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A BUSINESS THAT IS Worth Having IS Worth Advertising EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

Be Sure You Are Right By first writing an advertisement setting forth the bargains you have to offer, and insert it in the GOLD LEAF. Thus prepared for business, you can Then Go Ahead.

GOLD LEAF.

ADVERTISING IS THE Foundation OF Success IN ANY BUSINESS.

If You Want to Reach The people of Henderson and the surrounding country, let them know what inducements you hold out to get their trade by a well displayed advertisement in The Gold Leaf.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher. | "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER." | SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 Cash.

VOL. XI. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1892. NO. 47.

CONSTIPATION

Called the "Father of Diseases," is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and sought relief, followed with Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."—W. B. Lanier, Delaware, Ohio.

Take only the Genuine,
which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

"ELECTRICITY IS LIFE."

Perfection has been attained in the production of our Recently Improved

ELECTRO-GALVANIC BODY BATTERY ELECTRIC BELT and APPLIANCES.

They are superior to anything of the kind heretofore genius has yet discovered. Thousands of persons who have used OUR ELECTRIC BELTS and APPLIANCES, testify that they will certainly cure

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASE, FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DISEASES OF WOMEN.

CATARRH cured with our Electric Catarrhal Cap. Diseases of men permanently cured by the constant current of Electricity produced by our BODY BATTERY. Live local agents wanted. Send for price list and testimonials.

JOHN A. CRISP ELECTRIC BELT CO., JEFFERSON, OHIO.

Cures all Female Complaints and Monthly Irregularity, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Pain in Back or Sides, strengthens the feeble, builds up the whole system. It has cured thousands and will cure you. Druggists have it. Send stamp for book.
DR. J. P. DROMGOOLE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

AVERILL PAINT

Costs LESS in the end, than any other paint at any price (high or low) because "*it outwears all others.*" It lasted 12 years on the house of Mr. W. A. Hine, Athens, Ala. Would you like to see your buildings shine like polished marble? Then you have only to paint them with

Averill Paint.

It has a beautiful lustre. The "Averill" has been on the market over 25 years. It has been tested by Time—the true test of the worth of paints. You run no risk; every gallon of "Averill" is *guaranteed*. Because the profit is larger some dealers will try to sell you substitutes or imitations; but insist on having

Averill Paint.

—SOLD BY—
S. & C. WATKINS,
HENDERSON, N. C.
Sole Manufacturers SEELEY BROTHERS, No. 32 Burling Slip, New York City. 8 june 93

HUMPHREYS'

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

CURES PILES OF HEMORRHOIDS—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures; Fistula in Ano; Worms of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

CURES BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant.

CURES BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is infallible.

CURES INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

THE PILE OINTMENT

ENGINES, SAW MILLS, and Threshing Machines

Best Machinery at Lowest Prices.

A. B. FARQUHAR CO., YORK, PA.
july 21 3 i

CHEERFULNESS.

THE BLESSING OF A SUNNY DISPOSITION.

Better Than Medicine, Better Than Riches is the Influence of a Genial Nature, Light Heart, Winning Smile and Kind Words.

[Wilson Mirror.]

Nature was made everywhere vocal with the challenge of cheerfulness. The taste of men differ immeasurably with regard to every thing else; but who presumes to criticise the blue of sky, the blush of the rose, the verdure of the dewy mead? Who paints the window with the diamond fern as does the magic frost? What are pyramids which man has raised, compared with mountains which God has lifted to their solitary and everlasting grandeur? How do the valleys spread in their tranquil beauty at our feet? For everything that seems even to man the beauty of natural creation, how many million glories crown it? How many the excellencies of human nature itself is weighed the defects? And how suicidal is he to his own peace who persistently sees only that which invades it, when, in the sight, he must refuse to see so much more that would give him pleasure? Our own characteristics make our world. We may take almost everything in life and read it darkly or lightly as we choose. So then, close your eyes and your ears to the repulsive and the discordant, and only open them to the beautiful and the entrancing. Wreathe your face in brightness and sunny smiles, for a radiant, cheerful countenance is to the face what tintings are to beautiful and glorious flowers, or the roseate and crimson and variegated colorings to the sky, when some grand and gorgeous sunset hath lent its most opulent glories to gild and beautify the islets of clouds that lie embedded in the ocean of space. It is like the songs of birds, when their precious strains come rippling in sweetest wavelets from throats that God himself did tune to glorious notes of joyousness and of gladness. It is like the mild and mellowed and chastened radiance of a cloudless moonlight night, when every shadow wears on its bosom that jewel of silvery lustre which seems like those glistening gleams of radiance flung off from Heavenly splendors. Yes, next to the sunlight of Heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile,—all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair; out of the mists and shadows, away from tears and repinings, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency and a host of evil passions may lurk around the door, they may even look within, but they never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them all to shame and flight. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, we cannot express, and its cherry smile sends the blood dancing through the veins and for very joy we turn towards the sun, and its warm, genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting spirits. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face! It charms us with a spell of eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth. It may be a very little face; one that we nestle upon our bosoms or sing to sleep in our arms with a low, sweet lullaby; but it is such a bright, cherry face! The scintillations of joyous spirits are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has in the household, binding each heart together in tenderness and love and sympathy! Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this face ever shines between, and the shining is so bright that the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners where the cheerful face is gone. It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less bright. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it and say, "God bless this happy face!" We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when the sweet face is gone. And after it is gone, how the remembrance of it purifies and softens our wayward nature. When care and sorrow would snap our heart strings asunder, this wrinkled face looks down upon us, and the painful tension grows lighter, the way less dreary, the sorrow less heavy, for we see the glory of the brightness "Over There"—of that brilliant flood light which beams on all hearts and makes every countenance as radiant and as sparkling as the glimmer of an icycle when sunbeams are dancing upon its stainless bosom.

The easiest thing in the world is to find fault with the newspaper.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and geat a bottle of Shiloh,s Vitalizer, every bottle has a written guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by W. W. Parker, druggist, Henderson.

HARVEST TIME

[From the Ætna.]

"The Summer is over and gone."
All the trees are fruitage laden,—
All the fields are ripe with grain,
And the vintage, pale and purple,
Soon will shed its wine like rain;
On the hills the shadows lengthen,
And the twilight turns to gray;
Autumn glides within the valleys,
And her wilful breezes say,—
"Summer, Summer, speed away."

How the flowers have bloomed to bless us,—
In the garden,—by the way.—
Everywhere, in dusk and sunlight,
They have smiled the live long day;
Emblems of the soul's fair graces,
Heaven sent,—divinely born
Pure and sweet 'mid dearth and darkness,
Brave and staunch amid the storm,—
With their blight, the Summer's gone.

All the fairies of the forest,
Marshaled in a winged array,
Now besiege the freighted branches,
Where the nuts in ambush lay;
Tinkle,—tinkle,—from their cradles
Drop the acorns, brown and bright;
And the tenants of the woodlands
Store their harvest with delight,—
As the Summer takes her flight.

Swallow, on her bough of cedar,
Warbles now a minor strain;
Till her myriad comrades gather,
Chorusing the weird refain;
On the morrow from their bivouac,
Squadroned in a battle line,
They will cleave the azure heavens,
Winging to a sunnier clime,—
Where 'tis ever summer time.

Far beyond the city's tumult,
Where the meadows skirt the town,
Summer lingers, pale and weary,
While she lays her sceptre down;
Sumach torches flame to greet her,—
Golden-rod its plumage sways:
And the streamlet's vibrant ripples
Chant a requiem to her praise,—
As they meet her dying gaze.

* * * * * *

Fleeing is thy summer, spirit,
Swiftly glide life's cycles by;
And the harvest! It is ripening
For the Reaper, waiting nigh?
Deeds of kindness blossom ever,
Words of love like roses blow;
Grains of pitty, scattered freely,
In a barren soil will grow,—
So,—thy summer come and go.
—*Louise J. R Chapman.*

GOOD ROADS.

[American Gardening.]

The first question to be determined in road-construction is the proper kind of roadway and the depth of the material. Roads made only of small stone, however carefully laid and compacted together, are found not to be so durable in this country as they are in Europe. In this country the power of the frost is so destructive every winter, and the road-bed becomes so spongy each spring as the frost thaws out, that a pavement of small stones only has little bond. The small stones sink too readily into the subsoil under heavy loads, and a corresponding rut is at once made on the surface. The cohesive power of the pavement being once broken, it yields under further travel on the principle that an arch settles when the keystone is removed.

For these reasons all good roads of the kind usually known as "Macadam roads" have a carefully laid rubble-stone foundation. * * * Its construction consists in first laying a foundation of any rough rubble-stones of convenient size for handling, and placing them carefully by hand in parallel courses across the road-bed as for a rough street pavement. The nearer such stones can be brought to the general form of paving-stone by judicious breaking, the better the work. Blocks averaging 6 inches in thickness by 12 inches in depth will make strong work, however rough their general shape. They should be placed on edge, with the largest edges down, and be set as closely and firmly together as their rough shape will permit. Where the jagged upper edges project too high for the established thickness of the layer, they should be broken off, and all low places should be filled with suitable chips well packed into place. The whole course should be gone over, and all open spaces be filled by ramming stones of suitable sizes into all interstices with pounders or heavy hammers. When the surface is level enough for rolling, the heaviest roller obtainable should be used, and the rolling be continued until the whole foundation course is perfectly solid and of the right shape and height to receive the Macadam course; that is, the course of small stone. * * *

A common error in road-making is to have the pavement too shallow. It must be strong enough to withstand the heaviest traffic to which it may be subject, without yielding when the front thaws out in the spring. Where the subsoil is exceptionally sandy or gravelly a depth of from 6 to 9 inches might answer fairly well, but under ordinary conditions a 12 to 18-inch depth is necessary for a cemetery road subject to much travel, while public highways should ordinarily be still thicker. Few are aware of the great difference in power to support a load between a firm layer 6 inches in depth and a compact mass 18 inches deep. * * *

The proper care of the road under ordinary wear and tear is an important as its thorough construction. The old adage of the thrifty housewife, that "a stitch in time saves nine," may be applied to a Macadam road without any great wrench of metaphor.

The foundation of the meanest man is laid when the small boy turns the worm-hole in an apple for his companion to take a bite.

We are sorry that some of our subscribers still cling to the idea that this paper is run for fun.

Without a doubt Simmons Liver Regulator will cure you. It has cured thousands.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

THEODORE B. KINGSBURY, A. M., L.L. D.

An Interesting Sketch of the Life and Labors of One of North Carolina's Most Gifted Sons and Aaccomplished Literateurs and Journalists.

BY JOHN S. LONG, L.L. D;

[From the Centenary.]

A marvelous man, who, against his own will and outside of his own plans, has accomplished a marvelous work. A biographical sketch of him is a benefaction to this generation, as showing how the All-Father lays His loving hand on the ability of a thinker, and conducts him by paths that he knows not, and leads him to dizzy heights where he can best see the city of God. Possessing a vivid youth teeming with all manner of dreams, catching the light of supreme beauty from afar, He ordered his life along beaten ways, planning a History of North Carolina, Sketch of Eminent North Carolinians, and a Biography and Criticism of Famous Authors. As a preparation for all this, as he imagined, he became editor of the *Leisure Hours, Our Living and Our Dead, The Indicator*, and other literary undertakings, which absorbed the vitality of his manhood, but brought him no nearer to the splendid realization of a book-maker. Instead he has been chained down to the editorial chair. As a seeming punishment for his literary dreams, he has had to feed on the dry crust and lentils of the sanctum. Side by side with his most brilliant leader, has come the dryemployment of the proof-reader. Hard work and a plenty of it has been his necessity. Through the dark history of the civil war, at the capital events were shaping his advent then as a political writer. Since 1876, for nearly thirteen years he edited the Wilmington *Star*. Since 1889 he has edited the *Messenger*, pressing all his gifts into its columns. And what has been the result of the undesired and unplanned in Dr. Kingsbury's career? Instead of being a maker of books, he has been a maker of men. No man in this generation has so impressed the literary impulses of the young. His paragraphs have spread like electric messages to our colleges and schools. His thoughts on literature, politics and religion have been nuggets of solid gold. North Carolina journalism has been pervaded all through by his influence. The standard of literary taste throughout the State has been raised. And this boundless activity for imperishable good has come from the man who wished to trust his fame to the making of books.

Dr. Kingsbury is now in his sixty-fifth year, and though not in robust health, has a manly porte and carriage. There is a blending of the poet and scholar in his well shaped head and thoughtful countenance. His father, Russell Kingsbury, came from Connecticut to North Carolina between 1812 and 1815, and his talented son was born in the old Guion Hotel, north of the capitol at Raleigh, on 29th August, 1828. He was educated at Oxford Academy, the Bingham and Lovejoy schools, and the University of the State. As an evidence of his precocious talents, two or more of his University essays were filed by the unanimous action of his literary society for preservation.

It is said that blood will tell. And certainly the subject of this sketch has no reason to be ashamed of his family. Born and reared amid the historic memories of New England, the members of it, from Col. James Kingsbury, of Continental times, have adorned civic life and the profession of arms, and earned for themselves high niches in the country's history. Judge Jno. B. Kingsbury was an ornament to the bench, Hon. F. J. Kingsbury an influential factor in politics, while General Charles P. Kingsbury and a number of others won military honors. Col. Henry W. Kingsbury married a niece of President Zachary Taylor, while his sister Mary was wedded to Simon Buckner, the famous hero of Fort Donelson, and one of the most popular Governors of Kentucky. On his mother's side, who was Mary S. Bryant, of Scotland Neck, Halifax county, the subject of this sketch is related to the Suttons, Thompsons, Cottons and many orther prominent families in Eastern Carolina. But as fortunate as Dr. Kingsbury has been in his family relations, he owes more to his handsome and fascinating wife. She is one of those rare women whose faces are alive with tender sentiment. Her maiden name was Sallie Jones Atkinson, and she is a daughter of Gen. Roger P. Atkinson of Virginia. A descendant of the famous Richard Bland of that prolific commonwealth, she is connected with the Lees, Randolphs, Pryors, Poytresses and Mayos, and with the Littlejohns, Blounts, Cheshires and Pettigrews of Eastern North Carolina. Five intelligent and attractive daughters grace Dr. Kingsbury's home, and two married sons live close by him in Wilmington. Truly this is an ideal household, with scholarship, wit and popularity linked by the tenderest confidence and affection, glorifying every impulse of the family circle.

Dr. Kingsbury's honors have not been insignificant or few. But he belongs to that old style of country gentlemen who scorned to be self-seekers. Besides the honor of leading, exalting and dignifying the profession and work of the journalist, he has played an influential part in the literature of the State. Receiving two degrees from Wake Forest in as many years, he was honored with the degree of LL. D. by the University of North Carolina in 1888. And this venerable institution has followed up this distinguished compliment by inviting him recently to deliver an address on Columbus and University day.

It is no secret to his frends that he could long since have held conspicuous public station if he had so willed. In 1876 he was widely sought to allow his name to be used before the Democratic convention for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. Under Mr. Cleveland's administration, such was the potency of his editorials in the preceding campaign, and so distinguished were his merits, that the entire North Carolina delegation in Congress proffered their co-operation to secure him a valuable appointment. This he declined. And time and again during the shifting fortunes of our State University, he has been suggested and urged by the press to prominent professorships and to a professorship of that institution.

With all his editorial and literary labors, Dr. Kingsbury tries to be faithful to all his religious duties. He also fills the devoted office of class leader, and draws much of his Christian hope and happiness from the experience of the class room. But with all this he is a close student of theology, and enjoys the keen investigation of theological questions.

The explanation of Dr. Kingsbury's success as a writer and journalist is his judicious selection and passionate study of standard authors in his youth. Instead of wasting his time over ephemeral trash, he made champions of the gifted spirits of the English classics from Chaucer and Spenser to the present time. He was a student in the highest sense of that term. His earliest compositions wore an air of dignity and ambitious purpose. He was charged with being pedantic because he brought a new and higher force into journalism. But he held on his way bravely and resolutely. He threw the splendid light of his burnished intellect over the dreary level of newspaper life, and the prospect began to change. Men saw that scholars and thinkers, and not deadbeats and loafers, should be magicians of newspaper literature. Thus it came to pass that the various newspapers, through whose glowing and searching editorials this magnetic element of reform was disseminated, became almost imperceptibly the founder of a new school in journalism. And to-day Dr. Kingsbury's excellent library is conclusive illustration of that approved judgment and taste which have made him the prince of editorial writers. It is his habitual retreat from the cares and annoyances of newspaper work.

A sketch of this distinguished gentleman, however short, would be incomplete without designating that unerring, critical faculty, which is the highest intellectual gift. In the old days when reviewers were mighty in the land, and one single flash of the critic's knife took fame and hope from the author's life forever, he would instinctively have stood with that profession. But this work would have been that of a Christian and gentleman. Though by the force of his circumstances and not by the bent of his own talents a political writer, his most passionate preference is for the discriminating faculty in reference to men and books. It does not take him long to analyze and particularize the qualities of each. The concealed as well as the evident value of thought and attribute alike stand revealed before him. And nothing ever gives the writer of this sketch more pleasure than to read Dr. Kingsbury on literature and authors. The beautiful and the grotesque, the true and the false, the malicious and the humane, the opulent and the beggared, the celestial and the earthly, all catch his eye, and whirl before us in a magic glass. May our gifted friend long live to make the world better for his labors.

The man who gets in the end of the pew, compelling other people to climb over him still goes to church every Sunday.

The meanest and most comtemptible creature on God's footstool is the man who writes anonymous letters. All he lacks to become an assassin is courage.

The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and as much silver in the moon as the editor of the "combine" sheet, or any of the rest of them.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of the GOLD LEAF will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

FIGURE IT OUT.

A COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIP PUZZLE.

The Gift of a Grewsome Tramp to an Arkansas Town Which Nearly Run all the Inhabitants Crazy.

It was at the hour when the shades of night begin to fall and the curses wander homeward to roost. The weary wayfarer gave a last gulp and said:

"I cannot repay you in scudi for your kindness, madame. But here is a little puzzle which may serve to while away an idle hour. My father, left a widower at the age of 47, married a maiden of 17, and upon the following day my brother Lyman wedded her mother, then a widow of 36. In due time a son was born to each couple. It may afford you some little amusement in estimating the various relationships my father now bears to Lyman, to Lyman's wife aud Lyman's child; also to himself and his own wife and child. You might also calculate the relationship Lyman bears to his own wife and child and to his father and the latter's wife and child. But I must be on my way. Good evening! And he was gone.

When Isham G. Hicks, the husband of the benevolent lady, returned home somewhat later he found the wife of his bosom suffering from a violent headache, the result of an hour's grappling with the puzzle. She repeated it to him, and retired much earlier than was her wont. And Isham G. laughed aloud and declared that a woman had no head, anyhow, and sat him down to work out the puzzle in fourteen minutes.

When Mrs. Hicks awoke in the gray of the morning her husband was not by her side. As she stepped quietly to the sitting room door she heard him say in dreary monotone:

"Lyman's-baby-is-the-half-brother-of-his-father's-stepmother-who-is-also-his-fathar's-stepdaughter-and-his-mother's-daughter-and-oh-dear-me-how-my-head-aches."

The leaves of a huge scratch tablet lay about him like a drift of show all covered with figures and diagrams, and before him was a sheet setting forth 14 propositions of which the following is a fair sample:

"The older man is the father-in-law of his mother-in-law and the husband of his grandson's half sister, who is also the child's step-grandmother."

Wisps of auburn hair lay about on the table.

Hicks remainded in bed all forenoon with ice on his brow and muttered drearily sentences like these:

"His wife is his baby's half brother's mother's son-in-law-no, that isn't it! His son's wife is his own mother-in-law and mother of his grandson's half sister-um! um! His mother-in-law is oh, dear me!"

In the afternoon he went down to the lumber yard and told the puzzle to the men there assembled and they all laughed him to scorn and then figured on the smooth side of thirty-six square feet of lumber and had three fights without getting as far as Hicks had gone in the still watches of the night. A husbandman who drifted in to trade horses became involved and beat his steed all the way home.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hicks sprung the puzzle at the sewing circle that afternoon, and the minister ran up against it and fell, and thus it was spread all over town. The children took it to school and floored the teacher, and there was a grand strapping carnival all one afternoon. Customers sprung it in the stores. The barber sprung it on a patient and cut off his ear in the controversy that ensued. A gentlemanand a book agent tore their clothes over it. Young Walter Sapsmith ran up against it when he called upon Miss Begad, and after an hour's wrangle the engagement which had existed between them for eight months was declared off amid sobs and contumely. It got into jail, and four prisoners escaped while the sheriff and three more prisoners were grappling with it. The malefactors stopped in the woods and tackled the puzzle and were captured half a day later, still entangled in the snare. A merchant introduced it to a drummer and won the sample trunk and head of the latter, both of which he had wagered on his ability to solve the puzzle inside of 12 minutes. The Rev. Mr. Harps worked on the puzzle all Saturday night when he should have been writing his sermon, and electrified his congregation next day by saying:

"And now, fourthly, my brethren, Lyman's father was his wife's son-in-law, and-er-him! We will stand and receive the benediction!"

And unwonted clamor proceeded from the W. C. T. U. hall eighteen different shades of hair blew out of the window. Sing Yek, late of Hong Kong, received the puzzle from his Sabbath-school teacher, neglected his work all day, broke his adding machine, and in his frenzy figured on the flags of sixteen white shirts with indelible ink, and then laid the whole matter before his Joss, and because the latter would not work it out whipped him all the following forenoon and then in desperation renounced Christianity as a snare and returned to Paganism..

The puzzle permeated every nook and corner of the village. Two popular members of the Y. M. C. A. slapped each other's faces over it. Col. Hooks pulled the nose of a tourist to whom he was trying to sell land, and all the boys in town fought over it.

One John P. Smith attacked the wife of his bosom with ferocity and a scythe and knocked her into the well, where she was speedily drowned. A mob chased Mr. Smith 13 geographic miles and gave him five minutes in which to show cause why he should not be lynched, whereupon he declared that the demise of Mrs. Smith was attributable to divine providence and a stone over which she had stumbled, the same throwing her into the well. His sole intention had been to bestow upon her a well-merited castigation for introducing the relationship puzzle into the household, thereby assassinating the peace and harmony of the same.

This announcement resulted in a prolonged and earnest debate upon the part of the string band, which continued until the sheriff and posse rescued Mr. Smith and bore him to town. Court was in session at the time and the case came up for trial on the morrow. It was dark when the jury were sent out. They canvassed the case thoroughly. Hicks, who was among them, detailed the puzzle and exhibited his tally-sheet.

At 4 o'clock in the morning the door was burst open and the jury fell down the stairs fighting like demons. The stove had been overset and the building was soon in flames. The Hook and Ladder Company swirled up and ran over three gentlemen, two of whom immediately assaulted two firemen, whereupon the whole body of the later attacked the entire jury impartially. The alarm of fire aroused the village and the majority of citizens appeared on the scene. Judge Begad denounced the firemen for rioting in the face of the destroyer and was attacked by the foreman of the company. Several citizens went to the assistance of the judge, and three men whom he had fined for selling whisky jumped in to help the foreman. Several Prohibitionists forgot everything else and rushed in to battle with the rum fiends.

And thus the fight waxed. The fire was forgotten. The rival editors wrangled and then fought, and their printers took sides. The members of the various lodges could not stand by and see their brethren mauled, and they, too, rushed into the fray. The Rev. Mr. Harps mounted a hitchrack and cried peace, and a man whom he had married to a harridan a week before smote him with an axehelve, and Deacon Cronk ran to the minister's assistance. In three minutes nearly every churchman in town was in the fracas. The citizens of Irish extraction mingled in the fray on general principles. The rival undertakers fought. Every man who had a grudge against any other man tried to get satisfaction then and there, and all the debtors attacked their creditors.

A gale had sprung up, and before the fire had been got under control the major portion of the business part of the village was in ashes. This threw many men out of employment and they moved away soon after. Others, seeing that there would be on boom for many moons, departed. Several capitalists who had been about to make investments immediately folder their tents. The grand jury found true bills against many of the participants in the great fight, and they all fled like the wind. Nobody would buy property and the real estate agents left.

The number of the voters was so reduced that a rival town secured the county seat, and with it went everybody who could get away. The newspapers both went. Many of the buildings were loaded on trucks and hauled off to the new county seat. And finally a cyclone razed all of the remaining buildings and put and end to the village for good and all.

And all this was the work of the relationship puzzle. Behold how great a flame a little spark kindleth.

The modest woods are beginning to blush for nature as she prepares to disrobe before retiring to her winter couch.

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