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SWINDELL HOTEL, Swan Quarter, Hyde Co., N. C. IS open at all times to the travelling public. Good accommodations. Terms reasonable.

BE OF GOOD CHEER. Though tangled hard life's knot may be, And wearily we rue it, The silent touch of father time Some day will surely undo it.

THE GOLDEN HAIR-PIN. A DETROIT FREE PRESS ROMANCE. George Adolphus Clarendon was a young man of pleasing presence, whose age was not far from 20 years.

Maud Muller was the only child of a retired banker in the sleepy town of Couponville, an aristocratic village in one of the eastern counties of Ohio.

George Adolphus followed swiftly on after the young lady, hardly knowing why he did so, but feeling irresistibly drawn by some unaccountable presentiment that all was not well with her.

The clock had just struck 11, and the town was as silent as the grave, when two villainous looking men, with muffled faces, broke open the street door of a large mansion where an ancient beehive dreaming of a supercilious maiden who had declined to meet him in her parlor a few hours before.

ren, and I'll ask him to give me some personal recollections of Noah. And, if you like, I'll go to the opera with him, and I'll ask him if there was better talent on the boards when he and Methuseiah were young.

While the events above narrated were transpiring, a young man possessing a dignified bearing and eighty-five cents in money, was just entering the brilliantly lighted town of Couponville in search of his level. It was a larger town than he had ever before seen, and he was consequently somewhat dazzled and bewildered.

When Maud recovered from the shock which her father's angry words had given her, she immediately determined upon a course of action. She resolved that she would be turned out of doors before she would consent to go to the opera with the antediluvian relic, who waited for her in the parlor.

George Adolphus followed swiftly on after the young lady, hardly knowing why he did so, but feeling irresistibly drawn by some unaccountable presentiment that all was not well with her.

"Oh, sir, do not thwart my purpose," she said in tones that betrayed her intense excitement.

I desire to put an end to my trouble—I wish to sleep beneath the wave. There isn't any wave there," said George Adolphus. "The canal's dry. You'll break your neck if you jump off this bridge."

Maud felt that George Adolphus was right. True, he did not appear to enter very much into the tragic spirit of the situation. He ought to have dropped upon his knees and implored her to forget her trouble and sip a little longer the nectar of life.

George Adolphus stood upon the bridge and watched Maud till she was out of sight. As he stood there wondering what it was that weighed so heavily upon the mind of this fair young girl, he saw something glittering at his feet.

Old Mr. Muggleton, whom we left at the residence of Maud's father, wended his way homeward, filled with bitter disappointment. He had long regarded Maud with tenderness, and had desired to offer her his hand and fortune, and now he felt that he was rejected.

"Who is this young man that has followed these villainous and risked his life to save mine?" asked the wounded man.

noble deed. I am mortally wounded, and I must die in a few hours, but you shall be rewarded. You shall be my heir."

The next morning there was crape on the door of the Muggleton mansion, and George Adolphus was a millionaire. He had been suddenly landed in the lap of luxury. He could not have been more completely taken by surprise if he had suddenly succeeded to the English crown.

In a brilliantly lighted ball room in Couponville, gayest of the gay, and admired of all admirers, Maud Muller promenaded to and fro like a fairy queen. Her wretchedness had departed with old Mr. Muggleton, but she had not forgotten the night when a stranger had rescued her from self-destruction, and she secretly longed to know who it was that had saved her from herself.

As George Adolphus advanced arm in arm with an acquaintance, a perceptible pallor overspread Maud's countenance. Was it caused by the peculiar pin that ornamented his shirt bosom? She tried to convince herself that the pin signified nothing.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, falteringly. "Do you remember having seen me before?"

course so worthy a—that is—O, what am I saying?" Then George Adolphus began to see how the land lay; but as a ball room is not a favorable place for a tableau, he mastered his impulse to catch Maud in his arms and merely observed in a whisper that she was a gem of the first water, and that he would give his consent too.

Grant's Ill-Treatment of Hancock. It is well-known that General Hancock has not been on good terms with a few officers of advanced rank who dominated in military circles since the end of the war.

In reply General Hancock wrote: The rule that would place a junior major-general in a higher grade of command than a senior major-general, in time of peace, or which gave all the major-generals save one (and he not a junior) divisions, and that senior major-general a department with brigadier-generals and colonels, and not allow him a choice of a department in his own division, is certainly a violation of the principle upon which rank is established.

Unquestionable. The Herald, Detroit, Mich., says of Warner's Safe Liver and Kidney Cure: "Its efficacy in kidney, liver, and urinary diseases is so fully acknowledged that it is not worth the questioning. Bonafide testimonials from well-known citizens in public and private life are evidences strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubter."

One Brick Upon Another. Edwin was one day looking at a very large building which they were putting up opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen, from day to day, as they carried up brick and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order. His father said to him: "Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn, also, not to be discouraged by great labor. The greatest labor becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of the great building is only one brick upon another.

ADAM AND EVE.—As our first parents were leaving the garden, Adam remarked, fumbling with the button of his fig leaf abstractedly: "I don't care about myself, darling; but when I think how much you have lost, my heart fails me." And Eve, the unselfish creature, looked into his eyes with loving gaze, saying carelessly, but sweetly, "Oh, I don't care, Adam." And this little speech of our common mother has lived through all the ages down to the present, though, curiously enough, it is now appropriated almost exclusively by the sterner sex.

No candidates die, and none but General Gordon resign. Barnum claims to have the biggest tent. How about the national canvass? Blaine hesitates whether to wave Whittaker's bloody ear this campaign or his own black eye.

There are now 1,111 employees at work in the Elgin (Ill.) watch factory. They must be doing a 1-derful business all at 1's.

The reason men don't follow the example of women and stop to look into the show windows of millinery stores is because such windows don't contain fancy pipes and the portraits of burlesque actresses.

A little boy, 4 years old, having often been told it was wrong to ask for anything at the table, was down at dessert. After patiently waiting for some time without being noticed, he exclaimed: "Mamma, please may I have an orange if I don't ask for it?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. But after a considerable interval, the little fellow not getting his orange again addressed his mother with: "Please, mamma, I'm not asking for an orange." This time he was duly rewarded.