

## COUNTY.

Court Clerk and Probate  
—John T. Gregory.  
Superior Court—Geo. T. Simmons.  
Register of Deeds—R. J. Lewis.  
Solicitor—R. O. Burton, Jr.  
Sheriff—J. T. Dawson.  
Coroner—  
Treasurer—Dr. L. W. Batchelor.  
School Examiner—R. O. Burton, Jr.  
Keeper of the Poor House—J. H. Ponton.  
Commissioners—H. J. Harvey, W. H. Shields, F. M. Parker, J. H. Whitaker, Berling Johnson.

Court—Every third Monday  
March and September.  
Superior Court—Every third Monday in  
February, May, August and November

## ENFIELD.

—B. F. Whitaker.  
Commissioners—John J. Robertson, E. Branch, J. B. Hunter, R. B. [unclear].  
Table—J. E. Derr

## HOTELS.

Clonia Hotel—Peter Forbes.  
Dining House—Riddick Burnett.

## CHURCHES.

Episcopal—Services every  
Sunday, at 11.00 A. M., and 7.00  
P. M. Rev. W. H. Watkins, Pastor.  
Methodist—Services every second Sunday,  
at 10 A. M., and 7.00 P. M., and third  
Sunday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at  
10 a. m. Rev. W. J. Hopkins, Pastor.

Protestant Episcopal—Services every  
second and third Sundays at 11.00 A. M.  
Rev. S. Smith, Rector.

Protestant—Services every  
Sunday, at 11.00 A. M., and 7.00  
P. M. Rev. W. H. Wills, Pastor.

City Appointments—M. E. Church—  
Sunday, at Enre's School House, at 3  
P. M.

First Sunday, at Pierce's, at 11.00 A. M.,  
at Smith's, at 3.00 P. M.  
Second Sunday, at Ebenezer, at 11.00 A. M.  
Third Sunday, at Haywards at 11.00 A. M.  
Communion at each appointment in Feb-  
ruary, August and Nov. Rev. W. H. Wat-  
kins, Pastor.

P. Church—1st. Sunday, at Brad-  
ford, at 11.00 A. M., and at Reid's  
School House, 3.00 P. M. Whitaker's  
Church, every second and fifth Sunday, at  
11.00 A. M. Rosencath, 3rd. Sun-  
day, at 11.00 A. M.

Methodist Church.—Every first Sunday at  
11.00 a m and 7.30 p m  
Third Sunday and the Saturday pre-  
ceding at 11.00 a m. Prayer meeting each  
Wednesday at 7.30 p m Sunday school at  
10 a m.

W. Church, Dawson's X Roads,  
Fourth Sunday at 11 a m and 7.30  
P. M. the Saturday preceding the fourth  
Sunday at 10 a m Prayer meeting  
at 9 p m Sunday school at 9  
a m. Rev. W. J. Hopkins, Pastor.

—ry  
—P.

on arrival, to have well-nigh re-  
covered from her trouble, and was  
averse to trying a new remedy. Be-  
ing, however, a provident person, she  
accepted the gift, saying that it  
would be a good thing to have in the  
house.

—ry  
—P.

—ry  
—P.

—ry  
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—ry  
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—ry  
—P.

—ry  
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—ry  
—P.

Upon reaching her room, she seized  
a bottle from a drawer in a bureau,  
and then, as her face lit with a smile  
at a happy thought, she seated her-  
self and wrote a few lines upon a  
sheet of paper, which she placed in  
the bottle above the powder it con-  
tained. Recorking it, she again  
rushed to her husband and said,—

"It is time you paid attention to  
that cold of yours. It is becoming  
chronic catarrh. This may be a pa-  
tient medicine, but everybody recom-  
mends it, and I bought it for you  
yesterday. Now you will use it,  
won't you? The directions are  
within."

"Certainly. love—certainly.  
Thanks! Good-by!"

Giving his wife a hurried but ar-  
dent embrace, Mr. Minton put the  
bottle in his overcoat pocket and  
departed.

"The silly darling!" he smilingly  
murmured, as he turned the corner  
of the street. "If I should cut my-  
self shaving, she'd wish to send for  
a surgeon; and now I'm loaded with  
a bottle because I sneezed at break-  
fast. I must rid myself of the in-  
cumbrance at once."

As he thus communed with himself,  
advancing rapidly, he struck his  
valise against the legs of a gentleman  
before him, and raising his head to  
apologize, saw an aged neighbor.

"Ah, Mr. Jobson, beg pardon!  
Am in a hurry to catch the train."

"Ugh, ugh! It's—ugh!—no con-  
sequence."

"That's a bad cough of yours. I  
think I've something that will help  
you. Highly recommended. Take  
it."

The old gentleman mechanically  
extended his hand, and as he received  
the bottle, Mr. Minton bowed and  
passed on. The gift was scrutinized  
with a doubtful sneer.

"Ugh! um! ha! So Minton has  
gone into the quack-medicine busi-  
ness, has he? I'm too old a bird to  
be caught with chaff. He sha'n't  
poison me with his drugs. I'll stop  
it right here. Stop! No—ugh! um!  
ba! I'll give it to my housekeeper;  
she believes in such stuff."

Mr. Jobson pocketed the bottle,  
and slowly shuffled toward his home.  
His housekeeper was profuse in her  
thanks as she was presented with the  
"perfect cure."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to ye,  
sor! It's the very thing for me  
sister's cough. Has it made yer own  
better, sor?"

"I experienced relief from it," said  
Mr. Jobson, with a cynical smile, "at  
this moment."

"I'm expectin' me sister this very  
mornin'. We are both so much  
obliged to ye!"

But the housekeeper's sister prov-  
ed on arrival, to have well-nigh re-  
covered from her trouble, and was  
averse to trying a new remedy. Be-  
ing, however, a provident person, she  
accepted the gift, saying that it  
would be a good thing to have in the  
house.

It was not destined to remain long  
there. The husband's notice was  
attracted to it as he ate his lunch,  
the mantelpiece upon which it had  
been placed being opposite his seat  
at the table.

"More purchases!" he growled.  
"What have you got there?  
What's the use of throwing money  
away like that? Who's sick now?"

"You're altogether too quick to  
blame me. It was given to me,"

—ry  
—P.

words.  
That good woman thought  
was any joke in the matter; it  
joke upon her, and seizing the  
cane, flung it out of the window  
an angry frown.  
The bottle fell upon the  
ground and was unbroken.  
shown in the sun, it attracted the  
attention of a little girl passing  
down the street, who directed her  
grown sister's eyes to it, and was  
thereupon requested to pick it up.

The young lady recognized it as a  
well advertised compound, and  
deemed it worthy of being deposited  
in the reticule she carried. As she  
laughingly exhibited the prize upon  
her return home, a favorite servant  
begged for it. She knew a person  
who suffered greatly from the com-  
plaint it would cure, she said, and  
the medicine was given her.

The person for whom she intended  
it was a good-looking coachman,  
who paid her considerable attention.  
He was, in fact, expected at the gar-  
den gate that very afternoon.

He came and was given the bottle.  
He received it with an expression of  
the most grateful affection; but, al-  
though afflicted with a slight cold,  
did not feel impelled to use it. In-  
deed the false-hearted man thought,  
as he placed it in his breast pocket,  
that it would make a fine present to  
a handsome young cook of his ac-  
quaintance, whom he purposed next  
to visit.

The cook was none other than the  
one employed by the lady first in-  
troduced to the reader of this story.

Upon the following morning, as  
Mrs. Minton entered her kitchen,  
she saw the bottle upon the dresser,  
and surprisedly took it up, for she  
recognized a peculiarity on it.

"How came this here, Susan?"  
she asked.

"That's mine, mumi."

But as the cook spoke, her mistress  
had pulled the cork from the bottle  
and saw the slip of paper she had  
the previous morning inserted.

"Susan, I gave this to my hus-  
band. How did you come by it?"

"It was Mr. Thompson's coach-  
man left it here, mumi. If it's yours,  
you are welcome to it."

"It certainly is mine, Susan. I  
wrote this paper myself."

"Mr. Minton must have dropped  
it, I suppose, mumi."

"That's it, of course."

But as the wife re-read the words  
she had penned and meditated in the  
privacy of her own room, she ceased  
to believe her gift had merely been  
lost. How could it have been drop-  
ped from the pocket in which it had  
been securely packed? And it was  
her parting gift!

She had dwelt with delight, in her  
musings, upon her husband's sur-  
prised smile as his eye fell upon her  
written directions. She deemed her  
expressions of affection therein as  
prettily and wittily conceived. For  
four days more she would have to  
await his return. Mrs. Minton shut  
the bottle up in a drawer with a sigh.

The anxiously-awaited knock was  
at last heard, but it was accompanied  
by a sound which made the wife  
think at once of her gift, and very  
shortly after their mutual embrace  
asked her husband if he had experienc-  
ed no benefit from the medicine  
which she had given him. At such  
a moment what could the poor man  
say?

"It's all gone, but, as you see—"  
he replied, and coughed.

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—P.

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Whatever  
making new  
muscle or membrane,  
nothing may be calle  
does not help repair  
physical frame. Ar  
having no nutritive  
however, needed by the

As the season for cann  
at hand, we present the fo

First, prepare the fruit by  
it over, peeling, or whatever  
required. Place it neatly in  
in layers. Use none but the  
refined white sugar, as the yellow  
apt to impart a disagreeable  
and color. It is hardly necessary  
add any water, though that may  
done if you deem it best, accord  
to the kind of fruit. Place a  
straws or small sticks across  
bottom of your boiler, put in wa  
and set it on the stove to boil. Bri  
the water to a boiling point, and l  
it continue there as long as may b  
required for that kind of fruit. Set  
the jars on a table to cool, and when  
the fruit is nearly cold apply the  
tops and screw them down tightly.  
For cherries, blackberries, strawber-  
ries, whortleberries, grapes, plun  
currants, gooseberries and raspb  
ries boil ten to twelve minutes.

put a half pound of s  
quart of berries. For p  
quince boil twenty minu  
the same quantity of s  
small fruits. Pears a  
will require a half hour  
boil, and less sugar is  
them, especially the  
amine the jars in a fe  
any of the fruit show  
ing, set it on the stov  
ing goes to re