

The Trumpet.

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One page one week, \$2.00,
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Land sale notices, \$1.50.

"QUIT YOUR FOOLIN'."

Girls is quare! I use' to think
Emmy didn't care for me,
For whenever I would try
Any lovin' arts, to see
How she'd take 'em—sweet or
sour—
Always, saucy-like, says she,
"Quit your foolin'!"

Once, agoin' home f'om church,
Jest to find if it would work,
Round her waist I slipped my
arm—
My! you ought 'o seen her jerk.
Spunky? well, she acted so—
And snapped me up as perk—
"Quit your foolin'!"

Every time 'twas jest the same,
Till one night I says, says I—
Chokin' some I must admit,
Tremblin' some I don't deny—
"Emmy, seein' 's I don't suit,
Guess I'd better say 'goodbye,'
An' quit foolin'."

Girls is quare! She only laughed;
Cheeks all dimplin': "John,"
says she,
"Foolin' men, that never gits

Real in earnest, ain't for me."
Wan't that cute? I took the hint,
An' a chair, an' staid, an' we
Quit our foolin'.
—*Judge.*

A New York bachelor over seventy years of age recently visited Maine, fell in love with a damsel less than half his age, was accepted, and went home to prepare for the coming of his bride. When all things were in order, instead of going after the betrothed himself he sent his brother. The younger man was pleased with his future sister-in-law, so pleased that he persuaded her to marry him before starting for New York. —*Belfast (Me.) Press.*

ANOTHER EGG PROBLEM.

Now here is a nice little problem that some of our exchanges think beats beats Donnelly's cipher. Try it and you will be greatly surprised, if not thoroughly convinced: "Put down in figures the year in which you were born; to this add 4; then add your age at your next birthday, provided it comes before January 1st, otherwise your age at last birthday; multiply result by 1000; from this deduct 677,423; substitute for the figures corresponding letters of the alphabet, as A for 1, B for 2, C for 3, D for 4, etc. The result will give you the name by which you are popularly known." —*Ex.*

Citizen (to Physician) —You have a large practice among the wealthy and fashionable class of people, haven't you doctor?
Physician—Oh my, yes; why

many of the finest monuments and tombstones in Woodlawn cover former patients of mine.—*New York Epoch.*

CATCHING UP.

Miss C. was born two years earlier than her brother Tom. When Tom was ten years old she gloried in being twelve; when Tom was known to be fourteen she confessed to sweet sixteen; when Tom proudly boasted of eighteen, she timidly confessed being past nineteen; when Tom came home from college with a mustache and a vote, and had a party in honor of his twenty-first birthday, she said to her friends:

"What a boyish fellow he is! Who would think that he was only a year younger than I?"

When Tom declared he was twenty-five, and old enough to get married, she said to an intimate friend:

"I feel savagely jealous to think of Tom getting married. But then, I suppose twins are more attached to each other than other brothers and sisters."

And two years later, at Tom's wedding, she said with girlish vivacity, to the wedding guests:

"Dear old Tom! to see him married to-night, and then to think how, when he was only five years old, they brought him to see me, his baby sister! I wonder if he thinks of it to-day?" —*Selected.*

A couple of castaways—Old shoes.

When a tailor gets rich it is by shear industry.