

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS - CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Flatulency, Worms, Convulsions, Eruptions of the Skin, and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

HERMIT OF ANTRIM.

AN EDUCATED MAN'S SOLITARY EXISTENCE IN IRISH CAVES.

There is a Mystery about him, and no one can tell whence he came—His Food Consists of Potatoes Only, but He Cooks Them Before Eating.

There are portions of the north of Ireland where nature assumes a grand and wild aspect. On the coast of Antrim there is no armistice in the furious battle that, since the first ages of the terrestrial globe, was engaged between the waves and the rocks. Columns of basalt, like gigantic sentinels, stand on guard to resist the invasion of the ocean, and the profound excavations made under the granite rocks that protect this portion of the soil of La Verte Erin prove that the waves must have frequently made most vigorous onslaughts and only retired after they had mined a land which they could not conquer.

It is not difficult to imagine that this majestic and desolate site should have seduced one of the vanquished ones in life, one who had absolutely decided to separate himself from the society of man. The real hermits are becoming more and more rare—indeed, it is believed that they had completely disappeared—but if a vocation for that singularly abandoned profession could still be felt by any one it might be in the presence of the marvellous spectacle of that sea whose waves never subside, of those grotesque whose pillars and vaults possess a power which the art of the architect can never equal. Nature herself seems to have created in those rocks a refuge for the shipwrecked, for the proscribed and perhaps also for those who despise the vanities of life.

About ten years ago a mysterious individual made his home in the grottoes of the coast of Antrim. The approach of any human being seemed to inspire him with an invincible repugnance. As soon as the cavern which he had selected for his refuge was discovered by the fishermen of the neighborhood he immediately disappeared and took up his quarters 20 or 30 kilometers farther up in another retreat which appeared more inaccessible. For a few months his domicile was in an old abandoned mine, the principal gallery of which advanced under the ground to the distance of about five kilometers, but as the inhabitants of the nearest village had long before carried away the beams that sustained the vault to convert them into firewood the hermit was obliged to quit that dangerous refuge, where he was constantly exposed to the danger of being buried alive. So he installed himself in a grotto, the access to which was more easily discovered, but it was less obscure, less humid and less liable to cave in. There he flattered himself that he would find at least some of the conditions of existence that belonged to the men of the caverns. But it was in vain that he hoped to return to the life of the first ages of prehistoric humanity. He was obliged to pay tribute to the exigencies of civilization and to manifest less repugnance for all contact with his fellow beings.

One day he found an empty barrel that the tempest had tossed upon the shore, and he could not resist the temptation of bringing it home to serve as a bed. Some indiscreet persons, taking advantage of his absence to visit his apartments, discovered that he had a pot for cooking his food. Where did that cooking utensil come from? Was it also a piece of wreckage rolled up upon the sand by the furious waves, or was it the last remnant of a life carried away by the anchorite who, while endeavoring to return to the conditions of existence that belonged to prehistoric times, could not abandon the habit of cooking his food?

That is a question which has never been answered, and it is also impossible to find out where he gets the potatoes upon which he lives. Did they come from the discreet charity of the poor fishermen of the neighborhood, who at the proper time renewed his provisions, or in separating himself from the world did he make arrangements for the transportation of his modest provisions? That is also a mystery which has never been fathomed. One point, however, is certain, and that is that the hermit determined to live upon potatoes alone. One day a sailor offered him half of his dinner. The hermit pretended to be glad to accept the gift, but he never touched the food. In the absence of the kind hearted sailor he tossed it into the sea. Apparently he also vowed that he would never enter a house and never touch a piece of money. He kept his resolutions. Nothing could ever induce him to cross the threshold of any one of the little houses of the fishermen, who began to have a sort of affection for him, and never once was he known to beg. The only liberality that he would accept and that he solicited from the munificence of strangers was a match to light the firewood gathered for cooking his potatoes.

The Rev. J. H. Bernard endeavored to lift the veil that hid the origin and antecedents of this mysterious personage. The man of the caverns of Antrim endeavors in vain to live the life of a savage. It has been recognized by more than one sign that he has received a good education. From time to time he reads to the fishermen some passages from the Bible, but he never comments upon them. There is no evidence going to prove that the man has any particular form of insanity beyond, perhaps, the harmless one of the love of solitude. He is always clean and neat in appearance and seems to be sound and vigorous in body. He speaks with no accent, so that it is impossible to fix the locality from which he came. He seldom smiles, but he doesn't look sad. On the contrary, he has a resigned and perfectly satisfied look. Who he is and why in the world he lives such an extraordinary life nobody can tell.—London Figaro.

HUMOR AND ITS USES.

It is the Sunshine of the World, but May Be Overworked.

"Humor is the very sunshine of the world," writes Carrie E. Garrett in *The Woman's Home Companion*. "Hardly any other single gift will go so far to refresh and inspire one in everyday life and keep the heart still young. It steals merrily across the workaday world, animating the dreariest monotony and finding place in the most hopeless destiny. Such a gay traveling companion is humor for the pill-grinding of life."

"The woman with a sense of humor has a safeguard against ennui, against folly and against despair. She can never be dull so long as the comedy of life is being played before her eyes. With a keen sense of the ridiculous she is not likely to 'make a fool of herself,' and she will never be hopelessly unhappy, for she will find in the most adverse fate something still to laugh at, and after all laughter is your true alchemist. However it may be with the unusual person, surely the surly individual who cannot laugh spontaneously on occasions is 'fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.'"

"But this blessed gift of humor should be used to lift the shadows of life, not to deepen them. A joke which causes another a pang of humiliation is not only a cruel sort of amusement, but it is also a very expensive indulgence. For just a moment's gratification at having made a 'hit' the 'funny woman' may forever lose a friend and may even arouse a very genuine spirit of enmity. We learn to forgive and mayhap forget many injuries in life's troubled journey, but perhaps among the wounds that rankle longest in the human heart are those which are made 'only in fun.'"

Hurt No One and No One Hurt Him.

At the battle of Chickamauga I saw a fellow shooting straight up in the air and praying as lustily as ever one of Cromwell's roundheads prayed.

The Presbyterians of 1646 prayed loud and sang hymns in battle, but they shot straight at the cavaliers every time. This fellow was blazing away at the sky, and when Lieutenant Killingworth remonstrated with him about it he paid no attention to him whatever. Captain Joe Billingsley threatened to cut him down with his sword if he didn't shoot at the enemy, for the woods in front were full of them. He merely remarked to the captain, "You can kill me if you want to, but I am not going to appear before my God with the blood of my fellow man on my soul."

He never flinched, but stood squarely up, exposed to every volley of the enemy's fire. When the sun set on the evening of Sept. 18, 1863, Captain J. C. Billingsley and Lieutenant Allen Killingworth both lay dead on the battlefield of Chickamauga, and Billingsley went through without a scratch.—Cor. Galveston News.

The Missouri supreme court declared that the law against opium smoking and opium joints is unconstitutional, because it interferes with the right of men to smoke whatever they choose.

Every seventh person in the United Kingdom is a Londoner.

HAIR HUMORS

Citicura

Tobing, Irritated, scaly, crusted Scalp, dry, itchy, and falling Hair, cleansed, purified, and beautified with warm shampoo with Citicura Soap, and occasional dressings of Citicura, purges of emollients, the greatest skin cure.

SKINS ON FIRE with itching instantly relieved by Citicura Soap.

Wholesale Prices Current.

The following quotations represent Wholesale Prices generally. In making up small orders higher prices have to be charged.

HAMS— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Sugar Cured,	10	@	12
	North Carolina,	9	@	10
SHOULDERS— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Sugar Cured,	7	@	8
	English Cured,	8	@	9
	Richmond,	8	@	9
PORK— $\frac{1}{2}$ barrel—	New Heavy Mess.,	6	@	50
	Short cut,	6	@	50
DRY SALTED MEAT—	Bellies,	7	@	8
	Short backs $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	5	@	6
LARD— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Best Refined,	6	@	6
	North Carolina,	7	@	7
	Compound,	5	@	6
SALT, $\frac{1}{2}$ sack—	Liverpool,	55	@	60
	American,	55	@	60
BUTTER— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Best Elgin,	20	@	25
	Good,	18	@	20
FLOUR— $\frac{1}{2}$ barrel—	Extra,	4	@	50
	Straight,	5	@	50
	Fancy Straight,	5	@	50
	Full Patent,	5	@	50
	Best Fancy Patent,	5	@	50
COFFEE— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Roasted,	17	@	27
	Green,	10	@	20
SUGAR, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.—Gram.	Standard A,	6	@	50
	Standard B,	5	@	50
	White C,	5	@	50
	Yellow,	4	@	40
GRAIN— $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel—	Old Corn,	45	@	60
	New Corn,	38	@	40
	Oats,	27	@	30
	Cow Peas,	60	@	60
	Peanuts,	80	@	1 00
EGGS $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen,		12	@	60
POULTRY— $\frac{1}{2}$ pair—	Chickens, young,	20	@	25
	Chickens, old,	35	@	40
FRESH MEAT—	Beef $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	4	@	5
	Pork $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	5	@	6
	BEEF, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	5	@	6
	TALLOW, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	6	@	6
	POTATOES— $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel—			
	Norton Yams,	40	@	50
	Bahamas,	20	@	25

LEGAL NOTICES.

Sheriff's Sale.

James H. Long, Judgment for vs. Samuel Parsons) Lien.

By virtue of an execution from the Superior court of Craven county, in favor of James H. Long and against Samuel Parsons, I will sell for cash at the court house door in the city of New Bern, on Monday, November 23rd, 1897, at 12 o'clock, m., or as soon thereafter as court shall take recess, the following described real estate, to satisfy the said execution: A certain tract or lot of land situated in the county of Craven and State of North Carolina, on west side of Oak St., in the city of New Bern. Beginning at the north east corner of the lot owned by Elias Mitchell, running northward along Oak St. fifty two feet to the lot owned by Leinster Duffy, thence westwardly along Leinster Duffy's line to the lot owned by Isaac Willis one hundred and four feet, thence southward along said Isaac Willis' line fifty two feet to the north-west corner of the lot owned by Elias Mitchell, thence eastwardly along said Mitchell's line to one hundred and four feet to the beginning. Known as lot No. 116 in the plan of the city of New Bern being the same lot conveyed by deed of Leinster Duffy to Mary A. Slight, bearing date of December 1st, 1883, recorded in book 112, folios 234 and 235 in the office of the register of deeds of Craven county.

JOSEPH L. HAIN,
Sheriff Craven County.

NORTH CAROLINA Superior Court, Pamlico County, Fall Term, 1897.

C. E. Brice, Plaintiff, vs. The Mt. Airy Manufacturing Company, Order of Publication.

The defendants will take notice that the plaintiff has instituted an action in the Superior court of Pamlico county for damages on a breach of contract, notice is hereby given to the defendants to appear at the next term of the Superior court of said county to be held at Bayboro on the 11th Monday after the 1st Monday in September, 1897, and answer or demur to the complaint which will be filed in the office of the clerk of the said Superior court, or plaintiff will take judgment according to the prayer of relief in the complaint.

Witness my hand and official seal, this September 4th, 1897.

FESTUS MILLER,
C. S. C.

Notice of Sale.

Holland Smith, Administratrix of D. W. Smith, deceased, vs. Nellie Smith and Emma Smith.

In the Superior Court before the clerk.

By virtue of an order of the clerk of the Superior court of Craven county, in the special proceeding entitled as above now pending in said Superior court, the undersigned administratrix will sell for cash, to make assets, at the court house door in the city of New Bern, Craven county, N. C., at 12 o'clock, noon, on Monday, the 29th day of November, 1897, at the order of the clerk of the Fall Term of the Superior court of said county, to the highest bidder for cash, the right, title and interest of D. W. Smith, deceased, in a certain piece or parcel of land situated in said Craven county, on the north side of Swift creek and bounded by the lands of Peter Willis, Noah Jackson, Marion Bryan, W. H. Ellevin and others, containing eighty (80) acres more or less, being the lands conveyed to the said D. W. Smith, by deed registered in the office of register of deeds of Craven county in book 82, pages 471 and 472 to which reference is made together with improvements thereon, subject to right of dower and dower interest of the widow of said lands.

HOLLAND SMITH,
Administratrix.

Receivers Notice!

The undersigned having been duly appointed Receivers of the Stinson Lumber Company and under the order of appointment being required to notify all creditors to file their claims with us as such receivers; Therefore: All persons holding any claims or demands of any nature or kind are notified to present the same to the undersigned Receivers on or before the first day of the next term of the Superior court of Craven county, to be held on the 29th day of November, 1897, to the end that such orders may be made in respect to the same as the court may direct; And all sums due the Stinson Lumber Company must be paid to us.

P. H. PELLETIER, Receivers.
F. C. GOODWIN, Receivers.
New Bern, N. C., Sept. 16th, 1897.

Land Sale.

Pursuant to a judgment of the Superior court of Craven county in the action wherein Mary L. Taylor is plaintiff and B. J. Smith and others are defendants, I, as commissioner of court, will on Tuesday, Nov. 30th, 1897, at the court house door in New Bern at the hour of 12 o'clock M., or as soon as court shall take a recess, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following lands situated in Craven county: 1 tract of 100 acres on the west side of Nense river and 1 tract of about 600 acres on the East side of Nense river known as the Spicer land place, including all the lands conveyed by Spicer Lane to Thompson G. Lane as set out in the complaint in said action, except those parts conveyed to Christopher Dudley, E. H. Anderson and F. H. Gaskins.

W. D. McIVER,
Commissioner.

City Lot and Personal Property FOR SALE!

As Executor of John A. Jones, I will sell at public auction at the Court House of Craven County, North Carolina, in New Bern, on Monday, the 6th day of December, 1897, at 12 o'clock, midday, that lot or parcel of land situated in New Bern, N. C., bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the north-east corner of Pollock street and Moonshine Alley, running east with Moonshine Alley to Sam Hilton's lot, then with said Hilton's line in a northerly direction two hundred and fourteen feet, six inches, then westerly to Moonshine Alley, then with said Moonshine Alley to the place of beginning, being the same land conveyed to said John A. Jones by J. O. Gardner and wife by deed registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Craven County, N. C., in book 85, pages 253 and 256.

Also Two Stores and a lot of Tools.

ROBERT G. MOSELEY,
Executor of John A. Jones.
Nov. 30th, 1896.

-STEAMERS-

EASTERN CAROLINA DISPATCH LINE, AND Old Dominion Steamship Co.

FREIGHT & PASSENGER.

For All Points North.

The Steamer NEUSE will leave on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 6 p. m., sharp. Making no stops between New Bern to Elizabeth City.

The Steamer NEWBERNE will sail on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 o'clock, noon, making landings at Oriental, Ocracoke and Roanoke Island.

Freight received not later than one hour previous to sailing.

For further information apply to GEO. HENDERSON, Agt., M. K. KING, Gen. Mgr., H. C. HODGINS, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Norfolk, Va.
New Bern, N. C., Sept. 18, 1897.

Southern - Railway.

Schedule Effective May 2, 1897.

This condensed Schedule is published as information only and is subject to change without notice to the public.

GREENSBORO, RALEIGH, GOLDSBORO AND NORFOLK.

No. 12. Daily.	No. 26. Daily.	No. 30. Daily.	Eastern Time.	No. 35. Daily.	No. 15. Daily.	No. 11. Daily.
1:50 a.m.	9:50 a.m.	12:10 p.m.	Greensboro	11:55 a.m.	6:35 p.m.	6:55 a.m.
2:40 a.m.	10:40 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	Kilbo College	11:20 a.m.	6:05 p.m.	6:15 a.m.
3:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	1:50 p.m.	Burlington	11:10 a.m.	5:50 p.m.	5:55 a.m.
4:20 a.m.	12:20 p.m.	2:40 p.m.	Graham	11:00 a.m.	5:45 p.m.	5:40 a.m.
5:10 a.m.	1:10 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	Haw River	10:50 a.m.	5:35 p.m.	5:25 a.m.
6:00 a.m.	2:00 p.m.	4:20 p.m.	Hobbes	10:45 a.m.	5:25 p.m.	5:15 a.m.
6:50 a.m.	2:50 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	Lincolnton	10:35 a.m.	5:15 p.m.	5:05 a.m.
7:40 a.m.	3:40 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	University	10:25 a.m.	5:05 p.m.	4:55 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	4:30 p.m.	6:50 p.m.	Durham	10:15 a.m.	4:55 p.m.	4:45 a.m.
9:20 a.m.	5:20 p.m.	7:40 p.m.	Morehead	10:05 a.m.	4:45 p.m.	4:35 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	6:10 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	Cary	9:55 a.m.	4:35 p.m.	4:25 a.m.
11:00 a.m.	7:00 p.m.	9:20 p.m.	Halifax	9:45 a.m.	4:25 p.m.	4:15 a.m.
No. 42. Ex. Sun.						No. 41. Ex. Sun.
9:00 a.m.	12:00 p.m.	3:31 p.m.	Raleigh	8:27 a.m.	1:34 p.m.	9:00 p.m.
10:15 a.m.	1:15 p.m.	4:45 p.m.	Aurora	8:15 a.m.	1:22 p.m.	8:20 p.m.
11:30 a.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:11 p.m.	Clayton	8:05 a.m.	1:10 p.m.	7:13 p.m.
			Selma	7:49 a.m.	2:20 p.m.	6:05 p.m.
			Norfolk		9:2 a.m.	
12:40 p.m.	3:40 p.m.	7:29 p.m.	Princeton	7:35 a.m.	2:00 p.m.	5:30 p.m.
1:50 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	8:39 p.m.	Southern	7:10 a.m.	1:30 p.m.	4:55 p.m.

No. 11 and 12 carry Pullman Sleeping Cars between Greensboro and Raleigh.

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There are portions of the north of Ireland where nature assumes a grand and wild aspect. On the coast of Antrim there is no armistice in the furious battle that, since the first ages of the terrestrial globe, was engaged between the waves and the rocks. Columns of basalt, like gigantic sentinels, stand on guard to resist the invasion of the ocean, and the profound excavations made under the granite rocks that protect this portion of the soil of La Verte Erin prove that the waves must have frequently made most vigorous onslaughts and only retired after they had mined a land which they could not conquer.

It is not difficult to imagine that this majestic and desolate site should have seduced one of the vanquished ones in life, one who had absolutely decided to separate himself from the society of man. The real hermits are becoming more and more rare—indeed, it is believed that they had completely disappeared—but if a vocation for that singularly abandoned profession could still be felt by any one it might be in the presence of the marvellous spectacle of that sea whose waves never subside, of those grotesque whose pillars and vaults possess a power which the art of the architect can never equal. Nature herself seems to have created in those rocks a refuge for the shipwrecked, for the proscribed and perhaps also for those who despise the vanities of life.

About ten years ago a mysterious individual made his home in the grottoes of the coast of Antrim. The approach of any human being seemed to inspire him with an invincible repugnance. As soon as the cavern which he had selected for his refuge was discovered by the fishermen of the neighborhood he immediately disappeared and took up his quarters 20 or 30 kilometers farther up in another retreat which appeared more inaccessible. For a few months his domicile was in an old abandoned mine, the principal gallery of which advanced under the ground to the distance of about five kilometers, but as the inhabitants of the nearest village had long before carried away the beams that sustained the vault to convert them into firewood the hermit was obliged to quit that dangerous refuge, where he was constantly exposed to the danger of being buried alive. So he installed himself in a grotto, the access to which was more easily discovered, but it was less obscure, less humid and less liable to cave in. There he flattered himself that he would find at least some of the conditions of existence that belonged to the men of the caverns. But it was in vain that he hoped to return to the life of the first ages of prehistoric humanity. He was obliged to pay tribute to the exigencies of civilization and to manifest less repugnance for all contact with his fellow beings.

One day he found an empty barrel that the tempest had tossed upon the shore, and he could not resist the temptation of bringing it home to serve as a bed. Some indiscreet persons, taking advantage of his absence to visit his apartments, discovered that he had a pot for cooking his food. Where did that cooking utensil come from? Was it also a piece of wreckage rolled up upon the sand by the furious waves, or was it the last remnant of a life carried away by the anchorite who, while endeavoring to return to the conditions of existence that belonged to prehistoric times, could not abandon the habit of cooking his food?

That is a question which has never been answered, and it is also impossible to find out where he gets the potatoes upon which he lives. Did they come from the discreet charity of the poor fishermen of the neighborhood, who at the proper time renewed his provisions, or in separating himself from the world did he make arrangements for the transportation of his modest provisions? That is also a mystery which has never been fathomed. One point, however, is certain, and that is that the hermit determined to live upon potatoes alone. One day a sailor offered him half of his dinner. The hermit pretended to be glad to accept the gift, but he never touched the food. In the absence of the kind hearted sailor he tossed it into the sea. Apparently he also vowed that he would never enter a house and never touch a piece of money. He kept his resolutions. Nothing could ever induce him to cross the threshold of any one of the little houses of the fishermen, who began to have a sort of affection for him, and never once was he known to beg. The only liberality that he would accept and that he solicited from the munificence of strangers was a match to light the firewood gathered for cooking his potatoes.

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One day he found an empty barrel that the tempest had tossed upon the shore, and he could not resist the temptation of bringing it home to serve as a bed. Some indiscreet persons, taking advantage of his absence to visit his apartments, discovered that he had a pot for cooking his food. Where did that cooking utensil come from? Was it also a piece of wreckage rolled up upon the sand by the furious waves, or was it the last remnant of a life carried away by the anchorite who, while endeavoring to return to the conditions of existence that belonged to prehistoric times, could not abandon the habit of cooking his food?

That is a question which has never been answered, and it is also impossible to find out where he gets the potatoes upon which he lives. Did they come from the discreet charity of the poor fishermen of the neighborhood, who at the proper time renewed his provisions, or in separating himself from the world did he make arrangements for the transportation of his modest provisions? That is also a mystery which has never been fathomed. One point, however, is certain, and that is that the hermit determined to live upon potatoes alone. One day a sailor offered him half of his dinner. The hermit pretended to be glad to accept the gift, but he never touched the food. In the absence of the kind hearted sailor he tossed it into the sea. Apparently he also vowed that he would never enter a house and never touch a piece of money. He kept his resolutions. Nothing could ever induce him to cross the threshold of any one of the little houses of the fishermen, who began to have a sort of affection for him, and never once was he known to beg. The only liberality that he would accept and that he solicited from the munificence of strangers was a match to light the firewood gathered for cooking his potatoes.

The Rev. J. H. Bernard endeavored to lift the veil that hid the origin and antecedents of this mysterious personage. The man of the caverns of Antrim endeavors in vain to live the life of a savage. It has been recognized by more than one sign that he has received a good education. From time to time he reads to the fishermen some passages from the Bible, but he never comments upon them. There is no evidence going to prove that the man has any particular form of insanity beyond, perhaps, the harmless one of the love of solitude. He is always clean and neat in appearance and seems to be sound and vigorous in body. He speaks with no accent, so that it is impossible to fix the locality from which he came. He seldom smiles, but he doesn't look sad. On the contrary, he has a resigned and perfectly satisfied look. Who he is and why in the world he lives such an extraordinary life nobody can tell.—London Figaro.

HAIR HUMORS

Citicura

Tobing, Irritated, scaly, crusted Scalp, dry, itchy, and falling Hair, cleansed, purified, and beautified with warm shampoo with Citicura Soap, and occasional dressings of Citicura, purges of emollients, the greatest skin cure.

SKINS ON FIRE with itching instantly relieved by Citicura Soap.

Wholesale Prices Current.

The following quotations represent Wholesale Prices generally. In making up small orders higher prices have to be charged.

HAMS— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Sugar Cured,	10	@	12
	North Carolina,	9	@	10
SHOULDERS— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Sugar Cured,	7	@	8
	English Cured,	8	@	9
	Richmond,	8	@	9
PORK— $\frac{1}{2}$ barrel—	New Heavy Mess.,	6	@	50
	Short cut,	6	@	50
DRY SALTED MEAT—	Bellies,	7	@	8
	Short backs $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	5	@	6
LARD— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Best Refined,	6	@	6
	North Carolina,	7	@	7
	Compound,	5	@	6
SALT, $\frac{1}{2}$ sack—	Liverpool,	55	@	60
	American,	55	@	60
BUTTER— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb—	Best Elgin, . .			