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NO. 3

NEW GUINEA COURTSHIP.

All the Proposals of Marriage are Made by Women.

Away off in the strange island of New Guinea it is leap year all the time in one important sense, for out there all the proposals of marriage are made by women. It is considered beneath the dignity of the male inhabitants of New Guinea to even notice a woman, and consequently the women perform most notice the men and must start any idea of weddings, etc.

So when the island belle of New Guinea becomes in love she promptly sends a piece of string to the sister of the lucky man. If he has no sister she sends it to his mother or to some female relative—this because the man and his male relatives are assumed to be above taking any steps toward acquiring a wife.

Then the sister says to the man involved: "Brother, I have news. So-and-so is in love with you." If inclined to matrimony the man makes an engagement to meet the enamored lady. When they meet it is alone, and they either decide to wed or drop the entire proposition at once. There is no courting, for the man is not allowed, theoretically at least, to waste any time on a woman—not even enough time to make love to the lady or to allow her to make love to him.

The betrothal is announced, and the engaged man in New Guinea is branded on the back with charcoal, but the woman's mark of engagement to wed is actually cut into her skin and is never allowed to completely vanish. If either one decides to break the engagement nothing can be done by the offended party.

If the girl decides that, after all, she sent the little piece of string by mistake the man is apt, however, to catch her some time alone and beat her. If the man jilts the woman her relatives often hunt him up and administer a sound drubbing. Blood, however, is seldom shed, as the breaking of these women made engagements is not deemed a very serious matter.

Though the women propose the weddings in New Guinea, the condition of the wife is miserable and unjust in the extreme. The girl is merely the property and slave of the husband. He can beat her unrebuked and even kill her with impunity if she incurs his enmity.

HEATHFUL TOMBSTONE.

Nobody ever dies in Tombstone unless they brought it "with'm," or fall into a 60 foot vertical shaft, or buy an automobile, or "sass" their mother-in-law, or try to thaw out powder, or mistake cyanide of potassium for sugar, or start off a county seat removal racket. Some die of old age, some old partners of Daniel Boone, but none has ever been known to die from physical irregularities contracted in Tombstone aside from the above mentioned causes and occasionally an abnormal lightness about the throat, superinduced by a coil of manila rope, or from a cold caught through a hole made by a 45.—Tombstone Epitaph.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Some matrimonial alliances are defensive and all are expensive.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR
The Best Spring Medicine
TAKE IT NOW
To wake up your liver which has become torpid during the Winter.
SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR will clear the eye, steady the hand, stimulate digestion.
PURIFY THE BLOOD
THE GENUINE has the RED Z on the front of each package and the signature and seal of J. H. ZELLER & CO., on the side, in RED.
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure
The finest, most tasteful and wholesome biscuit, cake and pastry are made with Royal Baking Powder, and not otherwise.
Royal is the only Baking Powder made from **Royal Grape Cream of Tartar**

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little walk to me
Across to that strange country, the Beyond;
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear
I think that I can see the gleaming strand;
I know, I feel, that those who have gone from here
Come near enough to touch sometimes my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find that heaven round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the last ones so long dreamed about;
I love this world, but I shall love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
The seal of death on some well loved face
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there;
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so for me, there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing—with a bated breath
And white, set face—a little strip of sea
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MY JEWELS.

I have treasures laid up in the City of God—
Bright jewels that never can rust;
For a while they were dwellers in caskets of clay,
But those caskets are now in the dust.

And as here in the light of this beautiful eve
I number them all o'er and o'er,
I say to myself in that city above,
I will find my lost jewels once more.

The feet that went down in the river of death
As I stood on life's desolate sand,
Are walking in gladness the streets of pure gold,
That run through that beautiful land.

The lips that tenderly whispered my name
Ere they closed in the silence of death,
Will speak to me yet in the Eden of love,
Where life is no longer a breath.

The dear hands that lovingly clung to my own
As they grew in death pulseless and cold,
Are learning fresh lessons in the City of God,
Or sweeping harpstrings of gold.

The eyes that turned on me with love to the last
Now beam in eternity's light,
They see in His beauty the King on the throne,
And gaze on His face with delight.

The dear Lord who gave them and took them away
Will not leave me forever alone;
He will give them all back to my bosom again,
When I go where my loved ones are gone.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife and Translated by Helen Roland for the Washington Herald.

Hearken unto my counsel, my daughter, and thou shalt fear not any man. For a woman is as the X in algebra, an unknown quantity; but a man is an almanac riddle, to which the answer is always easy.

Tremble not when he blustereth, for he is like unto the March Wind, which roareth and roareth but accomplisheth nothing. Hearken unto him silently, and when he hath done speaking go thine own way untroubled, for, behold! he hath taken it all out in words.

Yea, all the days of thy married life thou shalt rule the roost; for in matrimony he that getteth his say seldom getteth his way.

When a man declaimeth loudly against marriage, agree with him, saying, "Verily, it is as thou hast described, an unattractive thing, and I am a confirmed old maid," but proceed to collect thy trousseau and have thy calling cards printed in his name, for thou shalt need them.

Yet be not deceived by a mild man, nor by him who seemeth easy; for when such an one striketh a decision he sticketh thereto—even as chewing gum to the fingers of a babe. He answereth not back nor argueth the point with thee because he hath no intention of doing that which pleaseth him not. Many shall waste the years of their youth upon him because he looketh like a good thing; but the maid that seeketh to draw him into matrimony against his will is as one that seeketh to soften a cheap shoe or coax a cat into the water.

Verily, my daughter, a bear that growleth can be tame and led around upon a chain; but a fox that goeth softly wandereth where he listeth, nor falleth into a trap, nor calleth any woman "master!" Selah!

HE FED THE STAFF.

Fine Dinner For a Hungry Crowd on a Small Capital.

Years ago the late Senator E. W. Carmack was editor of the Nashville Democrat, a paper that had a precarious life and flickered out on Thanksgiving day.

When the staff came around on Thanksgiving afternoon Carmack met the announcement that the paper was dead and they were all without jobs. This was sadder than it seems now, for the paper had not been paying salaries for some time.

"Boys," said Carmack, "it's all over. The sheet is dead. But we shall not wait for a Thanksgiving day dinner. How much money have we?" A search of all pockets showed \$4.70.

"Plenty," said Mr. Carmack, "Come with me."

They went to the best restaurant and sat down, and Carmack ordered a sumptuous dinner, with turkey and everything complete. After the dinner was over and the diners were smoking the best cigars the house had, Carmack called the waiter in his grandest manner and said: "Boy, you have served us admirably. We are more than pleased. Here is a small sum to compensate you for your trouble and as a slight token of our gratification."

"Thank you, boss," grinned the waiter; "thank you." But how about this yere check of \$19.70 for that dinner you all just had?"

"Boy!" exclaimed Carmack, "what is your status here? Are you the waiter or are you the financial manager of this concern?"

"Well, then, said Carmack, "don't trouble yourself about the financial affairs of the place. Leave that to the manager." And he stalked out, followed by the feasted staff.

But he paid when fortune smiled again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

EVERYBODY SWEARS BY HIM.

"Who's the best known man in this township?" queried the advance agent for the medicine show.

"Well, young feller," answered Uncle Silas Seaver slowly, as he carefully packed the tobacco in his black pipe. "Jack Seymour holds that record about now, by eatin' the fust new potatoes from his own garden, tho' Hank Calkins is a close second with his new peas Aunt Sarah Stanton is attractin' considerable attention with her flock of eighteen light brahmas with an egg record of 12 dozen in eight days, the same bein' writ up in the Smithville Banner. An' Wallis Weaver is buildin' a new hip-roof barn. But I guess everything considerin', Squire Hamilton's about the most popular man about these parts now. Everybody seems to swear by the squire, sein's he's jest been elected assessor."—Judge's Library.

Won't Slight a Good Friend.

"If I ever need a cough medicine again I know what to get," declares Mrs. A. L. Alley, of Beas, Me., "for, after using ten bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and seeing its excellent results in my own family and others, I am convinced that it is the best medicine made for Coughs, Cold and Lung Trouble." Relief is felt at once and its quick cure surprises you. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Croup, La Grippe, Sore Throat, pain in chest or lungs its supreme. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

A girl can't see why it's so very wrong for her to deceive other people when she does it herself.

If you expect to get the original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, you must be sure it is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for cuts, burns, and bruises, and is especially good for piles. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

And the proof of the political pudding lies in the plum distribution.

What a lot of near-truth comes out in a political campaign!

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

BRIGHT NORTH CAROLINA PENS.

Witty Dashes Made by Writers in Our Good Old State.

Finally, brethren, pray more and prey less.—Greensboro Record.

The man who orders spring chicken for Sunday dinner at this season, gets only the bill.—New Bern Sun.

Some men are so particular they demand a receipt even when they pay their respects.—New Bern Sun.

One thing about politicians, if they bury the hatchet, they will certainly mark the spot.—New Bern Sun.

The fisherman is the most anxious man in these parts. The weather will not give him a showing.—Greensboro Record.

A few hens at large can "bring up" vegetables in the garden about as readily as they do their broods.—Greenville Reflector.

Carry Nation cannot get away from the hatchet. She now proposes to raise chickens in Arkansas.—Raleigh News and Observer.

The eyes are the windows to the soul, and the glasses are the panes which speak to all not to throw stones.—New Bern Sun.

Never mind, President Taft will hand out pie to all the Republicans, but with many it will be lemon pie.—Wilmington Star.

After all the "interests" get the protection desired what's going to become of the fellows who have no "interests?"—Wilmington Star.

We would like to see one question raised in Congress on which all the Democratic members agree. It would be such a novelty.—Wilmington Star.

The Young Turks were asked by Abdul Hamid to be liberal with him as to his household. They were. We note that they allowed him four wives.—Greensboro Telegram.

If some North Carolina towns have anything like the population they claim now their growth since the last government census has smashed all records.—Winston Sentinel.

One of the most exasperating things to a man about trying to marry a girl is how he nearly always succeeds.

The only way to end a family argument is never to begin it.

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For more than fifteen years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon a proved security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited.

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