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barti des warn we a

Can earn from \$5 to \$50 left day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free, Capting no relations to be some have tead over \$50 in a e chiner sex, of all ages,

like this before? be keepin' postoffice--'

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1888. "Oh, that's your game, is it? re- "I don't care what he says!" torted Marie. "You'd like to get the

office away from father, would your mail," Nor the stars that sweep thro' waste of And you're gettin' up a patition to edge 'My father isn't a judge of the arsome friend o' yourn has Well, it won't | ticle, " calmly asserted Lichtias. "Bego down, Squire Dackley, All the folks | cause it isn't he that wants to marry hereabouts know father well, and you you." Do we mark man's life with its loss and won't get no significate to your papers. "Yes, it is, Leonilles."

'Hold on, Maria-hold on " gasped | Leonidas listened with a queer curve Nor the atoms that drift thro' endless forms Mr. Dockley, instinctively stepping back of the lips, a twinkle in his eye. tack as I'm on, I'm a well-to- content himself with the Widow Blessdo man, Maria, without no incumbrance | ngton." Do we time man's life with its dusk and in upon me that I'd order have a second "She ain't young," said he slowly, well for man to be alone, and the S rip- Leonidas, you're going to get a smart ter is generally right. And you're the wife-yes, you are! Practices wherever his services are Ent by the yearnings that thread night and pardner Fd like to have, Maria Poole!

> Maria Poole a hard-working, ungainly flower of existence had burst into bloswoman, just overstepping the border- | som at last! land where people would begin to jeer at her lot of "single-blessedness?"

"you ain't so young as you was, love!"

praise than this. The squire believed stroking her chiu in a man-like fashion. | urday Night. "And you sin't what folks call

Squire Dockley was on his way to the postoffice. He liked to go in the early ple would object to your father; be-

morning, before the thermometer had cause-" mounted to too high a degree, and while the dew yet sparkled upon the curtly interrupted Maria. "P'raps you lady's dress. It is a garment for sumthink you've done me a favor, but you | mer wear, made of white cloth and or-Old Mr. Poole had been postmaster at ain't! And I've no more time to stand | namented with imported embroidery. Sissafras Gap for 12 years, but his giff-gailing here, afore the mail is A few years ago, when the fashion was daughter Maria performed all the duties opened. I don't want you. And I new, these rob's were made abroad enof the position, as the old man was bed- wouldn't marry, you at no price, tirely, the importers brought the cloth

Continue in the Courts of Helifax and cant-faced, red-haired auxiliary, named squire, in a great rage. "Do jest as expensive, costing from \$10 to \$25 and E ias Smith, who came for half wages | ye think best. I've no more to say, | more a dress. Then there grew up a on account of a limp in one leg; and But it ain't likely a plain, humbly old demand for lower prices and varied maid like you will get another chance styles. Some importers put up their "There's the clothes all out on the if, indeed, you over had one afore, robes in various ways to suit their cuslines, and it ain't 8 c'clock yet," said which I doubt. I only hope you won't tomers,

about the place but Maria! I declare away, never stopping to inquire for his new ways of getting them up came in

owed with a canopy of blue-cupped Poole was only a woman after all, and robe with imported embroidery for fiftymorning-glories which had not yet the old man's orntal words stung her to nine cents. It is done up in a neat box, folded their silken tents away from the the very quick.

all the prospects that opened themselves | million of these robes sold in a single | out houses. Good orehard and good "Je-ru-sa-lem !" ejaculated the squire, to the eyes of other women?

her manifold daily duties. She dis-"Yes, it's me," said Maria, "Tve tributed the outgoing letters, stamped far wrong as folks pretend to think. If ent kind of weariness. It seemed to

go on forever?' thought she, as she The squire meckly followed Maria | went out into the garden to see if the Poole down to the cool, sweet-smelling | tomatoes would be ripe for the morrow

with pans of milk and a glittering a shadow came between her and the spring bubbled up in the corner like a moonlight. She looked up---it was Leonidas Dockley --- a tall, well-made "Made much butter this year?" the young fellow of eight-and-twenty, a

"Maria, what is the matter?" cried

mented the squire, as he laid down the suppose you've come to scold me about

couldn't a-made a smarter man than He don't mean anything. It's only his

"He says -he says you're going to be "I was a-thinkin' of calling for my | married!"

Leonidas looked against the picketfence, looking thoughtfully down at the scarlet spheres of the tomatoes. "So I am," said he.

been formally engaged." "No, but-"

"And I can't go on with things as "But, Leonidas-"

you this fall whether you consent or not. And if you can't leave your father The squire shifted from one foot to and the post flice, why, I'll come here trunk, however, seems to go right the other. Was ever lover expedited to live. But as for letting you drudge on by yourself as you're doing now, I "I was a-thinkin', Maria," said he, won't stand it, and there's an end of tree, all green and vigorous, mingle to-

"But, Leonidas, your father says ... [Wankegan (Ill.) Patriot.

And then Maria told him the tale of the squire's wooing.

a pace or two. "I mistrust you don't "Anyhow," said he, "I've got the quite apprehend me. " It's quite another | start of him this time. He will have to

but my son Lond las, and I've reason to The squire's amazement when he think he's plantally to get settled in life | heard that Maria Poole was to be his pretty soon. And lately it's been borne | daughter-in-law exceeded description. pardner. The Scripter says it is not and she ain't pretty; but I tell you,

As for Maria, she could hardly com-The squire beamed. Evidently, in prehend the ups and downs of her own his opinion, there was no sort of doubt ortune. She had lived such a dreary, but that Maria would accept him, out of | arid life since she was a child. She had tasted so little of the sweets of love; Was he not "The Squire?" and was not | and now late in the day, as it were, the

"Every one says I ought to have been a man," said she to herself, with a Maria viewed him out of her honest, smile on her lip and a tear in her eye; "but if I were a man, I never could be "You see," went on Mr. Dockley so happy as I am now, in a man's

For there was a good deal of the wo-"No," thoughtfully observed Maria, man about Maria Poole, after all, -[Sat-

"Girls to Pack Robes,"

"Girls to pack robes" was the queer advertisement that attracted a New York Sun reporter's attention, and this is what Henri Chagray said about it:

"There are about 300 girls packing "Squire, look here, none o' this!' robes in New York City. A robe is a and the embroidery done up together in

"Of course, all the ladies liked the vogue. One cut after another was made "A plain, homely old mail!" Maria in the prices, until now you can buy a there is the exact amount of cloth necesup-all for fifty-nine cents. I should year. We begin to get out the next water. Location desirable,

"But the importers found that they could not do the packing in their own places as well or as cheaply as I can do t with my machinery and my trained help. My hundred girls will pack as many as twice the number of inexperi. enced hands would. They cut the cloth and fold it neatly, and fix in the embroidery and fasten it skilfully, and drop robes. The poorest woman can buy a fifty-nine cent robe that looks a little imported. The latest dodge is to put in American cloth, The embroideries cannot be made in this country. I do not Scotland Neck. Eighty acres Fresh know why, but the attempt to make Loud. Good Dwelling, some out houses them has not yet succeeded. Of course and orelard, and good water. the packing requires a girl who is neat. quick and handy, and they get to be very expert. The wages are as high as in any other branch of manual labor."

A Queer Thing About Owls, A Kingston man has made an addi- Two Store houses, and one Dwellag tion to his collection of birds, a large | House in the town of Scotland Neck. "Nothing is the matter," answered owl, lately caught at Hurley. "Owls "Well, I declare!" admiringly com- Maria, with a little hysterical laugh. I are deceptive birds," said a citizen today. "I had one, a few years ago, with which I played a trick on the pubbeen a man, Miss Maria; and so I've "Has he been meddling about the lic. I kept the owl in a cage. It was the production of corn, cotpostoffice again? said Leonidas, sooth- an attraction, and many people saw it. too, wheat, note, postoffice again? "Humph," observed Maria. "If I ingly. "Well, don't mind him, Maria. One day the bird died of 'coll poison," and a taxidermist stuffed it. I then put it back on its perch in the cage. People who had seen the owl asive said that they could see no difference in its appearance, and they wou'd come and admire the bird just the same. That is the reason why I say the owl is a peculiar bir i. Dead or alive, they look about the same." - [Kingston (N. Y.)

> A Singular Growth. R. Compton, postmaster of Volo, Ill. claims to have discovered a peculiar phenomenon in the woods in Fremont, burr-oak tree upon a white oak. The burr oak leans against the other from the ground up, and is dead. The dead through that of the living white oak, and the branches of both varieties of gether in about equal proportions .-

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FARM NO. 3. Two hundred scres, two miles from

PRICE \$2500.

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scotland Neck, Methodist, Baptist and Pifteenth Street, the cop il, and a Primitive Baptist church or the town, together with two of the et and most flourishing academiesde and female - in the state, make this e of the most desirable sections in outl. Carolina. The proposed estabshorent of an oil mill and a cauning or ry will soon add much to the adentage of owning property in this com-

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7-p-39-1y.

a Wenters exist in the rough of

Soft and still, Till they glow in his face, Do we tell man's life for ever and aye. -[George La Moine in Overland, A SMART WOMAN.

From Within,

Not by the sea tide,

Nor the swift river

Forever and ever,

Not by the leaf's fall,

The they changeless remain, we count man's life with its be and

Nor by the fair light of sun that speeds far

Nor the wild winds that meet,

Not by the strong things,

Nor by things sweet.

But by the strong will,

But by the soul's grace.

On swift wings.

Nor by spring rain,

Changing all

heaven,

Side by side

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. "That woman, "said Squire Dockley gray eyes with utter amazement. within himself, "ought to have been a

man!" The English language, as the squire | Maria," interpreted it, had no higher form of implicitly in his own sex. And when the collections unde in all ports of the he said that Maria Poole "ought to have pretty?" been a man," he did homage to her ca-

> close, short grass along the road. ridden, deaf and helpless. Maria also There!" worked the farm, with the aid of a va- 'Very well, very well!" cried the boxes ready for sale. These goods were

she kept boarders in summer.

garden, and nobody to raise a flager | And Squite Dockley whisked him elf | beautiful robes. Competition set in and Drawlees in Halifax and adjoining that woman ought to have been a man for morang's mail. Close beside him was the well, shad-

> water, when suddenly a human head plain, homely old maid! popped up before him like a jack-in-the. Was she, then, shut cut forever from say there have been as many as half a House, one good Gin House, and other

starting back. "Why, it's you, ain't it, Nevertheless, she went bravely about summer styles in February. been down the well to clean it. A tin | the incoming ones, and made her daily trumpet, two doll babies, a spelling report as usual. She saw to the dinner. book, a coceanut shell and fourteen ap- | made her old father comfortable, superple-cores -- that's what the boarders' intended the affairs of the dairy, gave children have dropped down since this audience to Elias Smith, and looked day week. I sometimes think," giving after the boarders; and by the time that herself a shake, and sending the sur- the soft dusk descended over the hills. plus moisture of the well flying in all she was tired enough. She had often in the fashion-plate in a taking way, so life se and good water. directions, "that King Herod wasn't so been tired before, but this was a differ. that the woman can't help buying the

better go down to the spring house. The 'I wonder if this sort of thing is to like the expensive affairs that were first well's sort o' stirred up." spring-house where a living stream morning's breakfast, flowed beneath the shelves, all laden

magnified diamond. squire inquired as he slaked his thirst. | most striking contrast to his father. "Two hundred and nine pounds, packed down a'ready," was Maria's re- he.

some I know of, I would give up. Well, | way." squire, I don't want to hurry you, but its 'most time to open the post office

and see about the morning mail,"

letters and papers," said Squire Dockley, wiping his mouth with a red bandanna pocket-handkerchief. "Can't nobody get into the postoffice -not if they had a letter for the president himself-afore 8 o'clock," said Miss Maria, curtly. "Business hours is busi-

ness hours!" "Yes, I know--I know!" apologized the squire, as he followed Miss Poole | they are now; it's too uncertain," up the winding path; "but I was calculatin' to speak to you, Maria." "Well, what is it? Don't keep me

"that it wan't in place for a woman to the matter."

"That I'm a plain, homely, old

And I should think you'd be ashumed

of yourself to go an !--"

"And there's your father. Most peo-

She had always been well aware that sary to make the dress, and a fashion The squire stopped to get a drink of she was not fall to look upon; but a plate showing how it looks when made

you want a drink, Squire Dockley you'd | strike to her very heart.

She was stooping over the vines, when

gourd-shell, "You'd ought to have your father. But I couldn't help it,"

"But, Leoni las-" "Yesf"

"Oh, Leonidas!" "You know, Maria, we have never

"So I've made up my mind to marry

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