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A PARTING. "Goodbye, then," and he turned away. No other word between them spoken.

THE LOST ENGINE. "I was speaking the other day," said the Jericho station master, "of railroad ghosts—trains and engines and such—and you didn't seem to believe that there are any such things."

"A way train had stopped at the station, and as the station master spoke there suddenly fell out of the door of the baggage car a man curiously complicated with a bicycle.

"The man, who was the baggage master of the train, had managed to put his foot through the spokes of one of the wheels of the bicycle, and man and machine were writing on the platform, the one cursing loudly and the other giving forth the crackling sound of snapping steel rods.

"There," said the station master, "that's what happens twice out of every three times that a man tries to handle one of those machines. Seems to me that they were invented just to make things miserable for the trainmen."

"About ten years ago we had an engine on this road that you would just have admired to see. She was the Fanny Ellsler—that was her name, being named after one of the queens of France or some other of the queens of France."

Gridley, "that down the road about 70 miles from here the Southern track runs parallel to ours for a spell."

"We had about 65 miles to run, and Gridley said that, according to the time table, there was no train that would be in our way unless it might be a wildcat. That's just what I called there would be, and the idea of running full speed along a strange track in the dead of night didn't suit me as well as some things might."

"We had been running about half an hour when all of a sudden Gridley sings out, 'Brakes, quicker!' and I saw the engine stop. We came to a halt, and Gridley says to me: 'There was a tramp lying asleep with his head on the track. Gridley was talking nonsense.'

"The same thing happened five minutes later. Says Gridley: 'The whole blessed track is covered with tramps. I can see seven ahead of us now.' With that he seemed to get into a sudden rage and turns on his whistle and says to me: 'Stop no more for these fellows. They are doing it on purpose to hinder us, so that we can get caught.' Then he pulled her wide open, and we swung along, the fire roaring and the whistle doing its level best."

"I told Gridley to take his drink and make sure that it was a big one, for I saw that he had got the triangles pretty bad and hoped that whiskey might pull him through till we should get quit of the Southern road. It didn't do him any good, however, unless it was to make him more reckless than he was before."

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should be off the track. But he would not listen to me. That there massacre of the tramps that he thought he had made excited him more and more, and now he had taken to singing and shouting at the top of his lungs. The Fanny was swaying from side to side and jumping almost clear of the rails when she struck a particularly rough place, and I don't mind saying that I just went to saying my prayers with every inch of pressure I could put on 'em."

"It had been a cloudy night, but as I was praying for all I was worth the moon came out, and I saw that just ahead of us the track came to an end, and there was a deep hollow of some sort. I made up my mind that I had had enough of that kind of railroading. Yelling to Gridley to jump, I put the brake on and went out into a ditch on the left hand side of the road. It was middling full of briars, but the bottom was the softest kind of mud, and I didn't sustain no mortal injury worth speaking of. Before I could pick myself up and get on my legs the engine was gone. I got down to the edge of the gravel pit as soon as I could, but there wasn't the least sign either of the Fanny or of Gridley."

"Well, I came home and told the whole story to the superintendent, and he, knowing about the quicksand, knew there was no use in searching for the engine. So he told me to keep quiet about the thing, so as not to give the Montana Southern people any satisfaction, which accordingly I did, but after awhile the thing got to be known somehow or other, as things always will, no matter what you may do."

"Much obliged to you for the story," said I, "but you promised me a ghost story, and I don't exactly see where the ghost comes in."

"I haven't got to that yet," replied the station master. "A year afterward I was down in the neighborhood of Pekin, and as I was driving along in a buggy pretty late at night I saw an engine come flying down the old siding and plump into the gravel pit. Leastwise I saw it disappear just as it reached the jumping off place. If that wasn't the ghost of the Fanny, I'd like to know what it was. Moreover, the boys along the Southern road told me that time and time again they had seen that same engine come hustling along at 60 miles an hour and disappear into the quicksand. Now, if that wasn't a ghost what do you call it?"

LIVE BEARS ARE HEAVY. But a Dead and Harmless One That Weighs One Thousand Pounds Is a Monster. I have hunted and trapped for years in the Rocky mountain and coast ranges, the home of the grizzly, just for the money that I made by it, and in all my experience I have never killed nor even seen a bear that I thought would weigh half as much as some I have read about, and I have never known any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. Nine out of every ten bears that are reported as weighing all the way from 1,000 pounds up to 2,300 pounds were killed many miles away from a pair of scales.

The largest bear I ever killed, or rather helped to kill, was when my partner and I were hunting and trapping on the Yak river in northwestern Montana, in the winter of 1882. We had had very good luck with beaver, marten and lynx and other land fur. Along toward spring we took a pack of grub and blankets on our backs and went up a creek that empties in the Yak. We intended to hunt in that locality for bear, and, as we always take the easiest way to hunt, we kill an elk, deer or any kind of game we run across for bait, then wait for the bear to come. We had lots of bait up that creek and killed some more on another creek. Then our grub was about out, and we had to go back and pack up enough to last us through the hunting. When we got through packing our grub, we began to see where there had been a bear taking the bait. A warm Chinook wind at that time did the work, for we were killing one now and then. We had traps and guns for bear, also four good dogs, so we were kept hustling taking care of the hides.

I had not been up to the farthest time to go. D. said that he would keep me company, as he wanted to raise a cache of traps he had made in the fall when trapping for beaver. We had got almost up to the bait when I saw a bear track. It was a whole. I told D. that most likely the old boy was handy around the bait, for the tracks were fresh. When we came in sight of the bait, the bear had either heard or smelt us, for we saw that he had been eating on the bait. We put the dogs on the track and followed after them as fast as we could travel, over windfalls and through underbrush, with snowshoes. We have shoeing away into the spring in the mountains. We had not gone more than half a mile when I heard one of the dogs howl. Then I knew that the bear was our meat. We went down to where the dogs were, and there was a bear that was the grandpa of all the bears either of us had ever seen. It was a bald faced grizzly. He was fighting the dogs. He would run after one, when one of the others would bite him on his heels. It was laughable to see him. He did not know what kind of a jack pot he was in. Finally he thought it was getting too warm for his rear end, so he sat up on his haunches. That was the opportunity we were waiting for. We both turned loose with our 40.90 sharps, and the bear tumbled all in a heap. We skinned him and found where one of the bullets had broken his neck and the other his shoulder.

I had never seen such an animal before for size. I asked D. what it would weigh. That was the first bear I had ever wanted to weigh. D. said he had no idea, but we could try to pull him. We could just move him. He was lying on snow that was pretty solid. We had a stick through his gambrel, so we had a good pull at him. Both of us were over 6 feet tall and weighed over 200 pounds, so we were not very weak. We talked about the weight of the bear and thought he would probably weigh 600 pounds. His hide when stretched measured 10 feet 3 inches from tip of nose to the tail, and was 8 feet 9 inches wide. When we went down in the spring, we showed the hide around, and old hunters said that it was the largest bear hide they had ever seen.

We killed 16 bears that spring, but none of them was as large by one-third as the big one. I do not believe that the big one would weigh at the very most 900 pounds, and he was very fat. I think he had not been out very long, as it was in April when he was killed. Now, my notion is that all these bears that weigh from 1,500 pounds up have been killed around a campfire. I would like to hear from any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. A person who had never seen a bear running wild would say on seeing his first that it was the biggest thing ever wrapped up in hide. The first bear I ever saw looked as big as a mountain, but after I had killed him he shrank down to a small black one. I could pack him all around, he was so small—Forest and Stream.



Palpitation of the Heart. Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Legs and Feet. "For about four years I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath and swelling of the legs and feet. At times I would faint. I was treated by the best physicians in Savannah, Ga., with no relief. I then tried various Springs without benefit. Finally, I tried Dr. Miles' Heart Cure also his Nerve and Liver Pills. After trying to take down I feel better. I continued taking them and I am now in better health than for many years. Since my recovery I have gained fifty pounds in weight. I hope this statement may be of value to some poor sufferer."

THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. Altitudes at Which the Mean Temperature Is 1,500 Degree Below Zero. Weather Observer White recently gave an exhaustive talk on the temperature and the pressure of the air at different heights, during which he said in part: "The air which we breathe and which envelops this whole earth is composed of oxygen 8 parts, nitrogen 2 parts, and vapor pressure from 100 per cent to one-tenth of 1 per cent. This air is held upon the earth's surface by the attraction of the earth itself. The tendency of the earth's revolution upon its own axis is to throw this air into space, and, as the attraction of the earth for all particles of liquids, gases or solids decreases as the square of the distance increases, the attractive force overcomes the repellant force at all points within a distance of 25,000 miles of the earth's center. Consequently that point is where the centrifugal force equals the centripetal and the point where air ceases to exist. Beyond that point there is an absolute void, with the exception of ozone and ether. Now we have reached a point where all matter is absent. What the temperature of this space is a matter of doubt. There is no motion there."

"About 200 miles above the earth we find actual, appreciable air, which can be measured with the barometer. It contains all the ingredients of the air at the earth's surface. There is very little motion at this height. The temperature is exceedingly low, being probably about 1,500 degrees below zero. At 20 miles above the earth's surface we find a different quantity of air, which can be more easily measured by a barometer, has a perceptible motion, chiefly due to radiation, and contains animalcula, vegetable matter and mineral matter. The temperature is very low, probably 600 degrees below zero.

"At ten miles above the earth's surface the air has actually been measured in quantity, quality, vegetable, mineral and animal matter. Here motion is very perceptible, there being more there than at the earth's surface. It is continually moving from the west. Professor Hazen of the weather bureau sent up a balloon made of gold beater's skin, equipped with a barograph, thermometer and a sunshine recorder. The temperature was found to be 256 degrees below zero, and the barometric pressure corresponded exactly with what it should be at ten miles above the earth's surface.

"At seven miles above the earth's surface we have air in all respects, so far as chemical combinations are concerned, and with the single exception of rarity, the same as at the earth's surface. Glaisher, the famous aeronaut, ascended in a balloon to this height and when about 2,000 feet below it began to be unconscious, but retained self possession long enough to pull the throttle valve, exhaust the air and drop until he regained consciousness. The dog that accompanied him never recovered. The temperature shown by Glaisher's thermometer was 125 degrees below zero.

"At these altitudes the temperature is always the same, whereas at the earth's surface it is constantly changing. This is due to the topography of the country, latitude and more especially to the advance of cyclonic and anticyclonic areas. "From the experience of Glaisher it will be seen that a person can ascend nearly seven miles above the earth's surface without losing consciousness or seriously endangering his life."—Rochester Union and Advertiser.