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SPIN CHEERFULLY.

Spin cheerfully, Not tearfully, Though wearily you plod. Spin carefully Spin prayerfully, But leave the thread to God.

The shuttle of His purpose move To carry out His own design, Beek not too soon to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent dread
You view each sombre fold:
For lo, within each darker thread, There shines a thread of gold.

Spin cheerfully, Not tearfully, He knows the way you plod; Spin carefully Spin catefully, Spin prayerfully, But leave the thread with God.

# Clint Loring's Neighbor \$

Clint Loring had fallen almost asleep in his chair on that warm September evening. He had been bending over his easel all day, and was worn out in mind and body.

Painting for amusement and painting to keep the wolf from the door he found to be a totally different matter. In days gone by his studio had been constantly thronged, not with buyers (he had no need to foster his genius), but with friends and admirers-those who smoked his cigars and drank his wine, as they dilated on the merits of his pictures.

He had neither the one nor the other now to offer them, and the pictures seemed to have lost their charm.

Fortunately, there were a few dealers who cared more for art than the artist, and so when Clint one morning wakened to find himself practically beggared, he determined to make his talents available, and so he quietly moved away from the large and expensive quarters he had so luxuriously furnished to the plain upper room where we now find him dreaming, perhaps, of the past, when suddenly a woman's voice, rich, sweet and clear, breaks upon his reverie.

He starts, awakened in an instant, and listens to the end.

It is in the very room next his own. Nothing but a thin partition divides the two. Only last night a man's tread, heavy and somewhat uncertain, denoted its occupant. Tonight all had been silence, until the pure notes rang out upon the evening air.

Somehow they lingered in Clint Loring's dreams that night, again with an echo of the dim past, when he had stalls at the opera by the season, and could gratify the very passion for music which possessed him.

The room had had many tenants since he had occupied his own; but, with the next morning's dawning, his first thoughts flew to his neighbor, with a regretful wonder whether she, too, would be fleeing like the rest.

It seemed not, for, as the days merged into weeks, there were many moments when Clint would forget his palette and brush, and listen entranced.

He grew to feel a strange interest in his unknown neighbor. Never yet had he been able to catch a glimpse of her face. Sometimes a light, quick step would pass his door, but, let him turn his head howsoever quickly,

it had disappeared. One night, returning home, rather later than usual, he caught sight, just ahead, entering the door, of a stylish, girlish figure, which ran lightly and

swiftly ahead of him up the stairway. The figure was graceful, the dress plain, but he had little time to observe either as she hurried into her room and closed the door.

A sudden impulse caused him to retrace his steps, and when next he appeared, he bore carefully in his arms a rosebush full of blossoms. He neither paused nor hesitated until he stood at his neighbor's threshold, when he knocked, A moment later the door opened, and the owner of the room stood revealed before him.

It was a face worthy the voice. little worn, a little pale, perhaps, for beauty, but with its wondering blue eyes and framework of Titian hair, one could easily imagine how perfect would be the picture, with here and there an added dash of color,

Both stood in silence, she inquiringly, he wondering how he should begin, when he spoke:

"You will pardon my intrusion, I hope, but I fear if I leave these flowers in my room they will fade and wither. I have not much time to give attention to such things. May I leave them with

"Oh, how lovely! Indeed, indeed you may! Thank you, very much," to kiss one of the blossoms sie held in her hands. m to think of me, a

g, and I knew all women n and tell is Clint

strange to receive visitors, but I bid you welcome. I am Mrs. Andrews." Did his ears deceive him? Was that young girl a wife? Perhaps a widow, he thought, with a glance at her black dress, since she seems alone and desolate.

Yet she was not alone; for, as he crossed the threshold, he noticed in the corner an old woman knitting.

"It is my aunt," she explained. "She is growing very old, but I dread the time when she will leave me alone, Aunt, this is a friend of mine, Mr. Loring.

The old woman looked up only for a moment, as though nothing could longer detain her from her work. "It's not Henry," she muttered. 'Henry will never come again."

In other days, many women had smiled at Clint Loring, drawing him, they hoped, to their feet, but all had He had gone on in his bright, happy, careless way, until the crash came, and then, without even a farewell word, he had taken his pride and his poverty out of their sight, lost in

the great city. But a strange, sweet intimacy sprung up between him and his nextdoor, neighbor. The rose he had taken her blossomed as no rose had ever done before, and it grew to be a nightly occurrence that he should leave a little offering of flowers or fruit at her door.

All day, when she was absent giving the vocal lessons by which she lived, and he hard at work over his easel, his thoughts were with her.

She had told him something of her early life-her girlhood-but nothing of her marriage; from that she shrank as from a blow. But still the old woman in the corner muttered of "Henry." She never heeded what they said, nor seemed to have a thought beyond her knitting, save the utterance of that one name.

So the weeks sped into months, and winter was upon them, when Clint's heart called out against further silence, and demanded food for its hunger.

He never doubted its answer, as he entered Edna Andrews's to ask her to be his wife. Their intercourse had been one of purest friendship-no talk of love had ever entered in; but still he felt she loved him, even as he knew he had given her the worship of his

Her patient endurance-her noble courage-her true womanhood-had first aroused the feeling; but it had grown and strengthened, until it

formed part of himself. So, in the winter twilight, he told his story, and, in the shadow, did not note the great start his listener gave -how ashy white grew her face.

A moment's silence fell between them, as he told the story of his love. Then she spoke, but her voice was harsh, as though struggling to choke down unbidden sobs:

"From you, Mr. Loring, I did not expect this. I had grown to regard you really as a friend—to feel I had in you a protector-to lean upon the rock you seem to have afforded meand, lot I find it all quicksand. How could you? how could you?" and the slight frame shook with the passion of sods which at last overcame her.

"Edna, what do you mean? Have I, then, judged you so wrongly that the mention of my love thus agitates you? An honest man's love is no reproach. Forgive me, if I have erred and startled you from your repose. In my hope of taking you from this life of toil, in sharing with you all I havewhich, thank God, is enough for both -I forgot to break it gently. I am not a rich man, Edna, as you know; but I am succeeding in my art beyond my anticipations, and I could have offered you a home more worthy of you, my darling. Do you so shrink from the thought of becoming my

"Your wife?" she almost gasped. "What else, Edna, could I offer the woman who has opened my eyes to a perfect womanhood?"

"Your wife? yours? Am I not a wife already-deserted and betrayed, it is true, but bound, hand and foot, by the fetters he has forged?"

"Yes, yes, Henry will come back!" muttered the old woman, in her

"You hear her? It is he of whom she speaks-Henry, my husband, Listen and I will tell you all. It is your due. I married him when I was but sixteen, attracted by a handsome face, a few loving words. Well, he won me, no matter how. I had pot been his bride three weeks before he told me he had married me for my dowry-that he needed money, and must have more. Then I obtained it; but my father, a rich farmer, grew tired of my repeated demands, and refused me more. When I told him this, he struck me, in his anger, and left the house. I have never seen him since. He forged my father's name for a large amount, obtained the money, and fled the country. It is his anut, not mine, of whom I have the care. She is always looking for his return. My parents died soon after, and my father was so incensed that he left me penniless. Yet, thank God, I have youth and strength, and though I never again can listen to your words of love, though we must

art today, perhaps never again to et on life's highway, I shall remem-

that one true man has loved me.'

the end. Her eyes, looking into his with a great despair, told him what her lips dared not utter, but in them was a resolution as well, which he dared not combat.

He rose like one stricken, turned toward the door, then retraced his steps, and opening his arms, clasped her in an embrace she was powerless to resist, rained passionate kisses upon cheek, brow and lip, then, without another word, went out into the night.

The next morning found him tossing in high fever, unconscious and delirious. The long excitement, constant work, with this last shock, had been more than even his strong frame could endure, and it had given way at last, and cast him adrift and helpless in the fever's strong hold.

For weeks he lay hovering between life and death; but when he opened his heavy eyes, it was on the pale, worn face of the woman whom he loved, who had mingled in all his dreams, that rested, and his first question was:

"Why did you not leave me? Why return for a second parting?"

"Because-because," she whispered, in answer, while a wondrous light beamed in her eyes, "I need never leave you, Clint, if you will keep me. I am free, dear. The news of my release came to me after you were taken ill. My husband died a year agodied as wretchedly as he has lived. The disappointment was more than his aunt could bear, and she, too, lies under the sod. I am alone in the world today. Clint, have you room

With a wonder if it were not still delirium, and a prayer that it might last forever, Clint Loring opened his arms, and the weary, storm-tossed woman had found rest at last-rest and love. Clint lost his neighbor-he found his wife. -Saturday Night.

## HIGH PRICES FOR LAND.

More Than \$330 Per Square Foot Paid for a Lot in New York.

The most valuable plat of ground in this country, at least, the one that has commanded the highest price, is located at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York city, in the heart of the great financial district. Several years ago, says the Washington Star Mr. Wilkes established a record for high-priced realty by paying \$168,000 for 508 square feet of ground on this site, or \$330.70 per square foot.

The immensity of this rate of valuation can best be appreciated by measuring off a square foot of space and then comparing its dimensions with those of \$330 in money. Such a comparison will show that if Mr. Wilkes had paid for his property in one-dollar bills he would have been able to cover his entire lot with 82 layers of greenbacks, or he could have paved it with four tiers of silver dollars placed edge to edge as closely as they would lie. Doubtless if the worthy Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam could return to earth they would be astounded to learn the value of the land on which they pastured their cows 200

Though no other piece of ground has commanded an equal price per foot, there are several other plats in New York city which are quite equal to the Wilkes property in value. For example, a considerably larger lot on the northwest corner of Nassau and Pine streets, one block above the Wilkes property, was sold last year for \$250 per square foot, and the opposite corner of the same streets, including 6043 feet, was bought by the Hanover National bank for \$1,350,000. The lot on the corner of Broadway and Maiden lane, and the site of the Commercial Cable company's building in Broad street, are also properties that could be covered fifty deep with dollar bills out of their purchase price.

Probably the largest amount ever paid for the site of a single building was that given by the Broadway Realty company for the lot on which the Bowling Green building has been erected. This sky-scraper, which is the largest in the city, extends from Broadway through to Green wich street, and covers 29,152 feet of ground, for which \$3,000,000 was paid. This is \$102.90 per foot, and though the price per foot is less than has been paid for several other plats, the total represents an enormous sum to pay merely for the ground on which to erect one building. One peculiar effect in real estate values that has followed the sky-scraper era is the extraordinary price which has been put upon sites that are suitable for very high buildings. Spots with open surroundings, on which other lofty structures are not likely to be built, are, of course, the most desirable for this purpose, and such places are few in the city of New York. The result is that many buildings which are already very profitable are being torn down to make room for the erection of sky-scrapers.

# An Antomatic Physician.

One of the most remarkable developments of the automatic machine is a "Doctor Chreall," in Holland. Itis a wooden figure of a man, with compartments all over it, labelled with the names of various ailments. If you have a pain, find its corresponding location on the figure, drop a coin into the slot and the proper pill or powder Th an ashy face he heard her to | will come out.

The night has a thousand eyes, And the day but one: Yet the light of the bright world dies With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes, And the heart but one; Yet the light of the whole life dies When love is done.

### HUMOROUS.

"Do you know, I found a nickel this morning. Does money bring luck?" No; but luck brings money.

"That's what comes from being o stuck up," said the goat, as he nipped a choice morsel from a bill-

"Ah, James! you've broken all the good resolutions you made." "Yes, sir; but I shall make others quite as

Gadley-Did you ever see a chainless bicycle? Dafney-Yes; that's what was the matter with mine when

it was stolen. Mrs. Dunn-Darling, there goes man whom I refused once. Mr.

Dunn-Oh, where? I would like to congratulate him. Miss Ethel-I wonder if that gentleman can hear when I sing? Maid

-Of course he can. He is closing the window already. He-You have had a week now to think of my proposal of marriage. She-Yes, and the more I think of it

the less I think of it. "You shall be rich and famous," said the fortune teller. "Al s!" cried the sitter, "then I am undone; for my

dream was to devote my life to art." "He married her because she was wealthy, and she has led him a merry chase ever since the wedding." "He is getting a run for his money, then."

Dorothy (seeing a lady whose face was very much freckled)—Shouldn't you think 'twould have hurt her, mamma, to have her face tatooed all over

don't eat nothin' for weeks at a time. Aunt Abby-Goodness! Think of a man makin' a livin' by starvin' to Stranger-Where do the Highminds reside? They are one of the old fam-

The Professional Faster-Yes'm; I

lies of this city, I believe. Mrs. Forundred-They used to be, but Mr. Highmind failed last year. Clearwater Cal-What wuz Nuggit Nuggins ariested fer? Panhandle Pete-For not carryin' concealed

on de shoulder he wuz totally help-His Lordship-Prisoner, you have the right of challenging any of the jury if you desire to do so. Prisoner -Righ y'are; guv'nor, I'll fight that little black-whiskered bloke at the

end, if he'll step outside! "I think Bumphy is the most fluent and most colossal liar I ever met. He's just been telling me that he's a regular caller on all families in the most aristocratic part of the city." "It's the truth. Bumphy's a postman, you know."

Social Student-I presume, with your abundant leisure, that you are interested in the most important questions of the day? Perry Pathetic-You bet your life I am. An' wit' me, same as anybody else, the most important questions of the day, when all is sifted down, is eats and sleeps.

"Your religion," asked the intelligent heathen, "commands you to love your neighbor as yourself?" "Exactly," answered the missionary, "I do not err, then, in presuming that you have invented all those long-range, rapid-fire guns to prevent the obnoxious stranger from approaching near enough to be deemed a neighbor."

# Disappearing River in Arizona.

"There is a river out in our territory called the Hassayampa, which is typical of Arizona," said Mr. J. C. Adams, the mayor of Phoenix, Arizona, and one of the most progressive citizens of that lively town. river will run along for a few miles as a broad, beautiful stream, and, narrowing suddenly, disappear through the sands, only to crop up again a few miles further on and run along as placidly and beautifully as a well-regulated stream should. There is a legend connected with this river that any one who ever tastes of its waters can never afterward tell the truth. The miners in the country through which it flows are called 'Hassayampas,' and from them come most of the weird, wild stories of adventure that people in the east expect from Arizona, the erstwhile home of Alkali Ike and Cactus Bill. This water can be bottled and brought east, so that an Arizonian who comes here on a mission can take a small nip and then tell his friends about Arizona."-Washington Post.

# A Lake Both Fresh and Salt.

Au Alaska traveler recently described some extraordinary phenomena connected with a small lake, named Selawik, situated near her seaperhaps an account of an underground connection with the sea. At the bottom, he says, the water is salt, but on the top there is a layer of sweet water.

# SERMONS OF THE DAY, or indirectly this evil strikes at the whole

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

The Rev. George H. Hepworth's Sunday Discourse in the New York Herald is Entitled "Heresy"-Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage Preaches on the Evil of Gambling

Text: "My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live."-Job, xxvii., 6. It is very important that your heart or conscience shall not accuse you. Your happiness does not depend on anybody else's conscience or heart, but on your own. God gave you a conscience, with the command that you should follow its behests, and when you get into the other world that conscience will be your judge. In other words, God will not judge you, but you will

judge yourself. It is your conscience that makes you an individual, which spiritually isolates you; and its approval is worth more than the approval of all the world beside. You cannot go far wrong if you always do what you think is right. You may ask advice, but you should decide for yourself what it is best to do, and then do it, whether people blame or praise. If every one were to fol-low this rule we should have a large differow this rule we should have a large difference of opinion among men, but above it a divine harmony of purpose. When the millennium comes we shall not all think alike, neither shall we allow any one to do our thinking for us, but we shall think for ourselves until thinking changes to conviction. Then we shall follow our convictions as we follow the flag of our country, and hold to them and be true to them, and so win the smile of God.

so win the smile of God.

What you need most of all is to be your best, truest and noblest self. For that end you came into the world, and unless you accomplish that end your life will be essentially a failure and the requirements

of the Almighty will stand neglected.

Men may call you heretical, but what men say of you is of no importance in comparison with what God will say. Your business is to be on His side, and to be sure in your heart that He is on your side. If, after that people agree with you your new many side. after that, people agree with you, you may well rejoice, but if they do not, that is their affair and not yours. Your duty is what you think your duty is after the enlightenment or illumination which always comes to him who is in accord with the Holy Spirit of the universe, and thus breathes the atmosphere of the spiritual life. To that duty you should never be false, for it is what makes you a living soul, what forges nobility of character, what opens the door of communication with the other world, what gives you a claim to the assistance of the angels and assures you of the helping hand of the Most High. Not he is religious, in any wide sense, who is merely the shadow of some one else's mind, but he who casts his own shadow, cause he is a solid substance on which the sun shines.

This is a very queer world in one respect, We like to be sheep and follow a bell-wether. Even in matters of dress we must needs be told what to wear, and whether it is comely or uncomely we wear it. In the matter of religion there is as much fashion as there is in dress. What the majority be-lieve we try to believe, because it is so easy to go with the majority. If it does not commend itself to our judgment we secretly dissent, but openly approve. This introduces an element of hypocrisy into the Holy of Holies, demoralizes mind and heart weapons; when de sheriff tapped him forces from us our self-respect, and deprives us of heavenly recognition and anproval. Our vital energy is sapped, our manliness and womanliness are injured, unless we can say of an opinion, I made it my-self, and it is therefore mine.

In this matter of belief, of religious belief, you are to search for the truth-God's truth, Christ's truth, eternal truth. You are to dive into the depths of your soul, and what you bring therefrom is to be the foundation on which to build your life and character. The world may say nay or it may say yea, it makes no difference; you are to be governed solely by God's yea and nay as the words are whispered in your ear by Him who reveals Himself to every man, during every day and hour of his life. You may not get at the whole truth-eternity must unfold itself before you can know that; out you will get at that much of truth as will serve your purpose, be it great or

Men may tell you to believe this or that it is nothing. You may believe as others do, or you may not; but if you believe what God shall teach you when you and He are together in the sad and glad experiences which will fall to your lot, the your days will be radiant and you will be

The only real heresy is the heresy of an The only real heresy is the heresy of an evil life. Honest belief is never heresy, but dishonest living is always heresy. To be false to a high ideal, to grovel when you ought to sonr, to be entangled in the delusive ambitions of this world when you ought to keep your soul bright and clear and pure, to unmake yourself by immoralities when you should be building for eternity to be mean when you should be eternity, to be mean when you should be great-these constitute a heresy which is abhorred in heaven. He who lives nobly is no heretic, whether his creed be long or short. He who lives on a low moral level the true heretic, though his creed be a

furlong in length. I say, therefore, be yourself, and make yourself all you are capable of becoming. High living alone is orthodox, and high living is the result of pure feeling and lofty thinking. If your conscience tells you you are right you have nothing to fear, either here or hereafter.

# DR TALMAGE'S SERMON.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

The Dewnward Path of the Gamester Serves as a Subject.

TEXT-"Aceldama, that is to say, the neld of blood."-Acts i., 19.

The money that Judas gave for surrendering Christ was used to purchase a graveyard. As the money was blood money, the ground bought by it was called in the Syriac tongue, "Aceldama," meaning "the field of blood." Well, there is one word I want to write to-day over every race course where wagers are staked, and every pool room and every gambling saloon and every table, public or private, where men and women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incardined with the life of innumerable victims—Aceldama.

The gambling spirit, which is at all times a stupendous evil, ever and anon sweeps over the country like an epidemic, prostra-ting uncounted thousands. There has never been a worse attack than that from which all the villages and towns and cities are now suffering.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organ-ized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patrone the society. He said: "No; I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by the evil." At that very time his sor, who was his partner in

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gambling may differ, but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing of cards, however full of tempta-tion, is not gambling unless stakes are put up; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards, or due, or billiards, or a tenpin alley. The man who bets on horses, or elections, on bat-tles, the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler.

whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money, or time, or skill, is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Bazars for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate cambling necessarily with any associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you pay for a glass of wine or one hundred you pay for a glass of wine or one nundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mu-tuals," or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest; for it professes to be-stow upon you a good for which you give

no equivalent.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their eapacity, not only in the underground syster-cellar or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack, and winks in the unsuspecting traveler-providing free drinks all around-but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings, This sin works ruln, first, by providing an unhealthy stimulant. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right; it is heathful; it is inspiring; it is a desire Godgiven.

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property, sits at the hazard tables, and takes up in a dice-box the estate won by a father's lifetime sweat, and shakes it and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim, kicking him out, a slavering fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's blecough, stagger-ing up the street, where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only dis-cover it by the greed in his eyes, the hard-ness of his features, the nervous restless-ness, the threadbare coat, and his embar-

rassed business. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within; and though you bind him with cables, they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times around with chains, they would snap like rusted wire; and though you piled up in his path heaven high Bibles trusts and say. path heaven-high Bibles, tracts and ser-mons, and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the gamb-ler would leap like a roe over the rocks, on his way to perdition. "Aceldama, the field

Notice, also, the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthfamilies, until the wife sat in rags and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices, or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. lost all charms for the gambier. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's de-votion to the gambler! How drearly the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster, fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keer back the gamester. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and all endearments are consumed in the fire of his passion. family Bible will go after all other treas-ures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hands he would cry: "Here goes; one more game, my boys. On this one throw I stake my crown of heaven.

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company, he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up, just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower, and eyes fissh, until now they who win and they who lose, fired allke with passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clenched fists, and eyes like fireballs that seem starting from their sockets, to see the boal turn before it comes; if losing, pale was envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths east back red-hot upon the heart—or winning—with hysteric augh—"Ha! ha! I haveit!"

A few years have passed, and he is only the wreck of a man. Scating himself at the game, ere he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife—the mar-riage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and, stag-gering back in exhaustion, he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams flends with of fire and tongues of flames circle about him with joined hands, to dance and sing their orgies with heilish chorus, chanting: 'Hail, brother!" kissing his clammy fore-head until their louthsome locks, flowing with serpents, crawled into his bosom, and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life's blood, and, colling around his head, pinch it with chills and shudders unutter-

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade and every instant increases the momentum. Launch net upon this treacherous set. Split hulks strew the beach.
Everlasting storms howl up and down,
tossing unwary craft into the Hell-gate.
I speak of what I have seen with my own I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. To a gambler's death-bed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes, his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out for a moment and say: "There goes the old carcass—dead at last;" but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now info his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there, for the long, deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or egiantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a biasted heath. Visit it