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He can always be found at the Drug Store of R. W. Glenn & Son, when not professionally engaged.

R. W. Glenn & Son
Keep constantly on hand at their store the Bulow House, a full stock of

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Paints, Glass, Chemicals,

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and everything found in a first class Drug Store.

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Village and Country Merchants Take Notice.

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W. B. FARRAR,
OFFICIAL WATCH-MAKER

AND JEWELER, AND

ENGRAVER,

AND DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Sewing Machines, and articles repaired cheap and on short notice. An assorted stock of Guns, Pistols, Cartridges, &c., always on hand.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Which will be sold cheap for Cash.

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By the use of the
VICTORIAN WIRELESS IMPROVED

Hay Rake,
Manufactured by
JOHN DODDS & CO.,
Dayton, Ohio.

This is the only Perfect Self-Operating

WARRANT
We warrant to the purchaser any little girl or boy that can drive a gentle horse, can fall the hay as well as the strongest man.

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Will make a stitch alike on both sides. It has a reversible feed. It is made of fine case hardened steel. It has no cog, cam or wire springs to get out of order. Has a self-regulating tension. It will sew from light to heavy fabric, and is adapted to all family sewing. It is the prettiest machine made, and runs very light—almost noiseless, and is just what every housekeeper ought to have. The use of it can be learned from the book accompanying each machine. And it can be had on monthly installments if desired. We also have a new

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The hundreds of the Florence now in use in North Carolina prove its merits, and that our people are getting a good thing. Needles, oil, thread and silk constantly on hand for all machines and sent by mail to any part of the State. We are also agent for the

BICKFORD

Family Sewing Machine
upon which 30,000 stitches may be knit per minute, and from thirty to forty pairs of socks may be knit per day, complete without seam, and perfect heel and toe.
Hoods, Gowns, Shawls, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, and many kinds of good things. Needles, oil, thread and silk constantly on hand for all machines and sent by mail to any part of the State. Agent wanted in every county. Address
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Greensboro, N. C.

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W. R. FORBIS & BROTHER
(under the Benbow Hall.)
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Hat-racks and any and everything in the furniture line. Their stock is the largest and most complete ever offered in this portion of the State. They defy competition in quality or price.

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W. D. FAUCETT,
Contractor, Building Cor.

WHO STOLE THE MONEY.

(From Harry Hazel's Yankee Blade.)

I have learned, in the course of my legal experience, that circumstantial evidence alone is a dangerous theory upon which to base conviction in criminal cases. I have known several cases in which the innocent have been grossly wronged through this means, a very plausible instance, I remember, being in substance as follows.—

A pale, scared boy, some fourteen years old, was brought into the Municipal Court, in a neighboring city, one morning, evidently in great tribulation, who was arraigned upon a charge of theft in his employer's store.

"What is your name?" asked the judge, quietly.

"Johnny Clegg," said the boy, humbly.

"Where do you live?"

"Down't North End, sir."

"Now, Mr. Clark, what is this case?" said the judge, with some interest.

"The old story, your honor," replied the clerk, familiarly. "The young fellow's stolen a pocket-book, and won't give any account of it."

"Where are the witnesses?"

"Here, your honor. The loser of the money, and the boy's late employer."

"Has he no counsel—no friend in court?"

"I haven't seen any, your honor; and he don't look as if he were overburdened in that way," replied the clerk sarcastically.

"Proceed with the evidence."

The child's employer took the stand first and stated the case.

"He was a well dressed man, but had hard features—a worldly-minded, selfish-appearing person—and thus testified—

"A stranger came into my store, your honor, to make a purchase. He paid me thirty dollars, ordered his goods sent home, and went out, but returned in a short time for his pocket-book, which he missed directly, and was certain he had left it on the counter carelessly. This boy, Johnny, your honor, had been with me but a few weeks, and I noticed that he hurried away out of the shop immediately, and I did not see him for three days afterwards. There was nobody in the store at the time but Johnny and me. The money was gone, and I didn't steal it. He has been able to give no account of it, or, rather, refused to do so, and he's there can be no doubt that he is the thief. I took him out of the street and set him to work, out of charity, and this is the return he makes me. He was a poor vagrant and had deceived me."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Yes, your honor."

The owner of the lost money then stated that the merchant's testimony was correct. He had lost seventy dollars in the manner described—that he saw no one in the store but this boy and his master, and the lad had disappeared on his immediate return to the store, upon discovering his loss. He was very positive he had not taken his wallet with him, but remembered just where he had left it upon the counter, near where this Johnny was engaged putting up the goods. He had no shadow of doubt that he had purloined it and had got away with it during his brief absence, for he had not been seen about his business for three days afterwards by anybody, and he noticed that the boy seemed uneasy and restless during his stay there. He could not afford to lose this money, and thought such young rogues should be made an example of.

"Now, my boy," said the judge, "have you anything to say? you have heard the testimony of your former employer, and this person who lost his money, and the case is very much against you. Do you wish to say anything, or to explain, eh?"

The little fellow was so alarmed at the apparent severity of his honor, though he was just and a good judge, and did not intend to intimidate the culprit at all, as I knew from a long acquaintance with his grave but sterling character—the boy was so confused that he said—

"No, sir, I can't."

"It's a kind of case," said his honor, "that's getting lamentable common among us, and we must do our duty, in the endeavor to check the growth of this evil. Mr. Clerk, I shall commit this boy to the House of Corrections for one year."

And the judge rose to adjourn his court.

"May it please your honor," I said respectfully "will you slow me, before this sentence is officially recorded, to address the court briefly?"

"Certainly, Mr. S.—," replied his honor, pleasantly. "Do you no anything of this case?"

"No, your honor. I have never seen any of these parties until this hour. But this lad doesn't look like a thief, to my vision, and he has no friend to say a word for him here. I have listened to the testimony, and with the utmost deference to your honor's judgment in the case, I respectfully suggest that the evidence against the boy, though very plausible and connected, is but circumstantial."

"Very dangerously so," suggested the Court, civilly.

"I admit that, your honor," I said, frankly. "And though it is hardly within the ordinary rule of courts, at this late stage of the business, I pray the court to allow me, on this trembling, frightened boy's behalf, to ask the last witness in this case a few brief questions."

"Certainly; there is no objection, sir."

"And I had the loser of the money upon the stand again directly."

"You say you missed your pocket-book after leaving the store, sir?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir—with seventy dollars in it."

"You are certain you didn't take it out when you went?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"You might have done so."

"But I didn't, sir."

"You couldn't have dropped it then, in your hurry as you went?"

"I didn't have it. I left it on the counter, near where this boy was putting up goods, and I've no question that he took it."

"You came back; how soon?"

"Within fifteen minutes or so."

"And the boy was gone?"

"Yes, sir, and the pocket-book," added the witness sharply.

"That's all, sir," I remarked.

And the gentleman sat down. I had not made much progress as yet, but I next asked the lad to stand up, when I spoke to him kindly, and said—

"Johnny, why did you hurry out that night as soon as the gentleman left, as he says you did?"

"'Cause mother was dreadful sick," he said tearfully; "and me and my little brother, Neddy, was all that she had to take care of. An' I went straight home and didn't know nothin' 'bout no money of that man's, no way."

"You went home because your mother was sick. How long has she been ill?"

"A good while, sir."

"But why didn't you return to your work? Why were you absent three days just then?"

"Mother's dead, sir," said the boy, sadly.

"When did she die?"

"That night, sir. An' I staid away 'cause I had to go to her funeral with Neddy, and he is all alone now, sir."

"And you know nothing of this lost pocket-book?"

"I have never seen it in all my life; sir; an' I don't steal nothin'—never, for poor mother allers said I must be honest, ef I starved; and God would know it, ef nobody else found it out; an' 'at wicked boys go to the bad place, sir. I never stole nothin', sir—never."

And here the little fellow burst into tears, and could say no more. While—I confess it—I was wiping my own eyes briefly, I observed that his honor was actually busily engaged in the same occupation. But the court room was close, and it was a warm day. Perhaps it was perspiration.

"Your honor," I said, after a moment of silence and clearing of the throat, "the prosecution here have surely here no case for conviction. I don't believe this boy knows any more of this lost money than you or I do. It has not been found in his possession; he has had no chance to spend it; nobody testifies that he ever had it, save on suspicion; and I cannot think your honor will imprison this child, who has so touchingly though innocently explained himself, upon what is, at the most, but circumstantial evidence. He says he is parentless, and I think your honor will not doubt this assertion. The dead mother, whose form he has just seen laid under the sod, was plainly a good true woman, and Johnny has not been taught at home to be a thief, or, credibly, I crave the leniency of the court in this lad's behalf, and I ask that Johnny may be discharged, since there is no direct evidence against him."

"You can go Johnny," said the clerk, with unusual pleasantness, for him, a moment afterwards, as the judge said something briefly to his subordinate, and immediately adjourned the court to the evident, astounded amazement of the boy's accusers.

I shook the poor fellow's hand, took him out of the court room with me, told him who I was, at his own request, and saw him running down the street as fast as little legs could carry him, so in after this reversed decision of his honor. The result of my voluntary efforts in this little affair was very gratifying to me, for I felt assured the boy was innocent. But the most agreeable part of the "case" was yet in store for me.

About a month afterwards a poorly dressed lad entered my law office one cold, raw morning, cap in hand, whom I quickly recognized as Johnny,

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