THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXIV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1899. NO. 3.

HOME CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. This they do by driving the poison into the system, and endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self Treatment,' and the large splotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home, after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swifts Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—acts in an entirely different way from potash and mercury—it forces the poison out of the system and gets rid of it entirely. Hence it cures the disease, while other remedies only shut the poison in where it lurks forever, constantly undermining the constitution. Our system of private home treatment places a cure within the reach of all. We give all necessary medical advice, free of charge, and save the patient the embarrassment of publicity. Write for full information to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Old Jacob Grovers'

Selected and Private Stock Rye Whiskey, of the Purest Distillation, and is Recommended to all who use or Require a Stimulant of Reliable quality.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO., Sole agents for the Distiller, Richmond, Va.

MR. W. D. SMITH, at Weldon, N. C. is the sole distributing agent at that point, for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO.
mar 31 6m.

DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST
Weldon, N. C.

Office over Emry & Pierce'store.
10 19-1y.

—HUDSON'S—
ENGLISH KITCHEN,

347 Main st., Norfolk, Va.

—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining—

ROOM. ALL MEALS 25 CENTS.
SURPASSING COFFEE A SPECIALTY

J. R. HUDSON, Proprietor.

The Best of Everything in Season.
oct 10 1yr.

PROF JAMES HARVEY,

is a SPECIALIST and AUTHORITY on all

Chronic Diseases,

All who are suffering with any BLOOD TROUBLE, would be wise to call on or address by mail. Consultation free and medicines compounded to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

PROF JAS HARVEY,
425 Church St (New No.)
je 17 1y. Norfolk, Va.

THE BEST WATCH CHAIN ON EARTH

For $1.00. Made while you wait at the wire Jewelry stand,

354 MAIN ST., NORFOLK VA.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. All goods warranted.

J. W. DENNIS,
Norfolk, Va.
aug 4 1y.

W. W. KAY

—Dealer In—

Liquors, Wines,

GROCERIES AND CIGARS.

Why not call on W. W. Kay, as he is open both night and day. Keep the following brands of well known whiskies:

"Old Oscar Pepper,"
Gump's G. P. R. Rye.
Stamp Straight,"
"Gordon Baltimore Rye"
and other brands

I sell Garrett & Co.'s pure Cockoyotte wines.

I keep the best of every thing in my line. Polite attention to all at Kay's, west side R. R. Shed.
my 2 1y.

J. L. JUDKINS,

Wholesale and Retail

Dealer In Fine——

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

FRUITS. CONFECTIONERIES.

Crockery, Glass Tin, and wooden and willowware. Also Pratt's Horse, Cow, Hog and Poultry Food, and Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

J. L. JUDKINS,

No. 2? Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C.
dec 11 1y

Grand Display

—OF—

SPRING AND SUMMER

MILLINERY.

FANCY GOODS and NOVELTIES.

Butterick's Patterns.

R. & G. CORSETS,

Misses at 50c., Ladies 75c. to $1.

Prices will be made to suit the times. Hats and bonnets made and trimmed to order.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS,
Weldon N C

W. T. PARKER,

Weldon, N. C.

—DEALER IN—

Heavy AND Fancy Groceries

Queensware, Cutlery, Plows, Plow Castings, Hoes, Forks

—RECEIVER AND SHIPPER OF—

Corn, Hay & Oats

aug 1 1y

Mrs. Axel Kjer, of Gordonville, Cape Girardeau Co., Mo., writes: "When I look at my little boy I feel it my duty to write you. Perhaps someone will see my testimony and be led to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and be blessed in the same way. This is my fifth child and the only one born alive; the others have died from lack of nourishment—so the doctor said. I was not sickly in any way and this time I just thought I would try your 'Prescription.' I took nine bottles and to my surprise it carried me through and gave us as fine a little boy as ever was. Weighed ten and one-half pounds. He is now five months old, has never been sick a day, and is so strong that everybody who sees him wonders at him. He is so playful and holds himself up so well. I would like to see this in print for so many have asked me, 'Do you think those are the testimonials of the people or has Dr. Pierce just made them up and printed them?'" This is one of over two hundred and fifty thousand similar letters which prove

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

to be the greatest of all medicines for the cure of diseases and disorders of the organs distinctly feminine. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. It contains no whisky, alcohol, opium or other narcotic, and therefore does not cause a craving for stimulants. It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—maybe your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

Lyman Brothers,

41 Bank st., Petersburg, Va.

—Dealers in—

High Grade Pianos,

Organs, Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Music and Music Forks, and everything known to the music trade.

TUNING AND REPAIRING.

We have the most complete department of this character in Southside Va., and can do any work with promptness, and accuracy and guarantee satisfaction. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue.

LYMAN BROS.,
aug 11 1y Petersburg, Va.

Males In The Majority.

HUSBANDS FOR ALL THE GIRLS.

UNCLE SAM HAS A MILLION AND A HALF MORE NEPHEWS THAN NEICES

"The number of male infants born yearly exceeds that of female by 1 to 4 per cent, the proportion varying slightly from year to year," writes Professor D. R. McAuley of "The American Girl's Chances of Marriage," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The mishaps of boyhood, however, reduce the number of boys to some extent, but not so much as to make the adult females outnumber the males. For every American woman, therefore, there ought to be a husband in posse if not in esse, and the fact that there is a large percentage of unmarried adult women in the country and a greater proportionate number in some sections than in others, is attributable to causes which have disturbed the balance of population. In all new countries—and compared with Europe the United States is a new country—there is a larger proportion of males than of females. The aggregate population of the United States so far as the latest official figures show, is 62,622,250, of which 32,067,880 are males and 30,554,370 are females. Thus the preponderance of males over females would seem to make it comparatively easy for the American girl to secure a husband, but in certain sections this is evidently not the case, else the proportion of adult unmarried women would not be so large. If men would remain in the neighborhoods where they were born, the proportion of men and women would be nearly equal all over the country; but men find work hard to get in older and more populous communities, and go to the newer states. The young women are left behind, and the young men, after settling in their new homes, forget the companions of their youth, and contract alliances among their new friends in the West, hence some of the Eastern States show a surplus of females."

SUED HER PARTNER.

A curious case was tried last week in Vienna. A young lady asked heavy compensation from a young man with whom she recently danced at a masked ball and who allowed her to fall so heavily that she sustained severe internal injury. The defendant declared that his partner was a poor dancer, and it was difficult to guide her through the crowded room. She rejoined that the defendant had attempted some new steps which he had seen in the opera Ballet and desired to imitate. "He flung his legs about and went through some kind of a Russian bent-knee dance, in the execution whereof he tripped me and we both fell heavily." The judge decided that a man couldn't be held responsible for the safety of his partner, and the case was dismissed.

Hold Up Your Head Like a Man.

Well, what if you are in trouble my friend,
Or have debts which you cannot repay
As soon as you wish? All streams have an end,
And each night is succeeded by day.
Don't you know that repining will not help your case?
To be cheerful's the far better plan;
To be steadfast and firm, wearing a smiling face,
And hold up your head like a man.
'Midst the turmoil of life we are prone to bewail
Our lot, should we make a mistake;
But jog along easy and never say fail,
And you'll conquer what you undertake,
There's much to encourage a resolute heart,
For your friends all your actions scan,
And will help and assist you in doing your part
If you hold up your head like a man.
So, whistle and sing, drive dull care away,
And you surely will never regret
That you tried to be thankful, contented and gay,
And fortune may smile on you yet.
Your burdens are surely never so great
But your Father will lighten the ban
Under which your labor in sorrowing strait,
If you hold up your head like a man.

Wasn't Afraid.

UNCLE SCIPIO TESTED THE SHELL.

TOM TOLD HIM HOW TO GET THE POWDER OUT, AND TOM KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Atlanta Constitution.

It was a sultry August day during the siege of Atlanta. For several hours Sherman's big guns had kept up a heavy cannonading, and the streets were filled with sulphurous clouds of smoke.

Many shells had landed in the very heart of the city, killing a number of citizens and doing considerable damage.

In the afternoon there was a lull in the firing, and business was resumed, but groups of people on the corners and in the stores anxiously discussed the possibility of a still more active bombardment.

"This is only a feeler," remarked a gray-haired citizen with a wooden leg, "just wait until the yankees get desperate. Then they will turn loose a hundred guns at once, and they will knock the town into a cocked hat."

"The old man was a veteran of the Mexican war, and his predictions and opinions were heard with much interest and attention.

"Is bombardment very destructive?" asked a youth of sixteen who had just arrived with a company of state troops.

"You would think so," replied the other, "if you had been with me when we entered Vera Cruz. Our shells literally tore the place to fragments. The streets were choked with debris, and the walls of the houses were spattered with clots of blood and pieces of human flesh. It was a horrible sight."

"In those days," said one of the listeners, you had only the old-fashioned fuse shells."

"Yes," was the answer, "but they did their work about as well as these new-fangled percussion concerns."

"Lots of those shells strike on the wrong end," suggested a merchant, "and do no damage."

"Don't be too certain of that," said the veteran, "there is danger in handling them carelessly, and you will hear of many fatal accidents. That twenty-four pounder which you have just picked up and carried into your store has no business there. Some fool will tamper with it, and then there will be an explosion."

The merchant promised to have it carried off, and immediately called an old negro who was working in the rear of the store.

"Uncle Scipio," he said, "take this thing to Captain Jones at the pistol factory. Tell him that I sent it. He will know what to do with it. Be careful, now, if you drop it, or hit that cap, you will be a dead nigger."

Scipio listened with a broad grin on his black face.

"Shucks, Mars Bill," was his quick response. "I ain't easily skeered by a little thing like that. I'll tote it all right."

He stooped and tried lazily with one hand to pick up the shell.

"Hi!" he exclaimed, "but it's heavy Must be nailed to the floor."

"Take good hold with both hands," commanded his master. "Hold it close to you, and if you value your life don't drop it or run against anything."

With a bewildered look the negro took the shell, and hugging it closely to his breast started off with it.

"That's right," said the man with the wooden leg, "don't let any of them stay around here. They are liable at any time to receive a blow that will explode them."

Just then Scipio reappeared still hugging his iron burden.

"Mars Bill," he began.

"You black rascal!" yelled the merchant. "Don't you come back here. Take it over to Captain Jones and give him my message."

"Yassir," replied the old darky, "but you see, Marse Bill, I met Tom out here, and Tom says that all I have to do is to take off the cap and dig out the powder. Lemme have a hammer and I'll fix it."

He looked around the store, evidently in search of a hammer or a hatchet.

"As I am a little lame," hastily remarked the Mexican war veteran, "I guess I'll take my leave right now."

He hobbled down the street, and two or three others followed at a rapid pace

"D—n it, Scip," said his master, "you're a fool. If that thing bursts it will kill every one of us. Do as I told you, and take it to the factory."

But Uncle Scipio was a good old country negro who had been a pet in his master's family for two generations. He was not afraid of his master and he could not be induced to give up his project.

For a moment the merchant was tempted to knock him down, but as that would cause the shell to fall with enough force to explode it, the idea was quickly given up.

The loungers in the store darted out in every direction, leaving Scipio, his master and two frightened clerks.

"Keep perfectly still, Scip," pleaded the merchant, "don't move an inch, and hold to that thing. Now, Scip, you plantation niggers don't understand these things. The cap on that shell will explode it if anything strikes it, and it would kill all of us and tear down this house. Take it to Captain Jones, and when you come back I'll give you a dram."

But the petted and spoiled family servant was used to having his own way, and he paid no attention to his young master.

Laughing with the glee of a child over a new toy, the innocent darky picked up a hammer, and, taking a seat on a box, he placed the shell between his knees with the cap uppermost.

"Tom told me all about it," he said glibbly, "and Tom knows. I'll get the powder out, Marse Bill. You just watch me."

He adjusted the shell and then raised the hammer, talking all the while, as he made his preparations.

The proprietor of the little store fled through the front door and did not stop until he found himself in a safe shelter in the next block.

The two clerks were afraid to make a rush for the front, as they would have to pass the amiable idiot with the shell.

In the twinkling of an eye they made their way to the rear, tumbled through the window and crawled into the cellar of the next building.

These movements were executed with almost lightning-like rapidity.

The frightened merchant and his clerks were not a moment too soon. The delay of even a half-minute might have proved fatal.

Before they had recovered their breath they heard a deafening explosion and a shower of flying fragments clattered gainst their places of refuge.

When they reached the scene they hardly recognized the place. The little one-story brick store had disappeared, leaving a smoking wreck where it had stood. Two of the adjoining buildings were badly damaged and a mule in the street had been killed by a piece of the destructive twenty-four pounder.

About that time the federal batteries resumed the bombardment and the ruins of the store were not explored until the following day.

Uncle Scipio's master was never quite certain that he had found any of his old servant's remains, but something ghastly and utterly unrecognizable was scraped up and decently buried.

The incident was soon forgotten among the other horrors of the siege, but for a time it caused all explosives to be handled with greater caution.

Scipio was not the only victim of a spent shell For months, and even years, after the bombardment of Atlanta occasional fatalities resulted from the reckless handling of these infernal inventions

Why were 25,000 BOTTLES OF ROBERTS' TASTELESS 25c. CHILL TONIC sold the first year of its birth? Answer: Because it is the BEST AT ANY PRICE, guaranteed to cure, money refunded if it fails, pleasant to take, 25c per bottle. It is sold and guaranteed by

W. M. Cohen, Druggist, - Weldon, N C
J. N. Brown, Halifax; Jackson Drug Co., Jackson

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

"Do you know that you talk in your sleep, Henry?" asked Mrs. Peck.

"Well, do you begrudge me those few words, also?" he snapped back.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of men

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A Good Example.

TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

HOW CAN PARENTS TEACH CHILDREN SELF-CONTROL WHO DO NOT CONTROL THEMSELVES.

We chide our children when they quarrel and counsel them to be forbearing and kind Yet in many a household the father and mother have oft repeated disagreements and speak to one another in words of anger. And this in the presence of their children, who are very quick to see that all is not well between those they love best on earth.

How can parents teach children self-control who do not control themselves, but give way to temper and permit themselves to speak angry words to one another? Not long since we saw a wife who had, or thought she had, a grievance, turn her face away from her husband when he came to give her the good bye kiss. Three little children had been lifted up in his arms to receive his loving good bye kiss, but when it came to mamma's turn she refused to take the kiss she would have sorely missed had her husband forgotten to give it. The little ones, who dearly loved both papa and mamma, looked sad and astonished. They were sorry that papa should go away without mamma's usual loving kiss. When they were alone in the playroom, the eldest boy said to the two younger ones: "Mamma is angry with papa. I wonder why?"

It was not because the wife did not love her husband that she refused the kiss that morning. Many times during the day, no doubt, she was sorry and longed for the evening hour that would bring him home to her. Had anything happened that he had never come back to his home she would have bitterly rued the unkindness of the morning. It was an uncontrolled temper that caused it all. The difference between husband and wife was only over a very trivial matter. It is hard for children when their parents are not loving to each other.

How inspiring to go into a home where the father and mother always treat each other courteously and lovingly and are thoughtful of each other's rights and comforts.

The children are taught to respect and honor them as they both deserve, and the faults of each are hidden from their children by the affectionate tact of the other.

If differences must arise between fathers and mothers let them be settled when the children are not there to see and hear.

HE DID IT.

The Philadelphia Record tells of a teacher who had just finished explaining the use of the ditto marks, when she noticed one of her young searchers for knowledge searching for it in a half dime novel. So she made him stay after school and told him to write the sentence "Always pay attention" 100 times.

In a very short time he gave a glad shout, "I've did it!"

"What kind of language is that?" she remarked severely. "And you surely haven't had time to do it."

"Well, I'm done it, then—anyhow, here it is." He held up his paper. The sentence was written once at the top, and the remaining surface was covered with dots.

"But you haven't done it," [illegible] claimed.

He gazed at her scornfully.

"Course I have. Them's dit 1.38. Made 'em 99 times. They're good things."

What else was she to do but to let him go at once, which she did?

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION

For chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Never fails to cure; why then experiment with worthless imitations? Price 50 cents. Your money back if it fails to cure. For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N C.

RIGHT LIVING.

Right living is, in one sense, a living without making a mistakes. To make mistakes is human, however, and a mistake may at least have in it the merit of activity. The person who does nothing may escape blundering, but a do nothing policy is not often a help to progress. "Recently," said a notable speaker at a memorable gathering lately assembled, "I saw some people who have made no mistakes for thousands of years. They were in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, in the Peruvian and Mexican departments in glass cases."

Proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it. Proof of ROBERTS' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC lies in the taking of it. COST NOTHING if it fails to cure. 25 cents per bottle if it cures. Sold strictly on its merits by

W. M. Cohen, Druggist, - Weldon, N. C.
J. N. Brown, Halifax; Jackson Drug Co., Jackson, N. C.

A Curious Note.

BINDING INDEED.

IT WAS EXCELLENT SECURITY AS WELL AS A FUNMAKER.

E. F. Augur, in the employ of the Union Trust company, has a very curious note in his possession that was issued and used in Iowa at one time It reads as follows:

"One year after date, for value received, I promise to pay Gruber & Hardkass, or bearer,——dollars," and then in small type: "Without relief from appraisement, stay or exemption laws, and in case suit is instituted for its collection anything and everything in my possession can be levied upon and sold, including the last suit of clothes, the schoolbooks and food of the children, with the coffin or coffins any of the family may be buried in, and in every case that after every article is sold there remains anything due on the note I agree that the services of myself and family shall be sold until the demands of the note are satisfied. And I further agree that in case suit is instituted for its collection to pay reasonable attorney fees, together with board bills, hack hire, saloon bills and other miscellaneous expenses for himself and near relatives while suit is pending. And I further agree to live on corn bread and sorghum molasses until the demands of this note are satisfied, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent from date, payable annually. Signed"—

This note, says Mr. Augur, was issued by a man named Ackley Hubbard of De Mars, Iowa, 20 years ago. He was a lawyer and editor combined. He made it to have some fun with the boys. Whenever a man would strike him for a small loan, he would shove the blank out for the borrower to sign The words in fine type no one would ever stop to read. Then, after the victim had signed, Hubbard would hold him up and read the whole thing to him to see him squirm and perspire. It is alleged that Hubbard had a lot of fun out of the blank until the boys learned the trick.—Detroit Tribune.

A Terrible Fate.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

AN ACCOUNT OF CORPORAL HARDTACK'S LARGE ORDER AND RUDE AWAKENING.

CHAPTER I.

Corporal Hardtack entered Delmonico's the moment he arrived in New York City. He had his month's pay, which amounted to several thousand dollars and 15 cents.

Carefully he looked over the gold-plated menu.

"Bring me turtle soup," he said to the garcon.

"Oui."

"Baked salmon trout."

"Oui."

"And a bottle of Sauterne."

"Oui, monsieur."

"And when that is out of the way, bring me Little Neck clams on the half shell, chicken salad and sweet-breads."

"Oui, monsieur," murmured the perspiring waiter.

"Then bring me venison steak."

"Oui."

"Fried potatoes, boiled potatoes, mashed [illegible]toes, and baked potatoes."

waiter now nodded.

[illegible]re roast beef, [illegible] chops, beefteak, orange ice, turkey, with cranberry sauce, quail"—

The waiter fell down in a faint, and another took his place.

"Quail on toast," went on Corporal Hardtack, "ortalans, terrapin stew, ham and egg"—

"Oui, monsieur," trembled the new garcon, patting.

"A bottle of champagne, absinthe frappe, a gin cocktail, and apple, and pumpkin, and mince and prune pies, Rochefort cheese, Fromage de Brie, Dutch cheese, cream cheese"—

Just then a terrible thing happened.

CHAPTER II.

Corporal Hardtack woke up.

(The End)

CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if its fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet. For sale by W. M. Cohen Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.

He that has no real esteem for any of the virtues can best assume the appearance of them all.

If a teacher's life on Monday contradicts his mouth on Sunday, better close his mouth on Sunday.

CASTORIA.
The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Dressed As A Man.

THE MYSTERY UNEARTHED.

WHY A BRIDE WORE SUSPENDERS.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A most unusual marriage took place here to-day. Six prominent citizens of Texarkana went to spend Sunday with a farmer named Yager, near Rondo. While there they were informed that somewhere in the neighborhood a young girl was living as a man, wearing men's clothing. On the way home the gentlemen stopped at a farmhouse to see if they could learn more of the strange woman.

At this house was a man and a young lad, who was smoking a cigarette. The farmer's name is E D Sims Thinking the men were officers he confessed that the smoking lad was in reality a girl named Lulu Shaw. She is very pretty and intelligent. To the men she said she resided at Waco, where her home had been burned Sims then took charge of her, and she had learned to love him. She dressed as a man to keep people from talking about her. Among the parties who made the discovery were two lawyers and an Alderman, who informed the couple that they were violating the law They became scared at that and consented to marry each other.

The couple were given seats in the carriage, and the whole party entered Texarkana, the woman dressed in overalls, man's shirt, suspenders, &c. County Clerk Sanderson was sent for and issued a marriage license for the couple. County Judge W. I. Hamilton joined them while they stood upon the court house steps, surrounded by the men who had unearthed the mystery. After the ceremony the groom kissed the bride and departed for home on foot, followed by good wishes from the crowd. The feature of the occasion was when Clerk Sanderson asked the woman why she wore suspenders. Her reply was: "To hold up my pants, of course."

THE OLD MAID.

The Humboldt Progress, a Tennessee paper, has this paragraph:

"Nearly everything and everybody is formed into a trust or combine except old maids, and they would be if they could get trusted."

We dislike to see such disparaging remarks about the old maids. Few of them go to their graves unmarried from choice and many of them live a life of self-sacrifice. Many who become old maids have spent the best years of their young womanhood in nursing an invalid mother, sister or father, remaining faithful to the trust reposed in them until the last. Years of her life is spent in the sick room, where she is an angel of mercy and kindness. Her pleasures are few and seldom does she get a glimpse of the gay world around her until the flower of her young womanhood has passed and she has attained the age where people begin to call her an old maid. The title is an honorable one. God bless the old maid.

FATHER'S TIME.

"Oh, no, I cannot go with you after dinner to night; you see that is father's time, and we always have so much fun, then." This is what I heard a little maiden say to her school friend, who had invited her to go somewhere with her.

"Father's time." I wondered what that meant, and so I said to the little maiden, "And what is 'father's time?'"

"O 'father's time' is right after dinner at night, an hour or so before we go to bed. Father makes lots of p[illegible] for us then, and it is the only time we can see him except in the early morning, and that is for such a short while. Father never goes anywhere at that time, and when we do not; we give the hour to him and he gives it to us. It is 'our together hour.' O, he is such a dear, good father!"

What a testimonial to the high standard of fatherhood was this little girl's! Away all day, immersed in business cares, he could give no time to his children except the hour before their bedtime With what happy light hearts those little ones kissed him good night when bed-time came, and with what smiling faces they went to sleep to dream beautiful dreams of father's love.

Let there be union among us.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

The root of all discontent is self-love.

Ride on over all obstacles and win the race.

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.

It is wonderful how near conceit is to vanity.

Philosophers are only men in armor after all.

A man never knows what he can do till he tries.

It's easier to make yourself tiresome than agreeable.