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SOLACE TOWARD THE SEA.

All Afric, winged with death and fire,
Pants in our pleasant English air,
Each blade of grass is tense as wire,
And all the wood's loose trembling hair,
Stark in the broad and breathless glare
Of hours whose touch wastes herb and tree,
This bright, sharp death ablues everywhere;
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

Earth seems a cores upon the pyre;
The sun a scourge for slaves to bear.
All power to fear, all keen desire
Lies dead as dreams of days that were
Before the new born world lay bare
In heaven's wide eys, whereunder we
Lie breathless till the season spare;
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

Fierce hours with ravening fangs that tire On spirit and sense, divide and share. The throes of thought that scarce respire, The throes of dreams that scarce forbear One mute immitigable prayer. For cold, perpetual sleep to be Shed smowlike on the sense of care; Life yearns for solace toward the see,

The dust of ways where men suspire
Seems even the dust of death's dim lair;
But, though the feverish days be dire,
The sea wind rears and cheers its fair
Blithe broods of babes that here and there
Make the cauds laugh and glow for gice
With gladder flowers than gardens wear;
Life years for solace toward the sea.

The music dies not off the lyre
That lets no soul alive despair;
illeep strikes not sumb the breathless choir
Of waves whose note bids sorrow spare.
As giad they sound, as fast they fare,
As when fate's word first set them free
And gave them light and night to wear;
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

To compass round with toll and sinare
And changeless whiri of change, whose gyre
Draws all things earthwards unaware,
The spirit of life they soourge and scare,
Wild waves that follow on waves that fee
Laugh, knowing that yet, though earth despa
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne

FOLLOWED.

The most desperate and lawless men in the west-I speak from twenty years' experience on the plains—are the gamblers, confidence men and robbers who follow the "end of track"

when a railway is pushing through new and unsettled territory.

At every side track a new town springs into existence, so suddenly as to suggest the western expression "dropped there by a cyclone." At each of these new communities the first comers are usually men of the kind I have mentioned.

Along the readbed wherever a side

Along the roadbed, wherever a siding is to be haid, a dozen or more big tents, respectively labeled "Saloon," "Dance House," sometimes very appropriately, "Satan's Hole" or the "Devil's Den," are always found set up in advance of the arrival of the track layers.

A certain harvest arraits the

A certain harvest awaits the owners of these groggeries, as the "railroader," of a certain class, takes his "time" from his foreman at frequent intervals, in order that he may cash his "time check" at the nearest saloon and gambling place.

condition for a day or two, and then goes to work again, penniless.

Such, a person accepts all the evils of this mode of life with a philosophy that would be commendable if shown under adversity of a different sort. A shirt, pantaloons, shoes and a slouch hat usually comprise the whole of his possessions, and so long as he can get the means to satisfy a periodic appe-tite for drunken excitement he seems to be satisfied with his lot.

This description of a large class of railroad laborers, it should be distinctly noted, does not apply to the many sober, steady fellows who save the large wages they get, and often settle and become prosperous citizens in the country they have helped to open to aivilination.

civilization.

It is upon the earnings of dissolute wage workers of the track and grade that the gambler, whisky seller and assassin thrive, and, to secure their plunder, they follow the progress of a new railroad like vultures in search of

The day laborer upon these pioneer roads is not the only victim of the robber and sharper. It is unsafe for any man who visits one of their mushroom towns to let the fact be known that he has a considerable amount of money in his possession.

had just unloaded and was now going

At Chadron, the supply store of the main contractor, a huge, roughly built shed stood at a side track about forty rods from the main street of the town. Here I was accustomed to or-der supplies and get drafts for money from the bookkeeper from time to

That morning, after finishing my business with the supply department, I went to the bookkeeper to procure a draft. A crowd of railroad laborers were waiting before his window to get their time checks cashed, or secure passes to go up or down the road. I noticed that two of these men were better dressed than the others, but thought nothing of the circumstance. I awaited my turn at the window

I awaited my turn at the window, and handed the bookkeeper a slip of paper on which was written, "Four thousand three hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty cents, Pay Roll—Rodney & Curtis." He made me a draft for the amount named, folded it carelessly, themst it through the win. carelessly, thrust it through the win-dow, and took the receipt which I had just written, and then turned to the

As I left the store I passed the two men whom I had noticed at the win-dow, and it struck me, upon a more attentive view, that they were rather sharpers than workingmen, although I had seen them cash two time checks, and get passes for some point up the road. The construction train did not leave until 3 o'clock that afternoon, leave until 3 o'clock that afternoon, and I lounged upon the shady stoop of the Chadron house watching the passers by and chatting with the landlord, who was an old acquaintance of mine when I lived in the east. I had a pleasant dinner with him, and after the meal was finished, I walked across the square to Lake & Haley's bank at the corner of the two principal streets. the corner of the two principal streets of the town, where I cashed the draft. The bills which I received I stuffed

into various side pockets of my clothes, and stowed a sack of silver change into a small leather "grip" which I carried in my hand.

I heard a locomotive whistle and, turning, walked quickly out of the bank. As I reached the sidewalk, I was startled to see the two men who had before attracted my notice step rather hastily away from the sidewalk in front of the bank windows, and walk across the street. which I carried in my hand.

walk across the street. I was satisfied that they had watched me as I cashed my draft. My sus-picions were thoroughly aroused by this circumstance, and when, an hour later, I stepped into the caboose of the construction train, and discovered the men lounging upon two cracker bar-rels smoking their pipes, it did not need their evident avoidance of the direct stare I gave them, the moment

I entered, to convince me that they were after me.

I now heartily berated myself for not having exercised greater caution while at Chadron. I should have waited until I could see the bookkeeper alone before I obtained my check; He quickly squanders the proceeds of his check in drink and play, or is robbed of them, lies about in a stupid brought to my room at the hotel, as might easily have been done. But it is easy enough, after you have done a foolish thing, to think how much better you might have managed it.

While I sat upon one of the land benches in the caboose, with my "grip" lying beneath the seat, I considered how I should dodge the two fellows at Crawford. There was no danger that I should be robbed on the train, as there was a loss than the control of the co train, as there were at least twenty passengers on board. Presently one of the men sauntered up to my scat,

sat down by me, and began to talk.
"See?" said he. "You're with Rodney an' Curtis, ain't yeh, one o' their

I answered carelessly that I was in

their employment.

"Paul 'n' I's goin' up the road lookin' fur a rock job. We're strikera.

Could ye hire us, d'ye think?"

"Certainly," said I, "we need mors

men badly, especially good strikers.
We will give you two dollars a day, and you can work a part of the night shift, if you like." Then, as unconcernedly as I could. went on to tell him about our work,

I went on to tell him about our work, and direct him how to find our head-quarters. I told him I should leave Crawford after breakfast the next morning on horseback, and that he and his partner could undoubtedly find a freight wagon there on which to take passage for our camp.

After some further conversation with the man—a young looking, wiry, dark faced fellow—he went over to talk to his "pard," and no doubt they congratulated themselves on his nuccess in throwing me off my guard.

Any man who visits one of their mush room towns to let the fact be known that he has a considerable amount of money in his possession.

Yet men who know the nature of the mush room towns to let the fact be known that he has a considerable amount of money in his possession.

Yet men who know the nature of the dangers about them sometimes neglect to take proper precaution to insuire the safety of money in their clarge, and thus the writer allowed himself to be caught, two years ago, in a sample that came new ending him is required to insuire the safety of money in their clarge, and thus the writer allowed himself to be caught, two years ago, in a sealed, at least by him.

I was acting as paymaster and chief commissary clerk for a firm of grade commissary clerk for a firm of grade

THE TELAUTOGRAPH.

Possibility of Having One's Writing Trans-

A pleasant faced, elderly gentleman, full beard, neatly cropped, and, like his hair, plentifully sprinkled with white, was sitting in the lobby of the New Denison recently.

"Who's that?" inquired the reporter. He was told the gentleman was Professor Elisha Gray, of Chicago, the famous electrician.

Professor Risha Gray, or Chicago, the famous electrician.

"I have just perfected an invention," said Professor Gray to the reporter, later on, "for the transmitting of the handwriting—a fac-simile of the handwriting."

the handwriting."

"How is this accomplished?"

"One sits down and writes on a sheet of paper, using a pen or a pen-cil, and whatever is done at this end, every motion that is made on the pa-per or off it is faithfully reproduced by a pen upon paper at the other end of the wire at the same time, just as fast or as slow as it is given at this end, and neither faster nor slower." "What name have you given the

"The telautograph, and it can be worked over any length of wire." "When you say pen and pencil what

"When you say pen and pencil what do you mean?"
"I mean a pen carrying ink, and that the writing or drawing is upon ordinary paper. I use a fluid ink, but any ink will do that will flow readily. One can write with a pencil or a stylographic pen if he chooses. The invention is now practically completed, and I am making a lot of instruments. A company ing a lot of instruments. A company has been formed as a parent organiza-tion, and local companies will follow. The instruments will be rented, not sold, and the terms will be similar to those given by the telephone people. But it is entirely dissimilar to the telephone tells. phone, for it writes and does not talk. By it one can transmit a check, note or draft in the handwriting of the individual. Its accuracy is unquestionable. In that respect it differs from the telephone, which is good enough for desultory conversation, but is not sufficient to use in buying or selling. You are writing shorthand; that, of course, could be transmitted by the telautograph. In newspaper work one could not only transmit a description of any great event, a celebration like that of the soldiers' monument held here, or a great disaster on rail or water, but a sketch could be trans-

mitted at the same time to illustrate

"What is the size of the instrument?" "The top is twenty by twenty-four inches. It may be kept on or besitle a desk, or, like the telephone, be hung upon the wall, where it takes up little space. It is secret in its communicaspace. It is secret in its communica-tions, both as to those it gives and those it receives. One does not need to 'hello' and no one can steal the message from the wire. Then the message will come whether one is at may be found good for the distribumay be found good for the distribu-tion of press reports to all the news-papers of the land simultaneously, But there are a thousand things to which it may be applicable that neither you nor I may think of at the mo-ment. Its chief value, I apprehend, will be in mercantile husiness where will be in mercantile business, where the telephone fails by reason of its inaccuracy. If a man gives an order by telephone, the man receiving it may deny having done so, but here the writing is proof positive, and can-not be denied."

"How about induction? When several wires run in proximity to each other what is the effect?"

"As to induction, it is wholly uncertainty to each other what is the effect?"

"As to induction, it is wholly uncertainty to each other what is the effect?"

"As to induction, it is wholly uncertainty to each other what is the effect?" "How about induction? When sey

"As to induction, it is wholly unlike the telephone. There is no more trouble from proximity to wires than is encountered in ordinary telegraphy, and as to expense, it will not cost the user any more than the telephone costs him."—Omaha Bee.

I've just come up from Chicago over the Wisconsin Central, and I never had so much fun in my life. You see, I had to stop off at a little town between here and Milwaukee to sell a bill. The train wasn't due until about midnight. I sat up and played dominoes with the night clerk of the hotel where I stopped until train time. I noes with the night clerk of the hotel where I stopped until train time. I thought I would take a sleeper, as I was very tired. As luck would have it there was one lower berth empty. As I sat there waiting for the porter to make up my bed everything was still, except for the snoring. Everybody had gone to sleep, and one foot sticking out from an upper berth was the only visible sign of life. Just then a porter from another sleeper came in. "Ah, there," said my porter, "hold up"—

up"—Great Scott! You should have seen the picture presented a moment later. Women shricked and yelled "Robbers!" Heads popped out, followed by revolvers and bowie knives, until you couldn't count them. "Where is he!" "I haven't got a cent!" "Is it Black Bart!" "It's n'll up with us!" was heard, while the porter stood in the middle of the aisle, the picture of petrified astonishment.

"Foh de Lod's sake, boss nuffin's de mattah. I wuz jus' a-teilin' dat niggah to hole up de en' o' dat curtin, dat's all," and the darky began to grin. I tell you, the heads popped back pretty suddenly. Nearly everybody was angry at first, but they soon got over it and they began to chaff each other. There wasn't much sieep in that car the rest of the night.—Commercial Traveler in Minneapolis Journal.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson has an eventful history. Son of a merchant, he graduated at Harvard, studied theology and was paster of First Congregational church at Newbury-port, Mass., and was obliged to leave it on account of his anti-slavery preachings; he was then an unsuccessful candidate for congress on the Free Soil ticket. Betarning to the pulpit he was paster of a free church at Worcester, hiss., from 1882 to 1888, when he left the ministry and devoted him self exclusively to literary pursuits.

DUMAS, THE ELDER. His Egotism Paled Refore Ills Great Big

A speech of Alexandre Dumas has often been repeated, perhaps for the reason that he probably often used it, for I heard him say: "The pipod of French literature today rests on Hugo, Lamartine and me." That he did say it I can attest to, and he was in dead cornect. It was replace outsight in a

it I can attest to, and he was in dead earnest. It was spoken outright in a company where the literary element was conspicuous, and was received with a hearty, good natured laugh.

For a moment M. Dumas seemed taken aback at the way this speech was received. He did not reiterate fit, but stood still looking at the laughers with an air of amused conviction on his face.

Let me put aside all the exotism in

with an air of amused conviction on his face.

Let me put aside all the egotism in Alexandre Dumas, declaring that for a special style of romance nothing was ever written equal to his "Trois Mousquetaires." Those faur gallant swordsmen, Harthos, Athos, d'Artagnan, Aramis, stand side by side in defense of their creator. If they were simply bullies, or spadassins, they would have lowered their blades long ago. The sparkle of their steel, the merry clink of their rapiers, are continued in their talk. Take a page of dialogue in this wonderful novel, and even the ouis and nons have their merit. There never is a superfluous word. It has all the eloquence of brevity. In the half dozen plots that run through the story there is no muddling; each strand has its own distinct color, and yet subordinate to the whole. It is the joyousness, yet the devil-may-care way it is done, which is so pleasing. I think that more oil, candles and gas have been consumed over "The Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo" than any other romance ever written.

to" than any other romance ever

written.

A king of Spain, seeing a man laughing with a book in his hand, said:
"That fellow is either reading 'Don Quixote' or he is cruzy." If you are told that your son or your daughter is caught in the act of reading some book or other all night, you may be quite certain it is either "The Musketeers" or "Monte Cristo." As to the latter book, I am inclined to believe it has helped to negretare the idea of trees. helped to perpetuate the idea of treas-ure trove. Thackeray may have made one of his characters, Maj. Pendennis, read Paul de Kock, but the great novelist loved his Alexandre Dumas, and I am quite cartain. Thekeray's and I am quite certain Thackeray's taste was pure, his critical judgment the soundest, and so I believe what this Frenchman wrote, "will always delight mankind, and for the sorrow

of prigs," as Mr. Lang neatly puts it.
Mr. Andrew Lang, with nice appreciation of Dumas, has done him full justice. What I should most like to bring into prominence was Dumas' goodness of heart—or was it his weakness? He was the most charitable man I ever met. It was not half his cloak he would have given to a poor man, but all his clothes. Poverty did hand to receive it or not. One can have a lock and key, and no one can see the communication which has come in his absence. The instrument instincts were concentrated in his su-preme pity. Even in the height of his literary career, when his writings were in eager demand and handsomely cared for, I have known him to sit

ly cared for, I have known him to sit up all night writing, not for himself, but for the benefit of others.

Once I met him a bright spring morning walking head up, erect, along the Marly high road.

"You look happy, M. Dumas," I

"I am. I have been up all night, and am going to dispatch this parcel to Paris." He tapped a good sized

candle at both ends, M. Dumas? You will break down!"

"Ah! bah! Do I look so frail?" he asked, with a merry laugh. Certainly he did not, for he was built like a Bagdad porter. "The fact is, poor S.'s wife was confined yesterday, and he is a clever and deserving man, but without a sou to bless bimself. He is one of the few who never complain, but I know he pledged all his books a week ago. Mmc. S. and the child might suffer. There must be no gloom in that household. It struck me last evening at about 10 o'clock when I had finished a certain bit of work, and then his and her position work, and then his and her position and the baby inspired me. Inside the package is an order on my publishers to send 8, at once 500 franca. That is what a half dezen hours are worth.

not much to me, maybe a good deal to them. They will never know who sent it, and remember you are my confidant, and no peaching."

And with a happy laugh he strode along. To give to others was the passion of this man's life, and he gave and gave until he impoverished himself.—P. in New York Times.

Story of a Violin.

Waldemar Meyer, a well known violinist, has bobight one of the most valuable violins in the world for £1,250. It was not only made by Stradivarius, but has a history. This "Strad" fiddle was made for the first George of England in 1716. It was kept in the royal family until the first of this century, when it became the property of a Scotch nobleman, who valued it so highly that he carried it in his military bag, and thus it was that the instrument was in the battle of Waterloo. His family held it until about 1860, when it was given to the violinist Molique. In 1886, when Molique returned to his native Bavaria to pass the evening of his life at Cannstadt, he transferred it to his friend and pupil, Baron von Dreifus, of Munich, a brother of the Parisian bookseller. He was in possession of the violin for twenty years. He sold it not long ago to the great violin collector of Berlin, Herr Reichers, for £1,000, who in turn sold it to Waldemar Meyer.—Boston Post.

Farms may be had cheap in Hungary. If the owners cannot pay the taxes they are forthwith sold upaby the state, and recently a farm areased at \$300 annually was brought to the hammer and purchased for two knowns—not quite one half penny.

The old sailor sat on the stringpiec

The old sailor sat on the stringpiece of the South street pier gazing sedately at the swirls in the water alongside as the tide swept out, when a young man of his acquaintance came along.

"Well, Jack," said the young man, "what are you thinking about!"

The old man looked up at the questioner, looked over toward the fext pier, where, as he would have said, "a werry plump and sizable young woman" was sitting ou the corner of a lighter cabin, and then back at the young man.

"Write for th' papers, don't ye?" he

"One of them." that young woman over

Coney Island?" "Hearn on 'em gittin' outside the life lines an' drowndin!"

"Ever see one like her down to

"What should you say carried of 'em beyond the life lines?"

"The undertow."

The old sailer snorted.
"Sonny, I've been readin' that 'ere nigh to fifty year. However could the undertow carry her out and she on ten feet o' water? Don't ever you

write any such bilge water."
"What takes her out, then?" "Ever see a chip or stick in the surf?" "Ever see it wash up on the beach?" Yes." "Ever see it go out to sea instid?"

"Ever see it go out to sea instid?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever happen to notice the wind them 'ere time?"

"Not particularly."

"In course not. Nobody as hadn't had the adwantage of a reg'lar eddication at sea never notices important circumstances like the wind. There never was no such thing as undertow to hurt nobody. It's the overtow. It's the gentle seffers as is blowin' off shore what carries the unfortunits outen their depths an' drowns 'em afore the streamin' eyes o' their heartafore the streamin' eyes o' their heart broken relations what's powerless to render 'em any aid whatever, 'cause there would never no old tomatoes and spiled animals come for to vex sea-ahore boardin' house bosses if there was any sech thing as undertow for to carry of 'em off."—New York Sun.

Sanderburg's Strength. Writing of Tritanus, the Samnite Writing of Tritanus, the Sammite swordsman, whose son carried the giant with a single finger, reminds one of the remarkable stories told of Sanderburg, King of Albania, whose swordsmanship has never been excelled. Sanderburg was born in the year 1414, and grew up to be a splendid specimen of physical manhood. His strength of arm was the most extraordinary that has ever been known. His sword arm was much the larger and stronger, but even the smaller of the two, the quaint account says, "was the two, the quaint account says, "was gigantick inn its lordly proportions; beinge as muche as two lappes around it." A lappe was 121 inches, which

would have made the biceps of Sanwould have made the biceps of San-derburg 24j inches in circumference, or about one-fourth larger than the arm of John L. Sullivan. It is to be regretted that the measurements of the sword arm of this Titanic king are

sword arm of this Ittanic king are unknown, as they must have been even more "gigantic in their lordly proportions."

With his cimeter he was known to cleave a man from the top of the head to the waist at a single blow. It is related that when in battle he frequently cut his anteconist in two at one sweepcut his antagonist in two at one sweep-

ing stroke.

Bailaban and his horde treated the Bailaban and his horde treated the Albanians with indignities unbearable; several of them were finally caught and convicted. Among the felons were two relatives of Bailaban himself, a brother and a nephew. Sanderburg took it upon himself to execute this pair. The order was given that the king would lop the heads off these two worthies in the palace court yard. Before the hour of doom had arrived, while the father and son were taking leave of each other for the last time, the enraged king rushed upon them while they were embracing and at one stroke severed their bodies above the hips, the mass of quivering flesh all falling in a heap. This extraordinary exhibition of strength of arm has never been equaled by swordsman, ancient or modern.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Looky Knapsack.

Some soldiers find it hard to throw away their valuables even on the most wearisome marches. A private of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts was a man of this class, and had often been laughed at for his peculiarity.

One day, during a lull while the army was before Petersburg, Private H— was sitting in the shade with his back to the enemy, about ten feet from where Gen. Stannard was standing.

from where Gen. Stannard was standing.

His knapsack, to which he had clung in all our movements in spite of the jeers of his comrades, was strapped upon his back. A six pound shot came ricochetting along the ground. He picked himself up in a wild, confused manner, and began feeling first of his head and then of the knapsack, and when the boys assured him he was all right, he responded only with a sickly smile.

Gen. Stannard noted his condition, and to "bring him to" exclaimed:

"That's a mighty lucky knapsack, boy!"

"Yes," said H—, "and I always carry it."

After that it was useless to argue the knapsack question with him.—
Youth's Companion

New Use for Coresaust Oil.

It is found that coccanut oil is not only an excellent lubricant, but it is of great value for lighting purposes. A Breachman in Caba has established a factory for the manufacture of this oil. He has imported the most perfect machinery in order that the oil produced shall be as pure as possible. The oil is very fluid, exiding alowly, and is said to keep long without turning rancid.—New York Telegram.

to my desunation by way of Dri wood. One of these roules I mu take, and as the men who were "she owing" me believed that I would pe ceed by way of Driftwood I ehou ceed by way of Driftwood I chose the White River canyon route, a rough, new trail that for seventeen miles led through a tumbled, rocky gorge or canyon in the bottom of which rippled merrily the little streamlet that is the beginning of the White river.

I urged my pony forward at a good pace until, after sungle, I passed a camp of freighters who were preparing their breakfast, and later met several wagons on the move, which

camp of freighters who were preparing their breakfast, and later met se eral wagons on the move, which a lieved the loneliness of my ride acaused me to feel more secure. As a morning was hot and oppressive now proceeded more slowly.

About half an hour after meeting the freighters I halted at one of a numerous creek crossings, and a mounted to drink and eat a part of the lunch of crackers and dried be which I had brought from the countissary tent. As I had no cup stretched myself out upon the roc at the edge of the current, and barring my nose in the cool water of the spring fed stream.

As I lay drinking, with my barring fed stream.

As I lay drinking, with my barring fed stream.

As I lay drinking, with my barring fed stream.

As I lay drinking, with my barring fed stream.

As I lay drinking, with my barring fed stream.

As I lay drinking, with my barring fed stream.

As I lay drinking, with my barring fed stream.

As I lay drinking, with my barring fed stream.

I sprang to my feet in alarm. My first impulse was to mount my peay and apply the spurs, but as his gait, a racking gallop, was a very slow one. I came to the sudden conclusion to dodge into the brush and let the horse-

dodge into the brush and let the homemen, whoever they were go by. There were a few box alder trees and several clusters of plum bush close under the rocks on the right. I grasped the bronco's rein, and led him in behind the thickets of thorn and tied him. I had little time to think or act before the horsemen came up at a gallop. I peered through the leaves as they rattled on, and discovered that there were six riders and that the two strikers were in the lead. They passed my hiding place without an apparent suspicion that I was concealed there, and, though still much alarmed, I was congratulating myself that I had outwitted them, when, just as they rode into the water, my pony lifted his head and uttered a shrill, inquiring whinny.

whinny.

The party instantly halted. Every rider turned his face eagerly in my direction, and half a dozen rifles and revolvers were jerked into readiness for action. My pony whinnied again before I could get a grip upon his murzle, and I felt that unless some unexpectedly fortunate circumstance intervened I should lose the money and probably my life. The horsemen were determined, villainous looking men, and as I glanced about I may they had a great advantage over me. The scattered patches of pine scrub on the steep bare sides of the gorge offered me but little shelter for a retreat and the bushes behind which I stood were but slight protection against heavy bullets. At the second whinny

ed me but little shelter for a retrest, and the bushes behind which I stood were but slight protection against heavy bullets. At the second whinny of my horse the men dismounted and stood behind their animals.

"He's in there, sure," I heard one of them say. "Spread out, boys, an let's surround them bushes."

Without waiting to hear any more I thrust the Winchester through the tops of a plum bush and fired at their nearest horse, aiming at its body back of the shoulder. The animal went down with a groan, and the men behind it sprang back with a fierce cath. My only hope now lay in swift action and certain aim. A quick motion of the lever reloaded and cocked my Winchester, and almost before the horse had fallen to the ground I had aimed and fired at the fellow as be turned to run for cover.

He fell, but got up and ran again. Shifting my aim, I opened a rapid fire on the other horses and men. The robbers returned a few hasty and ineffectual shots and them scattered in flight. When I had fired the sewateen shots, which emplied my reposting rifle, three horses lay on the border of the canyon at various distances away, and one man with a broken leg was dragging himself toward the shelter of the creek bank. His companions had fied down the canyon, two on foot and the others on hotseback. Three or four of their shots had struck in the bush about me, but now had hit me.

The sudden, flerce determination which had seized upon me, and the swift, effective firing which followed, were as much a surprise to myself as they could have been to the "road agents," who no doubt believed there was more than one shooter behind the bushes which sheltered me. I dated not stop to look after the wounded man, who undoubtedly would have fired at me if I had approached him. Mounting my pony and keeping a much as possible under cover of bushes, I rode my animal at his best speed up the canyon.

About five miles from the scene of the shooting I came upon a graders camp, and sent some of the men to look after the wounded robber and to secur

Sapolini, of Milan, has described a method of his which he states he has successfully employed in aixty-two cases of deafness of old age. It consists in mopping the membrana type pani with a weak oleoginous solution of phosphorus. He claims that the treatment diminishes the one its

There are several good reasons for the attempt to train swallows for mili-tary messages, instead of christ pig-cons. The swallows are swifter and more difficult marks to shoot at. The experiment to far promises well. A young scallow from Roubais flow home from Paris, 455 miles, in an hour and thirty minutes.