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LOVE'S RUMMAGE SALE.

Promises broken and shattered,
Tokens in sad disarray,
Letters all crumpled and scattered,
Flirtations faded, passed;
Relics of summertime play,
Roses all wilted and stale,
Idols shorn down to the clay—
This is Love's Rummage Sale!

Hearts that are twisted and battered,
Fans that were thick in the fray,
Slippers that gilded and pattered,
Gloves to forgetfulness prey;
Bachelors sunk in decay,
Elderly maids that bewail,
Vanity, pride and display—
This is Love's Rummage Sale!

Meaningless words that have flattered,
Trinkets and rings thrown away,
Vows that are shop-worn and tattered,
Courtships that lasted a day;
Cub bills one never can pay,
Weddings that did not prevail,
Jealousy, scorn and dismay—
This is Love's Rummage Sale!

L'Exvot.

Princess, hasn't turned up your way
The heart that your glance did impale?
Buy it, 't is cheap enough! Aye,
This is Love's Rummage Sale!
—Harold MacGrath, in Puck.

The Unwelcome Guest

By Pierce B. Barnard.

WHEN Jim Busby returned from the West to his native town of Canaan, he did not expect to find his memory canonized. Fifteen years was hardly enough time, he thought, for his fellow townsmen to forget his faults or enlarge upon his virtues. Doubtless those people were still alive who, if they remembered the boy at all, would do it to their sorrow; still time usually softens grievances, and Busby, with the aid of his newly acquired wealth, hoped to find some kind of quasi welcome in the quiet town under the elms.

He had never seriously injured any one, he thought, and, although the village dogs might beat a hasty retreat on the return of this prince of practical jokers, the majority of the inhabitants had enjoyed in full measure his many pleasantries.

Busby—now grown up to wealth and dignity—was not a little ashamed of his early pranks, and he determined, as he alighted from the stage and entered the city hotel, to sign some fictitious name and look cautiously about the old place to see what his standing might be among the saints at home.

He was highly gratified to find the town unaltered in any particular. We like to see change and progress in the great world at large, but our native place, where we spent the happy years of our boyhood, is blessed with too many memories to admit of any improvement.

Busby was thankful to find the village parson preaching the same kind of exclusive hereafter that had frightened him into obedience fifteen years before. He congratulated himself on finding the old pump still yielding delicious water from the same cracked spout; to have repaired it would have been an impertinence he felt. He blessed the lazy and penurious school directors for having failed to plug up a single knot hole in the venerable abode of knowledge where a succession of pedagogical tyrants had only partly subdued his spirit of fun.

The external landmarks of Canaan still stood intact, but among the personnel of the inhabitants there were many missing faces.

The old fogies were mostly on deck—Busby's inveterate foes—a little more talkative, malevolent and reminiscent perhaps. They were whittling on the same red fence which had always served as a resting place for the unemployed. Jim listened to the records of the young man who had gone West and the girls who had married wealthy men. Some of his old associates occupied positions of honor and trust; in fact, all had done well—so well, that he felt emboldened to ask after himself—not without many misgivings.

There was a slight change of expression on the faces of the old worriers at the mention of this wayward youth. The oldest inhabitant coughed, the postmaster grinned, and the venerable deacon looked the other way with a knowing smile.

It was a trying moment for Jim. Their significant glances nettled him not a little, and he could not refrain from coming to his own defence.

"He was always an active boy," he said.

"Too everlastingly active!" returned the deacon with a suggestive grin. "Every dog and cat knows he never slept. I calculate there weren't no kind of tomfoolery he didn't practice before he pulled out of here of a sudden. Everybody prophesied he'd be hung, and I guess the best people felt relieved when they got the sad news of his execution. I know I did."

Jim tried to whistle a tune in an unconcerned way, but it was with difficulty that he concealed his feelings. It's something of a shock to find oneself hanging, and it takes time to get used to it. He spent the day amusing himself with the younger element, who fortunately knew not Jim Busby. They liked him at once. His plaid suit, heavy gold watch and plug hat seemed to embody certain ideals of youthful

grandeur; and his free use of money easily cemented their friendships.

The next day he hunted up his parents in the little graveyard and decided to replace the wooden headboard with a piece of marble in due time. He also chatted with several old women at work in their gardens, and found Jim Busby had been anything but a favorite of the other sex. It was indeed very discouraging. He felt revengeful.

Finally, in despair, he asked the editor if anything had happened that was worth printing since Jim Busby had left.

"Nothing to speak of," answered the editor, stroking his chin whiskers, "and we're thankful for it. Fifteen years ago a body couldn't go to bed without expecting to wake up and find his live-stock on the roof of his house or his black cow whitewashed a pale pink."

"Confound it!" said Jim, out of patience. "You people haven't treated Jim Busby right; you enjoyed his jokes as much as he did."

"Well, what is that to you, please?" "Simply this; I am Jim Busby."

The news spread quickly. "I don't believe it," said the oldest inhabitant, who stood near.

"That can't be—Jim Busby never behaved himself two days together in his whole life."

"Well, it's a fact, any ways," said Jim. "I've been out knocking round for fifteen years without scarcely a postage stamp to my name, and when I made my stake I thought I'd hunt up a relative or two to share it with me; but I find these people think, when they've got a feller hung, they've done enough for one man."

"Pshaw, Jim!" said one. "If we'd known it was you, it would have been different."

Most of the bystanders agreed with him.

"I, for one, am satisfied Jim Busby was hung," said the deacon. "I got the hull account of it in my scrap-book; but as you seem to be an uncommon good feller I'd like to make your acquaintance—so come over to the house for dinner and we'll argue the point."

"I don't want to destroy any old memory that has been such a comfort to you," said Jim, "so I won't accept your hospitality now, but I do want to make things right. Your fool story about my hanging has blackened my reputation a good deal and helped my aged parents into an early grave, but I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. I want to get solid with future generations and you can help me. The deacon, there, can make a rousing good speech and the editor can give it a send off. To-morrow morning, at three, I want you to take a wagon, with some straw in it, to Canaan Junction. A bronze statue of yours truly will arrive by an early express. Gents, you understand?"

They understood, and although there were serious doubts in the deacon's mind about this being Jim Busby, he wasn't the man to miss an opportunity of making a speech, and he set about preparing a rich eulogium of the practical joker which he rehearsed in his barn the rest of the afternoon.

The oldest inhabitant got out his lemonade stand, the editor issued an extra, and the village brass band prepared to turn out.

The next morning by the dim light of stars they all hied them to the Junction five miles off, and awaited the arrival of the statue of the great man. It was raining hard, but what of that? Their anticipations made them young again, and they could hardly wait until the train stopped. But the express came and went with nothing but disappointment for the Canaanites.

As they returned home a vague feeling of uneasiness and dread overtook the party, and many began to hear maledictions afloat upon the promontory of this fool's errand; but when all got back to the hotel and found their late visitor departed, their worst fears were realized.

It was the deacon who remarked somewhat sadly to the weather-beaten, crestfallen crowd:

"Well, I guess that was Jim Busby, after all."—Waverley Magazine.

The Scottish Regalia.

It is rumored in Edinburgh that the Scottish regalia, which has been kept in the castle for over two centuries, will be temporarily removed to Holyrood Palace when the King holds his court. The regalia, of which the chief is Bruce's crown (used at the coronation of every subsequent monarch of Scotland), were locked up in a room in the castle just after the union in 1707, and brought to light again in 1817, by order of the Prince Regent. During the civil wars some of them were kept in Dunottar Castle, in Kincardineshire, which was held by Ogilvy, of Barras, against Cromwell's troops. The wife of a minister was allowed to enter the fortress to see Ogilvy's wife, and she and her maid between them smuggled out the crown, sceptre and sword. When Dunottar surrendered and the valuables were missed Ogilvy was sent to prison in England.—London News.

Cerritos, Cal., claims to have the largest artesian well in the world. It is fourteen inches in diameter and 684 feet deep.

OF INTEREST



WOMEN

Two Ways in Which Women Work. Parasols do not pass through several different "hands," as do dresses, but are made from first to last by one worker. The making of one parasol provides a woman with work for the best part of a week, if it be a very special and beautiful one.

A great firm of perfumers in London, which till now has for centuries employed men entirely, contemplates taking on girls for "capping" the bottles of scent. The work is essentially that which small, neat fingers can accomplish quickly and well, but alas! the pay the women will earn at it will be one-third of what the men received.—Ladies' Field.

Rosa Bonheur's Statuette.

The monument in honor of Rosa Bonheur erected recently in a public square of Fontainebleau, France, and presented to that city by M. Gambart, a friend of the artist, is the work of Isidore Bonheur and Hippolyte Peyrol, brother and nephew of the artist, and of Alexandre Jacob, architect. It consists of a bronze bull mounted on a pedestal of Lorraine marble. On the front of the pedestal is a medallion of Rosa Bonheur, and on the other three sides are represented in relief her most famous paintings, "The King of the Forest," "The Nivernais Ploughing," and "The Horse Fair." The monument measures about five metres in height.

\$200,000 Spent For One Toilet.

The coronation robe of the Empress of Russia cost \$200,000, and took something like twelve months to complete. The gown was covered with a decoration of pearls and tiny diamonds secured by a fretwork of golden wires so arranged as to fall into a conventional design. This decoration was the achievement of the modern scientific work, and was the result of the summed months of patient toil by the most skillful jewelers in Paris, the effect of the whole was that of elegant simplicity. At the coronation the Czar was completely outdone by his wife in gorgeousness of attire. His crown, however, contained some magnificent gems. At the summit is a cross of five perfect diamonds, and a pear-shaped ruby, reckoned to be the finest in the world.—Ladies' Field.

Gowns of Finest Cotton.

Preferred to foulard this season for style is the fine spun and finely woven cotton dress goods with an all-black ground. The printing upon it is in ivory white. It has not the coarse look of some of the strong twilled cotton dress materials. The white is not dead white, but a clear, soft ivory. The designs printed are the all-popular foulard patterns. These are well distinguished from the mercerized dress goods in vogue last season, and still popular in a certain sense. The dull cashmere finish is a rest to the eye wearied with looking at moire and glaze effects.

A New York bride chose one of these fine black ground cottons for her going away gown. It was not to be mistaken for a foulard. The skirt of the frock was unlined, having only a six-inch facing. This makes it cool indeed, for most of the foulards and India silks are made up on a deep skirt or have the lining set in, "seam to seam." The waist is "half-lined" with white lawn, but the bishop sleeves have no lining whatever, except a piece cut to fit the arm size and "stayed" thereabouts.

The Girls' Allowance.

The question of an allowance for the daughter of the household is one that is constantly being discussed. It seems to be pretty generally accepted that it is a good idea, and teaches a girl the value and use of money. So it does, but it sometimes teaches her some other things that need a little guarding against. A girl with an allowance occasionally makes it an excuse for penuriousness on the one side, and unhesitating begging on the other, that tend a little to character deterioration. While it is perfectly right and proper to give an allowance for self-denial that one's allowance is exhausted, or will not admit of the proposed purchase, or pleasure trip, it is not right to say, as girls have been heard to do: "I'll go with you, but you must pay my car fare" or, "I have only a dime to spare in the treat if you will let me come in on that," etc. I have heard a girl reply, in answer to a suggestion from a companion on a short railroad trip, that a parlor car should be taken, "Oh, if we do that, you will have to pay my way on it, my allowance is so nearly spent." Girls who would shrink from the idea of "sponging" under other circumstances, do not hesitate to take advantage of this

allowance peg upon which to hang a good many small meannesses in money matters. When it comes to the mother's purse, the cribbing by any means and outright purloining, indeed, are not disguised. These are only little foxes, to be sure, girls, but they gnaw the vines of integrity and self respect, and would better be choked off.—Harper's Bazar.



Bovdoff's CRAT

The cross of the French legion of honor has been bestowed on thirty-eight women.

Women have been admitted to Alexander University at Helsingfors, Finland, on an equality with the men.

Mrs. Isabella Drake, who made Queen Victoria's wedding wreath, had lived in Chicago fifty-three years when she died there recently.

Miss Ruth Mason, daughter of Senator William A. Mason, of Illinois, received her degree as bachelor of laws from the National University, Washington, recently. She purposes to enter the law office of her father and brother in Chicago.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick the sum of \$100,000, required for the International Institute for Girls in Spain, is almost raised. The school will probably be removed to Madrid from Biarritz, France, where it has been temporarily located since the Spanish war broke out.

One of the three women who have been honored in England by public statues to their memory was Dorothy Pattison, or, as she was called, Sister Dora. Although a schoolmistress by profession, she studied medicine in order to relieve the sick, and many times she ministered to needy sufferers, regardless of great risk to herself, even venturing twice where no one else would go, into districts infected with smallpox.

Miss Edith Emery, of Salem, Ind., is a young woman who can think quickly in an emergency. A railroad bridge near her home had been so damaged by fire as to be unsafe. A few days ago, noting the danger, she at once telegraphed the station master at Ellettsville, her message arriving just in time to enable him to flag a bridge is on a sharp curve, only her prompt action saved the train and the lives of the hundreds of passengers it carried.

Lady Glentworth, of England, is one of the few remaining ladies who serve as interesting links with a dim and distant past. Lady Glentworth has lived in no fewer than five different reigns; those of George III., George IV., William IV., the late Queen Victoria, and of the present king, Edward VII. She has been twice married. It is curious to note that she was about forty-six when she married her second husband, but that she lived to celebrate her golden wedding with him, and now has become his widow.



FADS AND FANCIES

Golf vellings can be had of red or green chiffon adorned with the usual pattern of golf sticks and balls.

Large buttons appear upon many smart suits, sometimes of pearl and occasionally covered with the material of trimming of the suit.

Soft peau de soie sashes are pretty for children, and all children wear sashes. Occasionally a sash tied in front with a simple knot is effective.

Black Chantilly lace on black and white foulards is a strikingly effective combination, and one frequently seen among displays of handsome gowns.

One of the prettiest variations of the laced skirt is on the sailor suit of the small girl. There the placket hole is laced with a soft silk ribbon to match the trimmings of the suit with very good effect.

Little handbags of gray suede are very popular as a convenient accessory of the race costume. They are long and narrow in shape and decorated with steel, or if the bag is of white suede, gold applique is the ornamentation.

Safety pockets for valuables come in both canvas and chamois. The one is probably as serviceable as the other, and they come in the same designs, either one large pocket with a purse clasp, or one large and two small pockets.

Linen tailor gowns are made by some tailors to lace with ribbons the full length of the skirt or to the top of the flounce, or a good effect is obtained by lacing the gown around and having loops of ribbons falling where the lacing meets.

Fancy buckles are much admired now on slippers, circles of amethysts or pearls being frequently used in this way. A fascinating little slipper was worn at a recent evening party upon which was set a buckle consisting of a circle of pearls, through which satin ribbon had been passed, and tied in a bow just above the buckle.

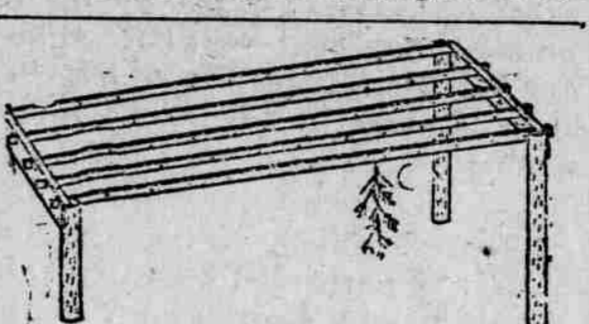
FARM TOPICS

A Combination Food For Horses.

One of the best combination foods for horses is green oats—that is, oats cut when the grain is in the milky stage and cured like hay. The straw is then very nutritious, as the food is arrested in the stalk while on its way to fill out the grain. When cut with a fodder cutter horses relish the mess more than they do any other coarse foods.

A Fly Brush For Cattle.

In the summer it is just as necessary to provide cattle with a place in the pasture field where they may brush off the flies as it is to furnish shade, food or drink. The device in the illustration shows a good arrangement for



ARRANGEMENT OF THE BRUSH.

this purpose. It consists first of four posts set in the form of a rectangle twelve feet long and eight feet wide. At one end the posts are about five and one-half feet high, at the other only three feet. Across each end of the rectangle an eight-inch board is nailed at the top of the posts. In the upper edge of these boards are cut notches about four inches deep and two and one-half inches wide. Beginning next to the posts these notches are cut at intervals of eighteen or twenty inches.

Now take boards four inches wide, thirteen feet long and not heavier than one inch thick. Arrange these in pairs, as many pairs as there are notches in each end board, and bore holes through them at intervals of one foot, preparatory to bolting them together. Brush which has been collected from the thicket is now placed between these boards and clamped fast. For the sake of clearness only one of these brush is shown in the illustration. The clamps thus formed are now placed in the notches prepared for them in the end boards, with the

down by a narrow board nailed across the tops of the posts at each end. The device is now complete. The difference in height at the two ends makes it suitable for cattle of all sizes. The brush will last for a long time, but should they become much worn, or old and brash, they may be easily replaced.—A. F. Shull, in New England Homestead.

Wastes on the Farm.

Millions of dollars' worth of material are wasted annually on the farms of this country, is a statement made by some authority. In the aggregate I suppose there is an enormous amount of waste in every industry, and farming is no exception to the rule. There are farmers to-day who avoid waste on their farms fully as much as the wide-awake manufacturer or producer in other lines. On the other hand, there are plenty who fail to realize that they are wasting good material, although the process is going on daily under their very noses. Everything is a waste that is not put to its best and highest use. Thus cornstalks burned in the field is a distinct waste if there is any possible way to convert them into food for cattle. Sometimes it is a decided waste simply because the farmer is too stupid to see that his best plan is to raise more cattle to eat the stalks, and less corn. Again it may be a great waste to attempt to raise only one farm crop when the uncertainties of selling the produce at a fair profit are great, especially if there are other crops which could be raised satisfactorily.

Sometimes one of the greatest wastes on the farm comes from the failure to spend money for needed improvements. The soil that is not in fit condition for raising a certain crop to the highest perfection is actually wasted when sown with seed which it cannot possibly do the best by. The waste comes in at such times because of lack of foresight or because the farmer is unwilling to spend the extra amount of money. Now, we can waste soil and crops. We can also waste time, machinery and labor. All of these are important factors and they must be studied separately and individually. The successful merchant studies the market, labor, cost of production and the wear and tear of machinery and waste of capital. So the farmer must, to avoid leaks and wastes, look to it that the highest efficiency is obtained from every dollar of capital he has invested. Progressive farmers of to-day are doing this, and they are rapidly becoming the best business men in the country. The man who can take a run-down farm and build it up and make a good living from it through good farming is a shrewd business man not to be overlooked in this age of strenuous living.—W. E. Edwards, in American Cultivator.

California fruit canners ship 50,000,000 cans a year.

THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY.

He Practiced the Good Old Virtues, But the Sooner Got Ahead of Him.

The Man from Yesterday had learned the old-fashioned virtues. So he worked in-dust-ri-ous-ly. But the Sooner, having pre-empted the land on which the Man from Yesterday must work, charged him rent every time he was in-dust-ri-ous.

E-vent-u-al-ly, when the Man from Yesterday had raised all the potatoes the Sooner could eat, the Sooner gave him notice to quit.

The Man from Yesterday took up ed-u-ca-tion in order to increase his op-er-tun-i-ties; where-up-on the Sooner bought up all the land a-round him and held it for a rise, which he in-tend-ed to take out of the Man from Yesterday.

The Man from Yesterday, see-ing that the Sooner was get-ting more pos-ses-sions than he could man-age, rea-son-ed with him-self that if he could show his de-vo-tion to his em-ploy-er's in-ter-est, he would be more val-u-able; so he be-came very honest. This de-creased the Sooner's ex-pense of man-ag-ing his prop-er-ty, so it in-creased in val-u-e, and he took up more land.

Seeing that his share of his own prod-uct would bare-ly keep him, the Man from Yesterday stud-ied e-con-omy, where-up-on, see-ing that he could live cheap-er than be-fore, the Sooner cut down his wages; and when the Man from Yesterday ob-ject-ed, the Sooner told him that if he was not sat-is-fied he could quit work—and quit liv-ing.

The Sooner en-dow-ed a col-lege to teach the Man from Yesterday that it was all right, and when the Pro-fess-ors said that Hon-esty, In-dus-try and Per-sev-er-ance were the ways to raise the rents, they were dis-miss-ed for in-sub-ord-in-a-tion.

Then the Sooner, see-ing that the Man from Yesterday was be-com-ing rest-less, en-gag-ed a clergy-man to point him to the sky for the sat-is-fac-tion of his wants.—Bolton Hall, in Life.

Beyond the Span of Life.

To be sentenced to imprisonment for the term of one's natural life is hard enough, but to be assigned to a dungeon cell for a couple of thousand years is, indeed, harrowing. Yet foreign judges not infrequently impose sentences of several centuries, without it being considered anything remarkable. *Not born an Italian*—An advertisement forgeries. He was sentenced in each case, with the result that he will be free in the year 2989.

A couple of years ago a young man was arrested in Vienna, who, upon his own showing, should have been sentenced to 2500 years' imprisonment. A total of 400 charges was brought against him, and he was convicted and sentenced on all of them. But the judge was a merciful man and, his passing sentence, he threw out 1000 years in consideration of the man's youth. A little time ago, in the great Calabrian brigandage trial in Naples, the public prosecutor demanded sentence upon 248 prisoners, and, although the average sentence imposed was a little over five years, the aggregate of the sentences amounted to 1300 years' imprisonment.—Chicago Chronicle.

Not Born Officially.

At a certain station in India the wife of a civilian in charge of an important department presented her lord and master with a son and heir. The native staff of the office thereupon petitioned for a holiday in celebration of the auspicious event, says London Truth. Not feeling justified in stopping the Government work for a day on such a pretext, the parent summoned the head clerk to his assistance. This gentleman, a babu of a characteristic type, devoted many hours' consideration to the problem, and after weighing all the pros and cons, delivered an opinion to the effect that the desired holiday could not properly be granted, as the baby had been born to his chief in his private and not in his official capacity. This oracular response seems to suggest that a man might have a son born to him in his official and not in his private capacity—though I confess I do not quite see how that could be.

The Power of Water.

In Frank Leslie's Monthly there is a captivating article on the story of the greatest jam in the history of logging. It was in the Grand River in Michigan in 1883.

So tremendous was the pressure at this time that here and there over the surface of the jam single logs could be seen popping suddenly into the air, propelled as an apple seed is projected from between a boy's thumb and forefinger. Some of the fifteen-inch maula ropes stretched to the shore part-ed. One, which passed once around an oak tree before reaching its slack anchorage, actually buried itself out of sight in the hard wood! Branches of piles bent, twisted or were cut sheer off as though they had been nothing but shocks of Indian corn. The current was so swift that the tugs could not hold the drivers against it, and, as a consequence, before commencing operations, especial mooring piles had to be driven.

Some women entertain for the pleasure it gives them of not sending invitations to some other women.