

NORTH WILKESBORO NEWS.

T. J. ROBERTSON, Editor and Publisher.

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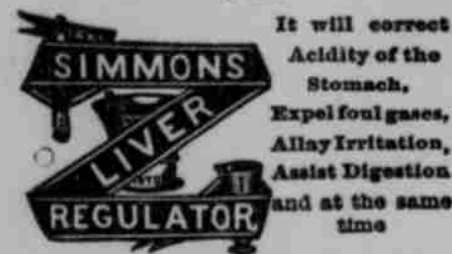
NO. 36.

DYSPEPSIA

Is that misery experienced when suddenly made aware that you possess a diabolical arrangement called stomach. No two dyspeptics have the same predominant symptoms, but whatever form dyspepsia takes

The underlying cause is in the LIVER,

and one thing is certain no one will remain a dyspeptic who will



Start the Liver working and all bodily ailments will disappear.

"For more than three years I suffered with Dyspepsia in its worst form. I tried several doctors, but they afforded no relief. At last I tried Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which cured me in a short time. It is a good medicine. I would not be without it."—JAMES A. ROADS, Philad., Pa.

See that you get the Genuine, with the Z on front of wrapper.

W. E. LINDSAY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hats! Hats!

Why do you go bareheaded when you can buy a hat at

LINDSAY'S

for 4 cents? You can find most any style of—

Ladies', Men's, Boys', Childrens'

hats there you want.

—HE IS SELLING LADIES'—

Oxford .: Ties

75 Cents.

NICE FIGURED LAWN, at 4c;
CALICO for 5c;
PANT GOODS for 10c;
COTTON PLAIDS for 5c;
BEST DOMESTIC for 6c.

And there you can find anything you want in

GROCERIES.

Sugar, 5; Coffee, 18; Syrup, 25, Etc.

Highest Prices Paid For

PRODUCE.

You will save money by calling on

W. E. LINDSAY.

(Next to Finley Bros.)
NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

D. N. CARRISON. J. A. CARRISON.

THE North Wilkesboro Wagon Co.,

CASHION BROS., Proprietors.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Wagons, Carts, &c.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Repairing a Specialty.

Give us a trial.

CASHION BROS.,
Corner Maple and Cleveland Sts.
NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Famishing here watching a merry-go-round. The grandest that ever was seen. It centers in yonder horizon's dim bound. And it turns with a rush and a rumbling sound As I gaze on its emerald sheen.

Come, tarry with me; 'tis a beautiful sight— The nature's great gala display. The orchards and groves wheel around in their flight And fill past our faces like phantoms of light. Then circle away and away. The meadows are coming, all bright with the bloom Of orchard and iris and rue. They fan us with breath of delicious perfume And hasten away as if to make room For the hillside appearing in view.

Ah, there is a brooklet that fain would not go And backward is striving to flee. Like a serpent disabled by mercuric blow, It winds its way slowly, and even more slow, Till lost in the lake by the sea.

You husbandman quite undisturbed by his ride, Plows on through the green, growing fields While that barefooted boy on that old bay steed Sits up like a prince in the pink of his pride, Returning our curious gaze.

And now a whole city comes thundering on, With its mansions and monuments high; A murmur of marts meets the ear and is gone. And see! Oh, the wonder—look out upon The dead in their graves rushing by!

Now faster and faster and faster it gains. Ho! Hear you that shriek of alarm? No, 'tis the light of the speediest train. See! The train like wild horses are sweeping the plains— There's not a suspicion of harm.

Oh, a marvelous thing is this merry-go-round! Have you seen it? No? Heavily can guess What I mean? Well, indeed, it is easily found. By just glancing out as you sit homeward bound. Aboard of the lightning express.

A Remarkable Patient. Dr. Austin Flint was once summoned to attend a young lady dying of heart disease. The family informed him that his presence was wanted merely to satisfy the lady's friends, since they all understood the fatal nature of her malady.

The patient lay in a room from which not only light but everything that might lead to the slightest nervous excitement was excluded. It was suggested to the doctor that an examination of the chest be omitted, and that all communication with the patient should take place through a friend, lest the exertion should result in immediate dissolution.

To this the doctor objected. When admitted to her presence, he found that she answered his questions in whispered monotonous. Examination of the chest showed that there was no disease and consequently no danger. The story is told to illustrate the importance of thorough examination before deciding on an opinion.

A Suggestion For Teachers of Boys. There would hardly be a surer way to stamp out vicious inclinations among boys than compelling them to put their leisure into drill, the turners' and field exercises, offered by men, not schoolmates, and also in the same work which soldiers are expected to do—mending roads, cutting down trees and clearing byways. If a regiment of town boys under capable sergeants were turned into the woods once a week to burn out caterpillar nests, they would get an amount of wholesome exercise, to say nothing of preserving the fruit and forest trees which are going to ruin.—Shirley Dare in New York Herald.

Old, but English. Mr. Chatterton—I've decided to go into business, Miss Weatherbee. Miss Weatherbee—I'm very glad to hear it, Mr. Chatterton.

"Yas, I've made up my mind to become a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a mawning and see the butterflies making butter, and the grasshoppers making grass—and—all the sawt of thing, you know."—Quips.

A Criticism of Charles Sumner. At a recent dinner in this city a prominent southern woman present remarked in the course of a conversation touching upon the famous statesman "that it was almost wicked in Charles Sumner to have married himself," she continued wittily, "that his marriage was little short of bigamy."—New York Times.

Protection For Poets. Baggs—How does your scheme of printing an insurance coupon in your paper work? Editor—Well, it has one disadvantage. I daren't throw any more poets down stairs. It's too costly.—Kate Field's Washington.

The mere fact of knowing many things is not the highest accomplishment though too often mistaken for it. Knowledge, like money, must be kept in circulation to be most useful, and it can be best used only through clear communication.

Paper manufacture is one of the chief industries of Corea. The paper is made in the most primitive manner from the bark of a tree which is indigenous to that country and which is closely allied to the mulberry.

When one is really ill—and there is hardly any one who does not know when his body is diseased—the best possible advice should be at once sought and the treatment prescribed rigidly carried out.

Most of the transportation in Havana is furnished by little horses hitched to a victoria. There are 3,000 of these rigs in that city and but one horse car line.

EXPENSIVE SMARTNESS.

The Brewer Knew a Thing or Two About Hops, So Did the Farmer.

"It once cost me just \$1,000 besides the price of three bottles of champagne to learn that a Vermont farmer was smarter than I was," said the old fellow with a well fed air as he lighted a fresh cigar.

The speaker had been a brewer in his earlier days, but he had retired after he had put by a comfortable sum, and at the age of 72 he was still enjoying life.

"One season," he continued, "hops were scarce, and all the brewers were keeping a sharp lookout for any good ones which would bring a high price. Our agents in Boston telegraphed to me that a man down in Vermont had 100 bales of just the kind that I wanted, and I started immediately to buy them."

"Now, if I do say it myself, I do not take a back seat from any one when it comes to judging the quality of hops. Well, I arrived at the place where the owner of these hops lived, and I inspected what he had for sale. They were the best hops that I had seen that season. The price which he asked for them—60 cents a pound—was reasonable for hops of that quality. In fact, it was a little less than the market price. Not to let the old fellow see that I was too anxious to get them, I began to try and beat him down a little on the price."

"The thought struck me that perhaps I might beat him down more if I could induce him to go to town and get him a little 'mellow' over a bottle of champagne. The town was not far away, and I suggested that he go back with me, as my time was limited, and if we struck a bargain on the way I would pay him the cash for the hops before leaving him."

"He consented, and to town we went. We stopped at the hotel. I ordered a bottle of champagne and some good cigars. We drank the wine and smoked the cigars. I kept his glass full, and he did not seem at all bashful about taking all that I gave to him. He began to warm up, and I thought I was going to save the price of three or four cases of wine at least. I suggested that he ought to let me strike a bargain on the way. He was sure to be sure to be found upon Mrs. Thaxter's table."

One morning she appeared with her hands full of scarlet poppies of unusual size and hue.

"Aren't these superb?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," was Mr. Whittier's quiet response. "But why do you gather them?"

"Because they are so splendid. Did you ever see such a gorgeous red?"

"Do you call that red? To me the flowers seem rather gray. Only a little brighter than the leaves."

And then we realized that the poet was color blind.—Helen M. Knowlton in Philadelphia Inquirer.

What an Ignorant Man! "I suppose," said a man, "that there is a great lot of good reasons why women carry their pocketbooks in their hands instead of in their pockets, but I can't for the life of me see why they should do it. I should think that they would forget to take them when they go out, and that they would always leave them on the counters when they go shopping. I should think they would lose them in 40 different ways. In Broadway today I saw three women drop their pocketbooks upon the sidewalk. Apparently they had forgotten that they were carrying them, or their fingers had got tired of holding them, and had just let go. But these women picked up their pocketbooks, and the most matter of fact way possible and walked on, still carrying them in their hands."—New York Sun.

Snakes Like Telephoning. Just what charms a telephone can have for a snake is not very clear, but that there is some attraction is proved by the experience of Mr. Callanan, a telephone operator at Bristol, Pa. The office of the company is situated near a vacant lot where garden and water snakes abound, and Mr. Callanan has noticed that they seem to take a great interest in the sending of messages. It is not uncommon when he is talking over the phone for two or three snakes to crawl in from the lot, raise their heads above the doorstep and listen intently to the one sided conversation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Lost Railway Ticket. A lady traveling from the city to Bristol by the midnight train lost her ticket. When she arrived at the station, the collector demanded the fare or her name and address. She gave the latter. Still the official took her to the police station, where she was detained until 3 o'clock in the morning. The lady sued the company in the queen's bench for false imprisonment and was awarded \$30 damages.—London Tit-Bits.

English in Harvard University. In his book entitled "Our English" Professor A. S. Hill says: "Every year Harvard sends out men—some of them high scholars—whose manuscripts would disgrace a boy of 12." This reads somewhat like a strange confession, since its writer is in charge of the teaching of English at Harvard.—Exchange.

Costly Adjunct to a Banquet.

It may be remembered that when General Grant paid a visit to Paris in 1877 at the outset of his journey around the world Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mackay gave in his honor a dinner party, followed by a reception. At the dinner the menus were engraved on plaques of silver. After the lapse of 16 years this American example has found an imitation in Paris. M. and Mme. Loze, the prefect of police and his wife, gave a grand state dinner at the prefecture recently to the chief functionaries of the police corps. Before the plate of each guest was placed a morocco case stamped with the prefect's initials and containing, set in a red velvet frame, a menu in solid silver, on the back of which was engraved by the famous engraver, Roty, an appropriate allegorical design. A foxy male in classic robes symbolizing the police system, is seated before a writing table on which are placed a shaded lamp, a telephone, a sword, an inkstand and a pile of documents. Through an open window in the background is visible the spire of La Sainte Chapelle. Above this picture are traced three words, "Look! Listen! Watch." In the upper right hand corner are engraved the arms of the city of Paris. Unlike any other menu of the kind of which I have ever heard, the bill of fare occupied a wholly subordinate place, the device engraved upon the back being the principal raison d'être of this costly adjunct to the attractions of the banquet.—Paris Letter.

Whittier's Color Blindness.

I had engaged a little room in what was known as "Colla Thaxter's cottage" at Appleton, but on my arrival I found that Mr. Whittier had been "moved by the spirit" to make a few days' visit at this delectable summer resort, relying on the kindness of friends to find him a quiet corner. It was my privilege to give up my room to him, and Mrs. Thaxter kindly welcomed me to hers.

Both poet and poetess were early risers, and Mrs. Thaxter would come breezily into the parlor in white morning gown, bringing a wealth of blossoms and vines from her garden. Mr. Whittier would be sitting on the sofa, absorbed in the last new poet, whose fledgling was sure to be found upon Mrs. Thaxter's table.

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A Cat Story.

A. G. Boggs & Co., the First street grocers, are the proud possessors of a large black cat that is not altogether unknown to the habitues of that store and answers to the name of Tom. During Monday evening one of the clerks in the store had occasion to cut a roll of butter with some twine, and unbeknown to the clerk a small portion of butter still attached to the twine fell to the floor. When the store was opened Tuesday morning, Tom was found to be a very sick cat, and the clerk began to make an investigation as to the cause.

On opening the cat's mouth he discovered a piece of string protruding from the feline's throat, and the remembrance of butter and twine at once flashed through the young man's mind. Grasping hold of the end of the string, the clerk commenced to pull, and kept on pulling, while Tom stood on his hind legs and willingly followed in any direction his master moved. There must be an end to everything, and finally the end of that string was reached, when it was found that Tom's stomach had been relieved of a full half ball of twine. At the end of the operation Tom made a clever bow, as if to say: "Thank you. That's the first time I thought anybody had 'strings on me.'"—Napa Journal.

Royal Oak Day.

May 29 is celebrated in many parts of Great Britain as "Royal Oak day," it being the anniversary of the restoration of Charles Stuart to the throne in England as Charles II. The celebration is not what it formerly was, having died out entirely in many of the southern counties of England. The day was formerly commemorated not only as the day of "restoration," but on account of the marvelous escape of Charles, who, after the battle of Worcester, climbed into an oak tree and hid from his pursuers among its branches. On "Royal Oak" those who celebrate wear sprigs of oak in their hats and use the leaves for various decorations.—St. Louis Republic.

Sensitiveness of the Digestive Organs.

The digestive organs unfortunately are the first to sympathize with any mental worry. They are like a barometer and indicate the errors of malnutrition and their consequences. The healthy action of every organ depends upon the proper assimilation of the food taken. As soon as the digestive process fails everything fails, and ill health results, with all its disastrous concomitants.—Dr. N. E. Yorke-Davies in Popular Science Monthly.

Those Men.

Mrs. Nagge—Why were you so sure you would receive an answer to that telegram you sent me yesterday? Mr. Nagge—Because, my dear, I knew you would have the last word if it cost you a quarter.—Scribner's Magazine.

SOME AMERICAN "DOTS."

Enormous Sums That American Brides Have Taken Out of the Country.

An enterprising calculator has hazarded some American contributions of glittering coin to the noble social swim of Great Britain. He begins by stating that the Crown-Princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is married to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, has taken out of the country \$200,000 of United States cash for the English dowry fund. He adds the following matrimonial financial facts as Yankee "dots" that have settled abroad:

"Miss Eva Julia Bryant Mackay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackay of San Francisco, princess of Galatino Colonna and Stigliano, \$1,000,000. Mrs. Frederick Stevens married Maurice, marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, duke de Dino in 1857, \$500,000. Miss Estelle Davis married the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in 1866, \$600,000. Miss Medora Marie Hoffman, daughter of the banker, married Antonio de Manca-Snat de Valtombrosa de Mores and Monte-Maggiore in 1882, \$1,000,000. Miss Anita Theresa Murphy married Sir Charles Wolsley, \$400,000. Miss Elizabeth Livingston married William Cavendish-Bentinck, M. P., in 1888, \$300,000. Lady Arthur Butler, who was Miss Ellen Stager of Chicago, \$200,000. Mme. de Sarsis, who married the Marquis de Boda, had three or four times that amount. The widow of George Lorillard, now the Countess Casa de Agreda, took \$200,000 to Europe with her. Mrs. Charles Livermore, who married Baron de Seillers, over \$200,000.

"Miss Huntington's (now Princess Hatfeldt) dot was \$200,000. Miss Minnie Stevens, daughter of Mrs. Paron Stevens, who married Captain Arthur Paget, nearly \$200,000. Miss Edith Fish, who married Sir Stafford Northcote, a good sized dowry. Lady Vernon took \$200,000 to England. Isabella von Linden, wife of Count von Linden, about \$200,000. Mrs. Hamersley, married to the late Duke of Marlborough, took with her the yearly interest on \$1,400,000. Miss Cecil Riggs, who married Henry Howard, \$100,000.

"Lady Harcourt, daughter of J. L. Motley, the historian, brought her husband \$50,000. Besides these, Miss Jennie Jerome, who married Lord Randolph Churchill in 1874; Miss Consuela Yznaga del Valle, who married Viscount Mandeville, afterward Duke of Manchester, and her sister, Miss Natica Yznaga del Valle, who married Lord Lister-Kaye, had good sized dowries."

THEIR OWN LAWYERS.

Professors Schoolgirls Draw Up Their Own Wills.

There is never any telling what half a dozen boarding school girls may take it into their pretty heads to do. Their teachers have been surprised so often that they are generally prepared for the most startling developments, but one of them in St. Louis was rather more amazed than usual the other evening when she found "the young ladies" solemnly engaged in making their wills. Attached to these documents were explicit instructions for the conduct of their respective funerals. The girls were quite in earnest about the matter. They were all pretty well provided with this world's goods, and they had disposed of everything down to the smallest item.

Miss B—, the teacher, who is young and the object of a vast amount of schoolgirl devotion, was decidedly curious to know what ideas these sweet young things have about funerals and kindred subjects. After much urging one of the girls consented to reveal what she had written. She first disposed of the bulk of her property, giving one-third to her older sister and two-thirds to her younger, because, as she said, the older one had a husband to take care of her. In case the younger one married, however, she was to promptly even up. Some minor legacies followed, among them being sundry gifts to her teachers and schoolmates.

"Give Miss B—," so ran the document, "my diamond cross, my umbrella with the Dresden handle and my watch. Have a new mainspring put in it first. Give Miss G— (another teacher) my books. I haven't very many now, but I'm going to get Dickens in 32 volumes on my next birthday."

After the will followed the instructions for the funeral, and these were original and imperative.

"I want to wear a blue dress of some sort, and I want my feet covered up, but I do not want one of those little tufted comforters spread over my face. There'll be about 16 hands sent in. Don't cross my hands and put a flower in them. I'm sure I don't know just what I want done with my hands. I never know myself where to put them unless I have a jacket with pockets or a muff, and I suppose I ought not to wear those. I positively insist on not being placed on public exhibition. If any mealy undertaker gets up and says in a mournful tone that those who wish to view the remains may pass up this aisle and out at the right, I shall hunt him as surely as my name is Lillian."

"Another thing, I don't want a lot of relatives crammed into the first carriage and having a lovely free ride, with their faces so beaming that everybody will think some stinky old codger is in the house. I warn you that if these relatives are not put back toward the rear of the procession I shall get out and walk. And I want the children left at home. They can have a ride some other time. I know I don't want them eating cookies and hanging out of the third carriage windows. And I want the grave lined with flowers. Furthermore, as there isn't any law requiring a minister to throw dirt on my coffin, I decline to have that on the programme. Last, but not least, see that my grave is kept green."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Two Strange Ailments.

Aphasia, or the loss of memory or comprehension of speech, is a queer complaint. A man who had forgotten his sister's name always referred to her as "that other woman." A person apparently otherwise in perfect health will substitute the name of one article for another totally different in the most ludicrous way.

Anusia is a form of aphasia which prevents the patient from remembering music. One anusiac, unconscious of the oddity, sang the "Marsellaise" throughout the syllables "tan, tan, tan." On the other hand, another anusiac, also a Frenchman, could speak but a single word, but could sing the "Marsellaise" correctly.—New York Recorder.

Selling Goods In Lisbon.

Around Lisbon are certain entrances, generally gateways of the old walls. All persons bringing chickens, eggs, butter or any other product into the city for sale are stopped at the gate and required to pay a tax proportioned to the value of their articles. At the depot all passengers on suburban as well as through trains must have their bags and packages examined and pay for any wares they are bringing into the city.—Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

Honors Are Not Even.

Honors are not evenly distributed in this world. If a governor or a president with a gorgeous outfit happens to pull in half a dozen trout, it is heralded all over the country, while the ragged small boy who comes home with a string of fish as long as himself and which he has captured with a piece of string and a bent pin finds none so poor to him reverence.—Boston Transcript.

Visible Demonstration.

"How can you?" demanded Miss Giddy after Mr. Kilduff had stolen a kiss.

"I'll show you how," he replied. And he did.—Harper's Bazar.

A Tiger Fight In Java.

An English traveler in Java who saw one of the tiger fights peculiar to the island thus describes the strange sport: The tiger is set down in a trap in the center of the allon-allow, or great square, and is surrounded by a triple or quadruple line of spearmen about a hundred yards away from him.

When all is ready, a Javanese advances at a very slow pace, to the sound of soft music, and sets fire to the trap, at the same time opening the door at the back part of the cage, which, by the way, is too narrow for the tiger to turn in.

As the fire begins to singe his whiskers he gradually backs out. The man, as soon as he has opened the door, begins walking toward the crowd at a slow pace, and the slower he is the more applause does he gain.

The tiger meanwhile, having backed out of his burning prison, is rather astonished at finding himself surrounded by hundreds of people, each pointing a spear at him.

If he is a bold tiger, he canters round the circle, almost touching the spears. Finding no opening, then he returns to the center, fixes his eye on one spot and with a loud roar dashes straight at it.

He is received on the spears, and though he crushes many, as if they were mere rods, in half a minute he falls dead, pierced by a hundred weapons.

In some instances, however, the roar and charge are too much for the Javanese, and they give way. The sport then becomes rather dangerous to spectators.

The Most Valuable of Metals.

Gold and silver are no longer the precious metals of the world. An ounce of silver is worth about 83 cents, an ounce of gold as a rule \$20. Palladium, which was discovered in 1803 by Wollaston, is a metal of a steel gray color and fibrous structure and is paid for at the rate of \$28 per ounce. Osmium, a brittle metal usually found with platinum, costs \$35 per ounce and iridium \$40. Ruthenium, which is very hard and brittle, brings \$82 per ounce, and niobium, also called columbium, first found in New London, Conn., a very rare metal, discovered in an ore or oxide, is rated at \$100 per ounce. Yttrium, discovered by Woeher in 1828, is a metal of a grayish black color with a perfectly fibrous luster, which is very rare. It is rated at the rate of \$120 per ounce, while lithium, the lightest of all metals, brings \$150 per ounce.

Gluconium or beryllium, as it is also called, appears in the form of a grayish black powder, made very lustrous by burnishing. It has a market value of \$185 per ounce. Barium metal, which was discovered in 1808, is worth \$200 per ounce, and dydimium, discovered in 1846, and very rare indeed, brings \$215 per ounce.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Bitingong.

A live specimen of bitingong may be seen in a small cage in one of those odorous houses in the London zoo where few people like to stay long. We treated our bitingongs to larger houses to dwell in and gave them much more liberty, for they were turned out every day for a run in the gardens, weather permitting, and they delighted in climbing up into trees and hanging from the branches by their prehensile tail. The bitingong is about the size of a fox, but its long, shaggy, pepper and salt coat makes it look larger. It would make an excellent pet for a lady in England. But it is not to be compared in beauty with the catbear or panda, known to science as Ailurus fulgens.—Longman's Magazine.

Dr. Franco's Confession of Murder.

Dr. Francisco Fontenay, a wealthy medical practitioner in Clarksville, died, having confessed to the murder of a clergyman in 1865. He attended the clergyman's wife in an illness that resulted fatally, and desiring to hold an autopsy removed her body from the grave. As he was replacing the earth the husband came upon the scene, a fight ensued, the husband was killed, and his body was thrown into the empty coffin of his wife. A heavy rain washed away all traces of the scuffle. The autopsy was held and resulted in an important discovery.—London Tit-Bits.

Mental Disturbance and Disease.

That mental disturbance gives rise to indigestion is well known. Experiments show that anger and other emotions arrest the secretion of gastric juice. It is also probable that the peristaltic action of the stomach and bowels is affected by emotions. The extreme constipation of melancholia is believed to be due to the mental state of the patients.—Exchange.

A Poor Weather Indicator.

Professor—I was sure that we were going to have had weather today, because I had such a pain in my left leg, and yet here the sun is shining brightly. After all it is not possible that my leg pained me because I fell yesterday from the top of a stepladder in my library!—Fliegende Blätter.

Easy Enough.

Mrs. Fangle—Oh, my, I've got the most awful pain! Nearly kills me every time I breathe! What'll I do? Fangle—Don't breathe.—Buffalo Courier.

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