What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea -the Mother's Friend.

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or opium in any form. The several years I have recommended

"The use of Castoria is so universal and Costoria, and shall always continue to do its merits so well known that it seems a costoria, and shall always contains to the work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep EDWIN F. PARDER, M. D. Castoria within casy reach." CARLOS MARTEN, D. D.,

New York City,

Though, Mabel, scarce an hour is past Since first you opened that romance. Already now to "Part the Last"

You turn a surreptitious ginnee. Why, surely soon enough you'll learn The fate of each fictitious friend. You've scarcely done with chapter one Before you want "to know the end."

Well, if the bard might moralize,

So, Mabel, in the tale of life,

tonic pations in arms.

Review.

for the rest of his life.

with the rooted prejudices that sur-

rounded the senate of Rome and the

gods of the capitol. And Constantine,

the half conscious and half convinced

agent of the great change-the change

from the ancient world to the modern

world, from polytheism to Christianity

-saw in the church and bishop of Rome

ture. Dante tells us that "Cæsar became

Deplorable Ignorance.

Whatever lot the fates may send,

Fulfill each day as best you may, Nor strive too soon to know the end. —Anthony C. Deane in Temple Bar.

REMOVING A CAPITAL.

He would remark, I think, that man, Inroughout existence, ever tries

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Southerland & Cowan.

The heroine's stupendous feats, The hero's indignation fine. At which the wicked duke retreats, 108, 110 Second Street, between Princess and Chesnut. Quite routed all along the line, The noble deeds, the stirring scenes, To none of these will you attend Till certain quite that all comes right, That marriage bells are at the end.

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Prices Uniform to All Comers. Heurse Exclusive for Whites \$5.00. Carriage for merral, \$2.50, Hear-e for White and Colore . \$4.00 fore and Buggy one hour, \$1.00; afternoon \$2.00. a mage Team and Driver one hour, \$1.00; a ternoor, a0 Horse and Surry one hour, \$1.00; afternoon, a0 earn and 'rap one hour, \$1.00; afternoon, a0 Earnight Horse one hour, \$0 cents; afternoon, a0 Earnither Wagon with careful attention, \$1.00

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WEDDING IN NORWAY

AN MOHORED GUEST TELLS OF ITS AMUSING FEATURES.

The Spirit of Reveiry Runs High, and the Festivities Last Until Everybody Is Tired Out-Drinking the Health of the Newly Wedded Pair.

A country wedding in Norway is an interesting sight to behold, and, besides being amusing, I should think, is quite unique in its way. It is not so much the actual church ceremony, although that is strange enough in its simplicity, as the after proceedings which find such charms for the stranger.

When I was traveling in the neighborhood of the great Justedal glacier, I was invited to join in some wedding festivities, and the privilege of being the honored guest is one I shall not soon forget.

I was rather behind my time, and when I reached the village the good people were returning from the church. The first thing I caught sight of was a troop of gayly dressed men and women collected in the street and marching along to the tunes of an antique fiddle. Some were dancing, some were singing. and the older inhabitants, who had reached the age when such frivolities no longer charm, were puffing away at

their curious, long, wooden pipes, the old women enjoying the fumes of smoke, if anything, more than the men. The younger girls were most gorgeous ly arrayed in snow white caps and massive ornaments of gold. Their dresses were gay with every color of the rainbow. All the musical accompaniment was supplied by one old fiddler, but those simple folk enjoyed the erratio squeaking every bit as much as if it had Century.

been the finest orchestra in the world under the charge of some celebrated conductor. The new made wife, covered with

blushes, looked sweetly picturesque in her bright red skirt and snow white bodice, and her jewelry tinkled like fairy cymbals as she walked or rather gently swayed along.

Her most conspicuous ornament was the bridal crown, which it is the ambition of every village girl to wear. It is the property of the whole parish and is generally under the charge of the priest, who hands it over just before the ceremony. High above the maiden's head it stood, looking most imposing, as the sun glistened on the many jewels which were set around it.

I joined the merry throng, the men raising their caps and the women courtesying low when they caught sight of me. Then I followed the party up some narrow steps. to the first floor of a big thatched barn belonging to the father of the bride. An old oak chair was dragged forward to receive my portly person, and I sat me there and wondered greatly what on earth was coming next.

The Emperor Constantine's Momenton The villagers ranged themselves round the long, low room, on one side the Change From Rome to Constantinople. The removal of the imperial capital girls, opposite them the young men, the from Rome to Byzantium was one of matrons at the top and the elders at the bottom. Then the bride retired, of the most decisive acts on record-a signal monument of foresight, genius and course accompanied by her husband, will. Madrid, St. Petersburg and Berlin and changed her ceremonious garments for lighter attire. I thought her wise are also capital cities created by the act when I saw what followed. owerful ruler. But none of the foundations can compare in scale and in When the pair returned-and during importance with the tremendous task of their absence there was silence in the moving the scat of empire 1,000 miles barn-a huge bowl was offered to me to the east, from the center of Italy to filled with the national beverage. I the coast of Asia, from a Latin to a looked at it aghast. Was I to drink it Greek city, from a pagan to a Christian all? They intimated I was to wish them population. The motives which impelhealth. I touched it with my lips. Then led Constantine to this momentous step the bride bent her pretty head and took were doubtless complex. Since the time of Trajan Rome had not been the cona sip. That one taste was enough for me. But there was more to come. stant residence of the emperors, except They signed that I was to go on of Antoninus Pius, nor the regular seat of drinking." I shut my eyes and did so. government. Since the time of Diocle-tian Rome had been abandoned as the Between every two drafts the bride bowed her head and courtesied before official center of the empire. Many me. At last it seemed I might leave off. But, no; I had to go through it all again with the bridegroom until the places east of it had been tried, and Constantine, when resolved on the great change, seriously contemplated two, if not three, other sites. It had long been bowl was empty. And when that time came I was heartily glad, for the drink was strong, and a liking for it'is most agreed that the imperial seat must be ransferred toward the east, and there surely one that could only be acquired was an instinctive sense that the valley by long acquaintance. And now the husband led his bride of the Tiber was no longer safe from the incessant onward march of the Teuinto the middle of the room and tripped one of those graceful pas deux pecul-The tendency was to get somewhere

ART IN ST. PETER'S. There Are Few Pictures or Frescoes In

Nothing perhaps is more striking a me becomes better acquainted with St. Peter's than the constant variety of de tail. The vast building produces at first sight an impression of harmony, and there appears to be a remarkable uni-

formity of style in all the objects one There are no oil paintings to speak of in the church and but few frescoes. The great altar pieces are almost exclusively ine mosaic copies of famous pictures which are preserved elsewhere. Of these reproductions the best is generally con-sidered to be that of Guercino's "St. Petronilla" at the end of the right aisle of the tribune. Desbrosses praises these mosaic altar pieces extravagantly, and even expresses the opinion that they are probably superior in point of color to the originals, from which they are cop-

ied. In execution they are certainly wonderful, and many a stranger looks at them and passes on believing them to be oil paintings.

They possess the quality of being imperishable and beyond all infinence of climate or dampness, and they are mas-terpieces of mechanical workmanship. But many will think them hard and unsympathetic in outline and decidedly crude in color. Much wit has been manufactured by the critics at the expense of Guido Reni's "Michael," for instance, and as many sharp things could be said about a good many other works of the same kind in the church. Yet, on the whole, they do not destroy the general harmony. Big as they are, when they are seen from a little distance, they

The Glacier of the Dead Plain.

The finest scenery in this part of our journey, at the west end of the famous Bernese oberland, was that of the gla

cier of the great Dead plain. We did not see it until we were on its edge and the white expanse spread before us. It fills a kind of elliptical hollow, some two miles long by a mile wide. Once on its smooth, large surface the external world is shut out by a ring of low mountain wall. Not a trace of human activity can be seen in any direction. The largeness, simplicity and seclusion of this strange snowfield make it unique. We traversed its longest diameter. The snow fortunately remained hard throughout the hour of our passage, thanks to a cool breeze and a veiled sun. The surface was beautifully rippled and perfectly clean .- "A Thousand Miles Through the Alps," by Sir

"Bulls" Not Irish.

Those who are not Irishmen sometimes trespass on Irish property. A French cure, preaching about sudden death, said, "Thus it is with us-we go to bed well and get up stone dead!'

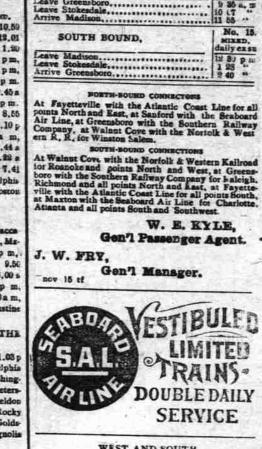
An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had -just bought, added, "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His elerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."



and the second





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read it, whether Republican or Democrat.



ription for One Month, stantly postponing the wedding? Mrs. Widdoweeds—Ah, my dear, you including Sunday - - - 40 cents Two Months and a Half - - \$1.00

iar to the country. At last, hot and flushed, they stopped south of the Danube and within reach of Asia Minor and the Euphrates. The and stood before me. A tiny silver cup greater chiefs had all felt that the emwas held out, and I was asked to drink pire must be recast, both politically and their health again, this time in cognac. spiritually. By the fourth century it I did so without daring to think of the was clear that the empire must break morrow.

This was the signal for the dancing to commence in earnest. Only four peo--two men and two women-were allowed to dance at one time, but as soon as they stopped, exhausted, others slipped in and took their places, and the old fiddler scraped away until I thought his arm must break.

a power which would never be his crea-Presently there was a lull. Two women, dressed in gauzy, wavy dresses, step ped into the middle. They were the vil-lage dancers. Then followed a marvela Greek in order to give place to the Roman pastor." There is much in this, but it is not the whole truth, for Cæsar ous exhibition of high kicking. It was might have become a Spaniard, or a a veritable triumph in the terpsicho rean art, for every few steps they touch-Gaul, or an Illyrian. Dante might have ed the ceiling with their shoes, and the added that Cæsar became an oriental in order to give place to the Goth. Conlouder the click of their shoes the loudstantinople from the first was a Chriser came the applause. And so the night hours slipped away unheeded. Dance foltian city, with an orthodox church, but it was a church that was from the first a department of the state.—Fortnightly lowed dance and song followed song, until at last they could keep awake no longer, and, with a kiss to the bride and the bridegroom, one and all depart-

A Vigorous Old Lady.

which time she married Zebedee Pratt,

a pensioner of the war of 1812. Soon

after she sold her stores and part of her

real estate, investing the proceeds in

ed.-Hartford Times.

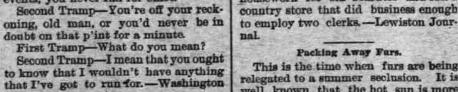
General John McNeil, who was a brother-in-law of President Pierce and major general of the New Hampshire One of these aged Maine people, Mrs. Sally Pratt of Norway, who is 98 years old, is getting newspaper attention as an investor, managing her property militia at one time, is said to have been considerably incensed when he met any one who appeared to be ignorant of the wounds and honors he had won on the without assistance, and, it is said, so as field of battle.

to make money by every venture. Mrs. Pratt, whose maiden name was Sally During the war with Great Britain he Gardener, was the daughter of John was shot while mounted on his faithful horse, receiving a severe wound in the Gardener, a fisherman and small farmer at Poland, and when 28 years old she knee, which caused him to walk stifly married Jacob Brown, the young couple settling on a small farm in Poland. By

"How did you hurt your knee, genindustry and frugality they acquired considerable property, including real eseral?" asked a young man whom the old officer characterized as a "whipper snapper" one day from a certain lack of respectfulness in his air and manner. "Did you have a fall?" tate and two country stores. Mr. Brown died in 1850, and his widow managed the business for ten years, at the end of

"Yes, sir," snorted the general indig-nantly. "I fell off a horse! You never read the history of your country, did you, sir?"-Youth's Companion.

bank stock, etc. As an instance of Mrs. Pratt's industry in her younger days, it is told that one winter, during her hus-Constitutionally Disgualified. First Tramp-It seems funny to me, pard, that with your fondness for debate band's absence in Aroostook, she took and your general interest in public care of 20 cattle and horses, did the housework for six boarders and ran a events, you never ran for office. Second Tramp-You're off your reck-



relegated to a summer seclusion. It is well known that the hot sun is more disastrons to a seal sack or cape than a whole winter's wear, and it is the Philosophical. Miss Crummer-Why are you con-

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine for any season, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid, exhausted ceiing prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteract ing and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters 50c and \$1 00 per bottle at R. R BELLAM/'S Drug Store. +



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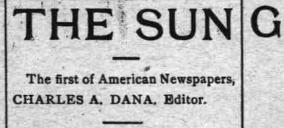
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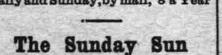
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