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more comfortable and beautiful and @ for all kinds of shoes, see

## AL FURNITURE & SHOE HOUSE

Main St., Burlington, N. C.

THEY ARE VALUABLE BECAUSE CUS-

TOMERS DEMAND IT.

According to One of the Much Abus-

Is Bored by the Flow of Words.

The little barber was inclined to be

uncommunicative and confined his at-

tention strictly to shaving his custom-

the customer, and after several inef-

fectual attempts to engage the little

than 'yes' and 'no?' Usually you are

perfectly willing to talk and especially

so when the man you are shaving wishes to be let alone."

ber as he made a vicious dab with his

lather brush and managed to insert the

tip of it in his victim's mouth. "That's

right. Of course we barbers always

want to talk-not. It's just you people

that come in here expecting to be en-

tertained while you lie back in the

chair that cause barbers to keep up a

conversation while they are shaving

"It's a funny idea that everybody

seems to have that a barber is a sort

of encyclopedia, anxious to furnish in-

formation on every conceivable sub-

ject. The truth of the matter is that

the barber would rather that there

should be no conversation. It takes his

agrees in every particular with the

man in the chair, the latter is very apt

"That may seem drawing it rather

strong, but it is mild. One day last

week there was a man in this chair

who made about the same remark that

you did just now, and I told him just

about what I have said to you. He

wanted to make a bet, and I accommo-

dated him. I bet that the great major-

ity of men who came in during the day

would begin the conversation, while he

"We each had a piece of paper, and

after we had noted down 27 men be

handed me the money and went out

without a word. Out of that 27 all but

four had started the conversation and

"The first man had a small package

wrapped up in a newspaper in his hand

when he entered. As I was lathering

"I bastened to assure him that I was

" 'Well, I'll tell you,' he said. 'It's a

"Next came a man who knew all

about prizefighting. I had to listen to

the history of every fighter of the past

25 years. And it was only when a man

in the next chair turned and called him

down for slipping up on a date that he

stopped talking. At that he waited un-

til the man who had called him down

left the shop and then informed me

wise guys came in and wanted a sham-

There wasn't a single subject that he

wasn't thoroughly informed on-in his

own estimation. And he wanted ev-erybody in the place to know what he

knew. He could give you more misin-

formation in less time than anybody I

ever met before. One of my regular

customers came in then, and as he ap-

peared good natured I smiled at him.

Who told you about it? he asked

"'Why, my little adventure with that

toupet you picked out for me,' he an-

swered, and then he went on and told

"It kept up that way all morning-

religion, politics, sport, business and

everything you could think of. And I

had to appear interested in each sub-

ject. Out of all the men who came in

no two talked on the same subject. All

but four began the conversation. Half

of them went out dissatisfied because

I had dared to disagree with their

me down as a fool. And yet you say

Come in here some day and sit for

awhile and then wonder why I don't

care to do a rapid fire conversation

" Pay at the desk. Thank you, sir.

when he saw me smile.

me all about it.

" 'About what?' says I.

"Then there was one of these real

He was pretty near the limit.

that he could prove what he said.

him he asked, 'Do you know what is in

had done their best to prolong it.

took the opposite view.

go at that.

to take offense and quit the place.

"That's right," retorted the little bar-

"Why don't you say something more

barber in conversation he asked:

ed Profession. It is the Knight of the Razor, Not the Victim of It. Who



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latest styles of suits and overcoats, prices ranging from \$5,958 to \$22. We prepay expressage.
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→ JACOB A. LONG, ↔ Attorney-at-Law,

GRAHAM, - - - - N. C

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

GREENSBORO, N. C.

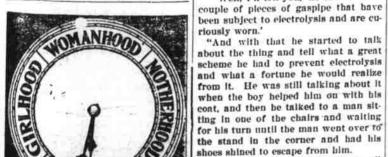
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DR. J. R. STOCKARD Dentist,

GRAHAM, N. C. prices. Call on me.

# OLIVER S. NEWLIN,

Attorney-at-Law, GREENSBORO, N. C.



The entire system undergoes a chang Dreadful diseases such as cancer a consumption are often contracted a

**MoELREE'S** 

strengthens and purifies the entire system, and brings the sufferer safely over these pitfalls. Its effects have been wonderful. It is good for all meastrual troubles, but is especially recommended at this time. Ask your druggist for the famous Wine of Cardul, 81.00 a bottle.

Rubber Stamps

10e up. W. P. EZZELL, Burlington, N. C.

Next."-New York Sun. the Charff Hetcher. Bears the Torian Bourt Began to Chart Hillstohen

## THE SAILOR MAN

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way. Over the sea, over the sea.

Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,
Betther for me, betther for me!

Betther for me, betther for me!

Betther for me, betther for me!

The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground,

I was sthrollin along in an Irish city

That hasn't its aquil the world around

For the air that is sweet an the girls that are

That never was there, never was there!
Look where ye like for them; long may ye go—
What do I care? What do I care?
Plenty as blackberries, where will ye find
Rare pritty girls, not by two nor by three of

Only just there where they grow, d'ye mind, Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o

Long, long away, an, no matther how far,
"The the girls that I miss, girls that I miss.
Women are roun' ye wherever ye are,
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.

wer in Ireland many's the one— Well do I know that has nothin to say wi 

## THE SURGEON'S VACATION.

He Went Away For a Rest, but Could Not Stop Benefit

BY ... W. R. ROSE.

酉○○○○○○○○○○○○○○ The great surgeon had come down to Marion for rest and forgetfulness. He had meant to go where there was neler. This rather unusual mood bothered ther pain nor sorrow, if such an Eden existed, and he had come to Marion. For one thing, it was not on a railroad: for another, its diminutive size precluded the Idea that the clanking chains of business life were about it. It was just a lazy little hamlet-a church, a general store, a score of straggling white houses with green

blinds, and that was all. Here the surgeon meant to bury himself for his precious four weeks' outing. He could have gone to Europe as the guest of a millionaire had he said the word. He knew he needed Marlon

The great surgeon had been sadly overworked. All through the summer months he had promised himself that he would stop and rest. It was late in September before he finally started. He felt that his iron nerves were giving way, and one September morning he noticed that the marvelous steadiness of his good right hand was impaired. He knew then that he had enough.

mind off his work, and then, unless he He went away with all the precau haphazard from the big map on his of- the companion," the surgeon went on. red him from their sight. fice wall. He was influenced, as has He might have added that he was also village was off the line of travel. He sessed young woman. bought his ticket for a point beyond the rallway town that was Marion's nearest connection and then doubled

"And now," he said, as he alighted, that brought him over, "here's an end somebody else, somebody who knows no more of struggling with human ailments than he does of throttling Thra-

cian gladiators." He hadn't even brought a professional card with him.

A half hour later be was comfortably lodged in the upper front room of the wonderful view of smiling hillsides and tinted woods and blue and white sky from its extremely clean windows.

He had told the widow that his name was Thomas Brown and that he was a worn out traveling man who had come to Marion for rest and quiet. Where was he from? From Braceville, and he named the railway town to which and what a fortune he would realize he had purchased his ticket when he ran away from the big city.

"Much sickness in Braceville?" inquired the widow.

The surgeon shuddered. "I don't know," he said shortly and, taking his hat, went out for a stroll. As he passed down the maple bowered highway beyond the row of houses, kicking the red and gold drifts of leaves as he faintly remembered doing when he was a boy in that faraway Iowa village, he noticed a lame man approaching. The man walked with a crutch, one of his legs being bent stiffly at the knee. He was a cheery faced old man in a faded blue blouse with

brass buttons. "Mornin, squire," he said, with true rural affability. "A fine morning." said the great sur-

geon, resolutely looking away from the stiffened knee. "Not from my theumatism's p'int of view," chuckled the old man.

"Rheumatism, ch?" said the surgeon. "I thought it might have been a gunshot wound." 'The lame man had halted, and the surgeon felt that he was called upon to say something.

"No, sir." said the lame man, with much emphasis. "I went thro' th' have thought of all that. I own sevwar without a scratch. Got into 17 eral books on nursing and medical pitched battles ar came out ag'in sound practice and know quite well what to as a dollar. Uncle Sam don't owe me nothin. No. sir. Mornin," and he

sturdily piodded along.

The sugeon smiled at the old man's vehemence. Then, as he looked back at his pain cramped figure, he sighed. Somehow the sunshine didn't seem quite so bright.

He walked long enough to win a good appetite, however, and when he returned to the widow's cottage found an at her eagerness. views, and the other half probably set appetizing cold luncheon awaiting him, with a trim little rosy cheeked lass to serve it. The widow bustled in presently with voluble excuses for her ab-She had run over to Exra Patchen's, her right hand neighbors, to carry a glass of quince jelly to with whi young Joe Patchen, just back from the nection."

"Poor boy," said the widow; "he's nothing but parched skin an aching Got one o' those swamp fevers fastened on him, an if he pulls through the winter it'll be a blessed

The surgeon pushed back his plate. His appetite had suddenly failed. He went up to his cozy bedroom and dropped into a blg cushloned rocker. "The man's a fool who thinks he can upright as God intended he should." run away from human suffering." he

muttered bitterly. Then the tidy bed, with its immaculate coverings, wooed his tired bones. and a minute or two later he was enjoying the first afternoon nap he had taken for many years.

He awoke toward dusk feeling rather ashamed of his long sleep. And yet only a few hours later he found he was quite ready for the all night nap. He was sleeping soundly at S o'clock when the widow called him. He arose with a start, glancing first at his watch and then at blinself in the bureau glass. He looked ten years younger.

"Sleep is knitting up the raveled sleeve of care for you all right, old fellow," he said.

Then he quite astonished himself by having an appetite for breakfast, and after breakfast he walked forth again. He remembered the old soldier, however, and went the other way.

As he passed the last cottage in this new direction a young woman came through the gate. She was accompanied by a weazened little boy, who clung tightly to her hand. He was a cripple. One of his shoulders dropped, and his head bent over it. His legs were spindly and weak, and he shuffled along with the appearance of a decrepit old man.

The great surgeon frowned and hurried forward. Just as he was about to pass the pair the girl turned and looked back. She was a comely young woman of perhaps six and twenty, with honest eyes and pretty nut brown hair and a singularly gentle expression.

When the surgeon came back from his long stroll along the ridge, the young woman and the boy were seated on a low stone wall half way up the hill. As the surgeon passed, the little fellow, whose head rested comfortably against the girl's arm, laughed shrilly over some story his companion was reading aloud from a book in her lan. The surgeon thought of that picture a good many times during the day. He saw it again the next day and the next. The boy's misfortune worried him. His fingers twitched to examine into his allment. He felt that the lad could be helped. He tried to crowd this feeling aside. He told himself that he was an idlot to let sentiment bother him in such a ridiculous fashion.

"But you always were a fool about children," he growled to his reflection in the bedroom glass.

On the fourth day he spoke to the girl.

She and the little cripple were sitting on the low stone wall where they usually rested on the way up the bill. "Pleasant afternoon," said the surgeon, as he lifted his hat. The girl looked up. She saw before her a all man, a little stooped, a little gray, a tions of a defaulter. He left no ad- little careworn. She gravely bowed. dress. He desired no mail, no tele- She took no offense at his unceremonigrams, to follow him. For a month he ous speech. The niceties of social usage meant to drop his professional exist- are not so strictly observed in the

> interested in the dark eyed, self po-"He has been a great sufferer," said the girl, "but he is a very good and

very patient boy." The surgeon sat down on the wall by the lad and lifted him on to his knee. valise in hand, from the mail stage He did it so quickly, so deftly, so gently, that the girl looked up at the kindto the surgeon shop. For a mouth I'm | ly face in surprise. She saw the large white hand of the stranger pass softly but firmly across the twisted shoulder and adown the weakened spine. She saw a frown replace the kindly smile.

"How long ago was he hurt?" "Three years," said the girl. "He l 11 now. It was a runaway. He and our mother were thrown from the Widow Gilette's cozy cottage, with a wagon, and she was killed." The girl paused and turned her head away.

"What treatment did he bave?" "The best we could secure-a docto from Bridgeville." The stranger's frown deepened.

"It was botch work," he said, almost

harshly. "The boy should never have been like this." The girl turned quickly.

"Then you are a surgeon?" she said, with a wondering flash in her dark eves. The stranger faintly smiled.

"Murder will out," he said. "I didn't mean to hear that title for a solid month of forgetfulness. But never mind. I intend to see this matter through. Come, I must examine the boy more at my leisure."

His eyes sparkled as be arose with the slight figure of the child in his arms, and together they passed down

the bill. "If you are a surgeon," said the girl after a little hesitation, "perhaps you will be kind enough to give me some advice on a subject that-that deeply interests me. It is my ambition to be come a hospital nurse. I feel that I am called to the work. I have had a little experience in nursing here in Marion, and when they had a typhoid epidemic in Milburn they sent for me to come over. But what I need is a chance in some city boughtnl" paused and looked appealingly in his

"It is painful and disagreeable work," he said. "Yes, I know," she quickly cried. "I

expect. I would have started out for myself months ago if it hadn't been for Artie there. He needs constant care, and, while my stepmother-my father died last winter-is very kind to him. I did not think it right to put all this burden on her shoulders. But the desire to go grows stronger and stronger every day."

The stranger's eyes sparkled again

"It looks to me now," he said quite gravely, "as if there would soon be a chance to prove your capabilities. If you come out of the orden! in a satisfactory manner, I think I can safely promise you a berth in the big hospital with which I chance to have some con-

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she cried. "And what is the ordeal?" The stranger looked down at the face of the crippled lad.

"The little chap is asleep," he softly said. "With your permission I mean to straighten this tortured back and Day Cold Cure." said.

this ugly shoulder. I mean to undo the mischlef wrought by well meaning ignorance. I mean that this little fellow

shall walk through life as straight and The girl's eyes dilated. "And you will do this?" she mur

mured in an awed tone. "With your permission and a certain amount of your assistance," the stranger smilingly said.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1900.

"My assistance!" she repeated. "Yes. I have no acquaintances here. and I will need some help. Do you think you have the nerve to stand by me?

"I will try," she simply answered. Three days later a square, leather covered box of considerable size was brought over on the stage from the nearest rallway station. The surgeon sat up late that night examining and arranging its contents. Then he went to bed and slept like a benithy child.

in the morning was to stretch out his long, white hands and stare at them. "Steady as the eternal rocks," be said, with a pleased smile. Two hours later he made his appear-

The first thing he did when he arose

ance at the door of the little cottage, valise in hand, where the dark eyed girl eagerly awaited him. "Artie awoke in capital spirits." she

gone to spend the day at a neighbor's, and everything that you ordered is ready." "Good," he said, with an admiring glance at her eager face and trim, alert

whispered, "and my stepmother has

figure. Then he went in and closed the outer When it was all over, the dark eved girl walked with the great surgeon to

the gate. She was very pale, and there were tears in her eyes. "Those wonderful wonderful hands.

she murmured. "So swift, so steady, so sure!"

He smiled down at her like a please boy.
"I make it a practice never to flatter my assistants," he said, "but I will say to you confidentially that the hospital berth is yours whenever you choose to call for it." He stopped her thanks with a quick gesture as he went on a little more gravely. "It certainly was a beautiful operation, and we may both feel proud of it. Our plastered and harnessed and jacketed little patient ought to be on the highway to recovery in a month's time. Then you can safely leave him. Meanwhile you will have to put up with a daily call from the surgeon in charge."

A cloud crossed the girl's face. "But the-the bill for your services, sir," she murmured. "How are we to

pay that?"
"I admire your frankness, my dear," laughed the surgeon. "But chase that troubled look from your eyes. When I came to Marion, I dropped the shop. I haven't even a blank billhead among my effects. Besides this, I took the ease for my own selfish amusement Oh, I can afford these little eccentricities. I'd have paid you for it sooner than have missed it. Goodby!" And the great surgeon walked briskly down the road quite unconscious that a pair of worshiping eyes followed him unence. He picked out his destination at country. "I am interested in your lit- til a swift rush of grateful tears blur-

Three weeks later, as be sat in the parior car that was rapidly bearing him back to the great city, he smiling-

ly muttered to himself: "I quite falled to carry out my vacation programme. But what of that? I was never better nor surer of myself. Besides, it has taught me a valuable lesson. Fixed habits of life should only be broken off by degrees."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# London In 1784.

In 1784 M. La Combe published a book entitled "A Picture of London," in which, inter alia, he says: "The highroads 30 or 40 miles round London are filled with armed highwaymen and footpads." This was then pretty true. though the expression "filled" is some what of an exaggeration. The medical student of 40 or 50 years ago seems to have been anticipated in 1784, for M. La Combe tells us that "the brass knockers of doors, which cost from 12 shillings to 15 shillings, are stolen at night if the maid forgets to unscrew them"-a precaution which seems to

have gone out of fashion. M. La Combe, in another part of his book, exclaims: "How are you changed. Londoners! Your women are become bold, imperious and expensive. Bankrupts and beggars, colners, spies and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound. The baker mixes alum in his bread: the brewer puts opium and copper filling in his beer; the milkwoman spoils her milk with snails "

British Guns I sed by the Boers. A good deal of discussion has taken place as to the military equipment of the Boers. In relation to this, it is pointed out in Pielden's Magazine that the Boer army is equipped, in addition to Schneider. Krapp and other ordnance, with several batteries of the 37 millimeter Maxim automatic gun, firing shells and now used for the first time in civilized warfare. These guns were supplied several years ago with the full knowledge of the house authorlties. Whereas the ordinary Maxim fires only rifle bullets, the 37 millimeter piece fires a shell weighing about 1% counds at the rate of 300 shells a minute, with an effective range of 214 miles that is to say, it will throw 375 pounds of explosive projectiles a minate among the enemy at the range mentioned. The gun, with its mounting weighs about a quarter of a ton and can be worked by one man only.

His Distinction. "I'm sure I don't know why the Rev. Mr. Fifthly calls himself the boy

years old if he's a day." "Perhaps he is the oldest boy preacher alive." explained Mr. Snaggs.-Pitteburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

preacher," said Mrs. Snagge. "He's 40

"One of Dr. King s New Life Pills each night for two weeks has out me in my 'teens' again'' writes D. H. Turner, of Dempseytown, They're the best in the world for Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Purely vegetable. Never gripe, Only 25c. at T. A. Albright & Co.'s drug store.

The One Day Cold Cure.

## OLD TIME DINNERS.

The Way the Well to Do In the South Lived Before the War.

An old fashioned gentleman growing Who buys a suit or an overcoat, viz: eloquent on the subject of southern hospitality and the viands that were set before friends and neighbors when invited to a feast, a reporter said: "Will you state your recollections of

what was served on such occasions if We do a cash business and have\_\_\_\_\_ I write it down for you?"

"Of course I will," was the reply. "I can see such a table in my mind's eye right now. First, there was soup, of course. If it was cold weather, we had oyster soup, or perhaps fish. If it was in the midst of the vegetable season, we had rich, high colored beef soup with plenty of tomatoes, okra, grated corn and such like, well proportioned and well seasoned with pepper and

little onlon. "When the soup plates were taken off, and after the tureen was set aside, then a fine home raised ham took its place in front of the hostess. I can discern the delicious flavor right now in my recollection. Sometimes the skin was peeled off and the outside plentifully sprinkled or dusted with black pepper, and that delicious meat was good as long as a piece was left on the bone. For my part, I liked it best with the skin left on, because the meat was cured so perfectly that even the skin was toothsome and preserved the fuices until the meat was consumed.

"At the other end of the table, in roast turkey-if the season was winter or early spring-garnished with parsley and slices of cold boiled eggs. The dressing was rich, made of bread crumbs if you had them, otherwise a pan was filled with thick, rich batter, plenty of eggs, plenty of butter, daintily seasoned, and cooked until the stuffing was of the right consistency, and then the fowl was packed full, and little cakes of the dressing, baked along in the pan, to garnish the sides of the great turkey dish. If the time was midsummer, the turkey was replaced by huge dishes full of fried chicken and baked chicken, sometimes with the fowl 'smothered.' The chicken menu ment or fat mutton, as it happened. a, whole young plg was seen, roasted to a turn.

dried; stewed penches, sweet and choice; rice, every grain standing alone; pickles of all kinds, potatoes, butter, honey, light brend, nice beaten biscult and such desserts. Mince ples. apple and peach pies, the crusts crisp and flaky; apple dumplings, rich with sugar, spice and butter; cakes that were cakes sure enough, sponge jelly and pound cake that took an hour to that was better six months after it was made than at first, Jellies, preserves, bolled custards and syllabub that it makes my mouth now water to recall them in such bountiful profusion. Graclous plenty was in the kitchen as well as the house, and no chef in a millionaire's kitchen is as much gratified as the old time cook, whose head kerchief or turban was as white as her fresh apron was spotless whenever her misher to the ladies who lingered at the table after the men folks had gone to the plazza or the parlor fire for an aft-

# er dinner smoke."-Atlanta Journal.

An Absentminded Man. A local railroad official is an extremely absentminded man. He frequently forgets to go to lunch, and it is usually necessary to remind him that it is time for dinner. His wife, knowing his little peculiarities, is his other self and looks carefully after his affairs at home. She sees to it that he does not go down town with one yellow and one black shoe and keeps his cuffs carefully separated. The strange thing about it is that he never under any circumstances forgets a business affair of any sort or confuses identities or anything of that kind in connection with the railroad, but he will return his sister-in-law's bow with a distant stare or an absentminded touch of the

One day last summer he ran up to the lakes to spend a few hours with his wife and family. She had arranged for a game of golf, of which he is passionately fond, and he spent the afternoon playing foursome, winning with his partner against his wife and another man. That night he got on the train at the little station, his wife and the children having gone down with him. He bade them a fond farewell and then, after he had settled his effects in the sleeper, wrote a telegram, which he addressed to his wife at St. Louis, to this effect: "Will be home 8:30 Friday. Won golf game today."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Idea of the English, The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he

had ever been in England, and on receiving a negative reply continued: "Well, when you do go-for you will go-you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street, these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people!' When I was in London, I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister.

"We were conversing in a not to loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passers by, bourgeois and men of the people turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us, 'French peo-ple! French people! "-"Memoirs of 7lctor Hugo."

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Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lary liver and driving all inpurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilions complexion by taking Cascarets,—beagity for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

CASTORIA.

# <del>୧୯୧୫୫୫୫୫୫୫୫୫</del>

There are two things we give to every purchaser

Good Value and

# 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 customer 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 to get better acquainted with you anyway. We will treat you nice if we can't sell you. WILL H. MATTHEWS & CO., can't sell you. 304 S. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

MYTHS OF MOONLAND.

About the Silvery Orb.

nearly all the nations of the world from time immemorial. Indeed her cult has front of the host, you would see a fine been asserted to be much older established than sun worship.

Somoyedes and the people of Bornec adore her yet, and the Carlbs come from their homes at new moon and raise a great cry in her honor. Swart Nubians rejoiced in the new moon's rising, just as did the cultured Greeks, who pictured her as a wild huntress Moslems clap their hands at the sight of the new moon. The Finnish girl, Christian though she be, drops a courtesy and a word of greeting to Kun as his silver mask shines whitely over her. The Peruvian peasant hurries home out of the cold moonshine, afraid of the stern eyes of Mama Quilla, and was varied if the time was ripe for kid | the Egyptian fellah lounges across the sand where the sphinx's shadow lies Late in the fall a shoulder of fat pig or black at his feet with a prayer on his lips or in his heart to Thoth-Thoth, the master of wisdom, the lord of the "All along down the table you would lbis, in whose absence the fair land find bowls of apple sauce, green or of Khem has been brought down very

her," they say vaguely, and in Germany children firmly believe in Horsel or Holda, whose boat is the moon, whose flower is the flax and whose delight is to reward industrious little maidens. Dante makes the man in the moon Cain; in Egypt he is Horus, make and three to cook, fruit cake held to the breast of Isls, his mother and the moon; in France he is Judas, and in some parts of England the fancy obtains that he is a man who broke the Sabbath by gathering sticks from a neighbor's forest. In Rantum the man in the moon is a giant who at flowing tide stoops to pour water on the earth and at ebb

tide stands upright in order that the waters may subside. Devoushire folks say that the figure to be seen in the moon is that of a dog. Other peop say that it is Endymion, or Isaac, bear ing on his back a burden of wood for his own sacrifice on Mount Morish. Danes fancied that the moon is a cheese made from the milk that has run out from the Milky Way. Pearls and all other white stones, except diamonds, are in sympathy with the moon, according to the Rosicrucians,

the Year Round.

face upturned and notes the pec ties of his garb and sees how the bot this stranger wears old time be sign which the stranger is so innocent

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The moon has been worshiped among

Swabian girls refuse to spin by moonlight, "lest they should anger

and should be worn on Mondays. figure in the moon is that of the pattern wife, Ina, who weaves the clouds into white cloth and who after the lapse of many years sent her immorta husband back to earth by the rainbow bridge in order that death might not defile her heavenly home. The cat and the panther are both connected with the moon in some vague and occult fashion. Indeed in Australia the moon is represented as a native cat and also in Egypt. In China the Celestials say that there is a frog in the moon, a metamorphosed beauty called Chango.-All

Grotesque Advertising. Awhile ago there appeared in the city streets a man in the garb of a country man, as he is pictured and described carrying an alligator mouthed value of a kind once used. His attire drew attention, and as people looked him over they saw the sign that was painted on the valise. This man walked around the streets in the neighborhood of his employer's store, and occasionally be would get around to the place itself and halt there on the sidewalk and look up at the sign, to make sure f was the right place, and then go in, to emerge presently for another round. A variation of this idea is found in

and looks up at the tall buildings. He is tall himself and so attracts attention, and his interest in the tall building always interests the city man, and so the city man looks the tall stranger over or looks down along him from head to foot as he stands there with tom leg of one of his trousers is caught on the top of one of his boot legs, for Then the city man's eye falls on the ly holding. And the city man passes thinking as he goes that, after all, he is in some respects more or less of a countryman himself.—New York Sun.

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