Goldsboro () he

A. ROSCOWER, Editor,

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

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WHAT IT IS TO BE FORTY.

over a sprinkle of gray in your beard thinness of crop where the uplan I is fared how you take to your slippers and ing to the fire when you get home from Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

ind that your shadow has portlier grown,

your voice has a practical, business-like your vision is tricky which once was a

bright. a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light:

Ah, that's what it is to be forty. ch ride, a party, a dance or a ding, of course you'll be present, you never

line: last there's no invite, your not young is, vou see;

no longer a peach, but a crab apple

Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

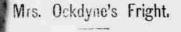
ghter that grows like a lily, a queen, that blooms like a rose in a garden of

r source elerit in an ice cream saloon. a dude and a dunce is to carry off soon. boy that is ten, and the pride of your

ight smoking vile eigarettes on the sly-Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

wenty a man dreams of power and fame; thirty his fire has a soberer flame; rty his dreams and visions are o'er o knows and he feels as he ne'er did be

That a man is a fool till he's forty.





in advantage of the temporary of the doctor, who mily pronounced that a fata e of the sick man's malady, was hu-ady speaking, inevitable, Mrs. Ock-e possessed herself of her husband's and crept steathily down to his ly, where she unlocked a drawer in scritoire, and took from it a bundle locuments, which she carefully conleal about her person. She then rened to the sick-room, replaced the with a trembling hand beneath the w on which the dying man's head d, and resumed the anxious and hful position by the bedside which had occupied for many hours previ-But she looked so pale and agied that the doctor, who made his ap-gramed a minute afterward, accomed by his assistant, glanced keenly her, and said, in a peremptory tone. "You must really obey my directions. use go to your room and rest, and some refreshment. Your husband y remain in his present state for s, and you are already over-wrought intigued. If the slightest symp-

be profane to dignify his selfish affection for her by the name of love-was turned into releatless distrust and tyrrany. The visible cause of this trans-formation she now held in her agitated hand-a bundle of letters written in ink which was now faded. Alas! if they had been written with her heart's blood she would have suffered less. There is no occasion to rake up the details of her unfortunate flirtation with Allan Graham. It was not generally

supposed to be of a serious nature by those who knew of it at the time. Λ weak, giddy, thoughtless girl, married, against her will, to a man of twenty years her senior; a young soldier-love of former days, enlpably reckless of a woman's reputation, but meaning, perhaps, no hurm; a ficrcely jealous hushaps, ho htem; a breezy pendus hus-band, of a disposition cruel and vindie-tive—common ingredients these, in blighted lives and domestic misery; and as Mrs. Oekdyne's story contains nothing novel or entertaining, we will pass it over lightly—as the world did for a wonder—without imputing blame to avonder—without imputing blame

to anyon John Ochdyne, however, neither for-

got nor forgave. His brother Wil-liam, whether from basely selfish motives, or from real suspicion bred of the proneness of some con-temptible minds to disbelieve in innocence, helped to keep alive this resentment. He did not separate from his wife; indeed, he had no evidence to

justify an extreme course. But he gave rein to his harsh, overbearing, suspi cious nature; he crushed and hambles to the earth the unhappy woman whole he had sworn to love and cherish. He thought himself justified, perhaps, in

making her repent bitterly of her indis cretion, and, perhaps, it may in charity be doubted whether his vulgar, coarsegrained temperament enabled him to realize the full extent of the suffering

he inflicted. He kept Allan Graham's letters, and in savage moments pro-duced them and taunted her with them He held them in terrorism over her-threatening to show them, even; though his wife, cowed as she was, could never believe him capable of this baseness, Still, the very fact of these compromis ing documents continuing in existence had always humbed Mrs. Ockdyne with ceitful woman an uneasy feeling of insecurity, and she had appealed over and over again in

vain to her husband to destroy them.



"She thrust the packet of papers Jalo the fire, Without more ado she stirred the fire into a blaze and thrust the packet of letters into it. Wos describe the blessed

Words would fail to

husband's rough kindness-for it would | tion that he was powerless to harm her | point of remonstrating with her; but apparently he changed his mind, for he in any way, she was seized with a vague permitted his sister-in-law to retire from and uncomfortable presentiment of evil which she could not shake off.

William Ockdyne did not let fall single word about the contents of his brother's will to his sister-in-law before the functal, and as he seemed desirous to avoid the subject Mrs. Ockdyne forebore to question him. But on the afternoon of the day when the funeral took place, he grimly requested her to, when the other members had left the house, to step into the study to hear the will read. This she accordingly did, more because she thought it was expected of her than from any pressing desire for information, when she found her broth-

er-in-law in company with a sharp-fea-tured, red-whiskered little man, whom he briefly introduced to her as Mr. Bogle, the solicitor who had prepared the As soon as Mrs. Ockdyne had scated herself Mr. Bogle produced from his pocket a somewhat torn and dilapidated looking document, from which he pro-ceeded to read in a brisk, high-toned voice. The will of the deceased, which was dated some years back, may be briefly summarized as follows: The widow took only a legacy of £2,000 and certain furniture, and the bulk of the testator's property went to his brother William, who was appointed sole execu-

"It is what I expected " said Mrs Ockdyne, quietly, when the lawyer had finished, imagining, from the way that he and her brother-in-law stared at her, that she was expected to say some this

"No doubt, madam, it is what you expected," said Mr. Bogle, briskly, as he folded up the document, "And now, if you please, will you kindly hand me the original ?"
"The original will, do you mean?" in-

quired Mrs. Ockdyne, innocently. " Is not that it?" "No, madam. This is the draft of the

will which I prepared for the testator, and which I saw him execute," said Mr. Bogle, shaking the document at her impressively. "The testator took away the original, and kept it himself."

"Why do you suppose that I have the will!" exclaimed Mrs. Ockdyne, in sur-Drise. The lawyer looked slightly embar

rassed at the question and glanced up at William Ockdyne, who had remained standing in front of the fireplace during the scene, watching his sister-in-law in-He now came forward and said, tently.

slowly and distinctly: "Because you took it out of the escritoire yonder when my brother was dy ing." Mrs. Ockdyne half rose from her seat

at this startling accusation, but dropped back into it again, as she realized that the occasion referred to was when she ab-tracted Allan Graham's letters. "I never saw the will, and know noth-ing about it," was all she could say in her agitation and alarm." "Did you burn it, madam, in your

room that day when I interrupted you with the news that your husband's last moments had arrived?" said William Ockdyne, leaning forward and address-her in a harsh and menacing tone.

"I-I-. No, certainly not !" gasped the poor lady, fairly overwhelmnot !" ed with this fresh accusation. "One of the servants can prove that TELEGRAPHIC TICKS. THE SOUTHERN STATES.

the room without another word. As a matter of fact, however, Mrs. Ockdyne incl already resolved to comply with his demand sooner than in our the odium and scandal involved in a public trial. It was absolutely true, as she had stated that she was indifferent to the pecuniary aspect of the question; for she was not an avaricious women. and she possessed a few thousand pounds of her own. It was only her proper pride and self-respect which suggested to her to take time for consideration. It was impossible to doubt, from her brother-in-laws' demeanor, that he seriously believed that she was guilty of the charge he prought against her; and this led poor Mrs. Ockdyne to wonder uneasily wheth-er she could really have destroyed the will. Allan Graham's letters formed a bulky packet, and it had certainly not

occurred to her to go through them in order to ascertain that there was no oth-er paper tied up with them. Her husband's will was a short document, and it would have been characteristic of his brutally vindictive disposition if he had placed the letters with his will, as a sort of grim explanation to her of the cause of the meagre provision he had made for her. This idea, far-fetched as it might have appeared to her in calmer mo-ments, nevertheless tended to strengthen her decision.

Having arrived at this conclusion, Mrs. Ockdyne was almost relieved at road receiving a second visit from her broth-er-in-law, who called later in the evening, to urge her to sign the necessary documents, waiving her legal claims, without delay. He had brought the papers with him, and Mrs. Ockdync could not withstand the temptation of disposing of the whole miscrable business without the worry of further har-assing reflections. William Ockdyne's manner, moreover, though peremptory and overbearing was nevertheless more conciliatory than it had been in the day, and he evinced a desire, which poor Mrs. Ockdyne in her trouble apprecia-ted, to spare her feelings by avoiding any unpleasant allusions. She had ac-tually taken her pen for the purpose of signing away her interest in her hus band's property, when a maid-servant entered the room, and rather mysteriously requested her to come outside at

William Ockdyne impatiently asked her to sign the papers before she left, but his sister-in-law, resenting his inter

News Collected by Wire and Mail From All Parts of Dixie. A mine of paint clay has been found tear McNair Station, Miss. Fonnets in velvet or plush, heavily A snowfall is reported from the section about Hendersonville, N. C. Petersburg, Lincoln County, Tenn. has subscribed \$25,000 for a bank.

Prohibition will rule in all but about dozen towns in Arkansas this year. The Standard Oil Company is to have

warehouse built at Tallahassee

Pine Bluff, Ark., expects to handle 65,000 bales of cotton this season despite the short crop.

Clarksville, Ark., will follow the exmple of Little Rock and forbid the sale of cigarettes to boys.

Mrs. Polly Butler, living near Cleburne, Ark., is eighty years old and has eightytwo grand children.

Sam Lee, aged 35, died in jail at Corinth, Miss., last Tuesday. He was charged with horse stealing.

Only \$60,000 has been secured of the \$100,000 subscription at Pensacola, Fla., to secure the Pensacola and Memphis

Two human skulls were recently uncarthed at Clarksdale, Miss., by men diging a ditch. Their presence there is a mystery.

A northern girl now living near Treaton, Tenn., takes her gun and goes afield and kills more game than any of the young men.

At a ball near Hot Springs, Ark., reently a young lady, her mother, grand mother and great grandmother danced in the same set.

Strangers often ask if the population of High Point, N. C., is not about 1,000. A careful estimate shows the population to be about 2,500.

The Jackson, Teun., Dispatch has been presented with an egg one inch in diameter and three inches long, and shaped like a hinese lady's shoe.

The schooner Myra Pratt, Sherman master, of Mobile, was wrecked on Tampico bar a few days ago, and two lives lost. Part of the cargo of crossties was saved

At Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday night, Warden Pearcey of the State penitentiary discovered a desperate plot among the convicts to murder the guards and esane

The oldest person in North Carolina was buried a few days ago, being about 120 years old. He went by the name of Adam Mendenhall, and at one time the body servant of the late George W. Mendenhall.

Seventeen negro farmers of Attala, ounty, Miss., each year give a prize to one of their number who raises the larg est hog. The prize for the year was re cently taken by Elam Meek. His hog

was twenty-three months old and weighed 615 pounds. During 1887, says the Brookhaves

Fog collars of black velvet are studded WHAT THE HUMOROUS MEN with small silver bugs. Many of the best dressed women in New York have discarded the bustle. Information Wanted-A Narrow Es

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Headlight.

In flower pins, a sing'e blossom upot a big leaf enameled in the natural color is the most attractive new fancy.

bedivened with gilt or silver, are shown as the thing for evening wear.

Marriageable young girls in Kansas make it a point to take up a land claim as the first step toward securing a hus band.

Fashion now requires the lady to ex change rings with her fiance, and the corsect one for the purpose is of heavy gold, with a single stone set flush.

The artistic blending of colors as well as the beauty of design make the American silk fabrics take a foremost rank with the product of any silk locms in the world.

If studs are worn, three is the correct number- and they must be fine but in conspicious pearls. Small diamond and rubles all are worn, but plain gold still has the call.

Two bright New Jersey young women, disartisticd with the money they made teaching, invested \$50 in poultry. The first year their profits were \$1,000, the second \$3,000.

White India silk is in high favor with many mothers for dressy frocks for their little girls, and it is used even for the long christening robe of the youngest member of the family.

The Queen Fegent of Spain is gain ing a great hold on the affection of her subjects, and is said to be a wenderful woman, charming in manner and possessing great administrative ability.

Dresses of white camel's hair, or ol white cloth with pinked edges, are worn by little girls at parties and other entertainments. The only garnitures are a guimpe and sleeves of colored velvet.

The prettiest of all furs this season is the bear, for the golden brown and other soft shales in this fluffy fur make it a

very becoming trimming if worn as a bow

andience were those with graceful, falling folds of rich stuffs which the leading French modistes delight in, in the style of Bernhardt's Leautiful cestumes. Get home all right?

Simple velvet bonnets are made with ow crowns and have very decided puffing at the back, but are smooth upon the brim. The only trimming is an Alsatian bow of four-inch ribbon, tightly strapped,

and placed far back on the crown. A polonaise or waist and draperies of black cloth is again fashionable worn over a colored skirt, preferably tan, green, terra cetta, light chamois or pearl gray and as material silk or velvet has the call, though contrasting wool is sometimes eren.

The Connemara cloak is one of the prettiest among the new cloaks. The yoke is of plush or velvet, on which is ewn in gathered plaits the fullness of the skirt. A gathering at the waist line in the back gives a pretty curve over the bustle.

At a recent fashionable English

Indian-A Severe Test, etc., etc. WHAT SHE WOULD CALL HIM. Young Mr. Cilly-I say. Cousin Am-anda, would you-aw-call me a dude : Amanda-No, dear; just a little harm-less dudelet, that's all.-Texas Siftings.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

ARE SAYING.

cape-A Very Bad Thing-A Wild



SOOL-O-VAN.

Bis Yankce feet are on our shore, 'Sool o'vhan, our Sool o'vhan! He's come to tap the British gore, Sool o'vhan. our Sool o'vhan! Let Bison William hunt his hole. His fame is now a broken bowl! One man alone charms England's soul, Sool o'vhan, our Sool o'vhan! — Burdette

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

"Do you think the night air is un healthy?" asked Mrs. Cumso of her husband.

"People who have been on a night tear tell me it is," was the reply.

FICKING UP.

Mrs. Dumpsey-Our Bessie is the brightest little child you ever saw. She

or simply in a band about the outer garment. Mrs. James Brown Potter's gown which gave the most satisfaction to ber

Smith (gloomily)-Yes, but my wife

Jones (enviously)-Lucky fellow! Mine did-Boston Courier.

NOT LONG.

"Mamma," said a little five-year-old boy the other day after a caller had left,

"Mrs. Newcomb has not lived long in Chicago, has she?" "Why do you think so, Wilhe?" inquired the mother. "Because she has not learned how to say Wobbyshavnoo."—*Chicago Tribune*.

PRESERVED SNAKES.

searching for botanical specimens hap-pened to come along, just as I was put-ting a snake into one of the tin cans. She inquired what I was going to do

with it, and I said "Preserve it."

On one of these hunts a lady who was

LUCKY FELLOW. Jones (meeting Smith with whom he was out the night before)-Ha, me boy!

wouldn't speak to me.

of a change occurs you shall be sent ma'antiv.

would rather remain," said Mrs.

dyne, with decision. he do for shrugged his shoulders ably, and turned his attention to patient, whose labored and stentobreathing rendered inaudible the sered consultation which ensued sen the medical men. This was inpted by the entrance of William lyne, the younger brother and partof the invalid, a tall, stern, elderly apathetic-looking individual, with steel-blue eyes, which, after a glance at the unconscious form the hed, he directed with suspiseratiny upon the pale face of his r-in-law, as she advanced to greet

low long has he been like this?" he ried, abruptiy, Since midnight," answered Mrs.

vne. Why did not you send for me behe demanded in a harsh, unpleas-

sent for you as soon as Dr. Thorne sunced the case to be hopeless,' Mrs. Ockdyne, tremulously.

a, Ockdyne evidently resented this -examination for some weighty reaand her handsome features hardwhile her brother-in-law spoke. am Ockdyne, whether consciously herwise, evaded her glance, and his blue eyes ranged round the apartwith a look of cunning suspicion. ome, Mrs. O.kdyne," said the doe removing his fingers from the sick "now that your brother-inmulse, is arrived, you need have no hesion about going to your room. We remain here, and I will remember 111115.

her yielding to the doctor's perion or in consequence of the uneasi-and aversion which the presence of brother-in-law evidently cause Mrs. O.kdyne no longer persisted r objection, but rose from her without a word, and left the room an air of suppressed agitation. the staircase, she entered a small igroom on the half-landing, and g closed and locked the door beher, she fell in an almost fainting lition upon the nearest sofa.

ery different was now the aspect of Ockdyne from that of the proud, self-constrained woman of a mo All her energy and spirit 31g(0) to have decerted her, and she sl the picture of helpless misery apprelieusion. The hard lines it her face had disappeared, reveala character of weakness, irresoluand even feebleness. Her features no longer handsome, but rather ed the remains of a soft, tender, h kind of beauty, half oblitereted tie of hardship and unhappiness ented, in fact, a glimpse of her self: the Mary Bannerman who married John Ockdyne ten years woman designed by nature to be the tender, loving wife and mo-but transformed by harshness and iv into the semblance of a strangesimilar charaster.

years ago! It seemed a century! t it was, in fact, less than ten since that fatal day when her

speakable relief with which she beneld the fatal papers ignite and slowly burn and smoulder away into a shapeless mass of tinder. But she was not allowed time to completely recover her com posure, for barely had the flame died lown when she was startled by a knock at the door. Instantly apprehending a message relating to her husband, she at once and turned the key back in the lock: but before she could grasp the handle the door was opened from with-out, and her brother-in-law stopped

nimbly into the room. "What is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Ockdyne, in alarm and confusion. "Your busband is worse," said Wil-

ham Ockdyne with a comprehensive glance round the room as he spoke, "Worse!" exclaimed Mrs. Ockdyne,

"Yes; another seizure. Mrs. Ockdyne rushed past without riving another thought to her room as

to her ownaffairs. Had she done so, she would have waited to allow him to precede her, for in the single instant that

he lingered on the threshold of her toom, he unhappily caught sight of the charred embers in the fireplace. Not a word did he utter, however, but followed

sitently to his brothers's bedside. The seizure which William Ockdyne came to report turned out to be the last

flicker of John Ocklyne's life. A few minutes later he had expired. Mrs. Ockdyne left the chamber of

death with that a westricken and chast-ened feeling which the last earthly seene never fails to impart, and when, later in the day, she went down-stairs to give some orders to her servants, she learned that William Ockdyne had just left, after taking posession of the dead man's keys, and thoroughly overhauled all the

dead man's papers. Seals had been placed upon her husband's desk and esritoire, upon the plate-chest, and even, as she was informed, upon the door of the wine-cellar. Mrs. Ockdyne experienced some natural indignation at these proceedings, considering that her hus-band had ceased to breathe but a few hours previously. The news, however, affected her chiefly as proving what a wise precaution she had taken in securing those fatal letters-now happily no more; a fact which rendered her completely indifferent to William Ockdyne's

proceedings. There was a curious deference in the one of the servants when they mentioned the name and stated the orders given by her brother-in-law, and a marked mysery in their manner toward herself, which onzzled Mrs. Ockdyne, though she for ore to make any remark on the subject. But she concluded from these signs that it had gone forth that William Ockdyne was his brother's heir, and that she herself was, so to speak, deposed. Her brother-in-law's bearing toward her, however, during the interval before the funeral did not entirely bear out this idea. It was true that he took possession of his brother's valuables, and assumed a control over the household which Mrs Ockdyne did not care to dispute. But with the while treating the poor lady scantest courtesy, he seemed to regard

her with a sort of jealous suspicion, which which appeared quite accountable. The result was, that although Mrs. Ockdyne strove to take comfort from the reflec-

you left your husband's bedside whe you thought you were unperceived, and came in here with your husband's keys in your hand. Another can corroborate my evidence that immediately afterward you burnt a document in the fire in your room. Some of the ashes have been collected and will be put in evidence,' continued her brother-in-law, evidently socking to convince her of the hopeless-

cess of denial. "The case is quite complete," added the lawyer, in a self-satisfied tone, "Probate will be granted on this draft, apon the strength of the evidence-the strong evidence-which we can produce to prove the destruction of the original." "What do you suggest could have

been my object in destroying the will, supposing I were capable of doing such a thing?" inquired Mrs. Ockdyne, recovering her presence of mind suffici-ently to be conscious of the necessity of realizing her position.

"The motive is obvious," replied Mr. Bogle, with a smile. "If your husband had died intestate, you would have been entitled, as his widow, roughly speak-ing to half his property instead of "£2000 only. The significance of this reply had a

erushing effect upon the poor lady, whose perceptions, naturally far from dull, were rendered doubly acute by the danger of her position. She realized that the very act of proving her innothe monstrous accusation cence 'of brought her would reveal the secret which she had fondly hoped was now forever buried—the story of her sup-posed shame. If brought to trial, it mattered not whether she might be found innocent or guilty of the principal charge; in either case the miserable story which had wrecked her life would be dragged forth and published to the world.

"Tou doubtless perceive madam; that your attempted fraud will not avail you. The destruction of the will is a crime in itself, which renders you liable, I be lieve, to penal servitude," resumed Wil-liam Ockdyne, glancing at the lawyer. "I am unwilling, however," he added, "for the sake of my brother's memory, and for the sake of our family name, which you have the right to bear, that seandal should be caused. If, under Mr. Bogle's directions, you will sign the

necessary documents to enable me to administer to my brother's estate and retain possession of his property which I am entitled to under the terms of his will, I will be content to let the matter

Having said this, William Ockdyne resumed his former position upon the hearthrug, while the lawyer proceeded to explain the details of the proposed arrangement. The poor lady's first impalse was to accept the conditions ment, soothingly

pulse was to accept the conditions offered, but the sense of justice to her self fortunately restrained her. "I will consider your proposal," she said tremulously, "because, so far as the money is concerned, I am absolutely indifferent. But I must have time for reflection."

"How long do you require?" said her brother-in-law, reluctantly. "A week," said Mrs. Ockdyne, rising ically

-London Truth,

with dignity from her place at the table. William Ockdyne exchanged glances with the lawyer, and seemed on the

mail screant cut red the room and rather Radiator, there has been started in Mis mysteriousiy a ked har to come celside.' sissippi three cotton and woolen mills,

ference, laid the pen aside and rose in response to the servant's summons, Outside the door the girl whispered that one miscellaneous industries. a gentleman was in the dining-room, who would not give his name when he heard that she was engaged with Mr. William Ockdyne, but desired to speak to her forthwith

B

pensions from the United States govto her forthwith. Considerably mystified and vaguely alarmed, Mrs. Ockdyne proceeded to rnment. He is an Indian soldier, and lso claims to have hauled the first lum the dining-room, where she found awaiter for the first house in Orlando. ing her a queet-looking, rosy-checked Work on the Stokedale and the Madi gray-haired, old gentleman, who, adon branch of the Cape Fear & Yadkin vancing toward her with a paternal air, held out his hand and said his name Valley railway, North Carolina, com-

menced a few days ago. Part of the con-vici gang on the Monroe and Atlanta was Parchmont "I am deeply grieved, my dear road has been removed to work on this ew enterprise.

madam, that, owing to absence from town I did not hear of your husband's death till my retarn to day. His strict injunctions were that should he ever be Captain W. S. Pitt, of Orlando, a well known saurian hunter of South Florida, has cone into the culture of tobacco, and suddenly taken ill, which he seemed to will set out several acres near Orlando apprehend. I was immediately to com-The Captain says that in 1870, in th municate with you. Hearing from the Poyntz, he raised fine tobacco and made servant that you were engaged with Mr. William Ockdyne, I thought it advisait into cigars, which he sold rapidly at \$5 per hundred. ble to ask you to step out and see me, The reputation of High Point, N. C.

he added, confidentially. "May I inquire the abject of your as a health resort for both winter and visit?" said Mrs. Ockdyne, staring at summer, is growing rapidly, and the athim.

ention of people in every direction is "Your husband called upon me, my being drawn toward her. An able Pres-byterian minister of Virginia speaks of dear madam, a few months back on the subject of his will. He showed me the oing there to live with the hope of im will which his former solicitor, a Mr. proving the health of both his wife and Bogle, had prepared for him, and I told laughter. him that it was a wicked, cruel and un-Near Marion, Crittendon County, Ark

just will," said the old gentleman, stontly "Did my husband explain-" mur-

of Mrs. Wm. McNelly, the religious services being conducted by Parson Wm. mured Mrs. Ockdyne, with rising color. Robinson. In the course of his remarks Rev. Robinson made use of several un-"He explained everything, and his explanations did not alter my opinion,' said Mr. Parchment, looking at her [be complimentary allusions to other person nevolently. "To make a long story short, I prevailed upon him to de-stroy his former will and to make an other, which does justice to you, his

wife, madam. "And you have this will?" exclaimed Mrs. Oekdyne, clasping her hands to

noon. I expected something of this kind."

gether. "Here, madam, in my bag," said Mr. are scattered over Auderson and sur-Parchment. ounding counties every year. If they

"The fact is," headded, "that your hus do not die rapidly and are not kept moving on into other counties, surely band was considerably influenced by his brother, and, I think, secretly afraid of him. At all events, he asked me to take charge of the will and to look after your ovorstocked. interests when occasion arose,

"I am accused of having destroyed th

papers renouncing all claims to my hus-band's property. He is in there—in the study," exclaimed the poor lady, hyster-"Let me have five minutes with him, said Mr. Parchment, briskly, as he moved toward the door. "The scoundrel," he

closed at the top by an enormous globu ular mass of stone as fresh as if it had

ding the bridemaids were little girls, each

one wearing a frock of white serge braided with dark red, red sashes and one blast furnace, four mines and quariose, and a white felt hat braided to ries, three railroad companies, fifteen woodworking establishments and twentymatch the dress, with large red bows at one side.

For trimming there are ribbons in im-George Hunter, alike by name and ocmense variety-silk, velvet, plush, gauze upation, of Ekenhockhatchie County, and many with seven shades of one Fla., expects to receive \$14,600 back color. They are four to seven inches ide, and the crowns are swathed rather than trimmed with them unless a loosely tied scarf is the style chosen.

I ow crowned pokes, with a projecting front which shades the eyes, are worn by nisses, and they are very becoming young, fresh faces. Very wide ribbon is arranged carelessly on the front, or in oops coming from the back, and long, streaming ends are sometimes added.

Milwaukee has a bowling club of eighteen fair damsels who practice religiously seven times a week and have become strong and robust from the ex-

erc'se. They are very expert at the ame and confidently expect to vanquish my club of gentlemen that may chalenge them.

The Princess of Wales's favorite flower is the wild and pecultarly fragrant lily of the valley, which is found in large, irregular patches in Wolferton Woods, Norfolk. These woods are all that remain of a primeval forest, and are full of romance and beauty. The lilacs are gathered in great bunches, their snowy bells protected by their own cool, green leaves, packed in light, wicker hempers, and sent to Mariborough House, where the Princess herself arrang s them for

ast week a wake was held over the body her boudoir. The fashionable woman of to-day, says the New York Tons, threatens to soon outshine the Drum Major in the matter

of braid. Skirts, waists, wraps, and the crowns of bonnets and hats are now decorated with masses of intricate braiding fashionable the costume now seems to he a rule universally observed. Gold braid is used indiscriminately, but generally on costumes of either white, black, or dark blue or green, and silver braid lights up the dark street costumes.

Harper Pickens, for more than forty years the body servant of Governor Pickens, died a few days ago at the advanced age of ninety. Such was the fidelity and love he bore his master that during the time that Governor Pickins was minister to Russia he took entire control of the Governor's planting interests, and such was the confidence placed in him by his master that it is

aid the Governor would never make a change in his planting operations with-out consulting Harper, and that on one occasion while in Congress some question pertaining to national affairs came up for the Governor's decision, and being somewhat perplexed as to the true solu being tion of the matter, he instinctively called J or Harper's advice.

A critic is a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present. There are forty do ly papers in New

York City.

"Do they make good preserves?" she asked.

IMPARTING INFORMATION. Teacher-Yes, children, the hairs of

our head are all numbered. Smart Boy (pulling out a hair and presenting it)-Well, what's the number of this hair?

Teacher-Number one, Johnny, and (pulling out several more) these numbers two, three, four, five and six. Anything else you want to know ? Smart Boy - N-no, sir. -- Harper's Bazar.

A SEVERE TEST.

"If I should tell you, dear," he said, "that my love for you had grown cold that I had ceased to care for you, and that the happy time when I shall claim you as my ownest own will never, never be, would it really be a trial to you, darling?"

"Yes, George," shyly admitted the girl, "it would be a breach of promise trial."

A LUCKY DOG.

Brown-You're a lucky dog, Robinson. So you married a girl worth half s million dollars in her ownright. Robinson (rather more sadly than the

ircumstances seem to warrant)-Yes. Brown-You ought to put up the drinks,

Robinson-All right, old man. Just wait while I run into the house and see if I can get a dollar.

OH, SAY.

"Miss Allibone," said Mr. Beau last "Miss Allibone, said fait, but as by the dim Sunday evening, as they sat by the dim light of a turned down kerosene lamp, "Your voice is a constant reminder to me of a beautiful song." "Ab, Mr. Beau, how sweet of you to say that. Is it any particular song?" "Yes-the 'Star particular song?" "Yes-the 'Star Spangled Banner,' because you always begin with, 'Oh, say!" "-Melrow (Mass.) Journal.

ALL RIGHT.

An Irishman called at the office of a in gold, s.l. cr, and bright colors. The more claborate the braiding the more fire insurance company to inquire of the sgent what rate he could make him on some property he had to insure. The agent replied, "It depends on the sur-roundings." "Oh, thim's all right. It is surrounded on wan side by a bara; all the other sides are surrounded bywell, it is all null and void, as it were.

It is needless to add that the agent saw the point and gave him a good rate.-Social Science Review.

HAPPILY ARRANGED

George-You look sleepy, John. John-I did not get to bed until 3 o'clock this morning. I was out calling

on my girl. "Three o'clock ! I should think the old man would have come down stairs with a shotgun.

EHer father is a widower and is courting a lady in the next block. I never have to leave until he comes home .--Omaha World.

ANOTHER ONE GONE.

First Anarchist-So poor Herr Bierup

is dead, ch?" Second Anarchist—Yah, dot great vil-anthropist ish gone. He blow hisself

up. "Eh? Mit dose bombs dot he vas

make for dem millionaires, ch?" "He got too close to dot gas light mit his breath."

green color, like a soda water bottle, thi k and of a unique form, with two handles. It is nine mches high and without ornamentation. There is not a single defect, flaw, crack, or chip about it.

With it was found an ivory chair, made after the fashion of a modern camp stool, having all its screws and rivets still in perfect condition, and a small casket containing beads and some very elegant articles in bronze. The articles are sup-

only been fashioned yesterday.

Articles Found in an Etruscan Tomb. A fine glass va'e, just discovere l in an Etruscan tomb at Bologna, is of a sea-

Anderson, Abbeville, Laurens, Green ville, Pickens and Oconee will soon be

will prepared by Mr. Bogle !" cried Mrs. Ockdyne, almost beside herself with mingled thankfulness and emotion. 'He destroyed it himself, my dear nadam, in my office," said Mr. Parch "William Ocksivne has come to-night for the purpose of getting me to sign

posed to date from the fifth century. The tomb in which they were found waadded, under his breath. "Bogle must have received my message this after-

present, whereupon the husband of the deceased knocked him out with a club. The obsequies came to an untimely end Anderson, S. C., holds her reputation is a live stock market. The stablemen are sending out large numbers of mules and horses every day. Some one has asked what becomes of all the mules that