

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1895.

The thought was not pleasant, and it aroused Drane to desperation. Either said a court officer, pushing Lawrence that or his hunger stimulated his memtoward the gate. Lawrence did under- ory, for he suddenly recalled the fact that a gentleman with whom he had had some dealings by letter was in business on Murray street. He asked a policenian where that was, and the reply fairly staggered him. It was miles

away. He felt that he should fall dead of hunger before he covered half the distance. He leaned against a lamp-post in ut-

ter weariness, and closed his eyes. Then he heard a woman's voice behind him, saying: "I hoped that you would come to see Mrs. Bowers, and I have waited to thank you again for what you did to helpme." "When I heard your voice," said

Drane, turning to greet his acquaint-ance of the morning, "I thought I must have died of starvation, and been admitted to paradise through a mistake in the records. You can not imagine what friendly words are to a man in my po-

sition." "And have you really suffered from hunger?" she exclaimed, while the tears akin to relief, he passed through the camo to her eyes. "Ah, that is horrible! "When once I get well out of all this," Take this" (and sho put a silver dollar into his hand); "it should be multiplied he thought, "I'll get the Legislature to a thousand-fold if I could but prove my provide a fund for supplying discharged identity, and then I should feel that I prisoners with a square meal. I'd almost give my liberty for a sirloin steak had done but little for you. There, do not say a word now. I know that you will repay me. Oh, dear mel there is What to do to get this desirable re-Mrs. Bowers; she is coming down the reshment was a problem. He looked steps; she will be here in a moment. up and down the svenue a moment and Hurry away, but write to let me know then returned to the court-room. He that you have come out of all your difinquired of an officer near the door about the elderly lady who had carried off his

ficulties." "Where shall I address you?"

"Oh, dear! I don't know; I can't think of any place at all except that park know that I am no convict," he thought, where we met." and he did not disguise from himself a "That's hardly an address, you know," hope that she would help him somehow

said Drane, trying to be blithesome, though Mrs. Bowers was bearing down upon them very fast. "I might try the general post-office but I don't know your name and-" "And it isn't necessary that you

should," put in Mrs. Bowers. "Come along, my good girl. He is not a fit acquaintance for you. She dragged the younger woman

name and address, and set off to call away, and gave her no chance to reply. Lawrence, half crazed at being thus in upon Mrs. Bowers far up on Madison terrupted, was following them when a by trying to estimate how long his vital | hand was laid upon his shoulder; and, as he turned about, the policeman who forces would endure miles of walking every day without any renewal of the tissues, and by speculating as to what had directed him to Murray street stood before him.

"Look here, young feller," said he, "I saw de young woman give you something, an' that's enough for you, seen Don't you follow her no more. Drane couldn't abide the idea of an-

passed the worst part of starvation alother incarceration, and he obeyed the policeman's instructions, with wrath in Mrs. Bowers was at home and she received Drane in a tiny room which she his soul. And yet, when he cooled evidently used as an office for her chardown a bit, he perceived that his condition had been ameliorated to the extent "Madame," began Drane, "I am in of one silver dollar, a consideration by circumstances so unusual for me, I am no means to be overlooked. He had so faint from lack of food that I find it never till that moment realized the difficult to say what I wish to. I was in value of money. In the blessed thought court this morning when you secured that he could at last buy something like

his life. But he was penniless again. He crossed City Hall Park with a firm step, and his head in the air. His woes were floating sway in Mnoke; his hopes were high. He walked down Murray street and quickly found the number he sought The name Richard H. Billings, in white letters on a window of the ower story, set all doubts at rest; and, indeed, the man bimself sat at a desk in plain view from thesidewalk. Lawrence identified him at once from description, and he felt that he was saved. Mr. Dellings, however, was engaged in

carnest conversation, and Lawrence, after staring at him a minute through the window, decided to walk around the block and give him a chance to finish his business. When he had completed the circuit Mr. Hillings was no longer in sight. The rolling top of the desk was closed, and when Drane noted that fact his heart stood still. He hurried into the office.

"Mr. Billings has just left for the Grand Central depot," said an office boy. "He is going on to Boston to-night. If you hurry up there you can catch him. Have you got a message for him?" "No; I wish to see him personally."

"Go on," said the boy, "you want to strike him for the price of a beer." Drane could not wait to reprove the youth for his impudence. He was in

too much of a hurry to get to the depot He learned that the train which Mr. Billings was to take left at six o'clock. It was then half-past five. When he had reached the street he relected that it would be necessary to cnow where the Grand Central depot was, before going there. He had supposed that if it was "central" it must bo near at hand, and he learned with

horror that it was more than three miles way. To reach it on foot in time was out of the question, and he had not a cent!

He cursed his folly in leaving Billings loor unguarded, and was inclined to be offended with Billings for going to Boston. - The world had turned blue again. He could see nothing ahead of him but another night in the street.



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"Will you clear out now?" Drane saw a man in rags more loath-"Nol I won't!" she cried, and she some than his own, with rum-bloated stamped her toot imperiously. "That gentleman defended me and I won't features leering at him sympathetically. ee him wronged. So there!"

"This is an outrage!" exclaimed Mr. Drane, and then that quick, dismal philosophy recurred to him and he saw

N. C

VOL. XX.

GRAHAM. . . .

May 17, '88.

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Practices in the State and Federal Courts

that it was all perfectly natural. Another poke and a warning from the policeman showed him that it was folly to resist. So the five marched up Broadway to the nearest station house. Mr. Drane wrathful and silent, the widow

indignant and tearful, and he of the black eye sullen and vengeful.

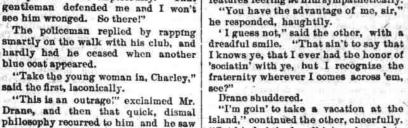
CHAPTER III. A SCOTCH VERDICT.

Arrived at a police station the party marched in and halted in front of a big counter behind which sat a benignantlooking man reading a book. Drane saw that it was a volume of Shakespeare, and he felt a dim hope that this man at least would prove to be kind and trusting. He did not know the New York policemen, though he was scraping acquaintance with the species faster than he really cared to. The man at the desk continued to read until he had come to a convenient stopping place when he took up a pen, looked at Drane

and asked: "What's your name?"

It flashed over poor Lawrence that all the reporters in town would write up his adventures, that the accounts would be telegraphed to Western newspapers, and that a full measure of disgraceful notoriety would be heaped upon him. So, "Tom Jones," he replied at hazard. The benignant man's face wrinkled into an incredulous sneer, but he put the name down without a word. Then, "Where do you live?" he demanded.

"Kansas City," faltered Lawrence, utterly at a loss to carry on his fiction, and when he was questioned as to his business he hung his head in despair. His garments would belie his claim to be a gentleman; for the same reason he could not explain that he was charged with callsting Boston capital in the in-terest of a new railroad, a commission that he had undertaken more for the sake of diversion than for any need of money-making, and in a fair frenzy of



"Got kind o' tired walkin', an' need to rest up. Spect to go up for long?" "I don't know what they will do with me," replied Drane, "and I don't want

to talk to you." "All right, all right," said the ragamuffin, "only if you ain't used to this

business you'll find 'fore long that it's useful to make friends wherever you can pick 'em up. No tellin' what a man might do for you, see?" disgust a forlorn conviction that the fel-

low was probably right. At the other side of the court where several women prisoners were grouped he saw the young lady whose misfortune had had so much to do with bringing him there. He started at once to go over and speak to her, and of course a policeman prevented him. He saw that she was speaking eagerly with an elderly lady who stood

"She at least has found a friend," thought Drane, and so it proved, for in a few minutes she was called before the judge, and the elderly lady stood up with her at the bar. There was a brief conversation which Lawrence could not hear, and then both women stepped

down and passed through the gate into the audience room. They were on the way out of the court, but the young lady paused a moment and looked inquiringly back. Lawrence caught her eye and She returned his salutation and bowed. hurriedly whispered to her companion. The latter raised a pair of glasses, beau-tifully framed and handled in ebony, to

passed out. "Oh, yes, go on," thought Lawrence, "he's a bad case, of course. Look at his

clothes and his villainous face!" The young lady's face was grave with disappointment, but just as the door was

closing on her she threw back at him a smile which made the unhappy prisoner's heart bound.

Lawrence turned away, feeling in his park acquaintance. "I will at least let the young widow

on the other side of the rail.

her eyes and scrutinized Drane keenty. Then she shook her head decidedly and

For a full minute after that he felt

convinced that somehow all would go

well with him; but this uplifting of his

soul was transient. He soon relapsed

into a dull, faint indifference, paying no attention whatever to the trial of cases

constantly going on before him. He did

not hear the orier call out twice:

"Thomas Jones," and he did not half

comprehend what was up when an offi-cer seized him by the shoulder roughly,

"Here, come along! why don't you

stand up when you're called?" In the little delay that thus ensued

another case was crowded before the

judge. Lawrence, standing at the bar, tried to listen. He caught some words

about "common vagabond," and "stale

peer gang," but he could not understand

recognized his recent sequaintance, the

"She's trying to tell me to be hope-ful," he thought, "and so I will, by

Jove!"

saying:

ragamuffin.

our honor," protested Lawrence. "You'll get into serious trouble right i twenty-four hours might make him a his life. But he was nonniless again your honor." protested Lawrence. here if you're not careful," cried the chimpanzee or a cow

DISCHARGED FROM COURT.

The officer told him that the lady

came to court every day, exercising her charitable disposition in assisting inno-

cent prisoners who were unable to se-

"But she won't do any thing for you,"

added the officer; "she draws the line at

Novertheless Lawrence obtained her

avenue. He amused himself on the way

stage of starvation would be the most

painful. Now and again he became dizzy

and almost lost consciousness, which led

him to think that perhaps he had com-

audience room a free man.

with lyonnaise potatoes."

in his straits.

oure legal advice.

men.'

read y

Itable work.

"Here, you, get out! Understand?" stand, and with a feeling somewhat



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side, "you ; this time."

"I haven't any business!" "Umph! walking gent, I suppose," said the man at. the big desk. "What were you doing with this man and woman?"

The young lady at once began a protest and explanation which was checked by the officer in charge of her, who growled: "Say, yous, will you keep quiet until

you're asked to say something?" The accuser declared that Drane had assaulted him and tried to rob him.

"Lock him up." said the benignant man. drily; and the obedient policeman con-ducted Lawrence to a cell. As he passed

through the doorway he heard the young lady sobbing bitterly. Walking down the corridor he repressed the tre-mendous resentment that raged within him, but as soon as the key was turned he addressed his conductor:

"I wish you'd let me have a word with

you. it all. Presently, however, the prisoner on trial turned to him and Lawrence The officer paused. Drane had intended to tell his story, hoping to convince his jailor, if not of his innocence, that at least there was a grave error in the proceedings somewhere, but his feel-ings overpowered him. "I'd have you understand," he ex-

"I've got ten days," he said, smiling complacently. The fellow shuffled off, and Lawrence looked up just in time to catch the judge's eye as the formal quesclaimed, "that you don't know whom you are dealing with. I could buy this house fifty times over and not feel it! tion was put: "What is your name?" "Lawrence Drane," be responded quickly, and then he thought-too late. The judge scowled at a document before him and glanced inquiringly at the po-My reputation never has been ques-tioned, and somebody will suffer for

liceman. he walked away. There is no phrase in polite or vulgar literature that com-"That's my prisoner," said the latter, "he gave a different name at the station presses so much contempt into so small a space as that one word "Rate!" It is house. "What do you mean," demanded the unanswerable, complete, depressing. As Lawrence listened to his jailor's rejudge, "by giving one name at the sta-

tion and another one here?" treating footsteps his resontment turned "I-I didn't want to be known, your to disgust. "That just shows," he thought, "how

honor," stammered Lawrence. "No, I suppose not," snapped the judge: "well, what is it, Jones, or the other name?" ill-fitted I am for these clothes. If I had been brought up to wear them I should

have known how to express myself adequately. Some really shocking language might have had an effect on that fellow." "Jones is right," replied Lawrence, realizing gloomily that another hope that he had cherished slightly, that of convincing a judge, had been shattered by his blunders. Then for four mortal hours Lawrence reminated on visions of penal servi-tude, balls and chains, breaking rocks,

"You are charged," continued the adge, "with assault and attempt to rob. What do you say to it?" Of course Lawrence responded "not guilty," and then the judge called for

tude, balls and chains, breaking rocks, stories of galley slaves; and he wondered whether much famed Sing Sing would be better ventilated than his present quarters. He took one little comfort in his gracesome reflections—he could at least depend on something to est as long as the Government should be his host. There was no breakfast for him, however, and when at last he was marched to Jefforson Market court he was in that state of the complainant. The well-dressed young man was not present. There-apon his honor reprimanded the policeman for bringing up a case without a witness and added:

"In the absence of a complainant, I abould discharge this man at once if he Market court he was in that state of faintness that he would have walked willingly many miles had the officers required it. Without realizing how time had passed, or what had happened, he found himself one of a nondescript be found himself one of a nondescript had not tried to assume a false name. That attempt makes him a suspicious character, Hold him until three o'clock. and see that your witness is here at that

company shut in by an iron railing. The The hours dragged along, the judge company sould in oy an ion internal of the audience room was crowded with spec-tators, and in the enclosure where he stood were policemen, lawyers and re-porters. Lawrence shrunk as close as he went to lunch, another session was begun, and at last "Thomas Jones" was again called to the bar. The com-plaigant had not turned up, and the judgesaid, frritably: "You are discharged, Jones, but I warn you not to do any thing of this kind porters. Lawrence shrunk as close as he could against the wall and gave way to

wofound discouragement. "Well, pard," said a low voice at his seem to have struck it rough But I haven't done any thing wrong.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Bowers. "You are the man who went to her aid

lease of a young lady

in the park. H'm. That was a very worthy thing to do," and she eyed him critically through her glasses. Lawrence felt so oppressed by this fresh hu-miliation that he hung his head. Mrs. Bowers continued: "I should not have expected it of you. I have made a long study of human nature, my man, and I warn you that you can not impose on me. So they discharged you. H'm. If you're willing to work I will send you a card to a wood yard-" "Madam," cried Lawrence, "I never

have had to work in my life! I don't ask for work: I did not corns here to ask any assistance of you. I want to see the young lady and tell her my story."

"Quite impossible," interrupted Mrs. Bowers, placidly. "She is young and inexperienced, and I certainly shall guard her against any vulgar imposition. You make a mistake in refusing work. I can read you closely enough to see that you will recognize your error as soon as you are convinced that I am not to be imposed on. Therefore I shall give you this ticket. It. will secure you lodging and breakfast if you will saw wood. And in consideration for your defense of the young lady you refer to. I will pay your car fare to the wood-yard. I seldom do this, never when I am convinced of a man's character as I am of yours, but you are doubtless faint and weary. Therefore, here is the card, and here is a dime to pay your way on the

horse cars." "Madame," said Drane, huskily, "you have done me injustice and given me pain that is worse than all the ills that have come on me since I arrived in New York. I decline your charity, and you may rest assured that no extremity of misery will ever make me regret my ourse.

With that he bowed haughtily and stalked from the house, while Mrs. Bowers looked shocked and made an entry in her book of charitable work as to the evil pride that keeps some men from acknowledging the superiority and goodness of others.

CHAPTER IV. A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

Drane had occasionally reflected upon the possibility of such a misfortune a had overtaken him, though he had never carried his imaginings to the point which the actualities of the case had reached. He had supposed in : general way that there were plenty of things to be done by a man in such a position, but when he ran over the list his mind he realized that every course of action involved painful humiliation. He knew that there were many charitable organizations which times assisted the distressed, and at other times distressed the assisted; but he could not rethe names or addresses member the names or addresses of any of them, with the single excepmber tion of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It hadn't come to that yet, he thought, but there was no telling when it would. He had gone to sleep a gentleman and had waked



WELCOME RELIEF.

a square meal he forgot even the mean by which the money had been obtained. Food was his one great need. He looked about him for a restaurant. There was none in sight. Away to the left was the elevated railroad. He knew that it would take him down town where cating houses would be plenty, and he hurried to a station.

An L-train at ten miles an hour is not rapid transit to a man who has not dined for two days. Before he reached the City Hall station Drane fully realized how badly New York needed another and a quicker system. Electricity in a moment of excitement would have been the proper thing to keep pace with his impatience. However, the journey ended before the tissues of his body had wholly wasted away: and two minutes later he was seated at a restaurant table and had ordered just seventy cents' worth of food. Nothing, from fish-balls to terrapin, had ever tasted so good to him as that soup.

again," thought he, when the food had begun to take effect, "I'll treat him to a ten-course dinner."

The world took on a different aspect as he ate. He felt sure that every thing would come out right. His acquaintance at Murray street would gladly help him out of his predicament, and he could laugh at his strange experience. With a tight waist band and ninety-five cents in his pocket, he was a rich man again as he strolled up to the desk to pay his check. Just there temptation seized upon him. He wanted to smoke. d as if his longing for food had It seem been feeble to his present craving for just one fragrant whiff of tobacco.

"How much are those cigars?" ho asked, indicating some which the man at the desk had just spread-before a cus-"Fifteen cents-two for a quarter,"

was the reply. Drane reflected that a man so poor as he was could not afford to pay fifteen cents for a cigat when he could get it for twelve and a half by simply purchasing two. Overcome by this unassailable arithmetic, he laid down his last quarter, and in another moment he was en-joying one of the weeds for which New York is justly infamous to such a degree

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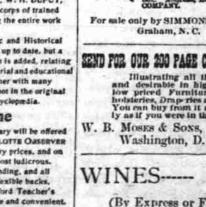
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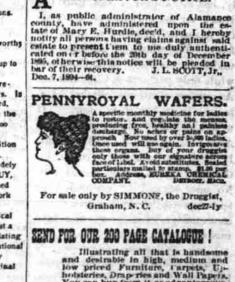
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Bensders Wonted . I will take a few table hoarders. MRS. SARAH E. HARDEN.





"If I ever meet a hungry beggar