

The Courier.

ROXBORO, N. C., May 24th, 1899

THE LOST JEWEL.

How did such a great rough monster as I am come to marry a delicate little daisy of a French girl like Pearl Trillars? Well, it's quite a story.

I had just come home from a two year's sojourn in the diamond fields of Port Natal. All the diamonds that ever glittered in the valley of Sindbad the Sailor would not make such a place as that endurable. I hadn't any home to speak of, and yet I was homesick the whole time I was at Port Natal.

At first I had no great luck to speak of. The fields were crowded with seekers as eager and persistent as myself, and after four or five months I began to feel almost like despairing.

But I resolved to stay on, and it was well that I did, for on Friday, May 17, 1870, I found a great stone that looked like a rough, dirt incrustated pebble at first, but the second glance told me it was a diamond such as is found only once in years.

Silently I dropped it into my pocket and strode off homeward, slouching listlessly along, as I always did.

"Hello!" cried a wiry little Cape Cod man. "Densley's played out. Why, Densley, it ain't noon yet by the best chronometer in Boston."

"I don't care," said I. "I am going home."

"Pshaw! I thought you had more pluck. Faint heart never won big diamond yet. Don't give it up, man."

But I went back to the colony, wondering that they did not hear the confused beating of my heart, which seemed to fill the tropical silence with a noise like a reveille.

When I was alone, I drew out the great stone and feasted my eyes on its fair proportions. I danced—I sang in short. I had been seeking it a score of years. I had found it at last.

Well, I said nothing of my discovery and came back to the States, with the diamond in a little leather sack stitched on the waist of the flannel shirt I wore underneath the linen one.

It seemed rather necessary that I should civilize myself a little, so I dropped into the first furnishing store which lay in my way.

The young girl behind the counter struck my eye pleasantly, as a flower or a sunset or a star sown sky might have been done. She was tall and slight, very pale, with great almond shaped eyes, a mouth like scarlet coral, and an abundance of dead black hair that seemed to weigh her small head down with its heavy duskiness.

I was clumsy and did not know what I wanted. Pearl Trillard did. She told me plainly what was necessary and what was not. So I bought my outfit and paid for it and went home with a part under my arm—the rest was to be sent home—with Pearl's black almond shaped orbs still haunting me.

It was January, and a fire had just been lighted on the hearth of the room I had engaged.

I sat down in front of it when supper was over and took out my pocketbook—to the inner compartment of which, since my arrival in port, I had transferred the little chamois leather sack which held my fortune—to have a look at the precious stone.

There was no sack there. I searched through and through the faded leather flaps of the worn pocketbook.

I shook out the skirts of my coat. I even got down on my knees to search the floor beneath, but the diamond and its receptacle were gone.

For a minute or two it seemed as

if the whole room was in a whirl around me. My heart stopped pulsing, my blood grew chill and a deadly sickness stole through my whole being.

The diamond—the diamond for which I had toiled and striven and waited and suffered—the diamond, it was gone.

I believe I was for a moment insane. I rose and staggered blindly toward the pistol which I always carried in the breast pocket of my outer coat, with some vague idea of putting an end to my life which had been such an utter failure.

When there came a soft little knock on the panels of the door, I supposed I must have answered, "Come in!" for the door was pushed open, and Pearl Trillard stood there, with a little boy—her brother—as I learned—at her side.

"I found a little paper parcel on the counter this afternoon after you had left, sir," she said. "There is only a little clear stone in it, but"

The reader can guess the balance of this story—they are happily married.

As the season of the year when pneumonia, la grippe, sore throat, coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and lung troubles are to be guarded against, nothing "is a fine substitute" or will "answer the purpose," or is "just as good" as One Minute Cough Cure. That is the one infallible remedy for all lung, throat or bronchial troubles. Insist vigorously upon having it if "something else" is offered you. W. R. Hambrick & Company

In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven, where, for a small fee, housewives may have the dinners and suppers cooked for them.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

There were 249,145 marriage licenses issued in England and Wales last year, more than in any year since 1876.

For frost bites, burns, indolent sores, eczema, skin disease, and especially Piles. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve stands first and best. Look out for dishonest people who try to imitate and counterfeit it. It's their endorsement of a good article. Worthless goods are not imitated. Get De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. W. R. Hambrick & Co.

Admiral George Dewey is to sail for New York, on his flagship, the Olympia, in a few weeks. Admiral Watson has been ordered to Manila to relieve him.

J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., conductor on electric street car line, writes that his little daughter was very low with croup, and her life saved after all physicians had failed, only by using One Minute Cough Cure. W. R. Hambrick & Co.

A recent find of a set of ivory pins, a little gateway and three balls indicates that the Egyptians played nine-pins quite 5,000 years ago.

If you have a cough, throat irritation, weak lungs, pain in the chest difficult breathing, croup or hoarseness, let us suggest One Minute Cough Cure. Always reliable and safe. W. R. Hambrick & Co.

It is stated that 90 per cent of the common contagious diseases are carried from house to house by the domestic pets of the world.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. W. R. Hambrick & Co.

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Happy is the man or woman who can eat a good hearty meal without suffering afterward. If you cannot do it, take Kodo Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat, and cures all forms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. W. R. Hambrick & Co.

WAR IS HELL.

"War is hell."
Ah, well!
We pray, "Our Father,
Thy kingdom come,"
Then build our ships
And forge our guns
To kill thy sons;
Our brothers.
Then pray, that Thou wilt well
Direct our shot and shell,
And give us help
In making hell.

"War is hell."
Ah well!
"Peace on earth,"
The angels sang.
Ah Christ, we worship Thee
'Mid clang of arms
And battle's roar,
Where hate and wrath
Shed human gore.
And think we serve Thee well
With cruel shot and deadly
shell
In making hell.

"War is hell."
Ah well!
"God is love," we say.
To him we pray
To win the day,
To help slay—
That we may well
Perform our parts
In making hell.

"War is hell."
Ah well!
"Thy will be done on earth."
Not yet.
Unless the prayers we raise.
God will not change our ways.
Man causes all man's woe.
Man is man's friend or foe,
His to say, war or no,
His to stop shot and shell.
His to quit making hell.

—Exchange.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought

It happened to be a crowded car. A seedy-looking man, very much the worse for liquor, rose to give his seat to a lady, when a robust man slipped into the vacant seat, leaving the lady still standing.

"Sa-a-y, you—you fellow you," said the boozy, but chivalrous individual, as he swayed to and fro harging to a strap, "I—I'm drunk, I know, but I—I'll get over it, I will; but you—you're a durn hog, and you will never get over it in—in this world—no, sir, never!" And the other passengers agreed with him.—Exchange.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

A REMEDY FOR THE Effects of Tobacco.



THE excessive use of tobacco, especially by young men is always injurious and undoubtedly shortens life materially. Mr. Ed. C. Ebsen, compositor on the Contra-Costa News, Martinez, Cal., writes: "I have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and received much benefit from it. I was troubled with nervousness, dizzy spells and sleeplessness, caused by the use of tobacco and stimulants. I took Dr. Miles' Nervine with marvellous good results, allaying the dizziness, quieting the nerves, and enabling me to sleep and rest, proving in my case a very beneficial remedy." Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is especially adapted to restoring the nervous system to its normal condition under such circumstances. It soothes, heals and strengthens.

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Anise Seed -
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Di. Carbonate Soda -
Warm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
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NEW YORK.

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of

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