

Now is the Opportunity, and our Store is the Place.



**Seasoning a Chicken with Gunpowder.**

A correspondent, in his "Wanderings among the Tar-heels, says: "I hear rumors that the fowls are getting the epizootic. I hope it won't go to the legs, as it did with the horses. If it does, the chicken pies will have it badly. There is nothing on earth that has more legs than a chicken pie—it's all legs. I was in a room in Wilmington to-day, and saw a sight that filled me with so much awe that I took a drink. It appears one day in 1814 a female woman put some powder into a new chicken pie she was building. She took it for black pepper. It acted worse than emptyings or yeast; for when she put it on the stove, and the warm atmosphere got into it, it made the pie rise, but it didn't make it light, for it hain't lit yet. Those chicken legs blew up into a room overhead, and stuck in the wall in a row, and they have been used for clothes'-pegs ever since. This is a fact, for I hung my hat on one of 'em, and it didn't have a brick in it, either. The hole that that chicken pie made in the woman's head is still to be seen in the wall."

**OUR P'S AND Q'S.**

Prices low we make,  
Politeness have we in store.  
Purchase low, and try to  
Prosper in the good old honest way  
Quality good have we, and  
Quite a large stock.  
Quaintances very pleasant.  
Queer how much business we do.  
Query? Why is it?

—One Dollar will buy one hundred cents worth of goods at our store.

We must all confess  
That we crave success,  
In what e'er we try to do;  
Then we'll try with our might,  
And strive to do right,  
And be honest brave and true.  
If you are wise,  
You will patronize,  
We who advertise  
In this our little paper:  
Our Ragle we blow,  
To let you all know,  
We are ready to grow  
Because our goods are much "chaper",

than you can buy anywhere else in town.

—The purest joy is unspeakable—the most impressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

**A BIG TOE-MARTY**



—“If poor George had not blowed into the muzzle of his gun” sighed a rural widow, at the funeral of her late husband, last Saturday, “he might have got plenty of squirrels. It was such a good lay for them.



THIS FULLY EQUALS US AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

**SOME INSTRUCTIVE FACTS.**

There are about three thousand and sixty-four languages spoken in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than one thousand different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about thirty-three years. One-quarter die previous to the age of seven years, one-half before they reach seventeen, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused one-half of the human species. To every one thousand persons only one reaches one hundred years of life; to every one hundred, only six reach the age of sixty-five; and not more than one in five hundred lives to be eighty years of age. There are on the earth one billion inhabitants, of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour, and sixty every minute, or one every second. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to their being fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in proportion of seventy-five to every one thousand individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are more robust than others.

—Tommy, you're a pig," said a father to his little son. "Now, do you know what a pig is Tommy?" "Yes; pig's a hog's little boy."

—"I wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve." "How dare you sit there and tell me that lie, I was awake when you came in and looked at my watch—it was three o'clock." "Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

SHARP.—An enterprising individual in Muscatine, Iowa, advertises for men to catch drift-wood out of the Mississippi river as soon as the ice goes out and the spring rise commences. If they will furnish their own boats, he generously advertises to give them half what they catch.

—A scientific paper says: "Old boots and shoes have their uses—a fact which few persons realize." We realized it the other night when a regiment of cats held a jubilee under the chamber window. We gathered all the old shoes and boots in the house and commenced the attack. In the morning four dead Thomases were found upon that ensanguined field of fray, and a number of others were in the hospital. After this we shall never deny that old boots and shoes have their uses in this world.

—Where there is no Christian Sabbath there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot be sustained.

We shall in each issue give a series of pictures of Popular Songs Illustrated.



OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION GONE.

1st Boy.—Did you see that new paper that's got out?  
2d Boy.—Yes; what's the use o' tryin' to make an honest livin' anyhow.

CREDIT, YOU CHEEKY RASCAL  
BETTER PAY UP YOUR OLD  
LAST YEAR'S BILL FIRST



This scene did not occur in our store, but it is very applicable in some cases.

We have made a full preparation this Spring to do a larger business than we have ever done before, and have therefore supplied our stores with a stock of goods fully competent to supply the demands, no matter how great the "run" may be. We are armed and equipped for the emergency. So, therefore, in the words of Herr Patrick, or Patrick Henry, "Let it come; I repeat it, sir, let it come."



—We take an extra amount of pains in selecting our stock of Goods. While we make it a point to keep every variety in our line, we also make it a point to keep a good supply of the best goods in market.