VOL. XXVII.

Till January 1st, 1902

Times are hard, money scarce, but we promise to make it easy for all our customers by giving them the benefit of the larger half of the profits usuall made on such goods. Our stock is immense, and we have concluded it wil, be easier to count the money than inventory the goods, and this offer is given to the trade till the close of the year. The times suggest that in

X-MAS GIFTS

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GRAHAM, N. C.

Old Beelzebub

A Christmas By ... ED MOTT

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If you are ever at this time of year ip on the Old Passadanky sit down at the Buckhorn tavern, select any one of the grizzled woodsmen you will find already sitting there, exchange a dime at not too infrequent intervals for a certain tipple that is popular with the natives and is called rum and tansy, and refer inquiringly to Old Beelzebub. the remarkable bear of Spook Run gully and the amazing Christmas present he made to one Paley Simco.

As the story goes, the oldest settle ment in all that part of the original wildwood was at Passadanky. The deep gully and the creek that roared through it were there when the first settlers came. Neither had any name. ind it was not until folks began to see shorts along the creek and in the gully that appropriate nomenclature for them was suggested. Sllas Grubb, so



HE MADE THE WILD PLUNGE. will tell you, shot a deer one day. It fell, and he stepped up to it to cut s throat. As he was standing astride the deer he supposed was dead it rose suddenly and went bounding down the creek, with Silas on its back, clasping ts neck and vociferating loudly that nelp would be welcome. Job Fenk, who was hunting along the creek, saw the deer in its wild flight and emptied the contents of his rifle into it. He only killed the deer, but bored Silas Grubb with his rifle ball as well. Not long after that a specter deer, bestrode by a specter rider, appeared at intervals in the woods, dashing ildly down the creek until it reached the spot where Fenk's rifle had done its fatal work, and there always vanhed. Then folks took to calling the creek Spook Run and the gully Spook Run gully, and by and by a lumber company put a big dam across the creek and a log shoot three miles through the deep, dark, cross shootly gully, down which the were sent from the woods to the manual control of the second dam as swift as the wind, and d this shoot came dashing, astride a log, daredevil Bill Topson, having drunk more than generously of log driver rum and wagered that he would make the fearful ride. He made it, includ-

he started, was as white as snow.

gainst Jephtha Wiggins.

on the ground lickin' himself, and Barr ing the wild plungs from the mouth of the gully to the pond, fifty feet be-low. When he was taken from the pond, after his awful ride and plunge, bis fair, which had been black when "And it'd "a been queer if it hadn't turned white," any of the Passadanky narrators will tell you. "He rid that log them three miles in less than four minutes." But the reason this feat of Bill Topson's has particular place of bonor in the chronicles of Old Passadanky is because it was the culmination of the career of Old Beelzebub as a wonder working bear. When that bear was less than a year old, Jephtha Wiggins, the pelt gatherer, killed its father and mother and chessel the content of the care of the content of the care o mother and chased the orphan cub for days, with the hope of adding its pelt to the other two, but falled in his purpose. After awhile that orphaned bear returned to the vicinity of its old home,

and, as everybody will tell you up "HERE HE COMES AG'IN!" there, it came back with a gradge was settin' on a rock by the door. His head was swelled, and one eye was shet, and his wife was doin' of him up "That b'ar came back." they will say, in rags.

as he could. 'Here he comes ag'in! Git the gun, Sairy, and load him full

T've come back to apologize and offer you twenty dollars for them two black sheep,' and Paley was soft enough to tell Bart what he wanted 'em for.

"Bay,' pelled Bart, 'when you see h

vengeful L'ar jest lugged off all the black sheep there was in the district. wait to argue with Bart any longer. Not a smell of a white sheep did he He give one awful glare at Old Beelsebub, who laid there with one eye peeled up at him, and wished that he had a "But that makin' of a black sheepskin famine in the district wasn't a cirgan himself to load the pesky b'ar with cumstance to what that schemin' b'ar lead. But it was a mighty good thing

ag'in, although it was included in it. It seems that Paley resumed his roaming, and Bart Sproat and his boys He wouldn't 'a' gone as fur as be did, though, if he badu't happened to see Bill Topson shoot through Spook Run killed the two black sheep, took their skins off and hung them in the shed. gully on the log that day. He see Bill "'I'll take 'em down to Jepthy Wig shoot the gully and come plungin' out gins tomorrow,' said Bart, 'git a good, of that hole in the rocks down into the stiff price for 'em and cook that conpond, and he didu't fergit it. He resarned Paley's goose at the same membered it, and it give him the chance to give Jepthy Wiggins what

for Paley that he didn't have none."

done in layin' out his plan of vengeance

he thought wowld be the worst wipe

It seems that Jephtha Wiggins was

the greatest pelt gatherer in the Old

Passadanky country, and he had a

daughter named Prudence. Paley

Simco, a likely young woodsman, was

"Now," as the Passadanky parrator

will tell you, "mebbe you mowt won-

der what under the canopy Old Beelze-

bub had to do with that. Nothin', meb-

be. 'Tain't likely that he cared a snap

whether Palcy Simco loved Prudence

Wiggins. But Jepthy Wiggins cared.

He had other ideas for his daughter,

and well that amazin' bear knowed it.

sessions in his family, and he could git

em by marryin' Prudence to the

squire's son Jorum. Jorum didn't

want to git married, and Prudence

didn't want to marry Jorum, but Jo-

rum and Prudence didn't have any

say in it. The squire and Jepthy fixed

it to suit themselves. The weddin'

night come, but no Jorum. Along in

Jorum to Wiggins'.

the forenoon of the next day in come

"'Old Beelzebub kidnaped me as I

was on my way over here through the

woods ylsterday!' said Jorum. 'He run

me straight and fast to Gormley's b'ar

pen, way back at the head of the big

swamp, and kep' me there all night."

Jephtha Wiggins swore that he would

hunt down that vengeful and vindic-

tive bear and strip off his pelt if it took

him all the rest of his days.
"It was gittin' along to'rds Christ-

mas time when Paley plucked up cour-

age to ask Jepthy ag'in for Prudence

Jepthy turned on him, grinnin' the ag-

"'Yes, you kin have her-that is, if

"Now, of course, that was just as

good as tellin' Paley that there wasn't

any use. He never knowed to his dyin' day what it could 'a' been that

sent him roamin' and roamin' that day,

but he went a-roamin', and the first

thing he knowed he found himself on

the edge of a scrubby lookin' clearin'

in the Sour Medder district, and he

seen a man clubbin' what he s'posed

was a tame b'ar. That riled him

more'n ever, and he shouted to the

"'What are you poundin' that poor

doin' come here and I'll pound you

the worst whipped man ever seen is.

"'There!' said Paley. 'When you

run ag'in me, you haven't got no b'as

"And then Paley see that it was Bari

Sproat he had been lickin' and that the b'ar was Old Beelzebub. Paley badn't

gone more than a hundred yards on

his way when, lookin' over into Bart's

field, he see two of the biggest and

blackest sheep that ever cropped sor-

"The only two black sheep in the

hull blame country! Paley groaned

'and here I've gone and 'most hammer-

"Paley actually batted himself ag'in

his bend with his fist and lifted up his

voice and wept. After awhile be cooled

"Til go back and apologize to Bart,

said he, and offer him twenty dollars

for them sheep! That's as much as his

"So Paley went back. The b'ar laid

take the part of a rambunctions

down a leetle and got an idee.

bull clearin' would fetch!"

sheep stealin' b'ar!'

awhile and give the b'ar a rest!

them parts.

to fool with!

you fetch me two black sheepskins for

a Christmas present! If you don't, you

gravatinest kind, and blurted out:

can't never have ber!

Jepthy wanted the Squire Bimbler pos-

was reciprocal.

Bart went out to get the pelts next norning. They were gone! So was Old Beelzebub. The amazing bear had stolen the sheep pelts and had made tracks for the woods. Bart and his boys started to find the trail.

The Passadanky story is that Paley Simco found himself at Spook Run in love with Prudence, and the feeling mill pond that morning and was thinking that the best thing he could do would be to throw himself into it when he beard a great noise up in the gully.

"He looked up," the Pussadanky narrator will tell you, "and there he see a sight that made him turn cold. Somethin' was whiszin' down the log shoot and so fast Paley couldn't make out what it was till it shot from the mouth of the shoot and came climbin' up the bank, right where Paley stood. Then the somethin' give itself a shake. Two big, black sheepskins tumbled off of it, and there was Old Beelzebub, but he was white all over! He jest give one look at Paley and tore away into the woods and was never seen no more. As Paley turned to look after bim, there he see Bart Sproat standin', and Bart was most as white as the b'ar, for he had seen the hull thing and knowed what it meant!

"That ride down the log shoot had scared Old Beelsebub's hair white. What did he ca it for then? So as a white b'ar could carry them sheep pelts to Paley and make him a Christmas present of 'em! By doin' that Old Beelsebub got even with Bart Sproat, and by Paley Simco bavin' the pelts to make Jepthy Wiggins a Christmas present of 'em, and so forcin' Jepthy to give Paley his daughter Prudence, Old

Beelzebub shoved his grudge deep into Jepthy, and he went off a-feelin' good. "Well, all there was to it after that was that Paley got down to Wiggins' Christmas eve and knocked Jepthy speechless by handin' over the Christ mas present. And Jepthy bad to hand Prudence over to Paley, and they was married that very next Christmas day. The way it turned out, though, Jepthy was never sorry that Old Beelsebub had brought things to setch a pass, and if the vengeful b'ar had ever knowed that, it's more than likely that he'd 'a' come back and tried his plans ag'in Jepthy some more."—New York Mail and Express.

CHRISTMAS HUMOR.

Bunch of Short, Ortop Yalottde

Mrs. Cobwigger-Oh, my! I dond then alive There is alto back, 'and if you don't like what I'm gether too much asked of me. I was never used to housework, and it's killing me inch by inch. The first thing "And what did Paley do but go over you know I'll be down with nervou there, and I s'pose that when be gos through with that citizen of the Soua Medder district the citizen was a leetle prostration.

Cobwigger-Shall I call in the tor, my dear?

Mrs. Cobwigger-What use would that be? He would only advise what I've been telling you I needed all along

Cobwigger-By the way, did you sew on that button? Mrs. Cobwigger-Ob, Henry, bow can you be so brutal! Any one but

could see that I am completely used up. Cobwigger-So you're too take a couple of stitches?

Mrs. Cobwigger-Yes: I can hardly raise my head. Cobwigger-If it's really as bad as that, my dear, something has got to

ed the life out of the man that owns be done for you at once. Take this 'em! Tossed Prudence away jest to twenty dollars and we out and do some Christmas shopping.—New York World, . R M R

> The best way to tell whether a pres ent is a cheap one is to observe wheth the price has been rubbed off. R 18 18

The Party-Quite a rush of the matr contaily inclined, isn't there? Preacher-Always at this time of year. It's cheaper to marry than buy Christmas presents, you know.—New York Journal.

Bessie-Do you really believe there any Bants Claus, Tommy? Tommy-Course not, but don't tel ma I said so, or she'll think I'm getting too old to have candy and toys things.

Just because your wife tells you buy her something useful, don't think she will be satisfied if you send be ome a barrel of flour.

First Chick-How did Mr. Turke, nake out in the race, yesterday? Second Chick—Oh, he completely i

"Mrs. Small never minces matter mid the star boarder to the new acqu "Not even when she is preparing the

RRR Askins-What makes you look so theerful, fanks? Lanks (who boards:-Why, three my fellow hoarders were taken sudden-ty ill while eating their Christmas dinners one with a stroke of paralysis another with heart disease and the

"Great Scott! What cause for re-oleing is there in that?"
"Why, don't you see? I ste their shares of the dinner, along with my own, and so managed to fully satisfy my appetite."

The manufacturers of Banner Salve having always believed that

MASTER and SLAVE

By T. H. Thorpe. Copyright, 1901, by T. H. Thorpe. Ď:0000000000000000000000

His first call was on Estelle, whose pale face and stricken look stirred his resentment. She greeted him sadly and, almost weeping, said: "Tell me, my friend, that you do not

pelleve this awful news about your brother; that you have good reason to disbelieve it." "Alas, mademoiselle," be replied, af-

can only hope that Horace still lives."

"Amen to that," said Evariste solemn-"But should the all wise God have reed differently, I pray you, mademoiselle, to feel assured that you have in me a friend and protector as devoted and as brave as he, though not as gift-

"Yes, yes." She seemed to be speaking to herself without looking at her vis-itor. "He said so and bade me trust his brother. But God grant he lives! God grant he lives!"

"Estelle, am I never to be regarded by you save as the suggestion of another man? Can you not see"- Her surprised and pained glance apprised him that he was betraying anger, and he checked the utterance of harsh words that sprang from his heart, for he knew his time was not yet ripe while a chance remained that Horace atili survived.

"Pardon me. mademoiselle," be added humbly. "My distress has made me a sick man, irritable beyond my power of self control. I will not come to you again until I am better."

"I hope that will be soon," she said, giving him her hand. He next sought Dede's: Passing Quillebert's bouse, he was balted by Laure.

"Your brother-is it true that he dend?" she asked. "I do not know," he answered.

"Nothing." "What does she believe?" pointing oward Estelle's home. "She mourns for him."

"That is more than you will do." "Why?" "For a reason I will not state." "Do you know the reason?" be asked

restily.
"I do not. I sense it. I inherit that from my grandmother."
"Bab, Laurel That is nonscose which you did not inherit from the doc-

"Have it your own way. But there is second reason why you will not

"What is that?" "Because you will not be sorry." "Do you not think you are overute

ping the bounds?"
"I have no bounds. I talk so becau know you. I have studied you, be

stand you without." "Well?" "You are in danger."

"Yourself."

"Then I am doomed, for I cannot es espe from myself." And Evariste above and whispered: "But you can escape," Laure

"Avoid Quillebert from this time on." "That would be inconvenient, though

t would not break my heart." "And leave off your hopeless pursuit of that girl," again stretching her arm down the bayon, "for you shall never

marry ber." "Is that a threat?" be demanded.

"I was not aware Cas

"Well, I thank you," he said, gather ing the reins of his bridle and raising his hat. "Unless you heed you shall have no cause to thank me." She kept her eyes fixed upon him until be disappe

Evariete continued to the enbarst and there found his two customary companions at their usual devotion to rum and cards. Quillebert was restire and hastened the intexication and departure of old Laticiais, after which he drew his chair near to Evariete and Are Made Miserable by

"What are your plans now that you

"They are not definitely formed, must have verification of this report. "But you believe M?" dated Quil

"I incline to." "If it prove true, what is your pur-pose toward Laticials' granddaughter?"
"I will marry her."
"Will she consent?"

"Yes, when I convince her she me "By means of the papers ! from you and the two you still held,

"You mean the power of attorne and the order to cancel her mortgage

"How did you learn I had them?" "It is not necessary to explain."
"If I put them at your service with out price, you will not relent?"
"Never!" said Evariste, setting his teeth together determine

"Oh, as you said just now, it is no necessary to explain," replied the lat ter, continuing his low, malevolent "We will await the confirmation of the news."

And await they did, though impatiently enough, until two winters and springs had rolled by and fallen into the immeasurable and insatiate maw of the past. Though the battle of Perryville became a known historical fact, no list of the Confederate dead was obtainable, and no survivor returned to give the roll of the slain. Between Avoyelles and the dwindling army of the southwest lay the impassable Union line along the mighty river. But at length when this latter stretched to the western shore and beyond the region of miodle Louisiana came the confirmation so devoutly wished.

In rags and unshod, his right arm handless and his left leg from the knee feeting a distress he did not feet, "I gone, Valsin Moulliot bobbled back to have no more reason for belief than the existence of the rumor and none for of service. To eager listeners, many disbellef other than the absence of offi- of them weeping, he recited what of cial or authoritative corroboration. I the engagement he had seen, which was little, for he was in the heat of it. "God grant he lives! God grant he He told of the drought parched section lives!" she murmured, sinking into a of Kentucky, dusty and waterless, made: how, east of Perryville, his retreating division was halted and formed for action under a broiling midday sun; how the warriors of both sides were famished for drink, while the only spring on the field lay in an apple



"What do you mean by that?" low stone wall protecting a bettallon of lilinois infantry. His wan face glowed as he described the charges of his company on this wall to uncover the spring. The first wall to uncover the spring. The first was under Captain Tailleur, who fell at the brink of the pool with a minie ball through his forehead. Lieutenant Oakfell led the second, received a murderous volley within 40 feet of the wall and bit the dust with Leon, the jockey, who had joined him at Corinth and followed him as body servant and cook of his mess. The third charge was about to be made under the leadership of Lieuin Valsin's face, and he knew no mere until he recovered consciousness in a canvas covered wagon jolting through the passes of the Cumberland mountains to find himself minus a foot and a hand. He had lingered about the camp and bospitals until be was formally re ported as unfit for duty, discharged and ordered to return home as best he could. His journay back was long, todious and painful and now that it was ned appeared to him a hide-

When the doleful story of Valsin was carried to Estelle, she looked with streaming eyes far into the blue vault

"Horace, hear me. Your voice called my love into being, and now my love shall ever recall it to life."

Saved His Life.

"I wish to say that I feel I ow my lite to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, "It is a prophecy," she said, with a writes H. C. Chrestenson, of Hayfield, Mins. "For three years I was troubled with dyspepsia so that I could hold nothing on my stomach. Many times I would be unable to retain a morsel of food. Finally I was confined to my bed. Doctors said I could not live. I read one of your advertisements on Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and thought it fit my case and commenced its behind the crest of the bayou bank, and then with all the intensity of her nature she exclaimed: "He shall come my way! I will st?"

Evariete continued to the cabaret J. C. Simmons, the druggist.

Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, dis-purages and lessens ambition beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kid-neys are out of order 160 E Kidney trouble has that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urbands the flesh or if, when the child an agreemen it should be shin to the penance, it is yet afflicted with the penance, it is yet afflicted with the penance of the pena ON A WHEEL the rider frequently meets with disaster. Av



Ulcers or Running Sores

need not become a fixture upon your body. If they do it is your fault, for

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