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len he run away, so fas' he los' a rubbe An' ny, for his poo' me out him to de swamp to chop Tel onu five! a biggest gobbled Johnny up, an' swolld An' de him aliyel An' dar, inside de critter's maw, what did he be But de odder injy rubber shoe, and' his r bag o' gol'i Well-den he tuck his leetis az, an' right away he back
Tel he chop a mons'ous hole right frough the 'gators ugly back!
Den out he pop an' nebber stop tel he reach his mudder's doo'
An' he poured de shinin' mousy dar, right on de shinin' mousy dar, right on de parior floo'! Now, honey! 'member dis, from de tale you jes been tol'-De had, dey silux comes to bad-an' de good, dey gita de gol' !" -Susan Archard Weiss in St. Nicholas. AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

"Mother, must I do it?" The sweet voice that spoke these words was very pathetic, and the lovely child face was clouded with an expression of fear. Her listener sighed sorrowfully. "My darling you know why I ask you to be brave." The little girl cast an expressive glance at a closed door adjoining the shabbily furnished room in which this conversation took place, and said with evident effort: "Yes, I know why, and I will try to be good and not to mind so much for father's sake." Perhaps a few of the playgoers who frequented the pretty little "Sothern" theatre missed the handsome jeune premier, who for a few weeks had been lucky enough to be engaged there in a popular comedy, but prob-ably they would have been little af-fected by the news that owing to an accident, he was now unable to abt by the irony of fate, just when, after years of patient work in the previnces, he seemed likely to obtain the share of recognition and success his undoubt-ed talent deserved. Jack Hesseltine had always had an irrepressible love for the stage. He was a gentleman by birth and educa-tion, and when his spendthrift father died, leaving him alone in the world with very slender means, it was natu-ral enough that he should follow his own bent. It must be owned that he was imprudent, for he married very young, and married a girl that had voice that spoke these words was very pathetic, and the lovely child face was

would gladly pay her well, for I an my own manager at present." Amy turned pale. "Neither my husband nor I ever intended Sybil for the stage, Miss Desanges. I am not an actress, but I know quite enough of the life behind the scenes to wish to keep my little girl away from the foot-lights. If you can spare a few min-utes I will go to my husband, but I am almost sure that his opinion will coincide with my own strong feeling in the matter. I hope he will be able to come in and see you himself." While they sat waiting the young auther, who had thin, marked fea-tures and melancholy eyes, took up a framed photograph from the table. Viola Desanges leant over his chair and looked at it intently, with a soft expression stealing over her beautiful, weary face. "It is like a dream to me

expression stealing over her beautiful, weary face. "It is like a dream to me to think that my play will soon be brought out with you as its heroine," said Horace Melton, after a pause. "Like all poets, I have my queer fan-cies, and I cannot help thinking that such a child as this must bring good fortune with her. She is like one of the visions of the old masters of the angels watching round the Holy Child."

Miss Desanges sighed. There was something odd and unworldly about this young man. Ho had a strange way of speaking his thoughts aloud that fascinated her by its simplicity. She felt that he at least believed her to be a good woman, and his faith in her was more precious than the in-cense poured at her feet by a host of

cense poured at her feet by a host of adorers, to all of whom she was equal-ly cold. But deep in her heart there was one overmastering love burning like a fierce flame, and she felt that, bound in honor as she was to a man whom she had learned to despise, if whom she had tearned to despise, if he who had inspired this strong pas-sion pleaded he would not plead in vain. All these thoughts flitted through her brain as she sat there. Simple and poor, as were all her surround-ings, she knew intuitively that she

ings, she knew intuitively that she was in a happy home, contrasting Amy Hesseltine's lot, curiously with her own splendid misery. Meanwhile, in the next room, Amy was hurriedly explaining to her hus-band what had happened. At first his negative was as emphatic as her own, but she could see that his father-

ly pride was much gratified by the visit of the great actress. "If you will give me my crutches I will go in and see Miss Desanges myself," and in spite of his crutches Jack looked so handsome when he made his appearand of his cratches stack looked go handsome when he made his appear-ance that he inspired both visitors with very sincere pity. Miss Desanges plunged into business at once, exer-cising all her powers of persuasion, until at last the parents yielded.

It was not any love of art that made them consent, poor things. Even Jack had no wish to see Sybil on the stage, but there was the haunting conciousness of debts that were too honest not to desire to pay, and the fear of still more grinding poverty in the near future. Miss Desanges was simnear future. Miss Desanges was sim-ply delighted when she had gained her point; she was so rich that she could well afford to be generous, but the

"Perhaps Mis. Hesseltine, you would kindly bring her down to meat

the theatre to-morrow, at about 12 o'clock, just to try her. I am not

afraid. Good-by, Mr. Hesseltine; get well and we must see if we cannot

bappily. Wiscacres expressed doubts as to the success of "Passion Flowers." It

the success of "Passion Flowers." It was too simple, too postical, too som-ber; in fact, there was no end to the charges brought against it, and Ho-race Melton sometimes desponded. Not so Miss Desanges. "I tell you I am sfire of the ver-dict," she said to him again and again. "I have never had a part I like so well. As to Sybil, she is unique; that utter simplicity and that face must take the audience by storm. I know audiences so well." It was a gray, chilly October even-

"What, me?"

I know audieuces so well." It was a gray, chilly October even-ing, and a tall, distinguished looking man was sitting alone in a luxurious room in Piccadilly writing rapidly. He was pale and agitated, and his hand trembled as he wrote. Hugh Errington was rich, free and gfitted, wet he was most unbarry. "The color He had a band of friends himself who weren't used to standing monkey bus-infess with meckness. They were the gamblers of Derning. They had taken a sline to Carnis ever since he had said that the sheriff of the adjoining county was a horse thief in disguise and proved it, despite the sheriff's threat to blow his head off if he didn't retract the impulse instruction. He Errington was rich, free and gifted, yet he was most unhappy. The only son of good parents, he had been a good man in spite of all temptations. But then he had never known the real force of temptation until he dis-covered that the passion against which he had silently battled for years was returned. He could scircely remember the time when he had not loved Viola Desanges, but he was a man of honor, and he knew that she was married. Latterly she had been more misserable retract the impolite instruction. He total file gamblers that he was going to interview the postmaster. The an-nouncentent fickled the gamblers. The feading gambler said he would Latterly she had been more miserab than usual, and then one memorable night each had guessed the sceret of the other, and the knowledge had brought a bitter sweet rapture that go around and see that there wasn't any monkey business. The defented postmaster was sitting in a bank, the office of which he used as the postal headquarters. Carnis started in right off: "Two been appointed postmaster." "Heard something about that story, but I don't believe it."

brought a bitter sweet rapture that was more like pain than gladness. Viola was the stronger now, since a little golden haired teacher had taught her sweet lessons of patience and forgiveness. She was learning to be brave in her resignation. But Hugh Errington had grown harder and more reckless since he knew the truth, and now, on the first night of "Passion Flowers"--ominous manehaps that will prove it." "You can't have it, that's all." The head gambler of the town broke into the interview at this juncture. "Passion Flowers" - ominous name-he was forgetting honor, forgetting pride, and forsaking the right path. In his hand he now held the seal-ed letter that implored Viola De-"Say, we'll give you just twelve hours to step out of office." "Ah, you don't say so." "See here, I don't want any non-sense. We're peaceful, but don't get our mad up." sanges to leave London, to leave the sense. Wo're peaceful, but don't get our mad up." "Suppose I give up, Carnis, where are you going to take the postoffice?" "Dickinson's." Dickinson's was the rival bank at the other end of the town. It was a sweeping move. In Deming, wher-ever the postoffice was located was of meensity the business center of the world with him. A bouquet lay be side him, and he carefully fastened the note among the roses which con-cealed it. Half an hour later he was with two or three other men in a small high box at the Parthenon. It all seemed like a confused, idle dream. He bowed and smiled to his acquaint-ances, and talked abstractedly to these necessity the business center of the town. Its removal would mean great who were with him. This time to morrow fits place would be vacant, his story the talk of the town, and honest men would have no part or lot injury to the eligible real estate class-tered about the old postollice head-quarters. The defended postmaster's brows contrasted with constantian

On the day of the execution the old

On the day of the execution the old man, being afraid that he should for-get which pair of irons it was, tore a strip from the quilt of John Brown's cot and tied it to the keyp of the shackles, but the old negress, his wife, said: "Law! I didn't forgit nuffin', for it was de only pair of irons in de whole jail where de key turn de wrong way." (It was a left handed key.) The defeated man traveled with a bad gang, who were mad clear through about the defeat, and who had shoot-ing hous galore and weren't particu-har about the way they let them off. "I guess you'd better take it, Car-nis," said the "bhoys." "What me?"

Untying the dirty strip of calico from the key, Mr, Atwood went to Brown's cell and found the torn place "Yes, "Thevins, there ain't no one in the quilt, the figure of the cloth

"Yes, " hevins, shere ain't no one else as can properly represent us." "But I'vegot my newspapers to edit." "Let 'em run theirselves, and step in and whoop the postoffice up." Carnis saw there was no use declin-ing the honor, and so he said in a de-spairing tone that he'd see about it. He had a band of friends himself who waten't med the standard more hus. matching perfectly. Mr. Atwood tried to buy the shackles Mr. Atwood tried to buy the shackles from the authorities, but they good naturedly told him they "Had no right to sell;" then he made this pro-position: "If those irons should dis appear and a new pair be found liang-ing in their place would there be any investigation?" They answered him, "Probably not." He then paid \$8 for a new pair and made the transfer on his own responsi-bilite.

bility.

The shackles were sent home. For a few years previous to the death of IL Atwood, Jr., the shackles were on

II. Atwood, Jr., the shackles were on exhibition in the museum connection with the Boothbay custom house. Mr. Atwood, after returning from his services in the war, entered the Free Will Baptist ministry. He was a brother to James N. Atwood, who has now these shackles in his posses-sion. The present proprietor prizes them very highly, and says they are not for sale, being almost the only souvenir he has of his departed bro-ther. — Auburn Gazette. ther.-Auburn Gazette

Talmage on Neurspapers.

Talmage on Newspapers. "Every newspaper reporter in New York is my personal friend. I have been betrayed by about every class of mon in the world, but never by a newspaper man, and I believe there is a spirit of fairness abroad in the news-papers that is hardly to be found any-where else. There is no man, however poor, if he has been done an injustica, that cannot get himself set right by poor, if he has been done an injustice, that cannot get himself set right by the newspaper. We find a great deal of fault with the newspapers. Per-haps by our own indistinctness we are reported as saying just what we did not say, and there is a regular riot of commas and semicolons and periods, and we get used to talking about the "bludering printing press." Or some-times we take up a paper full of social scandals and divorce cases, and we talk about that filthy, seurrifous press, but I could preach a whole sermon on the everlasting blessings of a good

the everlasting blessings of a AN ASTONISHING MEMOR

The Desider Die Tei the Mast in War, and His Widew Tei the Mast in War. The story of the queerest tribute the dead on record comes from Lar bertville in Hunterdon cosmy. No that town lives Mrs. Elisha Pratt, w ow of deacon Pratt, who was fame on a farmer, a genial soul and an ow of deacon as a farmer, a genial sour ar-dent Methodist. He was part tond of tickling his appetite, tond tickling his appetite, tond of tickling his appetite, tond of tickling his appetite, tond tickling his appe His wife was an excelle

deemed considerable of an epidure. His wife was an excellent cook, and her dinners were more exhibitions of ulinary skill for a rural neighborhood. The deacon enjoyed nothing lattac than a house full of clergymen around a table laden with tempting vituals. And Mrs. Pratt, who doted on the deacon, was in her element when pre-paring such a feast and helping en-tertain the goodly guests. About a year ago a number of min-isters were on their way to the camp meeting at Ocean Grove. There were just a dozen of them. Deacon Pratt had them all stop over night at his farm house, and gave them a rousing dinner cerly in the evening. It was a dinner modeled on the New England plan, as Pratt came from Vermont and so did his wife. There was parry-thing conceivable to eat, and plenty of reasonably, hard cider to drink. The deacon was in the best of humor, and partock even more heartily than usual of the food. His wife, accus tomed as she was to her husband's large appetite, was astonished at the amount he consumed, and made a mental inventory of the various ar-ticles and the amount of each that he swallowed. swallowed.

swallowed. The next afternoon Dencon Prats died of cholera morbus. The physician said the dinner knocked him out. The funeral, was the largest the neighbor-hood over knew. Eight of the twolve clear men present at the dinner scied as pail bearers and the other four offi-ciated at the church and grave. The widow was inconsolable for a

as pail bearers and the other four om-cialed at the church and grave. The widow was inconsolable for a while and talked about the tributa she proposed having prepared in mem-ory of her husband. Everybody sup: posed that she was going to erect a haudsome monument and the makars of tombstones sent in bids. But they, were all mistaken. Mrs. Pratt had in view the most remarkable and yet sug-gestive of memorials. She had the work done quietly in Philadelphia, and it required some weeks to finish it. When it arrived at the farm and some of the widow's friends were in-vited to call and see the tribute, they, were at first astounded and then shocked, and finally they felt a dispo-sition to laugh that was controlled with difficulty. On the table in the parlor stood a large glass case. On top of the case was a small arch, made of solid silver. Surmounting the arch of the case was a small arch, made of solid silver. Surmounting the arch was the figure in silver, of an angel blowing a trumpet. Inside the arch and suspended from its center was a tablet of white marble, on which were inscribed the following words in deep, black letters: "This Is What the Descon Died Of."

But it was underneath the glass case, that the great surprise awaited the spec-tators. There, on plates arranged in



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was imprudent, for he married very young, and married a girl that had lost her heart to him at a country the-atre, and who was disowned by her family in consequence. She had neither talent nor inclination for her husband'a vocation, which was for-tunate, as he had no desire for his wife to act but she was a charging the state of the state able to make their poor home a hap-py one, and he never gave her cause to regret the union for which she had

find you a place in our company. They say Mr. Vaufield is to be married Their only child Sybil was now 6 years old, and of a beauty so mare and delicate as to cause the sternest land-ladies to melt and the most obdurate delicate as to cause the sternest land-ladies to melt and the most obdurate oreditors to soften when they saw her. She was literally the idol of both pa-rents, and when the first welcome gleams of success came, their first thought was that they would be able to give their one treasure a good edu-cation and a permanent home. For a few months things had looked very bright, and then, just at the end of the season, Jack had a fall and dislocated his knee. It proved to be a long, troublesome business, and it was, of course, impossible for him toget an en-gagement. As bad luck would have it, the "Sothern" was changing hands, and the manager, to whom he owed much kindness, had gone to America. It had been a hot summer, but the Hesseltines had been obliged to give up their pretty little house in St. John's Wood, and to go into inexpan-sive lodgings. They would have been better off in the country, but Jack was so sanguine of speedy recovery, and so fearful of having to return to the old drudgery if he once left Lon-dou, that he insisted upon remaining there. Nothing seemed to hurt Sybil, who for all her fairness was very healthy. She made friends every-where, and attracted a good deal of kindly sitention. Done day, as Mrs. Hesseltine sat sew-ing and thinking sadily of unpaid bills and a cloudy future, she was inter-rupted by the entrance of an untidy arrant, who announced with mani-

One day, as Mrs. Hesseltine sat sew-ing and thinking sndly of unpaid bills and a cloudy future, she was inter-rupted by the eutrance of an untidy servant, who announced with mani-fest awe: "Miss Demages and Mr. Melton." Everybody knows beautiful Viols Desanges, with her stormy life-history and her brilliant artistic gifts. Amy Hesseltine had often admired her upon the stage, and rose to receive her magnificently arrayed visitor, a little conscious of her own poor dress and of the shabby room.

little conscious of her own poor dress and of the shabby room. Miss Desauges naw in a moment that abe had to deal with a lady, and said with her own special winning sweet-ness of manner: "I hope you will for give what seems like an intrusion when I explain its cause. But before I do this, may I introduce to you Mr. Melton, the anthor of Tassion Flow-ers, the forthcoming new play at the Parthemont I was to have a play at the leiton, the anthor of "Passion Flow-rs," the forthcoming new play at the Parthenont" It was to have been rought out in three weeks, but a very prious obstacle has occurred, likely odelay its production. A most im-ortant part was to have been taken y a small niece of mine, who is well nown for her cleverness, but unfor-instely she has caught scarled fever. lly in despair autil quite by nw your lovely little Sybil, ly in de

to an heiress soon, and if this is true he will retire and leave a vacancy. You have done me a real service; and I shall not soon forget it." It took Mrs. Hesselting a long while to explain all this to Sybil, although,

sho had at first intended.

to explain all this to Sych, although, like most only children, she was older than her years. Sybil was gutto fa-miliar with theatres, and had often seen her father act, but she had her own quaint ideas upon the subject, and sometimes talked about the cruel people who clapped and laughed at papa when he was well, and forgot him when he was ill and suffering. She adored her father, and when she once grasped the ides that if she were a good girl and did what she was told she would have money enough to bay him all sorts of nice things, she consented to try. Her fittle heart almost failed her when she was taken to the theatre, but she was quick and clever,

theatre, but she wax quick and clever, and learned the few words of her part so rapidly that Miss Desanges was more than satisfied. It gave Amy Herseltine a thrill to hear the clear little vice as she stood half hidden in the wings. She let her yell fall over her face, as she silently payed for her daring-prayers that she might be kept pure and spotless and learn no evil in this strange, new atmosphere. Neither Sybil nor her mo-ther over guessed how strange an in-fluence was exercised by the new child women alike feit better for her inno-cent presence; the very scene shifters

weenber of the company. Men and women alika felt better for her inno-cent presence; the very scene shifters loved her, and Viola Desanges, who had never known the magic touch of baby fingers, acted the scene with Sy-bil as she had never acted before. It was pathetic enough in all truth. A beautiful, imaginative woman, with a silent reserved husband she funcies indifferent, has in a weak moment consented to have her home with a rich artist. His specious arguments convince her, and at last at a bail at her own house she gives her promise. Bud then cannot reast going to the room shere her child is lying adcep. All is dark save for the lamp held in the hand of the mother, who kneels by the cot weeping passionately and half regretting her rash impulse. The child sloeps calmity, as the pours out a pitiful prayer for forgiveness, but wakes when the hot tenzs fall upon ber checks.

with him. The play proceeded, and, as Viola Desanges had foreseen, it was received with growing favor. The critics agreed that she had surpassed herself, and even Hugh terms she offered were far higher than Errington was conscious of an inex-

plicable change in her. Little Sybil's entrance roused him from a reverie, and, he followed her every movement with fixed attention. She brought back to his remembrance

eded and

a picture that had hung over his bed in the old hall when he was a boy, in the old hall when he was a boy, the picture of a child angel with a white lily in its hand. He remember white lify in its hand. He remember-ed how he liked to finey it a guard-ian spirit when he fell asleep at night. What had, such thoughts as these to do with the present? He had chosen; it was too late. No, not yet too late. The flowers lay beside him; Viola was on the stage; they were still apart; the barrier was not broken, as it should be broken before another day dawned. He did not follow the action of the play care chose her its seen. dawned. He did not follow the action of the play very closely, but its con-struction was simple. Was it merely a coincidence that it seemed to have been written especially for himi "You say you will give me ererything heart can desire, but, Godfrey, if I go away with you, you can never give me back a woman's greatest treasure, my good name." With what thrifling expres-sion Viola Desanges spoke these words, and what a depth of meaning lay in her great wastful eves!

words, and what a depth of meaning iny in her great wistful eyest There was not a sound in the the-atre. The great actress had arisen to an unimagined height of power, and the audience was riveted. And the child! When the flushed face on the pillow was revealed by the lamp there

pillow was revealed by the lamp there was a moisture in the eyes of many but little used to feel emotions such as these, and real tears fell on Sybil's checks as Viola Desanges least over her, forgetting the artistin the woman. And Hugh Erringtont Surely the guardian spirit of his boyiai dreams stood before him in the guise of little Sybil. Silently, enraestly, the great battle between good and evil was being waged. This friends had left him, and be had no withces which, be took the bouquet and tore to fragments the note that had lain like a serpent among the biosoms. He would leave England, but he would leave it alone. He would not

would leave it alone. He would not tempta loving woman to sin for his suke; he would begin a new life that tempt a lowing woman to sin for his should be higher and purer than the old. The curtain feil amid framtic applance. The actors were couling, and for a moment Viola Desauges stood before them with Sybil beside her. The smile of triamph upon her faces made it more beautiful find ever, but to the man who witched her for the last time it had an added sweetness, as he looked at her and flung the bouquet of races at the feet of the child who had saved him an evera, -Roland Grey in The Stage.

Par going to take the office. Per-

brows contrasted with consternation. "That's a damnable notion." "Just so. We'll call to morrow and get the letters. Good day." The defeated postmaster's friends had been very busy during the inter-view giving vent to their chagrin. When Curnis got outside he saw a rag figure stuck on a pole over a grocery store, with old tim cans tied to the tail of the old coat around the figure. It was an effigy of Carnis, inbeled "The New Postmaster." The boss gramble boiled over with rage when he caught sight of it. He

ws contrasted with e

rage when he caught sight of it. He called a greaser over to him:

"Want to make a dollar, Charley?" "Yes." "Go and test that thing down."

The boss gambler gave the greaser a silver dollar, and went back to his fair den. The effigy was still there three hours later when he strolled

buck. Charley was there too. "What do you mean by taking my dollar and not earning it?" the boss roared.

They said they'd kill me if I touch ed is."

ed is." The boss gambler palled a big shoot-ing iron and tools up his place in the rondway directly opposite the effigy. "Churley", you go over there," he said, "and tell those aneaks that if they move I'll blow the daylights out of the first man that stirs." "Yes, sir," said the grosser, meekly. "These you come out and rip that down." "Yes, sir."

drawn, and received the message with the deference due an official edict. Then they stood close together and with creatialian faces watched the de-spixed greaser shin up a ladder and tear the officer down

In Bohemin

and then cannot resist going to the room where the same the sam

the everlasting blessings of a good newspaper. A good newspaper is the grandest temporal blessing that God has given the people of this century. "In the first place all the people read the newspapers, and the news papers furnish the greater proportion of the reading to the people. They don't read books. The old people look for the deaths, the young look for the marriages, the business men read the business and financial columns, and those who are unemployed read the want 'ads.' Great libraries make few intelligent men and women, but news

want 'ads.' Great libraries make few intelligent men and women, but news-papers lift the nations into sunlight. "My idea of a good newspaper is a mirror of life itself. Some people complain because the evil of the world is reported as well as the good. The evil must be reported as well as the good, or how will we know what to guard against, or what to reform i There is a chance for discrimination as to how much space shall be given to reports of such things as prize fights, but the newspaper that merely presents the fair and the beautiful side of life is a misrepresentation. That presents the fair and the beautiful side of life is a misrepresentation. That family is best qualified for the duties of life who have told to them not only what good there is in the world, but what evil there is in the world, and is

told to select the good and reject the evil."-Minneapolis Tribune.

Judge Holt's Witcherson

A singular story is told of Chief Jus-tice Holt, a celebrated English jurist of the last century. When a lad ho was wild and fond

of adventure, and no one occasion he found himself without money at a country inn. While in doubt how to pay his bill, be noticed a child lying

sick in the room. Learning that it had the ague, and that the doctors could not cure it, he wrote some words at random on a piece of parchment, and told the mo-ther to the it round the child's wrist,

and thus cure the ague. The woman obeyed, and the delight-ed parents asked Holt to accept his board in payment for his modical ser vicus.

Years after, when Holt had become lord chief justice, a woman was tried before him for witchcraft. Part of the evidence against her

Fart of the evidence against her was the possession of the very anulet which the judge many years previous ly had himself prepared as a joke. The woman turned out to be Holt's hosters, and the judge told her from the bench how also had been deceived. For years she had used the charm with immense success.—New York Journal.

Journal.

Wife of Arkansawyer-The doctor mys you musta't work none for a Arkansawyer-Does he? Wal, that's a bit uthandy, comin' in the emp mason; but I reckon he knows whilfs

"And he says you must not hunt or fich, either,

What I The derned ole fool | Why. he don't know beans. Hahl Think it's goin' ter hurt a feller ter bunt an' light"-Drake's Magazine

that the great surprise a waited the spec-tators. There, on plates arranged in the order they were served, were exact duplicates in wax, and some in glace shape, of the various articles of food the deacon had eatan at the dinner the order they were served, were exact duplicates in quantity and size of the amounts he consumed. There was a large plate of soup, a big slice of meat, heaping side dishes full of vege-tables, three cucumbers, large slices of pie, a quarter of a watermalon, two plates of ice eream, a small cup of coffee and three goblets of eider. They, were perfect pieces of work in wax, as well as perfect representations of when had passed down the deacon's throis is thinner. The whole thing had cost several hundred dollars. The neighbors naturally ridiculed the tribute at first, but they all re-spected the widow, and when they found she was really in earnest in bet grief and in her regard for the war, memorial, they restrained their mirth and said fittle about it outside. Many, of them thought that the sudden large what. This is why it is only after the large of a year that the report of the astocialing tribute has leaked out.--Treuton Letter to Philadelphia Times.

Beast and Bird.

At Hartford, a big, flores est, which had been caught in a wire trap, was thrown into a barrel, and then a cat-was dropped in. Instead of killing, the rat the cat lay down and went to sleep, and the rat curled up by her side and slept too. At Winsted a thunderbolt struck a hollow tree in General W Extends have

At Winsted a thunderbolt struck a hollow tree in George W. Eaton's may fure, and killed forty-seven black makes, whose home was in the cavity. The biggest snake was air feet and eleven inches long, and the analless two feet and four inches. Another bolt fell in the yard of Homes Green, in the same town, and killed together. The nechs and legs of the clickers, which were huddled togethers. The necks and legs of the clickers, which were huddled togethers. The necks and legs of the clickers, which were huddled togethers. The necks and legs of the clickers, which were huddled togethers. The necks and legs of the clickers, which were broken. A pigron was caught about a telegraph wire neur the roof of a tail building, and the bird hung less down ward over the street. Letter Carrier Cars assided the building and released the pigron. Two Danbury sisters fired a clarge of bird shot at a hawk who was carge to a chicken, and killed the chickers. The hawk got away.-Normiek (Conn.) Special.

Conn.) Spenne Testing the Arab Prophets The Arniss have a very certain meth-od of ascertaining whether one of their prophets is a true one or a false. They organize an army, place him at the head of it and make an assuit on Egypt. If he is a true prophet he con-quers, but if he is a false one be fails. Thus far the number of those who have failed tailing to a man with them who have emborized in the failed tailes so a tota in who have embarized in et husiness, all of which w y discussing to suyboily ling dervial who is not a to making a huwling succ

"Yes, sir." The gaug saw the boas gambler in the roadway with his shooting iron