

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XIX.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1893.

NO. 11.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

To Young Mothers



Makes Child Birth Easy, Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GRAHAM, N. C.
May 17, 1893.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.
Practices in the State and Federal Court will faithfully and promptly attend a business entrusted to him.

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J. T. FARRELL, Prs.,
Aug 25-4f
Graham, N. C.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrators on the estate of Rosa A. Brannock, dec'd, all persons holding claims against said estate will present them on or before 15th day of March, 1893, or the notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

Persons indebted to said estate will settle at once. This 27th day Feb'y, 1893.
J. R. & W. H. BRANNOCK,
Admins of Rosa A. Brannock, dec'd.
Mar. 18-26.

Are You Going to Build?

If you are going to build a house, you will do well to call on me for prices. I have a force of skilled workmen who have been with me from 2 to 3 years, who know how to do good work, and a head of it. I will build by contract or by the day; furnish material or you can do it.

Come and see me. Will be glad to give you figures. Thanks for your patronage.
Yours etc.,
W. W. HUTSON,
Graham, N. C.
Aug. 25.

PILES

Of Interest to Ladies.

Warranted to give instant relief and to cure in 10 days. Care for Piles. Price \$1.00 per box. Sold by all Druggists. No. 238, New York City.

Expenses.
[Atlanta Constitution.]
Jim Jones, he was a candidate for office, so he was.
He'd been working clean from daylight in the Democratic cause;
He'd heard about the salary an office-holder draws;
So he went in for an office in the morning.
He brushed his old black beaver, an' he polished up his boots;
He got him twenty packages of Georgia made cheroots.
An' they missed him from the village an' political disputes;
For he went in for an office in the morning.
But the office wasn't comin', an' they told him to wait;
The road was kinder crooked when he thought it kinder straight;
But Jones, he kept a swingin' on the Democratic gate.
"For," said he, "I'll fetch the office in the morning!"
Soon the Congressman had smoked up every one of his cheroots.
An' the mad had worn the polish from the leather of his boots.
An' the office jes' got mixed up in political disputes;
An' Jones, he kinder weakened in the morning!
So he boarded a freight train that was runnin' by the rule.
For he didn't have a dollar an' was fustlin' for the office;
An' that he went to ploughin' with a mortgage on his mule;
An' he cussed out every office in the morning!

MY SISTER PATTY.

ELA THOMAS.

It was long ago, so long that the child-curls of flaxen hair become white as snow, and only a dump of hardy roses by the roadside marks the place where the old house stood. In those faraway days I firmly believed that in all the wide world there was not another spot so pleasant as the kitchen of that old house. And I think John Harmon, from over the hill, must have shared my opinion, for the way he had of dropping in of an evening. Next to my own home-folks I liked John best of anybody. He used to bring me peppermint drops and tell me stories, and whatever I said or did he never called me a tease or torment, as my own big brothers did sometimes. Then, too, he used sometimes to give me a ride behind his handsome black horse, and in the depths of my small heart how I wished that I was grown up and could wear a silk dress, and go away with him to singing-schools and parties as Patty often did. But as that could not be I was well content that he should take me; for I admired her so much myself that I thought the more highly of John for admiring her too.

Patty was not like Hannah, my oldest sister, who, since I can remember, had been mother and sister both to me; Hannah with her sweet, plain face, her goodness, her patience, who was never cross or fretful. No Patty had a temper, as Tom used to say, "as quick as fire and hot"; she was always as patient as the might have been, either, and nearly every day she told me that I was "the naughtiest little girl in the world." But Patty's bits of temper were quickly over, and she was so loving and generous and gay and helpful, that no matter how vexed I might be with her I straightway forgot it and loved her as dearly as ever. Then, too, her mouth was so dimpled, her cheeks so rosy, and her eyes, with the hair above them always gathered into little rings, so bright that I was sure so picture could be prettier than our Patty.

I remember well one summer evening she had on a new dress, a soft pink muslin, and her arms and neck were so round and dimpled, and she was so pink and white herself, and as John Harmon looked at her something in his eyes made me speak out the thought that was in my mind. "Did you ever see anyone look as pretty as Patty does in her new dress?"

At that Patty blushed pinker than her gown, brother Ben laughed out loud, father smiled from behind his newspaper, and Hannah said, "Abby, little girls should be seen and not heard."

But John looked at Patty a moment and then at me, and I knew from his face that he didn't think I had done anything so very bad; and after awhile he asked Patty to go out in the garden to see how fine the evening primrose were. I wanted to go with them but Hannah said my knitting went was not done; for that matter it never was done, and by the time I had knitted five times around to the middle of the second needle, it was my bed time. They did not come in till I was in bed, and when Patty came up and kissed me I had wakened up and said, "Why Patty, how your eyes shine; you look prettier than ever," and then she kissed me again and said I was "a silly child."

After that John came more than ever, only now they often sat by themselves in the parlor, when I would take my little chair and sit with them till Hannah called me at half-past seven o'clock, my bed time. I thought this hardly polite of Hannah to do, when I was helping Patty to entertain John.

Patty and Hannah were ever so busy, too; they quilted quilts, and got a piece of lint in the loom in the loom-room. I used to sit at the loom beams and watch Patty's hands fly as she threw the shuttle and sometimes I would the shuttle for her.

But there were other young men besides John who sometimes came to our house, and one of them was Levi Jerome, who kept the store at the village. John didn't like Levi, I know, for once I heard him tell Patty that he was a perfect fop, and he didn't see how any girl of sense could abide him. At that Patty laughed a provoking little laugh and said that for her part she thought Levi was a very nice young man indeed. Then John said something I didn't hear, and a willful look came on Patty's face, and she answered that she thought she was capable of choosing her own friends. Then John looked hurt, and I knew Patty was sorry and she smiled her prettiest smile and said, how could he be so foolish?

Not so very long after that, as I was out at play one recess, Levi Jerome, drove by in his new carriage, and with him our Patty. As they came opposite the school house who should they meet but John Harmon. John bowed to Patty as though he hadn't seen her for a year, and she bowed so him as stiff, and they never saw me at all. When I went home at night I found Patty there, and cousin Patty Lester, who lived in Hammond, twelve miles away. And Patty Lester had caught her high-heeled shoe on the stair and twisted her ankle, so that Hannah had to do it up in wormwood and vinegar. The next afternoon, as I was picking blackberry seed, I saw John Harmon coming. But before he got to the house Levi Jerome drove up from the other way, and John went by and never even looked towards it, and when I asked Patty what she supposed made him do that, she tossed her head and said she neither knew nor cared. It was more than a week before he came again. I kept quiet because he had brought me a new picture book, and almost every evening I would watch at the partry window that looked up the east road, to see if he was coming, and more than once I found Patty there, though she always pretended it was for something else.

But at last John did come. When Patty went to the front door to let him in the wind blew the door from the kitchen into the hall wide open, and I saw that he had a piece of paper in his hand. "Patty," he said, I never heard him speak so stern as he did then. "Here's a letter I found blowing along the walk. It begins as I could not well help seeing, 'My dearest Patty,' and it says 'Your ever loving Levi.' If you can explain what it means, and why Levi Jerome was here four evenings last week, I shall be glad to have you, and I think I have a right to ask it."

With that Patty drew herself up. "John Harmon," she said "you have no right to speak to me like that; and I have no explanation to make to one who has shown so little confidence in me as you have."

John put out his hands and asked, "Patty, is that all you have to say?"

"That is all," she said.

For a minute John looked at her and he was so pale I was afraid he was sick. Then he said: "Then I will bid you good afternoon."

And Patty pulled a ring off her finger, handed it to him, and said, "And I will bid you good afternoon."

Hannah had come to shut the door into the hall, and so had heard what they said, and as Patty came back into the kitchen she said, "Oh, Patty, I am afraid you will regret what you have just done."

But Patty eyes flashed as she answered, "I don't think I will ever regret that I wouldn't be tyrannized over by a jealous man." And then she walked out of the room and didn't come down again, even to supper, and Hannah said she had a bad headache.

After that it didn't seem so pleasant. John didn't come any more, and Hannah looked troubled, and Patty didn't seem a bit like herself. And how she did work! Hannah used to try not to have her spin to much. I thought she must be afraid it was hurting her, she was so pale and her eyes were red so much of the time. And one afternoon Ben came in and said, "Patty, did you know John Harmon was going West? He starts next week."

Patty held her head very high and said, "It makes no difference to me where the egg needle, it was my bed time. They did not come in till I was in bed, and when Patty came up and kissed me I had wakened up and said, "Why Patty, how your eyes shine; you look prettier than ever," and then she kissed me again and said I was "a silly child."

After that John came more than ever, only now they often sat by themselves in the parlor, when I would take my little chair and sit with them till Hannah called me at half-past seven o'clock, my bed time. I thought this hardly polite of Hannah to do, when I was helping Patty to entertain John.

As soon as he heard me he jumped off his horse and took me up in his arms and said, "Then, Abby, there is some one who will miss me after all?"

Of course I should miss him, I told him; there was nobody who gave me as many things or told me such nice stories as he did, and I couldn't have him go. "Wouldn't Levi Jerome answer just as well?" he asked.

"Levi Jerome!" I said. "I can't bear Levi Jerome; he always calls me 'sissy'; besides, he don't come to our house any more now cousin Patty Lester has gone home."

"Why, that time our Patty and Levi Jerome went after her, when she sprained her ankle so and she couldn't go out at all. She was as lame she could hardly walk," I added, "but she could go to the door every time Levi came, which was almost every single day while she stayed."

With that John said some things, as if to himself, about what a fool he'd been, and he put me down and jumped on his horse and rode away without another word. I went back to Hannah and told her about it, and she said I must always be careful what I said about people, but she didn't say it as though she minded much.

When we got back home there was John's horse standing at the gate, but Hannah would spread out the white oak bark in the woodhouse chamber first, so by the time we went in he was gone, and Patty's eyes were as bright and her cheeks were as red as two roses. Hannah looked at Patty and laughed, and Patty asked if Levi wouldn't take the little uh pull and go to the spring for some fresh water, and when I came back they had both been crying, but they didn't look sorry at all, so I thought it couldn't be for much.

After that Patty and Hannah quilted more quilts, and Patty had a fire in the south chamber and sewed, and John didn't go West or say anything more about going. And after awhile cousin Patty Lester came over again, and they baked and baked till the storehouse closet was full of cake-frosted cake too. Then one afternoon Hannah told me I might stay home from school and put on my new dress, for I was more than surprised at that, for Hannah never would let me stay home from school, and to put on my new dress of a week day was of itself an event.

By the time I was dressed and Hannah had combed and curled my hair, Uncle Horace Lester, cousin Patty's father, drove into the yard with all his folks, and pretty soon Aunt Susan Bean came, and then Uncle Almon Potter. I thought this was very strange, for Thanksgiving and Christmas were both past, but the people kept coming till the house was full. Among the rest Mr. Davis, the minister, came with his wife and Fanny, their little girl. I was very glad to see Fanny, and took her out to show her my white kites. When we came in the people were all sitting around the parlor, and Hannah looked up to us to sit down by her. And pretty soon Patty Lester came in from the hall, all dressed in white, with Levi Jerome, and our Patty dressed in white, too, with John Harmon. At that Fanny whispered to me, "Oh, it's a wedding," for Fanny's father being a minister, she has seen weddings, which I never had. So I whispered to her, "Who is going to be married?" And she whispered back, "Why, your Patty and John Harmon."

Then Patty and John stood together between the front windows, and Patty Lester stood beside Patty, and Levi Jerome beside John, and John put a ring on Patty's finger, and Mr. Davis asked them questions and made a prayer, and Fanny said they were married. And then John kissed Patty right before everybody, and all the rest kissed her and said they hoped she would be happy.

That was a gala day in my child life. And what with the company and the supper and the pleasant excitement, I thought a wedding an occasion of pure enjoyment, till late in the afternoon Fanny Davis said to me, "Aren't you sorry to have John take Patty away?"

"Will he?" I asked with a sudden sense of dismay for I had not once thought of such a possibility.

"Of course he will," she answered from the height of her superior knowledge, "they always do. And they are out in the hall now ready to go."

At that I rushed into the hall, where sure enough they were, and I saw that her dress changed and her wraps on. "John," I cried, seizing his arm, "are you going to take our Patty away? If you do I shall never like you any more, and I shall wish you had gone West, and stayed there, I shall."

With that John tossed me up as he was always doing. Why, Abby?" he said, "how can you say so?" and then he said, "that nobody but Patty heard him, when you know it was you who kept me from going."

Then he and Patty looked at each other and smiled. But before I had time to ask if he really did stay just

because I wanted him, to Patty knelt down and put her arms around me. "Don't cry, Abby," she whispered, "I must go with John. I belong to John now."

"And don't you belong to us any more?" I asked tearfully.

"Yes, dear, and always shall; but," she kissed me softly, "I belong to John first."

Just then their sleigh drove to the door and John lifted her into the nest of furs. As they started away Hannah put one of Patty's old slippers in my hand told me to throw it after them. As I did so everybody laughed, and Patty, with her eyes shining like stars, and the long plumes of her hat falling against her pink cheeks, looked back and smiled and kissed her hand. And while I was almost heart-broken at her going, I felt, child though I was, that I could not grieve with the radiant and happy face before my vision.

THE ORATOR.

Hints Drawn from the Methods of Great Speakers.

One day Roscoe Conkling was in one of the departments in Washington attending to some business for a client of his. He was compelled to wait awhile, since the chief of that department was busy with a man with whom he had a previous engagement. Mr. Conkling began to chat with one of the clerks. He was a young fellow, scarcely out of his teens, and Mr. Conkling, who was very fond of young people if they were intelligent, seemed to take an interest in the young man. He asked the clerk whether he expected to remain long in the government office and advised him to quit such employment as soon as possible, saying that there was no more dismal career than that of a government clerk.

The young man asked Mr. Conkling if he would tell him how he became a great orator.

The Senator was pleased with the question, but said that he had time to make only one suggestion. Said he: "Practice speaking alone. The most important thing for a young man who wants to become an orator to think about at first is how to enunciate with distinctness. Of course it is more important than that for an orator to have something to say, but I am now speaking of the manner in which he is to say what is in his mind."

"Practice speaking words which have long vowels in them. If you take care of these vowels the consonants will take care of themselves, and the secret of distinctness in public speaking is clear enunciation of the vowel sounds."

Then Mr. Conkling repeated a rhyme to the young man in his rich voice, and although he seemed to be speaking in his conversational tone, yet the clerk at the far end of the room said that he heard Mr. Conkling show his white kites.

At the Chicago Convention in 1860, in which General Garfield was nominated for the Presidency, Mr. Conkling made a speech which is now historic. He stood upon a reporter's table. The great building was packed. It was thought that not less than 15,000 persons were in it—such an audience as an orator seldom has.

Many who have heard that address said afterward that it seemed impossible that any one should ever win a higher oratorical triumph than Mr. Conkling then gained.

After the convention adjourned a gentleman met Conkling and said to him: "Senator, I want to ask you a single question: I am in the remote gallery. Perhaps no man in the building was further away from you than I. I could think of nothing but the ocean as I looked over the vast throng between you and me. I was so far away that I could scarcely see the outlines of your countenance, although your figure was plainly visible. Yet I heard every word that you uttered, and those who were near me said that they did. Now, I should like to ask you how you were able to carry your voice with distinctness to the remote part of that great building?"

"By pronouncing the vowels distinctly," answered Mr. Conkling. "That is the secret of distinctness; and the reason so many men fail to make themselves heard is that they slur the vowels."

Wendell Phillips was not known as an orator at all one day, while upon the next he had gained such distinction as only Webster, Choate, Otis and Fisher Ames had secured in the same city of Boston.

Mr. Phillips was attending a public meeting called in Faneuil Hall. It was in the exciting anti-slavery time. Mr. Phillips sat in the gallery with a friend.

He was then a man under 30 years of age, and when he entered that hall he had no idea of any other career than that of a lawyer. Speeches were made which killed Phillips with indignation, and he said to his friend, "Some one ought to answer those speeches."

"Why not do it yourself?" the friend replied.

With that suggestion Mr. Phillips made his way to the platform, and without preparation delivered a speech worthy to rank with the highest achievements in oratory in Faneuil Hall. And the men asked, "Who is this young fellow who speaks in tones of music and compels us to listen to things we do not care to hear?"

Mr. Phillips had two qualities which make the orator when he made this first famous speech of his. One was a voice comparable in sweetness, power and fascination only to the voice of Gladstone, and some have thought to that of Gerrit Smith, another famous abolitionist.

Then Mr. Phillips had cultivated, as Conkling did, the art of speaking with distinctness and without apparent effort. Therefore, he did not tire his listeners, as he seemed to be addressing them in no more urgent manner than one would use in private conversation. He was very careful of his vocal sounds, although this care was not made evident to his audience.

Cooking seemed never to strain to carry his voice, and he spoke for four hours at the Academy of Music in New York without any more apparent effort than would have been required to chat with friends. Therefore he did not weary his great audience by a suggestion that he was himself weary.

To young men who asked Mr. Conkling what practice they should take to become effective speakers he always made this answer: "Train your voice as singers do, so that you can get a musical tone, but not a sing song one, and to get it without apparent effort, just as the greatest singers execute their most difficult passages. There is no young man who cannot by practice secure a voice which will be pleasing. Of course some are blessed with natural gifts, but it is a gift which can be acquired."

Gerrit Smith had the superlative voice ever given to an American, but even he, when he was making his battle for the anti-slavery cause, practiced reading aloud. Then cultivated distinctness. Thus, if you have something to say, you will become an orator; and if you have patience, intelligence and enthusiasm and sincerity as well, you may be a great orator whose rewards are as delightful as any that man can perceive.

E. JAY EDWARDS.

An Amusing Anecdote.

Daniel Webster had an anecdote on Old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost.

It was customary then to wear buck skin breeches in cold weather. One Sunday in Autumn Father Searl brought his dog from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the summer and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of an effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scriptures, he felt a dodger from one of the small waisted fellows and jumped around the pulpit slapping his legs, but the more he slapped the more they stung. The people thought he was crazy, and were in commotion as to what to do, but he explained the matter by saying "Brethren don't be alarmed, the word of the Lord is in my mouth but the devil is in my breeches." Webster always told it with great glee, on the minister.

The Girl Who Liked.

An exchange enumerates the following characteristics of "the girl who is liked":

The girl who does not lace tightly.

The girl who wears common-sense shoes, with low flat heels and broad soles.

The girl who prefers a cookery book to a penny novelette.

The girl who is not in the least ashamed of a healthy appetite.

The girl who doesn't think every other pretty one "makes up horribly."

The girl who doesn't pinch her feet into shoes a size and a half too small for her.

The girl who will sing under a trifle less than three-quarters of an hour's persuasion.

The girl who can purchase a packet of pins and a yard of calico without turning over anything in the shop.

The girl who can receive a little polite attention from a man without at once jumping to the conclusion that he is in love with her.

"Can I kiss you?" he asked the Boston girl after his proposal had been accepted.

"I do not know whether you can or not," she replied critically.

He hesitated a moment.

"May I kiss you?" he murmured.

"That's different," she responded, and he gathered them in.—Press.

That was a mean Oregon girl who bet a kiss against a dollar that Harrison would be elected and then when the winner came to collect the kiss referred him to the stake holder, a homely old maid.—Whittings Star.

Killed the Woman and Left Her Man!

Monday, at Steel Creek, on the farm of Mr. Logan Hoover, a negro woman by the name of Annanda Carruthers was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The peculiar circumstances attached to this occurrence, was that the woman was accompanied by her husband, Wallace, who was stunned by the same flash and left in a standing position. In a little while Mr. Hoover passed the man on the road on his way to the field. Calling to him he received no reply. This seemed strange, so Mr. Hoover went to the negro and discovered his condition; he went to his house and brought restoratives and finally succeeded in resuscitating him, when he told how his wife, who lay dead at his feet, was killed. The woman apparently had no mark upon her showing where she was struck, but the bones throughout her body were broken.—Charlotte News, April 6th.

Ripans Tablets cure dyspepsia. Ripans Tablets ward off cholera. Ripans Tablets: for our stomach.



PASTOR KOENIG'S NEURINE TONIC

A Happy Epiphany. All.

Our orphan asylum here there is a 12-year-old child that had been entering for years from nervousness to such an extent that she dropped on every tone and in a delicate condition, would lose protection among the other people from an imaginary presence, and could only with great difficulty be again put to bed. Last year Rev. E. Koenig, while on a visit here, happened to observe the child, and advised the use of Pastor Koenig's Nervine Tonic, and kindly furnished us several bottles of it. The first bottle showed a marked improvement, and after using the second bottle and up to the present time the child is a happy and contented being. All those suffering from nervousness should seek relief in Pastor Koenig's Nervine Tonic. REV. E. KOENIG, 211 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE. A valuable book on Nervine Tonic, sent free to any address. No charge for postage. This medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Worth, Texas, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at Other Points. 6 for 50. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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Luxurious Cycling

Over rough roads is obtained by riding a Spring Frame, Pneumatic or Cushion RAMBLER.

If you have never ridden a RAMBLER with that combination of G. & J. Spring Frame and Pneumatic tires, do not dislike it on. Remember general principles, but try it, not around a block, but on a good long ride. Its "life" and luxuriousness will amaze you.

JOHN R. HARBER, Agt.,
Feb. 11. Big Falls, N. C.

LAND SALE!

By virtue of an order of the Superior court of Alamance county, the undersigned will sell at the court house door in Graham, on MONDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF MAY, 1893,

to the best bidder, a tract of land in Pleasant Grove township, Alamance county, containing

128 ACRES

more or less. It being that part of the plantation of the late James Coates outside of the dower allotted to his widow, and includes all said plantation not covered by use dower of the widow.

Terms of Sale: One third cash, the other two thirds at six and twelve months, secured by bonds covered by bond covering interest from day to day at 8 per cent, and will receive the purchase money fully paid.

J. A. LONG,
E. S. FARRER, Com'rs.
Mar. 25, 1893, 14

AGAIN TO BE SOLD!

By virtue of an order of Alamance Superior Court, made at March Term, 1891, I will sell at the court house door, in the town of Graham, on

MONDAY, MAY 18, 1893,

a tract of land in Obbitt's township, Alamance county, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of J. B. Luby, L. E. Sharpe, Henry Nicholson, and containing

108 ACRES,

the plantation owned by Flankley Sharpe, and the same upon which he lived up to his death. This is a valuable tract of land. Terms: One half cash, the other half secured by bonds covered by bond covering interest from day to day at 8 per cent, and will receive the purchase money fully paid.

J. S. FARRER, Com'rs.
Mar. 25, 1893, 14