

HOPSON'S HATE.

The old man Kitty Hopson refused to marry old Moorstone her father marched her upstairs to her room and locked her in with the words: "You'll stay there until you consent to be his wife."

Now Kitty happened to be desperately in love with Ned Braxton, who stood six feet in his stockings and was the handsomest man in all the county, and she did not propose to marry an imbecile old patriarch even at her father's command.

Through Nancy, the hired girl, she managed to communicate with her lover, and the next morning nothing was seen of Kitty but two tracks in the carpet bed.

Here Farmer Hopson swore and tore around and vowed he would never, never forgive them! Why, for weeks no one dared say good morning to him. He was a cold, hard man, and he vowed Kitty should yet suffer for having crossed his will.

Kitty and her husband lived happily for half a year. But then sickness came and for nearly another half-year Ned lay a helpless invalid. The season proved unfavorable, too, and the crops failed. The money Ned had saved ran out; and, worse than all, the two-years' lease would soon expire, and Farmer Hopson had given notice that it wouldn't be renewed.

At last, when they were reduced to absolute need, and Kitty saw her husband dying for the want of those comforts essential to the sick, she rose and went to her father to implore his pardon and pity. She even knelt at his feet, but he spurned her away. He had said, the reader will remember, that he would never grant pardon to his daughter or her husband—not if they were starving or begging on their knees!—and Gomery Hopson was not the man to break his word.

That same night Farmer Hopson was taken with a deadly epidemic then raging. He had all along intended to disinheritor his daughter, but, like many men, he had a superstitious repugnance to making a will. But now he must act at once, or it might prove too late.

"Make haste to Lawyer Poachard," he said to a trusty messenger; "tell him I want a will made of all my property to Marsyas Moorstone, and tell him to fetch it all ready to be signed, for I mayn't be able to talk much by the time he gets here."

The lawyer returned with the messenger, and was conducted directly to the sick-room, where he remained a short time with the farmer. Then two witnesses were called in, before whom Mr. Hopson signed a paper, which had hardly strength enough to tell them was his will, and requested them to witness it.

It seemed very curious that the testatrix, whose worldly goods consisted only of her own wearing apparel, a one-eyed parrot and a phthisicky monkey, should leave them to a crusty old bachelor, whom she had never spoken well of, instead of to her only daughter, Kitty Tartar.

Some charitably thought that Gomery Hopson had relented toward his daughter during the brief private conference with Lawyer Poachard. But more suspected that the latter, having the two wills about him, ready for signature, got them mixed, and in the hurry got the farmer to sign Mrs. Plackett's, and vice versa.

Be that as it might, it was too late to correct mistakes, and the old lawyer discreetly held his tongue. Kitty Braxton was able to provide her husband with every comfort now, and his recovery was rapid and complete.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whiskey, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before.

The one journal which applauds Mr. Blaine's defense of Trusts detests the Farmers' Alliance and condemns the Knights of Labor. This is perfectly natural. Sympathy will out. A fellow-feeling with monopolists makes men wondrous kind towards Trusts and wonderfully malicious against those who oppose them.

The Farmers' Alliance of North Carolina proposes to co-operate in the purchase of family supplies for its members. Being compelled by our tariff to sell their products in the cheapest market and buy their necessities in the dearest market in the world, the farmers seek to save some of the middlemen's profits in order to have money to pay the interest on their mortgages. And for this the monopoly organ compares the Alliance to a Trust and asks: "If it is wicked and dangerous to the State to combine to sell, why is it not dangerous to the State and wicked to combine to buy?"

The obvious answer is that a Trust or a combination to sell is a conspiracy to kill competition, to raise prices arbitrarily and to restrict production in order to maintain these prices. The Alliance is simply co-operation to buy cheaply, in large quantities, at the producer's rates, saving intermediate profits. It does not interfere with production. Instead of destroying it encourages competition. To compare it with the Cotton-Bagging Trust is insultingly unjust.

So is the characterization of the Knights of Labor—a union of workmen formed to meet the combinations of Capital—as "the greatest Trust of all." The Trust-promoting tariff will not be helped by such a defender as this.

Acker's Blood Elixir has gained a firm hold in the American people and is acknowledged to be superior to all other preparations. It is a positive cure for all Blood and Skin Diseases. The medical fraternity indorse and prescribe it. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. W. M. Fowlkes & Co.

MONROE HIGH SCHOOL, Male and Female. I. L. WRIGHT, Principals and Proprietors. W. P. ANDREWS, Principals and Proprietors.

Tree Whiskey. From the Springfield Republican. A Dialogue of the Future—"I'm an artist and I want some spirits to use in the arts."

"Certainly, sir (filling the flask); may I ask what your branch of art is?" "Painting the town red."

Married a Month. She—Who's in oo? He—Ours. She—For ever, and ever, and ever? He—Ess, I is.

Judge Russell calls the colored voters "savages" and Dirty Dockery speaks of their wives and daughters as "wenches." Dockery is sore over the assertion that he was nominated by a colored man. He does not like the looks of the thing and tries to pervert the truth by calling it a lie.

HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT surely cannot go hand in hand if we look on the dark side of every little obstacle. Nothing will so darken life and make it a burden as Dyspepsia. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure the worst form of Dyspepsia, Constipation and Indigestion, and make life a happiness and pleasure.

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50 ACRES in Laurel Hill township, adjoining the lands of Mrs. W. H. Mitchell, Mrs. J. M. Mcintosh and Mrs. Milton McIntosh. One third of land in cultivation.

275 ACRES, one and a half miles from town, at the low price of \$4 per acre. Four settlements, with dwelling and outhouses, on it. Terms made easy.

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TRAINS MOVING SOUTH. Le Mount Airy, 5:00 a.m. Ar Greensboro, 9:25 a.m. Ar Greensboro, 10:05 a.m. Ar Sanford, 1:35 p.m.

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THE CURRENT. CHICAGO, Illinois. This is the only paper published in the city of Chicago that is not only a family paper, but also a business paper.

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THE ALLEGER ORGANS. \$275 ORGAN for only \$90.00. The oldest organ manufacturer in Washington, D. C. 20 years manufacturing organs.

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