Judicious Advertising

Job Printing.

All kinds Commercial Printing, Pamphlets, Posters, &c., neatly and promptly executed at

Mens', womens', and childrens' SHOES to close out at once to make room for an entirely new line of gooods.

Remember we are the men who carry the largest line of Furniture and House @ Furnishing goods in the county and we @ must have the room now occupied by @ our shoes. If you want to be among the @ bargain getters, don't fail to see us.
A nice line of Christmas Furniture

and novelties on hand.

DAVIS FURNITURE CO..

ŏoooooooooooooooooooo

senses.

Main St., Burlington, N. C.

Trapped In a Mine With a Blast Puse

Lighted.

bies. "In 1880 I was prospecting in the

when the tunnel had progressed some

12 feet, it became necessary to put in

the top and dropped down into the

and crouched against the far wall.

everything disappeared.

from the poisonous gases of the nitro-

glycerin in the dynamite. Next day

they took off my arm at the elbow and

scars on my face. So I may consider

"By the way, there was one very

strange incident connected with the af-fair. As I said before, it seemed to me

that I lay there an interminable time,

waiting for the blast to go off. After-

ward, when I was convalescent, I men-

tioned the matter to one of my part-

ners and he looked surprised. He told

me that he was at the shaft mouth

when I crouched down and that the

explosion occurred immediately after-

ward. He was intending to drop his

coat over me, but didn't have time to

take it off."-New Orleans Times-Dem-

Pacial Irregularity.

"Physiologists tell us." said a lawyer

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BY MAIL. We have made preparations for taking care of the wants of our two million customers who live in every portion of



Couches, Commodes, Desks, Draperies, Fancy Chairs, Fancy Tables, Fountain Pens, Gold Pencils, Groceries, Hand-Goc. to \$75,00. Draperies, E and Fountain Pens, Fancy Tables, Fountain Pens, Gold Pencils, Groceries, Handkerchiefs, Jewelry, Mufflers, Lamps, Musical Instruments, Neckties, Ornaments, Pocket Haives, Pictures, Rockers, Shoes, Silverware, Sterling Silver Novelties, & tool**, Tables, Watches, etc. Our Lithographed Catalogue shows Carpets, Rugs, Portieres, Art Squares and Lace Curtains in their real colors. Carpets sewed free, liming furnished free, and frees, himing furnished free, and frees the propaid.

Our Made-to-Order Clothing Catalogue with samples of cloth Cataloguewith samples of cloth attached affers Suits and Over-coats from \$5 95 to \$20.00. Ex-

resinge havi on clothing verywhere. We also issue a special
Catalogue of Pianos. Organs,
Sewing Machines and Bicycles.
We will make your Christian
mas buying more satisfactory
than it has ever been before,
Which Catalogue do you
Per Barrel, \$3.50. want? Address this way: JULIUS HINES & SON.

DALTIMORE, MD. Dept. 909.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

→ JACOB A. LONG, Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, - - - - N. C

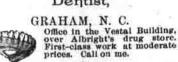
Practices in the State and Federal courts. Office over White, Moore & Co.'s store, Main Street. 'Phone No. 3.

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

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OLIVER S. NEWLIN, Attorney-at-Law, GREENSBORO, N. C.

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Look In Your Mirror

MoELREE'S

Wine of Cardui akes women beautiful and health

nakes women beautiful and healthy. It strikes at the root of all their trouble. There is no menstrual disporder, ache or pain which it will not ture. It is for the budding girl, the busy wife and the matron approaching the change of life. At every trying crisis in a woman's life it brings health, aftength and happiness. It costs \$1.00 of medicine dealers.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms. The Ladius' Advisory Department, The Chattaneoga Medicine Co., Chattaneoga, Tenn. 6

PENA LEWIS, of Comerfile, pri-I was troubled at monthly life perities pains in my head and are been entirely milered by Wine

Rubber Stamps

Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and all kinds of bot weather drink was found in the rubber stamp supplies. Stamps handward of water on the fire. 10c up.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1899.

I stood beside the body of one dead Who had in life been alien to all good, Had ever with the laner party stood, Was ever to the meaner practice wed, But now the form from which the soul had fied Was seen to the meaner that the soul had fied

But now the form from which the soul had fied Was calm as sleep, and on the marble face Of gross or evil passion not one trace Germaned. Then softly to myself I said: Much do we hear about the grievous wrong Done by the flesh to the indevelling soul, But fies was one, and many there may be Like him, whose epiritual part was strong The subject flesh most basely to control. Now from that long enalavement it is free.—John White Chadwick in Century.

WHEN PAGANINI PLAYS

A New Translation of Heinrich Heine's Famous Description of the Performance of the

Great Paganini. Copyright, 1899, by Erein Wardman.

I believe that only one person has succeeded in fixing the real face of named Lyser, who, in his brilliant madness, drew the head of Paganini so well with a few strokes of his crayon that the beholder laughs and is frightened at once at the resemblance. "The devil directed my hand," said the deaf painter to me, giggling mysteriously and nodding with good natured irony. A man with an empty sleeve told a as he was used to do when he induiged curious story in one of the hotel lob- in his harmless jests. This painter ever had been a curious creature. Joplin lead district," he said, "and with | Despite his deafness he loved music entwo partners had sunk a shaft about thusiastically, and it is said that if he 36 feet deep on a promising claim. At was near enough to the orchestra he the bottom of the excavation we start- could read the music from the faces execution by their finger motions. Indeed, he wrote the operatic criticisms a blast. I was below at the time and | for an important newspaper of Hammy two companions were at the top, burg. After all, what is there wonderworking the windlass. I drilled a hole ful in this? The deaf painter could in the formation, which was very hard, see the tones in the visible signature put in a dynamite cartridge, tamped it of the music. There are persons to well with broken rock, lit the fuse and whom the tones themselves are only stepped into the bucket. At the first invisible signatures, in which they hear

turn of the windlass the rope broke at | colors and forms. I am sorry that I own that little shaft. The bucket fell only a yard or drawing of Lyser's no longer. Only in so, but I plunged head first against the glaring black, hasty lines could there side and it was perhaps a couple of be seized those fablelike features. minutes before I could collect my which seemed to belong more to the sulphurous shadow realm than to the Then in a flash I realized my situa- sunny world of life.

tion and jumped back into the tunnel "Assuredly the devil guided my to extinguish the fuse, but it had al- hand," insisted the deaf painter, as ready burned down to the tamping and | we stood before the Alster pavilion in all I could see was a little smoke ooz- Hamburg on the day when l'aganini ing out through the rocks. I could hear gave his first concert there. "Yes, my my partners yelling to me from above, friend," he continued, "it is true what but I knew there was no other rope in the whole world is saying-that he has our camp and the only thing I could sold himself to the devil, body and think of was to pick out the tamping soul, to become the best violin player, and get at the fuse before it reached to fiddle millions into his pockets, and the dynamite. For all I knew the ex- first to get away from the slave galplosion might take place at any instant, ley, where he had suffered so many but I grabbed a drill and began to claw years. For see, friend, when he was at the tight packed rock. In a few orchestra leader in Lucea, he fell in seconds I realized that it was a hope- love with a theater princess, became less task, so I dropped the drill and jealous of a priest, stabbed his faithas a last resort ran back to the shaft less Amata in good Italian style, was sent to the galley in Genoa and, as I "If I live to be a thousand," contin- have said, sold himself to the devil to get my agony while I waited for the player and to lay each one of us under blast to go off, knowing full well that tribute tonight to the extent of \$2. But my chances for escape were almost too see you! All good spirits praise God! small for computation. It seemed as if See, there he comes himself, with his the explosion would never occur, and suspicious familiar."

all the while a horrible panorama of Indeed it was Paganini himself. He death and mutilation was rushing wore a dark gray overcoat, which the roar would follow, but it didn't. I a dark frame around the pale, corpsecould have sworn that 15 minutes like face, on which sorrow, genius and elapsed and I was beginning to feel a bell had graved their imperishable wild hope that the fuse had gone out signs. Beside him danced a short, when an awful thunderclap came and comfortable figure, prosaically ornate, rosy, wrinkled face, a little light gray coat with steel buttons, saluting to all "My partners had secured a new rope and were pulling me out when I recov-ered consciousness. My left arm had always squinting upward full of worbeen crushed and I was peppered all ried timidity at the gloomy form which over by flying rock, but I suffered most stalked, grave and thoughtful, at his side. One imagined that he saw that walking with Wagner before the theait was six months before I got out of ter in Leipsic. The deaf painter made bed. Strange to say my hearing wasn't comments on the two shapes in his affected and, as you see, I have no own fantastic way and called my at that tention particularly to the measured, myself very lucky on more counts broad steps of Paganini. "Is it not so," that way. See, too, bow contemptuously ironical is the glance which he sends down on his companion when he burdens him with his prosaic questions. But be cannot rid himself of that companion. A bloody pact binds him to this servant, who is nobody else than satan. The ignorant public, it is true, thinks that this companion is Harris, the writer of comedies and anecdotes, manage the finances. The public does not know that the devil merely borrow ed his body from Mr. George Harris and that the poor soul of that poor creature is locked up in a chest in Hanover with other rubbish to walt till the devil returns its flesh envelope. Probably he will accompany his master, Paganial, in another form through the

world then-namely, as a black poo-If Paganini seemed fablelike and weird to me in the bright noonday, inder the green trees of Hamburg's Maiden lane, how did his frightfully bizarre appearance amaze me in the evening at the concert! On the stage there appeared a dark form that see ed to have risen from the under world. That was Paganini in black gala dress, the black cont and the black waistcont of a dreadful cut, as perhaps bellish etiquette prescribes at the court of Proserpine, the black trousers timidly fluttering around the thin lega. The long arms seemed even lengthe ed as he held the violin in one hand and in the other the bow, and nearly ouched the ground with them while he displayed his nameless bows before the public. In the angular distortions of his body there was a dreadful woodpness, and also something grotesquely animallike, so that one bad a strange desire to laugh; but his face, which med still more cadaverously white in the bright light of the stage, had something so beserching, so stupidly humble, that a horrible pity drove away the desire to laugh. Has be learned these motions from an automaton or from a dog? Is this begging look that of a dying man or lurks

gladiator, with his spasmodic moveclimbed out of the grave, a vampire, with the violin, who sucks, if not the blood out of our hearts, at all events the money out of our pockets?

Such questions crossed themselves in my head while the master cut his atroclous compliments. But all such thoughts had to hush when the wonderful master put his violin to his chin and began to play.

With the first stroke of his bow scenery around and behind him was changed. Suddenly he stood with his music stand in a cheerful room, decorated in merry disorder with twisted furniture in the taste of Pompadour; everywhere small mirrors, gilded Amorettes, Chinese porcelain, a most delightful chaos of ribbons, garlands, white gloves, false pearls, diadems of gilt, such as one finds in the studio of a prima donna. Paganini's appearance, too, had changed, and to the greatest advantage. He wore short knee breeches of lilac satin, a silver broidered white waistcoat, a coat of light blue velvet, with gold buttons. Paganini on paper. He is a deaf painter and the hair, carefully dressed in little curls, played around his face, which was all young and rosy, and shone with tenderness when he cast his glances at the pretty damsel who stood by his side while he played.

Truly, at his side I saw a pretty young thing, dressed in the old style. the white satin swelling below the hips, the waist charmingly tiny, the powdered hair dressed high, the pretty round face looking out freely with flashing eyes, finely painted cheeks. beauty plasters and an impertment. sweet little nose. In her hand she had a white paper roll, and the motion of ed to 'drift'-in other words to drive a of the musicians and that he could her lips, as well as the coquettish tunnel at right angles. One afternoon, judge of the more or less successful swinging to and fro of her shoulders. made it appear that she was singing. But no tone was audible, and only from the violin play with which young Paginini accompanied the charming child could I ascertain what she saug and what he himself felt in his soul during her singing. Oh, these were melodies like those fluted forth by the nightingale in the evening dusk, when the rose's odor makes her expectant spring heart drunken with desire! Oh, that was a melting, sensually dying, These were tones that kissed each other, then fled petulantly. then again embraced with laughter, became one and died in drunken unity. Yes, the tones indulged in a merry play, like butterflies when the one teasingly avoids the other, hides behind a flower, is caught at last and

then, light heartedly happy, flutters upward in the golden sunlight. But a spider, a spider sometimes can bring to such lovesick butterflies a sudden bitter fate. Did the young heart forbode such a thing? A melancholy sighing tone, like a premonition of a disaster stealthly approaching, glided softly through the most entrancing melodies that glowed out of Paginini's violin. His eyes became moist. , Adoring, he kneels before his Amata. Alas! As he bends to kiss her feet, he sees under the bed a little priest! I know not what he had against the poor fellow, but the Genoan beued the story teller, "I will never for- get away, to become the best violin came pale as death. He seizes the little one with furious hands, boxes his ears and kicks him, throws him out of the door, then pulls a long stiletto out breast of the young beauty-

But in this moment there sounded "Bravo! Bravo!" from all sides. Hamthrough my brain. 'Now!' 'Now!' reached to his feet, making him look burg's enthusiastic men and women 'Now!' I kept saying out loud, think- very tall. The long, black hair fell to gave their best applause to the great ing each time I attered the word that his shoulders in torn curls and formed artist who had just ended the first part of his concert, and who was bowing with even more angles and contortions than before. In his face, it seemed to me, there whined a humility still more beseeching than before. In his eyes stored a fearful terror, like that of a

poor sinner. As Paganini began to play anew, it became somber before my eyes. The tones did not transform themselves into bright colors and shapes. The form of the master rather draped itself picture of the place where Faust is in gloomy shadows, from the darkof which his music walled with most stabbing tones of lament. Only sometimes, when a small lamp hung above him threw its dim light on him, could I see his pallid face, in which, however, youth asked he, "as if he carried the iron bar had not yet been extinguished. Strange still between his ankles? He has ac- was his costume, split into two colors quired for good the habit of walking of which the one was yellow and the other red. On his ankles there weighed beavy chains. Behind him there moved a face whose physiognomy hinted mer rily at that of a goat, and long, hairy hands, which, as it seemed, belonged to the face, occasionally reached belping ly into the strings of the violin which Paganini was playing. Sometimes, too. they guided the band which held the bow, and a bleating laugh then accomwhom Paganini has taken along to panied the tones that welled ever more painfully and bleeding from the violin Those were tones like the song of fall en angels who had reveled with daugh ters of earth and, bowed with shame are descending into the underworld Those were tones in whose abysmal depth neither comfort nor hope glim mered. When the boly ones in heaven hear such tones, then the praise of God dies on their paling lips, and, weeping they cover their gentle heads. Some times when that goat laugh bleated into the tortures of this playing I could see in the background a horde of little women, who nodded in evil merriment with their ugly heads. From the violin then there rushed sounds of fear and a pitiable meaning and a sobbing as has not been heard on earth before and as never may be heard on earth again unless it be in the valley of Jehoshaphat when the colossal trumpets of the judgment are wound and the naked corpses crawl from their graves and

await their fate-Had a string really broken? I do not know. I noticed only the transfiguration of the topes, and with them Paganini and his surroundings seemed totally changed again. I could scarcely recognise him in the brown monk's habit, which hid him rather than clothed him. The wild face, half secreted in the bood, a rope around his hips, barefoot-ed, a solitary, defant shape, Paganini stood on a rocky promontory by the sea and played the violin. It was the time of dusk, the red evening flooded ment. the wide floods of the ocean, which became ever more ruddy and roared ever more solemnly, in mysterious accord with the strains of the violin. But the more ruddy the sea became the more there behind it the asturnine humor of a sir miser? Is this a living man who last the swelling billows looked all like

ments, or is it a dead man, who has stars, and these stars were binenblack, like shinging coals. But the tones of the violin became ever more stormy and daring. In the eyes of the dreadful player man gleamed such a mocking lust for destruction, and his thin lips moved so frightfully fast that it seemed as if he were muttering accursed words of enchantment of a long dead time, with which one calls the storm and looses the wicked spirits that lie fettered in the chasms of the

Sometimes, when he, thrusting his naked arm, gaunt, far out of the flowing monk's sleeve, swept the air madly with his bow, then he seemed indeed a magician who rules the elements with his wand, and then it howled like mad in the sea depth, and the fear stricken blood waves then sprang so mightily into the air that they almost flecked the pale canopy of heaven and the howled, it shricked, it cracked, as if the world were about to break into ruins, and ever more stubbornly did the monk scrape his violin. He meant. with the might of his raving will, to break the seven seals with which Solomon had closed the iron pots after he had imprisoned the conquered demons in them. Those pots had been sunk in the sea by the wise king, and they were the voices of the pent spirits that ed its angriest bass tones. But at last I thought to hear exultations of liberation, and from the red blood waves with the roller. there rose the heads of the unfettered demons-monsters of fabled ugliness, crocodiles with bats' wings, snakes row teeth, which should follow the with antiers, sea dogs with patriarchal roller. It is better to go over with long beards, green camel heads, all staring with cold, sagacions eyes and Acme either will do. The use of first to the future. But it may seem strange, reaching with long fins at the fiddling monk. In his madness his bood had should be done some weeks before fallen from his face, and the curling hair, blown wildly by the wind, twined around his head like black serpents.

The appearance was so crazing that I closed my eyes. Then the whole cuchantment vanished, and when I looked up again I saw the poor Genoan in his customary shape, making his customary bows, while the public applauded without end.

Quietly Paganini brought his violin to his chin again, and with the first motion of the bow the wonderful transfiguration of the tones began once more. But they were not so glaring in color or so decided in outline. The tones unfolded themselves calmly, majestically, surging and swelling, like those of an organ in a cathedral, and all the surroundings had expanded wide and high to a space colossal, such as not the bodily eye, but only the eye of the spirit, can grasp. In the middle of the space floated a flaming sphere, where there stood, gigantic and proud a man who played the violin. This sphere-was it the sun? I do not know. But in the features of the man I recognized Paganini, ideally beautified, ce lestially purified, lovingly smiling. His body bloomed in strongest manliness, a light blue garment inclosed the ennobled limbs, around his shoulder billow ed in shining curis the black hair. and as he stood there, firm and sure an uplifted image of God and played the violin, it was as though the whole

creation harkened to his tones.

He was the man planet, around

ured solemnity and sounded in celes-tial rhythm. Those large lights, which floated around him in such peaceful splendor, were they the stars of heaven? And that sounding harmony that rose from their motions, was it the song of the spheres, of which poets and seers have told such delightful things? Sometimes, when I strained my sight into the dawning distance, I thought to see all flowing white garments, wherein were hidden colossal ollgrims, with white staves in their hands, and, curious, the golden button? of the staves were the great lights which I had thought were stars. These pligrims moved in wide circles around the player, ever more shining did the golden buttons of the staves become from the tones of his violin, and the choral songs that came from their lips and those I had thought were the songs of the spheres were really only the dying echoes of that violin. An unnamable holy fervor dwelled in these strains, which sometimes trembled, hardly audible, like secret whispering on the water, again swelled, sweet thrilling, like the hunting horn in the moonlight, and then at last roared on with unbridled delight, as if a thousand bards were striking the strings of their barps and raising their voices to song of triumph. These were strains such as the ear never hears, but only the heart can dream when it lies at night on the bosom of the beloved .-New York Press.

A Weeder That Works Well. The weeder shown in a cut from The Rural New Yorker is owned, as a corespondent of that journal tells, by Mr. des. a farmer of Portage county. The axle is shortened so that the vheels are about seven feet apart. This width is suited to three foot rows of corn. The right handed lever is a lock



A HAY HAKE WEEDER. lever and is just as it was on the original hay rake. The lever directly in front of the seat was taken from a sulky cultivator and is attached by a chain to the back set of teeth. Both sets of teeth are raised with this lever. The extra set of teeth is an exact duplicate of the other one except that the timber representing the axle may be a triffe lighter. The two axles are hinged together by means of irons about a foot long, properly shaped so that the back set of teeth stand at the same angle as the front set. Different makes of rakes would probably require different treat-

Mr. Rhodes says: "All weeders with principle. They tend to pack the soil. This weeder with the teeth pointing forward will lift the soil and keep it loose on top. I have tried other weeders right by the side of this, but this one beats them all."

PREPARING FOR GRAIN.

Flowing, Harrowing, Manuring and Sowing Seed. The season is upon us for beginning and pushing along the preparation of

land for small grains, and The Southern Cultivator, with its usual foresight, gives a very pertinent talk upon this matter, as follows:

There are many who think it injures land to turn it up to the sunshine in August and September. This is a mistake. Sunshine does not injure soit. But if we turn up the subsoil when it is wet then the sun bakes the lumps into hard clods. In this way the plant food is locked up or made insoluble. But if the clay is dry and we follow the turn plow with roller and harrow then the sunshine helps the land. It aids the circulation black stars with their red foam. It of air and water and helps to form the acids needed to dissolve the plant food. How deep shall we plow? Just as deep as your teams can pull the plows. What plows? A turned and a subsoil following. And you may have as many horses or mules or oxen to each plow as you please. We know a suc cessful farmer in Georgia who uses six strong oxen to each plow. There is absolutely no danger in this direction. The only risk is in plowing when the I heard while Paganini's violin growl- soll or subsoil, one or both, is too wet. When you have thus broken your land below the hardpan, then follow first

> this is the plan, then run over with the harrow once every two weeks. Manuring should be done differently with different manures. Stable manures and other rotting vegetation should be spread on before the breaking. If commercial fertilizers or cottonseed, then it is best to wait until you are ready to sow the grain. Then get acid phosphate, 14 per cent goods; cottonseed meal, 7 to 8 per cent; murlnte of potash, 60 to 75 per cent, or German kainit, 12 to 14 per cent. Mix these as follows:

many clods and fasten the others so

that they cannot easily dodge the har-

these several times. The Cutaway or

one and then the other is better. This

sowing the grain if you can. When

Cottonseed meal, 400 pounds; acid phosphate, 1,200 pounds; muriate, 300 pounds, or kainit, 900 pounds. Mix well and sow broadcast, from

400 to 600 pounds per acre. Harrow this in well with any good harrow. Then sow one bushel per acre of Red Hulsey-unless you have an acclimated variety you prefer. Plow this in with small plows so as to cover the seed about 11/2 to 2 inches. All wheat grain or onts covered three inches or deeper are lost.

Then go over with roller to make stand. Then scratch with thorns, Thomas smoothing harrow or other very light harrow so as to prevent baking should hard rain follow soon.

A Useful Implement. The Illustration from The Farm that has a smoothing barrow accom-

iron being driven into the low-APLANE CLOD CRUSHER. Cr edges of the Stephen, after a time, admitted the stout planking. These pieces of iron truth of Jesse's confession. On this they need not be stout nor long. In their slanting position they will not clog and will break up many clods that the crusher has not entirely mastered, leaving the soil loosened and fine Strips of board can be laid on top and a weight added if needed.

Cutting and Curing Cowpens. Cut the vines when the pods are about full and leave in windrows or small cocks for two or three days, according to weather. Then rick up loosely, and two or three days later they may be put under shelter loosely or placed in rail pens with crossralls every three or four feet for ventilation. We have placed them thus for 20 feet in height, advises Texas Farm and Ranch. The vines may be stacked under shelter in alternate layers of straw or hay a foot thick, vines three feet Pea vines can be saved in good condition with more sap than any forage plant we know. They should not be cured outdoors until dry, for then the leaves shatter off, but there should be no dew or rain on them when stored. Take a wisp of vines and twist them tightly. If no water can be squeezed out of them, they are ready to put under shelter. They may heat somewhat, but it will not injure the hay.

A Chapter on Pens. It was not until 1780 that a Birming ham manufacturer named Harrison in troduced the metallic pen to England Even then, 25 years later, when barrel of them was on sale in London we read that they were by far too ex pensive for general use. We do not know the price then asked, but at the time of the battle of Waterloo we read that Sheldon of Sedgley was selling them at 18 shillings the dozen. In the 17 years following that date the price fell to two-thirds this sum. Today, on the average, 150 pens can

be bought for the price which our

grandfathers paid for one 60 years

ago. Yet there is a good deal of work to be done on the successor of Byron's "Gray Goose Quill." Each of the millions turned out every year (it is a thousand million in England alone) has to go through 16 separate processes. One English writer on this subject says: "Should we, in place of rolling out the steel into strips the thickness of pens, pull it out into one square bar having the width and beight of its cross area each three-sevenths of an inch, then we should get a bar 471 miles long, which could be bent so that one end of the are rested in Lon-Son and the other end in Edinburgh." -London Chronicle.

Seared His Hair Out. The Paris Progres Medical records a most remarkable recent case showing the effect of fright on the hair. A vig-orous peasant with abundant hair not yet showing gray saw his small child trampled under a borse's boofs and was overcome by fright. He trembled and had palpitations and a feeling of cold and tension in the face and head. On the following day the hairs of the head. beard and eyebrows commenced to fall in quantities so that after eight days he was absolutely build. In a few weeks a

There are two things we give to every purchaser Who buys a suit or an overcoat, viz:

> Good Value and A Good Fit.

We do a cash business and have

Only One Price.

Everybody pays us the same price. You buy as cheap as your neighbor—your neighbor buys as cheap as any one. We think this is the only way to do business so that it will be mutually beneficial both to the ustomer and ourselves.

200 pairs all wool pants, guaranteed not to rip \$2.00 110 suits all wool black Clay worsted, 18 oz. \$10.00 Pants for regular, lean, extra sizes and stout men.

Come to see us we will convince you that our prices are right-we want o get better acquainted with you anyway. We will treat you nice if we WILL H. MATTHEWS & CO.,

304 S. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Hen Who Have Owned Up to Crimes They Never Committed. That a man on the rack, with every

nerve quivering, with every nerve drawn to its utmost tension, with the pain increasing in intensity and viothe urinary passages in male and female. It lence, should confess himself the perpetrator of crime is nat/ral enough. The prospect of relief from actual pain is a temptation that blinds the sufferer and is indeed one of the most inexplicable things in human history, that men have been induced by religious exhortations and other means of persuasion to literary, classical, scientific, and insign their own death warrants by confessing crimes actually never committed. Such in England was the case of John Perry, executed near Campden in 1661, with his mother and brother, for murdering William Harrison, steward for Lady Campden. The testimony against them was chiefly the confession of John Perry himself, but, to the astenishment of all, Harrison, who had been kidnaped and carried off, returned two years after the execution.

In 1812 a man named Russell Colvin, living at Manchester, Vt., disappeared, and suspicions of foul play were entertained. Public opinion attributed his murder to Stephen and Jesse Boorn. Still, as there was no definite ground on which to arrest them, the excitement gradually drew away. In 1819, however, a Mr. Boorn dreamed that he had been murdered by two men, whom he fixed upon as his nephews, Stephen and Jesse. The ghost of the murdered man even specified the place of the murder and the old cellar hole where the mangled body had been thrust. Here a knife seed bed firm and insure a good even and buttons were found, which were identified as belonging to Colvin. On this the men were arrested. Stephen and Colvin had quarreled just before the disappearance of the latter, and

Stephen had been seen to strike him with a club and knock him down. In a short time Jesse confessed that Journal shows a plank clod crusher be and Stephen, with their father, after Stephen knocked him down, had carried pieces of round with a jackknife. He further stated him to the old cellar and cut his throat that the next year they made away with most of the bones of their victim. were convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 28th of January, 1820. They applied for commutation of the sentence, and, as some believed their innocence, advertisements were inserted in various papers for Colvin. Not long ofterward a letter appeared in the New York Evening Post, signed by a Mrs. Chadwick and dated Shrewsbury, N J., Dec. 6, 1819, stating that a slightly deranged man named Russell Colvin had been there five years before. This was generally looked upon as a boax, but James Whelpley of New York, who knew Colvin, resolved to follow up the clew and actually found Colvin at the house of William Polherons at Dover. N. J., where he had been since April. 1818

Mr. Whelpley took him to New York. the common council gave him means to prooceed to Vermont, and be arrived at Manchester on the 22d day of December.

The whole place was in a state of wild excitement. People gathered in from all the surrounding country to see the dead alive. A cannon was brough out, and Colvin was saluted with a dis charge of cannon and small arms Stephen Boorn firing the first piece. There was much discussion as to the motive for the confession, some attribut ing it to the effect of imprisonment, a general sort of panic and terror, and others to the injudicious advice and exbortations of a clergyman. - Wonderful Events.

College Girls' Slang.

College girls have a language of their own that is not contained in the ologies and isms of student life.

That use of "grand" at Vassar college spread like a contagious disease of few years ago. Everything from a new gown to the award of a fellowship received the magnificent appellation. That was a season of grandiloquence in other respects also, for no entertainment less than a "ball" was ever given at the college. If you went to the senior parlor in response to an invitation to a 'ball," you would probably find that some one was serving tea.

Both to Vassar and to Yale belong the word "stunt," but it is used in quite different senses. At Vassar it means a peculiar trick that belongs to a certain individual. At Yale it stands for any idea or plan.

Where girls "dig." Harvard and Yale men "grind" or "bone;" where one "frivols" the other "sprees it." Bryn Mawr has a peculiar slang term of its own for the girls who do not enter with a regular class, but come in at the middle of the year. They are known as "half breeds" to the end of their course.—Cincinnati Commercial Trib-

Late Preparation For Wedded Life. A rural schoolmaster had among his cholars three whose ages were respec

tively 72, 64 and 55 years. "You don't mean to say," said an astonished visitor, "that those old men are going to school for the first time in their lives ?"

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relieves retention of water and pain in pass-ing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. So T. A. Albrighi, druggist, Graham, N. C.

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State \$150. Faculty of 30 members. More than 400 regular stu-Has matriculated about dents. 1,700 students, representing every county in the State except one. Practice and Observation School of about 550 pupils. To secure board in dormitories, all free-tuition applications should be made before

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is dying, and who is to amuse the pub-scarlet blood, the sky above became the in the arena of art like a dying ghastly pale, corpse white, and great and threatening there came out the On: Minute Cough Cure, cures.

"Put six quarts of water on the fire.

Do you see sparkling eyes, a health, inted skin, a sweet expression and a grace inform? These attractions are the result good health. If they are absent, there is nearly always some disorder of the distinctly feminine organs present. Health to the writer recently, "that no two faces are exactly slike, and I think they are correct, although we often hear of one person being the exact image of another. That this is largely a matter of imagination can be proved by investi-gation. I have in my office a clerk who is constantly mistaken for myself. Several people say he resembles me so closely that I must be joking when I deny the relationship.
"In order to ascertain how much re-

ocrat.

son there was for these statements I took the fellow to a photographer's one day last week and we both had our pic tures taken together, and I would defy any one to point out a single point of mblance. My clerk, however, regards the matter as a good joke, and I half suspect he acknowledges relation ship in a good many cases intentional ly, so as to cause complications. I have shown the photograph to several people who have made the mistake, but it has no influence upon them whatever, and it is impossible to convince them against their will."-Washington Star.

Temperance Drink of 1882. On one of the pages of an old diary, dated 1833, this recipe for a temperance

W. P. EZZELL,
add to it three-quarters of an ounce of hops and half an ounce of bruised ginger; let boll for 30 minutes. Next put in three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar; boll for ten minutes more; then strain and bottle while hot or, which takes less time, put the liquor in a cask.
It may be drunk as soon as it is cold.
Keep in a cool place. The cost is 6