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Barber Shop,

ROXBORO, N. C.

When you come to Roxboro, don't forget me. I am always willing and ready to accommodate my customers, and always keep up with the latest styles.

DIPLOMATIC HASH.

Lady Whichels thinking. A letter lay in her lap, and her correspondent was her son—not the baronet, but his brother Bertie—who had written to say that he meant to run down to see her the same evening.

She knew what he was coming for perfectly well. Rumors of his infatuation had already reached her. He was coming to tell her that he was engaged to marry Miss Daisy Dornton, who sang for a couple of pounds a week in the chorus of the Coronet theater. Lady Whichels groaned, and her lips were pursed in annoyance.

"Your brother is an idiot, Philip?" she said sharply to a young man who entered the room a moment later. "He is the worst kind of an idiot, for he is not only idiotic, he is pig-headed."

Sir Philip Whichels twirled his mustache and grinned.

"Has the climax arrived?" he asked. "What is the matter?"

"Bertie will be with us today. He 'wants to see me on a matter of importance.' The matter is, of course, that he has proposed to that creature, and has been accepted, and now he is coming to try to gain my consent."

"Advise me, Philip," she said, "how to bring this ninny to his senses."

"I'm sure I don't know what you can do," Sir Philip replied. "If you bully him, he will marry her tomorrow. If you cajole him, he will try to bully you. I don't see what you can do, upon my soul. It is a cul-de-sac."

The lady, however, was not disposed to be beaten so easily. It was 10 o'clock, and the fiance might be expected at the Firs by the express train which reached Threegates at 4:15. Six hours for meditation, and in six hours an idea might occur to her. The post lay on the table beside her unheeded, and beating a devil's tattoo on her dress, she sat staring out at the lawn with puckered brows. The baronet meanwhile had lounged out into the kennels, and presently she uttered an exclamation, and dispatched a servant to fetch him.

"Philip," she exclaimed, "I have a notion at last. The Miss—Miss Dornton is, of course, 'impossible.' There can be no question about that. It is only necessary to make Bertie see it."

Philip, who had been amusing himself outside and did not relish having been brought in so summarily, murmured something to the effect that "to make him see it" was the original difficulty.

"I know all that," said Lady Whichels impatiently, "but I know also how to do it now. She is, of course, gauche, awkward, and as ignorant as she can be. He has seen her with the glamour of the footlights on her and in the poky little lodgings whe she lives. Now, he shall see her here. I shall invite her down to stay with us and ask a lot of people to meet her. Bertie is not brilliant, but he is as sensitive as a girl. When Miss Dornton has committed half a dozen solecisms, and he feels that people are ridiculing her, he will be as anxious to break his engagement off as I am to see it broken."

"By jove," said Philip, "you ought to have been a diplomatist, dear mother."

"It is gaod, isn't it?" said Lady Whichels complacently. "I felt that there must be a way out, and now I have found it. I think your brother will be rather astonished by my reception of his news this afternoon. Let us now have luncheon."

He arrived—the young man who had projected the mesalliance—at the hour expected. He certainly was astonished at his mother's demeanor.

He had looked for remonstrances, tears and threats and been doggedly prepared for all. Instead of these he was met with smiles and cordiality. He could not understand it.

"You had heard something of the matter," said the widow. "Well, it is a democratic age, and if you yourself are satisfied, nobody has a right to complain. Her father was a London draper, I believe, and her mother is quite a respectable person, who lets or lives in lodgings."

"Or—they are living in apartments, yes," said Bertie. "But—she is charming. I am sure you can trust my taste."

"Emphatically I can, and I am not going to be so absurd as to raise any objection, my dear boy. You want to marry Miss Dornton—marry her. You have my full and free consent, and I should like to be introduced to her. When shall I see her?"

"I really don't know," stammered the boy. "Whenever you like." The question was so entirely unexpected that he was almost speechless.

"Well, the best way will be to ask her down here for two or three weeks. Can she come?"

"It could be arranged, oh yes! She is at the theatre every night, but I want her to leave the stage, and—oh yes, she would come as soon as you please."

"Then I will write and ask her for the beginning of next month," said Lady Whichels conclusively. "And now you must tell me all about it and how nobody ever loved a girl so madly before in all the world."

Lady Whichels dispatched her charming letter to her prospective daughter-in-law on the morrow, and on the day after came the answer, thanking Bertie's mother for her kindness and gladly accepting the invitation.

She wrote her notes, and a crowd of friends accepted, and so the days went by until a full drawing room sat on tenter hooks one afternoon awaiting Miss Dornton's entrance.

The clock on the mantleshelf had ticked the hour of 4. The dogcart, with Bertie driving, had long gone to the station. Lady Whichels glanced at the baronet and smiled. The baronet pulled his mustache and inwardly reflected that, ass as his brother was, all this was a trifle rough on him. The company, sipping their tea and nibbling petits fours, and muffins struggled ineffectually to conceal their curiosity and impatience. Then there was the sound of the wheels on the drive, and everybody fixed a pair of eager eyes upon the door.

It opened and Miss Dornton came in and advanced to be presented to her hostess. Lady Whichels started, and the baronets eyebroys went up. Nothing could have been quieter or in better taste than the manner of the girl who crossed the big room under an ordeal which might have shaken the composure of a society belle of half a dozen seasons. Her costume, too, was perfect, and her words, when spoken, were all that the most fastidious could have desired. Moreover, she was not pretty, but beautiful—the most beautiful girl present. There was no good disguising the fact—if Miss Dornton's first appearance was to be taken as typical of Miss Dornton, Lady Whichel's plot had failed.

That night when she sat in her dressing room before the fire, talking to her favorite son, the widow came nearer crying than she had for years.

"She isn't farouche at all Philip," she muttered disconsolately. "She is—preposterous as it sounds when I admit it—she is really good style. Where does she get it from—the daughter of a linen draper? It is awful! They imitate our clothes, these people, and our phrases, and now they even manage to acquire our style. Nothing is left to us—nothing."

"She is a very charming girl," said the baronet, "that is the truth. What on earth she saw in Bertie beats me."

"Philip!"

"I don't see that you have any chance of preventing the marriage now, at any rate," he observed after a pause. "She won't call me Sir Whichel, or come down to luncheon in gloves, or make herself ridiculous at all, I fancy. You had better put a good face on it and let Bertie think you were sincere from the beginning. In fact, you will have to do so. There is nothing else for it."

"Leave me—let me go to bed!" said Lady Whichel tartly. "I am too angry to sit up, and to talk about it makes me feel worse. Good night."

But just after Miss Dornton's visit came to a termination she had cause to feel worse still, for something horrible had happened. It began—where did it begin? It matured in the smoking room one evening. It culminated in Lady Whichel's dressing room at 9 o'clock one ghastly morning, when she was half dead with misery and sleep.

For ten days Bertie had been feeling less sure of himself than he had done. Opposition was the breath of life to him, and, with the course of true love running smooth, he began to ask himself whether it was true love after all.

In the meantime the baronet's first impression of his brother's fiancee had been more than confirmed, and, fickle on the young lady's part as it may look, she appeared to find more pleasure in Sir Philip's society than in Bertie's.

Well, one night, when the brothers were alone together in the smoking room, the younger man unbosomed himself. He told the baronet that his engagement had been a mistake, and he wished to goodness he had never blundered into it. Sir Philip, who had been mixing himself a whiskey and potash, dropped the glass, which shivered into 50 pieces in the Abbotsford stove. As a man not given to dropping things, the accident was noteworthy and suggested that his nerves were not properly under control.

"You'll have treated the girl d——d badly," he said sharply.

"You think that I ought to marry her?"

"I think you oughn't to have asked her if you wern't sure of yourself. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to jilt her," said Bertie sulkily; "that's what I am going to do, and I don't believe she likes me as much as she did, Philip."

"A good thing for her if she doesn't!" opined the other.

"I dare say. Anyhow she leaves us tomorrow morning, and I shall write to her rooms in town, saying I feel that I made a mistake, and—and—that it had better end. If she wants a check, I dare say my mother"—

"Oh, don' be such a confounded young cad!" exclaimed Philip. "A check!"

"You seem to have a very wonderful opinion of Miss Dornton. I wonder you don't marry her yourself."

"Perhaps I may, if I get the chance of asking her and she will have me," answered the baronet. "When you have written your elegant epistle let me know. Now I'm going to turn in."

It was on the morning of the the next day but one that Sir Philip, who had spent the previous afternoon in London, disturbed his mother's repose in the fashion alluded to. He told her that he was going to be married, Lady Whichels, wrapped in a dressing gown, listened to him with ashen cheeks.

"To Miss Dornton, mother. Bertie has jilted her, and I proposed yesterday. I don't suppose you will be pleased, but she is the nicest girl I ever met in my life, and I mean to make her Lady Whichel."

"Bertie has jilted her!" gasped the widow, "and you—you"—

"Yes. Even I. Last month I scoffed: today I fall! Perhaps it is a judgment on me; perhaps it is a judgment on you for plotting her downfal as you did. I certainly should not have had the opportunity of falling in love with her if you hadn't. Anyhow I worship the ground she walks on and we are engaged."

And what is more he married her, a fact from which an interesting moral may be drawn by ladies who fancy their abilities for diplomacy. The deposed dowager never forgave him, nor herself, and when she reflects that it was all entirely due to her own brilliant interference she feels there are certain emotions which language is wholly inadequate to convey.—F. C. Philips in Madame.

The Safest Place.

General Lee used to tell a story about a darkey that served in the war. It seems that during the heat of the battle the General and his attendants were posted on a small knoll watching the course of the action. They descried a colored soldier racing toward them, leaping over obstacles in his path, his face blanched with fear. He rushed up and fell headlong on the ground in front of Lee, crying, "Oh, massa, General, let me stay here."

Lee saw at once that the man was almost frightened to death, and useless as a soldier. It disgusted him somewhat, but his curiosity was aroused, and he asked:

"Did you come here to get out of the way of the bullets?"

"Yes, massa; where de generals am is de safest place on de field."

Needed No Director.

Mrs. Knice—But don't you think the boy would get along more commendably if he had somabody to direct his tastes?

Mrs. Knumb—Oh, his tastes are all right. He'll eat anything you put before him, 's long's it's vituals.—Boston Transcript.

Fitz Lee Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The Senate to-day confirmed the nomination of Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, to be consul-general at Havana.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Foreign Mission for Tillman.

When Tillman reaches the end of his rope in this country he can pull out for the Orient, and set up in business as a howling dervish.—Kansas City Star.

Misunderstood.

Would you like to take a chance? asked the timid, rosy-cheeked maiden of the stranger at the church fair.

Would I? exclaimed the stranger radiantly. Well I should say I would, but— his voice fell to a whisper and the eager light in his eyes died to a far away, sad expression, I am already married.—Washing on Times.

Another Product of Fusion.

Hardly a day passes that the papers do not tell of some peculiar and astounding action by the freak products of the late legislature. A gentleman who returned to Winston a few days ago from a visit to Moore county tells the Sentinel a colored man was tried before one of the new magistrates in that county, several days ago, on the charge of beating his wife with a board. A young lawyer appeared for the defendant and plead earnestly for the release of the old darkey. The magistrate ruled, however, that Sambo was guilty of manslaughter and he entered up his judgment accordingly. In addition to this, he decided that the wife was entitled to a divorce, and he granted her one without any further discussion.—Greenville Reflector.

Knew Too Much.

May I offer you a stick of gum? asked the traveling man in the skull cap, by way of introducing himself to the passenger in the seat directly in front of him.

The man turned around, looked at the proffered slab, and shook his head.

I—I beg your pardon, he said, I manufactured that gum. I never chew it. But if you will join me, I will open this box of candy I bought just before I got on the train.

The traveling man looked at the label on the box and shuddered.

We make that candy, he remarked shrugging his shoulders. I never touch it.

Subsequently they became better acquainted over a small bottle, of whose content they possessed none of the secrets of manufacture.—New York Sun.

Reasonable Doubt

"Pardner," said Derringer Dan, "you'll excuse me, but I'll have to quit you. I ain't playin no more poker this evenin'."

"But you have a lot of chips yet," remarked the young man from the east.

"I know it. And I'm goin' to cash 'em in, too. You look like er tenderfoot, an' ye talk like one. But I've heard o' people that got bunkoed and bought gold bricks even if they did read the newspapers, an' orter know better."

"I really don't quite follow you"

"I had four nine-spots a little while ago."

"Did you?"

"Sartin'. An' ye didn't do a thing but say ye'd stay out. Then I had a flush an' ye said the same. I got four kings an' an ace, an ye laid down yer hand as usual."

"That was remarkable"

"'Remarkable' don't seem ter quite cover the ground fur me. Pardner, I don't say yer workin one o' these Roentgen ray outfits on me. All I say is thet I ain't a-playin no more poker this evenin'."—Washington Star.

He Lacked Tact.

"That boy of yours is not adapted to the undertaking business," explained an undertaker to the boy's father, who inquired why he had been discharged.

"What's the trouble with him?"

"He has not got a realizing sense of what is due the afflicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B buried her fourth husband. I sent your boy up to learn at what time the distressed widow wished the ceremony to take place. Now, what do you suppose he asked her?"

"I've no idea."

"He asked her what her regular time of day was for burying husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely. He is a bright boy, but he lacks tact.—Texas Siftings.

Might have Some Show Then.

The count made by Mr. Reed's friends shows that if one McKinley were out of the way Mr. Reed would be as certain of getting the nomination as any other man in the field.—Chicago Record.

How We Do It.

He had a green shade over one eye, a bandage on the back of his head, several stripes of court-plaster on his cheek and his arm in a sling.

"Well, I licked him," he said. "I admit that I look pretty tough, but I licked him just the same."

"You must have done it on the Spanish plan," suggested the man he had stopped to tell about it.

"How is that," he asked.

"Why, the way Spain has whipped Cuba."

If he had not been so badly disabled there would have been another fight right then.—Chicago Post.

Remedy for Trouble.

If you are down with the blues read the twenty third Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the third chapter of Revelations.

If you don't know where to look for a month's rent, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If you are lonesome and unprotected, read the ninety first Psalm.

If the stove pipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe and wash your hands, and read the third chapter of James

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians.

If people pelt you with hard words, read the fifteenth chapter of John and the fifty first Psalm.

If you are getting discouraged about your work, read Psalms cxxvi and Galatians vi: 7-9

If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.—Selected.

A Touching Sight.

In the western part of Massachusetts a man had a fine stock farm.

But a few weeks ago fire broke out in the barn and burned not only the building and the hay, but most of the animals also. After the fire the owner walked over the ruins.

It was a sad sight to see the charred bodies of the fine Jersey cows and his high spirited horses.

But at the end of the barn he saw a sight which touched him more than the rest. There sat an old black hen.

He wondered that she did not move her head to look at him as he came near, but he thought she must be a sleep.

He poked her with his cane, and to his surprise the wing he touched flew into ashes.

Then he knew that she had been burned to death.

But out from under her wing came a faint peep, and pushing her aside with his cane the man found—what do you think?—ten little live yellow chickens. The poor hen had sacrificed her own life to save them.

The sight touched the man more than anything else.—The Churchman.

Hall and Money Fight.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—Representatives Hall, of Missouri, and Money, of Mississippi, came to blows to-day in the room of the House committee on naval affairs, of which both are members and from blows to throwing heavy inkstands. Money received an ungly gash on the head from an inkstand thrown by Hall and was cut and scratched elsewhere on the face by fragments of glass. Hall was not struck by Money's missles and suffered no injury. Money required the services of a surgeon to sew up his cut after which he went home. Hall shortly after the fracas took his accustomed seat in the House. There are a number of versions as to how the difficulty arose but it seems that while talking over a bill pending before the committee, the lie was passed or exchanged and the fight began. There is probability that one or both would have suffered worse harm if the door-keeper of the committee, Thomas Coakley, had not seperated them and given their friends an opportunity to restrain them.

There are pleasures in sin, but they are only pleasures for a season.

He Caught on.

A modest young lady wanting to make a purchase stepped in at Jim Starkey's and addressed him thus: "It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillating burnished steel appliances that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with Alaskan diamonds and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention." Jim looked puzzled for a minute but got out of the dilemma by saying: "I guess you can fin garters at Clark's right next door."

Hold on, Boys.

Hold on to virtue, it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal or do an improper act.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company and invite you to join their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high place or fashionable attire.—Selected.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King,s New Life Pills.

A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action are particulary effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable.

They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by J. De Morris Druggist.

A Frog Boy.

The Tarboro Southernor last week gave the following description of a most wonderful human being:

"There was on exhibition on our streets last Saturday quite a curosity in form of the negro boy, whose shape and general appearance conform in every particular to that of a frog.

"This boy was born at Bear Garden, Edgecombe county, in 1879. On account of his unfortunate condition, his mother kept him confined and did not disclose his existence for ten years. His mother has six children besides him, and they are all in good health and have every sign of being well developed. This human freak has a head twenty-three inches around and is remarkably bright. He has musicial talent and learns easily. He walks on his elbows and rolls on the ground like a ball. He has been known to go two or three miles a day over ploughed ground. his legs are badly deformed. In them are the bones, but in the hips no bone can be found. He can put his feet back of his head and rest them easily in almost any position When stting erect, his feet are under him like a frog. He cannot stand alone. In fact, his feet and legs are useless. This boy is a wonderful piece of humanity and a fit subject for any museum.

"Mr. J. B. Keech will take the boy to New York in a week or two to place him in a museum. He has several offers.

"If the boy comes up to expectations, he will be valuable."

Your Boy won't Live a Month.

So Mr. Gilman Brown of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had Lung trouble, following Typhoid Malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up saying: "Your boy won't live a month." He tired Dr. King's New Discovery, and a few bottle restored him to health and enabled him to work a perfctly well man. He says he owes his present good health to use of Dr. King's New Discovery, and known it to be the best in the world for Lung troubles. Trial bottles free at J. D. Morris' Drugstore.

Any prayer is too long that is made in church by the man whose yrrdstick is too short.

There is a sense in which we must pray for everybody before we can pray for ourselvs.

We can never have right views about redemption as long as we have wrong views about sin.

Ayer's WAS THE ONLY Sarsaparilla ADMITTED AT THE World's Fair.

2 Things Sure!

1st—That death will come to all.

2nd—That Groceries sold by W. J. JOHNSON & CO. are the best that can be had, and the price is just as low as first-class goods can be bought anywhere.

GROCERIES, TABLE LUXURIES,

Lots of dainties not found in ordinary stores; prices no higher than you pay for inferior grades.

THE DAY OF THE CANDLE

has gone and the lamp has taken its place and we are offering the largest assortment of lamps in this town. Ask to see our line of Crockery.

IF YOU'RE IN A HURRY

for Groceries always come to

W. J. JOHNSON & CO.

Danger Signals

More than half of the victims of consumption do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected:—

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.

Short breathing after exertion.

Tightness of the chest.

Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.

Chilliness in the evening, followed by *Slight fever.*

Perspiration toward morning and *Pale face* and *languid* in the morning

Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but **Dr. Acker's English Remedy** for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

NOTICE.

By authority of the decree of the Superior Court of Person county in the case or M. H. Garrett vs. Harriett A. Garrett et als, I will on the first Monday in June 1896, sell at the Court House door in Roxboro to the highest bidder at public auction for cash, the following described lot of land for partition, to wit: A lot of land lying in Roxboro township on either side of the Lynchburg & Durham Railroad, and adjoining the lands of J. C. Pass, Calvin Hester, Reubin Blackwell and others. Containing 30 acres more or less and known as the "Rachael Williams place." This 22nd day of April 1896.

A. L. BROOKS,

Commissioner.

Buy the BEST.

YELLOW LEAF GUANO,

MANUFACTURED BY

CLEMENTS, CARINGTON & CO.

Lynchburg, Va.

Read what others say about it:

MR. R. I. FEATHERSTON,

Agent Yellow Leaf Guano,

Roxboro, N. C.

I will say in reply that I am well pleased with the result from your guano. I have just sold load of tobacco from the ground up at an average of $28.50 per hundred. Shall use it again this season.

J. T. Jordan.

Chub Lake, N. C.

MR. R. I. FEATHERSTON,

Agent Yellow Leaf Guano,

I will say in reply that I have been using your guano for several years, and I am well pleased with the results last year, being a bad year for growing fine tobacco. I have just sold load on the Pioneer Warehouse floor at an average of $35 per hundred pounds and will use it again this year.

W. E. Farley.

Cello, N. C.