

The Smithfield Herald.

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An Excellent Advertising Medium.

VOL. 13.

SMITHFIELD, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1895.

NO. 36.

Blood and Skin Diseases
Always Cured. B. B. B.
BOTANICAL BLOOD BALM never fails to cure all manner of blood and skin diseases. It is the great Southern balm for all skin and blood diseases. As a building up tonic it is without a rival, and absolutely beyond comparison with any other similar remedy ever offered to the public. It is a means for all its ailments from impure blood, or an impoverished condition of the human system. As the balm will demonstrate its permanent virtues.

For sale by druggists; if not send to us, and we will send freight prepaid on receipt of price. Address
BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

For sale by Hood Bros.
SMITHFIELD, N. C.
J. W. Benson, Benson, N. C.

DR. J. M. PARKER,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Will be in his office in Smithfield on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, after the 2nd Sunday of each month.

DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Sheriff—J. T. Ellington, office in Court House.
Deputy Sheriff—W. S. Stevens, office in Court House.
Register of Deeds—A. K. Smith, office in Court House.
Treasurer—T. R. Hood, office in Hood Bros. Drug Store.
Coroner—D. J. T. Wellons.
Superintendent of Health—Dr. R. C. Barrett, 100 North Lexington.
Board of County Commissioners—P. H. C. Dunne, J. R. Barnes, J. T. Whitton, Jos. J. Young, L. E. F. J. T. Wellons.
County Board of Education—J. F. Hardee, W. F. Gerald and J. T. Averra.
County Superintendent of Public Instruction, Prof. Ira T. Turlington.
Standard Keeper—J. W. Grice.

TOWN OFFICERS.
Mayor—Seth Woodall.
Commissioners—J. A. Morgan and C. L. Eason.
First Ward: W. M. Ives and W. L. Fuller.
Second Ward: J. M. Beckwith and J. M. Davis.
Third Ward: F. J. Williams and J. L. Beckwith.
Fourth Ward: J. T. Averra.
Treasurer—T. R. Hood.
Tax Collector—G. N. Peacock.
Police—J. C. Blackwell.
Town Constable—D. A. Coats.

CHURCHES.
Methodist Church—on Second street, Rev. Dr. S. P. Poole, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. on the second Sunday of each month. Sunday school every Sunday morning, 9-10 o'clock. T. L. Hood, Superintendent. Prayers meeting every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.
Missionary Baptist Church—on Second street, Rev. J. G. Fullam, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. on the fourth Sunday of each month. Sunday school every Sunday morning, 9-10 o'clock. J. M. Hootch, Superintendent. Prayers meeting every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.
Primitive Baptist Church—elder J. A. T. Jones, Pastor. Services every first Sunday and Saturday before at 10:30 o'clock in each month. All are cordially invited to attend these services.
Presbyterian Church—on Second street, Rev. J. A. McMurray, Pastor. Services every third Sabbath morning and evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 9:30 o'clock a. m. Ira T. Turlington, Superintendent.

SCHOOLS.
Furlington Institute—Male and female, Ira T. Turlington, Ph. D., (U. N. C.) Principal. J. L. Davis, A. M., (Trinity College) Math. Prof. T. R. Crockett. (Wake Forest) Latin & Greek. Capt. E. J. Barnes, Military Tactics and R. L. Hamilton, Penmanship. Z. Y. Turlington, teacher. Primary Department. Mrs. Ira T. Turlington, Music.

A. M. E. CHURCH
On Hancock street, Rev. W. S. Shepard, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. on each second Sunday of each month. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. T. Shepard, Superintendent. Class meeting every Thursday night at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.
Missionary Baptist Church (colored). Rev. W. H. Woodward, A. M. Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. on first and third Sundays of each month. Prayers meeting on Wednesday night of each week at 8 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. William G. Sanders, Sup't.

FEATHERBONE CORSET.
Boned with Featherbone, Latest style, Correct in Shape, extra long waist, best materials. Absolutely Unbreakable.

WARRANT. Money refunded after 4 weeks trial if not satisfactory. For sale by
W. G. YELVINGTON,
oc t-4-tf. Smithfield, N. C.

Pay up your subscription please, as we need the money.

KEEP AT IT.
If you expect to conquer in the battle of today, you will have to blow your trumpet in a firm and steady way. If you too your little whistle, and then lay aside your little horn, there's not a soul will ever know that such a man was born.

The man that owns his acres is the man that plows all day; and the man that keeps a humping is the man that has to stay. As he plans his well thought-out, with a sort of sudden jerk, is the man that blazes the printer, because it didn't work.

But the man that gets the business does brainy printers' ink. Not a crier and a squatter, but an ad that makes you think. And he plans his advertisements. As he plans his well thought-out, and the future of his business is as solid as a rock. Printers' Ink.

Mrs. W. C. Wren—Obituary.

Once again the quietude of our community has been broken by the wail of sorrow, for the silent messenger has entered the household of one of our neighbors and taken therefrom a loving wife and devoted mother, and not only has this household been bereaved and made to feel its loss, but all her many friends feel there is a void in their hearts and a vacancy in the neighborhood that will not soon be filled.

Mrs. Wren, the wife of W. G. Wren, departed this life, Dec. 11th, at half past 3 o'clock, p. m., and although two physicians had pronounced her disease incurable and her death was daily expected, yet she exhibited such patience and deep appreciation for all that was done for her, that those whose privilege it was to minister to her found the ties of friendship strengthening, and each day were more and more drawn to her so that when the last "dread hour" came it was with deep sorrow we had to give her up. Mrs. Wren, although not a member of any church, was a Christian in reality. Monday, four weeks before her death, she was very unexpectedly called upon to give up her dear little baby (about one year old) and her exhibition of Christian resignation was wonderful to behold and her sorrow was as one that soon expected to meet her darling little one. Her favorite hymn was "Resting in the Savior's Love," which she requested to be sung to her frequently. And though her heart clung to the love of her husband and her earnest desire was that she might live to help train her six bright children, yet when questioned she always expressed her willingness to go if it was her Savior's will. She was the oldest daughter of Mr. Merritt Holland and was in her 42d year. It fills our hearts with sorrow to have to consign her to her long home. But all felt another redeemed soul had been liberated from its earthly casket and another one gone to swell the throng of the ransomed. Long may her memory live and long may her example be emulated.

Leachburg, N. C. A. D. T.



KNOWLEDGE
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Reciting.
A good reciter is a pleasing person, and is worthy of the greatest praise. Everybody looks upon the reciter with a pleasant smile, his powers carry with them the faculties that all ways please the people.

The art of reciting brings with it many other delightful qualities. The reciter attracts all persons to him, converses well and entertains most delightfully.

The subject matter composes very little of his recitation or conversation, but it is the expression and the impressiveness of a clear sweet voice: that harmony which delights all humanity.

A poor reciter is a nuisance; one hard to be endured; one that annoys, worries and tires. He is always one to be shunned, always in the way and always adds to the monotony of any gathering.

Those facilities that go to make up a good reciter are power which very few people are able to understand. It is not merely a good voice, for some of the best voices utterly fail. It cannot be modulation, for modulation does not interpret ideas. Then does it all lie in expression? Surely not, these are merely tools in the hand of the workman. These are the most delicate tools with which the human brain has to deal. Yet they are capable of doing the master work of worlds.

This work of reciting may be a natural gift or endowment, though it is generally acquired; however, be it as it may, it is not exercised without great effort.

We have heard many people speak of natural born orators. Let me say with all emphasis that there is no natural orator. He may be endowed with an exceedingly bright intellect. But there never lived, nor does not exist a natural orator or reciter. There may be the so-called natural orator, whom fond parents or friends have flattered to that extent.

Daniel Webster says that his success as an orator was due to the fact that while quite a small boy he formed the habit of going out in the woods to recite to himself.

It is said that the fondest thing of Patric Henry's life was to recite to himself.

One of the great objects of reciting is to become a source of pleasure, either to one's self or to others. But you say, can a person be afforded pleasure in listening to himself? Certainly, as I said in a former article, "The reader must learn to love the sound of his own voice." If the thoughts recited are better than the reciter then they elevate him and lift him up to a higher plain of usefulness.

"Could we but lift this mystic veil that hides the privacy of life from every great man's head, what would surprise us there?" Nothing is purer, nobler, sweeter, grander than the influence which the voice has upon the soul. Can a person afford pleasure to others? Surely so. If you ever expect to become a man of public career, you cannot do it and do it successfully without acquiring this art. If you expect to have a reception and have it as aristocrats you must learn to recite. If you expect to follow any of the leading professions of life then this is one of the first great steps. This work is a great mind trainer. It gives us training in the line of memorizing things as nothing else can do. The habit of memorizing things is indeed a good one. We can soon train our minds to accurately retain orations, declamations, poems and selections of various kinds with but little study. At the age of eighteen Lord Byron could recite four hundred poems. Daniel Webster, at quite an early age could recite the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost." It is not an extra attainment to be able to memorize "Poe's Raven" (which comprises 8 full pages) in two hours. Why should we addle our brains, overtax the whole system and almost exhaust the powers of the mind upon the more difficult branches of college work.

I declare that such is not training the mind, but is the butchery of the productive powers of the human mind.

Why not make life pleasant and smooth? Train the mind by bright and interesting study,

study that is pleasant rather than laborious. One of the great feats of the coming century will be to brighten life by making duty pleasant, and as much so in educational lines as in the lines of manual labor.

And in conclusion allow me to say, as the new year dawns with its bright promises of the future and the old year dies, let us forget the past; forget the sins and misdoings of days gone by; forget the good as well as the evil. I do not believe in ever digging up old errors to review them. I do not like the idea of living in the past. The so-called "Sweet remembrances of the past" are thieves of time. "Look not back mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a brave manly heart."
WALT. H. DODD.

The Secret of Long Life.

Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, the famous French scholar and politician, who recently entered on his ninetieth year of physical and intellectual vigor, has been telling the inevitable interviewer how it is his days have been so long in the land. It is, we are told, the effect of strict adherence to the old precept, "early to bed and early to rise," with steady work during waking hours.

Every grand old man seems to have a secret of his own. Mr. Gladstone, we believe, attributes his longevity to his habit of taking a daily walk in all weathers and to his giving thirty-two bites to every morsel of food. Oliver Wendell Holmes pinned his faith on equality of temperature. The late Major Knox Holmes swore by the tricycle, which, in the end, was the cause of his death. Dr. P. H. Van der Weyde, and American octogenarian, not long ago offered himself "as an example of the benign influence of the study and practice of music."

Some aged persons give the credit of their long lives to abstinence from tobacco, alcohol, meat, or what not; others to their indulgence in all these things. One old lady, of whom we read not long ago as having reached the age of 120 or thereabouts, maintained that single blessedness is the real elixir vitae, and she ascribed the death of a brother at the tender age of 90 to the fact that he had committed matrimony in early life.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps believed in horse riding. Mr. James Payn complains that in his boyhood he "got a little bored with too much horse." In a recent letter published, M. de Lesseps delivered himself on the subject as follows: "I shall always be deeply grateful to Larine, my riding master, who, from my earliest years, made me share his keen passion for horses and I am still convinced that daily horse exercise has in a large measure been the means of enabling me to reach my eighty-fourth year in perfect health."

Carlisle was also a great rider almost to the end of his long life, and he not only rode, but, we believe groomed his horse himself.

On the whole, it must be concluded that the real secret of longevity is a sound constitution generally husbanded. The only general rules that can be laid down are those set forth by Adam in "As You Like It":
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbalshful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.

—From the Home Journal.

THE NEWS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD AS CLEANED FROM THE PRESS.

Blame the Weather Bureau.
Jacksonville, Fla., January 4.—Fruit growers of Florida are loud in their complaint of the negligence of the weather bureau for not giving them timely warning of the freeze which was so disastrous to the orange and fruit growing industry in this state. They estimate that they could have saved half a million dollars had the warning been given.

That the weather office was negligent is proven by the warning sent out on December 28th. This warning arrived in Jacksonville at 8 o'clock. It said that frost was indicated for east Florida, the orange growing section, and a cold wave for west Florida, five hours before the mercury had touched 27.7, and it was then freezing. Orange trees can stand frost so the frost warning gave no alarm. No intimation was received whatever of an unprecedented freeze.

Unsuccessful Bank Robbers
Toledo, Ohio, Jan. 5.—At Perryburg, 10 miles south of here, two masked burglars gained an entrance to the exchange bank. A burglar alarm in Cashier Hanson's house next door awoke occupants and Mr. Hanson and his son started to investigate. As they neared the bank the robbers appeared at the door and fired three shots at them, and Cashier Hanson returned the fire, but all shots failed of their mark. The burglars then beat a hasty retreat without securing any funds.

The combination knob to the safe was knocked off and an attempt had been made to blow open the door with nitro glycerine. Scattered about the floor were a number of tools, including a railroad crowbar, which they had used probably in prying up the front window through which they had entered the building.

Extensive Grave Robbing.
Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 5.—It has developed here, as the result of investigation, that wholesale grave robberies are being indulged in by students of colleges in this city.

The recent burning of the Indiana Medical College, when twenty subjects were lost, has created a demand, and men have been secured in the surrounding towns to keep track of burials.

Within the past week two corpses have been recovered by friends in pickling vats of the local colleges, and the excitement is so intense that the residents of suburban towns are forming vigilance committees to prevent the disturbance of their dead.

Torturing Didn't Make Him Tell.
Monongahela, Pa., Jan. 4.—The residence of Solomon Snyder, a farmer, in Fallowfield township, was entered last night by four masked men. The only occupants of the house were Mr. Snyder, his sister Barbara, and a hired man, Joseph Shooks. The robbers bound and gagged them and then ransacked the house. Finding little that was valuable they heated a poker and by threats of torture tried to force Mr. Snyder to tell where he kept his money. He stubbornly refused to give the information, and toward morning the robbers left. They got about \$100 in money that they found in bureau drawers.

Squandered it in Drink.
San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 4.—The old Nevada pioneer, Jonas M. Walker, who once owned a fifth interest in the Bonanza mines of the Comstock lode, and who sold out early to Flood, Mackay and Fair for \$3,000,000, died last night, having squandered his fortune in drink and bad investments. He leaves two daughters in New York and two sons in Los Angeles.

There is a good story told of a Hertfordshire farmer. A few nights ago he went home late and drank a pint of yeast in mistake for butter milk. Herose three hours earlier the next morning—Tib-Bits.

Mr. Newued—These eggs seem very hard, my dear.
Mrs. Newued—I know it, John; but I boiled them two hours and they wouldn't cook soft.

Young Lady—If you will let me have those roses, I will give you a kiss for each of them. But why do you run away, cousin? How rude of you.
Cousin—One moment. I am going for some more roses!—Dorfbarbier.

WIT AND HUMOR.
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SELECTIONS AND QUOTATIONS.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy
They had parted this.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."
—SHAKESPEARE

1. Full moon;
Late birds;
Sleigh rides;
Sweet words;
2. He loved;
She loved;
One kiss;
Much bliss.
3. Both loved;
No jilt;
"Wilt thou?"
"I wilt."
4. Pa—Yes;
Ma—Yes;
All wet;
Day set.
5. Large church;
Sweet bride;
Gay groom;
Knot tied.
6. Small house;
Much joy;
Long life;
One boy.

"Ring out, wild bell, from steeples high!
Ring out the old year with its woes!
Ring out forlorn financial throes!
Ring out the low-necked Oxford ties!
Ring out big sleeves, theatre hats;
Take counts and anglo-manics!
Ring out all tariff tinkering quacks!
Ring out the nineteen-story flats!"
—Richmond Dispatch.

In ancient days the poets let
Their flowing hair grow long,
For very few were barbers who
Would cut it for a song.

But now they wear it closely cropped—
Though ludicrous it seems—
Lest they should be confounded with
The modern foot ball teams!

The preacher who is more anxious to be great than to be holy will be likely to miss both greatness and holiness, and thus be a failure on both lines and both worlds.—Christian Advocate.

An Enjoyable Occasion.
A feast of oysters and a flow of soul at Clayton, N. C., Christmas night at Utopian Hall. The young men of Clayton, the hosts of chivalry and beauty, charming girls and handsome young men from the turbid waters of Pamlico to the Blue Ridge, from the Blue Ridge to Santa Fe, to eat oysters and fruits, to listen to the strains of dulcet music, to join hands in the Scotch ramble, steal partners, or float in the giddy whirl of the moxy waltz; or perchance to tell or listen to the same sweet old story of love. There were guests from Washington, N. C., Winston, Raleigh, Fayetteville, Mt. Airy, Smithfield, Auburn, Princeton and a flower (Miss Allen) was plucked from the arid plains of New Mexico to lend grace to the occasion. The reserved seats were filled (free of charge). The regular seats were occupied and most of the standing up seats were taken. The hall was filled with youthful beauty and female grace; but there was not one too many. We cannot describe all the charms of the occasion, but would not fail to mention the creditable manner in which the music was rendered by the Pool Brothers. Thank you, gentlemen, come again. Nor would we neglect our local musical talent, which added so much to the success of the evening. May we all have the pleasure of again meeting around the festive board

ONE OF THE BOYS.
The power of gold.
He loved her.
She loved him.
They loved each other.
But her father objected because the young man was almost a total stranger.
The time had come when the youth must ask his father for his daughter, and he feared to go to him.
He held a long conference with his beloved.
He told her he did not want to ask her father.
"George, dear," she asked in a tremulous whisper, "how much are you worth?"
"A million dollars, darling," he responded proudly.
Her face shone in the twilight. "Then you don't have to ask him," she said with a simple trust. "Let him know that and he will ask you."
And George gave the old man a tip.—Detroit Free Press.

Victim of a Strange Fatality.
Uniontown, Pa., Jan. 5.—Wm. Spalding, a car dumper, at the Oliver mines, yesterday lost his footing and plunged headlong into No. 2 shaft, which is 415 feet deep. His body was crushed to a pulp. Spalding was 26 years of age. It was his first days work on the tripple.
A strange fatality has followed the Spalding family. Within 18 months five members have died violent deaths.

Capt. Ray, of the U. S. Army, who has had charge of the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming, says it is all a mistake about the Indian being a lazy worthless fellow. He has worked lots of them on irrigating canals, and says they worked well and cheerfully at \$1 a day.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

STATE NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. W. A. Geer, of Rutherford county, was kicked to death by a mule on the 22nd.

A new bank will be opened in Louisburg, N. C., January 10, capital stock \$15,000.

During 1894 about one hundred new buildings have been completed or begun in Raleigh.

Lettuce is being shipped North from the Wrightsville, N. C. section and brings from \$5 to \$7 a barrel.

Greensboro and other cities in North Carolina are sending food to the famishing farmers in Nebraska.

The Charlotte News says that the programme is to run Senator Ransom for Governor next election.

Mrs. Dan Andrews, of North Wilkesboro committed suicide New Year's night on account of bad health.

A company of practical printers will establish an afternoon paper in Wilmington and call it the Dispatch.

The Methodist Episcopal Conference of North Carolina recommends the absolute suppression of the sale of intoxicants.

Mr. W. P. Neal, of Louisburg, whose safe was recently robbed of \$1,120 has found \$1,057 in the possession of a colored boy and the boy and his mother are in jail.

The Atlantic Coast Line has bought five new engines of the latest and most approved pattern with which they propose to handle the heavy winter passenger traffic to the South. They expect to maintain a speed of sixty miles an hour without any trouble.

Mr. Albion Stewart, an aged citizen of Moore county, was accidentally shot and killed on Christmas day, at Batley's distillery, three miles from Carthage. They were attending a shooting match. Josh McIntosh was loading his rifle which was accidentally discharged, killing Mr. Stewart instantly.

—Mount Airy News: The loss of the apple crop here last year was a serious blow to this whole section. One man says usually he gets from \$75 to \$100 in cash every year from apples, but last year he did not get a cent. Nearly every farmer in the apple section can say the same thing, and this has caused a serious loss in trade.

A serious accident happened to the little six-year-old son of Mr. W. G. Holcomb, near Jonesville, Surry county, Monday evening. His eight-year-old brother was handling a gun when it accidentally went off, the full load entering the little fellow's face, shooting out one of his eyes and horribly mangling the side of his face.

The Power of Gold.
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