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One night an owl was prowing round.
Looking for mice, when on the ground.
He spied a cat, and straightway flew.
Quite close to it. "Th whit, to whoo!"
Quoth he, "may I again ne'er stir,"
If here, dressed in a cost of fur,
I do not see a four legged owl.
Q, what a very funny fowl!
It makes me laugh, so droll—Ha! ha!
Ha! ha!—It are—ba! ha! ha! ha!
Ray, it can it results are

"You've much mistaken, scornful sir,"
The cal said, as she ceased to purr!
"For though, like one, I often provil
About at night, I sim no owl.
And if I were, why, still would you
Be queerer creature of the two;
For you took, there's no doubt of that,
Extremely like a two lenged cat.
As for your grammar, 'pos my word
(Excused this giggle), he he he a.,
It be, it be, it really be
The very worst I over heard."
—Margaret Kytinge in St. Nicholas.

## THE FAIR UNKNOWN.

The opening of the grand industrial exposition had brought me to the city in the early part of the spring of 1579. Tired from long standing and walking around; more tired still by the shows and wonderful exhibitions of the mighty progress of civilization at home displayed at this exposition, I turned my steps homeward one afternoon earlier than usual. I had taken leave of my friends, making an engagement for a reunion later on in the evening, and directed my course to one of the quiet quarters of the city in which my hotel was situated. The less frequent the bazars and show windows became so much more insignificant became the

more flower of the city in which my hotel was situated. The less frequent the bacars and show windows became so much more insignificant became the number of foot passengers on the streets. But it seemed to me a much more stylish looking pert of the city than the public drives of the central portion, because here the high grave looking houses were either government offices or were inhabited by sity officials or wealthy private citizens.

Deface me walked for some distance a young and elegandy aftired lady. At a curve of the street I uncected in getting a see me prime of hee profile, and all myself thereby under tooking a casefully even the kept of golden florade sunshing half turned, lineared for a moment, and then walked has filly towards me, past me, and back over the road by which she had just come. Not far ahead of us came sunstering along an officer, with a lady on his some gavly chatting and langhing. Could they have frightened my Unknown! A saddened interest sireed within me; I wished to gar, gone insight into her trange conduct, and therefore made a hasty turn, following her and keeping only a few paces behind.

Then I aw how she pressed the little cloneded hand passionntely to her least, and with tass in her violet eyes, and a half sad half scornful expression murmanula sonething to her pression murmanula sonething to her strength which my cheek, and compels me to turn back less I befray myself?

The conversation baying once turned on the handsome Paumwolf, it did not soon leave the subject. On the other side of our table the people were willing the proping the propersion marmanula sonething to her side of our table the people were willing to her propersion murmanula sonething to her side of our table the people were willing to her propersion murmanula sonething to her profile the propersion meanulation and the propersion mean

pression paramated something so herself which my excited imagination
fancied to be: "O, foolish leart, why
art thou not quict; why mounts the
blood to my cheek, and compels me
to turn back lest I betray myself?"

The childish cbullifolm moved me
unconsciously, and a feeling of jealousy stole over me against that office
whom I had involuntarily thought of
six goinheitien with this young grid. I
Third only dared to address het; but
that I could not bring myself to do.
She evidently belonged to the first
class of ascelly, and nothing was further from my thoughts than a desire
to insuli or intrude upon her. But
fortune brevool me. Assull package
which als had himmen cantrol alpped
from her arm without her having re
marked it. Quietly I picked it up and
gave it hack tons has beloutely
necessary I'll first, which, and
they point wasts. The locked at in
with a quarted somewhat haughty
glance, at remained standing before
her rather beauge than my deep young
lask," said I, "Will you got example
"You are not wall my deep young
have a first well to be dismissed
"You are not wall my deep young
have a first well to be dismissed
"You are not wall my deep young
have a first well as the properties
down the street and coon found an
empty which, in which I joyfull yand
with a gestle feeling of espectation of
what would happen next, drove beat
to my little Unknown.

Meanwhile she had regained the
when the street and coon found an
empty which, in which I joyfully and
with a gestle feeling of espectation of
what would happen next, drove beat
to my little Unknown.

Meanwhile she had regains she can
when and my would happen next, drove beat
to my little Unknown.

Meanwhile she had regains she can
make it is expected the astering the ear
earpty which, in which I joyfully and
which a gestle feeling of espectation of
what would happen next, drove
here to be a supply which as the properties of the supplies of the supplies

han before.

"May I call to morrow and inquire
after your health?" I ventured to ask;
but she seemed taken by surprise at
the question, and hesitated to answer,
while the blush deepened on her

gentlemen continually going in and out.

In the neighborhood of the table at which we sat and made ourselves merry was gathered a large party, joyous and gay like ours.

Some young girlish faces before us having attracted me, I involuntarily looked around for my Unknown, but there—yes, certainly, there he was next to the little blonds coquette, with the seductive little snub nose, and the showy white felt hus—the officer of Lutzower street, the same before whom my little friend had taken flight, for although I had no foundation for the the idea, since we had met many other men on that street, I could not belp thinking of the large showy, handsome, but utterly blase and insolent looking lieutenant of infantry in connection with her.

"Who is that pale officer?" asked I of my friend Erich.

"Where?"

of my friend Erich.

"Where!"

I indicated the direction to him, "The one with the black beard, next to the little blonde lady."

"He?" said Erich, and laughed. "Why, he is the lately betrothed, the handsome Paumwolf. I thought you surely must know him."

"No, no; but what is the story about him?" I inquired.

"Well, nothing more than that yonder blonde has—with much trouble, it must be admitted—captured him for life, after he has caused nearly ninetynine others to dream of the same happy fate. For myself, I never could have attained such an elegiac calm, after breaking off a love aftair. But he has been unfortunate. Young ladies with and without pedigree, with and without money bags, bow down to him, after he has devoted himself to them for half an hour, entirely conquered by his irresistible fascinations. And it is just the same with the old ones. Many, to be sure, allege, indeed, that behind that titanic brow there is nothing but a cornfield, and that a thrashed out one?"

While Erich had been speaking my eyes had wandered away from Paumwolf. His pale face, framed in by curling black beard and hair, reminded me, in fact, of the Zeus of Otricoli. To me it was in the highest degree repugnant.

"Enough tears have recently been

unknown to me. And yet it was not timidity alone that caused the blood to fly like lightning through my veins, which made me remark with almost tender interest the clegant brass plate with the name engraved: "Von Gerdshof." Now! Courage! The bell is pulled! I am in for it!

An old servant dressed in livery answered my ring, and on my asking it the master was at home, took my card and left me with the conventional "I will inquire." but soon returned and opened for me the lofty folding door to the left of the entrance. His assurance that the master would be pleased to see me sounded vary consoling to me.

Within the elegantly furnished salou I found the general, an old dignified gentleman, with erect, military bearing, martial but not unfriendly countenance, and a long, gray beard.

tenance, and a long, gray beard, which however, was carefully shaved from the broad chim. After I had expressed to him my pleasure at being able to bein his daughter in her dilemma and he had thanked me for the slight service—he seemed to be informed of everything, and to have expected me somewhat—we peased from the usual forms of politeness to slively conversation that extended over every possible topic. The time passed as if on wings; almost an hour thus passed in chatting with the amiable old gentleman, and yet Fraulein Eveline had not appeared. But when at parting the general said he hoped to see me often at his house during my stay in the city, I could not refrain from pressing his hand in deep, heartfelt gratitude. Not long afterwards I received a delicately written eard—decidedly a lady's handwriting—in which Herr Gen, von Gordshoff did himself the honor to invite Herr Baron von T. to dine. I must confess I never received an invitation with similar joy. What was the excitement and expectation of the first court ball, as compared with the impatient threbbing of my heart with which I, on the appointed day, betook myself to the dinner. A numerous company had already assembled; many of the persons present were known to me, were indeed friends, so that I soon found myself most delightfully situated.

And the daughter of the house?

There stood Eveline with her friends, her graceful figure moving with bewitching grace among the guests; for she was obliged to assist that aged, somewhat conventional looking lady in doing the honors of the house the general's wife lad been dead many years—and I could not thelp admiring the tact and self possession with which she, in spite of her youth, so charmingly filled the position of hostess. Here she asked an old gentleman after the health of his sick spouse; there she whispered some pleasant remark to a young lady about has tasteful toilet, or repelled a too gallant eavalier with a scornful glance or a saucy answer. With each and all she knew just the right tone to take. S

those molded fashion-plates. And yet there lay in her violet eyes, when she believed herself to be unobserved, a sad expression which did not accord with the conventional smile of the sweet, small mouth.

At length the signal for dinner was given. Eveline laid the tips of her dainty fingers on the arm of a tall, blonde cavalier, acousin of the family. To my great annoyance, my portion was Countess Soundso, no longer in the first bloom of south. I must add that had secretly hoped to see five line's angelic head at my side. With a mich which was certainly not very amiable, I offered the countes my arm and led her to the places designated for us. Though otherwise a most estimable lady, she almost drove me to despair with her loquacity, and while the even before soup inquired about my recent journey in the East, and expressed a desire to hear something about my last new work, my glance strayed impediently past the guestioner ins vais search for Eveline. I had not had the opportunity to exchange one word with her. She had only nedded to me from seroes the room pleasantly and confidingly, as to an old sequaisature.

Pretty soon I felt a gentle touch on my arm, and a voice I only too well remembered asked, shyly, and at the same time saucily:

"Decemein Herr no longer reces"

remembered asked, shyly, and at the same time saucily:

"Decame in Herr no longer recognize his protege?"

I turned quickly, and, yes, there indeed was Eveline, who had been sitting next to me for full five minutes without my having observed her. My neighbor, the counters, and Eveline's essent, the counters, and Eveline's essent, the counters in the Guards, very soon understood how much they might expect to be entertained by Eveline or my self during the four or five hours passed at the table. How the time sped and what were the general topics of conversation we never knew. But I was entirely happy during the whole time. Not once did I discover in here eyes that melancholy drooping which

my side looked up at me with her inaccent, childlike eyes.

"You know I have left all that behind me," she said, softly.

I pressed her arm more closely to
me. "O. Eve! my own sweet Eve."
I was so happy, so proud, that even
the bold curiesity with which Lieut.
Paumwolf stared at us in passing could
not irritate me.

Eveline and I have lived many years
at our quiet old Barwalde, where the
sun never seemed to have risen until
Eveline's blonde bead flitted through
the house and grounds. But the happiest hours in our blissful life are Eveline's blonde bead flitted through the house and grounds. But the hap-piest hours in our blissful life are those in which we sit confidingly to-gether after the cares and duties of the day are over, and the tones of the piano and violencello mingle their their sounds on the clear evening air. —Translated from the German for The Boston True Flag.

The Boston True Flag.

Appreciated Honesty.

During the war Miss N., a beautiful and spirited Virginian, whose brother to Confederate soldier) had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be very grudent and not let a word escape her which would betray her southern sympathies. They were unhered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln and the object for which they had come stated. The tail, grave man bent down to the potite maiden and looking searchingly into her face, said: "You are loyal, of course!" Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied: "Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!" Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer, and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two, and handed her the paper. With a how the interview terminated. Once outside, the extreme vexation of Mr. Blair found vent in representatil words. "Now, you have done it!" he said; "didn't I warn you to be very careful! you have only yourself to blame." Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words: "Pass Miss N.; she is an honest girl, and can be trusted. A. Lincoln."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Lesson in Grammar,
One of the stumbling blocks to the fine writers is the old grammatical crux of the "Two first." This is all wrong according to the school teachers. The Herald received and unswered a question last week touching the grammatical accuracy of Bishop. Berkeley in the much quoted verse:

Is bry Ret Contagions?

There appears to be such a thing as a diagnosis of disease in wood, and the botanical physicians, according to The Northwestern Lumberman, profess to know that it may be contagious or spogadie. Dry sot is called contagious, and it is said that the germ of that disease may be communicated to sound wood by looks which have been at work in diseased wood. It is thought possible that this theory accounts for many incomprehensible breakages of timbers. The suggestion is that sound lumber should not be cut with the same, saw that has passed through stuff affected by dry rot without cleaning.

Color and Taste.

The peculiar association of a color with a sound by which a certain sound will at once vividly arouse a definite color, is quite normal and has of recent years been frequently described. The association of color with amells is a much rarer phenomenon, and of color with tastes perhaps rarer still. Dr. Fere gives an account of a woman, who, offer taking vinegar, as weverything as beight green for more than an hour. Dr. Fere explains this as due to a similarity in the subsidiary emotional effects accompanying the sensation.—Science.

Sure Death to Buffale, moth the following is said to accomplish the object.

Take strips of red or blue flammel (as these colors are pertundarly attractive to them), dip in liquid assente, and lay around the edges of carpets or where ever the pests are troublescene. They will soon ent a desired amount and collapse, to the entire attraction of the housewife, without the least injury to her carpets.—ticientific American.

To cure a wart place the thumb

Brockman's collection, they are simply astonishing. They are tept in cages, and are very clean—so much so that when one of them happens to dirty itself, all the others notice the fact immediately, and jeer and make the wryest of way faces at the misbehaved one. Each monkey has its own plate to cat from any knows it, and actually refuses to cat from anybody elses plate. Their training takes a long time and much trouble, because they are restless and inattentive. Yet it is more thoroughly done without the use of forcible or very severe means than with. It is a bad policy to hurt them, because they are extremely sensitive and nervous, and a little ill treatment will kill them. For this same reason they never perform more than ten consecutive minutes at a time, and, although they can bear heat and cold pretty well they must be carefully kept out of draft. There is one monkey that rides on horseback, dressed in a red coat, and with a silk hat on. He looks, from behind, like a miniature huntsman, and when seen in front he resembles Voltaire on horseback as much as one egg the other. Of course, these monkeys know their attendants by face, and pretty nearly by name. One, a little Pavian, the clowin of the troupe, and who jumps somersaults, like Barnum's best, took a dislike to the head attendant some time ago. It must be a strong grudge, for whenever he sees him he makes faces at him, grinds his teath together, shakes his first and yanks. This same animal is learning how to catch a small baseball. He began by learning how to catch a small baseball. He began by learning how to catch a ball. Mr. Brockman says he will teach another monkey how to pitch, and if he succeeds with this, will try to give performances with a baseball pine composed of brute animals only.—Baltimore American.

Every one we meet has his own burdens to carry. We do not want also to inflict him with our own. A bright countenance, a smile, a pleasant word are very insignificant things and yet they are full of helpfulness. There is this to be remembered, a kind act is mover amiss. Some soul is always hungering and thirsting for a token of sympathy. It is easy to see when one needs pecuniary or material assistance and not very difficult to give it but somehow when we speak of "helping each other," the phrase takes on a different meaning. The word of advice judiciously spoken where it is needed; encouragement and cheer to the down hearted; praise and appreciation to the ambitious; flowers and a tender message to the sick and lonely; endless love and forbearance toward our very own; tears and sympathy with those whose grief is too great for words; ah! who can even attempt to name the thousand ways in which we can "help each other." Heaven forbid that we should neglect these opportunities! It is through noble and generous deeds that character is developed and every act of generosity and kinship to Helping Each Other act of generosity and kindness on our part brings us closer in kinship to Christ, our elder brother, whose life and teachings are the most beautiful example the world has given of help-fulness to humanity.—Ida Harper in Fireman's Magazine.

. Like Other Men. He stood with one foot on the hub of his wagon wheel, talking to his wife, who sat in the wagon holding the lines.

"How much did you say, Mary?" he naked. asked.
"A dollar."
"What! a hull dollar fur two pairs

of stockings!"
"Yes."
"We can't afford it. That's perfectly

"We can't afford it. That's perfectly reckless."

"But I want 'cm."

"Yes, I suppose so, but you can't have 'cm. Look a here. I've got to have a necktie, a new hat, a pair of suspenders, a pair of buckskin gloves, some socks, a plag of tobacco and a jetk kmife, and that'll take all the money we can spare."

"Can't I get one pair!"

"Well, mebbe, but you'd better look fur cotion, and sunthin' at about twenty cepts. We'll never git rich in the world if we don't keep expenses down."—Detroft Free Press.

An Early Impulse.

A Boston man who had had a pretty hard tug with fortune for several years call could with difficulty keep affoat on the sea of respectability, had a tidy little fortune left him by a relative. A friend meeting him soon after asked him what was his first sensation after getting his hands on the money. "My first sensation was to give a lift in the way of something needful to several fellows whom I knew to be in as tight quarters as I ever was myself. I obeyed the impulse and I've been always gind I did, for the longer I'm in possession of money the fewer such impulses I have."—Boston Advertiser.

\*\*Else Appreciation.\*\*

Charles Mathews once told a story of the "boots" at a country hotel where he was staying, asking to be paid for going to the theatre. Mathews, struck with the fellow's civility, gave him an order for the play. "Come and see the piece, Tom," said Mathews. "At the theatre?" "Yes," said Mathews, "At the theatre?" "Yes," said Mathews, "here is an order for you." The user day Mathews said; "Well, Tom, did you like the play?" "Oh, yes," said the boots, in a dubious kind of way; "but who's to pay me for my time?"—Old Paper.

Important Evidence,

A man in New York who was badly

Important Evidence,

A man in New York who was badly raused up and distigured in a street row had a photograph taken of him self while in that plight to present as evidence before the court. There is no more veracious witness than a photograph, and after scanning the picture of a badly minused man it did not take the jury long to decide the case in his favor. Photography is a useful art, and it is constantly realizing non possibilities.—Chicago Herald.

ALL ABOUT TOADSTOOLS.

varieties are numerous. The writer has eaten enjoyably of over 100, and confidently expects to add many more to the fist. The late Dr. Curds, of North Carolina, catalogues 112 edible kinds found by him in that many more to the list. The late Dr. Curds, of North Carolina, catalogues 112 edible kinds found by him in that state. Every day mycophagists are adding to their cuisine species not heretofore tested to the safety point in eating, and even those which lave long borne a bad reputation. It is as supplying stores of nutritive matter and thus forming a most important, excellent and delicate food supply that toadstools are of most value. Almost everything contributes to the arts, but food supply is limited to digestible things. To the inhabitants of many nations toadstools—in their edible capacity—are most important. The Russians pay particular attention to their economy and cooking. The Italian pensants regard toamtools as among their greatest blessings. In England all of the edible varieties are eagerly sought after; tons daily find their way from wood and field to the markets of town and cities and the great manufactories of sauces and pickles. Everywhere in Europe they are dried for winter use. In France, especially, much attention is paid to the cultivation of the teadstool of commerce, and it constitutes an enormous industry. But fow varieties yield the secrets of the necessaries for their cultivation. Most of them positively refuse to import the knowledge to the most seductive care and closest imitations of their matural homes and haunts, and therefore can be found only upon the spots and within the circles Dame Nature has assigned to them. They will not colonize; they will not emigrate; they will not be cheated out of their natural possessions; they refuse to be educated, and stand themselves upon their single leg as the most independent and contray growth with which man has to deal. The polypoerei climb trees; their twin brother, the Boletus, will not do so under any circumstances. The truffic hides under ground; the lycoperdon camps on the ground and enjoys the ligneous stupidity of rotten stumps; the hydnel are more behavioral pair of seas. They are

varieties of the many thousands will allow themselves to be taken from their natural habitat to live and grow in another mocking it as intimately as the proverbial pair of peas. They are loyal beyond precedent to their native soil, and not willing to accept naturalization papers from any one or for any purpose, no matter how politic the tendering. The much kicked and thoroughly despised puff balls are properly so treated when they reach the dust giving age, because they are then too old to eat; but when young their white flesh is very tempting, and, when not changing color to any shade of yellow upon being cut or broken, will be pronounced by the most fastidious equal to any table delicacy. All white flesh puff balls are edible. The object of this article is to encourage readers to notice and be friendly for toatstools and to enter into a study of them which cannot full to give intellectual and stomachic delight, but it would be criminal to prompt a study which might less to danger without strongly impressing the characteristics of one of the most deadly of poisonous plaints—the amanitae. Common sense must guide the consumer—the same sense that is used in the selection of other food—and that sense, properly exercised, will furnish to the possessors of it many dishes delicate and delicious. So numerous are toadstools, so well does a study of them define their habits and habitats, that the writer never fails, upon any day from April to December, to find ample supply of healthy, nutritious, delicate toadstools for himself and family. The old saying of many—that "only one kind is fit to ent"—is easily expanged from proverb sanctity. Every bite of good ripe cheese includes thousands of toadstools; every piece of bread, every drop of vinegar, every drink of water, every breath inhaled, includes with it the despised toadstools or their spores in some of their many shapes.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Not Good Deg Diet.

There are but lew people who do not

Not Good Deg Diet.

There are but few people who do not know how and it is to lose a pet. The pang is there whether it be the loss of a thoroughbred Maltese cat or a dog whose name is Dennis for want of a better. One day has week a West Side residence was shrounded in deep mourning on account of the untimely death of a dog whose sole claim to distinction was that he was able to develop fins without apparent effort or subsequent disconfort. For your this autural had been surrounding the useful pins until his "manards" must