

A NIGHT OF SOBBING.

MRS. GALLUP LAMENTS THAT HER TIME ON EARTH IS SHORT.

She Heard the Summons to Get Ready to Be an Angel and Had a Little Talk With Mr. Gallup About Whom He Should Select For His Second Wife.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

After supper Mr. Gallup had gone over to the store for a whetstone and a paper of carpet tacks, and as he went Mrs. Gallup was washing up the dishes and singing "The Home Over There" with great feeling. He returned in half an hour, and as he reached the kitchen door the sound of sobbing met his ears. He looked in to find Mrs. Gallup weeping back and forth on a chair with her check apron at her eyes. Something had happened. He didn't inquire what it was, but turned about and sat on the doorstep and in an absent way began sharpening a sickle with the stone he had bought. It was five minutes before Mrs. Gallup volunteered an explanation. When she saw that he had neither anxiety nor sympathy, she hitched her chair into the doorway, used a fresh spot on the apron to wipe her eyes and finally said: "Samuel, when you've got that sickle sharpened you might go over to Mrs. Bebee's and tell her that I shall be a dead woman before tomorrow. You

how I allus got along on two pairs a year?"

Mr. Gallup whistled softly to himself as he felt of the edge of the sickle with his thumb. The whistle conveyed no direct information, but was a whistle in the abstract. Mrs. Gallup looked at the back of his neck for a moment and worked up and choked back a sob and then said: "There's Phoebe Cousins, whom everybody likes, but she's an old maid and sot in her ways. She never back-bites nor gits mad, but she wants everything jest so. If you come into the house and throwed your hat down on the floor or pulled your boots off in the parlor in the evenin, she'd raise the awfulest kind of a row. I guess you'll hev to marry a gal, Samuel. You are old 'nuff to be the father of any gal around here, but I don't see no other way. Hev you got any pertickler gal in mind? I was thinkin of Sue Sabins the other day. She's 20 years old and a great hand to work, and mebbe you'd be happy with her. Her mother says Sue likes to be petted. You've never petted me, but mebbe you'll change when I am gone. No, Samuel, I can't remember a time in 27 years when you've pulled my ear or patted me on the shoulder or poked me in the ribs. I—I—"

The remembrance that there had been no shoulder patting or ear pulling during all those long years brought a fresh outburst of emotion, and for two minutes Mrs. Gallup sobbed bitterly. Mr. Gallup laid down the whetstone and the sickle and picked up the paper of tacks and balanced it on the point of his finger, but he was oblivious of his surroundings.

"I—I don't complain, Samuel," said Mrs. Gallup when she could control her voice again. "When I saw that you was no hand to pet, I let it go. I'm old and wrinkled and scrawny, and I can't look fur pettin. It will be different with a gal, however. If you don't pull her ear at least once a week and call her angel, she'll git sulky and finally run away with a tin peddler. Mrs. Bebee was sayin that Bertha Williams would make a good gal wife fur you, and Mrs. Williams says that you could not do better than to marry Mary Hawkins, but I ain't goin to pick out nobody fur you nor find fault with your choice. All I'm goin to do is to die and become an angel and let you do jest as you want to. I've got jest one leetle favor to ask."

The lump in her throat and the tears in her eyes checked her speech for half a minute, and during that time Mr. Gallup put the tacks down and lifted up the sickle again.

"It's only this, Samuel. You needn't do no weepin fur me when I'm gone, and you needn't hang over the gate and try to look all broke up over my loss. You kin go right to playin checkers as soon as the funeral is over, but some night, later on, when you are all alone in the house and the crickets are singin, I want you to remember that I had my good p'int as well as my bad. I want you to remember that I used a clothes biler with seven holes in the bottom fur nine years without mendin and that I hain't had a new corset fur 'leven years. Our teakettle is over 9 years old, and I've made one set of cups and sassers last us since we was married. That's all, Samuel, and now I'll go in and die, and you kin be lookin' around fur your second wife!"

She rose up with a sob and retreated into the house, but Mr. Gallup knew nothing of it. He hung the sickle on a nail near the door, put the whetstone and tacks on a shelf in the wood shed, and then walked down the path and closed the henhouse door and cast a look into the pig pen. When he returned to the house, Mrs. Gallup was looking at her bowl of emptyings under the stove and humming the air of "I Want to Be an Angel." She had had her lamentation and got over it, and it would be three or four days before she would break out again. M. QUAD.

The Court Needed Posting.
A trial was progressing at the City Hall police court when the judge espied in a group of young girls mingling in the large audience a delinquent witness whom it was urgent he interview.

"Mr. Marshall," his honor exclaimed, "have that young lady step here."
"Which young lady, your honor?"
"I don't know her name—the one with the light straw hat and dark skirt," the court added. The clew was insufficient.

"What kind of waist?" inquired the marshal.
"Ruffle on the sleeves and trimmed with—er—the usual sort of what d'you call em," said the court.

"I understand. You mean leg of mutton sleeves, with—er—what's his name attachments," replied the marshal to faint hope of striking the technical term.

"No; not exactly," said the judge.
"Would you recognize an empire gown if you saw one, Mr. Marshal?"
"Upon oath, no; I wouldn't swear to it."

"Well, I know it wasn't an empire gown or a Mother Hubbard. I don't think you understand much about female apparel."

But here the young lady generously stepped forward, while a little boy laughed, and the marshal threatened to send him to the penitentiary for life. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Superior to all Tasteless Tonics.
The people will quickly recognize the Superior Qualities of YUCATAN (Improved) over the many so-called Tasteless Tonics. They are unreliable and the dose is uncertain. Yucatan Chill Tonic (Improved) requires no shaking of the bottle. The medicine is thoroughly dissolved; each dose contains the same proportion of medicine. Formula on each bottle, consisting of QUININE which drives out malaria, IRON which tones up the system and FERROIN which produces a hearty appetite. Any physician or druggist will tell you there is NO BETTER PRESCRIPTION for MALARIA and its kindred diseases. Pleasant to take; does not sicken or nauseate, and is acceptable to the most delicate stomach. PRICE, 50 CENTS. For sale by all dealers. THE CARLSTEDT MEDICINE CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, Evansville, Ind.

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I respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of the people in this section. Very truly,

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Easy Shaves and Artistic Haircuts. Competent Assistants. Clean Towels. Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty.

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WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED July 22d, 1900.	No. 28, Daily		No. 29, Daily		No. 100, Daily except Sunday		No. 41, Daily		No. 4, Daily	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Weldon	11 50	8 58
Ar. Rocky Mt.	1 00	9 58
Leave Tarboro	12 21	6 00
Lv. Rocky Mt.	1 06	9 52	6 37	5 15	5 53
Lv. Wilson	1 59	10 25	7 10	5 57	5 30
Leave Selma	2 55	11 11
Lv. Fayetteville	4 30	12 32
Ar. Florence	7 25
Ar. Goldsboro	7 55
Lv. Goldsboro	8 30
Lv. Magnolia	7 51	8 26
Ar. Wilmington	9 20	9 00

TRAIN GOING NORTH.

DATED July 22d, 1900.	No. 78, Daily		No. 101, Daily except Sunday		No. 28, Daily		No. 41, Daily		No. 4, Daily	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Florence	7 35
Lv. Fayetteville	8 25
Lv. Selma	10 54
Ar. Wilson	11 23
Lv. Wilmington	7 00	9 26
Lv. Magnolia	8 20	11 10
Lv. Goldsboro	9 57	12 28
Leave Wilson
Ar. Rocky Mt.
Ar. Tarboro
Leave Tarboro
Lv. Rocky Mt.
Ar. Weldon

Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 8:55 p. m., Halifax 1:17 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:00 p. m., Greenville 6:37 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m., returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:58 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:15 a. m., Weldon 11:33 a. m., daily except Sunday.
H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass Agent
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager
T. EMERSON, Traffic Manager

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad

TIME TABLE No. 18.
November 3, 1900.

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Passenger, Daily.		Mixed F. & P. Daily except Sunday.		Passenger, Sundays Only.
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	
Goldsboro
Beaumont
LaGrange
Falling Creek
Kinston
Caswell
Dover
Core Creek
Tuscarora
Clark's
Newbern
Riverdale
Croatan
Havelock
Newport
Wildwood
Atlantic
Morehead City
Morehead Depot

WESTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Passenger, Daily.		Mixed F. & P. Daily except Sunday.		Passenger, Sundays Only.
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	
Goldsboro
Beaumont
LaGrange
Falling Creek
Kinston
Caswell
Dover
Core Creek
Tuscarora
Clark's
Newbern
Riverdale
Croatan
Havelock
Newport
Wildwood
Atlantic
Morehead City
Morehead Depot

S. L. DILL, Superintendent.
B. A. NEWLAND, Master Transportation.
J. C. LEWIS, Chief Dispatcher.