W. H. Amos

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IT WILL EVER BE THUS.

A citizen of Harlem who was approaching the railroad depot, followed by a dog, halted and picked up a stone and flung it at the canine with the exclamation:

"You good-for-nothing cur, but I'd like to knock your head off!"

Just then a man came down a side street followed by another dog, and halted to say:

"I've got another just such cur here. He isn't worth his weight in soap grease."

"I'll poison mine this very night!"

"And I'm going to throw mine under the locomotive."

"Say," said the second man, after a moment's thought, "call your cur up here and let us get 'em to fighting."

"Good idea. Here, Jep—Jep—Jep! Come here, doggie!"

The dog cautiously approached, and as the two animals began growling and walking around each other a sudden "Stuboy!" brought a climax, and they began fighting. Both men laughed, but it wasn't a minute before the first man, whose dog was underneath, kicked the dog on top.

"Hold on, now. Give my dog a fair show!" shouted the other.

"He's the biggest!"

"No, he aint! Don't you kick my dog again!"

"I'm a good mind to kick his owner!"

"I'd like to see you try it!"

"I can do it!"

"You're a liar."

And with that they began whaling away at each other with the greatest vigor, ending after five minutes in a draw. Meanwhile the dogs had quit and disappeared.

"I allow no one to kick my dog," gasped one and he wiped at his bloody nose.

"And no living man can call me a liar," growled the other, as he held his black eye.

"I'll see you again."

"And I'll see you."—New York Sun.

HE COULD KEEP A SECRET.

An old soldier at the Capitol yesterday told this story of Stonewall Jackson, says the Atlanta Constitution:

It was during the valley campaign, and a battle was expected within a day or two, though Jackson's plans were so carefully guarded that not even his adjutant could guess them intelligently. This self-reliance was characteristic of Jackson, and aversion to telling his plans were well known among his officers and men. In fact, it was his policy to surprise his own men no less than to surprise the enemy.

General Jackson was one of a group of officers, and another of the group was a Georgia Colonel who is still living. Conversation was dragging. Jackson was thoughtful and had little to say, and the effect was dampening. Finally, to revive the conversation, the Georgian Colonel asked abruptly:

"General, will we have a fight to morrow?"

Everybody knew in an instant that the blunder was irreparable, and nobody realized this more than the Colonel.

Jackson turned quickly and stared full in the speaker's face, Then he slowly surveyed the Colonelel from head to foot and back again.

The silence was painful.

"Colonel, "said the General slowly, but not in an unkind tone, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, General," was the warm if embarrassed assurance, "I know I can, General. Yes, sir."

"Are you quite certain, Colonel?"

"I am quite certain, General."

"Well, Colonel," in the same quiet, even tone, "so can I, sir."

The Colonel's face flushed crimson and there was a deathly silence for a half minute or more.

"Now, Colonel," said Jackson, with some feeling, "that rudeness of mine hurt me as much as it did you, but I trust that it has taught you a valuable lesson. If we do have a fight to-morrow, Colonel, your regiment shall have a chance."

It is said that $5,000 was spent for Boyle at his trial in this city last week. Yet his victim got no assistance and justice was thwarted.

Farmers report that the fly has destroyed the plants on many beds in lots

A GOOD NAME.

Sunday School Times.

A young man does not always find it easy to get on in the world without eduction of family influence or personal friends or property or health; but he will find, in the long run, that it is far easier for him to make his way among men without any or all of these advantages than to make substantial progress in the world without the reputation of a good character even though he has all these other possessions. Character stands for something everywhere, in spite of frequent slightings. Men who are themselves lacking in a good character appreciate and value of it in others. A band of robber would want an honest treasurer. The young man whose sword cannot be behaved, whose honesty is not above suspecion and whose personal life is not what it ought to be, is not the young man that the business world has open places for He may have wealth and family position and a host of friends; but if he is without charter he is at a disadvantage in every position in life. When a young man who has lost his good name makes an honest effort to recover it, he finds that his way upward is a hard one—a great deal harder, in spite of all other helps, than it would have been if he had made a right start without these helps. Friends are comparatively powerless in their efforts to win confidence for one who has proved himself unworthy of it on former occasions. Then it is that the young man is likely to realize as never before that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches" even as a wordly investment. Because it is so hard to get along without a good name, or to regain it when once surrendered, every houng man who has that possession ought to count it above price, and to have a care lest he lose it.

MANS' FLATTERY OF WOMAN.

I would also advise young women not to depend for happiness upon the flatteries of men. It is a poor compliment your sex that so many men feel obliged in your pretense to offer unmeaning compliments. Men capable of elegant and elaborate conversation elsewhere sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing-room to drop their common sense and to dole out sickening flatteries They say things about you appearance that you know, and they know and they know, and they know, are false. They say you are an angels. You know you are not. They tell "you are looking singulary beautiful this evening," when you know very well that the remark is only a commonplace some men think that a conversation with a woman is interesting only as it is dotted and spiced with flatteries and meaningless compliments. Dat-nabbed to tell the truth in office, and store, and, shop, they considered it honorable to lie to a woman. The same thing that they told you on this side of the drawing-room, three minutes ago they said to some one on the other side of the drawing-room. Oh, let no one trample on your self-respect. The meanest thing on which a woman can build her happiness is the flatterest of men.—Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage, in March Ladies' Home Journal.

The tornado that swept across the city of Louisville, leaving death and and destruction behind, the mighty floods that over flowing the Mississippi delta, after sweeping away the barrier that man has vainly interposed are reminders to us of this busy age that God reigns, and that without His care and protection man is as nothing. When all is prosperous mankind, absorbed in the labors and the pleasures of life, is prone to forget the Great Creator, in whom "we live and move and have our being" but when great disasters befall, men's hearts turn to Him as the rivers of waters are turned. To the people of the stricken city and of the vas region of the overflow we tender most earnest sympathy, and our hope and prayers for their speedy delivry from all their afflictions.—Manufactures Record.

A widower with a lot of small children married a widow who was similarly blessed. In time the newly married couple added to the number. Hearing a voice in the yard one day the father went out to see what was the matter. "Well, what was it?" asked his wife as he returned out of breath. "Your children and my children were pounding our children," was the reply.—Texas Sifting.

Our Story.

WON BY STRATAGEM.

By MRS. M. A. MAKINS.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

"The evening we arrived here, a fortnight ago, I accidentally, really accidentally, met this gentleman, Mr. Mayne, who was once a very great friend of mine, but whom I was forbidden, for certain reasons of my mother's, to be any longer friendly with. On the spur of a moment I made up a plan by which I could enjoy his society for at least a few weeks before we parted, probably forever. Very few of my friends are acquainted with either Gerald Mayne or Mr. Vanbruton, so I proposed to the former that he should, as a sort of joke, you know, take the name of of the latter, just while in our company; you may have observed that I have never introduced him to any casual acquaintances here. I impressed upon him that if you knew who he really was, you would report his presence to mamma, and then adieu to all our fun at Lucerne. He agreed—he generally did to anything I chose to do—and I introduced him to you as my fiuce. Of course it was all very wrong, but I meant it is as a sort of practical joke, a bad one; perhaps, especially as I soon found my lot was to play second fiddle, and voilà tout!"

"That was not all," Miss Rogers said slowly. "It was not all a joke, there was something else."

There was silence for a few minutes between the two women, and nothing was heard but the gentle splash-splash of the lake; then, with a visible effort, Alice said, in a hurried and nervous voice:

"Yes, you are right, there was something else. You remember the day you came to Haythorpe? I fetched you handkerchief from your room, there was an unfinished letter on the floor——"

"Which you read," Anna interrupted. "How honoroble! How truly honorable!"

"You need not sneer so," retorted Alice. "It was hardly honorable on your part to purpose doing your best to marry my intended husband. I was replacing your letter on the table, when two or three words arrested my attention, and I read it through. I then twisted it up and let it blow out of the window You see, it was I who did evil that good might come. I have not lost my husband, and you are engaged to be married to the man you profess to love. No harm has been done, and I suppose all parties will be satisfied."

"And do you think the real Mr. Vanbruton will enjoy this little comedy?" asked Miss Rogers quietly.

"I dare say it may amuse him, if you think it absolutely necessary to tell him," replied Alice carelessly. "But he will hardly think much of the part you played in it; as for mine, I have no dout that I shall be able to explain it satisfactorily. And now you mention him," she added, rising and going the door, "I will go and see where he is. Shall I send Gerald?"

"One minute, Miss Patterson," exclaimed the other; "I should like to say one thing more. I know it is useless to ask your pardon, but I swear that I was sorry when it was too late. How can a girl like you, brought up to have every hing almost that you can wish for, loved by fond parents, shielded by them from from all possible care or sorrow, know or guess the temptations which surround a woman like me, who have been left to shift for myself from earliest childhood! I have had no one to guard me against hardships and troubles. True, I have a brother who lends me a helping hand when he can, but, poor fellows, he needs one too often himself."

As Alice listened, the hard expession in her face melted away, and her voice was kind and gentle as she replied:

"Do not speak so bitterly, Anna. If what you say is true, my fault is much greater than yours, for I have far less excuse. Believe me, in everything there is compensation. Remember, after all, you have Gerald, and if he is not a Mr. Nanbruton, at least he is not quite penniless." And so saying Alice quietly left the room.

"After all, you have Gerald!" These words rang in Anna's ears as she paced to and fry; but had she got him? What would he say if he knew, if he ever happened to know? She was thinking this when the man himself entered the room. He went straight to her and took her into his arms.

"Darling, can you ever forgive me for having so grossly deceived you? At first I did it for fun, and then afterwards I did not dare tell you, as I feared that you would send me away, thinking that I was Alice's lover whom she was not meet, and that I should not have to leave you. What must you have thought of me, believing me to be engaged to one girl, and yet knowing, as you must have known, that I had fallen in love with you? Will you forgive me dearest?"

Se drew herself gently away from him.

"I forgive you with all my heart; listen to me, and then I wonder if you can pardon as easily."

"I will listen to nothing," he cried impetuously. "I know you love me, that is enough.'

Once more he put his arms around her, and this time she did not resist.

"Are you sure," she murmered, 'you

"Are you sure,' she murmered, "you are not mistaking me for Alice?"

For answer he kissed her lovingly and tenderly, and she seemed quite satisfied with that reply.

THE END.

Lawyer—Have you any opinions regarding the guilt or innocence of the defendant?

Possible Juryman—No, sir.

Lawyer—What have you read about this case?

P. J—Ain't read nawthin' about it.

Lawyer—Remember, you are on your oath. Do you mean to tell me that you haven't read anything at all about a case so celebrated as this one!

P. J—No, I ain't read nawthin about it. I can't read.

Lawyer—Oh, *I* beg your pardon. You are accepted—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BRIEFS.

Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," will soon become editor of the Nationalist Magazine, which is published in Boston.

One of the worst storms that ever visited Dallas, Texas, is raging in that neighborhood. All the water courses are over their banks, and many bridges have been swept away. The crops have been badly damaged.

Barnum's show opens in New York City on the 12th

The homestead of Horace Greeley at Chappaqua, N. Y., was burned to the ground last thursday. Most of the books and papers were saved.

Edward Sylvester, Charley Mason, and Harry Williams, three noted counterfeiters, were arrested in Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday night. They had a number of counterfeit dollars in their possession.

The New Jersey Legislative Investigating Committee heard testimony showing that dead and absent men voted profusely last November.

The Pacific Mail Company's steamer China arrive at Hong-Kong, March 31, twenty days from San Francisco. This is the fastest trip on record, reducing the time two days.

The canals in New York State will be opened for navigation on May 1st.

After a chase of two years, Detective Pinkerton has arrested, in Spanish Honduras, Edmund Sturgis crawford, who stole a package of $41,000 in bills sent by the American Exchange Bank, of New York City, to the Adams Express Company. Crawford has confessed and implicates others.

A STATEMAN'S WIFE.

Not long ago, when speaking of his wife, Prince Bismarck is reported to have said, "She it is who has made me what I am." There have been English statesman who could say quite as much. Bruke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity.

"Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter my own roof!" His description of his wife is too long to quote, but we must give an epitome of of it. Of her beauty he said it did not arise from fatures, from complexion or from shape; "she has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility which a face express, that forms her beauty. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company a crowd: it has advantage—you must come close to her to hear it."

SHERIFF HOSKINS INDICTED.

A true bill of indictment was found against Sheriff Hoskins of Guilford for allowing Lige Moore to escape, and he was held in $1,000 bail, which was given, for his appearance at next term of court. This, however, means nothing but a mere legal form, as the grand jury is compelled by law to present the office who has charge of a prisoner and allows him to escape. All that Hoskins will have to do will be to show that he was not responsible for the escape, and as the prisoner was re-captured, the case will be dismissed by the court.—Madison Leader.

THE CORPSE GOT MAD.

A Bar Harbor letter in the New York Mail and Express contains the following.

A good story is told of a gentleman well known in New York, who is stopping not over a hundred miles from the Sherman cottage. He sent his man to a barber shop to have an artist come to the house the next morning and shave him. Bright and early the barber arrived, and, ringing the bell explained to the servant who answered it that he had come to shave a corpse, and mentioned the name of the gentleman who had sent for him. He was shown up to the gentleman's apartments, and without more ado entered, and finding the gentleman asleep proceeded to shave him. But thinking that a dead man would not complain if the razor did pull a little he had not brought his best tools with him, so that his victim was soon aroused and glared at his tormentor. The barber fled precipitately from the house and it was some time before an understanding could be arrived at.

It seems now that the terms prescribed by the Leader for the dismissal of the case against Sheriff Hoskins, that is, to "show that he was not responsible for the "escape" will be very difficult to comply with.—Greensboro Patriot

Going to bed with a well filled stomach is the essential prerequisite of refreshing slumber. The cautions so often reiterated in old medical journals against late suppers were directed chiefly to the bibulous habits of those early times. Nature and common sense teach us that a full stomach is essential to quiet repose. Every man who has found it difficult to keep awake after a hearty dinner has answered the problem for himself. There are few animals that can be trained to rest until after they are fed.—American Analyst.

Durham has six millionaire— J. S. Carr. W. Duke, B. L. Duke J. B. Duke, G. W. Watts, B. W. Dude.

Neuralgic Persons
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking *Brown's Iron Bitters.* Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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