VOL. XXXVII.

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PHARMACY

Chapel Hill, N.

THE WOMAN PROPOSED.

One Marriage Thus Contracted and How It Resulted.

Clara Morris, the noted emotional actress, on being asked for her views on the question, "Should women propose?" told of a woman of her acquaintance who had proposed to man and had been ac-

The woman was a breadwinner whose boundless energy, capacity for hard work and eye to the main chance marked her out for success. She was quick to recognize the dormant ability of the shy, reserved man who sat beside her at the boarding house table and she was impatient at his lack of push. "He will let others use him all his life unless I take him in hand," she said, and though she saw that he was secretly in love with the gentle, lovely little girl who sat opposite him at the table she marked him out for her own, proposed to him and married

She succeeded in pushing her bushand to a high round of the financial ladder, but there were many rifts in the late of their domestic happiness She was a elever, brilliant woman, who thought her time too valuable to be wasted on the small details of housekeeping and child training. She had to keep in touch with the world of literature, art and fashionshe said, or where would her work be?

So it come about that the father was the mother in that family. He it was who night and morning found time to dignity outside the door, kiss and hug and romp with the three children, tell them stories, receive their small confi. dences, comfort them in their grievances and later on help them out to hard school exercises. In terura he was boundlessly loved by the trio, particularly the oldest girl, who by some strange irony of fate greatly resembled the sweet girl whom the

The nother saw this perfect love and ederstanding between father and children, and it burt and angered her She talked with a tone of bitterness at her Sunday evening receptions of how much her husband owed to her "He never would have reached his position," she said, "if he hadn't had me to less upon and push him. He'd have been plod-

ding along at a salary yet." And her hu-band, who had a touch of chivalry about him, wou'd answer, with a patient little smile;

to Clara Morris, a lifetime friend, he was to me, I was so ashamed for her that I

has she. She is a good we man, elever and capable. I have accomplished more than I should have done without her But"-he sighed heavily - "what does it all amount to-money, position, all? Husks, husks! For eighteen years I have hungered for the bread of life,

DID YOU SAY DRINKS?

Well you will find the choicest brands of RYE, PURE OLD APPLE BRANDY and Sparkling wines

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Controlled and cortainly more satisfactory than from anything

Yours very fruity.

Poster of St. Punt Church. man had loved.

"Yes, my dear; your courage and eleverness have been a great assistance to

But when he was on his deathbed and speaking of his life as a failure, he said concerning his marriage: "You knew how it happened. You have thought me weak because I accepted her. You cannot judge. A woman capr of understand what a man feels in such a position I was young, inexperienced. I had a great respect for women. When she proposed could not have looked her in the face until I had said ves-

"Well, I have done my best, and so which is love "-Supply South,

Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. Is unequalled for the siomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary.

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********* STONEWALL JACKSON A POET.

The following clipped from an old scrap-book will be read with interest now. Doubtless it will surprise many to learn that the inobtrusive and hardy warrior, Stonewall Jackson, is a poet of no little ability, and that among the busy scenes and arduous duties he has found leisure to gratify his taste for the beautiful in literature. The following lines were written while climb to the nursery, the ugliest, dullest, Jackson was an artillery officer in Mexico, during the war be-barest room in the house, and, leaving tween the United States and that country:
dignity outside the door, kiss and log

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats-the lights are gone, The camp around in slumber lies: The night in solemn pace moves on, The shadows thicken o'er the skies; But sleep my weary eyes hath flown, And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one, Whose love my early life hath blest— Of thee and him-our baby son-Who slumbers on thy gentle breast God of the tender, frail and lone, Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, and hover near To her, whose watchful eye is wet-To mother, wife-the doubly dear, In whose young heart have met Two streams of love so deep and clear And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy Throne, Oh, teach her, ruler of the skies, That, while by Thy behest alone, Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise, No tear is wept to Thee unknown, No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou can'st stay the ruthless hands Of dark disease, and soothe its pain; That only by Thy stern commands The battle's lost, the soldier's slain-That from the distant sea or land Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone, Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest, May happier visions beam upon The brightening current of her breast, No frowning look nor angry tone, Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show, Loved with a passion almost wild-By day-by night-in joy or woe-By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled, From every danger, every foe, Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

All that can be said of the following poem is that it was originally published anonymously thirty years or more ago accredied to the Dublin University Magazine and that many schoolovs and girls of the last generation were familiar with it.

I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true; For the heaven that smiles above And awaits my spirit, too; For all human ties that bind me, For the task my God assigned me, For the bright hopes left behind me And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story Who suffered for my sake ; To emulate their glory And follow in their wake. Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages, Whose deeds crown history pages, And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion With all that is divine; To feel there is a union Twixt nature's heart and mine; To profit by affliction, Reap truth from fields of fiction, Grow wiser from conviction And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season By gifted minds foretold, When man shall live by reason And not alone by gold; When, man to man united And every wrong thing righted; The whole world shall be lighted As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me, For those who know me true; For the heaven that smiles above me And awaits my spirit, too; For the cause that lacks assistance, For the wrongs that need resistance, For the future in the distance And the good that I can do

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

God, Who Sent Manna From As He Did For Israel.

It was Saturday night, and the widw of the Pine Cottage sat by the blazing fagots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter -she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

But the mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the puny mansion.

The herring smoked upon the coals be. she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn,

from his forest home, to try his fortune

remains. The individual who has but fortitude the winter of want; his affec- bottle. wrung. The most desolate in populous er kind. cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eye on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children-far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the ire, and took up the last scants, remponone sudden impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind. Judge not the Lord with feeble sense,

Behind a frowning Providence

door, and loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments and apparof all she had she profferred to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of chari-

The traveler drew near the boardraised his eyes towards Heaven with astonishment-" and is this all your store?" said he-"and a share of this do you never saw I charity before! but madam," your children by giving a part of your him. God, who sent manna from heaven can provide for us as be did for Israelto turn you unrelieved away."

your son a home-and has given him mother !" It was her long lost son; re-

Heaven Can Provide For Us at this day the passer-by is pointed to

beavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the lofty pines, and rocked her into one's shoes.

fore her; it was the only article of food desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, destitute as she was, if she suffered the beart - swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow please. and the orphan, can not forget His word.

Providence had many years before taken away her eldest son, who went on the high seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him; and more recently, by the hand of death, He had deprived her of the companion pression that I didn't love her any more, and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in and she isn't fully satisfied yet."-Kan the person of her husband. Yet to this sas City Independent. hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little

But trust Him for his grace;

He hides a smiling face. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the ently indifferent health, entered, and begged a lodging, and a monthful of food; saying that it was now twenty-four hours since he had tasted bread. The widow's heart bled anew as under a complication of distresses; for her sympathics lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and share

but when he saw the scanty fare, he offer to one who you know not? then said he, continuing, "do you not wrong last mouthful to a stranger?" "Ab!" said the poor widow, and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy,-a darling son somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless he be dead, and I only not towards you, as I would that others should act towards and how should this night offend Him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and He should have provided for him a home, even poor as this-were I The widow ended, and the stranger,

springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms-"God indeed has provided wealth to reward the goodness of his honefactress - my mother! Oh my turned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely suprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

The humble residence in the forest

was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley, and the Roanoke News Office.

widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful enjoyment of virtue, and the willow that spreads its branches

above her grave.

A HONEYMOON CLOUD.

Why the Bride Feared Her Husband Did Not Love Her.

It was pretty hard to have the honey moon clouded before we had been married two hours," complained a newly married man. "Fact is, though, the excitement of the wedding day took away the little sense I had remaining. "We were married at noon and, after

dodging the customary rice and old shoes left for the station. We had barely time to catch the train, and I rushed up to the ticket window at once. Then, once more, we had to run the gauntlet of friends, who think it right to throw rice down one's collar and have it sift down

"We got into the train at last, and when it started I heaved a sigh of relief-When the collector came round for tickets, I handed mine over. After looking at it for a moment he ashed me if the lady was traveling with me.

"That was the last straw and I snapped out for him to mind his own business.

"'That is what I am trying to do,' he answered coolly. One more ticket,

"Then it flashed upon me that in the hurry and excitement of the moment I had forgotten I had a wife. I paid the other fare and tried to laugh it off, but the look that my wife gave me will linger with me as long as I live. It took me two hours to argue her out of the im-

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been flock, but had never lost an opportunity used for over sixty years by millions of of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

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In this life even the cup of thanksgiving is mingled with bitter tears.

MOTHER ALWAYS KEEPS IT HANDY.

My mother suffered a long time from distressing pains and general ill-health Mr. W. T. Parker: Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the due primarily to indigestion," says L. W. Spalding, Verona, Mo. of food to spread before her children, ago I got her to try Kodol. She grew her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by better at once and now, at the age of 76, eats anything she wants, remarking that she fears no bad effects as she has her bottle of Kodol handy." Don't waste time doctoring symptoms. Go after the cause. If your stomach is sound your health will be good. Kodol rests the stomach and strengthens the body by digesting your food. Its nature's own tonic. W. M. Cohen.

> The girl who hopes to gain the admi ration of men by maligning her own sex

BOWELS



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IS YELLOW POISON

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NO. 9

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Mother's Friend

become a madice. Every faculty is keenly alert as the foresees the joy, ambition, success and the life-long satisfaction confing nearer, day by day, in the dear and innocent being so soon to see light, and the uncertainty whether she shall see a sweet girl or a brave boy face beside her on the rillow abla seat to her expectancy. Mother's Friend applied externally throughout premancy will relieve the rain of parturillon, and no mother and child can fail to be healthy, hearty, strong, clear complexioned, pure blooded and chestful in disposition, who are mutually influenced by the continued use of this great liminent, MOTHER'S FRIEND.

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Mrs. T. F. Anderson. Weldon, N. C., Mar. 14, 1902.

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