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That is read all over secures business for those who use its advertising columns. Such a paper is the Henderson GOLD LEAF. The proof of the claim is in the test thereof. Columns open to both believer and skeptic.

Are You One of Them?

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

VOL. XIV. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895. NO. 20.

The Latest Outrage

which the people of the South are resenting, is the efforts of some to sell them imitations for the real Simmons Liver Regulator, because they make more money by the imitation; and they care little that they swindle the people in selling them an inferior article. It's the money they are after, and the people can look out for themselves. Now this is just what the people are doing, and merchants are having a hard time trying to get people to take the stuff they offer them in place of Simmons Liver Regulator—which is the "King of Liver Medicines," because it never fails to give relief in all liver troubles. Be sure that you get Simmons Liver Regulator. You know it by the same old stamp of the Red Z on the package. It has never failed you, and people who have been persuaded to take something else have always come back again to The Old Friend. Better not take anything else but that made by J. H. ZEILIN & Co., Philadelphia.

ALEX. T. BARNES,
Undertaker & Embalmer,

—DEALER IN—
Fine and Medium Grade Furniture, &c.,
TUCKER BUILDING,
HENDERSON, N. C.

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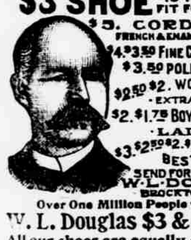
Can be supplied with the best of good things to eat—of the finest quality and lowest price—at
BRITT'S NEW GROCERY STORE,
Opposite Bank of Henderson.
Everything in the line of staple and fancy groceries, canned goods, teas, coffees, sugars, syrups, flour, meal, meat, lard, hams, cakes, crackers, cheese, evaporated fruits, prunes, &c.
Try our "Silver Bell" and "Round Hill" patent flour. No better article for the money. Pure home made sausage a specialty. We keep this on hand at all times. Also country produce of all kinds, such as chickens, turkeys, butter, eggs, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, &c.
My prices are very reasonable. A share of your patronage is solicited. Special attention to filling family orders.
W. A. BRITT.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.
Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by
Barnes' Clothing Store, Henderson, N. C.
Mrs. H. D. Church Brookston N. C.

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The daintiest, prettiest patterns of the season's Novelties are now ready for your inspection. You will wonder where we found so many rare and beautiful things. And you will wonder, too, how we manage to sell them for so very little.

H. THOMASOM, General Merchant.

PIGEON MILK THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.
Cures in 1 to 4 days. Immediate in effect; quick to cure. Can be carried in vest pocket, all complete in one small package. Sent by mail, prepaid, plain package, on receipt of price. $1 per box. Sold in Henderson by M. Dorsey, druggist

NOT WHAT WE SAY, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla Does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember HOOD'S Cures.

SPINAL weakness easily cured by Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters.

WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

A SHORT LAY SERMON OF PRACTICAL THOUGHT.

It is a Matter of Little Consequence What Religious Denomination You Belong to So Your Heart is Right—All Sects and Creeds a Part of the Great Body of Christianity.

[New York Herald.]

And Abraham said unto Lot, Let there be no strife I pray thee, for we are brethren.—Genesis xiii, 8.

We have said in a previous article that whether you belong to this, that or the other religious denominations is a matter of no consequence whatever. Christianity is equally represented by all sects, whose peculiarties had their origin in differences of temperament. Sects are a convenience, but sectarianism is a crime.

It would be a misfortune if a Quaker were compelled to attend a Roman Catholic service, for the simple reason that it does not appeal to him, and likewise a misfortune were a Romanist to be forced into a Quaker meeting house, because he would be spiritually repelled.

If the Lord had made us all alike we could all be Presbyterians or Episcopalians, but since He saw fit to cast us in different moulds, giving one man a matter of fact nature and another man a nature poetic and imaginative, He certainly does not object if we worship Him after the fashion which He has suggested by endowing us with certain qualities of character.

It is the fact of worship, and not the manner of it which is important.

The man who would gather us into one church does what he can to thwart the plan of God, in whose universe the law of differences involves the greatest harmony.

An orchestra whose members should all play the same part on the same kind of instrument would furnish only a wearisome monotony. The trombone and drum have their places as well as the violin and harp, and if they are all played with skill the result brings tears. What instrument you play is a secondary matter. Whether you play it well or ill is the only question to be considered.

If we take this broad view we shall have charity for all, and that offensive bigotry which has worked so much evil in the world and done more to injure the cause of true religion than all the infidelity that was ever formulated will be banished.

But suppose we overstep the limits of Christianity and explore the domain of other religions, what conclusions shall we reach? Shall we slill hold to our charity and give our godspeed to every system of morality and every aspiration after immortality in whatever shape it presents itself, or shall we insist that others shall think as we do and accept our theories of life and death?

Can we be wide and inclusive enough to give a gracious good will to the dusky Hindoo, who was reared in a different climate and a different environment; to the Mongolian, who follows the precepts of Buddhism, and to the disciple of Mohammed, who kneels in prayer at the setting of the sun? Shall we look with disdain on such and declare that their religion is false while ours alone is true, or shall we believe that God is leading all His children, some in one way and some in another?

There is a strong tendency in these days to go to the Orient for a fresh supply of ideas. We have fed so long on the diet of Christianity that we hunger for a change. A man who has always lived in the sunshine may be benefited by sitting for an hour in the gloaming, and a trip to the Himalayas will, perhaps, be a grateful novelty.

Let us travel as far as we please; no harm can come of it. If what we have is better than anything we can find we shall not exchange it for what has less value, but if we can lay hold of loftier thoughts and stronger incentives than those we possess it is not only our right but our duty to do so. If our Christianity cannot defend itself against all comers and all odds that is its misfortune, not our fault.

You may safely depend, however, on the fact that the best will in the end prevail, and what is not best will step to the rear. The law of progress has not been repealed. If we have a lump of gold in hand we are not likely to exchange it for a lump of silver; and if we have a system of thought which produces the noblest kind of manhood and womanhood we may be fascinated for a time by other systems, because novelties are always pleasing, but in the long run we shall come back to our own life with fresh appreciation of its beauties.

We ought to be large enough to say "Thank God for all the religions of the earth," by whatever names they may be known. If Buddhism has taken a crude and imaginative people and moulded them into a high order of civilization, then Buddhism is a providential religion, and the dear Lord has had something to do with it. Persia and Arabia and the uttermost parts of the earth worship in a way peculiar to themselves, and though it may not be our way, still, it may be one link in the progressive chain of God's way, for God is just as truly in India as He is in America.

The honest man who does the best he knows how is safe in the loving hands of the Almighty whether he be Christian or pagan, and the theology which does not recognize that fact is false to itself and disloyal to Him who is the Father of all alike. Indeed, to speak plain truth, a pure minded heathen who is given to practices which we abhor, but who is conscientious in duty, enjoys a larger share of God's approval than a Christian who nods assent to the creed on Sunday and robs his fellows all the rest of the week. It is no merit of yours that you were born among large duties and hopes, and it is no fault of the Bagdad merchant that he was not so born. Your merit lies in the use you make of your broad sunlight, and his merit lies in the use he makes of his slender moonlight. Sunlight and moonlight are both from God, though, and the one need not despise the other.

With a kindly charity for all, with good will toward every race, dusky or white; with profound respect for every system of religion, because it is a factor in the problem of human progress, we may nevertheless be grateful for the wonderful hopes and ambitions which the Christ represents. His great heart went out in pity for the prodigal; He felt the Father's presence in the brightest day and the darkest night; He loved His kind with the love of self-sacrifice; He was the friend of the friendless and the lover of the despairing; in His dire emergencies the heavens opened and troops of angels came down to minister unto Him; He did not die but simply departed that He might prepare a place for us in Heaven which is far more real than the earth is.

If we believe all that, we need travel neither East nor West in search of high aspirations, for they are close at hand. India, Persia, Arabia, China must come to us in the fulness of time, for we have jewels they do not possess. They have been travelling our way for a thousand years. By and by we shall all be one in essential belief, but the Christian must first give up his dogmatic denunciation and draw all men by that love which is the only test of character and that brotherly kindness and charity which render it but a step from the millenium of earth to the heaven of eternity.

A SONG OF THE DAISY.

[Will Carleton, in Every Where for May.]

O, would that I were yonder thrush,
Mid forest branches swinging,
While every dewy leaf would hush,
And listen to my singing!
Or would I were an eagle high,
That cleaves the distance hazy;
'Tis not for me, alas! for I
Am nothing but a daisy—
Though throned upon a jaunty stem,
And clasping tight a golden gem,
With star of silver crowning them.

And would that I were yonder oak,
With vines about me clinging,
Or with the storm's undreaded stroke,
My arms in triumph flinging;
Or basking in a cloudless sky,
Mid dreams divinely lazy;
Oh, that would be a life! but I
Am nothing but a daisy—
The humblest of the flowers, alas!
A spectre white amid the grass,
That trembles when a foot may pass.

And would that I were yonder maid,
Whose fairy feet are bringing
A precious form adown the glade
That with her laugh is ringing!
And look! for now she wanders nigh
Along the woodland mazy;
She takes me to herself! though I
Am nothing but a daisy—
A child of nature, void of art,
I play at last an envied part:
This beauty clasps me to her heart!

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church, at Rives Junction, she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could notsurvive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Melville Dorsey's drug store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Wise Words.

[Rome, (Ga.) Tribune.]

This is a crucial year with the farmers of Georgia; it is a year that will be fruitful of much good or much evil for them. If they do not let themselves be deceived by a delusion as to the condition of affairs and the final results, it will prove a year fraught with the most gratifying accomplishments.

The past few years, with the scarcity of money and the downward course of the cotton market, has convinced them that there can be no money in the production of that crop to the exclusion of provision crops, and that the only remedy lies in full corn-cribs and fat smokehouses and cotton as a surplus product.

Last year the crop of provisions and farm supplies in this section was something phenomenal in the history of the section. Provisions of all sorts are cheaper than ever before while cotton is lower.

Suppose they had planted the usual all cotton crop last year; they would not have had any money to buy provisions with and the prices of the latter would have been the result.

Let them repeat the experiment; it is one that cannot be repeated too often for the good of the country. Because there is an organized movement to reduce the cotton acreage this year, let no man be deceived by the belief that the price will go up next fall; it is altogether probable that it will never go any higher in the history of this country. Now is planting time and let farmers cut their cloth accordingly.

PROTECTION from the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes PURE BLOOD.

BEAUTIFUL KINNEETA.

THE INDIAN ARROW-MAKER'S DAUGHTER.

A Legend of Absorbing Interest—Tragic Death of the Idol of the Tribe—Treachery of a Rival Lover—His Spirit Still Wandering up and Down the Earth—the Father's Curse.

[Written for the GOLD LEAF.]

About three-fourths of a mile from the quaint little village of Kittrell, the two noted ledges of crystal quartz, which run East and West through this section, come together and reach, or cross, Baffalo Creek. Between these ledges runs a beautiful, limped stream of diminutive proportions, which flows from a bold spring some two hundred yards above. It is a lovely little valley, shaded by immense oaks, poplars, and other large trees, while the glittering of the sun on the ledges of clear, white crystal gives it more the appearance of the artistic works of man than of nature.

Tradition says that years and years ago, before the little stream had worn its way through the converging ledges, there was a beautiful little lake here, which was surrounded by an Indian village where most of the symmetrical arrow-heads made from this crystal quartz were manufactured. There seems to be sufficient grounds for this assertion, as the large piles of chippings round about testify. Here the old Indian arrow-maker fashioned out those pretty crystal arrow-heads that are found only in the section around Kittrell.

It was here the scenes of the sad story I am about to relate were enacted, and I will give them as they were related to me many years ago by an aged citizen, who said they had been handed down from father to son since the first settlers occupied this country. Said the old man, in speaking of the lake that covered the little valley:

"Many, many years ago it was surrounded by an Indian village, the inhabitants of which almost worshiped the lake, upon whose limpid bosom they would row their birch-bark canoes while they sang their quaint Indian ditties when they met to celebrate the autumn harvest, or the return from a successful hunt.

"The most prominent among the villagers was the old arrow-maker, whose reputation for shaping symmetrical arrow-heads was unequaled in the land. It was said that this reputation was owing chiefly to the skill of Kinneeta, his only child and daughter. The old man and his adopted son, Wauchula, would fashion out the arrow-heads in the rough, but they were always turned over to the skillful Indian maiden for the finishing touches; and it was said that an arrow-head that had passed through her dexterous hands would scarcely ever fail to bring down the game.

"Such was the superstition in regard to them that the braves of this tribe would use no other arrow-heads when they went to battle. Kinneeta was described as a most lovely creature, both in form and character, who was idolized and almost worshiped, not only by her own people, but by the surrounding tribes. She was regarded as supernatural, and being a peace-maker all difficulties that arose among the Indians were carried to her for settlement. Her decisions were never questioned and always abided by.

"Many were the suitors for her hand, but she loved only one—her foster brother Wauchula. Together they had been raised; together they had learned to row their birch-bark canoes; together they had always wandered over the hills, chasing the deer and other game; and together they had solemnly resolved to live and die.

"But the cruel hand of fate had otherwise decreed. Among the many suitors for the lovely maiden's hand was Oskunika, a son of the chief of one of the tribes which inhabited the Lynch Creek section. He adored her and for years had endeavored to gain her love; and when he learned that she had resolved to marry his rival he determined that Wauchula should never live to claim her as his bride.

"On the full moon in September, when the braves and squaws of the different neighboring tribes were gathered at the lake to celebrate the nuptials, and Wauchula and Kinneeta, gaily bedecked with wild flowers, were quietly rowing on the lake, while the gay visitors engaged in the marriage dance on its banks, Oskunika was secretly hidden behind one of the crystal boulders awaiting an opportunity to send a shaft of death through the heart of the unsuspecting and happy bride groom.

"At last his opportunity came. As the happy pair rowed past he let fly an arrow on its errand of death. But alas! he had not calculated in his fiendish endeavor for Wauchula's motion in rowing the boat, and the shaft, passing him, went through the heart of the beautiful maiden, who fell, with a scream, dead at the feet of her lover.

"It was some moments before the gay throng could realize what had happened. But when the facts did become known such wailing and howling went up as only the Indian is capable of. Never was such consternation known—never was such grief shown. This sudden loss of their idol was more than they could bear. The disconsolate bride groom fell speechless over the prostrate form of his life-long companion, sister and bride.

"With the fleetness of a deer the cruel murderer had fled, not knowing what his ruthless shaft had done. But with equal fleetness hundreds of braves were soon upon his trail, and before the moon went down, on being told what he had done, he at once became a raving maniac and his moanful wailings were heard for miles around.

"In the large mound at the junction of Tar River and Lynch's Creek the remains of the Indian idol were laid to rest, with all the customary ceremonies of the Indian burial, and the different tribes returned to their villages with mournful hearts and down cast heads.

"The remorseful culprit was duly tried, condemned to death, and was carried before the aged and grief-stricken arrow-maker to suggest what tortures should be inflicted before death. But waving his hands to the guards, he said: 'Do not kill him, death is no punishment—only a relief. Unbind him and let him go that he may suffer the pangs of remorse the balance of his days, and may the Great Spirit prolong his days forever.'

"And tradition says that he never died, that he still wanders over the hills around Kittrell, and that on the full moon in September, those visiting the spot of the murder, can yet hear his moanful wailings as they reverberate up and down the little valley.

"But the less superstitious think that these sounds are only caused by the blowing of the wind in this peculiar shaped valley."

Such was the old man's story. I have some of the pretty arrow-heads said to have been polished by Kinneeta. I prize them very highly.

RELIC HUNTER.

Kittrell, N. C., May 6th, 1895.

TORN TO PIECES BY A MAD DOG.

A Little Child's Awful Fate—The Stubbornness of a Neighbor Responsible.

[Rutherfordton Democrat, April 26th.]

Little Janie, the six-year old daughter of Mr. Julius Gettys, of Duncan's Creek, who was so horribly bitten by a mad dog recently, died last Friday.

The full details of this tragedy form a most heart-rending story. It seems that about a year ago, a dog belonging to a man by the name of Chetwood, who lived in the same neighborhood with Mr. Gettys, was bitten by a mad dog. His neighbors begged Chetwood to kill his dog, but he refused and allowed it to run at large.

On the first day of this month the dog went mad. It went to Mr. Gettys' house where his three children, little Janie, aged six years, her sister aged about ten years, and an infant, were alone. It jumped upon little Janie, dragged her out of the house, into the yard and under the house, undeterred by the child's screams. The older child caught the baby up, and ran to a field nearby where a colored man was plowing and told him that a dog had her little sister under the house "eating her up" The negro instead of going to rescue the child, unhitched the mule, jumped on it, took the baby and galloped off telling the little girl to run or the dog would get her. He rode to the house of Mr. Plato Gettys and told him. Mr. Gettys got his gun and went as fast as possible to his brother's and found the dog under the house biting and tearing the child's face. He shot and wounded it, whereupon it dropped the child, ran from under the house and was shot again and killed.

The little child with blood streaming from her mangled face and throat and the flesh hanging in strings, crawled from under the house, walked around to the door and into the house and sat down upon a little box in the room. Her nose had been torn off. All the flesh on the right side of her face, and the left eye and left ear were torn off and the flesh on that side of her face was stripped from the bones leaving the bones on both sides of her face exposed, presenting a horrible spectacle.

She was conscious and told how the dog had bitten and torn the flesh from her and had never for a moment ceased tearing and biting her until her uncle shot him. As it was thirty minutes from the time the dog dragged her from the house until her uncle rescued her, some idea of the poor little one's horrible suffering can be formed.

When her heart-broken father arrived and caught her to his heart sobbing over her, she begged him to be quiet, to keep the dogs off her and to get his gun and kill them. For nineteen days the little innocent lay in agony, in her delirium begging to be saved from the dog until death came to her relief.

The poor father, almost crazed, has obeyed his dead child's command. Wherever he goes he carries his gun and shoots every dog he sees. And he is right.

And how must Mr. Chetwood feel? But for his refusal to kill the dog when begged to do so and when common sense and common humanity demanded that he should, this innocent, harmless child would have escaped her fearful death.

Twenty Years a Teacher.

CAMPBELLSVILLE, KY.—"I have been a teacher for twenty years, and during that time have had repeated attacks of headache. Now I am entirely free from them after using Simmons Liver Regulator. It was so mild in its action that it never interfered with my school duties."—E. A. Cheek.

All druggists guarantee Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS to stop Headache. "One cent a dose."

HE PAID THE PENALTY.

GEORGE MILLS HANGED IN RALEIGH FRIDAY.

The Law Avenged for the Brutal and Heartless Murder of Iana Wimberly—Her Own Uncle the Perpetrator of the Crime—He Meets His Fate With Calm and Resolute Spirit.

[Raleigh Evening Visitor, May 3rd.]

Nearly 11 months ago one of the foulest murders ever perpetrated in any community was committed near Apex, Wake county. To-day George Mills, the condemned murderer of his own niece, paid the penalty of his diabolical crime by forfeiting his life on the gallows.

The details of the murder as related in both the Wimberly and Mills trials are fresh in the minds of the public and the less said about the commitment of the crimes the better, for it is one of the blackest in the history of of the county.

George Mills was an uncle of Iana Wimberly and lived from time to with the family. He was staying there in June of last year. On the evening of the 19th, he and Iana started for the old Vaughn house a half mile distant to procure some wild flowers. George had a mission and that mission was accomplished. He went to murder Iana. Like a lamb to the slaughter, she accompanied him. Mills at first gave her laudanum, on a false pretext. The laudanum did not work fast enough, so a dogwood stick near by did. Mills beat his own niece over the head, time and again, until he thought her dead. Life was still left in the fragile body, and the girl raised up and clutched the stick, praying her own uncle not to murder her, according to his own testimony; and yet he came down on her head again and again.

Having done his most brutal and fiendish work, Mills left her for dead. He wandered about and got back to Wimberly's at midnight. He told the tale, which the public at large believe the Wimberly family knew too well. The Wimberly's managed to skirmish around and get a body guard sufficient to accompany them at daybreak to look for her body. Iana was not dead, as expected, and lived a week or two.

Mills was arrested and at first denied committing the crime. Later he told of the murder and has stuck to that tale ever since. He reiterated it yesterday to his brother, saying he had nothing to conceal.

Mills has stuck to it that he was subserving the ends of Wimberly and that he was forced to commit the crime by him.

Mills has been holding up under the ordeal through which he had to pass remarkably well. Yesterday he began to weaken and last night gave under completely. He slept little or none, sitting up most of the while brooding over the morrow.

* * * * * * *

Though Mills was greatly overcome this morning, so much so that he could hardly speak without weeping, he was remarkably cool from the time he donned his new suit of clothes until the death trap fell.

Great crowds surrounded the jail all the morning. The crowd was for the most part the same as that which hangs around the court house on court weeks. Nothing but morbid curiosity attracted them thither to see a fellow being put to death. It was a sympathetic assemblage, and murmurs of "there goes the poor fellow" could be heard as mills walked out of the jail door with Mr. Robert Page and Deputy Brooks on either side. Mill's steps were firm, and but for the fact of being nearsighted, he showed no evidences of faltering. Indeed, never did a man show more self possession and nerve than he did on such an occasion. Not a tear dropped from his eyes from the time the party entered the jail and first caught sight of him, until the black cap concealed his face forever from human gaze.

* * * * * * *

Mills was not visibly affected by the religious exercises or the reading of the death warrant, though he had quite a serious aspect on his face.

As soon as the death warrant was read, Sheriff Page stepped forward to tell George that the time had come for him to carry out the order of the law. Mills stood up at once and was escorted out by Mr. Robert Page and Mr. C. M. Walters. He faced the immense crowd at the jail door and walked firmly to the gallows and quickly mounted the steps leading to the trap.

Mills took a seat on the stand, as did the ministers also. No others but Sheriff Page and deputies were allowed there.

Prayer was again offered in behalf of the condemned man. The officiating clergymen then bade Mills good bye, saying at the time a good word for the unhappy man. Sheriff Page asked him did he have any statement to make, Mills replied that he did.

Mills asked must he stand up to make his statement. Some one told him "yes" and he arose from his chair. He spoke clearly and slowly. He gestured freely and showed no evidences of fright whatever. In fact, he was probably the least frightened person present. His talk was of a religious nature and he did not refer to Wimberly or the crime for which he was hung. Among other things he said: "Well sir, I have got to appear this day before the Great God, the Great Creator. I am glad that He has brought me to confess and acknowledge my sins. I believe that He has forgiven me for all the sins I have ever committed. I shall soon appear before 'Him to whom every knee shall bow.'"

Mills asked the crowd: "How stands the case with you?" He asked this question several times and said he wanted to impress it on the people.

He asked prayer for those who refused to sign his petition for commutation.

The Sheriff stepped up to bid George good-bye, but he asked to be allowed to pray. He prayed earnestly and calmly, speaking every word with emphasis. "Help me to go along through the last moments of death. Remember the whole human race. May it be a great year for trusting in Christ." He prayed for his father and mother, the prisoners in jail and all of his enemies. He asked especially that the sins of his enemies be forgiven. Mills closed his prayer by saying "Father, I leave it all in Thy hands. Sanctify and save me forever. Amen."

At 11:38 Mills stepped on the trap. Deputies Page and Walters pinioned his arms and ankles with black cloth, and Deputy Brooks adjusted the black cap and the rope. As Mr. Brooks was placing the rope over his head, Mills asked the Sheriff to be as quick as possible. These were his last words.

No time was lost after the rope was adjusted about his neck, and Sheriff Page at 11:40 pulled back the lever which sent Mills down six feet below to destruction.

The physician pronounced Mills dead at 12:01 p. m., twenty-one minutes after the trap fell.

The neck was not broken and he died from strangulation. The body hung limp and motionless after the drop and there was no quivering or perceptible contraction of the muscles.

The body was cut down at 12:11, placed in a coffin and taken to Apex for interment.

After the grip, diphtheria, pneumonia, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, etc., Hood's Sarsaparilla is of wonderful benefit in imparting the strength and vigor so much desired.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and effectively.

Duty Unperformed.

[N. Y. Dispatch.]

It is said that the saddest words that can ever fall from human lips are, "It might have been." And truly when one pauses for a brief moment to reflect upon those four little words, their importance grows with the reflection. They outweigh the whole universe in the weight of their despair. They outmeasure the whole oceans of all worlds in the tears they wring from the lost soul. Their cries sound loud above the din of crashing matter in their wail of remorse. "It might have been!" Oh, the rivers of blood that track these words on the road from earth to Heaven! The bleeding footprints of earth's weary one!

And these words are many times, aye, in almost every instance, simply duty unperformed. The hearts of men are everyday burdened with care, and their pathway hedged about because of neglect. Morning dawns with the day before us. Duties, new and important, come fresh with every day. If we start out in the morning when the vigor of a restful sleep makes us strong for the work before us, and with determined zeal engage in the duties of life—no matter what they are, small or great—and perform them till the evening, we can claim the refreshment of slumber with a clear conscience, and our sleep will be peaceful and our dreams pleasant. There will be more than one heart made glad, for no man can live in the world a single day without the opportunity of doing good to some one. A cup of cold water, or a morsel of food may be a blessed boon and save some poor fellow mortal from suffering. A little thing! Yes a little thing, but the whole of life's duties are made up of little things. The great things that men perform stand out as do the high peaks in the mountain chain, only here and there visible. The gift of a million dollars to an educational institution is published all over the world, and the name of the "liberal" hearted donor is regarded with a sort of sacred reverence, while the hundreds of millions given in the smaller sums are not recorded, save by the invisible hand which is ever writing the good deeds of men. The widow's mite outweighs all the "munificent donations of the rich. The one is duty performed from a love for the needy, and the other is splash for notoriety.

The duties of life, when faithfully performed, bring rich rewards of peace and contentment to ourselves and benefit to our fellows.

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