

MR. COVILLE'S SONG.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

The Beautiful Little Story Which Impressed Mr. Coville So Strongly, and How He Was Afterward Impressed in a Much Different Way.

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That is a very beautiful story of the clergyman who visited an insane asylum and was attacked by a maniac, but who broke into a song and sang it so clearly and sweetly that the maniac was subdued; and, when he stopped from exhaustion, the maniac cried for more, and he sang more, and the maniac gave up. This story made a very strong impression upon Mr. Coville, of this village, and the more he thought of it the more he was impressed by it. A day or two after reading this beautiful story Mr. Coville's boy caught a boy named Phillips near the foundry and filled his hair with tar. The boy went straight home, of course, with his shocking looking head, and, as his home is on the same street as that of the Covilles, Mr. Phillips hurried there at once. He vociferated into Mr. Coville's ear the cause of his visit, and requested that Master Coville be passed out and cut up between them. Mr. Coville expressed his indignation at the outrage his son had committed, and promised to punish him severely for it. But this was not what Mr. Phillips wanted.

Instead of comforting him the promise appeared to irritate him. He danced out to the walk and clutched an imaginary boy by the hair, and struck an imaginary boy in the face with a ferocity that was dreadful, and then danced back again and howled for Master Coville to be brought out. Mr. Coville was frightened at his vehemence, and sought by all the powers of persuasive oratory to soothe him, but he was not to be quelled.



At every fresh argument he repeated his singular demonstration, with such intimidating additions as snapping his fingers and shaking his fist in the face of his neighbor. Having exhausted his reasoning, and Phillips becoming more inflamed all the while, Mr. Coville was about to beat a retreat for the safety of his own person when the beautiful story of the clergyman and the maniac suddenly flashed into his mind. Here was sure and unexpected relief. Mr. Phillips had danced down to the walk, and was dancing back with half a dozen imaginary boys in tow, whom he was belaboring in a most murderous manner, but Mr. Coville did not mind him. He felt that he had the turbulent mass of passion within his control, and as he realized his power a faint smile of triumph and pleasure stole into his face. Then he began to sing.

It is years since Mr. Coville indulged in the luxury of vocal music and his catalogue of pieces is neither large nor varied, but he took up the first one that presented itself and rolled it out. It was "A Life on the Ocean Wave"—a very pretty piece and quite popular when Mr. Coville retired from singing. It is a long time, as we have said, since Mr. Coville had occasion to use his voice, and it worked a trifle awkward and uneven at first, but he remembered that his purpose was a noble one and he did not shrink from criticism. As he advanced in the song he was pleased but not surprised to see Phillips first stare at him, then drop his hands at his side and afterward draw back and look around as if he were planning an escape.

But Mr. Coville did not stop; he gathered strength as he proceeded, and turning his eyes to heaven and keeping time with his feet roared along through the measure with amazing force. He had got up on the highest note he could find and was bursting into a perfect apoplectic howl of melody, when he felt himself caught abruptly by the collar, and the next instant was made aware that he was on his back on the walk, and that a man looking dreadfully like Phillips was pounding his head against the frozen ground, and doing something with his ribs that appeared to be uncalled for. Then he felt himself slide through a planing mill, and opening his eyes saw that Phillips was gone and that Mrs. Coville was trying to get him on his feet. In this direction he gave her all the help possible, and getting up looked around for the planing mill, but not seeing it allowed her to lead him into the house.

To all her questions she could get no answer, but occasionally, while applying the liniment, he would start up with

"A Life on the Ocean," and then suddenly stop, smile faintly and softly rub his nose. It was several hours before he acted natural again, but aside from conceding that possibly Phillips didn't have the right kind of madness, or he himself may not have got hold of the right tune, he shows no disposition to converse on the matter. Sunday afternoon young Coville, to be smart, and thinking that his father was asleep in the chair, undertook to start the tune for the edification of his mother, and the futility of that air for enchainning an audience was again demonstrated in a most signal manner.

Shaking Carpet.

Shaking a carpet is a feature of house cleaning which thoroughly enlists the attention of the man of the house. It is done after dinner. The reason the woman selects this time is because he is dressed and has to go back to business again without a chance to change his clothes. He carries the carpet outdoors. It is not rolled up, it is in a wad shape, and he gathers it up in his arms and starts for the door, with one end of the carpet dragging between his feet. He scorns to stop and roll it up. He has got his arms full. It presses into his bosom and leaves rifts of sand and grit on his shirt front, it bulges into his face, hot and dusty, and fills his mouth and nose and eyes.

Then the long end gets under one foot as he is going down the back stoop, and the other foot mounts up the breadth, and he stumbles, but catches himself, and prevents falling to the ground on his face by deliberately yet blindly jumping off the stoop. He finally gets the carpet on the line. It is very warm. There is a breeze from the west. He steps on the west side of the carpet and hits it a lick with a stick; instantly the wind turns sharp around to the east, and he is engulfed in dust. He darts around to the east side, and he hits it another lick; the wind veers around to the west simultaneously, and he is plunged into a sneezing fit, which seriously threatens to dislocate his neck. Then he pauses and looks around uneasily. He sees that a carpet has the same effect on the wind as a sieveful of coal ashes, and he doesn't understand it. He gets a clothespole and stands around at the north end, and hits the carpet a terrible rap; the wind promptly sails around to the south, and catches him full in the face with a pint of dust before the pole has fairly left the carpet.



He doesn't stop to reason now; he would be a jackass if he did. He grasps the pole with all his might and madly smashes it against the carpet, and dances around the line and coughs and sneezes and swears. After that it is pulled down, and the hired girl, with the strength of an ox, takes hold of an end with him, and they proceed to shake it. His hands are in blisters across the palms, and his fingers, aching with the grasp on the pole, can seem to find no hold on the wool and warp. At every other shake they glide off, starting the nails and causing his arms to tingle clear to the elbows; and every time he picks up that carpet he does it with renewed energy and a weaker backbone.

The most we can hope for a man in this position is that he is not a deacon of a church and the hired girl a member of it.

Locating an Evil.

A Danbury auctioneer writing a letter of advice to a young friend, closed up with the following astonishing information: "The evil that you do through life will come back to plague you on the day of your death, or, if stormy, on the first fair day thereafter."

A Lingering Joy.

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school Monday was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing down with a bedcord and he waited to hear him howl.

Not Particular.

A man who applied to one of our citizens for help for his destitute children, being asked what he needed, said he was not particular. "If he couldn't get bread he would take tobacco."

J. M. BAILEY.

Antique Andirons.

A common form of andiron in the shops of the dealers in antiques is a small brazen affair with a ball from two to three inches in diameter at the top, a short shaft that widens and narrows every inch of its length and legs that suggest branch forms. They are really a development of the early wrought iron creepers. They are as often as not from fifty to 150 years old. They are invariably of cast brass, with horizontal bars of wrought iron. Shovel, tongs and poker of wrought iron, with brass handles, may be bought with them sometimes.—New York Sun.

BRIEF ITEMS OF NEWS

INTERESTING HAPPENINGS OF THE WORLD FROM FAR AND NEAR.

The Developments of Each Day During the Week Caught Fresh from the Busy Wires and Carefully Edited and Condensed for Our Readers.

Wake Forest defeats the Tennessee University foot ball teams.

Cotton is now worth twenty dollars a bale more than last spring.

The Georgia Legislature will appropriate \$40,000 a year for its militia.

Samuel Roberson froze to death near Harrisonburg, Va., Wednesday night.

Five persons were burned to death in a tobacco barn in Connecticut Saturday night.

A Knoxville, Tenn., man dies after drinking six beer glasses of whiskey on a wager.

Sidney Wortham, railroad agent at Jelligo, Tenn., was assassinated Thursday night.

A cast-iron prohibition bill has been introduced in the South Carolina Legislature.

The foreman of the Galloway mines in Walker county, Ala., was assassinated Saturday.

The Democrats of Bloomington, Ill., will escort Gen. Stevenson to Washington in March.

A Tennessee horse thief is captured in West Virginia while preaching an eloquent sermon.

Whether Harrison or Weaver carries North Dakota depends upon the right of Indians to vote.

The passengers of a sleeping car on the Northern Pacific railroad were robbed by masked men Wednesday night.

The wife of Senator Colquitt is critically ill. Senator Colquitt is improving. Both have stricken with paralysis.

A man in Huntingdon, Pa., nearly loses his life in trying to carry out an election bet which was to wade the Juniata river.

Rev. John W. Scott, farther-in-law of President Harrison, died at the White House on the 29th. He was 92 years old.

Ten persons from Danville, Va., are in New York to be treated for hydrophobia, and twenty-three more are to follow them.

Eight-ninths of the spindles of the Spinners federation in England are idle or running on half time, effecting 64,000 employees.

Col. Jesse Ayer, a prominent and wealthy citizen living near Rome, Ga., was assassinated on the public road Saturday by some unknown person.

Men intending to lynch three negroes at Jasper, Tenn., are persuaded by the sheriff to give up their intention and the lives of the negroes are saved.

The control of the next Kansas House of Representatives will depend upon drawing by lot. The membership is evenly divided between the Republicans and the opposition and the election in Coffey county was a tie, which will have to be decided by lot.

A bill has been introduced in the Alabama Legislature protecting primary elections, to prohibit railroads granting free passes to State officers, and another prohibiting policy holders in case of loss by fire recovering more than the value of the property as shown by the tax assessor's books.

Shiloh's Consump tion Cur.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 50c and \$1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by J. P. Stedman.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a cough, cold or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Try 1 bottle free at J. G. Hall's drug store, Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

SHORT STOPS

Gathered Here and There from our Exchanges.

A gold throne, valued at \$2,500,000, will be the jubilee present of all the Roman Catholic Cathedrals of the world to his Holiness the Pope.

"The newspapers say Mary Ellen Lease is after the senatorial toga. There is a popular impression, however, that Mary Ellen would prefer a pair of trousers to a toga."

The plan of having a North Carolina building at the World's Fair is definitely abandoned. The ladies who undertook the task of raising the money found they could not do so.

The Emperor of Annam has 200 wives, but he keeps them in separate houses, each of which is surrounded by a high wall. He doesn't believe in family gatherings when there is only one old man's hair to pull.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimea, and whose deeds of simple mercy and charity were embalmed in song and story until she became England's favorite heroine, is now 72 years old and lives in perfect seclusion.

A German doctor has started the theory that most drunkards can be cured by eating apples at every meal. This is a new application of the applejack plan of sobering a fellow up by tw fingers of the juice in a tumbler of hard cider.

Jane Holloway, a colored woman said to be 108 years old, recently called on the Work House Board in Cincinnati and secured the release of her gay and festive son Samuel, a giddy young fellow of 75, who was doing time for beating his wife.

That woman who was elected a trial Justice in Wyoming, and who commenced her duties by committing her husband to jail for contempt of court, is only another instance of a woman's power to see at a glance what her husband most needs for his comfort.

Just as a Michigan bear was about to lug a man to death a woman, who had never before fired a gun, appeared on the scene and shot the animal dead with a rifle. When a bear attempts to infringe on woman's rights it is just simply good-bye bear.

Evidently Mr. Cleveland is not a stickler for highfalutin names in the places he picks out for retirement and recreation, as is evidenced by his spending most of the summer at Buzzard's Bay and his going now for rest and quiet to Hog Island. He is a man who ignores trifles and only attaches importance to important things.

Governor-elect Carr was, during a part of the war, a member of the Scotland Neck Mounted Riflemen. The troop has kept up its organization since the war and is one of the best military organizations in the State. It has tendered its services will parade mounted at the inauguration of Governor Carr in January in honor of its former member.

The executive meeting of the State Farmers' Alliance have been investigating matters, and it is learned the committee will soon publish a report of its investigation of affairs. It has also been learned that an order has been issued to the effect that S. Otho Wilson was on no account to be given any position in the State Business agency of the Alliance.

W. F. Swim, of Winston, N. C., has secured the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit—supposed to be the talisman for gilt-edged good luck—and is having it mounted in gold as a watch charm to be worn by Mr. Cleveland, for whom it is intended, Mr. Swim has probably thought that presenting this charm to Mr. Cleveland would be a reminder that he hoped to be in the swim.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Plaster. Sold by J. P. Stedman.

Four grades one horse, five sizes wag horse wagons in stock. Our customers will tell you the Old Hickory wagons are the best. aug26-tf OWEN, BARBOUR & SMITH.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A PROCLAMATION

—BY—

THE GOVERNOR!

\$100.00 REWARD!

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Whereas, official information has been received at This Department that diverse persons whose names are unknown did on the night of the 14th instant, forcibly and unlawfully take one William Burnett from the common jail of Granville county, and did there and then feloniously kill and murder him.

And Whereas, it appears that the said persons have fled the State, or so conceal themselves that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them.

Now, Therefore, I, Thomas M. Holt, Governor of North Carolina, by virtue of authority in me vested by law, do issue this my PROCLAMATION, offering a reward of One Hundred Dollars each for the apprehension and delivery of said unknown persons to the Sheriff of Granville county, at the courthouse in Oxford, said reward to be paid upon conviction of said person or persons and I do enjoin all officers of the State and all good citizens to assist in bringing said criminals to justice.

Done at our city of Raleigh, the 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two and in the one hundred and seventh year of our American Independence.

By the Governor: S. F. TELFAIR, Private Secretary.

nov25-2t

Sale of Land.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF THE Superior Court of Granville county, made in the case of John Dement and others vs. Luther F. Dement and others, we will, on Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1892, sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the court house door in Oxford, two tracts of land in Brassfield township, which are bounded as follows:

One tract containing 3 1/2 acres adjoins the lands of Alex Blackley, Fennel Dement, Ann Dement and Celestia McGhee; the other tract contains 4 1/2 acres and adjoins the lands of Fennel Dement, Mae Fowler, Jos. Preddy and W. B. Wilson. Said lands being a part of the tract owned by the late S. T. Dement, deceased.

Terms, one-third cash, balance in 12 months with interest at 6 per cent. Time of sale, 12 m. B. S. ROYSTER, Commissary.

A. A. HICKS, November 25th, 1892. nov25-tds.

Sale of Lands.

BY VIRTUE OF MORTGAGES EXECUTED by John G. Davis and wife to C. F. Burnett—one dated March 10, 1884, registered in Register of Deeds Office of Granville county, N. C., in Book of mortgages No. 18, page 314; one dated April 29, 1884, registered in book of mortgages No. 18, page 358; one dated Sept. 10, 1886, registered in Book of Mortgages No. 24, page 339, and one to C. F. Burnett & Pittard given in 1891 and transferred to C. F. Burnett—I shall, on Monday, December 12, 1892, offer for sale to the highest bidder at public auction at the courthouse door in Oxford, N. C., the tract of land described in said mortgages, containing 112 acres and situate 1/2 mile from Hester Station on the Durham & Northern Railroad, adjoining the lands of Maj. John Fleming, Bullcock and others. Time of sale 12 m. nov11 C. F. BURNETT, Mortgagee.

H. L. DAVIS, WITH—

Woodward & Lothrop,

Temple Dry Goods Store, COR. BROAD AND ADAMS STREETS, Richmond, Va.

Orders from my friends in North Carolina will receive my prompt and personal attention.

NOTICE

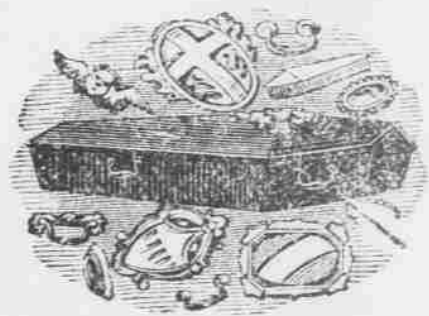
We wish to say to our friends and the public generally that we have moved to PROVIDENCE STATION, where we shall handle a full line of

FIRST-CLASS-GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES AND NOTIONS.

Thanking you for your past patronage at Bell Town we solicit your continued favors. All we ask is a fair trial and square dealing, and if we don't make old Providence get up and howl you may have our best hat with a hole in it.

J. R. Moore & Son, sept 2. PROVIDENCE, N. C.

The Oxford Coffin Co



HAVE OPENED UP WITH A FULL LINE OF COFFINS, CASKETS, &c., which they will furnish cheap for cash with Hearses free of charge. They are also prepared to do any kind of repairing of furniture and upholstery. Black Frot, Minor building. J. K. WOOD, Manager, Oxford, N. C. Jan 8

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is the BEST WHEEL ON THE MARKET this year. BECAUSE the combination of the celebrated G. & J. Pneumatic Tire and Spring Frame makes riding on it a luxury. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.

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