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"It is an outrage!" declared the old justice, having hastily arrived in his shirt sleeves. "It is intended as an insult and ought to be pulled down. Why, I've lived in this town sixty odd years this spring, and I know the like before. Hop up there, some of you, and pull off that tin blasphemy."

"Hold on," interposed the mayor. "Let us proceed with more deliberation. Of course, this office is sacred to us, but it is now owned by a comparative stranger and has doubtless been rented by a stranger, and surely, when we have had a talk with him, he will be willing to move to some other place. Go slow, boys. See who is inside."

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The justice and the mayor went home to breakfast, and afterward, when they returned to renew their investigations, they found the office open, and he had advanced but a few feet beyond the threshold when he staggered back against the lintel, close upon his heels. And when the two men stood gazing in astonishment. At the desk sat a handsome young woman.

"We—we are looking for A. C. Jonnett," the mayor stammered.

"I am that person," replied the young woman, rising and sweetly smiling.

"What!" the justice gasped. "You don't mean to say that you are a lawyer?"

"I don't only mean to say it, I do say it."

"But I never heard of such a thing!"

"Perhaps not, and there are doubtless many other things you never heard of."

"But there are a great many things I have heard of, and one of them is an honored judge, whose memory—"

"That will do," she interrupted, raising her hand. "I have heard of the judge, and I respect his memory far more than you do. I have read his books and admire the keenness of his mind. Have you read his book on the fallacies of circumstantial evidence?"

"Didn't he write one?"

"I thought not. Did you wish to see me on any other business?"

"I believe not," said the mayor. He turned toward the door, his friend moving with him, but he halted, faced about and said, "You surely don't mean that you are going to practice law in this town?"

"Yes; that's my business."

"But the people here never heard of such a thing as a woman lawyer, and you might stay here for 40 years and never get a case."

"Well, I'll try it 40 years, and at the end of that time I may be able to decide whether or not to settle here permanently."

"Gosh, but you've got nerve!" And, laughing at him, she replied: "Gosh, I need it!"

"I reckon you do. But," he added, giving his companion an odd wink, "even if it was common for women to practice at the bar you are too pretty for a lawyer."

"I have seen better looking criminals than lawyers," she replied, smiling.

The two men strode away. The report that the new lawyer was a woman was spread about, and so large a crowd was soon collected about her door that the young woman closed her establishment and went to the tavern. The proprietor apologized to her for the ill behavior of his town, and on the way to her room she halted long enough to say, "Oh, the novelty will wear out by the time I've elected prosecuting attorney for this district." And the landlord, grinning as he passed on, said he reckoned it "moot" a good while before that time.

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Blackwell's Durham.

I WANT BLACKWELL'S DURHAM AND NO OTHER. SEE?

GENUINE DURHAM

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco, on first or fourth page, at Retailer's option, for 1 cent per pound each, and receive a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

Shoes for Everybody.

Shoes that fit. Shoes that wear. Shoes that give comfort. Shoes that give satisfaction. We need your trade, and invite your attention to our well selected stock. When in need of anything in Shoes call on yours truly and respectfully,

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The next day was Sunday. The new lawyer went to church, to be stared at and preached at. She sat far back toward the door and the hemming and hawing of the members of his flock twisting their necks to gaze at the astounding novelty—a female barrister. She conducted herself with simple dignity, paying respectful attention to the sermon, and when the services were done she walked straightway to the hotel. About the church door a crowd gathered to discuss her, and in the midst of this idle assembly stood the old justice of the peace. He was more than humbly worried—he was sorely distressed. His importance had long hung upon his reminiscences of the old judge, and by common consent he had taken charge of the great man's memory—sole executor of the estate, bonds and mortgages of recollection—and thus to be intruded upon was a fetching blow. If the intruder were only a man, some words of condolence and a man's strength, procedure would be clear; but, instead, he was confronted by a young and winsome woman. However, his duty lay before him, like a straight path, and he had but one course to pursue. He would make it no unpleasant for the woman that she would soon vacate the old office, if not the town. The circuit judge was his friend, and that morning he held a long conference, and now, as he stood in the middle of that idle throng, bare of his hat, with his sun beating upon his ancient head, he looked about him until his eyes fell upon the mayor's face, and then he said:

"Speak in the nature of a parable, I may say that there is more ways than one of killing a dog when you ain't got a rope to hang him with. And I will understand that I don't mean nothin personal, and furthermore, that there ain't a man in all this community that's the fonder of ladies' society than I am. Do you follow me?" he added, nodding at the mayor.

"Bump up agin your heels," the mayor answered.

"I thought so. No, sir; you might git on a perch and ride all day and not find a man that likes the ladies better than I do. As the fact stands, with the best of my own mind, it's proof of the fact. Now, I know that you gentlemen are all interested in what I'm doin, so I'll keep no secrets from you. I went over to see the circuit judge this mornin, and he tells me that the young woman has got the right to practice in his court, and worse than that, she can't by any due process of law be got out of the brick office, but there's no course, the judge don't like the idea of a woman practicing law, and—well, in fact, he'll make it interest in her for from the very jump. Court opens tomorrow mornin, and I want all you gentlemen to be there."

When court assembled the next day, Attorney Jonnett, duly enrolled, took her seat with the other lawyers, and when the judge, looking at the members of the bar, one by one, if they had any motion to make, A. C. Jonnett, in a sweet voice, answered, "No motion, your honor."

A few unimportant cases were taken up and set aside, and then work on the criminal docket was begun. The first case was that of a young man named Elliott. He had been indicted on a charge of stealing \$20. He was tall, pale, nervous with an intellectual expression of countenance. He was a stranger, had not been able to give bond, and for more than two months he had lain in jail, and now, as he had not the money wherewith to employ counsel, it was the judge's duty to appoint a lawyer to defend him. He was guilty, of course, and such an appointment was a general favor, but he was the law. The judge looked about until his stern eyes rested upon Attorney Jonnett. His look was interpreted, and a titter went about the room. The young woman blushed slightly, and the old justice, nudging the mayor, whispered:

"This here is the beginning of her embarrassment in this town. I like the ladies' society, understand that. We would like to buy the output of two or three North Carolina Butter Dairies. Quality is what we want."

R. W. HICKS, Jan 11 D & W tf

"Look here, he broke out, taking a seat near her desk, 'do you know that this is our anniversary?'"

"Our anniversary? What do you mean?"

"One year ago today you saved me from prison."

"Oh!" was all she said, looking down.

"And now, looking back, it seems that I never lived until then—I was born that day, for with your smile came the sweet breath of life."

"Flatterer!" she said.

"No, a rare example—gratitude," she looked at him, and in her glance was a thrilling question.

"More than gratitude," he hastened to say.

"What can be more than gratitude?"

"Love," he answered.

A soft wind came out of the woods, and the tin sign swung on the old arm of the post. They stood by the desk, and his arm was about her. Suddenly he took it away, stepped back and folded his arms.

"Agnes, I have made a sweet confession, and now I must make a bitter one. I was guilty."

"What?" she cried, drawing back.

"Listen to me. I stole the \$20. I came here a vagabond, not knowing whether I was a victim of morphine. I was homeless! All night I raved. I thought I should go mad. I was mad, and at morning I stole the money and ran away to get the drug. I got it, and then the awful scene of my crime came upon me, and when they found me I was in a fence corner praying, with my mother's voice throbbing in my ears. They took me to jail, and that I have not mentioned for one inspired, I lessened my allowance of morphine until I cured myself. Yes, I cured my body, and in the sight of God you cured my soul. Long ago I repented three times the amount of the theft—sent it anonymously. And now, Agnes!"

She held out her hands to him—Opie read in Ladies' Home Companion.

"ALL THE KING'S HORSES."

A Little Talk About Some That Figure In History.

In the Mother Gooses story about Humpty Dumpty the horse is mentioned first: All the king's horses and all the king's men Can never put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Certainly some of the kings thought quite as highly of their horses as they did of their soldiers and gave them more care and attention. William the Conqueror had a splendid horse, which he rode in battle. At his approach the horse would prance and caracol, showing its agility and grace to please its master.

King Richard the Lion Hearted was a brave and gallant soldier, and he loved his horse as well as he did his friends. All though he was an English king, he did not speak English, but French. So all his horses had French names given them for their different colors, as the Black, the Bay, the Sorrel, only the words for the colors were French and with some distinctive ending to signify affection.

He left most of his horses at home when he went on a crusade to Palestine, or else they were killed in battle, for his enemy Saladin, the great Mohammedan king, heard he was fighting on foot. He thought it a great disgrace that so famous a warrior should be dismounted, so he sent him as a gift a magnificent Arabian steed. When Richard saw how they it was, he ordered that one of his knights should mount him first. Instantly the spirited creature turned and darted away at full speed, and in spite of spur and bit carried its rider straight through the camp and up to the very door of Saladin's tent.

Saladin was deeply mortified, because it looked so much like an attempt to overthrow the English king and take him captive. He sent the knight back with an honorable escort, and another horse, perfectly gentle and obedient, was called "The Queen's Hobbies."—Philadelphia Times.

King Edward and the Black Prince, his brave son, were making war on France, and in one of the battles the warhorse of the French king was captured, although his master escaped. The story goes that the English king courteously returned the horse, which was a very generous deed when a well trained warhorse was so valuable.

But it was not only kings that loved their horses. Queen Elizabeth rode as fearfully as her royal father, Henry VIII, and went on horseback to review her troops when the Spanish ships were sailing over the seas to attack her kingdom. Even "good Queen Anne" of later memory was devoted to the chase and to driving, and she often drove for miles before dinner on a deer hunt or a fox hunt.

One of the finest pictures of Queen Victoria represents her in a light plantation drawn by a beautiful horse and surrounded by sportsmen, spirited horses and dogs at the end of the picture called "The Queen's Harriers."—Philadelphia Times.

Not on Her List.

He was no sooner seated in the cozy parlor than she took the initiative.

"Since you proposed to me last week I have given the matter a great deal of thought, Mr. Chumpley."

"Mr. Chumpley? Why, you've called me Bertie for ages."

"But your honor here now, I have concluded that I must decline the great honor you have proffered me."

"All right! But you must pardon me for not understanding just what you refer to. I have so much to think of in a social way, you know."

"But you must recall the last conversation you had with me."

"Devoted stupid of me, Mamie, but it has slipped my memory. Something about the horse show?"

"Never mind, Mr. Chumpley. Don't trouble yourself of overtaxing your mind in trying to recall our little talk."

"So sorry! But a fellow will forget some things. Must do it, you know, if you're in the way. Can't you just give me a hint?"

"It is of no consequence at all, sir. I only have a vague recollection of the conversation myself. But I'm not feeling well, Mr. Chumpley, and must ask you to excuse me for the evening."

"Too bad! And you look in brilliant health. Only temporary indisposition, of course. But I'll not detain you. I'm going straight home and cudge my brain till I bring back that talk."

"Do nothing of the kind. I never want to hear of it again."

When he was gone, she acknowledged to herself that there was much more to him than she had suspected and called her heart decidedly given her the worst of their little sparring match.

Chumpley walked down the street chuckling and congratulating himself. She always boasted gleefully of the men whom she had refused, but he had no fear that she would admit him to the list—Detroit Free Press.

The greatest difficulty in where we are not looking for them.—Goethe.

Whole's milk is said to be palatable and wholesome.

Shoes for Everybody.

Shoes that fit. Shoes that wear. Shoes that give comfort. Shoes that give satisfaction. We need your trade, and invite your attention to our well selected stock. When in need of anything in Shoes call on yours truly and respectfully,

MERCER & EVANS,

Successors to R. C. Evans, 116 Princess Street. Jan 18 tf

Clover Hill Brand BUTTER

has won first prize and Gold Medal at the Illinois State Dairymen's Convention held last week. Illinois being the greatest dairy State in the Union, makes this latest honor of no small importance.

If you want the finest, order Clover Hill Brand. We make it to buy the output of two or three North Carolina Butter Dairies. Quality is what we want.

R. W. HICKS, Jan 11 D & W tf

STOVES AND RANGES.

OIL STOVES, Gasolene Stoves.

In fact anything you want for the kitchen.

I am adding the above line to my complete stock of

HARDWARE, TINWARE AND Agricultural Implements

and will carry a line second to none in quality, at the very lowest prices. Have secured the services of J. L. Breckenridge with special reference to this line, and can offer you the benefit of his several years experience.

My line includes the Richmond Stove Co.'s entire product. Can furnish repairs for all kinds of Stoves.

J. W. Murchison,

Orton Building, Jan 24 tf

N. C. HAMS.

300 Lbs. North Carolina Hams. Also a few nice half-grown Chickens on consignment and must be sold now. Call and examine. D. L. GORE, 117 tf 120, 122 and 124 North Water St.

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500 Will Cure You.

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Mr. M. K. Kester, Ark., says: "I can certify to the fact that Hughes' Tonic is the best chills tonic I ever tried. I consider it better than quinine."

CURES CHRONIC CASES.

Mr. W. H. McDonald, Mississippi, writes: "Your Hughes' Tonic for chills and fever has never failed me and I have sold it to a number of chronic cases. It cures them every time."

Ask for HUGHES' TONIC and Take 50c and \$1.00 Bottles. Druggists and Merchants have it. Jan 28 D & W tf

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Invite the attention of the trade to their large stock of

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500 Bags 100 Size Salt, 215 " 125 " " 400 " 180 " " 250 " 280 " " 900 Pounds New Mullets. 140 Barrels Molasses. 100 Barrels Sugar.

W. B. COOPER, Wilmington, N. C. Jan 18 D & W tf

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5,000 Pounds WOOL. 3,000 Pounds BRESWAX. 2,000 Pounds COW HIDES. Highest cash prices paid. Quotations furnished on request.

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