

185 HEAD OF HORSES AND MULES 185 At Auction

On next Wednesday, September 25th, we will sell 185 head of Horses and Mules, consisting of almost every kind that grows. The sale will commence at 10:30 a. m. and continue until every Horse and Mule is sold, REGARDLESS OF PRICE. There will be no risk for you to run in buying at this sale; all stock must be just as represented, or money refunded.

A Brief Description of the Horses and Mules That Will Be Sold at This Sale

The sale will start at 10 o'clock sharp. Twenty-five head of seasoned horses and mules, a little second-hand, but serviceably sound, right out of hard work, will be sold. These horses have been consigned to us by a contractor who has just finished a large contract. We have been instructed to sell them regardless of price. Your price is ours. Don't fail to look them over if you want a few good slaves.

Special Attention is Called to the 85 Range Colts Which Have Been Consigned to Us From Nebraska

This is a much better class of range horses than any that has ever come this way before. They were bred in the mountainous part of Nebraska, where the U. S. government placed a few nice well-bred stallions in the year 1901 in order to improve the stock in that wild country. The get of these stallions have roamed over the mountains and through the valleys of this country as nature intended them to do until they have developed bone and muscle which will cause them to make horses that for service, wear, durability cannot be surpassed by anything bred in any other State. All the good that was ever in them is there yet. They are brand new and never had a strap of leather on them, and only a few are branded. They are no trouble to break if you treat them kind. Don't miss this opportunity if you want nice, young, well-bred horses that you can train to suit yourself.

THE HIGH-CLASS HORSES WILL BE SOLD IN THE AFTERNOON, CONSISTING OF FIFTY HEAD of fast pacers and trotters, with and without record; roadsters, combination and pleasure driving horses, high-class business teams, closely mated, elegant saddle horses, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and Shetland ponies for the children.

We will have a nice lot of high-class mules from three to seven years old, ranging in size from 14 to 16 hands high, and weighing from 900 to 1,250 pounds. Everything will be sold at auction, except our best mules, which will be sold privately.

There will be a lot of high-class horses, vehicles and harness sold at this sale which have been consigned to us by private individuals from different cities, some who do not care to winter their horses or have bought automobiles.

Don't fail to attend this great gathering of all kinds of horses and mules. This will be a grand opportunity for dealers to buy, sell and exchange to their hearts' content, and an opportunity of a life time for private individuals to buy what they are looking for at their own price, without having any risk to run. All stock must be as represented or money refunded. Remember the date, next Wednesday, September the 25th. Sale will begin at 10 o'clock a. m., at

The Penny Brothers Company Horse and Mule Exchange

The Wholesale Market of the State
116 South Davie Street, Greensboro, N. C.

A SEA VOYAGE TO LITTLE VENICE

JENNY W. W. OVERMAN.

After two hours' journey over the Andes upon an English railway, a world-famed example of engineering and construction, rolling in billows of flaming golden, luminous bloom of tropical luxuriance, in a panorama of mountains of matchless loveliness and Alpine sublimity, whose gorges and ravines only terminate in the sea that bathes the Venezuelan coast with love and beauty, we arrived at Caracas, the capital of the republic of the richest country in South America, named American Venezuela, "Venezuela," or Little Venice. Caracas first greets one as being under martial law. Soldiers of every nationality and class in the world are in the army and are seen camping on the streets. Gatling guns are on every corner, and the cries of the sentinels are heard on every side; throughout the night reports of firearms give color and emphasis in making night hideous. The army in its street appearance is not imposing, neither is the pay to the rank and file encouraging, but the officers wore smart uniforms with swinging swords and very dashing.

I have called Caracas a terrestrial paradise and the Land of the Heart's Desire. Never was there a city that captured the eye, the mind, the soul and the senses more completely, and satisfied all the cravings for the picturesque. It abounds in natural scenes that recall Switzerland; it is full of buildings that are the results of a storied past, and the charms that follow long history with the beautiful details that the human impress of art has left. Here one meets the civilization of Paris in all of Arabian Spain's antique and color. One is made to remember that Arabian Spain's dwellings were marked by beauty and luxury while Europe dwelt in huts and dressed in leather. Their same royal halls with balconies overhanging orange groves, floors and walls of rich and graceful mosaics, fountains gushing in cool patios and falling in glittering sprays, ceilings and chandeliers gleaming with jewels, drawing rooms of sandal wood furniture, Persian rugs, marble columns encircled in lapis lazuli and verd antique. The yellow-towered cathedral like St. Mark's, stands in the centre of the city which shows that Catholicism is enthroned in the hearts of the people; it pours its odes of holy sounds upon the air in melodious chime day and night. From this centre the streets are laid out in methodical manner in regular squares following the cardinal points of the compass and are numbered from Plaza Bolivar. All the avenues are paved with a dust-proof concrete, and so numerous are the Moorish lamps that at eventide the illumination makes one think the lights of Heaven had descended to make the illusion of its glory complete. These Moorish lamps that encircle the Plaza, palaces and public buildings are copies of the public lamps that lighted Cordova seven hundred years before London had known a single public lamp—when Paris stepped into mud ankle-deep.

For a quiet retreat we were installed at Gran Hotel in a suite of rooms that an iron gallery made for min-

trely opening on the street, and upon a patio—the adorable Moorish invention in their passion for light and Allah's per-pur-shine; no chimneys to the houses, but every house has its patio. The house is upon the streets and in the public eye, but they have door and iron balconies that set a boundary to the feet and eyes. The piazza typifies the abandonment of the people in their pleasures where all the world meets; but their reserve, dignity and character are shown in their patios, the inner court, the sanctuary, the holy of holies, whose open roofs are canopied by Heaven's unbroken sapphire.

Here one listens to birds singing under red-tiled roofs, fountains flowing while watching the mirage's phantom citadels as they miraculously appear in cloud effects. One has comedia al fresco here, and in one's pleasant social exchange one may scent the fairest flowers of the South and mingle and learn from contact with sympathy a sweeter temper and a more Catholic consideration, and the summer flowers we breathe in that patio may not be a garland of an enduring union. Ah! the patio is the soul, the heart of the house.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon Caracas becomes a moving panorama of the equipages of fashionable folk and the rich bourgeois.

On every street visions of black-eyed senoritas greet the gaze as they look out, like flowers from their iron balconies at the passers-by, and nothing is more enjoyable than to admire them. As one drives to the westerly limits of the city one meets the aristocracy and picturesque peasantry. A winding road ornamented with a triumphant arch and bronze statuary leads to "El Calvario" called the "Mount of Sorrows" which overlooks the city of splendid villas, palaces, towers and turrets and mellow-tinted tiles and its encircling ranges of mountains, valleys of golden grains, and sheets of liquid green waters of the Rio Grande, where heavy-branched bananas yield their creamy fruit, tamarind and citron trees alive with singing nightingales; where tropical cactus and vines wave and various foliage fringes the waters. Oeanders in rosy dreams blossom in this enchanted atmosphere of romance. Here under a colossal bronze statue of Columbus one revels in a garden on the "Elm of the Sun." Nature plays to brilliant and high colors her matchless symphony, only interrupted in the continuous succession of bloom by terraces, arbors, steps, fountains and fountains. El Calvario is full of the imagery of ideal Italy and her Southern loveliness. But why the name El Calvario? As one watches the tropical sun go down with its parting fires lighting up the windows of the city and burning in the ocean of fire the tapering spires, one remembers that inner fires may burn and blaze. Can El Calvario recall the earthquake of 1812, when 12,000 of her citizens perished? As she points heavenward does she look upon the future with awe and foreboding?

Leaving El Calvario, having witnessed the finest combination of natural sublimity and beauty, with all

the artistic results that they have inspired, passing by the clay of huts of peeps that cluster along the terraces, we drove to the palace of Meri Flores, which is not open to the public, and I know not whose magic gave us entrance. We were met by the commander of the army and given a welcome. Through corridors and closets and refectory, in the fragrance of roses and oranges that floated over a spacious patio paved with beautiful mosaics, we visited Venezuela's art gallery and in admiration viewed the chiefs d'oeuvre of Dnate and Michel Arthuro. Dnate has a life-size painting of a woman, clad in flowing draper, standing with her right hand shading sad and troubled eyes, while at her feet the kindling flames of a fire throw a ruddy glow upon the pallor of a face that is alluring, mysterious and sad. The one gesture of the hand conveys the idea of a meditation that is morbid and inspired to see the event of things of dark futurity; the pose of the body expresses sorrow, dignity, strength and grace. Dnate paints with a technique that has the poetic charm and mystery of our own Ellihu Vedder, of Congressional Library fame. One other painting held me with its witching charm. It was a magnificent canvas of President Castro Restador, adored upon a fiery Arabian steed surrounded by the generals of the army upon steeds that conveyed the idea of conquerors as well. Castro was imperial and looked as though genius had made him an authority and fate had placed him in the center of a revolution-loving people, whom he would abandon rather than abate his schemes for the enrichment of himself and his people.

After hours in this lovely palace, full of notable works of art and the boy calm of a convent we drove to the Pantheon Nacional. Sallast tells us that Scipio and Maximus were in holding the statues of the illustrious countrymen were very much moved, and it was not the inanimate marble which possessed this mighty power, but the recollection of noble actions which kindled this furious flame in their bosoms. It was with reverence like a mingled prayer that I stood amidst such a wealth of monuments and memories. Columbus, Ojeda and all the conquistadores were standing like marble ghosts from that far-off coast and Bolivar, who rode through South America conquering as Napoleon through Europe, hailed as el libertador, made absolute dictator of civil and military affairs, died as Columbus and Napoleon—of a broken heart. Monuments were erected to many Americans who had fought for the independence and restoration of Venezuela. Here was a large wreath of purple pansies in fushing, sparkling and quivering color of bead-work at the foot of Columbus' statue, a glowing tribute from the Daughters of the American Revolution from the District of Columbia.

It was our great good fortune to be in Caracas on the 5th of July, the anniversary of their independence and to witness their celebration. In the Pantheon Nacional President Castro addressed the people. The streets presented a brilliant scene of troops magnificently uniformed, stationed along the line of march. The President was announced by cheers from the troops and the enthusiastic people. The Pantheon was resplendent in its abundance of light streaming from lofty windows, illuminating marble columns and statuary, around which was grouped the representatives of the ruling classes. The archbishops, cardinals, generals, ministers, ambassadors, Senators encircling the President, surrounded by army officers glittering in their gold and blue and red uniforms, with the civic element

conspicuous. On the same afternoon Toros was celebrated at the bull ring. Three bulls were butchered to make holiday, it was greatly interested in this event as it shows the direct descent of the Latin-Americans from their Spanish ancestors and the continuity of their national life—yo tengo corrida de Toros que voy a tener ver el ultimo. My verdict is submitted in Spanish. The streets were decorated in crimson, blue and white cloths, balconies draped, and festoons and garlands of paper flowers with electric lights hung from every tree of the plazas, that were crowded with people who came from the utmost parts of the earth in picturesque costumes of Arabs, Chinese, Japanese, Moors, Spaniards and adventurers. The city was dazzlingly brilliant with pyrotechnical display of American fireworks. We were entertained at the American minister's, Mr. William Worthington Russell, at a reception, where we not only met Americans, but the most gracious Spanish-Americans. Minister Russell is exceedingly handsome and has a debonaire grace so charmingly his own that he captivates his guests without an effort. His wife is from Bogota Colombia. The toilet of the Spanish-Americans charmed my eye as much as their strange, alluring, indefinable beauty.

We visited the Academic Millar that adorns a crest of the highlands of the sea. It is of Italian architecture with gray walls and red-tiled roof of magnificent proportions, with a courtyard with the space for the army of Venezuela to assemble. The University would do credit to any European city, yet Venezuela sends her sons and daughters to the Old World to complete their education. We enjoyed a visit to El Capitol where the Senate and House of Representatives were in session. Casa Amarilla (Yellow House) the official residence of President Castro, gleams like a lopsid in the setting of trees and lamps and sunlight against emerald velvet mountains and lawns under turquoise skies and silver clouds. The Club Concordia, where one hears the finest music, is a music hall rich and festal, where the Spanish dancing is as lamps and the singing, but more animated and charming. The Concordia is a court of youth and beauty, charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, where one meets with the true Castilian courtesy, full of an easy elegance, bon homie, gracious savior faire, spiritual sparkle of conversation. I exclaimed with Tennyson: "Manners are not idle; they are the prints of a loyal nature and noble mind. Ah! when can I forget the gay charm, the subtle humor of these people to whom civility is a tradition! What a jewel of memory clasped close in the heart's casket. The market place, when birds are chanting their matin music and the flowers are sipping the dew, looks like a banquet of fruit. The fruit stalls surround a square of flowers that look like a conservatory; huge hamper of immaculate Easter lilies, masses of steel-blue blossoms beside sunny, glowing geraniums and hyacinths, sheets of varicolored orchids, oleanders and golden laburnums, every size of singing birds, the colors of jewels, are for sale. Multitudes of colored figures with flashing, faming petticoats, handkerchiefs, bodices in barbaric splendor completing the festival of color.

Outside of the fruit, flower and bird stalls there rests the caravan of burros, laden with their wares. It is like the garden of Allah full of the harmonies of the East in its oryx of color and beauty. The street scenes enchant an on-looker. The Andalusian, wearing a broad-brimmed, light gray hat, short coat, light trousers, over all a black coat lined with crimson, is

here. One sees faces full of the expression of a soul that has sold itself and lost its high inheritance, "with the brooding, hovering, mute inviolable spirit of an accursed ghost." But most of the peasantry and burgeois are frank, out-spoken, open-hearted people, who are captivated with the same virtues in strangers. They are very curious of strangers arriving and it is better for the stranger to have his business made known to receive the mark of confidence and respect that ensures hospitality, assistance and good will. Then everything is yours, even to the keys of the city. Many Americans forget that in a foreign country they are on sufferance and exceed all rights. The Spanish customs are difficult to comprehend; anything you admire they present it and say, "it is yours." If you ask the time of day they present their watch, saying: "It is yours if it is any time you wish." You do not accept these offerings, however, of good will. At a comedia al fresco, my consort wished to serve me with meat. I declined a helping, but the adante servidor said: "Senora, the master orders you to eat meat."

I gasped: "The master." This is

Spanish. A celebrated doctor tells me he was called to a home by a wife to see a sick husband. He arrived; with a great display of urbanity he asked: "How is the head of the house madam?"

"I am quite well, doctor, but John is very ill."

This is American; the nominal head is John, but the actual and authoritative presence is misty: Is not Secretary Root right when he said we could learn from the Latin-Americans?

Caracas should only be written of in lyrics and sonnets, for it puts the romantic and unpoetic equally in tune with the Infinite. I left the city of order, beauty, with its cultivated comfort of an English landscape dissolved in ecstasies where my spirit had wings that lifted me above and beyond suffering. I left Caracas with faith in her future, constitution and political history; that she is moving with larger heart and kinder hands toward that God which ever lives and loves.

"One God, one law, one element, and one far-off divine one to which the whole creation moves."

A Little Boy's Trouble.

Monroe Enquirer.

Capt. S. H. Green had among his passengers last night from Rutherford to Monroe, a small boy, about five years old, who attracted the attention and sympathy of all. The little fellow was blind and was on his way to Raleigh to enter the Blind Institute, and he was unattended. As soon as the little boy found that his people had left him he jumped out of his seat and went screaming down the aisle and later attempted to jump out of a window. Capt. Green and the passengers took the disconcerted and afflicted small passenger in hand and a bountiful supply of candy made him exceedingly quiet, and well pleased, and it was not long until he was sound asleep. At Charlotte Mrs. Walter Reeves, formerly of Monroe, who is a teacher in the Blind Institute, took the boy in charge and added him to a list of other blind children she was taking to Raleigh. When the child was roused from his sound sleep when the train reached Monroe he yelled lustily that he did not want to get off the wagon, but wanted to go home.

Crystal Pale

GOOD BEER has tonic and food value, but bear in mind, the beer must be pure and old. It is just as essential that your beer be pure as the milk you drink.

Crystal Pale Beer is made of the best materials in a model brewery by Germans who have full knowledge of the art of brewing. Every drop of Crystal Pale on the market is aged to perfection.

We were thinking of the beer that your family should use when we brewed Crystal Pale.

At all good places, but you must ask for it.

THE NEW SOUTH BREWERY & ICE CO., Incorporated
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"I've Found the Right Beer at Last"