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

VOL. 71. NO. 42. TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1893. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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To know that a single application of the Cuticura Remedies will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humors, and not to use them without a moment's delay is to fail in your duty. Cures made in childhood are speedy, economical and permanent.

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NOTICE.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a judgment rendered at the Spring Term, 1893, of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, in the cause entitled Elizabeth Cherry against R G. Dunn and his wife, Ida Dunn and Sally Dunn, the undersigned commissioner will sell at the court house door in Tarboro, N. C., on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1893, for cash, a certain piece or parcel of land, lying and being in the county of Edgecombe, State of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Henry Winborne, Sallie S. Moore and L S Dunn and others, containing ninety-six acres, more or less.

For a more particular description of said piece of land, reference is made to the pleadings filed in said cause.

This 13th day of September, 1893.

HENRY JOHNSTON,
87t4 Commissioner.

NOTICE

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a decree rendered at the Spring Term, 1893, of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, in the cause entitled C. J. Austin, executor of R. H. Austin, against Battle Bryan and his wife, Sarah F. Bryan, the undersigned commissioner will sell at the court house door in Tarboro, North Carolina, on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1893, for cash, a certain tract or parcel of land, situated lying and being in the county aforesaid, on White Oak Swamp, west side, adjoining the lands of Archelus Braswell, John T. Bellamy, Mrs. Dixon, Bennett T. Lyon, Nancy Newsom, Thomas Anderson, Sally Johnson and I. M. Cutchin, and containing 710 acres, more or less.

For a more particular decription of said tract of land, reference is hereby made to the pleadings, filed in the cause aforesaid.

This 13th day of September, 1893.

HENRY JOHNSTON,
3614 Commission.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power and authority in a decree of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, rendered at Spring Term, 1893, of said court, in the cause entitled J. W. Lipscomb and E. A. Lipscomb, his wife, against George Howard, W. H. Johnston in his own right, and W. H. Johnson and Benjamin Norfleet as executors of the will of John Norfleet, the undersigned, commissioners, will sell at the Court House door in Tarboro, North Carolina, on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1893, for cash, a certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the town of Tarboro, and county aforesaid, numbered in the plot of said town as lot 140, being in the corner of Pitt and Panola streets, and adjoining lots 88 and 141, being about 155 feet square, on which lot are two dwelling houses, the one now occupied by J. W. Lipscomb, the other by W. D. Brown. For a more particular description of said premises, reference is hereby made to the pleadings filed in the above entitled cause.

This 13th day of September, 1893.

GEO. HOWARD, JR.,
HENRY JOHNSTON,
37t4 Commissioners.

NOTICE.

By virtue of decrees of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, rendered by the clerk of said court in the cause entitled W. H. Johnston, executor of the will of Norfleet Cutchin against Margaret A. Cutchin and others, devisees of the late Norfleet Cutchin, the undersigned, commissioner, will sell at the court house door in Tarboro, on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1893, a certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the county of Edgecombe, State of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of J. W. Sherrod and Brother, and others, containing two hundred and fifty acres, more or less, and known as the Drew Gunter place, being the indentical tract of land, devised in the last will and testament of the said Norfleet Cutchin to his wife for life, and to his daughter Mattie Lee Bobbitt for life after the death of his wife, all of which will more fully appear by referance to said last will and testament; and also a certain other piece of land, situated in said county and State, adjoining the lands of W T. Mayo and others, containing one hundred and seventy-seven acres, more or less, known as the Nathan Pippen place, being the same devised in said will to the children of R. N. Cutchin.

Terms of sale, one half of the purchase money, cash, the other half by bond payable twelve months after the day of sale, with 8 per cent. interest from the day of sale.

This 13th day of September, 1893.

HENRY JOHNSTON,
37t4 Commissioner.

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THEY STOPPED THE RUN.

There was a run on the Sandhill and District bank. It had lasted the whole of one day and had shown no signs of abating in the evening. If it lasted another day! Old Mr. Bradshaw wiped his brow. It had come at the most awkward time—just after the farmers had got their usual loans, just when securities were hard to realize; in fact, just at the moment when the bank, though in reality solvent, was emphatically not in a position to answer a long-continued demand for payment on the spot. Mr. Bradshaw groaned out all these distressing facts to his son Dick. It was, indeed, no use talking to Dick, for he took no interest in business and had spent the day in a boat with the Flirtington girls; still Mr. Bradshaw was bound to talk to some one.

"We shall have to put the shutters up. One day's grace would save us, I believe; we could get the money then. But if they're at us again tomorrow morning we can't last two hours."

Dick sympathized, but had nothing to suggest, except that it would not make matters worse if he carried out his engagement to go to the circus with the Flirtington girls.

"Oh, go to the devil with the Flirtington girls, if you like," groaned Mr. Bradshaw.

So Dick went—to the circus (the other expedition, as he observed, would keep) and enjoyed the performance very much, especially the lion-taming, which was magnificent and so impressed Dick that he deserted his companions, went behind the scenes and insisted on standing Sig. Philippini several glasses.

"Is that big chap quite safe?" he asked, admiringly.

"I can do anythink with 'im," said the signor (whose English was naturally defective); "but with any one helse 'e's a roarer, 'e is, and no mistake."

After the performance Dick took the Flirtington girls home; then, with a thoughtful look on his face, he went and had some talk with his father, and came away, carefully placing a roll of notes in his breast-pocket. Then he sought Sig. Philippini's society once more. And that's all that's really known about it—if, that is, we discard the obviously fanciful statement of Fanny Flirtington that, as she was gazing at the moon about two o'clock a. m., she saw a heavy wagon, drawn by two horses and driven by Sig. Philippini, pass along the street in the direction of the bank. She must have been wrong, for Philippini, by the evidence of his signora (whose name, notwithstanding that Philippini's morals were perfectly correct, was Mrs. Buggins), went to bed at half past eleven and snored like a pig all night.

However these things may be, this is what happened the next morning: When the first of the depositors arrived at seven a. m., they found one of the windows of the bank smashed to pieces and the shutter hanging loose. A cry went up that there had been a robbery, and one or two men began to climb in. They did not get far before a fearful roar proceeded from the neighborhood of the counter. They looked at one another and said it would be more regular to wait for the officials. The roars continued. They sent for Mr. Bradshaw. Hardly had he arrived (accompanied by Dick, breathless and in shirt sleeves) before the backmost rows of the now considerable crowd became agitated with a new sensation. The news spread rapidly. Frantic men ran to and fro; several ladies fainted; the circus proprietor was sent for. A lion had escaped from the menagerie and was supposed to be at large in the town!

"Send for Philippini!" cried the proprietor. They did so. Philippini had started early for a picnic in the country and would not return till just before the performance in the evening. The proprietor was in despair.

"Where's the beast gone to?" he cried.

A roar from the bank answered his question.

"Well, I'm blowed if he's not in the bank!" exclaimed the proprietor.

It certainly appeared to be the fact that Atlas (that was the lion's name) had taken refuge in the bank and was in full possession of the premises and assets. Under these circumstances there was, Mr. Bradshaw explained, a difficulty in resuming cash payments; but if his checks would be accepted—the crowd roared almost as loud as Atlas at such an idea. Something must be done. They sent for the mayor; he repudiated liability. They sent for the fire brigade and the lifeboat crews; neither would come. They got guns and peppered the furniture; Atlas retired behind the fireproof safe and roared worse than ever. Meanwhile the precious hours were passing. Mr. Bradshaw's money was also on its way from London. At last Dick took a noble resolution.

"I will go in at any cost," he cried, and in spite of Fanny Flirtington's tears he scaled the window and disappeared from view. The crowd waited to hear Atlas crunching, but he only roared. When Dick was inside he paused and asked in a low voice: "Is he chained?"

"Yes," answered Sig. Philippini from behind the safe. "Is the Aunt Sally business over?" and he came out with a long pole in his hand. He used the pole to stir poor Atlas up when the roars became deficient in quantity or quality.

"The money ought to be here in three hours," said Dick. "Have you got the back-door key?"

Philippini reassured him. Then Dick took a wild, running leap at the window; Philippini stirred up Atlas, who roared lustily. Dick escaped with his life, and landed a breathless heap at the mayor's feet. The mayor raised him, and said he should write to her majesty and suggest that Dick would be a proper recipient of the Albert medal, and the vicar (who had no money in the bank) indignantly asked the crowd if they could not trust a family who produced scions like that. Several people cried: "Hear! "Hear!" and told Mr. Bradshaw that they never really meant to withdraw their deposits. Mr. Bradshaw thanked them and looked at his watch.

At 3:30 Philippini ran up; he also was breathless, and his shoes were dusty from walking in the country. At once he effected an entry amid a scene of great excitement. A moment later he appeared at the window and cried in a terror-stricken voice:

"I can't 'old 'im! I can't 'old 'im! 'E's mad! Look out for yourselves!" and he leaped from the window.

The crowd fled in all directions, and two boys were all but run over by a cart which was being driven rapidly from the railway station to the bank.

"All right," said Dick to the signor; "bring up the wagon." And then, with great difficulty and consummate courage, the signor and Dick brought an iron cage up to the window and drove Atlas in. The operation took more than an hour, because they had to feed Atlas and drink a bottle of champagne themselves before they set about it. So that it was six o'clock before Atlas was out and the money was in and the Sandhill and District bank opened its doors for business.

"We gained just the time we needed," said Mr. Bradshaw. "It was dirt cheap at $50!"

And Dick, although he did not get the Albert medal, was taken into partnership and married Fanny Flirtington. It was the only way of preventing her seeing things she was not meant to see out of the window at two a. m., and chattering about them in public.—Anthony Hope, in N. Y. World.

A Little Too Much.

Two Detroit women met the other morning on the street and, with a common impulse, they began to talk about hired help.

"Have you got a girl yet?" asked one.

"No; have you?" followed the other.

"I've had about a dozen in the last month, and they are no good. The capsheaf was laid on, though, yesterday."

"How was that?" came the eagerly curious interruption.

"Well, a very stylish girl of about thirty called at noon to see about a place. I liked her looks, though she was dressed better than I was, but I thought as she was particular about her clothes she'd be nice every other way. Of course, she was haughty and proud, but lots of untidy ones were that way, so I overlooked that too and I had practically engaged her when what do you think she wanted?"

"Six nights off and two afternoons for matinees?" suggested the other one.

"No, not that. Would you believe it? She wanted an extra room for her maid to occupy. Now what do you think of that?" and the other one dropped her power of thinking.—Detroit Free Press.

Merely a Suggestion.

"Where is old Dawson this morning?" asked the railway president, noticing the absence of the veteran bookkeeper.

"Home; sick," said the vice-president. "Poor old fellow! I don't believe he'll ever get over this attack."

"That's too bad," sighed the president. "He has been a very valuable man to us, Dawson has. He's been with us twenty years, and I don't believe he's missed a day."

"That's so," said the vice-president. "He has literally worn himself out in our service. If he dies, I think the road ought to do something for his widow."

"So do I," said the president. "What would you suggest?"

"I really don't know," said the vice-president, "unless perhaps—er—"

"Well? Go on. What?"

"We might give her a pass over our road to the world's fair."

An American in Siam.

Dr. T. Hayward Hayes, surgeon general of the Siamese army, is a Baltimorean who went to Siam several years ago as a medical Presbyterian missionary. He met with such wonderful success in curing diseases that the king considered his services indispensable and made him surgeon general of the army, with power to establish hospitals and medical institutions on American models. Dr. Hayes receives a salary of seven thousand dollars a year, part of which he turns over to the mission board. He is still a working missionary.

GATH AND HIS PEN NAME.

The Funny Meaning of the Curious Nom de Plume.

About everybody in the newspaper reading world knows "Gath," but it is doubtful if more than a few people know the significance of the nom de plume. Prof. Roth, having in charge the Catholic educational exhibit of Philadelphia at the Columbian expedition, has let the cat out of the bag.

The feline escape was made a few days ago during the time the congress of librarians were holding sessions. George Alfred Townsend has a daughter who is much interested in educational matters, and she was here in attendance at the meetings, and was, of course, taking in the fair. Among a lot of other people she was one day introduced to Prof. Roth.

"Glad to know you," said the genial old Irishman, heartily. "I am particularly glad to know you, as I know your father so well. I have known him for a long time. I am delighted to make the acquaintance of his daughter."

In the general talk the question of how Mr. Townsend came to choose the title of Gath arose. The daughter being appealed to declared she had no idea how her father decided upon such a nom de plume.

"Why, it is simple enough," exclaimed Prof. Roth, looking at the journalist's daughter with a quiet chuckle. "There is a 'G,' you see; that stands for 'George.' Then there is 'A' for 'Alfred,' and the 'T' is for 'Townsend,' of course."

"But the 'H'," said the group in a chorus, as the professor hesitated; "what is the 'H' for?"

"Why that represents where he is going for the lies he has told," said the professor.—Chicago Mail.

Mrs. Potter Palmer.

A writer, in speaking of the board of lady managers of the world's fair, while that body was in session in Chicago, has the following to say of the president of the board:

A more graceful, gracious and able presiding officer than Mrs. Potter Palmer can hardly be imagined. Beautiful and always faultlessly dressed in pretty summer gowns which fit her charming little figure to perfection, Mrs. Palmer stands at the long table in the board-room of the lady managers of the world's fair, wielding her little mallet with judgment and tact. All sorts of unpleasant elements are to be met in the little company. One state thinks itself slighted in the general distribution of jurors of award; another complains that her schemes are not followed; a third asserts that she has been maliciously treated, and a fourth wishes passes for her family to the third and fourth generation. But Mrs. Palmer's mental endowment is fully equal to her physical gifts, and she keenly foresees and averts controversy. She told a belligerent member who lately insisted on examining the secretary's minutes that "no business will be transacted until members are seated," and thus she ingeniously guides her troubled bark away from shoals and quicksands. It is a fine lesson in parliamentary law to spend an hour in studying her methods. The man who sits by, and who is said to have been her teacher in these matters, is rarely consulted now.

Story of "a Baker's Dozen."

The usual story of "the baker's dozen" is that an unnamed law of England compelled bakers to give thirteen loaves to persons who bought a dozen loaves, but it does not seem to be wholly correct. Laws against light-weight loaves were enacted in England very severe upon the bakers; and to avoid the penalties the custom grew up of bakers giving an extra loaf, known as the "in-bread," or "vantage loaf," or, in Scotland, the "too bread." Thirteen was also called the "devil's dozen," because of the ill-repute of the number, and it has been suggested that in the days when bakers were most unpopular their names may have been substituted for that of the devil.

Silver and Gold.

Silver, in its relative commercial value to gold, has varied greatly at different times since the two metals were first used for coins. In the days of Abraham the patriarch it was 8 to 1; B. C. 1000 it was 12 to 1; B. C. 500, 13 to 1, and at the beginning of the Christian era, about 9 to 1. In the year 500 A. D. it was 13 to 1; in 1100 it was 8 to 1, and at the time of the discovery of America only 7 to 1.

Pirate Omnibuses.

Pirate omnibuses are causing consternation among the bus riders of London. The pirates look just like the regular omnibus. A passenger goes in, expecting to pay a fare of twopence or threepence, and cannot get out until he has paid a shilling. There is apparently no legal redress for the passengers, because the pirates carry inside a sign reading: "A shilling any distance."

Preliminary to the Duel.

The Colonel's Second—You are aware, sir, that my principal never "takes water!"

The Plain Mr.'s Second—Sir, he will have to, in this case, as we have the choice of weapons. We have decided on hose-pipes at ten paces!—Puck.

MARRIAGES OF FREAKS.

When They Marry One Another They Are Perfectly Happy.

"Do museum freaks as a rule marry happily?" asked a Philadelphia Press man of a purveyor of freaks.

"I cannot say. Where one natural curiosity marries another I believe they do, as a rule. They have been in the business together and they know what to expect. There is no stage glamour or tinsel attraction in it for them; it is business, perhaps, with a good deal of honest sentiment mixed up with it, but they get married with their eyes open.

"One of the most remarkable marriages ever celebrated in this country was that of Pat O'Brien, the Irish giant, and a female giantess at Pittsburgh in 1882. It was a big affair and accounts of it were telegraphed all over the world. Col. George O. Starr, who is now Barnum & Bailey's right-hand confidential man, engineered the affair. Starr was managing Harris' museum at the time, and the giants were on exhibition at that house. O'Brien was Irish, while his bride was a German girl. Both were over seven feet in height.

"The wedding took place in the Lutheran church, for the girl was of that denomination, and would not agree to be married in the cathedral as her affianced desired. The result of that marriage was very happy. Both were apparently satisfied with their choice. They went to Europe, and while in Paris Mrs. O'Brien died. That was four or five years ago, and O'Brien has never remarried, and, what is more, says that he never will.

"As another example of freaks living happily together, let me refer you to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb. For more than a quarter of a century they lived in the utmost felicity.

"It is when a museum freak marries some one outside of the profession, some fortune-hunter or lovesick sentimentalist, that trouble ensues. It doesn't take long for the infatuation to wear off, and then come bickerings and recriminations and finally separation.

"A number of years ago I knew a girl who traveled with a pretty big show as 'Ki-Ki, the Cannibal Princess.' She was a pretty light mulatto that I picked up in Buffalo. Her hair was inclined to be straight, and that helped the deception, together with a few false tattoo marks and a necklace of human teeth which I had bought from a dentist.

"We got to a place called Connellsville, somewhere in the coke region of Pennsylvania, where a young fellow who saw the cannibal princess fell in love with her. He followed the show for two weeks, until we got down into Ohio, and then he married the girl. She was honest enough not to deceive him; she told him that she was a bogus princess and that her home was in Buffalo. But it didn't make any difference to the coke country jay, and he married her. What was the result? Just as soon as the glamour of the honeymoon wore off he began to drink and his wife had to keep him. Then I took a hand in the business and told the 'princess' that unless the 'prince consort' kept out of the tent I would not only fire him but her also. The upshot was that the woman left the show and I was out about two hundred dollars on printing. I heard of her about three years ago; she was running a laundry out in Chicago and her husband had disappeared."

"Just Like Hanner."

"Hey! hey!" he called in front of a Grand River avenue grocery the other day as he stopped his team.

A clerk went out to the edge of the walk to see what was wanted.

"What's algs worth?"

"How many have you got?"

"Leven dozen."

"Bring 'em in and I'll see."

The farmer turned around on his seat and looked the wagon-box over, but there was nothing to be seen but a bridle, which needed mending.

"Bring 'em in," continued the clerk.

"Jerushy to Jackson! but I hain't got a blamed one!" exclaimed the farmer. "Here I've drive nine miles to sell 'leven dozen algs and the algs is to home!"

"Forgot 'em, eh?"

"That's what I did! Hanner brought 'em out to the barn and set 'em down on the fanning-mill, and I hitched up and never looked to see if they was in the wagon! Jest like Hanner! She never knowed nuthin' to begin with, and she's knowed less every day sence. Wall, if they hain't here they hain't, and I'll take a plug of tobacker and git my bridle fixed and jog back."—Detroit Free Press.

Mexico's Chief Executive.

President Diaz of Mexico is a hard worker and has a hobby for collecting firearms of all ages and nations. He is a practical mechanic, having constructed all the furniture in his bedroom with implements of his own make, and he has recently invented and patented many implements, including a newfangled corkscrew.

Lucky Man.

Jenkins—How are you getting along with your literary work?

Bitterson—Oh, I'm lucky. I have never lost a manuscript yet. Every one I have sent off has come back to me in as good shape as I sent it.—Detroit Free Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

DON'T WAKEN THE BABY.

Let the Little One Sleep All It Will.

A Regular Custom in Most Households That Should Be Stopped Before the Infant Becomes a Nervous Invalid with a Bad Temper.

It is one of the regular customs of many households to take the new baby from crib or bed and exhibit it to the admiring visitor. That this is a bad practice all persons who have reached years of discretion ought certainly to know, but this fact seems to have very little weight in the minds either of the caller or of the proud and happy parents, who seem never to weary of putting the new arrival on dress parade and sounding its praises. That many a baby has been exhibited to death is a fact well known to doctors and experienced nurses, but it is usually their policy to keep silent, as any restriction of this sort is apt to be resented by fond parents.

No child should ever be roused from a sleep to be shown to anybody unless it be the doctor and the case is desperate. To do so is to lay the foundation for restlessness, bad temper and many of the ills that infancy is heir to. It is wise to encourage a child to sleep all it will, no matter how much that may be. In a strictly healthy condition the little one sleeps almost all the time, rousing itself enough to be fed, when, if there is no reason for being disturbed, it will usually drop off to sleep again. This habit may be encouraged, and the child may sleep longer if care is taken to change its position without waking it. This may be done by very cautiously drawing the blanket on which it sleeps slightly toward one side of the crib, then raising gently with one hand while the other is placed on the baby's chest; in this way it may be turned upon the other side without rousing it. After awhile it will get accustomed to being turned, when it will usually indulge in one very long-drawn breath and settle down as contentedly as possible to finish its nap. Children of all ages should sleep until they waken of their own accord. Neither breakfast nor anything else is as important to them as to sleep and grow. If one has any curiosity to study the practical working of this let him try a few times to do something with a child that has just been roused from its slumbers. A more unmanageable, uncomfortable creature one would go a long way to find. From infancy to age sleep is a most important part of life, and if more attention were given to when, where and how we sleep there would be fewer nervous invalids, fewer bad tempers, and more bright eyes, stalwart forms and pleasant faces.—N. Y. Ledger.

A New York Slave Law.

The legislature of the state of New York, sitting at Albany, enacted a law in April, 1799, for the gradual abolition of slavery within its domains. Those who were slaves at the passage of the act were to continue so for life. All their children born after the Fourth of July then following were to be free, but were to remain with the owner, the masculine until they were twenty-eight years of age and the feminine until they were twenty-five. The exportation of slaves was forbidden, under a pecuniary punishment, the slave upon whom the attempt should be made to become free at once. Persons settling in the state might bring slaves with them whom they had owned a year previously, but slaves so brought in could not be sold.

Home and Home Rule.

The Maoris of New Zealand are demanding home rule. The British have "raised them from their savage state and educated them," and now they want to attend to their own affairs instead of being governed by the white settlers. They want a house of lords for the chiefs and a house of commons elected on manhood suffrage. They are especially anxious that the sale of native lands should be taken from the New Zealand government and committed to some Maori council of state. New Zealanders expect this home rule movement to become troublesome before long.—N. Y. Sun.

New Planets.

During the past year astronomers have discovered twenty-nine new planets. Of this number two were found by Palisa, the "veteran asteroid hunter of Vienna." The remainder were appraised by means of photography. During the three opening months of the present year twenty-two planets have been added to the list. The total number of asteroids known on April 1 was three hundred and seventy-four. Astronomers are confident that the number will be four hundred before the close of the year.

Selecting a Dog.

There are probably many more mongrel dogs in America than there are of those belonging to all the distinct varieties combined. A mongrel is a dog of a mixed breed. It is true that many of those now recognized as distinct varieties are of mixed breeds, but they have not been so considered until by such breeding a distinct type was developed. For others than those skilled in the breeding of dogs to breed mongrels is very wrong. There are various reasons for this, but the best one is that in nine times out of ten the very worst characteristics of each family are reproduced in the progeny in an exaggerated form, while the good traits of both families are lost.

Take, for instance, two of the gentlest dogs ever known—the mastiff, whose business in life is to protect property, and the Newfoundland, that delights in saving human life in danger. Cross them, and the resulting progeny will be a mongrel having none of the virtues of either family save that of size and strength. Instead of being gentle and affectionate, these mongrels are apt to be very cross and dangerous brutes. Because of the deeds of such as these many good breeds have gained undeserved reputations for savageness and untrustworthiness.

It occasionally happens that a mongrel has great intelligence, and is altogether a most companionable dog, but such instances are rare exceptions. It is no more trouble to keep a good dog than a bad one, a well-bred dog than a mongrel. It is therefore much more sensible in the beginning to select a dog upon which to bestow one's care of which there is little chance of being ashamed when he shall have become fully grown.—Harper's Young People.

Not the Same.

The prettiest girl on the hotel piazza rushed up to the newcomer, holding out both hands.

"Oh, Mr. Foster," she cried, "I am so glad to see you!"

"Why, Miss Burton," said the young man, "I thought you had forgotten all about me. I met you several times last winter, and you passed me by with no sign of recognition."

"Did I?" exclaimed the girl. "How very strange! There must have been something different in your appearance."

"No," he answered; "just the same as I am now."

"So?" cried she. "In the winter, you say? Yes? Well, oh, did you have a white flannel suit?"

"Why, no."

"Russet shoes?"

"Of course not."

"Yachting cap?"

"What! in winter?"

"Don't get alarmed—I wanted to show you that I shouldn't be expected to recognize you when I never saw you in any other costume. You understand; don't you?" she added, sweetly.—Harper's Bazar.

An English Industry.

The industry of making gun and tinder-box flints still flourishes at Brandon, in England. In Spain and Italy the tinder box still holds its own against matches in very rural districts. Travelers in uncivilized regions, too, find flint and steel more trustworthy than matches, or at least a most valuable reserve. Gun flints go mostly to the wild parts of Africa, where the flint muskets, displaced from civilized countries by shotguns often, are living out a hearty old age.

SICK-HEADACHE

Makes life miserable. All other ailments are as nothing in comparison. Women especially know its suffering, and few escape its torture.

THE RELIEF AND CURE IS

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Many people take pills, which gripe and purge, weakening the body. More take Simmons Liver Regulator, liquid or powder, because more pleasant to take, does not gripe, and is a mild laxative, that also tones up the system. The relief is quick. It is Nature's own remedy, purely vegetable.