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PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

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A Safe Investment, Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results...

A STRANGE TREE STORY.—"It's pretty hard to satisfy editors."

Merrit Wins, We desire to say to our citizens, that we have been using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption...

A LOST TO BUSINESS.—Count that day lost, whose low, descending sun, Views from their hand no advertising done.

Lead Poison Cured, I am a painter by trade. Three years ago I had a bad case of Lead Poison, caused by using rubber paint...

C. PARK LEAK, Wayneville, Ohio, Our little girl, Jessie, had Scrofula for six years. We tried the best physicians of New York and Philadelphia...

Water Valley, Miss., Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Georgia, You are in a Bad Fix But we will cure you if you will pay us.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of the Editor and the Opinion of Others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

The wall of a brick building fell upon Gen. Jubal Early last week at Lynchburg, Va. The General escaped with a few cuts and bruises.

Camp Russell, in Raleigh, has been purchased for the "Soldier's Home." In a short time twenty-seven veterans, now inmates of various poor houses, will be comfortably lodged in the Home.

The New Bern Journal says that the fishing at Morehead City has been remarkably fine this season.

One boat sold what it caught in one day at the beach for \$460, and 20,000 mullets were caught at one haul and sold for \$600.

A number of newspapers containing lottery advertisements have been seized by postal authorities, and it is said the business of the lottery at the New Orleans postoffice has fallen off one half since the passage of the new law prohibiting the transmission of lottery matter in the United States mails.

That was an unfortunate affair at Lexington, Va., last week. F. W. McCormick and W. T. Tallafero, two military students, settled a personal difficulty in Kilrain-Sullivan style.

After fourteen rounds were fought both had enough, shook hands and parted good friends. Tallafiero died a short time after, it is thought from a wound in the head received in falling on a bench during the fight.

Of the tariff collected from the people under the McKinley bill, for every dollar that goes into the treasury, \$9.00 go into the pockets of the manufacturer.

Strange to say it increases taxation, but decreases the revenues. If there is such a thing as taxation for private purposes, but taxation for public purposes is not taxation, but plunder.

Edward Bellamy's idea of hearing the gospel by telephone has been tried at a church in England. The opening prayer was interrupted by cries of "Hello! hello! are you there?"

I will tell you preachers right now, you need not be jumping and stamping on your people so much, they need medicine more than the club. The little fellows are puny.

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This superficial practice is ruinous to mental culture, and destroys the power of concentration, and destroys the power of concentration. The newspaper of the future will be intensive instead of expansive.

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THE REV. SAM JONES

Some of the Great Revivalist's Sayings at Wilmington.

A bad associate of a bad boy can never be estimated in this world. I had rather associate with a dog than a man who will swear, the association with the dog may make you doggish but it will not make you profane.

I never heard a dog swear. I mean a four-legged dog. I have rather associate with a hog than with a man who will drink whiskey, because I might become hoggish but I never would become a drunkard.

I believe the elect are the "who-so-ever-wills," and the un-elect are the "who-so-ever-won't-s." Like the old drake who said, "I do not know how to explain it, but nobody is ever elected 'ceptin' he is a candidate."

All this quarrel we get up among the denominations about the age of church is all nonsense. You get up a Baptist brother and he will run back to John the Baptist and say they have come down in Apostolic succession, but see Methodists have got the pull on him; we go back to Adam. Did not Adam fall? And I believe as truly that Adam was a Methodist as I believe that I am one; he manifested every practical evidence in the world by his church relations.

I can't have what we call enemies or jealousies; some of the best friends I have in the world are Presbyterians, some of the truest men I know on earth are Presbyterians. Baptists: I will love them as long as I live. I got my wife out of that pond. I am brother-in-law to every Baptist in the world, and our relations are most pleasant.

As far as the Episcopal Church goes that was the mother of the Methodist, and a boy that will go back on his mother, he won't do at all.

The grand old Episcopal church is the best equipped church in the world; it is the best equipped regiment of Jesus Christ in the world but the trouble is, that it has been in camp a hundred years and it has not fired a gun.

Every time there is a split off, that part jumps nearer where God was sitting, that is a fact. When the old Episcopal church split, the Methodist jumps out on a great, broad platform; when the old school Presbyterian church split, the Cumberland jumped out towards a certain center; when the old Methodist church split, when the old Hard-shell Baptist church split, the Missionaries jumped out and jumped towards us; but they fell in the creek.

Who can take a man and immerse him in the river of Jordan three times a day, for a hundred years, and if he don't quit his meanness and live right, he will go to hell, like he was shot out of a cannon.

Immersion is not joining the church, it is not being baptized, it is not taking the sacrament, it is not praying in your family, it is not visiting the sick, it is not helping the poor, it is not feeling good; those things are no more salvation than a man's coat in his hand.

What is salvation? It is God Almighty setting the Ten Commandments to music in your soul, and setting every Christian duty to music in your life; that would cause the angels to sing.

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L—FOUND AT LAST. By W. H. BALLOU. Illustrated by FERNANDO MIRANDA.

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SYNOPSIS.

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The lips expressed kind consideration for the invalid, while the eyes expressed insolent and assured triumph in a fixed purpse.

He talked with his patient he kept his gaze upon the girl's face. She sought to avoid those glittering eyes, but they seemed to fill the room with strange light.

II.—THE CUP THAT WILCOX.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Illustrated by PHILIP G. OUSACHS.

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"Tell you, papa, I cannot endure his presence in this house. It was offensive enough to me at home, when he came but once or twice a day. It was still more so during our journey here, when I was forced to be in the same car with him; but now that you tell me he is to live under the same roof, sit at the same table and ride in the same carriage with it becomes unbearable. My hatred of him has become more intense. Who need you compel me to associate with him so closely, papa?"

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The face of the speaker betokened refinement, and this, together with her extreme youth and pronounced beauty, rendered the voice more remarkable.

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"Don't, papa," cried the young girl sharply. "Do you not suppose I remember as well as you the events which killed mamma, shattered your health and ruined my young life? Why recall them now?"

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III.—A MIXING OF PICKLES.

By Maj. ALFRED C. CALHOUN. Illustrated by T. A. FITZGERALD.

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Henry Henshall was in despair. In vain he tried to banish the shadowy ideal from his heart by a greater devotion to his art. Whether he worked at the beautiful figure of a marine seen in the face of the beautiful girl he had seen in the cars would appear in the foliage or rise from the waters like another Undine.

A number of times he turned away from the canvas, thinking by force of will to dispel the haunting vision, but as it was the creation of his own brain it would not vanish.

One afternoon he dashed his palette and brushes on the studio floor, and, springing to his feet, called out in a voice of agony.

"Merciful power! Al! never again to paint anything but that face! Can I never again think of anything but that face?"

As if in reply to his question a quick double rap sounded on the door behind him, and in response to his nervous "Come in" Tom Wogly, his own private detective, stood before him, his face as impassive as a tombstone's lid.

"Any news, Tom?" cried the desperate young man, and he looked at it as if an immediate homicide would follow a reply which an instant is liable to occur.

He passed on to his room, and Miss Brown entered the apartment which she occupied with her young mistress, who was now sunk in a profound slumber.

An hour and a half after midnight the sweet strains of a violin breathing an air from "Pansy" floated through the apartment house.

A woman who lived across the hall heard it, and remarked to her husband that if ever a set of cranks lived on earth it was the people opposite.

Dr. Watson heard the music and laughed softly in his room, while his eyes glowed like coals of fire.

Miss Brown, both saw the player and heard her music and muttered with pale lips, "Is he man or devil?"

Just a month later, a man who had been sitting in Chickering hall watching the exhibition of Professor Oscar Feldman, the hypnotist and mind reader, rose and walked out before the close of the entertainment.

Henry Henshall sitting near the aisle glanced up at him, slightly annoyed at the disturbance caused by his exit.

"I have seen that face before," he thought, as the man passed on.

The exhibition grew in interest and the young man turned his attention to the stage; but the face of the person who had just gone out danced before him in irritating suggestiveness, still ending the grasp of his tantalized memory.

"Where did I see him before?" he thought, and then, like a magic, the scene reflected in the mirror of the Wagner drawing room car two months previous flashed before the mind's eye of Henry Henshall.

He arose and dashed out of the hall. In the crowds of people hurrying to and fro in every direction it was impossible to tell whether the man had gone.

He hailed a cab, hurried to his studio, made a careful sketch of the face he had just seen, and carried it to the private detective who was removed for his skill.

"This man I saw go out of Chickering hall half an hour ago," he said. "Find his address for me and I will pay your price."

It was a few days after a month later when he received a telegram in Boston, whether he had gone the day previous, which said:

"Have found name and number. Come home."

"I saw the original of this sketch day before yesterday, driving in a carriage," explained the detective on Henshall's arrival. "I followed and saw him enter No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street."

The young man followed the driver to the house, and learned that the carriage had been rented some three months before by a family named Crawford, of the number 3—West Thirty-eighth street.

Mr. Henry Henshall presented himself before the janitor of No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street to make inquiries concerning a family named Crawford, he was informed that they took their departure early that morning and left no card on the magnet.

"They lived in those furnished apartments for three months," the janitor explained, "and the time would be left until next week some time, but they left today."

"Perhaps they gave their address to some of the other occupants of the building," suggested Mr. Henshall. "May I inquire?"

But the inquiries elicited nothing from the other people in the house.

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