

KISSING.

Some say that kissing is a sin. But I say 'tis not true. For kissing's been practiced in this world since God made the first two. Oh, it it wasn't lawful. Lawyers would eschew it. If it wasn't holy. Preachers would not do it. If it was not modest. Maidens would regret it. If it wasn't plenty. Poor folks wouldn't get it.

THE FAKE OF TEARS.

The vale of tears is sold in years. And old in feet like and story. But those who dwell Within its spell Are youthful still as well as hoary. Wee practitioners come With sorrow's load. Heart heavy with their children's longing— And lovers, too. To join the knots daily thronging. Ah, grief sublime! Oh, woe! time When loving hearts the tie most severe! With faith undone As snail the deep. Their hopes are sunk in tears forever. Sweet mothers through The mist I view. Their prayers with sobs in anguish blending. And fathers strong. Their hearts sore wrung. Low o'er their loved and lost are bending. And gray-haired ones. As speed the sons. Come tottering with their load of sorrow To these confines. And 'mid the vines Weep on the shoulder of the morrow. Ah, refuge sweet For hearts that beat With too much love and tender feeling! Sweet tear-wet eyes. Like stars from skies Of sympathy your light is stealing. Ah, anon. Life will be sweet. And we who weep today, forever, Will sweetly sleep In lodgings deep. With tears and griefs to greet us never. —(Kirkcaldy & Shelle)

LITTLE LION.

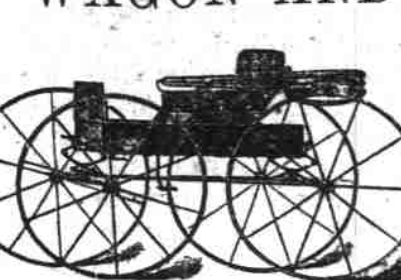
"Untie the dog!" called a gruff voice from the door of the adobe house. "Untie him, I say!" The dog, a big, fierce-looking mastiff, was tugging at his chain and snarling viciously at a dark, little boy, who was evidently afraid to venture within his reach, and totally incapable of untying him, as he was ordered to do. The boy looked timidly at the dog, then cast a frightened glance at the door. He was between two fires, and with a little gasp of terror, solved the problem by fleeing from both. His bare, brown feet flew over the ground, and he disappeared in the tall growth of mustard that lifted bright yellow blossoms above his head. How fragrant and still it was in there! Looking up at the golden tufts that sprang in the breeze, he saw humming-birds flit to and fro, dipping their beaks into one flower after another, and the blue sky over all without a cloud to mar its clear sapphire. In the meantime Joel Edwards had unfastened the dog, given him his supper by the doorway, and stood with a sullen face watching him eat. Mr. Edwards was an American, fearless, hardworking and honest. Just the man to bear the hardships of a frontier life, and to have no charity for those of weaker physique and less courage. Years before he had gone to Arizona from an Eastern town, and after mining a little with no success, had taken up a ranch far from the Mexican border. Then he married a pretty Mexican girl, built an adobe house, cleared the land around it, and was now enjoying the results of hard work and lonely life, for the Mexican girl had made him a good wife, and was perfectly content with her humble surroundings. Joel was a proud and happy man when his son was born. His mother had named him Leon, and as he was a perfect little Spaniard in looks, the Spanish name seemed appropriate. His father called him "Little Lion," for he will grow up brave and strong as the king of the forest," he said. But as Leon grew older his father lost his love for him, for Leon disappointed him in every way. He was timid and sensitive to a fault, disliked the work, and shrank from everything rude or rough. His tasks were generally neglected or forgotten, and, lying on his back at the foot of a tall eucalyptus tree, perfectly happy, he would slip until every hind within hearing grew anxious at his trills and bird calls. Then his timidity troubled his sturdy father, to whom fear was unknown. "Josef," called Joel from the door. "Little jack-rabbit is afraid of the dog. He will be afraid of the cow and hens next." "He will grow more like you," answered the dark-eyed mother, in a soft voice, "all in good time. You expect him to be a man at ten. Wait a while in patience." Then she tied a crimson handkerchief under her chin, fervently wishing her husband as he took down a rifle to polish it as always shined metal, and, as she grew interested in his work, she slipped from the house and sped lightly down the path to the growth of mustard where the boy had taken refuge. It looked wild and desolated to the woman, even though the setting sun had hung glorious banners all over the sky. The cactus plants reached threatening arms toward her, the sage bushes trembled as if shaken by hidden foes; even the nesting mustard blossoms looked less cheerful than usual. "I wish I had told Leon that the Indians had left the reservation. It is dangerous for him to be away from the house," she whispered. Pushing aside the mustard boughs, she called into the depths, "Leo! Leo!" Hark! there was a rushing among the waving mass! Leo! she called, "Leon, Leo, come home!" Then turned and fled to the house, her laughing at the nervous terror that made her steps so fleet. She sank down on the door-stone, fanning her flushed face with her apron, and sent one more call to Leon. Joel looked up from his rifle. "Didn't you tell little jack-rabbit that the Indians might be lurking around, and to keep close to the house?"

Almost wild with terror she ran to the bed, threw her arms around her husband, besought him to look up, speak to her, save her, and for an instant he seemed conscious, then rambled off into scenes of his boyhood. Then she buried her face in the pillow and murmured the prayers taught her in her childhood, thinking her last hour had come.

But in all this time where had Leon been? As the door closed behind him he had slipped into the shadow of a bush close by and crouched there for a time, waiting until his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. At last on his hands and knees he crept to the shelter of another bush, then along the vegetable garden until he gained the mustard growth. Here his progress was more rapid, although two or three times he lay listening, as some rustling in the bushes convinced him that he was too near an Indian to move on. But at last he thought he was far enough from home to be comparatively safe. Then he ran like a deer, and two hours after starting was pounding at the door of a house in the settlement. Half a dozen horses were leaping and barking about him, but he never thought of fear, and when a gruff voice from the window questioned him he quickly told his story and pushed to the next house and the next. In a few minutes the whole village was astir, horses were saddled, loud, excited voices called back and forth. Leon was lifted on a saddle in front of Pedro Martinez, who was bristling with pistols and knives. Leon felt afraid to sit so near such an arsenal, but was ashamed to object, and so clung as closely as possible to the pony's head. The brave Mexicans dashed off as soon as they could vault into their saddles, each trying to outrun his neighbor, and the Indians were taken wholly by surprise. Quick shots were fired, crack! crack! crack! faster than one could count, the blazing fire making it impossible for them to blink away unscathed. Josefe, startled by these new sounds, recognized the voices of neighbors and friends. The door, rendered weak by the fire and blows from the Indians' hatchets, now gave way and fell in upon the floor. Before she could rise to her feet a familiar figure had leaped in, and was stamping out the flames and throwing the burning planks out into the yard. "All's well, Josefe," called Pedro Martinez, "there's been a thinning out of the redskins. Pick yourself up and get that scared look out of your eyes," and a large, smutty hand gently shook her by the shoulder and held a tin cup to her lips filled with water and cinders. "Look up, mother, we are all safe! some of the Indians are killed, and the rest ran away," and Leon's arms were around her neck and his large, dark eyes, misty with tears, met her bewildered gaze. An old Mexican was bending over Joel, and after working over him some time, nodded wisely to the circle of rough but kindly-looking men. "He's badly hurt, but he will come round all right. Thanks to the little fellow, though, for I got here none too soon." Joel soon proved the old wiseacre's prophecy correct and got well and strong. This terrible night's suffering was a happy thing in the end, for it drew father and son together again, and the mutual love and pride which accompanied the recovery removed the only cloud which had ever shadowed Josefe's happy life.—[YOUTH'S COMPANION.]

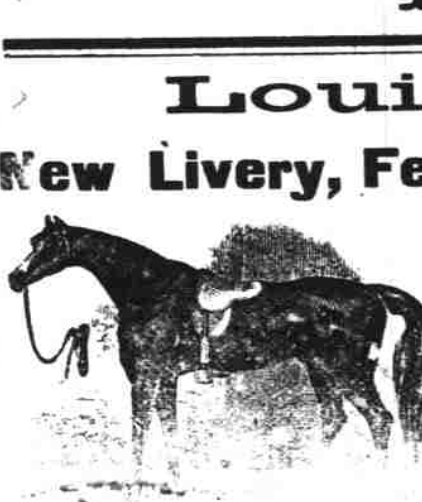
WAGON AND BUGGY FACTORY.

D. L. SAYLOR,
Wadesboro, N. C.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Wagons and Buggies.
Every Job Warranted.



Horseshoeing and Repairing Done at Short Notice.
I will sell you ONE HORSE WAGONS from \$35 to \$40. TWO HORSE WAGONS as low as any one in this market. I MEAN WHAT I SAY
I AM ALSO SELLING THE
Celebrated Columbus Buggy, also the Single Center Spring Buggy, both stand Unequalled in quality, and at the bottom scale in price. See me before you make a Purchase. The work is sold under a Full Guarantee.

D. L. Saylor.
Louis Weill's
New Livery, Feed and Sale Stables.
Full supply of New Vehicles of all kinds.
Canopy-top spring wagons for pleasure parties, picnics, drummers, etc.
Hack line to the depot to meet all trains.
Horses boarded by the day, week or month at lowest rates.
Also dealer in Buggies.



PHARR & LONG
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS.
THIS SEASON
I have surpassed our previous endeavors and now offer to the clothing trade the largest, choicest and best selected stock of ready-made clothing in the State. Trousers, Suits and Over-coats, to fit little men, big men—in fact, we can suit everybody.

Pharr & Long,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
B. NICHOLS.
Baby Carriages. Baby Carriages.
An elegant line of Baby Carriages just received. All styles and shades a suit everybody. Please call and see them.
My stock is now complete in every respect, viz: Bedroom Suits, Parlor Suits, Beds, Mattresses, Sofas, Tables, Lounges, Chairs, and everything in a first-class Furniture House.
Goods sold on the installment plan, weekly payments. Coffins, Caskets and Burial Boxes. [The oldest Undertaking House in the city.] Prepared to conduct funerals in the very latest style and at the lowest price. Embalming either in or out of the city. Orders promptly attended to day or night. Night Call—Central Hotel or 410 N. Poplar.
17 West Trade Street, Charlotte, N. C.

For Fine Sewing Machines, WOOL WANTED!
HIGHEST MARKET PRICES will be paid for Wool, by
W. I. EVERETT.
Shoes and Harness!
A. W. JONES is still at his old stand and is doing first-class work in his boots, Shoes and Harness made and repaired in the best possible manner and at lower prices than they have ever been known in this market. Good hand-made
Wagon Bridles at \$1.00;
other bridles at corresponding low prices. A full stock of Harness and Bridles always on hand, and made to order on short notice by skilled workmen.
A. W. JONES.
Southern-Grown Seeds.
And as long nature holds to her innate affinities, better-adapted to our climate, than any foreign-grown seeds. I prepare the transportation on my seeds, and I sell them low. Send for catalogues and try some of my seed:
J. W. VANDIVER, Seedsman,
Weaverville, N. C.
H. S. LEDBETTER R. S. LEDBETTER, JR.
LEDBETTER BROTHERS
Have in store a
COMPLETE STOCK
—OF—
Groceries
OF ALL KINDS, AND
Farm Supplies,
to which they invite the attention of the public.
Meat, Meal, Flour, Corn, &c
RECEIVED IN
CAR-LOAD LOTS
We propose to sell as cheap as any in the market. Give us a call.
LEDBETTER BROS.



Dr. J. H. McLean's STRENGTHENING CORDIAL AND BLOOD PURIFIER.
For many years this well-known remedy has been the mainstay of thousands now advanced in life and enjoying a "green old age," who owe their robust health to the strengthening and sustaining properties of this great medicine. \$1.00 per bottle at druggists. Send 2 cent stamp for Almanac containing storm chart and weather forecasts by Dr. J. H. McLean, "Storm Prophet," to the
DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. J. H. McLean's LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM
Its success in curing all ailments of the urinary organs is unparalleled. One dollar per bottle at druggists.
DR. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY PILLETS
(Little Pills), 25 cents a vial, one a dose. Send two cent stamp for Almanac containing Storm Chart and Weather Forecasts by Dr. J. H. McLean, "Storm Prophet," to the
DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

STEFF

Baby Carriages. Baby Carriages.

85 NEW STYLES. 85 NEW STYLES.

I made the largest purchase in Baby Carriages this season I ever before made at one time. I did it because I could buy them at so much less price from the maker. I buy from the maker only. I am selling Carriages from 10 to 20 per cent cheaper than I sold the same Carriages for last season. Prices tell. I can sell you a large rattan body Carriage with wire wheels and upholstered seat at \$7.50. I have them at \$10, \$15, \$25 and \$30. No child should be allowed to walk when you can buy one at such a price. I get up a complete line of photos that I will be glad to send any one, with very lowest prices.

E. M. ANDREWS,
PIANO, ORGAN AND FURNITURE DEALER.

MCKLENBURG IRON WORKS.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.



Manufactures and Keeps in Stock
Steam Engines & Boilers,
AND MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS.
Repairs Promptly Attended To.
JOHN WILKES, MANAGER.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.
Best, Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
BEST COUGH MEDICINE.
Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. Sold by all druggists.
25 CENTS

FRED H. HYDE,
POULTNEY, VERMONT.
Breeder of all the leading varieties of
GAMÉ FOWL,
including heavy-weight B. B. R.
Light Brahmas, Felch strain.
White Plymouth Rocks, Frost strain.
Eggs \$2.50 per 13 or \$4.00 per 26.
ORDERS BOOKED NOW.
Also Bull Terrier Dogs, Ayrshire Cattle and Morgan Horses
D. AUMAN. N. J. CARTER

NEW HARNESS SHOP.
DON'T BUY inferior machine-made harness when you can get good, substantial hand-made Harness
JUST AS CHEAP,
or cheaper, right here at home. I will make you, for wagon or buggy,
Single and Double Harness
cheap for cash. Repairing of all kinds done promptly.
Y. C. MORTON,
Upstairs, Everett building.

HELLO, MISTER!
Stop, a Minute!
Do you want first-class goods cheaper than you ever bought them before? Then come to see me, and if we don't trade it won't be my fault. I have on hand a large lot of ready-made clothing—Men's and Boy's Suits, Frocks and Outwashes of all kinds and descriptions, of the best material and make, bought at the lowest cash prices, which
MUST BE SOLD.
Also a large supply of the best and cheapest Shoes and Boots ever offered in this market, besides Hats, Caps, Hardware, Crocks,ery, Pot-ware, Tin-ware, Guns, Trunks, Valises, Coffee, Sugar, Shot, Powder, &c.
FLOUR!
"DIADEM" brand of Flour, "COOK'S DELIGHT," and other lower grades constantly on hand at the lowest cash prices.
J. W. COLE.
Everybody should subscribe for the Rockingham Rocket, and crude turpentine.

J. A. McLENNY,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Rockingham, N. C.
Repairing neatly and promptly done.

AUMAN & CARTER,
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
NAVAL STORES,
Rockingham and Ellerbe Springs, N. C.
would inform the public that they carry at each of the places named a complete stock of
DRY GOODS,
Boots, Shoes, Notions, Groceries, &c., which will be sold at lowest prices for
Cash.
Highest prices paid for country produce and crude turpentine.