To pare a pair of pares; A rake, though, often takes a rake To tear away the tares. All rays raises thyme, time razes all; And through the whole, hole wears. And writ in writing "right" may write It "write" and still be wrong:

For "write" and "rite" are And don't to write belong. Beer often brings a bier to many, Coughing a coffin brings,

And too much ale will make us ail As well as other things. The person lies who says he lies When he is but reclining.

And when consumptive folks decline
They all decline declining.

A quail don't quail before a storm, A bough don't bow before it; We cannot reign the rain at all, No earthly power reigns o'er it. A dyer dyes awhile, then dies; The dye ne's always dyeing, Uatil, upon his dying bed.

He thinks no more of dyeing. The son of Mars mars many a sun; All deys must have their days; 'Tis meet that men should mete out To feed misfortune's son.

The fair should fare on love alone, Else one cannot be won. The springs spring forth in Spring, and Shoot forward one and all; Though Summer kills the flowers, it eaves shoots.

The leaves to fall in Fall, I would a story here commence, But you might find it stale; So let's suppose that we have reached The tail end of our tale. -Educational Gazette,

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

- It is the hasty word repressed that makes speech golden. - Most troubles will run when we look them squarely in the face.

- If we would only postpone our bad deeds as long as we postpone our good ones! - Let those who thoughtfully

consider the brevity of life remember the length of eternity. - There is nothing the devil

makes much more use of in this world than a tattling tongue. - Open your heart every morn-

ing to Christ. Let him enter and repair the strings that sin has broken, and sweep them with skillfu l fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the day. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for

- Make the love and service of God the chief thing in your life, and your face will be glorified with the beauty of saintly character, your deeds will breathe the undying fragrance of sincerity and truth, and your soul will rejoice in the consciousness of eternal rectitude and eternal progress.- Zion's

- The whole sum of life is service. Service to others and not to self. Self is a narrow space. I wish to speak to the young men who have just opened the door of life, and to the old men who are just before the door that opens to life beyond. Life is not an existence for self. It is this service that is the exponent of a successful life. To determine what success a life may attain is to see how much a life may accomplish for the bettering of humanity .- Phillip Brooks

Almost 2 MA Distracted



ID YOU EVER suffer from real ner vousness? When every nerve seemed to quiver with a peculiar, creepy feeling, first in one place, and then another and all seemed finally to concentrate in a writhing jumble in the brain, and you become irritable, fretful and peevish; to be followed by an impotent, weakened condi tion of the nerve centers, ringing in the ears, and sleepless, miserable nights? Mrs. Eugene Searles Dr. Miles' 110 Simonton St., Elk-hart, Ind., says: "Ner-Nervine

vous troubles had made Restores me nearly insane and physicians were unable Health..... to help me. My memory was almost gone and every little thing I really feared I was becoming a maniac. imagined all sorts of evil things and would cry over nothing. I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and four bottles of this wonderful remedy completely cured me, and I am as well now as I ever was."

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on guarante first bottle will benefit or money refunde Dr. Miles' Pain Pills cure Neuralgia. No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS, CURE All Pain "One cent a dase." For sale by all Druggists.
June 15 ly sa tu th

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Wants, and other short miscellaneous adverti ements has reed in this Department, in le séed Nonpareil type, on first or fourth page, at Publisher's option, for I cent per word each insertic n; but no advertisement taken for less than 20 cents. Terms post i sely cash in advance.

Bids Wanted-For the erection and for the carpenter and Mason work of four two-story dwellings to be erected on Second street, between Ann and Orange streets. For plans and specification apply to H. E. Buitz, Architect and Superintendent, Photographs -A poor Photograph is one of the poorest things in the world. Remember I guaran

the you first class Photos at reasonable rates. U. C Ellis, 114 Market street. Business men whose families are absent from the city, and others, will find good meals and luncher

at Cook's Restaurant, No. 9 Market street, aug 8 140 Just received-One barrel Concord Wine, good for sacramental and medicinal purposes. For sale cheap by W. P. Oldham, No 12 Dock street.

Bo you speculate? "Guide to Successful Speculation" mailed free. Wheat, provision, cotton and stock speculation on limited margins thoroughly explained. Comespondence solicited. Warren, Ford & Co., 11 Wall Street, New York,

Wanted-Your property en my list, if it is for sale. W. M. Cumming, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public, 125 Princess street. ('Phone 256.) jy 12 tf

Wanted-A number of good people to call and see my fine line of Gr.ceries. Watermelo s and pes received fresh from the farm every day. Chas. D. Jacobs, 2171/2 North Front street. jy 11 tf | SOn's Weekly.

For the best and most complete line of Grocerie at the lowest city prices, call at Charles D. Jacobs' Retail Grocery Store. No. 2171/2 North Front street. ative de ivery men and clerks will hastle up the

Beans, Cucumbers, etc. For sale at Jao, S. McRachern's Grain and Feed Store 211 Market Maydem, P. El., has in stock buggles, road zers and harmon of all kinds. Repairing done by hillful workman on short notics. Opposite new

The Weekly Star.

AFTER READING SIR EDWIN ARNOLD Give me red loamy poppy lands this autumn night,
Let Lethe's stream flow soft 'twixt banks of moon drenched rue,
Let me not waken in that paradise of light
Where sleeps the bulbul with a waft of song and—you.

But let me dream and through the silvery plaisance roam
Where lemon grass grows spearlike and the
blue doves coo.
There may I pluck white lotus from the whit-And on the rippled shores find peace and love

Go with me. Find with me the sun bird's golden nest Hid 'neath a musky branch of amaranth and Shake not the leafage dense, but let us love and rest.

I love your lute when silent and your lips

So will we dream within the cloistered green and gold

Where sapphired wings are folded all the
warm night through,
And when we wake enclasped in new love
ne'er grown old
I will content my love with rest and morning

and with—you.

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

A NEW YORK EPISODE. The Small Boy Knew More Than & Crowd and the Two Policemen. A grocer's wagon came out of a side street and started across Amsterdam ave-

nue. In the middle of the avenue the

horse slipped and fell. He lay across the up town car track, and the wagon stood on the down town track. The driver jumped out and stood by

"Hold his head down!" shouted a man from the sidewalk.

Two laborers, big, strong fellows, were passing. They sprang forward and held the head of the fallen horse close to the ground. Two other men came and sat on

the animal's neck. An up town car had come up and stop-ped. A moment later a down town car was blocked, and both drivers went forward to the fallen horse and offered suggestions. The conductor of the down town car caught hold of the wagon and tried to lift it off the track. He was not strong enough and swore softly. A policeman came, and at his heels a

crowd. The horse was still down, and six men were sitting on his neck. The crowd increased. Two more cars came up, and the four drivers and conductors swore. So did the passengers.

A policeman from the next post came up on a run and attempted to scatter the crowd. That made the crowd larger. They formed a circle about the fallen

Everybody asked everybody else what it was all about, and the policeman said, "Get t'ell out o' here!" A small boy, with a cloth cap over his ears and a roller skate on one foot, slipped past the policeman and got inside the cir-

The fallen horse had ceased to struggle Nine men were holding him down. "Say!" said the small boy in a piping voice, and the crowd glared at him. "Why d'ell don't youse let d' hoss get

The men got off the horse and looked foolish. The animal was on his feet in a moment. The driver jumped on his wagon and said. "Gwan!" The two policemen turned to the van ishing crowd and said, "Get t'ell out o'

The small boy with one roller skate caught the tailboard of a passing car and held on for a block before the conductor fanned him .- New York Sun.

The Ark Born Man.

Hundreds of the ancient gleaners of miscellaneous curios, legends, myths and tra-ditions give us to understand that Cush was born on the ark. Others claim that there was a child born on the sacred vessel, but that it was sacrificed to one of the wild beasts, Noah declaring that no person should leave the ark who had not gone on board in the regulation manner. The weight of the evidence as it is given by the Talmudio writers is to the effect that Cush is the person referred to by the old time mystery gleaners when they speak of the "ark born" man. The sacred books, as well as the scores of Biblical encyclopedias, handbooks of ancient history, etc., are silent on the subject. In a reprint of one of the rare old "Saxon Chronicles" I find a clew to the mystery, and another slight hint in an explanatory note in Her-bert's "Nimrod." In the "Saxon Chronicles" the following occurs: "Bedwig was the son of Shem, who was the son of Noah, and he (Bedwig) was born on the ark." Herbert's note in "Nimrod," volume 2, page 37, says, "Kybele is the ark, and as Cush was begotten in the ark his posterity were in a peculiar sense descended from that ship." Although Herbert makes no direct reference to the fact of Cush being actually born in the ark, he speaks of him in several places as "Cush, the ark born." The Talmudic writers discredit the Bedwig story, but declare that Cush was born on the day that "God's covenant" (the rainbow) first appeared .- St. Louis Republic.

"Making a Landfall." Having secured his pilot, it is the cap-That is to say, he wishes to come in sight of some well known chiect on shore which. being marked down on his chart, will show him just where he is and how he must steer to find the entrance to the har-

A special lighthouse is usually the object ought and in approaching New York harbor it is customary for steamers from Eu-rope to first find or 'sight" Fire Island lighthouse. This is on a little sandy island near the coast of Long Island. Besides the lighthouse there is on this island a signal and telegraph station. When, therefore, the liner steams in sight of Fire Island light, she hoists two signals, one of which tells her name and the other the welfare of those on board. The operator then tele graphs to the ship's agent in New York that she has been sighted and that all on board are well or are otherwise.

The ship's course is then laid to reach the most prominent object at the harbor entrance, in this case Sandy Hook light-ship. She is easily recognized; a big, cradle shaped hull painted red, with two stumpy masts having black ball shaped cages on top of them. If it were night, she would be found by a light at her masthead flashing brightly white for 13 seconds and invisible for 3.—Lioutenant John M. Ellicott in St. Nicholas cott in St. Nicholas.

A Scottish farmer, who was a little absentminded, was one day going into Perth with a load of hay. He led the horse out of the stable, but instead of backing it into the shafts of the wagon, he absentmindedly led the animal along the road. and never as much as looked behind him till he walked into the yard. leading the horse where the hay was to be delivered.

"Where will I back it into?" he cried to the stableman standing by. "Back in what?" asked the man. "The hay, you stupid idiot."

daft gowk." Turning round, to his consterns tion the farmer for the first time apprehended the fact that he had left the wagon at home and brought the horse alone. In his hurry to repair the error he started off at a trot, and was half way back to his own farm before he realized the fact that he had left the horse behind.—Pear-

All War Requisites Furnished.

Proprietor of Big Iron Works—If I un Proprietor of Big Iron Works—If I understand you correctly, you wish to place an order for armor plate that no cannon shot can pierce. We are turning out that kind of thing every day, and"—
Agent of Foreign Government—No, you misunderstand. I wish to know if you can manufacture a cannon that can pierce any armor plate?

Proprietor—Certainly, sir. We are deing that kind of thing every day.—London Tit-Bits.

THE LITERARY HACK

ANDREW LANG EXPLAINS HOW HE UNDERSTANDS THE TERM.

As One Who Should Be an Authority on the Subject His Defense of the Trade and Some of Its Followers Is Entitled to

In some literary journal a "hack" was defined lately as a man who writes politics on either or any side indifferently. A hack might do this, and Dr. Maginn, a famous hack of old days, is said to have done it. Whether the charge is true or not I have no means of ascertaining, but the definition, in any case, is not good. It is too narrow in one sense and too wide in another. A hack is a hired person of all work. A political hack is a wire puller and intriguer, a busy writer and speaker and whisperer, who, in one shape or an-other, is paid for his services. He may serve only one side and serve it steadily, but he is a hack for all that. He works for pay, not, like the nobler kind of poli-tician, for love, ambition, patriotism or what you please.

Now, by parity of reasoning, a literary

hack is a writer of all work who writes for pay, and, if he were not paid, could not write. As distinguished from a Chesterfield or Walpole or Gray, he accepts jobs, not, in the first place, because he likes them, but because he must. A banker like Mr. Grote, a peer like Lord Mahon, a poet like Wordsworth or Keats, or almost any poet, is not a hack, because he only any poet, is not a hack, because he only works as he chooses. He is paid if he is lucky, but he does not primarily write for pay. Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Southey, Scott (in his last years), Defoe (always), Collins (unsuccessfully), were all hacks, and we of the profession need not be ashamed of them. They wrote articles, reports of speeches, translations, essays, and so forth, because they needed money, not because they were fascinated disinterestedly by their themes. The "Life of Napoleon" was hack work; so was the dictionary; so were Goldsmith's histories; so were Southey's articles in The Quarterly Review. But Macaulay's essays Quarterly Review. But Macaulay's essays in the Edinburgh Review could not be called back work. They were spontaneous. A great man of letters, now dead—one who held a high literary post—described himself sadly as "a dependent on literature." He was not his own master, but he defined or described a hack as one who wrote the same thing over and over again in several places, as hacks are very apt to do. Nobody can have more than a certain stock of ideals, and any one who writes in several serials is pretty certain to conform to this definition of a hack. An author who merely repeats himself in his books, as certain philosophers do, is in a different kind of position. He has no master in the form of an editor to whom he owes originality which he cannot pay. I do not mean that reiterating certain ideas, philosophical, political, religious, is back work. They need to be driven into the public head by repeated hammerings. But the hack repeats not only his ideas, but his illustrations. Hazlitt was a hack, and his favorite illustrations, quotations and so forth betray him by their reappearances. In this matter we all sin, but the sin is one of which we ought to be watchful. The hack has commonly been spoken of contemptuously, because we have not shaken off the old opinion that literature cannot be honestly or honorably plied as a profession. Our ancestors allowed only to disinterested genius a right to ply the pen.

frowned upon and laughed at. The notions of Major Pendennis, who had a back for nephew, still exist. To be a hack, people think, is to be destitute of genius and mechanical, yet we could easily add to our list men of genius who were hacks, like Thackeray in his early career, like Hood, like a hundred others of honorable names. The notion is that the artist takes pleasure in his work, while the hack does not. But the hack can elevate his function by doing it with pleasure, with zest, whatever the work may be. A man may delight, if he be happily tempered, even in making an index. To make an index is really rather enjoyable, and a good index even will not be compiled without enjoyment. A man may subtly enforce his own ideas or cunningly indulge his humor even in this apparently mechanical labor. A dictionary offers him still better openings. No doubt Dr. Johnson enjoyed his own dictionary. I can conceive a man writing with a zest even sermons at half a crown. They will scarcely be worth the half crown if he does not. The lowly estate is also elevated by its motive, which may be the support of a family or may be the desire to find means

Mercenary talent, however he

for living and writing spontaneously. Southey wrote his articles and blogra-phies, which were well paid, that he might se able to afford to write his poems and distories, which were probably very ill paid. The hack who would keep his self respect must ever have on hand some spontaneous work. It may be and probably will be unremunerative. The world does not want a man's best thoughts. Still less does it want his learning. Very likely his best thoughts are not, in fact, nearly so good or taking as his second or third best. But he does not easily resign himself to believe this, and it is well for him to put what he thinks the cream of himself into epics and treatises which noody buys, while his skimmilk finds a eady market. It keeps up a man's heart and self respect and makes him, if a back, still not all a back, but a soul which has its hours of freedom. And then there is always the mirage of posterity.—Andrew Lang in London Illustrated news.

A QUEER ANIMAL

The Australian Duckbill Carries a Sting

In One Leg. Australia certainly holds the palm for queer and uncouth animals. Chief among these is the duckbill, or ornithorhynchus, which Sidney Emith described as "a kind of mole with webbed feet and the bill of a duck, which agitated Sir Joseph Banks and rendered him miserable from his utter inability to decide whether it was a bird or a beast." It was only recently that it was proved beyond a doubt that this curious animal lays eggs like a bird, though this had long been reported by travelers. Now comes the news that it has a sting on its hind leg, capable of killing by its poisonous effects. We quote from The

"For a long time it was considered to be quite harmless and destitute of any weapon of offense, although the hind legs of the males were armed with a powerful spur, apparently connected with a gland. Then the opinion was advanced that this might be a weapon allied to the poisonous armory of snakes, scorpions and bees, all of which possess a sort of hypodermic poison syringe. Though one set of observers asserted that this was the case, another set denied it, and so Dr. Stuart determined, if possible, to solve this question. He received two independent accounts, which coincided perfectly, and from them he concludes that at certain seasons, at all events, the secretion is virulently poisonons. The mode of attack is not by scratching, but by lateral inward move-ments of the hind legs. Two cases are reported in dogs. One dog was 'stung' three times, the symptoms much resembling these from bee or hornet poison. The dog was evidently in great pain and very drowsy, but there were no tremors, convulsions or staggering. It is worthy of note that a certain immunity seems obtainable, for the dog suffered less on the second occasion and still less on the third. Two cases of men being wounded are reported, in both of which the animals were irritated, one by being shot and handled, the other by being handled only; the symptoms were the same as in the dog. No deaths are reported in human beings, but four in dogs."—Literary Digest.

Violets For Day. Violets do not make a pretty table decoration after the gas is lighted, but they are lovely for a daylight luncheon. A clever way is to have them arranged in bunches and then massed together in a silver bowl and placed in the center of the table. At the end of the luncheon the bowl is resembled and each lead to the luncheon the

bowl is passed, and each lady helps herself to a bunch of the fragrant flowers.



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A despairing man, who had applied to us, A despairing man, who had appropriately appeared to his everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday, and my new self old self had died yesterday, and my new self old self had died yesterday, and my new self old self had died yesterday. Why didn't you tell me was born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this

when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus:

"H 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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To those who e accounts are due we would respectfully say. Please pay at once. It is necessary. To those whose accounts will be due we would respectfully say: Please pay promptly when due. It is necessary. To those who have been dealing with us we would in gratitude say: Thank you, with the hope that you and we have been mutually brighted, and that you will continue to wear our Shoes. It is necessary. To those who have dealt with us and feel like they did not get full value for what they paid, we would say kindly let us know it, that we may have the chance to set the matter right. It is necessary. To those who have never dealt with us we would earnestly say: When in need of Shoes give us s trial. It is necessary. To all we extend a most cordial invitation to wear our Shoes. It is nece sary.

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Literature Claims His Existence, but Non-Mosts Him In Reni Life. A writer in the Buffalo Courier represents some one as asking this interesting question: "Did you ever know any one who could converse brilliantly at breakfast?" The question is a good one. Why, indeed, should not conversation be brilliant at the breakfast table, when the brain is fresh, yesterday's worries have all been slept over and today's have yet to come? And were not the genial autocrat, professor and poet speakers at a breakfast oome? And were not the genial autocrat, professor and poet speakers at a breakfast table where surely the conversation was nearly akin to brilliancy? There are other books that give, as early morning talk, conversations which their authors think worth printing, and now and then in the journal or the letters of a great man there is a reference to a breakfast table discussion.

Yet what one of us has ever really come in contact with brilliant talk at 8 a. m.? The very fishballs and buckwheat cakes are humble, lowly, reassuring viands that somehow do not inspire the eloquence that comes with the pungent flavor of the venison, the coel self confidence suggested by the orange toe, the epigrammatic tersoness of the after dinner coffee, the genial sunniness of the fruits and the sweetness of Even clothes make a difference, for more

or less we always talk on the level of what we wear—unconsciously perhaps—and it is one thing to eat with a watch in your hand and the work before you and another with the watch in your pocket and the work accomplished, which is the dif-ference to most men between their breakfast and late dinner.

We are reminded, to be sure, that there are social functions known as "break-

fasts," and the talk must be somewhat interesting and clever, or they would have long ago died out. But these "breakfasts" take place at noon, and the buckwheat cakes and fishballs have been privately and individually served to the guests some hours before, and so these are breakfasts in name only. There is, too, another evidence that the

animal nature has the better of the spiritual usually at the breakfast hour in the circumstance that the French, who could not bear to be conversationally dull at a meal, take the first one of the day in bed How very clever they are, and what a rep-utation for unfalling geniality, quickness and fascination this one custom perhaps has given to them! We believe that the most glowing description of a brilliant talker would be that he (or she) was so at the breakfast table.-Rochester Post-Ex-

BURGLAR FRANK M'COY. His Escape From Jail and Life In a Board

big Frank McCoy, the burglar, exhibited great coolness in his escape from the county jail at New Castle, Del. He had been convicted of an attempted bank burglary at Wilmington and was sentenced to punishment at the whipping post and a long term of imprisonment. His counsel tried hard to save him from the whipping post, but in vain, and the convict took i specially hard that a criminal of his rank should be subjected to so humiliating as

The jall at New Castle was conducted n a domestic fashion, and the prisoners, all idle, since Delaware has no peniten tiary properly so called, gradually came to know all of the sheriff's family. The sheriff's house indeed was part of the jail structure. McCoy made his escape by way of the domestic apartments, and in doing so encountered the wife of Sheriff Grubb. That lady was of enormous bulk, and consequently of great deliberation in her movements. According to her account McCoy said to her: "Goodby, Mrs. Grubb. I'm going to

leave you," and she replied forbidding him and threatening to scream.

She was too much astonished and un nerved, however, to give the alarm im-mediately, and when she finally recovered herself, McCoy was away with the pals that awaited him just outside the jail with a carriage and a swift horse. One of the most remarkable phases McCoy's life was his residence with his wife at a boarding house at New Haven. The pleasant manners of the wife and the ease and suavity of the husband recommended them to their fellow boarders, and

they came to be on friendly terms with some of the best known people in the uni-versity town. The occasional absences of the husband were explained by the wife as resulting from business engagements and the pleasant relations between the burglar not as a money-making scheme. and his distinguished acquaintances went on for months, until it came like a thunder clap to the latter that he was a notorious criminal under suspicion for recen burglary.—New York Sun.

A SCENE AT THE HOSPITAL.

Experiences of a Professional Man Wh Said That Doctors Were Heartless. An opinion was expressed by a profes sional man the other day that doctors were a heartless lot of people, and the man who expressed it backed it up with an incident he had witnessed in a hospital. A patient was suffering from hydropho-bia, and the professional man, who was

looking at the sufferer, asked the doctor: "Does the sight of water throw him into a spasm?"
"You can see for yourself," replied the doctor, and he produced a glass of water, the sight of which brought on a spasm horrible to witness. Some time later, when the ward where

the sufferer was lying was visited by two physicians, one of them asked the attend-ing doctor:
"What is his condition? Has he got any chance of getting well?"

"He is very low," was the reply. "He's likely to dis any minute. You'll be at the

autopsy tomorrow, won't you?"
"That shocked me," said the profession al man. "It was all right, I know. The patient didn't understand, but the idea was shocking. It was cold blooded. It doesn't seem to me that a human being could ever permit himself to become so callous. But they do. I want to say right now that if I am ever sick I shall protest against going to a hospital so long as there is breath in my body. I'll die at home or in the street, but no hospital ever gets me, remember that."—New York Sun.

Love For the Zigrag. The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavor to avoid it in the streets and buildings and have banish-ed it completely where country field paths

They will always substitute a curve whenever possible, or they will torture it into a zigsag. In many districts not sub-ject to the influence of a foreigner the houses and temples are characterized by curved and often peaked roofs, ornamented with fantastic modifications of the "myriad stroke pattern."
The inhabitants of such regions are soon

found to have a mental world to correspond. The straight line is scouted. They think in curves and rigzags. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons. It belongs not to the heaven above nor to the earth beneath. In a true horizon line are seen the "un-dulations of the dragon."

A Woman's Whim.

An old lady, a regular client of mine, said a London pawnbroker, has for some years regarded me in the light of her bankyears regarded me in the light of her banker, and I am perfectly willing that she should regard me in the same light many years to come. She has a comfortable fortune of her own, some government stock and some hundreds of pounds in cash. The latter she intrusts to me—pawns it with me, in fact, for she has a lively horror of banks, believing that if she deposited her hundreds with any one of them it would instantly smash. She comes here every Monday morning, redeems her gold bags, takes £3 ont, pays the interest upon the transaction, repawns the money, pays for the ticket and goes away as happy and contented as if she were getting 2½ per cent for her money instead of paying it to me. Funny idea, isn't it?—Pearson's Weekly. me. Fr Weekly.

The Canadian Line. The Canadian Line.

The boundary line between Canada and the United States is marked with fron posts at mile intervals for a great part of its length. Calrns, earth mounds and timber posts are also used, and through the forests and swamps a line a rod wide olear of trees and underwood has been out. Across the lakes artificial islands have been made to support the calrns, which rise about eight feet above the high water mark.



from morning till night—the woman who still uses soap for cleaning. The "Gold Dust" woman is through by noon-as fresh and bright as her house is clean.

Washing

makes one stroke serve for two in house clean. ing—and the saving of money is equal to the saving of labor. Sold everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY. Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia,

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Commencing Monday, the 20th lnst., WE OFFER SOME UNHEARD OF BARGAINS.

Your Choice of Ladies' Shirt Waists at 75 cts Former Price \$1.25 to 1.75.

Twenty Pieces 36-inch Percale at 6c Per Yrd Lawns at 10c Per Yard, Former Price 15 and 20 cts.

A Few Linens at 30c, Worth 50 and 60 cts All Millinery Goods for less than Cost. Don't Miss the Sale.

JOHNSON & FORE

If You Are Not A Customer

In Some Time and See Us! And look over our large department | very pretty, from 15 to 35c per yard. 10 dozen new Sailor Hats, from 10, 15, store. Customers that trade with us 25 to 50c. Our big line of fine Sailors, regularly know we have the best and largest selection of Dry Goods of every worth \$1.25, now reduced to 75c each.

make leaders of everything in our house, selling every article at the least possible price, and having only one price and that price the same to all. We have received this week samples of large Crayon and Water Colored Portraits, 16 by 20 inches, that we have made from any photograph you may wish, free of cost to you. We furnish you with a card to spend \$10.00 in cash money in our store. We have the Portrait enlarged for you free. Come and look at the work and get a card.

Received by express this week: 10 pieces of White Organdie, 33 inches wide, at 121/2 per yard.

8 pieces all wool Challie, 34 inches

children, with faucy bandles, at 5c; belter at 10c; four-blade Knives with buckborn handle at 25c; pearl handle at 25c.

Fine Razors at 75c, \$1.00, 1.25 each. Dress Goods daily received. You will find us at 112 North Front street, opposite the Orton House.

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By freight: 15 roles of fine heavy

Matting, beautiful goods, at 121/4 and

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Large Cotton Towels, 44 by 22 inches for 10c; Turkish Bath Towels for 5 and

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Large Doylies, I dozen in a bolt for

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At the close of Business July 14th, 1896, Condensed from Report to Comptroller.

RESOURCES. LIABILITIES. | Capital | \$125,000 to | Surplus | \$15,000 to | Surplus | \$15,000 to | \$17,567 to Total J. W. Norwood.

C. W. Worth, S. P. McNair. E. J. Powers, Sam'l Bear, Jr., H. L. Vollers, W. C. Coker, Jr. J. L. Coker, Hartsville, S. C., G. A. Norwood, Greenvile, S. C New York correspondent, Chemical National Bank.

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