

THE SALISBURY PRESS.

Vol. I.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1888.

No. 34

CHAS. D. CRAWFORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SALISBURY, N. C.
Practices in all the Courts. Collections entrusted to me will receive prompt and careful attention.

THEO. F. KLUTTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SALISBURY, N. C.
Practices in all the Courts. Collections carefully attended to.

L. & W. C. BLACKMER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS
AT LAW,
SALISBURY, N. C.
Collections and Probate Business a specialty. All business entrusted to the firm will receive prompt attention.

Dr. James R. Cambell,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SALISBURY, N. C.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Salisbury and vicinity.
Office over Wells' drug store.

THE MT. VERNON HOTEL,
SALISBURY, N. C.
Located near the depot, in Salisbury. Well furnished throughout. Gas and water in every room. Large sample rooms. Convenient to the business portion of the city. Table supplied with the best of everything. Polite and attentive servants. Every care taken for the comfort of our guests. Respectfully,
P. A. FRERCKS, Proprietor.

DR. GEORGE W. GRAHAM,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
PRACTICE LIMITED TO THE EYE,
EAR AND THROAT.

**LOOK OUT
W. McTRENTE**
THE NEW BARBER AT
[Valentine's old stand]
Has opened out 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 children's hair cut, will be waited upon at short notice, at their residences, if required.
I pride myself on my Hair Cutting as I have had a long experience in the business. Goddemon will find nothing but first-class workman at my shop. Sharp razors and clean towels. I intend to run a white man's shop in every particular.
Respectfully, W. McTRENTE
"City Barber."

J. B. COUNCELL M. D.,
SALISBURY, N. C.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of this and surrounding communities. All calls promptly attended, day or night.
May be found at my office, or the Drug Store of Dr. J. H. Eames.
Respectfully,
J. B. COUNCELL, M. D.
Office in the Heilig Building, 2nd floor, front room.

THERAPIA.
This compound of herbs that have long been held in highest esteem by the most enlightened physicians, both of the past and present centuries. The manner in which this compound is made seems to have imparted to each ingredient a peculiar efficacy as an alternative, blood-purifier and tonic. The diseases in which it has been used with happy and most astonishing results, are: Scrofula, Syphilis, Eczema, (acute or chronic), and Chronic Discharges. For these obstinate and dangerous diseases it stands at the head of all remedies. Indeed, it is confidently declared to be a specific cure for them.
Manufactured by MILLS & CO.,
SALISBURY, N. C.

**University of
NORTH CAROLINA,**
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
The next session begins Aug. 30. Tuition reduced to \$30 a half year. Poor students may give notes. Faculty of study leading to degrees. Three short courses for the training of business men, teachers, physicians, and pharmacists. Law school fully equipped. Write for catalogue to,
Hon. KEMP P. BATTLE,
President.

THIS PAPER
may be found on
the 2d floor, 2nd
ROWELL & Co's
Street, where adver-
tising contracts may
be made for it in
NEW YORK.

From the Sunny South.
CARMEN ETATI.
BY B. B.
Here upon the silent summit of this soft sun lit hill
Let us rest, to wait the coming of the evening calm and still.
While around our fever foreheads plays the playful, wanton breeze,
Watch the red sun slowly sinking down behind the distant trees.
Watch the purple clouds, flame-bordered, crossed with shining golden bars,
Shouldering up behind the mountains—watch the blossoming of stars—
As the night, with stately footsteps, drives the laughing light away,
Draws the glowing, crimson curtains round the couch of dying day.
Gleaming like a silver serpent, seaward watch you river glide,
Where the stanting sunlight slumbers, quivering on its burnished tide.
Far away in deepening purple, clear against the azure skies,
Dark-browed, solemn, circling round us, sombre hills like sentries rise.
Seest thou not the magic circle God's own hand hath round us drawn,
Where the lips of Heaven, stooping, rest the lips of earth upon?
So within a like circumference, circumscribed by its own hand,
Every soul—itsself the centre of the world it sees—must stand;
Every part, itself the centre of the whole it comprehends.
And the circles widen only as the climbing soul ascends.
Lo! all things are full of beauty unto him whose fitted eyes
Nightly turn with love and longing upward to the starry skies.
There is nothing vile or evil in this perfect world below,
But man's thought or touch, unholy, marring it, hath made it so.
Beauty's but the bright reflection of that first proud smile of God.
When, well pleased, he saw the creature man perfected from the clod.
And the daisies in the valleys and the asters on the hill,
And the lilies of the rivers do but whisper of him still.
Though no more by priest or prophet is His wondrous will made known,
Though no more His dread commandments graves He on the flinty stone.
In the deep secluded valley, on the mountain's lonely crest,
In the winding of the river, on the robin's painted breast,
In the king-cups, in the meadows, in the rose-bushes of morn,
In the rustle of the breezes through the fields of summer corn,
In the silence of the forest—Gods still writes with beauty's pen
What the poets, His translators, still interpret unto men,
Laying bare the hidden real that behind each image glows,
As they voice the thought that blushes in the petals of the rose.
Teach thee, then, life's higher lesson, manhood's duties grand and stern!
Ah! I fear thou wouldst but find them lessons dull and hard to learn.
Wisdom! wisdom! What is wisdom? And why carries it so long?
Wisdom, grandly sings the poet, is to suffer and be strong.
Nay! 'Tis but a gray beard demon dwelling in the dismal tomb,
Where from out the world of knowledge, pride, the poison fungus, blooms!
Yet 'twere good to know, of knowledge flashed along the path before,
If it shown out o'er the breakers from the headlands on the shore,
But what's worth the richest sunshine of a yesterday, that's lost?
Who would care to burn the bridges when the foe's already crossed?
Swiftly speeds each passing moment on its unreturning wing;
Life's day hath but one sweet morning, life's year but one blooming spring
Only once is fought the battle on whose issue hangs our fate;
Only once the hand of fortune knocks at every closed gate!
Only once to every mortal opens Heaven's golden door—
Opens once, then swiftly closes, and, to him, forevermore!
Once we enter, and forever; or, if madly we refuse,
Only once we catch the glimpses of the glory that we lose.
O, 'tis not in gold and silver, is this life's true riches found!
Blessed are the souls that sorrow hath with tender memories crowned.
Blessed are those lips forever that have kissed the brow of pain;
Holy is the hand that girdeth, hoping not to take again.
Sweet the voice of beloved, sweet is music's witching tone—
Sweeter far the lingering whispers of a joy remembered, flown.
There's a picture—shall I paint it? 'Tis a morning soft and fair,
Golden sunlight sitting gently down o'er shining amber hair,
Blue eyes bending o'er the pages of her book I saw her go,
Back and forth from sun to shadow, slowly walking to and fro.
Often have I paused to watch her through the quivering leafy aisles,
And the sunniest morn grew brighter with the sunlight of her smiles.
O, by night a flaming beacon, and a rosy cloud by day,
Shall the memory of that summer go before me all the way!

Ever more the world is holy; for the radiance that it flings
Still baptizes with its glory all earth's grosser, meaner things.
And a river of pure water, fresh and cool and crystal clear,
Flowing through the arid valleys of life's desert bleak and drear,
Shall that holy fount of feeling that, responsive to the stroke
Of her little lily fingers, in my flinty heart awoke,
Ever more my earthly journey still by day and night attend,
And in all my weary wanderings follow after to the end.
He hath never lived who never, tangling all his heart within,
Tied a dainty blue sun-bonnet underneath a dimpled chin.
He who wants some one to crown him, loses, though he win the strife—
He who lacks the love of woman, lives the lesser half of life.
Ah the old songs are the sweetest, let the world say what it will—
Old friends are the best and truest, old love is the tenderest still.
Still in vain we seek to banish from the heart the first sweet face
That within its love-lit temple held a consecrated place.
Who hath not when sometime resting from his busy stir and strife
Woven thus some threads of fancy in the sober woof of life?
What is life for? But to gather heap on heap the shining gold,
While the shriveled heart grows harder and the starving soul grows old.
[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

WILLFUL LORETTA.
BY MRS. E. H. HOGG.
"Jack, don't you think this is getting to be something of an old story?"
She is the prettiest little creature in the world, with a bright, piquant face all smiles and dimples, eyes like twin blue-bells, and a rippling, willful mass of golden hair encircling the lovely, sparkling face with a perfect aureole of imprisoned sunshine.
She is curled up like a kitten in the rosy depths of a large rocker, the winking face lifted just far enough to enable her to send a half-deprecating glance from beneath the long, curling eyelashes, up at Jack Ayer—faithful, big-hearted Jack—who has been her friend, champion and lover ever since she was a toddling little fairy of six willful, imperious summers.
He is leaning against the back of her chair, looking down upon her with a world of devoted admiration in his honest, brown eyes—a look undergoes a swift change one of painful solicitude and even alarm while his firm lips tremble slightly as he answers her.
"What is it that is becoming an old story, Loretta?"
For just a moment Loretta Dane hesitates with a visible embarrassment in her manner, and her eyes droop away from the earnest gaze she feels upon her. Then the ruby lips curl in a pout half coquettish-half resentful, but wholly capricious and perverse.
"Why—you—see it has been just you and I all these years—and of course I like you ever so much, Jack—but—but—it's got to be such an old story, that I am afraid if we were to go on and get married, I should be tired of it before a great while—wouldn't you, Jack?"
Dead silence for a moment. Jack stands looking down at her with a face out of which every trace of brightness has vanished—his dark eyes full of bitter, passionate pain, his firm lips drawn tightly together.
Little fickle butterfly that she is, she has held the dearest place in his very heart of hearts for years, and to give her up is like facing the bitterness of death itself. But strong as the love he holds for her is his honor and his pride, and they will not suffer him to keep her bound for an instant to an unwilling pledge.
"It would never have been an old story to me, Loretta," he answers presently. "Or rather, an old story far sweeter and dearer than any new one could ever be. But if it has become so to you, let it end here and now; you are free."

She has been twirling around on her pretty, plump finger, in a half-nervous way, the dainty turquoise ring he had placed there with such fond pride six months before, and just as the last words passed his lips it slips from her careless hold, and rolls to his feet.
Without a word or sign save deepening of the pallor on his cheek Jack stoops and picks it up and puts it in his pocket.
"Good-bye, Loretta," he says, holding out his hand.
She looks quickly up with a faint little gasp.
"There is something in his tone that warns her that he is drifting farther out of her life than she can consent to let him go."
"Not good-bye, Jack," she falters. "We'll be good friends of course, and you will come to see me just the same—as—"
"Never the same, Loretta!" he answers, almost sternly. "There can be no half-way compromise in this matter. If you send us away from that place I have occupied in your heart and life, the separation must be final—absolute. If being what you call 'good friends' means that I wish you every happiness in life, I will be so. But it would be worse than madness in me to continue to court your society, to risk the intoxication that pervades your smiles, your words, your every action, when the goal to which they would point is forever beyond my reach—it is worse than cruel in you to ask it. From this hour I must look upon you and regard you as the prospective wife of some other man—and to his rights I must offer no invasion, Good-bye!"
Half frightened, half ashamed, yet carried along by her willful caprice, Loretta suffers her hand to lie in his for a brief instant with no lingering pressure on either side.
Then he turns and is gone, while she buries her face in her handkerchief in a burst of impetuous tears.
The paroxysm passes quickly, however, and drying her tears she sits upright, darning one rosewater sock and another.
"Let him go off angry if he wants to!" she exclaims, stifling a sob. "I don't believe he cared for me after all; and at any rate I am free now."
She draws a letter from her pocket—a letter two days old, now, but which has been the leading factor in this movement on her part—and opening it through for the twentieth time.
"Dear Loretta—I had no idea that you had grown to be such a charming little creature as your photograph recently sent me indicates; and I must have you down here in the city for a few weeks to turn the heads of our society beans, and make our belles wild with envy. I hope there is no rustic entanglement to interfere with the prospects I can insure to you, with that captivating face of yours. If I do not send you home with a diamond of the first water on your finger, I shall not be as good a prophet as I have proved myself in other cases. Let me know how soon you can be ready to come, for this season will not last more than six weeks longer."
It is the first notice her fashionable, worldly-minded aunt has taken of her for ten years, and it has thrown her foolish little heart into a flutter of gratified vanity and expectation.
Poor Jack! his turquoise ring looks very cheap and plain in contrast with the splendor of that prospective diamond; and after reading the letter over half a dozen times, Loretta comes to the conclusion that she will exchange this "old story" the perusal of the new and dazzling romance of which her aunt's letter holds the promise.
Despite the bustle of preparation, the next few days are horribly lonely to Loretta. Never until now has she realized how largely she had been dependent for that happiness she shed a constant stream of sunshine around her, to the kindly sphere of the loving, tender, faithfulness that has pervaded his every word and action toward her—that has anticipated her wishes, fulfilled her desires almost before she was conscious of them, and shielded her from every breath of care or sorrow.
But although she begins to realize all this, she has not yet learned to appreciate it at its true worth; so she dashes away the tears that will arise now and then, and forces a smile to her lips; and when at last she is ready to start, the excitement ring he had placed there with such fond pride six months before, and just as the last words passed his lips

Her aunt meets her with open arms, loads her with kisses and compliments, and later on with costly presents, and for three weeks life opens before her in one long, glittering holiday.
Her fresh, lovely face and unaffected ways create, as her aunt predicted, a perfect sensation, and ere Loretta has been a week in the glittering whirl, her conquests have attained a magnitude that the most inveterate coquette might well envy.
But although pleased, dazzled, and flattered by the novel experience, in the girl's heart is a void that nothing can appease, that is daily becoming larger and deeper.
Among all the faultlessly attired admirers who throng around her with their pretty compliments and languid, base attentions, where is one like Jack Ayer, with his clear, straightforward look, his earnest, sincere voice, his manly upright bearing? Never in his life has he flattered her—nay, he has chided her gently, many times—but she knows now that his lightest word of approval has sounded dearer and been more deeply treasured than all the fawning adulation and vivid compliments of which she is becoming so weary.
She lies down to rest one night, or rather in the early morning, heart and head alike throbbing in a weary refrain of pain and loneliness.
One of her most eligible admirers has been more than usually pointed in his attentions that night, and her aunt has whispered: "I see the fulfillment of my prophecy, Loretta! the diamond is yours!" but the words have no power to move her.
Her whole soul is going forth in one cry—a cry that must be forever uttered in vain—for her own act has stilled the answer.
She sits up in a heavy sleep, all she is standing on the verge of a steep precipice. Far below her on a narrow ledge a man is lying with a face of ghastly pallor and closed eyes—a face that is Jack's own.
Presently he opens his eyes and reaches one hand imploringly toward her; but she makes no response, and the next moment she sees him falling down to the bottom of the precipice.
At the moment she is seized by some one behind her; it is the man whose attention she had been receiving that evening. With a wild shriek she breaks from him, and goes down to where that dead face is lying unperceived to her, and then she awakes.
Awakes with but one thought—one purpose. She has read her own heart at last—and oh, to return to Jack!—to see him once more, and if she cannot creep back, a repentant child, to his arms, to die at his feet.
How hollow and empty seems the life she has led the past few weeks, in comparison with that she has renounced. Her whole soul goes out in one famished longing to see him once again—to hear him speak, to touch his hand.
The years of that faithful love and devotion are no old story now, but one that has become imbued with the perennial newness of appreciation, of knowledge, of understanding that nothing can ever disturb or depreciate again.
In vain her aunt endeavors by entreaty, and even reproach, to shake her purpose.
The afternoon train bears her back—to what?—her sinking heart refuses to answer—what it dare not promise, what it will not resign.
Is it dusk when she reaches the station.
She has not apprised her father of her return, and there is no one to meet her, so she gets off to walk the distance to her home, not caring to hire a conveyance.
She will go along some of the roads where she has walked so often with Jack—although it seems now to her like walking through a city of the dead.
She has gone half the distance, and is walking with her head-bent, when, glancing up just as she turns a corner, she sees some one approaching her.
It is Jack, and at the sight of his

face, pale and careworn, her heart seems to stand still within her, while a half guilty feeling inspires her to flee from the spot.
But another stronger feeling conquers it and give her strength, and she goes straight forward to meet him.
He is close upon her, now. Her eyes are fixed upon him with a look of piteous appeal, her lips are parted ready for a rush of penitential self-accusation.
His clear, steadfast eyes meet hers full, but over his face comes no softening expression.
His hat is lifted, and with a courteous but cold "good-evening" he has passed by.
Gone, and like this? Oh, forbid it, pitying Heaven! A noise as of rushing waters sounds in her ears; she struggles for a moment like one drowning; then she turns—she never knows how—stretches out her hands with a low, inarticulate cry, and falls like a stone upon the ground.
When she opens her eyes again Jack's arms are around her, and Jack's impassioned kisses are bringing her back to life.
But the instant her consciousness returns his hold relaxes; he assists her to regain her feet, then withdraws a few paces from her.
She makes no movement—she cannot; all senses seem frozen in a horrid spell—the terrible, overpowering fear that she has indeed lost him forever. So for a moment he stands and regards her swaying form in silence; then he speaks:
"You are weak and trembling. Shall I see you home, Miss Dane?"
Then her lips are loosened, and she turns toward him with outstretched, imploring hands.
"Oh, Jack!"—the words come in one tumultuous torrent of love, grief, shame, repentance—"take me home, indeed—back to your heart and love—or leave me here and let me die!"
She is standing on the verge of a steep precipice. Far below her on a narrow ledge a man is lying with a face of ghastly pallor and closed eyes—a face that is Jack's own.
Presently he opens his eyes and reaches one hand imploringly toward her; but she makes no response, and the next moment she sees him falling down to the bottom of the precipice.
At the moment she is seized by some one behind her; it is the man whose attention she had been receiving that evening. With a wild shriek she breaks from him, and goes down to where that dead face is lying unperceived to her, and then she awakes.
Awakes with but one thought—one purpose. She has read her own heart at last—and oh, to return to Jack!—to see him once more, and if she cannot creep back, a repentant child, to his arms, to die at his feet.
How hollow and empty seems the life she has led the past few weeks, in comparison with that she has renounced. Her whole soul goes out in one famished longing to see him once again—to hear him speak, to touch his hand.
The years of that faithful love and devotion are no old story now, but one that has become imbued with the perennial newness of appreciation, of knowledge, of understanding that nothing can ever disturb or depreciate again.
In vain her aunt endeavors by entreaty, and even reproach, to shake her purpose.
The afternoon train bears her back—to what?—her sinking heart refuses to answer—what it dare not promise, what it will not resign.
Is it dusk when she reaches the station.
She has not apprised her father of her return, and there is no one to meet her, so she gets off to walk the distance to her home, not caring to hire a conveyance.
She will go along some of the roads where she has walked so often with Jack—although it seems now to her like walking through a city of the dead.
She has gone half the distance, and is walking with her head-bent, when, glancing up just as she turns a corner, she sees some one approaching her.
It is Jack, and at the sight of his

face, pale and careworn, her heart seems to stand still within her, while a half guilty feeling inspires her to flee from the spot.
But another stronger feeling conquers it and give her strength, and she goes straight forward to meet him.
He is close upon her, now. Her eyes are fixed upon him with a look of piteous appeal, her lips are parted ready for a rush of penitential self-accusation.
His clear, steadfast eyes meet hers full, but over his face comes no softening expression.
His hat is lifted, and with a courteous but cold "good-evening" he has passed by.
Gone, and like this? Oh, forbid it, pitying Heaven! A noise as of rushing waters sounds in her ears; she struggles for a moment like one drowning; then she turns—she never knows how—stretches out her hands with a low, inarticulate cry, and falls like a stone upon the ground.
When she opens her eyes again Jack's arms are around her, and Jack's impassioned kisses are bringing her back to life.
But the instant her consciousness returns his hold relaxes; he assists her to regain her feet, then withdraws a few paces from her.
She makes no movement—she cannot; all senses seem frozen in a horrid spell—the terrible, overpowering fear that she has indeed lost him forever. So for a moment he stands and regards her swaying form in silence; then he speaks:
"You are weak and trembling. Shall I see you home, Miss Dane?"
Then her lips are loosened, and she turns toward him with outstretched, imploring hands.
"Oh, Jack!"—the words come in one tumultuous torrent of love, grief, shame, repentance—"take me home, indeed—back to your heart and love—or leave me here and let me die!"
She is standing on the verge of a steep precipice. Far below her on a narrow ledge a man is lying with a face of ghastly pallor and closed eyes—a face that is Jack's own.
Presently he opens his eyes and reaches one hand imploringly toward her; but she makes no response, and the next moment she sees him falling down to the bottom of the precipice.
At the moment she is seized by some one behind her; it is the man whose attention she had been receiving that evening. With a wild shriek she breaks from him, and goes down to where that dead face is lying unperceived to her, and then she awakes.
Awakes with but one thought—one purpose. She has read her own heart at last—and oh, to return to Jack!—to see him once more, and if she cannot creep back, a repentant child, to his arms, to die at his feet.
How hollow and empty seems the life she has led the past few weeks, in comparison with that she has renounced. Her whole soul goes out in one famished longing to see him once again—to hear him speak, to touch his hand.
The years of that faithful love and devotion are no old story now, but one that has become imbued with the perennial newness of appreciation, of knowledge, of understanding that nothing can ever disturb or depreciate again.
In vain her aunt endeavors by entreaty, and even reproach, to shake her purpose.
The afternoon train bears her back—to what?—her sinking heart refuses to answer—what it dare not promise, what it will not resign.
Is it dusk when she reaches the station.
She has not apprised her father of her return, and there is no one to meet her, so she gets off to walk the distance to her home, not caring to hire a conveyance.
She will go along some of the roads where she has walked so often with Jack—although it seems now to her like walking through a city of the dead.
She has gone half the distance, and is walking with her head-bent, when, glancing up just as she turns a corner, she sees some one approaching her.
It is Jack, and at the sight of his

HUMOROUS.
Brown says that a married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding march.
The dead letter—office the husband's coat-pocket.
The maiden's band of hope—a husband.
Will any one through the Farmers Department inform a poor man the best way to start a nursery? Certainly—get married.
Miss Dawdrop: "Don't you think Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?" Miss Payne, blushing violently: "How should I know?"
Old man (calling down the stairs to daughter): "Claral! Daughter: 'Yes, papa.' Old man: Ask that young man in the parlor which he prefers for breakfast—milk rails or Vienna bread."
"See here, said a fault-finding husband, 'we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept.' 'With all my heart,' sweetly answered his wife; 'and let us begin with your lace hours, my love.'"
"I don't see why you should sneer at my engagement ring," said a fair girl, with a flash of indignation on her cheek as she faced a rival belle; "it's a good deal prettier than the one you wore three years ago, and haven't worn since!" "No, dear," replied her friend, with a cool, far-away look—"not prettier, but quite as pretty. It is the same ring."
Saxe, the American joker and poet, was once taking a trip on a steamer, when he fell in with a lively young lady, to whom he made himself very agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the dandy, who said at parting: "Good bye, Mr. Saxe! I fear you will soon be forgetting me." "Ah, my dear young lady," said the inveterate punster, "if I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be for getting you!"
The father of a family came down to breakfast one morning, when his wife and three daughters were all "new trousers" and about as tight too long; I wish one of you domestic angels would make them right for me before Sunday." A chorus of assent showed that paternalism had an industrial and willing household. On the present occasion it proved to be a doubtful good; for each member, separately and unknown to the other, cut a inch off "dear papa's" trousers, and hemmed them neatly at the bottom afterwards. The result on Sunday was not satisfactory either to temper or trousers.
HE MUST HAVE BEEN DRUNK.
Husband—What's the matter with my darling this morning?
Wife—You know well enough what's the matter. You came home drunk again last night.
"Me drunk last night—never!"
"But you owned up that you had been drinking."
"I did, eh? Well, you can't believe half a man says when he's full."
WHY HE DIDN'T STRIKE.
"Dennis, why don't you strike?"
"An' what should I do that for?"
"The work's too hard for the pay you get. The idea of going up that ladder all day long!"
"But I only go up half the day, sir."
"How can you make that appear?"
"Because sir I spends the other half of it in comin' down."
Look Him in the Eye.
"Look your minister in the eye when he's preaching. He is talking 'o you, and has right to your strict attention. His discourse has relation to your spiritual welfare, and should arouse your deepest interest. Before you allow yourself to grumble at the dullness of a sermon, consider if the dullness is not in your own brain." When inclined to complain of the preacher's monotony see if the real monotony is not in the organ, the "pulpit furniture," the rows of pews, the wall decorations—all of which you have gazed at with a restless vision to the neglect of the preacher's which really is aglow with enthusiasm and aptly expressive of the sentiments his lips are uttering. Further, remember that the minister is delivering a message from your Lord and Master. You are bound by every holy obligation to receive the message with reverent regard, and to give the messenger a respectful hearing.
Smokless gunpowder is the latest addition to the science of war. Now let somebody invent a smokless cigarette; and peace will have her victories no less renowned than war.—Boston Transcript.

Correct Speaking.

"My son, you should be more careful in your speech. It is just as easy to be right as to be wrong. And you should be more studious. While you were running about town last night I was burning the midnight oil!"
"No, you wasn't!"
"What do you mean?"
"I mean that you should be more correct in your speech, father. You were burning gas, not oil. It is just as easy to be right."

Salt for Swine.

Practical and successful Western men claim that a constant supply of salt for swine is a safe preventive of diseases, one that can be counted on with a degree of certainty; that by the constant use the system is made strong to ward off disease; that cholera does not start in herds receiving this care, and that these herds often escape when all others around them are destroyed.

Following the Doctor's Advice.

"Take rest, the trouble is you're tired!"
The one addressed was wise; He straightway with a merchant hired Who did not advertise.