arge and increasing circula-

in Alamance and adjoining

All Islands C

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1899.

inties-a point for advertisers. VOL. XXIV.



ly resolving to buy Nelson's "custom fit" shoes for gents, Inion "unexelled" shoes for ladies, "Messenger" shoes for boys and youths, Mundell's "Pansy" for children and

ry them. They; in fact, carry everything in shoes and ouse furnishings.

A few of their dry goods and notions are still left and eing sold AT COST.

ਫ਼





Julius Hines & Son,

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

→ JACOB A. LONG, ↔ Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM,

IOHR GRAY BYNUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR. BYNUM & BYNUM,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law GREENSBORO, N. C. Practice regularly in the courts

DR. J. R. STOCKARD Dentist,





WOMEN used to think "female diseases" could only be treated after "focal examinations" by physicians. Dread of
such treatment
kept thousands of

Wine of Cardul has now deterated that nine-tenths of all cases of menstrual disorder the of all the

une Gardu

taken in the privacy of a woman's own home insures quick relief and speedy cure. Women need not healtate now. Wine of Cardui reestate now. Wine of Cardul re-ultes no humiliating examina-ions for its adoption. It cures any lisease that comes under the head of "female troubles"—disordered nenses, falling of the womb, "whites," change of life. It makes somen beautiful by making them well. It keeps them young by essping them healthy. \$1.00 st he drug store.

THE DE CARBUI

FINGLE VALLEY!

Wide woodland worlde are ringing With the dappled gray birds' singing. And the stream thows by A forgotimenot's eye, Where silver fronds are upspringing.

Soft blades and biossoms mingle In the misty vale of Fingle, And the young leaves play Through oach encerald day In many a dene and dingle.

Great mother, hear my crying, For the years are fleetly flying. And a dream of spring To my weary heart bring in the hour when I am dying.

One vision will content me And none that love need inment me If my sense but fade On a golden green glade When you claim the dust you lent me. —Eden Philipotts in Literatu

STORY OF A CHASE.

There were dead leaves underfoot, but overhead the trees were crimson and russet gold. There were deep laues under the trees, but beyond stretched open moorland, swelling to the horizon. The wind shook the trees with rustlings as of silk, with clamorous whispers and gasps, rising and falling, but never quite still. But it surged over the moor with the rush and swirl of surf, and then there were silences in sharp contrast, while the clouds drove overhead, gathered and massed and trailed away, leaving wide blue gaps. And from time to time there came a glint of sunlight to lie neross the moors.

The day was typical of the times, for it was the second year of the civil war in England.

In the principal street of a small post town, at the door of its principal hostelry, a horse stood waiting, tossing its head freifully at the rough caress of the wind, which whisked its mane to and fro, laying back its ears at the roar of the gale in them, fidgeting impatiently, sidling, starting, stamping—a brown mare, with a cost like satin, and limbs of satin and steel, with a head like a deer, and fine, full nostrils, quivering ment and danger were the salt of life to with engerness and impatience. It was bim. Only the thought of the disback among a knot of spectators near the door, when a step sounded on the stair within, and the little ears shot sight of the lad who cleared the last steps at a bound and came out thic the

bind their laughter; slim and of only just middle height, but lithe and wiry. He swept off his hat, nodding lightly to the group outside. The mare began to sidle toward him at once, and, tak-ing the reins from the man holding her, he pulled the soft muzzle stretched out to him up to his face and kissed it, with a laugh. With his arm across her neck he turned and spoke to some one who had followed him out to the door of the

hostelry—a tall, gray baired men.
"I'll do my best, sir." The other answered him, with kindly look in his eyes For that, my lad, I'd give ye cred

The color came into the lad's face Thank ye, colonel. I vow I will." The other proceeded to give him som

"And have a care of thyself, lad, he concluded, with a hand on the lad's shoulder, as he turned to re-enter the "There be just one or two bonse. "There be just one or two we could better spare than thee." "Thank ye," said the lad again, and

be reemed about to repeat his former promise, but checked bimself, but then, with a laugh and eyes full of mis-chief, quoted himself mockingly, "I'll do my best, colonel." The other shook his head laughingly and took his de-parture. The boy looked round at the group in front of him.

"Just one or two here!" he said,

nodding at them impertinently. There was a playful unsheathing of rapiers. "Nay, nay, in the face of the colonella "Nay, pay, in the face of the control expressed command I cannot pleasure ye, fire enters that ye are. Tilt ye at each other's inconsiderable threat and let cut some of the bile that inspires the control of the bile that inspires the bile that inspires the bile that inspires the control of the bile that inspires the control of the bile that inspires the bile that the bile that inspires the bile that the bile t ya." He sprang nimbly into the saddle and wheeled the mare. "Keep ya, gal-lante, in all humility till I return. S-steady there!" as the mare went up the street like an india rubber ball. "Have a care for my valuable neck."

"Keep her to that, Nick, and I'll warrant ye rafe from the Croppies' bullets at e'en five yarde!" shouted one man after him.

"From aught but a broken neck," jeered another. The lad, turning in his modific called a state of the lad, turning in his

"From eavy and malice, Dick Lacy, the Lord deliver thee. Plack up heart, man. Didst not quite fail off the last time thy jade coughed? Nay, on the king's business I accept no cartels, but I'll ride a tills with thee on my return, and then shall be tied into thy middle an thou wilt."

"Bdeath, thou mayat be riding a till with the money and names the Old

hou the worse of a very notable lesson in the gentle art of equitation should it so full. But I'd back the mare to show clean pair of heels to Old Nick himself. So ve would do well to set to and practice thy horsemanship, Dick. Hey, Dick"—he pulled the mare almost on to her haunches for a moment—"canst have my sorrel while I'm away. 1 would not have thee say but thou hadst all reasonable advantages." Dick Lacy had recently lost a horse in a brush with the enemy. "And if Old Nick cannot wait longer for my company ye can keep it to practice on against the time we meet again. But the mare and

He disappeared in a cloud of dust, followed by the ringing laughs and jeers of the knot by the door. He was well known and well liked. He and his mare had pulled more than one man out of a tight corner, and his high spirits and good nature made him a general

I go to the devil together if it so be."

And so crimson and russet and gold ame into the lane between the steep banks under the trees, came with a 'cling' of iron shod boofs, trampling the dead leaves underfoot and waking little whirls and eddies among them, with a glitter of steel and a steellik glesm in blue eyes, which glauced hither and thither, under the trees, down the bypaths, into the open dis tance—gay blue eyes, with a challenge in them, as in the alertness of the boyish figure, in the band which never strayed far from the holster, in the oment's notice.

He was bumming a gay little tune under his breath, with a smile on his lips, when suddenly the tune broke off in a sharp indrawn breath, and in a lightning flash the young face changed, flaring into defiance

There was a rush of sound and air and notion. Dead leaves whirled in clouds under the iron shoes as the mare bounded forward under the spur. Dead leaves rose and scattered under other iron shoes. The ring of hoofs had its echo flung back from the other end of the lane, and the gleam of steel met the gleam of steel between the steep banks under the trees. But the lad on the mare was alone, while half a dozen Roundbead troopers filled the narrow track on the other side.

The discovery and the subsequen

dash toward a common goal (the path which cut into the lane midway be tween them) seemed almost simultaneou on both sides, but there was a second besitation, an involuntary check, a little inevitable jostling among the troopers' borses, and on the lad's part not s second lost. The mare gained the outle first. The slope was in her favor, her own superior fleetness, too, and the lightness of her rider. But his bullet was only just in time as he swerved into the path leading on to the moore

to intercept one from the foremost trooper, and a shower of bullets sang after him with high buzzing drope a he turned. Half standing in his stirrups, he rude for the open country-rode for life and trust, with his teeth set, catching his breath, but with a flush on his check and his blue eyes gleaming. He was such a boy-excitement and danger were the salt of life to describing a circle round the man who patches he bore sobered him with a was holding it, causing a wary falling sense of responsibility—brought a stern curve to his lips and a line between his brows at the sound and thrill of those thundering boofs behind him. Fortunately the path was full of sharp curves

so that he was screened from his pursugay, handsome face, boyishly light down the dip of the path with a burst hearted, but holding in the curves of mouth and chin the promise of a determination and resourcefulness more than boyish; with bright blue eyes, hear he without losing ground to throw a glance back at the mouth of the path he had quitted. In a moment he saw one troop er burst from it, closely followed by a second, then after an interval by a third. He was over the crest and speed ing down the opposite side before any ore came into sight, but looking bac as he came again on to bigher ground be saw them all—three first and two behind-dotting the slope. He was within range of bullets, but he trusted to the pace to prevent them from usin their weapons, or at least to impair their aim, and the pace was terrific. It roused a sense of wild exhibaration in

> with the hum of vibrating chords.
>
> A wide, deep ditch yawned in from of them, and toward this he shaped his course. The mare quickened her pace and took is with an effort, the bank crumbling under her hoofs. Behind him presently he heard a splash and the sound of struggling. His face broke into an irrepressible smile of boyish elation. He did not turn and wave his hat ironbut he patted the little creature under him, exclaiming: "Hey for King Charles! Bravo, my maidie!" His color

bim. The rush of the wind made bim

ontch his breath, and sang in his cars

rose jobilantly.

But when at the end of a few more But when at the end of a few more moments he found time to review the situation he wondered whether they had finng themselves on the pursuit of a chance "malignant," or had caught wind of his errand as the bearer of more or less important dispatches. A stern chase and a long one in the latter case! At the next opportunity he looked round again. They were riding in the same order, with a suggestion of dogged determination about them which he was quick to recognize. He faced sound in the saddle again with a dry little laugh, squaring his shoulders with something of their own suggestion of obstinacy, thrpsting his feet home in the stirrups and narrowing his eyes against the wind which beat sharply in them, but they were bright and confi-

them, but they were bright and confident still, and he leaned forward with a pat to his mere and a light hearted word of encouragement as he settled himself in the saddle, throwing keen glances ahead.

She had onst a sheet He jumped down with an onth. The smithy lay a couple of hundred yards

farther on, just above the village, and he led her there at a limping trot. The smith ran out with a readiness which seemed to suggest a grasp of the situation. He asked no questions, but took the bridle out of his hand and set to work without delay. It only remain to the other to possess his soul in such patience as he could command, which in truth was very little. Outwardly be was calm enough, though, as he stood beside the mare with his hand on her neck be stroked and patted the little creature as though it was she who was maddening at the delay, she who could bardly force herself to stand still. He who had faced far greater odds—with his tack against a wall-undaunted, felt overwhelmingly helpless, felt like a trapped animal. He could not keep his eyes from the swelling uplands where the figures shifted in and out, but always nearer and nearer. Every

minute dragged and yet flew. It was with a rebound of spirits so great as to send his mood swinging back to almost reckless confidence that he sprang at last into the saddle and felt the mare take the bit in her teeth. All would go well now, though he could see the troopers' faces set and dogged, though he could catch the muffled drumming of the hoofs on the heath matchlocks cracked sharply and a coustrayed far from the holster, in the and the mare's quarter, making her shortened reins, the nice touch on the bound forward. He went down the brown mare's mouth, ready to stop her close with a smile on his lips and a or let her dash into her full stride at a bold defiance in his eyes. All would go well now!

The slope, which was abropt, hid him from them. He laughed scornfully when two more loud reports heralded the advent of more bullets, which flew high above his head.

"They are lavish of their powder, the knaves. Do they lose heart?" was his thought. And then—even as he fiashed into the little village street, scattering knots of idlers whom the firing seeme to have drawn out of doors-with a sudden misgiving inspired by or confirmed could not have told which), an impres sion of certain figures who were not yokels, and the next moment by the and saddled by a drinking trough:

"Is it a signal?" He was prepared when an unfriendly and made a snatch at his bridle. The butt end of his pistol brought down on the man's wrist freed him. The bullet was for the assailant who charged blim with drawn sword, and the impetus of the gallop rolled over a third, and then the narrow street was left behind, and with his teeth clinched and the unconscious onth still ringing between them, with his breath coming unevenly, and one hand dyed red from a cut, he was out on the broad highway.

Behind the ring of hoofs dwindled suddenly, then broke out with a louder, fresher sound. A single horse followed him on to the road. Behind it again there came the sudden check, the renewed fall of hoofs, and again and again. It had puzzled him at first, but he grasped its meaning in a moment. They were changing their borses, leaving their tired cattle behind and resuming the chase on fresh animals. It dispatches as far as he could. turned the odds against him, he realized with a sinking heart, and then with a freakish pity and concern, not for hiraself or even the failure of his mission, but for the game little mare. That she should have struggled so gallantly on-

"A senryy trick of the jade Fortune. But we'll fight it to the end, my sweetbeart," he told her, and even no could not think of that end as a foregone conclusion. She was going so well. The short rest had refreshed her, and the sound of the galloping hoofs behind compounded of hope and defiance. ly in the end luck would befriend him, would conquer in spite of it. None the less he felt a personal animus against parder set about his mouth, and the as well as determined. He remembered with a certain savage satisfaction the loss be had inflicted on the troopers. and told himself there would be more bloodshed before he was taken, and in the thought after awhile a dogged good

or came back to him. Half an hour later be drew rein on be spur of a bill. The mare was breath ng bard, and her coat was black with sweat. Underneath it the veins stood out like a network of ropes. She strain at the reins, stretching her neck and blowing through her nestrils. Her rider, standing in his stirrops, threw impa-tient glances over his shoulder and anxious ones ahead. Some four miles off a house stood boldly up above its clus-tered trees, and toward it his looks were directed. He had heard that it was oc copied by a small troop of royalists, and now it held his best hope of safety. He shortened the reins after a moment or two and urged the mare forward. The blue eyes were stern now, and I rode with clinched teeth. He handle the pistols reflectively for a moment slipped them back into the holster, hav-ing satisfied himself that they were leaded and in working order. He broke into a gallop again on the

with low scrub and stony ground on a tired animal; but the troopers' heavy horses also were under the necessity of

pocking their way. The distance re-mained the same.

Then on a road, where the mare, prateful for the change, went a triffe nore freely at first. But the fresher torses, breaking from the uneven ground, seized and held their greater ad-manage—a mills, with the distance less-

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

to a certain height, but a desperate ago it. He at least must make the attempt.

the first time in her life struck in the spurs mercilessly. She answered with a sob of distress, rose at it, caught

her forefeet hard and turned over. He had slipped his feet out of the stirrups and fell clear. He was up in a noment, but the mare lay still!

of foot came to his assistance. He must make his feet serve him now as they from her he plunged into the labyrinth of trees to give himself a better chance with the horses, who would not turn held his naked sword in his hand. He dropping on to the grass behind him and of the horses sweeping up the avrun him down or to stop him with a bullet. Stiff at first and shaken by the fall, he quickly warmed to the run and

outdistanced the troopers. After awhile he flung away the scabhis beart beginning to tell, he threw away his sword, reserving only the pis-

Twisting among the trunks, bruising bimself, tearing his face, bands, gar ments, he went on. Once, catching his foot in a trailing creeper, he fell. He lunged on to his feet again, and staggered headlong for the next few paces Once, reeling suddenly, he clutched a sight of a group of horses ready bridled a trunk and, leaning against it, fought for a little breath, while he waited for the nearest man to show himself to fire. He did not wait to see the effect of his shot, but broke into a run again.

He burst at last into the broad sweep of the avenue, just below the house firing wildly at any shadow in the trees, chiefly with the idea of aronsing the attention of those within, of draw ing them to meet him. Headlong, blindly, wildly he ran, staggering at every step, reeling like a drunken man, still keeping his feet, he went on. Livid, with blue lines round his lips, and his eyes-those gay blue eyesmisty and bloodshot. He saw through all their mist and glaze a blurred vision of figures running to meet him, with a glint of arms in the sunlight, and was conscious of the troopers' borses flashing into the avenue. Still staggering, only mindful of the boofs behind him of the broad stretch in front, of the feet that refused to carry him farther, he stumbled forward and flung the roll of

They fell just at the top of the flight of steps. He, with his hands at his sank on his knees at the bottom.

On his knees on the last step-on his knees. Then, lower, slipping down till be lay huddled up against it, fighting for air in choking sobs. Fighting no longer for king, for loyalty, for honordrifting into eblivion of all these things, of the hoofs that came slowly and confidently up the avenue, of the men who ran forward to pick up the dispatches, and received them with be wildered looks.

And before the foremost trooper had reached him he had drifted beyond! The horses stood still, with tired strainings at the reins loose on their becks at last, with tired shiftings of the beavy bits in their mouths, with heaving flanks and postrils distended. One of them, stretching down to the ground, up to now—a sense of unfairness in the spiffed at the crumbled velvet and lace mditions of the struggle. There was a buddled so quietly there against the light in his eyes was fiercely resentful at a root of grass uperrong in the as well as determined. He remembered ground beside it, pulled listlecally at the

The wind whispered through the trees with rustlings as of silk, but it stirred up the avenue over the figure with gathering sighs, over the figure all unwitting that it died in a supreme effort to fling its master's message at its master's enemies' feet.

For garrisons change from day to day more than one to find enemies where

they looked for friends. And so Dick Lacy kept the sorrel .-Cassell's Magazine.

La Luce, an Italian paper of New York city, prints an open letter of V. Palumbo to Mayor Van Wyck, in which he says: "It is my impression that there is a law that compete the attend-ance of children in the public schools between the ages of 5 and 16 years. Yet as far as the Italians in this country are concerned this law seems to be a dead letter. There is bardly a street corner in this great city that boys of tender age are not seen engaged in pol-tabling and blacking shoes. There is not and the above of Long Island, Staten and the above of Long Island, Staten Island and Jersey City that those children are not seen on them engaged in dren are not seen on them engaged in the humiliating work first mentioned. The bumiliating part of it is that those migaged are entirely young Italians."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YOR

WON IN SPITE OF ORDERS. The Old Man Did Not Plead With Colonel Koch of Chicago, a vetera

of the civil war, tells an aneodote in he life of Abraham Lincoln as related to bim by Schuyler Colfax. One day, on his way to the executive mansion, Colfax came upon an old man just outside the capitol grounds, look-ing so dejected and miserable that the

genial speaker stopped and spoke to him. The old man begged for aid in He stood beside her, stunned by this final failure, with tears of rage and despair in his eyes. At the gates the getting an audience with the president as so far all his efforts had been un troopers were thundering, and then suddenly, as they began to open, the memory of boylsh triumphs in fleetness availing—and added that it was a case of life and death. Colfax, moved by the old man's distress, brought him, trem bling with conflicting hope and fear, directly into the great and kindly preshad never served him before. Turning ence. Without wasting a moment upon preliminaries, the petitioner plunged into the heart of his trouble—an old story was conscious as he ran of two figures

so quickly and easily as he would. He now grown sadly familiar to the presi-had thrust his pistols into his belt. He dent's ear. Briefly, his son had been sentenced to death for having slept at his post. He had relieved a sick comrade the night before, and overworn nature had succumbed. Lincoln listen-ed, all the kindness of his great heart reflected in his eyes, but he had already issued so many pardons for this offense that it was beginning to have a demoralising influence upon a most important part of the service, and conbard by his side. Then, the strain on gress had thought best to give the pow er of confirming the death sentence di-rectly to the generals in charge. In this

> turn a deaf came any one pleading for the offender's pardon, as the discipline of his army absolutely required an example.
> With a troubled sir, therefore, Linooln said: "My good sir, I would give anything I possess for the power to help you. But the president bimself is powerless here. I am under orders not to issue another pardon for this particular offense. Too much depends upon the vigilant sentinel. I sympathize deeply with your sorrow, but must refuse your

"So that is all the president of the United States can do for me?" faltered

particular case, too, Butler had written

the president strenuously urging him to

"All," replied Lincoln. The old man stood motionless in the leep silence that followed the president's ultimatum. Then, taking a step forward, be said : "The president of the United States has done his duty. Now, I want to hear from Abe Lincoln. Put yourself in my place, your son in my son's place. Then what would you do? After a minute of intense thought Lincoln's face took on an expression o

radiance as he exclaimed Butler or no Butler, bere goes! And seizing his pen he rapidly wrote two duplicate orders, handing one to the petitioner, who read: "Sentence in case of Private - of - regiment is not to be executed until further orders

"This," said the broken hearted father, "only postpones the agony. If

over the better." "My friend," said Old Abe, taking him by the hand, "if your son doesn't die until further orders for his decease are issued from this executive office be will live to a green old age."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Ladder on the Chimner. Slender iron ladders are often seen attached to great smokestacks, and espe-cially to big, lofty firebrick lined stacks of iron. Sometimes in the case of twin iron chimneys standing close together s light spiral stairway is run up bewteen them to the top, serving the purpose of a ladder and being more convenient.

It doesn't cost very much to build in the doesn't cose very much to build in a ladder as the chimney goes up, and there is then in place a permanent and convenient means of getting at any part of the chimney, inside or out, for any purpose. Brick chimneys are sometimes lined with firebrick, and they are also sometimes built with a space between the flue and the outer structure. If for any reason it should be desired to get at the interior of a chimney, the ladder affords a ready and convenient means of access to the top, from which a man can be lowered in a bos'n's chair. In the case of chimney caps, built perhaps of a number of pieces, the inder gives a convenient means, already in place, for getting at the top of the chimney

for any repairs that may be necessary.

The more common uses of the ladder, however, are those to which it is primarily devoted on fron chimneys, upon which it is most commonly found—to make more convenient the periodical inspection of the chimney and to make the chimney easier of secess for its regu-har painting.—New York Sun.

It is strange, madame, how godly men pointed the finger of condemnation at the stricken poet, putting the Chris-tian anathema upon him. Our poor Hermes was having his passion, and the sight of his agonies filled the piet-ists with rapture. In mediaval times, still regretted in some centers of Chris-tian instruction as the true ages of faith, here was a sort of zealots called flagel lants, who used to run madly over En-rope, beating themselves and murder-ing the Jewa How little essential

spiriti

How Heine hated this spirit with a hatred bequeathed to him by generations of his hunted and suffering race—that is to say, like a Jew—and he also bated it like the true Heliene he was. So it took what revenge it could upon him. The little German princelings who put up nonconductors on their funny little courts and eastles to dedge the lightnings of his wit also furnished some diversion in kind. For this man had wriften: had written:

The people have time enough—they are im-mortal. Kings only are mortal.

Greensboro Tobacco Market ROR HIGH PRICES.

NO. 51. lowest prices

Sold over 5,000,000 pounds last year for an average of \$7.57 per 1180 This is the highest average made by any market in piedmont North

Over \$1,260.00 paid out daily to farmers for tobacco during the past

It is the best market in the State for the farmer. Our Warehouses are large, commodious and up to date, whose propertors stand without a peer as slesmen of the weed.

Every large firm in the United States and a number of foreign firms epresented by our buyers.

Tobacco centre, manufacturing centre, trade centre, railroad centre ducational centre.

Our own manufacturers have a large capacity and are increasing their rade daily and must have tobacco. We have the strongest corps of buyers in the world for the wareho

We want more tobacco and must have it if high averages will bring in Try us with your next load and be convinced of our merit.

Greensboro Tobacco Association.

INSURANCE

I wish to call the attention of insurers in Alamance county to the fact that the Burlington Insurance Agency, established in 1893 by the late firm of Tate & Albright, is still in the ring.

There is no insurance agency in North Carolina with better facilities for placing large lines of insurance, that can give low er rates or better indemnity. Only first-class companies, in every branch of the business, find a lodgement in my office. With a practical experience of more than ten years, I feel warranted in soliciting a share of the local patronage. I guarantee full satisfaction in every instance. Correspondence solicited upo all matters pertaining to insurance.

I am making a specialty of Life Insurance and will make it to the interest of all who desire protection for their fa or their estates, or who wish to make absolutely safe and pr able investment, to confer with me before giving their appli tions to other agents.

Very respectfully,

JAMES P. ALBRIGHT. BURLINGTON, N. C.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GLEANER.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

\$1.00 per Year in Advance. Beer Money and Churches. A hundred years ago there were no temperance societies or bands of hope, nor Rechabites and blue ribbon army. To be as "drunk as a lord" was the height of human felicity. It was the age of "three bottle men," of convivial

toasts, of drinking songs. Even the church indirectly encouraged intemper-ance. There were certain districts where at Whitsuntide the churchwarder were accustomed to levy contribution of mait from the parishioners. This was brewed into strong ale and sold in the church. The Whitsuntide topers had, however, a pious method in their mad-

The money spent on the beer was ex-pended by the churchwardens in church maintenance, and the muddled roister-ers no doubt believed themselves to be pillars of the church even when, under the influence of its alcohol, they rolled upon its pavement. They thought themselves supporters of the church when they wanted "supporting" themselves, and deemed themselves mos saintly when they were most soddened Until as recently as 1827 (when the li-cense was withdrawn) a church and public house were covered by one roof at Deepdale, midway between Derby and Nottingham. A door that could be opened at will served to separate the consecrated interior of the church from the common taproom of the laverni-

Juliet's House.

It stands on the Via St. Sebastiano, and the sculptured hat, "cappello," the ancient cognizance of the Capulets, seen over the gateway of a poor, second rate inn, alone marks the home where dwelt one of the "two households, both alike in dignity," whose fend affords the staple of Shakespeare's tale. Tall houses had covered every foot of Capulet's garden. One could not say with Juliet, "The orchard walls are high and hard to climb," for no garden, no orchard, no walls were there to be seen on either side. Fronting on the street, surround-

side. Fronting on the street, surround-ed by shops and dwellings, here was the spot where followed thick and fast the scenes of the "fearful passage" of that "death marked love" which the great dramatist describes.

We ventured into the open inclosur

We ventured into the open inclosure, and lingered for awhile amid the squalid surroundings of this wretched tavera. Some quarrelsome immates were busied in a corner of the courtyard in settling their disputes. Amid the war of words we remembered that no one in medera days "hath forbade this bandying in Venue." The words days "hath forbade this bandying in Verona." There were one or two wag-ons at one side, from which the jaded steeds had been unharnessed. Near the entrance, and in the only decent part of this old ruin, two women sat, one knitting. The other answered our in-quiries and pointed out our way to the next object of our quest.—Lippincott's.

Paul Perry, of Columbus, Ga. suffered agony for thirty years, and then cured his Piles by using De-Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It heah injuries and skin diseases like magic. J. C. Simmons, the drug



Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Rotary Motion and Bull Bearing Easy Running, Quiet, Rap

and Durable. Purchasers says 'It runs as light as a fe Great improvement over anyt

'It turns drudgery into a pa 'The magic Silent Sewer." All sizes and styles of sewing chines for Cloth and Leather

The best machine on earthsee it before you buy.
ONEIDA STORE CO. J. M. HAYER, Agent. STYLISH, RELIABLE

