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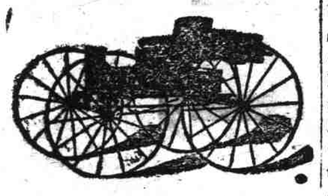

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Aspects of Yankee Courtship.

[Boston Courier.]

PRESSING AUTUMN LEAVES.

"You are the autumn leaf," said he,
"And my arms are the book, you know;
Now I place the leaf 'n the book, you see,
And tenderly press it so."

The maid looked up with glance demure,
And blushes her fair cheeks wore;
As she softly whispered: "The leaf, I'm sure,
Needs pressing a little more."

SHE COMPLIED WITH HIS REQUEST.

"Pray, call me a pretty name," said he,
One night to his darling Carrie,
The girl he had courted so long that she
Though he never meant to marry.
Up from his bosom she raised her head,
And her cheeks grew red as roses,
"I think I will call you 'man,'" she said,
"For they say that 'man proposes.'"

A CHANGE OF BASE.

Upon the garden gate they swung,
When nights were warm and fair,
And pale Diana often flung
Her light upon the pair.

To-night among the leafless trees
The autumn wind makes moan,
The gate is swinging in the breeze,
Its rusty hinges groan;

And where are now the youth so gay
And maiden dressed in lawn,
Oh, whither do their footsteps stray,
Where have the lovers gone?

Go to the parlor warm, go there,
And ask, if you would know,
The double-loaded rocking chair,
That lamp turned down so low.

"What are party lines, papa?"
His answer did not wait:
"They're lines to fish for voters, child,
With taffy for a bait."

—[Boston Gazette.

Some are playing, to their surprise,
To houses "crowded from pit to dome,"
And some are counting the railroad ties,
Pursuing their wearisome journey home.

—[Boston Courier.

A FACE.

[Hattie Tyng Griswold.]

There was a face—I knew it once
In days when hope and I were young—
That had a subtle spell of power
That ever to my life has clung.
I sometimes see it in my dreams,
Robed in its witchcraft as of old,
And the same subtle sorcery,
Even in dreams, retains its hold.

I thrill again beneath the glance
Not seen, in truth, for longest years
And when it goes I sound again
The deepest deeps of soul-felt tears.
I wake in troubled ecstacy,
And long to close my eyes once more.
That face—for one more glimpse I'd give
The sweetest dream I have in store.

What was the charm within the face?
In vain you ask, I can not tell;
I only know it lured and lured,
And thrilled me with a magic spell.
I only know the eyes were dark,
And know that they were fathoms deep,
And that I followed where they led,
As I do now, even in sleep.

Where glows the fatal face to-day?
Is it casting still its subtle spell
O'er fresh young lives, and making them
Beneath its magic gloom to dwell?
To count life precious only as
It passed beneath the melting gaze,
To sun themselves thus for a space
And then to go their different ways?

I know not—I do not wish to know;
But, if alive, I think the face
Is still the center of the throng,
Like an illuminated space.
Still bow the silent worshippers,
Still hover near the devotees,
And, were I there, 'tis vain to doubt
My feet would still be found with these.

The Girl To Find.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But oh, what a heart she has when you find her!—so large and pure and womanly. When you see her you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love, your two thousand are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificat to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home, (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity while you scorn a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I cannot afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.—Ex.

Zeb's A Good One.

It is related that Senator Vance once saved himself a bad experience from his well known ability to tell a good story. When he was a freshman in the University of North Carolina the sophomores took him out one night to give him the usual dose of hazing. They took him to the mouth of a forty foot dry well, and proposed to let him down into it and leave him there for the rest of the night. Vance was frightened half out of his wits, and begged like a good fellow, but he soon found no mercy would be shown him. Just as they were about to lower him into the black hole he exclaimed: "Hold on boys, for a moment, and I will tell you a good stery about this sort of business." Operations were suspended, and Zeb. told his story. When he concluded there was a howl of laughter, and a big East Tennesseean stepped out and said: "We must not haze this man. Any man who touches him I'll stick my jack knife into. A fellow who can tell such a story as that, hanging over the mouth of a forty foot well, has good stuff in him, and will be famous some time." Senator Vance himself says that from that night everybody in the school was his friend, and he never had any more trouble. Said he: "That incident made a lasting impression on my mind that often in an emergency the ability to tell a good joke was worth more than money, and makes friends and nonplusses enemies.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

The Local Newspaper.

Gov. David Davis told the frozen truth when he said: "Each year every local paper gives from $100 to $2,000 in free lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor in proportion to this means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man with man, he ought to be supported, not because you happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with great thoughts, but financially it is more of a benefit to *a* community than a preacher. Understand us now, we do not morally or intellectually but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers on the right side of the question. Today the editors of the local papers do the most work for the least money of any men on earth. Subscribe for your local paper not as a charity but as an investment.—*Patriot.*

What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of Boschee's German Syrup within a few years, has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when the diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price, 75 cents, large bottles.

We had hoped this legislature would protect the birds by passing a law prohibiting netting or trapping them any time of the year, and only allowing them to be shot between November and March. A law allowing the shooting of members of the legislature during a certain period would be a damned sight more acceptable to farmers.—*"Farmer" in Statesville Landmark.*

Automatic Marriage.

Yesterday W. F. Ramsey, Esq., clerk of the courts, issued the first license authorizing the parties receiving it to marry themselves without the aid of preacher, justice of the peace, or any legal authority. Mr. Ramsey, after fully interrogating them under oath, gave this certificate that "there was no legal impediment to their joining themselves together in matrimony," and upon the authority of said certificate all the parties have to do is to agree to marry each other before two competent witnesses, and the thing is done. Two certificates must, however, be made out and signed by the witnesses, setting forth that the parties had "married themselves" in their presence, one of which must be returned to the clerk's office. On the preacher's account it is a good thing that this kind of marriage is a rare occurrence.—*York (Pa.) Age.*

It is worth its weight in gold, is a common expression. But, while the value of gold is easily affected, the worth of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier, never depreciates. It will eradicate scrofula from the system when everything else fails.

Sam Jones' Nuggets.

You pack your preachers in an ice house and abuse them because they don't sweat.

Many of us are too decent to be religious.

I never call names but every fellow knows his number when I talk.

I know in one church where twenty were praying for the millennium and two hundred gere praying for the lobby prize in progressive euchre. Such christians as that would not be in heaven six months before they would be gambling for each other's crown.

I am a Methodist till I find something with more git up and git about it.

I never became satisfied in Georgia till we put legs on all the barrels and demijohns in Atlanta and moved them away from our boys.

I had rather be a man in the truest sense of the word than the best angel in Heaven.

The church is the best place in which to be solemn, provided you have lived right.

If I haved lived right, I'll wear a smile as broad as heaven; but if I've been swindling and doing wrong I'll have one as broad as a graveyard.

I want to be a good man and a good husband, but God keep me from being a nice preacher.

God never made two men alike but one was of no earthly account.

I'd rather be a man than a dignified preacher.

I'd rather die on a well fought field of battle than run away and speculate on the spoils of the war.

A cross is God's will one way and yours another.

Some people think they can't be pious unless they are everlastingly on the beg.

I pray for my daily bred; but I have to hunt for my corn pone with the sweat running down the hoe handle.

I'd rather go to hell than to go nowhere.

Dignity is nothing but the starch of a shroud.

Every society woman who claims to be a christian has got to get out of society sometimes in life or go to hell.

I'd rather have a daughter of mine get a snake bite than a bite of society.

Society is a heartless old wretch sapping the spiritual life from thousands of people.—Exchange.

War Was Over.

An old fellow with long hair and and a face expressive of suspicion was arrested for shooting at a United States soldir. It appeared from the evidence that the soldier was peaceably walking along a quiet street, when suddenly the long haired man sprang from behind a tree and fired at him. When he had been arraigned, and before the judge had asked a question concerning the case, he said:

I don't expect no show, so what is the use uv all this foolishness?

What do you mean? the judge demanded.

Wall, I jest mean I never heard uv the Yankees foolin' very long with er bushwhacker.

The man is crazy, said the judge.

I'll be blamed if I am.

Then what do you mean?

W'y, am er rebel soldier, that's what I mean; yes, an' I shot at that yankee jest the same as any uv the rest uv the boys would have done.

Mr friend, said the judge, is it possible you do not know the war is over?

War's over! gasped the prisoner.

Yes; ended more than twenty years ago. Where have you been keeping yourself?

The prisoner, thoroughly overcome, sat down. The crowd that had assembled gazed with deep intererest upon him. The sympathetic judge suffered him to take his own time. After awhile he said:—

It's blame strange. W'y, I thought the war was goin' on yit. The last regular fight I was in, and it was a mighty long time ago, us fellers was putty badly whupped, so I tuck to my heels an' went to the mountains an' staid thar till the other day, and then, thinkin' that I'd try the thing a few mo' whirls, I come down, but I couldn't find the enemy; but I got hold of a newspaper an' seed, as I thought, that the war was still going on. I seed whar some feller was elected to office, not because he could read, but because he fit well in the army. The way the paper read I thought the editor had just hung up some fresh scalps in his office, an' I felt sorter shamed uv myself lurking round with nary a scaip, so I put an extra charge in my old fusee and struck out. I come all the way to this town without seeing a single yankee, but I seed one putty soon afterwards an' cracked a loose at him. So yer say the war's over?

Yes.

Dun quit fightin'

Long ago

Which side's whipped?

The South.

South dun whupped?

Yes.

Whar's Lee?

Dead.

Lee dead?

Yes.

Who killed him?

Died a natural death.

Whar's the other generals?

In Congress.

An' the colonels?

In the legislatures of the different States.

Whar air the privates?

Dead.

All killed:

Every one.

What air you going ter do with me?

Nothing; you may go.

Wall, ef Lee and' all the privates is dead; ef the South is whupped an' the generals and colonels have all knocked under, I reckon the best thing I ken do is to quit.

Where do you live?

My wife and children live out here in Saline county. I ain't seed them since I fust j'ined the army, an' I'd better jog on out that way ef the war's over, fer I reckon they're sorter oneasy erbout me by this time.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Harry's New Leaf.

Harry Wilde says he has "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. The boys, Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say, 'just wait awhile and you'll see.

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational story paper; he has taken hold of his school work in earnest; he has turned his back on the FAST boys, and says to them in a manly way, when they want him to join them in some of their old time wicked fun, 'I can't go into that with you, boys,'

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings on the street; no more slamming doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey.

Just this: A looking glass was held up before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself a selfish, conceited, willful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him, as well it might. He did not shut his eyes, as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said:

This won't do; I must be one of God's boys.

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it is indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen the good part. Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?—Exchange.

Destroy The Sign.

One may feel that he's getting old, but he naturally dislikes that anything about his appearance should advise others of the fact. Yet nothing does this so effectually as thin and falling hair. No woman wants to marry a man, and business firms hesitate to employ a man, who shows this fatal sign. Parker's Hair Balsam is worth to you, in this regard, more than its weight in diamonds. Use it, and have plentiful and glossy hair. Many have had every trace of grayness removed and bald spots covered by using a single bottle.

His Prospect Good.

Young man—I love your daughter sir, and would like to make her my wife. Father—What are your prospects? Young man—I think they'll be pretty good if you will say yes.

Subscribe to the COURIER. $1.50

STATE NEWS.

—Grover Cleveland is a bester people's President than he is a party President. [Greensboro Patriot.]

—There was a good run of shad in the river last week and many were caught by the skimmers here and Goff Landing. [Eastern Reflector.]

—Mr. Frank Hege has two foxes. One of them so trained that by calling to her and telling it to kiss him it will jump up put her mouth to his cheek. [The Twin City Daily.]

—Several gardens in town were plowed during the warm weather of last week, but the cold snap delayed further proceedings in that direction. [Eastern Reflector.]

—We were shown a jug yesterday, the property of Geo. W. Wilson, Esq., that is 350 years old. It was brought from England and has been in constant use all the time. [News and Farm.]

—Among the names brought before His Excellency will doubtless be those of Judges Avery and Montgomery, Mr. Pruden of the East and Capt N. F. Carter of Buncombe. [Asheville Citizen.

—A move is on foot to establish a glass factory at Pee Dee Station, a few miles below Wadesboro, on the Carolina Central Railroad. Mr. P. Linneham is the projector. [Wadesboro Intelligencer.]

—Shed Cooper's old linen duster made a big failure this season. He had it on Thursday evening and said he was trying to make spring open. The very next day a cold wave came. [Eastern Reflector.]

—Last Friday a little son of Mr. Henry Savage, between the age of seven and eight years, in company with several other little boys out hunting, was accidentally killed. Scotland Neck Democrat.]

—Old ex-Gov. Curtis H. Brogden is one of the most familiar faces in the House. He is old and his mind is not near so vigorous as it once was. He wields no influence at all—is scarce noticed on either side of the House. (Kinston Free Press.)

—B. F. Bullock, deputy sheriff of Granville county, brought six convicts to the penitentiary this morning. Among the number was a colored man who was sentenced to 15 years for an attempted rape on a white lady. [Raleigh Evening Visitor.]

—We shall never cease to be thankful that we grew to be the full stature of a man. We asked a low set gentleman the other day if he was married. He made no reply other than to lift his hat and show the top of his head. She had picked it perfectly clean. (Hickory Carolinian.)

—The fight begun by Mr. Dorsey Battle in the Southerner for sheep and against the miserable dogs has we are jovous to note been taken up by the farmers and is likely to develop considerable strength in the legislature, but not enough to get a majority however. [Tarboro Southerner.]

—Where is South Greensboro? The legislature is making laws for such a place. One half mile from the court house south will reach our south boundary line. There is a bill going through the legislature prohibiting the sale of liquer in South Greensboro. It may be that the south half of our corporation is the territory meant. [North State.]

—Now that a person in this county really believes that she has been cured by faith we can no longer doubt that we are steadily progressing.——On the Starabane plantation Hon. R. R. Bridgers on three hundred and fifty acres gathered no less than four hundred and ninety bales of cotton——As some paper well expresses it, county government in the West is a sentiment, but in the East a practical reality. It has indeed been the salvation of the East. [Tarboro Southerner.]

—A colored brother came to town a few days ago to consult a lawyer as to the validity of his baptism. He said when he was baptised the weather was very cold and the preacher not being very well, deputised two deacons to take him down into the water and dip him, while the preacher remained on the bank and repeated the ceremony. He had been told by some white man that he had not properly been baptised, and he wanted to see a lawyer to find out whether it was legal or not. [Elborton Gazette.]

A Common Cold,

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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