## "Mother's Friend"

So prepares the system for the change taking place that the final hour is robbed of all danger and pain. Its use insures safety to the life of both Mother and child, and makes childbirth easy and recovery more rapid. Bent by express, on receipt of price, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Rook "To Expectant Mothers," mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testi-

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. su fr we

O WELL LOVED SOUTHLAND.

M. S CANFIELD.

Land of the South! One wandering That on thy mother breast bath lain

Dreams nightly of thy kisses mild And longs for them again. To him no other land may show Thy warmth, thy tenderness

For him no odorous breezes blow. As in his vanished youth.

Sweet were the mornings, dear the days In that past time, now long gone by, And through the softening evening

Shrilled out the tree frog's cry. The slave's voice borne, from fields atar. Floated in happy hearted song. . While underneath the blazing stars The bayou crept along.

In dark trees whirred the katydid, The locust piped his grinding lay, The bat on noiseless pinions slid Through the last falling day. High in the air the night hawk wheeled, The fox barked shrilly from the hill, And sounded from the dasky field

The plaintive whippoorwill. Magnolias nodded each to each. The roses shook their scents abroad And smiled up at the towering beech That shadowed o'er the road. The brown owl swept on drearily Above the glassy, still lagoon; The corn b ades rustled cheerily

Beneath the sailing moon. O land of landsl Where ever bura The fires of youth! Taough stricken

By wounds of war, thou dost not turn The stranger from thy door. Still givest thou with open hand To all that ask. True to the self Thou countest charity, oh land, As better far than pelf.

Peaceful art thou. On thy broad brow Sits calmness All the ringing cheers With which thy fierce sons battled, now Are dead with the dead years. Thou mournest still, but not in wrath, For all the bright blood that was spilt,

And thy white sun-kissed rapier hath Been shivered to the hilt. Happy are they who still may be Vithin the sound of thy sweet voice. 'Mid slumberous airs of Arcady, Far from the world's sonoys

O well loved Southland! Memory brings Thy greening fields, thy graving Where through the night the mocker

And deep the bittern booms. -Chicago Times-Herald. SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

- Religion doesn't make a man impolite or selfish or envious or unfair or discourteous-its the lack of religion. He who is unwilling to treat his fellowman with kindness and fairness is not a child of God, it matters not what pretensions he may make.

- There is nothing more hardening to the sensibilities than the failure to translate plcy into action. Christ's pity was practical. We are told that he had compassion on the hungry multitude, and the immediate result of it was many loaves had He? This is finely illustrative of the way in which Christ's whole nature moved at once and in uni son .- Rev. Dr. Geo D. Baker.

- Contemplate the love of Christ and you will love. Stand before that mirror, reflect Christ's character, and you will be changed into the same Image from tenderness to tenderness. There is no other way. You cannot love to order. You can only look at the lovely object and fall in love with it and grow into likeness to it. And so look at this perfect character, this perfect life. Look at the great sacrifice as He laid down Himself, all through life and upon the cross of Calvary, and you must love Him. And loving Him you must become like Him.

- A praying man usually hears good sermons, while he who does not pray is never satisfied. A true preacher aims, by his puipit deliverences, to minister to the soul-needs of men. The peo ple have discussed business affairs, read political tirades and heard of social reforms during the entire week, and they need something more than literature, socialism or political economy. The praying man knows what he wants. He tested his soul before he left home, and he knows the weak places. He is hungry; he is thirsty. The soil of his heart is prepared for the seed. Get ready, young people, for the sermon and you will see the sermon was prepared for you, - St. Louis Advocate,

"Saved Her Life."



JOHN WALLET, of Jefferson, Wis., than whom none is more highly esteemed or widely known, writes. and at the end of four months, in spite of all physicians, friends and good nursing could lo, my lungs heart and nervous system were do, my lungs heart and nervous system were so completely wrecked, my life was despaired of, my friends giving me up. I could only sleep by the use of opiates. My lungs and heart pained me terribly and my cough was most aggravating. I could not lie in one position but a short time and not on my left side at all. My husband brought me Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Cure and I began taking them. When I had taken a half bottle of each I was much better and contin-

gan taking them. When I had taken a half bottle of each I was much better and continuing persistently I took about a dozen bottles and was completely restored to health to the surprise of all."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Eikhars, Ind. Use Dr. Miles' Nerve Plantages for SPINAL.

Use Dr. Miles' NERVE PLASTERS for SPINAL WEAKNESS. All druggists sell 'em for mc.

### The Meekly Star.

Mary was a naughty girl
And fond of current jam,
Wherewith whene'er she got a chance
She greedily would oran.

Her mother lost the key one day Which locks the storeroom door And Mary found it where it lay Upon the kitchen floor.

She grasped the key in guilty haste
And to the storeroom ran,
Unlocked the door, climbed on a chain,
And then the fun began. Now current jam and little girls

Do not always agree; Such was the case with Mary. As we presently shall see. Her mother found her stretched at length And weeping on the floor; No need there was to ask the cause There stood the open door.

In accents stern the mother spake,
"My child, 'tis sad I am
To see confession on your face
Outlined in currant jam."

"It's not because of pain I weep," Cried Mary from the floor;
"It is because I'm full of jam
And can't eat any more!"

Hold on, Boys! Hold on to virtue; it is above all pris to you in all times and places.
Hold on to your good character, for it and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal or do any impropes

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are

just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly or use an improper word. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon or others angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company and invite you to join their games, mirth and revelry. Hold on to your good name at all times for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high place or fashionable attire. American Guard.

Little Mr. By-and-by. Little Mr. By-and-by. You will mark him by his ery And the way he loiters when Called again and yet again, a Glum if he must leave his play, Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-by, Eyes cast down and mouth awry! In the mountains of the moon And he's cousin to Don't Care. As no doubt you're well aware

Little Mr. By and by Always has a fretful "Wby?" Like his sister, Susan Slow Hope we'll never—you and I— Be like Mr. By-and-by. —Clinton Scollard in St. Nicholas.

VICTORIA CROWNED.

Baltimorean's Recollections of the Ac cession of England's Queen. Mr. John Carpenter, who has lived here since 1845, was present at the crowning of Victoria at Westminster. He talked about the event vithout nesitating

"Victoria," he said, "was declared the lawful heir on June 20, 1837, but on account of her age-she was not yet 18-the public coronation did not take place until June 28, 1838. It is a long while ago. The pageant was a magnificent one, how long my memory does not serve me, but it was gorgeous. I saw the queen. She was a fresh looking young thing with a happy, smiling face, as innocent looking as she was. There was not a care upon her brow. It seemed as if no thought of the stupendous responsibilities which she was assuming had come to her. She appeared utterly uncon-

scious of self or the part she was playing in that notable event. "She did not appear frightened. but to the plaudits of the multitude she turned to the left and right, bowing and smiling most graciously. I had a good position on one of the thoroughfares through which the pageant passed and got a good look at her. Of course the trappings of her horses and the chariot and what not were most gorgeous. And such cheering! Such crowds! People? There were people everywhere. Strange as it may seem, though the queen should have been the central figure, I think what impressed me most on that occasion

was the superb appearance of Mar-

shal Soult, the French embassador, and his staff. "Everything was gorgeous in the pageant, but Soult was more than gorgeous. I can see his trappings in my mind's eye at this minute. To attempt to describe them would be beyond my powers. Gorgeous is all I can say for them, and he knew they were gorgeous. While there was no self consciousness about the queen, there was plenty of it about the French embassador, and the people fed his vanity, for cheer after cheer rent the air as he passed by. There were long lines of resplendent soldiery. The brilliant uniforms, the glittering gold lace, the flashing of the arms in the sunlight, the blare of the trumpets, the cavalcades of horsemen, carriages of state everything went to make up such

a pageant as is seldom seen and can hardly be eclipsed by anything at the present time. "Was the queen beautiful? I can hardly say that I obtained any such impression of her. I think she was pretty. Yes, I know she was. But it was her youth and her freshness that impressed me most. She had clear out features, and her portraits of this date show nothing of the slender young girl with the grace-

ful carriage I remember seeing that summer day so long ago." Mr. Carpenter has in his possession a copy of The Sun, a paper published in London and probably the only one to be found in this city, of the date of the coronation. It was printed at the time in gilt, all of which has nearly worn away, but the paper is in an excellent state of preservation. On the front page is a vignette profile of the young queen, which Mr. Carpenter says was an excellent likeness at the

time, and an editorial note pronounces it a triumph of art. The paper was printed on June 20, 1838, and the number in the possession of Mr. Carpenter is the twentieth edition. It contains a history of former coronations, the make up of the pageant and the positions of the various troops, etc., in the coronation parade, a sketch of the young queen and every matter pertaining to the event. There is also a description of the crown which was placed on the head of the youthful daughter of the Duke of Kent. This crown was estimated to be worth £11,000. — Baltimore

American. "I believe the Raffertons are getting into "Why do you think so?"

# Cotton,

like every other crop, needs nourishment.

A fertilizer containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and not less than 3% of actual

# Potash.

will increase the crop and improve the land.

Our books tell all about the subject. They are free to any farmer. GERMAN KALI WORKS. 93 Nassan St., New York.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Wants, and other short miscellaneous advertisements inserted in this Department, in leaded Nonpariel type, on first or fourth page, at Publisher's option. for I cent per word each insertion; but no advertisement taken for less than 20 cents. Terms positive.y cash in advances.

For sale chesp-Peerless Bieyc'e, new tires, erfect running order. Will sell for twelve dollars Party going to leave city. Call at Wright's Bicycle

Dog Lost. - Red "Shepherd" Puppy, heavily marked with black on tail and neck. Asswers to name of "Ponto" A reasonable reward will be paid for in-formation that will lead to his recovery. Apply to Robert Lewis, 118 South Fifth street. de 18 8t Fresh Ground Graham Flour, Big Hominy, N. C. nead Rice, choice Hay and all kinds of feed, Lowest

prices. Jno, S. McEachern. Bell Phone 92. Inter-For sale-Five hundred thousand big Boston Letues Plants, J. F. Garrell & Co. we su de 8 tt Board-Good private board with or without odging at 112 Grace street, near Front. dec 5 7t

For best prices and prompt returns ship your Country Produce to M. C., Benson, 106 Dock street, Beef Cattle, Milch Cows and Pork a specialty,

Where can I ship country produce to the bes t by shipping to L. Tate Bowden, 6 Princess street. Careful handling and prompt returns. Eggs f r the Country Merchants-You will find it to your

aterest to ship your Produce, Poultry, Eggs, etc., to H. J. Bierman, Produce Commission Merchant, 106 South Front street, Wilmington, N. C. nov 28 tf As a special the Atlantic Tea Co will sell this week the best Old Government Java for 8tc, and the

best Laguayra Coffees for 23c per pound. Call and see them at 618 Nor h Fourth street, nov 28 tf Wanted-By Old Established House-High Grade Woman, good Church standing, willing to sarn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here, Balary \$980. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope to A. 1. Elder, General

Manager, care DAILY STAR. Haydon, P. Hay are in mack buggies, road Carts and harness of all kinds. Repairing done by skillful workmen on short notice. Opposite new

In case you need Bananas, Fine Peaches, Malaga and Catawba Grapes, don't heatate a moment as to where they can be bought to best advantage. Go to Andrew Mavronichols', 765 North Fourth street, Bell 'Phone 345; Inter-State 191, nov 14 tf

Costs you nothing to see the Maxim light. Cheaper and better than the Welsbach or Sunlight. What nore do you want ? Wilmi gton Iron Works sell it. Morehants-Wholesale and country merchants

save time and money by letting me parch your Peanuts. New process by which large quantities can be coasted at one time Samples sent if required. A. E. Blake, Wilmington, N. C. Photograpus-For finest quality, latest styles

best material, finest finish, lowest prices, call on U. C Ellis, 114 Mark t s reet, Wilmington, N. C. Cloudy weather makes no difference. oc 39 tf W. V. Hardin, corner Second and Princes treets, fine Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco

New River Oysters in any style | Polite and attentive clerks. Satisfaction guaranteed. Always Reliable—The best and freshest good at lowest market prices. Cabbage, Apples, Bu ter, Bananas, Crackers, Candies, Lemons, Potatoes, etc. Retailers will find it to their advantage to ask my

prices before placing their order. A. S. Winstead 115 Second street. Phone 208. sep 21 if sep St ti GOT the CHILLS

50c Will Cure You. WORTH KNOWING. HUCHES'

TONIC

You can depend upon it: Sure Cure for Chills and Fever. FOR 40 YEARS A SUCCESS. Read this Testimony then TRY 1T for Yourself.

Proprietors have many letters like these BETTER THAN QUININE. Mr. M. M. Kesterson, Ark., says: "I ca certify to the fact that Hughes' Tonic is the be chill tonic I ever tried. I consider it better the

**ICURES CHRONIC CASES.** Mr. H. W. McDonald, Mississippi, writes:
"Your Hughes' Tonic for chills and fever has
never failed yet 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.

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SALT

Any weight sacks, coarse or fine, fresh packing. A large stock

Bagging and Ties,

in quantities sufficient to fill orders promptly. Correspondence solicited.

Groceries

Hall & Pearsall. Nutt and Mulberry streets,

### HOLIDAY GOODS.

5,000 C. C. Nuts. 1,500 Pounds Mixed Nuts. 150 Boxes L. L. Raisins. 100 Boxes Loose Raisins. 200 Boxes Firecrackers. 400 Bags Peanuts, 100 Boxes Old Va. Cheroots. 240 Boxes Perfecto Cigars.

20 Barrels Apples. W. B. COOPER. Wholesale Grocer,

- Winston Sentinel : Wednesday boro to Mt. Airy, Joe Hanes cut Lem Hemons' throat and stabbed him in his bowels, and some unknown party shot Joe Hanes in the back. The parties were brought to Walnut Cove, where the wounds were dressed. Both parties are in a bad con-dition. Both parties live in Mt. Airy and fell out over a pint of liquor.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.

- Lexington Dispatch : Capt. H. F. McCarty has struck a regular Klondike field in Jackson Hill township. Capt. McCarty was in town a few days last week and tempted the editor by allowing him the privilege of handling a lot of fine gold nuggets fresh from the Klondike gold fields of Jackson Hill. The mining interest in this county equals that of any county in the United States, and we expect to see it developed in a very short time.

- Maxton Scottish Chief: Satur day while out hunting near Red Springs with a small rifle, 22 calibre bore, Marion Weich accidentally shot himself, the ball taking effect in the region of the heart. He was a nephew of Mr. Geo. Welch, so well known to excursionists on the C. F. & Y. V. Railway. — The artesian well has been bored to a depth of two hundred and seventy odd feet. No flow of water has been obtained yet. The strata passed through for the last hundred feet is a very tough clay of varying color.

- Columbus News: We were shown Monday a very ingenious little invention of Mr. S. A. Lewis, of Hallsboro, which he recently had patented. It is a steel trap that really is a steal trap, for it only catches the rogue that tries to steal the balt out of it. It will not catch dogs, bogs or cattle, and a barefoot boy can step on it without the least danger of being caught. It can be set on a log or in a path without danger, as it only catches animals that use the forefeet, such as raccoons, opossums, minks, otters, etc. The game caught in this trap is not tortured as by the ordinary trap, as it only burts when the animals pulls on it. It is said to be very successful in catching game.

- Charlotte Observer: Mr. John A. Newell, of Newell's Station, who was here yesterday, says that since the recent rains the farmers have sowed a good deal of wheat and oats. All along the road to Charlotte he saw wheat sowing in progress. It is a little late, but the farmers are determined to take chances and sow all the wheat and oats possible. If the weather holds good, Mr. Newell says this work will be kept up until Christmas. Mr. Robert Wallace, of Eastfield, who was in the city yesterday, reports that the farmers in his section have sowed a larger acreage in wheat than has yet been known. - Linoytyper Abernethy, who set in to eat 30 partridges in 30 days, last night stopped long enough to dispose of the 27th bird and then resumed work. Everybody in the shop who didn't think he could do it is trying to hedge, but there doesn't seem to be any way out of it for them. Monday night the contest, if such it can be called, closes.

- Proofs of Genious: "Stubbs has written a popular novel. I didn't know e was so clever. "He bas done better than that; he has married a rich widow."



### Your Christmas Turkey

Should be tender and baked to tune, your mince ple brown and flaky for your Christmas feast. If you haven't a satisfactory oven prepare before hand by getting one of our Christmas Steel Ranges, by far the handsomest and best Steel Range ever exhibited in this city. They are superior bakers, and you can depend upon your dinner being a success. It will save you more in fuel and spoiled victuals than you

will have to pay for one. Our Magic Air Tight is still lead ing all Sheet Iron Heaters Cail and see our varied line o' Brass Andirons, Graniteware, Oil Heaters, and a complete line of nice cutlery for the holiday trade.

Orton Building, Wilmington, N. C.

To Any Non-Catholic in North Carolina "Truth"

CONLY TEN CENTS PER ANNUM. To any non-Catholic in North Carolina we will send for only ten cents per annum, "Truth," a Catholic magazine devoted to giving TRUE explanations of the Catholic Church, which we offer at lowest market that is of the Catholic Church as it is, not as caricatured and misrepre-

sented. Address, "TRUTH," Raleigh, N. C. REV. THOS. F. PRICE, Manager.

Just Received 100 Barrels Choice New River Roe Mullets.

100 Bags Coffee, all grades. For sale at rock bottom prices.

SAM'L BEAR, Sr., 12 Market St., Wilmington, N. C.

Send your orders to

For Sale.

CHEAP FOR CASH, SOLID TRACT OF 40,000 acres of Pine Land in Escambia county, Alabama. One of the finest locations in the South for a large lumbering and turpentine plant. For particulars apply to DAVISON & SMITH, IMPALED HER BONNET

a Painful and Exciting Incident of a New They were talking of the variety of queer little incidents which the

streets of New York have to offer for the daily entertainment of the idle but observing pedestrian. "Why, it's a regular continuous performance, if you only keep your eyes open and look about you," con-

cluded the man whose fund of

"reminiscences" had made him easily the star narrator of the party. "Indeed I believe you," remarked the little woman in the corner, who up to thet point had contented her-self with listening to the stories of the others. "I believe you, because I was in one act of it myself the other day on Twenty-third street. I assure you that I am not particular. ly proud of the part I played, but, then, I did it purely from necessity,

"When I started out to shop that

not choice.

afternoon, the sky was perfectly clear, but in about an hour it came on to rain very suddenly, and I was caught without an umbrella. I had a new bonnet on, too-one of those tiny things, you know, made mostly of jet and lace, and barely resting on the top of my head. It didn't even have strings to hold it on. Well, I was hurrying along as fast as possible, my sole idea being to get that bonnet under the sheltering roof of the nearest store, when, happening to glance a little distance ahead of me, I saw something which fairly paralyzed me with astonishment. I stood still for a moment, unwilling to believe my eyes. But there was no mistake. There was my cherished bonnet, which I had believed to be perched securely upon the top of my head, dangling from the rib of a man's umbrella, several yards away. Worst of all, the owner of the umbrella, blissfully unconscious of his ridiculous 'catch,' was striding rapidly along through the rain, increasing at every step the distance between me and my ill fated property. There was only one thing to be done, and it was clear to me that it must be done quickly too. Picking up my skirts, I ran after that man at top speed. I must have been an impressive object, in my bedraggled and hatless condition, but I had no time to think of that then. When I finally reached him, I caught at his sleeve and managed

to gasp out: " 'Oh, sir, excuse me, but you've got my bonnet!

"He turned, and, judging from the expression on his face, I imagine he was quite as much surprised as I had been a minute or two before. He was a dignified old gentleman, with kind looking blue eyes. " 'Your bonnet, madam? I-have

-vour-bonnet?' he repeated slowly, emphasizing each word, as if to make sure that he had heard me " 'It's caught on your umbrella, explained, feeling my face get red-

der every moment. 'You must have picked it right up from my head as you passed me, but I never felt it at "By this time we were both laughing heartily over the absurdity of the affair, but I can tell you it will be a lesson to me. Never again will go out until I have fastened my

York Tribune. THE CATBIRD'S PLIGHT.

hat securely to my head by every

means known to women."-New

Forty Birds to the Rescue—How It Was Finally Set Free. "Going through the woods one day," said a lover of birds, "I saw a cathird with one of its wings caught on a brier bush. There was a clump of briers here, with a narrow opening at one place between two of the bushes. The catbird had tried to fly through that opening and had made a miscalculation and got one of its wings impaled on a thorn. The other wing was free, and it was flapping that and trying to get clear of the bush. "Around this bush there must have

been at least 40 other birds, of one kind or another, catbirds and brown thrashers and wrens and grass chippies, and so on, that had been attracted by the unfortunate cathird's cries and its efforts to escape, and that appeared to have gathered there to help it. They fluttered about close to the bush, flying around at a great rate and making a lot of noise, but not really doing anything. Some of the smaller birds would fly around very close to the bush or ever fly under it, and I imagine some of the bigger birds saying to some of these venturesome little fellows, 'Here you brown thrasher, you, why don't you get under him there and push on his wing? But the brown thrasher would only go about so close. He wasn't going to get caught. What the birds would have done finally I don't know. I think they would have helped the catbird in some way, but I undertook to help it myself. "Of course I couldn't go right up to it, for that would have frightened it, and may be made it hurt itself even worse. I had with me a sawed off broom stick that I carried for a walking stick, and I undertook to free the catbird with that. I thrust the stick through the

brier bush, all the other 40 birds looking on, and brought the end of it gently against the catbird's wing and pushed the wing off the thorn. But in starting away the catbird got the wing caught again on another thorn. That was bad, and I stood off a minute deliberating about what to do next, the whole flock of birds still fluttering round and the imprisoned cathird now pretty nearly exhausted. It was a time to drop all ceremony, and I simply walked up to the bush and took the catbird off the thorn with my hands.

"Just beyond the brier bushes there was a smooth grassy spot in the woods and I laid the catbird down there, the whole lot of birds that had been hovering about the brier bush following along, more or less near, and hangin around there. Pretty soon the catbird got up and flew to a little tree nearby. It wasn't strong, but it could fly and its wings were all right. When it flew up into the tree, all the other birds flew away. From the tree the cathird sang its thanks to me, and there I left it."-New York Sun. Little Jack's Country.

Little Jack and Aunt Nelly were walking through Central park. They had wandered about at their own sweet will, fed the animals and altogether had a most satisfactory afternoon. But Jack looked at the asphalt walks and the trim, not to be trespassed on grass, and the thought of papa's great, free, open country place on Long Island came over him. "Aunt Nelly," he said, "I don't think they can ever make imitation country as nice as the real country, do you?" And Aunt Nelly, as she agreed with him, sighed in her heart for the myriads of children who never had anything but the "imitation" country all their lives.—New York Journal.

THE MALAY'S SNAKE

One hot morning in June we anchored off Belize. From the monthesd I watched the fish in the drifting gulf weed, not noticing a tar buck-t hanging near me till a swell struck the ship and my head struck the bucket and dashed the tar all over my white duck suit.

The "slop chest"—a cask containing clothing which the seamen are allowed to purchase at any time—being empty, I could hope for no assistance from that quarter, and so there was no alternative left me except that of wearing my "tar daubed" suit until I could wash, rinse and dry—a labor at which, to tell the truth, I was never very expert-the clothes in the weshtub.

As many of my shipmates would have done under similar circumstances—in fact, after the manner of mankind at large—I bestowed a number of wrathful blows and a number of forcible expletives upon the poor bucket, as if that was to blame and should be punished for the accident which was the result of my own carelessness.

When I was relieved from the masthead, I descended to the deck in no very plea frame of mind, and rolling up my shirt sleeves made my way directly to the tub in which I had left my clothes.

A Malay, a man of 80, with a long face and nose and small, twinkling black eyes, sat upon the windless bit watching me in such a peculiar manner that I stop-ped, thinking he wished to say something to me.

He turned aside his head, however, a our glauces met and looked to leeward. He and I were not on very good terms, as I had interfered on the previous day to prevent him from pounding our little cabin boy's head with a crowbar. He had "sworn eternal enmity" to me from that moment, and I doubted not that he would seek to injure me before we quitted the ship.

The cabin boy entertained the same opin-

on. "Look out for him," he had said "Check is a viper and may try to poison you with some of those curious liquids looked up in his chest. " "Never fear," I had answered. "I shall keep a sharp lookout.'

I could not help shuddering, however, as I thought of the singular and herrible curiosities in my enemy's chest. He had been a juggler in his native coun try, and the trunk contained, among other things, several bleached skulls, a number of poisoned arrows and a large bottle in which were three or four small spotted ser-

"Aye, aye, he's a singular fellow, this Check," I now muttered as I moved on toward the tub. "What could have been the meaning of that curious look he gave me? There was a treacherous, malicious sparkle in that eye of his which I did not So saying, I steeped over the tub and was about to thrust my arms in it, when I

was prevented by the voice of the captain "So it was you, was it, that's been a-wasting all that 'ere water?" he cried. "Glad I caught you. Jest take Check and another and the yawl and reckonoyster the shore for some fresh water, and don't be all day about it?" There was no use of my attempting to explain that it was salt water that I had

used for my ablutions. The tanks were

empty and the skipper had evidently been waiting to set upon somebody.

And I was the unhappy fellow picked out to row along shore in the hot sun to EJOHN 8. ARMSTRONG. sniff out a spring. I had some work to get a chum to go with me, but the lanky Melay jumped at

We searched along shore for a good

while and yet had spied no fresh water pouring into the bay. The season was At last we came near getting aground, thanks to the swell that was rising, when as I had the boat hook in hand, and my mate his oar, the Malay sitting on the thwart doing nothing, the latter began whistling between his teeth.

Now, it is all very well for a man to take his ease when he can, but when he won't be satisfied with that, but whistles over it tauntingly, it provokes a man. So I turned round, going to "talk to him like a father," when, whish! some-thing long and horrible darted by the side of my head, and my mate tumbled back

That action of mine had saved my good for nothing life, for the Malay had whistled the snake out of the covert, and I stood in its line of motion. As it was, my mesemate's stumbling aft caused him to lose his balance and fall backward into the boat.

Never shall I forget the wild, horrible cry that burst from his lips as he quickly lifted his head from the bilge in which it had been submerged. He tossed his arms wildly about, started to his feet and a moment after fell writh ing in strong convulsions. "Why, confound you, what is the matter

with you?" exclaimed my mate, but drew back, a cry of terror bursting from his lips. There lay the unfortunate Malay, with protruding tongue, bursting eyeballs and livid countenance, rolling over and over and vainly striving to disengage from his neck a deadly snake which had coiled about it and was now darting with forked tongue its venomous poison into his flesh.

The struggles of the unfortunate man were of brief duration, and while I and my companion backed and pounded the serpent to pieces the death rattle sounded in the victim's throat, and with one farewell gasp he rolled over on his back and expired. My mate, Tom Squid, now threw his

hands around my neck. "You have had a very narrow escape, said be, "and I will praise the high ad-

miral all my life for saving you as be has "So ought I, Tom," said I. "It certainly was lucky that my turning round to jaw the beggar was the means of sparing me from the doom he lured on himself." The big snake was prought aboard, and every one had his stare at it, when it was tossed over the side, after which the remains of the Malay were consigned to the deep in the usual manner.—New York News.

Care of the Mouth When Ill. When one is in good health, the mouth needs no special care beyond that of ordinary cleanliness. Indeed, the secretions of the various glands located in it act as disinfectants and keep it sweet. But few, however, are so healthy but they need to pay some attention to this organ, and when one is ill with any serious disease this becomes more and more necessary. One physician has found it advantageous to have patients suffering with fever chew occasionally some aromatic gum to stimulate the secretions of the mouth and wash out or destroy micro organisms or fermentation going on there. Another has accomplished the same end by having the patient chew some splinters of fresh pine wood. Dr. Rosenfield gives quite full directions for cleansing the mouth under such circumstances. He says that "in children and very old persons the less solid food taken the greater should be the care with the mouth. They should rinse it out several times a day with lukewarm water containing a little common salt, tincture of myrrh or eau de cologne added to stimulate secretion. When there is a when the teeth are bad, a pinch of powdered orio acid may be twice daily rubbed in between the lips and gums. Patients with false teeth should remove them when they cannot take solid food. "Patients with fever should have

something to drink—celd water or weak lemonade—at least every hour. One must not wait till the patient asks for a drink. Besides preventing dryness, the fluid maintains the activity of the glands and the whole function of the mucous membrane. Many patients are prevented from drinking by a painful, dry and cracked condition of the lips, and therefore all feverish patients should, from the commencement of their illness, have their lips rubbed several times a day with vaseline. In protracted cases of fever the mouth may also be swabbed out with oil or greatly diluted glycerin. - New York Ledger.

Cause and Effect.
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