

A TARTAR TRICKSTER.

The Way He Tried to Sell a Valise to a Postmaster.

At the annual fair in Nihil-Norgrad I stopped with a German-Russian friend into a saddlery, where he wished to purchase a valise. He picked out one for which the Tartar merchant named a price that was evidently much in excess of its real value. My friend was making the usual faint under such circumstances of leaving the store when he noticed that the dealer, with a rapid movement, stuck a paper in the outside pocket of his valise. Not being a greenhorn in Russia, he knew immediately what the Tartar was up to.

"But, barin," said the latter, calling him back, "come. Look at the leather and the lining, silk all through. Please examine it carefully." He handed the valise again to my friend and turned back to his stock, apparently looking for other catches to show. With a sly wink my friend extracted a true ruble note from the outer pocket of the valise and hid it in his hand. Then he said: "Don't trouble yourself any longer. This valise seems to be what you say it is, and I will take it."

CONVERSATION "DON'TS."

Don't indulge in personalities. They invariably return worse than they started out. Don't mention family feuds. It embarrasses the listener, and you are sure to regret it. Don't talk of the cost of things. It gives the rich a chance for boastfulness and may be embarrassing to the poor. Don't tell your personal interests, occupations, hopes or aspirations. Nobody wants to hear them, and you give your dignity a mortal stab. Don't discuss children. If you have any the chances are you are boring those who have not. If you have none, you are sure to be mortally wounding those who have.

Don't discuss dress. The lady whose evening gown you are scoring may have come direct from Paris, wearing the newest thing, and the whole subject is a hopeless one anyway.—Harper's Weekly.

STATISTICAL DATA.

According to a paper read by Dr. Shrubbs before the British association, sufferers from tonsillitis, rheumatism and heart disease are of a higher stature, and suffer from tuberculosis, nervous and malignant disease of a lower stature than healthy individuals.

It appears that blond sufferers from pulmonary tuberculosis respond to treatment better than brunettes, while in diseases of the heart the positions are reversed. It is believed that in successive generations of city life stature shows a progressive diminution and that there is an increase in brunette traits with each generation passing from rural to urban life. With increasing length of residence there is an increase of morbidity among the different classes of Londoners.

"He is certainly a clever financier, is he not?"

"Why, would you get that idea? He never by any chance got anything in his life."

"Do you think a man's importance is measured by his pocketbook?"

"Certainly not!" answered Senator Sorghum. "A pocketbook couldn't hold enough to amount to anything. It's the bank book that counts."

"It wasn't."

Dr. De Style—Your lecture on the appendix was immense. I didn't think it was in you.

Dr. Gumbust—It isn't. I had it cut out last year.—New York Press.

Things You Sometimes See.

Hero worship.—New York American.

Vote.—

"What a musical voice your postman has!" said the visitor.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Highmore; "he is our best mail vocalist."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How He Did Her Best.

A truthful farmer relates that he put a porcelain egg in the nest of a hen and found that the eggs she laid were of increased size. Then he put a goose egg in the nest. The hen laid an egg just as large. He was so pleased with the scheme that he put a whitewashed football in the nest. When he went the next time to search for eggs he found one as big as a football, but no hen in sight. Securing the egg, he saw engraved on it by hen photography these words, "I'm no ostrich, but I've done my best." Later he found the hen inside the egg.

A Suggestion.

Miss Snuppe—Why don't you propose to her by telephone? Mr. Hossler—Timid—Maybe she wouldn't know who I was. Miss Snuppe—Exactly. That might help your chances.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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TWO SIDES.

How She Came to Change Her Mind About Life Insurance.

"Why don't you get your life insured?" asked Mrs. Spuddington. "I was talking to an agent yesterday, and after what he told me it seems to me that every woman who has children ought to take out insurance. Who can tell what might happen to your husband? The agent mentioned a case that was very pathetic. The husband had been carrying heavy insurance for several years, but they never thought of having the wife's life insured. Like so many of the rest of us I suppose they thought that in case he was left alone with their little ones he would be able to go on earning a living for them just the same as before or perhaps it never occurred to them that he might not be the first to go. Well, anyway, the wife died and left him with three children to care for. She hadn't been gone six months before he was taken down with paralysis—made utterly helpless—so there were those poor, helpless tots with nobody to provide for them and hardly a dollar laid away to be used for their support. Think how much more sensible it would have been if the wife had carried at least a few thousand dollars' worth of insurance instead of leaving it all for the husband to do. I'm going to take out a policy right away. No one can ever tell what may happen."

"Yes, that's all very true," replied Mrs. Gidger, as she wiped away a sympathetic tear, "but—b-b-but supposing you had your life insured and you died and your husband got married again and the other woman should manage to get hold of the money, and—"

SERIOUSLY STABBED.

A Fearful Outcome of a Drunken Brawl Probably Fatal Result.

Last Saturday evening two white men, named Dudley, father and son, were said to be intoxicated at Maysville and were in a quarrelsome mood. They were reported as daring everybody to fight and were making themselves foolish to everybody. The two men had gone to such an extent that another white man named Morton, who had been drinking some but was said to have not been very drunk got into the mood also and wanted to fight and picked out the elder Dudley as the man with whom he wanted to battle. The two men got together and Morton was getting a severe drubbing, it is said, when Morton's son, a lad of 14 years, attempted to get his father away from Dudley. Angered at the boy's interference the younger Dudley grabbed the Morton boy and threw him violently to the ground. The boy arose and went after his assailant in a vigorous manner and leaping upon the man pulled his pocket knife out and stabbed him in the back and in the breast. The latter wound is just above the heart and while not deep it is of a very serious nature. Further particulars of the affair are difficult to obtain. The trial was set for Tuesday but no tidings have been received as to the disposition of the case. The story of the fight and the stabbing is related by an eye witness.

How Far Did He Ride?

Pop and Edward watched the laughing girls and "grownups," too, as they swung round and round, perched on the backs of mettlesome horses, fierce lions and awe-inspiring, long-legged giraffes, on the merry-go-round. Pop, turning to comment upon a small sized youngster astride a huge tiger, noticed the serious look on his heir's usually smiling countenance and said to him, "Son, what makes you look so thoughtful?"

"I was just wondering," replied Edward, who had just enjoyed a ride on the merry-go-round and, having a ticket in his pocket entitling him to another ride, was anxious to use it to the best advantage. "Whether I would get a longer ride than I had on that horse in the inner circle if I rode one of the lions on the outside row."—St. Louis Republic.

He'd Better Go Home.

Kate—That young man from Baltimore is tiresome enough, heaven knows, but once or twice I have thought that, after all, he isn't so stupid as he seems. Mildred—Possibly he isn't. I have noticed myself that there have been times when he has shown above human intelligence.—Somerville Journal.

Strong in Death.

"So Skorch is dead?" "Yes. He collided with another automobile yesterday and—" "Was instantly killed, eh?" "Not instantly. He lived long enough to offer to bet that the other fellow's machine was damaged worse than his."—Philadelphia Press.

Promising Future.

"Did your son have any trouble in passing his examination for college?" "Trouble? Not the least. They told him that if he could keep up his present style of interference he'd be on the regular team in less than two weeks."—Chicago Tribune.

The Good They Did.

Mrs. Cummins—Was Mrs. Lottom successful in her charitable enterprises? Mrs. Neurlinn—Was she? She got into the Four Hundred on them.—Judge.

The Constellation.

Friend—You've never been called in consultation, have you? Young Doctor—No, but I'd like to be. It's nice to charge ten times as much as the other doctor for saying that you don't know any more about the case than he does.—Puck.

The Doctor's Viewpoint.

Doctor—Well, sir, I congratulate you. It's all nicely over. Nerveless—And what is it, doctor? Doctor—One hundred dollars, thank you.—Town Topics.

The most delicate, the most sensitive,

of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others.—Bryson.

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BRIDGES OVER GUTTERS.

The City's Liability When Accidents Occur.

In repairing the streets, the city authorities are in a good deal of trouble in the case of their work because of the wooden bridges over the gutters which property owners build in order for teams to cross to reach their lots and not obstruct the drainage along the streets. The bridges are necessary if there is to be surface drainage, but this could be better arranged if terra cotta pipes were laid for the drainage and the bridges done away with. These bridges besides being unsightly, are also a danger for they soon rot, and some animal is likely to break through and be disabled. A recent case was that of a horse breaking through one of these wooden bridge crossings on South Front street, the animal losing a leg and having to be shot. This case has involved the city in a damage suit, and while these bridges are used, a repetition of the above case is likely to occur any day. It is easy to see how tax payers are interested in such damage suits, and property owners should protect the city by not having these wooden bridge crossings, when they can be done away with.

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THE GRAND SPECTACULAR EVENT.

The Fete at the Fair's Circus Exhibits in the Presence of an Enormous Crowd of Spectators.

The circus, that enterprise which for so many years has been the small boy's paradise and the grown person's limit of admiration for physical prowess, has once again visited New Bern. To say that the Forepaugh and bells circus was enjoyed during every minute of its performance would not be expressing the case half strong enough. The immense throngs that visited the show was caused by the wonderful achievements of which the performers were possessed. There never has been a circus in this city that has come nearer to the ideal of what such an enterprise ought to be than did the Forepaugh circus yesterday. It was most enjoyable in every way. A very interesting feature of the grand march was the different squads of soldiers meant to illustrate the various costumes worn by American colonial times to the present. The music was furnished by W N Merrick's Military band. The three rings had a tendency to dazzle the spectator at first but he got used to the "rubbering" in a short time and seemed to enjoy the strenuous life when it was exercised by others for his benefit and amusement. The rings had some act going on all the time and each act was done with perfection which was amazing as well as pleasing. The performing animals which were introduced at the first were perfect marvels, especially the elephants. They seemed to display almost human intelligence and the sight of their great clumsy bodies doing apparently impossible tricks was one which all beheld with admiration. In another similar act, the equestrian cake walk was wonderful. The horses trotted up and down the track bearing their riders and kept perfect time to the cake walk music. It was a very amusing act. The other equestrian tricks were performed in a brilliant manner. A new act was introduced by the famous Leucasson family in a novel and astounding way, driving a Parisian brake to a double team and the performers making daring summersault leaps from carriage to horse and return and also leaping on and off each others shoulders with unerring accuracy. The sensational loop the loop bicycle riding act of Diavolo's was one which required a great deal of nerve. Diavolo is the only person doing this act. A very pleasing feature was the DeForest dog show in which some of the best trained dogs in the world took part. Their intelligence and ability to perform difficult tricks called forth many exclamations of surprise. Notable among these was that of a small poodle dog climbing a high ladder and making a jump to the net below. One of the most interesting acts of the circus and probably not reproduced in any other show is the performance of the Aurora Zouaves. They are undoubtedly the best trained military company in the world and the evolutions through which they went were done with wonderful skill and accuracy. The scaling of the wall by which they concluded the drill caused much comment. The work of the clowns was more appreciated than at any other circus that has ever been here. They were really funny and were very agile to. This feature was splendid. One of the best jokes perpetrated by one of these gentry was the irrepressible before the performance alone, the one who amuses the people while the crowd is gathering. He had a supposed to be kodak and wandered aimlessly around among the arrivals and when he saw the right party or parties he would offer to take their pictures without cost. He posed his subjects artistically and when all was ready he would leave the unsuspecting "sitlers" standing posing for their picture until they had perceived by the cheers and laughter of those around that they had been made the butt of a joke. The menagerie was large and varied in its make up. It carried many of the finest specimens of lions, tigers, and other wild animals seen in any menagerie. Strange animal inhabitants of Asia and Africa were represented which formed an interesting and instructive exhibit. Space prevents going into further details of this excellent enterprise. The performance lasted two hours and from start to finish it was one round of amazement creating enjoyment. As to the attendance it is a very conservative estimate to place the number of spectators at 8,000. There have been estimates made 12,000 were present.

Practical Charles.

"Does your husband take as much interest in horse racing as he used to?" "Yes," answered young Mrs. Tortkins. "Charles can always tell the day before a race which horse ought to win and the day after why he didn't."

Another Reason.

"Sniggers has given up smoking." "I knew his wife would make him stop."

Coolly Engagements.

Mollie—He must have spent a pile of money on his wedding. Chollie—Yes, but see what a lot he must have spent during the engagement.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Hope.

Barber—Will you have anything on your face when I have finished, sir? Victim—I don't know, but I hope you'll leave my nose at least.

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Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million Bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c. Enclosed with every bottle is a Test Card, package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

SHORT PASSING EVENTS.

Dr. J. W. Duguid, the physician in charge of the case, reports that Frank Abbott, the boy whose arm was cut off by the train Wednesday night, as doing as well as the circumstances will permit.

Owing to the South bound train due to arrive at Goldsboro at 3:15 being three hours late there was no northern mail here