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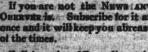
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ing to the door he knocked.

"Who's ther?"

"Do you us own the skiff on the diver below hyar?"

"Waal, supposen I does?"

"I want to cross."

"What d' y' want ter-do thet fur ay this time o' night?"

"Father dyen. Just got word a spei

"What'll y' give ter get over?"
"Five dollars."
"What kind o' shinplasters?"

"Greenbacks."
"What d' y' git 'em?"
"From some people es got 'em trader
with the Yankee sojers at Battle
Greek."

"All right, stranger, but it's a sight of

"All right, stranger, but it's a sight o had filmes ter be called ter a many loor at night. You may go down the the river 'n I'll cover y' with my gus tel I know yer all right."

"I won't mind a small thing lifes that ef you'll put me 'n my leetle igother across."

Mark and his companion went down to the river. Pretty soon a wild look hig man, with a beard growing straigh out from his face like the spokes of a cart wheel, came cautiously down, covering them with a shotgun.
"Got a pass, stranger?"

"Reckon they won't let y' land when
y' get over than."
"These army fellers are like a year

"These army fellers are like a ra trap," said Mark; "they ain't so par ticular as to goen in; it's the goen ou

they don't like. But y' better try to strike a point on the river whar the sin't no guard."
"Fur how much?"
"An extra five."

"You ain't very patriotic. Won't y

business."

h, now, see hyar; We can't sto
y five minutes to please a guard

"Got a pass, stranger?"
"No."

Fix Hugh looked inquiringly into her face as he smoothed back her hain. He was used to these requests to repeat his assurances of affection, but there was a nervous something about his fancee this morning that pussied him.

His back was toward the window, while she was facing it. Suddenly she clasped her arms tightly around him. "Now go if you can?" she said, atfecting a playful tone.

"Why, Laura, what does this mean?" he casked, autonished.

"You don't love me," she whined, "Love you, pet! You know I do."

"Then why do you act so?"

"Act how?"

"You never come any more but you want to go right away."

"But, sweetheart"—a half dosen this mean? The maked, autonished.

"Love you, pet! You know I do."

"Then why do you act so?"

"Act how?"

"You never come any more but you want to go right away."

"But, sweetheart"—a half dosen this mean of the notice. But he knew the ground war high on the east shore of the peninsula not be not entry to inform him, so he kept on by the river.

It was late at night when they reach ed a point where the river took a slight turn to the east, and shout I mille from the quick bend around Moc cashn point. Mark was anxious to en ter Chattanooga either late at night or soom eneans of crossing the river Noticing a skiff moored just below I but, he surmised that the skiff belong of to some one living in the hut. Go ing to the door he knocked.

"Who's that?"

"Do you uns own the skiff on the his dance this morning that pursued him.

His back was toward the window, while she was facing it. Suddenly she clasped her arms tightly around him.

"Now go if you can?" she said, affecting a playful tone.

"Why, Laura, what does this mean?" he said, attonished.

"You don't love me," she whined.

"You don't love me," she whined.

"Love you, bet! You know I do.".

"Then why do you act so?"

"Act how?"

"You never come any more but you want to go light away."

"But, sweetheart"—a half dozen knees for exclamation points.—"I only intend being gone a little while."

"It you once start out to follow some-body you don't know anything about you'll be gone all day, and then you'll be ordered away, and maybe I'll never bee you any more."

Never was a lover more charmed at such evidence of woman's affection, and never had this lover less cause to

and never had this lover less cause to be charmed at the evidence of his hol upon Laura Fain. Had Captain Fit Hugh seen what Laura Fain saw first the moment she put her arms arounding and held his back to the window-Mark and Jakey going down the wal to the gate—he would have explained "Oh, woman," the departing solds would have responded, "thy name I indeed periody but how glorious the periody", "Jakey," said Mark as they passe behind trees that hid them from the loose, "I don't like that officer coming to the Fain plantation fust at this time. There'll surely be some mention of us and it is possible he may want to have a look at us. You know, Jakey, we'ver only poor, modest people, and don't want to be stared at."

"We min't got our store clothes of and don't want ter make no acquaint

"We ain't got our store clothes or and don't want ter make no acquains ances." Jakey observed solemnly.

Mark had hoticed Laure Fain's agits tion when she eaught sight of the off cer at the gats, and knew there we good reason for it. He did not feat that she would betray him intention ally, but that she might be led to do no from her very enxiety to keep his secret.

so from her very malety to help secret.

"The first chance we get, Jakey we'll take to the woods. We told then we were going to Chattaneogs, and I this officer takes, it into his aristo cratic head to escort us with tru southern politeness a part of the we, he'll expect to find us on the Chattaneoga pike."

"N' twouldn't be perilte fo' ter git in his way."

his way."
They had gone but a triffing distan-

They had gone but a trifling distance when they came to a creek flowing—a wayfarer they met told them-through Moccasin gap. The road creased it by something between a bedge aside culvert. Mark let the way from the road up the creek and begus to elimb the hills, on which there was sufficient growth of timber to affor conceanest.

concealment.

At last they came to a but occupied by an old negro.

"Good morning uncleft said Mark.
"Morn, sah."

"Her y' seen anything of a colored boy 'bout eighteen years old go by hyar this mornen?"
"No ash."

"No, sah."

"He's my boy Sam, and I'm s-hunter him. He run away last night. He's git a hundred et l ketch him."

"I ain't saw him, sah, 'n I tell yo what, marsi't, ef I had saw him the saw him to had saw him to had a night inform yo' ob de fac." wouldn't inform yo' ob de fac."
"Thet's the way with you niggers since the Yankees turned your heids But it won't last long. Our boys'l drive 'em so fur no'th pretty soon the your darkies'll hey to stop runner away."

nery examination that he could true the eld man.
"Uncle, I'm no secesh. I'm a Union man. I want to stay with you today and traver tonight. Reep me all day and I'll go away as soon as it is dark."
"Fo' de Lo'd. I knowed yo' wa'n' no south'n man all de time."
"How?"

"Waal, don't say nothin' bout it. Th

"Waal, don't say nothin' bout it. The Confederate service pays es it goes." The ferryman cared little whom he pulled if he could make ten dollars is one night, and dipping his oars in the water rowed away from the abors.

Mark turned to look about him. His first move was to get under the trees From there he proceeded inland for a short distance, looking for something. "Ah, here it is!" he said presently. "Now I know where I am."

He had struck the Nashville and Chattanooga railrond, which runs clost to the river hank for about a mile near where he landed. He knew he was about two miles from the town.

"Now, Jakey," he said, "we'll biv ouer right here. As soon as it is light

ouac right here. As soon as it is light we must set out. Are you sleepy?" "Am I? Reckon I am!"

CHAPTER V. THE CAMPS AT CHATTANOOGA. T the first sign of dawn Mari awakened his companion

Mark led off on the railroad ties to

A great many tents were in sight as they passed along, and Mark judged at once that there was a large force concentrated there. He was tempted

"Can I git a room?" asked Mark.
"No, sah, not till de proprietor wa

few minutes both travelers were safe

comes the real racket. By this time to morrow morning I shall be either saf across the river again, or I wouldn across the river again, or I wouldngive a Confederate bond for my life. After a few hours' sleep he rose, are calling Jakey they made a tollet as went down to breakfast. Mark he purposely neglected to write his name on the register, and hoped that the landlord would not notice the omis-tion. But he did, and the guest entered his name as Mark Slack, Jasper, Ter After breakfast he took Jakey an strolled around the town, making chases. He thought it prudent to

streets. He found a new general in command, of whom he had not heard as a prominent leader, Braxton Bragg. He made a circuit of the town and an He made a circuit of the town and an estimate of the troops, but this was of little value, for upon the arrival of trains regiment after regiment marched into eamp. Mark stood on the sidewall holding Jakey by the hand, looking at the Confederates tramping along unwhen they had any, which was rar

playing discordantly "Dixis" or "The Bouny Bine Fing." "What regiment sir that 'ar?" asked Mark of a soldier standing beside him "Bighth Tennesse."
"What they all come from?"
"Tupelo. Come from that m'self

would age."
"What y' goen?"
"Ohly old Bragg knows, and he won't
tell. Réckon we're goen no'th to Knoz
ville ter foller th' two brigndes as
went up a spell ago."
"What troops of all those broat and

ake Confederate bills?"
"Not when I can get green una."
"I' ain't a Union man, are y'?"
"No. But I know a valyble thing when I sees it."
They could see campdres of guards of the other above. Once, getting to went up a spell ago."

"What troops air all these byes and them es is comen?"

"Waal, than's Chestham's and Withers divisions, and I secton Anderson's I saw Gineral Polk today, in they say Bardes's hyar. I'm in the Twenty-fourth Tennesses m'self, and thet's Chestham's. Lay's savalry brigade is hyar. That's all the cavalry I known on." jokingly. ill in hyar or I'll make it some o

hyad. That's all the cevalry I knows on."

Waget was amused. A large south err force was concentrating at Chatta noogs, and perhaps they would pout into Tennessee or Kenticky by one of the routes pointed out to him by his general. It was a splendid plan, provided the general who was to execute it could keep his enemy from knowing his intentions long enough to throw an army on his fault or reas.

Then in making a circuit of the town literal was impressed with the natural strength of the position. He gased over the plain sastward, his eyes resting on Missionary ridge, but did no draum of the soldiers battle destined to take place there a year later, when the men of the Army of the Cumber land, disregarding the plans of the superiors, would start from the botton of that mountain and defeat an enemy pouring shot and shell down upon them from the ton.

"Xer purty well ter do, stranger, con afternoon, the two sufficiently resumbling country bumpkins to avoid suspicion. Passing a recruiting station with a suspicion. He strongs about with racey all the afternoon, the two sufficiently resumbling country bumpkins to avoid any picion. Passing a recruiting station Mark went inside the tent, where as officer was writing at a pine table.

"Cap," he said, "I be'n thinken I'd like ter Jine the army."

"You're just the man we want. You've got plenty of bone and muscle I should reckon you'd been in the ranks afore this."

"Waal, I don't want ter fight oute my state 'f can belp it." "What state?"

"Waal, will you join us?"

"I tell you that two divisions are al ready across, and I happen to know that all the transportation in the shape of cars and locomotives that can be

found are bein corraled hyar fur s

The officer took up a pen.

"All right, cap, count me in. I'll jest
go 'n git my bundle and be back hyar
in half an hour."

The captain hesitated. Mark began to fear that he was thinking of using

force rather than let so promising

"Sarten, cap." Mark moved away, and it was not

until he had got out of sight that he realized he had run a great risk, for he saw that the captain would have detained him had he not believed in

"Tennessee."
"I reckon you'll have a chance fight in it if you join the army."
"Reckon so?" "Yas; I'm recruiten fur Cheatham's division Thar all Tennessee rige ments in our division except the artil jery 'n a rigement o' Georgia and o' Texas infantry." "What is yer division?"

"Across the river. At Dallas or Poe's; somewhar up thar. Y' better let me put yer down fur my rigement, the —th Tennessee." "I mought her to go way down "No fear o' that jest now."

to rouse him.
After Jakey had completed his fistoilet—the only tollet either made-

Chattanooga, The railroad soon left the river bank, and they proceeded in a northeasterly direction, striking the town from the south.

concentrated there. He was tempted to turn and retrace his steps, for he knew already what he was sent to discover, but to get out was more difficult than to get in, and he was not willing to risk an attempt in the daytime, so he entered the town in which citisms and soldier were alike asleep, and without meeting a soul walked about till he came to a hotel called the Crutchfield house. As he approached the door opened, and a negro boy with a broom in his hand stood in the opening.

"My fittle brother is tired; he must go to sleep at once."

The boy's eyes opened wide at a de-lar bill slipped in his hand. Without a word he took a key from the rack

ly lodged, with no one but the negr having seen them enter the town of "So far, so good," said Mark. "No

detained him had he not believed in his sincerity about entisting.

Mark went straight to the hotel and paid his bill. He feared the recruiting officer might send for him or have him followed, so without writing to eat his supper he made a packinge of his purchases. Jakey took his gun and slung his powder and shot flask over his healfed. These this translation was a support of the send o chases. He thought it prudent to get some of his greenbacks changed for Confederate bills. He followed the suggestion Jakes had made at setting out and bought some catice and tobac-eo and the squired gun Jakes had modestly suggested for himself. Mark was astonished at the number of officers and soldiers he saw in the

his powder and shot flask over his shoulder. Then the two left the hotel to begin an attempt to leave Chattamogn. Their stay had been only from sunrise to sunset, but Mark had gained all the information he was likely to acquire and was anxious to get away with it. True, he did not know where the enemy would strike, but this he would not be likely to learn.

Going down to the ferryboat they found a boat which had all it could do to carry the soldlers and citizens who were crossing. Mark thought he would try what assurance would do in getting across without a pass. He found the guard more watchful than he expected.

"Can't y" pass me 'n my leetle broth-er. lieutenint?" he asked. "We be'n does some traden in Chatinoogy and want ter git home. We be'n buyes some caliker for the women folks." "Old Bragg himself couldn't go over without a pass," responded the officer, Mark.
"At beadquarters, I recken."

ters and asking for a pass, but regarded this course fraught with too much rist. He determined to make an attempt to get out of town and across the river by the route over which he had entered. He knew the ground by this route, and that was a great advantage. If he could stant his way beyond the picket he could doubtless find a method of crossing. Perhaps he might make his way down the river and across to Shell mound, or, still lower, to the mouth of Battle creek, held by the Union forces.

Mark skirred the town on the west,

held by the Union forces.

Mark skirred the town on the west, and then took a course directly south till he came to the raifwal. This he followed to a point near where he had bivousched the night before. Crawling to a rise in the ground and motioning Jakey to keep back, he laid down on his stomach to make a survey.

It was nearly dark. Silbouettes of figures were passing between him and a campline beside the railroad track. Beyond, the palisnades of Lookous mountain stood out boidly sgainst a streak of twilight in the west. Between the track and the river was an open space, over which he must pass

(ween the track and the river was an open spaces, over which he must pass to get by the picket. The river bank would afford some protection. Near where he was it was steep, and the current set directly against it, but lower down by the picket there appeared to be places where a man could walk under the low blut.

The moon was about three-quarters full, and the night was clear except for clouds that would float larily over Lodkout mountain and across the moon's face, so that at times her light was partly obscured.

moon's face, so that at times her light was partly obscured.

Calling Jakey, he gave him an account of what he intended to try for, and told him that if it should be accessary to run under fire the boy was to lie down, and, if advisable, give himself up, pat, on no account to risk being shot. Jakey only half promised, and Mark was obliged to be satisfied with this. Then, waiting for a cloud to obscure the moon, he led the way to the river bank, which he proposed to skirt. He left his bundle, but took Jakey's gun, loaded and capped, in his hand. They soon gained the noint

where they had landed the night be-fore—nearly opposite where Mark had seen the silhouettes on the railroad. Treading as noiselessly as possible, they passed along the river margin un-der the overhanging bank until they came to a place where the bank was low. Stooping, they proceeded for a

short distance till they reached the root of a tree that had been felled long before. Here they paused and listened. Suddenly they heard what sounded like a musket brought from the shoul-der down to the bollow of a hand, and

voice:
"Who comes thar?"
"Corporal of the guard, with relief."
"Advance, corporal, and give the sountersign."
Then there was some muttering and

footsteps tramping away.

Mark peeped between the roots of
the stump toward the point from which
the sounds had come. He saw, not a
hundred feet away, a man sitting on a aunared reet away, a man sitting on a log with his musket resting against his shoulder, the butt on the ground. He was looking listlessly up at the sky. Presently he took a clay pipe out of his pocket, which he filled, and touching a match lighted it. "He's the river picket," said Mark to himself.

"What makes y' cal'clate on 't?"
"There's two divisions across nowourn and Withers'. Y' don't reckon
their goen fer cross the river fur the The sentinel sat smoking while Mark meditated. His first thought was, Why did I bring this boy? The situation was perflous enough without an ennumbrance. The guard was facing the space over which they would have to case to escape; there might be a slight chance for life to make a dash were chance for life to make a dash were he alone, but with the boy it was not to be thought of, and Mark was unwilling to leave him. He looked back with a view to retracing the route over which he had come. He was horrified to see a sentinel pacing a hundred yards above. He had been placed there by the relief.

The only hope was to wait for the man nearest bim to relax his watchfulness, and attempt to pass him. The sentinel up the river was not to be feared except by going back, for from "Eff y reckon all the solers here is goen to fight in old Tennessee I reck-on I will. The abolition army hes over-run our state, 'n I want ter see 'em driv out." "The way to do it, my good man, is to take a musket and belp."
"Do ye reckon th't's what we're goen
ter do?"

fearing up the river was not to fearing except by going back, for from the nature of the ground the fugitives would be hidden from him if they should go forward. Mark resolved to wait and watch.

further movement. Come, now, my man, stop talken and take yer place what ye oughter be. What's yer The minutes seemed hours, the hours days. The soldier still sat on the log, though now and then he would get up, and leaving his musket leaning on its saunter back and forth on his beat. He well knew there was no enemy to fear; his duty was little more than a

He began to hum a few strains of "The Suwance River."
"Poor devil," sald Mark to himself "he, too, is thinking of home. What s ne, too, is thinking or nome. What as cursed thing war is! If ever I get out of this I'll do no more such duty. Give me an enemy face to face, bullets be-fore me and no gibbet behind me." But he had said this many a time

before.
"My good man," talking to the soldier, but without making any sound.
"If you will go far enough from that musket you'll never get back to your suwance river."

"Nonsense, Mark," the sentinel seemed to say to him; "a shot would arouse the whole picket post. Besides, if that's your game, why don't you riddle me with Jakey's shotgun?"

dle me with Jakey's shotgun?"
Then the stillness was broken by the sound of oars out on the river. How Mark longed for the boat to come and take him from his terrible position! But whoover was working those ours pulled on, unmindful of the man who to keenly envied the oarsman's freedom. The sounds became fainter and fainter till Mark could hear them no more. He streds as if he had lost a more. He sighed as if he had lost

dear friend.

"Jakey's comfortable, anyway," he said, looking down at the boy. He had dropped asleep, and Mark for the first time in his life envied a human being the protection of weakness. There



ras innocent childhood, uncons

was innocent childhood, unconscious of danger, sleeping sweetly, the boyish duce lighted by the moon.

At last Mark heard the relief com-ing. The sentinel took his gun and be-gan to pace his beat. The usual form was proceeded with, and the relief marched to the sentinel up the river.

was proceeded with, and the relief marched to the sentiael up the river. Mark observed the man that had been left on post.

"I hope this fellow will be more inclined to rest," be mused.

But he was disappointed to see the man begin to pace his best energetically. He seemed to fear that if he did not keep moving he would get drowny. A half hour passed with scarcely a rest, then another half hour. It was tramp, tramp in one direction, turn and tramp, tramp back again.

The clouds which continued to passever the moon became heavier. If the

#### Pains All Over!

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Fairing that was wearing him out.

In perhaps an hour after the sentinel came on picket he yawned. This was the first sign of hope for Mark. After awhile he sat down on the los and vawned several times at interva and yawned several times at intervals. He got up and paced for awhile, but at last sat down again. This time he eat longer and his chin sank on his breast. He roused himself and sank away again. He would not go to sleep comfortably in accordance with Mark's muttered prayer, but took short land. naps. Mark considered the feasibility of an attempt to escape between these naps. Without Jakey he could do it; with Jakey it was too hazardous.

At last the soldier slid down on to rested his back against the log.

Mark's heart went up into his threat
with a sudden joy.

As near as he could guess there re

as near as a count guess there we make a quarter of an hour till the next relief would come. He looked at the moon, which was now shining with provoking brightness; he looked at the man and tried to make sure that he was asleep. It was impossible to tall was asleep. It was imposite any certainty.
"I'll risk ft," he said.

"I'll risk it," he said.

He took Jakey up in his arms very carefully, hoping not to waken him, fixing the boy's limp body in the holow of his left arm. In the right hand he took the squirrel gun, cocked and capped, using the arm at the same time to hold the child. When all was ready he rose slowly and fixed his eyes on the soldier.

The man did not stir. The man did not stir.

The man did not stir.

Mark moved slowly forward, his eyes
riveted on the sentinel. A few steps
convinced him that the man really
slept. Mark turned his back on him
and walked a dozen steps noiselessly,
picking a place to plant his foot at
each step.

1 Hate!

[TO RE CONTINUED.]

Not in Harmony.
"There is one discordant note
our garden, my dear madam,"
narked the aesthetic landscape are

#### Five Dangers.

If our government is destined to be enduring it must do away with the following obstacles: Divorce, which strikes at the

root of the family and society.

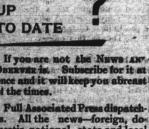
The imperiect and vicious system of education which undermines the religion of our youth. The desecration of the Christian Sabbath, which tends to obliterthe ground, stretched out his legs and ate in our adult population the salutary fear of God and the hom-

age that we owe him. The gross and systematic election frauds.

Lastly, the unreasonable delay in carrying into effect the sentences of courts and the numerous subterfuges by which criminals evade the execution of the laws. To one of the five obstacles or vices I have just enumerated may be traced our insatiable greed for gain, the co-existence of colossal wealth with abject poverty, the extravagance of the rich, the discontent of the poor, our eager and impetuous rushing through life and every other moral and social delinquency.—Cardinal Gibbons.

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