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Wider range of prices. Largest variety of best bought goods. Lower prices for of equal values. Easier terms for the buy-of er. The only exclusive furniture store of in the county. We have no side lines. Of the give our whole time and business of these wishing to talent to the interest of those wishing to 6 buy FURNITURE. Come to see us of during Fair Week, and all the time.

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grudge.

fifties and hundreds.

DAVIS FURNITURE CO.,

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JOKES OF GREAT JOKERS.

Tricks Played on Unsuspecting Peo

ple by Fun Loving Men.

Hook forged 4,000 letters to 4,000

tradesmen and others requesting them

to call on a certain day and hour at the

house of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Tot-

tenham, in Berners street, London.

against whom he had conceived a

These people began to arrive soon

after daybreak. The rush continued

until nearly midnight. They came by

There were 100 chimney sweeps, 100

bakers, 50 doctors, 50 dentists, 50 ac-

couchers. There were priests to ad-

minister extreme unction and Metho-

dist ministers to offer last prayers.

There were 50 confectioners with wed-

ding cakes, 50 undertakers with cof-

fins, 50 fishmongers with baskets of

cod and lobsters. They pushed, quar-

reled and fought, and the police were

called out to prevent a riot. Finally

among the hoaxed ones came the gov-

ernor of the Bank of England, the roy

al Duke of Gloucester and the lord

mayor of London, each lured thither

by some cunning pretext. A police

investigation followed, but the per-

Florence and Sothern once asked

Captain Lee, Adelaide Nellson's Eng-

lish husband, to dinner at Gramercy

Park hotel, where he was to meet

Vanderbilt Astor Governor Seymour.

Longfellow, Bryant and other noted

These gentlemen were for the occa-

ant and other choice spirits, who, after

Englishman, convinced that these

were ordinary American manners, div-

A horse dealer having refused to

should bring the carriage and get the

money. Sheridan's footman induced

her to sit down to a delicate lunch.

and while she was eating it "Sherry"

slipped into the carriage and drove

off. Again he ordered two pairs of

boots from two reluctant makers.

When they were brought, he sent each

maker away to stretch one of his boots.

Then he put on the remaining two and

Philip, duke of Wharton, when a

One night long after the good domi-

nie had retired the duke awoke him in

seemingly great haste and excitement.

The dominic hustled into his dressing

gown and slippers and came trembling.

"Sir," said Wharton deferentially.

After the defeat and flight of Charles

the daredevil Duke of Buckingham

disguised himself as a mountebank,

set up a stage in the heart of London

and for days laughed in the faces of

the stern Puritans, who were thirsting

for his life. One day when his own

sister, the beautiful Duchess of Rich-

mond, was passing, the jocular duke

set the mob on to drag her from her

carriage. They forced her to witness

the pranks of her brother, whom she

recognized, but could not betray.

student in Trinity college, Dublin.

The Watch Oak Tree.

The Brooklyn Times gives an inter-

from the historic watch oak tree of

England and planted by the Rev.

lenac. It is near the spot where Har-

James McDougal, 1802."

yawning and groaning to the door.

young man had a tutor whom he cor-

took a trip to the country.

"will you lend me a pin?"

dially disliked.

petrator was not detected.

Americans.

of all present.

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It's free to all who write for tt. This book contains 304 pages (size 144x104, in ht 10,000 illustrations, and quotes 100,000 ardeles helessle prices to consumers. Here is the book:



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GREENSBORO, N. C. Office in Wright Building East of Court Will practice regularly in the courts of Al-smance.



Look in Your Mirror Do you see sparkling eyes, a her ited skin, a sweet expression are the result form). These attractions are the result good health. If they are absent, there are always some disorder of the distance of the di

McELREE'S Wine of Cardu

it strikes at the root of all their frouble. There is no menstrual dis-order, ache or pain which it will not care. It is for the budding girl, the wife and the matron approaching change of life. At every trying in a woman's life it bring it, stength and happiness. It stoo of medicine dealers.

Por advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms in Ladres' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. 6 BOZENA LEWIS, of Occuprible stays — was troubled at anothing with terrible patter to my head no have been extingly relieved by Win

stands pear the town of Battle, England. The place was formerly called old II, the king of England, gathered negro congressman, his army for a battle with William the George H. White, has been sent to Conqueror on Oct. 14, 100%. Tradition Ohio to corral the negro vote for the has it that the oak tree stood in a Republicans of that state. prominent position and that from its branches Harold's men observed the

Rubber Stamps

Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and all kinds of rubber stamp supplies. Stamps 10e up. W. P. EZZELL,

THE OLD HUNTING COAT.

A thing of stiff canvas, dirt spotted and torn; Soiled cordurey collar, huge pockets that tote The game, and its fabric is crumpled and worn, Yet memories cling to the old hunting cost.

Its color of tan with the ground smoothly blends
And frights not the timid and sharp sighted

On the sleeve a light feather seems destined to

That rested in peace 'neath a sheltering tent That on some stream's banks, tree protected, was

Ah, if it could speak, it would eagerly tell

Or perchance it would whisper of morning's sharp

breezes blow And the odor of firs and of wild flowers, dew

It Is Not Safe to Speak Dis-respectfully of Wan-dering Spirits.

BY W. L. ALDEN. Copyright, 1859, by Errin Wardingn.

ing them suspicious. That so good a sion personated by Billy Travers, Lar- fellow and clever a gondoller should ry Jerome, Nelse Seymour, Dan Bry- have been compelled to stab a man was certainly a great pity, and the day violent quarrels, drew pistols and that Sandro went to prison more than

ossible langu Sandro did not stay in prison longer than about four mouths. Although eved under the table, where he remained erybody knew that he had stabbed until dragged out amid the laughter Nardo and thrown his body into the basin at the farther end of the Riva Degli Schlavoni, the body was never give "Sherry" further credit, the wit wrote asking that the dealer's wife found, and so the magistrate said that there was not sufficient proof that Nardo was dead and that Sandro must be

people's feelings and that is the reason

good and strong. When the dinner was finished, the guests lit genuine

"Charles O'Malley" was actually perpetrated by Mr. Frederick Welcome, a Mr. Welcome pretended to hear a voice in the sewer and persuaded the mob that a prisoner had escaped into the sewer from the jail and that he was perishing there. The mob excanew variations which tended to sho vated the street. The troops were callhis great forbearance when the quarre ed out, and a riot followed.-St. Louis began and the tremendous strength and activity which he exercised when

esting account of a fine oak tree which that he could not have acted more nostands on the grave of a Presbyterian bly than he had acted and that there minister in the cemetery at Hunting- were no terms strong enough to characterize the conduct of the police in encircled the tree with a bronze tablet arresting him for a matter which was with the following inscription: "This none of their business. Suddenly s tree was grown from an acorn taken grave old gondoller, who was regard as the father of the tragbetto and who had been absorbing his wine in comparative silence, asked Sandro if be The watch onk tree referred to did not fear that the ghost of Nardo would appear to him.

"Thou knowest," said the old gondo Ber, "that when a man has not had Christian burial his ghost will wander everywhere, trying to find some on who will give him a comfortable grave. Now, Nardo must have been carried out to sea, and it is my opinion that some night he will come back and

There are no such things as ghosts. When a man dies, either that is an end of him or else he goes so far away that he never can find his way back. Besides, I should not be in the least afraid of a ghost, even if there was one who came to see me. If I am not

afraid of live men, I need not be afraid of dead ones."

replied Bartolo, "you forget the picture in the academy which proves that the blessed Saints Mark and Nicholas and George appeared to a fisherman and made him row them over to S. Andrea. If there are ghosts of saints, there must be ghosts of sinners."

saints-and I don't deny that there may be saints, though I never have seen one-can, of course, work miracles and consequently they can make ghosts of themselves if they want to. But Nardo was not a saint, as every one will agree. So whatever St. Mark and his comrades may have done has nothing to do with what Nardo can or cannot do. Besides, I am not so sure about that story of the saints and the fisherman. True, there is the picture, but any one could have painted it. What I want to know is where is the ring that the ghost of St. Mark gave to the fisherman. Show me that ring

shook the wall of the Osteria, and two of the younger gondollers crossed the old gondoller solemnly, "it does not do to say blasphemous things about St. Mark. There is going to be a storm, rebuke thee? There was a man whom I knew, a man much of thy age and appearance. He, too, was an unbeliever, and he said one night at the traghetto of S. Toma, in the presence of four or five of us, that he didn't consider St. Mark fit to be a patron saint because he did not send German travclers to Venice except in the spring. Ten days later that man played eight soldi in the lottery, putting two soldi

other's narrative. "I let them alone, and I expect them to let me alone. But ghosts are a different thing. Now I don't care a centesimo for all the ghosts in purgatory. In the first place, there isn't any purgatory; in the second place, there are no ghosts, and, in the third place, if Nardo has a ghost looking for me, I shall be glad to see him here or anywhere else and will agree to offer him a bottle of wine and

words. there is a thunderstorm growling. It is as black as midnight outside. I myself don't always believe in everything when the sun shines, but when it is as dark as this and the thunder may thing."

more, with unabashed spirits, resumed his skeptical comments on ghosts.

"You are wretchedly superstitiousall of you," he said. "I don't so much mind your ideas about religion, for unmasses and other"-

the trouble to mend his broken sen-

"As I was saying," he continued, "I expect a whiff of Toni's cigar to burt you-which is strong enough in all conscience to hit you between the eyes and

knock you down. If there are ghosts, they are as harmless as so many girls, and for my part I should as soon think of being afraid of a 2-months-old girl "Wait till you see a ghost," said old Bartolo. "You will sing a different

song then. If a ghost were to appear to you tonight-and it is an excellent night for ghosts-I believe that you would be the worst frightened man in Venice."

cried Sandro angrily. "You are an old man, and I am a penceable one, or I should have something to say to you on that question of being afraid. I will tell you what I should do if I were to see a ghost. I should welcome him as if he was my oldest friend. I should say to him, 'Come and have a bottle with me and tell me all about the place where you live.' Then 1 would put my arm in his and sing him

something to raise his spirits and unless be was as solemn as Bartolo we should have as jolly an evening as can be had in Venice."

tered. He was evidently a gon were clinging to his beard and hair and the thick blue mud of the lagoon was everywhere plastered over his

"Come in!" shouted Sandro. "Come and drink a glass with us; though, to be sure, what you need is a little

garded among all bonest gondollers as nothing less than dishonorable was well calculated to draw an angry reply from Nardo, but he still remained silent.

mouth even to speak." The ghost was not to be taunted into breaking silence, and gradually that silence oppressed Sandro. The latter spoke the truth when he said that he was not afraid of Nardo, but any one will admit that it is not cheerful to sit at table with a ghost who is soaking wet and disgracefully muddy and who will neither drink nor speak, but sits staring as rudely as if he were a Ger-

conduct, and under the circumstances no one can blame him. The best man who ever lived would be irritated if the ghost of a man whom he had had the misfortune to kill should come back in a draggled and dirty dress and do nothing but stare and drip water on the floor.

"If there is anything that you want, Nardo," said Sandro, "perhaps you will mention it. If you don't want anything, perhaps you will go away and let me finish my wine in peace. No rush from one side of the heavens over body invited you to come here, and it Venice to the other and back again, as was just a little impertment for you to thrust yourself among a dinner party of honest folk. But you always were impertinent. That was the reason, if you remember, why I was obliged to spoil my knife against your ribs."

dro's eyes, but he made no sound. Just then the door opened the breadth of a hand, and the scared face of Antonio was visible through the opening. He had ventured back to see if Sandro was still alive, and if so, whether he was as badly frightened as the rest of the gondollers had been. Sandro saw and read the meaning of Antonio's face and selzed the opportunity to show his utter fearlessness of ghosts.

"See here, Nardo," he exclaimed, "I will do nnything that a man can do to please you tonight. What would you like to have me do? Say the word, and am at your service."

toward the door, from which the terrified Antonio had already vanished, beckoned slowly to Sandro to follow

"Certainly," said Sandro. "Perhans you have forgotten that it is still raining dogs, but no matter. A little rain will not burt us. Lead the way, and I will follow-that is, if my legs will let me, for the wine has loosened the joints of them till they are like the legs of the beggar of the Campo Sant' Angelo, who, we all know, has no legs

There is no doubt that Sandro had drunk too much wine and that his brain as well as his legs was affected by it. Still his courage was undiminghost to purgatory or anywhere else. As the two passed into the calle and turned to the left, directing their steps to where a gondola was moored, Sandro saw a group of his late dinner companions gathered at a corner, at what

ghost motioned to Sandro to enter and seat himself under the felze. "This is really too kind," said Sandro. "Nardo, thou art a good devil after all. Take me to my house, and my wife will pay thee, in case I am too drunk to find my pocket. Thou are a most excellent devil, and I ask thy pardon for that stab I gave thee.'

Sandro dropped with his head on the ushioned seat of the gondola and fell instantly asleep. The ghost took the our, and the goudois floated down the narrow canal until the Canalazzo was reached. This rapidly crossed, and the gondola took the shortest way across the city toward the Ponte del Mendicanti.

crossing the traghetto, followed swiftly on foot. They were in time to see the gondols gain the open ingoon. In spite of the storm the ghostly gondoller rowed stendily toward the cemetery and in a few minutes was lost to view in the driving rain.

"Heaven have mercy on poor San-dro's soul," said Bartolo. "We shall never see him again." And they never did. What was beghost of his victim, who escorted him lieved by all who knew the unfortu nate Sandro. Certain skeptical policemen maintained that the ghost was in reality Nardo's brother, who had lured Sandro into his boat and murdered him when out of sight of any witnesses.

Doubtless Nardo had a brother, for it was notorious that he had once been imprisoned for robbing his brother of a new suit of clothes, but nobody in Venice had ever seen the brother, who was variously alleged to be a gondolier at Burano, a cab driver at Treviso and a fisherman of Chioggia. The only certainty is that Sandro was never seen alive after he entered the stranger's gondola, and nobody but an infidel can doubt that his bold and blasphemou language at the dinner table was fitly punished by the ghost of the dead

Those Pullman Car Names. The story runs that Mr. Pullman used to give a gold coin to a lady of his family for the name of each Pullman car, it being her duty to name them all. Whether or not this is true we do not know, but all the world knows the results. They have made us familiar with the names of Scipio, Africanus and Numa Pompilius. We have learned also the names of Aphrodite and Astarte. We are told that there are Pullman dining cars running under the names of Hepatitis and Gastritis, but these we have not seen.

To the plain citizen of the republic this is impressive, but inconvenient. Who is there among us who, having got off at a way station to stretch his legs for a minute, has not been covered with confusion when it became necessary for him to ask a porter where his

And who is there who has not been amazed and enlightened by the porter's pronunciation of the name? We remember that once in traveling over the K. P. we found a young Pullman conductor who spent his spare time reading the Greek Testament. He said that he was a theological student, but we suspected that he was "chucking a bluff." Later we have thought that perhaps he was preparing himself to master the nomenclature of his profession.-Railroad Gazette.

Why Alexander Was Depressed. "Why, my dear, what is the matter? What can you mean? You look so depressed. It cannot be-and yet-oh, releve this killing suspense! Alexander, clasped hands.

your old pain in your head has come

your brother Joseph?" "Have you-now tell me, Alexander Bidlack-have you had another ettack

of rheumatism? "Now I know-I expected it-I knew it all the time-I felt sure it would be so. Mr. Debonair has asked for Sera-

"Not no Then tell me without waiting another minute what has happened. I can bear it. Let me know the worst." "Well, that button I told you about has got tired of hanging by one thread, and

Now that they were married, the ugly old man had a confession to make to the lovely young woman. "I am not rich!" he faltered, in much

apprehension. She did not start as if stung. For from it. Indeed, she smiled, not un-

body who sees us will think you are rich, and credit is just as good as

if one must be married, to be married to a person whom one need not treat with respect unless one feels like it .-Detroit Journal.

wood, carved out by hand, and great numbers of dolls were sold that were entirely of wood, with jointed arms and legs. Some dolls of this sort, looking quaint enough now, though they were once so common, are still sold, but the great bulk of the dolls now made have bodies of cloth or leather, with heads of china, bisque or papier mache. There are also dolls' heads of metal, these heads being made of brass in two parts, stamped out with dies

In the process by which these heads are made, many dies are used in the production of a single head, the metal being worked to its final shape gradually. The first die makes but a barely perceptible impression upon the piece sheet metal from which the head is to be formed. The pext shapes it a little more, and so on by pressure from successive dies, each a little more rply defined, the head is brought finally to its perfect form. These heads are made in various sizes and in various styles as to details of finish. They cost about the same as the best bisque heads, but one of the merits claimed for them is indestructibility.-New

Once upon a time a woman who had cedar chests in which to store her winter belongings was considered a fortunate being indeed and looked upon with envy by her sister housewives Now cedar chests, camphor and moth balls are all scorned as old fashior and inadequate by the patrons of cold storage warehouses, where furs are taken care of and costly draperies, rugs, etc., are sent for protection from

not moths is the chief danger that threatens furs. A month's wear in warm weather is harder on fine furs than years of use with the thermometer out of fur and pales the color, leaving it limp, duil and faded. In the modern storage house the furs are kept in And they never did. What was be-lieved by many to be his body was low freezing point. Any daring moth found in the lagoon a fortnight later. that found its way into this room would be at once frozen stiff .- New

straight to purgatory, was firmly be-

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Mexican Customs.

at first to notice the universal custom in Mexico of addressing persons of high and low degree by their first names. As soon as friends are at all well acquainted they address each other by the given name, and this is done not only by those of the same age and sex, but indiscriminately among young men and young women, young people and elder persons. In the latter case, or between elderly persons, a respectful prefix is used, as "Don" Ricardo. Public characters are also commonly referred to by their first

In the household the head of the house is called Don Jose or Don Manuel by the servants, and a son in distinction is known as Manuellto (little Manuel). Among servants the customs regarding the names given superiors are not unlike those of the negroes of the south ern United States. The lowest classes, or the servants that have grown up in a family, speak to the heads of the house as Nino or Nina (masculine and feminine for child), or call the wife and mother senorita, regardless of the fact that she may have attained three-

The servants distinguish between one of their own class and a friend of their master or mistress by such distinctions. If a caller is to be announced, it is a senorita, regardless of her age, that is in the parlor. If a woman of the common class awaits the mistress, it is a senora. A gentleman of the upper classes is referred to as a senor, while a laborer will be called ? muchacho (boy).-Modern Mexico.

Outwitted the Trap.

Several days ago a business man. the basement of whose establishment s more or less infested with rats, pur

chased a patent rattrap. "The day before I set it." he declared in relating his little tale, "I found a nest of 14 tiny rats in a bundle of shavings in the basement. The little fellows struck me as being just the right kind of bait with which to empture their parents, and I put them into the trap, huddled all together on the top of the lid of a tin can. The next morning I repaired to the basement prepared to see the mother rat, if not the father, safely caged inside the trap. "You can imagine my surprise when

I discovered that not only the old rats were missing, but that the baby rodents were gone as well. The tin can top left in the trap showed me how the mother rat had effected the release of the little ones. It rested on the edge of the door leading into the trap and through which the old rat would have had to pass to get inside, where he bables were.

"Originally the tin can top was at least an inch from the door, but the parent rodent undoubtedly sized up the game and carefully pushed open the door until it rested on the floor. Then she reached in and pulled the tin can top over so that its weight held the door down, after which the work of carrying out the little rats, not one of which was able to either see or walk, was easy. Great rat, that old one, don't you think?'-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ancient Planos.

There is a very interesting collection of old planes in the Roman museum at Hildesheim, Germany. Dating all the way from the end of the seventeenth century, the collection exhibits in a very instructive way the primitive origin of piano manufacture, and gives one an idea of the simple instruments used by our greatest music com ровеги.

The oldest instrument on exhibition is a small clavichord of the seventeenth century, possessing 34 tones with 28 two choral bound strings. Another of equal antiquarian value has four full octaves-a one chord Italian spinet, built at an angle and possess ing a rich and beautiful tone for singing accompaniment. The strings are rifted with pointed crow quills. Both instruments date from the time of Handel, Bach and Gluck.

One instrument was made in the first half of the eighteenth century and is a bound clavichord of 41/2 oc taves, 58 tones and 40 strings. There is also an instrument from the second half of the last century which possesses 514 octaves. The last two are supplied with strings tipped with brass, and their immediate followers were the hammer planes of 1700, used at the time of Haydu, Mozart and Bee thoven, and even by Mendel hn, Bar tholdy, Chopin and Franz Liezt during their youth.-Chicago Record.

Experiments at the Louisiana station have led to the following conclusions: Red rice is a different variety from the white rice. White rice will not produce red seeds when the seeds been exposed to the weather all winter, as is commonly believed by planters. The two varieties will cross, producing hybrids, and these hybrids tand to revert to one of the parent forms, th

rice being a little stronger.

Red rice, being dependent upon self preservation, is hardier than the white rice, and siso has a special device for

All weak places in your system effectually closed against disease by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They cleanse the bowels, promptly cure chronic constipation, regulate the liver, and fill you with new life and vigor. Small, pleasant, cure ; never gripe. Simmons, the druggist.

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Mº CALL'S

movements of the invading Normans. The name watch oak was given it, and as such it has been known during the centuries since that memorable battle.

game; By delicate thread its lone button suspends, Untouched by the hand of the unseeing dar

stay,

The seent of burnt powder around it doth cling,
And its pockets conceal but a motley array
Of pipe and tobacco, shells, matches and string. And many a night it has pillowed the head

spread, Where few but Dame Nature's wild creatures

Or yet it could speak of the favorite camp Where the brook makes sweet music and soft

Aristocrats they, keeping always remote—
Yet none of them offers the comfort and cheer
And happiness found in the old hunting cost.
—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A Gondoller Found to His Cost That

bowie knives and filled the room with one friendly gondolier shed tears and curses, shricks and explosions. The cursed the meddling of the police in

> released with a solemn warning never to stab another man. While people were glad that Sandro was released, there was a general feeling that the magistrate had no right to dispute Sandro's word. Had he not said dozens of times that he had been obliged to kill Nardo because the latter openly asserted that Sandro's grandfather did not win the regatta in 1793, whereas the flag that the grandfather won is still hanging in Sandro's house? It was certainly not polite in the magistrate to pay no attention to what Sandro said and to decide that there was no proof of Nardo's death. But magistrates have no regard for other

why they are magistrates and send serve it. As for the wine, it was last year's Verona, reasonably pure, and

Tuscan cigars that the landlord fur-A noted joke immortalized in Lever's nished without charge, and each man began to drink in earnest. ment well. He was a trifle thinner than formerly, Lut be was in excellent benith and spirits. He told once more the familiar story of his dispute with Nardo, introducing several entirely

the fatal struggle culminated.

haunt you." "Go away, Bartolof" cried Sandro

be a shadow of doubt as to his identity. The face and the figure were un-"When you say there are no ghosts," mistakably those of Nardo; besides, there was a stain on the left breast which might possibly have been mud, but which every one believed to be blood. And it was precisely in the left

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1899.

"Not at all," said Sandro. bronzed face to change color, would ble.

and perhaps I may believe the story." Just then a loud clap of thunder themselves. "You see, Sandro," said and who knows that it is not sent to

on each of four numbers. What happened? Why every one of those numbers won, and the man was fit to kill himself because he had not played on the quaterno. Instead of winning a few lire he might have won a fortune. That shows that it is dangerous to speak lightly of the blessed saints." "I have nothing to say against the saints," returned Sandro, who did not seem very much impressed by the

to share it with him." "For beaven's sake, Sandro!" cried s young gondolier-Antonio, the foolish-"don't speak such wild and wicked Who can tell who is listening Above all, don't talk in that way while

strike at any minute, I believe every-A fresh thunderclap that seemed to if it was in search of some one, compelled the company to keep silence. When quiet returned, Sandro once

less you waste too much money in Another crash that sounded as if the Osteria itself had been struck or smashed into a million of pieces, interrupted Sandro, and when he was able to continue his remarks he did not take

don't find fault with you for believing in religion and saints and all such things, for if you want to be enildren you have a right to suit yourselves. But that you should believe in ghosts and be afraid of them, is trying to my temper. Consider a little. How can a ghost hurt you? He never carries a knife; no man ever yet pretended to have seen a ghost with a knife. He can't hit you, for he is as thin as so much smoke, and you might as well

"You think I would be frightened?"

The door opened and a stranger enand a wet one. It was natural that beshould be wet, since it had been rain-ing torrents for the last half hour, but he had apparently had an unexpected bath in the canal, for bits of seaweed

The stranger did not speak, but be bowed a polite acquiescence in Sandro's invitation, and, tossing his hat into the corner, ant down opposite Sandro, where the other guests made room for him.

As they looked at his face, now that

Nardo.-New York Press.

parently waiting for the other to speak. "Very well, Nardo," exclaimed Sandro, when he saw that the stranger

car was?

have you failed?" said his wife, with "No, my dear, my credit is yet unim paired, and business is looking up." "You don't mean to say, dear, that

"You haven't had to pay any bills for

ere it is."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Credit.

kindly. "No matter," she replied, "Every-

Moreover it was no small comfort.

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of long, breathless chase through the thicket and thorns
In pursuit of the clk that fought nobly and well,
But whose antiers the old hunting coat now

And rush hidden boat in some lake at daylight And speak of the clience and e'en of the thrill That it felt when the canvasback started the

damp. And the leaping of trout where the slender The broadcloth may scorn it, the woolen may

A....A.....A.....A.....A.... NARDO'S GHOST

When Lissandro had the misfortune to kill Nardo, there was scarcely a gondoller in Venice who did not sympathize with him. Lissandro was a good tempered, jovial young fellow, without a single fault, unless it was that he was a free thinker. Of course it is very bad to be a free thinker. though, after all, it is a matter which does not greatly concern any one except the free thinker himself, and then he can always change his opinion when he comes to die and confess and be absolved like any other Christian unless he has the Ill luck to be drowned where there is no priest at hand. Sandro was always ready to help a friend in distress, and he nearly always had money in his pocket, for he was so frank and honest in his ways with the foreigners whom he rowed that he could nearly always charge them at least double the tariff fare and collect it without mak-

poor men to prison for next to nothing. When Lissandro came out of jail, 11 gondoliers belonging to his tragbetto gave him a dinner at the Osteria della Pace, in the calle Lunga S. Barnabo. It was a capital dinner, consisting of fried fish and polenta and all the wine that any one cared to call for. The fish were beautifully cooked; the polenta was of the best, golden in color and as light as a feather; two slices of It were all that a man wanted to eat, so generously thick did the landlord

Lissandro had borne his imprison-

His comrades unanimously agreed

it was no longer obscured by his hat, they one and all crossed themselves, with the solitary exception of Sandre.

For the newcomer was no other than Nardo, the dead man. There could not

breast that Sandro had been obliged to stab Nardo. Not a word was said either by the stranger or by any one of the guests. They sat in profound silence, except for the chattering of the teeth of Antonio, who, had it been possible for his

undoubtedly have been as pale as mar Presently old Bartolo rose up and walked silently and softly from the room, waving a farewell to Sandro that was full of despairing pity. The other gondoliers lost no time in following him; indeed they crowded through the door as if a fire had broken out in the Osteria and they were in imminent danger of a howible death. Sandro and the stranger were left alone, each ap-

was obstinately silent; "so you've come back to Venice again. What was the matter in purgatory? Did they turn you out because you were not sympathetic-and you know, Nardo, that you were never a sympathetic personor did you break out, the same as you did when you were locked up in the prison at Treviso for stealing from your brother?" This allusion to a form of theft re-

"I never believed in ghosts," resumed Sandro, "but now that I see a very dirty ghost sitting before me and refusing to drink wine I know that there are ghosts and that they are not good comrades. Drink your wine, Nardo, and speak up like a man. I'm not afraid of you now that you are dead any more than I was when you were alive, but I don't like to sit over my wine with one who does not open his

man tourist. Sandro was irritated by the ghost's

The stranger gazed steadily into San-

The stranger rose up and, moving

whatever." ished, and he was ready to follow the

they supposed to be a safe distance from the ghost. He called to them: "Goodby till we meet again! I am going to dine in purgatory with the good Nardo. I will tell you all about it when I return." When the gondola was reached, the

but it was never antisfactorily identi-fied. That he was carried off by the fork Commercial Advertiser.