

dant Markets-News Notes.

Young Hours for Young Folks-A Beautiful Message to the Queen-The Dispensary Question Heard in Chambers-Abun-

SHALL WE HAVE CURFEW?

(Correspondence of The Messenger.) Fayetteville, June 25.

The North Carolina Baptist, published in this city, advocates the establishment of curfew for the better regulation of the night hours of young people. Certainly the most wide open and inviting way to immorality and godlessness in life lies through the streets and questionable resorts of a large town at night. The gravest question connected with it is as to whether it is or is not an undue interference with "home rule." Fayetteville has had the

curfew bell at 9 o'clock at night for certainly more than half a century. It

now only remains to make it mean something:-that, at its ringing, youth of both sexes, white and black, under a certain age, shall betake themselves home from the streets, unless accompanied by parents or some other pro-The etymology of "curfew"tector. "couvre feu, to cover the fire"-illustrates the hard measures adopted against the Saxons after the Norman conquest.

It is to be regretted that the jubilee meeting on Monday afternoon was so ill attended. The congratulatory message prepared by Colonel C. W. Broadfoot was a beautiful tribute to Queen Victoria-simple, chaste, elegant, scholarly. By the way, he is one of the most forcible writers in the state. His obituary notice of the lamented Dr. Huske is a classic.

It is interesting to observe that a Duke of Kent and a Countess of Kent by their issue, preserved, unimpaired the direct succession to the throne of England at intervals in history of more than 500 years. The case of Victoria is of course familiar to all; and in the fourteenth century, during the reign of Edward III, Joan of Woodstock, known as the "Fair Maid of Kent"-as bewitching and arrant a coquette as ever turned the heads and stirred the hearts of men-after her contract of marriage with Salisbury was annulled by the Pope, wedded Sir Thomas Holland, afterwards Earl of Kent, who invested her with the title of Countess of Kent. After his death she married the famous Black Prince, and their son, as Richard II, inherited the throne, the Black Prince dying in the lifetime of Edward III. Richard II was deposed by Henry Bobingbroke, son of "John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," who usurped the crown as Henry IV, and his son was the great Henry V, "Harry of Monmouth," the hero of Agincourt. The jewel in the hilt of his sword on that field of battle is now one of the precious stones, in the present queen's crown. Thus much for history. Connected with it is a little romance, which whether it be true or not, is pleasant reading. It is said that the Black Prince, during his splendid service in France, became enamored of a beautiful French woman: but, though he could carry prisoners to his own country a monarch (King John), he could not lead captive his enslaver-for she belonged to another man. So the Black Prince vowed that he would take no woman to wife, but was not proof against the charms of the fair Joan of Woodstock. The case of S. J. Guy vs. the county commissioners, to restrain them from the establishment of a dispensary, and from the appropriation of money thereto, was heard in chambers before Judge McIver at Carthage this week. The impression here seems to be general that, should Judge McIver's decision be such as to affect a bar to the establishment of the dispensary, we will have prohibition for the time, at least, for it is not believed that the commissioners will grant liquor licenses. Then we may see the apparent reign of prohibition and the actual reign of the "blind tiger"-far worse than the license system Fayetteville now luxuriates in an abundant market:-fresh meats. with fish in fair supply, and fruits and vegetables in profusion. Twelve varieties of vegetables and five of fruits were noted at a green-grocer's stall this morning. The people of this section will raise an abundance of stuff to "keep the wolf from the door" this year. Next week there will be registration for the election in July on the question of issuing electric light bonds. Mr. Panitz, a traveling salesman, his wehicle having broken down during a ride to Eureka Springs last Thursday, was forced to walk to town, and was overcome by the heat, falling to the floor senseless soon after entering the Hotel LaFayette. He recovered with medical aid. The funeral services of Mrs. Cain, wife of ex-Probate Judge Cain, took place from the Hay Street Methodist church this morning.

In Poetry and Prose, (Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.) The woes of the "lone, lorn widow" are

elor. Ye married men, who live at ease with darned socks, warm welcomes, wellsewn-on buttons and cosy firesides; ye unmarried men who have mothers and aunts, sisters of your own and sisters of other people, pity the poor bachelor, stranded solitary, un-mended and button-less on the hard life of a city boardinghouse!

I'm tired of frolic and spree-They're nothing to me but a bore! I loathe the licentious latch-key, That opens my boarding-house door.

I sicken when dinner draws near, I'm weary of beef and of mutton, dread lest my clothes I shall tear, Or wrench off the weak-minded button

An Eden without any Eve It seems is a strange paradox, And my solitude often I grieve. When my eve is devoted to socks.

O bachelors, here is the rub, That makes a man face married woes-Better give up your pipe and your club, Than be forced to repair your own clothes!

And besides you can't do it! Your idea is to take a needle, tread it somehow, double the thread, tie a knot at the end, stick the needle in, and force it through with the help of the table. The needly breaks, and you get another bigger one: the thread gets in a tangle and you say wrong words; Then you give a mighty pull and every thing comes up in a bunch As for sewing on buttons,-a sailor managets it all right with wird, but the ordinary bachelor looks round furtively for hammer and tacks and finally uses so much thread that the button won't button!

Bachelor, bachelor get to your bed You've broken your needle and tangled · your thread

Bachelor, bachelor run for your life Quit all your sewing and reap a rich wife.

When a married man starts on a journey, his valise is all comfortably packed for him with all that is necessary-shoes done up in paper, dressing appliances complete, clean everything-he-wants, and no trouble; whilst the poor bachelor starts with a tooth-brush and sponge jammed into his shoes which are sandwiched between clean linen and surrounded by a miscellaneous assortment of garments and one sock.

When a man's single he lives at his ease-Do what you like and go as you please;

Mrs. Ronald McMillan returned last night from the north, after a course of treatment for the ear.

"The Shepherd Boy David," another scriptural cantata, is in course of preparation for exhibition at an early date.

SOUTHERN JOTTINGS.

fares-Your packing's a poem, your garments in pairs.

The married man has many mercies; but the bachelor may glorify his misfortunes, if he will dedicate his extra leisure to some grand purpose, and learn that most noble of attributes-the power to stand alone.

See the poor wretch, bowed by misfortunes, deserted by friends, scorned by the world, with everything against him, a miserable spectacle as he lies in the reeking slough of despair! But he struggles bravely with the pestiferous roots, he tramples the deadly slime, shakes from him the loathsome strains, and, as he rises, alone and unaided, and the first rays of the sun of returning prosperity

gods and men may look with wistful eyes. Mark the tall mountain top Standing alone-

Light on its crest did drop Ere the sun shone.

Hark the trumpet call Sounding alone Clearly its warnings fall, Trenchant its tone.

See the Vesper's lucid eye Shining alone-Brighter than midnight sky Jewel bestrewn.

So heaven's hero great Standing alone Bows to relentless fate

But the bachelor has his pipe and may smoke where he likes, and keep dogs which sleep on the couch and worry cushions, and throw matches on the floor. and put his feet on the mantel-piece, come home late with vague ideas and as to keyholes and politics, and run no risk of curtain lectures, baby-tending, spring cleaning; shopping or other fierce denizen of the "happy home."

I fear no fierce spring-cleaning Or a wife who will have her own way I don't care if babies want weaning; For I am a bachelor gay!

I fear no curtain lecture, Or the duty of shopping all day, I study no hat architecture; For I am a bachelor gay!

I fear no harsh approaches, When too late at my office I stay. needn't buy feathers or brooches; For I am a bachelor gay!

fear no female croaking When my feet to the mantle-piecestray, never need give up my smoking; For I am a bachelor gay!

No remedy is as effectual in eradicating and curing Catarrh as Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) It purifies and enriches the blood, eliminates microbes, bacteria, etc., and builds up the system from the first dose. Thousands of cases of catarrh have been cured by its magic power. For all blood and skin diseases it has no equal. Buy the old reliable and long tested remedy, and don't throw your money away on substitutes, palmed off as "just as good." Buy the old reliable Botanic Blood Balm. Price \$1.00 per large bottle



Those southern senators who succeeded in getting a tariff on cotton are also getting the laugh from an unappreciative constituency .- Washington, For two years my mother has suffered Post.

The new postmaster at Sugar Tree, Tenn., can neither read nor write, but he can call in some of his female relatives to peruse the postal cards .-Washington Post.

The ridiculous attack on the northern professors in the state university of Texas has ended in a victory fon the professors. The legislative committee, in its report, declares that, after a careful examination, it finds that the charges are wholly untrue, and that the professors are teaching nothing at variance with "southern principles." -New York Tribune.

"Grand old Texas," says The Dallas News, "is very kind to her children. This year's product will give to each inhabitant one bale of cotton, six bushels of wheat and forty bushels of corn, one fat hog, two bushels of peaches, twenty bushels of oats, one quarter of beef, thirty dozen eggs, ten chickens, one turkey, 'two pounds of honey, ten pounds of wool, half a mutton, half a bushel of Irish potatoes, twenty watermelons and many things unnecessary to mention."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheam, the products of this country out of their Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Jown markets .- Pittsburg Dispatch. Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Erup-R. Bllamy,

SAYS IT IS GLORIOUS. I cannot refrain from telling you

what a glorious medicine you have. with a severe catarrh of the head and ulcerated sore throat. She resorted to various remedies without effect, until she used Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.), which cured her catarrh, and healed her sore throat.'s

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Aside from the work of Poet Austin there has been no unpleasant feature of the jubilee up to date .- Washington Post With 4.273 lawyers trying to make a living off her people, it is no wonder Chi-cago is the hub of sandbagging.-Washington Post.

In addition to being mentioned for the presidency, Seth Low is off on a fishing trip. He seems to be presidential size .-Washington Post.

Unless it is mighty carfeul, the new sash and door trust will find that the authorities will soon pull down the blind on it.-Omaha Bee.

He is now referred to as "General By num, of Brooklyn." When an Indiana man moves to Brooklyn there is no telling what will happen .- Washington Post.

The problem that is facing Europeans now is not so much whether they can have any market for their products in the United States, but whether they can keep

The tariff on cotton is a howling farce. tions, and positi yle cures Piles' or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bot'l. For sal by R.