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THE WAY TO PROPOSE.

What the Maiden and the Matron

Had to Say About It.

"I never could accept a proposal from

man unless the conditions were just

"Of course not," replied the matter

right," said the romantic maiden

of fact matron. "He must be the right

man in the first place, and be must pro-

pose in the second. Those are the con-

ditions that must be always just right

before any sensible girl will think of

"Oh, I don't mean that," returned the

malden. "He must know how to pro-

pose. Do you know, I believe if I were

really in love with a man and he didn't

"When it comes to proposals of mar-

"Oh, no, it isn't," asserted the maid-

propose properly I should reject him."

riage," replied the matron, with de

en. "The surroundings must be appro-

priate. Everything must be in har-

mony. If my Prince Charming proposes

to me in the house, he must be in a

dress sult, and he must be earnest but

dignified. There must be a certain case

and elegance of manner, and his words

must conform to his actions. If he

proposes to me in the woods or on the

lawn, he may be in negligee attire, out-

ing costume or something like that,

and he may then be more impassioned

and vehement in his declarations. But

I never could accept a man in negligee

"Don't you be too sure about it," re-

"Oh, but I am," said the maiden. "I

have figured it all out very carefully. The

scene must make a perfect picture. It

would just kill the romance if it didn't.

and I couldn't possibly accept him.

And his words and tone! Both must

"I've known lots of girls who thought

"I had the same idea," she said at

last. "I pictured some quiet nook, the

birds twittering, the sun shining

brightly and all the world joyous as

he poured well rounded sentences

throbbing with love into my ear. Or

else I saw him sinking on one knee in

front of the divan upon which I was

sitting and looking me straight in the

eyes with a long, lingering look of

love, while he said: 'Oh, adorable one,

be mine! Say that this is not to be a

world of Stygian darkness for me, but

that the sunlight of true love shall

shine ever brightly as we go through

"Oh, beautiful! Lovely!" cried the

Charming did come what did he say?

"He was taking me home under an

on his trousers, and we were altogether

two of the most unprepossessing look

ing mortals you ever saw. When he

suddenly exclaimed, 'Say, I'd like to

carry that umbrella over you all the

"What? I said in some surprise.

"'Oh, to put it in plain words,' he

said, 'let's get married. How about

"Such an inappropriate place and

"Most prosaic."
"Oh, I couldn't accept a man under

"If he was the right man, you would,

"Oh, I couldn't do it possibly," pro-

tested the maiden. "I'd feel that I'd lost half my life. Why, in a case like

that he couldn't even fold you in his

"Wait a minute," interrupted the matron. "Not so fast. You'll know a

lot more about men than you do now

when you accept one, no matter how,

when or where it may be. There are

some features of the occasion they nev-

er overlook, but don't you build your

hopes too high on everything else being in harmony."—New York Sun.

Marine Corps Chevrons.

There is only one branch of the Unit-

ed States service where the chevrons

of sergeants and corporals are worn as

they were a century ago and as they

are still worn in a very large portion of the English service. This is in the

they are inverted, the point of the

chevron being toward the shoulder

instead of toward the wrist, as in all

rious feature of the service is that the

colors of the corps are red and yellow,

those of cavalry and artillery, while

How Are Your Eldneys !

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kideory Ha. Sample Drot. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. T.

the service is actually infantry.

branches of the service. The other cu-

States marine corps, and here

arms and all that when you said d"-

"And such prosale words!"

dreadful!" exclaimed the

The matron sighed again.

breathe love and yet be in conformity

that," said the matron reflectively.

"And it didn't happen that way?"

with all the surroundings."

"N-o; hardly."

"But in your case?"

The matron sighed.

life hand in hand!"

maiden.

"How

time!"

United

"Wasn't it?"

"Yes, Indeed."

those circumstances."

nevertheless."

costume who proposed in the house.

turned the matron.

cision, "any way is the right way."

ãooooooooooooooã

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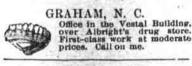
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The Coming of Baby

joy or pain. It's for the to decide. With good healt! and a strong womanly organism motherhood but adds to a woman

MOELREE'S Wine of Cardui

takesaway all terrors by strengthening the vital organs. It fits a mother for baby's coming. By revitalizing the nerve centres it has brought chubby, crowing youngsters to thousands of weak women who feared they were be en. It purifies, heals, regulates and strengthens, and is good for all women at all times. No druggist would be without it. It oo Foradvice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chat-

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Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and all kinds of rubber stamp supplies. Stamps 10c up. W. P. EZZELL, Burlington, N. C.

The List You have those Bought

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1899.

HARMOSAN.

low the third and fatal conflict for the Pergian

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish

Dive me but one drink of water and let then ar-In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the ng doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around him angry foes,
With a hedge of naked weapons, did that lonely

Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou Thou hast drunk that cup of water. This reprieve

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth And the liquid sank forever, lost smid the burn-

Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water of that cup e drained. Then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful Then exclaimed: "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

Bring another cup and straightway to the noble Persian give.

Drink, I said before, and perish! Now I bid thee

drink and live!" -Richard Chenevix Trench.

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH ZULUS.

An Incident of Boer Life In the

By P. Y. BLACK. ***** * * * * * *

The fires on the hills were the warning. The farmers were commandeered -that is, every ablebodied man between 16 and 60 in the district was called to take his horse, his "biltong" or dried beef ration, his rifle and ammunition, and proceed at once to the rendezvous, thence to proceed against the fierce and warlike Zulus, who had again raided the Transvanl. Farmer Putter saddled up and hurried off, as his first duty was, but first he called to him Piet, his son, and solemnly spoke to him.

"Son of mine," said the farmer soldier, "you are not yet man tall enough to face the Zulu impls in open field. but to your care I give mein vrouw and your little sister Greta and Pretorius, your brother. You must, if need be, play a man's part, for, since the two gold prospectors left the farm at the sign of war, there is none to take command of the Kaflir servants but you." Then Piet said without bravado:

"You may trust me, father, for, though I be not a man, still I am

So the farmer rode away, and Piet, thus promoted to command, withdrew into the sitting room, and almost at once his trouble began. His first care was to clean and load all firearms. These hung on the walls, and some were old fashioned and without ammunition to fit them. But Piet's eye seeking his own pet light rifle, which

he had won in a shooting match against all boys of his age for many miles round, missed it. He was startled, for it is almost criminal to meddle with another man's glory-hisrifle-and he sought Pretorius to see if that ambitious youth had taken it down. Pretorius had It not, and Piet ran out to call Malula, a native servant, with sudden fear in his soul.

Malula did not come at the call, and Piet, with a pale face, thought for a "That's just the way I've oment, and then, taking his old gun pictured it. And when your Prince and belt, leaped bareback on a horse, without a word to alarm the family, and rode off unseen at a gallop. He rode to the cornfield, where the native umbrella in a rainstorm," she explainlaborers should have been working. ed. "I was wet, and he was wet. My The green corn waved in the wind de hair was stringy, and there was mud serted. Not a man was in sight. He dashed to the meadows down the valley, where the herders should have been with the cattle. Here, in spite of was about to leave me at the door, he himself, tears sprang to his eyes, for the cattle were gone, and the herders were absent. The great grassy fields

were silent as were those of corn. "They have deserted us as soon as my father's back was turned," cried Piet in dismay. "And they were not Zulus! Can it be a general rising amon

the Kaffir tribes?" At that thought he trembled, but he had still vigor enough to ride to the top of a kopje near by. From the peak be had a view of much country, and saw a cloud of dust far away, which he guessed was made by the stolen cattle. "Never mind," said Piet; "if we beat the Zulus, we shall get them back with

Then he dug his beels into his borse's ribs and dashed down the hillside. He had seen, half a mile away, a black figure moving swiftly across the veldt, and the sun gianced from something borne on its shoulder-a gun, Malula. Before the traitor servant was aware of pursuit, Plet was within 400 yards of him. Then the Kaffir heard horse's hoofs and turned. For a moment the black seemed inclined to run, but changed his mind as the boy shout ed to him angrily. Malula deliberately raised the stolen rifle to his shoulder. Plet threw himself from the horse as a bullet whistled over the vacant sad dle. The boy, already a hunter, rep with but a hasty glance through his sights, and Malula uttered a howl and

taggered and fell to the ground struck in the chest. Piet felt a spasm of borror. Deer a-plenty had he shot, but never till now a man, so that his h for a finsh stood still, and his own face was deathlike. He rode slowly up to Malula, and found the Kaffir writh in a death agony. Piet again dismount-ed, and attempted to offer aid, but the savage repulsed him. With a look of ate be glared at the boy, and cried in

his own tongue: "I am one, but tonight come the Zulus, and uo white thing on the farm shall live. For mine there shall be ten

deaths!

So he died, glorying in the hope of a speedy revenge, and the Boer boy, lenvng hlm, recovered his new rifle and rode slowly and mournfully homeward. Here his troubled mother met him. "Piet," she said, "the Kaffirs have

"I know," said he, and looked into her brave race, and told her what had happened and what Malula had said of the nearness of the Zulus

"If my father had known it," said her son, "he would not have left us." "He was commandeered," said the Boer wife. "It was his duty. Country first-always, my son."

"But," said Piet, in much perturba ion, "my father did not think the blacks would fly. He thought that they, Basutos, would fight their old enemy. the Zulus. If these come, what are we to do? Shall we leave the farm and rek to Van Boeven's?"

The Boer mother pressed her lips with a frown of pride "That was not well said, my son,"

she answered. "Oom Putter said 'Stay." As he obeyed his general and went, so we shall obey him and stay and fight till be comes."

It was a Roman speech. Even as the words came from her mouth she tooked round and saw Piet, a well grown boy of 15 years; Greta, a child of 11; little Pretorius, and the baby-a goodly garrison to defend the hearth But she saw that hearth, she saw the dear walls her husband had built to bring her home as a bride, she saw the fields be had tilled and the barns he had raised, and seeing them she would have fought to the last scratch of her nalls, like a wildcat, rather than give

"Besides," said she hopefully, "what could the wretch Malula know that we don't? The Zulus cannot be near, and if they are, the farmers have out their scouts, and they say the English from Natal are also ready. Before they reach our farm the Boers must meet them, and surely the savage shall be strick-

Nothing more was said about deserting the homestead. Vrouw Putter went her work quietly, but Piet began to prepare. Now, the farmhouse was roomy and the garrison a most pretty one, and, puzzle over the matter as he might, the boy could not see how its rough stone walls could be protected at once on all sides if the attacking force was to be a large one. His mother was about as good a shot as he, and even Greta could discharge a gun at a pinch, but two or three guns could not protect so rambling a building. Plet ame to that conclusion with a feeling akin for a moment to despair, until, at last, as he stood in the broad yard looking at the house, the chickens came clucking about him in their search for food, and he had an idea.

All day he worked busily, leaving his mother to the children, and by nightfall he had prepared a fort to withstand a siege. Two or three times during the afternoon he had slipped off to the top of the kopje, where he could look afar, but each time he came back, having seen nothing but the rolling yeldt. They had supper, and again Plet slipped away and came back, but now with a grim face.

"Mother," he whispered, "from the west I heard the war song of the Zulus. came faintly with the wind. In the the skies are red and if I go at dark I fear I shall see the flames rising from

The mother gathered her baby tight in her arms for a moment, and then quietly asked her eldest:

"Are the guns cleaned and loaded?" "Yes," said Piet, "and, mother, if you approve, we must leave the house. It is too big and rambling for us two to

"Leave the house?" "Not very far," said Piet and explain-

In that land of few dwellers space is not of much consideration. The farm buildings were quite widely scattered. and Farmer Putter had built his cow byres and pigpens and so on a proper distance away from his house walls. All the afternoon Plet had been march ing, laden with packages and bundles between the house and the outbuildings. Now, when it was dark, he put out all the lights of the house, and the windows and doors were stoutly bar

"Where are we going to sleep?" the children asked, accustomed to rise and lie down with the sun, and Piet answered cheerfully, "In the chicken

The children, at first astonished and incredulous, were delighted when they discovered that their brother meant what he said, for the sight of the chickens feeding had given the boy the necessary idea. If the house were too the coop could not be accused of that fault. About the rocky kopie stones were plentiful and more convenlent than wood. Therefore, Piet had aided his father to building a solid affair to shelter the many fowls. It was stone and high and roomy. Piet, during the afternoon, had made on each side, by careful removal of stones, loopholes and carried to the henhous the more precious articles in the house with all the ammunition and guns Now the chickens, squawking, were ruthlessly turned out, and the little family went in, the youngsters gig-ging. The door, which Plet had strengthened, was closed, and the garri-

son prepared. Vrouw Putter was not without experience in war's alarma She looked round with a brave smile. "Well, done, Plet," she said, and calmly began to examine the guns, while at the same time quieting the children, who, now in the dark and disturbed by such preparations, began to be afraid. Again Plet slipped away to the kopje, and when he came back he said. "Flames are rising from the Van Soevens', and the war song is coming

"Loud!" the vrouw asked briefly. "Not very," her son answered, piling rocks against the door. "A detached party," said his mother quietly. "If the Lord wills it, we will

rotect our own." And she made them all kneel down and pray and then sing a pealm.

. It was a fitfolly moonlight night in It was a nitrolly mooning tright in the dry season and chilly. White clouds pursued the moon after hiding it and leaving the veldt in darkness, then passing on and flooding the land with silvery beams. For a long time all was very still. At last Plet, peering out of his loophole to the west, saw a shadow

among the shadows, and this shadow moved and glided, and came swiftly up the slope on which the chicken coop stood between the house and the trees by the river. It was followed by another, and another, and another, and another, coming on like wild ducks in a V or wedge, and from the heart of the shadows came a low hum—the song of the imple.

"How many?" the mother asked, as the moon shone out, and Piet told her there were about 20, with shields and assagais, for in those days firearms were not common among the Kaffir tribes as now.

"A raiding party," said Vrouw Putter, and took command. Piet was eager to fire at once, but she forbade. The children were very quiet, though trembling. The savages came on and halted, and came on again, now silent and apparently puzzled at there being no sign of life about the house. As the coop stood it could not be readily discerned in the shadow of the slope. Again the Zulus advanced. "Mother," said Piet, "if they get close

to the house they will fire it.' She nodded, but waited until the sayages were only 50 yards away then-"Fire!" she whispered, and from her own loophole and from Piet's at the same instant streamed a flame, and the Zulus gave one great ery of rage and astonishment, as two of their number threw their arms high and fell, their shields clattering beside them. At once little Greta and Pretorius did their part. and with incredible bravery in such infants forbore even to tremble, but handed up fresh guns, while the two defenders passed the empty ones down to be loaded by these small but trained fingers. The Zulus, however, did not fall back. Furlous at being taken by surprise they dashed at the little fort, and a shower of spears came clashing against the stone walls. Crack! again went the guns, and again a howl of pain resounded through the night. The Zulus were almost in touch of the fort, and were pressing onward, one on top of the other, with their ferocious yells, when a tall man among them with an iron ring on his head, sign of an induna chief, shouted a command and at once his warriors fell back.

"Mother," cried Plet, as they seized fresh rifles, "don't let them think that we are so few. Greta and Pretorius, load as fast as you can. Mother, let us fire continuously and, thinking we are numerous, they will retire."

Vrouw Putter nodded consent, and at once these two vallant defenders of hearth and home began from the half dozen firearms at their disposal to pour bullets into the retreating crowd of naked blacks. They could not tell what actual effect their missiles had, save for an occasional cry from the warriors, but they hoped that so quick and withering a fire would deceive the party. In this manner, however, they used up a good deal of ammunition from the two boxes of cartridges Piet had carried to the chicken coop.

With hardly a pause, the induna gave his savages their instructions, and suddenly they ran apart from one another in the moonlight and surrounded the henbouse and came at it from three sides. Now, indeed, the besieged were hard put to it, but never qualled. Greta took the lightest rifle and, little girl though she was, her father and brother direction also of Van Boeven's farm and even her mother had taught her to use it. She took position, a white faced heroine, at one side, and her mother and Plet in their old places. Down came the Zulus, casting spears before them, and sheltered by their long, tough bullhide shields. Crack! crack! crack! swiftly the rifles rang out, and still the Zulus rushed on. The fingers of little Pretorius were busy on the floor of the but, loading the rifles now getting hot. Crack! crack! The savages reached the wall; one scrambled to the roof; he thrust a spear down a crack. The Boer's wife cried out: her shoulder was pierced. But Piet's voice was tri-

umphant, as a yell came from the indung himself. "I aimed for the chief and got him!" cried the boy, and indeed the induna seemed badly hurt, for he limped back, supported, and again called off his soldiers. Piet ran to his mother and helped her bandage the wounded arm. "It is nothing," she said bravely, and

added more softly, "nor my life, either, if children and home are saved." Suddenly little Pretorius cried out in

"Piet," he said, "there are no more

cartridges!" It was true. One box was empty, and the other covered box did not hold ammunition. Plet looked and despaired. Two gold prospectors had been staying at the farm who used dynamite in their work. They had gone off at sign of trouble, but had left some tools and

things behind. In this box which Piet

had carried off for ammunition were instead some sticks of dynamite. "I - have - betrayed - my father's trust!" cried Piet. "My mistake has been our ruin!"

And he flung himself in despair against the wall. But his mother, finding nothing but empty guns, kneeled quietly down and prayed, her bables about her. She had done all she could. The rest lay with a higher power. For a moment Plet was crazy, and

then recovered himself. He looked through his loophole. The Zulus were in a group quite a hundred yards away, almost indistinguishable in the night. Even as Piet looked they moved and he knew they were about to attack again. With a shout of rage the furious boy suddenly stooped to the dangerous box he had carried from the house, and then threw down the rocks from the door and burst out. In his hands be carried two sticks of dynamite, carried such deadly things in his hands that a stumble meant destruction. Yet be dashed ahead through the night yelling. The Zulus turned on him in amaze, thinking him mad, and greeted him with a shower of spears. Unstricken, Piet ran to within 50 yards of them, and then, one after the other, he threw at them with all his might the dynamite. There was a fearful concussion, which dashed the boy to the earth, a roar as of artillery, a medley of fearful shricks from the unbappy Zulus, and all was still. Vrouw Putter and the children came out trembling, and found Piet insensible, but of the Zulu raiders

ploded with fearful effects. That happened long ago. Piet is today a man and owns the farm. His fa-

no trace, save scattered limbs, where

great hole. The dynamite must have

ther is dead, but the brave old mother lives on with Piet and his wife. Many changes have taken place on the lonely farm on the yeldt, but one building remains unchanged, and reverently pre served. It is the chicken coop, which is known by the children for miles and miles as "Oom Piet's Fort."—New York

An Invalid's Luck In the Woods. "Speaking of deer shooting," said the local enthusiast, "reminds me of the story of the man up Bethel way. He had a pulmonary trouble that had reduced him somewhat, and he was doubtful if his strength would permit him to make the journey. His physician told him to go ahead, but not to tramp much. In camp, where he arrived much exhausted, his friends told him to make himself comfortable while they went out and got him some veni-

"He sat about camp alone until about 10 o'clock and then went in and took his rifle out into the open. Here he sat down on a log and thought of his unhappy fate. The sun was warm and bright, and he moved out into it, resting his rifle against the stump of a pine. He then lit his pipe and rum! nated. A rustle in the brush aroused him. Looking up, he saw a buck, with branching horns, about 40 yards away He reached over without moving from his seat, took the rifle, rested it on a prong of the stump, drew a bead on the deer and fired, and the buck fell dead.

'When the hunters who went out after venison for the invalid came home, he said, 'What luck?' 'Oh, we'll have deer meat for you before we go home. Didn't get any today, but we saw signs.' 'How's this for a sign?' said the invalid, and he led them up to a 600 pound buck, and they broke the profound silence to remark, 'Well, I'll be darned.' "-Lewiston Journal.

A Question of Kinship.

General Hickenlooper and his fam-ily make the evening dinner a source of mental as well as of physical nutrition, in which exercise the general has usually the best of it by presenting puzzling and difficult problems. The other evening the youngsters turned the tables upon him by presenting the following legal proposition:

A French beggar died and left one child, a son, and a considerable estate. The son, in order to inherit the estate. was required to prove a kinship to the deceased. What kinship did he prove? The general promptly replied the kinship of father and son.

The children said the answer was wrong; the parent was a woman. This tickled the general, and he decided to taking luncheon with a friend, he propounded the following: A French beggar woman died and eft a son and an estate, and the son

quired to prove kinship to the deceased. What was the kinship between The friend-promptly replied, "Mother

in order to inherit the property was re-

and son.' "Well," said the general, "you guess better than I did, for I answered father instead of mother."-Cincinnati

Enquirer. The Earnings of Playwrights. write plays only upon order. Their ordinary prepayments are \$500 upon the delivery of a scenario and \$500 more upon the completion of a play. "If the finished work does not realize expectations," writes Franklin Fyles in The Ladies' Home Journal, "or if the manager for any other reason does not desire to put it on the stage, the money paid is forfeited after a certain lapse of time, and the ownership reverts to

"But if the manager decides to produce the piece the author receives a percentage of the gross receipts, usually per cent, payable weekly, after the amount previously advanced has been deducted. Ordinarily it increases with the amount of money taken in. More than one native drama has earned \$100,000 for its author. A dozen have yielded \$50,000 each, three times as many \$25,000 and a goodly number

If the Earth Should Stop. The stopping of a projectile always results in the generation of beat. The velocity and weight of a projectile be ing known, the amount of heat devel oped by its stoppage can be calculated. In the case of large bodies moving rap idly the result of the calculation is something astounding. For example: The earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000 It travels in its orbits at the rate of over 18 miles a second. Should it strike a target strong enough to stop its motion the heat developed by the shock would be sufficient not merely to fuse the earth, but also to re-

duce a large portion of it to vapor. It has been calculated that the amount of heat generated by a collision so colossal would equal that obtained from the burning of 14 globes of coal, each equal to the earth in size. And should the earth after its stoppage fall into the sun, as it certainly would do, the amount of heat developed by its impact on the sun would be equal to that generated by the combustion of 5,000 earths of solid carbon.-Philadelphia Record.

More Than Theory. "I have studied finance very thor oughly," said the young man who wanted to help the bank president make a brilliant success of his enterprise. "Consequently I thought I would

go into the banking business." "Well," answered the elderly man as be polished his glasses, "I don't see your having studied finance should be any bindrance. But you must recollect that you wouldn't expect a man to be a first class hand in running a wood and coal yard simply because he had studied botany and geology."-Washington Star.

He Found It. "Did you ever know your husband to find anything where you told him to look for it?" said Mrs. Dimpleton to Mrs. Witherby.
"Never but once," said Mrs. Withe

"But I don't consider it was a fair trial."

the earth was thrown about, leaving a "I told him to look in one of my pock ets in my wardrobe for a smelling bot-tle that was wrapped up in a \$100 bill paps had given me for my birthday, struck fairly in their midst and had exand be found it in three minutes.

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THE "GRAY FOX."

eneral Charles King's Reminiscences of Major General Crook. Young officers fresh from West Point looked at him in wonderment. Instead of a somewhat unapproachable dignitary, in precise uniform and epaulets and embroidered sash and belt, they were welcomed by a cordial handclasp from a tall, bushy bearded man, with twinkling gray blue eyes, in an old slouch felt hat, flannel shirt, rough canvas shooting coat and trousers and common soldier's boots.

Generally his beard was tied up with

string or red tape, the only use he had for that usual military indispensable. He sat at campfire or in the simply furnished parlor of his army home listening to the chat about him, rarely speaking and assidnously playing solltaire with a pack of cards produced from an inner pocket. He could play a capital hand at whist, but fought shy of a game with careless or forgetful players. He heard everything that was said and saw everything going on about him, but seldom gave a sign. From the so called pleasures of so-

clety, dinners, dances and receptions he shrank in dismay. He ate only the simplest food. He never smoked. He hated wine. He wouldn't touch spirits. He marveled that any man should. "It spoils his shooting," said he. And our general was a capital shot. He pass it along, so the next day, while could foot it through an old fashioned quadrille or Virginia reel, but nothing else, and would always get away on social occasions into the first obscure corner he could find, and then out would come the old pack of cards.

He rarely read anything but nature's books, although he had a mathematical gift and not only stood well in seientific studies at the Point, as did Grant, but he helped along his un-mathematical roommate, Sheridan. Writing was something Crook abhorred. He could hardly decipher one of his own pages, and his letters and dispatches, like those of old "Rough and Ready," General Zachary Taylor, were enerally penned by some staff officer.

Children he loved and treated with shy tenderness that was sweet to see, but he had none of his own. His wife was a Maryland girl who won his heart during the war days while her brother and other enterprising "rebs" made way with his body, capturing him by a daring night raid into Cumberland. Like Grant, he was simplicity itself

in speech, rarely lifting up his voice, and only once did I ever hear him speak an impatient word or one that faintly resembled an expletive but that was in the thick of the Sloux campaign of 1876 and when he had much to try him. We had to eat our horses that year

to keep alive. We had no tents, and hardly a change of underwear could be found in the whole column. We were wet, bedraggled and dirty when we reached the Yellowstone, but the general was as badly off as the humblest trooper and minded it less. There wa met the spruce command of General Terry, and Terry himself, in handsome uniform, the picture of the gen tleman and soldier, came over to our bivouse to call on Crook. I was dry ing my buckskins at a fire as he ap proached and stepped forward to sa

"Where shall I find General Crook? said be.

For a moment I could not answer. Then an old trooper grinned and nodded toward the river, and there, squatted on a rock, well out in the stream stripped to the waist and scrubbing away at his shirt, was our genera and Terry was too much of a gentle man even to look amused at the sight. The Indians called him the "Gray

Fox." The soldiers had their pe names, but we, his officers, who follow ed him all over the west, from th Mexican border to the upper Yellow stone, spoke of him always as "the general," our general. That meant, of course, Crook, the simplest soldier I ever knew. In all the years it was my fortune to serve under him in Arisonn Wyoming, Dakota, Montana or at his beadquarters in Omaha or Chicago, I never saw him in the uniform of his rank until he lay dead in his coffin, his guard of honor grouped about him.— Youth's Companion.

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