

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. JAS. E. BOYD, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Greensboro, N. C. Will be at Graham on Monday of each week to attend to professional business. (Sep 16)

J. D. KERNODLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. GREENSBORO, N. C. Will also visit Alamance. Calls in the country attended. Address me at Greensboro.

DR. G. W. WHITSETT, Surgeon Dentist, GREENSBORO, N. C. Will also visit Alamance. Calls in the country attended. Address me at Greensboro.

JACOB A. LONG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, GRAHAM, N. C. May 17, '88.

ADVERTISEMENTS. DONT BUY, Sell or exchange any kind of new or second hand machinery, engines, &c., before obtaining prices from W. R. Burgess, Manager, Greensboro, N. C.

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J. T. SHAW, JEWELER

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REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. Any part of a watch, clock, or piece of jewelry can be replaced at my bench carefully and as cheaply as you can have it done anywhere. All work sent through the mail or by express shall have prompt attention. Yours truly, J. T. SHAW.

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ATTAR OF ROSES. A subtle odor from the east is wafted along the room; A penetrating scent—a faint perfume of distillation. My vagrant fancies wing soft flights, Such wonderful scenes disclose— A page from out the Arabian Nights On a whiff of attar of rose.

CASTING REFLECTIONS. Yes, I'm as bright as ever, though I've had some hard rubs in my day—particularly from the hands of domestics. No wonder I am called cold and hard, but nevertheless I am the most sympathetic creature in the world.

Now, I'm a keen observer when people are in front of me, and am accustomed to study faces, but she rather puzzled me. She impressed me as an actress, but still her general appearance was almost too artistic for that.

Well, they came more or less regularly to the studio, and the posing began. It was a long MS., and some of the situations were rather pleasing. At times she had to stand as if in a conservatory with the hero of the novel whispering in her ear.

Now, though I have seen a great deal of life, and consequently a great deal of acting, I had never been present at a play—and so was delighted when taken the first night to the Club theatre.

It was entirely a new world to me. There was only one small looking glass in our dressing room, and it was flatter to me to be so much in demand; it was also a revelation to see with how much eagerness the ambitious amateur looked into my tell tale face.

The room was as bright and pretty as a bed of flowers in full bloom. The costumes were picturesque and becoming to the young ladies who wore any dress that suited their particular style, while the men, according to the play,

were obliged to don the "Director's" costume. As one after another of the girls looked into my face, I realized that the report in regard to the beauty in the east was not exaggerated.

In one corner was a little maiden in robin's egg blue satin, reading her lines and devouring caramels with equal earnestness, while near by a fat young dude made up as an old village innkeeper, with a lady on each hand, was struggling with a new step for the march.

While the actor was drawing Miss Swansdown, he was carrying on a lively conversation with Miss Carson, a charming, black eyed girl, dressed in the "village beauty" style, in which costume she was sufficiently attractive to fascinate any one—excepting, perhaps, some of her own sex.

Suddenly I heard the ring of a bell, followed by a commanding voice; then there was a grand rustle—yes, every one, dudes, officers, Director's costumed gentlemen and maidens fair, rushed for the stage stairs—I who had been so much sought after, so coveted, so fondled, was as suddenly dropped as if I had been a last year's fashion.

For a few moments there was a great bustling of feet over heads, and half expressed, excited talking; then again the commanding voice, next the ring of a bell, the orchestra opened fire, the curtain rolled up and the play began.

But my loneliness was not of long duration; down came Lake. I read his face at a glance—he was not yellow; he was white, but it was jealousy—yes, jealousy and pique—that made Lake so attentive to the little black eyed "village beauty" whenever Roberts was near Miss Swansdown.

Now, according to all the heroes in stories, he should have bit his lip till drops of gore ran down his "firm but delicate jaw"; he should have clenched his nails in his hands till nothing but his wrists were visible; he should have paced the room like a man that was very angry at something, and, above all, he should have talked aloud; then I should have learned the cause of it all.

in a state of great excitement (an excitement which only an amateur can feel when the stage is waiting). In his hand were several sheets of paper on which the handwriting was easily recognized at a glance. Lake collected himself and handed the missing page to the newcomer, which was received with a relieved look and hearty thanks as he hurried out.

At the next instant, fortunately for me, I was taken up behind the scenes, and found myself in great demand by those not on the stage. I was trying to keep my eye on Lake, who was devoting himself to any lady who came in his way, excepting the writer of the fatal letter. His avoidance of her it was evident she observed. I had known her too long not to read the slight quiver of the corner of her mouth.

Days and weeks passed, but the studio was not again brightened by the presence of Miss Swansdown, and the theatrical season being over I was not again taken out; consequently what there was of a study to learn by studying the face of Lake and listening to the conversation of callers. Even when he held long consultations with me in regard to the arrangement of his front hair, I only knew that he was going to some reception, party or dance.

How I used to wish he would be like other heroes in novels or on the stage! I should have been thoroughly posted, instead of having to surmise and worry. How could I tell what he might be planning to do! Suppose he should lose heart on account of his love affair, and, like the impetuous hero in the novel, suddenly start for foreign lands!

Then what would become of me! I've always had a nameless dread of auctioneers. Think of me in a second hand store, in a dusty and mixed up with a lot of common cutlery, cheap jewelry and old furniture! The thought sends a cold chill down my back. No wonder I was anxious for his affairs to run smoothly.

I watched to see him become thin, melancholy, morbid, neglect his work and write poetry, but he did nothing of the kind; he seemed more energetic and industrious than ever, but how ugly he was, and how he used to kick the furniture around!

Finally the June days came; he packed his traps, entirely ignoring me, and was off for the summer vacation. How the dust gathered! How quiet it seemed! Even the janitor neglected us, and my vision became quite obscure. My neighbors, the brass soap, the Chinese feather duster, the Spanish knife, the bronze lizard and the rest of us became too dull to shine in our own society.

Finally a brush with the janitor rubbed us up a bit, and the next day I stalked Brown Lake. In looking over his accumulated mail from the recent letters I noticed one from the secretary of the Amateur Dramatic club asking him to join in a repetition of the play given last season.

THE CULTURE OF MURDER.

How Impulsive Organisms Are Prepared to Do Dark Deeds. No fact is more patent to science than the direct effect of influences exerted through the medium of the senses upon the brain—that particular part of the organism whose functioning we call "mind."

While we empower the police to put down with a strong hand the exhibition in shop windows, and the censor of stage plays and spectacles to interdict the parade in theatres of pictures and scenes of an "immoral" character, because it is recognized that these have a tendency to corrupt the mind of youth—and age too—nothing whatever is done to restrain the daily increasing evil of pictorial placards displayed on every boarding, and of highly wrought scenes produced at nearly all the theatres, which not only direct the thoughts, but actively stir the passions of the people in such way as to murder the average mind with murder in all its forms, and to break down that protective sense of "horror" which nature has given us.

We are none of us as shocked at the spectacle of a knife driven into the chest of a young woman, and do not recoil as violently from the idea of this form of murder, as before the display of all sides of an elaborate, nearly life size picture of the deed. Nor do two men grappling together and stabbing each other, or one man shooting another with a revolver, strike us as presenting spectacles of such hideous enormity as they would have done had we not been familiarized with these scenes by impressive placards staring us in the face at every turn.

We have no wish to make wild affirmations, but knowing what we do, as observers of development, we can have no hesitation in saying that the increasing frequency of horribly brutal outrages is by no means unaccountable. The viciously inclined are, in a sense, always weak minded—that is to say, they are especially susceptible of influences moving them in the direction their passions incline them to take; and when the mind (or brain) is impressed through the senses, and particularly as to sense mental pictures, either in waking thought or dreams, of homicide, the impulsive organism is, as it were, prepared for the performance of the deed which forms the subjects of the consciousness. We are, of course, writing technically, but the facts are indisputable, and we trust they will be sufficiently plain. It is high time that this ingenious and persistent murderer culture should cease.—Lancet.

How to Master a Book.

In reading a book so as to retain a knowledge of its contents, we should first reduce this murder culture by the educational use of the pictorial art has not been checked by public authority.

As to the method of memorizing these abstracts, the best way to proceed is as follows: You first associate or connect the title of the book with the title of the first chapter; then the title of the chapters to each other; and then in each chapter the leading idea or proposition to the chapter; the second leading idea to the first; facts and illustrations to the principles to which they belong; and so on, to the end of the book. The number of ideas that should be selected from each chapter will depend on the nature of the subject, the degree of sequence or relationship between the parts, and the completeness with which it is desired to be remembered. When you have finished the whole book, and wish to test your knowledge of its contents, turn to the index and see whether you can give a clear account of all the subjects or facts referred to therein.—J. C. Moffett in The Writer.

He Got It Bad.

"Look here, old man," said a young lawyer to a more successful professional brother as he rushed into the latter's office one afternoon. "I want \$5, and I want it bad!" The money was forthcoming, and the unfortunate young limb of the law tucked the bill into his pocket and flew out of the door. The next morning he returned in a great state of excitement and exclaiming, "See, that bill you gave me yesterday was a counterfeit, and it came near getting me into trouble!" The friend swung around in his chair and answered: "Well, you said when you rushed in here that you wanted it bad, and I gave it to you that way."—Albany Journal.

The Dog Orphanage at Batavia.

I doubt if many Americans ever go to the dog orphanage at Batavia. We went there to buy a dog for a little black haired maiden who in lieu of her Buffalo cousins was promised a poodle as a winter playmate. The institution is endowed, and has a long list of subscribers, headed by her majesty the queen. It is not a London police station. Do not suppose, as I did, however, that it is a sort of canine home where orphan or friendless dogs are petted and coddled to a green old age. It is really a pound. For if the luckless dog is not claimed within a given period he is sold or killed. All the curs are packed into a car and go sliding off together into eternity. Thus they find themselves in an air tight chamber which this car exactly fits. As it is charged with noxious gas, the dog, in the euphuistic language of one of the keepers—whose face was scarcely above that of the brute creation around him—"goes to sleep," by which he meant to imply that the death is instantaneous and painless.

The sounds that emanate upon our ears as we entered the pound were like those of an orchestra tuning up behind the scenes. All the human instinct there is in the dog is developed when he is thrown on the charity of Batavia, for he stands on his hind legs behind his prison bars, wags his head, paws the air and asks your sympathy in the most melting tones. If you pet one dog in the kennel the whole pack are instantly upon you, brushing their noses against your glove, and if you throw in a morsel of food, they fight like tigers for it. When a kennel becomes too uproarious the keeper quiet it with one lash of the whip. The most touching sight of all is to see the poor little orphaned poodles or pups—used to the softest caresses and daintiest food—shut up alone in the cold, comfortable pen of Batavia, or with a half dozen companions, all equally homeless. Their dejected, limp and seemingly lifeless forms reminded me of nothing so much as myself the day I recrossed the British channel and sung my sorrows to the sea.—Cor. Buffalo Courier.

Work of Insect Undertakers.

Nearly every one is familiar with the burying beetle, and many have, perhaps, watched its operations. Noting that dead moles and other small animals laid on the loose ground soon disappeared, Professor Gleditsch concluded to investigate the cause. Accordingly, he placed a mole in the garden, and on the morning of the third day found it buried some three inches below the surface. Though wondering why this service was performed for the dead mole, yet, as he saw only four beetles under the carcass, he rebuffed it and in six days found it overrun with maggots. It was not until then that the thought struck him that these maggots were the offspring of the beetles he had seen, and that they performed the burial rites in order to provide a place to deposit their eggs, where the newly hatched young might have food for their nourishment.

Continuing his observations, Mr. Gleditsch placed four of these beetles under a glass case, with two dead frogs. One pair buried the first frog in twelve hours, and on the third day the second one was similarly disposed of. The professor then gave them a dead herring, and a pair of the beetles set to work to bury it. They pushed out the dirt from beneath the body; then the male drove the female away and worked alone for about five hours, turning the limit around in a most convenient position, and occasionally mounting the body to tread it down. After resting for an hour it proceeded as before, alternately excavating and pulling the dirt down from above. It was buried by the end of the third day. In fifty days the four beetles had buried four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, two grasshoppers, the entrails of a fish and two morsels of the lungs of an ox.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Short Essay on Wrinkles.

It is customary to say that wrinkles come from worrying, but the truth is most of them come from laughing. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with what kind of laugh you have. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semi-circular wrinkles covering his cheeks. When a gambler, who has been accustomed to suppressing his feelings, laughs, a deep line forms on each side of his nose and runs to the upper corner of his mouth. In time this line extends to his chin and assumes the shape of a half moon. A cadaverous person with a waxlike skin is very apt to have two broadly marked wrinkles, one running up from the jaw and the other under the eye. These meet at right angles at the cheekbone and look as though they formed a knot at the apex. The scholar's wrinkles form on his brow, while the scheming politician's come round his eyes, where they look for all the world like the spokes of a wheel.—London Tid Bits.

How Wives Are Killed.

Of course all good husbandmen have provided suitable conveniences to save their wives extra labor and "venation of spirit," but perhaps this little item, from an Eastern paper, ought to be read as a sort of riot act to some of their neighbors: "See that skeleton of a woman tugging two pails of water up the hill to the house, while a cost of \$50 an aqueduct would bring water into every building. That man (her husband) has \$5,000 at interest, and three wives of blessed memory in yonder yard. The fourth will soon be beside them, after which there will be an eager contest for the dead woman's harness."—Herald of Health.

METHODS OF HOUSE HEATING.

The Open Fireplace, the Stove and the Furnace—Steam and Hot Water. The open fireplace is, on several accounts, to be preferred to any other means of heating an apartment. It insures, when well constructed, the removal of those products of combustion which tend to vitiate the atmosphere, and at the same time causes a strong current of air to pass from the room through the chimney, by which alone tolerably effective ventilation is produced.

But it has certain objectionable features which preclude its employment when a steady and uniform heat is required and when it is especially desirable to avoid irregular currents of air. It is therefore not adapted for use in large rooms, such as hospital wards, where many sick persons are present. The warmth from a fireplace is not generally diffused throughout the room. The heat is almost entirely communicated by direct radiation, and consequently while that part of the body turned towards the fire is heated, perhaps to excess, the portions not exposed to the rays of heat are not sufficiently warmed.

Stoves not only heat the atmosphere by radiation, but also by conduction, and hence any organic matters which may be suspended in the air are volatilized on coming in contact with the heated metal. In an open fireplace a great portion of the heat, amounting generally to as much as 50 per cent., is drawn up the chimney, but that given off from a stove is retained in the room to a much greater extent. A serious objection to stoves is that as the air surrounding them becomes heated and specifically lighter it ascends to the ceiling, and therefore the lower strata of air contained in a room heated by a stove are never so hot as the upper.

Furnaces placed a distance from the apartments to be heated, generally under them, are modifications of the ordinary stove, differing only in the fact that air is brought to the stove heated by conduction and then allowed to ascend to the rooms through pipes or flues. If proper precautions are taken to insure a full supply of fresh air from the outside to prevent the mixture of the gases from the fuel with the hot air, and to provide sufficient moisture, this method of warming is not very objectionable.

The chief disadvantage of steam as a heating agent consists in the fact that it is difficult to regulate the temperature. The pipes must be kept at 212 degs. Fahrenheit, or condensation of the vapor at once takes place and water is formed. In passing from a state of vapor to that of a liquid steam parts with its latent heat and becomes sensible, and thus the temperature of the pipes is raised. The latent heat of steam being 1,000 degs., a great source of heat is thus at command; but if the pipes are allowed to cool again below 212 degs. a fresh portion of steam is condensed, and so on till the whole of it has been converted into water and has parted with all its latent heat.

Hot water affords another excellent means for obtaining artificial warmth, and the principle upon which the process is conducted does not differ essentially from those which govern the last described. Pipes are arranged in connection with a boiler containing water. Heat being applied, those particles of the water nearest to the source of the heat first become warmed and at the same time specifically lighter. If this water were allowed to escape there would be a constant process of re-heating the boiler, after it has lost a portion of its heat it is returned to the boiler and the process is repeated. The pipes may be arranged in coils, contained in boxes under the floor communicating with the external atmosphere. A register in the wall or floor allows the hot air to enter the chamber.—Dr. William A. Hammond in New York World.

Toast to the Old Mare.

Our scientists are sometimes apt to trick, but they have a purpose that makes the tricks sometimes far reaching in result. It is quite possible something may come of a dinner lately given by Dr. Rush Huidekoper, chief of the veterinary school of the University of Pennsylvania. The dinner was given to a number of his friends, at the Philadelphia club. The doctor has long owned a famous grey mare, named Pandora, and the dinner was of the principal dishes was on the card as "fillet a la Pandora." It was elegant and pronounced superb, leading to many inquiries. The doctor quietly waited till all had partaken and approved, when he congratulated himself that his favorite mare was as popular as ever with his friends; "for," he said, "you have just eaten her." No returns of feelings or sentiment are reported; only the toast to the old mare was drunk in silence. There is no reason known or namable why horse flesh should be wasted any more than cow's flesh. In France the old prejudice is pretty well used up.—Globe-Democrat.

Another "Around the World" Story. A bicyclist rival of Thomas Stevens is Mr. Hugh Callan, a Glasgow clergyman, who, after wheeling from Paris, entered Constantinople on Oct. 1. His route lay over France, into Alsace by Belfort, along the Rhine from Basle to Constance, up the Arlberg Pass to Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass, through Carinthia by Villach, and Carniola by Laibach, through Croatia, by Agrum and down by the Save to Semlin and Belgrade. From Belgrade he rode down Servia to Wisch, over the mountains to Pirot, thence into Bulgaria, through the Dracoman Pass to Sophia, over Trajan's Pass to Philippopolis and by Adrianople and Silivria into Stamboul. In all about 1,800 miles. He caught the fever in Servia, and lay ill of it a week in Sophia. His intention is to prolong his journey on through Asia Minor into Syria and Palestine as far as Jerusalem.—New York Sun.

To keep chestnuts from four to six months, mix each bushel with a pint of salt, shake thoroughly and keep in a dry place, where the temperature is from 40 to 50 degs.