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A master hand swept o'er the strings Of dying heark. He starts, and sings He thrilling sweet, It passes heaven's portals wide, And swells into a heavenly tide. At God's white feet.

## FEARLESSNESS.

"Genevieve Chamberlain is too stlent," remarked Hall Balkan. "When she comes into the room I feel as if I wanted to shake a secret out of her perfect mouth; but, as she is very dainty and very beautiful, I don't really do it."

The young woman who sat near him as he spoke, painting fancy work, and who could not quite compete with a great beauty, thought that Balkan was showing off, being irritated by Geneviev's apparent indifference, and was trying to console himself by grumbling at her, although he would have been very critical of any one else who dared to do so. This young woman, who could reflect intelligently, was nevertheless a perfect child in guilelessness. She could stand in judgment over people, as a child does, and cause no antagonism, at any rate, in a nature as generous as her own. She was the sort of girl who would remain sweet and naive as an old woman.

Nallie Featherly looked round at

Nellie Featherly looked round at Balkau in a moment and responded: "Now, there is nothing mysterious about me."

"Now, there is nothing mysterious about me."

"You! I should think not! You are so fearless, straightforward and amusing."

"You have not quite illusion enough about me, I think," Nellie pouted over her satin scarf, which was bursting into flower and leaf. "You have made me out just one of the ordinary, useful, tose-me-aside kind of women, and, although you are right, I do hate to hear the fact repeated."

"I don't care what you think of yourself or how you construe my appreciation of you," answered Balkan, saucily. "I am perfectly content with enjoying your traits and sitting where you paint."

Nellie went on busily, with a dozen pretty attitudes and motions and a rather dissatisfied expression of countenance. Whether it was her work or his words which annoyed her, Balkan was not sure.

"Don't be silly, Gen. You're so fired up at finding any one you can become romantic over, that you are as blind as a hickory nut, besides being dreadfully awkward when he's around. Moreover, Hall Balkan is perfectly splendid—so handsoma and so manity! I don't wonder you like him tremendously. And the idea of him not coming under your spell! As for me, I just know he thinks you are irresistible. I know you are in his mind"—

"You love me, and try to think me a vanquisher of all hearts, no matter how brave and free," murmured Genevieve. "But my former conquests have not been all convincing, because Mr. Balkan is really the only true, fine person of enviable position and means whom I ever met in our set. There seem to be a thousand foolish bachelors to one downright hero!"

again admitted, softly thrusting her little hand upon Genevieve's arm for a few steps, and then stopping her arbitrarily, and letting the others catch up with them. "How far north we seem!" she then exclaimed. "I am sure the Arctic sea is over that hill of pines by the meadow. Ribbons of white cloud and this exhilarating atmosphere make me feel as if I were somebody else. Oh, we are explorers! Is that a Polar bear or a snow drift?" she concluded, pointing to a white banked gate post by the cattle lane.

Cecil Morton tried to shuffle the little party in such a way that he would come next to Genevieve; but she evaded him by sheer force of desperation. And, as luck would have it, Hall Balkan came up to her with his fine, hearty good cheer, and asked her to walk with him as far as a wide spreading elm at a considerable distance down the high road; and Nellie Featherly heard him say it. A damask flush all over Genevieve's face made Balkan glance around to see if the sunset had begun yet; but the west was as gray

too well, as every one of the girls thought that Balkan wanted to propose to his companion, and determined to let him have a chance.

At last the two figures in advance stopped under the delicate tracery of

stopped under the delicate tracery of the great, bare elm tree, and seemed to be talking earnestly. Then a cry went up from Nellie Featherly, for Genevieve had sunk to the ground, evidently in a faint, and Balkan kneeled at her side.

"The walk was too rapid for her?" exclaimed Nellie, off-hand. "Oh, Mr. Morton, why must you always be asking us to go for constitutionals; they'll be the death of us!" And Nellie, whom no one had ever seen really provoked before, gave tim a cross glance; and then went on a run, accompanied by the reproved Morton, toward her friend, while the others followed, more or less ardently.

As faithful Nellie ra a strange black cloud rolling toward them all down the snowy road. Soon the motion of two prancing horses be-came apparent; and as Nellie reached Genevieve's prostrate form, in the middle of the road, over which Balkan was bending in absorbed dismny, the plucky girl realized that a runaway team was in full swing at a few yards' distance and quite unobserved by any one but herself and Cecil Morton, who shouted to Nellie to have a care and

one but herself and Cecil Morton, who shouted to Nellie to have a care and jump aside.

But this Nellie never thought of doing. On she ran, beyond Genevieve, whose danger was so imminent—and what could she do to avert the danger? In her muff was a ball of snow, which had been reduced by careful manipulation (under Morton's instructions) to an icy consistency; capable, as her teacher had explained, of killing anybody if rightly aimed. It is by no means easy to swerve the direction of a maddened horse. But one of these was running away because the other wanted to, and he yet rotained some common sense. At any rate, Nellie drew forth her icy ball in a twinkling and hurled it, by good luck, at the saner horse (for they were now close at hand) with such splendid vigor and true aim that it hit him furiously on the nose. He plunged aside, alipped on the hard crust of the old snow beside the road, and keeled over, carrying his rampant mate with him into the ditch. They were a powerful team belonging to Nellie's nucle and were dragging an empty wood sledge. Their driver was hallooing in the distance as he ran wearily along.

Nellie poudered a moment over the moress of her defense and gazed at the

fore, and every one always on their kneed to me. And now, the very one who absorbs my thought—cold, cold, cold, cold,"

The teamster came up and Nellie

pidity.

"I know you by sight, Jim," she said. "But that shan't save you. Go you shall from my uncle's service!"

"But, miss!"

"No 'buts!" You might have killed

"No 'buts!" You might have killed a dozen people, you goost!"

"As true as I live, miss, I've always heard as how horses will run in winter, when the moon is near the full, as it's been proved the day! So crisp like everywhere, miss, what can you expect of them?"

"Swear you'll never leave your horses without tying them tight," commanded Nellie, haughtily.

"Faith I'll swear when I'm out of your prisince, miss!" Jim humbly answered.

The horses were unlitched from the sledge and the young people undertook to drag Genevieve home, which the stout poles at the sides of the conveyance assisted them to accomplish, as the girls could take hold of them and propel, while the young men dragged the cumbrous concern. The fair invalid was pillowed on muffs and covered with newmarkets, and was pleased to revive nicely. It was first sunset and then deep dusk when the catafalque slowly reached home.

It may be supposed that dinner was a little late that evening.

Neille came into the parlor before the others, looking lovely, in still an-other of her Worth dresses, and Balkan was waiting for her, ready to

"What did you mean?" he whis-

pered.

Nellie's eyes, which looked unusually big and bright because she had been crying all to herself, filled again with tears. She edged away into the antercom and he followed.

"I meant," she replied, soto voce, "that when you love her, and when she loves you, and when you come out into the 'backwoods' and have plenty of emportunities, and when we are all into the 'backwoods' and have plenty of opportunities, and when we are all looking on at a respectful distance, it is perfectly stupid of you not to offer yourself to Genevieve, and I should have fainted and died both if I had been in her place! She showed great self control not to have died. You had no business to stimulate the tree any. self control not to have died. You had no business to stipulate the tree, anyhow, for of course ahe would expect everything to be settled before she got there. Oh! of course you think mo outrageous to meddle with you and talk right out as if I were a novel, without respect of persons and open secrets; but I'm nobody in particular, and I will love Genevieve and put my finger into her affairs if I like to! And I'll just add this: that I'm going to arrange to have you both driven by the coachman to-night in the big sleigh, while we are apportioned off to little cutters. The driver's seat is way up."

"But, my dear Miss Featherby—Nellie"—

Nellie"—
"Now, don't be disrespectful. Of course I can only ask for an outward show of respect after telling you to a courself to my dearest friend, whom we all know (goose) you are hoping to win; but that show of cour-

hoping to win; but that show of cour-tesy I stipulate for."

"How can I ask Miss Chamberlain in marriage if I love you?" Balkan squeezed in, desperately.

Nellie sat down on the arm of a chair and looked up at him, blushing

chair and looked up at him, blushing and appealing.

"Oh, you can't be in love with me!, she panted.

"I wish you would not be so scornful," he answered. "You ought to have known it. Months ago I was crazy about Genevieve, like the rest; but only for a week, for then I met you. A mun don't sit staring all day at a girl unless he dotes on her! While I stare at you, your utter indifference to me is something appalling; but I had hoped to win you in the end. Then you take me by the throat, yank me in front of somebody else, with orders, martial in their baste, and now cast me into a perfect sea of prematureness; martial in their baste, and now east me into a perfect sea of prematureness; for, of course, you'll spura my all unhersided revelation. But I'm as obstinate as you are, and love you I will, by Jove!" Balkan sat down on another chair arm, thrust his thumbs in his poskets and glared at the fire.

A faint rustle of heavy silk at his elbow made him feel exultant.

"If she consents to it you might propose to me, then, in the Russian sleigh!"

He turned, and the little creature's

He turned, and the little creature's superb eyes met his. He caught her hands, and studied her face with blissful care.
"I thought I was of no great account," she murmured, all of a tremble; and was suddenly kissed in a way that made her feel that for the future she had some one to guard her against all harm, and give her all the happi-ness she could wish for.—Rose Haw-thorne Lathrop in The Independent.

inved hubby are surrounded. "Yes, my dear, for it enables me to see at every turn the face and form that I most admire." The sentence was ambiguous and was misunderstood, of course, by Angelina; but Edwin hit the nail precisely on the head. Few, things are more agreeable than being constantly able to contemplate one's own features. In sickness, one's reflection in the glass provides sympathy and consolation, as well as reporting progress; in health it provides company. What more can a man desire? Take away the looking glass and see what a blank life becomes! No longer can one examine one's tongue; no longer can one watch the play of one's features and discover in them the ever fresh beauties so mysteriously hidden from others; a man cannot shave; a woman cannot do her hair; the world becomes chaotic without a mirror. At any rate, it takes two people to do, without it what one can do with it; and, after all, no man feels proper confidence in his friend's opinion as to whether his tie is straight, and no woman believes the judgment of another who tells her, "You're not looking quite so well, my dear, to-night as usual." Looking glasses have now become such a recognized mark of civilization that a man who finds himself in a hansom cab which is unprovided in this respect feels himself perfectly justified in giving the driver the very lowest legal fare. Undoubtedly he is justified.

There seems to be scarcely any

justified.

There seems to be acarcely any greater pleasure for a young man than to drive down. Piccadilly in a good hansom, and gaze first at the fair damsels on the pavement, and then into the little mirror by his side. Watching this, one begins almost to understand why Narcissus jumped into the water which served him as a mirror. Milton, apropos of this subject, puts words into Eve's mouth which are as true to nature as they are in themselves expressive:

As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the wat 'ry gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me. I started back,
It started back; bit pleased I acon returned.
Pleased it returned soon with answering looks
Of symputhy and love.

Doubtless the "wat'ry gleam" was
the first mirror known to mankind.

the first mirror known to mankind. The Jewesses of old use to arrange their sable tresses by the aid of mirrors of brass. The classical mirror was a thin, polished, alightly convex disk of bronze. Silver mirrors were invented by Praxiteles about three centuries before the Christian era. But though looking glasses made of glazed plates of bright metal were used as early as 1250, the modern type of mirror was not invented till the beginning of the Fourteenth century, at which date it was manufactured in Venice.—London Globe.

The speed of fishes is almost an unknown quantity, being, as Professor G. Brown Goode, of the United States fish commission, says, very difficult to measure. "If you could get a fish," said Professor Goode, "and put him in a trough of water 1,000 feet long and start him at one end and make him swim to the other without stopping, the information could be easily obtained, but fish are unintelligent and they won't do this. Estimates of the speed of fish consequently are only approximated, and more or less founded on guessing. You can tell, at a glance whether a fish is built for speed or not. A fast fish looks trim and pointed, like a yacht. Its head is conical shaped, and its fins fit down close to its body, like a knife blade into its handle. Fish with large heads, bigger than their bodies, and with short, stubby fins are, of course, built for slow motion."

"What are the fastest fishes?"

"The predatory fish, those which live on prey, are the fastest fishes?"

"The predatory fish, those which live on prey, are the fastest swimmers. The food fishes are generally among the slowest and are consequently easily captured. Their loss is recompensed, however, by the natural law, which makes them very prolific in reproduction. Dolphins have been known to swim around an ocean steamer, and it is quite safe to say that their speed is twenty miles an hour, but it may be twice as much. The bonito is a fast swimming fish. Just what his speed is I do not know. The head of the goose fish is very large—twenty times as big as its body. It moves about very little, and swims at the bottom of the ocean. The Spanish mackerel is one of the fastest of the food fishes. Its body is cone shaped and smooth as burnished metal. Its speed is as matchless as the dolphin, and in motion it cuts the water like a yacht."—Washington Post.

Book Titles Formerty and New.

institution, and, at the same time, make things uncomfortable for the evil doer who regards them lightly. This library displays its newest books in a glass case, which allows their backs to be viewed from the reading room, but which can only be opened from an inclosure sacred to the officials. Readcas may, however, penetrate this inner recess by asking permission, though a sign near the case warns them not to attempt it without leave.

One day a distinguished guest of the city was expected to visit its public buildings, and had intimated an especial desire to inspect its library. The little man in charge was fluttered at the prospect; he was proud of the library, and the distinguished guest was one of his heroes.

Quite early that morning an unpretending individual entered the reading room, looked about him, and then, by chance, noticed several new books in the glass case. He read their titlea, and finally, led by some unreasoning impulse, wandered into the sacred recess and laid his hand upon one of the volumes.

Lustepple the little man was upon

cess and laid his hand upon one of the volumes.

Instantly the little man was upon him, nervous in the expectancy of his hero, and very cross.

"I should like to call your attention to that sign!" cried he, thrusting it into the stranger's face. "Did you ask permission to come in here!"

"No," was the hesitating reply; but the custodian did not allow time for a possible apology.

"Then put up the book and go out!" cried he, "And next time when you are in a public building, read the signs."

The stranger meekly obeyed, but just as he turned away a deputation of the city fathers walked up the stairs.

"Ah, here you are!" said one, "We have had the museum downstairs unlocked, and when you are quite ready we will visit that."

The too zenlous custodian understood at the first word; this was the distinguished guest, and this the reception he had given him. The great man smilled quietly, said "Good morning!" and walked away.—Youth's Companion.

Almost as numerous as those about Mr. Lincoin are the stories that are told about Mark Twain. The Man About Town met Mr. A. H. Harris a few days ago, and knowing that the latter had been for many years a resident of "the coast," asked if he had known Mark personally. "Oh! yes," said Mr. Harris, "I knew him very intimately, both in Virginia City and in San Francisco. I went down with him once from Virginia to Frisco and we stopped together at the Occidental hotel on Montgomery street. The first day we were in town Mark went out to visit some old friends and did not show up until dinner time. We were seated at the table when he came in, and the moment he sat down he began to talk. He was in those days an interest talker and when he was to the complete the same and the moment he sat down he began to talk. He was in those days an interest talker and when he was to the complete it was good for anything.' I say to mayself, remembering how sold it, and then I told him what to may the become of it. I bought him the secome of it. I bought him this is the bottle of pickerel oil the Lowiston marketman brought in this red surface oil? That's the days it is the deposit of the top. "How does it come from the asked the writer."

"In the pickerel, near the back is a small sac like the spleen in mals. The marketman cut the and let then drip into this bott him the stove during the winter, so the complete of the tory in the sold it, and then I told him what to wish is the bottle of pickerel oil the Lowiston marketman brought in this is the bottle of pickerel oil the Lowiston marketman brought in this is the bottle of pickerel oil the Lowiston marketman brought in this is the bottle of pickerel oil the Lowiston marketman brought in this is the bottle of pickerel oil the Lowiston marketman brought in this is the bottle of pickerel oil the town the was sold it, and then I told him what the town was all the sold it.

A FABULOUS OIL

"How much, for instanced Five dollars an ounce?"
"N—no. Not so much. Bay two dollars. That's all its worth, ain't its Have a smell?"

A long silence while he uncorrect the bottle.
"Whew-w-w!" and the pickerel of has put in its work.—Lewiston (Ma.) Journal.