The Tarboroug Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.

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A TIN ROOF COSTS BUT LITTLE MORE THAN A SHINGLE ONE,

So there is no excuse for loosing one's house from sparks falling on the roof
Now is the season for

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LEOPOLD JAKOWFSKY has moved into the building between Dr. Bass' office and Coker's store, and will do business on his

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Clothing cut and made to order. Fits and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Cleaning add repairing done.
My terms will be
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I can't give it to you, but anything usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS STORE YOU CAN GET and

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LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY,

AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALLEN AMONG THIEVES" "MY LADY FANTASTICAL," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XVII.

MY BOY HARRY.

When Captain Winthrop found himself one of the hundreds pouring out of the gateway of the Central station in New York, I fancy he felt, for all his brave words to his wife, a little nervous concerning the troubles he was about to encounter, for like all untraveled provincialists, his ideas of the metropolis were not exactly flattering to its inhabitants.

It was mid afternoon when he arrived, and, first "running into dock" at a hotel he set boldly out for East Sixty-third street. It was reeking hot—hotter than the Captain in his wildest dreams had ever imagined human beings could endure it and live. Along Fifth avenue it was bad enough, but when he turned to the right into a narrower and more crowded street he had fairly to grasp for respiration. The neighborhood was not a pleasant one, for by degrees the character of the houses seemed to deteriorate until at last he reached a region of squalid tenement dwellings, teeming with slatternly women and half-naked children, whom the stifling air had driven to the doorsteps. Again and again he paused, thinking he must have blundered, but the inscription on the street lamps reassured him and he plodded on. Then things mended a little. There was a marked improvement in the style of houses, which were now of the shabby-genteel order, with windows decorated with cards of "Apartments to let," and at last he reached No. 2051.

A pleasant-looking, neat, middle-aged woman was sweeping the doorstep as he approached.

"Does Miss Frobisham live here?" the Captain asked, mopping his brow with a bandana handkerchief big enough for a yacht flag.

"Yes, sir. Please come in." And the Captain found himself in a small, dark sitting-room, made hideous with aborions in wax flowers and colored tidies after the manner of the New York lodging-houses.

"You'll excuse me, sir," the woman continued, when the Captain was seated, "but might I ask your business with Miss Frobisham?"

The Captain stared in indignant silence.

"Oh, you need not be angry, sir, I don't ask you of curiosity; only I can see that you are from the country, and I suppose you are one of the family."

"Merely an old friend," the Captain explained.

"An old friend, eh! Then I'm glad I took the precaution of speakin' to you. You must deal gently with her, for she's seen about as much trouble as she can bear, and if you are going to worry her with any bad news or other unpleasantness you won't see her at all, and that's plump."

The Captain felt very uncomfortable.

"The piano man's been here this morning and taken the instrument away, though she starved herself to pay the hire, and too proud she is to let me help her. Lord above knows what she'll do if some of her people don't turn up—but, gracious, I'm letting my tongue wag, and precious mad she'd be if she knew I'd let on about her troubles."

"May I see her, please?" the Captain asked, meekly.

"Yes, I suppose I must tell her you are here," the woman said, reluctantly. "Wait a few minutes and I will fetch her."

Left to himself, the Captain began to deplore the obstinacy of women in general and Kate Frobisham in particular. Why, in the name of goodness, couldn't she let his boy alone? But he would bring this young person to her senses before he left the city, sure as his name was Daniel Winthrop.

Suddenly the door opened and Kate Frobisham stood before him.

Now, it is one thing for an elderly gentleman to make big resolutions and another to carry them out when he is confronted by a lovely young woman, looking exasperatingly beautiful, and piercing his very heart with a glance of pitiful entreaty. Such a sad, sweet face too! What a shame that fortune should deal so hardly with her. So instead of reading her a lecture on the impropriety of her conduct, he found himself holding both the girl's hands in his and drawing her to him with a fatherly kiss.

"I was so surprised to hear you were come," she said, in shy, soft tones.

"And so glad, my pretty—say you were glad too."

"I think I am glad—nay, I will say I am sure I am glad, Captain Winthrop."

For an hour they talked, yet not a word did the wicked Captain say of the object which had brought him to the city; and so confidential did they become that when she showed him some water colors she had sketched in the vain hope of selling them, he had the unblushing audacity to declare that he knew a picture dealer who was aching to secure just such things, offering, if she would entrust them to him, to transact the business for her—which he did much to her wonderment and satisfaction.

Then he pleaded that she must have pity on his loneliness in the city and "show him about a bit," and even succeeded in inveigling her to dine with him at his hotel and drive in the park with him, and altogether conducted himself in such a reprehensible manner, that I am sure the reader has lost all confidence in him.

The next day was a repetition of the previous one, and the more he saw of the charming girl the more his heart warmed towards her, and he became so demonstrative in his affection that he scandalized Mrs. Wilson, Kate's landlady, so that she felt it her duty to warn the young lady against the danger of the elderly gentleman's admiration, which brought the first smile she had seen in Kate's face for many a day.

By and by they became more confidential and she told him many of the struggles through which she had passed and her manner of encountering them, all of which tended to more deeply impress him with the fact that she was a jewel of a girl who could hold her own under any difficulties.

But the crisis of the Captain's inconsistencies came upon the third day of his visit to New York. Bright and early he was at Mrs Wilson's house, for Kate had promised to accompany him on a trip to Staten Island. And he sat in the attic dingy parlor waiting her arrival—for Kate was not without the feminine weakness of being a wee bit behind time in getting ready—he saw a scrap of paper lying on the floor and recognized at once Harry's handwriting. I make no apology for the indelicacy of his action, for I am simply a historian, but the wicked Captain picked it up and deliberately read it through. It was a portion of a letter containing the following:

"While I acknowledge that he is the best father that man ever had, I am deeply pained to add that there is no sign of that unreasonable animosity to the name of Fobisham wearing away; and if, as you say, you will not be my wife until he of his own free accord asks you to consent to our union, our happiness is indeed far off."

"Ho-ho," the Captain chuckled, "so the young dog has been making me the bugbear all this while."

And quite forgetting the young lady who was hurrying her preparations up-stairs, he slipped out at the door and sped to the nearest telegraph office, whence he telegraphed a message to his son in Indianapolis:

"Come at once to the Grand Union Hotel, New York. Reply."

Then he sheepishly returned to the lodging-house, and never so much as hinted to the young lady the desperate step he had taken.

Thirty hours afterwards father and son were clasping hands in the office of the hotel.

"What is it dad?" the young man asked, eagerly. "You cannot tell how your telegram has upset me, for the least I thought was that you might be sick, or in some scrape or other. What in the name of conscience brought you to New York?"

"Just a little matter of business, Harry, that's all; but I felt I couldn't conclude it without your assistance. In fact, there's a person now in the ladies' room I want you to see—would you mind stepping in there? I'll join you in a few minutes."

If the clerk of the hotel had chanced to notice the portly figure of his guest when his son left him, he would have had grave doubts of his sanity, for it is not usual for old gentlemen to walk about grinning and chuckling and every now and then slapping their thighs in a perfect ecstacy of uncontrollable delight. Presently he conquered his emotions and walked demurely upstairs into the ladies' reception-room.

"Well, Harry, how's business? Have you and the other party come to terms?"

Harry Winthrop seized his father's hand. There was the same glad, trustful look in his face the old man had missed for many a day, and his heart thrilled with joy to think that at last there was no bother between him and the boy Harry.

It was a very quiet wedding, for the Captain had insisted on its taking place at once in New York, as he argued that it would be awkward for Kate to go back to the Orchard Farm as a visitor; and you may be sure Harry offered no obstacles to his arrangements, though I am free to confess Kate made a blushing objection to the hurried ceremony, which was so transparently insincere that it did not delay it an hour.

Then the Captain sent the young couple off for a week's trip to the seaside, and started home to tell Martha how effectually he had stopped those bothersome letters.

* * * * * *

There were grand doings at the Orchard Farm. From far and near the guests had come by boat and carriage; under the big apple trees long lines of tables were spread with snowy cloths and laden with the choicest viands; on the lawn the village band played, making up in energy what they lacked in science; and from the flag-pole on the summer-house yards of gay bunting fluttered in the gentle breeze. For on this day Harry Winthrop was bringing home his bride.

But I question if all the bright speeches and all the gay music were half as sweet to his father as the hideous screams of the steam whistles from the passing vessels with which his brother captains saluted their happy old comrade.

And Kate, as she hangs on her husband's arm and gazes on the fair scene, whispered: "The wounds are healed at last, Harry, and for all the long years to come there shall be in our lives no North and no South."

But Daniel Winthrop's mind was not just now devoted to the glories of steam-whistles. He stood with his hand on his boy's shoulder, watching the gay scene around him, but suddenly his gaze concentrated on four figures grouped on the lawn—his wife and his son's wife, Walter Frobisham and Gordon Grey, and he said:

"The dead past is burying its dead pretty fast, boy. I did not think I could be ever so grateful to God as I am this moment to see the blue and the gray blended in such a union. Say, Harry, we must do something for that fine young fellow, your brother-in-law—a few thousands would be a mighty help to him to start in his new profession. Yes, I would like to do something for him for Kate's sake, for the best gift your father ever made you was the chance to bring that brave girl home as your wife."

A glad light leaped to the young man's face—a radiant look that gladdened the father's eye to behold—and, with a laugh that but half concealed his earnestness, he replied in the words of the greatest of all writers:

"She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearls,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold."

Short Sermons.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.
[Anonymous.]

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly never, even in jest, to wrangle with each other, whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must continually and every moment see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has commited a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely.

And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacy of your house, married state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two.

Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find you account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding-day known this secret, how many marriages would be happier than, alas, they are now!

SOMETHING THAT STAYS.
[Dr Cyrus A. Bartol.]

For our guide in life we want something that our passions or fancies cannot alter, our fingers cannot touch; as we need not a mechanical instrument alone, but the north star and the sidereal time of the heavens, to direct us on an earthly voyage. Conscience, independent of religion, of God's will, is not enough; all history, in every land, shows it is not enough. It is but like a lantern on the vessel's mast, casting a little light around, but swaying and turning with every motion of the waves, or eclipsed by the tempest, and incapable of illuming the whole course. The sailor must look beyond his candle to the steady, ever-shining pole. And while we move in the varying light of our own mind, and keep that inner indispensable lamp carefully trimmed and burning, we must supply its deficiencies from the bright, high oracles of God in Jesus Christ.

DOING GOOD.
[Anonymous.]

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth $2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out, and gives them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service.

"YE NEXTE THYNGE."
[J. R. Miller.]

If not even one little step is plain to us, "ye nexte thynge" is to wait. Sometimes that is God's will for us. At least, it never is his will that we should take a step into the darkness. He never hurries us. We had better always wait than rush on when we are not quite sure of the way. Often in our impatience we do rash things, which we find after a little were not God's "nexte thynges" for us at all. That was Peter's mistake when he cut off a man's ear in the garden, and it led to sore trouble and humiliation a little later. There are many quick, impulsive people who are continually doing "next things" wrong, and who then find their next thing trying to undo the last. We must always wait for God, and never take a step which he has not made light for us,

A PROBLEM.
[Rev. T. Campbell Finlayson.]

It is one of the problems of life how to preserve the earlier spirit of trust and hope amid the knowledge and wisdom born of maturer experience. And it is because this problem is too hard for many that they begin in middle life to degenerate in character. They leave behind them the generous impulses, the energizing hopes, and the resolute courage of youth. They cease to exercise their imagination in the practical conduct of life. They lose sight of the ideal and character in action. They settle down into a humdrum, prosaic, and even worldly habit of mind. Hence it is that men who have passed safely through the temptations of youth, having been borne over them on the high tide of generous emotion, sometimes fail and fall in middle life.

NEWS OUTLINES.

[Star Condensation.]

MONDAY.

MONDAY.

There was a very interesting debate in the Senate on a proposed amendment of the rule, reported unanimously from the Committee on Rules, requiring resolutions that call for information from the executive departments to be referred to appropriate committees; Mr. Sherman advocated the proposed amendment, while it was strongly opposed by Messrs Voorhees, Gorman and Butler, and is expediency seriously questioned by Messrs. Hoar, Teller and Spooner; no other business was done in open session. .... A Spanish steamship was wrecked among the Philippine Islands on January 30th, when forty-two lives were lost.....

Gov. Lee, of Virginia, accompanied by Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, has gone on a week's pleasure trip to Florida. .... It is exbected that from this time a number of appointments to Presidential postoffices will be made each day.

TUESDAY.

The case of Cross and White, the defaulting bank officers of Raleigh, was to have been argued in the U. S. Supreme Court, but it will probably be postponed until the October term. .... J. W. Maron, of West Virginia, has been selected for Commissioner of Internal Pevenue. .... A dective and an armed posse, who were sent to McDowell and Wyoming counties, West Virginia, to break up a large number of illicit distilleries, have been entrapped by the moonshiners and their lives are threatened; thirty arrests were made, but more than double that number bid defiance to the officials. .... There was a monster parade in New York, of the wearers of the green, in honor of Ireland's patron saint, which was reviewed by the Mayor and city authorities. .... Ex. President Cleveland and ex-Secretaries Bayard, Fairchild and Vilas passed through Wilmington Monday morning, en-route to Cuba. .... William O'Brien has refused to accept his liberty on condition that he abstain from agitation during the period of his release. .... A German newspaper has been suppressed by the government under the Socialist law. .... The Typograpical Union of Charleston, S. C., has boycotted two of the city papers, the "Sun" and the "World."

THURSDAY.

In the Senate no public business was transacted; a number of Presidential nominations were confirmed in extensive session; it is expected that the special session will end Thursday or Friday next. ..... A favorable report has been made upon the gunboat Yorktown; she has been completed in accordance with the contract. ..... A number of railroad companies have been summoned before the Inter-State Commerce Commisssion on Tuesday, April 20th, for the purpose of showing what their export rates are and how the some are made and published. ..... Fourteen of the largest paper makers in England have formed a syndicate, with a capital of $3,000,000, for the purpose of raising prices. ....Robert Sigel, son of Gen Sigel, has been sentenced to six years' imprisonment in New York for forgery of pension checks. ....An express car on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, was rifled by four masked men Wednesday night. .... A Tennessee desperado, who had been found guilty of throwing dynamite cartridges with damaging results, made his escape, and has fled into this state. .... The Fall River strike is still unsettled; the weavers have refused to accede to the proposed terms of the manufacturers, and at a meeting determined to stick out to the last. .... A bloody tragedy is reported from Topeka, Kansas; two men quarrelled over the rent of a house which resulted in both of them being killed. .... One of the agents engaged in carrying negroes from this State to Mississippi, was arrested at Greensboro, charged with enticing hands away who were engaged to work by the year; he was carried to Raleigh, found guilty, and placed in jail in default of $200 bail.

FRIDAY.

The death of Justice Matthews, of the the Supreme Court, was announced in the Senate, when, out of respect to the deceased, an adjournment was ordered. ... Associate Justice Stanly Matthews died in Washington at 10:05 o'clock he suffered intense pain in his last hours, and an opiate being administered for his relief he died in a state of semi-consciousness. .... The City Hall buildings in Dover, N. H., were destroyed by fire, which included all of the city offices, court room and opera house; the loss is very heavy, with only $25,000 insurance; a number of firemen were seriously injured during the progress of the fire. .... Two men were hung in Minneapolis for the murder of a car driver .... The treasury surplus now amounts to $50,200,000, or $5,000,000 more than it was ten days ago. .... Business failures during the past week number 249, against 261 for the previous week. .... Copper has become a political factor in France, and monopolizes the attention of financiers; the authors of the syndicate are described as ruined. .... In St. Louis a fire occurred in a bagging factory in which a large number of girls were employed, and many of them made narrow escapes from burning to death; one was terribly burned and lost her life. .... Two of the Austrian ministry have resigned, owing to the dispute between Austria and Greece.

SATURDAY.

In the Senate a large number of nominations were confirmed. .... A number of iron mills in Pennsylvania have given notice of a reduction of wages after April 6; the managers say that either a reduction or complete shut-down is necessary. .... There is no change in the Fall River strike situation, but the impression prevails among the manufacturers that the strike will end next week. .... A St. Louis dispatch reports that the bagging trust or pool, which expired by limitation last December, is to be revived but the plan of operation will not exactly be the same as last year, and prices are not expected to be pushed up so high. .... A French torpedo boat foundered off Cherbourg, when her captain and fourteen of the crew were drowned. .... It is announced that the Samoan conference will probably be postponed until the beginning of May. .... The seizure of a newspaper in Berlin by the police authorities has created a great sensation. .... Ex-President Cleveland and party arrived at Havana, and were accorded an enthusiastic welcome; the Governor General's mansion was tendered as a home during their stay in Havanna, but it was declined. .... A prospector who recently returned from Lower California says the gold craze is all a "fake," and that the excitement has nearly died away ... A mass meeting of negroes was held in Raleigh, Friday night and organized the North Carolina Emigration Association; a call was issued for a State Convention to be held in Raleigh; April 22d, to fully organize the State,

Blown From a Gun.

During the Sepoy rebellion of 1857'58 many of the mutineers were blown away from the guns. It was a terrible punishment, one which had been inflicted a century before at the first mutiny of the Bengal army in 1764. A battalion of Sepoys had seized and imprisoned its English officers, and vowed it would serve no more. A strong hand arrested the mutiny at its beginning. Twenty-four Sepoys were tried by a drum-head court martial found guilty, and sentenced to be blown away from the cannon.

On the day of the execution the troops were drawn up, English and Sepoys, the guns were loaded, and the prisoners led forth to suffer the terrible penalty.

The word of command was given for the first four criminals to be tied up to the muzzles of the guns. As the men were being bound, four tall, stately grenadiers stepped from among the condemned Sepoys, saluted the commander, Major Hector Munro, chief of the Bengal army, and asked that as they had always held the post of honor in life, they might be given the precedence in death, as it was their due. The request was granted. The grenadiers were tied to the guns and blown to pieces.

A murmur ran through the Sepoy battalions, who greatly outnumbered the English troops, and it seemed as if they were about to rescue their companions—the twenty condemned men.

The officers of the native regiments approached Munro, and told him that their men were not to be trusted, as they had determined not to permit the execution to proceed. The chief knew that on the issue of that parade for execution depended the fate of the Bengal army.

The English troops were few, and there was scarcely a man among them not moved to tears by the fearful death of the four grenadiers. But the commander knew they could be trusted to defend the guns, which turned upon the Sepoys, would defeat any attempt to rescue their comrades.

Major Munro closed the English on to the battery—the grenadiers on the one side, the marines on the other—and loaded the pieces with grape. Then he sent the Sepoy officers back to their battalion, and gave the native regiments the word of command, "Ground arms!"

They knew it would be madness to disobey in the presence of the loaded guns, and laid down their arms.

"Right about face! Forward—march!" was the next command.

The Sepoys marched a distance from their grounded arms, the English soldier, with guns, took ground on the intervening space.

The danger had passed away. The native troops were at Munro's mercy, and the execution went on to its dreadful close. The sacrifice of a few lives saved thousands.—Hayes's History of the Sepoy War.

The Latest in Fashions.

Here is some very interesting information from Paris, furnished by the London Young Ladies' Journal. In underclothing the Directoire style reigns in full force. The fine cambric chemise is made so as to set close to the figure without one pleat; it is embroidered round the top, and has very short sleeves, which are cut all in one with the body of the chemise. The drawers are cut straight; no longer gathered on to a band, but simply trimmed with a lace border very slightly gathered. The rules of fashion admit of none but real lace for the chemise, but allow of imitation lace for drawers and petticoats. The refinement and elegance of underclothing is carried to an excess by Parisian ladies. Over the chemise of cambric and Valenciennes lace is worn the corset of satin, black or red for the daytime; white, cream, or pale pink for the evening. The under petticoat is of slightly quilted silk, matched to the corset, and trimmed with black or white lace. The overskirt is quite as elegant, if not more so than the dress itself.

BITS OF FUN.

On a schoolship even the ropes are taut.

A patch on a boy's trousers is something new under the son.

"Do de chile talk. Missus Parkus?" "Wall, only pa'tly; he mek de soun's, but kain't fo'm de wuds yit."

Fledgeby: "That dog of yours has a curiously high note in his bark, Ferguson" Ferguson: "Yes, his bark is on the C."

Editor of the London "Times" (to the manager): "What shall we do now to make people forget those horrid letters?" Manager: "Suppose we attack the coast defenses. I think we can prove that the guns were forged by a fellow named Armstrong."

The hot water cure is highly spoken of. A young man of our acquaintance was completely cured of an attachment for a young lady by one kettleful, which the old man let him have.

Irate old customer (to grocer's boy): "Say, boy, is them grapes nice and ripe?" Boy: "We-well, s-sir, s-s-some on 'em are half ripe, s-s-some on 'em r-ripe, and s-some on 'em are b-b-bad. I guess, m-mister, they'll average 'bout r-ripe."

Tourist: "What great changes time works here in the West! A few years ago, this region was peopled by reds without a white." Kansas Rustler: "Ansence the drouth it's be'n mostly whites without a red. Oh, time works a heap o' changes!"

Arizona boasts of a woman who "can drive a nail with a bullet at forty yards." When Arizona can produce a woman able to drive a nail with a hammer at a distance of one foot, without wounding her fingers, it will have a curiosity worth boasting about.

"Parson Jones, I'se gwine have my boy larn writin'. Where am a good writin' school?" "What for yah have him larn writin', Brer Beans?" "Case I see by de papers how W. D. Howells git ten tousan' dollah a yeah, and all he do is write fur it. It pays to write a good han', Pahson."

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus): "So that is the woman you're going to marry, is it, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah, dat am de lady. She yain't much to look at." Citizen: "Well, no, not very much, Uncle Rastus," Uncle Rastus: "But she hab got forty-seben dollahs in de bank, boss, an' she hab promised ter gib be de power eb attorney-general ship."

A Kentucky gentleman, who recently came to Washington to consult with his member of Congress about an office under the new administration, was asked by a gentleman from Boston whether it is really true that the people of Kentucky are so very Bibulous. "Bibulous!" said the Kentucken—"bibulous! I don't reckon you could find a dozen Bibles in the whole state."

The daughter of a San Francisco nabob, about to leave home for Europe, made out a telegraphic code and gave it to her father. The millionaire didn't look at it but locked it up in his desk. Last week he got a telegram from her. It consisted of one word—"Laugh." He laughed. His code was at the house. He went up there in the best of humor. He got out the code and he read: "Laugh—send me $500." Then he didn't laugh.

Answered.—Night Drug Clerk (2 A. M., with glaring eyes). "Well?"
Customer.—"No; sick!"

AMBITION'S GOAL.

City Business Man.—"At last I am rich enough to retire from business."
Friend.—"What are you going to do?"
"I am going to buy the old farm that I ran away from and live on it."

An Ordinary Case.—Mrs. Testy (looking up from the paper). "Isn't this strange? A Californian, after a fit of illness, was absolutely unable to remember his wife, and did not believe she was the one he married."

Mr. Testy.—"Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over."

A Severe Test'

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