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C. H. WILMOTH, Mgr., Charlotte, N.C.

SECRET OF A TROUBLED LIFE

Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out"—The Big Camp Meeting— Like as One Risen from the Dead— The Detective Colporteur-Skeleton in the Farmer's Closet-The Fatal Fight in the Batteau-Confession at the Last Hour.

Written for The Observer. A good many years ago there was a large camp meeting in a prosperous farming section of the eastern part of North Carolina. It had been in session for several days, and interest throughout the community continued unabated, the younger people perhaps enjoying it most as a frolic, giving sweethearts a rare opbuggy, horseback and even wagon rides together over the pleasant country roads, going to the meetings, enjoying the midday picnic the grove, and, better still, returning home in the cool of the evening, under the twinkling stars and the soft light of the moon. To the staid old farmers and housewives it was a neighborhood reunion talk about crops, cholera with the hogs, who would run for the Legislature, etc., among the men, and among the women the gossip of the last quilting, the putting up of the preserves, the "trying out" of lard, and the measles and whooping cough of the children. Then, too, there were some famous speakers among the camp meeting exhorters

the devil square between the eyes, and administered to the sinner good peppery, orthodox doctrine, which admitted of no shuffling and "beating about the bush." On one especial day the attendince was unusually large, as a pulpit orator of real ability and power was expected to preach; and, ing through the crowd, was a coldeteur of one of the religious dechainations, giving away tracts, and the Bibles and hymn books. He Mas a stranger in that part of the country, attracted to the settlement name as John Willis. He was about 40 years of age, of medium height, slender and active, of dark hair and

speculative eye, a thin-lipped mouth,

and an aggressive, alert manner,

sledge-hammer preachers, who hit

ing into the camp for an hour oron mules and horses, in all sorts of vehicles, carriages, buggies, wagons and carts, the generous dinner packind each conveyance—when a carlage, drawn by two stout, sleek gray
nules, drew up in the grove, and the
ccupants alighted—a man appaently between 40 and 45 years of
ge, a comely, gentle-faced woman,
his guard before he leaves the camp hind each conveyance—when a carriage, drawn by two stout, sleek gray boy about 15 and a girl perhaps 13 ears old. The man looked the well-

REVEALED ON DEATH BED their appearance, and they escaped ble his notice until, the mules being ta- his little party. Entering into agent, with something to sell and print and good binding, on to the scar of the burn on his face!" himself. Looking around, he saw an acquaintance leaning against a tree, acquaintance leaning against a tree, come on and go home," a little off to himself. He was al- he eat has made him si asked: "Who is the man standing yonder near the church, who has just arrived, with his wife, I suppose, and the two children?" "That is Edward Long." was the reply "Edand the two children?" "That is Edward Long," was the reply. "Ed-ward Long Does he live about here?" "Yes, his house is about 6

> of the best and most successful farmers in all this section." Willis seemed to study for a while, his eye fixed on the 6-foot farmer, all unconscious of the inspection that he was undergoing. Then the col-porteur continued: "Mr. Edward used to know. Is he a native of this part of the country?" "I can't tell said the best. "My poor husband," Long looks strangely like a man I you that, for I came from another county about 15 years ago; he was living here then. Jack," he went on, addressing another man who had just sauntered up, "was Edward Long born in these parts?" studied a minute, and replied: he came here about 20 years ago, I think, and bought out old man Wesley Brown. Everybody thought that he gave too much for the old

miles down the road, and he is one

spring and through the woods in the "Did you ever hear where Mr. Long rear of the camp, greatly troubled in and his wife came from?" "It has his heart. "Can I be mistaken " mused. "Am I deceived by a chance resemblance? But such a resemblance! The great height, the walk, the hair, the eyes, eyen the scar on the fact."

But I be instance but I think I heard my father say, when Mr. Long was buying the Brown place, that he paid for it with the hair, the eyes, eyen the scar on the fact.

Will be instance but I think I heard my father say, when Mr. Long was buying the Brown place, that he paid for it with the hair, the eyes, eyen the scar on the scar of th the face—just such a man as Wil-seem to be interested in the Longs, ing his call, and left the house, the liam White, the murderer of my Mr. Willis," concluded the widow, woman following him to the front brother, would have grown to be to- looking at him inquiringly. day. No: I can't be mistaken! But

meeting. At the noonday recess, after the

ken out, the man and his wife and versation with someone next to him, children made their way toward the with regard to his stack of tracts and door of the rude country church. At Bibles, he said half jocularly, raisfirst, as his eyes fell on them, Willis ing his voice somewhat: "You can evinced only the interest which an depend on those Bibles being of plain something to give away, would feel est word of John Willis, of Brook-in a new arrival. But as his slance vale, Ala." Looking out of the corlook in the little party of four more ner of his eye as he spoke, he saw close by a look of doubt and perplexi- Long opposite him give an irrepres ty came over his face; he leaned for- sible start. "It was a random shot," ward in the intensity of his gaze at he thought, "but it went home." He the big farmer, and a dark frown went on talking quigtly; and, raising replaced the doubt, as he muttered: his eyes in a few minutes, he looked I would take my oath it is he, even across the table, to find that Edward Long had disappeared. most trembling with excitement, but colporteur was confirmed in his sus-he controlled his nerves as he walk-picion, and soliloquized with a grim full of the sacrifices with strife." presence of the fate which had overed up to his acquaintance, and it was smile of triumph: "It was somein quiet, indifferent tones that he thing he heard at the table that

board table was taken down, and the lumber run in under the church to serve for the next great gathering; and John Willis went to pack up his remaining unsold stock of biblical literature at the little farm house of a widow with two children where he had secured a room during the week. From his landlady he heard nothing but good of Edward Long and his folks. He was one of the most prossaid the widow, with tears in her eyes, "was in bad health for three or four years before he died, and left a mortgage on this place. I and my children would have been left without a roof over our heads, if it hadn't been for Mr. Long, who took the debt, and he has never bothered us from that day to this." "Did Edward Long marry a girl from his part of the country?"

run-down place, but he knew what asked John Willis. "No," replied he was doing. He's a 'warm' man the widow; "he came here, quite a He's a 'warm' man the widow; "he came here, quite a now, as the saying is, with money in the bank up town."

John Willis said no more, but walked off to himself, down by the and this boy and girl were born here." he girl just out of school at the time;

> "Oh, only as a stranger would nat- well with a silent inclination of the urally he in one of the most successful and prominent men of the neigh-borhood. Then, too, he bears a re-ner at the camp ground," said John markably close resemblance to a Willis to himself, as he walked down man I knew of another name, but of the road from Long's house, "that course it is only an accidental resem- man unbosomed himself of his crime

information given to him by a wag-

He paused under the shade of a tree a little way from the front gate, and bitterly surveyed the ample possesions of his enemy, the murderer was commodious, newly painted, and best milch breeds, while the grow-

"Better," he said grimly, "'a dry of human justice. For a moment his morsel with quietness than a house vengeful passion was rebuked in the Then, as he moved toward the house, taken his foe. But after a little he he repeated: "Like holy David, 'I reflected that he had a solemn, inexhave seen the wicked great in power, orable duty before him-a duty to and flourishing like a green bay tree; the memory of his brother, to the nevertheless, I passed, and they were law of the land, to himself. Armed not, and the place thereof knew with a warrant for the arrest of Edthern no more."

minute or two at the advancing colcalled to see your husband, madam." "He is not—that is, he is too unwell the camp meeting, and I knew that to see strangers. What is your busi- at last punishment had overtaken "Nothing ma'am, bet to my crime. I killed your brother, sell him, if I can, one or two Bibles | Henry Willis. It is needless now to displaying them.

Mrs. Long took a Bible, turned the leaves hastily; and, rising to her feet, bring you the money." She passed into an inner room, and presently returned with the amount. could think of no excuse for prolongwoman following him to the front door, and meeting his words of fare-

he had no difficulty in reaching from his way, as fast as the railway could veal the terrible deed before I left carry him, to his old home in Ala-

Late in the fall he returned to the country settlement of Elwood Long, accompanied by an officer of his State and county; but the retribuof his brother-for this conviction tion that he sought for a crime comhad by this time taken deep hold on mitted had been taken by the Al-his mind. There were evidences on mighty into His own hands. A few all sides of thrift and the accumula- weeks before the colporteur's artion of this world's goods. The house rival, Edward Long, while overseeing the raising of a barn, had been struck the yard neatly kept; the barn and to the earth by a heavy falling beam, other outhouses were spacious, and receiving both external and internal the cattle in the yard were of the injuries, of which he was now slowly dying. John Willis stood aghast and John Willis made a step forward the boy approached the table, and ing crops extending as far as the shocked when he learned that the toward the group, and then checked said to his mother in a low voice, but eye could reach, showed the man whom he was pursuiung to the himself. Looking around, he saw an heard by Willis: "Ma, Pa says to agement of a careful industrious farm-criminal's dock would in a few days be out of his reach, out of the reach

> As he opened the gate leading to and accompanied by the latter and the dwelling a man, sitting on the the Alabama officer, Willis drove in plazza, rose to his feet, looked for a a carriage to the dying man's house No objection was made to the enporteur, and passed into the house, trance of the party; and, after a It was quite a long distance down walt of a few minutes, by Edward the path to the road, but Willis felt Long's own request they were adsure that it was Edward Long him- mitted to his room. He was propself whom he had seen, having plain- ped up in the bed, haggard, emacily recognized him, even so far away, ated, evidently near the last pangs His knock at the door was an- of dissolution, but conscious swered by Mrs. Long herself, who composed. His wife sat a little way showed the visitor into the parlor, from the bed, her face buried in her and asked him to be seated. She hands. "Sit down," he said, his dim was about 35 years of age; and, eyes fixed on Willis. Then, by a-without being handsome, she had a great effort making his voice audible, sweet face, gentle manners, and an he went on: "I have little time or air of refinement. She turned her strength left, and must tell my story eyes upon Willis with a look, he quickly. John Willis, it was as if thought, of anxiety, as he said: "I one had risen from the dead when you confronted and recognized me at

for the family, and to distribute a extenuate the deed; you would not with few tracts," opening his satchel, and believe my story, but I am beyond all earthly tribunuals, and must answer only at a higher bar. We were fishing that day on Rush river, and mind, and a bitter feeling rising in been 20 years ago, and I was a pitiate the colporteur: "Yes; I what is not material here. Seated will take two of the Bibles, and will at opposite ends of the boat, we continued our bitter abuse of each other, until Henry, rising to his feet, came toward me with a drown Bowle Willie my life. I struck him with all my great strength on the head with the sharp part of an oar, and he fell backwards from the boat, which at

if I could rescue him, but he never rose to the surface. "When I reached the river bank, At the noonday recess, after the pears old. The man looked the well-to-do farmer, comfortably dressed, and wore a broad-brimmed wood and wore a broad-brimmed wood at the women and girls, assisted by the will be the will be the will of the hard of the hard of the hard of the the and the and the will of the hard of the hard of the to his wife. It sits heavy on her soul and realized my position, I was seiz-

the same moment was capsized. As

soon as I rose after my plunge I swam around in the stream to see

this world.

Edward Long ceased speaking, and ay back on his pillow, utterly hausted, and his wife hastened to his side, while the men silently filed out of the room.

Two days later Edward Long, or William White, died, his physical suffering gone, his soul at peace. His widow died about two years after her husband; his son, who became a successful salesman for a manufactur-ing firm, was killed in a railroad wreck out West; the daughter, who nherited a good estate, married, and the last I heard of her she and her husband were living in a town in South Carolina.

J. H. M.

Fayetteville, June 24. HAIL STORM IN SURRY.

recial to The Observer.

Elkin, July 6 .- A severe storm of wind, rain and hall visited this sec. the game for which she was looking miles north of here was very severe, that he did. "And you chew?" Blue Ridge. The hail was very severe, asked. Again he pleaded guilty, "Are many farmers having lost their entire you fond of whiskey?" she continued corn crop, so they think. Much timber "No, not especially, but I do think it was blown down, and wheat stacks is good for snake bite," replied the were overturned and scattered over

the fields.

The Fourth passed off very quietly Swift reddened and replied that he in Elkin. A bali game was played in the afternoon between the first and second nines. The Junior Order gave picnic on the campus at the academy The families and friends of the orde were incited and every one whot attended reported a good time.

The following teachers have been the following teachers have been the lacademy the coming year: Prof. J. H. Allen, prin-cipal; Misses Bettie Allen, Lillian George and Maude Ring, assistant Miss Alma Bland will have charge of ing to cut it out. Bit before going

the music department. Messers, J. F. Hendren, J. H. Allen R. J. Lewellyn, Dixon Booker Rev. H. C. Sprinkle went to Dobson Tuesday to attend the funeral of Mr. Mrs. W. M. Cundiff, of Siloam, is

and R. L. Poindexter.
A party composed of Mrs. John had distensed by yelled. Marjorie and Gilvin Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tharp and Mr. John Marion left here Tuesday morning for the Jamestown Expusition. Mr. Alex Chatham, Sr., and sons, Messrs. Hugh, Rich and Dan, and Master Thurmond Chatham left Tues-

Springs where they will spend the summer.—Drs. R. W. Reece and Eugene Click who attended the meeting of the eDutal Association as Moreover. gene Click who attended the meeting of the eDital Association at Morehead grown for the past two years week have returned home. Dr. ing the industrial progress Click passed the examination before city.

CARRIE AND THE PROFESSOR

Pretending to Be a Methodist Preacher Professor Swift, of reensboro, Has a Little Tete-a-Tete With Mrs. Nation in Which He Is Considerably Worsted.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Greensboro, July 5 .- Professor Swift, superintendent of hte Greensboro Graded Schools, posing as a Methodist minister, who smokes cigars and chews tobacco, had an interesting debate with Mrs. Carrie Nation on the train from Salisbury to Greensboro last evening. Professor Swift and some other Greensboro people had been to Salisbury to attend the celebration there, and learned that Mrs. Nation was on the train on which they returned. They searched until they found her in another car. Mr. D. P. Stern, a friend of Professor Corn Seriously Damaged—Teachers
Swift's, introduced himself and then
Por Elkin Academy Elected—Perpresented Mr. Swift when he introduced as a "Methodist minister, who chews tobacco and smokes cign Mrs. Nation's eyes blazed. This "So you smoke," she said, taking

> "were you ever a saloon keeper?" asked Mrs. Nation calmly. Professor

seat by the professor. He admitted

had not, "And why do you ask?"
"Because," she said, "you use a saloon-keeper's orgument. Then she hunched into a tirade on saloons and tobacco. "Time to git," muttered the pro-

fessor, as he reluctantly concealed a half-smoked Hayana, and felt in his pocket to see if his plug of "Old Henry County" was safe. "Mrs. Nation," he asked. "I agree

with you tobacco is bad, and I am go to the other coach I want to to tell me why you don't start a and sade on the peckaboo shirt waiste?"

"Because," and Mrs. Nation glared
f Mr. at him as she replied "I don't take the devil's advice as to how to do the Lord's work." Mr. Swift made a dive the guest of her brothers, Messrs. Ed for the door, as those in the car had distened to the conversation fair

Randleman to Have Electric Light

Randleman, July 6.-The Randle men Electric Railway and Light Comday morning for a pleasured trip to and will begin at once the erection of a power plant to furnish light for

THE FIRST REQUISITE OF