Messenger and Intelligencer.

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RACKET STORE!

MORVEN, N. C.

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THAT

Four Hundred and Sixteen Broadway New York is Headquarters. That we buy goods BELOW THE MARKET VALUE. That we sell for SPOT CASH at a

SMALL PROFIT.

That we make no choice of customers. That we sell strictly for Cash on Delivery. That we give you FULL VALUE for your money. That the "RACKET" is the place to buy your goods. We simply UNDERBUY and UNDERSELL. That we have greatly REDUCED THE PRICE on our WINTER GOODS. That we are CLEARING OUT for our SPRING STOCK. That our town is on a BOOM. That we will sell you goods at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

We will sell you a DOLLARS WORTH OF GOODS FOR A DOLLAR.

YOURS FOR BARGAINS,

BAUGOM & CO.

N. Y. Office, 416 Broadway.

THE

PATTERSON MINERAL SPRINGS.

BUILDINGS ENLARGED.

Charges Least of any First class Springs in the South!

In full view of the Blue Ridge Mountains!

Four miles South of Shelby, N. C., on (3-C's R. R.) Charleston, Cincinnati & Chicago Railroad, Patterson Station—one-half mile of Springs.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

Physicians will tell you that the ingredients contained in these waters are in their effect Aperient, Diuretic, Tonic and Alterative, making it Nature's Remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, disease of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and all cases of Debility and Weak Constitutions which need a Stimulant, and in Rheumatic and Scrofulous affections.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We are so situated—owning the Springs with farm attached, from which we get most of our supplies—doing a great part of the necessary work during the season the Springs are open, we can favor our patrons with the best mineral water—the most wholesome food and first-class accommodations at the following extremely low prices.

PER DAY.—When one person occupies room, $1.50.
When two persons occupy room, $1.25.
PER WEEK.—When one person occupies room, $8.50.
When two or more occupy room, $7.00.
PER MONTH—(28 days.)—When one person occupies room, $28.00.
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Children eight to twelve years old half price. Two to six years old one-fourth price. Servants, special rates in accordance to service rendered in caring for room of family or person they are with.

Where there are a family of five or more, or a party of friends from the same town or section, who will occupy one large room, a reduction of ten per cent. will be made.

CARE OF STOCK.—Horses per day, fifty cents. Per week, three dollars. Per month, ten dollars.

AMUSEMENTS and RECREATION.

Bowling Alley, Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Foot-Ball, and in-door games of all kinds.

TEAM:—One Horse and Buggy.—When two will contract to use it daily for one or more hours each day, fifteen cents per hour for each person.

W. C. Patterson
Shelby P. O., or Swang, P. O.
Cleveland County, N. C.

Matting AND Lace

CURTAINS—a grand line of both.

Mattings for 15c., 18c., 22½c., 33c., 50c., etc., etc.

Lace Curtains for $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $5.50, $6.00 per window.

Will be glad to receive your orders for anything in the

Dry Goods Line,

and will always try to give satisfaction. The HABERDASHER is selling everything in its line low down, and can give you special prices on HATS, FLANNEL OVER SHIRTS, NECK WEAR, &C.

Very truly,

Julian H. Little,
Charlotte, N. C.

Executors Notice.

I HAVE this day qualified as Executor of the last will and testament of Thomas H. Threadgill, deceased, before the proper Court in Anson County, N. C., and I hereby notify all persons having claims against the estate of my testator to present the same to me, for payment, on or before the 13th day of June, 1890, or this notice will bar their payment and recovery. And all persons owing the estate of my said testator must pay the same at once to me. This 6th day of June, 1889.

JOSEPH W. ALLEN, Executor
Thos. H. Threadgill, deceased.

Executor's Notice.

I HAVE this day qualified as Executor of the will of the late Mrs. Mary Adams in the Superior Court for Anson County. Persons having claims against the estate of the decedent must present the same on, or before June 22nd, 1890, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This June 17th, 1889.

J. T. BRADLEY,
Executor of Mary Adams.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

DR. J. T. J. BATTLE

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE PEOPLE OF WADESBORO AND VICINITY.

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Having formed a copartnership for the practice of medicine, respectfully offer their professional service to the good people of Anson and contiguous territory.

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Represents the leading Fire and Life Insurance Companies.

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DENTIST,

(Office Over L. Huntley's Store,)

Wadesboro, North Carolina.

ALL OPERATIONS WARRANTED.

26-tf

DR. J. C. BROWN,

Surgeon Dentist,

ANSONVILLE, N. C.,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Anson and adjoining counties, and will visit any neighborhood where there is Dental work to justify.

I will be at Wadesboro on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of court week.

RAPHAEL ALLEN,

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HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, Shaving, &c., done with neatness and dispatch. Shop near Mr. Bruner's Bakery.

Anson Institute,

WADESBORO, N. C.

D. A. McGREGOR, A. B., PRINCIPAL.

THE FALL TERM BEGINS MONDAY, SEPT. 3RD, 1888.

TUITION IN LITERARY DEPARTMENT—$2, $3 and $4 per month.
MUSIC—$4 per month.
No deduction made for lost time.

Polkton Academy,

POLKTON, N. C.

REV. JNO. P. BOYD, PRINCIPAL.
J. M. SIMPSON, ASSOCIATE.

TERMS PER MONTH:

Primary Course, - - - - $1.00
Preparatory Course, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.00

No deduction for lost time. Tuition payable at end of each school month. For further information apply to
REV. JNO. P. BOYD, Polkton, N. C.

Norwood High School.

MALE AND FEMALE.

Fall Term begins August 8th, 1889.

R. L. SMITH, PH. B., PRINCIPAL.
MISS VIRGINIA LILLY, ASSISTANT.

We offer all the advantages of a first-class High school. Instruction is thorough, vigorous and practical. Building new and convenient. Furniture neat and comfortable. The healthfulness of the village and community is unsurpassed. Students prepared for college, or the active duties of life. Expenses are very moderate.

TUITION:—Primary Department, $1.50.
" Academic Department, $2.00 to $3.00
Music, (Piano or Organ), $3.00
Board, including furnished room and wood, $6.50 to $7.50.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of all those who are seeking the advantages of a first-class High School. For futher information address the Principal at
NORWOOD, N. C.

T. J. INGRAM,

Corner Wade and Rutherford streets,

WADESBORO, N. C.,

Will continue to furnish his patrons with

BEEF,

Mutton, Pork, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fresh Oysters, Fish, Fruits and Vegetables,

And whatever else can satisfy the appetite of a gentleman—always giving the best the market affords.—I will pay the highest market price for Cows Hogs, Sheep, Chicken., Eggs, &c., &c. 27tf

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

[The Wichita Eagle says that the following poem was left at that office by an unknown man who came to ask for work]:

Near the camp fire's flickering light,
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
At the twinkling stars on high.
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whippoorwill
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foeman may be lurking near,
In the canyon dark and deep;
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear—
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

'Mid the stars one face I see,
One the Saviour called away;
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near
In this lonely mountain brake;
Take me to her, Saviour, dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light,
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night,
Fill the air with saddening cries.
Over me they seem to cry:
"You may nevermore awake."
Low I lisp, If I should die,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

A DAUGHTER OF CAIN.

BY S. J. JESSAMINE DICKSON AND MRS. M. F. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XXX.

PALMER AND MRS. MARVIN.

'And she was lost—and yet she breathed,
But not the breath of human life;
A serpent round his heart was wreathed,
And stung his every thought to strife.'

A month had passed since the accurrence of the events recorded in our last chapter— a month of triumph to Mrs. Marvin, but one of mental anguish and physical suffering to her unhappy husband, for since the day of his supposed daughter's burial, he had not risen from the bed of suffering where gentle hands had laid him. Parched with fever he had been tossing from side to side, his brain tortured with the wildest delirium. Now his first wife hovered about him with smiling lips, and again she stood before him accusing him of driving her child to a cruel death; then the scene changed and Violet knelt at his feet pleading:

'For my mother's sake—for my *mother's* sake!'

Then again he knelt by her coffin gazing on her pallid face, and would start up wildly, exclaiming:

'I have killed her—I have murdered my child! I drove her out to her death!'

But the crisis came at last, and weak as an infant he lay in that death-like sleep which would determine whether he would live or die, for the physician had said:

'He may awake but to breathe his last, and he may live, I can not say.'

Through all the long night he sat with Mrs. Marvin, by his patient, listening to his low, irregular breathing and noting each pulsation. As the long hours wore on his breathing became more and more regular until near dawn when he unclosed his eyes now no longer vacant and confused, but shining with the light of intelligence.

'He will live,' whispered the physician, turning to Mrs. Marvin. She arose and bent over him.

'Hester,' murmured the invalid in a voice so faint that it was lost in a whisper.

'Randall,' she replied, clasping his thin hand.

'No talking—no talking!' warned the physician, then he led Mrs. Marvin to the door bidding her take an hour's rest.

A smile of ineffable peace came about the invalid's lips, and again closing his eyes, he sank into a peaceful slumber.

Slowly the days wore away, and now we find him rapidly recovering, but still unable to leave his room. Not a word in regard to the past had he spoken, and not one time mentioned Violet's name since the delirium left him. But he would lie for hours with his eyes closed, and his lips now and then moving as if in silent prayer. He seemed never satisfied except Claudine was near him, and she anxious to win his heart, never failed in any of those little attentions so grattifying to an invalid. She had a fine voice for reading, and would spend half of the day at his couch reading from his favorite authors. While thus engaged one evening, he interupted her by asking:

'My daughter, will you lay Dante aside and read me a chapter from the Bible?'

'I will do anything my dear papa desires. But what particular chapter shall I read?'

'The eighty-sixth psalm, dear.'

Taking down the sacred volume she turned to the place mentioned, and read in a low, rich voice:

"Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me; for I am poor and in misery. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I will call daily upon the. Comfort the soul of thy servant, for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. For thou, Lord, art good and gracious, and of great mercy unto all them that call upon thee."

'There, dear, that will do,' he said, closing his eyes and repeating the words:

"Comfort the soul of thy servant, for unto thee, O Lord do I lift up my soul."

He was soon sleeping quietly, and Claudine stole noiselessly from the room, meeting Mrs. Marvin in the hall.

'He sleeps,' she whispered.

'What an attentive nurse you are!' the other returned, with an approving smile.

'There broad acres will amply repay me,' she returned.

'Quite true. Palmer has returned.

'Palmer returned! When pray did he put in an appearance?'

'He has just arrived and is well nigh frantic.'

'About Violet?'

'Yes. I received a note from him filled with manical ravings, and he ended by saying that he would be over to-night. I believe the idiot did love her.'

'Perhaps he did, but fate has removed her from his reach and out of our way.'

'Yes, thank heaven!'

'Are you going to his room?' indicating her step-father's apartment.

'Yes.'

'Then I will take a ride in the fresh air, for I have been housed up here acting the saint until I am almost ill.'

Mrs. Marvin laughed a low, purring laugh, as she replied:

'Go by all means, but do not remain out too late, for these October evenings are chilly.'

'They are just what I need,' she said, passing on, and calling to Bera who was crossing the lawn:

The girl turned at hearing her name called, and approached the house, saying:

'Did you speak to me, *Miss* Claudine?'

'Yes,' sharply. 'Go tell the groom to bring Fleet around as quickly as possible.'

'You needn't be so sharp about it,' Bera muttered as she went off to deliver orders.

A little later the old groom brought the pretty pony around, and Claudine was soon cantering off down the broad country road, the bracing October air blowing around her and bringing the soft rich bloom to her clear, dark cheeks.

'Poor dear Miss Violet!' exclaimed the old man, gazing after the graceful equestrian, while the quick tears rushed to his eyes. 'Ole Joel will never see her ride 'way agin, her face all dimplin' wid smiles, fur she's lyin' all still an' cold now side ob her mother.'

Claudine had not ridden far when she descried a horseman coming rapidly toward her.

'That is Rex Thorton,' she soliloquized. 'It is insufferably dull just now and I would enjoy nothing so much as a flirtation with him. It would amuse me until St. Orme returns, and Una says that will not be until Spring. Rex is her betrothed, and I suppose anything like a flirtation with him would make her wonderfully jealous, but I cannot help that, this monotony is insufferable. Then I will surrender all claim upon him when I have amused myself sufficiently. I am sure I will not have much trouble in getting up a flirtation with him although he is quite devoted to Una.'

Riding leisurely along, she waited until Rex came up, his handsome face glowing and his dark eyes sparkling with undisguized admiration.

'Good evening, Miss Armitage,' he cried, lifting his hat, with a bright smile and checking his restive steed.

'Good evening, Sir Knight! Whither art thou bound?'

'Whither am I bound?' running his fingers through his curling hair with an assumed air of bashfulness. 'Suppose, fair lady, I refuse to inform thee?'

'Then I will stretch forth my magic wand and blight all your hopes of future happiness.'

'Oh, dire and dreadful punishment!' he exclaimed with a mock air of fear.

'Beware, Sir Knight, how you tamper with the spirit of the woods!' she cried, turning archly upon him.

She made an exquisite picture at that moment sitting her restive pony robed in the clinging black garments which seemed only to enhance her dark beauty. Her great liquid black eyes were turned upon him, her lips red as carnation were wreathed with a fascinating smile, while the rich bloom on her dark cheeks glowed and deepened as as Rex gazed upon her with admiring eyes.

He was on his way to Woodlawn, but Una St. Orme was forgotten now in the presence of this superb beauty, and riding gaily up to her side, he exclaimed:

'Rather bid me beware of the spirit of beauty!'

'No flattery, Sir Knight, and be careful else you may arouse my wrath, and in case you do, your future happines will wither and die.'

'To convince you that I do not fear any such dreadful catastrophe I will bear thee company, most noble lady, wheresoever thou mayst lead,' he said gaily.

'Hast thou no fears for thy future?'

'None, most gracious lady.'

'Then away!'

She touched her pony as she spoke and dashed away closely followed by Rex. The spell of the enchantress was upon him, and for once in his life he had quite forgotten the gentle Una. He had met Claudine many times previous to this, but never had she looked so bewilderingly lovely to him as on this crisp, October evening.

It was almost dark when the two rode through the gate at Sunnyside, and Rex springing from his horse lifted Claudine to the ground saying:

'What a pleasant evening I have spent!'

'I too,' she replied, 'have enjoyed myself more than I had ever hoped to again. I have been so sad and lonely since poor dear Violet's death,' glancing down at her heavy mourning robe.

'Yes, I know how sad you must *all* feel,' he said in a low, sympathetic tone.

'I try to be cheerful,' she went on in a subdued voice, 'because if I were to give up to my feelings I should die of very sorrow; and then we all endeavor to be cheerful on poor papa's account.'

'What a dreadful blow it must have been to him!'

'Oh, it was, indeed! Violet was his only one you know, and it seemed so hard for her to be taken away. We were anxiously expecting a letter, telling of her safe arrival at aunt Marvin's when that dreadful telegram came. We thought for a time that papa would not survive the blow, and poor mama, she too, was sadly grieved. But won't you come in, Mr. Thornton?'

'No thank you, not this evening, but if I may be allowed the privilege I will call at another time.'

'It will afford me pleasure to have you visit Sunnyside at any time,' lifting her languid eyes to his boyish face.

'Thank you,' giving her hand a gentle pressure.

Rex did not go to Woodlawn that evening, but rode, boy like, straight home, dreaming of Claudine's soft voice and beautiful face, all forgetful of his little betrothed, whose loyal heart he had won.

Ah Rex! weak, fickle Rex!

That night Jasper Palmer called at Sunnyside, and sent up his card to Mrs. Marvin, who came down to meet him with extended hands.

There was an expression of genuine pain on the man's cynical face and a strained haggard look in his pale blue eyes. Bad as he was, he had loved Violet Marvin truly and deeply, and now that she was lost to him after all his underhand work it seemed as if a 'serpent were wreathed about his heart.'

'You did not get as far as South Carolina?' Mrs. Marvin said, when she had motioned him to a seat.

'No, I had not left this State. I was unavoidably detained and was just on the point of pursuing my journey, when happening to take up a paper I read an account of the sad disaster.'

'I thought at first you must have reached her about the time of the accident, because her remains were sent home in a metallic case, but on telegraphing to ascertain who had arranged everything, we could learn nothing at all, and as yet no letter has come to explain the mystery. I have thought that Mr. St. Orme may have had something to do with the matter, though of course this is only supposition.'

Palmer made no reply, and soon afterwards took his departure.

'I was wicked and unworthy of her, but I loved her,' he muttered, as he walked away from the house'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Velly Bad Woman."

Youth's Companion.

The ordinary Irish servant, when she leaves one mistress for another, procures a proper "character" to take along with her, but Chinese servants, it seems, have an improvement on this. A lady who has long resided in California relates an anecdote illustrative of the strong clannish feeling which prevails among the Chinese in this country.

I had several Chinese cooks, one after another, and finally one of them went away very abruptly so that I refused to pay him a full month's wages.

His first successor spent only a few hours in my house before he announced, "He go; me no stay."

The two next stayed one day each and then departed with the same brief, emphatic declaration. No. 4 appeared quite satisfied for three days but at the end of that time he, too, followed his predecessors. In some concern I called in my husband's office boy, a bright Chinese lad.

"Chin Foo," I asked, "what is the matter? Chinaman no stay here."

"Ah!" he said, "me know, maybe," and he went into my kitchen, whither I followed him wholly perplexed. He looked carefully all about, peered into pots and kettles, upturned tubs and buckets, litted and turned over chairs, as if looking for something.

Finally he pushed the clock from its place and uttered a quick cry of discovery.

"Lookee," he said, and pointed to a row of Chinese hieroglyphics on the back of the clock.

Having had them translated, I discovered that Sing Lee, my disaffected cook, had left my condemnation behind him.

"She velly bad woman, "he had written; "she no payee."

Wash Your Hands.

Sanitary Era.

Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have beed explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling mone , especially of paper, door-knobs, banisters, car-straps, and a hundred things that everyone must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, small-pox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they wassed they ate not." It was a santary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.

Physicians Confess.

All honest, conscientious physicians who give B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) a trial, frankly admit its superiority over ALL other blood medicines.

Dr. W. J Addair, Rockmart, Ga., writes: "I regard B. B. B. as one of the best blood medicines."

Dr. A. H. Roscoe, Nashville, Tenn., writes. "All reports of B B B. are favorable, and its speedy action is truly wonderful."

Dr. J. W. Rhodes, Crawfordsville, Ga., writes: "I confess B B B is the best and quickest medicine for rheumatism I have ever tried."

Dr. S. J. Farmer, Crawfordsville, Ga., writes: "I cheerfully recommend B B B as a fine tonic alterative. Its use cured an excrescence of the neck after other remedies effected no perceptible good."

Dr. C H. Montgomery, Jacksonville, Ala., writes: "My mother insisted on my getting B. B. B. for her rheumatism, as her case stubbornly resisted the usual remedies. She experienced immediate relief and her improvement has been truly wonderful."

A prominent physician who wishes his name not given, says: "A patient of mine whose case of tertiary syphilis was surely killing him, and which no treatment seemed to check, was entirely cured with about twelve bottles of B. B. B. He was fairly made up of skin and bones and terrible ulcers.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by McLendon & Parsons.

The Choice was Difficult.

Here is a story that General Price Young tells, says the Washington Post. Away up in the Georgia mountains lies Catoosa Springs, a favorite summer resort of Savannah and Atlanta society people. Among the pines and breezes of the hills the fever and lassitude bred by the malarial air of the low country disappear like magic. One day Gen. Young saw an old fellow come up with a basket of eggs and bunch of chickens for the hotel people, and recognized an old trooper of his command.

"Jake," he called out, "Jake Dorridge, how are you?"

"Why, laws a massy, Ginral, howde-do? I hain't seen ye since the war."

They chatted for a few minutes.

"Do you come up here often, Jake?"

"Pooty nigh every day. The folks want my chickings 'n' aigs. I like to rest my eyes a looking' at some o' these yere pooty gals."

"They are handsome, aren't they Jake?"

"'Deed they air."

"Now, Jake," said Gen. Young, waving his hand toward a group of three young ladies with whom he had been chatting, "tell me which of those three young ladies is the prettiest."

"Aw, Gineral Young, they's all pooty. 'Twouldn't be good manners for me to say ary one was pootier'n t'other."

"But, Jake, it will give them a great deal of pleasure to learn your opinion. They are great friends, and will not feel at all hurt at your decision. Now, walk right up and pick out the best looking."

After much solicitation Jake undertook the task. He walked up and peered closely at the laughing girls. About 100 guest had gathered by this time to see the trial. Finally Jake turned, scratching his head. All three of the yonng ladies wore broad sashes around their waists.

"Gineral Young, they's all three so pooty it is hard to make a choice, but still I am forced to say that the one with the yaller belly-band is a leetle the trimmest."

There was a scream, a flutter of white dresses, and thee blunshing young ladies, with various colored sashes, dashed into the hotel and out of sight.

What will the End Be?

J. E Thickston, a scientist and astronomer, living at Metuchen, N. J., while alluding to the Johnstown horror, said to a Herald correspondent that the dreadful catastrophe was as nothing compared to what might have occurred.

"The news from Central Pennsylvania is awful," he said, "but this may be a very little thing compared with what may yet occurr. Near and west of the Alleghanies a great opening within the earth's crust must be made somewhere by the escape of natural gas. Will the earth settle and fill the empty places, or will air pass in and thereby make it possible for the immense reservoirs of gas, stored away, no one knows how far, to explode and make an upheaval? Many people believe there is gas enough under Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio to blow the country from Lake Erie to the Monongahela into promiscuous fragments. When oil was struck at Oil Creek in 1859, timid folks feared a collapse and a sinking of the oil field, but that danger was obviated by water running into the wells as the oil ran out. The dreaded vacumn never came, as water took the place of the removed oil. It is not so in this case. Water is not filling up the gas wells, except to a limited extent. What the outcome may be is not really a very enjoyable thing to revolve in our minds these pleasant June mornings. A submerged valley, lined with the bones of fifteen thousand men, women and children is a fearful thing in the history of the human race, but what of that compared with a wrecked continent? What of that compared with a world blown open or blown to fragments? I am not an alarmist or a sensational Wiggins. I do not believe that old Mother Earth is about to be shot into smithereens, but there may be danger ahead in this direction, and although we grieve over the Conemaugh catastrophe, let us be thankful that there has not been a natural gas explosion out West, and that there are not two rings instead of one set of astoroids in the material heavens."

Fancy and Facts.

Philadelphia Press.

An Irishman, waxing eloquent upon the glories of the old country, declared that a certain nobleman's palace, not far from where he used to live, had "three hundred and twinty-five winders, one winder for ivery day in the year."

Another man, who was always complaining of the hard work he had to do, broke out one day: "Well, now, I wish I was home again in me father's foine old castle."

"Your father's foine old castle, is it?" said one of his companions. "Sure and it was a foine old castle and no mistake. Ye could stand on the roof of yer father's castle, put yer arm down the chimney, and open the front door."

Found in the Newspaper.

From the Iowa, "Plaindealer." We have never, as our readers for nearly thirty years in this county can testify, written a 'puff' of any patent medicine. Duty as well as inclination impel us to depart from this studied silence, to say to our readers and the public that, having been completely prostrated with a violent and distressing cold, after three days fighting it with ordinary remedies and getting no relief from their use, we obtained a bottle of Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Cough Cure, obtaining almost instant relief and a steady improvement under its use." Large bottle only $1.00. Ask for Clarke's Flax Soap. "Best on earth." 25 cents. Both the above for sale by E. A. Covington & Co., Druggists.

Country Week.

Youth's Companion.

Every year the weakest and most sickly of the children belonging to the Paris rag-picking district are sent into the country to remain for a short time among the peasants, with instructions to eat all they choose, live in the open air, and roll about on the grass. At first, the miserable little creatures seem to be stupefied by the brightness of their new life, and quite dazed by the difference between city squalor and bright sky and flowers.

One boy, on rising from a laborer's table said, almost with awe:

'This is the first time I ever ate till I was no more hungry!'

Their startled surprise and almost piteous happiness recall the words of the English city child, who, taken into the green fields for a holiday, looked compassionately at a sparrow, and said:

'Poor little bird! he has no cage to sleep in.'

Another, who had never even visited the parks and gardens of her native city, was terrified at the sight of trees.

'Won't they fall on us?' she shrieked, clinging to her companion. 'Ma'am, are ye sure they is stuck down tight?'

One little American boy, during his first country visit, mysteriously begged his hostess to lock up a small package for him, during his stay.

'Don't tell anybody I've got 'em, ma'am,' he whispered, excitedly. 'I didn't pick 'em up on your place; I got 'em in the road, a mile off.'

'Why, what are they, Jimmy?' asked the lady.

'Di'mon's!' said Jimmy, in her ear, looking about to be sure they were not overheard. 'I'm goin' to sell 'em, and be richer'n anybody round here.'

Having with difficulty obtained his permission, the lady opened the crumpled bit of paper, which contained, alas! only some sparkling bits of quartz. Jimmy, like many another explorer, had trusted his eyes, only to be deceived.

A wise man has said that no child can afford to grow up in ignorance of those common facts which Mother Nature is ready to teach.

Realizing what the city poor have missed, those of us who are familiar with country byways should feel rich indeed; rich enough, and grateful enough, gladly to lend a hand in giving at least a 'country week' to some of our less-favored fellow-mortals.

Horace Greely on Debt.

For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate or truly poor so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproah, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased either or all my sons to be support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is, "Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would a pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more work for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it rather than owe any man a dollar!" Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must often give notes and other obligations, and I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying at some little sacrifice all he owes; I speak of seal debt—that which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligations and dependence on the other—and I say from all such let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore.

"As The Boys Say."

Youth's Companion.

One day a learned clergyman, conversing in the waiting-room of a Boston railroad station, made the remark: 'And they got away, as the boys say, by the skin of their teeth.'

At this a small boy who was standing near stepped up to the clergyman, and, taking off his hat politely, asked: 'Did I understand you to say, sir, that the boys say that?'

'Why, yes,' said the clergyman, a little puzzled; 'they do, don't they, sometimes?'

'May be, sir,' said the boy, 'but they had to read it in the Bible first.'

'Why so they did, really!' said the clergyman, laughing.

He had remembered, all at once, that the phrase, 'With the skin of my teeth,' is found in the Book of Job.

'As the boys say' is a very common phrase, but those who use it generally forget that the boys learn most of their sayings from their elders.

Circumstantial Evidence.

N. Y. Times.

'Uncle Ben, your son was fooling around my hen-coop last night and I came very near catching him. He had his hand on a chicken, but let it go when he heard me.'

'Boss did yer say he had a hand on a chicken an' den let it go?'

'I did.'

'Den 'twar'n't none of my son. Dat nigger war'n't none ob my raisin.'

An Eminent Doctor's Prescription.

Dr. C. P. Henry, Chicago, Ill., who has practiced medicine many years says: Last Spring he used and prescribed Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Skin Cure in 40 or 50 cases, and never new a case where it failed to cure. "I know of no remedy I can rely on so implicity." Positive cure for all diseases of the Skin. Applied externally.

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