

GHOSTS OF LONDON

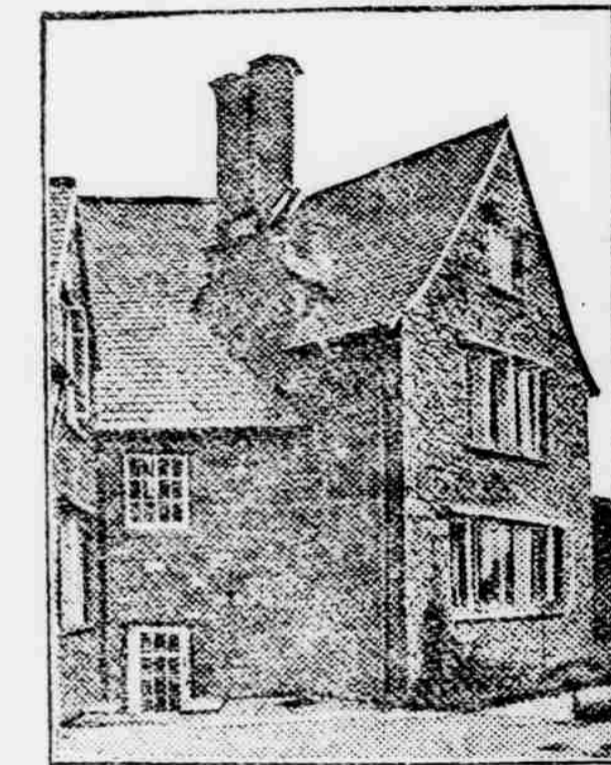
Temple Bar and Tower Favorite Haunts of Spooks.

Writer Advises Americans Who Seek Excitement to Spend an Evening With the Spectral Forms That Roam in Buildings.

London.—If the Americans who come to London find time hanging heavily on their hands, they might do worse than divert themselves with ghost hunting. It is widely known, of course, that the shade of the famous American lawyer, Judah P. Benjamin, haunts the picturesque old Temple, where, as one of the most successful "K. Cs." in the history of the English bar, he once had chambers, and now we have it on the authority of one of the leading spook experts in this country that the Tower of London, where so many celebrities, from queens downward, lost their heads, is haunted, too, though not by as many specters as might have been expected, considering the wholesale killing that once went on there.

Thousands of our countrymen visit the "Temple" every year—mainly to see the grave of Oliver Goldsmith—and thousands more explore the grim old Tower, with its racks and dungeon and site of the scaffold where Queen Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and the Earl of Essex were beheaded, and perhaps if these visitors stayed on after nightfall, instead of going back to their respective hotels and boarding houses, and kept a sharp eye out, they might be rewarded, at the Temple, by a glimpse of the ghostly Benjamin, or maybe even of the ample shade of Doctor Johnson, who likewise lodged there, or, at the Tower, with a view of Henry VIII., the much-married, whose spectral form has been seen in the neighborhood at least once.

Eliot O'Donnell, who, of course, is one of the most eminent authorities on ghosts in England, tells about the Tower ghosts in the pages of the Occult Review, and an astonishing crowd they prove to be. One of them, which was "undoubtedly," according to O'Donnell, the shade of Queen Ade-



Garden Corner of "Temple."

laid, the wife of George IV., appeared to two persons, one of them a former keeper of the crown jewels at the Tower, as a "cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, about as large as one's arm, and seemingly filled with a dense fluid," and another in the shape of a "huge bear" which issued from underneath the jewel room door. "A soldier thrust at it with his bayonet, which, going right through it, stuck in the doorway, whereat he dropped in a fit and was carried senseless to the guardroom, dying on the following day."

TO TEACH HENS TO LAY EGGS

English Agricultural Experts Tour North Wales in Special Train to Show Machine.

London.—The Agricultural Organization and the National Poultry Organization Society are jointly responsible for a unique scheme by which it is hoped hens may be taught to lay.

What is known as the "golden egg" train left London recently bearing a party of poultry experts who are going to teach the hens in Wales how eggs really should be laid. The train consisted of three special coaches, fitted with every modern device calculated to encourage the most educated hens to lay prize eggs, and it will travel from station to station in North Wales for a fortnight. The poultry experts will lecture at each stopping place to the local chicken farmers.

BABY THREW MONEY AWAY

Steelworker Gave Child Pocketbook to Play With on a Train and He Drops It Out of Window.

Newcastle, Pa.—According to word received here from Fernando Russo, a steelworker now at Harrisburg, Pa., his savings, a small fortune, were thrown from a train near Philadelphia by his baby, Jose Russo, and his family are stranded.

Russo, his wife and children were returning from New York, where they went to meet a relative, when the savings of several months were thrown away. The parent gave his baby his pocketbook to play with and Jose tossed it out of a window. The family traveled from Philadelphia to Harrisburg on a freight train.

MURIEL'S HOLIDAY

It Was Enforced, but Brought Happiness Instead of Expected Sorrow.

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHERWIN.

With a clang a great gate went shut, and a shrill whistle and the harsh boom of a bell told that the giant factory had begun the noisy grind of the business of the day. The inflexible rule of the plant was applied on the exact second—the worker who was not inside the walled grounds on the stroke of seven need not apply for admission until the next morning.

Half a dozen scurrying men and women had crossed the dividing line, grazed and all but knocked prostrate by the sliding barrier. A pretty, neatly appareled girl reached the gate to grasp its handle just as the lock shut. A young man, hurrying too, halted with a shrug of his shoulders, one-half dismayed, one-half resigned. These two were shut out. Others came straggling along in the distance, but turned about and retraced their way homeward, realizing the futility of seeking admittance.

While Sidney Harper, stock clerk, took the forced idleness of a day rather indifferently, in fact with rather a sense of enjoyable novelty, Muriel Hope, employed in the office of the big works, paled and her lips quivered. A sigh that was a sob but half suppressed left her lips. Her eyes filled with tears, and with a despondent step she started slowly from the spot.

Sidney Harper construed aright the girl's deep concern, and his sympathy was awakened. He was a man who had steeled himself against pity, but he could not help but be interested. He knew that low wages and ceaseless work held most of the employes of the works bound like slaves to a wheel. With many of them the loss of a day meant the loss of some other day's meals. Then a memory of a dark passage in his life that had made him a lonely, resentful being on the fair threshold of manhood, caused him to crowd back his interest in the girl. Once he had loved. It was all over



These Two Were Shut Out.

now, but he had never forgotten the false beauty who had been a traitress to her vows.

"Heigh-ho!" he communed with himself. "In four years of steady, persistent work at last a day off. I'm not sorry—I'll try and see if I am still human enough to be interested outside of the dull treadmill of hard labor."

He had noticed off and on for a year or more the fair young girl who answered to the name of Muriel Hope. Once he had adjusted a gas jet above her desk when she had some extra night work. Only a week since, too, he had brought a new chair to replace the crippled and uncomfortable one she occupied. After that he had always bowed to her when they met. Even that morning they had spoken, but very briefly in the urgency of getting through the gate in time.

His thoughts came irresistibly back to the girl as he saw her shift the lunch box she carried and move her handkerchief to her eyes, as if to wipe the tears away. He wondered what dreary life drama hers might be, what secret care and trouble might sear her tender girlish heart. And then—just as she was crossing a street he saw her step directly in the path of an on-rushing automobile. He made a spring. Just at the critical moment he seized and drew her out of the way of a dreadful peril, and led her back to the street curb half fainting with terror.

"Oh—how can I thank you!" she panted, and her hand rested unconsciously on his own as though she was glad that her rescuer was an acquaintance, if even a casual one.

"Had you not better let me help you into the drug store yonder, where you can rest till you recover your fright?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, no, I am quite—quite myself now," insisted Muriel, although she was trembling still and her lips were unsteady.

He took her hand and drew it through his arm in a kindly brotherly way she could not resist.

"We will walk on slowly then," he said quietly. "I will see you safely as far as your home."

She started, drew back, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"I dare not—that is, I cannot go home just now," she faltered. "It was of that I was thinking when I so carelessly crossed the street, and how I should pass the long day."

"I do not understand," insinuated Sidney gently.

"It is my dear mother," explained Muriel pathetically. "She is an invalid, nervous and apprehensive. My father when he died left nothing but a house on leased ground. The owner has raised the rent, and it is all we can do to meet his exactions. Every day's wages counts. If I let mother know I had missed one, it would upset her for a week, with the added dread that it might lead to my losing work altogether. I must not go home until night, and I must keep the truth from mother."

A plain story, but infinitely pathetic, it made Sidney Harper think. Then in a half humorous, half serious tone he said:

"Miss Hope, this is our day of coincidences. We miss work together, you have a house, I own a lot. We are like dull children given a holiday and not knowing how to enjoy it. Won't you help me find a way?"

The clear frank eyes of the girl looking into his own saw there only manliness and respect. She entered into the spirit of the proposition smilingly.

"I am as unused to holidays as yourself," she admitted.

"Just forget your dear mother, and all your troubles, and the day's work, for a few hours, Miss Hope," advised Sidney. "Help me make it a pleasant, restful day for both of us."

Children of the heart, with nothing sweet in the city for them but the patient lives of the poor, it seemed as if the sunshiny, golden hours drifted them into a veritable fairyland of enjoyment.

Never would Muriel forget the rare wonder and novelty of the pleasure park, where her courteous escort made her see everything worth seeing, where they had a delightful lunch in a water pagoda to the strains of sweet music, and then a long row on the dreamy lagoon.

Muriel with a bright laugh emptied out the tell-tale lunch she had brought from home, her beautiful eyes suffused as she spoke softly of "deceiving poor mother!" There was the lovely flush of excitement and joy in her cheeks as they neared her home.

"Miss Hope," said Sidney, "you have given me the most delightful day of my life. You live here!" he exclaimed abruptly.

"Why, yes," responded Muriel, wondering at his startled manner.

Sidney Harper smiled strangely.

"You own the house," he said, "and next to it is the lot I told you about. Another coincidence, is it not?"

Their eyes met and their souls thrilled, and in the mutual glance was the serene promise of a closer friendship.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

CORN STALKS MADE CEILING

Wearry Traveler Slept Soundly Amid Primitive Surroundings in "Hotel" in Mexico.

A tourist who was tramping over Mexico last year was "put up" for a night at a lazy, rickety little shack that was called a hotel. It was in the country, in the northern part of Nuevo Leon state.

"At that hotel," the tourist said, "the old stage joke about stopping on the outside was no joke at all. Very much travel-worn, I arrived late in the afternoon. There were only two rooms in the 'posada,' meaning in Mexico 'the hotel'—a large dining room, and a much smaller side room, which was kitchen and everything else connected with the hostelry.

"I did not find out until after I had paid, a little matter that was demanded in advance with such a flourish of courtesy that I could not hesitate. I spent several perturbed moments, off and on, wondering where I was to sleep. However, there were three other 'guests,' Mexican, who did not appear to be worrying so I tried to be patient.

"Supper, an affair of lots of pepper and little food, was 'served' by the proprietor's wife. Shortly after nightfall the proprietor, with much bowing and gesturing and 'Senor Americano'-ing, signified to me that he would take pleasure in assigning me to my room. I followed him—out of the hotel and into a small corn patch behind the building.

"In a corn row, at a spot where the overlapping top blades were thick enough to form a canopy that was at least dewproof, my landlord halted and pointed to an old blanket which had been spread in the hollow between the rows, and bowing and Senoring some more, commended me to the care of the saints and departed.

"That was my room. There was an old frayed mat for a pillow and a dilapidated blanket for covering.

"Did I call up the office and kick on the room? I did not! The earth was dry and warm, and having been recently hoed, was not hard; and being dead tired I turned in at once and had a dandy sleep."

A Rare Convenience.

"How do you like this apartment house? Service good?"

"Best ever. Why, the janitor even has a dress suit and makes a good emergency man at bridge."

Too Much in Earnest.

"Why did you quit that barber? His talk is harmless."

"I could stand his talk. But, with a razor in his hand, I didn't like his emphatic gestures."

BAD STOMACH?

ONE DOSE of Mayor's Wonderful Stomach Remedy Should Convince You That Your Suffering Is Unnecessary.



Recommended for Chronic Indigestion and Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.

Thousands of people, some right in your own locality, have taken Mayor's Wonderful Stomach Remedy for Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas Around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Torpid Liver, etc., and are praising and recommending it highly to others so that they may also know the joys of living. Mayor's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is the best and most widely known remedy for the above ailments. Ask your druggist for a bottle today. Put it to a test—one dose should convince. It is marvelous in its healing properties and its effects are quite natural as it acts on the source and foundation of stomach ailments and in most cases brings quick relief and permanent results. This highly successful remedy has been taken by the most prominent people and those in all walks of life, among them: Members of Congress, Justice of the Supreme Court, Educators, Lawyers, Merchants, Bankers, Doctors, Druggists, Nurses, Manufacturers, Priests, Ministers, Farmers, with lasting benefit and it should be equally successful in your case. Send for free valuable booklet on Stomach Ailments to Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, 157-159 Whiting Street, Chicago, Ill.

For Sale by Hamilton Drug Co

FOR SALE—185 acres, 1-1/2 miles from Lyon station on the Southern Railroad and the road leading to Knap of Reeds high school. It is well adapted to the growth of corn, tobacco, wheat, clover and all other crops grown in Granville county. Will sell for all or part cash with terms made easy. Apply to MISS MARY M. WALLER, Hester Route 1. pd.

DON'T FORGET—New crop, crimson and white clover seed, seed rye, seed oats at Long-Winston Company.

FOR SALE—One motorcycle and side car complete. sep 15-17. H. F. WENDLE, Oxford, N. C.

PIGS FOR SALE—Duroc Jersey and Berkshire. Apply at Oxford Orphan Asylum. sep 10-14.

THAT PACK HOUSE, BARN OR STABLE ROOF. Cover with rubber roofing guaranteed 5, 10 and 15 years. For Sale by C. D. Ray.

THAT DWELLING ROOF—Tin shingles are the best covering I have them. The price is right. C. D. Ray!

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having been duly qualified as Executor of the last will and testament of the late Joseph W. Wheelous, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them to me on or before the 1st day of September, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to me. This Sept. 1, 1913.

JOHN W. WHELOUS, Executor of J. W. Wheelous, deceased. Graham & Devlin, Attvs. Sep. 6th, 4. pd.

SALE OF VALUABLE LAND.

A ten per cent bid having been tendered upon the purchase price bid for the Spencer R. O'Brien home place, sold this day we will again offer said land for sale for cash at public auction at the court house door in Oxford on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1913.

Said land is situated in Tally Ho Township, Granville county, bounded on the north by Mrs. H. H. Latta and Miss Nannie Curran, on the east by J. L. O'Brien and Dr. E. B. Meadows, on the south by Dr. E. B. Meadows, on the west by R. H. Curran, containing one hundred and forty two seven tenths acres, being the home tract of land of Spencer R. O'Brien and wife. This Sept. 8th, 1913.

WILLIAM G. O'BRIEN, RICHARD H. O'BRIEN, Executors of Spencer R. O'Brien. 4t. pd.

Backache

Miss Myrtle Cothrum, of Russellville, Ala., says: "For nearly a year, I suffered with terrible backache, pains in my limbs, and my head ached nearly all the time. Our family doctor treated me, but only gave me temporary relief. I was certainly in bad health. My school teacher advised me to

TAKE

Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

I took two bottles, in all, and was cured. I shall always praise Cardui to sick and suffering women."

If you suffer from pains peculiar to weak women, such as headache, backache, or other symptoms of womanly trouble, or if you merely need a tonic for that tired, nervous, worn-out feeling, try Cardui. E-65

Orpheum 4th SATURDAY, OCT.

The Coming Sensation! Thomas Dixon's Master Piece

THE

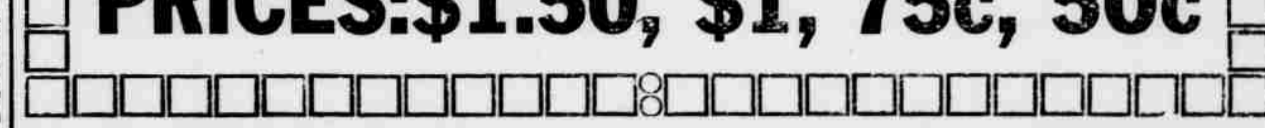
Leopard's Spots.

Bigger and Better than the Clansman. Replete with Love---Humor---Pathos.

THIS PRODUCTION IS UNDER MR. DIXON'S PERSONAL DIRECTION.

Seats on Sale at Lyon Drug Store Monday, Sept. 29th.

PRICES: \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c



SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to an order of sale made by the superior Court of Granville county in the special proceeding entitled, "W. A. Cash vs. Paul Brogden and others," I shall on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1913,

the same being the first Monday in October, 1913, sell to the highest bidder, by public auction, for cash at the court house door in Oxford, N. C., the following described tract of land, lying and being situated in Dutchville Township, Granville county, State of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of the late D. T. Jackson, deceased, the late Thos. E. Lova, deceased and others, and being the land formerly owned by the late David Brogden, deceased, containing 100 acres, more or less. Time of sale between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock p. m. This September 3rd, 1913.

B. S. ROYSTER, Commissioner.

CAR LOAD clover seed and rye and oats at Long-Winston Co., Oxford, N. C.

JUST ARRIVED—New crop, crimson and white clover seed, seed rye and seed oats at Long-Winston Company.

FOR SALE—One hundred acres of land at Stovall, two hundred acres at Gela and two hundred in a mile of Lewis. Terms easy. sep 15-17. R. O. GREGORY.

SALE OF HOUSE AND LOT.

By virtue of authority conferred upon the undersigned by a deed of trust executed by Dorsey Young and wife, dated August 1st, 1912, and duly recorded in book 94, page 204, of the records of deeds of trust of Granville county, default having been made in the payment of the debt thereby secured, I shall on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1913

sell to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Oxford, N. C., the following described lot or parcel of land: Near the town of Oxford, in Fishing creek Township, adjoining the lands of James Harris and the colored Orphan Asylum. Beginning at a stake on the East side of Harris street, corner of Orphan Asylum land, thence eastwardly along line of said asylum land 150 feet to an iron stake near a peach tree, corner of said asylum land, thence northwardly along line of said asylum land 225 feet to white oak, corner of James Harris, thence westwardly along line of said Harris 244 feet to stake in Harris street, thence southwardly along Harris street 100 feet to the beginning. Time of sale, about the hour of noon. Terms cash. This Sept. 6th, 1913. A. W. GRAHAM, Trustee.

FARMS FOR RENT OR SALE.

I have several tobacco farms for rent or sale within four miles of the town of Wendell. There is no wilt in this section; a fine graded school at Wendell, and one of the best tobacco markets in the State. For further information, address

M. A. GRIFFIN, sept. 6-8t. Wendell, N. C.

Spirella CORSETS (NOT GOLD IN STORES)

are fitted to you in your own home. They will retain their beautiful lines and keep you looking your best in continual comfort. You can have corsetry advice free by sending for

The best dressed woman has her corset, like her gowns, fitted to her measure. The flexible Spirella boning, which is guaranteed not to rust or break is used only in Spirella corsets. MRS. JOHN W. GOOCH, Phone 135A

School Supplies

And Stationery.

Just Received an up-to-date line of School Supplies, Tablets, Pencils, Ink, etc. New line Stationery of all Kinds.

Prescriptions Filled by Registered Druggist

Hamilton Drug Co

DO YOU WANT A SMALL FARM

Let us show you our Suburban Home Farms, 5 and 7 acres, desirably located near Oxford, attractive surroundings. Will arrange easy payments and help you build your home. Only a few of these farms are unsold. WE BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE AND WRITE INSURANCE IN ALL BRANCHES.

GRANVILLE REAL ESTATE & TRUST CO

A. H. POWELL, Pres. J. A. NILES, Sec. & Treas. BROWN BUILDING. MAIN STREET. OXFORD, N. C. TELEPHONE 88.