PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

C. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Nates of Subscription. Postage Paid:

Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to thue copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made u. Papers sent to lifterent offices.

No Departure from the Cash System Rates of advertising

Transient advertisements payable in vance: yearly advertisements quarterly advence

1 m. 2 m | 3 m. | 6 m. | 12 m quare \$2.90 \$3.00 \$4.00 \$ 6.00 \$10.0
4 3.00 4.50 6.00 10.00 15.0 Transient advertisements \$1 per squa for he first, and fifty cents for each subsquent insertion.



R. A. NOELL Tailor.

Cutting and making done in the latest fashions and most desirable manner.

The keeps constantly on hand Samples of latest style goods for gentlemens wear: and will order according to selection of

Also agent for the sale of the Singe sawing Machine. Shop in the old postoffic building.

Prime enjoyment for a year.

Less than 4 Cents a Week. MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE BY INTRODUC-

The Saturday Evenning Post.

Which for More than 55 Year.

has been the best story, sketch and Family Paper.

as is well known all over the United States. It is published weekly, contains eight largeages, clearly printed on good paper, filled with the choicest stories and sketches by the best writers; not sensational trash, but such as a modifier is willing to have her children read. The whole tone of the paper

is sure and elevating.
It also contains Historical and Biographical articles; Scientific; Agricultural and Biographical articles; Scientific; Agricultural and Biographical Agricultural and Biographical Companyons. Household Departments, Fashion Article-waskly, fresh and unexcelled; Humorous Notes; Literary R. views; News Notes; Boys' and Girls' Columns; and Strong and Sparkling Editorals, etc., etc. Is just such a paper as every body loves to read, and the price is only

TWO DOLLARSA YEAR. Sample copy containing club rates, etc. on receipt of a 3-cent stamp. Address,

No 8 62 Bennett & Fitch. 796 Mansom Street, Philadelphia

N. B.—Be sure and affix the number 862 before BENNETT & FITCH, so that we may know through what paper the subscription comes.

National Hotel Raleigh N, C.

BOARD \$2,50 PER DAY

C S Brown, Proprietor.

table located, stop as give Capitol Square, National is located within affy yards tate House, it is the most convenient, ive and pleasant headquarters for ts of the Legislature in the cityare low to suit the times, fare unsurattention and accommodations the

Saloon and Billiards

THE GLEANER. The Price of Dora's Gold!

BY S. ANNIR PROST.

If you had half the spirit of a man, you would go too!"

Poor John Raynor had heard this so often in the last two weeks that at last he was roused to answer.

"See here. Dora," he said, pulling his wire dawn upon his knee, an! holding her fast, "lo you mean that? You have said it about fity times since this expedition was talked about now tell me if you want me to

Dead silence on the part of Do-

"I have been working hard for five ears, to clear off the mortgage upon the farm, that I might have a home tor you," continued John, earnestly, and its mine now clear of debt. We are not rich, but I am strong and not atraid of work, and you have been brought up a farmer's daughter, and know the duties of a farmer's wite. Six months ago you were happy as a bird, my bride and darling, but

"Now," interrupted Dora. "I see an opportunity for you to become rich in a tew mappiles, instead of toiling and slaving for life, as your father and my mother toiled and slaved to make a bare living by farming. They tell us that gold can be picked up at the Black Hills in pocketfuls at a

leave this miserable farm and go to the city to live in a great house, with ervants, carriages, fine furniture. Oh, John!"

Dora had slipped trougher perch upon her husband's knee, and stood before him, her little figure drawn erect, her big blue eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson with excitement.

.,And it would make you happy?" asked John, wistfully.

"Yes! Of course it would! Who would not be happy with plenty of

"There are two sides to the question," said John quietly. "The Inthis promising gold country, and they defend its passes. It may be your bag of gold will be only John Raynor's scalped head!"

"Oh, it you are afraid to go. ends it!" Dora said, quickly.

It was a cruel speech, and it stabbed the honest, loving heart of John Raynor to the core. He was no coward, but strong, brave man, with a noble nature, but he was fond of his home, of the farm he had worked so he had loved for five long years.

Only six months had passed since his wedding day, when Dora seemed. entirely happy in his love, and in the cosy nest he had taken an honest pride in winning for her.

Then the young men of the village or Topham became smitten with the gold fever, and about a dozen of them resolved to form an expedition to go to the Black Hills.

Dora's brother, Tom Hayen, was the prime mover in the scheme, and coming every day to lay his dreams and plans before his sister, he had inspired her with the same feverish thirst for gold that was driving him from home to brave the toils and perils of the expeditions.

Like many women brought up to work hard, to own but little finery, to live upon plain fare. Dora set a actitious value upon the delights of wealth. She built gorgeous air-casties founded upon the few works of fiction she had read, and dreamed of an existence to which that of a princess in a fairy tale would have been

dull and prosaic,

And with her head full of these airy visions, it provoked her past all patience that John was content to follow his plow, to eat greens and becons, and wear coarse clothing, as he had done all his life. He would listen to all Tom's glowing descriptions of the expedition with a grave. quiet face, sometimes speaking a word of caution or warning that fell upon deaf care. He would answer all her

"I'm well content here, Dora, with my lifesiong home, and my darling

But at last he was rouse, wnot to on, but to the fact that Dora wished

"Since you wish it. Dora, I will crazy expedition. go!" he said, and even her cuthusiasin was held in check a moment by his pale face

"Oh, I don't want to drive you." tent to vegitate for life in this misers er." able hole, I suppose I can put up with

"I will go!"

He spoke the three words with till you drove him off!" tern emphasis, and left the room. His heart seemed breaking.

ers or sisters he had none, and the entire love of his heart was given to pretty Dora Huven. He was burs his sole legacy, his home was heavily mortgaged, and he would not ask Dora to share in the privation and toil by which he freed himself. And when at last he could ask her to come and brighten the home he had made for her, it had seemed to him his cup of happiness brimmed over.

He passed from the room where he had announced his decission- and wandered slowly all over the house. It was small, but every portion was full of tender association to i.im.

he had sent all the way to "York" to get to please his bride. The parlor carpet and substantial horseshair set had come at the same time, filling him "And we could up rich, We could with pardonable priple at the preparations for his marrage.

These white curtains Dora had his wife.

These autumn leaves they had gathered in their lover strolls, and Dora had made them into wreaths and hunches to bring with her to

adorn the walls of her new home. He was but a simple farmer, not yet twenty-five, with but a meager into night-shadows, there came a education, and not given to dreams or castle-building.

Thoroughly content to live as his father and grandfather had lived be fore him, he could not comprehend the visions filling Dora's imagination.

He half hoped yet that shh would urge him to give up his intention and remain at home, and yet he knew that her content with the humble happiness he could give her was gone. But Dora, though frightened twen-

ty times a day at the success of her taunts, would not speak the words he hoped to hear.

Very rapidly the preparations were made to depart, for the others were nearly ready, and the little nest egg at the bank was all goue before John Raynor was fully equiped as a min-

The first realization of what she was giving up for a dream, came to Dora when she stood upon the platform of the rustic railway station, with Tom upo.. ou side and John on the other, the former full of exultation, with merry smile and bright eyes, the latter graye and stern, with lowering brow and set lips.

"John!" the little wife whispered, if you do not wish to go"-

"It, is too late for that!" he said harshly, and then hearing the approaching train, his face softened and he caught her in his arms.

"God keep you, little wife," said hoarsly, "I go for love of you! I may come back rich and make you

Through a mist of tears she saw him follow the others into the car, and then joined the groups of weeping women who had come upon the same sorrowful errand as her own.

Letters came but rarely. Jonn's hard hands could guide a plow far more easily than they could welld a pen, and when he wrote his epistles were brief, though loving, As the expedition weut further and further from the borders of civizalation the communications became

But from the hour whee the train carried John out of sight, Dora's punishment began. The cosy home his love had fitted up for her was a haunting reproach and the excitement once of Tom's visits over, memory began to recall all John's love and the any hope such as spurred the others change that had come upon him after he decided to join the gold seekers.

It was no comtort to cross the lots

"She thinks more of the gold than and go to her old home, for there ing to anule, lett her to hasten of me!" he thought, rising heavily Mr. and Mrs, Haven bewailed Tom's trom his chair, and speaking slow- absence and gave Dora round scoldings for encouraging him in his

"Like as not we'll never see neither one of them again or know how they died," Mrs Haven would moan, rocking herselt to and fro, "A good son she said, petfisaly, "if you are con- Tom was, till he got the gold fev-

> "And a better huband than John never lived." Mr, Haven would say, "and you gave him no peace or rest

And going back to her desolate home Dora could gather no con-F r five years he had had but one fort in the old dreams. Nanisie dream for the tuture. Father and her only servant, would bring her mother lay in the churchyard, broths knitting to grow frantic by her sine cere lan entations for the master.

Night after night, kneeling to pray for John's safe return, Dora felt the deced with debts his father left for agony of self-reproach grow keener and keener.

For it had some to this very soon, that longing for wealth, the hope of longing for wealth, the hope of being a great lady, all faded, away and the desolate wifes only prayer was for her

husbands return. A whole year passed away, and the miners had not returned. A wee smwdrop of a baby came to lie for one brief week upon Dora's breast and then leave her. Occasionally the newspapers that came irregularly In one room his parents had died, to the village told of disaster and in another was the cottage turniture death in the gold regions, but never were the names of the party from Topham in the list, and Dora hoped

against hour. Winter snows were lying over the turms, and fifteen months had religiously at home. dragged out their weary length since John Raynor had left his home. A made in her first week of home life as pale, wasted shadow of Dora moved listly about the farm-house. and

Namic muttered often. "She'll not be long after her husband and child"

Grief and remorse were doing a tatal work with pretty Dora, when one evenening as dusk was settling startling knock at the door of the farm-house. Dora started to her feet but sank back, half fainting. into her chair saving, with white trembling hps:

"Quick, Nannie, go quick! It may be John." Nannie was not behind hand and

opened the door quickly. A tall brown-bearded man stood upon the porch, who passed the old

servant, and entenered the room where Dors, with white checks, and startled eyes looked at him then beyond him. Beyond him into vacancy,

"Tom! Topp! Where-where is"

but her brother caught her wasted figure in his arms, as she recled cross the room to meet him.

"I have come alone Dora!" he said. "There are but three men left of all who went from berg."

The white lips moved noiselessly, only the great blue eyes were strained in mute question. "We were returning," Tom said,

and we had succeeded beyond our wildest hopes. We had sent the gold on by a circuitous route with James Hill and Jerry Faue, and a guard of triendly Indians."

He paused, but the burning eyes never wavered.

!: They got safe to the nearest fort. and forwarded the gold by careful stages to Chicago. But we were not happy. No man will work harder so tortunate. We were encamped tor gold than I will to bring it to one night, and John was writing to you by fire light. He looked up at me to ask if it was worth while to write, when after so long a silence we were going home, and while he spoke the crack of a rifle told us the Indians were upon as. The first shot killed John. He fell upon the grass beside me, gasping, 'Dora—tell Dora—tarewell. I forgive—and died I have his letter, stained with his life blood. And I only, of all the party escaped. I will tell you latter of how I managed, but"-

> "The letter!" Dors whispered, "The letter!"

"I have it here. And, Dora, John share of the gold will make you a rich woman. Now I must go back to mother but I will bring her back at

Dora did not here him. With dizzy brain she was arying to read the letter that was Johns dying lega-

Sadly Tom kissed her, and motion

homeward. Scant greeting he gave the loved one's there, to hasten his parents

back to the farm, where his widowed sister was reading her letter. In the deep arm chair, where Tom had gently placed her, she rested still clasping the bloo i-stained letter in her hands. But her eyes never read the lines there her heart broke over the fatal news that hr br ther brought. She never touched the gold for which she had widowed herself With her letter | ressed to her heart,

she lay in the arm-chair-dead.

DIRD SURE ENGLGH ... A SINGU LAR DANK

Everybody in Rajeigh and almost everybody in the State who has read the Ruleigh papers, knows something of a citizen of this place and who dreamed many years ago that if he ever passed north of a certain point near his house (which is in the sou h-eastern part of the city) and attempted to come up street, he would surely die. His wife dreamed the same thing 27 years ago, but disregarded the dream, passed the spot and soon died. A night or two after her death her husband had the the same dream and such an im pression did it make upon him that after that time no persuasion could induce him to come up street. He sold all of his property lying near the centre of the city, and stayed

Last summer however, his son and another party had a fight in the presence of the old man, and he was summoned to appear in the Mayor's Court as a witness. A policemen went after him and brought him up street nolens volens. Everybody had heard of the curious case, and the appearence of the of the old man excited as much interest on the streets as that of a wild animal would have done. As soon as he could do so, he returned home where he continued to remain, brooding over his dream and over the fact that he had sinned against what he had believed to be a revelation, until a few days ago when after having gradualy grown more and more feeble, he calmly yielded up his spirit,

He was 57 years of age when he died and his death and the circumstances of his life will afford a sweet morsel for the superstitions to roll under their tongues .- Raleigh News.

HE BET BECAUSE THE ODDS WERE GREAT.

A son of the Faderland went into saloon the other day and called for a drink. The propri tor observed how blooming he was with the "rusy" already, and shook his head, saying "You have had enough," "Buough of whad, I guess?" "Who is running my machine, you are running it into the ground.

"I bade you ten dollarsdat I am liar," said he, slamming his hand down upon the bar.

"There is no bet there," proprietor, laughing. "Gife us a drink."

"No, you are drunk now." "I bade you not."

"Well, I'll bet you fifty dollars to one that you are drunk," said the proprietor, while quite a number

gathered around to so, the fun.

"Good enough, I hade you," said
he, pulling out fractional currency enough to make up a dollar. "Now who will you leave it mid?" "I'll leave to yourself. Are you

not arunk?" "Yes, by jingoes, I am," said he

nournfully, "dake der dollar." A friend of his happened to be in the crowd, and upbraised him for deciding against himself. "But it was the drudh."

"Well, supposing it was; what d you want to be tool enough to bet for

"I couldn't help it der odds was so gread," be replied, turning away more in sorrow than in anger,

l'obacco sales.

sil ichia Inblic sales

PUESDAY OCH **2**4 PH

at the well known

Blackwell's Dur-

ham Warehouse

for all grades,

Bright Smokers in

great demand and wanted at good figures. I am determined to spare no offerts to please ALL who

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM WAREHOUSE

A FLORENCE



Sewing Machine

and very cheap for cash. Orders for any kind of Sewing Michines promptly filled, at the lowest cash prices; old Machines taken in exchange. Agents wanted. We are also prepared to do ads a law.

Merchant Tailering, Dress Making

and all kinds of sewing to the satisf ction of our patrons. Denorest Patterns al vays in hand. Send for cattalogue, Address, F. G. CARTLAND Ligaensboro, N. C.

Upholstering

W. R. FORBIS & BRO.

C. ROBERTSON THE DEALER IN

Grave Stone

MONUMENTS,