

His Glorious Fourth

By Nellie Cravy Gillmore

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THE runabout gave vent to a succession of despairing gasps, whined faintly and slid to a faltering standstill.

Aldrich surveyed the darkening sky with uneasy eyes, transferring them tentatively to the unsuspecting plump profile just above his left shoulder.

Dolly glanced up, interrogating his sudden silence, and encountered a decidedly anxious glance in return.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, trying hard to make her tone sound commonplace.

"I hate like the mischief to tell you, Miss Templeton, but as near as I can figure we are about nine miles from human habitation and the gasoline tank—" He paused dramatically.

"Oh, Jimmy!"

Dolly threw out her hands in a second of hysterical abandon. Then she laughed in a little way that seemed to cover up a sob.

"I have often walked twelve," she announced presently in a highly cheerful voice, notwithstanding that the color had deserted her cheeks.

"But it is almost 7 o'clock, and I'm afraid—"

"Oh, it will be quite midnight before we can make it, I suppose," she broke in, with a shrug.

"I'll tag it, that's all," she broke in, really not to see the sense of sitting here arguing.

Aldrich smiled and nodded. Fastening the brake, he sprang to the ground, and, going over to the other side, helped Dolly to alight.

For an instant they stood in the middle of the road facing each other.

"But what is to become of the machine?" she asked.

Aldrich dived into his pocket and brought forth a notebook and pencil.

"I'll tag it, that's all," he laughed, "trusting to the fates that it will not fall into hands practical." He scribbled a line across one of the blanks and fastened it to the forward cushion.

Forty minutes of steady walking brought them a mile nearer home. With an unaccounted sigh of weariness Dolly flung herself down on a prostrate log, and Aldrich slipped into a seat beside her. His face indexed a variety of emotion. Hope, that had hitherto buoyed him above every difficulty, shriveled within him. She would never forgive this.

"Dolly," he began appealingly, "heaven knows I'd rather have lost my right hand than—"

She interrupted him with a little impatient gesture.

"Jimmy, please spare me. It's bad enough in all reason, but let us not add tragedy to a situation which is already melodramatic in the extreme."

Aldrich subsided under the snub, contemplating the toes of his boots in gloomy silence. Some minutes passed. The darkness yielded gradually to a splendor of gold light flung down from a cloudless sky by thousands of stars, and everywhere through the misty yellow innumerable dogwood blossoms shone solemnly like white crosses.

Suddenly Dolly started up and walked off down the road again, the other following gloomily.

"Miss Templeton," he began after a silence, "do you know why I asked you to come out with me this afternoon?"

She did not reply at once. The tone more than the words caused the blood to scorch her cheeks for an instant.

"Why," she returned after a little, "to celebrate our independence, of course, just as every one else is doing." She gave him an inscrutable little glance from the tail of her eye.

"I wanted to ask you a question," he announced gravely.

"Please," she began, walking faster, "couldn't we discuss?"

"Don't distress yourself," he interposed bitterly. "Three times is"—he looked at her resentfully—"quite sufficient to show a fellow how many different sorts of a fool he can make of himself. It is solely in the interest of friendship I wish to speak now."

Dolly frankly admitted to herself that friendship was even less interesting than the other thing. She bit her lips as she demanded petulantly, "Well, what is your question?"

"I heard that you were going to be married; that you were going to marry a poor man, after all. Also that you had made the statement with your own lips. Is it true?" The last words were uttered hoarsely, almost as a charge.

Dolly's white lids flickered as she looked up into his eyes.

"It is quite true," she answered unhesitatingly, the crimson playing all over her face.

Aldrich stopped short and faced her, compelling her glance to meet his in a suddenly masterful manner.

"Why?" he demanded passionately.

Construction work on the Alaska-Yokon-Pacific exposition is fifty per cent completed. Nine buildings are finished or nearing completion.

Dolly shrank away from him; his vehemence half frightened her.

"Because," she said proudly, "I love him."

Aldrich was silent for a moment, but his silence was more tense than words. He came close to her, so close that his hot breath stirred the hair about her temples.

"Once you refused me," he broke out savagely, "twice—three times! And I was a poor man."

Dolly flared up.

"Your inference is more than flattering," she remarked, her eyes snapping. "Your love would have been my strongest incentive toward success."

He went on, ignoring her comment altogether. "I never intended that you should share a life of poverty. I had meant to work night and day, day and night, to give you everything that other women have."

She looked at him curiously, and a warm light sprang to her eyes, but she said nothing, and for several minutes they walked on in silence.

"I did not refuse you because you were poor," she observed presently. "And even had I done so it would have been more for your own sake than mine, Jimmy. One's ideas, however, become revolutionized sometimes," she added in a lower tone.

Suddenly, less than a quarter of a mile away, a thin streak of light shot skyward, then another and another, till the clouds were lurid with sparks and opalescent shafts of fire. The indistinct music of a band mingled vaguely with distant shouts of laughter, interspersed with fusillades of cannon crackers.

Dolly grabbed Aldrich's arm and pulled him to an abrupt standstill.

"Jimmy, the picnic!"

Dolly almost collapsed with joy. Aldrich breathed a mixture of relief and annoyance. "It looks that way," he said. He studied her a second with grave brows. "You tired of my company even sooner than I thought you would," he muttered jealously.

Dolly made no reply, but stooped carelessly and broke a spray of goldenrod nodding by the roadside and commenced to strip off the blossoms with a little preoccupied air.

Aldrich appeared to be pondering something. His next words came precipitately.

"I didn't tell you of my good luck, did I?" he asked.

"No," she said. Something in his manner caused her heart to sink unaccountably.

He turned to look into her eyes as he pursued with what unconcern he could muster:

"I'm going away. I've at last received that appointment, and it is now only a question of time before I shall begin to climb rapidly. Besides, it's best all round, I think."

"Going away!" Dolly stopped stock still. Her lips framed the words dully, the color fled from her cheeks, and the whole world looked drab. "When?" she continued after a pause, her face turned away.

"The sooner the better. Right off—tomorrow perhaps."

"Jimmy!"

He started and looked at her with eager eyes, the blood pulsing swiftly all through his veins.

"Don't go," she said, her voice choking in a little swift sob.

He placed himself in front of her and his hands on her shoulders.

"But you are going to be married," he insisted, "and it is no place for me. I— I couldn't endure it."

"But it is the only place for you. I want you to be there—at my wedding. If you refuse, I shall not get married at all, so there!"

Aldrich caught her hands and held them in a determined grip. The wild hope that throbbled suddenly in his heart made him flinch for the moment almost rough.

"You can't play with me a moment longer," he breathed turbulently. "Who is this man?"

"The man—I love."

"Who is he?" he repeated savagely.

"Don't! He is hurting my hands terribly, and—"

"Well?"

"Perhaps he doesn't know yet that I've accepted him. He has asked me only three times, and the last time I refused him. I—"

"Dolly, will you marry me?"

A flash of the old coquetry dominated her eyes for the second.

"But it is Independence day, Jimmy. If you should ask me tomorrow maybe—"

"I shall never ask you again. This is your last chance. We are almost at the picnic grounds. And now I happen to recall that there is a little church around the corner from here. Shall we go to the picnic and celebrate or to the church?"

Dolly turned suddenly and held out both hands.

"To the church," she said softly. "I am tired of independence anyway."

Made Bullets of George III.

When the Declaration of Independence was read by an aid to Washington's army in New York on July 9, 1776, joyful citizens overthrew a statue of George III, and ordered the lead of which it was composed made into bullets to fight the British.

The man who never makes mistakes misses a good many splendid chances to learn something.

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July Fourth.

This glorious Independence day—Stands memorable in history—A date that hints the mingled play Of sequence and of mystery.

'Twas Hawthorne's birthday, eighteen and four.

His myriad Anglo-Saxon debtors Acclaim from many a distant shore The graceful "Marble Faun" of letters.

And Garibaldi, too, was born On this day back in eighteen and seven.

To Italy, by faction torn, He brought our own free Union leaven.

We broke the ground for our canal—The Erie; De Witt Clinton planned it—On July Fourth at Rome, and all The world of eighteen and sixteen scanned it.

A decade more, see Adams dead, The elder John, our second president, And Monticello's pale is history—On Jefferson, her laureled resident.

Monroe, whose doctrine statesmen quote, In eighteen and thirty-one was stricken— He died on July Fourth, you note, Whose words our nation's pulses quicken.

Texas annexed in forty-five—Again the mystic date is fateful—And parties long will strive and strive To settle if the gain is grateful.

Vicksburg surrendered, sixty-four, The river key to upland regions, Grant's triumph rings from shore to shore, Our flag above his conquering legions.

St. Louis' mighty bridge of steel In seventy-four is opened proudly—A giant bond, our poets feel, 'Twas east and west, applauded loudly.

In ninety-four—again this date—With Yankee energy to lead 'em And bound to test the will of fate, Hawaiians make their strike for freedom.

In ninety-eight the Fourth is cheered, Applause for Schley and Sampson mingling, Spain's navy smashed, as it appeared The day before, beyond all fixing.

This glorious Independence day—Stands memorable in history—A date that hints the mingled play Of sequence and of mystery.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WHEN FOOD WAS SCARCE.

Prices That Ruled in Paris During the Siege of 1870.

The following interesting statement of the prices that were paid for food during the siege of 1870 is taken verbatim out of the journal of a French officer stationed in Paris at the time:

"Toward the middle of October we had to make up our mind to sacrifice the animals of the zoological garden. The elephants and many other beasts were bought by M. Debos, the owner of the English meat shop in Av. Friedland. The meat of the elephants was sold from \$10 to \$12 a kilogram (two pounds), the trunk commanding the highest price, \$16 a kilogram. The trunk and feet were both declared delicious by all gourmands. In the same shop a pair of young wolves were sold for \$2.50 per pound. The meat was soft and without taste. The biggest price was paid for a young live lamb that had been swiped by a 'franc-tireur' from the enemy. One hundred dollars was paid for it.

"Here is an exact price list of some victuals toward the end of the siege:

Two pounds of horseflesh.....	\$5.00
One ham.....	15.00
A whole cat.....	3.00
A rabbit.....	30.00
One turkey.....	30.00
One egg.....	1.00
A rat.....	.50
A pigeon.....	.50
One pound of butter.....	6.00
A pound of beans.....	1.50
A peck of carrots.....	2.00
One cabbage head.....	3.00
One stick of celery.....	.50
Wood to burn (100 pounds).....	2.00
Even the rich had to live on the meagerest diet and to take into their menu things that till then only the trapper in the virgin forests was supposed to eat. I leave it to you to imagine what kind of meals were served in the small restaurants and boarding houses.	

"Moreover, everybody had to submit to the strictest orders. People stood in line before the butcher and baker shops to wait for their turns. Each household was furnished with a card from the municipality authorizing the bearer to buy a certain amount of meat and bread. The cook, the housewife, the young girl, the little child (men never go shopping in France), were posted for hours before the shops in rain and snow, with wet feet, shivering with cold. The unfortunate ones endured without a murmur these hardships. Women throughout the time of the siege were setting an example of courage and self-abnegation not always followed by men.

"It was a sad and touching spectacle. These long files of women, nearly all dressed in black, grouped before the doors of the dealers, watched by the national guard, with whom they at first were laughing and chatting, till the sufferings from the cold had silenced the laugh and sometimes brought forth the tears.

"But in spite of all precautions the stores one by one were exhausted, the provisions put in too late before the siege, were used up, and while the babies, deprived of milk, died in great numbers, or, fed on sweet wine and bread, pined slowly away, the big people tried to find new resources to prolong their lives."

Inheritance and environment are not only realities, but are the most important elements of the everyday life. The thought of yesterday fixes the tendency of today. The conditions of today are the background against which every life is projected.—Allison W. Tourgee.

It costs more for a dull merchant to brush the dust off his goods than it would to advertise and sell them.

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A GHOST STORY.

The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycollar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a spectral horseman visits Wycollar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description.

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off.

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present: his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room and that the spectral horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

Virginia and Bryan.

For weeks and months we have been told that Virginia would send an uninstructed delegation to Denver. Powerful influences in the Old Dominion, led by Senator Daniel, were known to be opposed to the nomination of Mr. Bryan. But when the Virginia convention met at Roanoke a test vote showed 608 for instructions to 186 against instructions. Thereupon the opponents of instructions gracefully acceded to the will of the majority and the delegates were instructed and the eloquent Daniel was chosen as one of the delegates at large, together with Senator Martin. Governor Swanson and ex-Governor J. Hoge Tyler—a Big Four that will have weight at Denver.

Democrats are all getting together for a love feast at Denver. Some of Mr. Bryan's indiscreet friends in Virginia—but not many of them)—announced some time ago that they would seek to defeat the election of Senator Daniel as delegate to Denver. Wiser friends announced that they would send Senator Daniel as an instructed Bryan delegate and that was done. The will of the people is of superior power to the view of any leader. Senator Daniel was not hostile to Bryan but doubted the wisdom of his nomination. He however never assumed more wisdom than that possessed by the assembled Democracy of his State, and he will go to Denver to carry out the instructions of his State and to help shape party affairs or to put Bryan in the White House.

In June some folks may think it a matter of small importance if the Democrats are disagreed. In November there will be need of every Democrat actively and harmoniously at work and Senator Daniel this year as in 1896, will stand with winning eloquence for the election of the Nebraska and Virginia Democrats will bury differences and stand united and determined to win victory.—News and Observer.

We have received a copy of Mr. Metcalf's book—The Real Bryan. This book is an avowed attempt to "explain Bryan" and is made up of extracts from his speeches, letters, etc. It is well worth the reading by any good citizen.

Him—My dear, this pumpkin pie is not half done.

Her—Well, finish it then, darling.—Los Angeles Times.

Mole Superstitions.

According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to be wealthy, while if you have it under your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left temple a mole indicates that you will find friends among the great ones of the earth, but if it be placed on the right temple it warns you of coming distress. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises wealth. If you have a mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

To the fellows who lost out in the State convention, quit shaking your heads and making ugly faces about it. By the time election day comes around you will all be feeling better and will be climbing over each other to vote for Kitchin.—Ex.

Rev. Watt Holcombe evangelist and son-in-law of Sam Jones has been getting into trouble down in Georgia says the Cartersville Ga. Dispatch Holcombe was indicted for using obscene language before ladies and fined \$200 and cost. Many of our citizens will remember Rev. Holcombe because of his evangelical work in this city.

When a man begins by saying "To tell you the truth," you may be pretty sure he is going to tell a lie.

Subscribe for the Democrat.

Auction Sale on Public Square

We wish to announce for the benefit of the People of Hickory and surrounding country that we have planned an Auction sale of Grand View property to take place on the public square July 4th. There has recently been built a nice street out to Grand View, which has attracted much attention and is very valuable to our town. There has been \$1,000.00 spent on the streets of Grand View. Buildings have already been put up on this property and many other improvements are being planned. The streets to Grand View are the nicest in the city and property in that section is being rapidly developed and nice building lots have been surveyed and sold on both sides of the street that leads to Grand View. You cannot find a better investment anywhere in our city. Now you have an opportunity to buy nice building sites at your own price. Read the page ad in this paper. Terms of sale: One third cash balance in three and six months. Mr. Ray Wright of Lafayette, Ind., has been employed to conduct the sale and no doubt it will be the most interesting one ever held in the city. Mr. Wright is a fine auctioneer and you will miss a treat if you fail to hear him cry this sale. There will be several presents to be given away at the sale. Morrison Bros. Co.

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They Are Great.

If you are looking for amusement and want to laugh and enjoy yourself, at a cool, pleasant and comfortable place, go to the motion picture shows, they are great. Over a million people have enjoyed these wonderful pictures. The most up-to-date reproductions to be found anywhere—life-like and interesting. Going on all the time, July 4th, at each end of public square, Gem and Wonderland. Admission 5 and 10 cents.

It is a singular fact that the South has not a single large publishing house in its confines. A Southern Author must send his work to the North to be published. The scarcity of Southern magazines is just as apparent. There are but two Southern Magazines in existence—Uncle Remus, edited by Joel Chandler Harris and the Taylor-Trotwood, edited by Senator Bob. Taylor, of Tennessee. Both these are good and worthy of reading—"The Gift of the Grass" in the latter is one of the hits of the season.

Secretary Taft became a private citizen Tuesday. He is planning to go to Hot Springs, Va., for a rest. Luke Wright succeeds him in the war office.

The fleet is to sail from San Francisco July 7th on its world cruise. The Democratic convention at Denver begins the same day.

A cursory perusal of the North Carolina papers will show how effectively the Democrats are getting behind Kitchin. This means victory in November.

The English suffragettes made an attack on Parliament Tuesday. Some thirty of them were arrested and they accomplished nothing.

Hon. B. M. Fernald has been nominated for Governor by the Maine Republicans.

Office Boy (giving valuable hints to newcomers)—And, say, don't you have nothin' to do wid Maloney. New Boy—'Wot's de matter wid him? Office Boy—He's a coward, dat's why. He sneaked up on me yisterday an' kicked me in de stomach when me back wuz turned.—Woman's Home Companion.

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