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**HENRY,
O'BRIEN & CO.,**
FANCY GROCERS,
DURHAM, N. C.


Offer an elegant assortment of table delicacies—everything FIRST-CLASS. See below articles for the spring trade:
Canned tongue—cooked whole—2lb can 75
Canned tongue 50
Canned beef 25
Canned corn 15 to 25
Imported sardines 12 1/2
Canned olives 5 c
Margarine 20
Sardine bouquets (per box) 25
Calf for Golden Gate (per can) 10
North Carolina peaches 20
Shad roe, 10lb pails 1 75
Elegant dried beef, per lb. 20
Canned shredded oats, per pkg. 15
Tapioca, per pkg. 15
Boston baked beans (3lb cans) 25
California apricots (3lb cans) 25
Pine apples (Bahama) per can 35
Lithia neck clams 30c
McManamin's scented crabs 35
Hecker's buckwheat (3lb pkg) 20
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Also all other articles usually kept in a first-class grocery store.
Our best family flour "takes the cake" \$1.75 per 50lb.
Mail orders will be carefully attended to and no charge for boxing or packing.

Yours truly,
HENRY, O'BRIEN & CO.,
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PPP CURES SCROFULA
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REMOVES CORNS, BUNIONS AND WARTS WITHOUT PAIN.
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THE BEST THING.
There is many a sight it is good to see,
And we gaze with an eager eye;
But nothing has splendor one-half so fine
As the light from a sunset sky.
There's many an odor that's rare and sweet,
Yet nothing, my heart allows,
Is half so fragrant or half so pure
As the smell of the cedar boughs.
There's many a sound that's strong and glad—
Many a dear refrain—
Yet nothing can thrill like the notes that come
From a bird that sings in the rain.
There's many a thing in the world to love
That the world can understand,
And yet there's nothing that's half so dear
As the touch of a baby's hand.
—Christian Union.

EDA'S FORTUNE.
BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

SOMETHING about the line of love—oh, it's all right, my pretty dear!" said Zaita Bhandee, the Hindoo soothsayer. (Her real name was Bridget Kearney, and her birthplace County Cork, in the green little isle of Erin.)
"It's long and it's deep, and he'll love you long and truly, my dear. A dark man, with black eyebrows and cheeks like roses—ah, rare good luck he'll have in getting you, sweet lady!"
"What nonsense!" laughed Eda Elkins, coloring like a sweet pea bloom.
"She was only a Philadelphia shoemaker's daughter, but as she emerged from the fortune teller's tent she caught herself wondering who the 'dark man, with black eyebrows and cheeks like roses,' could possibly be.
"It sounds like Mr. Berlin, the new floor walker, don't it?" said Julia Kesley, one of the ribbon counter girls.
"Don't be silly!" said Eda impatiently. "Mr. Berlin has never spoken a word to me beyond the commonest politeness, and hardly that."
Julia tossed her head.
"Well," said she, "I suppose there are more dark men in the world than one. You can take your choice of them, Miss High-and-Mighty!"
It was hard to go back to the store the next day and resume the tedious routine of everyday work after that bright glimpse of true love and sunshine; but it is the fate of womankind, and Eda was compelled to submit.
She was a novice at her work, and there were humiliations innumerable in her path. She was a deal too pretty to suit Miss Minster, who was superintendent of the hosiery department, and a deal too young to satisfy old Hopkins, the cashier, who held that no woman under thirty had any idea of making change in the correct manner.
Poor, pretty Eda! no wonder the wheels rolled heavily.
It was only the second day after this that Mr. Berlin found Eda crying softly, in a dark corner of the reserve department, surrounded by a wilderness of pasteboard boxes and paper parcels.
"Why, what is the matter, Miss Elkins?" said he kindly.
"Miss Minster sent me up for six boxes of X and a half," sobbed Eda, "and I must be very stupid, for I can't tell one box from another. And it's so dark here, and it's against the rules to light a match, and my head does ache so!"
Mr. Berlin put down his stock-book, and came to her assistance.
"Here," said he, smiling, "don't cry so. This isn't a national tragedy. I'll show you where the X and a half boxes are. But this isn't your business. Miss Minster should have sent a cash boy."
Eda dashed away the tears.
"—I don't think Miss Minster likes me," faltered she.
"Not like you! That's strange!"
He spoke from the top of a little step-ladder with a kindly glance backward over his shoulder. The words were simple, but their meaning carried cheer and encouragement to Eda's desponding heart.
She went down stairs in a far happier mood.
Mr. Berlin followed her after a few moments, and spoke quietly to Miss Minster.
"The reserve rooms are scarcely the place for our young ladies, Miss Minster," said he. "Hereafter, if you need anything from there, let me know, and I will send a cash boy or one of the porters."

Miss Minster acquiesced; but she was not exactly pleased, and gazed at Eda more uncompromisingly than ever.
"There," she said, some two hours afterward, "I knew how it would be if you girls had your lunch upstairs! A great grease spot on the glove counter and six pairs of Suede tans ruined. Yes, ruined!"
Eda grew pink—then pale.
"I haven't been near the glove counter," said she. "I did eat my lunch up here, because there are rats and black beetles down in the packing basement; but I ate it under the stairs where it couldn't possibly harm anything."
"Then," said Miss Minster, with the air of a criminal lawyer bullying a witness, "how came this grease spot here?"
Eda could not tell. There was something about Miss Minster that paralyzed her reasoning faculties and struck her dumb.
"You don't know," repeated Miss Minster. "I thought not. You can't deceive me. The price of those six pairs of tan Suedes will be taken out of your salary next Saturday night, Miss Elkins."
Eda looked aghast. She had been out of employment some time, and owed money for her board to Mrs. Timson, her respectable landlady. Without her full salary it would be impossible to meet her obligations. Her lip trembled, her dove-like blue eyes brimmed over with tears, but at that moment a party of customers swept in.
"Hosiery counter to the left," said Mr. Berlin, answering their inquiry.
And Eda started to think he had been so near to her.
"Do not be troubled Miss Elkins," he said, in a low tone. "I'll explain matters to the chief. You shall not be fined for what was not your fault."
But neither Miss Elkins nor Mr. Berlin knew what Miss Minster was perfectly well aware of—that the grease spot was caused by the careless handling down of the oil can of the carpenter who was loosening a hinge on the counter door.
"If you're going to discharge any of the young women in my department," said Miss Minster to Mr. Yardley, the acting member of the firm of Yardley & Yardley, "it had better be Miss Elkins. She ain't worth her salt."
"Eh?" said Mr. Yardley, who was not without perceptive powers of his own, and who had been rather favorably impressed with the blue-eyed novice in the white goods department.
"I cannot quite agree with Miss Minster," said a calm voice behind the acid-tongued Superintendent. "So far as my judgment goes, Miss Elkins is an excellent clerk, and is constantly improving in all respects."
And Miss Minster looked around with a startled air.
Contrary to her expectations, Eda was retained, and by means of the machinery of gossiping tongues, that belongs to every such establishment, she soon learned through whose beneficent agency it was.
"He has been so kind to me!" she thought. "Oh, I wish—I wish I could do something for him! But that never could be possible."
Eda was just beginning to be reckoned among Messrs. Yardley & Yardley's first-class saleswomen, when one day a letter arrived at Mrs. Timson's humble door for her.
A distant cousin on the Canada frontiers was dead, and there was no heir save herself for a fine farm, well wooded and watered, and containing a picturesque old house, said to be close on a century old.
"You'd better sell it," said old Mr. Scratchall, lawyer. "It's worth five or six thousand dollars at least, and maybe more."
Eda scarcely knew what to do. If Mr. Berlin had been in town she would certainly have written back to New York to ask his counsel. But he was traveling for the firm, no one quite knew where.
"I'll go home and think it over," said Eda.
She had scarcely been absent a fortnight, but when she returned there had been changes. Old Mr. Yardley had retired from business. The firm was Toland & Yardley now. Miss Minster had set up an "emporium" of her own, and Julia Kesley had a long story to tell her of how Mr. Berlin was in Calwallader Hospital, from the result of a railway accident on his return from his last business trip.
"Hopelessly crippled," said Julia, with the ghoulish relish whereby some people dwell on the details of frightful acci-

cents. "And quite without means, they say, for he's always been supporting an old uncle, or some such relation. Folks are saying the Yardleys ought to pension him off; but they ain't legally responsible, and no one seems willing to do anything. I guess likely he'll have to go on charity for the rest of his days, poor fellow!"
"Oh—charity!" gasped Eda. "Mr. Berlin! Oh, that would be dreadful!"
The May sun was shining, yellow and vivid, on the white-washed walls of the great, bare-looking hospital ward where Walter Berlin lay, trying to realize the force of the blow that had come upon him.
Not thirty yet, and his life career over! Surely, surely it must be impossible!
"A letter for Mr. Berlin," said the head nurse, cheerfully, entering with the mail-tray.
"It's a mistake," said Berlin, drearily. "There's no one to write to me, since my old uncle is dead."
"That's so! Well, here's your name on the outside—'Walter Berlin, Esq.' So, if it ain't for you, who is it for?" chuckled the head nurse.
Slowly and languidly the invalid opened the letter; but, as he read its contents, his eyes brightened, his breath came quick and fast.
"It must be from old Josiah Yardley," said he. "He always said he owed me more than any money compensation could repay; but I thought he had forgotten all about my saving his life that day of the gas explosion in the basement of the store. And he is in Japan—and I can't write to thank him, because he has left no address. A farm—and I have always so longed for country life. Oh, it seems as if existence were beginning again for me! I never dreamed that Josiah Yardley had so kind a heart!"
After that day, Walter Berlin improved rapidly. There was no longer any question of relapse.
Just a year afterward, Mr. Berlin sat on the wide, old-fashioned porch of the Canada farmhouse, where the shadows of the huge, tamarack trees swayed back and forth, his crutch on the floor beside him, the model of a new variety of beehive in his lap.
At the doorstep was Eda Elkins, who had stopped on her way home from the postoffice.
"So you are really willing to take a poor lame man for a husband?" he asked, smiling.
"Haven't I assured you of that fact often enough already?" gaily retorted Eda.
"Yes, and I can give you a good home, now that the small fruit venture has terminated so successfully," said Berlin, tenderly taking Eda's hand in his.
"But how strangely everything has turned out! How surprised I was when I came to Six Rivers to learn that you were teaching the Indian Mission School here! How more than surprised when—when I first began to hope that you might find in your heart to care for me, dear, dear little Eda!"
"Well," said old Scratchall, "as things have turned out, this madcap scheme of Miss Elkins's—Mrs. Berlin's, mean—is all very well. But I did think, just at first, that she had taken leave of her senses. Suppose he'd married some one else? Why, she'd have lost the farm."
But not until Mr. Yardley, on his return from Japan, stopped a day or two at Six Rivers, to view the famous cascade there, did Walter Berlin ever discover Eda's sweet plot.
"I'll say Mr. Yardley, pushing his spectacles on the very apex of his bald head. "Thanking me for the present of this house and farm? Why, man alive, I had nothing to do with it!"
Berlin looked across at Eda. Sudden color suffused her cheeks. If ever innocent guilt betrayed itself in a woman's pure face, it was now.
"Why, of course!" said Scratchall (who had been invited to dine at the farm to meet the traveler from Japan) answering the look on Berlin's face. "I wonder you never suspected it before."
"Dear little conspirator, was it you?" said he.
And there was nothing for it but for Eda to confess and receive absolution on the spot.
Zaita Bhandee, the Irish soothsayer with the Hindoo name, was right. The line of love had prophesied correctly, and Eda was happy with the "dark man with black eyebrows."—Saturday Night.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.
CO-OPERATION WITH FARM IMPLEMENTS.
A farmer owes it to himself to work with the best tools attainable. If his capital is not large enough to buy all he wants, or his farm large enough to employ them all the season, it is better to own them in partnership, taking turns in their use. This kind of co-operation among farmers was once more common than it has been of late years. It was one of the advantages of early settlement of new countries that farmers could work together. This more than offset many of the disadvantages the early settlers labored under. Many labor-saving implements are now so expensive that co-operation in their use is as necessary as it was in the house or barn raising that brought together all the farmers in a neighborhood in olden times.—Boston Cultivator.
WHITE FOWLS.
Snow-white fowls, with yellow legs and skin, with the general shape and characteristic of the Plymouth Rock, are destined to be popular in this country, and the reason is not far to seek. There is many a man whose life is very busy, who would like to take up a hobby if he felt he could spare the time, but who is deterred by the intricacies of marked plumage. Life to him seems too short to study into bairings, facings and spanglings. With such things he will not be bothered, yet he is unwilling to touch anything in which he cannot excel, or at least do respectably. If he has fowls, they must approximate to standard requirements, so as to render them beyond criticism and censure by his poultry friends. He must have fowls that will extort a fair degree of admiration from his visitors, although he cannot spend the time in study necessary to breed parti-colored fowls that will do this; but he can breed a solid white fowl that will come near the mark, and therefore he desires such a breed. Such men make a demand for the white breeds, and as such men always have and always will exist so long as the world stands, there will be a permanent demand for fowls of this character.—American Poultry Yard.
FOOD FOR TURKEYS.
A "farmer's daughter" writes thus on feeding turkeys:
"Unlike chickens, turkeys will not eat any and everything; mine were always healthier when allowed no meat or rich food of any kind, dry grain of good quality being preferred. Their drinking vessels and feeding pans must be kept very clean and wholesome, or they will refuse to touch anything. At and just previous to laying time the hens are very fastidious, and all the variety procurable should be offered them, taking care to feed them lightly on those grains at all fattening in tendency, as Indian corn in its preparations, allowing instead a generous proportion of those grains said to contain a preponderance of egg-producing elements, as wheat, oats and the like. Mine were very fond of sorghum seed and of grass seed from the floor of the hay loft, while of ground foods wheat bran was their favorite, especially if it was slightly moistened with sweet milk. Milk, either sweet or sour, buttermilk or clabber, is highly appreciated, and as this is said to be an excellent egg food, the hens should have all they will drink at this time, care being taken to allow none to remain in the trough over night, and so become rancid and unwholesome. Some green food they must have, and until grass comes again this may be supplied either in the shape of raw garden vegetables, ensilage or sweet clover hay cut in half-inch lengths and stemmed."—New York Voice.

run of a lot or pasture, rather than left tied up in their stables.
By watering the horses before feeding them the food will be much more thoroughly digested and assimilated.
Take every advantage to plant or sow seed in the spring whenever the condition of the soil will admit; this is necessary to get the seeding all done in good season.
In the middle of the day take out all the frames, one by one, and clear of dead bees and capping dust, and place in another hive or the same hive carefully brushed.
As the weather gets warmer more care is necessary to supply good ventilation in the hen house. Lattice or screen doors or windows can often be used to a good advantage.
RECIPES.
Currant Cookies—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one small cup of butter, one cup of currants, five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda and flour to roll thin (about four or five cups).
Delicious Cream Muffins—Beat the whites and yolks of four eggs separately. Mix in half a pint of cream and an ounce of butter. Add slowly one pint of flour, pour in muffin rings and bake very quickly.
Martha Washington Waffles—This is a recipe from Mrs. Washington's kitchen. Beat six eggs very light, sift in a quart of flour, add a teaspoonful of salt, a pint and a half of new milk and three tablespoonfuls of yeast. Beat well, set to rise over night, stir with a large spoon in the morning and bake in well greased waffle irons.
Poke Stalks—Take juicy, tender shoots, wash, lay in cold salt water one hour; tie in bunches, put in a kettle of boiling water, and boil three-quarters of an hour; drain, lay on buttered toasty, dust with salt and pepper, pour over drawn butter and serve hot.
Corn Bread Called "Famine Food."
When Indian-corn was sent to Ireland in 1848 the peasants at first refused to use it, and contemptuously called it the "famine food." It is true that they did not know how properly to prepare it. Since then a kind of mush has been made of Indian-corn meal in Ireland, and called "stirabout," but it is not held in the high esteem that it deserves. When the potato crop fails, they fall back on this. The Italians also use a good deal of maize, but what is used in Italy is grown at home. They have many ways of preparing "polenta," as it is called, and they are usually very toothsome. But it is said that a very considerable use of "polenta" in Italy produces a troublesome skin disease. No such objection can be urged against Indian-corn as it is used in America.—Harper's Weekly.

Blue the Color of Melancholia.
The color blue has long been associated with melancholia. A sixteenth-century author asserted that blue eyes were injurious to the health and spirits. One authority traces the term to the well authorized belief that persons who work in indigo dyeing establishments are peculiarly subject to melancholia. A German authority derives the expression from the German blue, or lead, since lead by its weight and resemblance to darkened skies, has always been held to typify a gloomy spirit. Webster says that blues are short for blue devils. These latter are supposed to be seen by persons in delirium tremens, and hence may well be taken to represent the extreme of depression.—New York Dispatch.

Violins From a Maine Spruce Beam.
An amateur violin-maker of Portland, Me., has secured a prize in a spruce beam from an old house at North Yarmouth. The beam had been standing for more than a hundred years, and the tiny little boards sawn from it give forth the clear mellow sound that is desired in violin stock. Germeister, the New York maker of violins, was in Portland recently, and secured some of the wood.—Chicago Herald.

The Economical Widow's Joint.
"H. N." wants to marry an economical widow with whom he is acquainted, says the New York Journal. Her wren runs this way:
On Sunday morn a simple joint,
On Monday freeze;
On Tuesday eve as curried veal
We have it served at tea.
Then daily, punctually at two,
The joint comes up as Irish stew.