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nov 6 W6m

WORTH WHILE. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant When life flows along like a song: But the man worth while is the one who will smile

When everything goes dead wrong; For the test of the heart is trouble. And it always comes with the years, And the smile that is worth the praise of

. Is the smile that comes through tears. It is easy enough to be prudent When nothing tempts you to stray: When without or within no voice of sin

Is luring your soul away: But it is only a negative virtue Until it is tried by fire. And the life that is worth the honor of

Is the one that resists desire. By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,

Who had no strength for the strife, The world's highway is cumbered to-day They make up the item of life. But the virtue that conquers passion, And the sorrow that hides a smile-It is these that are worth the homage of

For we find them but once in a while, SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

- When men's estates are littled up it is but too common for men's hearts to be puffed up. - The Lord's army was never de-

feated because the opposing army hadglants in it,-Ram's Horn. - The more a man has to say in charch the more it hurrs the cause of

true religion .- Ram's Horn. - Prayer is the golden key which should open the morning and lock up the evening - Bishop Hopkins.

- The more a stone is wounded by the hand of the engraver, the greater beauty is superinduced thereon. - The man who would have the power to move mountains must begin

on grains of sand .- Ram's Horn. - The way to ascend is to descend; the deeper a tree roots, the wider do its branches spread .- Ram's Horn. - The pure in heart see God in everything, and see him everywhere and

they are supremely blessed .- J. G. Hol-

- Earthly crowns crumble, earthly prizes fade, earthly pleasures pall. Attained, they are neither in themselves what we dreamed, nor do they lead on to better things. What a failure is the life which has made such things its chief desire! But how joyous, how rich, how now eternally progressive is the life which has been fixed upon earthly

- There is only one place where blessing can be obtained-waiting at the throne of grace. Let us open our hearts heavenward, sacrificing everything, with the one object of seeing what God can do for them that wait on him. If God gives us grace to say, "This one thing I do, I wait on the Lord," we may depend on it that he will arm and lead his people on to blessing and power such as they have not known.—Christian Neigh-

TWINKLINGS.

- "I hear they've laid off a number of hands down at the saw mill." "Yes; so the surgeon was telling me." -Chicago Journal.

- My wealth brings me no happiness, because I have neither kith nor kin." "To assist or to crow over."-Indianapolis Journal. - "George Maitland left his wife

a widow this morning."
"Poor dear, I'm so sorry for her." "But they say George didn't treat her

"Oh, it isn't that. With her sallow face she'il look just horrid in black."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. - Sister-There, you have candy all over your new suit! What will

Little Brother-Well, mamma won't et me have any fun in these clothes till

I get 'em spoiled .- Bostou Traveller. - "You'll save half your money by buying one of these patterns," said the clerk at the bargain counter. "Then I'll take two and save all my money," sweetly smiled the newly mar-ried shopper.—Detroit Free Press,

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June 15 1y as to th

FOR YOU AND ME. 'Come, Curly Head, 'tis eventide.
The birds are sleeping, closed the flowers.
And you are weary, little one,
A-sporting through the sunny hours.
Come, fold your hands and whisper low
Your mother's prayer for you tonight—
'Teach me, dear God, to love thee much
And do the right.'"

Not then I knew the words—ah, me! I since have tearned on life's rough road. That they alone are truly safe Who do love God, For everywhere, on every side,
I see the shackled human soul,
Driven by passion, want and wrong
Whither the wheels of fate swift roll.

And, oh, the sight is fraught with pain,
The bruised and bleeding throngs of men,
Who rightly are the sons of God,
And o'er my lips and o'er again
There surges that sweet mother prayer,
From mother lips long hid from sight—
"Teach us, O God, to love thee much
And do the right."
—Mattae Bonner in Philadelphia Press.

THE COFFEEPOT.

"Did you think of it, dear?" my wife asked me one morning over the breakfast table. "Father's birthday is day after tomorrow. What present are we to give him this year? Have you made up your mind?"

I was deeply interested in my paper, reading the report of our latest cause celebre, a murder trial, and not paying any attention to her remarks. I answered absentmindedly:

"Ten years state's prison." "W-h-a-t?" a startled expression coming into her eyes. "Drop that nonsense," she retorted hotly, "and give me a sensible answer if you can." I put the paper away and looked up, noticing for the first time that she was

in a temper and remembering the fool-

ish remark I had made.

"Pardon me, darling," I begged remorsefully. "You know well enough that I couldn't have meant the words in good earnest. I was so very deeply engrossed in the district attorney's address to the jury that I became somewhat confused. Overlook it and be friends. But to the point. What are we to give the old gentleman? A nice pocketbook?"
"Would that not be like throwing out an indelicate hint?" she replied, somewhat pacified.

"H'm! I don't know. Well, then, how about a morning cap of red, white and black, with a large tassel?"

"Or a comfortable house coat?" "No, no! I tell you what, a 'self actor nachine,' " she exclaimed triumphantly; "just the thing!" "A what?" I queried, shaking my

head incredulously. "Heaven defend us! What kind of a thing did you say? And what in the world is he to do with it?" You know, dear '-Anna was a excitement now-"how fond father is of good coffee; how he scolds the cook for not making the beverage to his liking. What does she know about making coffee anyway? Not long since I saw in Mrs. Faber's house a newly invented self actor extraction coffee and tea machine. I tell you that is exactly what father wants.

"So that is it! A coffee machine! I thought it was a sewing machine or some such thing. What did you call it? A self actor extraction and so forth machine? What a monstrous name! How

"But practical, unspeakably practical, I tell you. You pour the water into the boiler and then some coffee into a little bowl above. Then you light the alcohol beneath. The heated water is by means of a glass tube led from the boiler into the bowl. The boiler's weight diminishes as the water lessens. The latter therefore raises itself a trifle, thus releasing a spring attached to the cover of the alcohol lamp, which falls upon the lamp and extinguishes the flame. Do you understand?"

"Not the least bit!" was my energetic response. But my wife went on as though it mattered little whether I understood or whether I did not under-

"And as soon as the boiler has cooled off the beverage in the bowl, as the result of the pressure of the outer air-do you understand, now?"

"No!" I exclaimed more energetically than before, but with the selfsame result, for my better half kept on just as if I had replied "Yes" instead of

"As the result of the pressure of the outer air the now ready coffee runs by means of a sieve and the identical tube back into the boiler below. Then you can empty it into cups at your conven-ience," she concluded deliberately. "I

find that a wonderfully simple proce-

"Yes, surprisingly simple, my dear," I said doubtingly. "See here, wifey, I think I shall have to take another course in physiology and technology before I would be equal to comprehending the raising of the tube by air pressure and the dropping of the lamp cover as the result of the escape of heated water. And you really intend giving such a what do you call it machine as a present to your father? I am quite sure I don't care, but I bet your father will be displeased, simply because he will not be able to make head or tail of so complicated a thing."

"You have always fault to find with my propocitions," she pouted sensitively. "Always. But I take the bet. What is it to be for-a kiss?" "A kiss! As though an everyday affair like that were an object for a wa-

My wife laid the index finger of her right hand on to her little nose, her favorite attitude when in a reflective

"The other day," she said, "I noticed a splendid brooch in S.'s show window; just the thing.

"And I a rocking chair at F.'s, such as I always longed to possess," I added. "It is a bargain. Rocking chair against brooch! If your what do you call it ma chine does its duty, you will get your

brooch; if not, you are bound to buy me the chair. Shake on it!" "All right," my wife acquiesced in a

triumphant tone. She really purchased the extraction machine, which, to judge from appearances, was a pretty, neat and brightly polished little affair. The birthday arrived, and we solemnly assembled in her father's house and handed him the present, but he looked rather surprised. "Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Just look at this! A filtering machine. Did you ever? I must confess I like the idea, for our city water is not very clear, and

the supply is poor. It may come in "What are you talking about, my dear father?" my Anna interrupted ex-citedly and in an almost angry tone. "You do not really mean to say that you think our love is so trifling as to buy you a filtering apparatus for a birthday

The old man looked from one to the

other of us, embarrassed.

"God forbid," he said feelingly,
"that I should think so ill of my dear
children, but perhaps—yes, I know,
that's it; one of the newly invented patent electric night lamps, eh?". I grinned. Anna looked daggers at

"It is a new coffee machine, father, dear," said my wife's sister Fannie, whose head is always full of mischief. "You throw the beans in one side, and

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old man walked several times around the table, shaking his silvery locks and casting suspicious glances at the complicated thing before him. He looked positively frightened.

"Say, Otto," turning to me with an anxious face, "I hope that thing will not explode. We read every day dreadful stories about these new fangled patents in the papers. Please be careful, children, I beg of you."

"Why, father, the whole proceeding is so very simple," my wife pleaded.

the other. Plain as daylight."

this wonderful machine."

"Fannie, my child," said I, with all the dignity I could muster, "please go and bring some het water and the neces-sary ground coffee and give us a chance to demonstrate to father the utility of

Fannie did so. In the meantime th

old man walked several times aroun

is so very simple," my wife pleaded, defending her present. "Just read what it says here! I take the water," taking the vessel with the hot water from Fannie, "and pour it into the boiler like this see, just so. Aw!" she suddenly cried out. She had scalded her fingers. It was my turn now. "Please step aside," I said, going up to the table. "Let me try. You will injure yourself worse with your experimenting. Hand me the water, Fannie. That's it. Thank

you, dear! And now I'll light the lamp. Zounds, the stuff won't burn!" "It is prepared noninflammable alco-hol for medicinal purposes," said father. "Well, then, send for some that will burn, 'I cried, out of patience, after I had wasted a dozen or so matches in the vain attempt to ignite the lamp.
"I know what I am going to do. I am going to sacrifice my bottle of ean de

cologne," Fannie exclaimed magnani-mously. "What is the difference!" She ran off and pretty soon returned with the odorous fluid, emptying it into the lamp after I had poured out the 'medicated" alcohol. The cologne burned all right, and

pretty soon a low, melodious singing could be heard, showing that the machine was beginning to do its work. My wife's countenance was all aglow. Now she was happy; only father looked still anxiouslike and worried. "Children, better not go near it," he

admonished. "Only yesterday three little girls were terribly scalded, you Pretty soon the steam seethed inside the machine, the cover fell upon the lamp and the flame was extinguished. I looked sideways at my wife with a grin. "According to the recipe," I said ma-liciously, "the coffee ought to be done

now, but I fail to smell the usual aro-

ma. Do you?"

Just then the water in the boiler began seething and bubbling stronger, and a stream of water shot out of the latter into the glass tube and thence into the bowl on top.

"My, how nice!" exclaimed my little 8-year-old brother-in-law Fred gleefully. "For all the world like a waterfall!" My wife was disgusted. She turned ger. "What can this mean?" she said. Something must be wrong!" "I think your self actor extraction machine is suffering from internal tron-

bles. There is altogether too much internal business," I ventured to remark dryly. "I dare say you are beginning to make up your mind where the best rocking chairs are for sale. Eh, dear?" My wife looked as if she were considering whether it would be the better policy to fall in a fainting fit into my arms or to declare herself vanquished and pay the bet, while her father con-tinued shaking his head until the tassel on the top of his cap swung to and fro like a pendulum. "Well," he at last remarked, "this

is the funniest apparatus I ever saw. Where is the coffee?" when suddenly Fannie, in her usual impulsive way, "What a set of fools we all are! We forgot all about putting some in."
Sure enough. A napkin had been accidentally thrown over the ground coffee brought in by Fannie, and during the

prevailing excitement of expectancy noody had given it a thought. My wife was delighted. Her machine was to be redeemed, after all. After favoring me with another annihilating look the second act of the drama began. Not a single word was spoken. We were awaiting developments. Again the seething and bubbling

sound, and even the aroma of steaming

coffee filled the room. The brown fluid

could be seen passing through the tube, and exclamations of surprise and gratification escaped the lips of those present. Anna was all smiles and sunshine, "I trust," she said to me mischievously, "that you have not forgotten the address where to buy that brooch we

were talking about yesterday."

Even father nodded satisfied an "This is a practice machine," he mused complacently, pouring out the first cup of the brown beverage, "and what an aroma, but rather an odd sort of smell. Strange, isn't it? What does it smell like?"

The old man lifted the cup to his lips and tasted the contents. With a jerk he set it down again upon the table, making a wry face.
"I'll be— I ask your pardon, but that stuff has a positively wicked taste.

Monstrous, abominable, fiel What the dickens does it taste like?" He expectorated several times and pressed his hands to his stomach as it "Just like ean de colonge, father,"]

suggested, "a very agreeable smell, don't you think? A trifle odd when

taken with coffee, but you will undoubt-edly get used to the taste when you once become familiar with the ma-"For shame, husband," said my wife, "how mean of you! Undoubtedly Fannie has accidentally spilled a drop of eau de cologne into the boiler while filling the lamp. Where is the harm? It is a bit unpleasant, it is true, but that is all there is to it. We will have to try again, for the machine works all right. Of that we ought to be convinced now." "Hold!" objected father, lifting his

hand with a protesting gesture toward the coffee machine. "No more of this monkey business! I would rather that Anna make us all a cup of coffee now in the old fashioned way, and later you may continue your experiments as long as you like. The machine is just splen-did, children," he continued, "and I ness in giving it to me, but there is something strange and odd about it to which I must get used first, and that takes time for a man of my age."

"Before we go any further with it," I added, 'let us tell the girl to give it a thorough cleaning. Lottie'—to the cook—'take this machine into the kitchen and scald lamp and boiler with hot water and soda or some such stuff." The girl went off with her burden Shortly afterward we were startled by a loud report, followed by frightened screams from the kitchen and by a sound of falling and breaking pieces. Something told me that again it was that ill fated machine. I opened the kitchen door. Sure enough, the girl in a dark corner had stumbled with her burden, and the self actor extraction coffee and tea machine lay broken on the floor. The poor, frightened girl sobbed. Fannie seolded, my wife wrung her hands in despair, I bit my lips underneath my bushy mustache, and father looked pleased and relieved.

"Never mind, children," he said. "It is best so. I take this for a sign from above. Providence has interfered, I am conservative in my ideas, and am thereof falling and breaking pieces. Some-

"What bet are you quarreling about, you two?" asked the old man. I told him all, and called on him to decide who had won. "Both of you," was his diplomatic opinion, which created another controversy between Anna and myself. Meanwhile Lottie appeared with the coffee, made in 'fold fashioned' style, and the conversation became general.

ready to go for my rocking chair!"

On the following morning, however there appeared a messenger in our dwelling, delivering a rocking chair for me, a splendid piece of furniture, by the way, and exactly five minutes later another messenger came, bringing a brooch for my wife, a veritable little gem. To each of the two presents was fastened father's visiting card with the inscription, "This is my revenge for jeopardizing my life with your self actor extraction coffee and tea machine!" "Say," I remarked to my wife, com-

fortably stretching myself in the new rocking chair, "you seem to have been in the right, after all, for your self and so forth machine has proved itself to be very practical indeed—in its results." -From the German.

Indiana's Sponting Well of Water. There are many peculiar wells in Delaware county, Ind., which have been sunk for the purpose of securing gas, but none of them is as strange as one on the farm of J. B. Cunningham, near New Burlington. When the drill had reached a depth of 200 feet, it was forced from the bottom of the well, and there was a flow of water which extended several feet into the air, so great was the force under it. With the water come stones weighing two and three pounds, and they are also thrown high into the air. The water issues from an eight inch pipe and has been flowing continuously, and the men cannot get near the well to work. Several wagon loads of rocks and sand have been forced out. It is estimated that the well is flowing 25,000 gallons per day. The water is lukewarm and has a peculiar aste. - Chicago Chronicle.

PHOTOGRAPHING A WHALE. Snap Shot at a Monster as It Leape

Out of the Water. Whether a certain whale that break fasted, dined and supped every day in the Santa Catalina channel went out one morning with the determination of being photographed I really cannot say, t the picture was certainly taken. Living in the neighborhood, the whale was probably familiar with the steamer that plowed daily through its dining room, and if it was at all an observing whale it must have noticed on the morning in question an unusual commotion on the deck of the steamer, and this is what it saw: The passengers were crowding about the rail, and on the upper deck stood a man and a little girl, the

what he might have heard: "Will he look pleasant?" asked the little girl of her companion. "I hope so," he replied, glancing rapidly from the camera to the whale

former holding a square black box, into

which he looked earnestly. And if the

whale had come a little nearer this is

that was then swimming a few hundred feet away. The passengers had first observed it a mile or more distant, when the little girl said it was "dancing on its tail." It had really leaped out of the water and for a few seconds exposed almost its entire back—most astonishing spectacle—and then had fallen back into the sea with a thundering crash. Soon it came to the surface again, and, shooting a cloud of vapor into the air that slowly floated away, at intervals disappeared and reappeared until finally it came alongside the steamer, swimming along within a short distance. It was then that the fortunate possessor of the camera secured a good position near the rail and waited, as his little companion had said, for the whale to "look pleasant." Looking pleasant in this instance meant for the whale to show a large portion of its body above the water. It was now swimming just below the surface, its huge black form, 60 or 70 feet in length, distinctly visible, propelled by the undulating movement of the tail. Suddenly it rose, showing just the portion around the blowholes, and with a loud puff the hot breath burst into the air,

was condensed and in a little cloud drifted away. "Didn't he look pleasant?" asked the

little girl earnestly. "Not quite pleasant enough," said the photographer as he peered into the tiny window of the camera that reflected the sea in brilliant tints. "I could catch the spout, but I want to wait until he throws his entire head out of water and looks really pleasant before I touch the button."

so far as known, had a living whale in the open ocean posed before a camera, or a photographer seen so huge an animal obligingly swim along, allowing its picture to be taken. "It's a tame whale, isn't it?" said the little girl as the whale gradually came nearer. "He certainly does not seem very

It was an exciting moment, as never,

timid," replied her companion, and as he spoke, puff! came the spouting like the escape of steam, the vapor actually drifting aboard the steamer into the faces of the passengers. The whale was now so near that the barnacles upon his back could be seen, and one man was sure that he saw its eye. Suddenly it sank, and all that could be seen in the little window was the dancing waves and the white sails of myriads of velellas that covered the surface, scudding along before the fresh trade wind. Then without warning the areature as suddenly rose again, showing a large area of its back, sending at the same time a cloud of misty vapor into the air as its top or dorsal fin appeared. The photographer saw it in the little window, and evidently thinking that the whale looked as pleasant as he in all probability would touched the button, and, so far as is known, took the first photograph of a living whale in the open coean.—Charles Frederick Holder in St. Nicholas.

It Didn't Work. "Did you hear about Samuels?" asked Mrs. Graymare's husband. "No, I didn't hear about Samuels," the lady answered. "When you have anything to tell, why don't you tell

"Yes, dear. Well, Samuels was going home the other night, when a footpad shot at him and the ball hit a latchkey

fore not overfond of the present era of machinery. Stop crying, girl"—this to the cook—"and brew a good cup of cof-fee for my company. And now no more about the matter. I do not wish to have my birthday spoiled."
"How about our bet, Anna?" I asked my wife. "You have lost that," she quickly responded. "The machine was in perfect order if only"— "Yes, if only it had not been so imperfect! No, my dear, this time you have lost and not I. You had better get

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Christmas comes but once a year; Let every fellow have his share. Buy your Toys and Dry Gods now, fore the boliday season is past. Our trade has been splendid this seaon, but we are sorry to say the season s nearly over and we are anxious to unload lots of our goods. We have made quite a lot of preparations for Santa laus. He has for the past eight years made his headquarters with us, and we have found him to be a very generous old fellow, and he is also welcome this Christmas. We respectfully invite the ittle ones that Santa loves to come and eave their orders for Santa. He will be sure to attend to them. We have at Santa's disposal Dolls of all kinds dressed, from 5c to \$3 50 each. China Dolls, Bisque Indestruct ble Cloth Dolls, Baby Dolls and Esquimo Dolls to

please the eye and the pocket both.

Large and small Bureaus, Chairs,

Beds, Cradles, Horns, Horses, Caris.

For the STAR of the Old North State | most every kind. We are selling these goods lower than ever before, and will try to do you good it you will give the line a look. The trade in our Millinery Depart-

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of Hats of all kinds. Felt, new style

Sailors, nicely banded, at 50c each.

Trimmed Hats in the latest styles at 50c

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\$5 00; the newest style of Seal worth \$7 50, now \$6 00. A very fine line of long Fur Capes, Silk lined, large Fur Collars, worth \$18 00, we want to close We want your trade, and to get it we will offer you the best of bargains. We

rea Plush, at \$4 00; longer and finer at

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Boots, Boots, Boots.

BROGANS, BROGANS, BRCGANS, BROGANS. Harvard Ties, Harvard Ties. Wholesale and Retail.

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