

ing of the kind?

Why not, Hester?

of the whole medical fraternity.

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NEW SERIES---VOL. II.---NO. 44.

The Wadesboro Messenger and Wadesboro Intelligencer Consolidated July, 1888.

"No! No! I beg you will do noth-

'Because I have a nervous dread

PRICE, \$1.50 a Year.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1889.

A DAUGHTER OF CAIN. BY S. J. JESSAMINE DICKSON AND MRS.

M. F. DAVIS.

CHAPTER III. THE HOME-COMING.

What means that trembling voice, that trembled ne'er before! What means the ghastly shade that spreads her dark face o'erf What means that pallid brow, and what that startled cryf What means those shaking limbs and that mocking-

wild fright'n'd eyef Two months had passed since the events recorded in our last chapter. It was now the middle of August and one of the warmest days of the season. The heat was so intense that the parching earth seemed almost ready to blaze. Not a breath of air stirred the green leaves overhead. The flowers languished, and even the very birds were silent,

while the numerous horde of little negroes at Sunnyside were quiet for a wonder, lying about in the shade, and looking idly up at the blue dome This powder never varies. A marvel of above them.

purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the erdinary kinds, and In her own apartment sat Mrs. Waldron making vigorous use of a large palm leaf fan, while she mutcannot be sold in competition with the multude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York. tered in an undertone: "Married | married | Can it be pos-

ible that Randall Marvin is married? That accounts for his remaining away from home so long. Well, suppose wonders will never cease!" The words had scarcely left her lips when Violet rushed into the room and threw herself at her feet, her little form quivering with emotion, and her eyes heavy with weap-

With considerable surprise, Mrs. Waldron lifted the bright head, say-

Why, Violet, my sunbeam, what ails you? "Oh, Mrs. Waldron, I ache so

here! "Where, child?" "Here," laying her small hand on er heart.

"Why do you ache there, Violet?" "Because the blacks say my papa has a new wife and will never love me again. Oh, Mrs. Waldron, is it really trust Will papa never call me his little sunbeam now?' sobbed the child, lifting her meek eyes with an expression of such mute appealing

HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, Shaving, &c., done with neatness and dispatch. Shop near Mr. Bruner's Bakery. that the woman's heart was touched **Rocky River Springs Institute.** to its uttermost depth. She did not answer the question immediately, but sat looking straight beyond, a

wheeling about and at the same moment administering a sharp box on his ear. "Yes, and when de Boss comes home he'll git arter you wid a rod of

tive heart.

"Foolish child !" he laughed, then incorrection. added more seriously: "I am begin-ning to be alarmed, Hester. This is "Better say he'll git arter you wid a limber limb, you imp o' Satan! What's dat you're doin't Blest ef he the second attack you have had just

aint stealin' my bread! Git out wid you-git out I say!" since our marriage," "I know, but I will promise not to Aunt Dipah made a mad plunge at frighten you again soon if you will not call in this horrid doctor. the offender as she spoke, but only a

He smiled gravely, and turning to "Yah! yah! yah!" greeted her, as Claudine, who had approached her he bolted from the room with his mother, took her hand saving: hands full of bread. "Firefly, your mamma is better

"Hangin's too good fur that whelp! "I'm not a firefly, sir," she retortshe muttered, returning to her work. The long summer days wore slowly

ed, giving him a side long glance from her sloe-black eyes. "I wonder, Hester, if I will ever succeed in making friends with the child?" Mr. Marvin said 16 an amus. away, and Mrs. Waldron busied herself making preparations for the reception of the master and future mistress of Sunnyside. As the day of their arrival drew near Violet ed tone. She was about to reply, when the

grew more and more impatient, talkpatter of small feet was heard, and ing continually of her papa and plying Mrs. Waldron with eager, child the next moment a little thing with a ish questions. If a cloud fell for a long white robe falling about it glidmoment upon the little face, the ed into the room. It paused a moment in the door way, then with the housekeeper did her best to dissipate it, and bring happiness to the sensijoyful shout:

"Papa! papa!" ringing from the This was a new role for Mrs. osy lips it sprang into Mr. Marvin's Waldron to play. She had never outstretched arms. felt any particular interest in the

child, until during the absence of her father, when a strange new tenderness hal come into her heart. It might have been the sweet unsullied innocence of the little one that drew my sake?" the woman to her, and for a brief

season awoke in her the purest love she had ever known. The anxiously expected day arrived at last, and early in the afternoon

Joel drove to the station to meet his master and mistress. Mr. Marvin observed this, and lead ing her to Claudine, joined their "Ef it was only de Boss I was hands saying: gwine arter, I'd carry a lighter heart, "You two are sisters now, and I but it goes against de grain ter fetch

trust will love each other very deara new mistress ter Sunnyside, an' not knowin' what sort of a criter she | ly. "Is she really my sister papa?" be nuther," grumbled Joel, as he

drove away. All the evening Violet was in a uer father's face. "Yes, darling, really and truly fever of excitement, and at last when the shadows of night drew near, she your sister, and I wish you to love

the ground. An instant later he

"Good heavens!" she 'exclaimed,

"if there is not a shild with them ! I

wonder if he has married a widow!"

She had no time to speculate, for

to the very lips of the new mistress

"Mamma! Mamma! Oh, is my

"Stand aside, Claudine, and let me

placed a child at her side.

sought the housekeepers room, say and welcome her to Sunnyside. "Indeed I will, papal" she exclaiming with a quiver in her voice: "Do you think my papa will not come to day, Mrs. Waldron!" ed, giving Claudine a kiss, which she

returned rather coldly, then glided away to her mother's side, while "I think he will come," she said, Violet established herself upon her as she took the tired child in her arms, and smoothed the tawny hair father's knee.

"Do you love me just the same, from the flushed brow. The excessive heat, together with papa?" she queried, when she felt his the excitement of the day had prov- strong arms about her.

A sarcastic smile wreathed the thin lips of the listener. 'I must say, Mrs. Waldron that you

have lost much of your nerve since we parted 'I have! I have! For six years l have been trying to lead a better life,

but now that you have come-'I will change your good inten-tions?' interupted the other. 'You have said it, for when did you

ver lead that I did not follow? 'That is encouraging,' was the sarastic reply.

'Do not speak to me in that way, she said in faltering tones. 'Really, Mrs. Waldron, you must

be growing childish ! Come, be seated ; have somet'ing to say to you.' The housekeeper obeyed, and drawing their chairs close' together, those two sat for hours, and carried on a

whispered conversation. What strange link bound the two ogether, and what was their secret? What awful deed was hidden in the

solemn past? Where had they met before, and for what purpose? Only God knew-and those two

TO BE CONTINUED.

Talking Dolls.

ing a spring the doll will say:

sleepy now. Pleas put me in my little bed," or something else equally aston Tribune visited Mr. Edison, and saw those wonderful dolla. He savs:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are, Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky.

Another doll-baby sang in a sweet, childish treble "Rock-a-by Baby on must begin "early tofflearn how to the Tree Top" all the way through conduct it. How much more neces-

Still another sang a pretty little Ger-

The Ways of Lawyers.

reasonableness of the bill.

Extraordinary Bone Scratching.

Skin Cure at the Drug Store, used it,

Soap 25 cents. For sale at E. A.

Why Women Fade.

Covington & Co., Druggists.

gets mad she tears my hair.'

and it has cured me sound and well.

too, so that any one could have heard taint which predisposes him to her accross a moderate-sized room. drunkenness or theft, that the should

What is your Heritage. Youth's Companion. Newspapers published in Kentucky recently contained an account of three brutal murders committed by members of two families, between which a bitter feud has raged for

three generations. At the same time, a war was raging in West Virginia between two other families who, for several generations had made it the ebject of their lives to maltreat, and to kill each other. "Why do you hate the C-s?" a stranger asked of one of the rival fac-

tion. "They have never injured you personally.

"I inherit my hatred of them, just as I do my gray eyes and hooked nose," was the reply.

A vendetta, terrible as it is not the worst legacy to which a man or woman may be the heir.

Of a family in one of the Middle States, people of prominence and un usual intellectual force, it is stated that not one male member for three

And now Mr. Edison has invented a generations who has ever tasted ligenuine talking doll. He calls it a quor, has escaped the death of a Dollphone. He puts a little phono- drunkard. The only chance of life communications corrupt good mangraph with a clock-work accompani for the Blanks lies in total abstinence

The middle-aged readers of the "I love you, mamma; I love you Companion can leach, doubtless, out than in the selection of their assodearly, mamma; but I am tired and of his or her experience recall the ciates. How often do we hear the history of families in which there was a bereditary tendency to disishing. The reporter of the Chicago honesty, to careleseness in money affairs, or on the other hand to noble self-sacrifice, or to stern integrity. "Mr. Edison wound up a brunette Possibly they may question the prodoll, with jet black curls and spark- priety of suggesting these given ling brown eyes. This doll started off problems of life to our younger readers

But if a boy is the heir to an estate. he should be taught something of the value and management of land Or. if he is to inherit a great business he

with good, expression and without a sary is it then, if some vicious ancesfalse note. She sang it quite loudly, tor has bequeathed to him a moral be told of his danger at the time

"DEVILIGHIWIVES."

WHOLE NUMBER, 445

A Word to Every Man Whose Unhappy Lot it is to Spend a Life in the Society of one of These Unlovely Beings.

Written for the Messenger-Intelligencer.

I have been told of alQuaker who used to say, "The girls are so sweet, I wonder where the devilush wives come from." That friendly old gentleman has long since gone to the country where conjecture is exchanged for knowledge-where doubt gives place to absolute certainty; so, of course, he now knows all he ever desired to know. But, very probably there are still some on this "Mundane Sphere" whose minds labor under the same burden of inquiry. For the . benefit of such, I submit my views. believing them to be "orthodox.

Every one that knows any thing at all, is aware that, morally, we are chameleons, as much so as the little saurians that change their integuments to the color of whatever they may rest upon. By no volition of ours can we any more keep from being affected by our association than can that little creature prevent the change in his appearance. Both experience and observation give their testimony to this fact; and the word of Eternal Truth declares that "Evil ners." This fact is fully recognized by Godly parents and others who have the care of children; for about nothing are they more particular utter ruin of a young man attributed solely to bad companions. Now for the application. No relationship on earth is so intimate; no association so constant and exclusive as that of husband and wife. The result? Sh-, notwithstanding all her efforts to continue as she was, becomes like her consort. The unalterable law that "association brings about assimilation," cannot jbe changed by any thing she may do, any more than by any other means; and she suffers

the legitimate effect of the contagion. The poet has well expressed this, fact in speaking of sintin its most horrid form:

"Vice is a monster of such" frightful mein, As to be hated, needs but to be seen; But seen too oft-familiar with his face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace!

Familiarity causes us to lose that feeling of honor so that we at first become very tolerant; this is then

"Violet! Violet! my precious sunbeam !" was his answering cry, then leading her to Mrs. Marvin, he said: "This is my daughter, Hester, my baby Violet-will you love her for ment, in the doll's back, and by press For answer she bent forward letting her lips just touch the fair sweet brow, although the child had shaped

women

her little mouth for a kiss. Violet turned away, a thrill of disappointment chilling her sensitive heart.

Violet said, rai-ing her soft eyes to at a brisk rate with the following:

Second session begins Jan. 7th, 1889. Board can be had in Hotel, including washing, fuel and lights, for \$7.50 per month. This is the healthiest place in North Caro-lina, and that should be the first item in se-For circulars, &c., address, H. S. Pit KETT, Principal, Silver, N. C. lecting a place to sen i to school. 18-6mo.

MALE AND FEMALE.

Anson Institute. WADESBORU, N. C. D. A. MCGREGOR A D. PRINCEPAL,

THE FALL TERM BEGINS MONDAY, SEPT. 34D, 1888

TURTION IN LITERARY DEPARTMENT-\$2. \$8 and \$4 per month. Music-64 per month.

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Offers his professional services to the citi-izens of Anson county, and will visit any neighbor the where there is Dental work to justify. I will be at Wadesboro on Monday, Tues day and Wednesday of court week.

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TEXMS PER MONTH: Primary Course, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.60 No deduction for lost time. Tuition paya-ble at end of each school month. For furth-Information apply to REV. JNO. P. BOYD, Polkton, N. C.

The Central Hotel WADESBORO, N. C.,

The CENTRAL HOTEL is now open for the accommodation of the public, being newly furnished throughout.

Patrons will have the att and attentive servants. Board by the month can be obtain

cheap as elsewhere in Wadesboro. Thanking my friends for past favors, and

asking a continuance of their patronage, I bones." am, very truly.

D. L. PARKER, Proprietor. per-maid. T. J. INGRAM, Corner Wade and Rutherford streets, WADESBORO, N. C., Will continue to furnish his patrons with EEF B Mutton, Pork, Poultry, Butter,

Dinab!"

half sad, half-bitter expression coming out upon her dark face.

Was memory leading her back through the past? Was she dreaming of other scenes called up by the present oue! Yes. She saw another wee child standing at its mother's knee and she heard the faltering, eager voice crying: window and glanced out. The ve-Will he love me as my own papa hicle had paused and Mr. Marvin was lifting the form of a womanito

did-mamma! my mamma?" She saw all this and she said biterly: "Ah, heaven! that fatal step! why was it permitted, and why was I

stained and blackened all over with sinf "Do you think he will not love me,

already they were entering the house. Mrs. Waldron?" The soft, pleading voice of the them. They had entered the parlor, and as she approached the trio, Ranwith a quick motion she drew the dall Marvin's wife lifted her veil, and little head to her bosom, saying: the eyes of the two women met. "You must not listen to what the

blacks say, Violet. Your papa will be at home on Thursday, and he must not hear anything of this." "But are you sure he will love me

ately.

her now.

it. child.

ove mel'

Waldron!"

Violet

"I hope so.

of Sunnyside, as with shaking limbs all the same?" and distended eyes she cried out: "I am quite sure, Violet, because "M reiful God!" you recemble your mamma very TA moment later, she lay like an much, and he loved her passion-

image of :marble in her husband's arms. "But the blacks say he will forget CHAPTER IV.

"The blacks know nothing about WHAT DID IT MEAN ? Was there something in the past-

"Do you think papa's new wife will some dark and evil power, That drew the two together There in the midnight hour? Was there some dreaded secret "You will love me always, Mrs.

Deep buried in the heart, Whose still and constant burning The dimpled arms were around Was like a fiery dart!

her neck, and the rosy mouth was Surprised, and for the moment pressed to her cheek. omewhat bewildered, Mr.1 Marvin "Yes Violet, always Why should laid the apparently lifeless form on a

I not since you are the only earthly sofa just as the child, Claudine. creature who professes a mite of afspraug forward, and casting herself fection for mel Yes, I will love you, on her mother's bosom cried wildly: and I will be your friend," the woman said with a quiver of emotion in beautiful mamma dead!"

her voice. Down in the culinary department get to your mamnia, she has only another scene was being enacted.

fainted," Mr. Marvin said, endeavor-Standing in front of a table, busily ing to draw her away but she snatch kneading dough, was Aunt Dinah, ed her hand from him, saying with the cook. Gathered around were childish anger: several others listening to what the negress termed "a piece of her mind." "I kin tell you dis much," she was her. saying, "when de new mistress gits

here, she'll make some ob you niggers stan' roun' an' no 'stake 'bout ure.

served a deadly pallor on her face, and was so startled I could not sup-"How do you know, Aunt Dinah?" said a bright mulatto woman. "She D. L. PARKER, Proprietor. may be a born anget like four Miss press a cry of terror. "Was this the cause of your emo-

face.

"How you does talk, Milly Mar-vin!" cried Aunt Dinah, wheeling tionf "It was. I never saw such a ghast about and crossing her huge black hands upon her heart. "As if any ly face in my life.' woman on earth or in hebin could be mother and taking her in his arms by sheer force, Mr. Marvin seated her like our poor dead and gone Miss Violet. No, chile, dis un won't be among the cushions of a large chair, nothin' like our Miss Violet, ole Dinah saying: sees it in the stars and feels it in her

"I never thought Master Marvin would marry again," said the cham-

"Neither did I, honey, fur don't de blessed Scripter say he as gits mar-ried onct do well, but he what gits married twice do wusser!"

"Do de bible say dat, Aunt Dinah?" "It sho do, honey. Now, I know as well as I knews anything dat she'll be exposin' on poor Miss Violet's chile, and dis nigger can't stan' dat, caze I lube de little thing better'n

ed too much for the little one, and 'Why of course I do, my innocent! soon the bright head sank son the could never love you less, you sweet man song. It is so constructed that housekeeper's shoulder, the dark image of ----eyes closed and Violet slept.

He checked himself suddenly, and Disrobing the sleeping child, she silence of some minutes ensued, then Mrs. Waldron asked if they did frequently be introduced into the laid her to rest. At the same monot wish to change their travelling | toy's talking machine. ment the whir of carriage wheels costumes before tea. fell upon her ear. She stepped to a

"Thanks, Mrs. Waldron, I had quite forgotten that," Mr. Marvin said, putting Violet down and rising to his feet. His back was turned for

the moment, and Mrs. Waldron bent toward his wife and whispered : "Come to my room to night at welve o'clock.'

"I will," she answered back, then taking Mr. Marvin's arm, she quitted the room followed by Claudine. and we failed to get the money, but At ten o'clock the travelers retired.

Mrs. Waldron hastened to meet and Mrs. Waldron repaired to her own room, but not to sleep. Trimming her lamp, she drew her chair presideet of the bank, assisted by the

near the window, and yielded her-With a smothered cry Mrs. Walself to thought, and were the thoughts dron started back, while a shadow of all human beings such as Mrs. like unto the shadow of death crept Waldron's must have been, judging from the changing expressions of her face, we would certainly agree with that person who has said, "Thought is the devil."

The moon shone brightly, and the night was one of exquisite beauty,

but Mrs. Waldron saw nothing of this been run in connection with Switzer's salt will reconstitute it and restore it -there was a shadow on her face. but a deeper, darker one on her soul. One moment her dark eyes would gleam and flash, then a shudder bling houses and the race track. Burgrave in elaborating his subject would agitate her frame and she would cower down as if seeking to screen herself from view. of the bon ton away to the Sheriff."

Eleven At last the little clock on the mantle chimed the hour of twelve. Five

minutes later, the door opened softly and the mistress of Sunnyside enter ed. Noislessly as a cat she glided into the room, and laid her hand on the hourekeeper's shoulder. With a quick, sharp cry, Mrs. Waldrom sprang up, and for a moment the two women stood face to face looking fixedly into each other's eyes. So motionless did they stand

that they might have passed for stat-Mrs. Marvin broke the silence. "Well?" she breathed, rather than

"I will not stand aside! She is my spoke. For answer the housekeeper stepown mamma, and I will not leave

ped forward and throwing her arms about her kissed her lip cheek and "This is odd," said Mrs. Waldron, who had regained her usual compos-"When she lifted her veil I ob-

"For heaven's sake do not smother me! There! you are entirely too foolish." Mrs. Marvin said, disengaging herself from the woman's clinging

"Too foolish, Claudine!" "Hush-hush!" a dark frown gath

ering on her face. "You forget that walls have ears sometimes, besides I Claudine was still sobbing over her wish you to remember that I am the mistress of Sunuyside, and not Clau diae-

She put her lips to the woman's ear and completed the sentence, then "Mrs. Waldron, this is my daugh drawing her white night robe about her, she buried herself among the Then he turned his attention to his cushions of an easy chair, saying : fainting wife. It seemed ages before 'But tell me how came you here.'

she evinced any signs of returning 'It is too long a tale to repeat. Is animation, but at last a convulsive the same reply applicable to yourtremor agitated her frame, and her eyes slowly unclosed. The moment 'Oh, no. I came here as the mistress her gaze fell upon Mrs. Waldron an-

of this splendid property,' she said, other deathly hue crept over her with a low, purring laugh, then with furtive glance around the room, "What is it Hesterf" Mr. Marvin she leaned forward, saying: said, bending so low that his face lay

'Do you remember where we last against her cold cheek. In an inmetl

Examine into your heritage, boys. phonograph cylinders are interchang-Not into the amount of stock or acres. able, and new sets of sentences may but into the dominant traits of your family character. If your kinsfolk are obstinate, teach yourself to yield; if they are shallow, learn to think Why We Were 'Refused.

and reason; if they are tricky and Arizona Kicker. "The Jackassitics of Jackass Hill false, cling for the life of your soul victous, is quite faulty. Some may are chuckling because it is reported to the truth.

If they have been just, honaround town that the First National orable, devout men, thank God for Bank refused to discount our note for \$25. We did go to the bank and ask this noble inheritance, and strive not to shame them nor your blood. to have a note of that size discounted.

it was not because our note was not Longevity Aided by Salt. considered good. It was because the Chicago Mail.

In a recent work by Prof. Burgrave gentlemanly and able cashier, had lost of Ghent, the prominent theory main every dollar the bank possessed, at a tained is that salt is the greatest faro table the night before, and they regulating agent of life, and on the were waiting for an old sucker in proper use of which human longevity Massachusetts to send on some more lagely depends, it being at any rate tin. The First National advertises a great preventative of certain malacapital of \$75,000. It never had above dies-if the blood is too rich salt will \$2,000 in its vaults. It has always render it less charged, or if it is poor dance, house, and its staff of officers to the necessary elements. Among have been the patrons of the gam- the interesting facts cited by Prof. Jackass Hill had better draw in its is that about the end of the last cen-

Saxony, making such rapid progress among the poorer classes that the

story of a prominent legal firm is its nature and course. The result that city, which does a great deal of was the establishment of a singular busines for a rich mercantile concern. fact, viz: that miners, although re-It lately received a bill which the duced to the same misery as other as a woman, you will resolve, and senior partner of the mercantile es-tablishment (who was accustomed to liberal charges) thought was too high liberal charges) thought was too high. malady; the diet of the miners dif- will again be as "sweet"-yes sweet-He, therefore, took the bill to the law fered from the others only- in one er-than when, as a lovely girl, you firm and asked the chief to look it point, viz: that being employed by first told the story of your love. Just over and see if it was all right. The the State they were supplied with salt try the experiment. It can't possibly account was subsequently returned gratuitously, the deduction being self-improvement never fails to do with \$10 added for "advice" as to the that the absence of salt in the diet of good. The happy effects will be felt

the other workmen was the cause of by your entire family. the malady. Salt was then prescrib ed as a curative measure, and the epidemic, disappeared as if by en-

Small Clerk-"Fader, a shentleman in de store vante to know if dot all vooll, non-shrinkable shirt vill shrink.

"No, id is too big." "Yah, id vill shrink."

Consumption Surely Cured. To THE EDITOR-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use

"Darringer, my wife's got an awful bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your temper. When she gets mad she act ually tears her hair." "Pooh, that's nothing, Bromley. When my wife

"What's all dis row about Aunt stant the luminous eyes were veiled under their long lashes and she anedy for Consumption is an absolute ours for solds. Sold by K. A. Covington & Ou. A shudering cry broke from Mrs Waidron, as with shaking limbe and Eggs, Fresh Oysters, Fish, Fruits and Vegetables, Fruits and Vegetables, And whatever else can satisfy the specific of a gentleman-always giving the best the market afforda -1 will pay the highest mar-ket price for Cows Higs, fibeep, Chickess, 27tf Eggs. &c., &c. 27tf swered: 200

followed by a something like pity when it is easiest for him to resist it. for the unhappy "possessor of some bad quality or habit, and before we are aware, we are guilty of the same acts of sin. If a course of vice, which once was so abhored to our sense of virtue and morality, can be eventually adopted by us, as a result of association, how much easier is it to assimilate to one whose disposition, tho' not such as could be termed ask "why does she not change him for the better." She does effect a decided change, when he loves her enough to be influenced by her. But when his love abates-as is very often the case after marriage-the task of Sisyphus was no greater than is hers, in attempting improvementatu him. Besides her nature is not angelic. Being still in the flesh and having all its proclivities to combat, it is so much easier for her to fall into his ways than to contend against them, that, at last, weary of the conflict-unless sustained by Divine Grace-she ceases to strive after high attainments in woman's noble attributes, and sometimes reaches sublime heights-as a shrew. There is "where the devilish wives come from." I speak that I do know. I have known girls that were really lovely, to be completely metamor phosed by the rough fault-finding conduct of their husbands. After a while, they not only cease to try to please, but they study to tantalize horns or we'll give half a dozen more tury a terrible epidemic, bearing have done. Now man, whenever and annoy. One word more, and I some analogy to scurvy, broke out in you feel disposed to entertain yourself with a survey of the unlovely points in your wife's "character, just think, "Perhaps" (I let you use that The Boston Journal relates a good government ordered an inquiry into word, tis not the one I'd use) "I had much to do in the development of those points," and then resolve to do better. If you are so anxious to be as a man, what you require of her EARKM

One of the Aptest Rejoinders on Re-

oord. Exchange.

At New Haven, some years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his gait. Stopping one day lately at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician who rcognized him, and asked if he was not the chaplain of that college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was.

"I was there," said his interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression. on you than my preaching."

"Ah, doctor," the politician replied with ready wit, "It is the highest compliment we can pay a parson to say that be is known by his walk rather than by his conversation.

Herbert Sperry, Tremont, Ill., had chantment. Erysipelas in both legs. Confined to the house six weeks. He says: Accommodating Garments When I was able to get on my legs, I had an itching sensation that near ly run me crazy. I scratched them raw to the bones. Tried everything without relief. I was tormented in

Proprietor-"Does it fid him!" this way for two years. I then found

Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Clarke's Flax Soap has no equal for Bath and Toilet. Skin Cure \$1.00.

thousands of hopeless cases have been perm-anently cured. I shall be glad to send two

send me their express and peet office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

A Sad Story.

The child coughed. The mother ran. No remedy was near. Before morning the poor little sufferer was dead. Morel: Always keep Dr. Acker's English Remedy at hand. Sold by K. A. Covington & Co.

Women lose their beauty because colds unermine their life. Dr. Acker's English Rem-