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WOMAN'S VOICE.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper
hymn;
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonics,
Not visuals breaking on the river's brim.

Not in the infastrel's mighty symphonics, Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim. Is earth's best music. These may move awhile High thoughts in happy hearts and carking cares beguin.

But even as the swallow's solken wings, Ekimming the water of the sleeping lake, Stir the still silver with a hundred rings, So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake To brave the danger and to bear the harm— A low and gentle voice, dear woman's chiefest

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent To truth and love and meekness. They who

This gift, by the all gracious Giver sent, Ever by quict step and smile hre known; By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have

sorrowed; By patience never tired, from their own trial borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness A mother looks into her infant's eyes, Smiles to its smiles, saddens to its sadness, Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries; Its food and sleep and smiles and little joys— All these come ever blent with one low, gentle

voice. An excellent thing it is when life is leaving-Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and

The strong heart failing and the bigk soul With strangest thoughts and with unwonted

Then, then a weman's low, soft sympathy Comes like an angel's votes to teach ne like an angel's votes to teach

But a most excellent thing it is in youth, When the fond lover hears the loved one

tone, That fears but longs to syllable the truth-How their two hearts are one, and she his

That haunt the trembling tale a bright eyed maiden tellsl -Edwin Arnold.

## MASTER MANOLA.

Prince Neagee Bassarab was a God fearing man who was ever seeking a way to display his piety. He had built the churches of St. George and the Metropolitan in Tergovischta and the wondrously beautiful cloisters of Cosia and Tismana, the latter upon a rocky peak from which a cataract fell, and yet he deemed that he had not done enough. He his young wife. longed to crect at Curtea de Argisch a church like no other in the world. He sent far and near for architects noted for their skill and originality to undertake the work.

Among them was a man named Manola. Some say that be came a Spaniard. He promised the prince to delight his eyes with a structure zantine, Arabic and Persian architecture should be cf unsurpassed loveliners. He chose the laborers bis oath, that seemed to him most skillful power was rips and that he was gush forth, loosen the soil and displace the stones. Daily they found the sand but recently removed had drifted back, and daily the walls had to be torn down and built anew. And when Manola, after working and thinking all day, left the place at evening with moist forehead and puckered brows, he knew in what condition he should find it on the morrow.

The laborers began to murmur and were loath to work, saying that the spot was accursed and that a church would never be creeted there. Manola had as much trouble with the grumbling men as with the refractory ground. Many a long night would be tess to and fro upon his up and shed bitter tears. His sweet young wife, Anna, would also arise and gaze at him anxiously with her large doelike eyes.

'Tell me your thoughts, beloved. It makes me sad when you suffer and say nothing to me."

Manola drew her to his side, stroked her little hands and bent his glance upon the ground, while she sought to read his serrow from his countenance.

alien and an unknown man, have boasted that I shall produce an archi- lowed you than you should suffer tectural wonder, and the first stones this agony." He descended the I put together will not hold. The scaffold, took from her the basket workmen have lost faith in me, and | and pitcher and chided her laughthey are right. Even the earth opposes the stranger. The prince is wasting his money, and 'tis said motherhood made quiet and comfort that he has angrily intimated as so essential. She noted a faint quivmuch. From every side enemies and er in his voice and asked if the work envious people spring up who reproach the prince for having trusted mo. I have won only shame where I hoped for fame. I know that it is childish, Anna, but sometimes I am | yesterday evening." infected with the belief of the people that the spot is bewitched."

Heavy sighs escaped his bosom, and be stared before him like one whose brain is in torment.

"Oh, what can I do? What can I suggest?" cried the young wife. "You!" said Mancla bitterly. What can you, frail child, do where we men with wisdom and strong arms are belpless?"

He sprang up and strode restlessly up and down the small room like a caged lion the whole night. And so for many nights. Anna burned many a taper before the Virgin to lovely eyes will make the wall win her aid, but in vain. The work strong, did not advance. Manula became

ers began to fear him. At last one were up to her waist. of them mustered the courage to

"Master, there is an old superstition in our country that has often been proved frue. If a building will not stand, a living person must be placed at the foundation; then will it last for eternity."

The workmen surrounded Manola, engerly awaiting his reply to this daring speech. He stared at them, and the veins upon his temples swelled.

"And whom would you place there?" he finally asked!

The men clanced at one another. "It must be one who knows nothing of it," they answered.

"But who?" "Master, at noon our wives, sisters and daughters come to bring us food. Let it be one of them."

"And who will offer his?" asked Manola looking at them with the flaming eyes that they had learned to fear.

They were silent. "Well, who?" he queried again. "The first who comes," came at

last timidly from the circle. "Well," cried Manola, swear!" He raised his hand, "Then swear the first who comes, no mat ter whose wife, sister or daughter

she may be, shall without delay or murmur be immured!" "We swear!" whispered the men. The sun seemed to mount so rapidly to the zenith that day, and many an eye glanced first toward heaven then into the distance. Not a word was spoken. The men's

hearts trembled. Manola had long stood with downeast eyes, brooding darkly. Now he looked up and felt his blood congealing. There, through the sunshine, came a slender form in snow white raiment; from her dark hair there floated a filmy veil; upon her shoulder she bore a pitcher; within her hand, a basket. 'Twas Arna,

"O God!" he prayed, "hast thou wholly forsaken me? Thou hast indeed punished my arrogance. Release me from my oath. I cannot de this thing. Bid me not sacrifice my young wife, all that I can call my own in this strange land, my happifrom Macedonia, others that he was | ners, my life! Ecnd a tempest that she may come no farther!"

As Lo steed upon the confiold and that in its harmonious union of By- prayed he felt that ail eyes were turned coldly tpcn bim, and he knew that he would be made to keep

Then the heavens darkened. From lightning. There was a roaring and unfinished? master of his art. But it was as if + qualing as though the world was in some cvil spirit opposed him. No its death struggle. A wind arose were laid streams of water would stripped them of their foliage. The men kielt and made the sign of the cross, but the young wife came calmly on, heeding not the tempest. She saw Manola's figure upon the scaffold outlined against the black, lightning streaked sky, and she hastened her steps toward him.

"O God!" pleaded he, "now she has reached the brook. Cause it to overflow that she may not cross it!" And see, a rain descends as if the firmament had opened and every cloud had poured its contents upon the earth. Anna came nearer. And the brook swelled and fcamed wildly. Not even a horse could swim across it. For a moment the whole landscape was hidden by the veil of rain. Manola clutched a beam bed in painful thought, then spring and strove to pierce the vapor with his eager glance. Then all was still. The sun shone forth, and look! Anna has taken off her shoes, tucked up ber gown and is wading through the roaring flood. Manola stood motionless. his lips were white beneath his dark mustache, as the men

who gazed dumbly up at him could The young wife was now but a few steps away, and she nodded and smiled to him who stood aloft and "I have been too arrogant. I, an in whose dark eyes lay the thought, "I had rather the stream had swalingly for coming out in such wild weather, she whose approaching

> was spoiled again. "Come down and see for yourself what was ruiped overnight. We are no farther now than we were

> She went down and viewed with troubled face the pools of water, the heaved up earth, the displaced stones. Meanwhile Mancla gave a signal, and the masons began their work.

> "Ob," said Anna, "I am in the way here. You must help me, husband, it is so high." And blushingly she extended her hard. He took it

"Stay down there a little longer, sweethcart. You can then see how quickly the men work. Besides, they have a fancy that the glance of your The stones had reached her knoss.

gloomier every day until the labor. | She looked on smilingly. Now they

"Manols," she cried, "now you must lift me, for I cannot get out of here by myself."

"Yes, my love, when it is time. Just one more moment." "Manola! The stones crush me. Think of our babe, Manola!"

"Soon, soon it will be finished," and with his own hand he laid stone upon stone and urged the men to work faster.

"Manola, my breast burts me. Let not those build any more." But he answered not.

'Manola, let not them cover my mouth and oyes. I am so frightened. Manola, where are you? Why don't you speak? Oh, jest not so cruelly. It will cost my life. Manola, Manola!

Just then they laid the last stone over the pretty young head. But the master made them work on andon. Noonday was long past, but no one thought of food. Naught was heard save impatient calls for brick and lime.

Lower sank the sun, yet higher rose the wall. The master swung his trowel with feverish hand and bent forward whenever the cry, "Manola!" came fainter and fainter from below. At last the workmen threw down their tools and declared they would not raise another stone. Night fell. Manola went not home. Like a ghost be wandered to and fro upon the scaffold, which reared its black rafters to heaven against the moonlit landscape. Then he strede through the fields, but a spell seemed to draw him back to the building place. He did not want to listen. yet he did so, and heard her still calling. There, silvery, cool and still flowed the Argisch. Surely its waters ought to wash away the sounds that tortured him so. Ho disrobed and stepped into the river, holding his head long beneath its dimpled waves. The water husbed the sounds. But scarcely had he ascended the bank ere he heard the calling again.

Months passed. The church with its five domes and richly decorated walls began to be a marvel of beauty. Then the work thereon ceased, for there was no money at band. Manels raged. One passion yet lived in him, ambition, the consuming the next moment. ambition to which he had sacrificed everything. No money.

Prince Neagoe assembled his councilors and asked them to levy additional taxes. But they shook their heads and said the country could bear no more. And was that strucand began his work with infinite greenish black clouds came peals of ture, the glory of his reign, the orjoy and gert, for he felt that his sullen thunder and vivid sheets of nament of his kingdom, to remain

Just then the door opened, and there entered in all her grandeur matter how deep the foundations that bowed the mightiest trees and and loveliness the Princess Despina, robed in white satin, a mantle of blue brocede, edged with rich sable clasped around her snowy throat. Over it rimpled her soft brown hairalmost to her feet. Upon her head was a cap of rable, from which today the diamonds were missing. No bracelets, necklace or carrings were visible, but a silken veil fell like a spider's web over her slender form. In her hands she bore a casket containing all ber jewels, which she emptied before the prince. Then, shyly, as though about to confess a wrong, she said, "Take these and complete the church; else they shall be bedewed with the tears of women ty of a young partridge on an ant whose children are suffering of want." And she was gone ere the

astonished men could reply. The church was finished. Rightly was it called a wonderful structure. Each stone was carved and painted to represent a flower upon a golden ground, and no blessom was like another. The domes, the crosses and the chains which held the crosses in place gleamed with gold-like the sun itself. Around the roof were golden doves that held tiny bells in their bills, and every zephyr made those peal with marvelous sweet-

But Prince Neagoe, who so ardently wished to see the church completed, and his faithful Despina, who had given all her possessions for it, had long closed their eyes upon this world, and their successor, Radu, was a cruel man.

All the scaffolds were removed exexcept one small ladder, by which the prince ascended to the roof to view closely every detail of the superb work. Manola listened silently to the praise bestowed upon him. Even the buzzas of the admiring multitude brought no smile to his face. His eyes burned and glistened from nights of wakefulness and feverish thoughts. Prince Radu had seen everything.

"Well, Manola," said he at last, would you pledge yourself to build a second church like this?"

"Certainly," answered the master. "The second should be a thousand times more beautiful. Now I realize my power." His face lighted up as se saw in his mind his next splendid work. "In order that that shall not hap-

pen," said the prince, "you shall abide up here, my excellent master. Your men shall destroy the ladder as soon as I descend. I would not part the master from his work."

Manota stood speechless upon the shining roof. From the vast multitude that a few moments ago shouted his praises arose no word of remonstrance. No hand was raised to rescue him. On the contrary, they began to mutter: "The prince is right. The master is in league with the devil. He walled up his wife with his own hand. He deserves the punishment."

Even his own workmen said: "We would not have done it. He forced us to take an oath. He helped wall her in, the poor woman. And she cried to him so piteously. He is a ornel, wicked man. Has be given us a kind word since that day? And it is to us that he owes the completion of this building. Lot him starve up there. He deserves nothing bet-

Not one pleaded for him. All gazed up with abborrence at the man who had begun his great work in sin that would now be punished with death. But he stood with folded arms and raw the ladder removed. saw the people follow the prince, who mocked him as he left the place. He stood thus when night fell and thought of his whole life; his boundless ambition, to which he had sacrificed his happiness, his love, the only being in this wide unfriendly

world that he could call his own. Then there seemed to ring faintly from below the voice of his beautiful wife, "Manola, Manola!" Still the same sound that had haunted him so many nights and robbed him of sleep. The night was sultry and there was no dew. Like a flaming disk the sun arose and poured glowing rays upon the golden roof. All around the grass withered. Over the marsh hung a bluish, ghostly light. The Argesch seemed to have ceased to flow. Not even a gnat stirred in the hot sir. Hunger began to gnaw at the bowels of the lonely man, and thirst, consuming dences. At that particular hour thirst, parched lips, throat and breast. The next night there was again no dew. Not the slightest moisture lay upon the roof. A mar-

ble stillness was upon everything. On the second day Manola's brain grew giddier and giddier, and he dressed Chinaman than was expressheard Anna's voice louder and clearer calling him as she did in life and as if she would appear before him pared admiring notes as to the silk

Another long night, during which his mind was darkened by fever. roof, and wherever he glanced he beheld Anna beckening to him. At dawn a soft wind arose and all the Chinaman who paraded on the Bow: man they sounded like the voice of appeared ten or even five years ago his wife. He reeled to the roof's as he was on Sunday, would have edge, and with the cry, "I'm com- needed police protection. He was a am coming to you!" cast himself off. Where he fell there sprang up a fountain, but the water was salty like endlessly flowing tears.-Translated From the German of Carmen Sylva, Queen of

Roumania. For Short Stories. Young wild ducks are solight and active that they seem able to run on the surface of the water. It is hardly credible that they can do so, as a water boatman" does, without breaking the "surface film," but they certainly can make a dash for a short distance with their feet on the water and the whole of their body out of it. In catching insects on the water they rival the dexterihill. There is very little doubt also that, like young fish, they live largely on the microscopic entomostraca,

which come as a kind of manna in

the wilderness to all aquatic crea-

Young cocts, water bers, water rails, grebes and swans are almost as clover as the young wild ducks when in their downy youth. Later, when nearly fledged, and even when the policemen on the corners nodded able to fly, they are much less adroit. They lose their eleverness, together with the beauty of babyhood, and pass through a stupid half fledged period as "flappers." their nerves go amiss. In parts of Iceland the line of flight of the young swans is marked by the natives, who assemble, and when the flocks pass over yell, shout and scream at the birds. The young swans become perfectly muddled, and many of them simply close their wings, leave off flying and drop to the ground, when they are caught.

-London Spectator. Protection For Safes. While there may be some plausible pretext for setting traps for mischievous persons and animals, there can be but little urged in favor of this practice when any number of individuals have access to the place in which the traps are placed. Aninventor has brought out a device, by means of which, when a safe door is opened, a hammer falls and a glass vessel containing poisonous chemicals is broken. The fumes of the drug either stupefy or kill the burglar. This is all very well, if no one but the burglar ever went there, but should some interested person. attempt to open the safe he might forget that the trap was placed and be sufficented by the vapor of the chemicals. Such devices involve too much risk to the innocent ever to become popular. - New York Ledger.

Highest of all in Leavening Power,-Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CHINESE WHO HAVE STYLE. Costumes They Wear Now and Couldn't

New York has reached that degree of cosmopolitanism at which the most extraordinary of foreign garbs attract little attention in its streets. Even the picturesque and once abused Chinaman can go forth in all his glory without much comment.

One of the most, picturesque of this race went up Proadway a few days ago in a manner which, ten years back, would have created a small riot of interest and curiosity. He lounged back in the corner of a brougham with a fat cigar poised at a graceful angle in his face. His garments were of the most flowing style and amazing pattern. The material was elegant flowered silk and the color dazzling blue. On his head was some sort of gear that could hardly be called either a hat, cap or bonnet. This also was blue, and between balancing it properly on top of his curled up cue and keeping the fat cigar tilted at the proper an gle the attention of the gorgeous Celestial was pretty well occupied.

On the opposite seat sat two Americanized Chinamen, short haired, correctly clothed and duly ornamented with large watch chains and scarfpins. They appeared to be listening reverently to the remarks which from time to time their companion trilled out in ground and lofty ca-Broadway was busy getting back to business from its lunch and that carriage load of Celestials didn't even line up people on the curbs to see it go by. The only persons who took more interest in the brilliantly ed in a brief glance were the women. A number of them halted and comof his apparel. The consensus of opinion was that they all would like some off the same piece, but that its He tottered to and fro upon the like couldn't be found in this coun-

Very different was the dress of a

big fellow, over 6 feet tall, a most unusual thing for a Chinaman of low caste, as most of the New York Chinese are, and his stature was made more imposing by a silk bat of a forgotten style. Furthermore, be were a long cutaway coat, a fancy waistcoat, striped trousers, and patent leather shoes, and his mien was that of a demigod as he sauntered along the well filled thoroughfare. Imagination pauses powerless before the thought of what would have happened to that hat and its wearer in the times when the Bowery was the subject of song and story. In its reformed state of the present day it treated that Chinaman almost with deference. One might have supposed he owned the place. His fellow countrymen as they passed bowed low, receiving patronizing nods in return. One of thom, in handsome silk attire, stopped and fingered the big fellow's coat and hat, apparently compliment ing him upon the beautiful shine on the diagonal of the one and the fine furry appearance of the other, for he looked much pleased. Even affably as he passed, and one of them said to an inquirer: "Him? W'y, he's one of the biggest politicians in Chinatown."-

Odd Rowed Corn.

"A fact well known to farmers is that the rows of crains on an ear of corn are always even in number, said A. D. Catlin of Tolono, Ills "There may be 8, 10, 12, 14 or 16 rows, but never 9, 11, 13 or 15. This fact and the knowledge of it cost several men in my neighborhood very dearly. A farmer who raises a small crop of corn, and who has always been regarded as of rather weak intellect, concluded that he saw a chance to make some beta. Early in the reason be cerefully scraped from a dozen cars of corn just formed one of the rows. The corn ripened and the remaining rows grew together so as to hide the evidence of the one removed ever having existed. Then the farmer offered to bet either that the others could not or that he could find ears of corn with oid rows. He had no trouble in getting some very good bets on the latter proposition, but, of course, none on the first. He then found the cars be had fixed, and made as much money on the dozen ears as he did on the entire crop of corn. Now, any suggestion of corn with odd rows is provocation for a fight in that neighborhood "-Washington Star.

OF DIFFERENT MINDS.

Thought Their Dinner Was All Right but the Company-Well.

"Six o'clock already!" Monsieur and madame, in thedining room, are giving a final satisfied glance at the preparations for the

coming dinner Madame (flustrated) Is everything right? You see nothing out of the way! Are you sure? Then I can finish dressing. 1 hope, dear, that our guests will be pleased:

"We can't do any better, my dear. Well. I hope it will be a success. You'll see, when the tongues are loosened, it will be gay enough,"

Half past 7. The guests have arrived; toilets of rose, of mauve, in exquisite taste, form a charming whole. White shoulders offer a ravishing contrast to the black coats. After the usual presentations they pass into the dining room.

Every one finds the dinner perfect; the wines are approved by the connoisseurs; the most open gayety reigns; monsieur and madame exchange from time to time little smiles of satisfaction. The company rise from the table,

The ladies pass into the drawing room, when the gentlemen-oh, the wretches-hasten to the smoking A slight coolness results, but passes quickly when they make their ap-

pearance again. There is chat, &

little music, a monologue. The evening ends at midnight. On the stairs. First Guest-Did you see, my dear, what awkwardness, what affecta-

tion. Poor things, they trotted out all their silver. Second Guest-Their silver! You make me laugh! It was plate. I can always tell. I have so much old

family silver myself. Third Guest-You are both wrong. That silver was hired from the caterer. I saw those same candelabra

last week at some supper. All (together)—Impossible! Fourth Guest-If their wine had bells began to peal. To the starving ery on last Sunday. He, too, had he only been good, I should not have noticed the rest, But such wines! I can't imagine where they got them. St. Emilion, indeed! Clos Vougeot! nearly laughe in my cellar I have those wines

But what a difference! Only at the door of the carriage the remarks end.

Midnight. The quests have left

Monsieur and madame archlone Madame-I am so tired, but so pleased it was perfect. Everything went off well; our friends were delighted. Don't you think so! The dinners at the Limety or at the Corunt were neither of them comparable to ours.

Monsieur-I should say not. Some

of the women were jealous too. I saw their glances. How could it be otherwise? The dishes were delicious, the wines exquisite. Madame-Andre, dear, I hope you

don't mind, now that it's such a success, but I've spent a good deal more than my household allowance? Are you angry? Monsieur-Angry, no indeed. We made a great hit tonight. I will make up the deficit. I am delighted.

And the compliments themen paid me on you, my dear! But you must be tired. We must go to rest. Madhine-Yes, on your laurels .-

Paris Triboulet.

Nat Goodwin's Opinion Nat Goodwin, a long while ago, was invited to a small entertainment, on which occasion he was to see himself imitated by a lesser

light. As a rule, imitations of Mr. Goodwin are said to be spurious from the label to the solder on the underside of the can, and that the only original package is put up by the Goodwinfirm. However, the comedian is always looking for something novel.

So he went. At an early bour the imitation occurred, after which Nat took his hat and a friend's umbrella and stagger-

ed out into the night. Nearly a year had gone by, and the incident of the imitation was almost a memory, when one afternoon Goodwin was introduced to a tall, distinguished and debonsir centleman, in whose eyes shone the catar light of personal satisfaction.

"Ab!" exclaimed Goodwin, grasping the proffered hand. "Let me see Hampton-Hampton. Yes, I soom to recall the name. I have ite You are the gentleman who gave an imitation of me last summer."

Not shook his hand again, and, leaning forward, said in an un tone, "Well, one of us must be ret-

ten. "-New Yor's Journal.

"lam the same," answered Ramp-