

THE COLONEL'S BET.

He Had a Hard Time, but Looked Like a Sure Winner.

Colonel Hooper's business had kept him in Dodge City for a whole day. He was waiting to see a man who did not come. Time hung heavily on his hands. No one would play cards with him, and even the harmless game of checkers seemed to be a lost art in the little dried up Kansas town. The colonel craved excitement. He wanted to make a bet with some one on something—he didn't care what so long as it was a bet. No one would be with him. He began to grow desperate.

"How long has it been since it rained?" he asked the lame man who had just taken a seat on the hotel piazza. "About four months," replied the lame man.

The colonel glanced at the blue expanse of sky. There was not a cloud in sight.

"I will bet you \$10 that it will rain here in ten minutes," he said.

The lame man shook his head. "I wouldn't bet it wouldn't be snowing here in ten minutes."

The colonel looked disgusted. "Would you bet on anything?" he asked contemptuously.

"I might,"

"Name it."

The lame man leaned back in his chair and sized up the colonel carefully. "I might bet you a ten that you couldn't stand on the end of the porch there for a half hour," said the lame man slowly, "and repeat a line from Shakespeare to every one who spoke to you."

The colonel drew a ten from his pocket. "Put up," he said.

The lame man fished a ten from his vest pocket. The two bills were placed in a book the colonel had been reading and laid on the window sill of the hotel.

"Now," said the lame man, "you are to stand on the end of the porch, and, no matter what is said to you, you are to say this, and nothing more, 'I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.'"

"Enough said."

The colonel took his position, watch in hand, while the lame man sank back into his chair. Five minutes went by. A squatter from Blue Flats came up, and, seeing the man standing with his watch in hand, he asked:

"What's yer time, stranger?"

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him," said the colonel solemnly.

"Who's that that's dead?" asked the squatter.

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him," repeated the man with the watch.

The squatter backed off. "Crazier 'an a mus'rat, by gum!" he muttered. He edged around to where the lame man was sitting. "Why don't they take him away?" he asked.

"I dunno," replied the lame man. "Is he dang'rous?"

"I dunno."

The landlord came out. Seeing the colonel with his watch out, he said, "I reckon yer gettin' impatient fer yer friend ter come?"

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him," said the colonel.

The landlord looked at the colonel, then at the lame man. "He's gone plum crazy," declared the squatter.

"By Jude, can that be a fact!" exclaimed the landlord.

The lame man nodded gravely. "Better come an have er cheer, colonel," said the landlord in a soothing tone.

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him," repeated the colonel, growing red in the face.

The landlord looked completely beat. "I wouldn't 'a had it ter happen in my house fer \$50," he said.

"He ort ter be took away. He might kill some one," suggested the squatter.

A stranger galloped up to the hotel and dismounted. "I want to see Colonel Hooper," he said.

"He's hyar a-waitin fer ye, but he's gone plum crazy," whispered the landlord, nodding toward the colonel.

"Oh, I reckon not," said the stranger. Then turning toward the colonel, he said:

"This is Colonel Hooper, I believe"—

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him," remarked the colonel slowly.

"By gosh—what'd ye say?" gasped the stranger.

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

"That settles it!" cried the newcomer, moving back.

"He's crazier 'an a mus'rat!" declared the squatter. "Why don't somebody take him inter charge 'fore he gits v'ilent?"

The colonel began to grow purple in the face. His hands worked convulsively and looked as if he would like to get at the squatter, but he stood his ground. Fifteen minutes of that half hour had now passed. A crowd began to gather.

"What's the matter hyer?" said Bags, the groceryman, coming up.

"A man's gone crazy," said some one. The crowd grew larger and larger. Women and children pressed into the crowd to get a look at the colonel.

"Look at his eyes!" said one of the women, starting back and clasping a ragged young one to her breast. "What makes 'em let him run loose?"

"I knowed er man that went crazy just like he's done," said the squatter, "an 'fore he could be got he chopped the heads off uv the hull darned family

an, blowed the horse up with er keg ov powder he had fer blastin in a well."

This cheerful piece of information caused one of the women to shriek and another one to faint, and a sort of frenzy seemed to seize the crowd. They began to press about the colonel.

"Take hold ov him—hit won't do ter let him git away!" said the squatter.

The colonel waved them back, his face purple with rage. Two men leaped forward and seized him by the arms. He flung them off as if they had been children. He doubled up his fist and struck right and left as they pressed about him.

"I come to (whack!) bury Caesar (whack!); not to (whack!) praise him."

Then they closed in upon him. An awful scene followed. Women shrieked and fainted. Some curs that were attracted by the noise came up, and, engaging in a vigorous fight upon the porch, added their voices to the dreadful pandemonium. In the midst of this a painting, struggling mass of humanity, with the colonel in the center, rolled from the porch.

Five minutes later the colonel, bound hand and foot, was carried into the hotel. The lame man looked at his watch. The half hour lacked just three minutes of being up. He stepped to the window, took up the book, extracted the two \$10 bills therefrom and placed them in his pocket.

"Gentlemen," he said to the crowd, "this is all the result of undue excitement on the part of the colonel. He will be all right in a few minutes. These spells only come on him once in a year, but it might be well to keep him tied for about ten minutes longer."

With this he seized his crutch and hobbled away as fast as he could.

When the colonel's liberty was finally restored to him, he might not have been considered insane, but there was no doubt that he was mad. As he hurried away to look for the lame man the squatter remarked:

"If they hadn't made the mistake ov their lives in terrin that man loose, then I'm crazier 'an a mus'rat myself!"

—Will Libenbee in Truth.

STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS.

Closing Quotations of the New York and Philadelphia Exchanges.

New York, July 6.—Stocks were irregular, but steady today. There was an early decline, with prompt recovery, though the changes were insignificant. Closing bids:

Table with columns for stock names and prices. Includes Baltimore & Ohio, Ches. & Ohio, Del. & Hudson, D. L. & W., Erie, Lake Erie & W., Lehigh Nav., etc.

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6.—Flour weak; winter superfine, \$2.25; do. extras, \$2.25@2.40; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2.00@3.10; do. do., straight, \$3.20@3.35; western winter, clear, \$2.90@3.10. Wheat weak; July, 60@60 1/2. Corn quiet; July, 31 1/2@32 1/2. Oats dull; July, 22 1/2@23 1/2. Hay steady for good; choice timothy, \$17 for large bales. Beef dull; city extra India mess, \$15.00@16; extra mess, \$7@7.50; beef hams, \$15.50@16. Pork steady; old to new mess, \$8@9; short clear, \$8.75@10.75; family, \$9.75@10.50. Lard lower; western steam, \$4.10. Butter quiet; western dairy, \$9@11 1/2; do. creamery, 11@15; do. factory, 7 1/2@10 1/2; Elgins, 15c; imitation creamery, 10@12 1/2; New York dairy, 9 1/2@14c; do. creamery, 11@15c. Cheese steady; large, 5 1/2@7 1/2; small, 5 1/4@7 1/4; part skims, 2@4 1/2; full skims, 1 1/2@2c. Eggs steady; New York and Pennsylvania, 12@13c; western fresh, 11@12c.

Live Stock Markets.

New York, July 6.—Good to prime cattle steady, others dull and lower; poor to prime native steers, \$3.90@4.70; stags and oxen, \$2.90@4.10; bulls, \$2.40@3.30; dry cows, \$1.65@2.80. Calves active; poor to prime veals, \$3@5.50; buttermilk calves, \$2.62 1/2@3.12 1/2. Good to prime sheep steady, others slow and weak; lambs very dull and lower; poor to prime sheep, \$2.25@4.12 1/2; common to choice lambs, \$3@5. Hogs steady at \$3.65@4.10. EAST LIBERTY, Pa., July 6.—Cattle steady; prime, \$4.30@4.35; fair, \$3.50@3.80; common, \$3@3.50; bulls, stags and cows, \$2@3.50. Hogs active; prime light, \$3.75@3.80; best medium, \$3.60@3.75; heavy hogs, \$3.25@3.35; roughs, as to weight and quality, \$2.25@3.25. Sheep firm; prime, \$3.90@5; fair, \$3.20@3.40; common, \$2.50@3; common to good lambs, \$3.50@4.50.

He Worked Them Well.

The museum manager toyed with his heavy gold watch chain and smiled contentedly. "I am a wonder," he mused, "and yet I do not deserve a place in the curio hall."

He was an economical man, and he studied to save.

"Economy works wonders," he often remarked, "and so do I."

It was indeed true. When the fat lady was off duty, she was obliged to press the wrinkles from the trousers of the manager by sitting on them, the living skeleton was used as a clothespin, and the wild man of Borneo, who spoke with a Tipperary accent, was the family gardener.—New York World.

Didn't Need It.

"I have here," said the agent, "a little book that will show you how to be your own lawyer."

"If it would show me how to be somebody else's lawyer," said the man with the black beard that was gray at the roots, "I might buy it. But what is the use fer a man to learn how to rob hisself?"—Indianapolis Journal.

An Accomplished Tramp.

First Tramp—Hello, pard! You look as if you'd been in clover.

Second Tramp—I was—been six months in Chicago.

"I most starved there."

"I didn't. I can beg in 93 languages."—New York Weekly.

GENERAL SOUTHERN NEWS

KEY WEST, Fla., July 2.—A. W. Barrs and others, charged with filibustering in connection with the steamers City of Key West and Three Friends, appeared before United States Commissioner Ramon Alvarez yesterday. After hearing evidence and arguments Commissioner Alvarez ordered the discharge of the accused on the ground that the evidence was not sufficient to justify him in holding them.

WASHINGTON, G.A., July 3.—News has just reached Washington of the lynching of a negro near Lincolnton. About 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, while Mr. Mercier, a farmer, was away at his work, the negro slipped into the house, overpowered and assaulted his wife. He then fled towards South Carolina. He was overhauled a few miles beyond the river, on the Carolina side, brought back here and identified by Mrs. Mercier, whereupon he was swung up, riddled with bullets, and left hanging by the roadside.

LITTLE ROCK, July 2.—The Republican state convention yesterday placed in nomination the following state ticket: For governor, Hon. H. L. Rummel; secretary of state, H. A. Reynolds; auditor, J. Frank Mays; attorney general, E. H. Vance; state treasurer, A. A. Tafts; state land commissioner, Mark A. Saunders; superintendent of public instruction, Charles P. Cole; commissioner of mines, manufacturers and agriculture, Charles T. Duke; chief justice, Jacob Trieber, associate justice, O. D. Scott.

RICHMOND, Va., July 3.—The cornerstone of the monument to be erected in Monroe Park to the memory of Jefferson Davis was laid yesterday afternoon with ceremonies which were impressive and pathetic. Under a bright sun and sky, through densely packed streets, and with the applause of countless thousands to cheer them on, the followers of the lost cause marched through the city which is dearer to the old Confederate than any other in the land. It was a sight to stir the enthusiasm of the most sluggish nature, as with bands playing, companies moving and colors flying, the parade passed in review.

RICHMOND, Va., July 2.—At the Confederate reunion yesterday General Gordon introduced Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Hayes, and in presenting Mrs. Davis he made a brief speech in which he said that he wanted to bespeak the appreciation of the assembly Confederate veterans, and that he would place a reverential kiss upon her brow. The general then kissed Mrs. Davis, amidst deafening cheers and applause. It seems that the whole 10,000 veterans arose and with one voice applauded the act. Hats were thrown, canes and umbrellas were thumped upon the floor, men yelled, stamped their feet and clapped their hands, and it was some minutes before silence could be restored. Corporal James Turner, the Union army veteran, who has both legs buried in Virginia soil, was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

According to Dr. Bertillon, 71 per cent. of the inhabitants of Budapest are living in overcrowded tenements, while in Vienna and Berlin the proportion is 28 per cent., and in Paris 14.

Lady Mary Bligh, a daughter of the Earl of Darvelly, was found drowned near Gravesend, England. It is believed that she committed suicide through disappointment in love.

Fine feelings without vigor or reason are in the situation of the extreme feather of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.—Foster.

A street waterer in Calcutta, who sprinkles the streets from a water skin carried on his shoulders, is paid 6 cents a day.

Xantippe, the redoubtable wife of Socrates, if her contemporaries are to be believed, was as ugly as her famous husband.



The things that people see are inside of them and not outside. No two people see the same thing exactly alike. One woman may look out at a beautiful landscape and see all the beauty and restfulness and grandness that there is in it. Another one will look out at the same scene and see nothing. One will find enjoyment in a brilliant company, in music, in dancing, in an exquisitely prepared dinner. Another will enjoy these things half as much—another not at all. The things that people see are inside them. What one sees and what one enjoys depends upon the bodily condition—depends upon the capacity for enjoyment—depends upon the health and the vitality. The sick man has pain or discomfort so impressed upon him that he has no time to think of much else. A weak man has all he can do to struggle for mere existence. He has no strength to use in procuring pleasure. His performances are limited by his strength. He can do only a few things so he can enjoy only a few things. The man who is perfectly well and vigorous enjoys life to the full. The bed-ridden invalid enjoys it not at all. The man who is half sick and half well gets out of life about half what he ought to. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes people well. It doesn't do it in a miraculous way. There isn't anything unnatural about it—it is the most natural thing in the world. It simply puts the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver, the bowels, in perfect order and thereby makes the blood pure and rich. It doesn't have to do anything else. Nature does all the rest. All diseases live and thrive on impure blood. Keep a stream of pure, rich, red blood flowing into a diseased spot, and the disease will not stay. A man lives on rich, pure blood, and disease dies on it. That's the difference. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood—makes men and women strong and healthy; brings good appetite, good digestion and builds up solid, healthy flesh. Address with 21 cents in one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and get a free copy of the People's Medical Adviser—400 pages.

New line dress good. M. T. Young

JULY 9, '96.

HAMMOCKS, HAMMOCKS, HAMMOCKS

A big lot just received, prices from 98 cents up to \$2.50.

"THE LADIES PRIDE"

Domestic Sewing Machine. New Home Sewing Machine. White Sewing Machine. Climax Sewing Machine.

All attachments. We will sell on good terms on time or cash price low.

Mattings, Mattings, Mattings,

Best grades, all shades, from 9 cents up. A big lot just received.

REMEMBER

That we are selling all our Summer Dress Goods, Men's Clothing, Slippers and Millinery At Cost.

Come To See Us and We will Prove What We Say.

ALL DOMESTICS AT COST.

Respectfully,

M. T. YOUNG.

Tarboro St.

REMOVAL.

I wish to inform my friends and patrons that I have changed my place of business to the new store on the "Best Corner" across the street from my old stand. Since moving I have added very largely to my stock of goods and am better prepared in every way to wait on the trade.

In addition to my time trade I am now prepared to offer

Bargains to the Cash Trade.

I can please you in

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., &c.

Can supply your wants in

FURNITURE.

IN GUANO

We carry the following standard brands: Orinoco, Farmers Bone, Cotton Seed Meal, Eclipse, Acid Phosphate, Kainit. Give me a call at my new stand.

J. C. Hadley.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.