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Two men strore hard: One scored suc And men allowed his rank; The other missed the world's caross, Men set him down a crank.

HONEST HARRY.

I do not mean that my friend ever bore this nickname among his school fellows, because nicknames, more's the pity, have a knack of being uncomplimentary; yet if ever a boy deserved such an honorable epithet, it was Harry.

You had only to look at that frank, open face to guess that he was "an honest as the day was long."

In the good old days of stern discipline and unsympathetic despotism, the tremblers under the rod seemed to have judged anything fair which helped them to cheat their tyrants, so long as they stood stanchly by the cause of their companions. But now that teachers appeal more to the conscience and less to the back, the pupils, I think, commonly come forward to meet them on the ground of mutual good will. In my recollection the code of schoolboy honor has changed greatly for the better.

I am writing, however, of a school where this reform was still somewhat incomplete, and where it might well happen that a boy had to choose between doing what he thought wrong a draitor to his fellows.

and earning the opprobrium of a traitor to his fellows.

One scene comes clearly back to me, in which Harry found himself hard put to it on the horns of such a di-

It was a wet afternoon, and some of us had made our way into the class room ten minutes or so before the ar-rival of Mr. Greig, our mathematical

teacher.

Then, to pass the time, what must Reece do, the wag of the class, but proceed to execute in chalk on the blackboard an absurd caricature of "Old Greig," with his long nose, his spectacles, his bushy whiskers—all as large as life, and, in fact, a great deal

larger.
Reece was clever at this sort of thing, and, with a few bold strokes, succeeded in so hitting off the master's rather ludicrous features that there could be no mistake as to who was

meant.

Absorbed in admiration of this work of art, none of us had heeded how the minutes went, till another knot of young mathematicians, bursting in wet end muddy from the outside, gave notice that Mr. Greig was at hand, and that it was high time to have done with our fooling.

with our fooling.

"Where's the duster?" exclaimed Reece, in confusion, since he must needs make all haste to wipe out his

"Seats this moment! Ho you hear me, boys?"

There was nothing for it but to scuttle off to our desks as he strode majestically up the room and took his place right before that blackboard, with the portrait staring at us from behind the back of the original.

As yet he had not cast his spectacles upon it; but sooner or later, he must turn round—and then! Reece began to think that for once his clever fingers had served him an ill trick.

No sooner had the bustle of taking places subsided a little than a titter broke out and rolled along the desks like file firing, which caused our teacher to proclaim silence in the sternest tones.

He could not make out what was

amusing us so much, why some boys nudged their neighbors, why others stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and grew red in the face from the exertion to control themselves be-comingly or why all eyes were turned in his direction.

the exertion to control themselves becomingly or why all eyes were turned
in his direction.

"Silence!" repeated he, thumping
webemently with a pointer, and trying to overawe his giggling flock by a
solemn frown, which gave him a
greater resemblance to the caricature
than ever, so that half a dozen of us
burst outright into a guffaw.

Mr. Greig grew seriously angry.

"If this foolery is not brought to an
end at once, I will keep in the whole
class," he cried.

With such a threat hanging over us,
we made a great effort at composing
ourselves, casting down our restless
eyes, so as not to have them drawn to
to the blackboard. Still, from time to
time our risibility was on the point of
breaking out afresh, while we sat in
an agony of suppressed excitement,
awaiting the moment when Mr. Greig
should discover it, as every moment
he seemed on the point of doing.

He kept casting glances of puzzled
suspicion in front of him, on each
side of him, overywhere but in the
right direction, and we could see him
feetling his buttons and wiping his
face with his handerischief, as if to
make sure there was nothing wrong
there to amuse us—perhaps a smut on
his nose or a splash of mud on his
shirt front.

Instead of going to work at once

My example set off others like a hair with a lecture for the caricature and in suite of our teacher's til.

My example set off others like a hair trigger; and, in spite of our teacher's wrathful displeasure, there was a general roar, loud, long, and the heartier from its having been pent up till now.

Our merriment broke loose like an avalanche, gathering strength as it went; and, as with noisy roosters at a poultry show, one fit of cackling and crowing had no sooner begun to spend itself than another was raised to provoke fresh inextinguishable outbursts on every hand.

For a minute or two Mr. Greig's voice was drowned in the din, as he sprang from his seat, and, noticing how our eyes were all directed one way, at length he turned round, saw what was on the blackboard, and started in astonishment and ruffled indignation.

started in astonishment and ruttled indignation.

Reece afterwards asserted that he jumped two feet into the air; but Reece could hardly have been a calm observer at this point. If he had any doubt as to who was the subject of the picture, our redoubled laughter must have told him the truth.

Now, if I had been Mr. Greig I think I should have passed over the matter good humoredly, pretended not to recognize the caricature—at all events, wiped it off and said no more about it. But if I had been Mr. Greig, indeed, I might also have failed for self possession to take such a sensible view.

There could be no mistake about his having thoroughly lost his temper, and our mirth soon sobered down when we saw how angry he was.

He stormed over the insult which, he declared, had been purposely offered him, and denounced dreadful vengeance on the head of the audacious artist.

"Stand up, the boy who did it! Let him confess this moment, or it will be the worse for him in the end!" he thundered, and seemed ready to make an onslaught forthwith on the revealed

culprit.
Nobody, however, responded to this

Nobody, however, responded to this invitation.

Some of us looked slyly at Reece; but he never moved, being effectually cowed by the storm his ill timed handwork had called forth.

diwork had called forth.

"I am determined to know. I will not let him escape!" raged Mr. Greig.
"Every boy here must answer me, one by one; and if you persist in refusing to confess, I will put the whole matter into the hands of the professor. Do you know anything about this? he said, addressing himself to the boy nearest him.

"No, sir," was the sniggering answer—a truthful one, for this little fellow had come into the room after the teacher.

the teacher.
"And you?"

"And you?"

He turned next to Reece, and those of us in the secret were all ears to hear what he would say.

"Perhaps it may have been one of Mr. Wilson's boys, sir," said Reece, trying to look unconcerned.

Mr. Wilson's class was the one which had occupied the room last before us.

We were a little astonished at his coolness.

Reece up in not betraying him. We held, indeed, that the teacher had no business to put such sweeping questions, as Mr. Greig would hardly have done if he had not been in such a rage "Don't try to put the blame on Mr. Wilson's boys. You must know; and you must tell me. Stand up, next boy!"

Harry knew very well. He had laughed, among the rest, at Reece's work; and had been scarcely able to keep his countenance ever since Mr. Greig came into the room.

Now he stood dumb and confused,

keep his countenance ever since Mr. Greig came into the room.

Now he stood dumb and confused, wanting even presence of mind to take refuge in the conventional "I would rather not say, sir," yet unwilling to get out of it by telling a distinct lie.

His distress was evident, and the teacher misinterpreted that awkward silence of his; indeed, it was so unusual to see Harry with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks, that Mr. Greig might well be not alone in jumping to a false conclusion.

"I am glad to find you at least ashamed of yourself," he cried, angrily, and made a step forwards, as if to strike the boy.

But he only dragged him on to the floor, made him take a duster and wipe out the obnoxious caricature. Then, putting a check on his feelings, he said, coldly:

"Very well!"—his favorite phrase when things were very ill—"you will speak to me about this after school. Not another word for the present."

We were all concerned for Harry, whether or no we knew how the case really stood. Those who did looked curiously at Reece; but he made no sign. I little envied his feelings during the rest-of the lesson hour, which must have seemed a very long one to him. When it was over, and we had to leave Harry alone with the offended teacher, the rest of us hung about the door, eager to know what would happen to him. Of one thing we were sure—that he would not "tell," even though then he might have to take the punishment himself.

But, of course, it was not allowed to come to that. Moved by fear of public opinion, if not by his own conscience, it behooved Reece to confess before more mischief befeil.

Having taken hurried counsel with one or two friends he returned into the class room to get over this uncomfortable business in private.

After all, he came through with it better than would be expected. Mr. Greig was one of those people who fly out into a pession very readily, then, all the sooner, becomes placable again. Either because he felt ashamed of his fit of ismper, or because he was so pleased with Harry's serving hous

with a lecture for the caricature and till.

Nor did this elemency turn out ill, for I believe that was the last time in bur class any boy told the teacher a lie without taking shame to himself.

Soon afterward we had a dispute with this same Mr. Greig about a lesson which, by heedlessness, no doubt, he had given out shorter than our usual amount of work. He would have it at first that we were all in league to deceive him; he was always inclined to be so suspicious with or without reason. But this time, before going on to storm in his frequent fashion, he called up Harry, and asked him if it were as the rest of us asserted about the lesson.

"Then if you tell me so, that is enough," said Mr. Greig. "I must have made a mistake. I know I can take your word for it."

A compliment which Harry certainly deserved, but he blushed and looked very uncomfortable under it. He did not like to be praised for what seemed to him quite a matter of course. There was another scruple in which Harry set us a good example: He never would use cribs, as some of us were lazy enough to do. He considered himself on honor not to get up his lessons in this slovenly manner, and his way of looking at the question so far commended itself to me for one, that, in order to keep myself out of temptation, I gave up to our teacher a prose translation of Virgil, with which I had provided myself, and asked him to lock it away so long as we should be "in" that book.

I fear I must have wanted to make a parade of my brand new honesty.

I fear I must have wanted to make a "You are a great deal to straight laced," was Reece's opinion. "What is a crib, after all, but continuous notest and why shouldn't I use it as well as a dictionary?"

well as a dictionary?"

"That's all bosh!" said Harry, in his downright way. "You know very well you wouldn't like to be caught at "Ah, but I shall take care not to be

"Ah, but I shall take care not to be caught at it," laughed Reece.

He did not laugh a few days later, though, when our class was put on its p's and q's to find the strict professor come to take its Xenophon himself, as he would do every now and again in all parts of the school.

Reece, as usual, had given very little care to preparing the lesson; so he congratulated himself op having his crib about him, which he brought out on the sly, and had just time to learn the English off by heart, after a fashion, before we were called up.

Presently, who should be put on but Reece! Then we were all amazed at the ready style in which he plunged into the task of construing. But soon the head boys began to stare and smile, for they perceived what all of us did not—that he had gone on at the wrong place!

"Where's the ...
teece, in confusion, since term, since teece, in confusion, since teece, in this decrease teece, in confusion, since teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece teece, and the boding since teece teece teece teece, in the confusion of the boding since teece teece teece teece teece teece teece tee never demeaned himself by getting into a passion, like Mr. Greig; but well we knew how far more pregnant with direful consequences was his laconic displeasure, and well might Reece shrink and cower down on his seat in sore dismay. His interview with the professor would be no laugh-

You are not to understand that, because Harry would not crib his lessons, he was one of those amart fellows to whom Latin and Greek seem to come almost as easy as enting apples or reading stories. On the contrary, like many other hearty boys, he hated lesson books, and deserved all the more credit for tackling to them manfully as a disagreeable duty. He had one powerful stimulus urging him to work. His heart was set on going to a university, at which his father before him had been educated.

He worked his best in our class; and in due time presented himself for the test, with but little hope of success, as cleverer schoolboys had already failed in the same attempt.

Rather to our surprise, then, we heard that Harry had passed muster, after all, and henceforth we saw no more of him, except during the holidays.

It was years later that, by chance, I

days.

It was years later that, by chance, I came to know how he had been judged worthy of this honor. The examination, it. seems, was not a very formal one. The professor of the university merely asked him a few questions, to see what he was fit for. After humming and hawing over Harry's imperfect grammar, he gave him to translate an easy passage of Latin, which he was supposed not to have read before, and as soon as Harry saw it he said:

"I ought to tell you, sir, that I read

"Why do you tell me sof" asked the professor.

"Because you called it an unfamiliar passage, and—and I thought it wouldn't be quite fair."

"Come," said the learned professor, "I can see you will do for us, even though your irregular verbs are a little shaky."

So, without further question, Harry was admitted to this exclusive society of future great men, and if any of us had been inclined to meer at him as too nice in his notions of truthfulness, for once, at all events, honesty proved the best policy.—Ascott R. Hope in Golden Days.

AN INDIAN HORSE RACE.

lating Howas and Half Breeds.

An elderly Indian of great dignity of presence steps into the ring, and with a graceful movement throws his long red blanket to the ground and drops on his knees before it, to receive the wagers of such as desire to make them. Men walk up and throw in silver dollars and every sort of personal property imaginable. A Winchester rifle and a large nickel plated Colt'a revolver are laid on the grass near the by a cowboy and an Indian, and then each goes away. It was a wager, and I thought they might well have confidence in their stakeholder—mother earth. Two ponies, tied head and head, were led aside and left, horse against horse. No excitement seemed to prevail.

and head, were led aside and left, horse against horse. No excitement seemed to prevail.

Near me a little half Mexican Comanche boy began to distribe until he stood clad only in shirt and breech cloth. His father addressed some whispered admonition and then led up a roan pony, prancing with impatience and evidently fully conscious of the work cut out for him that day. With a bound the little fellow landed on the nieck of the pony only half way up; but his toes caught on the upper muscles of the pony's leg, and like a monkey he elambered up and was in his seat. The pony was as bare as a wild horse, except for the bridle, and loped away with his graceful little rider sitting like a rock. No, not like a rock, but limp and unconcerned, and as full of the motion of the horse as the horse's tail or any other part of him.

A Kiowa, with loose hair and great coarse face, broke away from the group and galloped up the prairie until he stopped at what was to be the starting point, at the usual distance of "two arrow flights and a pitch." He was followed by half a dozen ponies at an easy lope, bearing their half naked jockeys. The Indian spectators sat about on their ponies as unmoved in countenance as oysters, being natural gamblers, and stoical as such should

countenance as oysters, being natural gamblers, and stoical as such should be, while the cowboys whispered

be, while the cowboys whispered among themselves.

"That's the bay stallion there," said one man to me, as he pointed to a racer, "and he's never been beaten. It's his walk over, and I've got my gun up on him with an Injun."

It was to be a flying start, and they jockeyed a good deal and could not seem to get off. But presently a puff of smoke came from the rifle held aloft by the Kiowa starter, and his horse reared. The report reached us, and with a scurry the five ponies came away from the scratch, followed by a cloud of dust. The quirts flew through the air at every jump. The ponies cloud of dust. The quirts flew through the air at every jump. The ponies bunched and pattered away at a nameless rate, for the quarter race pony is quick of stride. Nearer and nearer they came, the riders lying low on their horses' necks, whipping and kyyi-yi-jing. The dust in their wake swept backward and upward, and with a rush they came over the scratch, with the roan pony ahead, and my little Mexican fellow holding his quirt aloft, and his little eyes snapping with the nervous excitement of the great event. He had beaten the invincible bay stallion, the pride of this Cothe nervous excitement of the great event. He had beaten the invincible bay stallion, the pride of this Comanche tribe, and as he rode back to his father his face had the settled calm which nothing could penetrate, and which befitted his dignity as a young runner.—Frederic Remington in Century.

Literary Parsuits Do Not Shorten Life.

In considering occupations as they are likely to affect longevity, those which obviously tend to shorten life need not be considered. With respect to the learned professions, it would appear that among the clergy the average of life is beyond that of any similar class. It is improbable that this average will be maintained for the future; the duties and anxieties imposed upon the clergy of the present generation place them in a very different position from that of their predecessors. Among lawyers there have been several eminent judges who attained a great age, and the rank and file of the profession are also characterized by a decided tendency to longevity.

The medical profession supplies but few instances of extreme old age, and the average duration of life among its members is decidedly low, a fact which can be easily accounted for Broken rest, hard work, anxieties, exposure to weather and to the risks of infection cannot fail to exert an injurious influence upon health. No definite conclusions can be arrived at with regard to the average longevity of literary and scientific men, but it might be supposed that those among them who are not harassed by anxieties and enjoy fair health would probably reach old age. As a general rule the duration of life is not shortened by literary pursuits. A man may worry himself to death over his books, or, when tired of them, may seek recreation in pursuits destructive to health; but application to literary work tends to produce cheerfulness, and to prolong rather than shorten the life even of an infirm man.—Dr. Robson Roose in Fortnightly Eview.

Marriageable Ages in Europe.

Marrisgeable Ages to Europe.

In Russia the men are allowed to marry at 18, the women at 16; in France and Belgium, the men at 18 and the women at 15; the same holds good in Hungary for the Protestants, but the Catholies may marry, the males at 14 and the females at 12, as also in Spain, Greece, Portugal and Switzerland; in Austria both men and women can marry at 14. In Britain and Turkey there is no minimum limit of age.—Family.

A party of five or six street gamins were gathered at a respectable distance around an Italian rag picker whom they were tasking frantic by their occasional mud throwing and gibes.

"Wot's the caper?" inquired a new comer as he rushed to the scene of ac-

It is now more than a hundred years since the fashion of horse racing was introduced into France from England. History has preserved the name of a French horse named l'Abbe, belonging to the Prince of Guemene, who in 1776 had the honor of beating several opponents that had been brought over from England. The following year races took place at Vincennes, at Fontainebleau, and on the Plaine des Sablons, but the promoters of these first essays were-only able to organize their undertaking in a rudimentary manner; they did not even lay out a regular course. The revolution interrupted the races, Napoleon I re-established them, but they only came into use, they began to take considerable development only, between 1830 and 1840.

In 1836 was created the Jockey club stakes, or French Derby. Old sportsmen yet remember with delight the joyous life they led during the week of the Derby. The Paris Grand Prix, is of a more recent date. It was founded in 1863 for three-year-old horses. Since then it has been run regularly each year except in 1871, the year of the Commune. Twenty-five horses have come off conquerors in this trial, the most renowned and most numerously attended race in our country. Of these twenty-five winners thirteen were born in France, ten in England, one in Austria, and the last in the United States. These results show that the international character given the race on its creation has been well preserved. The stakes, without reck-

that the international character given the race on its creation has been well preserved. The stakes, without reck-oning the increase caused by entries and forfeits, which as a rule amounts to about 40,000f, are 100,000f. Of this sum the Ville de Paris contributes onesum the Ville de Paris contributes one-half and the five principal railway companies the other. It is a timely generosity, for the receipts which this fete procures the town and companies amply make up, on account of the number of passengers and the great-ness of the traffic, for the sacrifice which they have imposed on them-selves.—Paris Illustra.

The Jester.

There has probably never been any greater degradation of genius, nor many sights better able to make gods and men weep, than the old employment of the court jester. After the custom of having a court fool had held sway during many reigns, the fool gradually ceased to be the dwarf or imbecile who had been an object of general ribaldry in the beginning, and became some one superior in intellect, if not in person, to most of those about him; a man very frequently of undoubted genius, not great or masterful or well born enough possibly to direct the course of empire or be the crown's minister, in an age, too, of warriors, but often fully capable of understanding and criticising the details of statecraft, a man of undaunted courage, and of the readiest wit and the sharpest tongue, yet he was put in motley, a jerkin buttoned down the back, his head shorn, and a particolored cap with bells and an ass' ears and a cock's comb on it, a stick afrunc with bells and called a bauble

colored cap with bells and an ass' ears and a cock's comb on it, a stick strung with bells and called a bauble placed in his hand, and thus made a mockery of already, he was further rendered subject to the insolence of every silly courtier or page who, as the old saying goes, did not know so much in his whole life as the other forgot every night.

Gradually, however, from this low beginning, the court fool became a personage whose powers of entertainment made him valued as any great comedian is now by those that can command him; his repartee ceased to be of the ruder and grosser kinds but was a refined and amusing pleasantry, caustic and pungent very likely, whence he became a person to be feared and appeased, while often he was a creature of pure wit and infinite jest. With the advance of civilization, and the opening of the press to the people, this class of mind found its opportunity in print, and the court fool ceased to exist.—Harper's Bazar.

Up in Berkshire county, Mass., the rattlesnake is hunted every summer for his oil, which sometimes fetches \$2 an ounce. Here is a description of the way the Yankee outwits the servent.

an ounce. Here is a description of the way the Yankee outwits the serpent:

"Choosing a hot summer day, the rattlesnake hunters munter forth. One man carries a fishpole, another a sharp scythe. The fishpole has a stout wire attached to it, and there is an ordinary pickerel hook on the end of the wire. Moving cautiously through the grass, so as not to disturb the alceping make, who is almost always found basking in the warm sun near a loose ledge of rock, one of the men prods his snakeship more or less gently with the fishpole, being careful also to hold the hook invitingly near to the rattler's head. The snake wakes up angry, makes a dart at the nearest irritating object, which is the fishhook, and very secommodatingly allows the sharp times to penetrate his jawa. The man with the fishpole holds the entrapped rattlesnake at a safe distance, while his comrade moves up and sovers the snake's head from his body. The body is then deposited in a bag, and the hunters go in mearch of another snake."—Chicago Times.

Loves the Law's Delay.

lence; then he looked about him with an air of enjoyment and slowly romarked:

"I lay I'm goin' to leave this creek."

"Bud Simpson has done beat Joe Baker's wife all to pieces with a fencerail and run off and left her for dead." Various exclamations came from all sides, while I sat by and listened to the details of what seemed to me to be a shocking assault. Grandpap explained with slow care how the quarrel originated with the "dawgs and the hawgs," and finally coucluded by repeating: "I tell ye, I goin' to leave the creek; it ain't safe." Mrs. Barger returned to her bacon with the astute observation: "Well, that beats mytime," and took no further part in the conversation, but the men were thoroughly aroused and discussed the outrage with solemn eagerness.

One tall fellow, who seemed to be a man of some importance, reached, quite a fever of excitement and all the little circle stopped to listen when he delivered his opinion. "A man ain's no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. If Bud Simpson wanted to beat Tiddy Baker why didn't be take his fist and beat her! A man ain't no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. If Bud Simpson wanted to beat Tiddy Baker why didn't be take his fist and beat her! A man ain't no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. He orter to have took his fist."

The party all agreed that punishment with the fist was the propermode for women and allence soon reigned again. — Cor. Washington Star.

In 1783 Robert Altken, prin bookseller in Philadelphia, p the first American edition of the English, the publication is quarto form. In 1781 Issiah to of Worcester, Mass., printed form an English edition of the This was the second edition Bible in English to be publication form in this country.