Infants and Children.

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MOTHERS Do You Know that Paregorie, Batein's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called

Scotling Syrups and most remedies for children nic composed of opium or morphine? no You Know that opium and morne are stupelying narcotic poisons? Do You Know that in most countries rangists are not permitted to sell narcotics unhout labeling them poison? .

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Well These Things are worth know-

# Children

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A despairing man, who had applied to us,

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday, and my new self was born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this And another thus:

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"If you dumped a cart load of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

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The Morning Star.

LAD AND LASS. Oh, lad and lass, the old earth spins away! Today is sweet, and sweet was yesterday.

Tomorrow's dawn may rise up chill and gray—

Ah, lad and lass!

Ah, lad and lass, some day you will awake, Stand hand to hand and feel the heart strings Drink sorrow from love's cup for old time's Ah, lad and lass!

Ah, lad and lass, the world is hard to read, And none may tell what fruit shall crown the But hold forever to the old, old creed-Ah, lad and lass!

BETRAYED BY LOVE.

Kaffsky was a born genius, destined in time to soar to the dizzy heights of a proessional chair. So at least said his professors at the University of St. Petersburg. We students likewise held him in awe and hedged him around with reverential ostra-

That same Kaffsky used to squander his days and nights over mathematics and chemistry and half a dozen kindred sciences, as if life were to last for eternity. We did not believe in a man having so many irons in the fire, and we limited our own efforts to the accomplishment of one single task—the regeneration of mankind as a preliminary step to the remodeling of Russian society.

We had weighed Kaffsky in the political palance—the only one in vogue at Russian universities ten years ago—and had found him sadly wanting.

He was a member of none of the three

churches, outside of which there is no salvation-that of the sworn conspirators. who edited a forbidden political journal, Land and Liberty, hatched plots against the state and sometimes helped to carry them out; that of unsworn conspirators from whom the former were usually recruited, and the bulk of students who sympathized with everything and everybody who embarrassed the government. And to crown all, we had just heard of his impending marriage. "A nice time to be thinking of marrying and feathering his nest," we remarked to each other,-"just when the pillars of the social edifice are giving way and we are doing our best to pull them down, in order to build up

something better!" When the name of the future bride was mentioned, those among us who knew her were staggered a bit. Anna Pavlona Smirnova was not a Venus. But if she had much less beauty than her photograph -which is a common failing of womenshe had a good deal more wit, which is not by any means so common.

Although apparently young enough to be his daughter, Anna Pavlona was Kaffsky's senior by five or six years, and to make matters still more mixed she was a red radical at heart. Formerly her democratic views had got

her into hot water with the authorities, and it was not without considerable difficulty that she had obtained her present position as teacher in a girls' gymnasy which enabled her to live in modest competency with her widowed mother. The police, we knew, had twice or thrice made elaborate inquiries about Kaffsky, ad noted his comings in and o

and had set a watch upon his actions. Platoff, when arrested a week ago, chanced to have Kaffsky's card in his pocket and was subjected to a long secret cross examination about his dealings with him. "As well suspect the stone sphinxes at the Nikolai bridge as that piece of stuck up selfishness called Kaffsky," exclaimed "There must be some reason for the sus-

there's no fire here then there cannot possibly be any real smoke. It's a matter of smoked glass spectacles." This remark struck us all as the acm of cleverness. It was warmly applauded.
"Well, but who can have smoked the government's spectacles?" somebody asked. "Boorman! Boorman! He alone has

picion," cried Brodsky. "There's always

fire where there's smoke, and as we know

a grudge against Kaffsky," cried half a dozen voices. Now, none of us had a doubt that he was the Judas Iscarlot. His hangdog expression, his slouching gait, his furtive

glance and stammering deviltry pro-claimed the nature of the spirit that lived and worked within him. The present case strengthened our suspicion, for Boorman and Kaffsky had quarreled years before. Summer vacations were at hand. The last of the examinations would take place

in ten days, and then we should disperse over the length and breadth of the empire many of us never to return again. Suddenly we were stunned and stupefied by a bolt from the blue in the shape of a rumor that Kaffsky had been arrested. He and Alexeieff had gone to the theater the night before. They had walked home together and made an appointment for the morrow at the university, but at about 2

a. m. Kaffsky had been spirited away and was now in the secret wing of the Lithuanian fortress. A written request was presented by some of the professors, who were beside themselves with indignation, that Kaffsky should be released on bail, just to finish his examinations and take his degree, for

they knew very well it was all a misunder-But to our utmost astonishment their re quest was refused, and Kaffsky was removed from the Lithuanian fortress only to be immured in the more terrible fortress of Peter and Paul. The excitement caused by the arrest was

assuming dangerous proportions. Nobody had cared a rap for Kaffsky a week before, and he was already a most popular hero Perhaps it was hatred for the heartless informer-who had also been arrested no doubt to save him from being lynched-

and sympathy for Anna Pavlona, whose womanly feelings had got the better of her philosophy. She had completely broken She had been taken to her bed, had re fused all food, had forwarded petition after petition to the minister of the interior,

and when it became clear that she might just as well be sowing salt on the seashore her mind gave way. The doctors sent her mother and herself in post haste to the In October a few of us met in St. Petersburg once more, but only a few. The police had made a tremendous haul among the students the day the university closed session, and many were now in their dis-

tant native villages, expelled from the university, others in prison, others again on the road to Siberia. Kaffsky, we learned, was among the latter, condemned to the mines as a cangerous conspirator, in spite of the intercession of professors. Anna Pavlona was dead, according to others, but it came to pretty

much the same thing in the end. I had heard of many evil things done by diabolical informers, but this was the most crying injustice I had ever actually witessed, and when talking with a friend who was a relative of one of the ministers

I told him so. He was astounded at what I told him and asked me to draw up an account of Kaffsky's case in writing. He would see, he said, that justice should be done.

I had no difficulty in obtaining precise particulars. I discovered even the name of the forwarding prison, over 1,000 miles away, in which Kaffsky was then interred, and having made out a very strong case

gave my friend the paper, and he presented it to his relative, the minister.

A week passed, then a fortnight, and still there was no answer. One day my philanthropic friend shook his head, said my data were all wrong, said that Kaffsky was the most dangerous conspirator that had ever been tripped up in the very nick of time, and that he would advise me to keep aloof from political reformers in future, as it was evident they could make black appear white with-

out an effort. Six years later I heard that Kaffsky was no more. He died of disease or was shot in a tumult or disposed of in some such way. The particulars were not very precise, but he was really dead; that was cer-

"Nothing else but death is certain in Russia," I remarked to an ex-minister to whom I had been telling the whole story after dinner. "So you are going to write about it, you say," he asked me, "to ease your feel-

"Very well, then, if you will come here in two or three days I will supply you with a most interesting postscript.

And he did. His statement was based on official doc ments, and this is the gist of it: "When the terrorist movement was at

its height, the leaders were invisible and ubiquitous. We suspected that they were in the university, but that was only a guess. Once or twice Kaffsky appeared to be in the movement, but we had no proof and could get none. It then occurred to General O. of the secret department to employ a spy who had never played the part of a detective before." "I know. You mean the scoundrelly informer, Boorman," I broke in.

"Boorman? Boorman? Was he? Oh, of course he was. Yes. No; Boorman was not the detective. Boorman, I see, was nearly as dangerous as Kaffsky. He was Kaffsky's right hand man, and he got the same punishment." This announcement took my breath

away, but it only deepened the mystery. "Two thousand three hundred rubles was what it all cost, and dirt cheap, too,' he went on. "You mean the detective's reward?"

"Yes; that, of course, was over and above her regular salary, which was 50 rubles a month. It was the only clever stroke of business she ever did." "She?" I repeated. "Was it a woman,

"Oh, yes. Didn't I tell you? And a woman with the making of a saint in her too. Ha! ha! ha! She is now a God fearing sectarian—a pietist of some kind." "Well," I remarked, "she would need a good long course of penance, were it only to atone for the fate of poor Anna Pavlona.

whose life she snuffed out." "Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed till the big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. 'Why, hang it, man, Anna Pavlona was herself the detective. But that was the only clever thing she ever did. She soon after left the service, found salvation, as they term it, in some obscure sect and is a plous bigot now."-London Telegraph.

WHITE HOUSE FLOWERPOTS. Where They Come From and How They

Are Made. "From 8,000 to 10,000 new pots are required every year for use in the White House conservatories," said Head Gardener Pfister. "This represents the annual loss by decay and breakage. The average flowerpot lasts three or four years. Of the number I have mentioned about onethird are little 'thumb pots' two inches in diameter. They are used for newly propagated plants of all sorts. In spring we require from 35,000 to 40,000 of these baby pots to hold the plants which we have freshly reared for the beds in the grounds of the executive mansion.

"Flowerpots are made everywhere, you might say. Perhaps the greatest quantities of them are now manufactured in Boston and Philadelphia, from which cities immense numbers of them are shipped to other points. Flowerpots are of two kinds-machine made and hand made. The latter, turned out by the potter's wheel, are the most durable and most expensive. Until recently there were no standard sizes in pots. but about four years ago the Society of American Florists adopted regulations on the subject, so that potmakers are now obliged to conform to these rules, and a pot made in Boston of a given size is precisely like a pot of the same size made in any other city. Formerly every potter had his own standards of size, and a 3 1-2 inch pot of one manufacturer might be equal in capacity to a

4 inch pot of another make. "The new standards require that 2 inch pot shall be exactly two inches deep and two inches wide at the top. In all sizes of flowerpots the depth and diameter at the top must be equal. The regulations cover even the thickness of the rims. Florists demand that their pots shall have rims in order that they may be lifted and moved about more easily. Pots without rims are much more apt to slip from the hand, and thus the important item of breakage is increased. Another point worth mentioning is that pots of the same size may be arranged with greater regularity and accordingly with more convenience on the benches. They

look better so too. "The small pots, made in molds, from two to four inches, cost from \$3 to \$8.50 per 1,000. Handmade pots of larger sizes, from five to sixteen inches, cost all the way from \$13 per 1,000 to \$55 per 100. The big 16 inch pots, which cost 55 cents apiece, are for large palms and other big plants. Some very fine pots are made in the neighborhood of Washington. At Terra Cotta are great beds of beautiful clay, which furnish material not only for pots, but also for first rate sewer pipes."-Washington Star.

Imaginative Autobiographies. Upon a time Mr. Joaquin Miller, naving for the moment nothing to occupy him, wrote out a full and entirely new account of his life. Autobiographies were a favorite pastime with him, and once in so often a new one regularly appeared, differing materially from its predecessor and introducing fresh and vividly imaginative matter. This particular life was in his best vein and was profusely illustrated. A copy was given to one of his daughters, with the suggestion that her father's life should be studied and known, and that her father was a man to be loved and revered. The child looked

at the volume. She turned the pages until she reached one especially fine picture. Seated on a horse, careering wildly across a desolate plain, was Joaquin, clad in a pseudo Indian costume, with a broad sombrero on his head and very long hair floating far behind him in the wind. The child looked long and intently at the picture, examined it critically, then with a reverence and adoration altogether undreamed of labeled it, "Jo-

A Good Word For the Deacon. We think it unfortunate for speakers and writers to belittle deacons. As a class the deacons are the best men we have, except the preachers, and many a deacon is better than many a preacher. If the process of belittling deacons keeps on, no good man will be willing to be a deacon, and then where will we be? The Chinese put contempt upon soldiers, and when the time came that China needed good soldiers she did not have them. She reaped as she had sown. All deacons are not what they should be, and neither are theological professors, but we honor the Baptist deacons. They hold positions of grave responsibility

An Unmistakable Exception. "Remember, my son," said the prudent father, "that politeness doesn't cost any-

and do great good.—Louisville Western

thing. "Yes," was the reply, "I've heard that."
"You don't doubt it, do you?" "Well, it certainly costs me about \$7 a week to get any politeness out of the waiters at our hotel."—Washington Star.

#### A REPORTER'S DREAM

Tom Chat.el resolved to make a column of Tewkesbury church. So, having secured dmittance be wandered about among the

"What wonderful men were these!" hought Tom as he communed with himself. "What a pity that they are all dead and have been in history so long that nothing concerning them could now be considered news! There's an old fellow, now," said Tom, sitting down upon a stone bench in a convenient nock, and regarding one of these moss grown records of departed greatness, "that would make my fortune if he were living now, and I could send a report of what he had to say for himself to The National Balloon."

It was the tomb of Bithric, earl of Gloucester, which Tom regarded as he spoke. It was a quiet place, pleasant, too, on that bright summer day, and Tom began to feel a little drowsy, though he avers distinctly that he did not sleep. A sigh aroused him at last, and he

looked up. An immense being, clad in stone colored armor and leaning on a shield, stood close beside him, regarding Bithrie's tomb-only the tomb, for the statue was gone. Tom started, shivered, and, rising hastily, made a bow. The figure bowed in reply. Tom felt thankful that in its ponder-

ous politeness it did not topple down upon "I-I-I'm delighted, I'm sure," said Tom. "I-I've a little appointment with a man where I'm putting up. If you'll allow me to pass, I'll go." But the figure did not stir. It simply turned its stony head toward Tom and

"I am Bithric, earl of Gloucester." "Good gracious!" said Tom. Then, de spite his terror, the ruling passion reas serted itself, and he began with Bithric earl of Gloucester, as he did with other fre quently interviewed worthies. "It must be very gratifying to read the records of your former triumphs, sir," said Tom. "Read! My father made soldiers of his sons, not clerks. But if you are a clerk,

rolled forth from the lips under the helmet

"Oh, no; I'm not," said Tom, thinking of dry goods stores and saying to himsel (this aloud), "I'm a reporter." The being gazed on Tom for a moment

and then repeated: "I am Bithric, earl of Gloucester." This time Tom put it down in short-

looked kindly," said the warrior, crossing his hands upon his sword, "but I had true heart. I loved but one among all women. Let the others smile upon me as they might, only Althea. Alas, she is changed, even as I am! "You should have seen me when I went ipon an embassy to Normandy. My hair

fell to my shoulders, my beard fell to my waist. They were of red gold. My shoul ders were a cloth yard from tip to tip. was worthy of Althea's love. We plighted our troth again. I placed a ring upon her finger and she gave me a tress of her soft " 'Forget me not for any Norman dam

sel,' saith she. "Saith I. 'On earth there is no damsel worth looking on when one hath looked "A little after and I was among the shaven Normans. And I had fulfilled my mission and was hospitably entreated by Baldwin, duke of Flanders, and paid my duty to his daughter, the beautiful Ma-

"Handsome girl, sir?" asked Tom. "She was fair to look upon. Her eyes vere black and her hair, braided with jewels, was black as night. She led me on to woo her by many a womanly wile, but I could not forget my Saxon Althea "I seemed to heed her not, so her love waxed hotter. She wept and said none in Normandy had any of her heart. At last she whispered that if I fain would be her true knight I might even be so.

kindness, and for the honor that she would have done me, but which I must decline. She pointed to the door! "'Go," she said. 'Leave the castle and the land, but remember my love is all changed to hate, and I will have revenge "I went back to England. I found Althea true. I wooed and won her. But even ere she was my bride news came to me that Matilda was married to Duke Wil-

liam of Normandy. And I was glad, for no true knight would willingly deem a maiden lovelorn because of him. "And I dwelt happy with my Althea until the rumors of war filled our land. Duke William of Normandy came unto our shores with his shaven band, like unto so many priests, but flerce in the fight withal. and good men at arms. And I left Althea and fought for Harold, my king, for a

long and weary while. "Wounded sore, I was made prisoner and cast into a dungeon in Winchester One night my dungeon door opened and there stood at it a lady veiled. The thought that it was Althea filled my heart, and I cried out. Then she put back her veil. The light of a torch fell on her face. It was Matilda!

"She looked at me steadily. " 'Said I not beware of my vengeance? she hissed. 'It is attained. Upon my knees I have asked a boon of my lord, and he has given it me. You are my prisoner, not his. I have laid waste all your lands. For your person, it shall lie here in dirt and dark and starve and thirst and ache. and day by day die by inches.' "With pain I lifted myself unto my knee. 'Lady, I give you honor and no unto whom my vows were plighted. Let

my wife come but once to me. 'The soldiers who despoiled your home had commands from me.' "Then Mrs.-I beg your pardon, the countess-was-was, to speak plainly,

"Yes," said the being. "And you-did you mention that you did not recover the shock?" The presence pointed to the tomb. Tom looked at it. That is the last that he remembered until the sexton shook him. "If you are interested in the church, you don't want to be shut in all night, I 'pose," said that worthy. "Good heavens, no!" cried Tom.

Tom shook himself again and looked up at the tomb. The somber stone figure leaned upon its shield and poised its lance upon it as before. The bars of gold dust fell no longer through the open panes of the painted windows, and without the door lay a flood of pure white moonlight, but not as comfortable as daylight would have been to a gentleman of the present, who had just been conversing with Bithric, earl of Gloucester, who died in the reign of Wil-

liam the Conqueror.-Exchange.

Head of the House. There is a man here in Washington who fancies he is the head of his house. There are plenty of other men who think the same thing, too, and, between you and me, it's with the most of them as it is with this man—merely a fancy. This particu-lar man has several small children, and it pleases him to discourse a great deal on the training of the children. A few days ago aquin Miller when he was a girl."— he had friends visiting him. His two little sons began to play about noisily. It is obey implicitly. He wanted his friends to see how he carried it out in the training of his own children. "Johnny," he said sternly,"stop that noise instantly." Johnny looked up in surprise. Then he grin-ned a little. "Oh, Freddy," he said to his brother as they went on with the noise,

"just hear papa trying to talk like mamna!"-Washington Post. A Day With the Girls. "Talk about a night with the boys! I sn't in it with a day with the girls!" exclaimed a fair maid the other day. "Look at me," she continued, "I'm a perfect wreck. I've been dragged all over town to every bargain counter in Nev York by those cousins from the country They are absolutely indefatigable, and so they've pulled and yanked me in and out

The German Stage. everywhere until I'm ready to drop. They got lots of lovely bargains, though— scarfs, head rests, photograph frames and every blessed thing they didn't need—and now they haven't got a cent left for the very frock they came to buy. All I've got to show for it is my silk petticoat torn out of the gathers, a splitting headache, a lame back and a pair of 49 cent gloves that are not mates!"—New York Mercury. -Dramatic News.



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#### DARAB'S WINE CUP.

where. Made only by

A certain wine cup belonged to Darab, a Persian king. To him it had come as an

heirloom from a long line of ancestors. He prized it over all things. Truly this cup was a marvel of exquisite craftsmanship. The name of its maker was lost 'mid the mists of dead ages. In deed so magical seemed the skill of its fashioning that some there were who thought that it surely must be the work of a power more than mortal. It was formed wholly of jewels that were fastened together by some strange, subtle device, and it was shaped in a manner most curious. Its craftsman had taken a flower of

peculiar beauty for his design. As Darab, on feast nights, held it, wine filled, before the light it seemed as if a many tinted cluster of precious stones was plunged into a luminous sea-a sea softly. sensuously red. The rare old grape juice, fostered to life in the long ago by the sunlight, appeared to awake, to exult, to live again in the glow of a milder light. But none might drink from this cup bu

Darab-Darab, the king! Toghrul, the soothsayer, he of the white flowing beard and mystic, piercing eyes, averred that this cup ofttimes possesse strange powers. He said that if Darah gazed into the depths of the wine as it foamed and sparkled within its embrace he might see, as in pictures, happenings in faroff places, or he might see deeply into the workings of the hearts of those who

This saying of the soothsaver had caused fear to enter into the minds of the courtiers, and whenever Darab looked steadily into the cup all trembled, as none knew what next might happen. Again, it was whispered, by whom none could tell, that if it was destroyed Darab would die, and never more would one of his race reign as

Thus was this cup of grave, of ominous

This night was a night of feasting and grand revelry within the king's palace. Lights flashed and sheened. Wines of the rarest and choicest vintage flowed freely as water. Delicate viands, fruits and subtle triumphs of cookery were spread upon the great tables. And there were gleamings of countless gem incrusted, precious metaled goblets. Glorious clusters of flowers gave forth a sense lifting all peranding aroma. Varied and mingling colors and hues raptured the eye. And here were women of a glory and a

And here was the cold, cruel glint of steel, for soldiers, accoutered, were at the Sable slaves ministered to the wants of the feasters. Bracelets and anklets of ivory flashed as they flitted to and fro. King, satraps, women, courtiers—nay, all—were blended in a grand, joying uni-

Eyes shone.

tion. Like fire flamed all hearts. And music rang. . . . . . . The moon's light was calm and clear. Stars twinkled, glistened in the profound afar. All was still. But in the stillness there seemed to sleep some strange, mighty

secret. And there came into the air heaviness. "Ho! Toghrul, Toghrul! Thou of soothsaying fame, come hither—come hither! I have gazed into this cup, and, lo, it has revealed to me the face and thoughts of one who is a traitor-one who plots against my

life, my throne, my all. Yonder he stands He! Hyder!" It was Darab who called out thus in a loud voice. A wicked, cruel smile played in his face as he pointed to Hyder, one of his satraps. The night had passed well on, and the revelry had become of the wildest A silence as of the grave fell over all as the king made this accusation. They knew and feared what was coming. None dared speak but Toghrul.

"Art sure, O king?" he asked. The soothsayer felt kindly toward the satrap. "Sure as that I am of woman born. Darab replied as he again looked into the cup, "here is the face of you unworthy servant. Now it is still and tells naught but an instant ago as I gazed its lips moved, and from them I heard murmurings o revolt and treachery. He must die. cup is my safeguard and guide. Ho,

guards! Seize yon traitor!" Hyder turned pale. Brave though he was, he trembled—trembled because of one he loved and little ones. Yes, he was lost -lost. Ofttimes had he known Darab to order men to the death because of things revealed to him in this strange cup. Hyder was seized, and death hung in the air, when a loud cry broke from Darab.

Again he was looking into the cup, but this time his face was convulsed with fear. "Ho! To arms, to arms!" he cried wild "Soldiers, all, to arms! Foemen surround the palace! Rebels are upon us!" Hyder was loosed, and in a flash the revel was turned to a wild, terror stricker confusion.

of thunder and a succession of blinding, destroying lightning flashes. The walls of the palace near the king's throne fell. Clashing of arms and savage shouts were heard in the distance. Darab was standing with the cup raised aloft in his right hand. He was invoking aid from the powers above. Near him stood the soothsayer and Hyder with drawn sword. He was prepared to defend to the last gasp the king who had so cruelly condemned him. Shrieks and cries wer

Then was heard a low rumbling in the

air, and suddenly there came a fearful rol

rending the air.

Then came a lightning flash that was mightier and more blinding than all that had gone before. It struck the cup, shiv ering it to dust. Darab fell dead. It was even as if the powers above had spoken. Into the palace rushed the enemy. And tumult reigned .- Bart Kennedy. The Elephant Liked His Toddy.

It is a curious thing, and one which I have never heard satisfactorily explained, hat animals and fowls, and almost every living creature upon which the test has been made, take to intoxicants. Instead of mankind alone, as Byron had it, being distinguished from the brute creation by his ability to get drunk, the exception i largely favorable to civilized mankind. 1 thought of this recently when present at a private experiment on savage and domes-tic animals. Without any preliminary edu-cation the most savage animals, the tiger and the lion, took to raw whisky with all the avidity of old topers. The elephant firank it by the bucketful and sighed for more. Any domestic animal will do the same. It upsets a good many preconceived notions. -- Pittsburg Dispatch.

"If I wished to tell the great difference between the German actor and the American," said Mme. Cottrelly, "I should say that the German stage is regarded by the actor as a sanctity-a place to be approach ed with devoted reverence. Even talented novices are not intrusted with speaking parts until they have learned the rudi ments of stage business by a stern appren ticeship in the ballet of minor theaters.

### DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

HOW TO CURE YOURSELF WHILE

U-ING IT. The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous ystem is se iously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit sudden'y is too severe!a hock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user ecomes a simu'ant that his system' cont'nually craves. "Bac -Curo" is a scientific cure for the obteco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded fter the formula of an emicent Berlin physician who nas used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is pure'y vegetable and guaranteed per ectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco y't want while taking "Baco-Curo." It will notify you hen to stop. We give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case with three boxes, or refund the noney with 10 per cent interest, "Baco-Curo" i ot a substitute, but a acceptific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and wi h no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine

#### Cured By Baco-Curo and Gained Thirty

as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

Pounds. From hundreds of testimonials, the originals which are on file and open to inspect'on, the following

is presented: Eureka Chemical & Mig. Co., La Crosse, Wis—Gentlemen: Fo. forty years I used obacco in all its forms. For twenty-five years of that time I wis a great ufferer 'rom's eneral cebility and heat disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but couldn't I took various reme ies, among others "No To Bac." 'The Indian Tobacco Antidote," "Double Chlori'e of Gold," etc., etc., but none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, however, I purchased abox of your "raco-Curo" and it has entirely circal me of the nabit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pabit in all is ferms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am reliev d from all the numer-ous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my changed feelings and condi-

Yours te pectfully, P. H. MARBURY, Pastor C. P. Courch, Clayton, Ark. Sold by all druggi ts rt \$1.00 per box; three boxes guarantee, or sent direct upon receipt of price Write for booklet and proo s. Eureka Chemical & Míg. Co. La Cr. se. Wis., and Boston, Mass.



IS JUST AS COOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.

Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of
GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL, TONIC and have
bought three gross aiready this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have
never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic.

Yours truly,

ABNEY, CARE & C

For sale—Wholesale and Retail, and guaranteed by R. R. Be lamy. Fetail by J. H. Hardin and all other Druggists, Wilmington, N. C. ap 30 D&W 6m

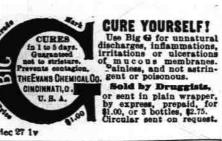
# ABSOLUTELY PURE

Checks Bleeding, Reduces

Inflammation.OuietsPain.

Is the Bicycler's Necessity.

Sores, CURES Burns, Colds, Rheumatism, Hoarseness. Sore Throat, Chilblains. Catarrh, Inflamed Eyes, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, etc. USE POND'S EXTRACT after Shaving-No Irritation. USE POND'S EXTRACT after Exercising-No Lameness. POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT is simply a marvel. What relief from excruciating pain. How instantly it cures PILES. 50 cents. Buy GENUINE Pond's Extract for genuine cures. Buy imitations for imitation cures: POND'S EXTRACT CO.,765th Av., N.Y.



D. O'Connor, REAL ESTATE AGENT, WIL-mington, N. C. Stores, Offices and Dwellings for rent, Houses and Lots for sale on easy terms. Rents, taxes and insurance attended to prompfry

W., N. & N. Railway.

In Effect Sunday, Oct. 27, 1891 DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

TH	STATIONS.	SOUTE
8		7
2 00	-WILMINGTON- Lv., Mulberry street Ar	P M 12 40
4 30	Lv. JacksonvilleLv Lv. MaysvilleLv Lv. PollocksvilleLv Ar. NewbernLv	10 09 9 55
PM	i la	AM
ins 8 an	d 7p m make connection of R. for Morehead City and with Steamer Neuse at Neth City and Norfolk Mond	with trai

. W, MARTENIS, ATLANTIC COAST LINE.



SCHEDULE IN EFFECT April 26, 1896. DEPARTURE FROM WILMINGTON-NORTHBOUND

DAILY No. 48-Passenger-Due Magnolia 10.5 25 A M a m, Warsaw 11.66 a m, Goldsboro 12.01 a m, Wilson 12 57 p m, Rocky Mount 1.38 p m, Tarboro 2.35 p m, Weldon 3.32 p m Petersburg 5,29 p m, Richmond 6,40 p m Norfolk 6,05 p m, Washington 11,10 p m Baitimore 12,58 a m, Philadelphia 8,45 a m, New York 6,58 a m, †Boston 3.80 p m DAILY No. 40-Passenger-Due Magnolia 8.30 7.00 P M p m, Warsaw 8.48 p m, Goldsboro 9.36 p m, Wilson 10,28 p m, † l'arboro 7.68 a m, Rocky Mouat 11.05 a m, Weidon 1.01 a m, †Norfolk 10.35 a m, Petersburg 2.38 a m, Richmond 8.40 a m, Washington 7.00 a m, Baitimore 8.33 a m, Philadelphia 10,46 a m, New York 1,23 p m, Boston

SOUTHBOUND . DAILY No. 55-Passenger-Due Lake Wacca 3,30 P M maw 4,45 p m, Chadbeurn 5,19 p m, Marion 6,29 p m, Florence 7,10 p m Sumter 8,53 p m, Columbia 10.15 p m, Denmark 6.20 a m, Augusta 8.00 a m, Macon 11.00 a m, Atlanta 12.15 p m Charleston 11,18 p m, Sayannah 12,50 a m Jacksonville 7.00 a m. St. Augustin

8.30 pm.

9.10 a m, Tampa 6.00 p m. ARRIVALS AT WILMINGTON-FROM THE NORTH. DAILY No. 49-Passenger-Leave \* Boston 1,00 p .45 PM m, New York 9.00 p m, Philadeldhia 12.05 a m, Baltimore 2.55 a m, Washington 4,30 a m, Richmond 9.65 a m, Petersburg 10.00 a m, Norfolk 8,40 a m, Weidon 11,55 a m, Tarboro 12,12 p m, Rocky

Mount 12.45 p m, Wilson 2.10 p m, Golds boro 3,10 pm, Warsaw 4,02 pm, Magnolia DAILY No. 41-Passenger-Leave Boston 12,03 9.45 a m p m, New York 9.30 a m, Philadelphia 12.09 pm, Baltimore 2.25 p m, Washington 3.46 p m, Richmond 7.30 p m, Petersburg 8,12 p m, †Norfolk 2,20 p m, Weldon 9.44 p m, †Tarboro 5.58 p m, Rocky Mount 5.45 a m, leave Wilson 6.20 a m, Goldsboro 7.05 a m, Warsaw 7.57 a m, Magnolia 8.1) a m. FROM THE SOUTH.

DAILY No. 54-Passenger-Leave Tampa 7.00 a 2 15 a m m, Sanford 1.55 p m, Jacksonville 7,00 p m Savannah 12.10 night, Charleston 4.12 a m, Columbia 5.20 a m, Atlanta 7.15 a m, Macon 9.00 a m, Augusta 2,25 pm, Denmark 4.17 pm, Sumter 6.43 a m., Florence 8.25 a m, Marion 9.06 a m, Chadbourn 10.10 a m, Lake Waccamaw 10.39 a m. Daily except Sunday. Trains on Scotland Neck Brauch Road leave Weldon 3,55 p m, Hali ax 4,13 p m, arrive Scotiand Neck

turning, leaves Kinston 7 20 a m, Greenville 8.22 a m Arriving Halifax at 11 00a m, Weldon 11.20 a m, dail except Sunday. Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington .00 a m and 2 00 p.m. arrive Parmele 8.5) a m and :0 p m, Tarboro 9.45 a m, returning leaves Tarboro 30 pm; Parmele 95 am and 620 pm, arrives Washington 11 55 a m and 7:10 p. m. Daily except Sunday. Connects at Parmele with trains on Scot-land Neck Branch. Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily at 5.31 p m, ar

rives Plymouth 3.35 p m. Returning, leaves Plymouth daily at 7.4) a m., Arrive Tarboro 9.45 a m. Train on Midland N C Branch leaves Goldsboro, N ... daily except Sunday, 6 00 am; arrive Smithfield I. C., 7.20 a m. Returning, leaves Smithfield, N. C.; 50 a m; arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 9 15 a m. Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount a .30 p m, arrives Nashville 5.05 p m, Spring Hope 5.30 m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a m, Nash-

ville 8 25 a m; arrive Rocky Mount 9 05 a m, daily except Sunday.

Train or Clinton Branch leave Warsaw for Clinton Daily except Sunday at 11.10 a m and 8.50 p m; returning leave Clinton at 7.00 a m, and 3.00 p m.

Florence Railroad leave Pec Dec 9 (5 a m, arrive Latta 9.21 a m, Dillon 9 36 a m, Rowland 9 52 a m, returning leaves Rowland 6 (6 p m, arrives Dillon 6.25 p m, Latta 6.37 p m, Pec Dec 6.58 p m, daily.

Trains on Conway Branch leave Hub at 8,30 a m, Chadbourn 10.40 cm, arrive Conway 12.15 p m, leave Conway 2 30 p m, Leave Conway 2 30 p m, leave Conway 3 2 30 p m, Chadbourn 5.35 p m, arrive Hub 6.30 p m, Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Cheraw and Darlington kailroad leave Wadesboro daily at 550 a m, Cheraw 6.4: a m, Darlington 7.43 a m, arrive Florence 8.15 a m. Returning leave Flore: c: 7.45 p m, Darlington 8.17 p m, Cheraw 9 32 p m, arrive Wadesboro 10,15 p m

Trains leave Goson, daily except Sunday, 6.15 a m, Bennetsville 6 41 a m, arrive Darlington 7.40 a m. Returning, leave Darlington 815 p m, Bennetsville 6 69 p m, arrive Gibson 9 35 p m.

Central of South Carolina Railroad leave Sumter 6 06 p m, Manning 6.35 p m, arrive Lanes 8.34 a m, Manning 9.10 a m. arrive Sumter 9.39 a m. Daily.

Georgetown and Western Railroad leave Lanes 9.30 a m, 7 10 p m, arrive Georgetown 12 m, 8.30 p m, leave Georgetown 7 a m, 8 p m, arrive Lanes 8.25 a m, 5.25 p m. Daily except Sunday.

Wilson and Fayetteville Branch leave Wilson 2.05 p m, 11.18 p m, arrive Selma 2.53 p m. Smithfield 3.03 p m, Dunn 3.59 p m, Favetteville 4.86 p m, 1.07 a m, Rowland 6.06 p m. returning leave Rowland 9.53 a m. Fayetteville 11.10 a m, 9.40 p m, Dunn 11.51 a m, Smithfield 12.30 p m, arrives Sumter 4 30 a m. Leave Sunter 4 33 a m, arrives Sumter 4 90 a m. Leave Sunter 4 30 a m, arrive Sumter 4 30 a m. Leave Sunter 4 30 a m, arrive Denmark 6 30 a m. Leave Sunter 4 30 a m, arrive Denmark 6 30 a m. Leave Sunter 4 30 a m, arrive Sumter 4 30 p m. Leaves Sunter 4 30 p m, arrive Sumter 6 05 p m. Leaves Denmark 6 17 p m, arrive Denmark 6 30 p m.

†Daily except Sunday. \*Sunday only. H. M. EMERSON. Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent. I. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager. T.M. EMERSON. Traffic Manager. ap 80 tf

# The Clyde Steamship Co.

New York, Wilmington, N. C



ONEIDA, Saturday, May Saturday, May CROATAN. Wilmington for New York. Saturday, May CROATAN, ONEIDA, Saturday, May Wilmington for Georgetown, S. C. Tuesday, May ONEIDA. CROATAN, Tuesday, May 12

H. G. SMALLBONES, Supt. THEO. G. EGER, T. M., Bowling Green, N. Y., WM. P. CLYDE & CO. General Agents, Bowling Green. N. Y. Steamer E. A. Hawes

Through Bills Lading and Lowest Through Rates guaranteed to and from points in North and South Carolina. For freight or passage apply to

WILL LEAVE FOR CLEAR RUN AND A points on Back River, on MONDAY and THURS-DAY each week. JAS, MADDEN,

Cape Foar & Yadkin Valley Rulway Co.



IN EFFECT APRIL 12, 1866.				
No. 1.				
7 55 p. m. 4 455 4 433 3 19 1 32 a.m 1 03 a.m 12 558 12 558 11 35 11 35 11 35 10 35	Ar., Wilmington Lve Lv. Fayetteville Ar Ar Fayetteville Lv Ar Fayetteville Junc Lv Lv Sanford Lv Lv. Climax La Lv. Greensboro Ar Ar., Greensboro Lv Lv. Stokesdale Lv Lv. Walnut Cove Ar Ar., Walnut Cove Lv Lv. Eural Hall Lv Lv. Mt Airy Ar	10 85 a 10 55 11 05 12 82 p 2 56 3 05 4 31 4 38 5 71		
No. 8.	Bennetsville Division.	DAILY No. 4.		
7 20 p m 6 13 " 5 42 " 4 53 " 4 43 "	Ar. Bennettsville Lv Lv Maxton Ar Lv Red Springs Lv Lv Hope Mills Lv Lv Fayetteville Ar	8 45 a. r 9 45 ··· 10 12 ··· 10 45 ···		
Daily except		Daily exce		

No. 15. MIXED.

NORTH BOUND.

SOUTH BOUND,

Madison 1 23 Stokesdale 2 35 At Fayetteville with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points North and East, at Sanford with the Seaboard Air Line, at Greensboro with the Southern Railway Company, at Walnut Cove with the Nortolk & West ern R. R. for Winston Salem.

No. 16.

No. 15

9 35 a. m

No. 15. MIXED. daily ex su

SOUTH-BOUND CONNECTIONS At Walnut Cove with the Norfolk & Western Kailroad for Roanoke and points North and West, at Greensbore with the Southern Railway Company for kaleigh, Richmond and all points North and East, at Fayette-ville with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points Sonth, at Maxton with the Beaboard Air Line for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South and Southwest.

W. E. KYLE. Gen'l Passenger Agent. J. W. FRY. Gen'l Manager.

SEABOARD AIR LINE. S.A.L.

Route of the famous "Atlanta Special" and "S. A. L. Express" be-New York, Washington, Nor. folk and Atlanta, New Orleans, Southwest.

Schedule in Effect April 5, 1896.

WESTWARD. N.41 Nc401 No. 15 P. M. P. M P. M. +6 30 A M. +13 10 6 55 6 6 55 7 15 9 10 45 11 37 16 6 55 10 40 11 37 11 56 11 5 Arrive Lumberton Arrive Marton Arrive Marton Arrive Laurinburg Arrive Hamlet Leave Hamlet Arrive Rockingha

5.05 p m, Greenville 6.47 p m, Kinston 7 45 p m. Re o 38 No402 No. 26 P M + 4 35 5 f 8 6 f 5 7 45

Arrive Hamlet Leave Hamlet Leave Laurinburg Leave Maxton Leave Lumberton 7 55 10 85 P M. !\*Daily. +Daily ex Sua'y. Nes 4 2 and 40°, 'The Atlanta Special," Solid Vest buled Train, with Buffet Sleepers and Day Coaches be ween Washington and Atlanta, Richmond and Chalotte, also Porthmouth and Monroe, connec ing at Atlanta for and from Chartanoga, Nashville, Memphis, Texas, Call chair, Memphis, pille 8 85 a m; arrive Rocky Mount 9 05 a m, daily

> Washington.
>
> Nos 38 and 41 "The S. A. L. Fxpre s" Solid Train of P. Ilman Sleepers and Day Cosches between Pertsmouth, Welco: and Atanta, New York and Weldin, also New York and Cape Charles, connecting at Porthmouth with Bay Line coastwise steamers, Washington steamers and "Cape Charles Route," to aid from all points North and East. No Extra Fare on Any Train.

For tickets, sleepers and information, apply to Ticket Agents, or to THOS. D. MEARES, Gen'l Agent, Wilmington, N.C.
T J: ANDERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
H, W. B. GLOVER, Traffic Manager.
V. E. McBEE, Gen Supt.
E. St. JOHN, Vice-President and Gen'l Manager,
General Office Portsmouth, Va ap 15 tf



To Take Effect on April 5, 1886

MOVING NORTH. No. 2-PASSENGER AND EREIGHT. No. 1-PASSENGER AND FREIGHT.

Close connection made at Hamlet with trains North South, East and West.

WM. MONCURE, Supt. MAXTON BUILDING

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. H. Morrison, Lumberton.

Wm. H. Bernard, Wilmington.

The attention of investors in Wilmington is called to the fact that the average profits on Six Series of Stock in this Association have been over Fourteen Per Cent.

Initiation Fee, 25 Cents per Share. Subscriptions to Stock payable in weekly instalments of 25 Cents per Share. The management is prudent and economical, as is shown by the fact that the Association has sustained no

losses, and its annual expenses, in-

cluding taxes, are only about Two

Hundred Dollars. J. D. CROOM, President. W. B. HARKER, Secretary.