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# ANSON TIMES.

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THIS SWELT LOVE OF MINE. No jeweled beauty is my love,

Yet in her earnest face. There's such a world of tenderness, . She needs no other grace. Her smiles and voice around my life In light and music twine, And dear, oh, very dear to me.

Oh, joy to know there's one fond heart. Beats ever true to me: It sets mine leaping like a lyre, In sweetest melody: My soul upsprings, a Diety To hear her voice divine, And dear, oh, very dear to me,

Is that sweet love of mine!

Is this sweet love of mine!

If ever I have sighed for wealth, "Twas all for her, I trow; Anp if I win Fames' Victor wreath. I'll twine it on her brow. There may be forms more beautiful, And souls of sunnier shine, But none, oh, none so dear to me, As this sweet love of mine! -Gerald Massey.

### "A WITLESS THING.

"A document in maduess; thoughts and renembrances titted, "-[Hamlet, act iv, sc.5] Now remember, Lord Granton, said the doctor solemnly, 'all I have told you. You are very welcome to come to our ball, though as a rule we only ask a certain set of wise men and maidens who know our ways and their ways. Still, you are goodlooking, humorous and cheery, and if you are sensible, you can enjoy ourself, and, maybe, do them world of good. I believe in electricity as a curative agent-not the quack nonsense of belts and chains and musical boxes, that only shake the nerve centres, but the real electricity of animal spirits, the tonic of good

'I shall do exactly as I am bid,' said Lord Grayton, a handsome, florid, muscular young man, strong as a horse, buoyant as a balloon, just back after a self imposed exile of five years in India with the big game. But tell me of all those confounded cautions again. I did a lot of dancing of various kinds years ago, before I went after the tigers'-and he laughed as mingled memories of Mayfair and the Lotus Club swam back to Stove SAND Tinware, him-and I've tried both the Corroboree and the Louga; but 'pon my honor I never danced with a lunatic

'Are you quite sure of that?' said the doctor, grimly, 'they are not to met with outside Copswood, I can tell you. However, listen; the rule is simple. Be civil and don't contradiet. If old Crackton asks you to play chess, play. He's a good player, and will beat you fairly if he can, if he can't be'll make a false move and call 'checkmate,' and you must resign. If poor Snobly thinks you are the Prince and 'Sirs' you all over the place, and throws out hints about Sandringham; if you are asked to listen to the chiming clock in Baker's interiors, or to avoid some one else, because he's a glass and might break, you must do your best to be courteous to them all, and on no account laugh at their fancies.

'Sounds rather jumpy. And the 'I'll see to that, and introduce you

to the nicest and tell you what to avoid speaking about; the men will make the talking for themselves; the women don't talk much.

'Sign of insanity, I suppose. And what am I to talk about?'

'Everything save some one thingthe Empress of Austra, the stage, or white rose, or Mr. Mallock, or black stockings. I'll give you the cuenever fear, only it may happen that one of them will ask you to dance and then you must steer as best you can-talk society or art on chance. My own girls and their friends get on famously with the male patients and you must do your best. Come, you are going to be our best tonic to-night, and you must be off and dress; nine sharp, mind, as they all go to bed at

pretty ball-room at the Copswood could come up to her. private asylum. He was duly de-Crackton, who deliberately slid back performed prodigies of valor with lia tor an ice. gentleman who had swallowed a 'No, you sit down and I'll get you the knew her!' crocodile, and he noticed the pale ice; there, now, there's a spoon and a cadaverous man who amused himself | wafer; now you feel comfortable, to me, and-' by counting the lights on each 'side | don't you? Isn't that a lovely vase?' himself. 'Sorry I can't admit it, sor the people one meets in dreams are was positively boisterous in his merry I can't admit it!' He had been an generally vastly nicer than the real riment. Acrostic Editor once upon a time. folks. I have many dream friends. He noticed the fussy little man, with pale-blue shaven face, who wanted to amused; 'tell me of them.' stage manage the sixteen Lancers,

pageant of unsettled reasons.

doctor, as 'a very foolish old man, tale to a child. fourscore and upwards,' passed them know who he was? and he whispered | she like?' a name in Grayton's ear that made that nobleman whisper softly.

speare as well as the doctor.

and as Gravton watched it, it remind- but she went on, 'What a pretty ed him of Kaulbach's 'Dance of picture! Where did you get your Death,' and he felt oddly morbid as beautiful thoughts about marriage?' he thought of his lonely life. He had once loved and given his heart me. to a woman whom he had both idealized and idolized; he had youth, brains and position, and with her he felt he could conquer the world. It was an old story; she turned out to be as loveless as she was lovely, and so he took to the tigers. He had got over it all now, but he shuddered as he remembered the fret of it all, and thought how near madnes he had been driven when he heard at her

drifted to. So there kere Ophelias here! More like Audreys, he thought, on hers. as he watched some rather uncouth gamboling in a corner. His eyes wandered round the room, and rested | pictures. I'm something of an artist at last on a face.

that rare delicate olive color one he felt there was a very pleasant sees in the South, with the skin of so fine a texture that the red flush springs up through the vein-tracery at a moments excitement; the large brown eyes were soft and dreamy. and the dark brown hair, looking black at night, was worn Greek fashkept swinging to the music. No one dance. seemed to talk to her except the doctor who smiled pleasantly as he passed and said something to which

she answered with a nod. 'Ophelia at last,' said Gravton to imself; and in melancholy vein he wished he were Hamlet and could lie at her feet and watch the play.

and fair judgment! (the quotation was irresistible). 'I wonder what young, too!' sent her here-some brute of a man, or a soldier lover killed at Kassassin. Gracious! I hope this terrible Meg Merrillies is not going to ask me to dance." and he moved away as he saw a wild-oyed woman bearing down upon him, to a seat somewhat nearer he pale girl with the black-red rose.

For a time he watched her; then he tried to magnetize her. At last their eves met; he stared her full in the look, only a sort of pitying light seemed to glow in the sorrowful eyes, is it that I never saw you before at A moment passed and then she rose one? quitely and with perfelt self-possessed grace walked over to him-to his intense astonishment sat down quietly by his side, and said in a soft

musical volce: 'You seem sad to night; I am For a moment he was tongue-tied;

then he recollected his instructions and pulled himself together. 'Well. I think I was sad because

you were looking sad.' 'Was I? I suppose I always do, then. Of course, being here naturally talk of that,' she added quickly. 'Do her own!' you care for dancing? I'll dance

with you, if you like. Dance! with you. 'Oh, yes, if you like; many of the

others dance, you know. 'Queer thing this,' soliloquized 'How calmly she seems to recognize Grayton, as he completed an elabor | her sad state!' said Grayton, as he to our poor people-picks up some | but their it was, a new island, with ate dressing, beginning my season stood up and passed his arm round one she takes a funcy to and cheers a coneshaped peak in the center after five years by dancing with a poor Ophelia's slender waist, and him up a bit. She's one of my best 500 to 800 feet high, and lying only who took great interest in the relilot of lunatics. Hope they won't wondered how she would 'jig and tonics, and this is the first time I a shortdistance from where we stood, gious meetings held for them, and wear straw in their hair; if they do amble. They were playing the have noticed that she never danced that portion of its irregular outline especially the ser ice of song, which I shall bolt to the Congleton's dance. 'Dream faces,' and as they swung in once with a patient; that was your nearest to Bogoslov not being but a they participated in with much fer-He made strange adventures that undulating rhythm to the pretty fault, you know.' evening as he strolled about the song he felt that few slips of sane 17 'Good gracious! then she isn't-a

'That's right,' said the doctor

again, please, and try and get it with her dream-husband. And she Lady Congleton's. His hostess wel crisper:' and the erratic journalist comes to me sometimes and scolds me comed him warmly, like the returned

come near me for weeks." 'There's King Lear,' whispered the! He felt as if he was telling a fairy

muttering of 'Brighton A's: you of her. Is she beautiful? What is know.'

The fanciful conceit seemed to amuse her, so he went on drawing And are there any Ophelias, whose pretty pictures of an ideal weman: young maid's wits should be as mortal | then growing unconsciously eloquent. as an old man's life? asked Grayton, he burst out, 'Ah, if one could only pilgrimage. showing that he knew his Shake- meet her alive, what a wife she would make! A very second self, aiding, 'Yes, but we keep their secrets, sympathizing, loving-at once the Now, go and dance; and the doctor cheeriest of chums and the most idoltook King Lear off for a cup of coffee. | ized of idols.'

It was a sad, weird sight altogether. I She had flushed a little as he spoke, lunatic. 'I suppose my dream-girl taught wore in his button hole.

'Is she pretty?'

Grayton wondered if deliberate wonderful hair, a low voice, an olive that you weren't a-'

Unhelia looked a little frightened. 'Forgive me: I didn't mean to be ultimate fate, and where her life had rude, but she is-really you are not good. I cheer them sometimes; but of mortification before life is extict.

'Oh, no;' then there was a pause. 'Come and let me show you some It was an exquisite oval face, some- gallery, and talked art so sensibly to poor Hamlet.' what sad an wistful in expression, of pathetically that here, at all events method in madness.

'Talking art' is a recognized method

of interchanging sympathies. He was no bad judge of a picture, but he preferred to affect ignorance, the chiselled mouth was half-parted, and asked the stupidest questions, simply for the pleasure of hearing her talk. There was a kind of innocent ion close to the head, sweeping in dignity about her that fascinated undulating lines past the finy rose- him. She was more like a Vestal tipped ears. She was scated on a low virgin than a Cacchante. So the sofa, carelessly clasping one knee with | evening passed all too quickly, till he both hands. She wore a simple white suddenly bethought himself that frock, just mysteriously frilled round | there was an important division in the little white column of a throat, the Lords that night, and that he and a great black-red rose nestled in | was bound to be a 'not content. be her breast. One little high arched fore the clock struck 11, and after foot, in peach-colored nettled silk, that he was due at Lady Congleton's

'Must you go away!' she said 'why?'

'Well, you see, I'm one of those much-abused people that the Radicals call Hereditary Legislators, and I am not abolished yet. I must be in our House at 11. Of course she could not have un

'Poor Ophelia! divided from herself | derstood a word he said, for she mur mured to herself, 'Poor fellow, so He rose and held his hand out .--Good night, thank you for a very

> charming evening. 'Good night,' said Ophelia tenderly I should like a little memory of ed the reporter. this meeting; will you give me that

ask for it before?' and she took it rocks issuing from the great one in from her dress and fastened it on his the center of the mass, and great face. She never shrauk from his coat. I shall see you again; there quanities of lava running down to the will be another dance here soon. How sea."

suddenly filled with tears he couldn't | ly everywhere." understand, but she left him with a quiet bow and went back to the dancing room. 'You've been enjoying yourself, see,' said the doctor, as Grayton came

her, poor dear girl!'

makes one feel sad. But we won't ton, she has six thousand a year of singular to behold was a new feat-

'She does what she likes with it: she helps all the big charities and she At first I could not believe my sences, helps me and Copswood in particular, and she generally does a lot of good lation in taking my surroundings

-a patient herself.'

The doctor laughed till the tears feated at chess by the venerable encouragingly; 'set a good example.' rolled down his jolly face. 'Bless my to the sea-lions. Many of them were ners in the Joliet jail are found to 'Means I'm to be a tonic, I suppose,' heart, no! That's Lady Mary Pettia captured queen on the board, and said Grayton; so he carried off Ophe- grew, daughter of old Lord Polonius, and she's of the cleverest and sweether. He sympathized with the 'You dance beautifully,' she said. est girls in the world. I thought you mals. The greater portion of those dor with great vigor, while one of

'Not I! She came over and spoke 'I see it all-took you for a patient! of the room and singing softly to Yes, I'm fond of 'Dream-faces;' Oh, this is too lovely!' and the doctor no value to the hunter.

Grayton bolted to the House, and 'Have you?' she said, looking having duly recorded his vote against lightness and cottony appearance, has no music in himself, may be fit the bill, sent up from the Commons, and the statement of their having for treason, stratagem, and spoils .-Well, you know, I think I'm for chloroforming grouse instead of been born thirty miles in the air by N. Y. Sun. and who piteously entreated the married to a dream-wife, just like shooting them, betook himself in a the light wind may be easily creditdancers to 'go back over all that Gilbert's Princess Toto, you know, strange state of bewilderment, to ed. - San Francisco Chronicle.

ton, quite after your own heart-de-'How charming! Do tell me more voted to Art and Philanthropy, you

> Grayton was too full of thought to protest, so submitted meekly. What were girls to him just then? He

a scream as she turned her head and blushed as deep as the rose he still ceived and forwarded to his paper a 'How-did you get out?' she asked, awkwardly.

'I never was in, Lady Mary; the bare faced compliments would be a fact is. I'm afraid there has been a cribes the infamous treatment of the good tonic for a lunatic. 'Yes, little mistake on both sides. I only prisoners, and says the little food beautiful. She has large brown eyes, found out from the doctor as I left they get is often mouldy and some-

> brought you here! 'Curiosity; and yoursi'

angry with me? and he laid his hand to-night! Oh, how wrong and stupid | Many go mad in consequence of their

ed at her with his frank, kindly eyes.

'And you were very kind to foolish have in their dispair and anony com-Ophelia. Listen! ... lere's the 'Dream- mitted suicide by dashing out their Faces' again; let us see if we can brains against the walls. The treatdance it in our 1. ght minds,' she said, as she rose with a nervous smile be named. quivering in the corners of her lips. And so it happened that in a month

they both came to their right minds,

and the doctor was at the wedding.

An Island Born in Flame. The latest advices from Ounalaska, which arrived by the Steamer Dora, just down from that island, contain an interesting description of volcanhave occurred near there lately .- | died under the lash. The writer pa called on by a Chronicle reporter yesterday afternoon. He was found at an assay office, he being an exper- men. imentalist in this branch of science. Laying aside his blowpipe and metal, the captain said, in answer to the first enquiry: "Yes, I was at Bogoslou twice during the past season, and I did see something most extraordinary. Sit down, and I'll tell you all

The reporter complied with this request, and the captain went on: "When I say that I was at Bogos lov you must not take it for granted

that I landed there." "Is it not a habitable island," ask

"At certain seasons, perhaps, but rose? I've been longing for it all the at the time I saw it there was nothing visible there but a mass of flame 'Of couse I will; why didn't you and smoke, with pieces of redhot

"Hew near did you approach?" "I stood off about a mile and a 'This is my first dance here,' he half, not daring to venture nearer. It was the grandest scene I ever wit-Why it was that Ophelia's eyes nessed, and I have been pretty near

How long did the eruption last?" "I can't exactly say as to that, as I found the cone in a disturbed condition and left it next day, still in a state of eruption. I have learned to say good-bye, 'though I must say that it had been throwing out lava it was rather selfish of both of you.' for several weeks, and that it had 'Selfish! why, I did all I could for still continued to do so up to the date of my departure from Ounalaska .-'Poor! why, my dear Lord Gray. But what was most remarkable and ure which was then visible in the 'Dear me! and what is done with scene. A new island had sprung up

not far distant from Bogoslov since my previous voyage to that spot .and thought I had made a miscalcu-

few miles away from the old island." vor, were discoved to be trying to not be credited by some is in regard by fellow convicts. Now the prisovolcanic eruptions, and the sea was | ver, for a like purpose, singing and said to be swarming with these ani- dancing every morning in the corriwhich they had been subjected hav- dow grating. Doubtless for them ing those caught in this vicinity of melodies are sweet, but those un-

Some of the ashes which fell at Ounalaska were examined by the reporter. They were peculiar in their ing singer, as well as the man that

who wrote paragraphs on his mothers if I've done anything wrong in the prodigal that he was, and insisted shirt cuffs, and many other strange day, and sometimes she's very loving, upon introducing him to some one in harbor bills, intends to petition Con- diseases too numerons to mention. folks that passed by in the motely and sometimes she's cross and doesn't whom she seemed to have a special gress to improve the channel of affec. Worms! Worms! Shriner's Indian 'Really a delightful girl, Lord Gray- of true love" may "run smooth."

Russian Prisons.

THE HORRORS OF RUSSIAN PRISONS-An APPEAL TO THE WORLD,

secret police the political prisoners was thinking over Copswood as his in Russian dungeons succeed in comhostess took his arm and set out on a municating statements of their fearful sufferingt to the outside world .-'Ah, here she is! Lady Mary Pet- The St. Petersburg organ of the Nitigrew, Lord Grayton. I'm sure you hilists. The Will of the People, has two will get along capitally,' and her recently published several such reveladyship was off, leaving Grayton lations, and others have been made staring vaguely at his fascinating by letters which have been made by the victims to their friends in Lady Mary could hardly suppress Switzerland and France. The Paris correspondent of the Times has resecond missive of this kind, which was written in his own blood by a prisoner confined in the Troubleskoi bastion at Et. Petersburg. It destime putrid, that dysentery and scuroval face, she dances superbly, and | She put her feathery fan up with a vy are prevalent, and that the doctors she wears a black red rose in her warning 'Hush!' then said, 'what nesitate to approach the patients for fear of contagion. There is very little medical care of the prisoners. 'I often go there and try to do some | who rot away and exhale the odors sufferings, and when they exhibit There was a little pause as he look- violent symptoms are strapped down and terribly lashed with the knout 'Let us forget and forgive, Lady of the keepers. Throughout the myself' and she led him into a long Mary; after all, you were very good night fierce yells resound through the galleries of the dungeon, Prisoners

> The only fortunate ones are the few who have money and can pur chase some degree of kindness. The prison swarms with rats, and one woman with a babe in her arms was compelled to fight night and day to prevent them from devouring it. The use of soap and combs are forbidden and the prisoners are literally devoured by vermin. Prisoners are tortured upon the most trivial preic disturbances, which are said to texts, and women are known to have Captain Hogue, of the Dora, was thetically appeals to the civilized world in behalf of the women, whose situation is far worse than that of the

## Moral Courage.

In every school the difference is clearly marked between the boy who has moral courage, and the boy who is mere pulp. The one knows how to say "No." The other is so afraid of being thought "verdant" that he soon kills everything pure and fresh and manly in his character, and dries up into a premature hardness

of heart. Five lads were gathered in a room at a boarding school, and four of them engaged in a game of cards, which was expressly forbidden by the rules. One of the players was called out .-The three said to the quiet lad who was busy at something else.-"Come take a hand with us. It is

too bad to have the game broken

"I do not know one card from the other." "That makes no difference." exclaimed the players. "We'll show

you how. -Come along." Now that was a turning point in the lads life. Hs nobly said: "My father does not like for me to play cards and I will not disobey

That sentenced settled the matter and settled his position among his associates. He was the boy who could say "No," and hencefort's his victories were made easy and sure. I will remember the pressure brought to bear in a college upon every young man to join a wine drink or to take a hand in some contraband amusement. Some timber got well seasoned. Some of the other sort got pretty well rotted through with sensuality and vice. The Nehemiahs at college have been Nehemiahs ever since. The boy was father of the man

A remarkable assertion in this con- to drown in this way the nection and one which will probably noise of the filing of their cell bars reported as having been killed by the have been struck with a musical fe still alive were hairless, the heat to their number sawed at an iron wining removed their outer fur, render- the poet's saying was true, that heard heard-namely, the muffled music of the saw-are sweeter. It must also be conceded hereafter that the shout-

Thousands of children die under the age of five years. Why? Phys A sentimental American gentle- icians attribute it to various causes. man, who is in favor of all river and and have a vocabulary of infantile tion, so that henceforth the 'course Vermifuge will kill them and restore the child.

A Young Man's Peril.

They were to see a lawyer yesterday - Mary Ann, and her mother --Mary Ann was a little embarrassed. In spite of the precautions by the but the old lady was calm. When she spoke above the breach of prom-

'What evidence have you got?"

ise case the lawyer asked:

'Mary Ann produce the letters," commanded the mother, and the girl sook the cover off a willow barket and remarked that she thought 927 letters would do to begin on. The other 651 would be produced as soon

as the case was fairly before the court.

'And outside of these letters?' querried the lawyer. 'Mary Ann, produce your diary," said the mother. "Now turn to the heading of "promises," and tell how many times this marriage business

has been talked over." The footing is 214 times." answered

the girl. "Now turn to the heading of "Daring," and give us the number of times he has applied that termes you."

"If I have figured right, the total is 9,254 times. "I guess you counted pretty straight, for you are good on arithmetic Now turn to the heading of Woodbine Cottage, and tell us how

home for you after marriage." "The footing is 1,395 times," "Very well. This lawyer wants to be sure that we've got a case. I ww many times has Charles Henry baid

many times he has talked of such a

he would die for you?" "Three hundred and fifty answerment of the women is too horrible to the girl as she turned over a leaf. "How many times has he called ou an angel!"

"Over 11,000 mamma," "How about squeezing hands?" " Over 384,000. "And kisses?"

"Nearly 417,000." "There's our case," said the moth. er, as she deposited the basket and diary on the table.

"Look over the documents, and if you want anything further I can bring in a dozen neighbors to swear to facts. We sue for ten thousands dollars damages, and we don't settle for less than an eighty-acre farm, with buildings in good repair. We'll call again in a day or so-good day

Out on The Prairie.

CONCERNING SOMETHING BETTER THAN MRS. "COODLES' WHEELBORROY -AND THE REASONS WHY.

When a certain Commissary General complained to the Duke of Welington that Sir Thomas Piction had declared that he would hang him if the rations for that General's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah! did he go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?" "Yes, my lord," "Well, General Picton is just the

had brought home to his wife:

man to keep his word, you'd better get the rations up in time. But to get rations or any thing else up in time one must know where to lay his hands on them. As Mr Toodles said about the coffin which he

dear, it will be so handy to have in the house." Being in the great wholesale drug house of William Hart, in Elgin, Ill., one day, Mr. G. H. Sterman, the photographer of that place, remarked concerning Parker's Tonic, "I have used it in my family for two

years, and I unhesitatingly pro-

nounce it the best medicine we have

If anything should happen, my

ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without Culled from the mass of reasons why Mr. Sherman was right, be good enough to consider these. First, Parker's Tonic is delicious to the palate; second, it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; third, it cures Coughs and Colds by inciting the torpid organ into healthy action, and opening all the pores of the skin; fourth, it purrifies the Blood, thus curing Kidney, Liver and

Lung diseases and Rheumatism; flfth-But take it into your house, and it will speak for itself. Onced used, you will change it for nothing else. Physicians commend it. Price 50 cents and \$1. Hiscox & Co., Chem-

ists, New York. Vivid in Verbal Exercise.

"Mr. Smith do you know the character of this Mr. Jones!" "Wall, I rather guess I do, jedge." "Well, what do you say about

"Wall, he ain't so bad a man after

"Well. Mr. Smith, what we want to know is: Is Mr. Jones of a quarrelsome and dangerous disposition?" "Wall, jedge, I should say that Tom Jones is very vivid in verbal exercise but when it comes to personal adjustment, he hain't eager for

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The anger of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands of the angel of the resurrection.

the contest. - Detroit Press.

Pay your taxes or get into the army is the law in Madagascar.