

# The Lincoln Courier.

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A MASKED MARRIAGE

BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

Edith uttered a frightened scream, and the man who came out of the window lurched suddenly forward. He was without a light, a fact which made his appearance coming out of a window at such a time all the more uncanny.

Sam recognized him at a glance to the star-light. He saw it was Tom Eckert, the bookkeeper for the Grimsby Steel company, to whom he often sold newspapers. Eckert was about to pass on without saying anything, when Sam spoke up, and addressing him, said:

"Hello, Mr. Eckert! And it is a queer time to be coming out of the mine?"

"Yes, it is rather queer," replied Eckert; "but I went in early in the evening, on some business, and the fact is, I lost my way there, and thought I never would come out."

"You are lucky, sir," rejoined Sam, "that you did not lose your way altogether. There are men say as there's a good many workings and windings in the slope now, and that it takes an old hand to find his way there, especially in the dark."

"I suppose so," was the curt comment of Tom Eckert, who after darting a furtive glance at Sam Sharp, Nood and Edith, hastened forward with a swinging stride, as if he felt that further questions would be distasteful and undesirable.

A few minutes later Nood and Edith were at home, and the poor, heart-sick mother, who had been sitting up all night, with a fevered brain, listening to the ticking of the clock, and counting the weary hours as they went by, almost swooned with joy when daughter and husband came forward to greet her.

What wonder that there were tears in the little home as the dawn of day was breaking in through the eastern window, with its message of light, and hope, and sunshine?

It was not until Edith reached her room, however, that she gave full scope to the storm of grief that had been swelling around her heart. The words of Clarence Carson, when he claimed her as his wife, after the scene in Dick Dawson's gambling room, haunted her like evil spirits, and she wondered if, by any accident whatever, of which she was not aware, he could be justified in so addressing her. Her experience at Dick Dawson's was more like a dream than a reality, and the nature of the place, as described by Sam Sharp, and who knew almost everybody in Grimsby, filled her mind with many fears as to the strange possibilities that might have occurred there.

To a girl of her sensitive nature, the very thought of having been all night in Dick Dawson's gambling rooms filled a disquiet that made her heart ache. How she got up, was of course a mystery to her, as inexplicable as the painful words of Clarence Carson. "Remember, you are my lawful wife," and all her efforts to think it out resulted, in failure.

At last, with a supreme effort of will, she said:

"I'll not think of it any longer," and resolved on refreshing her faded spirits with a few hours' sleep. In a little while the city of Grimsby would be astir again with activity, and in the meantime Edith thought she would rest.

She could hear the voices of her father and mother in an adjoining room, and she thanked God that her father was still alive, but the misery of his blindness filled her heart with a sadness more poignant than any personal grief of her own could be, and she prayed fervently that he might yet be released from darkness and the prison-house of sight restored to him.

Edith found relief in her prayers and tears, and she might have forgotten the gambler's den, for a time at least, were it not that her attention was forcibly called to the fact by the strange dress in which she found herself when about to avenge. It was the dress Dame Dawson had given her to wear in exchange for her own wet clothing, after she had been rescued from the river, and now that she knew the character of the place it had come from, she loathed the very sight of it, and hastened to put it away from her.

While she was thus engaged, a crumpled piece of paper fluttered from her bosom to the floor. She was curious to know what it could possibly contain, and picking it up, she read therein words that burned into her soul and embittered her life for many a day. They were as follows:

"My God!" she cried, at last, in her despair; "what can this mean?"

Then the words of Clarence Carson came back to her with tenfold force. "Remember, you are my lawful wife," and she sank under their crushing weight upon the bed and moaned piteously.

### CHAPTER XI.

REMBY was thrilled by a great sensation. The morning papers were full of it, and extra editions, giving the very latest particulars, were flying from the press and fluttering from the hands of rapturous newsboys.

who appreciated the value of making hay while the sun was shining, and venerated accordingly.

The theme of all this commotion, the inspiration of the big black headlines, and the cause of the clamor along the principal streets, in shrill treble voices, was the notorious attack on Philip Carson, president of the Grimsby Steel works, who, according to the reports, had been struck down in his own home by an assassin, and robbed of one hundred thousand dollars.



The indignation of the flamboyant, double-headed columns, in which these statements were printed, was all the more intense because of the fact that the money for which Mr. Carson had been murdered was intended to be used in the payment of his workmen, many of whom were in sore need on account of the disaster at the mill, which had brought death and suffering into their families.

Although Philip Carson was not yet dead, the newspapers all said he had been murdered, because at the time the reports were written he was unconscious and not expected to recover. His home was a scene of great sorrow and deep suffering. Three of the best doctors in the city were there moving mysteriously about his couch, and doing all that medical skill could accomplish to save the life of the stricken millionaire.

Zelda Carson, the beautiful daughter and favorite child of the dying man, seemed to have grown prematurely old in a few short hours. The gay, girlish spirit which made her life so sunny, and through which she had become the center of a circle of friends, deserted her, and she was now a serious, earnest woman, who had suddenly become acquainted with a great sorrow.

While the doctors were attending her father in his room, and everything was done that she could think of for his benefit, Zelda sent for the coachman, James Harkins, and calling him into the study that had been the scene of the tragedy, closed the door carefully, and said:

"James, I believe you are the only person who got a good look at the man that ran along the corridor from this room, after the crime was committed."

"I think I saw who it was, Miss Carson," said Harkins, with some hesitation.

"And you know the man?"

"Yes; it was Clarence Carson."

Before he could finish the sentence, Zelda, who had turned pale, raised her hand in warning, and said:

"Hush! Say no more; you are mistaken."

Harkins read her meaning at a glance. He was one of those devoted, faithful fellows who would rather suffer themselves than inflict pain upon those to whom they become attached by years of service, and so he said:

"It is quite possible, Miss Carson, that I was mistaken. It was no easy matter to distinguish faces in that light."

"Harkins," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "don't breathe a word of your suspicion to a soul. Our sorrow is already great, but if to this there should be added the disgrace implied in your words, it would kill me. I feel that I could not endure it."

Harkins understood. He saw that Zelda was swayed by a violent emotion, and he felt that greater than her present sorrow would be that inflicted by the disgrace of letting the world know that this black deed had been done by her own cousin, her father's cherished nephew.

"Your will shall be law with me in this matter," said the faithful Harkins, who would be glad to see Clarence Carson captured and punished for his crime, were it not that he now knew how deep would be the pain it would inflict on Zelda.

Harkins was confident of Clarence Carson's guilt. He felt that there could be no possible doubt about it, as he had seen him running away from the study immediately after the deed was done, and this view of the case was strengthened by the fact that the speedily nephew had disappeared on the very morning that the crime had been committed. Yet Harkins vowed to be silent, for Zelda's sake, because he did not like to see the family afflicted in its bereavement by a great disgrace.

Nothing more was said on the subject just then, and Harkins was about to leave the study, when Zelda's younger sister May knocked at the door and said that Mr. Eckert, their father's confidential book-keeper, desired to see her.

Zelda had some time previous conceived a strong aversion for Eckert, because of his marked and persistent attention to her. He was one of those insinuating fellows who know how to combine audacity with caution, and he had availed himself, on two or three occasions, while waiting at Zelda's house to meet her father on business, of the opportunity to play the role of the gallant. On each occasion he had been repulsed with becoming dignity, but he always tried to laugh away his discomfiture with a sinister smile.

Tom Eckert was a man of medium height and uncertain age. His hair was black and cut short, and his mustache was always carefully waxed.

Although a frequent visitor at Dick Dawson's gambling-room, he managed to maintain the reputation of being a model young man, and stood high in Mr. Carson's confidence.

Harkins never liked him, and when he entered the study in response to Miss Carson's invitation, the coachman gave him a look that was full of meaning. He received in return a contemptuous glance that was as quick and poisonous as a serpent's sting. But the cloud cleared quickly from Eckert's face as he advanced to where Zelda stood, to offer her his sympathy and his assistance in any way that she might think he could be useful.

"My dear Miss Carson," he began, "I need hardly tell you how it pains me to think of your noble father being struck down in that disastrous manner. Is there any hope?"

"The doctors do not care to venture an opinion," she said sadly.

"And is there any clue to the perpetrator of the crime?"

"Yes," said Zelda, who was off her guard, but who, suddenly recalling her grief, added, "that is to say, I mean nothing definite."

She felt that Tom Eckert was not the man to be trusted with her terrible secret. She could not count on his silence as she could on that of the steadfast Harkins, and she greatly feared that he might suspect something from her embarrassment. But if Zelda could only have noticed the face of Eckert at the moment when she said "yes" to his question, she would see that he too was embarrassed, and that her subsequent words afforded him great relief.

"Of course," he said, with his accustomed composure, "there will be all sorts of rumors about, but it will be just as well not to take too much stock in them. I have a theory that I think, if followed up, will locate the criminal."

Zelda started up at these words, and instead of the indifference which she at first showed to Eckert's presence, she manifested a sudden interest in him.

"You have!" she exclaimed eagerly.

"Tell me—oh, tell me what it is, Mr. Eckert. It may relieve my terrible suspense."

She had hoped that this man would be able to advance some idea that would clear away the cloud of guilt which hung over her cousin, and in her eagerness for some ray of hope she almost betrayed herself, but she was doomed to disappointment, as Eckert declined to tell what he knew.

He was shrewd enough to see at a glance that by keeping his alleged secret well in hand it would furnish the pretext for many interviews and much importunity on the part of the millionaire's fair daughter, and he thought to himself that it might eventually be the means of leading to something that he had long since set his heart upon.

Eckert's refusal to let Zelda share his confidence in regard to the theory that might locate the criminal, was polite and firm.

"It is absolutely impossible for me to tell any one at present," he said. "It was given to me in the strictest confidence, after I had pledged my honor not to tell a living soul; and while I feel that you are entitled to all the light that can be thrown upon this dark mystery, I am bound by my promise not to tell even you, because no exception was made, lest divulgence should defeat the ends of justice. Believe me," he added, "I shall leave nothing undone to bring the criminal to justice. Even though he were my own brother, Miss Carson, I would yield him up to the law without a pang, and gladly see him punished."

Her resolute, calm and tranquil face underwent a great change during the delivery of this speech. Eckert saw pain, anxiety, and earnest stamped on every feature, and felt his growing power; but he was prudent enough to know that the time was not ripe for him to profit by it. The dream of his life was to wed Zelda Carson. Hitherto she had been so far beyond him in social station and personal pride, that he had scarcely dared to hope that he would ever reach her, but now he felt that disaster had bridged the gulf between them, and brought her near him. The lines of suffering in her beautiful face inspired him with the hope that he might yet be able to coerce where he could not persuade, and while pretending to sympathize with her, he rejoiced in his secret, or rather secretly gloated over her sorrow.

"Can you not tell me whom you suspect?" said Zelda. "I promise not to divulge the name, if you desire me to do so."

"Please do not urge me, Miss Carson. I fear it is more than a suspicion, and when the name is known, the news will fall like a thunderbolt. For the present I must be silent, much as I would like to grant you any request."

Eckert felt that he had scored a strong point, and was about to withdraw from the scene, when the chief of police, accompanied by a handsome young man, who appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, entered the place.

Zelda extended both hands to the young man. The tears which she had been struggling to hold back during her interview with Eckert could no longer be restrained, and with a sobbing cry she exclaimed:

"Edgar, Edgar, this is horrible! What shall I do?"

It was clear to Tom Eckert that the young man thus addressed was a favorite and friend. Zelda Carson had shown no such tenderness toward her father's confidential book-keeper, and to an unprejudiced eye, this fine-looking broad-shouldered, and great voice seemed worthy of any woman's confidence.

Edgar Strong was a young lawyer, recently admitted to the bar. In his youth he had been an office boy for Philip Carson, and his gentle, polite and pleasant

manners won favor with the entire family. The friendship then formed for the poor lad never lost any of its warmth, and no one took a deeper interest in Edgar Strong's progress, or felt prouder of his splendid attainments, than did his wealthy friend, Philip Carson.

He was deeply touched by Zelda's grief, which was so intense that he scarcely knew what words to advance for the purpose of assuaging it. At length he said:

"Miss Carson, this is indeed a great blow, but you must meet it bravely. There is need now, more than ever, for the exercise of true fortitude. If I can in any way assist you, I want you to command me as you did in the old days, when I found it such a pleasure to run errands for you. I was on the point of coming of my own accord when I received your sad message."

Eckert, who had deferred his exit, heard all this, and felt chagrined to think that Zelda had sent for Edgar Strong. Already the confidential book-keeper was jealous of this splendid-looking young lawyer, and he therefore made up his mind to strike sooner than he would have done had not Edgar appeared upon the scene.

Accordingly, while Zelda was sobbing her grief out in broken accents to Edgar, who consoled her as best he could with such words of comfort as he deemed appropriate to the trying occasion, Eckert called the chief of police aside, and conversed with him in undertones.

The chief was a stout, phlegmatic man of about fifty, with iron-gray hair, and small, keen, restless eyes. Fred Ward was his name, and he had seen many good service on the Grimsby force, before he had been appointed its chief.

Tom Eckert noticed that when he called Chief Ward aside, Zelda cast a burning glance toward him, through her tears. Her fear that Eckert was about to tell something was aroused to a painful pitch, and she could scarcely hide her anxiety.

"This is the room in which the crime was committed," she heard Eckert say, in a low voice, while the chief's eyes were busy taking in the scene.

Zelda was in a state of terrible suspense. She wondered what did Eckert know, and what was he about to tell, and she would give a good deal for a few minutes' private conversation with him just then. He moved all about the room with the chief, conversing with him in a low voice, and pointing out the various indications of the fearful struggle which Philip Carson must have had with his assassin.

At last Zelda Carson could stand it no longer.

"Who knows," she thought, "what he may tell? Yes, I must speak to him. And excusing herself to Edgar Strong, she hastened across the room and said she wished to say a few words to Mr. Eckert.

The latter was shrewd enough to divine her mission, and put sufficient distance between himself and the other, so that they could not overhear the conversation.

"Have you told the chief of your suspicions?" asked Zelda, eagerly.

Eckert looked straight into her eyes, and saw that they were aglow with anxiety.

"Not yet," he answered.

"And do you expect to?"

"Yes, of course, in good time."

"Don't tell him just yet," she entreated.

"And why not?" he asked in feigned surprise.

"Because it might defeat the ends of justice," she replied, not knowing what else to say.

Eckert almost laughed aloud at this answer.

"Miss Carson," he said, assuming an air of severity, "we may as well be frank with each other. I know the cause of your anxiety. I know why you do not wish me to communicate my suspicions to the police. As a cousin it does you credit, but your duty as a daughter is clear."

"What do you mean?" she asked, her cheeks suddenly turning crimson.

"I mean," he almost hissed, "that while you would gladly punish the man who struck your father his death-blow, you are restrained by your painful position as the cousin of that man. He is a Carson, and you fear to disgrace the name."

"It is false!" she cried.

"I can prove it now," said Eckert, boldly.

"For pity's sake be silent," she entreated.

"For your sake," he whispered, "I will be silent, but remember that my future silence rests with you."

"Upon what terms?" she asked, in the hope that money could induce him to keep the secret.

"I will not name them now," he said.

"Then wait until the others go," said Zelda, "and I will see you alone."

But Eckert insisted upon going just then, and said that he would rather talk about the matter some other time. Accordingly, under the plea of having important work to do, he took his leave of Chief Ward and Edgar, and bowing profoundly to Zelda, left the room, but his shadow lingered long behind.

question with which his mind was engrossed, and which would not admit of postponement, seemed to multiply the intensity of his judicial headache.

The judge attributed the knock at his door to his unusually active and vivid imagination, and proceeded with his work. The knock was repeated.

"Confound Dick Dawson's wine," thought the judge. "He will have to improve its quality or forfeit my favor."

Again the knock came, this time a little louder than before, and the judge, realizing that it was no delusion, went to the door.

He wondered who his visitor could be, since it was well known in Grimsby that he never received anybody in his private office, which was devoted to his deepest thought and most exclusive work. He hesitated about opening the door, but thinking possibly this might be some person with an important message that concerned him, he resolved on ascertaining the nature of the interruption.

Judge Ransom was surprised to see that his visitor was a young girl of slight figure, whose face was almost hidden from view in the folds of her shawl. He was at a loss to know what to think, and in a rather brusque voice said:

"Well, what is it? What do you want?"

"If you please," said the girl, "I want to see Judge Ransom."

"I am Judge Ransom, but I am very busy, and I have no time to see any one today. What might your business be? Just be as brief as possible."

"Judge, I need see you. This is a matter of life and death—of reputation, honor, of happiness—everything, and as it concerns you too, I trust you will give me a few minutes of your time, no matter how precious it is."

There was so much eager earnestness in her voice and manner, such pathos in her pleading, that Judge Ransom hesitated about turning her away.

Fearing that he might be free to listen to her, she renewed her entreaty with increased earnestness, and said:

"Oh, judge, I am the most unhappy girl alive, and I beg that you will give me an audience of a few minutes. You please, I am in a terrible trouble."

That is killing me, and I pray you will listen, and advise me."

"You certainly seem to be in great distress," said the judge, "but you are mistaken if you think such advice as I can give you, with the present pressure upon my time, would be of any use. Besides, my good girl, you must know that my position as judge prevents me from acting the part of counsel to anyone, and your case may be something that will come before me for a judicial decision. I must therefore decline to hear you."

He was about to close the door in her face when she said, with a burst of passion that startled him:

"For Heaven's sake, judge, hear me! This is something that concerns you as well as me, and that's why I cannot consult any other lawyer in regard to it. If you refuse to listen to me now, you may have cause to regret it all your life."

"Very well, then, come in," said Judge Ransom, who had half a mind to be angry, "but I warn you to be brief, as my time is precious."

Placing a chair near his desk for his visitor, Judge Ransom turned on the gas, which was burning rather low, and by its light he saw the girl who had succeeded in gaining an audience with him was possessed of rare beauty. The shawl by which her features had been partly hidden while she stood at the door was now thrown back on her shoulders, revealing a face of unusual loveliness, which was crowned with a wealth of jet-black hair.

"Now, then," said the judge when they were seated, "what painful mission could have brought you here to see me about a matter which you say concerns me as well as you?"

"First of all, judge," she began, "I would like to ask if it is possible for a girl to be married without her knowledge or consent?"

"That's rather a peculiar question," said the judge, "and I do not think such a thing is likely to happen in our time. Years ago young women were forced by their parents to marry men whom they did not like, but the parents of to-day are not so severe, and such a case as you speak of has not recently come under my knowledge."

"My name is Edith Edwards," she began, "and I have with me a piece of paper which says that I am the wife of a man that I would not marry for all the world."

At mention of the name, Judge Ransom suddenly became interested, and darted a steadfast glance at Edith, whose eyes were red with weeping. After thinking over her experience at Dick Dawson's, the desperate attempt that had been made to abduct her, the exciting rescue by her blind father, and the strange appearance of the startling piece of paper telling her that she was the wife of Clarence Carson, she decided to see Judge Ransom, whose name was signed to the marriage certificate, and, if possible, ascertain from him the meaning of this mystery in manuscript.

Edith laid the certificate before the judge. The document stated that he had united herself and Clarence Carson in the holy bonds of matrimony in the presence of two witnesses. Judge Ransom read the paper over carefully, and saw that it was in his own handwriting. Then he recollected having officiated at an impromptu wedding in Dick Dawson's. He couldn't deny it. Indeed he did not consider it necessary to do so, considering the fact that the groom and bride were both willing. The part he had played in the matter might, he thought, be open to criticism, but he was ready to defend it on the ground that it was a runaway match, and that he felt he was acting in the girl's interest when he tied the nuptial knot to shield her from disgrace. It is true that he was not actuated by any such considerations when he officiated at the strange wedding in Dick Dawson's, while the wife

had lost of his common sense, but there was nothing to prevent him from taking advantage of an *ex post facto* motive, even if he could not avail himself of a law of such a nature.

After scrutinizing the paper carefully, he said:

"This is not a very elaborate marriage certificate, but it is genuine and regular, and secures to you your husband as completely as if it was printed in letters of gold."

"That is not what I wish to know, judge," said Edith. "I am anxious to ascertain whether you wrote the certificate?"

"Most certainly," the judge replied, with emphasis. "Your husband cannot deny that fact. I performed the ceremony at his own request."

"But why is my name in the paper?" faltered Edith, who saw that the judge did not quite understand her.

"For the very best of reasons, because you were the bride. I trust there is no misunderstanding about the matter on either side. I performed the ceremony in good faith for the satisfaction of both, with the consent of both, and for the benefit of both; and I trust there is no cause for regret or misunderstanding already. Does your husband refuse to recognize the marriage?"

"Judge, I have to be brief. I am not married. I never have been. There is some fearful mistake here, and I want you to help me clear it up," said Edith.

It was evident to Judge Ransom that she was intensely earnest, and her conduct puzzled him.

"Do you mean to say that you are not the Edith Edwards here mentioned?" he asked.

"My name is Edith Edwards," she said, "but I have never been married to this man, or anybody else."

"Were you not at Dick Dawson's last night?" he queried.

"Yes, I was taken there by accident; but I was not married to Clarence Carson."

The judge flushed angrily, and darted an indignant glance at her, as he said:

[To Be Continued.]

Don't scowl, it shows your face. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your forehead to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh! how much older you look for it. Scowling is a habit which steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross" we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answerseth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in peace that it will reflect ourselves in placid countenances. If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death, often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten those creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.

Forethought is sometimes learned at the expense of bitter experience. A soldier writes: In the fall of 1864 we were in West Tennessee, on short rations. Our regiment had been fighting hard.

One day Capt. G—and myself sat eating beans and coffee, when a shell fell close to our tent-door. We could see the blue smoke curling from its base.

The captain at once clapped his hat off from over the beans, put it on his head, sat down, and finished his eating, remarking, "Rations are too scarce to lose any by foolishness."

Jumping up, the captain took the hat off from over the beans, put it on his head, sat down, and finished his eating, remarking, "Rations are too scarce to lose any by foolishness."

Charlotte people," as is learned from the News, "are eating beef that was killed and dressed in Kansas City, Mo." It comes packed in refrigerator cars and all butchers are selling it. "And this in a State where grass grows in the greatest luxuriance. We ship a little cotton, then buy cotton goods from Massachusetts, buy beef from Kansas City, bacon from Cincinnati, corn from Illinois, flour from Minnesota and then sit down and wonder why it is that we are so poor.—Statesville Landmark.

It is reported that the Emperor of Austria, whose health has been affected very seriously by the shock of his son's death, will soon seek rest and distraction from anxiety in foreign travel under the strictest incognito.

It's rare to see a man mowing on the ice, but such a sight was possible the other day at Mount Vernon, Me. After a swamp froze up, enough grass remained above the ice to warrant a thrifty farmer cutting it and drawing it home for bedding for his horses.—Progressive Farmer.

Frugal.

When pending the eye-brows avoid allowing the pencil to wander around on your brow, or down the bridge of the nose, thereby giving rude persons occasion for making unpleasant remarks.

The ordinary liquid glass used in mending broken crockery will keep one's bangs in place when they have the disagreeable habit of slipping down over one's face. Do not wear your bangs after midnight, as they have a fresher look if carefully placed in a large flat book and put between the mattresses for the night.—Times.

Good Manners.

Good manners are among the greatest charms a person can possess, and everybody should cultivate them, especially young people.

They are something money cannot purchase, for there is only one way of obtaining them, and that is by habitual practice.

We know a good mother who used to say:

"Always use good manners at home, and then when you go among strangers you need never be alarmed for it will be perfectly natural to be polite and respectful."

This is true, and we have always thought that the best way to do anything right was to get into the habit of doing it right.

Hardly anything is of more consequence than good manners and politeness in a boy or girl. They render those who possess them favorites with their relations or friends, and prepossess strangers towards them. Politeness costs nothing and at the same time is of the greatest value.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE—

The Best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

Why We Are Poor.

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GUMBERT, January 18—

This is to certify that on the date hereinafter signed, Clarence Carson and Edith Edwards, both of the city of Grimsby, were by me united in the holy bonds of matrimony, in the presence of witnesses and in accordance with the laws of this commonwealth.

GILBERT RANSOM, Judge.

Richard Dawson, Witness.  
Alice Dawson, Witness.

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