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THE ORIOLE.

In and out 'mong the cherry leaves
Flashing—a dart of living flame—
He slogs, and his glad song never grieves;
Its merry refrain is e'er the same:

In the dim, grav light of early dawn
He carols a age the laggard sun;
When evening shadows stretch o'er the lawn
His vesper warblings can scarce be done:
"Cheer, cheer, cheer,
Cheer up,
Cheer!"

"There's a rendant nest in the cherry tree,
A grave little mate and birdlings four;
How can you have them to sing," and he
A-tilting and swaying but sings the more:
"Cheer, cheer,
Cheer up,
Cheer!"

"There's plenty of time in this world to sing,"
His black head bobs as much as to say—
And then how the ling ring echoes ring
As he flutters his wings and files away:
"Cheer, cheer, cheer,
Cheer up,
Cheer!"

Oriole, with your breast of flame,
And notes that are ever so clearly glad.
Thro' sun or shade you sing the same,
If life be bright or if life be sad:
"Cheer, cheer, cheer,
Cheer up,
Cheer up,
—Good Housekeeping.

BILL JENKS' STORY.

It was late in October, and the mount ain air was chilly, but the fire which we had built, and which reached up with its long tongues of flame, half way to the dark pine top above, made the camp comfortable. We had stopped for the night just off the great Deadwood trail, a dozen miles from that place—that great wagon road which leads from the gold mines to civilization, over 200 miles among mountains and across plains, over government land and through Indian

reservations.
...'I'm goin' to bed an' to sleep tonight," said Gene Brooks, a freighter,
with three great freight wagons and
twelve mules, which he drove alone, as tweeve mines, while the training is customary; "I set up all last night tellin' you fellers stories, but you can't rope me in that why to-night." We had fallen in with Gene on the trail the day before. We looked at the fire, now burning lower, as we listened to the night wind, unfelt below, singing through the pine tops the same low, sad refrain which the wind and the pines

'Hanged if, there ain't a stray mule,' said Gene, as he strained his eyes through the darkness toward the trail. "Looks the darkness toward the trail. "Looks some like one of Bill Jenks' leaders, too, but Bill don't let none of his mules get away. 'Sides, he's gone to Sundanes this trip, though it must be bout time for him to get back—he hutries 'long kinder fast now—he gets lonesome, I reckon. I b'liere I must tell you bout Bill 'fore I forget it," and Gene cut off a clear of telescon with a pocketknife and Bill fore I forget it, and delicate and chew of tobacco with a pocketknife and rolled over and kicked his toes into the monkey business, an' I reckon she didn't neither, but Bill told me it was going to pines ceased their complaining song for a moment, and the murmuring of Bear "Well, it was a hard life for the girl, Butte creek came to our ears as it bub-bled along over the rocks a few yards away, all grayish, milky white, mud-dled by the silver mining along its head waters in the Galena district—all the streams in the Black Hills run either the same grayish, milk white or blood red -silver or gold mining.

—silver or gold mining.

"You heard me mention Bill last night," went on Gene. "He's a good one—ain't 'fraid of nothing that walks. Been freghtin' ever since I have—nine year. Got a twelve mule outfit—three wagons. Bill ain't exactly quarrelsome, but if he has got anything agin' anybody he don't go round tryin' to forget it. More likely he jumps the feller an' cleans him out. Bill ain't never been licked on the trail. Carries a gun in the wagon to use in cases of necessity. Good wagon to use in cases of necessity. Good feller if you know how to take him—I never had no trouble with him—but a little queer an' not a man to monkey with 'less you're lookin' for mighty lively exercise."

Gene meditatively took off his hat and blew the dust from the wide brim. The

Gene meditatively took off his hat and blew the dust from the wide brim—the red, powdery dust of the trail, tho dust that is blown hither and thither, on everything, through everything; that is stirred by the treasure coach and passenger coach, mula train and bull train, by the passing breeze and the gale as it sweeps down out of the canyon and whiris it along in great clouds that shut from sight coach and wagon train, dusty passenger and

mebby the day after, 'cordin' to how busy they was.

"There was a girl at Pierre named Pearl Queen. Least that's what the bills said her name was, though I al'ays thought it was a little mixed 'bout it bein' right. She acted at the Alhambra theatre, you see. Danced on her toes remarkably pretty like. She'd been there some time, and we all knowed her more or less. She was a little thing, midlin' young, I jedged, though I al'ays calculated she looked a little sort o' faded. She was kinder quiet, though she had a perity peart look, too. They sald she shot a feller at Sidney, but Pete Ferris said it wa'n't her a tall, so I don't-know nothing 'bout it.

Ferris said it wa'n't her a tall, so I don't-know nothing 'bout it.

"Anyhow, Bill Jenks got a'quainted with her one trip, and they jess seemed to muchu'ly fall in love with each other at first sight. Well, we didn't pay no attention to this, but we wa'n't quite ready for what follered. Bill got a load of merch'ndise for Lead City, an' the nex' mornin' pulled out, an' the p'int is right here: Settin' up on the saddle on the near white mule was Pearl Queen, jes' 'sif she'd al'ays been there; an' Bill was walkin' 'longside, mebby a little closer'n gen'ral, swearin' at the mules jea' 'sif he never pulled out no other way.

didn't like Bill none too well, nohow. He steps up when they comes along, an' says he: 'Mornin', Bill.' 'Mornin', Big Smith,' says Bill, and stops his team. 'I see you got Pearl Queen with you,' says Pig Smith. 'It does 'pear that way,' says Bill. 'I b'lieve I'm somewhat a'quainted with Pearl myself,' says Big Smith, kinder smart like. 'I 'low you don't know anything bad 'bout her,' says Bill, bitin' his teeth together hard. 'Well, I'— Crack! an' Bill hit him one on the jaw so we could all hear it. 'Well, I'— Crack! an' Bill hit him one on the jaw so we could all hear it, sayin' at the same time: 'What is it you know?' Big Smith fell like a log an' lay there for 'most a minute, Bill all the time waitin' for an answer. Pertty soon Big Smith got so he could kinder roll a little, an' then said: 'Bill it ain't worth mentionin'!' Then Bill whistled to his myles and went on

mules and went on.

"Nothing but fights for Bill Jenks after that. He had to stop an' lick the man that kep' the Red Corral 'fore he got out o' town, and he pounded two freighters at Willow Creek, an' at Bad River he an' the man that run the road ranch there fit twenty minutes, an' Bill finally got him up on the bank of the stream an' shoved him in an' that settled him. He would meet a man, the man stream an' shoved him in an' that settled him. He would meet a man, the man would say something about Pearl or go to grinnin', an' Bill would stop an' step up an' whale him, come back, kinder mop off the thickest of the blood with his sleeve, swear at the mules an' go on, while Pearl reached down an' patted him on the shoulder an' cheered him up.

on the shoulder an' cheered him up. "Pearl stayed with him right along. She didn't ride on the mule so much after the first trip 'cept when they were goin' inter town, when Bill always had her ride it, so that if there was anybody 'round wanted to make any remarks, that she would 'tract their 'tention an' they would make 'em, an' Bill would stop an' have it out with 'em. But it wasn't long fore folks got over sayin' much in Bill's hearin'—awful unhealthy practice. One day when they was pullin' into Rapid City one of these pictur' men tried to take their pictur' with Pearl on the mule, but Bill caught him at it an' went over any kicked one o' the legs off his out. over an' kicked one o' the legs off his outfit, an' as that only left two on it, it didn't stand very steady, an' the cuss looked kinder sheepish, put it under his arm an' made a sneak.

"Bill al'ays fixed her up a nice place to ride in the trail wagon, an' when she wasn't there or on the mule she would walk 'long by his side. I s'pose it was very pleasant for her to hear Bill swearin' at the mules all day, 'cause she thought a heap of him. When one o' the rest of us camps, of course we al'ays have to rustle 'round an' cook our own bacon, but she done his cookin' right along, an' good cookin' it was too, 'cause Bill asked me to cat with them sey 'ral times. Biscuits' w'y she used to make biscuits that tasted. w'y, durn it all, they tasted 'most like they used to at home! Bill an 'Pearl al'ays got along powerful fine together. They wasn't married reg'lar, you know. Bill said he didn't believe in any such

through the winter an' hot and dusty when summer come-never sleepin' in a house an' not hardly ever being in one at all, 'cept occasionally mebby a store, or freight depot, or something. But she seemed to stand it first rate an' not want nothin' else. Bill was mighty careful 'bout her stayin' in the wagon an' keepin' warm in cold or rainy weather, so I dunno, mebby the life was 'bout as easy as any she was used to. Her 'n' Bill was al'ays happy anyhow, an' I s'pose that's a better record than some folks that live finer an' are more solider married can

Well, I reckon there aint so very much more to tell, though it's kinder hard work to tell it a tall. One night, 'way 'long this summer I camped back 'way 'long this summer I camped back here, near Sturgis. I got up early and pulled out for Deadwood, not thinkin' 'bout anything. I'd gone six or seven mile an' was gittin' 'long fine, when I come 'round a bond, in the road right 'mong the biggest of the mountains, when what should I see but Bill Jenks' outfit camped ahead a ways. It wa'n't no reg'lar campin' place, an' I couldn't make it out at first, but then I see Bill a-walkin' back'ards in' for'ards, side o' the wagon with something white in his arms, an' then, says I, 'I know what's up. Git, you mules!' An' I clim' on the wagon with something white in his arms, an' then, says I, 'I know what's up. Git, you mules!' An'I clim' on the near one an' hit each of 'em a crack with the whip, an' I'll be hanged if I didn't come up to where he was on the trot! I stopped an' was gon' to yell, an' then I thought I hadn't better 'cause it might not be the thing for such an occasion. Then I was glad I didn't, 'cause as Bill come over, I saw tears in his eyes. There was a girl at Pierre.

"There was a girl at Pierre."

"There was a girl at Pierre." as Bill come over, I saw tears in his eyes.
First I thought he felt bad, then I 'lowed he was glad, then I didn't know; but Bill steps up side the mule an' I'll be teetotally blanked—yes, sir, I will—if he didn't turn back some sort o' soft cloth on the bundle an' showed me the all-firedest, blankest, smallest, little cuss—baby you know—that you ever seen. firedest, blankest, smallest, little cuss-baby, you know—that you ever seen! That's what he done, an' my eyes stuck out a foot, though I knowed, soon as I seen Bill walkin' what was comin', too. Then says Bill: "Gene, that's my boy. Don't he look jes' like me!" I was stuck for a mirute 'cause I couldn't see's it looked like anything 'cept jes' baby, but I braced up, an' says I: 'Bill, he's the pictur' of you 'cept his eyes—he's got bis mother's eyes, an' mebbe her hair, too, only, it's awful abort.' Then I started to say something, but Bill stopped me, an' says he: 'Penri is awful sick, an' I want you to get onto one o' my mules an'

amart Aleca, an' a fightin' man, an' didn't like Bill none too well, nohow. He steps up when they comes along, an' when I'm gone.' An' then she looked at says he: 'Mornin', Bill.' 'Mornin', Big Smith,' says Bill, and stops his team. 'I what she wanted an' put one of her arms 'round the baby an' the other up 'round his own neck an' leaned over, an' I come away quick's I could an' went 'round to the mules an' tried to make b'lieve I was fixin' the harness or something. A mule is very cheerin' on such a 'casion. An' after a few minutes Bill come out with the baby still on his arm—the little feller never whimpered—an' he set down on the wagon tongue an' his head kinder dropped in his hand, an' says he: 'Gene, there ain't nobody to take care o' me 'n'

there ain't nobody to take care o' me 'n' the hoy now!"

"We waited a while an' then I got a feller that came along to drive my outfit an' I took Bill's, an' he got in the wagon an' we went to Deadwood. The next day was Sunday an' we had a funeral. Ev'ry freighter that could be was there, an' lots of other folks that knowed Bill come down where we held it. I had a preacher, too; Bill was doubtful, but I told him it 'u'd, be better. When he come Bill took him to one side, an' says he, 'I want to tell you 'fore you begin. You know who I am an' who she was— You know who I am an' who she was You know who I am an' who she was—
my wife—you've heard our story. Now
I don't want you to preach no sermon,
'cause you might say something ag'in
her when you didn't mean to an' it would
be bad for you, an', of course, me, too;
so jes' read a little out o' your Bible—I
reckon that's all straight talk—an' if you must say something jes' say she was squar' an' never went back on Bill Jenks!'

"So that's about the way it was; the preacher read some an' then he sung a song I heard at church when I was a boy, an' some of us j'ined in a little, an' Big Smith whistled the tune kinder soft like, an' looked at the ground; an' then the preacher said that her that was gone must have been a good woman or the husband she left would not mourn her so much an' so deep, an' then he put on: 'She was always true to Pill Jenks,' an'

We buried her down the gulch, a bit off from the trail in a little park mong some pincs—Bill wouldn't have nothing to do with the reg'lar graveyards-he said folks might not want her there, an they needn't have her. He dug the grave himself, so it would be right, he said. He sent clear to Omalia after a

theadstone an' it's a beauty—nicer 'n any they got in the buryin' ground.

'The baby, hey? You bet he's all right—the preacher's wife took him for a while an' then Bill got her an' her husband to go with him an' take the baby down to his folks in Iowa—all Bill's fam'ly down there are a good deal more on style an' all that sort o' thing than he is, an' they got lots o' money an' were tickled to death with the little cuss, an' are taking the best kind o' care of him are taking the best kind o' care of him an' when he gits big are goin' to send him to school, an' give him an edication an' a big start in life. The old folks wanted Bill fo stay home too, but he said the life would kill him it was so reg'lar, so he's goin' down to see the little feller once a year. I wonder when he grows up an' gits wearin' fine clothes an' one thing 'bout the start he had way out here by the trail in the big freight wagen all covered with dust? Oh, 'nother thing, Bill named him William Queen Eugene Jenks—nothing ornery bout that name, is there?-Frederick II. Carruth in New York Tribune.

The Implantation of Teeth.

In Dr. Younger's experiment the tooth to be replaced has long been extracted, and the socket filled up with bony sub-stance. He drills into the jaw, gouges out a new socket, and then, taking a tooth that has long been extracted, he cleans it thoroughly, soaks it in hichloride of mercury, and inserts it in the socket just formed. This new tooth in due time becomes firmly anchored, and as service-able as the original one before it became decayed. Dr. Younger holds that the tooth is held in its place by the soft tis-sues surrounding it, and that the artificial socket has nothing to do with anchor-ing it.

The experiment described above was performed by Dr. G. M. Curtis, of Syracuse, N. Y., who afterward extracted the M. Gray, the microscopist of the surgeon general's office, who has made a very careful examination of it. His expericareful examination of it. His experi-ments proved beyond question that the tooth so implanted is revived, the circu-lation is established between the socket and the implanted tooth, and that the socket does take an active part in anchor-ing the tooth. A tooth so implanted is much more firmly anchored in the jaw than one of the originals, and, in the case referred to, the tooth was held so firmly that Dr. Curtis broke it in extracting it. Dr. Gray does not doubt that the soft tissues do take an active part in the operation, but he has proved his propositions in regard to the bone and the tooth beyond all question.—Hall's Journal of Health.

An Orator's Good Velce.

There is no doubt that one of the most useful qualifications of an orator is a good voice. Burke failed in the house through the lack of it, while William Pitt, through the possession of it, was a ruler there at the age of 21. 3ir. Lecky

ruler there at the age of 21. Mr. Lecky says that O'Connell's voice, rising with an easy and melodious swell, filled the largest building and triumphed over the wildest tumult, while at the same time it conveyed every inflection of feeling with the most delicate flexibility. The great majority of celebrated crators have been aided by the possession of a good voice. Webster's voice, on the occasion of his reply to Senator Dickinson, had such an effect that one of his listeners felt all the night afterward as if a

Family Graves on an Old Parm - The

Some of us, perhaps, may remember to have seen a cluster of many family graves in an uncultivated nook or dell of an old farm, where some of the less com-mercially valuable, but equally beautiful mercially valuable, but equally beautiful, original timber trees have been allowed to grow undisturbed, till their very size makes the few brownstone grave slabs seem modest and nestling to the ground, and where, the cattle having been kept out, the wood violet and other shy wild plants add their delicate charms, while they also mark the pecceful seclusion of they also mark the peaceful seclusion of the spot. Such simple and yet dignified rural furnishings are in harmony with the purpose to which the place is dedi-cated and to the feelings of the sympa-thetic visitor to it, and leave the imaginathetic visitor to it, and leave the imagina-tion free to conjure up, if it will, roman-tic visions of the past. In such a spot the thought might easily occur to one that here was indeed a restful place in which to have laid away the mortal re-mains of a few of those weary human beings whose life struggle it was to sub-due restrict to their own aims, and who due nature to their own aims, and who yet finally succumbed to her and whose semains became a part of her.

How much more appropriate to their lifow much more appropriate to their lives are such graves, with such surroundings, than they would have been in some great cometery, where their modest little gravestones would have been put to shame by scores of big, staringly white Egyptian obelisks, broken topped Greek columns, Roman urns, weening Italian angulas Romananca cantopped Greek columns, Roman urns, weeping Italian angels, Renaisance canopies, Gothle spires, and all the other kinds of showy monuments, and where all restlessness and seclusion are annihilated by rows upon rows and scattering swarms of factory made, white marble gravestones, all set up on edge so as to be as conspicuous as possible and looking as if they would be heaved out of plumb by every frost. Such stones have, in fact, the very unmonumental quality of being in a state of unstable equilibrium.

And as if all these white monuments and gravestones were not enough to

and gravestones were not enough to frighten nature into submission, innumerable fences are added, mostly of the sort which may be described as the "this-is-the-most-show-you-can-get-for-your-money" cast iron fence. And, as iron rusts into a color which is somewhat harmonious with nature, such a catastrophe is carefully avoided by painting all ironwork a gloomy black, a vivid white, or by gilding it, like a cresting over a chromo tea store. The managers of cemeteries seem to be proud of the of cemeteries seem to be proud of these private fights with nature, and do all they can to aid and abet them with their ribbon gardening and by planting all the most artificial looking specimens of "na-ture's bright productions" that skillful nurserymen can induce to grow. They have no limiting rules as to showiness, but are only too clast to sell lots to those but are only too glad to sell lots to those who will spend most in making a show that will advertise the cometery.—J. C. Olmstead in Garden and Forest.

Calcutta cannot fairly be classed among

those places which attract one at first sight. The Hooghly river, upon which it stands, might more justly be called the Ugly river, and the city itself is merely a big, showy, flat, dusty, thor-oughly modern town, which, being neither so ancient nor so conveniently situated as its two great rivals, Madras and Bombay, might well seem to have take. But if there is not much romance in its outward appearance there is more than enough in the associations connected

with it.

Not ten minutes' walk from this hotel
in which I write lies beneath the shadow
of the shining dome and jaunty pink colunns of the new postoffice that fatal
spot where 123 English prisoners died of
suffocation in one night, cursing with
their last breath the savage despot whose
consider has namical down to remotivate cruelty has nanded down to remotest ages the terrible name of the Black Hole of Calcutta. In the very center of the bustling and populous business quarter once stood, if native tradition may be who presides over secret murder, whence the future capital took its name of "Kali Kuttah" (Kali's shrine) .- David Ker in

The oldest chime of bells in America is the chime of eight on Christ church, Salem street, Boston. They were brought from England in 1744, and were procured by subscription, Mr. John Rowe giving the freight. They cost £560; the charges for wheels and putting them in place were £93. The inscriptions on them are as follows: The tenor first says: "This peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ church in peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ church in Boston, New England, Anno 1744, A. R." The second: "This church was founded in the year 1723, Timothy Culler, doctor in divinity, the first rector, A. R. 1744." The third rays: "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British empire in North America, A. R. 1744." The fourth exclaims: "God preserve the Church of England, 1744." The fifth commemorates "William Shirley, Esq., governor of Massachusetts bay in N. E., Anno 1744." The sixth bell tells us: "The subscription of these bells was begun by John Hammock and Robert Temple, church wardens, 1744." The seventh says: "Since genzessity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall read aloud its praise, 1744," and the eighth concludes: "Abel Rudhail, of Gloucester, cast us all, Anno 1744."

Boston Herald.

India has just lost a snake charmer, one Kondajee Muboojee, who fell a nixtyr to his belief in his own powers. A lad 6 years old, named Vittoo Heorroe, was bitten by a cobra at Mazagon, Bombay, and, as usual, a snake charmer was at once sent for. Kondajee arrived at the spot in half an hour, but the boy was already dead. The snake charmer in-quired where the cobra had taken

A Snake Charmer Falls a Victim

already dead. The snake charmer inquired where the cobra had taken refuge, and, on a woodpile being pointed out, he removed the wood, found and seized the snake, and endeavored to make it bite the dead boy, declaring that if it did so the child would at once be restored to life. For two hours he persevered, but the snake refused to strike the body, and at last, irritated beyond endurance, turned and bit Kondajee in the hand. The snake charmer calmly placed the snake in a copper vessel and then sat down. A vehicle was sent for and the man placed inside, but by the time he reached home he was dead.

The story testifies strongly to the belief of the snake charmers of India in their power over the snakes, and in the existence of a superstition that the second bite of a snake will restore the life that the first has taken away. The apathy of the first has taken away. The apathy of the Hindoo is evident by the fact that the snake charmer used no effort what-ever to save his own life. Whether he

ever to save his own life. Whether he thought that he was proof against its ill effects was not stated in the evidence given at the inquest held on the body of the child, but it is clear that he had no belief in the virtues of any antidote or mode of treatment. It is most probable that he was confident in the power of the drugs, ointments, or charms he had previously used to protect him, or the evidence of the spectator showed that upon finding the snake in the woodpile he had existed it without the slightest besitation. It is certainly singular that a man accustomed to handle snakes should have been so convinced that their bite had power to restore life as well as to cause death.—Foreign Letter.

The havor of Arab traders in Central Africa is vividly illustrated by the fact that one of the tribes Bishop Taylor in-tended to reach when he started his missions three or four years ago was wiped out of existence some time before the bishop's missionaries finally arrived at the borders of the desired country. The bishop was attracted to this region by Lieut. Wissmann's description of the big city of the Beniki, where Dr. Pogge and be traveled for wiles along one street. he traveled for miles along one street. Camping at the further end of the town. Camping at the further end of the town, they were visited by about five thousand of the inhabitants, whom the travelers described as a gentle, cheerful and industrious people. About the time Dr. Summers, of the Taylor missions, reached the adjoining Tushilange country, Lieut. Wissmann again visited the Beniki region, where all was silent in the big town, the huts in ruins and the street overgrown with tall grass. The Arabs from Nyangwe had swooped down upon the peaceful spot and had killed, captured or dispersed the inhabitants.

How to put an end to the terrible outrages of the Arabs in Central Africa is a

enterprises in Africa. - New York Sun.

It is a positive advantage in the amount of work accomplished if we turn aside to rest after meals. But by rest I do not rest after meals. But by rest I do not mean doing nothing except digest, but digestion is advantaged by light exercise. Exercise for this purpose should be of a sort that gives pleasure, and is not a task. Exercise that gives no thrill of delight is at least defective, if not radically wrong. To walk a mile as a duty is nearly valueless. To ramble in pleasant woods for an hour, as a botanist, exercises the nerves rather than the muscles, and is of vast value. What, then, is our physiology of study in relation to digestion [1] Do not touch any sent of literary work, a book, pen, or even newspaper, (1) Do not touch any seet of literary work, a book, pen, or even newspaper, for two hours after eating. For the same reason you should not lecture, sing, or preach under the same conditions. (2) Work your brain with impunity for several hours after such rest. (3) Such rest should not be absolute indolence, but light exercise, and pleasurable. (4) Do not go from study to the table directly. There should be a brief reaction before dining.—M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

Emperer Nero's Canal.

Among the most important public works in Greece is the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, of which Gen. Turr is the De Loseps. It was begun in 1883, and was to be completed this year, 1888, but it will not be finished for several years yet. It has the same breadth and depth as the Suez canal, and is about four miles long. The deepest cut is 250 feet. It passes through solid rock, and its sides are as yet left almost vertical. It is to be lighted by electricity. The cost was estimated at \$7,000,000. This canal will save vessels from Trieste or Brindisi to Athens or Constantinople about 200 nules; it will save ships from Gibraliar about seventy-five miles. It has been dug largely by Italians, Turks and Montenegrips. Few Greeks have been employed; they do not take kindly to such work. The canal carries out a plan that was cherished by many of the ancients; it actually follows the course which was surveyed by order of the Emperer Nero.

The Salaria Prize Pleture.

Figures on Tariff Law Operation

Very few persons understand and none daily apprehend the operatiom of the present tariff law. The following table, taken from the law now in force, illustrates very clearly that the law framed by the republicans and now advocated by them, was not made in the interest of our poorer classes of citizens, whose interests republican speakers are wont to bring under their tender grandianship. The figure after each article indicate the per cent of its value which is charged as a tax for the government, if the article is imported, and as a tax to the manufacturers, in nd as a tax to the manufacturers,

and as a tax to the manufacturers, in this country.

Ottar of roses, free; orange-flower oil, free; diamonds, 10 per cent; gold studs, 25 per cent; thread 'ace, 30 per cent; finest shawls, 41; ollves, free; spicea, all kinds, free; castor oil, 180 per cent; linsaed oil, 62; window glass 87; horse shoe nails 116; apool thread, 51; common woolen shawls, 86; worstead stockings, 73; common cloth, 89; corn starch, 85; salt 85; silk stocking, 50; Broadcloth 41.

Contrast the list a little. The duds can get bis "ottar of roses" free, while the poor prolific farmer pays 180 per cent on the castor oil, needed for his children. The bloated bond-holder pays ten per cent, on his thousand dollar diamonds, and 41 per cent on his fine broadcloths, the poor farmer pays 116 per cent on his horse shoe nails and 86 per cent on the coarse shawls he buys for his wife and daughters i—Pittsboro Home.

The Sugar Trust.

The sugar trust in the United States The sugar trust in the United States exists, like all other trusts, by reason of a HighTariff. In the North the staugar refineries and the wholesale grocers in the large cities have formed a trust. The object is to put up sugar. They are aiming to get 1 cent more per pound. The Louisville Courier Journal says of this conspiracy against the people.

ple:
"One cent added to the cost of the sugar consumed in the United States represents a tax of \$31,000,000 a year, or \$2,500,000 a month, or \$652,000 a week, and it is all a result of the edlet of a clique of sugar refiners in New York. The enslavement of the nation to capital is proceeding apace. The York. The enslavement of the nation to capital is proceeding apace. The rises and falls of sugar are no longer regulated by the natural operation of demand and supply in the market in producing prices, but it is now all the work of a central junta of less than a dozen millionaire refiners operating through supplementary combinations of wholesale dealers and brokers."

Now what are the people doing?

Now what are the people doing?
Are they consenting to such wicked frauds and schemes of plunder? Are they not aware that a dozen such trusts are formed by the Monopolists to grind the faces of the poor and make the yield rights?

from Nyangwe had swooped down upon the peaceful spot and had killed, captured or dispersed the inhabitants.

How to put an end to the terrible outrages of the Arabs in Central Africa is a problem that is beginning to give serious concern to all the promoters of white

edict raising the price of sugar a cent a pound, it lays a tax of fifty-two cents on every inhabitant in the United States, of all ages, sexes, and national

The hydra-headed monster, the TRUST, will not be strangled so long as the American people vote for men for office who favor Protection, which is only an other name for Robbe y. They are one and the same thing.—Wilming-

The Cosmopolism Character of New York.

Few recopie have an intelligent conception of the cosmopolism character of America's great commercial capital. The population of New York city along exceeds 1,500,000. Of this number less than one fifth were born of American parents. Not half of these were born of Work Parents. of New York parents. This cosmop itan character asserts itself everywhere, permeates every industry. One might easily meet the representatives of fifty nationalities in the course of an hour's atroil. One squallid rookery which I had occasion to visit lately sheltered families of a dozen nationalities—Irish German, Rusian Jews (two or three families to a room twice the size of me families to a room twice the size of as plano forte and inconceivable in its gloominess and nastiness), Bebemfans, Poles, Greek tenement cigar makers, Scandinavians, Italians, Americans, Negroes and Chinese. One finds the same thing on the bight side of life. A very small percentage of New York's famous preachers, lawyers, physicians, literary workers or even shopkeepers are "to the manor born." Take a great newspaper, the Star for instance. I remember very well some one a king me if I were a "born New Yorker," in the refortorial rooms of the Star one ovening when I was attached to that department of the paper. "North Carolina," I answered. The x an atting next me was asked the same question. "Wisconsin." And so the word wept around and a sort of informal densus was taken. Of the members of families to a room twice the size of m went around and a sort of informal census was taken. Of the members of the city staff present on that occasion three were Irishmen by birth, two Englishmen, one each Scotchman, Welshman and Frenchman, two Canadians, three from New York State, outside the city, two Missourians, two Marglanders, one each from Tennessee, Maine, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, New Jersey, California, Wisconsin, New Brunswick and Louisians—not a solitary reporter born in New York city happened to be present though, of course, there were several on the staff. While we were wendering at it all, two of the Mar's staff netista cutered. One of them was born in Vienna, the other in Warman.—New York Latter.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.