word so full and about which such tender and holy recollections cluster as that of "MOTHER"-she who watched over our helpless infancy and guided our first tottering step. Yet the life of every Expectant Mother is beset with danger and all effort should be made to avoid it.

Mother is enabled to look forward without dread, suffering or gloomy forebodings, to the hour when she experiences the joy of Motherhood of both Mother and Child, and she can't place him. Who is he?" is found stronger after than before

" My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other two children than she did altogether with her last, having previously used four bot-tles of 'Mother's Friend.' It is a

Of Druggists at \$1.00, or sent by express on receipt of price. Write for book containing testimoniate and valuable information for all Mothers, free The Bradfield Regulator Co., Attack

THE COUPER MABRIE WORK 111, 113 & 11, Bank St. NORFOLK, - VIRGINIA Large stock of finished donuments. Grovestones &c Readyfor immediate shipmen

Free tuition. We give one or more free scholarships in every county in the U.S. Write us.

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Will accept notes for tuition or can deposit money in bank until position is secured. Can fare paid. No vacation. En Inder reasonable terst any time. Open for bot Address J. F. DRAUGHON, Pres't, at either place. Draughon's Practical..... Ollege NASHVILLE, TENR., AND TEXARKANA, TEXAS.

sokkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc. most thorough, practical and progressions of the kind in the world, and the beautiful and the beautiful and the beautiful and the south and the beautiful and the beautiful and the south and the south

Young Bleycie Gold Watch, Dinmon Ring, or a Senctarship I Draughon's Practical Busines College, Na aville, Tenn., o Texarkana, Tex., or a scholarship ble beginner. arship in most any other reputable business or lege or literary school in the U. S. can be secur-by doing a stile work at home for the Youth ter, moral in tone, and profitable to your est and profit by profi inte conforment

De De Dialos

eav. a plug t every Mane Wednesday and Finday a: 12 and Saturday at 5 P M. for Hel haven connecting with Norfolk & Southern R. R. for all points be tween Bellehaven and Norfolk and Norfolk with steamers and railroads tor New York, Philadelpia, Baltimore, Boston, Providence, Rich mond and Washington City and alpoints West, Returning arriving at Wasnington Tuesdays, Thurs days and Satursdays about 6 A M and Sundays 11 A M. This give-

ein R R Norfolk. On and after Aug. 30, 1897. Steamer Virginia Dare Capt. 1) Hill leaves Washington on Monda and Fridays 7 a m for Bay-Si le. South Creek, Aurora, Makelyville and Belhaven.

Wednesdays leaves Washing-Creek, Aurora, Makelyville Scran'on and Belhaven.

Tuesdays. Thursdays and Saturdays leaves Belhaven 6 .. m. for Makelyville, South Creek, Auro-Str R. L. Myers, Cap. Pavin leaves Wastington on Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays a 6 a. m. Wednesdays and Fridays a 6 a. m. Shoes, collars, shirts and two scarfs and those shoes, collars, shirts and two scarfs and ra, Bay-Side and W shington. all points on Tar River, returning

alternate days. Freight and Pas sengers at lowest rates Freight for Tar river Steamer received from 6 a. m. till 6 p. m. For Steamer Virginia Dare till 6:3c day of sailing. Freight received after the above time, will remain till followi g trip. Schedule sub-

ject to change without notice JOHN MYERS' SON, Ag't.

VIRGINIA GOLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES Roanoke, Va.

Opens Sept. 9, 1897. One of the leading schools for young ladies in the South. Magnificent buildings, all modern improvements. Campus ten acres; grand mountain scenery in valley of Virginia, famed for health. European and American teachers. 24 Hours. Full course. Superior advantage in Art and Music. Students from twenty States. For catalogue address the president,

MATTIE P. HARRIS,

TWO BLANKS OF NEW YORK.

Mystery of the Man Who Stole Food at Free Luncheons-Another Man With a Historical Name Who Took to Wearing Old Clothes and Was Dropped.

so assists nature bling gait and a shifty eye, walked down in the change tak-ing place that attracted the attention of a broker who the Expectant was standing in his office window. The broker watched the man closely until the fellew had disappeared around the corner into Wall street. He had called a visitor's attention to the man.

fore?" he asked. "His face is familiar, and I am sure Its use insures safety to the lives that I have seen him somewhere, but I

"John Blank," said the broker, menconfinement-in short, it "makes tioning a family name that was well Childbirth natural and easy," as known. "I am a member of three good so many have said. Don't be clubs," continued the broker, naming three that one would naturally place at the head of the list of New York clubs, persuaded to use anything but "and in the course of a long experience with the management of them I have seen some curious club skeletons. They are unpleasant. Blank was a skeleton in the --- club until we finally got rid of him, and to this day none of the men who knew the facts about his expulsion

"So far as family connections are blessing to any one expecting to be-come a MOTHER," says a customer. HENDERSON DALE, Carmi, Illinois. five years ago, when I was a member of the house committee, that my attention was first called to Blank. A member of

the club came to me one day and said: "'See here. I've got a disagreeable duty to perform. You know that refreshments are served at every regular meeting of the club, and I have noticed for several months back that John Blank has stowed away a lot of things in his

it the first time that I noticed it.' he replied, 'but I watched this man at the last meeting very closely. He was not I saw him wrap up a piece of chicken, some lobster salad and a brick of ice cream in separate packages, put them under his overcoat and leave the club. It's an amazing proceeding, and I think that it is high time that something was

done about it.' "This man's complaint interested me, and I investigated it. Some of the club waiters told me that Blank had occasionally taken articles of small value planation for his little steals. He was and is a lawyer in good practice, and, as you know, he lives very comfortably. house committeemen, and we decided a package from the lunch table and

planation. "Charges were preferred against him

A man who had listened attentively to the broker's story said: "I can equal that with an experience in my own club. The man in question has recently died and it is only charitable to say that he was probably insane for several years before he died. He was quick transportation at low rates. Arthur Blank"-mentioning a histor-Order frieght care Norfolk & South ical name. "About three years ago this man began to wear very shabby clothes. freezing. He had always been very careful in his dress, and this change was surprising. He came to the club and sat around, looking like a tramp. His linen was ragged, and even the waiters looked askance at his clothes. I knew that he his departure, when the tramping of had money, but it was not a pleasant task to suggest to him that he should ton 7 a m for Bay-Side, South get some new clothes. He was an old bachelor, and he had rooms in an expensive bachelor apartment house. His condition was a disgrace to the club and as a last resort half a dozen of his old friends got up a purse of \$100 and went to his tailor and ordered a new

the club in his new clothes, and when wager. The new clothes were too much this for a signal to go faster still, and for him, however. He got drank on the the big fan flapping madly back and Washington, N. C. Sept. 23, '96 strength of them and staid drunk at the forth till I called, "De club for the next two weeks, when he was dropped from membership."—New

Johnson's Chill and Feer Tonic is a ONE-DAY Jure. It cures the most stubborn case of fever in

The Progress wishes its friends ind patrons a happy and pros

There is no SKELETONS IN CLUBS.

THE QUEER PERFORMANCES OF THE

A decently dressed man, with a sham-"Have you ever seen that fellow be-

has ever had any explanation of them.

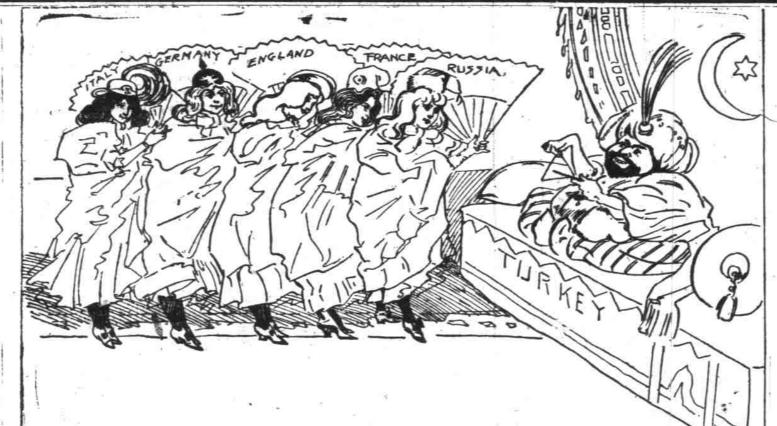
pockets on every such occasion.

"'Why, that is absurd,' I replied, and I suspect that he has been drinking too much. You know that these monthly lunches are free to the members.' 'That was the view that I took of

and a formal notification was sent to him. Blank paid no attention to it. We dipper is upside down and the sun sets thought that he might not have receiv- within two minutes of a quarter after 6 ed it and we sent him another notifica- all the year around. tion and made sure that it reached him. Blank ignored it, and then we dropped him for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. Blank never came near the club riding out to the tennis club and havhouse after his first notification, and so ing afternoon tea, or walking to the far as I know he has never given an in- park to hear the band play and see the dication of resenting our action in dropping him. Now what do you suppose was the explanation of his thefts? I never have been able to find one that was satisfactory. It has been asserted that despite his large income he is nat-urally a very miserly fellow, but that is merely gossip. I meet him occasionally, and he is always affable. It was a disagreeable affair, and to this day an inexplicable one."

which read: "DEAR BLANK-By express I send you the outfit that I lost by my last election wager. "The signature was such that no one could read it. There was some speculation as to how Blank would take this hint. Two days later he turned up at Mrs. Hale, "don't, for pity's sake, make he was congratulated on them he said they were the result of an election

er months of awful Spanish cooked dinners on shore! Rosnoke, Va. | perous New Year,



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hesanna! Hosanna! Ye nations hear the story-Today ye are redeemed Made heirs with Christ in glory! Bring out the silent harps And tune them all snew, Then sing till angels stand amased— A Saviour's born to you

Hosanna! Hosanna! Twas shepherds told the story-The star had led the way To a manger filled with glory. Ring out, ye Christmas bells! Death's power hath passed away, And heaven rings with this glad then Man is redeemed today.

Hosannal Hosannal Let heaven and earth repeat. Join scraphim and cherub In homage at his feet. Let song of saving grace, With angel's anthem vie, For unto God the sweetest sound Is a redeemed one's cry.

Bring roses, sweet roses For unto you is given A ransom from the grave, A passport into heaven. Swing wide, ye pearly gates! Let anthems have full sway. The King of Glory left his Upon that Christmas day.

—William E. Sheffield in Brooklyn Engle.

UNDER THE

SOUTHERN CROSS.

It was about 4 o'clock on Christmas from the club, and that he always care eve and business was over as I closed ried away a package after a free supper. my desk and rose with a weary yawn. There seemed to be no reasonable ex- There was little in my surroundings to remind me of the day, no frost on the windows, no snow on the ground outside and no sharp bracing cold in the I consulted with some of the other air. The windows were as wide open as they could be, and the steady swinging to lock out for Blank at the next sup- of the "punkah" overhead was all that per. He turned up promptly, and, sure kept the room from being stiflingly hot enough, we saw him stealthily make up and close, for the office was situated somewhere about latitude 14 north, in walk out with it. There was nothing the faraway Philippine islands, where left for us to do but to ask for an ex- the great, beautiful flowers have no perfume and the wonderful birds never sing, where the southern cross glitters over the land at night and the great

So I had before me about two hours and a half of daylight, and I was trying to decide whether to utilize it by Spanish dignitaries. The native clerks in the outer room had dusted up and now came gliding in with bare, splay toed feet, like black headed ghosts in their white clothes, to bid me "buenas noches" and a happy Christmas, and incidentally to receive each his holiday gift of one or perhaps five big silver dol lars, according to his station, from Jose, the half breed chief clerk, who on the strength of his dignity and of his speaking a little English kept his shirt tucked inside his trousers and wore embroidered sandals, down to little Nito, the errand boy, hardly more than a savage of the wilderness. They had the 'Christmas feeling' anyway, and associated it with the mercury's ranging from 80 to 105 degrees, as we New Englanders do its rambling from zero to

The last "muchas gracias, senor, had been said, and the last clerk glided out, and the gray headed old "punkah cooly" was stealthily watching to see me take up my jacket, the signal for unmistakable and evidently stout boots sounded without, and with a prodigious crash of the screen door there entered into my sanctum stalwart Captain Hale of the good ship Monhegan, arrayed in snowy linen and crowned with a broad nith helmet, accompanied by stont and jolly Mrs. Hale, carrying a big basket and a brown gingham umbrella, with her cheerful face beaming from the depths of a real old fashioned sunbonnet.

"Good evening, sir," they both called out, and Mrs. Hale added: "Wish you a merry Christmas, Mr. B. My. ain't it hot!" subsiding into the bamboo chair which I had placed for her under the punkah, with a "pica, hombre" (faster, man), to old Pedro, the cooly, who redoubled his efforts with a disapproving grunt. "Good gracious, Mr. B.," exclaimed

that poor old feller work so this hot day on my 'count. Stop it," shaking her umbrella vigorously at Pedro, who took The Monhegan had been in the bay for a month past under charter to me for Boston, and was now cleared and ready to sail the next day. I had spent many a pleasant hour on board with the captain and his wife, rejoicing in the homelike feeling it gave me to hear their good old Yankee forms of speech. The very sight of their healthy faces, browned by the sun in many seas, did me good in my weary exile, and their presence seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of the breezy pines and wind swept shores of Maine. And how good their primitive, shipboard food was aft-

And now the sound of their hearty voices seemed to give the earthquake pent, dingy walls of the old office build-

THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE MAKES THEM KEEP TIME TO HIS MUSIC ing a pleasanter aspect. "rou see, Mr. B.," said the capcain, "we kinder thought we'd drop in and give ye the good wishes of the season 'fore goin round to do our Christmasin. Fact is," he added, smiling, "the old lady can't get on without celebratin Christmas, no matter where she is, and she's always bound to give some presents to folks. If we're at sea, she gives 'em to my crew, and if we're in port like this she hunts up poor folks and gives 'em to 'em, heathens and all Ain't that so, mother?

Mrs. Hale nodded. "That's a fact, father," she said "Why, 'twouldn't seem the least mite like Christmas if I couldn't give presents, whether I be home in Boothbay or not. As for hea-

thens, that don't make a bit of difference. It's Christmas jest the same, whether they know it or not, and it tickles 'em jest as much to get presents, and me to give 'em. And you're jest the same, John. You know you be. Maria," acknowledged the captain, and youngster fresh from home had been they went on to tell of their queer ex- saved from going wrong in that land of the way Chinese and African ports with | words of counsel and advice. chuckles and peals of laughter that set Pedro grinning by force of example, though he couldn't understand a word. "And speakin of that, Mr. B.," said Mrs. Hale, "I thought maybe I could

you and them other young men here away from their own folks, so I made you this." And with that she extracted from her basket the very grandfather of all Christmas plum puddings-the first one I had seen for three years. "Maybe 'tain't jest what you'd get at home,' she said, holding it out with both hands while the captain towered beside her, six feet of genuine delight at my surprise. " 'cause I didn't have just the right fixin's, but I guess it'll go down pretty well. There, take it and don't bother to say one word." And I knew the kind old soul saw that for the moment Z could as easily have flown as

uttered the thanks I felt. 'Trust the old lady to know what boys like," said the captain. "We had a boy once ourselves. He'd be jest about your age now," he added in a lower tone, glancing at his wife. "We've got him now, John, as I've always said and always will," said

Mrs. Hale quietly, rearranging her bas-The captain went on in answer to my wondering look: "You see, our boy run off when he wa'n't more'n 15. He'd been kind of wild, as boys be, and I'm afraid I was a little harsh to him Any. way he went off without a word, and we ain't never heard of him since. I feel pretty sure he's dead, but mother

here sticks to it he ain't." "And I'm goin to stick to it, John. till I know for sure." And then with a cheery smile at me: "It kind of does me good to keep lookin forward to seein Rufe again some day. Now, come along, John; it's gettin late."

I slipped on my jacket, whereupon Pedro vanished, and accompanied the worthy couple down to the door of the as if he didn't care much about Rufe's goin off, but now he really does, Mr. If he could find our boy, 'twould take ten years off his age and mine too. ' I did not doubt it, and I refrained from saying that I thought it would probably add ten years to Rufe's if he could realize the sort of mother and fa-

ther he had left so many years ago. So I bade them good night, promising see them in the morning and with hearty thanks for their thoughtful kindness, and watched them as they trudged away toward the native quarters, their sturdy figures towering above the motley crowd of natives and Chinamen who thronged the narrow street and filled the air with their uncouth gabble. I sent my groom home with the precious pudding, and, mounting my pony, threaded my way around to the English club. There I found McGregor, the old Scotch doctor, standing in the doorway and amusing himself by tossing coppers one at a time to a crowd of lame, halt and blind beggars, who as each coin fell instantly became an appalling tangle of

skinny arms and legs. "Hello!" said he as I drew up. was just coming round after you. "Suraiment, and, like metamorphosed Oliver Twists, asking for more. "Aren't how they enjoy it?" you acting American consul just now?" he inquired.

arduous duties, being the only American resident in the place. "Well," continued the "medico," "I have a fellow countryman of yours

very bad with fever down in Malacanan (native quarter), a sailorman, only just out of the Spanish jail for thumping a guardia (policeman) last year. I have my doubts of his lasting long, and you'd better come down if you will." Of course I would come, consul or not. In these hidden corners of the world any one in trouble, vagabond

sailor, "beach comber" or unlucky clerk out of employment, is as sure of help from more fortunate fellow countrymen as if he were in his native land-surer perhaps, unless he happen to be a Chinaman, in which case his friends let him die unmolested and then pay the

expenses of burying him in China, a backbanded sort of philanthropy, very characteristic in John Chinaman.

So the doctor jumped into a public carriage and rattled away toward Malacanan, while I followed on my pony, leaving the beggars to philosophically squat down around the club doorway and resume their everlasting wail of

"Charity, for love of beaven, charity!" Poer old McGregor's story was a sad one. Long years before, as a young man, he had come to the Philippines on a pleasure trip with his wife and here she died suddenly of cholera, that terrible scoarge of the east, which then was claiming its victims by thousands, and for 20 years the doctor had never left the island where she lay, among the tall palms in the little English cemetery on Santa Ana hill But many others had reason to bless the cause that kept Dr. McGreger among them From the proudest Spanish official in his pulace to the humblest savage in his bamboo hut the doctor's time and skill were al-"Well, I don't know but what I be, | ways at their service And many a

We stopped at last before a miserable hut on the outskirts of the town, and giving the pony in charge of a passing native I followed the doctor in The interior was dark and comparatively cool make it a little more like Christmas to An old native woman, like a grotesque image, was squatting on the bamboo

floor beside a heap of "nipa" leaves and pieces of matting, on which lay a white man, tossing, turning and babbling with delirium, in the full grip of the jungle fever-a young man evidently, his once powerful frame, fearfully reduced by illness and confinement, covered by the ragged and grimy shirt and trousers of a sailor. He became quieter as McGregor raised has head and drank the medicine given him, but began muttering again as the doctor laid him

afternoon,' said McGregor, "and told me a bit of his story, but he couldn't or wouldn't tell his name. I found him just outside on the grass and brought him in here for want of a better place." "Was there nothing in his pockets?"

"Nought but these," showing a few centimes, at which the old woman glared greedily "He may come to his other respects he remained as punctil-

"Is he past hope, Mac?" I asked. better house. I meau?"

The doctor shook his head. could get him up north now, I'd say beavy rain at the age of 97, he caught a he'd get well with the constitution he cold that settled on his lungs, develophas. It's the heat of the place that keeps ed into pneumonia and carried him off, him down The poer lad's made like and so it may be said of my friend that one of our am collie dogs-strong and, he owed his long life and his death to well in the cold, but when taken by fe- the same cause."-New York Sun. ver in this climate-whish! burns up like gunpowder. '

It was terrible to see one of 'my own race dying thus in the lowest degradation, like a wretched savage, nursed by duelists both in England and the Unitan ignorant old barbarian only for the ed States. It was drawn up by the Irish building. On the stairs Mrs. Hale turn- sake of the money she knew we would bar at the Clonmel assizes in 1777 and ed and whispered to me: "John talks give her, more terrible as time went on, appears to aim at so arranging matters and the poor parched lips never ceased that no Irishman anxious to fight shall their childish, unintelligible chatter, be balked by his wish. "The first of-Oh, for a bit of ice or anything to cool fense requires the first apology, althat burning forehead! But nothing is though the retort may be more offen-

cool there, nothing but death. So we sat in silence, I with my held be explained away. But if either parmet fanning the flushed face, so drawn ty," the code hastens to add, "would and haggard, which must have been rather fight on after two shots each strong and handsome in health, and the the principal who made the retort may doctor ever and anon raised the beavy explain and then the original offender head with the gentleness of a woman tender his spology." "When the lie has a surface area of 40,716 square and gave medicine, while the old hag direct is the first offense, the aggressor crouched in a corner and mumbled to must either beg pardon in express terms, herself, wondering if when the man was exchange two shots previous to apolodead she would get a whole silver pe- gy, or three shots followed by exso or not. Outside the brown people planation, or tire on till a severe hit be chattered and laughed in their freedom scored by one of the parties." "No from care, now and then peering in with 'dumb firing,' or firing in the air, is more than 2,085 tons. curious faces and running away with admissible." "In slight cases the secfresh shouts. Their turn might come ond hands his principal but one pistol, next, but little they cared. The present in gross cases two, holding another case was theirs for enjoyment of life. Never ready charge'l in reserve."-Cornhill and 254.5 feet high, or, to put it another mind tomorrow.

Suddenly the tumult seemed to increase and concentrate farther down the road. Then it began to approach, the screams and happy laughter of children mingled with the clearer tones of a foreigner's tongue, and as the crowd reached the hut I suddenly heard a familiar lu!" (get away) to the beggars, who voice saying: "There, little boy, don't were plucking at various portions of his you be so greedy. Let that little girl have some. Ain't it nice, John, to see

McGregor looked up in wonder, and I rose and went to the door. There I During the temporary absence of the found Captain Hale and his wife, surconsul I had undertaken his not very rounded by a perfect horde of delighted a canvas bag and she distributing candy, penny whistles and numerous odds and ends from her huge basket, both their faces perfect pictures of the honest pleasure which changed to such profound amazement at the sight of me that for a moment a combined assault by the native infantry on their basis of supplies was almost successful, only prevented by a vigorous use of the captain's bamboo stick and Mrs. Hale's gingham umbrella

> I started to explain why I was there, but before I fini ! . d Mrs Hale, with an PARKER'S
> HAIR BALSAM
> Chances and bestifier the bale.
> Fromtone a leasuratest growth.
> Sever Patts to Restore Guey
> Hair to its Touthful Joiler.
> Come cont disease & bair failing

low!" gave her basket a whirl which sent its contents flying in every direction, thereby creating a scene of riot And which those peaceful tropic shades had never witnessed the like of, and then trotted straight into the hut, followed by her husband, who bent his tall form nearly double to enter the door. The doctor rose and bowed with courtesy of 50 years ago as the motherly old lady bent down by the sufferer's side,

exclamation of, "Why, the poor fel-

Just see him, John!" invalid's face, and suddenly a cry went up that rang through the tiny hovel heart: "John! Father! It's our Rufe, blind and deaf. our own boy! Oh, Rufy, Rufy, after all these years!"

Step out softly, kind old doctor. Come with me and watch the sun going down in all its tropical glory behind the great volcanic range, if you can see it, for I cannot. It is all a blur to me. But I can see this-a noble ship. from this burning land one fever stricken to the cool breezes of the open sea and sure recovery under his own moth-

And hark to the bells of vespers this Christmas eve as they ring the warning from church and gray cathedral, of the glorious word they will tell tomorrow to men of every faith and creed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"-Charles Bryant Howard in Short Stories.

Where the Earth Is Dead. How cheerless is the wind that sweeps The hills of Galilee, Where, murmurless, the Jordan crosps Down to the deep Dead ses!

O'er barren rocks the dead vines trail And by dead tendrils cling, And on the hill and in the vale There is no breath of spring.

The dying glance of Christ the King eems to have staid and stilled The voice of every living thing Where Christ the King was killed. The brooks, the birds that sing with them. Have long since passed away.

-Cy Warman in New York Sun NO MACKINTOSH

The earth is dead today

Contrary Effects of the Absence of One on a Friend of Colonel Calliper. who notwithstanding that fact was a contain ancestors who won their bread pretty sane and sensible sort of young by the sweat of their face. man, but who nevertheless did at times in his younger days before he had learned the philosophy of life occasionally have periods of depression. In one of these on his way home once from Europe he came to the conclusion that life wasn't worth living, and he made up his mind to end it all right there by jumping overboard. As he looked over the rail and realized how wet the water was and how much there was of it he knew that he ought not to go out in

it without a mackintosh. "Going below, he discovered that he had neglected to bring one. On this occasion of all others when he wanted one most he had none. But he couldn't think of encountering the wet inappropriately clad, and so he deferred jumping overboard until he could do so in proper form. Next morning, with the resiliency of youth, he was feeling better, and he arrived in New York buey-

ant, hopeful and strong. "And, curiously enough, while in senses a bit soon. Ye'd better bide ious as ever about his dress, he never after that wore a mackintosh, and he went out in all sorts of weather with-'Can't we do anything-take him to a out hesitation. It was his carelessness in this regard that led finally to his "If we death. Out without a mackintosh in a

The Irish dueling code has been adopted with certain modifications by sive." "After one fire the retort may Magazine.

The Leophole.

Mr. Goodh'art-Regarding those kit tens, my dear, the president of our society says the most humane way to drown kittens is to put them in an ordinary earthenware flowerpot and then suddenly turn the flowerpot upside down in a pail of lukewarm water.

Mrs. Goodheart-Why, yes, that is good idea, isn't it, because, you know, there is a hole in the bottom of the flowerpot for the poor little things to breathe through.-London Fun. It is said that Australian shepherds

sheep. An increase in the curliness indicates better weather. Nearly 260 patents have been issued for horseshoes, but not one of the inventions has ever come into general use.

can foretell the weather from the con-

dition of the wool on the backs of their

Quinine and other fever medicines take from 5 to 10 days to cure fever Johnson's Chill and Feve Tonic cures in ONE DAY.

THAT FAMILY CLOSET.

arious Kinds of Skeletons The Abide Therein. Every family has its skeleton. We know that, of course, anatomical specimens, neatly put together and stored away in a secure cupboard, of which only family members have the key-a skeleton key, probably. Only when the

family is alone, with no visitors about, crying: "Oh, the poor, poor fellow! does it go to the door cautiously and unlock it and bring the bony occupant I moved in from the doorway, and forth. The family knows its own skelethe light of the setting sun fell on the ton, but outsiders are supposed to be in total · ignorance of its existence, and if they are wiser than people think themand far above the noisy clamor outside and of course they always are—it is only -a cry from the depths of a mother's a point of politeness to pretend to be

Of how many kinds are family skeletons? The Joneses possessed an uncle who died insane. You can't go near the Jones cupboard, or, in other words, even hint at the subject of hereditary insanity in their presence, without the skeleton audibly knocking its bones together and all the Joneses turning pale You can't mention Turkish bonds to the at anchor in the bay with all sails bent, Falling; you can't think why. And when drink statistics form the cheerful subject of conversation at the Robinsons table you observe with wonder that all the family grow uncomfortable and writhe in their chairs. You haven't the

> I met a man once at a dinner party who was perfectly sane upon every point on earth but one, and on that he was the opposite. He could talk about politics, science, art, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but if by any chance the conversation touched on dueling he went straight off his head

faintest notion why, but the skeleton

then and there. Dueling was the skeleton in his cup board, and the reason was one that cannot be enlarged upon here. On one day in every year he shut himself up in his house and was not seen by mortal eye. That was the one day when his skele-

ton came out and stalked about. Many people have what seems to the general public a harmless enough skeleton, but it is real and ghastly to themselves. It is of humble origin. It is surprising the pains people will take to conceal that their grandfathers were poor, but honest, the lies they will tell (which only proves that the grandparent's qualities have not descended in the direct line) and the meannesses they will indulge in, in the pitiable effort to Officd opposite Gallagher's Drug hide the fact that two generations ago "I knew a man once." said Colonel they kept a small greengrooer's shop or Calliper, "a young man who had ev- wore plush and powder. After all, the

erything that heart could wish for longer the line the more certain it is to E. S. SIMMONS. If all the world were not descended from the same "grand old gardener," there might be more common sense in

trying to forget honest toil.-English Exchange. IN LONDON'S SLUMS.

Rather Rough Experience That Taught An artist who is well known in northern city used occasionally to put on his shabbiest clothes and penetrate to the slums in search of inspiration for his brosh. On one of these excursions he stopped to watch the efforts of a ragged urchin who was disfiguring the pavement of a squalid street with a piece of soft blue stone, and, although two first-class assistants who do not the figures which the lad drew were grotesque, the artist was struck with their originality and began to ee an

interest in their development. "That's right, my boy! Make your lines clear and never mind the details. Champion! What! You don't know how to sketch that old man's head? Then

give me the chalk. I'll show you." The next moment the enthusiastic artist was on his knees, and with the piece of stone had quickly drawn a clever picture. Before he could commence another sketch, however, he felt a stunning blow on the head, and a shrill female voice cried:

"Take yer bloomin hook, ye great, good for nought hulk! What d'ye mean by messin up t'flags 'at I've just washed? 'Tain't no wonder 'at t' kids do it when a senseless old idiot like yerself sets 'em t'example. Be off, or I'll scour t'pavement wi' yer ugly carcass."

The artist hurriedly dodged another boot, sprang to his feet, and, without waiting to argue the matter, sneaked ignominiously off. He vows that he will mind his own business when next he goes slumming. —London Telegraph.

Why Doesn't the Boiler Burst? What a tremendous force is struggling to tear a boiler to atoms! Take, for example, a horizontal tubular boiler of ordinary proportions, 60 inches in diameter by 16 feet long, containing eighty-three 1 inch tubes. Such a boiler inches.

Suppose this boiler is operated with a working pressure of 100 pounds per square inch, which is not at all uncommon. The boiler therefore sustains a total pressure of 4,071,600 pounds, or Do we realize what this means? The

boiler has resting upon it the equivalent

of a column of granite 10 feet square

way, the boiler is holding up the equivalent weight of 22,371 persons, each weighing 182 pounds. The best authorities agree that the ordinary draft horse, working eight ours a day, exerts an average force during that time of 120 pounds Now, this force acting to disrupt the

so that to produce an equivalent stress it would be necessary to hitch up to the ends of the boiler two teams of 1,885 horses altogether. -Strand Magazine. They Are Friends. Helen-I wonder why Kate doesn't class work cheap.

ind her own busines

ing in death.

boiler longitudinally is 226, 200 pounds,

Mattie-She hasn't any Helen-Business? Mattie-No; mind.-Chicago News. How He Guessed It. She-I don't see anything so terrify-

were from Philadelphia? I have friends here myself. -Twinkles. CONIC

CHITT & LEVER

He-Why didn't you tell me you

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