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G. W. Johnson

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PRACTICE LIMITED TO THE EYE,
EAR AND THROAT.
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W. McTRENENT
THE NEW BARBER AT
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Has opened in first-class style where you can get waited on in the latest styles of Shaving & Hair Cutting from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Ladies wanting Shampooing, Bangs trimmed or childrens hair cut, will be waited upon at short notice, at their Residences; if required.
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This compound of herbs that have long been held in highest esteem by the most enlightened physicians, both of the past and present centuries, in a manner in which it has been used with happy and most astonishing results, are Scrofula, Syphilis, Eczema, (acute or chronic), and Chronic Discharges. For these and many other dangerous diseases it is a specific cure for them. Manufactured by MILLS & CO., SALISBURY, N. C.

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THIS PAPER
NEW YORK

Ten Cents and a Moral.
Here is a silver dime, my son,
Lends like lead, it is blackened so.
Not a bit like the shining one
I dropped into this pocket a week ago.
Ding! Yes, do you think it strange
It should lose its sheen in so short a time?
Would you like to know what wrought
this change
For the worse in a brand-new silver
dime?
The cause is simply and readily told,
But pay good heed to it, son of mine!
See if it does not a lesson hold
For a bright brave boy with a wish to
shine.
I drew from my pocket a copper cent;
See, there is the secret; this silver dime,
Dropped in this pocket by accident,
Has rubbed against copper all the time.
As the copper never a whit more white,
And has gained not at all by its company;
But the silver dime comes out less bright,
And its value is questioned as you see!
Now, the moral for boys is very clear;
And you see it, of course? Well, lay it
to heart;
And see, I drop the dime in here,
And the copper there; let them be
apart!

LOST AND FOUND.
BY K. K. GRANT.
The summer that I left old "Vassar's" classic shades, crowned with honors and flushed with triumph, father was boarding at Mrs. Elliott's; indeed he had lived there for years, while I was pursuing my studies in the North. He was a widower of fine physique and ample fortune, with no encumbrance save me, his only child—Eunice Grey.
Mrs. Elliott's boarding-house was, unlike the typical one, elegant in all its appointments, with a corps of well-trained servants, and a mistress who would have graced the home of the fastidious connoisseur of feminine beauty and worth. We became fast friends at once—this petite brunette and myself. To her invalid child I was no less strongly attached. I wondered often why the mother was always robed in the deepest of mourning. That she was a widow I knew; but that her bereavement was of no recent date I had learned by chance, from the little one who, in mentioning her father, told me quaintly she had never known him, that he had gone up to God before the fairies had given her to her mamma.
I asked my father if he could solve the vexatious mystery of those sable garments.
"Oh, yes," he answered, "I believe I can. It is but the fancy of a loving woman's heart that sees in the sombre hues a reflex of the grief that knows no solace. Seven years ago her husband perished in a storm that wrecked the pleasure yacht in which they were cruising. She herself escaped death by the miraculous interposition of Providence, being caught by a passing steamer's crew, as she drifted by them clinging to a broken plank. She was carried abroad, but lost consciousness, as the rough but kindly hands drew her from her watery bed. For months she lay ill, night to health, her mind a blank. When at length the skill of the experts in the "Retreat for the insane" to which she had been conveyed effected the restoration of reason, she learned through the columns of an old Herald that she alone survived that fearful gale. A few weeks later a new-born baby lay upon her bosom. Miles away from the scene of the disaster, in a strange land, little Ada was born. Mrs. Elliott does not know, as I do, that official stupidity—or carelessness—had reported her death some three days after her husband's. The occupant of the bed next hers in the Lusane Pavilion having died, and the name badly enough being the same as her own, it was immediately taken for granted that the deceased was the victim of the yacht disaster.
"The northern climate was not suited to Ada's delicate constitution. For this reason Mrs. Elliott came south and opened a small select boarding house for the maintenance of herself and little one. So popular did this become under her management that she was emboldened by the success of her humble beginning to remove to this fine dwelling. And you see what she accomplished here.

"She was my first love, Eunice. Years before I met your mother I knew and loved Edith Lattimer, but she gave her hand and heart to my cousin, George Elliott, and I went my way with sorrow for my loss, and sadness for the happiness of the two so dear to me. I would make her my wife now; but she is true to the memory of her husband, and frankly says that no one can ever be as dear to her as he. It is sad, this linking one's self with those that are gone; but it is like a woman's constancy; and I am not the man to press a suit I know is vain."
After hearing this recital I believe I loved Mrs. Elliott more than ever. I certainly felt deeper sympathy for her grief. Her devotion to her child was touching in the extreme. The little creature—a cripple from birth—seemed so fragile for this earth. Her deep blue eyes looked out wistfully at one from amidst a mass of fluffy golden curls. So patient, so loving, who could help being drawn toward her? I was with her day after day, reading some bright tale, or talking to her of the birds, the flowers and the bright blue sky; but the best of all she loved to bear of the sea where the waves, in their silvery tones, sang a requiem over the grave of the father she had never known. And she would press her lips to the miniature that hung by a golden thread from her neck, and murmur words of love to the handsome man whose image it bore. She would sit for hours by the window where we placed her and watch the shifting panoramas of busy people in the streets below. And when some sprightly little elf would dance by in childish glee Ada would draw her mother gently to her and kiss away the tears which clouded those dark eyes for she knew now it grieved her that her only child should be so unlike other children. And I, too, a pretty laughing way, the little one would seek to show how little she recked her own sad lot. Poor child! she knew not that a child's heart is an open book to its mother. But when Ada and I were alone, she would often say:
"Oh, Eunice, why must I suffer so? It hurts so bad to cough, and yet I cannot keep it in. And when the doctor comes in the mornings and sounds my lungs, as he says, I could scream out loud; but I do not cry because mamma is always there. But it hurts so awful bad."
I could only press my lips together to keep back the tears, and presently turn the child's thoughts elsewhere.
Summer passed. Autumn in the South, you know it, fair reader, with its cool breezes fanning away the sultry breath of heated days; when birds of fashion fit back from rural scenes to brighten the dull city with the spread of their plumage; when men go back to the dull routine of business, revived by the rest they have taken, and dormant society wakes from its sleep.
That fall New Orleans's pulse beat with feverish activity, for it witnessed the opening of the "World's Exposition." And right royally the dear old city welcomed a concourse such as had never before graced her doors. A concourse drawn thither by the grand pageant in which all nationalities forgot their differences, and united in bringing their treasures to enrich the scene. Mrs. Elliott was the favorite point toward which the affluent visitor to the Southern metropolis invariably made his way. To a certain number only she gave admission. No thought of a golden harvest to be reaped could persuade her to accommodate her boarders by an unseemly crowding in of other guests, so that while other houses were swarming with crowds of humanity that jostled one against the other in the small compass allotted to them as value received for the liberal stipend paid, ours was free from these discomforts. Father was engaged at the "Exposition Building" all day and far into the night, superintending his interests there.
As winter approached, Mrs. Elliott but rarely left Ada, for she saw, what even to strangers was plain, that the little bud was passing away

to bloom in the garden of Paradise. I assumed all the duties and responsibilities of the housekeeping that the mother and her child might not be parted during the last days of sad, but sweet companionship. To my father I delegated the collection of bills, the payment of debts, keeping strict account of cash receipt and every expenditure.
One night he returned home much earlier than was his wont. His face was ashen pale, and his limbs trembled with excitement. I went with him to his room to try and persuade him to rest, but he alluded my fears of his ill-health, assuring me that all was well with him. And then he told me: "Eunice, child, I have seen what at first I thought the phantom of a dear old friend to-day. Twice did I see the familiar features in the arguing crowd that swept by me. I followed, scarce crediting my senses; and at length I found him—Edith's husband—my old friend, George Elliott, Eunice, how can I tell her?"
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