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WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

When the treet is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock, And you hear the kyonek and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock, And the cinckin' of the guineys and the cluck-

in' of the hous. And the receier's hallylooler as he tiptoes on D, it's then the times a feller is a-feelin' at his

With the risin sun to greet him from a night of percetal rest, As he fraves the house bareheaded and goes

out to feed the stock, When the frost is on the punkin and the fodler's in the shock.

There's something kind o hearty-like about the atmosphere When the heat of summer's over and the cool-

Of course, we miss the flowers and the bloscome on the trees, And the mumble of the hummin'-birds an' Enzzin' of the bees; But the are as so apperizin' and the landscap.

t brough the haze

Is a partur that no painter has the colorin' to When the frost is on the punkin' and the fod-

Or s'crisp and sunny morning of the early au-

ster's in the shock. The Lindey, rusty rustle of the tassels of the And the marpin of the tangled leaves, as gold-* is as the morn;

The stubble in the furries-kindo' lonesomelike, but still A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they The straw-stack in the medder, and the reaper

The Lores in their stalls below-the clove? O it gets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin'

When the flood is on the punkin' and the fod'

-JAMES WIIITCOMB BILEY.

HER ROMANCE.



on the corner of Third street, where the children stopped on their way to school and spent their pennies. They all called her Aunt Lucy, She was creeping along among the seventies when the church at Pennhollow,

where she had attended for over fifty years, changed ministers. Wise old Parson Graves slipped quietly away to his farm, and young Arthur Winn, fresh from the college, succeeded him. It was like putting a book in the place of a living oracle, but the people had all hope that the book would sometime bud

and blossom, as did Aaron's rod. Young Winn last learned, while ug the hills where he had studied carred love, not only the wisdom requisite to his profession, but a heart lesson, e took Regina Ball to Pennhollow.

Regina had been my inseparable compartion from the time of short frocks and pinafores; and Pennhollow with its great church, its new duties and strange scenes, could not fill the void which each felt at separation. Scarcely was the new tent pitched ere beseeching letters began to pour in upon me to come to my dear, lonely friend; come and pass the winter in Pennhollow.

I had never travelled many miles away from my own home, and this tive. I took counsel with my mother, and it was agreed, somewhat sadly. I remember that the beseeching letters should have a favorable answer. sudness inhered in the thought of leaving my dear parents quite alone through the dark and stormy months, while I had a may time in the city. But were ever parents thoughtful under such circonstances: From the beginning of the world until now, the very word parent stands for se'f sacrifice. A pity for the children who allow the sacrifice to assert itself perpetually, and without

large returns. And in going to Pennhollow I got acquainted with Aunt Lucy and learned her romance. When I walked up the broad aisle with Regina, and entered the minister's pew, I was somewhat surorssed to find it occupied. A little old saty, her round face framed in white cap s, sat in the corner of the pew. Her dark eyes had a smiling twinkle, which certain permanent dimples intensified. the wrinkled old face inviting and pleasant. She was very decorous all through the services, and instead of being hindered in our devotions by the proximity of a stranger, we were helped. A degree of spiritual exaltation possessed us quite beyond any previous experi-It may have been in part owing to the time-honored church, and the multitude of decorous worshippers; but when Regina and I talked the matter over, we quite agreed that our heavenly mood was largely due to Aunt Lucy. If sanshine such as hers can glorify the face of age, there is something in religion which our young enthusiasm has no power, as yet, to fathom, we said: some-thing which grows and deepens with the

I found that Aunt Lucy sat in the minister's pea. She seemed to belong to the church in a way which nobody did. As I got acquainted with the people, meeting them at their sociables, nd around their own tables Pennhol low was a master place to ask the minister to tea, and of course I was always invited, too-I found they all claimed relationship with the little old lady in the minister's pew. They had persumbed her to give up her candy store on the corner of Third street, thinking she vas too old to have so much care, and t the church take care of her.

They took a right gracious way to supply the income of the candy sales. It was agreed that she should go out to pass the day with one family, then with oother, until she had made the circuit of the parish, then begin and go round again and so on. As Aunt Lucy had a ephew living on a farm near the sea, so that she could go to the seashore in the amer, she did not visit the same emily oftener than once a year; unlesmight have been the family of the minister. She could not wholly conform

to the routine, but would go where she liked somewhat oftener. I remember she came for the first time to the house of the young minister on the Sunday after Thanksgiving. An immense tur-key, which did not get roasted on the dar day, for the reason that the minister's family was invited out, came to its post of honor for Aunt Lucy.

How eloquently she praised the cap-tain who brought the turkey, and the captain's wife, who sent the pies. It was a fashion they had in Pennhollow, I suppose, to save the minister's wife the trouble of mixing the indigestible compound, and the minister's purse the unnecessary outlay. It was a real God-send to Regina to have the pies, for she did not know much about cooking; and I did not, either, so that we naturally confined ourselves to simple things, which were easily made.

We learned a great deal about the people of the parish through Aunt Lucy.



"One night she talked about sea-capt .ins."

There was one blessed trait in the old lady—she praised everybody. We quite concluded, before the Sunday visit ended, that the church of the Holy Cross in Pennhollow had somehow managed to gather the cream of the city. Certainly, if every other church was made up of such perfect people as the young minister had that day preached to, there was an anomalous population in the city—a race of angels scarcely After Aunt Lucy went away I said to

There is a romance connected with this suave woman, and I am going to fathom it. She's right handsome, and I'll warrant there's a lover somewhere in the beginning of this century or the "She will not tell you if there is,"

said my friend. "You notice how easy she talks; of

course she will tell me."
"Yes, she talks casily of common things, the church and the sewing circle, but lovers of fifty years ago are not so easily brought to the light of day. She'll be a very Sphinx if you try to extract the secret of her aged maiden-

I believed in myself rather than in Regina, on this especial theme, and as a phrenologist had just told me there were carloads of white paper waiting for my pen, naturally I wanted to take possession of interesting material. So I began to court Aunt Lucy.
There was ample opportunity. I met her twice in the church on Sunday, and

when it was very delightful to walk ome with her, and sit a while in her osy room on Antler street. I asked her about old times when the church was in its infancy, and about the people who filled its ample spaces be

fore the great division which occurred

as often on week days "out to tea."

luring the war of 1812. One night-I remember the dim candle light, and just how she looked ply-ing the basy knitting-needles—we had been to ten at Captain Race's, and she alked about sea captains a great deal on her way home; when rising and going to her burean, she fumbled among her papers and brought me a miniature of a "sea captain," she said. The very young face was genial and honest, and asked her if he went to the old

"Yes; we went to the old church to gether, when we were children,' "That is a beautiful picture, Aunt Lucy. Where was it painted?"

"In Paris," she replied, and her oice was low and tremulous.
"Tell me about him, Aunt Lucy."

"Why, I have never told anybody "But you can tell me, I am soon going back to my home among the green country hills, and it will be just as safe with me as though it were

ocked up in a chest and the key lost. "I don't know what made me show you the picture. I have never shown he picture to one of the girls. But I do feel just like talking about him to-night, and I guess I will. We went to Ma'am Goreham's school together when we were children; and he used to carry my books for me, and lead me, and I liked him better than any of the boys and girls, and he liked me. Then when he was not a bit more than fifteen, he went to sea. I did not want him to go, but he would.

"He said he meant to be a rich sea aptain and know all about the wonderful countries all over the world. He was zone six years, and when he came home if he was not a captain he was pretty near it. He came to see me the very first place he went, and brought me the



"I used to lock out on the sea."

miniature and these shells, and some other levely things, too, which did not last like the shells. That was the time we were engaged, but I was too happy to tell of it, and not a soul ever knew

"He went off again to be gone three years, and he expected to be captain before he came back, and then we were to be married, and I was to take one you age with him, and if I liked it, I migh go as often as I pleased. I though should live on the sea if he did. I was very busy, and the three years did not seem so long as I thought it would. But when it was all ended the cautain she had carnel to look forward and not lid not come, and the waiting was hard. See had backward—a beckening hope; while by-and-by the newspapers said that the through all the slow passages she had

vessel sailed for home at a given time, and cught to have reached port long before. But I did not give up. I kept on hoping and praying, and praying and hoping that my captain would yet come,
"My wedding dresses were all ready

-I did not have them made in Pennhollow, for fear the people would find cut, and I wanted to keep it all to my-self. But the long days kept coming and going all the same, and every morning when I awoke my heart ached, and it did not get over aching all day. I used to go down on the shore and look out on the sea almost every day, but that only made me sadder. I was beginning to think that my captain was lost, and I grew very restless and thin, and almost sick. Then one day Parson Richard comforted me, though he did not know it. He took for a text, 'He holdeth the sea in the hollow of His hand;' and oh, he talked beautifully about the good, loving Father, who has so many doors into His heavenly king-dom, and after that it did not seem so dom, and after that it did not seem so terrible to go by way of the sea. And even thinking of the body of my captain being rocked in the sea, it was all right after I knew that God's arms are under the water. Then I said I must live, and as I was poor, with no friends to help me, I must work. So I set up the little candy store. I kept a variety of other articles, which brought a great many people, and especially children. into my store every day. It was good for me, seeing them, for it helped me to keep a pleasant face, and after awhile the sunshine got down into my heart. The old church helped me more than anything else, and the ministers' wives were always kind to me, and wanted me

vessel."
This, then, was Aunt Lucy's romance; locked in her heart for fifty years; filling her life with a serene and gracious sweetness, broken at my feet at last like the alabaster box of precious ointment. Now I had a secret that even Regina could not know; that I would not have her know for the world. Was she not daily questioning me about a lover of mine who was a long way off, and whom she suspected of coldness? I could not let her know the tender bond holding me to Aunt Lucy.

In my determination to hide my heart's unrest I watched the postoffice,

to sit in their pew. He never came back, and we never heard from him or the

and when she questioned about letters from him I avoided a direct answer. Regina, in her young content,—well, she wanted as great a boon to come to all whom she loved. But that could hardly be possible. "Sir Arthur," as we liked to call him, was a princely man and Regina had drawn a prize in life's

lottery.

The winter days were at length counted out amid much going and com-ing and real earnest in the work in the nome and church. A successful fair had marked the young minister's first winter, and we had made a multitude of acmaintances at the fair. When spring began to show its green, I went back to my school-teaching among the hills, and to the home that was glad of my coming. Several years went by before I saw Regina. Indeed, I did not expect to visit her again, she was so far away, but she expected it and said so. The second aby was a girl and named for me. It was to be christened in June, and beseeching letters began to pour in upon me again. I must come to the christ ming, come and pass the summer; I had kept school long enough to deserve a rest; and summer was the time to see Pennhollow in all its glory. As father and mother had grand-children growing ap around them now, it was easier to

ay yes, and I went.
After the christe the christening there were plans which seemed to have been made especially for me; drives to the shore, and sails down the harbor, and a visit to Aunt Lucy, whom I sadly missed in the minister's pew. She was spending the summer at her nephew's close by the sea. Indeed, his farm took in the beach, sands and pebbles, and the roar of the ocean was their perpetual music. I found Aunt Lucy grown older, and seeming much feebler than when she told me her story in the low chamber on Antler street. But she brightened an considerably on seeing her visitors and walked with us along the shore and clear out to "Spouting Horn," where the water would spart into the air during a troubled sea at high tide.

I grew quite nervous over her stories and the appearance of the rocky gorge, and needed to sit awhile on the sand and look over the limitless and peaceful blue to restore my usual conanimity. Aunt Lucy sat down with me, while Arthur and Regina, not yet over their over's ways, walked hither and thither, hand in hand, as happy as two children. While we looked out upon the sea Aunt Lucy said gently, "I am going to see my captain soon.

"Do you feel more unwell than usual?" I asked. "Not really sick, but weak and tired. I have not wa'ked to 'Spouting Horn' before this summer. And it is time for me to go. I am more than eighty

"You will not be sorry, will you, Aunt

Lucy, when your captain calls?"
"Sorry! I shall be glad! gladder than I have been since he went away. I am fairly impatient to go. It seems to me the bridgeroom is waiting for me, and I know how sad it is to wait. I want to ave him that pain."
That was all. A little signal hung

from the cottage window in token of the dinner hour, and we hurried up the sands. At sun-set we drove home, all of as impressed that we had talked with Aunt Lucy for the last time this side of the dividing flood. A week later the bell of the church of

the Holy Cross tolled. We listened to its vibrant notes, which on the summer sic, hardly seemed a knell. Then came the sexon along the hodegrow, and carcely pausing, he spoke through the open window; there were tears in his

oice, and we only heard "Aunt Lucy." The smile and dimples which habit and fixed on her face, remaine I to greet all who looked upon her in death. she lay in peace before the altar, while the minister spoke her praises, which were in every heart, it seemed to me that she had enjoyed her wedlock in a higher and sweeter way than many real

marriages are enjoyed. It had been a ten ler dream, a grace ions memory, and for many years-since she had learne I to look forward and not

been, in deed and in truth, the bride of the church, guarded down to gentle rest by its blessed arms, and in the assuring hope of its divine promises. While the minister spake of her await-

ing welcome from the great Captain of our salvation, I almost wish he had known her secret, for the heavenly thrill it would have given his own heart, and the opportunity it would have af-forded to say that word so consoling when life's chain is broken—reunion. But no lack was felt in Aunt Lacy's full world of bliss, that nobody on earth knew, except the visitor at the home of the minister, that she had lived her ro-mance.—Christian Leader.

BANDITTI OF THE BORDER.

A Handsome Robber Chieftain and His Italian "fethods of Brigand-

A San Antonio special to New Orleans Picagana says: Not since the Cortinas raid, years and years ago, has the Texan side of the lower Rio Grande been under such reign of terror as now. Brig-andage is supreme, business is paralyzed, United States mails get through when they can, ranchmen stay close at home, labor in the fields even is accompanied by unusual hazards, and in no man's house is there a light to be seen after dark. The county officials have tele-graphed to the State Government for aid, but Gov. Ross himself does not know what to do.

Sheriffs and United States marshals are powerless, and the bandit is once more in fact, as he was once in song and story, "king of the border."

Senor Manuel Guerro, a merchant who is rated at \$200,000 and who has shops in both Roma and Rio Grande City, Starr County, is on his way to New York. He was seen by a reporter and gave the following account of the

"You must first understand," he said, 'the condition of the country. It is hilly; the Rio Grande runs through one long ravine, is densely covered with chapparal and cactus, is sparsely settled and offers shelter impregnable for hundreds of desperadoes.

"They have always infested the country to a greater or less extent. If they killed a man in Mexico they stepped across to Texas; if in Texas, they stepped across to Mexico. They had a prac-tically unlimited field in which to work. Hitherto they have been disorganized, Now they are under a leader who is at once the most competent and dangerous man on the frontier of either country. His name is Antonio de Seurrante. s young, handsome, educated, and a most daring and unscrupulous scound rel. He is a native of the country and knows it well. He has risen to fame in the past three months through methods peculiarly his own. He has new gone in for highway mail or train robbery.

"He has learned the methods of the Italian brigands and follows then exactly. His system includes capture violent mistreatment and heavy ranson

"His first victim was Senor Berrena, rich ranchman who resides in Texes, cty miles from the Rio Grande This gentleman was found near his home, knocked down, beaten, bound hand and foot, tied on a horse and driven for a day and night through the thorny brush. During all this time be was blindfolded, ann given neither wa-ter nor food. On arrival at the robber's headquarters, of whose location he is entirely ignorant, he was held for twenty-one days, until I myself paid the \$1, 500 ransom exacted for his release. He was half starved, kicked, leshed and burned daily during all this time, and was in hourly dread of losing his teeth, it being a frequent threat of Seurrante to extract them all, and send there as presents to his friends. I paid the noncy because I knew it was a matter of life or death with him. It has since een refunded me. Berrena was seven ty years of age, and the exposure and brutality to which he was subjected have ince resulted in his death.

"Owing to the fact that I have a litle money and the Scurrante people knew it, I have been expecting the levving of an assessment.

"I left Roma five days ago under a guard of six armed men, who escorted me as far as Pena station, on the Mexican National Railway. By Associated Press dispatches of this morning, I see hat the expected demand has been made upon me since my departure, and also upon Senor Deonacio Garcia, of Rio Grande City. They want \$15,600 from him, and \$8,000 from me. My part of it, at least, they are not likely

"The governor has of course promised the aid of the State troops, but I don't see the good that they can do, owing not only to the difficulty of the country and Suerrante's secure hiding place, but to the fact that nearly all of the poorer class are in league with the band, and purposely hide their den and cover up their tracks. I estimate that some twenty-five men belong to the band.

"Seurrante is a magnificent rascal, who spends his ill-gotten gains very freely, and is uniformly kind to the poor. They have consequently invested him with a good deal of romance, and many of them serve him and are ready to join him at any moment.

desperate battle in the region within he next month, and I am by no means sure that Scurrante will get the worst of

"He has been extending his operaions in Mexico, and I understand that be authorities and soldiers on the other side of the river are on the qui vive. He may be caught between the two fires, and he may not. He is a very smart enor Guerro states that he will con-

inue his northern trip, though he is extremely fearful of the destruction of is property during his absence. The wid-ly spread information of the lepredations has caused intense excitenent throughout this portion of the tate, and volunteers for clearing out Starr and Hidalgo counties are numer-

THE flexibility of the English lanmage is shown in the reply of an Irishcan to a man who sought refuge in his anty in a heavy shower, and finding t about as wet inside us out said, "You ave quite a pon I on the floor." "Yis; hure we have a great lake in the roof."

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

WHAT THE HUMOROUS STORY TELLERS HAVE TO SAY.

A Distant Relative-A Sad Dilemma -Too Anxious-A Scorcher-/ & the Zoo, &c., &c.

Don't marry a woman that knows more than

you!

If you do you will surely regret it;

For this unpleasant fact you will find to be That she never will let you forget it



SCLOMON'S CHILDREN.

"Solomon said," remarked the dominie, as he carefully trimmed a birchen switch four feet long before going into committee of the whole on the state of the country. "Solomon said, 'Spara' the rod and spoil the children." "Yes," said the trembling minority member of the committee, "but see

what awful children Solomon raised.' And while the moster thought and thought and thought, the minority went out to revise his report and forgot to come back. - Burdette.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION. "Clara," he said tenderly, "if busi-

ness reverses should come to me after we are married, and we should get to be very, very poor, would your love for me grow less?"
"Never, George," replied the noble

"And could you go into the kitchen, dear, and make a loaf of bread with those dainty little hands;"

"You are very nice to say such a pretty thing about my hands, but, George, love, don't be foolish about the bread. Why, I would send one of the servants around to the baker's for it."-

Two ex-conductors of the Missouri

Pacific met in the retunds of the Grand Pacific yesterday afternoon and began to discuss the reasons for their dis-"I was fired," said one, "because I was color blind."
"I didn't know," said the other, "that

conductors were obliged to undergo the same test in regard to colors as the en-"They don't, but my color blindness went so far that I couldn't tell the differ-

ence between the color of the com-

MORE INTERSTATE BUSINESS. "Better keep your head in the car," said the conductor on the Lansing train, as he passed through a ceach and saw an old man with his head thrust out. It was slowly drawn in, and the owner

turned to a man on the seat behind him "What harm does it do to put my head out? "You might knock some of the tele

graph poles down."
"Oh, that's it! Well, if they are so mighty 'fraid of a few old poles I'll keep my head in. That's the way on the railroads since that new law went into

THE RECULAR THING.

An old gentleman of Detroit was pass ing through the ceremony of taking his a white horse!" fourth wife the other day. At the impressive climax of the good preacherman's part of the performance, some-body was heard sobbing in an adjoining "My goodness!" exclaimed one of the

guests in a dramatic whisper, "who on earth is that crying on this festive occa-"That?" replied a mischievous mem

ber of the bridegroom's family. "That's nobody but Em. She always boohoos when pa's getting married .- Detroit Free Press. HE KNEW IT.

"Well," he remarked, as he met Woodward avenue grocer, "so poor H. has gone to the wall," "You don't tell me!" "Yes; he can't pay ten cents on the

dollar. "It surprises me, and yet it doesn't. I saw a little transaction five years ago which satisfied me that he would eventually bring up with a sudden jerk."

"What was that?" "Why, he bought a horse right here in front of my store without even ask-ing me to look at the animal's teeth and tell his age."—Detroit Free Press.

TWO WAYS OF SEEING THINGS First Anarchist-Look at that rich man now; too lazy to drive his own

while he lays back in the cushions. At Another Corner. First Business Man-I declare if there isn't old Scrouge doing his own driving. Second Business Man—Yes, he's so infernally mean and stingy that he discharged his coachman, a poor man with a large family, because he thought

Second Anarchist-Yes, has to have a

private coachman to hold the reins

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYE. Employer (to commercial traveller)— Good morning, Mr. Smith; home again,

him an unnecessary expense. - Omaho

Commercial Traveller--Yes, struck town last night on the 7 o'clock run from Boston. Employer-Why, I came over from

the reason you didn't see me. - Epoch,

HE WAS THERE. Boston on that train. Strange I didn't see vou. Commercial Traveller-Did you a parlor car? Engloyer—No, certainly not. Commercial Traveller—Well, that's

Merchant (to small applicant) - Where Small Applicant—Harlem, sir.

Merchant—I s'pose you'll be sick about three days in the week in order to

see the ball game?"

Small Applicant—No, sir; I don't care anythin' bout base-ball.

Merchant—What! You a Harlem boy, and tell me that you don't care anything for base-ball? You won't do, Johnny. We can't have any liars about. ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

NO TASTE. "Jenkins, I've got something to tell

you. It grieves me to say it, but as a friend, I don't think I ought to keep

"What is it man, what is it?" "I saw Brown throwing kisses to your

"Great Scott, I wouldn't have be-

TOO ANXIOUS FOR A JOB.

"I thought not." "But, come to think of it, Brown never did have any taste. - Washington Critic.

A FATHER'S PRIVILEGE.

Man-As your first baby as a boy, I suppose you have the privilege of nam-

Young Father—Yes, siree. I wouldn't allow any one else to name that cherub. "Have you thought of a good name for him yet?" "Dozens of 'em; splendid names; just

the thing; but they won't any of them "Why not?" "My wife won't have 'em.

A SCIENTIFIC SCORCHER.

Small Huxleyan-"I say, mammy,

dis yer friziology say if a chile h.b a narm long 'nuff to reach to de sun w'en he's bawn, he done be dead 'n' berried seventy-five yeah 'fo' cher he gwine feel de seo'ch," Mammy (severely)-"An'nias S'phiry Nebeudnezzah Jones, shut dat ar book, 'n' go split de kindlin' n' rest my po' brain. 'Pears like's if too much larnin'

'll make me mad."—Harper's Bazar. CALLING.

Smith—I say, Dumley, you have had some experience in love affairs, and I want your advice. There is a pretty little widow in Harlem whom I devotedly love. In paying my addresses how often ought I to call upon her?

Dumley-She is a widow, you say? Smith-Yes, Dumley-Seven nights a week, my boy, with a Wednesday and Saturday

matinee. - Epoch.

"It is not often that conductors get off anything new," said a daily rider on an uptown line, "but t'ie other night a raw hand fresh from the isle of green sod caused a good deal of merriment when he requested the passengers to move up front by yelling; 'Will yez plaze git in off the baleony?' For a wonder they complied. I suppose the novelty caught them."—Pailadelphia

WHAT HE HAD TO SAY,

Brown-Have you seen Dumley late-Robinson-Yes, only a few m

ago. He invited me to have a drink Brown-Did he have anything par ticular to say?

Robinson—Well, yes. He said if I would pay for the drinks he would fix it up with me some other time.

Lady of the House-You say you want to go to the matinee on Wednes-

Kitchen Lady-Yessum.

"What play are you going to see!"
"I don't know the name of it, mum. but I seen the picture where one man was a standln' on two others and wavin' of a sword."-Minncapolis Journal.

A DIFFERENT COLOR.

"Do you know, Miss Smith," he said, that when I see you I always look for "I suppose you do, Mr. Brown," she replied, "and do you know what the color of the horse that I look for on

seeing you is: "Chestunt,"

MORE LUXURIES.

Young Mr. Waldo-Do you look upon a knowledge of Homer and Virgil as es-sential to one's advancement, Miss

Breezy-Not necessarilly Mr. Waldo. Papa doesn't know one from the other, and yet I suppose he handles more lard than any two men in Chi-



THE PEYER NECESSARILY SLOW. PATIENT-"Doctor, what makes desc brain fevers hang on so long? Dis am DOCTOR (musingly)-"Searching 1 OCTOR (musingly)—"Searching for de brain, Mister Webster, am what takes up de time ob dese slow fevers."

A SAD DILEMMA. Gilhooly-"Sad affair over at Jones"." Gas De Smith-"What's the mat-One of the twins has died."

"That is an affliction.

of meat.

"Yes, and the worst of it is the pe ple don't know which of them is dead, they look so much alike." AT THE 200. The keeper gave the lion a large piece

Keeper-"He gets it regularly twice a day."
Poet, with clasped hands—"What a boon it would be if I could only get a position as lion here."

Poet-"Does he get that often?"

Wife (in hoarse whisper) - "Moichael! Moichael! Wake up! Thur's a murtherin' thafe in the room !" Michael-Whist, now Rosie, be a sy. I hev me git up an' take it from 'im."-Harper's lars are conflicting.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS:

The News of the North, East, South and West, Reduced to Facts

in Interesting Budget for our Busy

The western extension of the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad has been completed within six miles of Mt. Airy N. C.

The unveiling of the statute of President Garfield, creeted by the citizens of Cincinnati, took place December 1.

Judge Jamison, of Chicago, has re-fused the stay of the execution in the case of the convicted courty boodlers.

Fires are raging in the forests east and west of Staunton, Va., doing great dam-age to timber, and in several cases to buildings.

The sculling race for the championship of the world at Sydney, New South Wales, was won by William Beach, who distanced Edward Hanlan by two lengths.

There was a tremendous explosion of gas at the Odd Fellows building in Boston Mass. Five persons, were injured, two of them dangerously.

A large quantity of dynamite kept in a tool box on one of the main streets in Hyde Park, Lackawanna County, Penn, exploded and caused great destruction of property. J. W. A. Keridge, a pron inent young

business men of Aniston, Alabama, was found dead in bed at a hotel in Rome Ga. A quantity of morphine was found on a table near by. By a collision on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between two freight trains three men were killed and five others

injured. The collision occurred about

15 miles south of Pittsburg. At Chattanooga Tenn., William Baldwin, saloon-keeper, attacked three police officers because they had arrested his driver for selling liquor on Sunday, Baldwin was killed, and one of the policeman will probably die.

door step of the residence of United States Marshal Marsh in Cicicago. The marshal took possession of the dangerous looking missile and turned it over to the police. It has been discovered that a large number of bills of the old bank of Meck-

lenburg are afloat in Guilford and adjoin-

A gas pipe bomb was found on the

ing counties, North Carolina. They are said to be circulated mostly in the country where the unsuspecting are often taken in by them. The fire department of Greensberg N. C. has almost been brought to a perfect degree of efficiency. A colored Hook and Ladder Company has just been organized, and the city has offered to equip them with uniforms, etc. They will be subordinate to the white department,

which is now in splendid trim. The American bank of Pittsburg, Pa. closed its doors announcing that it would go into liquidation. Its capital stock is \$200,000. It is said by those in position to know that the bank will pay all claims against it. The stockholders are indi-vidually liable. The suspension caused no excitement in financial circles.

The city board of Greensboro N. C., is discussing the propriety of electricity illumination for the city for next year. The contract with the Gas Company, for lighting the streets extires December 1st. The Houston-Thompson Electric Light Company, which has placed a plant there has also street lights over the city: however, are not now in use, as tract has been made for them,

1 Pay's Terrible Beed.

probably be adopted as soon as 1

ent contract with the Ges Co.

pires.

Information reached Birms gi am. Friday night of a most increoit le piece of deviltry done several days ago in a country neighborhood near Perida, a station on the Molile and Montgomery livision of the Louisburg and Nashville Railroad. The boy was Carlie Baker, a half-witted son of a farmer. He was ight years old and had a brother and wo sisters. Having been gone from the house some time one morning with Lis brother and sister, he came back alone, his clothes covered with blood and told his mother he had killed them, showing a sharp butcher-knife with which he had the work. They were found done stretched on the grass in a poel of blood, both with their throats cut. The cirl was dead and the boy barely alive, While the family were attending them, Charley disappeared and search being made found him shortly after, a few steps from the same spot, dead, with his juglar vein severed, evidently by his own hand. The wounded boy is recovering slowly.

DISTRESSING HOMICIEE.

At a sale in Granville County, N. C., Landy Bridges shot and killed John C. Ray. The weapon used was a pistol. Two shots were fired, both lodging in the head. Ray died in a few minutes. Ray was a brother-in-law of Bridges. He was about 40 years old and Bridges about 35. Bridges after the homicide, which took place in the house, in nediately fled. A possee is in pursuit of him, Ray lived in New Light township, Wake county, and leaves a wife and four chil-

Homicide Near Blackville.

At Blackville, S. C., last Wednesday John Cummings, colored, was shot, and instantly killed by Rivers Carroll, white. Cummings lived about three miles in the country, and was shot at his house. Carroll lives about three-quarters of a mile from town with his grandfather. Both Carroll and Cummings were in town and while there had some difficulty about some fodder. An inquest was held and the jury returned a verdict of justifiable of on m, an' ef he founds anything I'll homicide. Rumors as to the particu-