

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM  
OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Caucasian and  
the Opinion of others which we  
Can Endorse on the Various  
Topics of the Day.

We notice that in the pro-  
gramme of the celebration of  
the Guilford Battle Ground  
Company at Greensboro next  
Saturday that there are to be  
thirteen beautiful young ladies  
all mounted and dressed in stars  
and stripes each to represent  
one of the original thirteen  
states. We suppose that these  
young ladies are all engaged  
so that they may soon become  
United States.

The commencement at the  
University next June will be a  
centennial celebration, and pro-  
mises to be most interesting.  
One hundred years ago the char-  
ter was granted to the University  
by the General Assembly of  
North Carolina, and it began  
work with two professors and  
one student. Since that time,  
with the exception of the time  
when our own Southland was  
convulsed with civil strife, the  
University have been one of the  
foremost in the South.—Wilson  
Advance.

Mr. S. D. Shattuch is—was  
Postmaster at Chertow, N. Y.  
About April the 1st he received  
a circular from Wannamaker's  
Clothing House asking him to  
act as agent for the House in  
his vicinity, stating that he  
would find it profitable to do so.  
Postmaster Shattuch did not  
think it the proper thing, so he  
declined the agency. On April  
the 12th he was notified that his  
successor in the postoffice had  
been appointed. This looks  
bad. It is a natural infer-  
ence that many Postmasters  
have received similar proposi-  
tions. Is it possible that P. M.  
General Wannamaker is prosti-  
tuting his high and important  
office to increase the profits of  
his clothing concern?

## A GOOD BILL.

A bill to amend the Code of Criminal Procedure relating to particular  
causes of challenging of jurors has  
passed the State Senate and is now  
before the Judiciary Committee of  
the Assembly. It provides that the  
formation of an opinion as to the  
guilt or innocence of a defendant,  
based on having read or heard read  
testimony relating to the crime  
charged, shall not be a sufficient  
ground for challenge for actual bias  
in the case of a person otherwise  
qualified, provided he declares on  
oath, to the satisfaction of the court,  
that such impression will not influ-  
ence his verdict and that he can re-  
nder an impartial verdict in accord-  
ance with the evidence.—New York  
World.

This is a good bill and should  
become a law. North Carolina  
and every other state in the  
Union should make similar re-  
forms. The present law requir-  
ing a man to testify that he has  
not formed an opinion with refer-  
ence to some crime, is simply  
absurd. No intelligent citizen  
can read the newspapers with-  
out forming an opinion as to  
the guilt or innocence of the  
criminal. Hundreds of years  
ago when there were no news-  
papers and other means of com-  
munication were extremely slow  
and uncertain, the present jury  
plan in criminal cases worked  
nicely, for in every county  
there could be found many of  
the very best and most intelli-  
gent citizens who knew nothing  
of the details of a crime com-  
mitted in another quarter. But  
now, a crime is committed in  
New York and tomorrow the  
citizens in California and  
North Carolina have formed an  
opinion. Then to rigidly en-  
force this relic of a bygone era  
means searching the country  
for twelve men the most igno-  
rant and least capable of form-  
ing an opinion. The question  
should be, "Can you render a  
verdict according to the evi-  
dence in spite of the opinion  
you may have formed?"

## THE CAUCASIAN.

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## CRATES.

How and of What they are Made.

For the benefit of those who  
have not visited the Carolina  
Veneer Works, we publish the  
following description of the  
process of crate manufacturing.

The gift crate is so called be-  
cause it is not returned to the  
shipper, but is given to the buy-  
er of the articles shipped in it.  
It is a light, cheap shipping  
crate, the sides and ends of  
which are made of poplar tim-  
ber. This timber, which abounds  
in our small branches, growing  
generally at the foot of a hill  
where the ground is moist and  
full of spring water, is well  
known by all who are acquaint-  
ed with our woods. Its tall,  
straight trunks, usually free  
from snaky knots, its soft, easi-  
ly cut wood and beautiful color  
render it one of the most desir-  
able of woods for the manufac-  
ture of this particular crate.

The poplar block is first put  
into a tank or steam box, where  
it is boiled or steamed suffi-  
ciently for the bark to slip off as  
easily as a boy would slip the bark  
from a sourwood with when the  
sap is up. The steaming also  
softens the timber so that it  
will cut easily, which is the  
main object of the steaming. It  
is then placed in a veneer ma-  
chine. The machine is thrown  
into gear by a clutch or friction  
wheel. The log goes to revolving  
and is slowly cut into several  
continuous sheets, the width  
of which sheets is the length of  
a sheet for the gift crate. These  
sheets are peeled off of the log  
by the knife just as you would  
peel off the bark and are uni-  
formly one-fifth of an inch thick.  
These sheets are taken now to  
the chopping knife, which is a  
machine so arranged that by  
means of a ratchet-lever will  
cut one width, from one half  
inch up to twelve inches wide.  
In this case the chopping knife  
cuts these sheets into strips two  
and three-quarter inches wide,  
as these strips fall from the ma-  
chine they are taken out and  
dried in the open air. They are  
then carried to the forms, which  
are simply places so made that  
these slats have only to be laid  
in them properly and nailed or  
tacked together, and a side or  
a crate is made, as the case may  
be. These sides or ends are  
then taken to another form,  
which is the exact shape and  
size of the inside of a crate, and  
are placed around it, being held  
to their proper position by a  
clamp. The workman then puts  
on the corners or pieces of tin  
which securely bind or hold the  
corners. It is then taken off the  
forms and it now goes to a table  
where a bottom is put in and a  
top is put on. The crate is  
now ready for use, or at least it  
is ready to receive the baskets  
of fruits or vegetables and be  
shipped.

The standard crate is made  
just as the gift crate is. The  
timber only is heavier, being  
sawn instead of cut on the ven-  
eer machine, and the fasten-  
ings are heavier and stronger,  
so that the standard crate is  
much more durable and strong-  
er than the gift crate, and is  
either returned to the shipper,  
or he gets a large part of its first  
cost returned to him.

Abdallah, the Sheek of the  
Persians, who was noted for his  
wisdom in many things, once  
gave some advice to his courtiers  
about choosing a wife. "Let  
her be a woman whose eyes turn  
not away when you speak to her  
and whose nose hath no tenden-  
cy upward, for the first is owner  
of deceit, the second of bad tem-  
per; but above all, look you to  
her lips. Choose no woman  
whose lips drop at the corners.  
For your life will be a perpetual  
mourning time, nor yet should  
they curve too much upward,  
for that denotes frivolity. Be-  
ware of the under lip that roll-  
eth outward, for that woman  
hath more desire than con-  
science. Select for a wife one  
whose lips are straight—not  
thin, for she is a shrew, but  
with just the fullness necessary  
to perfect symmetry."

## TRIED TO PREVENT IT.

Senator Vance was among  
President Harrison's callers one  
day last week, and seeing his  
wary, care-worn look, said he  
simply called to pay his respects  
and inform the President that  
he was sorry to see him in such  
a position, and assure him that  
he did everything in his power  
to keep him out of it. The  
President appreciated the hu-  
mor of the remark, and return-  
ed his thanks to the North Car-  
olina Senator for his good in-  
tentions.—Wilson Advance.

## CRATES.

For the benefit of those who  
have not visited the Carolina  
Veneer Works, we publish the  
following description of the  
process of crate manufacturing.

## HUCKLEBERRIES.

WHY NOT MANAGE THE  
CROP IN A BUSINESS-  
LIKE MANNER?

The New Jersey Plan.

[For The Caucasian.]

Now that there has been en-  
acted by our last Legislature a  
law which, if properly enforced,  
will protect the owners of huck-  
leberries in their right, would  
it not be decidedly to their in-  
terest to take this berry, which  
is so rapidly coming to the front  
as a valuable market berry in  
this section, and treat it as  
though it was a crop to which  
the owners of the bushes had  
all rights and privileges?

I would like to ask the own-  
ers of the huckleberry bushes  
wherein lay the economy or  
sense in allowing a valuable  
market crop to be gathered in  
the slip shod way which has  
prevailed heretofore?

What sane man would allow  
Tom, Dick and Harry, even for  
a stated price per quart, to go  
into his strawberry patch and  
pick here and there and every-  
where that suited their fancy,  
or where the berries happened  
to be thickest or ripest, and  
then, after they had rambled  
and trampled all over the patch,  
take what they had gathered to  
some little country town or store  
and there disposed of them for  
whatever they might bring, and  
then, maybe or maybe not, pay  
over to the owners of the land  
his stipend for the fruit.

Now the plan pursued by  
those in the State of New Jer-  
sey who own huckleberries is  
different and far more business-  
like. They buy their crates and  
baskets and have the berries  
picked and put direct from the  
bush into the berry basket.  
They have large trays into  
which these baskets are put,  
and from these trays they are  
put direct into the crates and  
are ready to go to market. They  
pay so much for the picking  
and look after the fruit to see  
that it is sound and in good  
shape. By this plan the Jersey  
berry, though inferior to ours,  
brings a higher average price.

Now, I would suggest that the  
owners of the huckleberry bush-  
es take this rapidly developing  
business into their own hands  
and get all there is in it for  
themselves and those who pick  
them.

As it is conducted at present  
the only one who is very mate-  
rially benefited is the middle-  
man who buys from the picker.  
The owners of the bushes can  
buy crates and have them pick-  
ed just as easily as he can his  
strawberries or beans. Try it.

J. L. CLUTE.

LUMBERTON STATION, ALA.,  
April 25th, 1889.  
MARION BUTLER, Esq.,

Clinton, N. C.  
Dear Sir—You published a  
few weeks ago the death of Je-  
thro D. Oates of Mobile, Ala., on  
the 11th of March ultimo. A  
few days preceding his death  
the firm (Turner & Oates), had  
the misfortune to lose their ex-  
tensive planing mills, with grist  
and shingle mills, at this place,  
entailing a loss of \$8,000 to \$10,-  
000 with \$3,500 insurance, and  
on the 18th instant fire again  
appeared in their premises here,  
and swept away their large saw  
mills, with over two million feet  
of lumber, effecting a loss of  
over \$30,000, with about \$8,000  
insurance. 'Tis sad, 'tis true,  
but Mr. Oates being a native  
Sampson man his numerous re-  
latives and friends will doubt-  
less feel interested to hear such  
even if it is bad news.

Your county man and friend,  
(myself) having been called on  
by the surviving partner to leave  
his home and come at once to  
Mobile to assist them in the  
management of their business,  
arrived to see the smoking ruins  
with thousands of dollars worth  
of shapless machinery, etc., is  
now engaged in collecting to-  
gether the debris, with their rail-  
road and logging apparatus, con-  
taining oxen, carts, locomotive  
and about 2,000 logs, to be sold,  
or taken to their large saw mills  
in Mobile.

Vegetation is far in advance  
here to sweet Sampson. They  
are shipping Irish potatoes, cab-  
bage, strawberries and other  
vegetables to the western mar-  
kets.

I read with interest THE CAU-  
CASIAN which my people occa-  
sionally send me.  
The Farmers' Alliance is boom-  
ing in this State, with Mississi-  
ppi, Georgia and Florida.  
SAMPSON.

A pair of tights—two drunk-  
ards.

## ALPHABETICAL FARE.

"Have you got anything here  
beginning with 'k' that's good  
to eat?" inquired a new custom-  
er at a well-known local deli-  
cacy market last Tuesday.

"How will pickled kidneys  
answer?" replied the clerk, after  
a moment's thought.

"First-rate. Give me a dozen  
cans. The kitten's life is saved,"  
exclaimed the strange patron  
with enthusiasm. "I told my  
wife," he continued, "that if I  
failed to send home a kangaroo,  
dead or alive, before 2 o'clock,  
I should expect to find the kitten  
served up for supper in the  
latest Chicago style. But your  
happy thought saves her."

"You see we all got tired of  
eating the same things day af-  
ter day, and so last month we  
agreed that during December we  
would eat up (or rather down)  
the alphabet, taking one letter  
a day, with bread, potatoes, tea  
and coffee thrown in as staples.  
So on December 1st we inaugu-  
rated the dietary system with a  
bill of fare consisting of apples  
in many forms, apricots pickled,  
aspargus, almonds and the sta-  
ples. The next day's menu was  
beef, beans, biscuits, but-  
ternut, bacon and boudin.  
The following day we feasted  
on chicken, codfish balls, clams,  
calery, cucumbers (50 cents each),  
crabs, cheese, cake, crackers,  
cullers, carrots, canned cur-  
rants, canned cherries, citrons,  
cider, catsup and candy."

"And it has gone on. The  
fifth day would have been a fast  
day had it not been for eggs,  
but we made an Easter of it.  
Yesterday we dined, breakfasted  
and supped chiefly on jellies.  
To-day your kidney suggestion  
saves us from starvation, while  
tomorrow we will grow fat on  
liver, lamb, lobster, lettuce, etc.  
A queer thing about our new  
food departure is the number of  
things it has led us to put in  
our mouths which we never  
thought of before."—Buffalo  
Express.

## GLADSTONE'S OPINION.

No man of sense and candor  
will dispute Mr. Gladstone's  
great abilities and accomplish-  
ments. He is indeed a very  
marvellous man. He is the  
greatest financial Chancellor  
that England has had since Wil-  
liam Pitt. Some time ago a well-  
known Chicago lawyer, Col. Jno.  
Atkinson, who is tainted with  
the Protection virus, was in Eng-  
land and had an interview with  
Mr. Gladstone. Upon his return  
to his own country Mr. Atkinson  
gave an account of what occur-  
red. He says the great states-  
man expressed surprise at the  
hold Protection seemed to have  
in this country. He asked why  
was this? Mr. Atkinson repli-  
ed:

"The main argument was that  
free trade would cripple our in-  
dustries, deprive us of our home  
market, and compel us in com-  
peting with Europe to reduce  
wages to the standard of Eu-  
rope."

"Do you know," said he,  
"that by and through free trade  
wages have advanced in Eng-  
land?"  
He asked if Mr. Gladstone  
thought that Free Trade would  
increase wages in the United  
States? The reply was:  
"I think so. As long as Amer-  
ica maintains protection Eng-  
land will be the foremost of  
commercial nations, but when  
America adopts free trade we  
must take a second place. You  
may say this is arguing against  
England's interest. Not so.  
England would gain immensely  
by free trade in America, but  
America would gain still more.  
You must promise me," he said,  
"to get rid of your protective  
notions."—Wil. Star.

"INACCURATE AND MIS-  
LEADING."

Mr. Cleveland has written a  
letter to Mr. Edward A. Oldham,  
editor of the Charleston World,  
relative to the interview at  
Goldsboro. He says: "You ask  
me to say whether or not it is  
correct. I shall content myself  
in this case with hereby saying  
that the report of the interview  
contained in the clipping is very  
inaccurate and misleading."—  
Wil. Star.

## KEEP IN PRINT.

A Reflector reader came into  
the office and while talking up  
on different topics casually re-  
marked: "What has become of  
some of the men whose names  
I used to see in your advertising  
columns?" Well, this don't need  
any comment, except that the  
business man who does a few  
weeks advertising and thinks he  
has done enough for a life time  
can judge how the regular read-  
er looks upon him.—Greenville  
Reflector.

## MODERN GHOST STORY.

A CHARMING YOUNG MAI-  
DEN SEARCHES FOR A  
GHOST IN THE AT-  
TIC.

A SURPRISE.

THEY PROCEED TOGETHER.

HORRORS AGAIN.

I am decidedly tired of being  
"chief cook and bottle washer,"  
as it were, and I am determined  
to put an end to this ridiculous  
and most uncomfortable state  
of affairs, thinks Inez Cather-  
ton, as she brings the brush  
down on her luxuriant hair with  
an emphatic bang.

It is after eleven, and high  
time that Miss Inez was think-  
ing of her beauty sleep; but her  
thoughts are too busily occupied  
with her trials and tribulations  
to admit of rest.

Mr. Catherton has a mine in  
B—, which he has come to  
superintend himself; and he  
has brought his wife and daugh-  
ter with him, as they would not  
bear of his coming alone. Un-  
fortunately they have rented a  
house which, although undeni-  
ably picturesque, is said to be  
haunted, and in consequence of  
its reputation they have found  
it impossible to procure a ser-  
vant. At the end of a week  
they are heartily tired of doing  
their own work, and are begin-  
ning to lose all relish for their  
meals. It is no wonder that  
Inez has resolved to see what  
she can do to better matters.

"If I wander over this house  
between eleven and twelve ev-  
ery night, surely that will be  
proof enough for any of these  
foolish girls that it is not haun-  
ted; for there never was a ghost  
that did not appear somewhere  
around midnight," thinks Inez,  
as she rises and lights a candle  
on her bureau.

"Yes, I will do it! And after  
two or three nights of conscien-  
tious search I will go after that  
silly Kate Mahony who is such  
a good cook, and I know she  
will hesitate no longer about  
coming."

Her eyes fall upon the mirror  
before her, as she speaks, and  
she smiles. Let us hope that it  
will be the spirit of a young  
man that you encounter, Miss  
Inez," she continues, with a  
laugh, "for, if I do say it, you  
certainly have chosen, or chance  
upon, a very becoming costume,  
and it would be a pity to waste  
it on a woman ghost."

She is right. A lovely pic-  
ture is reflected as she stands  
with her soft hair falling in  
waves below her waist, her  
cheeks flushed with excitement  
and her bright, brown eyes shin-  
ing from beneath a tangled mass  
of curls half on and half off her  
forehead. She has on a trailing  
white cashmere gown, that half  
defines the pretty curves of her  
rounded figure. On her feet are  
soft, red felt slippers.

"Farewell," she adds, with a  
little nod directed at the mirror.  
Taking up her candle she  
starts for the door. She glides  
noiselessly through the hall and  
up the broad staircase which  
leads to the garret, a big, barn-  
like room with trunks, boxes, dis-  
carded pictures, broken chairs,  
tumble-down sofas and all the  
usual paraphernalia of an attic  
scattered around. Upon this  
scene enters Inez, peering in the  
dusky corners where her light  
does not penetrate. Slowly,  
carefully, she advances, her can-  
dle held well in front of her,  
vainly endeavoring to keep her  
eyes in all four corners at once,  
in spite of her disbelief in spir-  
itual manifestations.

Inez, standing on the top step,  
pushes open the door and, hold-  
ing her candle high above her  
head, bends anxiously forward  
and intently gazes into the room.  
Her eyes at first, naturally, seek  
the window, through which a  
sickly moon peeps and casts a  
faint semblance of light. Then  
a slight movement brings her  
eyes suddenly a little to the left,  
and lighted by the dim rays of  
her candle she perceives with  
horror—a man.

She had not bargained for a  
burglar and she is paralyzed with  
fear. She makes not the faint-  
est attempt to move, while the  
young man, for he is young and  
apparently (the candle gives but  
a fluctuating light) good-look-  
ing, is as motionless as she.

He was lounging on the sofa,  
but started up as she appeared,  
and now, leaning forward, half-  
standing, with one hand grasp-  
ing the arm of the sofa and the  
other shading his eyes from the  
light flashed suddenly in his  
face, he is staring with all his  
might at the fair apparition.

For fully two minutes do they  
gaze at each other with distend-  
ed eyes, and no sound breaks  
the intense stillness that sur-  
rounds them. Then a frank  
smile lights the young man's  
face and with a slightly embar-  
rassed air he advances a step  
and says:

"I beg pardon, I quite thought,  
until I caught sight of your red  
slippers, that you were the  
ghost."

Inez breathes a relieved sigh  
and the color returns to her  
cheeks as she becomes convinc-  
ed, by his gentlemanly manner,  
that she is mistaken in her sus-  
picious of the young man's char-  
acter.

"Let me explain my presence,"  
he resumes, as he strikes a  
match and lights the gas. "I am  
afraid I have startled you awfully.  
I had heard the old place was  
haunted, and although I know,  
of course, that it was all  
nonsense, still there must be  
some reason for these mysteri-  
ous noises, etc. So I persuaded  
the gardener, who has known  
me ever since I was a boy, to let  
me occupy the tower every night  
until I discovered the cause.  
This is my second night here;  
and do not find it particularly  
lively, as from eleven or a little  
after I remain in darkness so  
that the spirits will not be  
frightened away."

Inez laughs, as she begins to  
rather enjoy the situation, and  
with a little glance at him, de-  
murely asks:

"And you really thought I was  
the ghost?"  
"Well," he answers, "for the  
moment I certainly was a little  
startled. You were all in the  
regulation white, your face was  
colorless, and you looked misty  
and unreal enough to deceive  
any one. But when I caught  
sight of your red slippers I was  
brought to my senses."

"And how did you ever get  
there? And why did you not let  
us know what you were doing in  
our behalf?" asks Inez.

"The gardener suggested my  
using the outside staircase, which  
leads from the old kitchen gar-  
den to this room, on the princi-  
ple, I suppose, that 'where ignor-  
ance is bliss, 'tis folly to be  
wise.' He evidently was not  
aware you had heard your house  
was haunted."

"I suppose not," she returns;  
"we do not speak of it at all, but  
treat the subject with the com-  
tempt it deserves. However, I  
privately determined that I  
would come up here some night,  
and by so doing prove how ut-  
terly without foundation these  
reports are. Er—I suppose you  
have had no manifestations, as  
it were?"

"Not a sign!" gloomily.  
She laughs, and a short pause  
ensues.

"I must go," she says, finally.  
"It is so late."  
"Oh, don't go," impulsively.  
But Inez has come to a sense  
of the hour, and, ignoring his  
plea, says with dignity:

"I bid you good-night. I hope  
you will succeed in your search  
and will let us know the result."  
And she turns to leave.

"But are you going to give it  
up?" he asks.  
"Certainly. One person is  
enough to pursue a phantom, I  
think."  
"Yes; but you must be so in-  
terested. I will vacate and leave  
the field clear for you."

concealed behind."  
Inez regards it with interest.  
"Shall I move it and explore?"  
he asks.

She hesitates. "No," reluc-  
tantly, "I must go."  
"But think," says this wily  
youth, "if we actually did find  
the cause of all this superstition  
regarding the place!"  
A moment's pause, and then  
her spirit of adventure wins the  
day. "Well, I do not suppose it  
will take more than a few min-  
utes," she says, putting down  
her candle.

They approach the old ward-  
robe and he endeavors to move  
it. "It is going to be a harder  
task than I imagined," he says.  
He exerts his utmost strength,  
and at last it rolls slowly aside  
and discloses a life-size oil-  
painting. Simply a portrait of  
beautiful young girl in a quaint,  
old-fashioned, black velvet  
dress. She is seated in a big  
arm-chair, her head resting  
against the back, and looking  
sadly, seriously, into space.

"Was ever anything so lovely  
seen in real life?" exclaims Inez  
at last, with a sigh. "She is the  
girl whose spirit haunts the  
house," she adds hastily, as she  
catches the young man's expres-  
sion, which, though respectful,  
is answer enough. "I am quite  
certain of that. Poor thing! I  
suppose she was in love with some-  
one and he did not have enough  
money, so she took a richer  
man."

Her companion is decidedly  
amused. "Do you suppose, he  
asks, "that lovely, ethereal crea-  
ture ever thought of money?  
More probably her lover was  
killed, or her pa and his pa were  
enemies—er—Capulet, you  
know, 'what's in a name' and  
all that."

"Well, I am sure she was not  
such a forward young damsel  
as Juliet, who made all the ar-  
rangements for her wedding and  
only stopped short of asking  
Romeo how much he would set-  
tle on her."

"Sensible girl! She was 'up  
to snuff!'"  
"Yes; but think of Juliet be-  
ing 'up to snuff! But come!"  
she adds briskly, "let's move  
the picture and find that hidden  
staircase."

"Well, really! you seem rather  
certain of it," he rejoins, as  
he pushes the picture along a  
little way, thereby disclosing a  
portion of heavy, dark tapestry.

"By Jove!" he exclaims, and  
Inez looks rather startled as she  
stoutly asserts she is sure there  
nothing further to discover.  
"Have you ever received a hor-  
rid big package wrapped up in  
innumerable papers, and got all  
excited undoing it, and then  
come to the thinnest article that  
ever was seen? That's the way  
it will be now, probably. We  
will move the portiere, and see  
nothing." But she does not look  
all confident of seeing "noth-  
ing," although she starts for-  
ward and quickly dashes the  
portiere aside. A closed door  
confronts them.

"Well, this is that horrid big  
package with innumerable wrap-  
pings, and no mistake!" says  
the young man.

"And now for the door!"  
"Oh, wait a minute!" begs  
Inez. "No, don't!" she adds  
quickly; "the less time we have  
we have to think, the better."

He turns the knob, opens the  
door, and a steep, narrow flight  
of stairs is disclosed.  
"A secret case, as I'm a sin-  
ner!" he ejaculates excitedly,  
and somewhat like a gleeful  
school-boy.

"One would think you were  
glad," reproachfully says Inez,  
who has recoiled with a fright-  
ened exclamation at this last  
surprise.

"Not if you are sorry," he an-  
swers earnestly. "And indeed  
you look pale again. Let us give  
up the search."  
"No, no!" answers Inez, who  
has quite recovered. "I am de-  
lighted!" she continues, as she  
takes up her candle. "Take this  
and light the way, and don't  
dare to malign my well-known  
courageous character."

Nothing loath, he descends a  
few steps in obedience to her  
wish, and then, turning, gives  
her his hand and helps her  
down. They are obliged to go  
very slowly, for, besides being  
steep, there are many turns, and  
one is in constant danger of fall-  
ing.

"Are we never coming to the  
end?" asks Inez at last.  
"It does not look much like  
it," he answers with a laugh. A  
minute or two more of steady  
descending, and then Inez turns  
her ankle; stumbles, and but for  
his support would have fallen.

The shock has pushed him down  
two or three steps, just around  
the turn, and standing below  
them, at the bottom of the stairs,  
[Continued on the Fourth Page.]

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