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**Commercial Hotel,**  
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**GUTHRIE HOUSE.**  
The undersigned has taken charge of the above named house and will endeavor to keep his tables supplied with the best market affords, and will spare no pains in making his guests comfortable.  
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GROVER, N. C.  
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IS ONE of the Neatest, Cleanest and Best kept hotels in the State.  
Careful attention at all times.  
Mrs. M. E. BLANTON, Proprietress.

**THE BIRTH OF A SMILE.**

When I was a novice a long time ago, Deck'd out by mamma with a quiver and bow. He used them as playthings, and threw out his darts, At doves and at sparrows, and thought not of hearts. But shooting at random is dangerous play. A fair nymph was struck by an arrow one day. And Cupid, who then was not so harden'd in guilt. Turn'd pale at the sight of the blood he had spill'd. "Oh! what can I do for my pretty young maid?" I'll be your physician," the penitent said. "Come, tell me your symptoms." "Alas!" she replied. "A fluttering pulse and a pain in my side. And a feverish feeling when Damon is high. And a pang when he leaves me, I cannot tell why. Oh! cure me, or shoot Damon also; I'm If he shared my feelings I'd ask for no cure." "No, no, you shall shoot him yourself," he replied. "I'll give you my weapon and fight on your side. Prepare your artillery, this way he went. I see him, we'll wound him, make ready. I'll send a new light to your eyes, and give birth, To a mingled expression, half archness, half mirth; I'll show you your teeth when your little mouth speaks. And place a small dimple in one of your cheeks. These charms in succession were fruitlessly tried: The youth felt no fever, no pain in his side. "Now use all your arrows at once," cried the child. She did so, and Damon was hers, for she smil'd! "Delightful! delightful!" said Cupid, "I've found A charm of all others most certain to wound. Though eyes, teeth and dimples may fail for awhile, Combine them, and call the bright weapon a smile!" —Old Poem.

**"Out of the Common."**

And the sunlight danced in at the window, and turned her hair to shining gold; touched the crisp gray locks of John Rogers, and made a friendly circle of light and warmth about the pair. "I could not go against mamma's wishes, you know," the young lady said gently, playing with the ring on her left hand. "She has had a long talk with me this morning, and though I knew she disapproved of our engagement, I never realized before how her heart was set against it." "And you do not think by patient waiting—by proving how earnest we are—" "No, John. Mother cannot look on it as we do; she realizes all the disadvantages and none of the hopes that we have built on; and then—her young lady glanced down once at the delicate hands before she continued—"would it be quite fair, John, for me to wait, and let all other opportunities glide by, and grow old and sad while I waited?" John started. There was so much caution suggested in the words. No doubt she was but repeating them after her mother, but they fell chillingly on his ears from those young lips. "It is true, Maud," he answered, while a look of pain lingered on his face. "You shall not let other chances of happiness slip by because you are bound to me. It is not the love I thought you gave me—a love which fructifies and hopes in patient faithfulness. I am no longer young, dear, but I have risked much on this dream of love coming late in life, and coming for the first time, Maud, and—his voice broke—"staying with me—al-ways?" He rose and turned partly away from her, quite still, leaning his arms on the mantelpiece. Maud Branson rose, too, and came toward him, her delicate, beautiful face full of concern. There was nothing about John Rogers to attract notice. He was a very plain man, no longer young; but he had at least some charm of mind or soul which had won the love of a very beautiful woman. Her dress clung in graceful folds to her slender figure, a fillet of blue bound the golden hair, which was coiled in classic simplicity about her head. He turned and looked at her, taking in all the details of the picture; then he put his head down, dejectedly on his crossed arms. Maud extended one hand, appealingly. "John, you will take it?" "Yes, Maud," he answered, drawing his breath hard. "I take it and renounce it." He patting the soft surface once or twice, thoughtfully. "All that came with it, and all that goes with it. Maud, good-bye." There was such a noble sadness in his face that it touched her. The proud head bent lower, until it rested on John Rogers's shoulder. She raised herself with eyes still wet. "Good-bye, John. The world can't give just what we want." "No, dear. What is it?" "Your ring." He took the pretty sapphire ring he had placed on her hand one day with

only half-realized rapture, and slipped it in his vest pocket. It was worthless now. And so John Rogers left the house and threaded his way down through the busy streets. The sunlight still danced over him warm and beautiful, kissing his grave face, his hair, his hands. "And let all other opportunities glide by," he repeated the words to himself, ruefully. "It's not the old-fashioned love; not the love I used to dream of when I was a boy. Perhaps there isn't any nowadays." He looked very tired as he ran up the steps and rang at the door of his boarding-house. Clarice noticed it, his landlady's daughter. "You look tired, Mr. Rogers," looking up from her work, and speaking through the open door. He smiled, wearily. "Do I! And what are you doing, Clarice? Still sewing for those hardened little wretches?" "Yes; isn't this a big hole I am darnin'! Boys do wear out their clothes so fast. You are home early from the office." "Yes, I had an engagement at 3 o'clock, and did not care to go back. May I come in and have a chat with you?" "Oh, yes, if you care to," with her quick smile, a smile which her eyes beamed, and which always seemed to John "made to order." She pulled forward a chair without rising, and went on with her darning again. "I sit in here because it's cool, and I always do my sewing afterwards; in the mornings there is housework." It was a shabby little parlor, seldom used by the boarders, who were principally gentlemen, and spent their evenings out, if not in their own rooms. A few tawdry decorations only enhanced the shabbiness of the threadbare carpet, dirty walls and ancient lace curtains. "Do you never have any amusements, Clarice?" asked John, trying to forget his own wretchedness by interesting himself in some one else. "Amusements?" she repeated, pushing the curls of her forehead in a puzzled way. "Oh, yes; there is a Mr. Jones; he plays the piano; and one Mr. Aikens, the elocution teacher, read a piece, and all the boarders came in." John smiled, eyeing the little maiden pityingly as she stiched away. She looked up suddenly and caught his eye. "We did not always keep boarders," she said, proudly, reading something there she did not like. "When I was at school we were well off and had a nice house; but mamma is a widow with eight children, you know, and I have to help her about the work." "I know," said John, kindly, looking at little Clarice with so much sympathy that she quite warmed toward him, and continued confidentially. "Once I had a beautiful time—that was a good while ago—a girl I knew at school hunted me up, wrote to me and invited me to visit her. It was in Philadelphia."

**CHAPTER II.**

Several months had passed away. John Rogers had often found his way into the shabby little parlor and chatted with Clarice. Once he had found a bunch of flowers on his bureau, and no room in the house was such a model of order. One day, as he sauntered into the parlor toward dusk, hoping that his little friend would come there with her basket of mending and sit awhile, he heard the rustle of feminine garments, and looking up saw that his landlady stood before him. Mrs. Dean was a woman who prided herself on her former dignity. She wore a very long and dusty alpaca. It being no longer within her limits to trail silk, she called alpaca. Some persons are of this mould. Her hands, which she folded majestically, were very grimy. Rogers remembered with pleasure that Clarice was always neat. "Mr. Rogers," began the lady with unusual dignity, "pray be seated. I have noticed for some time past that you have frequently of evenings found your way into my parlor, and passed the time in conversation with my daughter Clarice. I should not speak of the circumstance had not events which have already come to pass taught me to be guarded. Clarice is no longer a child, she is a woman, with all woman's readiness to love pathetically. You, though not a young man, are a bachelor, and I ask you, as a mother, to spare my daughter's feelings. As I said before, I should not have spoken of this had not a circumstance which had transpired this morning led me to believe it was my duty, my most urgent duty. My daughter is in the habit of assisting with the housework, in cleaning and putting in order the rooms of my gentlemen boarders. This morning I entered your room, expecting to find Clarice dusting—dusting with all the light-heartedness inspired by a well-filled duty," continued Mrs. Dean, waxing eloquent. "Imagine my consternation when I found her kneeling by the bedside, her face pressed against the pillows, in tears. She sprang up and tried to hide her agitation. But—Mr. Rogers, I am a widow with eight children and a large household of boarders. I cannot have you trifle with the feelings of my daughter. If you are in earnest, you must desist." And the lady applied a handkerchief to her eyes. It is said by some people that poverty is degrading. It had certainly proved so with Mrs. Dean. "Madam," said John Rogers, with dignity, rising and laying his hand on the chair, "if I had not already learned to love your daughter this tale might work upon my sympathies and appeal to my honor, but it could never make words of love pass from my lips that my heart could not echo. I cannot applaud your course in revealing your

wasn't the love I had dreamed of. I had read a great many novels, and thought life was a fairy tale and love was beautiful. I always used to think, 'When some one comes to love me I'll never be sad or vexed any more,' and Harris seemed to me all I had wished for until I saw the house and the boarders fretted him. For I had dreamed of a love that would be out of the common, and that when I went away with my lover I thought I, too, would be better, just as he wished me to be. So I told him, Mr. Rogers, it was all over, and he said perhaps we were not fitted to make each other happy. And then he went away, and the work and the noise and the boarders fretted me as they had never done before. For somehow, although I could not love him as much for treating me so, the thought about him and the dreams about him were all gone—and I missed him so." "Poor child!" said John, tenderly. "But it's all my own fault, Mr. Rogers. I expected too much. There is no such love as I have dreamed about, and mother says I did very wrong to break it off. She was very angry with me; but I knew these things would always fret him, and I could not bear it." "Clarice, would it help you any to know that I, too, have suffered as you have suffered?" asked John, for two shining tears had dropped on his jacket. "I, too, dreamed of love, and I found a woman whom I believed had given me that love; but because her parents found in me only a plain, poor man, no longer young, she gave me up. She gave up faith and trust and hope because she had not that real love which you describe."

**JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.**

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daughter's emotion, and which she would not doubt bitterly regret. I love Clarice; she stole into my heart when it was sore and bleeding; and if I have awakened any response I am a happier and more honored man than I had believed." He bowed with the gentle courtesy which John Rogers always used towards women, and passed out of the room, leaving Mrs. Dean very much relieved, but somewhat humiliated. John entered his room and shut the door. He struck a light and turned on the gas, pulled down the shade and laid his hand against the pillow. It was slightly damp. He sank down in a chair and covered his face with his hands. For a long time he sat there, motionless; then he arose, took out his evening newspaper, and lit his cigar as usual. It was a calm June afternoon. "John," said Clarice, touching his arm with a certain timidity she had never quite outgrown. "Life is a fairy tale, and love is beautiful, only it comes in a different way." "And this is the love we have dreamed of." And John Rogers looked into the dewy brown eyes of the little girl in the calico gown, and putting his arm around her waist pressed her close to his heart. And the sunlight danced in at the window and touched the sweet lips learning to smile with heart's content, and the grave, fond face of John Rogers. And it folded them in its embrace, warm and beautiful, bright and golden and it glorified even the shabby little boarding-house parlor, and lifted it "out of the common."

**"GONG HA."**

How the Chinese of New York City celebrated their New Year's Day. The Chinaman's New Year began on Sunday morning a week ago at one o'clock, and with the stroke of the hour fire crackers snapped merrily in Mott street, and it sounded as if the Fourth of July had lost its reckoning and jumped into New York with powder and smoke at the wrong season of the year, when all the available lintiment and bandages were being used on to-boggan victims instead of those suffering from premature explosions. The snapping and crackling kept up for two hours, and then the Chinamen who were on the streets returned to their homes to prepare to receive visitors. There was much to be done; tables had to be prepared for callers, poetry had to be posted up and long New Year's cards written. Sunday morning's display of fireworks was nothing compared to what will take place one day this week. The fire-crackers exploded on that morning formed simply an opening salute. When the real explosion takes place it will be something worth seeing and hearing. A permit will be issued in a few days, and then the new year will receive a proper welcome. The fire crackers are all ready, and one pack now stored in a Mott street store contains 100,000 crackers and another 75,000. There are plenty of small packs with only from 10,000 to 25,000 crackers in them, and there are hundreds made up of 500 crackers, so arranged that they will explode simultaneously. It will be a great racket. All the houses and stores in New York occupied by Chinamen are handsomely decorated with pictures, flowers and pastry. The first thing one sees on entering one of the many stores in Mott street is a long table filled with dainties such as are only seen on a Chinaman's table at a state occasion. In the centre of the table is an earthen jar filled with smouldering sandal wood, the vapor of which fills the room with a fragrant perfume. To the uninitiated this perfume is at first slightly strong and obnoxious, but as one becomes accustomed to it he grows to like the odor, and if he is adventurous will have some of the chips in his pocket when he leaves. Around the sandal wood are grouped the dainties. Nuts, including the palatable and famous liee nut, preserved fruits, candied water melon and citron seeds, rice candy, puffy and light as a flake of snow, preserved watermelon rinds, cakes with unmentionable names and delicious interiors, creams that would melt if looked at, wines of all colors and flavors, the great liquor soo trow, funny little oranges that grew and ripened on trees in the Flowery Kingdom, mysterious little jars of potted and spiced meats, in which the edible pulp is prominent, and which is one of the greatest luxuries it ever falls to the good fortune of an American to run across, manufactured oranges, which, when broken, disclose four quarters of confectionery, and fruit and cigars and cigarettes. If you want opinion there's a bunk in the next room all ready to be occupied. As early as 6 o'clock the calling began. The saw-toothed disciples of Confucius were to be seen everywhere dressed in their best. Snugly packed away in one corner of their big sleeves were packs of New Year's cards. They are long strips of red paper, some four by ten inches, and others six by fifteen inches, folded four times. On one side is stamped the name of the caller and "A Happy New Year." Armed only with a dozen or so of these cards and an enormous appetite, the caller starts on his way rejoicing, and when at last he seeks the seclusion of his own home he is rejoicing yet. When he enters a place the Chinaman solemnly pulls out a card and lays it on a table among a number of others and takes one of the receiver's cards. Then he gravely clasps his hand and murmurs, "Gong ha!" That means "Happy New Year." The Chinaman who is receiving the calls, as gravely clasps his hands, and then he smiles and says, "Gong hay fatchou," which means, "Happy New Year and may prosperity linger with you." Then the caller takes a dainty cup of tea, a little wine and some fruits. He sits a moment and chats, takes up his hat and the call is over. The Chinese are very hospitable, and are very glad to receive calls from Americans on their New Year's Day, and treat them exceedingly well. Two young ladies called at No. 16 Mott street on Sunday. They said they were Brooklyn girls, and wanted to see if the Chinese celebrated New Year's Day any differently from Americans. Dr. Warr's S. Charles, a very intelligent and gentlemanly young Chinaman, explained everything to the ladies, and they sampled all the dainties. When they went away the host handed them each a neatly done up parcel, which contained incense sticks and a little of all the confections, cakes and fruits on the tables. At the club house in Chatham square the decorations were rich and elaborate. A huge picture, Gu Kwan, the Chinese Santa Claus, and his reindeer,

Ka Lon, occupied one side of the room, while on the opposite wall was suspended a portrait of Quong Gong, the George Washington of China. At No. 18 Mott street, the headquarters of the Chinese, Theodore Thomas music, sweet to the Celestial ear and fascinating to the American, was played all day long. There were eighteen members of the band, and their combined efforts produced music that, lovers of Wagner would go crazy over. A big brass cone, suspended from the ceiling, was banged every once in a while. Experts sawed the one-stringed fiddle and trummed the two-string banjo; drummers tapped the kettle drums, and a vocal artist began to sing a song in a shrill falsetto voice. The song, which is one of thanksgiving, has in the neighborhood of 110 verses in it, and as each verse occupies about five minutes, the song will not be finished much before the New Year festivities, which will occupy three days. During that time no business will be done, the whole time being devoted to entertaining the beginning of the thirteenth year of the reign of the Emperor of China, Quong Soi.—New York Star.

**SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.**

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS IN THE PALMETTO STATE ARE DOING—A REPORT OF NOTES ON MATTERS IN GENERAL. The Governor has appointed Mr. J. R. Kennedy to be Probate Judge of York county. Mr. H. F. Ervin, a printer on the Express for 34 years, died at Spartanburg on Friday. Congressman D. Wyatt Aiken is very ill, and is believed to be dying at his home in Cokesburg. The Reidsville Male Academy was burned last Tuesday. Lack of precaution on the part of a pupil caused the fire. Greenwood township, Abbeville county, has voted a subscription of \$18,000 to the Georgia, Carolina and Northern Road. Total vote \$21; majority for subscription 285. The Rev. J. Lewis Wilson, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian church at Abbeville, has gone to Florida on account of his health. He will be gone some time. A heavy freight train, loaded with corn, fell through a trestle near Lancaster on Wednesday. One of the brakemen was crushed into an unrecognizable mass in the wreck. The Winstboro News says it is currently reported in the Jenkinsville neighborhood of Fairfield county that the management of the Columbia and Greenville railroad intend to discontinue the depot at Alston. The Rev. M. A. McKibben, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, South Carolina Conference, died on Sunday at Barnwell, of pneumonia. His illness was of short duration, he having attended his church last Sunday. He was 82 years of age. A convict sentenced to the penitentiary for life from Greenville county attempted to escape lately by plunging into the river, having fled off his irons. He was seen by a guard who demanded his return, and he promptly obeyed without taking the risk of a shot. The election of "subscription" or "no subscription" for the railroad in Cross Anchor township, was held last week, and resulted in the success of "subscription" by thirty-five majority. The opponents of the road alleged irregularities, and have appealed Messrs. Nichols & Moore to contest the election.—Spartanburg Herald. Joe Eason, son of N. B. Eason, of Jonesville, hanged himself last week. He had been afflicted in body for several years and it supposed that his mind had weakened. He had been reading all the details of the Cluverius trail and he went into a little store he was keeping and fastened the doors and windows and hanged himself to a rafter. A serious cutting affray occurred Monday afternoon near Babtown, Laurens county, between two young white men, Luke Armstrong and Rufus Babb. The affair was the outcome of an old quarrel and resulted in Babb's cutting Armstrong so seriously that it is not unlikely he will die. On Saturday next, the 20th inst., there will be a meeting at Edgfield of the stockholders of the Augusta, Edgfield and Newberry Railroad, to consider whether or not they will ratify the action of President Mitchell and the directors of the road, in consolidating with the Atlantic and North western Road, of which William Munro, of Union, is president. The extent of the crop failure in Chester county is shown by the amount of provisions received in Chester during the past three weeks from Western storekeepers: corn 6,000 bushels, meal 1,000 bushels, flour 3,000 barrels, bacon 30,000 pounds, wharkeys 200 gallons. The farmers get their provisions and are able to live, but they buy them on credit at 75 per cent. above the cash prices. Anderson's giant is dead. Asbury Wade, colored, was found dead in his bed on last Thursday morning. He was six feet nine and a half inches high, the tallest man in Anderson county. At the time of his death Asbury was living on Mr. Nathan Harris's plantation, in Savannah township. He had been sick several days, and had received considerable attention from his white neighbors. Some of them sat up with him at night, when his colored friends were disposed to be neglectful of him. On Wednesday night, of last week, four or five young negro boys were left in charge of the sick man. They remained until after midnight, and finding that their supply of chopped wood was about exhausted they left, stating that they would return early next morning. After daylight on Thursday morning Asbury was found to be dead, while his half-witted wife sat crouched in the ashes with a miserable quilt around her, endeavoring to keep from freezing. It is said that the woman actually took the quilt off her dying husband to shield herself from the merciless cold.

**How to be Happy.**

The way to get up a boom for a country is to make people contented who come and settle in it. Folks can't be happy without letting other folks know. Same way about being miserable. Some days ago an advertisement for a lost child was published in a Florida paper, and the next morning an alligator dragged himself up to the house of the bereaved parents and disgorged the remains of the child. Who says advertising doesn't pay!

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