

THE MARION RECORD

"A DEMOCRATIC FAMILY NEWSPAPER."

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NO. 14.

A Chinese custom is the throwing into the ocean of thousands of pieces of paper when friends are about to sail away. Each piece bears written on it a prayer.

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Attorneys at Law.

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Making Artificial Whalebone.

According to the Genie Civil, the Munck process for the manufacture of artificial whalebone is likely to develop into an important industry. It consists in first treating a raw hide with sulphide of sodium and then removing the hair; following this, the hide is immersed for a period of twenty-four to thirty-six hours in a weak solution of double sulphate of potash and is then stretched upon a frame or table, in order that it may not contract upon drying. The desiccation is allowed to proceed slowly in broad daylight and the hide is then exposed to a temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees; the influence of the light, combined with the action of the double sulphate of potash absorbed by the skin, renders the gelatinous insoluble in water and prevents putrefaction, the moisture, moreover, being completely expelled. Thus prepared the skin is submitted to a strong pressure, which gives to it almost the hardness and elasticity which characterize the genuine whalebone, with the advantage that before or after the processes of desiccation any color desired may be imparted to it by means of a dye bath. The material can be rendered still further resistant to moisture by simply coating it with rubber, varnish, lac, or other substance of the kind.—Chicago Herald.

Odd Way to Achieve Matrimony.

Queer marriages are not uncommon in Germany, but the way in which a man named Hermann May chooses to achieve matrimony is particularly odd. He stopped a pretty young woman in the street with the words: "Kindly read this, young lady!" and placed a letter in her hand at the same time. The letter was an offer of marriage in proper form. The man was arrested on her complaint and explained in court that he had captured his first wife, since deceased, in the same way.—New York Sun.

The Toothsome Tinamou.

The toothsome red bird and quail will have a rival in a new claimant for popular favor. It is the tinamou, a native of South America, whence they are exported. The bird is described as being a little bigger than a quail, but not as large as a pheasant. It is deep olive color, slightly and narrowly banded with black, with a red crown. It is decidedly gamey in flavor, and sells for \$6 a dozen. The bird promises to become a favorite.—Philadelphia Record.

Tonsorial.

WM. SWEENEY,
Practical and Scientific Barber. Over
Street's drug store. Call and see
me, as I promise satisfaction in all in-
stances.

R. J. Burgin.

Dentist.

Offers his professional services to his
friends and former patrons of
Marion and vicinity. All work
guaranteed to be first class, and
as reasonable as such work can
be afforded.

Office opposite the Fleming House.

THE

Marion Record

Is the only Democratic Newspaper in
McDowell county, and has a large cir-
culation in adjoining counties. It pub-
lishes all the news without fear or
favor, and is the organ of no ring or
clique.

It is the bold champion of the peo-
ple's rights, an earnest advocate of
the best interests of the county of McDow-
ell and the town of Marion. Its ad-
vertising rates are reasonable, and the sub-
scription price is \$1.00 per year in ad-
vance.

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country brimming full of choice reading
matter for business men, farmers, me-
chanics, and the home circles of all
classes subscribe and pay for the
RECORD. If you don't, why just don't,
and the paper will be printed every
Thursday evening as usual.

If you haven't enough interest in your
county's welfare to sustain the best ad-
vocate of its diversified interests, and its
true friend—the newspaper—you need
not expect a 2-column obituary notice
when your old stingy bones are hid
from the eyes of progress in the
ground.

—

All who owe subscriptions to the

RECORD will be dropped from our list

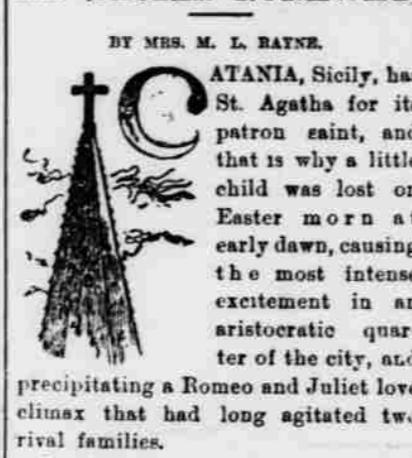
unless they pay up at once.

Yours Respectfully,

The Marion Record,

AN EASTER RUNAWAY.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.



To the dungeon with him! Send for the—"

"Stay, reverend father," said Leonardi, laying a detaining hand on the priestly arm, "this is the offender, this child, who is of my own lineage, and I will pay you for the harm she has wrought. You shall have a present for every flower spoiled."

"But my rug—my beautiful, precious rug, sent from the princely house of Bisigari? Think you, signor, they will take money for its spoiling?"

"Listen, father," said the Signorina Beatrice, at this moment approaching, "I have sent Anita for some flowers, and I will repay the damage this poor baby has done. Leonardi, di thou will help me?" This with a heavenly blush, as she stretched out a supplianting hand.

It all came about from the willful

curiosity of little Agatha Boneti, who

wanted to see the pretty lady with the

veil. The child's nurse had told her

the wonderful story of which every

Sicilian child knows, the miraculous

veil which the saint had extended

against the great wave of lava that

was pouring over the valley, and how

the lava tide turned toward the sea

and the vineyards and cities were

saved from destruction. It was to

see the dear St. Agatha in her Easter

glory that the little namesake ran

away in her muslin and lace night-

robe and her brave little lace cap.

Her naked, rosy feet pattered along

the street to the big church, where

all the wonderful sights were making

ready for Easter.

It was very early, even for devout

worshippers, but a lovely penitent was

already kneeling at the altar, and from

behind a pillar a dark, hand-

some cavalier watched and waited for

her. They were lovers by stealth,

but the girl's duenna was in sympathy

with them, and was saying a prayer

at a distance with her back turned.

And just then the little night-clad

child came in as round and fresh and

rosy as if it had just dropped from

heaven with the kiss of creation new

on its innocent lips.

It was to be an unconscious agent of

both good and evil in its own irre-
sponsible way.

The beautiful Signorina Beatrice Di

Garmo had finished her prayers and

turned just in time to suppress a

scream of apprehension at what she

saw. Too late! The mischief was

done.

The frightened duenna dared not re-
sist, and seeing her young mistress

smile at her reassuringly, she took

heart of grace, and said to herself, it

was ever so; young love would have

its way, and she pretended to herself

to be glad she was old.

The great congregation had not half

filled the church, the choir in scarlet

and lace were chanting the services

when the Lady Beatrice di Garmo rose

from her knees, her veil concealing

her face, and the superb rug was dis-

played, perfect in its first conception,

a masterpiece of floral embroidery.

And being faint with excitement and

no small degree of fear, she did not

stop for further adoration—she had

prayed incessantly while she wrought—but took her husband's arm, and, followed by her strange retinue, left the church, Leonardi guiding her steps to his sister's house.

Here all was terror and confusion;

messengers had been sent for Leonardi

and had returned without finding him.

The police were hunting everywhere.

Agatha, the only child, was lost.

But when they received her from

the arms of the new aunt, and were

told that old feuds were now to be

laid aside, and the story of the finding

of the little St. Agatha, and the re-

pairing of the mischief her small fin-

gers had done, was repeated, what

could they do but add their forgive-

ness to the Easter jubilee, and before

night the two families were united at

the feast of Easter. And the little

bridesmaid was crowned as befitting

one who had brought about such a

happy state of affairs by running away

to look for her patron saint, her

dear St. Agatha.

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