

STEER BY THE STAR.

Night on the sea, and one lone ship
In the midst of the darkness there
A trackless waste spread all about,
And the blackness everywhere,
But gleaming in the sky above
Are seen the beams of the night,
Set there to guide that lonely ship
Across the pathless sea aright.

The waves roll high and toss the ship,
A plaything on their turbid crest;
The sea lifts up its eager arms
And opens wide its heaving breast.
But safely still the vessel rides,
For one there is who guides aright,
Because his eyes are fixed upon
Those faithful beams of the night.

No vessel sailing o'er life's sea
But safely may the harbor find
If the Great Beacon of the sky
Be ever kept in sight and mind.
The light at times may shine but dim,
The way seem dark, the harbor far,
But he cannot get off the course
Who guides his vessel by the Star.

—Arthur J. Burdick in Los Angeles Herald.

Pens, Ink and Paper.

"Now, I am going to be quite quiet," says my lady, "for you are going to write a letter. You will find everything you want at my writing table." She says this with rather a superb air. "If it wobbles," she adds more hastily, "put that little 'where is it' under the front leg. No, it won't hurt, really. I keep it there for the purpose."

If there is everything I want at the writing table, I might also suggest—only, of course, I wouldn't be such a brute—that there are several things upon it which I don't want.

The principal articles on the table are as follows: A penwiper, with a group of silver dachshunds on the top; two vases of flowers and an "art" pot with bulrushes in it, a patent contrivance for moistening stamps, two large pockets of dress patterns ("if not returned in ten days, will be charged \$5.00"), a magnifying glass, a massive silver inkstand, with a receptacle for ink about the size of a thimble inside; a knowing looking cashbox without a key, a china monkey, two quill pens with broad points, their feathers stiff with gum, having been lately used to paste pictures in a scrapbook; a photograph frame of untarnishable metal, a case for postcards, a case for twine, a case for almanac cards, a case for stamps (all these empty) and a case for Bradshaw (1889).

"Oh, do you want some note paper?" my lady exclaims in a tone in which natural surprise mingles with pretty impatience for not having noticed my want sooner. "It is in the right hand drawer. You open it with a paper knife—look, like this."

"I'm afraid there is no note paper here," says my lady, pushing her slender hand, lace ruffles and all, to the back of the drawer and pulling out some more dress patterns and a quantity of unpaid bills, "but I'll run and get some from papa's study."

"Oh, no; don't!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Stay here. Show me again how this drawer opens."

"Nonsense! The drawer is open, and it is nearly past time."

"My letter is not important."

"But you said it was."

"I don't think it is now."

"Oh," rather quickly, "I think I should like to get you that note paper."

"And now"—laying it before me—"you must write your letter quickly if you want to get it off in time, and you mustn't talk any more."

"I won't. But isn't there something rather bumpy in this blotting book?"

"Oh, yes; that is chocolate. I always keep it in the pocket of my blotter, and then my maid doesn't eat it. Take it out while you are writing, but put it back again."

"Won't you take it out for me?"

"No. But you may eat some of it if you like."

My lady sits down in a basket chair—it creaks delightfully—and tucks her kitten on her knee. The kitten makes playful pats at her with his paws, crouches down on her knee and springs at her hand, fastening his claws in her lace. My lady shakes her head reprovingly, then seizes him and holds him close to her and pretends to kiss him.

"You don't seem to be getting on with your letter very quickly."

"I can't bear to sit here and see that cat destroy your ruffles."

"Kitty and I will take another chair."

"Come, now; that's not fair."

"It's nearly past time. You really must get up with that letter."

"Well, will you go back and sit in the basket chair?"

"No."

"I can't write unless you do."

"That's silly."

"It is true."

"Oh, well!"

The basket chair begins to creak again. I wish I could remember what I was going to say in this letter. I really would get on with it if I could, but for the life of me I can't remember what I was going to write about. The kitten has gone on a tour of discovery round the room, and my lady sits, with lightly folded hands, looking out of the window.

The china monkey grins at me. I do wish I could remember what I wanted to say. I suck the top of my pen; it tastes bad.

Presently my lady looks round. When she turns her head, it just makes a man feel inclined to stare helplessly at her and wonder how she does it. All the old smiles about swanlike movements and Boverlike grace seem horribly inadequate when my lady turns her head. She bends it a little forward as she turns it, and one sees the wonderful lines of her neck and shoulder and the contour of her cheek, clear cut against the light from the window.

"You are quite sure you have everything you want?"

It is possible that she has been expecting to hear the scratching of my pen on the paper for some time past.

"I am quite sure I haven't."

"Oh, I am so sorry," says my lady. She rises from her chair and comes half way across the room toward me. Then she sees me looking at her, and she stops.

"You knew I meant writing materials?" she says, with terrible severity.

"But there isn't any ink."

"Oh, dear! Has it dried up again?"

"It has, and I am quite sure these pens are not fit to use."

"Oh, and it is past post time! What will you do? I am afraid it is all my fault."

"I am sure of it."

"I really did think there was everything in that writing table." Then again, "What will you do?"

"I think I'll go for a walk in the garden with you."

"Oh, but I am so busy."

"Still, I really think you ought to do something to make up for making me lose the post."

"Well, it must only be for a few minutes, remember."

It is two hours later when, having reached the garden somehow—I never can remember how—we return to the house. As we cross the lawn my lady is saying to me, "And I'll always help you to write your letters, and your writing table shall have paper and stamps and everything you want in it."—Exchange.

One of Many Enthusiasts.
Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of The National Magazine, published at Boston, was in Buffalo recently and became much interested in the Exposition. On his return to Boston he wrote to an official of the Exposition as follows: "I was indeed sorry not to have seen you when in Buffalo, but I did see the Exposition and was astonished beyond measure. I wish that you would send on anything that you think might be of interest to our readers and make it as attractive as possible, and I shall keep on hammering away at the Exposition editorially until it opens, because I am thoroughly enthused over the subject."

An Invention.
Lawyer (examining witness)—Where was your maid at the time?
Lady—In my boudoir, arranging my hair.
Lawyer—And were you there also?
Lady (indignantly)—Sir!—Exchange.

The men-of-war of the Romans had a crew of about 225 men, of which 174 were oarsmen working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about six miles an hour in fair weather.

A few more Boarders desired at Hotel Bailey!
Those desiring to secure good board at a reasonable rate are solicited to give us a trial immediately.

I Have Now on Hand One Car Load of Nice STOVE WOOD.
Wood sold by car load or wagon load.
Prices reasonable. Try me.
J. A. STREET,
Wood, Coal and Machinery,
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HEADQUARTERS FOR
Repairs on Pumps
Pump Material a Specialty.
Shops at same old stand.

New Designs in Millinery
Every Week!
Last shipment just in today.

All Shoes
At Cost for the Next Thirty Days.
Avail Yourself of This Opportunity.

A. R. MILLER.
NOV. 5, 1900.

WINE OF CARDUI
HEALTHY OLD AGE.



LARUE, BENTON CO. ARK., Aug. 4.
I am 49 years old and have been suffering with Change of Life. I had flooding spells so bad that none thought I could live. My husband got me Wine of Cardui and it saved my life. I am like another person since taking it.
MRS. E. B. TOWNSEND.

WINE OF CARDUI
It is the devout wish of nearly all people to live to a ripe old age. None of us want to die young. This universal desire can be realized if care be taken of the health in early and middle life. A little precaution then will add many years to our existence. Death can be kept away a long time. Happy, healthy old age will be the lot of the woman who promptly corrects the ailments which afflict her sex. In youth, Wine of Cardui will take the female child safely over the dividing line between girlhood and womanhood. As a wife she needs it to help her through the trials of pregnancy and childbirth with as little discomfort as possible. At the Change of Life it will help her over the dangerous place that appears in her pathway between 40 and 50. Then will come many years of truly blissful existence. She will grow old slowly and gracefully. To the last she will preserve that charm and beauty which are always characteristic of perfectly healthy grandmothers. It is for women alone to decide whether they will be healthy or sick. The remedy for their sickness is close at hand.

LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT.
For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, Ladies' Advisory Dept., THE CHATTANOOGA MEDICINE CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

LARGE BOTTLES OF WINE OF CARDUI SOLD FOR \$1.00 BY DRUGGISTS.

WINE OF CARDUI

Prompt Delivery
FROM.....
FRENCH & SUGG.

You can always expect it when you order your food supplies from this reliable store. We can supply your demand for

Choice Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Pickles, Relishes, Sauces, Olives, Country Hams and other articles kept by a first-class Grocery at rock bottom prices.

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FOR.. \$5.00



Simple Clockwork Motor. Mechanism Visible. Durable Construction.

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When accompanied by a Recorder this Graphophone can be used to make Records like the standard Records. Send order and money to our nearest office.
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ST. LOUIS, 720-722 Olive St.
WASHINGTON, 419 Pennsylvania Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, 1023 Chestnut St.
BALTIMORE, 110 E. Baltimore St.
BUFFALO, 315 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 125 Geary St.
LONDON. PARIS. BERLIN.

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No. 14, QUEEN ST., KINSTON, N. C.

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Air-Tight Heaters!

The same that have been so highly prized by our customers for the past three seasons.

Cook Stoves, Guns, Pumps, Stove Pipe, Stove Repairs, etc.
As cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call.

The New Hardware Store.
Prepare now, for Comfort in Cold weather
By buying
DIXON & HOOKER'S HEATERS.



We have the BEST HEATERS for the money on the market.
One trial will convince you
The KING, The COMFORT, The CENTURY and the BOSS.

See the Heaters and get the prices.
We are headquarters for Buggy Harness.

We have been asked how can we afford to sell Harness so low. We always buy in such quantities as to quote the lowest possible prices, and our sales are so numerous the small profit on each set added together enables us to sell low.

Come and try us.

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Easy Shaves and Artistic Haircuts.
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Clean Towels.
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.....AT.....
T. B. BROWN'S Restaurant,
Above the Saloon.

Highest cash price paid for Partridges by T. B. Brown.

WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD.
CONDENSED SCHEDULE
TRAINS GOING SOUTH

DATED July 22d, 1900.	No. 22 Daily	No. 25 Daily	No. 28 Daily	No. 31 Daily	No. 34 Daily	No. 37 Daily	No. 40 Daily
Leave Weldon	11:50	8:58	6:58	5:10	3:30	2:00	1:00
Ar. Rocky Mt.	1:00	8:58	6:58	5:10	3:30	2:00	1:00
Leave Tarboro.	12:21	9:58	7:58	6:00	4:20	2:50	1:50
Lv. Rocky Mt.	1:05	9:52	7:52	6:05	4:25	2:55	1:55
Leave Weldon	1:50	10:25	8:25	6:35	4:55	3:25	2:25
Leave Selma	2:55	11:10	9:10	7:20	5:40	4:10	3:10
Lv. Fayetteville	4:30	12:22	10:22	8:30	6:50	5:20	4:20
Ar. Florence	7:25	2:24	1:24	1:24	1:24	1:24	1:24
Ar Goldsboro	P. M.	A. M.	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55
Lv. Goldsboro	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55
Lv. Magnolia	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55	7:55
Ar. Wilmington	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30

TRAINS GOING NORTH

No. 78 Daily	No. 104 Daily	No. 106 Daily	No. 108 Daily	No. 110 Daily	No. 112 Daily	No. 114 Daily	No. 116 Daily
Lv. Florence	9:50	7:50	6:50	5:50	4:50	3:50	2:50
Lv. Fayetteville	12:20	10:20	9:20	8:20	7:20	6:20	5:20
Leave Selma	1:50	10:54	9:54	8:54	7:54	6:54	5:54
Arrive Weldon	2:25	11:38	10:38	9:38	8:38	7:38	6:38
Lv. Wilmington	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00
Lv. Magnolia	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30
Lv. Goldsboro	9:37	9:37	9:37	9:37	9:37	9:37	9:37
Leave Weldon	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30
Ar. Rocky Mt.	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30
Arrive Tarboro	6:46	6:46	6:46	6:46	6:46	6:46	6:46
Lv. Rocky Mt.	3:30	14:07	14:07	14:07	14:07	14:07	14:07
Ar. Weldon	4:32	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00

Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 8:55 p. m., Halifax 4:17 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 6:08 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:52 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:18 a. m., Weldon 11:35 a. m., daily except Sunday.

H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass Agent
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager
T. W. EMERSON, Traffic Manager

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad
TIME TABLE No. 18.
November 3, 1900.

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Passenger. Daily.	Mixed P.M. and Pass. Daily except Sunday.	Passenger. Sunday Only.
Goldsboro	8:40	7:00	7:40
Best's	4:00	8:58	8:00
LaGrange	4:00	8:15	8:00
Falling Creek	4:20	8:27	8:20
Kinston	4:45	9:24	8:50
Caswell	4:45	9:28	8:55
Dover	4:55	10:15	8:55
Core Creek	5:07	10:40	9:07
Tuscarora	5:19	11:15	9:21
Clark's	5:25	11:31	9:25
Newbern	5:50	12:30	9:50
Riversdale	6:15	2:12	10:15
Croatan	6:15	2:20	10:15
Havelock	6:20	3:05	10:20
Newport	6:43	3:24	10:43
Wildwood	6:49	3:47	10:49
Atlantic	6:54	3:53	10:54
Morehead City	7:07	4:13	11:07
Morehead Depot	7:15	4:25	11:15

WESTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Passenger. Daily.	Mixed P.M. and Pass. Daily except Sunday.	Passenger. Sundays Only.
Goldsboro	11:05	8:15	8:00
Best's	10:45	8:35	8:20
LaGrange	10:25	8:55	8:40
Falling Creek	10:25	9:15	8:40
Kinston	10:15	9:35	8:30
Caswell	9:55	9:55	8:15
Dover	9:30	10:15	8:00
Core Creek	9:20	10:40	8:00
Tuscarora	9:00	11:15	8:00
Clark's	8:45	11:30	8:15
Newbern	8:15	12:30	8:15
Riversdale	7:45	2:10	8:15
Croatan	7:45	2:18	8:15
Havelock	7:40	2:45	8:10
Newport	7:25	3:04	8:05
Wildwood	7:25	3:27	8:05
Atlantic	7:20	3:43	8:05
Morehead City	7:07	4:03	8:07
Morehead Depot	7:00	4:15	8:00

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