By CLINTON ROSS.

(Copyright, 1897, by Clinton Ross) I had heard all kinds of predictions sparkled with delicious sugestiveness, of want might happen in that region, and sent a sutle fire, that stole the but yet exactly nothing had chill away. We began to talk with loosened tongues, while our host watched us as if amused at our subtaine? as two days; I say us, for, al- jects; as if he indeed were a gentlethou, a I had started alone from Genoa man of the old time who heard us as for the long 800 miles wheel, I had one might the redoubtable Baron Muncome early along the Comache road, chausen; watched us with a sneer that on Merson, a little chap from Man- was only hal covert; and yet, while listening, said absolutely nothing of himself; and but shrugged his shoulmy kit. He, too, was in search of the ders when we exclaimed at the exact my kit. He, too, was in search of the date which had made this perfect illustration my purpose, and I had found him done—remarking at the oddity of the quet, and not too cleverly distracting. viands, as well as at their appetizing A indeed, don't know what I should qualities—he still said naught of him-distances beyond Marseilles when, on the large and day, we fell into a region of centry speaking a patois that antry speaking a patois that any person—even with a millionaire's was bout as impenetrably dense as their superstitions and distrust of strategies. Yet, all went well enough unt. that afternoon, when in a desoich of moor we rode into the know you are weary, and Theodore will

jaws of howling thunder, and tossing show you to your lodging, which I The way felt a bit hilly and rut-hope may prove satisfactory."

When we answered that nothing
Drenched and disheartened the
ould be more pleasing and perfect than emed limitless. We must have this choice hospitality to belated strana cross-road; for the inn we gers, he bowed with sudden, curt dised for did not appear; not a house, missal, while the man, candle in hand,

I Luman being, nor dog, nor sheep. beckoned to the door. Not wishing to thight have turned back, but we press our appreciation-in this sudden come so far that it seemed bet- display of haughtiness-we followed, to paddle on with dull persistence, through interminable corridors, into The scurrying wet bit our faces bru- great damp, tapestried chamber, where y; and our legs were like me- the servant lit a score of candles, that nical metal cylinders, had it not but seemed to increase a sense of bear for their remonstranceful aching; gloom. A great, bed, such as you may and, to add to our weary dismay, the see in the museum of Cluny, was at mig t reached across the waste, crush- one side; but the room was singularly with fearsome shadows. We in- cheerless, as the servant's steps soundwere about yielding, when sud- ed, and faded, outside the closed door. a burst of livid lightning showed Then we turned to question each otha y tat battlemented house to which er's impression; to voice our wonder; ath led-displayed it surprisingly, to notice a fox on the mountings; to pause with sudden horror and amazeseemed as if we should have seen ment at a full length portrait of our bre. Directly we were on it, and host opposite the bed. There he stood, ag the wheels, poked toward it, looking at us in Henri Quartre cosand why there was no gleam of tume—the same restless eyes—the. through any chink. A great outer gleam of white teeth under thin exwas open, and we groped to an in- to fear and hate that face.

ne if the bottom of the narrowing Pierson shared my feeling. The ge and then a more penetrating whole adventure had been so unacstruck a glare over a broad door, countable—the object of our enter- "Meanest boy in town," they said here looked down a great bronze tainer even on the score of eccentrihead, with the knocker city-so inexplicable, that as sane and hanging listless from its strong as we were we readily agreed Our impatience left us

Tiscretion; the blackness was pro bking, an dI raised the ring, which stre k a chill through my gloved hand. The spot where it fell may have been us loned; for we were dumbfounded y : lence when the door was opened as Its own volition—sending a certain add glow over us-the light of y candles, and the sight, and ngrly not the crackle, of a burnog in a deep fireplace at a long s end. The furnishings, elaborate he extreme, were of Henri Quatre. aits and mailed figures lined the ravo vou gather from old books pictures; for he was dressed y fitting the period of all the a-of this interior. His voice as quite as much as this unl splendor of light that no ad revealed to us while groping a faint sounding, yet distinct

The flickering light sought the

of the oaken flooring and cell-

dark fellow, with a dsh of the

French that we understood.

h it seemed not exactly in the

e patois of that district.

forsaken spot; adding this new aber-

we sat, on his motion to our places.

mer not so bad,-for a country house,"

dusty flagon some heavy wine, that house was."

made-I assure you."

me to show you tnhere."

we were scholed to; no more

Sieur de Bellaire, Sirs, has been

ad close at the dor was a lackey-

though he looked at us slyly yet his manner seemed to reflect a master's cordiality

g you, and despairing of your rance has sat down to dinner- to lie down on the bed without removing our clothes and to leave the canegan, and Pierson bore out my dles burning. A heavy key turned aimer, that he was mistaken; that rustily in the lock. When I crept to could not be expected; that we Pierson's side, he already seemed to e simply itinerant bicyclists lost in be sunken in slumber, as was reasonblindness of the storm on the able after our many weary miles that retching moor. And we wondered day. But I at first could not sleep as who this gentleman could be who displayed sa bizarre a taste in furnishing trait faced me and made me dread; and in the dress of his lackey, in this and, yet, at last nature had her way.

I waked suddenly with the dread

ration to many previous ones in my observation of the ecentricity possible in eccentric millionaires. Surprise the still flickering candles showed. Or was doubled by the man's quick re- was it the portrait? I stared; I feared. "Ah, gentlemen, no mistake has been ening me even now. The Sieur de Bel-Ah, such horrid fear that it was! sicklaire was advancing out of his frame-And although he looked at us slyly, was nearing me; and suddenly leaning yet his manner seemed to reflect a mas-ter's cordiality. I thought of all I had I could feel a stinging, biting pain; heard of strange personages who keep and then I had strength to exert mytheir doors open for chance guests, self against the Thing. We strove Perhaps a glass had revealed us a mightily; I for life; the Thing for destruggling on the moor along the path ending in this unexpected welcome. And, mistake or no, our condition and that sends a chill like that of death weariness and hunger made us accept, through the veins even now. For this after our proper discdlaimer had been disallowed. We asked but for to go back for our whels, when the man said that wanted my warm blood to thaw he would care for them, and that his its own iciness of death, and as we master ought not to be kept waiting rolled, and struggled, I heard no sound longer. The master would excuse our from Pierson. Was he dead? I knew appearances, if we should join him at not. And sometimes the cruel Thing once; and we, now inclined to se the with the bestial fangs had the better: venture to its end, followed with some and then the desire for my own life amazement that the burning log on the hearth seemed to give out no warmth, and, yet, perhaps the chill from the moor had reached the marrow so penetratingly that a whiff of heat failed to And yet I don't know. If it had been

And yet I don't know. If it had been We were ushered into a great dining should not be telling this story. I dersigned that a cause of action exists in favor of the plaintif against the defendant for his child named alley R. hall where a table was elaborately awoke, with a sense of warmth, among attress Rhodes at the said F. D. Snell awoke, with a sense of warmth, among spread with quaint and strage dishese—all it seemed of the gone day of Henri Quartre; and it was a gentleman of that period, nicely attired in silk and hose and flowing linen, who bowed urbanely, and motioned us to the board wher places for two showed that we alone were expected. Yet for a moment we paused, oblivious of manners—at the host's face; thin, narrow, clever, cunning, high bred, with strange tossing black eyes; and the sile, and then I had a pain the life-giving sun on my face; and rising myself, I looked out on a far reach of moor, the sun of the day-break caught in the yellow grass tops. No person—no living thing was in view; yes, there was a house on a near road; but where was the battlemented house of the night before me untell I cawled for it Monday that logs the system and makes bad form me untell I cawled for it Monday that clogs the system and makes bad form them, which had certain antique phrases that rewhere we were. And then I had a pain where we were. And then I had a pain had certain antique phrases that re- where we were. And then I had a pain fortwith to go to F. D. Snell home in minded me of n essai of the Sieur de at the heart, and feeling there knew Montaigne. For the Sieur re Bell- it had been torn, and was still bleed- your county of Tyrell and git a child aire apeared to have that nice sense ing; and Pierson's throat had some in this masquerade which Mr. Irving unaccountable mark.

brings to the setting of a play, where accuracy in every detail is to be had been seeking in the night's storm.

The houses proved to be the inn we had been seeking in the night's storm.

There we breakfasted, and then be been been been been to ask in the tan-room of the Sieur been. of this gentleman's face—with cruel lines, and eager white teeth now and again showing—something belying the graces of exquisite breeding. Yet when he spoke this feeling faded, and we sat, on his motion to over places. cowled monk, who was listening came forward crossing himself, and surpris-"You have kept me waiting, gen- ing us with excellent English.

tlemen," said he with gentle suavity; "You passed a night in the House of "and yet I thmink you will find the din- the Bronze Fox?" "Yes." We again cried out a mistake had The monk looked at us curiously,

"There is only the cellar where the

been made; when he smilingly said again fingering his rosary. that this was not so; and that were "Who is this Sieur de Bellaire?" it not for the favor of the storm "There is none." he should have dined alone. The man "There is none?" who had admitted us returned, and "He died in Henri Quartre's reign." became the waiter, gliding about, serv-"He died? And the house?" ing us, and pouring out from a

"And what of that we saw?" "Who knows?" The monk paused strangely:

"Have you ever heard that there may be dead who try to steal the life from the living?" he said, with strange, searching eyes on me; and he turned, still fingering the rosary, and went out of the door. We paused, looking at each other, and then too late for the monk had gone-tried to inquire of the men in the inn. They but stared at us stpidly as not understanding us; nor issues to-morrow will say: could we make anything of their

that same impulse of fight, too, mounted. The sun had dried the mud coat- a little later. ing on that good road; the summer morning drove the night out of our brains; and as we wheeled along, our pulses again beating regularly—our blood warm-the events of the night grew dimmer. They seemed but parts of a nightmare. It was as if we both had had a fall in the storm that had left us unconscious until dawn; that had put the same scars on our throats; that had stirred the same fancies in our brains. Nor now can we be posicountry no one seemed to know even the location of the moor; nor have we since been able to find it, It was all a nightmarish thing, that may, or may not, have come from physical exhaustion, we said; and yet, saying so much, we turned on each other eyes of dread lest there might be contradiction; and even yet it is the same with us on the subject of that dream of the moor.

THE HOT FLAG'S UP.

There ain't no doubt about it-We must drain the burning cup; We're together in the weather: For the

In snow we'd like to revel-On icicles to sup; But the sun is like a furnace, And the

> —F. L. STANTON. THE STORY OF DICK.

When Dick's name wuz mentioned: Beat all boys alive or dead;" "Wicked: bad-intentioned!" Better keep your boys apart;" Bound to break his mother's heart!"

That's the way they talked o' him-Lazy little rover-Till one mornin', sad an' dim, Dick—he got run over! Bruised an' bleedin'-raised his head:

Last words on his lips: "Don't tell Mother!" As they listened Felt the hearts within 'em swell While the tear drops glistened! Don't tell mother!" Ragged-But them last words said enough!

'Don't tell mether!" All he said!

THE DOLLAR OF OUR DADDIES You can howl about your dollar that's

-FRANK L. STANTON.

That will buy a dollar's worth the entire world around; and say you don't see how any sensi-

Could think of placing us under the silver yoke;

But O, the good silver dollars, The bright silver dollar, The dolllar of our daddies, Is good enough for me!

And while I'm plowin' out the cotton or the corn You can just bet your boots that I'll sound the silver horn, For I'm not afraid of the gold-bug

And while I work you can just bet I'll Of the good silver dollar, The bright silver dollar,

The dolllar of our daddies, That's good enough for me! R. H. ALLISON.

Statesville, N. C.

A REMARKABLE LEGAL PAPER. Copy of An Order Issued by a Fusion Magistrate in Tyrrell.

To the Editor: The last "confusion" Legislature appointed Mr. J. S. Snell a justice of the peace for Columbia township, Tyrrell county, for no other reason than that he was a Radical in good standing with his ilk. A few days since a brother Radical went to him for redress under these circumstances: He had given his child to a friend to be raised, and having changed his mind, wanted the child back. The justice bothered his penderous brain a few minutes, and then produced the following remarkable paper:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. Simeon Rhodes against F. D. Snell and

To any counstable or other lawful officer of Tyrrell county:-Greeting: It appearing by affidaved to the un-

named alley B. attress Rhoads which is mine and bring it to my house Simeon Rhoads in the said County Sat-

Witnes am said Justices this 13 day of May 1896.

(Signed.) Acting thereon the sheriff took from the defendant, and delivered to the plaintiff, the child therein described. It is difficult to determine whether this justice thought he was issuing a capias, precept, or a writ of habeas corpus—whether criminal or civil pro-cess. This is a nut for the lawyers

to crack. It is plain he feels his importance,

and thinks he has unlimited jurisdic-May God save the State! M. MAJETTE Columbia, N. C., May 19.

LET US REASON TOGETHER.

A Feature in the General Business Situation.

New York, May 22.-R. G. Dun & Co.'s. Weekly Review of Trade which

The waiting condition which seems to some people nothing better than Pierson pulled me out into the sun- stagnation, still continues. But there shine, his face ashen, and motioned is a difference. Thousands of orders to our wheels. I understood, and with and contracts are merely deferred because they can more safely be given

There is nothing exciting in the speculative market for exportable products, and stories about damage to wheat have been circulated. The western receipts continue larger-for three weeks 5,818,625 against 4, 362,537 bushels last vear-while Atlantic exports, flour included, have been only 3,198,-903 bushel for the same weeks, against 4,749,674 last year. The home market fails entirely to respond to short tive that it was else than a dream—an crop stories, for it is known that westaccident when in the tempest we ern reports indicate a crop exceeding wheeled out of our path and the weari-ness of utter exhaustion wrought ed the price a fraction for a day or strange delusions. When late that af- two, but it declined again and such ternoon we were wheeling in a wooded movements are always easy at this season when stocks can be easily controlled. The European and American mill supplies, with commercial stocks, still exceed maximum consumption for the crop year and the promise for the coming crop is decidedly good.

The textile manufactures are still waiting as they have been for months past, and the extensive curtailment of production does not strengthen prices in the least. Some large cotton mills have discontinued production this week, but the only change in representative quotations is an eighth decline in brown sheetings. The market for woolens is exceedingly dull, notwithstanding the stopping of many

Failures for the week have been 227 in the United States, against 207 last year, and 28 in Canada against 23 last

BRADSTREET'S REPORT. New York, May 22.—Bradstreet's

to-morrow will say: The re-actionary tendency in prices, shrinkages in railroad earnings, the falling off in bank clearings, and the fact that the present constitutes the beginning of the between-seasons, include the more conspicuous features of the general business situation. On the other hand, business failures have fallen off sharply.

General trade throughout the central west has not met anticipations. Clothing orders have dropped off two weeks earlier than usual at Chicago, and the run of orders for dry goods there is light. A relatively more favorable report comes from St. Louis that dry goods, clothing, hardware and groceries are being sold in increasing quantities for fall delivery.

The most favorable | report comes from Kansas City, where the movement of merchandise continues relatively quite active; mercantile collections are fair, and trade prospects were never better. Improvement is also noted on the Pacific coast, which is bettering the crop outlook.

IT CUTS NO ICE.

What a Well Known Republican Says of the Endorsement of Pritchard.

"The endorsement of Pritchard for United States Senator," said a wellknown Republican yesterday, "by the State Republican convention will not affect the situation. It will not even prejudice the members of the Legislature for or against Pritchard. That convention is now seen in its true light, and the manipulation of it all was so potent that decent men are not to be bound by any endorsement received from such a convention and

under such circumstances." "If the Legislature is Republican," he continued, "the endorsement of Pritchard by the State convention will have absolutely no effect upon the members of the Legislature when they come to select a man to fill Pritchard's place. His action in the convention after he had secured his personal endorsement was enough to disgust any fair-minded man. I would let you use my name but it would not be judicious to print it right now. I expect to be a member of the next Legislature; and if the Republicans are so fortunate as to have a majority in that body I expect to cast my vote for Oliver H. Dockery, of Richmond, for United States Senator. I am not alone in this, for I have talked the matter over with other staunch Republicans. and they agree with me. Only their constituents can properly instruct members of the Legislature, and it is to be hoped that the members will obey their instructions better than did the delegates to the late Republican State convention."

SILVER'S DAY.

One by one, from south to west, The states—they fall in line; And silver's day still leads the way, So, see the silver shine!

It's ringin' An' swingin'. The biggest states in line; So, clear the way For silver's day, And see the silver shine!

Speedily cured by CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor cures, assisted externally by warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, when all else fails? Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, Sic.; QAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and \$1. POTTER DEUG BD CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. 188 "How to Cure Every Humor," mailed free.

It needs "no ghost to come and tell us" that the sooner dyspepsia is remedied, the soooner we shall enjoy that right to which our ancestors laid claim in the Declaration of Independence—"the pursuit of happiness." A man blesssed with a good digestion provided he has enough to eat-is happy. There are hosts of people with ample means to whom the sole consolation of a healthy pauper is denied. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a certain, prompt and thorough medicinal igent through the use of which sound igestion, and the nerve tranquility which its disturbance causes, can be recovered. Biliousness, malarial and kidney trouble, constipation and rheumatism are also remedied by this fine corrective of a disordered condition of the system. Appetite and sleep are greatly improved by it.

TWO LIVES SAVED.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption, and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her, and she says it saved her ife. Mrs. Thomas Eggers, 139 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consump- A DOSE OF tion, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at John Y. MacRae's drugstore. Regular size 50c. and \$1.

P HAPPY. PRUITFUL MARRIE Every Man Who Would Minos Grand Truths, the Plain Cacts. C

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worry, &c.
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"Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday, and my new self was born to-day. Why didn't you tellime

when I first wrote that I would find it this And another thus:

"If you dumped a cart lead of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD." Refer to the accuracy of the company propries to send

this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well intro-



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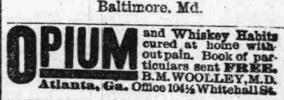
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