SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition—is sluggish, weak and unable to throw off the poisons that accumulate in it. The system must be relieved of the unhealthy matter through the sore, and great danger to life would follow should it heal before the blood has been made pure and healthy and all impurities eliminated from the system. S.S.S. begins the cure by first cleansing and invigorating the blood, building up the general health and removing from the system all morbid, effete matter.

A CONSTANT DRAIN UPON THE SYSTEM.

When this has been accomplished the discharge gradually ceases, and the sore or ulcer heals. It is the tendency of these old indolent sores to grow worse and worse, and eventually to destroy the bones. Local applications, while soothing and to some extent alleviate pain, cannot reach the seat of the trouble. S.S.S. does, and no matter how apparently hopeless your condition, even though your constitution has broken down, it will bring relief when nothing else can. It supplies the rich, pure blood necessary to heal the sore and nourish the debilitated, diseased body.

Mr. J. B. Talbert, Lock Box 245, Winona, Miss., says: "Six years ago my leg from the knee to the foot was one solid sore. Several physicians treated me and I made two trips to Hot Springs, but found no relief. I was induced to try S.S.S., and it made a complete cure. I have been a perfectly well man ever since."

SSS is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known—contains no poisonous minerals to ruin the digestion and add to, rather than relieve your sufferings. If your flesh does not heal readily when scratched, bruised or cut, your blood is in bad condition, and any ordinary sore is apt to become chronic.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Criminal Court.

The following cases were disposed of at yesterday's session of the Criminal Court.

State vs. Jos. Johnson, Guilty. Judgment suspended upon payment of costs.

State vs. John Cully and General Rouse. Judgment. Cully 2 months in jail. Same as to Rouse.

State vs. Samuel Tilly. Guilty. Judgment, 60 days in jail. To be discharged upon payment of costs.

State vs. John Manning and Niles Manning. Guilty. Judgment as to Niles Manning, 2 years in county jail. Judgment reserved as to John Manning.

State vs. Lucy Kearney. Guilty. Defendant takes insolvent debtor's oath.

When others fail, take Roberts' Tasteless Chill Tonic. It cures chills, fevers, malaria and general bad health. 25c. A red cross on the label assures you of the pure, high-class material that makes Roberts' a success. Don't take a substitute. D. R. Davis, F. S. Duffy & Co., C. D. Bradham.

This is the season when mothers are alarmed on account of croup. It is quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, which children like to take. F. S. Duffy.

Her Turn.

"Oh, Mammy, do come and speak to Johnny! He's tweading on all the worms in the garden." "How unkind!" "Yes, and he won't let me twead on any."

"Yielding to the persuasion of my dealer, I changed chill tonics and tried Roberts', and found it the best I ever used." W. H. Corprew, Jamesville, N. C., to the Roberts Drug Co., Suffolk, Va. August 14, 1899. Price 25c. Get the kind with a red cross on label. D. R. Davis, F. S. Duffy & Co., C. D. Bradham.

Bound to Remedy It.

Disgusted American (on a dusty road)—Well, here we are riding behind a pair of horses and taking their dust, just because our grandfathers did.

Friend—What's the matter now?

"The horses ought to be hitched at the rear end of the carriage. Quick as I have ten minutes to spare I'll invent some way."

For Luck.

Dat's a quicer hoss-shoe over your door Mr. Johnsing.

Hoss-shoes is out of style; dat's a automobeel tire.

Reasons why you should use Roberts' Tasteless Chill Tonic: composed of purest ingredients, pleasantest to take, and cures when others fail. It is master of chills, fevers and all other malarial disorders. 25c. No cure, no pay. D. R. Davis, F. S. Duffy & Co., C. D. Bradham.

A Plutocrat.

Clytie, is this young man you are engaged to well to do?

Oh, Pa, he's rich; he's so rich that he doesn't have to care whether he pays his debts or not.

A Sweeter Parting.

So you wish to take my daughter away from me, remarked her doting father.

Well! ah—that wasn't just exactly my thought, stammered the nervous young suitor; my folks could perhaps spare me with fewer pangs.

According to Contract.

House Owner—You didn't pay the rent last month.

Tenant—No? well I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement.

Owner—Agreement—what agreement?

Tenant—Why, when I rented you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

His Choice.

Father—You have been a good boy today, Johnnie; so I guess I'll give you ten cents for pocket money.

Johnny—I think I'd rather have it for spending money, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

HER ANSWER.

"Dear Nell," he wrote, "these violets
I've made so bold to send to you
Shall be my mute ambassadors,
And tell, shall tell how deep and true
The sender's love is, creating yours
For him. What messengers more meet?
Are they not typical of you,
They are so sweet?"

"Dear Jack," she wrote; "your violets
Have just this moment been received.
Their message took me by surprise;
'Twas something scarce to be believed.
I sighing, answer back with them;
What fitter messengers for you?
So typical of how you'll feel,
They are so blue!"

—Catholic Times and Standard.

AMERICANS MORE RATIONAL.

We Are Falsely Charged by Europeans With Being Undignified.

Our crowds may and do have riproaring times when the occasion demands it, but surely they do not become asinine as do European crowds. Our crowds may stand around newspaper offices looking at bulletins, but even on election night they don't rush away in mad, screaming hordes, every few moments yelling hysterically "a bus" something or somebody, as they do in Paris.

In London wherever crowds gather, for any purpose, from an unveiling to an excursion, street hawkers are on hand with two things that they call respectively "teasers" and "ticklers." The "teaser" is an empty bladder tied to a stick, and the "tickler" is a long feather. The "teaser" is affected most by the male representatives of English dignity, and the "tickler" captures the fond feminine heart. The male goes into raptures of joy when he succeeds in hitting somebody—a respectable elderly gentleman preferred—with his toy. The female trips gayly through the streets, tickling the ears of masculine persons to whom she has not been introduced.

And among our "lower orders," who are as undignified as are the costermongers of London? We have no class that delights in wearing grotesquely bell shaped trousers with huge pearl buttons down the sides and coats with immensely broad braid bindings and also profusely covered with pearl buttons as big as trade dollars.—New York Press.

NO TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP.

That Old Fashioned Quality Is Said to Be Out of Date.

Friendship is said to be out of date. We certainly have not much time to spare nowadays, even to reflect on what the rush and hurry and bustle of modern life are costing us. Now and again, however, there is borne in upon us the sad realization of the losses we sustain as we tear and scramble through what we now call life. And is not one of these the power of establishing close friendships?

It is a sad reflection, but the more we think of it the truer we shall find it to be, that we no longer have time to knit together those bonds of true friendship and affection which bound our predecessors together and made life sweet to them.

We are always in a hurry, rushing here and there. We meet and know many people in crowds and yet never have time to understand them, to give them or gain from them sympathy. We can scarcely spare an hour that is unconnected with some form of entertainment or some business matter to those we call our closest friends.

Letter writing has been reduced to its least common denominator as time presses on us heavily, and we have no pursuits that we can share with our so called friends that enable us to study each other's characters. Friendship, in fact, has become a mere term with the general run of people.—Chicago Record.

Sure Enough.

A busy merchant who had not taken a vacation for years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for the mountains.

When about a day's journey from home, he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

DEAR FRANK—Our house was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come home at once. MARIA.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

DEAR MARIA—What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay there with them till I join you and don't worry. Affectionately, FRANK.

—Youth's Companion.

The Lie Eternal.

A little girl came in her nightclothes very early to her mother one morning, saying, "Which is the worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother replied that both were so sad she couldn't tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it, and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."—New York Tribune.

So It Does.

An old gentleman when passing a little boy selling newspapers at a street corner remarked:

"Are you not afraid you will catch cold on such a wet night, my little man?"

"Oh, no," replied the boy; "selling newspapers keeps up the circulation, sir."

A rich man is an honest man, no thanks to him, for he would be a double knave to cheat mankind when he had no need of it.—Daniel Defoe.

Fools are made out of all kinds of cloth, but the lining is always the same—cheap.—Atchison Globe.

The progressive nations of the world are the great food consuming nations. Good food well digested gives strength. If you cannot digest all you eat, you need Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat. You need not diet yourself. It contains all of the digestants combined with the best known tonics and reconstructives. It will even digest all classes of foods in a bottle. No other preparation will do this. It instantly relieves and quickly cures all stomach trouble. F. S. Duffy.

VASTNESS OF ST. PETER'S.

Large Objects Appear Small in the Great Cathedral.

During a recent ceremony in St. Peter's, Rome, one of the crystal chandeliers suspended from the ceiling began to creak ominously and the people beneath it hastily scattered. In a moment the mass fell and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the floor below. In St. Peter's a few days before when the workmen were suspending these chandeliers they were taking them out of piles of numbered boxes, for St. Peter's, like a theater, has many "properties" and is decked in a different manner for its different ceremonials.

Cords run over pulleys fastened far up aloft, and with these the chandeliers were hoisted to their places. St. Peter's is so enormous that the eye there is continually deceived. The chubby cherubs at the holy water font look to be the size of ordinary babies, yet they are nearly seven feet tall, and a man standing beside them looks like a dwarf. When the workmen were hoisting these chandeliers from the floor, a traveler noted with amazement that the masses of crystal were over eight feet high. Yet when hoisted to their places far up in the dim heights they looked about the size of a man's head.

Workmen in St. Peter's are called "sanpietrini." They take their name from the basilica "San Pietro"—"sanpietrino," plural "sanpietrini." They have a set of lofty scaffolds mounted on rollers. These they move from place to place about the vast church. They are not unlike our fire departments' water towers. Ladder after ladder runs up the scaffolding, and by their aid they reach places from 100 to 150 feet above the floor. Other ingenious scaffoldings are used for work on the inside of the dome. Seen up there the "sanpietrini" look like flies crawling on the ceiling. The top of the dome is about 400 feet above the floor.—St. Louis Republic.

THE IRISH PEASANT.

He Is the Gayest Fellow In the World Under Difficulties.

The Irish peasant is still, thank heaven, what Sir Walter Scott called him after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland in the early thirties—he is still "the gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors of course commiserated him. "Arrah," he remarked, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't me neck."

Yes, the irrepressible Irishman has a joke for every occasion. Two countrymen who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Shure it's married I am," said O'Brien. "You don't tell me so!" said Blake. "Faith, yes," said O'Brien, "an I've got a fine, healthy boy which the neighbors say is the very pieter of me." Blake looked for a moment at O'Brien, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said, "Och, well, what's the harrum so long as the child's healthy?" And yet a peasant to whom a witticism thus spontaneously springs may be very simple minded.

The peasants' passion for rhetoric still induces them to commit to memory imposing polysyllables which they often misapply, with the most amusing and grotesque results. I heard a nursemaid exclaim at a crying child in her arms, "Well, of all the ecclesiastical children I ever met you're wan of thim." A landlord in the south of Ireland recently received a letter from a tenant in the following terms:

Yer Honnor—Hopin this finds you in good health, as it leaves me at present, your bulldog Bill has assassinated me poor sold donkey.

—Nineteenth Century.

Kills the Song.

Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "The Dear Homeland," once said: "The moment a song is put 'on the streets,' as we call it, it becomes tremendously popular. You hear it everywhere. Every boy hums it as he goes to school. It is played in every street. But my publisher shakes his head sadly when that day comes. It is generally the beginning of the end—a boom which dies away. People get tired of hearing the same song wherever they go, whatever the song may be, and the song of the barrel organ is not welcome in the drawing room. So that the putting of a song on the street organs means a fleeting fame, and then—well, too often an utter relapse and complete oblivion."

Morphy's Witty Comment.

Paul Morphy, the famous chess player, once attended church in New Orleans when the bishop of a foreign diocese was present. The young rector of the church had prepared a sermon in honor of his distinguished visitor in the delivery of which he tired every one except the bishop, who paid close attention. Part of the congregation left the church.

"Well," said Morphy, "that preacher is the first man I ever met who hadn't sense enough to stop when he had nothing left but a bishop."

Did It With a Slam.

"I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work.

"All right," said the hard hearted merchant. "Please close the door behind you when you go out."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Both Alike.

Client (angrily)—I say, this bill of yours is a downright robbery!

Great Criminal Lawyer (who has won his client's case)—So was your crime.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. F. S. Duffy.

When in Bayboro stop at the Lupton House for good accommodations.

NERVY UNDER FIRE.

DRESS PARADES IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY.

Incidents of Great Coolness and Bravery on the Part of Soldiers That Were Observed During the War of the States.

"I never knew," said the colonel, "of but one case of dress parade under fire, and that was at the crossing of Swift creek in the Petersburg campaign. The Eighty-first New York, under command of Colonel John D. Raulston of Oswego, was under orders to cross to the Petersburg side of the creek. The enemy kept up a constant fire, and Colonel Raulston moved his companies in a way to attract the attention of General Butler, who sat on his horse some distance to the rear, watching the movements of his own men as well as those of the enemy.

"After the first company crossed it formed in line as a guard for the second company. When the second company was across, it took the place of the first, which moved forward half company distance, and so on, with the precision of parade drill until all were across. General Butler was so pleased with the bearing of the men, with their coolness and discipline, that he sent a message to Colonel Raulston, presenting his compliments and saying in effect that a regiment which could do so well under trying circumstances would find it easy to go through the evolutions of dress parade under fire. The colonel accepted this as an order and formed his men as if for dress parade. At least for the space of several minutes the Eighty-first New York stood in line, with guns at parade rest, and then moved forward as if passing in review before the colonel."

"I saw a case like that," said the captain, "but it was an accident. Our colonel was given to a sort of mechanical use of the orders, 'Shoulder arms,' 'Order arms' and 'Parade rest.' The boys often thought he used these phrases absentmindedly, but whether he did or did not the regiment was brought to a parade rest half a dozen times on every dress parade. On one occasion, when the regiment was formed as a part of a long line of battle, it was reported that the enemy was about to charge, and the men, who had been resting at will, formed quickly in line.

"The colonel's voice rang out the order: 'Attention! Shoulder arms!' Then, to the amazement of the men, came the order: 'Order arms! Parade rest!' The regiments to the right and left were standing at a ready. The men of our regiment were looking steadily to the front at a parade rest. The colonel afterward admitted that he never meant to give the order, that it was in his mind to order the men to get ready to fire, but instead came out the phrase, 'Parade rest!' and he took advantage of the unexpected to compliment his men for their coolness in the face of the enemy."

"We came nearer to a dress parade than that at Shiloh," said the sergeant. "Our regiment and, I think, the Sixth Ohio were the first of Buell's army to cross the Tennessee river on the evening of the first day's battle. General Nelson, our division commander, was so anxious to get the men across that he ordered that no horses be taken with the first boatloads. So it happened that our own regimental officers were not present when we formed in line. One of the senior captains took command and was forming a line on strict parade principles when a large officer, taking short breaths, said: 'That's right, captain; straight as a rule—straight as a rule, men.'

"The officer was General William Nelson, who had crossed with the first boatload, leaving his horse behind. Not one man in the regiment had ever seen him on foot before, although all of them were familiar with his appearance on horseback. He seemed so different on what the boys called his sea legs and was so different in manner that at first he was not recognized. He took command of the regiment as soon as formed and moved along the line as if he were an inspecting officer. He was the hardest swearer in the army, and yet that evening he swore not once. The men, used to his blustering manners, were surprised at the look of anxiety and appeal on his face. He said in low, soft tones as he moved along the line: 'Now, gentlemen, remember what you have come to do, and do it like soldiers. Make your line as straight as a rule, and when you go forward let the line of bayonets be as straight as if you were on dress parade. This will show the enemy that you are not afraid, and it will give confidence to our own men who have been fighting all day.' And that night and the next morning the men of Nelson's division went forward with lines as straight, with step as regular as though they were on dress parade.

"The greatest dress parade under fire that I ever saw," said the old ex-Confederate, "was when the army of the Cumberland formed to move forward against Missionary Ridge. Some of us who were watching that day saw the finest military display of our lives. Perched on the heights of Missionary Ridge, we looked down into a great amphitheater into which marched as if for parade and review nearly 100 regiments. We could not measure the strength of the divisions, but we counted the flags, and we knew that in the mass there were at least 85 regimental organizations. My count was 93, but the boys insisted that I saw double.

"We had no uneasiness at first, and we laughed at the idea of an army which we believed was at our mercy holding a grand review. We were interested all the same, and when the line so perfectly formed swept forward on our outposts, carrying everything with it, we were startled out of our boots. I verily believe that that orderly parade of the army of the Cumberland, within the range of our sharpshooters, and the visible testimony of 85 regimental flags carried toward us at double quick, did more to demoralize Bragg's army than any other incident of the campaign. When that same line swept up Missionary Ridge, Bragg's veterans scampered away, having in their minds visions of the precision and discipline which they had witnessed a day or two before."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Words Failed.

A party of Midland wheelmen lately visited the churchyard of the village of Enville. On one of the tombstones they discovered the following epitaph:

He was——
But words are wanting to say what;
Think what a husband should be—
——he was that!

—London Express.

Fashion Paper.

Any lady desiring a new up-to-date fashion paper, and will cut this out and mail to the undersigned can have "Modes and Fabrics" mailed them free each month for one year, begining with October number.

When in need of anything in the Dry Goods line ladies would do well to write us for samples and prices.

SIMMONS & HOLLOWELL CO.,
Successor to O. Marks Co., New Bern, N. C.

Pretty Children

"We have three children. Before the birth of the last one my wife used four bottles of MOTHER'S FRIEND. If you had the pictures of our children, you could see at a glance that the last one is healthiest, prettiest and finest-looking of them all. My wife thinks Mother's Friend is the greatest and grandest remedy in the world for expectant mothers." Written by a Kentucky Attorney-at-Law.

MOTHER'S FRIEND prevents nine-tenths of the suffering incident to childbirth. The coming mother's disposition and temper remain unruffled throughout the ordeal, because this relaxing, penetrating liniment relieves the usual distress. A good-natured mother is pretty sure to have a good-natured child. The patient is kept in a strong, healthy condition, which the child also inherits. Mother's Friend takes a wife through the crisis quickly and almost painlessly. It assists in her rapid recovery, and wards off the dangers that so often follow delivery.

Sold by druggists for $1 a bottle.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our free illustrated book written expressly for expectant mothers.

He Could but He Wouldn't.

Come, now, persisted the lawyer, are you not able to say that the defendant was in the room at the time and objected to the whole proceeding?

Yes, Sir, savagely replied the witness—I am able to say it, I reckon, but I'd be telling the blamedest lie you ever heard of if I did.

Wary.

Contributor, (reading aloud)—"His eyes were riveted on her face."

Magazine Editor—"Riveted"? Here, cut that out. If he didn't belong to the union you'll have all the bolt makers in this country down on us.

Long Strides.

Short One—Go easy, Tim, ut's three miles thot's before us!

Tall One—Sure an' thot's phy O'm hurrying; OI want to git there before I git all tired out!

The Postman.

Thomas Figg, of Tring, England, a postman, who has just been retired on a pension, is said to have walked 220,000 miles during the forty years of his service.

Seeing Their Finish.

Farmer Green (reading)—The English has sent ten regiments of lancers to Peking.

Mrs. Green.—My goodness! That's enough doctors to kill the hull of China.

Money and the Man.

Money is more apt to make the man, socially, if the man's grandfather, rather than himself, made the money.

Takes His Turn.

No man talks so much about other people that he has no words left to sing his own praise.

United States District Court.

The following persons have been drawn to serve as Jurors at the next term of the United States District Court which convenes in this city on Tuesday, October 23rd, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Craven County.—L. H. Cutler, Wm Barram (col.) John S. Morton, John Suter, Jonas Daniels (col) A. R. Dennison, W. F. Crockett, O. Marks, Bryan Whitford, H. M. Groves, H. B. Holland, M. P. Holly (col) Phil R. Thomas, J. C. Green, F. M. Chadwick, W. B. Lane, C. L. Wetherington.

Beaufort County.—Jesse Mayo, E. Tuthill, F. F. Cherry, A. S. Warren, W. A. B. Branch.

Jones County.—Paul Koonce, J. S. Bender, Lawrence Houghton, Isaac Brock, Lewis Bynum.

Greene County.—J. M. Patrick, Joseph Suggs, Joseph Speight, D. W. Patrick, D. H. Dixon.

Pamlico County.—George Dees, John W. Muse, B. F. McCotter.

Wayne County.—W. B. Farmer, R. E. Pipkin, M. S. Lee, W. P. Daniel.

Carteret County.—B. F. Taylor, T. C. Willis, Ralph Howland, D. M. Jones.

Lenoir County.—B. F. Fields, Needham Herring.

Hyde County.—Dallas Wabab, A. J. Smith.

Pitt County.—George B. McCotter.

Onslow County.—E. J. Hardison.

Edgecombe County.—Alex Miller.

Schedule B. License Tax

All persons who are indebted to the County for Schedule B. License Tax, are hereby notified that it must be paid at once, and save being reported to Court next week.

JOSEPH KINSEY,
Sheriff Craven County.

Fair Privileges.

The Fair Association invites proposals for the following exclusive privileges at the coming Fair November 12th, to 17th, viz:

Restaurant, Confectionery, Fruit, etc., Sandwiches, Barbecue, Cigars and Tobacco.

Bids to close Saturday, October 13th.

GEO. GAINES, Sec'y.

DON'T WORRY.

[illegible]

LONSDALE A GOOD LOSER.

He Had Been Up Against a Hard Game, But He Didn't Squeal.

[illegible] does a lot [illegible] man can [illegible] be done by [illegible] clever [illegible] on the ocean [illegible] Among them was Lord Lonsdale, [illegible] an all around man as ever [illegible] the gangway of a ship, and [illegible] have fancied that he'd prove himself a "shark" for professional gamblers.

"At the time Lonsdale first came to the United States he was in the full tide of his rapid career. Amid the uproar over his landing in this country the fact did not leak out that Lonsdale was plucked of $50,000 on the trip over by George Sampson—one of the most notable of the older class of steamship card sharpers. He has died in Australia, I believe.

"I think Sampson had it in mind to do young Lonsdale when he got aboard at Liverpool. Sampson had been working the steamers for 15 years, and at this time he was a man of 40 or thereabouts. The two men struck up a friendship from the very first day of the voyage, and it was Lonsdale himself who first suggested as he afterward acknowledged, for he was a manly young chap—the game of draw. Lonsdale had only recently learned the hands at poker, and he had the poker initiate's enthusiasm for the game to an exaggerated extent. Before going any further I ought to say that Sampson always maintained afterward that in his play with Lonsdale he was perfectly on the level.

"Lonsdale and Sampson started the game on the first day out and kept it going almost until the steamer plowed past Sandy Hook. Of course Sampson beat him right along. He made no effort to let young Lonsdale win from him at first. He simply played poker and raked in the young man's money and checks. A lot of us aboard knew Sampson, and those of us who had met young Lonsdale in England got him aside on the second day out and diplomatically put it to him that he was engaged in a pretty difficult encounter. That, in brief, Sampson was a professional player of cards. For our pains we were told that we were too confoundedly officious.

"At any rate, when the steamer was drawing near the shore, Lonsdale decided that he had had enough. Several of us were in the cardroom when the last hand was played. Sampson took the pot, and Lonsdale scribbled a check on his American banker for the amount he had lost at the sitting. Then he looked up at Sampson for a moment and said:

"'Some of my friends here estimate you a bit unkindly, Mr. Sampson.'

"'How's that?' inquired Sampson coolly. He was a man who never betrayed surprise.

"'Well,' said Lonsdale, 'they maintain that your skill at cards affords you something better than a livelihood.'

"'I never denied that,' replied Sampson calmly.

"'In playing with me on this voyage you have employed skill alone?' inquired Lonsdale courteously.

"'At your suggestion,' replied Sampson, with careful emphasis, 'I have played draw poker with you for seven days. I understand the game of draw poker, and I have $9,000 of your money. Do you want it back?'

"That was a magnificent bluff on Sampson's part, you perceive. The young chap, he well knew, would not squeal.

"'Oh, if you elect to be insulting'—said Lonsdale, flushing hotly, and he rose from the card table and left the room.

"Well, a couple of elderly Englishmen on board who knew Lonsdale and his father before him went to the young fellow and told him that it would be perfectly proper and right for him to stop payment on the checks he had given Sampson, who, they told him in so many words, was nothing better than a swindler.

"'You will be good enough to mind your own business,' replied the hotspur. 'I'll do nothing of the sort.' And that was the end of it."—Washington Post.

A Light and a Burn.

In one corner of a smoker sat a heavy swell whose exterior was faultless, even to the aromatic Havana which he was in the act of lighting. Opposite to him sat a workman who had just filled up his "nose warmer" with black plug and, bent on economy, exclaimed, "After you with the light, guv'nor!" The swell carefully and painfully lit his cigar and when the match had about a quarter of an inch to burn held it carefully between his thumb and forefinger and, with a polite smile, offered it to his neighbor. The workman, wrapping his huge hand around that of his benefactor, held it rigid while he leisurely lit his pipe, the match doing its double work of service and chastisement, and then, regardless of the tortures of the other, calmly said, "Thanks!"—London Globe.

Keeping Cool In Peking.

There are few places on earth where the art of keeping cool is so successfully cultivated as in Peking. In every house of any importance there is a cooling gallery, from which the sun is effectually shut out, while there is the freest access to air. The ceiling, walls and floor are built of bamboo, through the interstices of which air, specially cooled and perfumed, is wafted. Add to this cunningly concocted cooling drinks and the airiest of raiment, and the man who cannot keep cool in Peking should sit on the north pole.

Many Chinese temples have windows made from the white mother of pearl found in oyster shells. The material is perfectly transparent and looks like opal glass.

One swallow may not make a summer, but a pin maliciously inserted in a chair will make one spring.—Chicago News.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP cures Hacking Coughs, Sore Lungs, Grippe, Pneumonia and Bronchitis in a few days. Why then risk Consumption, a slow, sure death? Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price, 25c. Don't be imposed upon. Refuse the dealer's substitute; it is not as good as Dr. Bull's. Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism, Aches and Pains. 25 & 25 cts.

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Ulcers, Old Sores, Cancers, Eating Sores, Eczema, Etc.

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Do cuts or scratches heal slowly? Does your skin itch or burn? Have you pimples? Eruptions so you feel ashamed to be seen in company? Aching Bones or Back? Eczema? Old Sores? Boils? Scrofula? Rheumatism? Foul Breath? Catarrh? Are you Pale? Do Scabs or Scales form on the Skin, Hair or Scalp? Prickling Pains in the Hair? All Run Down, get easily tired, and as tired in the morning as when you went to bed? Fluttering Heart? Have you Ulcers? Eating Sores? Cancer?

TO CURE,

Any JOURNAL reader who suffers is advised to take a few large bottles of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). This remedy is undoubtedly the best and only perfect Blood Purifier made. B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) has a record of 30 years of cures, hence is thoroughly tested. By taking a few large bottles of B. B. B. the blood is made pure and rich, all the sores are healed, and aches and pains vanish as the mist before the sun. B. B. B. has cured over 400 cases of cancer, many of them pronounced incurable by doctors and specialists. Eating sores, ulcers and scrofula are healed so that they never bother the patient again. Eczema in its worst form is cured by from 3 to 8 large bottles. B. B. B. cures by draining the poisons and humors out of the blood, at the same time it builds up the broken down constitution.

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