

THE DURHAM SUPPLY CO'S

NEW SPRING and SUMMER STOCK

SURPASSES THEM ALL

In Size, Style, Beauty AND Low Prices!

So says every one that has visited our stores this season, and it goes without saying that you can find what you want at this establishment at correct prices.

DRESS GOODS, SILKS AND TRIMMINGS.

Represented in this department are the latest styles and Materials.

White Goods, Laces and Embroideries

The very best assortments are to be found here from the greatest manufacturing centers of the world, and are universally accepted as the finest lines ever imported.

WASH GOODS AND PRINTED FABRICS.

Such a stock was never before grouped under one retail roof.

Yankee Notions, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets.

Our Notion Department is a study. Ask for anything you can think of in this line. We've got it for you.

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We make this department a leader. Competitors growl, but smart buyers take the hint. All Domestic are sold at about wholesale cost.

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If you are furnishing your house or room let us hear from you. We guarantee to save you money on Lace Curtains, Counterpanes, Table Linens and all house furnishing goods.

SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES!

Our complete Shoe Stock represents thousands of dollars and many hundreds of styles for all ages and both sexes.

Our Krippendorff's, Bay State, Saller Lewin's and Banister's Shoes are the best known to the shoe trade. All prices and styles in ladies' Oxford Ties.

Clothing, Hats and Furnishings.

Our Clothing and Furnishing goods occupy one entire store (connected by an arch with our large Dry Goods Store.) Our clothing is stylish and pretty this season. Prices correct.

OUR WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERY and HARDWARE STORES Are too well known and patronized to need much mention. Builders Supplies, Wagons and Farming Implements. If you are not coming to Durham write for samples and information.

WE CAN SERVE YOU WELL.

SEE THE GOODS AND YOU'LL BE PLEASED

DURHAM SUPPLY COMPANY,

Main Street, Durham, N. C.

J. H. FREELAND, } Managers.
J. A. MOSELEY, }

SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house an' cleaner yer self! An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part! But brush the cobwebs from yer head! An' sweep the snow banks from yer heart. Jes' when spring cleanin' comes around, Bring forth the duster an' the broom, But rake yer foggy notions down. An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust. An' dress yer soul in newer style. Scrape from yer mind its worn-out crust. An' dump it in the rubbish pile. Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart. Bring in new loves serene an' pure. Around the hearth-stone of the heart Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer morril chubby-holes. Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum; 'Tis cleanin' time for healthy souls— Get up an' dust. The spring breeze can Clean out the corners of the brain. Bear down with scrubbin' brush an' soap. An' dump ol' Fear into the rain. An' dust a cosy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole, Soak ev'ry cranny great an' small, An' in the front room of the soul Hang postier pictures on the wall. Scrub up the windows of the mind. Clean up, an' let the spring breeze; Swing open wide the dusty blind! An' let the April sunshins in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard. Set out new shrubs an' blossom trees. An' let the soil once froz an' hard Sprout crocuses of new ideas. Yes, clean yer house an' cleaner yer self, An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part; But brush the cobwebs from yer head! An' sweep the snow banks from yer heart! S. Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

REVENGED.

It was about half an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silence of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor

wreathed phantoms from the river course, and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low, like the remnant, bereft echoes of a dream. Yet Wallace Keene would have given well nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure one moment only for the pine clad heights and salt winds of Maine, with russet winged robins chirping their familiar madrigals in the apple orchards below.

"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene as he gazed thoughtfully out where the purple sky seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to a common mechanic," yet the wound rankles sharply still.

"Captain—"

"Is that you, Spicer? What now?" Captain Keene turned his face toward the opening of the tent, where Private Spicer's head was just visible.

"Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot o' men that was hurt in that scurriague across the river this mornin', and some on 'em is wounded bad."

"I will be there directly, Spicer."

There was a little crowd of men gathered on the river shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.

Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey.

He stopped short as his eye fell on a new face, half shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders—a pale, blood streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.

"This is not one of our men!" he exclaimed sharply. "How came he here?"

"No, sir," exclaimed Spicer, stepping forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight here."

"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer."

"I beg your pardon, captain—to your tent!"

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward as he came out of the captain's tent scratching his shock of coarse red curls.

Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp swinging from the center of the little tent shone full on the singular group within its circling folds—the wounded private lying like a corpse, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head—and the brisk, gray eyed little surgeon keenly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders.

"He is not dead, doctor?"

"No; but he would have been in another half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene."

"Thank God! oh, thank God!"

The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement.

"He doesn't belong to your regiment. Why are you so interested in the case?"

"Because, doctor," said Keene, with a strange, bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At first—only at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man; now it is washed out in his blood."

It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from a fevered doze into the faint dawn of consciousness.

"Where am I?" he faltered, looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you?" Why in the captain's tent, to be sure, and that's pretty good quarters for the rank and file, I should think."

"The captain's tent? How came I here?"

"That's just what I can't tell you—you'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't any relation to Captain Keene, be you?"

"Keene—Keene!" repeated the man. "Because," pursued Spicer, "if you'd been his own brother born, he couldn't have taken better care of you. His cousin, maybe!"

"No! God forgive me, no!" faltered the wounded man with a low, bitter groan.

"Here he is now," said Spicer, the familiar accents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer. "He's all right, captain—as clear headed as a bell!"

"Very well, Spicer; you can go."

The private obeyed with alacrity. When they were alone together in the tent, Wallace Keene came to the low bedside.

"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.

"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no right to expect this treatment at your hands."

"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"

Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he fain would drive back—tears of remorseful shame—and he turned his flushed face away lest the man he had once so grossly insulted should see them fall.

The next day he again alluded to the home subject.

"Captain Keene, you asked me yesterday what you could do for me?"

"I know what you thought. She was engaged and almost married. We had nearly induced her to become Lisle Spencer's wife, but she refused on the very eve of the wedding day."

Keene had risen and was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste.

"Because," went on Harney, "she loved a certain young volunteer who left S— about two years ago too well over to become any other man's wife."

"Harney—you do not mean to say—"

"I do, though, old fellow, and, what is more, I mean to say that since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence."

Captain Keene wrung his companion's hand and hurried away, to mistake the bootjack for the inkstand and to commit several other no less inexcusable absurdities.

"I see you'll get nothing written today," sighed Harney as he lay, watching Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet of condemned note paper.

"I shall, though," smiled Wallace. "Only I can't tell exactly which end of my letter to begin at."

Captain Keene did write—and if he inserted a little foreign matter into the epistle it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.

Marion came, and when her brother was promoted into the convalescent ward, and she went home again, it was only to lose herself in bowers of orange blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon and acres of pearly, shimmering silk, shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after all its turn and intricacies, had at length found its way into the sunshine and was running smoothly over sands of gold.—New York News.

Twenty Thousand People in a Crater.

Thirty miles from the city of Kumamoto, Japan, is the volcano Asa San. This volcano has the largest crater in the world. It is more than thirty miles in circumference, and peopled by 23,000 inhabitants. Think of walking for miles among fertile farms and prosperous villages, peering into schoolhouse windows and sacred shrines well within the shell of an old-time crater, whose walls rise 800 feet all about you. It gives one a queer feeling. Hot springs abound everywhere. In one place I saw the brick-red hot water utilized to turn a rice mill. The inner crater is nearly half a mile in diameter, and a steady column of roaring steam pours out of it.

The last serious eruption was in 1884, when immense quantities of black ashes and dust were ejected and carried by the wind as far as Kumamoto, where for three days it was so dark that artificial light had to be used. But what interested me most was to learn that out of that old-time crater had come not only a stream of pure water and many kinds of farm products, but young men who, seeking a wider school and home than the mouth of a vigorous volcano, had found their way to Kumamoto, Kyoto and America, and were now foremost among the Christian educators and preachers of Japan. The pulpit orator of Osaka, the principal of an English school at Kumamoto, who is a graduate of Andover, and one of the Doshisha professors at Kyoto, a New Haven graduate, all came from that valley of death.

—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Not so Attractive.

When Lieutenant Peary was here his hotel was besieged by boys and young men who wanted to go with the explorer to the North Pole next summer. To one of them he said in effect:

"Have you ever been to the Arctic regions?" "No."

"Have you been a sailor?" "No."

"A mechanic?" "No."

"Are you grounded in any branch of scientific knowledge?" "No."

"You have no special qualifications?" "No, but I can work."

"You are the man for me," said the Lieutenant, and the applicant flushed with hope. "But, by the way," he continued, "there is a slight preliminary before we sign papers. You will pay \$5000 towards the expense of the expedition."

"Five thousand dollars!"

"Certainly. You may remember that Mr. Verhoef paid \$3000 for the privilege of accompanying me on my last expedition, and he, you know, was a man of scientific attainments, and he lost his life in the expedition."

The applicant waited to hear no more. —Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.

FOUW AR SCIENCE.

About the age of thirty-six the lean men generally become fatter and the fat men leaner.

The fecundity of fish is indicated by the fact that the flounder lays 7,000,000 eggs a year.

A microscopic examination of a diamond frequently discloses minute plants and vegetable fibres in its substance.

A Canadian has invented a contrivance to do away with holding a telephone receiver to the ear while talking over the wire.

Female fish of all species are considerably more numerous than males, with two single exceptions, the angler and the catfish.

The Carnegie Steel Company has ordered, in England, a press for its armor plate works at Homestead, Penn., which will cost \$1,000,000 and have a capacity of 1600 tons.

New Guinea is extremely rich in plants, the number of species discovered in the six-five years since Lesson brought home the first collection being 2000, or as many as are known from the whole of Germany.

The largest shaft ever forged in America has been sent from the Bethlehem (Penn.) Iron Works to the Chicago Fair. It weighs 89,320 pounds and will be the axle of the perpendicular hurdy gurdy, 264 feet high, invented by a Pittsburg engineer.

Recently some glacial scratches were found on the top of the Palisades, above Fort Lee, on the Hudson, showing the course of the ice that covered the continent down to this point. The general motion of the glacier was southward, but these cuttings point to the southeast. Many boulders of trap, obviously from the Adirondacks, are found on the western end of Long Island.

A vivid sketch was given by Professor Gruber, of Roumania, in the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, of remarkable associations of color and sound which he had been observing for many years. To a small number of his best educated patients the sound of the vowel e was accompanied by a sensation of yellow color, of i by blue, of o by black, and so on through all the Rumanian vowels and diphthongs, and to some extent with numbers. The same color was not always induced by the same sound in different persons, but the observations had been carefully tested.

Physicians explain in an interesting fashion that the electric current when applied to the tongue seems to taste sour. The gustatory or tasting nerves, according to the doctors, are innumerable and well-meaning little things, and, although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come in their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and as their language is exclusively that of taste they inform the brain that an electric current is sour. The ordinary unscientific citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

Protection Against Lightning at Sea.

The small proportion of vessels struck by lightning at sea is excellent testimony to the effectiveness of the measures that have been adopted for the protection of ships against such disaster. The plan usually followed is to run copper lightning rods down the masts, connecting at the lower end with the copper sheathing of the vessel in case of a wooden ship. The upper ends of the rods extend a little above the tops of the masts and have platinum points. In iron vessels connection is made with the mass of metal, and in both cases lightning is almost invariably dissipated without damage. This system is of great value on board of men-of-war, where there are large quantities of powder, and were it not for the protection thus afforded it would be positively dangerous to be anywhere near a war vessel during a thunderstorm. Of the two ways of connecting the lightning rod with the sheathing, one is to run the rod through the decks, down the masts, and make the connection at the bottom of the vessel, and the other is to run it across the deck from the point where the masts enter over the side and down to the sheathing. The latter plan is considered the safer of the two.—Chicago News Record.