Potash,

will increase the crop and improve the land.

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JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene I hold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays, For what avails this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways, And what is mine shall know my

Asleep, awake, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my bark astray, Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; My heart shall reap where it has sown, And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw The brook that springs in yonder heights: Se flows the good with equal law Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky, The tidal wave unto the sea; Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor Can keep my own away from me.

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

· - God writes his precious promises upon sorrow's blackboard. - Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by

- "Love held the hand that held the hammer that drove the nail into Christ."-Montgomery. - During the pilgrimage every-thing does not suit the tastes of the

pilgrim,-Turkish Proverb. - The great man is he, who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his

— Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a spe-ciality of discovering the short-comings of other people.

An humble man is a joyous There is no worship where there is no joy. For worship is some-thing more than the fear of God or the love of Him. It is a delight in Him. -F. W. Faber.

- Whatever be your talents, whatever be your prospects, never specu-late away on the chance of a palace that which you may need as a provision against the workhouse.—Bul-

- Take care how you listen to the voice of the flatterer, who, in return for this little stock expects to derive from you considerable advantage. If one day you do not comply with his wishes, he imputes to you two hun-dred defects instead of perfections. - Christianity wants nothing so

much in the world as sunny people, and the old are hungrier for love than for bread, and the oil of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better far than blankets.—Professor

- Pure and undefiled religion is always recognized at sight. It does not require any argument to convince a man who can see that the sun shines; neither do those who really have the righteousness of Christ imparted unto them have to carry banners and trumpets to advertise their religion.

TWINKLINGS.

- Judge-"Witness, you are forty Female Witness-"Yes, alas! One rets older every day. And yet I was ounger once (heaving a sigh). Ah, our lordshipwould hardly believe how ung I was. - Tid-Bits. - "All is over between us." said

young man who had found a rich-rl and was trying to take leave s old love. ou are mistaken," replied she reach-of-promise suit has not yet

ostponed the transfer of his af-





writes of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. "Two year ago an attack of LaGrippe left me with re skin and bone. I could not sleep lyi:

int fear of sudden death, nothing out ace me to romain away from home over ht. My local physician prescribed Dr. ps' Heart Cure and in a few days I was to sleep well and the pairs gradually ned, and finally ceased. I reduced the bees, having gained fifteen pounds, and ow feeling better in every way than I



is or opium in Dr. Miles's Pars Pars. "One cent a dose." ruggiste.

The Weeklu Star

HOW TO WRITE A BURLESQUE. If you want to write a musical burlesque,
The recipes you never must ignore.
You needn't be amusing or grotesque.
Per contra, you should never fall to bore.
You needn't care a jot for the nature of the plot—

Coherency may run the booking dry— But you certainly will fail if your idiotic too Doesn't introduce a nigger lullaby. You must make a naughty reference now and

then
To the funny little things they do in France,
And, if failing to express it with your pen,
You can illustrate your meaning with a dance,
While no matter what your story, you must
mouth about the glory
Of the soldier or the sailor far away.
Like a strippling of a Kipling or like Tommy
when he's tippling.
You are bound to write a patriotic lay.

Then you introduce a broker or a Jew,

A soldier must be pitted with a snob.

And the idiotic heroine must woo

In a song that is supposed to make you sob.

If you start act one at home, in the second you must roam
To the continent, to India or Japan.
And of late the dolly ditty is considered rather

pretty, For it's well to be domestic—when you can You needn't be particular with rhymes.
"Mamma" and "far" are jingled by th throng, While "love" and "move"—how many, many

Are coupled in the sentimental song.

A lavish lot of frocks (that display the wes Must never, never possibly be missed. While your prospects will be bright if the risky opening night

Sees your "comedy" most vigorously hissed.

—J. M. Barrie in Sketch.

A HEROIC ACT.

One fire evening in December I pulled off in the coaling company's smart gig to the 3,000 ton tramp steamer Corona, then rolling on the long Atlantic swell just outside the breakwater of Las Palmas harbor, Grand Canary. As the white gig flashed through the clear green water there was ample opportunity to look at the vessel, and her appearance was by no means pleasing. With her full bows, square quarters, huge upright funnel and rusty sides, she was not an attractive object as, loaded down to the last inch with nitrate from South America, she wallowed in the long sea slopes that swept round the end of the breakwater. Climbing over the low rail and forcing my way through a pandemonium of swarthy Spanish coal heavers, dealers in fruit and tobacco and venders of canaries, the latter alternately coaxing and abusing their feathered merchandise in the vain hope of making them sing, I met Captain

"She's not exactly a floating palace, but with fine weather will take you home all right, and you can see what a deep tramp is like at sea," said the lat-

Just then a dilapidated looking Englishman, clad in greasy dungaree, with a battered engineer's silk cap on his head, thrust on one side a gesticulating Spaniard who was trying to force a nch of hard bananas and a half dead canary on a grinning fireman and touching his grimy forehead, asked: "Are you Captain Cranton, sir?"

"Yes," said the officer. "What is it you want?" "I want to see if there's any chance of working a passage home. I'm a boiler maker and have served as fourth en-

gineer. I'm starving here," was the answer. "H'm! What are you doing in Las Palmas then—deserted, I suppose?" said the captain.

"No, sir. It was this way. I shipped at Liverpool aboard of the Coquimbo to load coal at Cardiff for Rio, and the night afore she sailed I met Tom Stevenson, who served his time at Dun-"Never mind Stevenson-go on," in-

terjected the skipper. "Well, we went to have a partin glass or two-not too much, sir; about a bottle of whisky atween two of usan when they turned us out at 11 Tom, he sits in the gutter, and sex he, 'I won't go home till morning.' I sez. Don't be a fool, Tom,' and a p'leeceman comes, so I goes off and makes down to the coal tips. It didn't seem quite the right tip, but I sees a big four masted boat with a yellow funnel, and sez I, 'That's the Coquimbo-I knows the ugly look of her.' So I crawled aboard and goes to sleep in the fo'e'sle. When I awakened up, she were rolling heavy far out at sea, and when I got on deck I says to myself, 'It's another sanguinary African beat.' So it was, and they made mo scrape paint, and when we got here the skipper he sez, 'Clear out and be thankful you ain't locked up by the consul,' and I landed without a

The captain hesitated and looked at the man once or twice, while the latter spat calmly on the deck. At last he said half to himself: "The chief wants another hand with that broken down engine of his," then, raising his voice: "All right, I'll take you if the chief engineer approves. Go and see him. Mind, I'm not going to sign you on and pay more than you're worth for stamps, but if you behave I'll give you a trifle to go ashore with."

While I leaned over the rail, smoking and watching the foam crawl pastcrawl is the proper word-the chief officer came along, and in reply to my query said:
"What kind of a boat is she? Well,

you can see -about as hard an old tramp as was ever launched into the German ocean. Besides, we've been knocking about for months, and there's shells and grass on her a foot long. The engineer says his mill is all to bits too." Subsequent experience proved that this description was by no means exaggerated.

Turning out early nearly next morning, I climbed to the poop-for the Corona was of the usual well deck buildand could see nothing but an azure circle above and a sweep of sparkling, foam flecked sea below, piled into ridges by the fresh trade breeze, across which the steamer slowly rolled.

One glance at the water, without looking at the log dial, was sufficient to show that she was only going six knots. So, climbing down the narrow, steel ranged ladder, I made my way forward over the slippery iron deck, dodging the sponts of water which gushed in through the scuppers at every roll, to look for the chief engineer. Passing the engine room door, the thumping and clanging that floated up were quite enough to tell of worn out journals and general out of linedness to one who could interpret it. I found the chief in

inevitable ball of waste, and said: "What kind of mill have you got?" "Weel," he said-for most marine engineers are Clydesdale men-"there's may be waur jobs afloat, but I havena seen yin. Man, do ye no hear her clack-clackin and wheeze-wheezin? There's a third of the tubes in the port boiler plugged and a leakin, forby the firemen canna seep steam wi' they dirt o' coals."

Now, a Clydesdale man is rarely satisfied with his engine and would burn gold if he could get it, so I did not think too much of this outburst, but had only to understand that the engine, was not what he would have called an

"Al mill." Soon afterward the already strong breeze began to freshen up, and when the sun sank, a glowing orb of copper beneath a ragged edged bank of dark clouds, leaving a brassy yellow glare glowing across threatening sky and an-





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For Sale—Pony and Phaeton for sale; re markably cheap, in excellent condition. Ad dress, "Pony," care STAR. jan 9 1t* Agents-\$7 daily, to sell Specialty Soaps and give customers double their value in Handsome Presents; exclusive territory; sam-ple outfit free. Modoc Soap Co., Cincinnati, O. jan 9 It

Atlantic National Bank—Notice to Stockholders.—The annual meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held in the director's' room of the Bank, on Tuesday, Jan-uary 11th, 1898, at 11 o'clock, A. M. W. J. Toomer, Cashier. Y. M. C. A. Star Course Second Enter tainment Tuesday, January 11. Course tickets \$1.50 for five numbers. sa tu jan 8 2t

Just received another lot of fine Western Apples and Butter. Will fill orders as cheap as has been filled the past month, although Northern Apples have advanced. W. P. Old-ham & Co. jan 6 tf H. J. Bierman, the wide awake Commis

sion Merchant, handles everything in the pro-fluce line; also Hides, Furs. Wool. Wax, Pork, Beef, etc., 105 South Front street. Best stand in the city. Give him a trial. Still Selling—The Atlantic Tea Co, is still selling the best Teas and Coffees in the city. Greatly reduced prices for balance of this week. Best Roasted Laguayra in the city 24c, and all the Crockery for less than cost. 618 North Fourth street,

Money Made and time saved by new pro-cess for Parching Peanuts. I can roast large quantities at a time. It will pay you to let me roast for you. Write for particulars. A. E. Blake Wilmington, N. C. de 23 tf

Ladies Wanted to travel and appoint agents for old established house. Permaner position: \$40 per month and all expenses. Z Box 82, Philadelphia, Pa. de 18 D&W tf Tonsorial Parlor.—Shaving and Hair Dressing. Prompt and politic attention. Hair Cut 20 cents, Shave (without Bay Rum) 10 cents. Wm. Tienken, 17 Princess street. de 17 1m

A Word to the Wise is sufficient. The best Fruit and Confectioneries, served daintily, can be found at Andrew Mavionichols, 705 North Fourth street. Bell Phone 346. Inter-State 191. A large shipment of fine Jamaica Bananas just received.

Presh Ground Graham Flour, Big Hominy, N. C. Head Rice, Choice Hay, and all kinds of Feed; lowest prices. Jno. S. McEachern. Bell Phone 22, Inter-State Phone No. 92. de 9 tf

For Best Prices and prompt returns ship your Country Produce to M. C. Benson, 100 bock street. Beef Cattle, Milch Cows and Pork a specialty. dec 1 tf

Where Can I Ship Country Produce to the best advantage is a question that is puzzling you. Settle it by shipping to L. Tate Bowden, Princess street. Careful handling and prompt returns. Eggs for the city trade. no 30 tf

Hayden, P. H., has in stock Buggies Road Carts and Harness of all kinds. Repairing done by skillful workmen on short notice. Opposite new Court House. no 25 tf Photographs.—For finest quality, latest styles, best material, finest finish, lowest prices all on U. C. Ellis, 114 Market street, Wilming con. N. C. Cloudy weather makes no differ

Always Beliable.—The best and freshest goods at lowest market prices. Cabbage, Ap-ples, Butter, Bananas, Crackers, Candies, Lem-ons, Potatoes, etc. Retaliers will find it to their advantage to ask my prices before placing their order. A. S. Winstead, 115 Second street, Phone 308.



LOCK YOUR BARN DOOR'

REFORE YOUR HORSE IS STOLEN. DON" pense, by purchasing them from J. W. MUR-CHISON, who always keeps a large assortment of all kinds of STABLE HARDWARE, HINGES, LOCKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, HAY KNIVES

See our PENINSULAR STEEL RANGE the best snearth. A full line of Cooking and Heating Stoves always on hand.
Our line of AGATE WARE is the largest and most varied in the city.
Give us a call and we will please you.

J. W. MURCHISON,

CHRISTMAS.



Our Year's work has been hard; but the results are very gratifying. We sincerely thank our friends and the general public for their liberal

his room, rubbing his hands with the pleasure the season brings; alsa, A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

> Respetfully, MERCER & EVANS. H. C. Evans' old stand.

WANTED IMMEDIATE SHIPMENTS OF Coon, O'Possum, Fox, Mink, Offer and Other Fur.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Same No Commission or Freight charged. SAM'L BEAR, Sr.,

de 18 tf 12 Market St., Wilmington, N. C.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.

— Wadesboro Messenger-Intelli-gence: Mrs. Jno. F. Hamer, wife of a prominent planter near Rockingham, died suddenly a few days ago.

- Columbus News: Mr. Jeff Ward died at his home in Bogue town-ship last Sunday night, from a relapse from a case of typhoid fever. He was about forty-five years of age.

- Jonesboro Progress: Dr. John Shaw died at Carthage Monday night of paralysis. He had been suffering for some time. He was upwards of seventy years of age. - Murfreesboro Index: Mr. Abra-

ham Stephenson, aged about 21 years, died on Thursday, Dec. 23d, of consumption, at the residence of his father, Capt. Stephenson, near Boyleins. - Raleigh Press Visitor: One of

curiosities in the State prison is a negress who calls herself Queen of Sheba and devotes her entire time to cursing. She is in the department for the female criminal insane. She has a group of subjects always near her who yield implicit obedience to her will. - Scotland Neck Commonwealth On Monday night, January 3rd, Mrs. Penelope, wife of Mr. W. K. White, died at her home a few miles in the country, after a lingering illness of considerable time. —Mr. J. Whit Bell killed, about the beginning of the holidays, a hog that weighed 527 pounds

- Monroe Enquirer: Mr. Hamp-ton Horne, who took chloroform with suicidal intent one day last week, died Thursday night. He leaves a wife and several children, the youngest child but a few days old. The remains were taken to White's Store, Anson county, for burial. — Work on the artesian well goes on day and night. The well is now about 250 feet deep, and the drill is still cutting through the hardest of blue rock.

- Charlotte Obseraer: Mr. John Moore Rea lives in Sharon. Friday morning his daughter, Miss Maud, was in the front yard, where she was attacked by a mad dog, her arm badly lacerated and her clothing torn off her. Her screams brought assistance, and the dog was summarily dealt with, but the injury was done. She was brought to town at once and Dr. O'Donoghue applied the mad stone to the arm. It adhered for some minutes.

- Winston Sentinel: Particulars were received here last night of a brutal murder which occurred in Wilkes county several days ago. It appears that Bill Morgan and John Waters, Jr., became intoxicated on "singlings. They stopped at the home of a man named Rich Wellbourn. When they went to leave Morgan drew his knife disemboweled Waters. The wounded man only lived a few hours. Morgan was arrested, given a prelimi-nary trial and bound over to the next term of court, when he will be tried for murder

 Rocky Mount Argonaut: Mr.
 W. J. Cary, who lived in Nash county, several miles from town, was found dead near the residence of J. H. Hunter, Esq., at 6:30 o'clock Wednesday night, the 29th ultimo. The body was lying near the roadside and a roadcart and horse belonging to the deceased was standing near by. After viewing the remains the coroner decided it was a case of heart failure, the unfortunate man being stricken by death while riding home.—Four col-ored people braved the icy waters of the Tar river on Christmas day. They were recent converts, and willing to stand the cold bath to show that lukewarmness was not in their articles of

 Had Squared Up: "Sir, there are certain duties we all owe to our country."
"I don't, They soaked me for \$14
on three suits of English clothes, and I
paid it sir, I paid it.—Cleveland Plain

Seeds, Seeds, Seeds.

NEW CROP JUST ARRIVED

All Varieties. Lowest Prices.

TRUCKERS, COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND GAR-DENERS will save money by buying from

Robert R. Bellamy.

Wholesale Druggist and Seedsman,

jan 2 if Wilmington, N. C. Put at the Head

OF YOUR

New Year's Resolutions

that hereafter you will buy your

Drugs and Toilet

Articles From J. HICKS BUNTING.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist,

COTTON SEED MEAL

1250 BAGS LIVERPOOL SALT 425 BAGS DIRTY SALT.

1850 BAGS 13 PER CENT. ACID. 600 BAGS SULPHATE POTASH. 3500 BAGS (ALL GRADES) RERTILIZER. 450 BARRELS LIME. DIRECT SHIPMENTS from factories,

Baltimore, Wilmington, Charleston or Prices & Terms Cheerfully Given. W. B. COOPER. Vholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant, jan 7 tf Wilmington, N. C.

We Have Bargains In CHEESE,

CHEROOTS AND TOBACCO for the trade. A few Old N. C. Hams, Choice,

SNUFF, CIGARS,

on consignment. . HALL & PEARSALL, jan 9 tf Wholesale Grocers. ter, it was evident we were in

and bre king more sharply, while the heavy steamer flung herself about as if she would shake the masts out of her, with water and spray already flying in

For some hours I hung about under the lee of the "dodgers," or canvas screens, chatting with the mate and trying to evade the stinging spindrift which lashed our faces like a whip from time to time. At last, as the poop dissppeared to the top of the hand wheel in a rush of water, the mate, shaking the water from his sou'wester, said:

"If she jumps any more, the chief will be slowing her down. He's an awful old heathen over that broken down engine of his, and the second says he sits and talks to it in bad weather. Anyway, the sooner we get this hooker home the better." Sleep that night was difficult, for every now and then, as the steamer lifted

er stem clear of the sea, the whole poop shook to the heavy vibration of the whirring propeller, until, knowing what ship it was and bad rivets are, I sincerely wished myself out of it. In the morning I found the water pouring in over either rail, while all round was a wild, drifting, crested sea. some of the cargo had shifted, and the ship lay down to it and wallowed, as

to foremast into the big ridges that rolled upon her. The chief said: "Man, the auld mill's turning balf peed, but we'r bann, back sterrun first

only a tramp can, shoving her bows up

tae Las Palmas." Then misfortunes began to arise Something got adrift on the forecastle head and clanged about. It may have been an únshackled chain or anchor lashing. Three men, watching their time and clinging to the rail when a heavy sea came on board, crawled forward. I was watching them from the bridge, and I saw an unusually large wave rising ahead-a wall of glittering green water, curling over into foam at the summit. The captain waved his hand to the men and they grasped the rails. Next moment the bows disappeared deep in the sea, and when the steamer slowly lifted a streaming forecastle out of the ocean only one remained, clinging, half drowned, to the rails, while as the vessel rolled heavily down and the sea poured out I saw his companion clutch at the bulwarks, miss them and disappear beyond all hope of

rescue in a smother of foam. The other poor fellow lay washing about the deck beneath with broken ribs, and as three or four seamen crept forward to go to his aid Mack came up with a long face to say that more of the tubes in the port boiler had burst and that the water was pouring out under the grates from a leak in the back end. "I hae scaulded baith hands an feet

but there's that much steam an hot water flyin round it canna Le done." There was a brief consultation, and t was decided to draw the fires in one boiler while the firemen did their best to raise enough steam from the remaining one to keep the ship head to sea.

trying tae pit in the patent stoppers,

sea it's all up. Be quick," said the captain, to which the chief answered brief-"I hae been in a hot furnace afore, an I can gang again. There'll be no time lost." So the rest of the day and

all night we lay to, every man at his post, while with ventilators torn up, batch covers ripped off and water gurgling about deep in the holds the Corona swung to the beavy Atlantic sea in imminent peril. Next morning a steady clang and clatter floated up through the stokehold gratings, and a fireman, wiping the sweat from his sooty face, came up to say that the chief wanted me below to see how repairs were done at sea. The

grimmer than ever, was swathing himself in sacks opposite the front of the port boiler, which, although the fires had been drawn, was still almost at blue heat. His third was trying to persuade him not to enter the flue himself, but the chief shook him off. An acrid smell of charring wood floated out of the three feet flues, and then, while we held our breath, the chief

slowly crawled down the bot furnace

chief engineer, looking gaunter and

and disappeared into the dark boiler, while a fireman followed him along the wing flue. For some minutes there was a cluttering of hammers, and then a nerve trying silence. We listened with hearts in our mouths, but only heard the hammering of the ranaway engines and the vibrating of the plates as a heavy sea struck the ship. Then a smothered cry came from the flue, "For God's sake get me out!" and, leaning forward, two firemen dragged the engineer forth, blackened and burned, after which he promptly collapsed into a dead faint, while a fireman went into the other flue

at the risk of his life, and, making fast a rope, his comrade was hauled out. Presently the chief gasped and sat up, holding out a hand on which the flesh was peeling from the bones in rags. "I can do nae mair," he said. "It's a boilermaker's job. An we canna drive the ither boiler at that rate any longer. It's no safe the noo. She'll fall off in the trough of the sea when the engine slows -an roll over. Lord have mercy on us!" Just then a dilapidated greaser came

in from the engine room, and I recog-nized the man who was working his passage. "You should have sent for me before," he said. "Give me the tools." "What dae ye ken aboot calking?" asked the chief roughly.
"I was the best boilermaker in Har-

tlepool before I took to drink," was the quiet reply. "Give him the tools. It's neck or nothing the noo," said the chief. The stranger carefully wrapped his hands in the sacks and then, with a hammer slung round his neck, crawled

into the black mouth of the flue, pushing a flat engine lamp before him. The red glare of the boiler lamps fell on anxious faces, dripping with sweat and smeared with soot, all turned toward the yawning mouth of the flue, and as I watched I could plainly feel a tiny artery pulsing as if it would burst beneath my ear. Then the tap of the hammer ceased, there was a clatter, as of something dropping in the combus-tion chamber and with a low hiss, as

of water on hot metal, the dim light "He's dropped his lamp. Get in, some of you, and bring him out," said the third engineer. And while four firemen struggled to be first to undertake the dangerous work the chief staggered coss the stokehole, and, turning a the Greek fashion. In English it is spelled wheel, the sharp clang of the brass rams with two. An unusually acute friend pumping up the half empty boiler rang pointed this out to Daudet, which much

out across the silence. The seconds dragged slowly past in anxious suspense, while only a rustling sound and a sour smell of charring wood and smoldering cloth drifted out of the black furnace. Then there was a shuffling along the plank, and the fire-man fell out a limp heap amid the coal

"I'm done; take hold!" he gasped.
And his comrades seized a shriveled, blackened band that lay upon the deal plank, ringed round with a smoldering sleeve. A moment later they hauled out a ghastly object with charred clothing. singed hair and blackened face and laid it, with the features distorted in a sightless spasm of pain, carefully upon the floorplates.
"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's gone.

Get those fires started," said the third

engineer, kneeling down and lifting the

Presently the relighted fires reared and crackled, and while the half hours crept slowly by and the finger of the steam gauge steadily mounted the scale the third engineer, surrounded by such firemen whose duties were over, knelt on the coal, bathing the blistered face and hands with the healing oil and trying to force a few drops of spirits between the clenched teeth. At last, just before the change of the morning watch, the burned and blackened lids fell back

and the eyes opened. A faint smile crept over the soorched face, softening away the stamp of pain, and the voice of the dying man sounded hollow and strange as he spoke in low gasps. "I've earned my passage—anyway—the leak's stopped. Mine's been a hard—hard life—it's finished now—goodby." Then the weary eyes closed forever on this world.

There is little more to be told. Withsteam from both boilers the Corona was able to keep head to sea until the gale broke and a faint, watery sunlight streamed down between lines of whirling clouds and shone across the feaming

ridges below. At eight bells the engines stopped for a few minutes, and as the solemn words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," sounded clearly above the gurgle and swish of the water along the plates of the plunging ship, the stern grating was tipped up, and there was a heavy splash in the

Then a silence fell over the barehead ed crew, and they turned softly away, a hazy idea in each man's heart-for Jack is not much given to sentiment and can rarely express himself clearly -that whatever the boilermaker's past life may have been he had at least made a good end, and possibly also a vague pride in another proof-although he has proved it over and over again—that even the "drunken sailorman" can occasionally die in a manner of which his countrymen have no cause to be ashamed

Though he could never put it into words, poor Jack has got the feeling in him which a poet has expressed: But once in a while we can finish in style— For the ends of the earth to view. -Temple Bar.

The Sickbed. In arranging the sickbed the two essen tial things to be thought of are the com-

fort of the patient and, after that, the conce of the nurse. The bedstead should be firm, light and simple. If it is firm, it cannot be easily jarred; if it is light, it can be easily moved, and if it is simple it can be easily kept clean. All these requirements are met in the plain iron bedstead, which has the additional advantage that its width and height are adapteed both to the needs of the patient and the convenience of the

If the bedstead is light, it is better to have only the head end provided with casters; otherwise the bed will move too easily. By lifting the foot end off the floor the bed can be moved and guided without causing the patient the least discomfort. The mattress should be sufficiently soft

and yielding to be perfectly comfortable allow his body to sink into it. It is very on a sagging mattress. Feather beds should never be used in

cases of sickness. They are uncomfortable for the patient, it is impossible to keep them clean, almost of necessity they keep the patient's body unnecessarily warm, and they are extremely inconvenient for To prevent the mattress from becoming soiled a good sized piece of waterproof ma-- preferably a rubber blanketshould be smoothly spread over it before the undersheet is put on. This sheet should

be large enough to be securely tucked un-der the edges of the mattress, and the greatest care should be taken to smooth ont all the creases. The pillows should be thoroughly aired at least once a day, and whenever the pil-lowslip becomes soiled or damp with perspiration a clean one should be substitut-ed. Changing and shaking up the pillows when they have become hard and mussed is a small service, but very refreshing to

The covering for the sickbed - other than the top sheet-should vary according to the temperature of the room, the nature of the sickness, the feelings of the patient and the season of the year. Whatever these conditions, the covering should be as light as is consistent with the comfort of the palent.—Youth's Companion.

American Snuff For the Pope. Pope Leo XIII sneezes just as other mortals do, and he adheres to a custom still practiced in this country by gen-tlemen of the old school—that of using snuff to tickle his olfactories. It is not generally known that the snuff used by the head of the Roman Catholic church is made in Baltimore especially for his use. This particular snuff goes direct fom prosaic Canton to the sacred pre-cincts of the Vatican. It is the highest priced snuff made anywhere in the world, and its value is increased several times above the original cost after the

customs duty has been paid to the Ital-The snuff for the prince of Rome is manufactured from the pick of the finest Virginia and Kentucky tobacco, the Baltimore firm which makes the snuff being careful that every vestige of stem s removed from the tobacco before it undergoes the process which changes the leaf to a sneeze provoker. Before it is packed the snuff is flavored with the

costly attar of roses. One hundred pounds were first ordered for the Vatican. This was packed in one pound and five pound jars, each jar being placed in a leather case lined with cardinal satin. The jars were of the same color, and each was tied with pardinal ribbon. In honor of Cardinal Gibbens, through whom the Baltimore firm secured its first order, the snuff

was called "Cardinal snuff." It is supposed that the five pound jars found a resting place, in the private apartments of his-holiness. The one pound jars were used as presents from the pope to various cardinals and to others of his friends fond of a good Baltimore sneeze. —Baltimore Sun.

A Puzzled Author.

The San Francisco Argonaut tells an amusing story about Alphonse Daudet. When he brought out "Sappho," an American publishing house that issues religious books, not knowing its character, offered M. Daudet a large sum for advance sheets of the work. He accepted the offer, and of the work. He accepted the offer, and the advance sheets were sent. When the publishers received them, they decided that they could not issue the book, and they cabled to the author, "'Sappho' will not do.' This dispatch puzzled Daudet. He consulted with numbers of friends, and this was the conclusion at which they eventually arrived: "Sappho" in French is spelled with one "p"—"Sapho," after

relieved the novelist, and he cabled back to the publishers, "Spell it with two p's." It is needless to state that the publishers were more astonished at Daudet's reply than he had been at their cable dispatch. The Professional Housekeeper. The principal duties of a profession The principal duties of a professional housekeeper are to look after the servants, engage and pay them and see that their work is properly done and, where there is no steward, to do the provisioning. She is also expected to see to the linen closets, purchase kitchen utensils when necessary and attend to the repairing of furniture. In a small household, where there are only two or three servants, the housekeeper mends the household linen. In such cases she is generally treated as a member of the she is generally treated as a member of the family, but is less independent than in the large establishment, where she has her

own apartments and leads her own life .-

New York Tribune.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We wish to begin the New Year with clean books. All accounts with us are made out and are due on the first of the year. We hope all persons indebted to us will come forward and settle promptly.

We wish our many customers a Happy New Year, and beg a continuance of their patronage.

Respectfully,

A. D. BROWN

No. 29 North Front Street.

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At the close of Business Dec. 15th, 1897, Condensed from Report to Comptroller, Loans ... \$587,834 89 69 69 88 Undivided profits ... \$125,000 00 Undivided profits ... \$20,404 01 - 75,404 01 U

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT: Dividends paid-6 per cent. per annum. Last Instalment of Capital paid in October, 1892. jan Ttf

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