

The Trumpet.

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THE TRUMPET

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Among locals, 5 lines, or
anything less than 5 lines,
15cts, for one week.

One page one week, \$2.00,
half page, \$1.00.

Land sale notices, \$1.50.

A TRYST.

Alone she waits for me,
Oh, heart, be still!
Only the field to cross
And then the hill,
And then, her eyes' soft charm,
My eyes will meet
With welcome glad and warm,
And chiding sweet.

Across the sunny road
Long shadows lie;
The birds sing overhead,
The breeze goes by
Laden with clover breath,
With summer dreams!
Sweetheart, how far and fair
The distance seems!

I mount the hill at last;
There in the shade
Near where the cross-roads meet
Our tryst was made.
I see her robe of white,
Her waving glove;
Alone she waits for me,
My own true love.

—Fudge.

"You are looking bright and
happy this morning, Flossie," said

the Sunday School teacher, as the
little girl came in, her face all a-
glow with religious enthusiasm.
"Do you love to come to Sunday
School?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Flossie:
"and mamma says when I get big-
ger I am to have a bustle."—*The
Judge.*

"Country boys are not such
squash-heads as they sometimes
look," said the sociable drummer.
"One day last week I was out rid-
ing with a fellow who seemed to
think it his mission to say or do
something smart every minute.
Presently we overtook a barefoot
urchin driving a cow home from
pasture, and my companion rein-
ed up the horse and spoke to him,
saying, "Say, my little man, what
time will it be at 6 o'clock this af-
ternoon?" Without a moment's
hesitation the lad answered, "It
will be bedtime for hens and fools."
"You're not a hen, but 'twill be
your bedtime all the same."—*Sel.*

"Bob, what yer 'spose folks
call me Jim for."

"Dunno. Why?"

"'Cause that's my name."

Colored hunter—"Hold on dar,
Abel! You'll strain dat gun fust
thing you know, tryin' to shoot
dat duck so far off, an' de weapon
nebber will be any mo' 'count."
—Selected.

"Young man," he said, "why
don't you give up this life of idle-
ness and luxury and try to make a
name for yourself?"

"Twy and make a name for
myself? Why, my dear sir, my
little English fox-terrier took the
first pwize at the dog show."—
Selected.

As a bootblack was passing a
tobacco shop he picked up a
cigar stump from the gutter and
went into the shop and asked for
a match. He was met with the
reply,

"We don't keep matches to
give away."

The boy started out, but he
stopped at the door, turned back,
and asked the proprietor, "Do
you sell 'em?" He purchased a
box, paid his two cents, and light-
ed his stump, after which he clos-
ed the box and asked the proprie-
tor to put it on the shelf and said,
"Next time a gentleman asks you
for a match, give him one out of
my box."—Selected.

A magnificent piece of engine-
ering work of the fifth century,
which had been partially destroy-
ed, has been restored in Ceylon.
It is an irrigating reservoir cover-
ing a area of 4425 acres, or about
seven square miles, from which
water is taken to smaller distribut-
ing tanks more than fifty miles
away.—*Sel.*

The fire losses of the United
States last year were about \$120,-
000,000, an increase of nearly 13
per cent. over those of the previous
year.

Of the 10,000 piano makers in
the United States one-third live in
New York.