

VOL. XXVI.

THE LABURNUM TREE.

The laburnum has no fellow
So much for trees long and yellow,
Although in gown as gayly green,
The casia may today be seen.
So shall her long gold hair be coiled,
So close the widest wind is folded,
That fair would lose her golden tresses
To catch the sunlight in gold gleams.
There may be summer trees as fair,
But none can rival her gold hair;
Not evening primrose that will come
In June or bright chrysanthemum.
Voted to November, when the leaves
Are red and swallows quit the eaves.
Now 'tis mid-May, and through the town
Laburnum o'er her green gown
Shakes her gold locks and fills the air
With the gold glitter of her hair,
Shorn and foraged in June 'will be,
But now her stanch a golden hair,
—New Hope in Westminster Gazette.

The Espendola Chest.

How a Treasure Was Lost
Through Love and Strategy.
By Marguerite Stabler.

Tom Randolph is such a charming fellow! Every girl who knew him and every girl's mamma lifted up her heart and joined in the universal chorus. He was the sort of man women love to love. His patrimony was sufficient to make him thoroughly worth while, his mental depth was beyond nobody's fathoming, and even the men who were inclined to leave him alone admitted perforce that he was a good fellow. He could do so many useful things, he could do a chaffing ditty or bang a drum or beat a boat—all with equal grace and skill.

But the measure of his popularity was the measure of the plunder he accumulated from year to year. His apartments might have rivalled a public exhibition in point of his collection of photographs. There were girls of all sorts and conditions of beauty and style; blond girls and brunette girls, stately girls and kittenish girls, tall girls and petite girls and girls in every variation of habit from a bathing suit to mourning weeds, varying in size from tiny minatures, gently hinting they might be enshrined in the watch case, to the large iridescent panels that lined his walls in tiers, and the sofa cushions that filled every nook would have made the fortune of a charity bazaar.

After noting the fact that about every third girl who gave him her picture was industrious enough or smart enough to make him a confession, Randolph, at a rough estimate, had fixed the number at 23 2/3 cubbins. Every holiday season a new pile was started, and, as each girl returned her gift with her favorite sash, nothing but the most powerful disinfectant could mitigate the obnoxious odors of the 23 2/3 sash powder. Such it is to be acclimated "a charming fellow."

But Randolph was grateful. In return he loved them all collectively. His trouble was that he could not deduce his debt from the composite three times 23 2/3 to the individual. But Mrs. T. Courtney Randolph was to be a flawless creature who combined every grace of mind and body, and much time was spent in a diligent search for "that not impossible sis." This search, indeed, threatened to rival the hobby he had ridden, or, rather, that had ridden him at a breakneck pace all his life. He had been a victim of every collecting fad people with long pockets and short wits are heir to. But he was shrewd in his judgment, and his insight had brought him not a few treasures from unsuspected sources. The furniture he had gathered about him evoked associations of the first empire, early colonial, old Dutch and French renaissance. Once he had set his heart on a piece of bric-a-brac he could brook no barrier. But now, for the first time, Randolph was baffled and by a woman.

Down in Monterey, in a crumbling old adobe house that might once have been the home of some haughty Hidalgo, but which now bore only the pitiful traces of its early pretensions, he discovered a great treasure—a fine old Spanish chest of most unique design. The chest was made of dark wood, blackened and shined, and the top was a heavy ground, baked almost into cement from generations of use; the window panes were broken and boarded over to keep out the rain. In such a rickety little hole stood this regal old chest that might have held the robes of Queen Isabella. Almost black with the lapse of centuries, large enough for a whole family's wardrobe, the massive brass trappings tarnished by the touch of hands long ago crumbled to dust, its every surface breathed an atmosphere of romance and tradition.

The manner of its discovery was the merest chance. While taking a short cut from the bay back to the hotel Randolph had stopped at a house that had a little less dirt than his neighbors, and he had asked for a drink of water. While the old woman had gone to bring it, he had espied through a crack in the door the marvel of the world's art. The chest, which stood several inches from the floor, supported by the legs of a pair of cedars or mahogany, as he could tell through the coating of dust. The edges were made of heavy, carved brass arabesques, and wrought on every lock and hinge the proof of its royal lineage.

When the woman returned with the cool water, he found the stranger peering on an upturned whale vertebrae beneath the chest, pulling at the brass rings, thumping the wood, examining the locks, and wondering at its excellent preservation. Dropping the glass and picking up "Don Rosa" she ran to the alarm to her daughter, that there was a burglar in the house. It was several minutes before Randolph could allay their suspicions sufficiently to get them if they would sell the chest.

"How much do you want for this chest? Twenty dollars?" "Veinte pesos!" almost screamed the woman, turning to her daughter. "Veinte pesos!" echoed the daughter again without taking her scornful glance from the stranger's face. "Yes, yes; \$20!" repeated Randolph, not the least disconcerted. "Would you take \$20 for this chest? It is very much out of style, you know, but I might find a use for it."

The woman stood back a pace and surveyed him with an expression that made even Randolph begin to feel a trifle ill at ease. The daughter lined herself up beside her mother and tried to echo the look, but her glance was tempered with an admiration she could not conceal.

As neither of the women seemed disposed to break the silence Randolph continued, "I will pay you \$25. That's a fair price for such an old fashioned thing, but I might give it."

The old woman broke into a thrash of broken Spanish. "Veinte y cinco pesos for the chest of her soul! Nuncas!" The glory was gone from her house, and she was poor. Yes, and she needed the money, but this chest had belonged to her family for ever here with him and paid almost half his shriveling fortune to get it here. He would not have come without it. When she had married, it had been given to her, and when Rosa was married it went on down to her for a dowry, and so on down the line of Espendolas, as it had come. And every good Espendola would guard it with his life if need be. "Veinte y cinco pesos! Begone, insolent!"

At last, exhausted by her outbreak of anger and calling her daughter to follow her, she ordered him again to leave the house, still muttering to herself, "Veinte y cinco pesos, Diante!"

Rosa followed reluctantly, but not until she had hidden the handsome stranger a gracious goodby and watched him through a chink in the boarded window until the old stationer hid him from sight. The mother's rage did not cool with the disappearance of the intruder, and if her ire had not been so all absorbing she would have noted that her daughter did not echo her mood, as usual.

After supper the girl moved the verbera tenderly and began to furnish the chest with a newborn love and respect. She polished the curved wood surface until she saw her own reflection in it. She dusted and rubbed her picture was industrious enough or smart enough to make him a confession, Randolph, at a rough estimate, had fixed the number at 23 2/3 cubbins. Every holiday season a new pile was started, and, as each girl returned her gift with her favorite sash, nothing but the most powerful disinfectant could mitigate the obnoxious odors of the 23 2/3 sash powder. Such it is to be acclimated "a charming fellow."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

To Rid the House of Fleas—An Acorn Curtain—The Necessary Linen Closet.

Fleas generally are introduced into a house by means of pet animals. Sometimes they come as an epidemic, so to speak, no one knowing where or how. Infesting carpets, walls, upholstered furniture and clothing, the pest leaves the victim small ease of mind and body. When present in such numbers, the safest and quickest relief lies in consulting men who make it a business to clean houses of such troubles. There are many such in any large city, and to adjacent towns there are willing to go. When the trouble arises in a country house, the caretaker must wrestle with it herself.

One of her most efficient aids is a syringe, with which she squirts into every crack, every nook and cranny an emulsion of petroleum and soapuds in equal parts. Carpets should be taken up, floors, closets, shelves and all wood-work washed with carbolic soap and this treatment repeated when necessary. The carpets, rugs and all possible draperies should be beaten and sunned for several days when it is not feasible to send them to be cleaned by steam. Insect powder, crumbled to becom stalks, cedar oil, hellebore and various preparations that are sold as flea bates all fail at times, and all have been used successfully, so there is no harm in trying them, but the one of actual remedy is the trade secret of the insecticide firm, with perfect cleanliness, vigilance and petroleum as a second best.

An Acorn Curtain. A writer in Woman's Life, a London publication, tells how she made a curtain of acorns, which is herewith illustrated. She says:

"We decided that we must put on a curtain to take off the bare look of the always open door which leads from our summer parlor into the garden. There seemed no option as to the kind we should have, for is not every one agreed that the coolest, most fly forbidding, most air admitting and most artistic article for the purpose is the conventional bead curtain? But here my idea stepped in. Why should not acorns take the place of beads? The children literally jumped at the suggestion, for it was autumn, and we live on the edge of Epping forest. So off the young people rushed, and in about 20 minutes they returned with a basket fairly filled with the little brown berries. This early morning excursion was the first of several similar outings, and we

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New York has had a taste of what is so common in the middle west—dry summers. The rainfall is not sufficient to produce a continuous supply of native grasses, as was formerly the case, and it is becoming more and more evident that the eastern farmer, like his brother in the west, must turn to the corn crop and the silo if he is to make himself independent of the variations in rainfall. It would seem, after 30 years of practice and discussion, that the average farmer would be well up in the theory and practice of the silo. It is evident, however, that such is not the case. He seems to obey the old proverb and not cross a bridge until he comes to it. So he makes no inquiry as to the silo and its contents until a sudden dearth of feed for his cows brings the matter squarely before him in a shape that he can neither evade nor ignore.

One of the results of drought on the growing corn is that it is less succulent, and, although it will make a brave attempt to ripen its seed, it is done at the expense of the rest of the plant. If the corn is put into the silo in too immature condition, the percentage of water is in excess, and there results an acetic fermentation, making the ensilage sour. If, on the other hand, the corn is too dry, another kind of fermentation takes place, and the heat in the silo may become so great that the ensilage may become charred, if not actually burned, after the manner of the fire fane in the horse manure. Again, if the heat in the silo is not very high, the whole mass of ensilage may mold and in this manner destroy its feeding value.

If the ensilage has been put in an immature condition, with too much water, there is nothing to be done, but in case the corn was too dry and there is danger of mold or charring, some thing may be done to rectify the trouble if it is taken in time. In all such cases the trouble is caused by a want of water in the corn. When such corn is put into the silo, it should be thoroughly sprinkled with water as it goes up the carrier. The addition of the water at this stage will start the fermentation and heating of the mass and thus prevent the formation of mold, which is a plant requiring a low temperature in which to flourish. If too little water is used, there may be enough heat formed both to prevent the formation of mold and also cause a sufficiently high temperature to char or brown the ensilage. If enough is added, the result will be a fairly good quality of ensilage.

It is not so satisfactory to add the water after the dry corn is in the silo on account of the want of evenness in the wetting and the danger of having some parts too wet, while others are suffering from the other extreme, but if an examination of the ensilage by the farmer for several weeks shows that no heat is forming or that there is too much heat and the ensilage is browned, then a generous quantity of water spread evenly over the surface of the ensilage and allowed to run down through the mass may be the means of saving the contents of a silo in edible condition and perhaps save the farmer from a decided loss when roughage is as scarce as at present. If water is added, watch the ensilage and see how the process is going on and act accordingly, concludes a Country Gentleman correspondent, who expresses the foregoing views.

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Any one who has visited Richmond knows that one of the sights of the old capital of "secessh" is the Jefferson Davis mansion, known as the White House of the Confederacy. It is a stately residence of the old southern style and filled with relics of the lost cause, well worth a visit from any one interested in our country's history. So, very naturally, a northern lady who was visiting Richmond started out one day to view the historic house.

As she was not very familiar with the streets of Richmond, she stopped a little dinky boy and asked, "Will you please tell me the way to Jefferson Davis' house?" "Dunno no such pubson libin roun yeh. What soht o' lookin house am it?"

"Why—why—I mean the Jefferson Davis home!" retorted the lady, thinking the boy had not understood her. "Yain't no Mib'h Davis libin roun dis yeh colesh," persisted the boy. "What soht o' favor'd man am he, missy?"

"Thinking that the boy, youthful and innocent though he seemed, must be amusing himself at her expense, the lady gave him an indignation glance and started to go. The poor little fellow felt her displeasure and followed after. "Is yo' right so Mib'h Davis ain't done moved away?" he inquired. "Maybe he dead," retorted the lady sarcastically.

"Daid! For de Lord's sake!" ejaculated the boy, stopping short in wonderment. "The lady passed on, but the boy was seized with a new idea, and his shrill voice came screaming: "Say, missy! Oh, missy! Is yo' wantin Mib'h Davis, a white man or a niggah?"—Detroit Free Press.

Tommy's Mistake. The other day Tommy's uncle crept up behind Tommy's sister—it was her birthday—and put a great big pin into her hair.

Well, would you believe it! That girl jumped up and smothered Uncle in kisses and said what a lovely diamond hairpin it was!

One Woman's Bliss. Mrs. Grimes—Fanny how some men never get over their boyishness! I heard my husband tell yours last evening that he would sit astride his abutler.

Mrs. Keene—Are you sure it was not that he would straddle my husband's blind?

Mrs. Grimes—I think those were the words; but it amounts to the same thing, you know.—Boston Transcript.

That Grow and Bear Good Fruit. Write for our 64-page illustrated catalog and description of our Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Give us your name, address, and we will send you a copy of our catalog free. We will also send you a copy of our Fruit and Ornamental Trees. We will also send you a copy of our Fruit and Ornamental Trees.

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It is especially dangerous in persons having a predisposition to consumption. In these and all other catarrhal cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla so thoroughly renovates the blood and restores strength that it permanently cures.

In fact, because of the character of the disease, and peculiar merit of the remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only common sense treatment for catarrh.

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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and aids nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Stomachic Headache, Gastritis, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price, 50c. Sold at all drug stores and by mail. Book all orders to J. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Indigestion dyspepsia biliousness

and the hundred and one similar ills caused by impure blood or inactive liver, quickly yield to the purifying and cleansing properties contained in

Johnston's Sarsaparilla

It cures permanently by acting naturally on all organs of the body. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and health-restorer, it has no equal. Put us in Quart Bottles, and sold at 25c each.

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We Want to Dye Your clothing old dress fabrics, and guarantee perfect satisfaction in every respect.

Lightning Grass Eradicator FOR SALE M. WHITE, GRAHAM, N. C.

When you Do Dye We want to Bury you.

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ESTABLISHED 1893 Burlington Insurance Agency INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Prompt personal attention to all orders. Correspondence solicited. JAMES P. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

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Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane or inner lining of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach, bowels and other organs. It is caused by a cold or succession of colds irritating the delicate surfaces, and is promoted by scrofulous taints in the blood.

It is especially dangerous in persons having a predisposition to consumption. In these and all other catarrhal cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla so thoroughly renovates the blood and restores strength that it permanently cures.

In fact, because of the character of the disease, and peculiar merit of the remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only common sense treatment for catarrh.

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