

ANSON TIMES.

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HOTELS, YARBROUGH HOUSE, RALEIGH, N. C.

PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES CALL AND SEE US.

CHANGE.

A blushing rose, as summer days withdrew, Drooped, by degrees, its gentle, queenly head, when its beauty vanished, life went, too—

THE SAVINGS BANK.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

You know I lost my father and mother in my infancy, and that I had not a relation on the world. I was wild and thoughtless when I began my apprenticeship as a blacksmith. My master was, on the other hand, a grave, reserved man, so that we were few words from him were important.

On a Friday evening he went with me to the savings bank. My name was written in a large register, and they gave me a book, on the first page of which was inscribed my name, and on the second, the deposit, seven crowns. I held my little book lovingly, and looked often at my name and the amount of my capital.

The little book fell on my head, and seemed to have great result. I wiped it up, but it stuck to my head, and did not show to my companion again. One day there was a great fire in the city. The house that contained the savings bank was consumed before any could be brought. I was greatly excited when I learned that the registers of deposit were burned. All my fortune was described in them.

"You fool!" he said, "what are you crying for? The city has guaranteed the deposits made in the savings bank. You have your receipt. The State must pay you."

"I have had to do so," he replied, "and asked me to do so for him." At the same time she begged me to hold in resentment because of what had happened to me.

"I would have committed some secret fault," she said, "accept what you have suffered as an affliction."

"I never had felt so happy before," I told Catherine that I would feel rich, and would give her a beautiful carriage and four horses, and a servant to be faithful to me, should I come for her on foot.

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OLD PUNKINHEAD'S ILLS.

Chenille dots are to be seen on the long white oiled and gloves. Walking skirts are as long as possible without touching the ground.

Fancy rings to wear on the little finger, are much affected now by young ladies. The "creech" or day nursery in Buffalo often cares for as many as forty babies.

Ladies' collar buttons are quite small; the preferred cuff button is a single one with a link.

Bamboo tripods, the baskets filled with artificial smilia, are something new in household ornaments. White, cream-colored and pale-tinted tulip dresses are fashionable for debutantes and very young ladies.

Maureous soaked the hands of their customers in tepid water a few minutes before joining the national dress society.

The National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, at its annual meeting at Boston, passed a resolution favoring women suffrage.

The low Catogan looms are coming in again, and those who have recently returned from Paris are dressing the hair in this style.

Ladies must not be found with more than five to seven pounds of clothing, exclusive of boots on, who propose to wear the latest fashion.

Three cases fastened to an oblong bottom, and light and easy to carry, are bright red ribbons, forms a pretty case or umbrella rack for the hallway.

A girl of thirteen years, at Canton, Dak., is reported to have plowed eighty-two acres of land with a pair of horses and a common wooden plow.

NEW-FANGLED REDDERS.

Sea-side in a well-known road-house on Ocean Parkway the other evening, when the riding was over and when none of the natives were present and I was with each other in scoring bulletpoints on the door, the driver met a crowd of grangers who had been engaged in telling stories of hot summers and cold winters that made even the thermometer shiver with a good conscience.

"Let me introduce you to these folks," said Miss Hot Ravenhall. The reporter had no objections, for he had sometimes to spare and was in search of news.

"If you can get old Punkinhead there to tell you the best story, you're in luck," said Miss Hot. He had a "hooker" and here she was, and she called him old Punkinhead, because he was so set in his ways.

"I consumed nearly an hour before old Punkinhead was round up to the spinning point. He was thin almost to transparency, and he had one of those economical faces, for whatever his nose snuffed up he did not let out above."

"I don't care for a story," he began, "but I'll tell you one, and it's a good one. I had a bed with a red cover and a blue blanket, and I was in it when I died."

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ODD POINTS ABOUT CHINA.

There is a greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to digest. For health's sake put them in warm water for an hour before cooking.

The pain and injury from bee stings is quickly cured by onion juice. Cut an onion in two and apply one-half over the part as soon as you can after being stung.

Salt and water will prevent the hair from falling out, and will cause new hair to grow. Do not use so strong as to leave white particles upon the hair when dry.

A writer in the Russianka Melite says that he has had great success in the cure of over three hundred cases of acute and chronic catarrh, or cold in the head, by the use of ice-cold water. The legs, from the knee downward, are washed with it in the morning and at night, and rubbed vigorously with coarse towel.

Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw, says an exchange, take a small quantity of turpentine and rub it on the wound, no matter how the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute.

From a paper on the "Loss of the Monitor," in the Century, we quote the following: After a fearful and dangerous voyage, the Monitor was towed to the Rhode Island, which still had the tow line caught in her wheel.

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HEALTH HINTS.

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SLUMBER-LAND.

Oh, baby mine, the night is here, The night that drifts us slowly near The realms of Slumber-land.

Gently the waters ebb and flow, Creeping through nodding lids of snow, That border Slumber-land.

Mother's arms are the sails and boat, And mother's voice the wind that blows Your bark to Slumber-land.

Beautiful dreams, instead of snore, Fleeting visions people the strands Of far-off Slumber-land.

Sleepy sands that creep into eyes Ever so open, ever so wise, Wafted from Slumber-land.

Hush! I'm sure you are almost there, Breathing the dreamy, mystic air That floats through Slumber-land.

Now a kiss on the rosy face, Just to show we have won the race— The race to Slumber-land.

—Adelaide Johnson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Billiards must be an easy game, for it's mostly done on cushions.—Stockton Mercury.

The average postage stamp generally gets in place after it has been well licked.—Electric Light.