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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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On and after TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1891 until further notice, the Steamer **NEWBERNE**, Capt. Southgate, will sail from Norfolk, Va., for New Bern, N. C., direct, every Monday and Thursday, making close connection with the A. & N. C. S. S. Co. at New Bern and with the Steamers Kinston and Howard for Kinston, Trenton, and other landings on the Neuse and Trent Rivers.

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Order all goods care of O. D. S. S. Co., Norfolk, Va.

Passengers will find a good table, comfortable rooms, and every courtesy and attention will be paid them by the officers.

E. B. ROBERTS, Agent,  
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The Pioneer Davis Sewing Machine, Can be had at the same place.

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**J. B. BROWN, BARBER SHOP.**

Neatly fitted up in the best of style. Bath rooms with hot and cold water.

BRICK BLOCK, MIDDLE ST.

**Sweetheart.**

The sun fades out of the purple west,  
The sleepy songsters have gone to rest,  
The dew is over the rose's breast,  
Dear love—good-by!

The shadows lengthen down the lane,  
The crickets whistle a shrill refrain,  
Sad night approaches with starry train,  
Dear love—good-by!

The cold stars twinkle in yon blue sky,  
So clear and silent, so vast and high,  
The moon's cloud chariot rolleth by,  
Sweetheart—farewell!

Day will dawn chill in the pallid morn,  
No roseate flushes the east adorn,  
So my days without thee will be all forlorn,  
Sweetheart—farewell!

O blue eyes, weave ye no sorrowful spell,  
O red lips, frame ye no sad farewell,  
O true heart, love's sweet story tell,  
Sweetheart—good-by!

Whisper with lips that are trembling, sweet,  
Vows that a lover would have you repeat,  
Then say farewell, for the hours are dect,  
Sweetheart—good-by!

—[Minnie Quinn, in the Independent.]

**JIM'S WAIF**

Down at Long Branch on a warm summer day, a young man was enjoying himself in the surf, together with two or three companions. They had all come down from New York on a little "lark." Jim swam remarkably well and delighted his friends and the company at large by some of his performances.

He was good-natured, too. He took out several girls he knew and helped them to float, and so made himself very popular.

Among others who watched him from the beach was a poor woman with a baby. At last, as he brought one girl back whom he had been teaching to swim, she beckoned to him.

"Young man," said she, "could you not kindly take my little baby out and give her a dip in the surf? She is puffy and it would help her."

But Jim shook his head as he looked at the child.

"I'm afraid of babies," he said.

"Never held one in my life. It might slip out of my hands and drown."

"No, I guess not," said the woman. "You can't hurt it, and the surf-bathing would help the little dear."

Jim hesitated, then he looked at the small, peaked face. "Give me the 'little dear,'" said he. "But don't you badge, for if the young one should squall, I am going to bring it back to you."

"It won't squall," said the woman. "It's not afeared."

The young man took the child cautiously, as though it was made of glass and might go to pieces in his hands; but it did not. Neither did it cry. So he waded off with it, grasping it tightly. At last he resolved to give it a gentle immersion. Far from being frightened, the baby seemed pleased, and even ventured on a mild laugh. Jim now returned to the beach and proffered it to its mother.

"The kid seemed pleased," he said. "It laughed."

"Poor dear," said the woman. "She has been very sick. Young gentleman, your bath has been a God-send to her. Now you see you can't hurt her, couldn't you give her another dip?"

After a little persuasion, Jim agreed and went off with the baby. This time he joined his companions, and amused himself with now dipping, now floating the child on his hand, after a time he wearied of this sport and returned to the beach to give the child to its mother. But she was nowhere to be found!

Horrified, the young fellow ran up and down the beach, un mindful of his scanty bathing suit, anxiously inquiring:

"Where's the mother of this child?"

Nobody knew. Then everyone began to make merry at his expense.

"Made you a present?" cried one.

"A handsome legacy," said another.

"Hello, Jim," cried his companions, who, seeing the commotion, had come ashore, "what's up?"

"The wretched woman has vanished."

"You were green, indeed, to take the brat," said they.

"I'll drop it very soon," said Jim, setting it down on the sand.

"No, you don't, either," said the policeman on duty. "This beach is not to be made a foundling hospital."

"But I don't want this baby," remonstrated Jim.

"Can't help it. Take it up." And Jim was forced to obey. "You can take it back to town and carry it to some charitable institution," the official deigned to suggest.

"What could have become of the woman?" cried Jim, in wild despair. Nobody knew; no one had seen her walk away. Everybody thought it a fine joke, and everybody laughed—except the baby. Jim had taken it up a little roughly, and it began to cry.

The young man looked about him, full of horror.

"Ladies," cried he, approaching a group of women. "For God's sake, ladies, take this thing! I can't do anything with it!"

But the ladies, with one consent, refused. "No, indeed, they would not touch it!"

Wildly the young man ran up and down the beach. The strange woman was nowhere to be seen.

"Come, Jim," cried his companions. "Time we were dressing to go back to town."

"Certainly, but what am I to do with this — this — thing — while I dress?"

"I know," cried one kind friend. "We'll leave it at the dressing-room after you have dressed."

Jim eagerly agreed to this, but the man in charge blocked that little game.

"Say, sir," said Jim, "I'll just leave this little one out here while I go in and dress."

"No, you won't, either," said the man. "You take it in with you."

Jim set the screaming child down on the floor while he made his toilet. He tore his wet hair with rage.

"Hush, you brat!" but it yelled the louder. "Oh, my goodness! This is dreadful!"

"Jim!" cried his friends from the next room. "Can't you make it hush? Muffle it in a wet towel."

"I wish to goodness I did know how they do stop them up! Deuce take that woman! Where are my shoes! Get off my shoes!" — to the helpless baby. He pulled out the shoes and rolled it on its side. "There now! It's fallen on my coat!"

He continued to hunt up the different articles of attire on which the baby seemed to have a special faculty of falling, while it screamed so that it made his ears ring and his head ache.

"I declare this thing is enough to make one mad!"

At last he was dressed and sauntered out.

"Go back and get that child," said the dressing-room keeper.

"I won't," said Jim. "I'm not going to lug it to town."

"You shan't leave it here. I'll call a policeman and have you arrested if you don't take it right up and get away from here."

Remembering his late encounter with that official, Jim angrily obeyed.

When they learned that he had to take it with him to town his companions all forsook him and fled.

In its dripping state the little creature was most detrimental to his good clothes. The angry Jim tried to hold it at arm's length, and so nearly let it fall. And thus he elicited a running fire of comment from the bystanders.

"You'll kill that child fooling with it that way," said one.

"Ugh! The brute!" cried another.

"The poor innocent!" as the baby began to cry aches.

"It's all very well for you to talk that way," retorted the angry Jim, "but none of you would do any better in my place."

"Sure, I doubt if they would do as well, the spalpeens," cried an old Irish woman. "Sure, the crayther is cow! Here, I'll give you me ould shawl!" and removing a faded article of apparel from her ample person, she proceeded to wrap the waif in it.

"Couldn't you just take it to town with you," suggested Jim. "You have so much more experience in the handling of this sort of article than I have."

"No, indade! Niver a bit will I fetch it! Git away from here, you young spalpeen!"

She shook her fist at him, and Jim retreated.

No sooner was he on the boat than Jim deposited his charge on a sofa in the cabin, and hid himself in a remote part of the steamer. But one of the boat officials soon hunted him up.

"It's not my baby," cried the badgered Jim.

"How not yours, when you brought it on the boat?"

I—it's—

"Don't sit me. Go this instant and get it, or I'll have you arrested when we reach town."

The wretched Jim was forced to obey, and resume his hated load amid the jeers and jokes of the passengers who had been his fellow bathers on the beach.

By this time the enraged baby had become unmanageable. It screamed with rage and refusing to sit down it stiffened itself so that it slid off his knee. The wretched young man was ready by this time to throw it overboard.

"Ladies," said he, turning to a group of females near him, "for God's sake take this child and make it hush, for I can't."

"Sit!" cried one, haughtily; and the others answered with a stony stare.

Turning from this stiff upper crust, he appealed to a motherly-looking Irish woman.

"Faith au' be jabbers, no," she answered promptly. "Don't play off your tricks on me, young man!"

While Jim had been about on this begging tour some one had appropriated his seat, so he now paraded disconsolately about, every one whom he approached shunning or jeering him.

Suddenly some one touched his arm and turning he saw a young lady in deep mourning.

"Here, let me hold your baby for you," said she.

"O, thank you, madam. God bless you," cried the wretched Jim. She made room for him on the seat beside her.

"Mind, Gertrude," said a lady on the other side of her, "he may run off and leave you in the lurch."

"No, I expect not," said the lady, half smiling. She took the hapless baby, and as she set it on her lap, to Jim's astonishment it ceased crying.

"Poor little creature!" said she, wiping its tear-stained face with her handkerchief. Then she tried to straighten out its clothes. "Why, it's wringing wet!"

Jim hurriedly explained the situation.

"How shameful! I heard those men laughing about it," motioning toward a group watching them.

"Yes, the wretches! I feel like fighting the whole lot."

"This child is hungry," and opening her lunch basket the lady took out a piece of soft bread and fed it to the baby with the remainder of a bottle of cold tea.

Thus comforted, the waif began to look about, and his joy was complete when its benefactress gave it a tickle on the nose with getting Jim to scrape it clean with his pocket knife. In its rapture it began to coo, and its new friend replied to its remarks in baby talk.

"You certainly know all about babies," said the delighted Jim.

"I've lost mine, and the remembrance of my darling makes my heart go out to all other babies," she said.

"O!" cried Jim, eagerly, "when wouldn't you like to take this one?"

"No, indeed!" cried she, pushing it off. "No one can ever take my Annie's place!"

"No, to be sure, madam," said the young man, hastily. "Of course not; it was brutal of me to suggest it. But please help me with this one till we get to town."

When the boat landed at the wharf the baby was fast asleep. Wrapping it well in the old shawl, she laid it in his arms. He held it gingerly and then took his way over the gangway to the elevated road.

After some thought, he determined to go home and let his mother arrange with some charitable institute for its reception the next day.

The horror of his parents when the young man came on them with his strange burden language fails to depict.

"Poor boy," cried his mother as he hurriedly told his tale.

"Well, who would have thought you such a fool!" said his father.

"Don't speak of it!" said Jim, "but this is a lesson to me. I'll never touch another baby as long as I live."

"Come, come," cried his mother, "make no rash promises."

She now took the waif in hand and fixed it off comfortably for the night. The next day a rich and childless friend, calling and hearing the story, determined to adopt the baby. She has done a good part by it.

This was years ago. The waif is now a tall girl in her teens and very pretty. Jim is still unmarried, is still called a young man. And he now takes a lively interest in the waif.

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

**Just What a Toddy Blossom Is.**

The toddy blossom on the nose has been for years an affliction to the amateur inebriate. Usually he is interested as to the philosophy of the symptom. It is very simple. The skin that covers the nose is very full of little blood vessels, highly vascular as we say. Alcohol weakens the nerves which control the circulation of the blood. Thus an accumulation of blood at the end of the nasal organ closes up the mouth of one of the little sweat glands which are found all over the body, so the perspiration fails to escape from the pore that is ordinarily open. It forms a clot, and nature seeks to remove the clot by inflammation. That makes a toddy blossom. Long continued indulgence in an excess of alcohol occasions a general clotting of the sweat glands, which results in a swelling of the nose, so that a man's proboscis may eventually assume the appearance of a sweetbread, through fatty enlargement of the degenerated tissue. This is the final stage.

**A Model of Neatness.**

"Noodles is certainly the neatest fellow I ever knew about his personal habits," said Snoopkins at the Platypus Club one afternoon.

"How so?"

One of the other men in the group about the little table at the east front window put the query and Snoopkins replied:

"Well, I mean that Noodles is an orderly in his ways. You know very few men have any notion of putting things away. But he really has.

"Such things as what?"

"Why, clothes. At all events, I was thinking of them in particular. I have roomed with a good many fellows in my time, but of all of them Noodles is the most careful man as to the manner in which he puts his things away when he goes to bed."

"How does he do it, dear boy?"

"Well, you know the average man when he undresses walks around the room and throws his coat in one corner, his trousers in another, his necktie and collar in one place, and so on, distributing his garments without regard to order. But with Noodles it is different. He permebrates the bedroom as he disrobes, also, but he checks his things in a pile in the same spot. No matter where he takes off a garment he waits until he gets around to the same corner again before he deposits it. That's what I call neatness. Don't you?"

**Three Lanterns.**

A somewhat vexatious law in China compels every doctor, after dark, to hang up in front of his house as many lighted lamps as he has sent patients into the next world. One evening a European, who was staying in Peking on business, set out in search of a doctor for his wife, who had been suddenly taken ill. He called at the houses of a good many, but was deterred by the large number of lamps exhibited before each.

At length, after tramping about for several hours, he came to the house of a doctor, where only three lamps shed a melancholy light over the entrance. Our happy European dashed into the house of this excellent man, wakened him, and took him off to his lodgings.

"I presume you are the best practitioner in this city," he remarked to his companion as they went along.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you have only three lanterns hung over your door, while your colleagues have dozens displayed on their house fronts."

"Ah, is that the reason?" calmly asked the doctor. "The fact is, I only lately set up in practice, and have had but three patients."

**A Suggestion.**

The most severe rebuke I ever got from the Bench, said an American lawyer, was from one of those typical Western judges who had determined that it was time to introduce a little more of the formality of the East in court than he had formerly insisted on. It was my first case in court, any way.

I had gone out there about as green as they make them, and had purchased a half interest in the practice of a sharp lawyer, who immediately retired from practice in that town and made me a present of the remainder of his business when he felt my money safe in his pocket. So I was thrown on my own resources, and was soon floundering so deep in legal quagmires that the judge felt called on to interpose. A few months before he would probably have poured out some choice abuse on my head, and would have offered to fight me if I did not like it. But now he was standing on formality.

"Young man," he said impressively, "the best thing you can do for yourself and for your client will be to lure a lawyer."

I did so.

**In Its Concentrated Form.**

"Doctor," said the tired looking caller, "I believe a trial of Doctor Koeh's lymph would do me good."

"Your lymph, sir," replied the physician, "are perfectly sound. You need no consumption cure."

"But I have a tired feeling all the time."

"A kind of indisposition to take any active exercise?"

"Yes."

"Or any other kind of exercise?"

"Yes."

"Or to do anything like work?"

"Um-yes."

"What you most need, sir, is the lymph of industry."

"I believe you are right, doctor," said the caller, rising languidly. "I'll live on honey for the next thirty days and see how it goes."

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must maintain and forge yourself one.

**That Tired Feeling**

Prevails with its most enervating and discouraging effect in spring and early summer, when the tonic effect of the cold air is gone and the days grow warmer. Hood's Sarsaparilla speedily overcomes "that tired feeling," whether caused by change of climate, season of life, by overwork or illness, and imparts that feeling of strength and self-confidence which is comforting and satisfying. It also cures sick headache, biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

—100 Doses One Dollar



**BASE BALL,**

**Pains and Aches**

—AND—

**THE BEST REMEDY**

ARE INSEPARABLE.

FOR THE PROMPT, SURE CURE OF

**Sprains, Bruises, Hurts,**

**Cuts, Wounds, Backache,**

**RHEUMATISM,**

**ST. JACOBS OIL**

HAS NO EQUAL.

Mr. Father.

The faith of little children in their fathers and mothers is one of the most beautiful things in the world, but its manifestations sometimes provoke an involuntary smile. A Broadway car ran into the rear end of an express wagon with such force as to tip it completely over. A little girl about six years old was on the seat with the driver.

The man was pitched head first upon the sidewalk, but landed on his hands and knees, and received only a few slight bruises. The child, who clung to the seat, fell underneath the wagon, fortunately the high seat prevented the weight of the trunk from falling on her, and she was drawn from under the wagon box unharmed.

One of the bystanders as he stopped to brush her dress, asked if she was hurt.

"Oh, no," said the little girl, "my papa wouldn't let me get hurt."

**A Strange Career.**

A Jack-of-all-trades has just been discharged with a caution from a French police court. He was well educated, and took his bachelor's degree; then he posed as usher; after that he entered a toy manufactory and earned a bare subsistence by polishing the heads of dolls; a velocipede-housin turned secured his services as instructor, until the peregrinary attractiveness of a sand-wich man's life attracted him to a new course. Fortune still hid her face, but Auguste Leroux persevered, and, thanks to a fresh complexion and a face innocent of hair, he secured the position of nurse in a very respectable family. Here at length he, or rather she, for he was known as Augustine, prospered till a too charming lady's maid tempted him to the disclosure of his passion and simultaneously of his real character.

**Red Cotton.**

For two years or more considerable publicity has been given to and no little interest excited by the discovery of red cotton and the efforts to perpetuate its growth. According to the latest report the several attempts have been successful in the main. A planter in Alpharetta, Ga., has an acre of cotton, every stalk of which is said to be of a deep red color, leaf, ball and bloom. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stalks of red cotton found in a cotton field. If this variety can be perpetuated it will likely mean a fortune to the successful planter.

**"German Syrup"**

Martinsville, N. J., Methodist Parsonage.

"My acquaintance with your remedy, Boeschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness, and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boeschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M. E. Conference, April 25, '90.

**LEWIS' 98 % LYE**

Powdered and Perfumed.

(PATENTED)

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