NYE HELD HER HAND

Bill Nye Tells of Some Boarders He Has Kept in His Time.

MAN WITH THE GOITRE

Some Went There for Their Health, and Some, Alas! Reached There Too Late.

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BEAR SHOALS, N. C., July.

It is summer time in my mountain home, where the john pine, and the turnip tree, and the sourwood, and the curly poplar, and the beard, and the white oak, and the john oak, and the red oak, and the black oak, and the post oak, and the swamp oak, and the live oak, and the dead oak, and the blue gum, and the red

"TUT, TUT, WOMAN!"

gum, and the black gum sway to and fro in the clear and beautiful haze. Here and there the sweet potato vine sprawls over the red and auburn soil or the watermelon hurries rapidly along to overtake the swift growing vine to which it belongs.

In my vegetable garden I see the tall, graceful growth of the asparagus, which I should have eaten while it was young, but a man told me here that asparagus was often destroyed by using the tender shoots. He advised me to wait until the plants should be in full bearing. I have done so, but with ill success. The fruit is small and still green. I hardly think there will be enough for a mess.

My radishes are very large now, but on biting into them I find them filled with a keen, searching wind, while the radish itself is poor, and our guests refuse them. Our white Swedish turnips also are slow, and those we have tasted remind me of carpet warp boiled with boneset. They are bitter, fibrous, and altogether we have lost two boarders on that account.

Mrs. Tripp, who is spending the summer here to cure her little son of the Lazarus difficulty, says that she cannot promise to come next year if we continue to live on fresh vegetables grown on the place.

"Why not?" I ejaculated. "That's the reason you came."

"Never mind," she retorted. "I never thought that such things could be made as you seem to raise on your place."

"Tut, tut, woman!" I exclaimed, rising to my full height. "I plant these things, but the All Seeing Hand causes them to grow. Do not revile me or try to cut down your board because a power that is unseen and beyond the knowledge of man sees fit to fill our radishes with oxygen."

I hate to board people who come from a small town. They are the worst. They keep telling me that at home they keep a carriage and don't get up till 9 o'clock. They came from Rossville, Richmond county, and register from New York. Their children at table eat like the Piute Indians.

We had one lady last year from Elizabeth, N. J. She claimed to be a New York lady and came here to cure a goitre. She claimed that it was a royal goitre handed down to her from Henry VIII. I suppose that it was handed down by means of a clothesline or something, so as not to stun her.

I hate to speak of people's peculiarities, but this goitre was the main thing, and she was only associated with it in some slight way, so I speak of it fully. The trio would come down to breakfast together and tell about New York till I got worn out waiting for a chance to tell about a fibrous tumor I had once, but she was here all summer and went home in September, and my fibrous tumor never got the speaker's eye for an instant.

She took the top off the milk at first, so we got to passing it around the other way. Her name was Mudge—Mrs. Mudge of Elizabeth, N. J., U. S. A. She said she came to our house because she wanted to be in a literary atmosphere, so we gave her the room where I keep my Congressional Records. She slept there all summer—she and her Henry VIII goitre. I liked to draw her out regarding Henry and his peculiarities and peculiarities. She would shed tears if I spoke lightly of the monarch or his liaisons and turn the conversation to New York.

A suburban prig with a wen on its neck will not be taken at our house any more, no matter what be the price she pays for her board. Moreover, her little son ate a "loaded" watermelon from my patch the first day he was here, so I had to ride in the night for a doctor, and yet the boy lived to chase my cows over the lea in the summer tide and get their milk all hot up, so that his mother threatened to go and board elsewhere on account of the milk.

A man with phthisis also boarded with us two months and four days last summer. He did not mind Mrs. Mudge when he wanted to tell about his phthisis. He went right on, and so our breakfast was about as chatty as any meal we had. He coughed an $18 bedstead down, and I put it in his bill, and Mrs. Mudge thought it was inhuman. I told her to shut up or I'd stop her cracked wheat on her.

Boarders are hard to get along with, and as soon as I get my place here paid for and the other installment on my well I shall not take any more to board. Too many of them think that they suffer so much they ought not to pay for their board.

One elderly maiden lady could not sleep unless I held her hand. And she was plain too. She was trying this climate on her face, she said. I could not see that it did any good. She wanted to go to sleep just at the time I wanted to do my chores at the barn and bed down the team. Her complexion was the color of a soft shell turtle's stomach. Of course she was not to blame for that, but I should have made her board $2 per week higher. She was from Fishkill, but claimed to be a refined New York city belle. Once she wanted to tell me her history, but I told her that I had promised to wind the clock and go to bed by a quarter of 10. So I escaped.

One drawback about keeping boarders in a healthy resort of some notoriety is that more or less medical attendance is called for with the board. I can figure on the victuals, but I cannot calculate on the wear and tear in cases of heart disease five miles from a physician.

Once a casual acquaintance from Yonkers asked me by mail if I could take his uncle, who was needing a change and country air. I told him my rates for rooms and meals and a week later got up at 3 o'clock a. m. to go and meet him with the team. He failed to get his trunk, and so he wore my clothes mostly. In fact, he had them on when he he was overtaken in Georgia after he had escaped. He was a good old man, but had been crazy eight years. The Yonkers man thought the old chap would recover the moment he got into North Carolina, so he did not speak of the lunacy.

Some write me that my terms are satisfactory if I would provide them with saddle horses. I cannot do that. I have laid out a good deal in merry-go-rounds and seaside toboggans and am figuring on a tame bear, but saddle horses for people who cannot remain on top of the horse, together with a man to go out and gather in horses that have been deridered, reduces my pay to a mere bagatelle, and I have no special use for a bagatelle anyway.

Some of my boarders die in the house. This is not caused by poor food or neglect on my part, but many do not seek a health resort until they feel the waters of the dark river rising over their shoe tops. Then they go and die on the hands of some one who never did them any harm by word or deed. Is this fair? Is it just?

Many of them use more sugar on berries than is necessary. Others put butter on ginger cakes and ask for finger bowls for their little ones to sail their crackers in.

Others want watermelons for Christmas and snowbirds on toast for the Fourth of July. I hate such people and often threaten that I will let my well go on the mortgage rather than be knocked down and walked on like that.

I was born under the most favorable circumstances and date back as far as the eye can reach, and I would not be made a drudge of in this way by rude people if it were not for the fear that my well will be foreclosed at the depth of 103 feet.

This year my vegetables came in late. So did my cow. Now the boarders speak of our canned food in the meanest spirit that I ever saw. But let us change the subject.

I wish at this moment to speak a friendly word for a class who are so far removed from the aid of organized societies that they lead a sad life, even in the beautiful mountains of this region. Socially it is a blot upon a very picturesque and delightful country. I give the closing paragraph of a letter written to his paper by the special correspondent of The Aurora. It is not changed in any way except in the signature, and that I disguise in order to prevent trouble or misunderstanding.

Anything in a money way, no matter how small, may be sent to me, and those whose conditions are fatherless may drop in and receive a part of the money. Below is the letter:

On Saturday last at noon, after a tiresome walk, I reached the mountain gap which lets the traveler out of Golden valley down to the Cane creek section, where Mr. James Andrews dwells, near this gap, in a small cabin, lives Betty Stuart and her daughter Susie. Just three years ago I went through this gap on my first trip to Golden valley, and in that lonely home I found Susie, a fair blond maid of 13. Her mother had gone away that day on business, and Susie was the sole occupant of the home. She was dressed neatly and talked intelligently to the agent of The Aurora, expressing a desire to subscribe for the paper. I then sent in her name. When I reached that cottage again last Saturday, Susie Stuart was again found alone at home. Her mother had gone out hunting cattle on the mountain.

HOLDING HER HAND.

When she found out I was the Aurora agent who had sent her the paper, she said she had been reading it all the time and liked it very much. She soon prepared a good dinner, which your correspondent relished quite well. While mentioning kindnesses shown me by others, I will not neglect this favor done to me by Susie Stuart. She is a poor girl, and her condition is fatherless, but she says she tries to do the best she can. She cuts and makes her own dresses, which are neat and clean, adorns her home with mountain flowers and blooms almost unseen in her mountain retreat. There are many girls who deserve to be looked after and aided to gain a better lot in life. All Such can find a friend in

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Athens, Ga., is one of the most advanced cities, morally, in the state. During the past year the city council passed an ordinance "forbidding the appearance of any female on the stage in short skirts or tights."

It seems rather a rigid law, for sometimes a very good juvenile entertainment might be cut short by this ordinance. Think of little Eva in long dresses or dying with her boots on! Athens is a moral place, and in fancy we can see what a stride has been made there when the lady acrobat has to go through her tedious double somersaults and flying leaps in a trail.

Even the female elephant will have to drape herself or keep off the stage. "Canary birds and trained fleas," says The News and Courier, "will have to be careful." So will trained mice and dog shows. Possibly Athens means human females, but even then what of Little Eva dying in evening dress, with her trail hanging over the footboard, and Lawyer Marks in the wings weeping into the ear of his lady doubter, who is dressed in a Marie Antoinette basque, with probate court train on same.

Bill Nye

CHANGED HER MIND.

She Concluded She Did Not Want Him After All.

Ned—Then there is no hope for me?

Maud—No, Ned, I am afraid there is not. I think a great deal of you and shall always value your friendship, but I do not feel toward you in the way a girl should feel toward the man she marries. So we must say goodby, Ned.

Ned—Forever?

Maud—Yes, Ned, forever.

Ned (bitterly)—This is the second blow I have received today.

Maud—You don't mean to say that you have been proposing to any one else?

Ned—No, but I got a telegram this morning informing me of my uncle's death.

Maud—Oh, Ned, dear, I am so sorry. Did he—did he——

Ned—Yes, he died very suddenly.

Maud—I know, but has he——

Ned—No, I don't think he suffered much. You see he had not been ill very long.

Maud—No, of course, dear. But I was going to ask you if he—if he——

Ned—No, that is the worst of it. He was quite alone when he died. There was no time to send for any one.

Maud (impatiently)—That was terrible, wasn't it? (Suddenly) Did he leave any property?

Ned—Oh, yes; about half a million.

Maud—And how has he left it, Ned, dearest?

Ned—In New York real estate.

Maud (despairingly)—I mean to whom has he left it?

Ned—To whom? Oh, to me, of course.

Maud—You poor, dear fellow; you must feel awful over your uncle's death!

Ned—Yes, he was such a jolly old chap.

Maud—I feel so sorry for you, darling.

Ned—Do you really pity me?

Maud—Yes, dearest, from the bottom of my heart.

Ned—And pity is akin to——

Maud—Love. (Casts down her eyes and sighs.)

Ned—Your refusal of me coupled with this has completely broken me down.

Maud (after a pause)—Does my refusing you make you very unhappy?

Ned—Of course it does, because——

Maud (approaching him and putting her arms round his neck)—And—and—if I should accept you, my own darling, would it make you very, very happy indeed?

Ned—Yes, Maud, it would make me the happiest man on earth, and I'll tell you why. You see, my uncle was a woman hater, and he left me all this property on condition that I never married. I thought I would be able to show you how much I love you by sacrificing this paltry $500,000 and marrying you in the face of his miserable old will. Then you will be mine, darling?

Maud (after a longer pause)—As I was saying, Ned, I think a great deal of you, too much to allow you to make such a sacrifice for my sake, but I feel more than ever that there is something lacking. So, Ned (sadly, but firmly), it must be "goodby" forever.—Brooklyn Life.

Getting Even.

"Any letters here fur Absalom Jacobson?" asked the tall, loose jointed man with yellow hair and a tuft of faded whiskers on the extreme southern frontier of his pointed chin.

The village postmaster got up from his chair and looked through the J box.

"None," he replied.

"Any papers?"

The postmaster examined the contents of another pigeonhole.

"No papers for Jacobson."

"Letters 'r papers fur Alabena Dulseena Reeta Haycraft?"

"I don't think there are."

"Wisht ye'd look an see."

The postmaster looked through the H boxes.

"None."

"Anything fur Barker Eals?"

"No."

"Guess ye'd better look."

The official inspected the boxes again.

"Just as I told you. Nothing for Eals."

"Sime Polhemus?"

Another weary search through stuffed pigeonholes.

"Nothing for Polhemus."

The persistent man at the window kept it up till the postmaster had ascertained by personal investigation that there was neither letter nor paper in the office for Giles Ruggles, Emery Wheelhouse, Barney Stedman, Hickory Twyman, Nelson McPelt, Jarvis Kingsbury or Homer Bearce, and then made way reluctantly for an impatient agriculturist from the Bainbridge neighborhood who had been waiting five minutes and was becoming threatening and dangerous.

"What made you ask for all those folks' mail?" inquired an acquaint e as the man with the faded chin w' s stepped outside the building. "L y live out in your section?"

"No. They don't live anywhe I know of."

"Then what did you mean by making the postmaster go to all that trouble for nothing?"

"I've been askin fur mail at this awfus fur mighty near seven months an never got a blamed thing," replied the other, with a vindictive chuckle, "an I'm getting even with the guv'ment, b'gosh! That's all!"—Chicago Tribune.

Something in a Name.

An Englishman, traveling on the continent, engaged the services of a smart courier, and on arriving at an inn one evening he sent him for the traveler's register that he might enter his name in accordance with the Austrian police regulations. The man replied that he had anticipated his wishes and registered him as an "English gentleman of independent means."

"But how did you write my name?"

"I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from milord's portmanteau."

"But it is not there. Bring me the book."

What was our traveler's amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry: "Monsieur Warranted-soldleather."—Petit Lingeois.

A Day's Programme For Literary Men.

The London Hospital thinks the afternoon nap quite unnecessary and prescribes this regimen for literary workers: They should never go for more than eight hours a day. Early rising would be good for most of them. A cup of coffee and a piece of toast at half past 6 might be followed by an hour's work from 7 to 8. The whole hour between 8 and 9 should be devoted to a thoroughly good breakfast and a short walk. Work from 9 to 12. Half an hour should then be spent in gentle sauntering in the fresh air, and a light lunch should follow—say a chop and bread, with a modicum of light pudding, accompanied by a small glass of lager beer. From 1 to 2 a pipe and a saunter, and at 2 a cup of black coffee. From 2 to 4 work. At 4 a cup of afternoon tea and a rest until 5.

From 5 to 6 or half past work, and at half past 6 the real labors of the day should be over and completed. At 7 a good, well cooked, appetizing, slowly eaten dinner, followed by one cup of black coffee, but no tea. At a quarter to 11 a small cup of cocoa and one or two pieces of toast. At 11 bed, and sleep until 6 or 6:30. The brain worker should not work more than five days a week in this fashion. He should have two days of leisure in the week. The first of these should be devoted to brisk and thoroughly fatiguing exercise in the open air, and the second to lolling, lounging, a little light reading and the like.

When Traveling,

Whether on pleasure bent or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

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We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Peck Bros., Druggists.

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Is a positive cure for all those painful

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It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life.* Every time it will cure

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It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

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W. J. WRIGHT, CLARENDON HOTEL.

Button Works and was formerly with Berkey & Gay. He says: "I had been troubled for some time with catarrh and it had so invaded my throat, lungs and general system that I was completely run down. I was so hoarse I could hardly speak, weak and tired all the time, arose in the morning as tired as when I went to bed, had terrible headaches, nervousness, disturbed sleep, some cough, constant dripping of phlegm into my throat, filling up of nostrils and other symptoms of catarrh. Urged by my friends I put my case in Dr. Rankin's hands. He did not betray the trust as I can say that I am now a well man and to him belongs the credit of curing me. I can thoroughly endorse him."

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