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VOL. VII. ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1891. NO. 45.

A Miner's Touching Prayer.

One of the prettiest things I ever read or heard, says a correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, was a little poem written on the prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep," by a mining prospector, appropos of the circumstances and place he found himself one night. This man was once in quite comfortable circumstances, but possessed of a strong desire to prospect for mines, started out, and becoming finally a tramp, financially, walked many miles east to Wichita, Kansas, and stepping into the office of a newspaper, applied for work on the reportorial staff, saying that he had worked on newspapers from the very bottom to the top, but his appearance being against him, from his long walk and impoverished condition, he received no notice, much less encouragement, and on leaving laid on the editor's desk the poem, saying if it was any use to him, he was welcome to it. At the editor's leisure he picked it up and read it, and at once sent out to find the tramp, but no trace of him could be found.

THE PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Near the camp-fire's flickering light,
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night,
At the twinkling stars on high.
O'er me spirits in the air,
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whipporwill,
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody;
Foemen may be lurking near,
In the canyon dark and deep;
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

'Mid the stars one face I see,
One the Saviour called away;
Mother who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray;
Her sweet spirit hovers near,
In the lonely mountain brake,
Take me to her, Saviour, dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light,
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night
Fill the air with saddening cries;
Over me they seem to cry,
"You may never more awake."
Low I lisp, "If I should die
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

KATE.

I am sure that I could never explain the why or wherefore, were I to try, yet I was conscious that the impression she made upon me in that moment—the first time I ever saw her—was too strong and vivid ever to be effaced.

Standing on the porch of the white farmhouse, just when the long, slanting rays of the evening sun were fading into the gray shadows of twilight, I saw her riding up the lane in a swinging canter, her lithe, lissome form sitting her saddle with the erect, careless grace of a practiced equestrienne, and the last faint sun rays touching her yellowish brown hair into a gleam of tawny gold.

Her name was Kate—Kate Lollard, as I learned a few minutes later, when I spent a pleasant and ever-to-be-remembered evening with the family, of which she and the farmer's pretty daughter were the most interesting members.

I think we instinctively associate certain ideas with certain names, and my ideal "Kate" had been a tall, queenly brunette, a dashing creature with flashing, black eyes, and imperious ways—one to admire rather than to love.

Yet now, having seen Kate Lollard, with her lithe, slight figure, her changeful, dark-fringed gray eyes and yellow-brown hair, I felt that the name suited her as no other could.

My staying at the farmhouse that night was a mere chance, having had business in the neighborhood which necessitated my seeking Farmer Lollard's counsel and hospitality; and quite early the next morning I took my departure.

Strangely enough, however, I had an inward conviction that some time I should see her again—strangely, because there was no earthly reason why I should have had such a feeling.

My destination was an Eastern city—my home—hundreds of miles away; and I entertained no thought of ever revisiting the Lollard farmhouse. Morover, my heart and hand were pledged to a lovely belle in my far-off home.

Why, indeed, should my thoughts linger with the tawny-haired, gray-eyed girl whom I had known but a few, short hours? Why should that oval face of hers, with its thin, scarlet lips and proud, firmly-chiseled, little chin, be printed on my memory in such ineradicable colors?

I heaved a sigh, and called myself a fool, but that did not quite drive away the remembrance of those charming two or three hours of the precious evening.

All that I knew concerning her was that she was considered a member of her uncle's family, that her mother was dead, and her father, who, possessed of an adventurous spirit, had "struck out" years ago for the Western territories, was supposed to have perished there, as nothing could be heard of him, and Kate believed herself to be really an orphan.

All this I had gathered in the course of the evening's conversation; and I sat thinking of it, and half dreamily contrasting her saddened girlhood with the brighter fortunes of May Erskine, my pretty, affianced bride.

"I have been absent an unconscionable time!" I exclaimed to myself, rousing at last from the spell which had seemed to chain my thoughts; "I hope May hasn't thrown me overboard in revenge. I wonder if the little witch has been flirting in my absence?"

I put that question to herself, playfully, after she had given me the sweetest little kiss of welcome that a lover could ask.

Her face suddenly took on a much deeper color than my kiss had given it.

"Oh, not a great deal, Dick," she answered with a little fluttering sort of laugh. "Of course it was dreadfully dull while you were away, and I had to do something to keep from dying of ennui. But now that you're back again I sha'n't care to look at anybody else."

"Sweetheart!" I whispered, holding her close for a moment, and kissing her pretty cheeks until they were redder than any rose.

I loved her, and was proud of her fair, dainty loveliness, and looked forward almost impatiently to the time when I could take her absolutely away from all her other admirers and claim her for my own.

She was apparently in no such haste, however, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy her long term of "freedom," as she playfully called it, and the intrusive admiration of others which sometimes, despite my love and patience, drove me into moods of quite excusable jealousy.

"When we are really married, you know, Dick, I mean to settle right down and be the best little wife in world," as she would say coaxingly, whenever I betrayed a sign of such weakness. "But until then you musn't scold if I do amuse myself a little with these foolish fellows. You know I don't really care the least bit for anybody but you."

Then it would go on again just as before, until I began to have a vague notion that I must be an idiot to submit to her coquettish tyranny.

It was a lovely winter's day, near the end of the season, that a small party, including May and myself, went skating in the park.

The air was clear and still, and so mild that we at first felt some misgivings about venturing upon the beautifully smooth surface of the lake.

However, it looked too tempting to resist, and soon we were gliding over the glassy expanse without a thought of fear.

For a brief time; then, all at once, a shrill cry rang out over the lake, and the next moment I became aware that some one had broken through the treacherous ice.

May—where was she? Swiftly I glanced about me in every direction, but could see nothing of her. She had been darting here and there in her pretty, willful way, laughingly refusing to skate with me, and now——"

I hurried to the scene of the accident, my heart in my mouth, and learned that my fears were only too well founded. It was indeed May who had fallen through the ice!

But as suddenly as that wild scream had pierced the air, just as swiftly had some one flown to her rescue. A slender, girlish figure, clad in a pretty skating suit, was bending over her, holding on to a portion of May's fur-trimmed jacket, which she had managed to seize with a resolute grasp which seriously threatened her own safety every moment.

But there she knelt, swaying on the verge of the thin ice, white but determined as fate, buoying up the imperiled girl until others could come to their assistance.

It was but a moment until two men breathlessly reached the spot—Dick Starleigh, who was no other than myself, May's betrothed husband, and Lawrence Pembroke, whom I had come to regard almost a rival in her affections.

I was first at her side, however, and in twinking, almost, had drawn her up to safety again. Supporting her weak form with one arm, I turned to speak a grateful word to the brave girl who had so nobly saved her.

Seeing that May was in safe hands, she was just moving away, when my voice arrested her, and, with a start, she turned and glanced at me. As she did so, I came near letting May fall out of my arms.

"Miss—Lollard!" I gasped, scarcely above my breath, so intense was my astonishment.

She bent her graceful, turbaned head slightly and smiled a little, her face very white and a strange look in her indescribable gray eyes. Then she skated over to the bank, where I saw her sink into a seat beside an oldish lady, who was richly dressed. She had not stayed to let me utter a single word of thanks.

I bit my lips with vexation, and turned to May, whom, for one moment, I had almost forgotten.

"May, darling," I began, in accents meant only for her ear, as I bent over her.

Then an electric shock seemed to thrill my frame, and the indignant blood rushed hotly to my brow. For, at that instance, I surprised a look and caught a few words that passed between her and Lawrence Pembroke, who still stood close beside her, which showed me in a flash how treacherously my little coquette had betrayed my love and faith.

I held back the burning words that sprung to my lips, but in that moment all the love I had ever felt for her died in my heart, and cold contempt came in to take its place.

All this had occupied so brief a time that May's friends were just beginning to crowd about her.

"If some one will procure a carriage," I said, glancing around upon them. "It will never do for Miss Erskine to remain here shivering in her wet clothes. We must get her home at once."

There were plenty of offers of assistance, and when I had seen May comfortably esconsced in a luxurious carriage in the care of one of her dearest friends, I stepped aside with a pleasant, "au revoir."

"I shall be at your home almost as soon as you are," I said in answer to May's surprised look. "But I have not yet thanked your generous little rescuer, and I must do so before she vanishes and the opportunity is lost."

And I did.

I took her by surprise, I think, for she looked up in a startled way when I spoke her name, and flushed as crimson as she had been white before.

"I happened to be nearer than any one else to her when she cried out," she replied quietly, after I had tried to thank her. "It was only a natural impulse to run to her aid. Is she your—wife, Mr. Starleigh?"

"No," I answered, smiling. "I'm a bachelor yet, Miss Lollard. But your uncle's family—are they in the city? I should be so glad to renew our brief acquaintance."

"They are not here," she said. "A friend, who was about to visit the city, urged me to accompany her as her companion. I was glad to accept, for I was getting restive and I wanted to see the world," she added, with a half smile, half sigh, as she lifted her gray eyes to mine an instant.

"Don't let the world spoil you," I answered, with something in my voice which made her look again.

She introduced me to her friend and chaperon, and, after gaining a half-reluctant permission to call upon her, I went my way, which led to the presence of my pretty fiancee.

I found May quite recovered, and before I left her, we had a talk—a long, straightforward talk that had no nonsense in it—a talk which ended in breaking the fool's shackles I had worn so long.

I saw Kate Lollard as soon as I could venture to call; and now, looking once more in her face, so fascinating, I understood why my heart had bounded so lightly when May Erskine and I had uttered our final adieu.

I knew, but I did not mention it to her—to Kate—for many days.

It was only when she began to talk of leaving the city for home again, that I told her of my severed engagement with May Erskine, and of my love for herself, and pleaded for a promise of her own.

"No," she said, slowly shaking her graceful, tawny, brown head, with a sweet, half sad smile. "Hearts may be 'caught on the rebound,' they say, but I don't care to win a lover so. This may be pique, jealousy—I know not what. I am going home, Mr. Starleigh, and then if— Ah!" she interrupted, with a nonchalent toss of her head and a half-bitter little laugh—"you will not come to renew this plea of yours. You will not forget me!"

"Kate!" I cried, with passionate reproach, "I know now that I loved always—from the first moment I ever saw you, and even before that, I verily believe. It is Fate, and you can't resist it. You believe me now, darling?"

But she went home, in spite of it, without leaving me the shadow of a promise.

Three months later, however, I followed her and convinced her at last that my love was not a myth.

Then my proud Kate confessed that she had cared for me all those weary months.

Lifting those beautiful gray eyes, to mine, she added, solemnly:

"But mine was a deathless love, Dick—a love for a whole life-time. It was worth the waiting to be sure that it was returned with one as true!"

I need not tell you that there was a pretty country wedding before I left the Lollard farmhouse, nor how lovely was the bride I had won.

But there was a surprise—and we all shared in it—which occured on the wedding-eve.

Kate's father, so long given up as dead, returned from the far west, where he had been so absorbed in delving in delusive gold mines that he had well-nigh forgotten the outside world—Kate's father returned on our wedding-eve with stores of gold and silver sufficient to transform my little bride into a veritable princess of fortune.

And when, two years later, we chanced to meet in our travels my one-time betrothed—now the already fading and neglected wife of Lawrence Pembroke—pretty May gave one long, envious, amazed stare at my wife's costly jewels (it was at the opera), then glanced into our happy faces and sighed—a sigh whose meaning we could not guess at.

Perhaps she realized the truth—that our happiness depended not upon wealth or jewels, but upon the sweet, pure love that burned ever and ever more brightly in our hearts.

Clyde Raymond, in New York Family Story Paper.

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctors, but they're not those that profess to cure *everything*.

Everybody, now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't for less than five of ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierec's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequaled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhold and Malarial fevers *if taken in time*. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of *weariness* and *weakness*. The time take it, on general principles is NOW.

Trees Barked by Mice or Rabbits.

When a tree is denuded of bark all around, its recovery is hopeless. Had the trees been protected by wrapping them with old newspapers, as has so often been advised, they would have been saved. The only thing that can be done now is to cut them off where the bark is still sound and graft them. An excellent way to deal with mice in an orchard is to procure small blocks of wood and bore 1½ inch holes in them, placing some meal mixed with tallow and rat poison in the bottom of each hole, and leave these about the orchard. No other animal can reach the baits.—New York *Times*.

The Trials of Winter

Winter is a trying period, even to those who have strong constitutions, but it is doubly trying to those who are weak and delicate, or who have a tendency to the various diseases that are bred and fostered in the stagnant atmosphere of closed and heated houses. The system should be kept strengthened and toned up with a liberal course of S. S. S., the great blood tonic and purifier. It acts like a charm. It increases the appetite, soothes the nerves, and beautifies the complexion—in short, it makes life well worth living.

Patient (wofully)—Oh, doctor! I'm all twisted up with the rheumatism and neuralgia. Oh, do you think doctor, you can get all the pain out of me? Doctor (kindly)—Well I will try to get all out of you I can.—Greensburg *Sparks*.

Aunt Rachel—Yes, I like him well enough, Jerushs, but how did you ever happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are? Niece—I had to chose, auntie, between a little man with a big salary and a big man with a little salary.—[Chicago *Tribune*.

Visitor—"Johnny, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Johnny (aged 4)—"I am going to be a doctor—see me kill a toad now."—*Tid Bits*.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

The BLUE FLAG BARGAIN STORE will offer some Special Bargains for the next few weeks, in the way of Dry Goods, Notions, Umbrellas, Parasols, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Stationary, Crockery, Hardware, Glass and Tinware, Woodenware, Gents Furnishings, Ladies, Gents and Children's Shoes, Picture Frames, Cutlery, Carpenters Tools, &c., &c.

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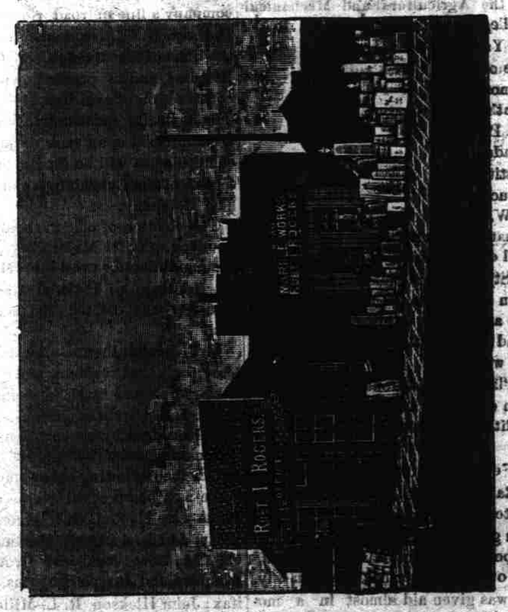

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