

The Bee

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NEL DESPERANDUM.

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WHOLE NO. 353.

Buried Treasure. Upon a time—I do not know exactly when, but long ago—

At last he dug a monstrous pit To hold his wealth, and buried it By night alone; then smoothed the ground

Some precious jewels still remained, For which a goodly price he gained, Then left the city gate by stealth;

Thus calm and prosperous pass the years, Till on a late day he hears The sultan's mandate, short and dread;

Before the dreaded throne he bowed Where sat the sultan, grim and proud, And thought "My head must surely fall,

Pansy's New Year's Card.

"Conf— "Oh! fie, papa! Fie!" Sturdy old Squire Cranborne put hand within his breeches pocket

"Not from Sir Charles after all," said the squire, taking hold of the mistress. "Why, yes it is; but by George and egad! it's addressed to you!"

"I do wish you would not make so many allusions to my fortune!" "Gad! help it, Kate. There's my Pansy as beautiful as the flower I named her after."

"Never mind, Pansy!" he said, "I am very glad you send me such rubbish. And I am thankful you are no heiress. Perhaps no one will want to take you from me!"

"That Howell is a sensible young fellow, and I admire his taste; I don't like the idea of losing my Pansy, though I would rather give her to him than anyone."

blow to him when she died, on the second anniversary of her wedding-day. He had never married again, though quite a young man when left for the second time a widower.

This it happened that Katherine and Pansy were half sisters only; the one a rich heiress, and the other with only a very modest portion.

Katherine was within a few months of her majority. Tall and beautiful, she was, like her mother, vain and proud,

"You are vexed, Kate," said her father, "and so you are cross with us. I noticed your annoyance increase as you got to the bottom of the pile."

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Crowded as the town hall was that New Year's day with all the youth and beauty of the neighborhood, the entrance of Sir Charles with his two lovely companions attracted immediate notice,

Among those who pressed forward was a certain Captain Simister—a tall, fair man—conspicuous by his thick mustache, and long, flowing yellow beard, which descended to his breast.

"I am so awfully glad to see you this morning," he said, bending down to Katherine.

"Indeed! Why?" "Will you allow me to show you? This way, please. The end of the room is fitted up as the Cave of Mystery, and there's a fortune-teller in it. It's real fun, I assure you."

"At least you will allow me?" "Certainly. How can I have a voice in the matter?" Sir Charles put down his shilling, and the fortune-teller was spun around, and finally, after a little oscillation, stopped with the wand pointing to one of the slips.

"Will you take it up, please?" Sir Charles did so, and then read aloud: "Seek her hand, and buy the ring;—"

"What was it, Simister?" cried Sir Charles, laughing. "But the captain's face wore such an angry look, that the baronet saw it would be judicious to pursue the subject further."

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"Mr. Brown, couldn't you give me a position of some kind with you?" "Very sorry—don't think there is any vacancy in my establishment."

A Broker in Trouble. The French government has recently decreed that from the first of January next certain Italian coins, which have been freely given and taken, should not be considered a legal tender.

"Here, my boy," he says to the cab driver, "here are two francs: keep the rest as a pourboire." (The fare in a Paris cab is only one franc and a half).

"It is healthy, your pourboire (tee); your piece is not worth anything!" "How is that?"

"Idiot! I have enough in my pocket-book to buy your horse, your cab, and your wife!" "Very possible, pay me then."

"Did you remark the disorder of his clothes?" "Yes." "Did you believe that story about the Italian piece?" "Not a word."

Shocking Death in a Cotton Mill. Mr. Raymond Knowles, the superintendent of the Thistle cotton mills, in Elechester, Md., met his death in a singular and shocking manner.

Origin of Christmas. The precise date of the institution of the Christmas festival is involved in obscurity. The origin of Christmas as a religious feast, is ascribed to the decretal letters addressed to Pope Telephorus, who died A. D. 138.

A Reminiscence of Hooker. How it came about that 3,000 Confederate soldiers cheered lustily for "Fighting Joe Hooker" is explained by the editor of the Rural Sun (Nashville, Tenn.) who was a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., during the severe winter of 1863-64.

In a Sea of Ice. The whaling bark Helen Mar, which arrived in San Francisco not long ago, had a terrible experience in the Arctic sea.

"It is an Italian coin; don't want it; been caught twice that way; don't want any more; had enough."

A Curious Custom. It is a custom in many Swiss villages, when a maiden belonging to the parish accepts "a foreigner"—an inhabitant of some other parish—as her bridegroom to compel the successful suitor to redeem his bride from her own native community by paying an indemnity in money to the young men of the place.

When a young fellow has his office connected with his girl's home by telephone, it is a man rival who will cast suspicion on the lady by stealing into the young man's office and putting onion juice on the instrument.

Little Willie—"And were all the little birds drowned, mamma?" "Yes, all but those who were in the ark." Willie—"Then I do think they were stupid; why didn't they get in a row on the top of the ark?"—Toronto Grip.

Never mind me, save my boy, was what old Samuel Mosley, a miner, yelled while buried under a mass of coal with his son at Wadesville shaft, near Fottsville, Pa. The boy was saved to earth and the old man saved to heaven.

The entire coin circulation of Germany amounts to \$664,500,000, consisting of \$429,000,000 gold coin, \$97,500,000 silver pieces, \$20,000,000 Austrian thalers, \$106,750,000 fractional silver currency, and \$11,250,000 nickel currency.

Charlie Youngworth has half a dozen large, fat, solemn-looking frogs in the show-window of his restaurant waiting the order of some gourmand. Recently Mr. Youngworth was expatiating on the characteristics of the frogs, dead and alive.

The sale of suspenders ought to be the most brisk in bracing weather. A mule, unlike a gun, often refuses to go off when he is loaded.

The total debt of Boston is \$42,350,816.93, a decrease during 1879 of \$9,730,694.

A \$10,000 greenback was paid into the Alabama State treasury one day recently. Thurlow Weed, of New York, saw the first steamboat and rode on the first railway car.

Man's vital energies are sustained and developed by present work; they cannot be nourished with draughts on the future.

A statistician computes that 2,500,000 watches and 4,000,000 clocks are annually turned out in different parts of the world. Stealing a \$10 horse cost a Colorado man his life, although he had been tried and acquitted five different times for murder.

There are plenty of representative men who don't represent anything worth speaking of except an unlimited amount of burglar-proof cheek.

A perfumer proposes to start out with this motto for 1880: "If I don't make \$3,000 this year I won't make a cent." But we would like to see him prove it.

A baby is a very small thing. It doesn't usually weigh over nine or ten pounds, but it will keep a family awake all night as easily as if it was as large as an elephant.

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