SCROFULA

I bequeath to my children Scrofula with all its attendant horrors, humiliation and suffering. This is a strange legacy to leave to posterity; a heavy burden to place upon the shoulders of the young.

This treacherous disease dwarfs the body and hinders the growth and development of the faculties, and the child born of blood poison, or scrofula-tainted parentage, is poorly equipped for life's duties.

Scrofula is a disease with numerous and varied symptoms; enlarged glands or tumors about the neck and armpits, catarrh of the head, weak eyes and dreadful skin eruptions upon different parts of the body show the presence of tubercular or scrofulous matter in the blood. This dangerous and stealthy disease entrenches itself securely in the system and attacks the bones and tissues, destroys the red corpuscles of the blood, resulting in white swelling, a pallid, waxy appearance of the skin, loss of strength and a gradual wasting away of the body.

S. S. S. combines both purifying and tonic properties, and is guaranteed entirely vegetable, making it the ideal remedy in all scrofulous affections. It purifies the deteriorated blood, makes it rich and strong and a complete and permanent cure is soon effected. S. S. S. improves the digestion and assimilation of food, restores the lost properties to the blood and quickens the circulation, bringing a healthy color to the skin and vigor to the weak and emaciated body.

SSS

Write us about your case and our physicians will cheerfully advise and help you in every possible way to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

THE SAVIOUR'S BLOOD.

A Relic of the Crucifixion Preserved at Bruges.

Many cities profess to possess as a relic some of the blood of Christ, preserved from that which flowed from him during the crucifixion. St. Louis brought particles to Paris which he had received from the emperor of Constantinople. The Church of St. John Lateran, in Rome, the Imperial monastery at Weingarten, a church in Mantua and the Chapel of the Precious Blood, in Bruges, all put forward similar claims.

The precious blood at Bruges enjoys the widest fame and is reported to have been collected from the Saviour's wounds by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus when they took down the body from the cross. It was brought to Bruges by Thierry of Alsace in 1147. He had received it from his brother-in-law, Baldwin, king of Jerusalem.

Nearly six centuries ago the extraordinary devotion paid to this relic at Bruges by the inhabitants and visitors had induced the ecclesiastical and civil authorities to institute a solemn procession in which it should be borne in the streets.

A confraternity of the precious blood, consisting of thirty members, with a prevost and four chaplains, was established to guard it at all times.

The procession takes place annually, and the blood, contained in a crystal cylinder and inclosed in its shrine, is carried about with much pomp and ceremony.

How to Make a Bulldog Let Go.

Says a breeder of bulldogs: "The quickest way to release a person from the jaws of a bulldog, if he be unfortunate enough to be bitten, is by catching the dog's hind paw, in the center of which is an exceedingly tender spot called the heart. This should be pressed or, even better, the paw taken into the mouth and bitten with the teeth. The dog will relinquish the hold at once. It is a desperate remedy, but a sure one, and one that is resorted to by the professional dogfighters.

The Best Remedy For Rheumatism.

QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN.

All who used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism are delighted with the quick relief from pain which it affords. When speaking of this Mr. D. N. Sinks, of Troy, Ohio, says: "Some time ago I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my arm and shoulder. I tried numerous remedies but got no relief until I was recommended by Messrs. Geo. F. Parsons & Co., druggists of this place, to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. They recommended it so highly that I bought a bottle. I was soon relieved of all pain. I have since recommended this liniment to many of my friends, who agree with me that it is the best remedy for muscular rheumatism in the market." For sale by F. S. Duffy & Co.

Largest School in World.

New York, April 13.—Work has been commenced on Public School No. 188. This will be the largest school in the world. When it is finished there will be room for 3915 children, every one of whom will have a separate desk and plenty of room. There will be 150 teachers.

Are You A Coming Mother?

Are You Expectant?

MOTHER'S FRIEND

makes childbirth easy and almost painless, by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature, and shortening labor. The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the danger thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is greatly shortened, the mother rested, and the child fully developed, strong and healthy.

Morning sickness, or nausea arising from pregnancy is prevented by relieving the stomach from the pressure brought to bear on it by the expanding organ, and by which it is influenced through sympathy.

As pregnancy advances, the breasts enlarge, become swollen, hard and tight. Long before the child is born, they are preparing for the operation of milk. It is important to successful child rearing that these glands receive early consideration. Mother's Friend softens the skin, relieves the pressure, and facilitates the secretion of Life Fluid. Undeveloped and occluded ducts, and breasts hard and painful after delivery, are the result of non-treatment and likely to culminate in Mammary Abscess from which big patient suffers excruciating pain and is left with these ingredients permanently impaired.

Mother's Friend is always applied externally and rubbed into the flesh over the region of pain, soreness, pliability and expansion are given to the muscles, tissue, fibres and nerves, allowing the elasticity necessary to bring comfort while with heavy burden, and cause very little of the pain. Price, $1.00, of all druggists. Our book "Motherhood" free.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

New Bern's Base Ball Games.

The following is the official schedule of the games of base ball to be played by the New Bern team during this season.

At Home.

With Greensboro—May 5, 6, 7; June 9, 10, 11; July 14, 15, 16; August 18, 19.

With Charlotte—May 8, 9, 10; June 12 13, 14; July 17, 18, 19; August 20. 21.

With Durham—May 19, 20, 21; June 23, 24, 25; July 28, 29 30; August 27, 28.

With Raleigh—June 5, 6, 7; July 10, 11, 12; August 14, 15, 16; September 8, 9.

With Wilmington—May 26, 27, 28; June 30; July 1, 2; August 4, 5, 6; September 1, 2.

Away From Home.

At Wilmington—May 29, 30, 31; July 3, 4, 5; August 7, 8, 9; September 3, 4.

At Raleigh—May 22, 23, 24; June 26, 27, 28; July 31; August 1, 2; August 29, 30.

At Durham—May 12. 13, 14; June 16, 17, 18; July 21, 22, 23; August 22. 23.

At Greensboro—May 15, 16, 17; June 19, 20, 21; July 24, 25, 26; August 25. 26.

At Charlotte—June 2, 3, 4; July 7, 8, 9; August 11, 12. 13; September 5, 6.

Another Ball Player Arrives.

Last night's train brought to this city, Mr. T. F. Reed. who is to cover right field for the New Bern team.

Manager Bryan had a telegram from Mr. Fred Applegate, who is one of the staff of pitchers, saying he would be here Thursday.

New Books For Library.

The following books are included in the committee's April purchase for the Circulating library.

American Wives and English Husbands. Book News. Driven back from Eden. Making a Marchioness. Methods of Lady Waldehurst. Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch. An Englishwoman's Love Letters. Alice in Wonderland. Lion of St. Mark's. With Clyde in India. With Wolfe in Canada. Young Carthaginian. With Lee in Virginia. Sir Richard Calmady. The Sweet Orchard. My Lady Peggy goes to Town. Siege of Lady Resolute. Cardigan. Kate Bonnet. The Fifth String. Springtown on Pike. House with Green Shutters.

A set of Encyclopoedia Britannica, has been contributed to the library by a citizen of New Bern, the gift being most acceptable.

There is an increasing interest in the library by the people here, which is of great encouragement to those carrying on the work.

Wonders in the Equine Foot.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal structure. The outside hoof is made up of a series of thin vertical laminæ of horn, about 500 in number. Into this are fitted about 500 more thin laminæ, which belong to the coffin bone, both sets being elastic and adherent. The edges of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another quire will furnish a good idea of the arrangement of the laminæ in all the feet, amounting to about 4,000. These are distributed in the most secure manner and in a way that every spring is acted upon in an oblique direction. Verily there is a display of nature's wonder everywhere.

Stopping a Fast Train.

People often wax impatient because express trains cannot be stopped at some unimportant little station at which they wish to alight. They should consider the cost of satisfying their whim. A train going at a rate of sixty miles an hour can be stopped within 120 yards from the first application of the brake. Now, enough power is lost to carry this same train fifteen miles over a plane surface. First there is the momentum acquired by the train flying at this remarkable rate of speed, then the loss of steam in applying the brakes and lastly the extra amount of coal to compensate for all these losses, for all of which impatient passengers would not care to pay.

Usually when a man starts on the downward road the brake refuses to work.—Chicago News.

Mimic War for New York Harbor.

Washington, April 13.—The joint army and navy maneuvers in New York harbor to test the first line of defense of New York will take place the first eight days of September next.

Tobacco Chewers Go on Strike.

Boston, April 13.—Twenty-three press men and press assistants at the Stillings print establishment, on Congress street, are out as a result of an order that they refrain from the use of tobacco during working hours.

New Office Building.

The property northeast corner South Front and Hancock streets will soon be occupied, and the place have a greatly improved appearance.

A couple of small frame shanty buildings have been torn down to make room for a substantial frame office building, which will be occupied by the New Bern Brick and Tile Co., and Nicoll and Hyman, Insurance Agents.

The erection of this building with the clearing away of the old shanties, will make this corner show to great advantage.

The Brick and Tile Co., whose manufacturing plant is on the A. & N. C. road beyond Clarks, will have their office quarters in a most convenient place for the transaction of all their business.

The new insurance firm of Nicoll and Hyman, at present over the Hyman Supply Company's store on Craven street, will also have convenient office quarters in this new building.

Mr. George A. Nicoll, of this firm, has recently moved with his family from the North to New Bern, and the fact that he has opened up in business here, indicates a confidence in this city and its opportunities for business. Mr. Nicoll has leased for his home, for two years the house built for him on East Front street, by Mr. E. K. Bishop.

The establishment of these two business firms on South Front street, will bring more business to this street, which is already a busy thoroughfare, since the A. & N. C. Trent river warehouse has been opened for freight business.

Party Should Name Thomas.

Bayboro Sentinel.

Hon. C. R. Thomas has been a faithful representative to his constituents and his State, in the National Legislature; and now that Pamlico and Carteret counties have been taken from the first Congressional district and put in the third, Mr. Thomas' district our people may know something of his services, as he will be a candidate before the Democratic Congressional Convention of this, the third district for renomination. The people should know something of the ability, fitness and competency of those who aspire to positions of honor and trust before they are called upon to select. We think the party will do itself honor, and make no mistake if it selects Mr. Thomas its Standard Bearer in the coming campaign. We know that there are others—but we know of no good reason to turn Mr. Thomas down and we think he will be returned to Congress.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died, at his home near the village of Pollocksville, April the 9th 1902, Mr. Stanley Briacher, in the 61st year of his age. The death of this good man has enshrouded the community in the deepest gloom, for he was loved and esteemed by all who knew him. He served as a Confederate soldier through the Civil war and was as brave and gallant a soldier as ever wore the gray, he was true to his country, true to his family and true to his God.

He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his great loss. His presence in his family was always a sunbeam of brightness, he was trustful, prayerful, leaning with childlike faith upon the arm of the Savior who cheered comforted and sustained him through the long weary months of his sickness. With him the storms of life is over, he has anchored in that heaven of sweet and perfect rest where angels' harps will greet his enraptured ears. H.

The American Museum of Anatomy, which has been exhibiting on Middle street, left by steamer for Elizabeth City, yesterday afternoon.

Schooner A. L. Lee, Capt. Gaskill, arrived yesterday morning, and is at anchor in channel. She will load with lumber from the Pine Lumber Company's mill.

Tom C. Howard and John F. Garrett, have formed an amusement company, and with two car loads of "properties" have gone to exhibit for the summer at Sewell's Point, near Norfolk, Va.

The invasion of a truck patch, just out side of this city, and the loss of vegetables, led to a watch being kept by the proprietor, who a few nights ago was rewarded by seeing a man climb over the fence. A shot at the intruder caused him to beat a hasty retreat.

Sixty Years of Popularity

is the record of Painkiller (Perry Davis') but the shops are full of imitations made to sell upon the great reputation of the genuine; be cautious, therefore, when you ask for a bottle to see that you get the genuine. An unfailing remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis.

War on the Brownstail Moth.

In order to interest the public school children in the campaign against the brownstail moth the board of trade of Lynn, Mass., has offered a prize to the grammar school in that city collecting the largest number of nests and another prize to the room in the school with the highest average a pupil. The trees in Lynn are badly infested by the moths, and ten men are employed all the year round in removing and burning the nests.

Caught a Dreadful Cold.

Marion Kooke, manager for T. M. Thompson, a large importer of fine millinery at 1658 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, says: "During the late severe weather I caught a dreadful cold which kept me awake at night and made me unfit to attend my work during the day. One of my milliners was taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a severe cold at that time, which seemed to relieve her so quickly that I bought some for myself. It acted like magic and I began to improve at once. I am now entirely well and feel very pleased to acknowledge its merits." For sale by F. S. Duffy & Co.

Remarkable Speed by Motor Car.

Paris, April 14.—W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr has given a remarkable performance in a motor car, covering the distance from Monte Carlo to Paris (614 miles) in seventeen hours.

Red Mud From The Clouds.

Elizabeth, N. J., April 13.—Hundreds of shopping women had their spring garments ruined by a phenomenal shower, which proved to be red mud, moistened to the consistency of paste.

THE THIRD WAY

The doggart rolled swiftly down the drive. It was so dark that the man could not see the woman's face, and this perhaps was well, for love was not the only look that was flitting across those large gray eyes.

Presently he got down and lighted the lamps. "We must see our way, dearest," he said tenderly. "We shall meet no one now." And when he had tucked the rug round them again he kissed her. Her face was very cold.

"And afterward?" she said. "Our way—can we see it?"

He lashed the horse and did not answer.

"The way is very dark," she continued. "I cannot see it now."

"You do not love me," he said reproachfully, "or you would not speak like this."

"Not love you? I love you more than the soul I am destroying for you tonight!" Then she looked behind, and the lights of her home sparkled through the trees in the distance. "There is light behind," she whispered. "It is honor."

"There is light before us," he cried hoarsely. "It is love. Love is more than all."

"Stronger than all," she said, correcting him.

It is impossible to fathom a woman's mind. Perhaps she thought it due to her to protest; perhaps the cold night air that beat upon her face was clearing away the clouds of passion, enabling her to see the hard, naked reality of things.

Again he cut into the horse with his whip, and the trap swayed from side to side down the narrow road. He took his watch out and held it to the light of one of the lamps.

"We shall barely catch the train," he said. He thought it better to bring the conversation to practical matters. It threatened to become too ethical.

She laid her hand upon his arm. "Drive faster," she whispered. He bent his head and kissed the hand. The victory was his.

So they whirled on through the night till the road began to rise more abruptly and the horse's speed drooped to a walk.

"The Graywater bridge," he said. "We are not far off now."

Here the river had cut a curious ravine through the heart of the hills, and the old stone bridge that spanned it was the wonder and delight of every antiquary in the country. From the bridge the lights of the station could be seen a mile away.

In a few minutes they had reached the top of the slope and were upon the bridge. The lights of their destination blazed brilliantly before them.

The woman looked back. Like a faint star in the distance shone a single twinkling light. It was the last she was to see of her home.

The nearness of the station and the terrible remoteness of that one faint gleam broke upon her mind like a burst of madness. She seized the reins and pulled the horse up.

"It cannot be!" she cried. "Turn back."

"Are you mad?" he said angrily. "There is the station. We are close to it."

"I know, I know! It is too near! I am frightened. I cannot go with you. Turn back before it is too late."

"And our love?" he said between his teeth.

She put her face in her hands and wept.

"Our love?" he repeated sternly.

"It will have made the one great sacrifice. It will be purified of all its sin."

"I do not intend to give you up," he said quietly. He was a man with an iron will.

"Your honor!" she cried. "What of my honor—the honor of my husband?"

"Names, names!" he replied. "Lighter than dust in March before the breath of love."

"But heavier and more choking than desert sands when the breath of love has died away."

"It never dies away."

She laughed. If this were true, the world's history must be written afresh from the beginning.

"Let us turn back," she pleaded. Then she said firmly, "I will go no farther." And her voice told him there was no further hope.

He did not break out into useless pleading. He was silent, and the thoughts rushed through his brain as a stream of fire.

"There are but two roads," she continued calmly. "Behind us is honor; before us is the shame of a lifetime. I have chosen my road, for there are but two, and the one is impossible."

"You are mistaken," he said quietly. "There is a third." And he quickly turned the horse till it faced the walls of the bridge. Then, reining it in with an iron hand, he cut fiercely into it over flanks and legs and head till the whip ran red with blood. Then he let go the reins and clasped her in his arms in one sharp, passionate embrace. As the reins fell the horse sprang forward like an arrow loosed from the bow and dashed over the low parapet before it.

They had taken the other road.

* * * * * * *

The mockery of it all was that they did not die, but they dragged out their crippled lives for long and weary years, the woman tended and cheered by a loving husband, the man uncared for and alone.

Eager to Please.

"Do you think you had better eat another piece of pie?" asked the neighbor lady, who had already given little Bobbie one piece for running an errand.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Bobbie promptly. "I will if you wish me to."—Ohio State Journal.

OUR PROTECTION

My only protection against burglars was my dog Jack. Unfortunately he was either hard of hearing or he could not discriminate between friends and foes, but by the time I had owned Jack a fortnight none of my friends would come near me.

So I followed the example of the clown at the circus who owned an elastic dog. I took him in at night and let him out in the morning. Jack had his chair in the sitting room, close to a veranda and a window, from which the side gate could be seen and past which the sidewalk extended for a square or so, ours being the last house on the block.

I sometimes wondered myself if I was not as much afraid of the dog as of the burglars, but he never moved from his post, and I became used to his low growls and barks if any one passed, which did not often happen.

One day a company of friends came from the city and stayed over night at my earnest solicitation. We sighed several times during the evening, "Oh, for a man!" But there was not one of those useful bipeds in the company. After music and a late supper we told ghost stories and ended up with burglar experiences, by which time there wasn't a thimbleful of brains among us—nothing but hysterical fears and nervous tremors.

Then we had a good deal of trouble in composing the dog. Seeing new faces seemed to disturb him, and he was full of low growls that were threatening and belligerent. He wanted to fly at each one of my friends separately. Then he tried to take them collectively, but I hung on his collar with both hands, while Hannah coaxed him with a bone, and we finally landed him in the old chair, which was his throne by day in the woodshed and his couch by night in the parlor. Once there, he curled himself up for keeps, while the rest of us scrambled up stairs and shut ourselves into our several apartments.

It was the noon of night and as light as day with a full moon when I was awakened by hearing some one at my door and a small feminine voice calling in hushed syllables, "Let me in; oh, let me in!" and I opened the door instantly and saw a company of ghosts in the hall, each one of whom whispered in accents that clove to the roof of her mouth:

"Burglars, burglars in the house!"

I whispered back, with clattering teeth, "It's Jack!"

Jack was indeed making a remarkable demonstration. He neither barked nor growled, but made a strange hissing noise that I am told is native to the bloodhound alone and is the most awe inspiring threat that a bloodthirsty dog can make.

"Don't," said one of my friends as I was about to turn on a light.

"If you do, the burglars will see us. Let us look out of the front windows. It is as light as day, and they will not know that we have seen them."

So we crept, hand in hand, with two frightened children clinging to us, to the windows, stooping low so that we could not be seen, and, sure enough, two men were walking along softly in the middle of the road, coming directly toward the house by the side where the dog was on watch, and no doubt they were quite unconscious that there was any dog on the premises, for when they reached the door they stepped upon the sidewalk, opened the gate noiselessly and climbed the two steps to the veranda.

During this time the dog had kept up that same peculiar expression of his anger, and I had seized the seven shooter and was grasping it in a cold and shaking hand, but the moment the two men stepped on the veranda the dog sprang from his chair to the table and threw himself against the window with a yell of rage that was like the roar of a wild animal, followed by that long, baying cry familiar to those who have ever heard a pack of bloodhounds give tongue.

We all thought the window was broken from the casement, that perhaps the men would shoot our only protector and make their way in, but in a moment we were reassured. The noise the dog made prevented our hearing anything, but we saw the two men going away, at first slowly, then faster, and they went back the way they came.

Were they burglars? Wait till I finish my story. The next day I took my little family and accompanied my friends to their home in the city. We had each noted the dress, size and general appearance of the two men, one being tall and wearing a derby hat, while the other was short and wore a cap.

There was great excitement at our little suburban station, and a crowd of people had gathered about some police officers who had captured two men. We craned our necks and saw our two burglars.

"Who are they?" we asked breathlessly.

"Tramps, I reckon," said the station master. "They nearly murdered an old man up here in Harlem last night because he wouldn't give up his money. The old fellow was plucky and roused the neighborhood, and the officers are just taking them into the city."

We looked at each other when the station master had finished.

"It might have been us," I said, with a shudder, "if it hadn't been for Providence—and Jack."

From Bad to Worse.

Jones—Brown is an unlucky dog.

Smith—How's that?

Jones—His object in marrying was to get out of a boarding house.

Smith—Well?

Jones—Now his wife is running one to support the family.—Chicago News.

Another Advance in Meat.

Chicago, Ill., April 13.—Beef on the hoof advanced 25 cents a hundred pounds Saturday at the stock yards.

Ex-Secretary Morton Seriously Ill.

Chicago, Ill., April 13.—J. Sterling Morton, former Secretary of Agriculture, is seriously ill at the residence of his son, Mark Morton, in Lake Forest. His condition is due to a recent severe attack of grip, but he is said to be in no immediate danger.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Resentment.

Oh, Mistuh Groun' Hog,
You thought dat you was smart,
You come an' saw your shadder,
An' den you made a start,
An' de snow it come a-snowin',
An' de blizzard come along.
Oh, Mistuh Groun' Hog,
You treat us mighty wrong!

Oh, Mistuh Groun' Hog,
You orter change your name!
To call yourse'f a hog at all
It seems to me is shame.
You sets us all a-shiver,
An' you plays de very deuce;
If you was only good fob pehk,
Dar might be some excuse!
—Washington Star.

His Description.

First Pugilist (reading society news)—Say, Bill, wot's a chaperon?

Second Pugilist—W'y, it's a lady guy wot's kind of half way twix' a trainer, a manager, a bottle holder and a referee.—Puck.

Sly Cupid.

Cupid is a merry rascal,
Arch deceiver he,
Ever taking others captive,
He himself is free.
Stealing hearts his richest plunder—
Thinks it naught but sport.
Still, of one thing he's not guilty—
That's contempt of court.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Flying Wedge.

"There was a crush at the wedding, I suppose."

"Crush? Why, the ushers had to form a flying wedge in order to get the bridal party up to the altar."—Life.

Poet's Dilemma.

I know I must be wrong,
But I cannot love pingpong;
I cannot sing
In praise of ping;
I have no song
For pong.
—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Entitled to Praise.

"Flirting," said the mother severely, "is dangerous."

"In that case," replied the daughter, "I should think you would be proud of my courage."—Chicago Post.

Cupid's Bow.

When Marinda smiles, I've come to know
By the curve of her lips—such a little thing—
Cupid is getting a string on his bow,
And Marinda is getting her beau on a string!
—Smart Set.

An Adequate Explanation.

Maude—Why didn't you scream when he kissed you?

Millicent—I couldn't just then, and after it was all over what was the use?—Ohio State Journal.

Says the Benedict.

My wife and I have love to burn;
But, goodness bless your soul,
It didn't take us long to learn
We can't use that for coal.
—Detroit Free Press.

Not Alcohol, Though.

"How well preserved she is for one of her age!"

"Isn't she? That's because she has kept herself in good spirits."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Can't "Down" Him.

He is with us again today,
He at whom we often swore,
The frigid blooded scoundrel
Who leaves open wide the door.
—Baltimore American.

And What Does It Cost?

Snaggs—Here is a recipe for a perfect bust.

Jaggs—And how many quarts does it say is required?—Philadelphia North American.

After the Civilized Fashion.

The Sioux braves now will cut their hair,
Although it makes them frown,
And every squaw declares she'll wear
A fetching Lo cut gown.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why He Is Popular.

Mabel—Is he an entertaining conversationalist?

Beth—Very. He lets you do all the talking.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Variety.

Don't rail against the weather,
Although you think it strange.
Be patient for a minute,
And it's pretty sure to change.
—Washington Star.

The Real Issue.

He—You are truly the first girl I ever loved.

She—That isn't the point. Are you sure I will be the last?—Chicago News.

The Value of Time.

Perhaps they tax me overmuch;
In fact, I do not doubt it.
But I would rather pay it than
Take time to kick about it
—Boston Transcript.

Head Scenter.

Wigg—What a beautiful nose she has!

Wagg—Yes. That's her scenter of attraction.—Philadelphia Record.

He Tickles the Cache.

To cause girls' hearts to ache
He tugs at his mustache
And googoo eyes doth mache.
The man who's on the mache.
—Philadelphia North American.

Consoling.

She—How long have you danced?

He—Oh, years.

She—Well, don't be discouraged.—Puck.

Hands Round!

What care we for the snowflakes white,
The trees in vesture thin?
Shut out the stormy winter night
And let the dance begin!

At the Head

Of ALL Tobacco Fertilizers.

MEADOWS' GOLD LEAF TOBACCO GUANO.

Specially prepared for the lands of Eastern Carolina. Insures a good cure. Makes wrappers and fills your purse.

By its merit alone one farmer in Jones County will use it exclusively on his sixty acres of tobacco.

As our goods are manufactured near you and not re-shipped, we claim Freshness and Good Mechanical Condition.

High Grade Cabbage, Potato, Allcrop and Cotton Guano.

Our Motto: "Not How Cheap, But How Good."

☞ If you use Fertilizers Call and See us.

E. H. & J. A. MEADOWS CO.,
High Grade Fertilizers,
Factory Neuse River, NEW BERN, N. C.

"Now, children," said the new teacher, "the first thing is to organize the school."

"But we can't, ma'am," piped a wee small voice from the rear.

"Why not?" asked the teacher in surprise.

"'Cause," answered the voice, "we ain't got no organ."—Chicago News.

Playing With Fire.

"Do you know this is the sixteenth time you have proposed to me?"

"It may be. I haven't kept count."

"But why do you do it?"

"I think it has become a habit. But, say, do you know my heart was pretty nearly in my mouth the time before the last one?"

"Why?"

"I was afraid you meant to accept me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Girlish Confidences.

"You told Charley Chubbins you thought he sent that beautiful valentine!"

"Yes. Charley is a very nice young man, with good prospects."

"But you know well enough that he didn't send it."

"Of course; but it didn't do any harm to let him know that I shouldn't have been a bit angry if he had."—Washington Star.

The Order of Going.

Mr. Polk—My gracious! It's nearly midnight. I suppose I'll get the reputation of being a very late caller.

Miss Patience—Oh, I don't mind late callers.

Mr. Polk—No? I'm delighted to—

Miss Patience (desperately)—No; it's the late leavers who bore me.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Worthy Friend.

Bumpus—I have put a friend of mine on his feet three times in the last two years.

McSmith—That's nothing; I put a friend of mine on his feet fourteen times last night.—New York News.

Her Chances.

Patience—A girl takes great chances on her first proposal of marriage.

Patrice—Do you mean if she accepts or declines it?

"Either way."—Yonkers Statesman.

Injustice.

Young Physician—You are mistaken, my good bird. I'm a regular graduate.—Chicago News.

No Need.

Brown—Do you think she's a clever girl?

Smith—Um-m! Rather too good looking, don't you think?—Detroit Free Press.

Yawning.

It is not merely a common saying that yawning is "catching," but the highest scientific authorities say that it is unquestionably true.

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