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HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY, APRIL 20 1889.

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HANNAH'S VISITOR.

BY HILLSBORO GRAYES.

It was late afternoon of a mild April day, and the usual crowd of loafers and idlers, collected around the general store, which served as postoffice, shoe-shop, drug-store,emporium and a little of everything else in the straggling settlement of Wagonville, in the northern part of Orange, were congregating each upon the chance to sit and smoke the pipes on the wooden benches outside the door, instead of around the fire, as was the custom, where the odor of tobacco, chess and red herrings mingled with the tobacco smoke and the general noise.

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face lighting up. "I don't expect—" "No, I know you don't," said Best, in his driest, business way. "I say, Hannah, you've got to get the kitchen-aid room since I'm here. Silas went away. There ain't nobody sleeps there!" "No, why?" "I've got some furniture I sort of like stored there over night, if you haven't no other use for the room."

"I'm sure you're welcome," said Hannah, cheerily. "What is it?" "A—grizzly bear!" Hannah gave a start. "Alive?" "Bless your heart, no, child! As dead as the nails in Methusalem's coffin. Stuffed! A fancy-foot door sign for Jennings's new fur store up in Park street. I might leave it at Stokes's, but the clerk'd get poked and handled over by all the idlers and he'd do worse than collect around the store, so 't wobbles he wouldn't be no use for a sign by the time we got him safe to Parkersdale, so, if you wouldn't mind, Hannah, it would be a great obligation to me."

"Mind? Oh, I shan't mind in the least," cried Hannah, the shaly blue eyes sparkling. "And she stood by, greatly amused, while the stage-driver and Billy Best between them hoisted the enormous, stuffed monster out of the stage-coach up the narrow path, where the benches were sleepily closing the lumber and purple stores wherev' they had welcomed the sunning, spring day, and still borders of box distilled their aromatic perfume, and bestowed it safely in the pre-arranged of the kitchen-aid room, where in the Silas had so recently slept the sleep of the righteous, on a still little cot-bed, with a husk mattress and a gorgeous patchwork quilt.

"We've never had a bear for a lodger before," cried Hannah, excitedly, "though I used often to say—didn't I, Natty, to her little brother, who stood by—that Uncle Silas was quite as cross as any bear could be." Natty, do you think this fellow will give us the nightmare?" "I guess not," Natty answered, soberly.

"Now mind, Nathaniel, you don't touch the crown!" said Best, gravely surveying his arrangements. "These here stuffed animals are plumb-full of arsenic, and all other sorts of poisons, and who knows what might happen!" "Natty is not a miller!" said Hannah. "Natty won't touch the grizzly!" "Your father ain't come home yet, I s'pose," said Best, on the threshold. "He isn't coming home to-night," said Hannah. "He's gone to Wolf Hollow to see about hiring a man for the spring work."

"Not coming home to-night?" Hannah shook her head. "Best stood a moment with protruding eyes and contracted brows, then he departed. Hannah went on cooking supper; little Natty, after indulging himself with a prolonged stare at the shaggy thing in the bed-room, returned to his suns in addition, and the eager audience at Stokes's store were sojely disinterested.

The stage-driver was not communicative at the best of times, and Billy Best allowed the host of loafers to believe that the grizzly had been shipped off by wagon at the cross-roads below, direct to Parkersdale. "Wal, that is too mean," said Zenas Powell. "I never seen a grizzly!" While Leander Stokes, disappointed in his hopes of money-making, relieved his mind by putting an extra penny on the next round of chess, when he sold to a little girl, and selling the second grade of shag tobacco at first grade prices to two red-shirted miners.

When 't wobbles came, Hannah Perry went quietly to her room, as usual. "Sister," said Natty, "won't I leave the door between our two rooms open? I, somehow, can't help thinking of that stuffed bear."

"But the bear ain't hurt us, Natty." "No, but his glass eyes shone so, and he looked so fierce!" "That's nonsense, Natty," said the grizzly's possessor. "But if you like, I'll go down and look the door on kitchen side."

hand she glided noiselessly down the stairs. "No, I know you don't," said Best, in his driest, business way. "I say, Hannah, you've got to get the kitchen-aid room since I'm here. Silas went away. There ain't nobody sleeps there!" "No, why?" "I've got some furniture I sort of like stored there over night, if you haven't no other use for the room."

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And one of the reasons which Billy Best subsequently gave for wedding pretty Hannah was that he had always been looking for a woman who knew how to hold her tongue, and that he had at last found her.—New York Graphic.

Progress in Cotton Spinning.
Cotton spinning as an industry has made progress in this generation equal to the strides in the electrical world. An operative in a New England cotton mill, writing to a Boston paper, says that within his memory a mill of 100,000 spindles long was considered a "tremendous thing," and when 400 spindles were talked of "the cry was, 'Oh, it cannot be done.' It will kill us all!" and yet this modern kind of mill has grown steadily from 90,000 spindles to 120,000 or more, and the same spinner says that he has lately worked on mills of 1200 spindles with greater ease than on 400 many years ago. At one of the mills in Lowell three overseers are now employed who have been there fifty years or more. The oldest of the group, entered the mills in September, 1829, within six years after the first machinery was started up. The second followed him only a year later, and has been an overseer for exactly fifty years. The third overseer went to work in the factory in 1835. In those early days the looms were of the roughest construction, and two were enough for a weaver to operate. So great has been the development of the last half century that the average weaver of the present day runs six looms; and the best ones easily take care of eight. This is in excess of the number operated in the best English mills. An authority in the technicalities of the business says that on the old looms of former days a girl would take care of 250 spindles, while on the apparatus now in vogue one no smaller operates 624 spindles, and has to kill time at that. The increase in speed has been enormous. In the early days, 300 revolutions per minute was the maximum, while the present speed of improved machines is over 19,000 revolutions.—New York Graphic.

Rebuked by Washington.
We never grow tired of stories about Washington, especially when they are as good as this one says the Philadelphia Times. After the battle of Monmouth the American army was encamped on the farm of a certain John Vance, Washington, with his staff, was quartered in the farm house. A daughter of the farmer was seriously ill in an upper room. As soon as Washington heard of this he gave orders that no guns should be fired or drums beat near the house. Luring supper he set the example of caution to his officers by conversing in an undertone, retiring as soon as the meal was finished to his own chamber, which adjoined the dining-room.

After he had gone, however, the spirits of the young men rose, and, forgetting their orders, they began to sing and laugh uproariously. In the midst of the fun the General's door opened softly, and Washington entered the room and walked noiselessly on tiptoe. He crossed to the fireplace, took a book from the mantel shelf, and as silently returned without a word, nothing and smiling good night as he closed the door behind him.

The officers stood ashamed and rebuked, not only by his consideration for the sick girl, but by his gentle courtesy of silence toward themselves.

Disease in the Backs.
Sanitary Inspector Morris's report to Mayor Grant on the sanitary condition of the wharves and docks is an interesting document. It discloses a very bad state of affairs. Many of the sewers now empty into the slips and, as the present pier heads prevent these from being cleared out, the result is the accumulation of refuse and impurities along the river front. These are said to be the source of slow malaria poisoning that gradually undermines the most robust constitution. It is evident that the various deposit of sewage, largely from factories and breweries, in the docks must be unhealthy.

All the sewers should be carried out to the deep water, where the steady current at the pier heads would wash the refuse away. The rotten and pestiferous matters of the old pier should be got rid of. The old pier was a disgrace to a sanitary commercial metropolis like this, and it is time to remedy the state of affairs.—New York News.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "Ben Butler is the champion mascot of the nineteenth century. As the mascot of the new States the Government will be obliged to purchase eight thousand national flags with forty stars apiece, and Ben's owner of the United States Bunting Company will be \$800,000 richer for the transaction. Happy Ben Butler!"

LADIES' COLUMN.

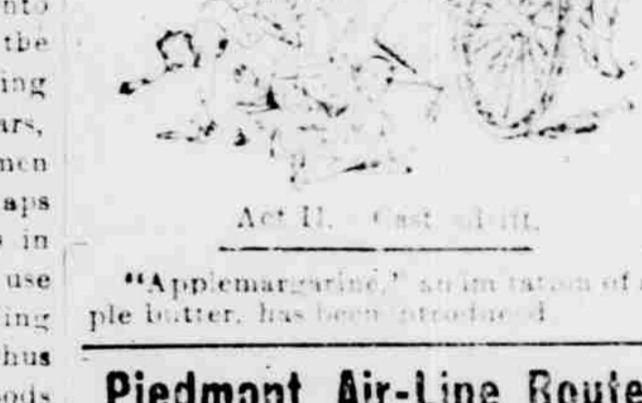
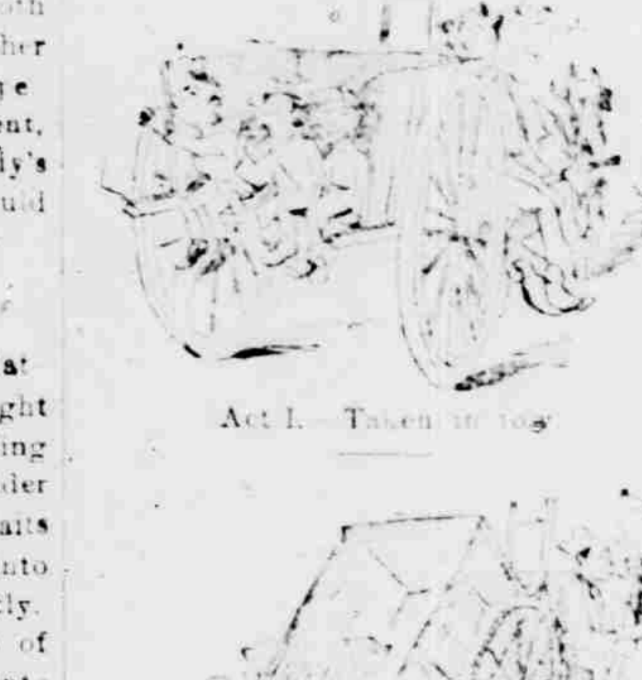
An Amphibious Maiden Late.
There is a maiden lady in a city not far from Liberton, Ga., who is so constituted that she cannot live out of water but a short while at the time. After remaining away from a bathtub for a couple of hours she commences to faint and almost suffocates, and to procure relief must at once over her entire body in cold water. She has in her room a pool of fresh water, and in this she spends a greater part of her time, both winter and summer. Otherwise her health is very good. Her physical peculiarities, while doubtless in consequence, must be less of a trouble to the lady's friends than the opposite extreme would be.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

The Accordion Cloak.
The accordion cloak is one of the latest things. It is merely five straight breadths of double width nun's veiling or cashmere, the length from shoulder to foot, hemmed all round and the plants held close at the top and sewn fast into a velvet collar. But this is not all exactly. The same thing made of ten widths of the thinnest silk or silk mill is sewn into the same collar, and falls loose into the plaits of the outer gones, thus making what is actually two plaited circulars, one within the other. Pretty women who envelop themselves in such wraps soon learn the tricks of the trade in short accordion skirts always make use of, and throw their arms about, holding an end of the cloak in their fingers, thus stretching out and drawing in the goods in graceful curves in the most coquettish and bewildering manner. The beauty and effectiveness of this delicate material has never been shown in a way to surpass these accordion plaitings. For the undertakes of the staid Greek to let us they are extremely appropriate.—Chicago Herald.

A Youthful Dakota Amazon.
Nearly every paper I have read lately has an article about the brave little girl of Lake County, Dakota, who plowed forty acres of ground. It was a grand thing for a little girl only twelve years of age to do, but I think the following will discount it. C. M. Hutchinson had charge of my farm in Deuel County, Dakota, in 1887, and his daughter Mand, only seven years old at the time, drove a team and did her share of the work in stacking over 500 acres of hay and grain. We ran from three to five teams every day, and she would drive a load to the stack, change teams, drive back to the field and change teams, driving a different team every time. Some of the teams were not very gentle, but she managed them as well as any of the men. At one time, while having hay, the load slipped off, throwing her and her horse. She crawled over, overtook the team, caught the lines that were dragging on the ground, turned the team around, drove back to the hay on the ground, unhitched the team, took one of the horses and rode back to the field, got help to come and load the hay, and drove to the barns though nothing had happened. Miss Mand is a tidy, lively, slight appearing girl. If you can find a girl of seven years old that has displayed more sense and good horse sense than she did on this occasion I will throw up the sponge.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Fashion Notes.
Mourning mantles are big capes of blue, dull, black wool. They have deep bands of crape down the front. A new round silver hand glass has a silver tennis girl by way of handle and a tennis scene etched upon the back. Wraps, mantles and peccades will all be very smart, and late fashions show them in immense variety of style. Some very handsome bonnets of recent manufacture are made wholly of velvet flowers in soft and delicate shades. Borders of woven embroidery in a single metal, as gold, silver, steel, ornament many of the new cloth robes for spring. The most stylish new silver has a plain lamp-like surface, with the suspension of evening or chancing in a narrow band about the top. Paris greatly favors the big "noemie" pendants of very narrow ribbon in several colors as a garnishment for its spring bonnets. Light summer veils will have eye buttons and a collar when not single breasted. When double, but four buttons must be worn. Full tulle veils of silk muslin are worn with cashmere dresses. They have a shot of arlequin pattern down the mid die, and similar paiting is attached to the high standing collars and worn turned down. The English raincoats and wool chails have a soft quality and are delicately tinted, but the new American stamped

China silks and hosiery have failed to catch the well-modulated tones of color, graceful designs and the texture common to the imported material. Gingham opened the spring season with a flourish. Many city shop windows are piled high with bolts of stripes and plaids in every shade. Some of these will make charming house and street dress, dignified by a touch of velvet or, even better, made up with extremes military.



Piedmont Air-Line Route.
Richmond & Danville Railroad.
Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 6, 1889.

SOUTHBOUND		DAILY	
NO. 10	NO. 11	NO. 10	NO. 11
Ar. New York	8:30 a.m.	Ar. New York	8:30 a.m.
Ar. Philadelphia	10:00 a.m.	Ar. Philadelphia	10:00 a.m.
Ar. Baltimore	11:30 a.m.	Ar. Baltimore	11:30 a.m.
Ar. Washington	1:00 p.m.	Ar. Washington	1:00 p.m.
Ar. Charlottesville	2:30 p.m.	Ar. Charlottesville	2:30 p.m.
Ar. Lynchburg	4:00 p.m.	Ar. Lynchburg	4:00 p.m.
Ar. Danville	5:30 p.m.	Ar. Danville	5:30 p.m.
Ar. Richmond	7:00 p.m.	Ar. Richmond	7:00 p.m.
Ar. Petersburg	8:30 p.m.	Ar. Petersburg	8:30 p.m.
Ar. Norfolk	10:00 p.m.	Ar. Norfolk	10:00 p.m.
Ar. Washington	11:30 p.m.	Ar. Washington	11:30 p.m.
Ar. Baltimore	1:00 a.m.	Ar. Baltimore	1:00 a.m.
Ar. Philadelphia	2:30 a.m.	Ar. Philadelphia	2:30 a.m.
Ar. New York	4:00 a.m.	Ar. New York	4:00 a.m.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.
On Triangles and in the night Pullet sleep or between Richmond and New York. For Triangles and in the night Pullet sleep or between Washington and Buffalo, New York, Washington and Annapolis. Pullman sleepers between Richmond and Washington, Pullman Palace cars between Salisbury and Knoxville. Through tickets on sale at principal stations to all points. For rates and particulars apply to any agent of the company, or to J. L. TAYLOR, Gen'l Pass. Agent, S. I. HARRIS, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C. J. S. PERRY, Div. Pass. Agent, Hillsboro, N. C. W. A. TINKLER, Div. Pass. Agent, Raleigh, N. C.