest Remedy

For indigestion, costiveness, and sick-headache is Ayer's Pills. The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed indispensable to a "thorough cleaning out" of the system, have given place to milder and more skilfully-prepared laxatives. Foremost among these are Ayer's Pills. Being composed of the essential principles of the most effective cathartics, without calomel or any other injurious drug, no ill effects ever follow their use. For this reason, these Pills are everywhere recommended as the best family medicine. Their sugar-coating makes them easy to take, and preserves their medicinal strength in any climate and for an indefinite length of time.

"I was a sufferer, for years, from chronic dyspepsia and liver troubles, and found no permanent relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. They have effected a complete cure."—G. W. Mooney, Walla Walla, W. T.
"I was master of a sailing vessel for a number of years, and never failed to provide a good supply of Ayer's Pills for the use of both officers and men. They are a safe and reliable cathartic, and always give satisfaction."—H. Robinson, 22 E. Pearl st., Fair Haven, Conn.

"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hersh, Judsona, Ark.
"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headache, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my

Bilious Attacks

"During several months past I have been subject to attacks of bad headache, without being able to remove the trouble by medical treatment. In looking through Ayer's Almanac I read the statements of persons cured of similar attacks by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and was induced to give them a trial. They have benefited me so much that I consider it my duty to mention my case to you for the benefit of others."—Mrs. Mary Guymond, Flint Village, Fall River, Mass.

"I have now used Ayer's Pills in my family for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of headache, to which I am very subject, I take a dose of Ayer's Pills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturbances with such good effect that we rarely, if ever, have to call in a physician."—H. Vouliemé, Hotel Vouliemé, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have ever tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.
"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar regions and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and already my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—Manoel Jorge Pereira, Oporto, Portugal.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 50 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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GARWOOD'S EXTRACT,
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AND
SACHET POWDER.

—New Line of—
STATIONERY
Just Received 150 Lined writing Tablets, which I'll sell at a small PROFIT.

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CAN BE USED IN ANY BARN.

Wires are movable. Tobacco can be properly spaced on Stick and Bulked Down on the Wires when cured. Simplest, Cheapest and Best in the Market. PRICES, when Cash Accompanies the Order: 100 Sticks Complete (7 Wires to Stick)..... \$3.00 1,000 Wires (No Sticks)..... 4.00 PRICES ON TIME: 100 Sticks Complete..... 3.50 1,000 Wires (No Sticks)..... 4.50 Baskets, per Dozen..... 4.00 Sample Stick and Wire for 5 Cents. Treatise on Tobacco Culture and Curing FREE. AGENTS WANTED. TOBACCO HANGER M'F'G CO., Houston, Halifax Co., Va.

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75 ACRES CLEARED.

A Good House and Outhouses.

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