

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XIX.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1893.

NO. 18.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**  
**JACOB A. LONG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
GRAHAM, N. C.,  
May 17, '93.

**J. D. KERNODLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
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## 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 5 to 15 years, who know how to do  
good work and a help 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 plans. Thanks for past patronage.  
Yours, etc.,  
W. W. HUTTON,  
Graham, N. C.

## \$25 REWARD!

The Board of Commissioners of Ala-  
bama county will give a reward of \$25  
to the arrest and detention of Allen  
Franklin, who escaped from the county  
work-house on 25th of March. Frank-  
lin is a white man, aged 23 years, 5 ft.  
11 in. high, weight about 130 pounds,  
dark eyes and light round face and  
fair complexion. J. H. WATSON,  
April 13, Clerk of Board.

## TRACTION ENGINE AND SAW MILL FOR SALE

**ON EASY TERMS!**

The recent forest fires have destroyed  
the opportunity for my cutting tim-  
ber this season and I therefore offer for  
sale a 20 horse power Traction Engine  
and Saw Mill. It is in perfect order and  
has been run but little. It is all in  
first-class condition. It can be moved  
from place to place without the need  
of a team. Each hour blocks. Can  
cut 5,000 feet of lumber per day.  
Apply to J. A. Long, Attorney, Graham, N. C.  
April 30-1893

**After Reading a Treasury of Secrets.**  
Henry Jerome Stockard, in Traveler's  
Record for May.  
Vague visions fill my brain to-night—high  
deeds  
Bound Ham's shadowy walls; old Mennon  
gray  
With vacant gaze look toward the rising  
day,  
And breathe with mystic lips of ancient  
creeds.  
Through Moore's haunted hall my fancy  
leads,  
And Loda's spirit bands o'er me, far away,  
On perfumed shores, through cities  
of Cathay,  
By perfumed pines where the eagle feeds,  
Conjuring sounds awake—celestial strings,  
The clash of cymbals, tramp of armed  
bands,  
Songs fugitive from Pellon's height out-  
blows:  
Bound Anthonius's slumberous island sings  
Bravo Orpheus to his comrades, of home  
lands,  
Dim-visited long across the seas unknown.

**I Do Not Regret.**  
Nay, I do not regret, although the past  
Has been a dream of what might never be,  
Although the hopes, now dead, must be the  
last  
That I may ever have of winning thee;  
Although the thought be filled with sadness,  
Yet—  
Yet I do not regret.

The day had been a troubled one, and night  
Added its darkness to the toilsome day;  
And then I dreamed a dream—a dream of  
light,  
And life and love; and pleading, bid thee  
say  
One word, and then awake I started; yet—  
Yet, I do not regret.  
Although I did regret, for, as I woke,  
I found the darkness blacker than before;  
And only when again the daylight broke  
Upon the world, with promises in store  
Of calmer, brighter hours I whispered: Yet—  
Yet, I do not regret.

## CHARITY WASTED.

I was tired, oh, so tired and—cross;  
Oh, so very cross! I leave it to you  
if I had not good reason!  
You see I was a young wife then, a  
very young wife, little more than a  
bride, in fact, having been married  
only six months. We were not poor  
exactly but we had to be economical,  
and I had such struggling to make  
things go "just right" so that accounts  
might not worry me. And this month  
I had come out a little ahead and was  
rejoicing in the fact that I had in hand  
the money for that particular coat I  
had been waiting for ever since I was  
married. And then what do you  
think! Charlie came home the after-  
noon before, and told me in a great  
hurry, that there was at the hotel  
some old friend of his to whom he owed  
so much (not money, you know, but  
those kindnesses which money can  
never repay), and that common de-  
cency demanded that we should give  
him and his wife some sort of an en-  
tertainment.  
I said, "Oh Charlie," in despair, but  
it didn't do one bit of good. Charlie  
showed me very kindly (Charlie always  
does things in the loveliest kind of a  
way) that the party was not a matter  
of choice, but a necessity; and further  
that it must be given the next evening,  
as the bride and groom would  
leave the day after. Of course I saw  
the philosophy and succumbed to  
Charlie's judgment. (I always make a  
point of succumbing to Charlie's judg-  
ment, albeit I don't always see the  
philosophy, though I do honestly try  
my best and draw around according-  
ly.)

I put on my best bib and tucker and  
called on the bride, then returned to  
the house, wrote my invitations, hunted  
up a small boy to deliver them, then  
sat in to think.  
As in this I was not assisted by my  
model of all work Betty Deenan.  
Well we planned and talked and  
settled until we were dizzy, but we  
got things "fixed" so there was nothing  
to do the next day but to get  
ready.  
Now if there was one thing in which  
Betty Deenan excelled, it was chicken  
salad. No caterer could ever hope to  
make it better, nor wrig from her the  
recipe.  
Suddenly I dropped my knife and  
fork, with which I was reducing the  
anatomy of a chicken to absurdity.  
"Betty," I said in a solemn tone,  
"the silver!"  
"The silver!" I thuread and what  
ever do you mean?"  
"The silver is at cleaned Betty," I  
exclaimed.  
It was Betty's turn to look aghast  
and drop her knife.  
"Share, an' it's disgraceful to look at  
men," said she with despair in her  
tone.  
"Don't I know that, Betty Deenan?  
And don't I know that we are giving  
salad as all up to-morrow."  
"But that don't make it fit to eat  
to-night," replied I solemnly. Well  
hers was a pretty go! I hated, gas  
just hated to clean silver, but I could  
not make the salad and I could clean  
the silver.  
If there was one thing in which  
we were not poor, it was silver. Charlie,  
by being the last of his race had man-  
aged to inherit a quantity of silver, so  
old and so handsome, that it was  
"worth its weight in gold" and of  
course it must be on dress parade to-

night. Well there was no help for it.  
Ugh! how I did hate the idea of touch-  
ing that powder. I knew I should feel  
for days as if I had been groping in the  
ashes, but there was no use fighting,  
my own philosophy showed me that.  
When we came into this house  
Charlie had built into the wall a kind  
of safe.

"Well Betty," I said dolefully, "if  
you'll get me the step-ladder, I'll clean  
the silver!"  
The desired article was brought.  
"Shall I help you get it down, mem?"  
"O no, I'll push the sliding table  
down up here, and I can reach them  
down, one by one. How I hate the  
nasty job!" I added irritably.

So I mounted the ladder, and travel-  
ed a step up and a step down, until I  
had it all down but two pieces.  
They certainly were black beyond  
description, and bade fair to be clean-  
ed by the "saw of my brow," as well  
as the bald powder before mentioned.  
Just then the door-bell rang. "I'll  
go Betty," exclaimed I, glad of a  
chance of relief from the monotonous  
up and down, of that step-ladder.

My irritation was in no wise reduced  
by seeing at the front door the conven-  
tional yellow bag which bespeaks the  
travelling agent. "I don't want any-  
thing," I was beginning to say crossly,  
preparing to shut the door in her face  
in the most unceremonious manner,  
but while I spoke, my eye caught  
"silver-ware," on some packages in the  
estrel which she had deftly opened.

"I think," she replied, smiling, "that  
you do want what I have here to-day,"  
and she glanced back at the silver,  
which showed through the open din-  
ing-room door.

"Please let me show you this. I am  
very tired, and it is so hot. I really  
think if you will let me show you how  
this works, you will never regret hav-  
ing tried it."  
I wavered. If she could prove this  
to be the fact, I certainly would buy  
the article. So I went back for some-  
thing to try upon. It worked like a  
charm and gave it I would.

As I was paying her the pitiful sum  
demanded for the three packages, I  
noted how very pale she looked.  
"Won't you step inside and rest a lit-  
tle? Perhaps you would like a glass  
of water?"  
"Thank you," said she gratefully, "if  
I will be glad to do so."

"Perhaps she is hungry," I reflected,  
"she can't make much out of such  
work, poor thing! I hardly like to  
offer her anything to eat. She seems  
so much of a lady. She might feel it  
an insult. But I don't believe she has  
had a square meal to-day. O, I know!  
I'll make some raspberry eclair and give  
her some crackers, and I'll eat some  
myself at the same time, so that she  
may feel all right about my poor thing!"

Finally she departed, much refresh-  
ed, and thanking me profusely.  
I made the ladder and started to  
clean and brightened and polished  
while I chattered to Betty in the  
high tone necessary between two peo-  
ple occupying different apartments, of  
the poor thing who had her living to  
make in that abominable way.

Betty preserved ominous silence.  
"Do you hear, Betty?"  
"I hear you, mem," called back Bet-  
ty, in what seemed to be a rather un-  
complimentary tone.  
"Well?"  
"Well?" returned Betty.  
"Why don't you say something?"  
"What do you want me to say,  
mem?"  
"O, I don't know, anything."  
"Well mem, if I must say something  
I'll say the silver is not mine, but  
yours."

"In a way that already," I re-  
plied, taking a position of freezing dig-  
nity from which I knew I should be  
routed shortly. I always was, when I  
attempted to battle with Betty.

"Well, mem, as I was sayin'," the  
silver's yours, and if you want to be  
ruthless! it with all sorts of nasty  
things that folks leaves at the door,  
I've no call to say anything. An' I  
won't so there! but ye'll be sorry for  
this day's work, see if ye ain't!"

But the silver looked too nice and  
shiny and clean for me to feel that  
there was any truth in Betty's predic-  
tion.

The party was a grand success, and  
the whole evening, among the causes  
of congratulation, was the one that my  
hands did not feel as if I had been grop-  
ing in ashes.

We all slept the "Sleep of the Just"  
that evening, as well as the sleep of the  
tired.  
"One minute, Charlie, I want to get  
something from the silver chest that  
was put up there by accident last  
night."  
Betty brought the step ladder, and I  
ascended on the top.

With a terrific shriek I almost drop-  
ped from my perch.  
"O Charlie!" I gasped, in answer to  
his anxious inquiry. "O, Charlie, the  
silver's all gone!"  
"Gone! Nonsense! Gone where?"  
"How do I know?" I questioned, sit-  
ting down on the step-ladder, while I  
glared hysterically.

Charlie sat down, bewildered and  
helpless.  
"Who on earth but our three selves  
would think of looking there for it, or  
know anything about the chest? Non-  
sense, Olive. You didn't put it there,  
last night," he ejaculated, with sudden  
inspiration.

"I know I didn't but you did. Per-  
haps you don't recollect standing on  
this step-ladder while Betty and I  
handed it to you?"  
He did remember it distinctly.  
"What I want to know is, how on  
earth one could know that there was a  
chest way up there full of silver?"

Well, there was nothing to do but  
devote our energies to hunting for it.  
Betty carried out the breakfast, cold  
but unaltered.

Of course there was nothing to do  
now but inform the police.  
First, however, Charlie went to  
over the house, and made an examina-  
tion of the premises. We discovered  
that the burglars had entered by means  
of the little shed roof, cutting out a  
window pane in the little sitting-room  
over the kitchen, so as to enable them  
to undo the window catch.

To cut a long story short we were  
soon the recipients of two telegrams  
from a distant city, the first one to  
Charlie.  
"Silver found. Thief captured. Come  
identifiy."  
The next one came to me from Char-  
lie, at the same place, whither he had  
gone at once.

"Never saw woman before. Obvialy  
mistaken. Come identify if you can."  
When I entered the court-room, the  
prisoner gave a nervous start, but as  
her back was turned I could not recog-  
nize her. I could see she was dressed  
in widow's garb, and among all my ac-  
quaintances, high or low, I knew no  
widow.

"Do you know the prisoner?"  
"Not as I see her now. If she will  
turn I will tell you," was my reply.  
"She made no move."  
"Officer, see that the prisoner faces  
the witness."

Before the officer could touch her,  
she rose, suddenly wheeled and faced  
me defiantly.  
There sat the "poor thing" whom I  
had taken in and done for on the me-  
morable day of the party!

It was all clear to me now. I had  
stepped from the step-ladder to the  
front door, leaving the closet open,  
and the silver on the table all exposed  
to view.

I was about to speak when she inter-  
rupted.  
"Fair's no use! I Game's up. I'll tell  
all about it."  
She did not hesitate to disclose in  
the most reckless manner, that she  
took up silver soap agency, because it  
gave her a chance in houses and  
among young housekeepers that were  
as big "greenies" (yes, she did, she  
actually called me a "greeny") as that  
one there."

"Of course she was not one by herself  
that goes without saying, but they  
never captured the rest, but we had  
our silver.

The circumstances have always re-  
mained very vivid in my memory and  
I have wondered a hundred times what  
ever becomes of that woman (she was  
so young!) when she had served her  
term out, poor thing!

**A Teaching Story in President Davis' Life.**  
The following touching story is told  
by Mrs. W. T. Sutherland, of Danville,  
where President Davis' last headquar-  
ters were located. She says: "When  
Mr. Davis had been at our house for  
three days he said that he could not  
impose on our hospitality longer, and  
made arrangements to establish his  
headquarters at the old Benedict house  
on Wilson street. I told him he  
might take his Cabinet to any place he  
pleased, but as for himself he must be  
our guest so long as he remained in  
the city, and he yielded to the request.  
He remained here five days after that  
time, and was, of course, in a most  
anxious frame of mind, but was al-  
ways pleasant and agreeable. One  
morning he and Mr. Sutherland went  
down town and soon returned in an  
excited manner and I knew something  
and happened. I met them at the  
door, and Mr. Davis told me almost in  
a whisper that Lee had surrendered  
and that he must leave town as soon  
as possible.

"Making a few hurried arrange-  
ments, he offered his hand to me to  
say good-bye, and I asked him the  
question: "Mr. Davis, have you any  
gold other than Confederate money?"  
and he replied in the negative. "Then,"  
said I, offering him a bag of gold, con-  
taining a thousand dollars, "take this  
from me." I offered the money with-  
out having consulted Mr. Sutherland,  
but knew it would be all right with  
him.

"Mr. Davis took my hand and the  
tears streamed down his face. "No,"  
said he, "I cannot take your money.  
You and your husband are young and  
will need your money, while I am an  
old man, and, adding after a pause, "I

don't reckon I shall need anything  
very long."  
"He then put his hand in his pocket  
and took out a little gold pencil, which  
he asked me to keep for his sake, and  
I have the little memento now."  
She then showed the little gift to  
myself and others in the room and  
said she had never used it, but had al-  
ways preserved it as a sacred gift.

"When Mr. Davis had said good-  
bye," continued Mrs. Sutherland, "he  
hurried to the train and left as soon as  
possible."  
"Did Mr. Davis think the war was  
then ended?" I asked.  
"Not at all," she replied. "One day  
at the table I said to him: 'Mr. Davis  
would Lee's surrender end the war?'  
and he replied:  
"By no means. We'll fight it out  
to the Mississippi river." And so said  
all his officers. I told them they were  
simply whistling to keep their courage  
up, but they said they meant what  
they said."—Charlotte News.

**No Escape From the World's Fair.**  
One of the most remarkable things  
about the great Columbian Exposition  
is the thorough way in which it has  
been published abroad and at home,  
too, for that matter. In the April Lip-  
pincott's William Inglehart gives an  
amusing incident illustrating this.

A short time ago, some two hundred  
general passenger agents, representing  
nearly all the railroads in the United  
States, Mexico, and Canada, were in  
Chicago, and went to see the World's  
Fair grounds. Naturally enough, the  
talk on the return trip to the city was  
devoted largely to Exposition matters.  
Various marvels they had seen were  
discussed, until a Boston man broke in  
with an exclamation. "You think you  
know something about this," he said,  
"but the biggest thing about the whole  
show is the way it has been heralded  
abroad. I spent last winter in Europe,  
and wore myself out trying to dodge  
questions about the World's Fair. I  
saw pictures of these buildings until  
my dreams were highly-colored litho-  
graphs; I fled from Paris to Berlin,  
from Berlin to Rome, and from Rome  
to Athens, and I'll pay my fare home  
if I could find a hotel on the continent  
that didn't have some sort of World's  
Fair picture hung up where everybody  
had to see.

"When I took my summer outing, I  
went to Japan, and the pictures still  
haunted me. I left the railroads and  
traveled four days in a floriktha to  
get where I couldn't be reminded of  
the Fair. Finally, I struck a great  
pottery, clear away from any regular  
line of travel, and the very first thing  
the superintendent showed me was a  
big exhibition at the World's Fair.  
That beat me. I resigned myself to it,  
and concluded to go to Chicago the first  
chance I had, and face it. I want to  
say right here that the world never saw  
anything like it, and I'd bet dollars  
that if Nansen ever drifts up against  
the north pole, he'll find a World's  
Fair lithograph tacked on it right in  
plain view.

**Keep Money Moving.**  
From the Wilmington Star.  
The leading idea on which the an-  
nounced article from a Southern paper is  
based, is exceedingly simple, but it has  
interested the Star, and will doubtless  
interest many of its readers.

The man who owes a bill which he  
is able to pay has no idea of the gener-  
al benefit he can be to the community  
by paying it. The way to ease things  
up when money is tight is to keep the  
money moving, not to hold it. A gen-  
tleman told the writer yesterday of a  
case which came under his own obser-  
vation. A firm which advanced sup-  
plies to farmers also were agents for  
some insurance concern in which there  
were regular instalments to be paid by  
the members. A farmer brought in  
some cotton and received a check for  
balance due him. He took the check  
to another firm and paid it for a bill of  
goods there. Merchant number two  
owed the gentleman who was telling  
the story and he paid him with the  
check, and he in turn owed an instal-  
ment in the insurance company to the  
firm who issued the check, so he car-  
ried it around and settled up. Thus  
the man who issued the check got it  
back the same morning into his own  
possession, and yet in the short time it  
had been passing around it had liqui-  
dated several debts.

This is but a suggestion of the way  
in which a ten dollar bill goes cir-  
culating around through various hands  
canceling debts, and any man who has  
ten dollars in his pocket which he  
owes can do a great deal of good by  
paying it out and getting it into cir-  
culation. Don't hold money. Keep it  
going. It will come back to you from  
somebody who owes you and to mak-  
ing the circuit will relieve the end of  
obligations. If you can't pay all you  
owe pay what you can, and start the  
ball rolling. If some man who owes a  
hundred dollars which he is able to  
pay, would pay it, and the man who  
received it would use it to promptly

pay somebody else he owes, and it is  
kept going from one to another that  
hundred dollars would pay thousands  
of dollars indebtedness in a day. Keep  
the money moving and it will not  
seem so scarce. Five dollars in cir-  
culation are worth to the community  
more than five hundred in somebody's  
strong box in a bank vault. Keep the  
dollars rolling and there will be no  
hard times. It is the man who holds  
it who clogs the wheels, and makes  
hard times and light money.

**Practical Stock-Feeding.**  
H. B. Battle, Director,  
"This is the title of a bulletin (No  
80) recently issued by the N. C. Ex-  
periment Station, which will be sent  
gratis to all residents of the State. It  
is, as its name signifies, a discussion  
of stock-feeding from a practical stand-  
point. The scientific questions in-  
volved are not neglected, for every  
practical subject is based upon scien-  
tific facts, and a full understanding of  
one involves a knowledge of the other.  
All stock foods are not the same in  
quality; some are richer in some in-  
gredients than others. These ingre-  
dients when eaten in food act differ-  
ently in building up the body. Some  
make flesh, some make bone, some  
make heat and force. Foods, there-  
fore, vary greatly in value for different  
purposes. Again, the constituents  
may not wholly be available to the  
animal. A portion of a certain con-  
stituent may be easily digested, while  
the other part may pass entirely  
through and go off as waste. If the  
manure is not preserved, it is really an  
absolute waste. The digestible por-  
tions of the various constituents must  
be determined by actual feeding tests  
with animals, while the constituents  
must be carefully analyzed chemically.  
By actual feeding it has been ascer-  
tained that quality of these digestible  
constituents is needed for different  
purposes of feeding to produce fat,  
or growth, or sustain vigor when worked.  
In this way we can lay down a rule  
for feeding animals, and knowing the  
foods which we have at hand, and the  
indigestible proportions, it will be easy  
to combine them according to the  
desired rule. To simplify and explain  
the subject thoroughly in a plain, prac-  
tical way is the object of the above  
bulletin, which is written by D. W.  
Kilgore, Assistant Chemist.

North Carolina has, according to the  
last Auditor's returns, 143,784 horses,  
110,700 mules, 640,241 cattle, and 1-  
292,856 hogs. There is no question but  
that vast quantities of food are wasted  
annually by improper feeding. If we  
suppose that fifteen cents per month is  
so wasted for each animal, and this  
sum is entirely within reason, we have  
the total of \$3,948,445.80 per year,  
which is approximately one-sixth of  
the assessed value of the total real and  
personal property of the entire State.  
Ought not stock feeders, therefore, to  
carefully investigate these questions?

**An Experiment With Apples.**  
Our esteemed contemporary, the  
Orange County Farmer, in a recent is-  
sue mentions an experiment with  
apples that deserves the widest possi-  
ble notice. The experiment was  
brought to the notice of the Croleville  
Farm Club by its president, who ex-  
plained that the fruit was sent for in-  
spection by a resident of the place.  
The experiment consisted of storing  
the apples from one tree in barrels,  
some of which he lined with paper and  
others were unlined. Our contem-  
porary states that the grower recently  
opened the barrels and examined their  
contents and "found more or less de-  
cay in the apples in the unlined bar-  
rels, while those in the paper-lined  
ones were sound and in fine condi-  
tion." Such an experiment is worth  
knowing. It involves but slight cost  
to test it, and if it proves as valuable  
as this experiment indicates it should,  
it will result in a vast saving to the  
apple growers of the country. It  
should be thoroughly tested, and in  
making the test two thicknesses of  
paper should be used in the lining.  
Old newspapers that are clean can be  
utilized for the experiment.—American  
Dairyman.

**"Only a Little Smutty"—How.**  
Beware of that man who is always  
ready to tell you a joke that is "only a  
little smutty." It is an unfailing in-  
dex to a bad character. If you in-  
dulge him once you will find that he  
has plenty of the same sort, and many  
more blacker than midnight. A little  
humor, occasionally, is enjoyed by the  
wisest and best of men, and is allow-  
able in all but obscenity, anything of-  
fensive to purity or delicacy, never!

Beware, not only of the man who in-  
dulges himself in that first offending  
and then calling it "a little smutty,"  
but also of the man who is always  
driven with the words of such char-  
acters. Beware!—Southern Christian  
 Herald.

**Another Gleaner's Mast.**  
North Carolina.  
It is believed that Marion Butler is  
organizing the "Industrial Legion" in  
North Carolina, and that after the next  
State Alliance meeting, he will head  
all his energies to promote the organ-  
ization of that order. Already the or-  
der exists in quite a number of coun-  
ties of the state, and if it goes on it  
will be quite a dangerous political or-  
ganization. Those who belong to it  
claim that it is not a secret organiza-  
tion and that their meetings are not  
secret, yet practically it is a secret or-  
ganization, for the public at large does  
not know when they meet. It would  
be well if the people of this state  
would watch, and, if possible, indict a  
few of them in the courts. It will be  
for a jury to say whether or not it is a  
political organization, and not for  
those who are propagating it.

**PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC**  
Two Bottles Cured Me.  
I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my  
head, so much so that at times I didn't expect  
to recover. I took medicine from many doc-  
tors, but did not get any relief until I took  
Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic; the second dose relieved  
me and 3 bottles cured me.  
NEWTON, Ky., February 10, 1893.  
For many years I was sickly and very nerv-  
ous, so that the least thing would frighten me,  
and my sleep was unrefreshing and I was  
unable to do any housework. I was  
always ill-humored and depressed. Now  
everything is changed. Pastor Koening's Nerve  
Tonic (6 bottles) has helped me; I am like a new  
person, can work, sleep well and feel contented.  
I recommend this medicine to every oppor-  
tunity.  
MILHA GOTT  
Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Sold by Druggists at 50¢ per Bottle. 6 for \$2.50.  
Larger Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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85 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



**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 tire, do not dis-  
like it on meaningless general prin-  
ciples, but try it, not around a block, but  
on a good long ride. Its "Rifle" and  
luxuriantness will amaze you.  
JOHN R. HARDER, Agt.,  
Big Falls, N. C.,  
Feb. 11.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**  
The undersigned having qualified as Ex-  
ecutor of the estate of Thompson, dec'd. (Known  
as Salem Thompson), notice is hereby  
given to all persons holding claims against  
the estate of said Thompson. They are to  
present them to the undersigned duly au-  
thenticated on or before the 15th day of May,  
1893, and upon failure to do so this notice  
will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.  
H. M. CATES, Exr.,  
May 4-93. of Ban' Thompson, dec'd.

**10 PER CENT BID!**  
ANOTHER LAND SALE!  
By Virtue of an order of Assessor Super-  
ior Court, the unimproved will sell as the  
court house does in the town of Graham, on  
MONDAY, JULY 3RD, 1893.  
to the best bidder, a tract of land in Precinct  
Greene township, Alamance county, contain-  
ing  
125 ACRES.

more or less, it being that part of the plan-  
tation of the late James Squire outside of  
the lower allotment to his widow.  
Terms: One third cash, the other two  
thirds at six and twelve months, secured by  
bond carrying interest from day of sale at 5  
per cent, and title reserved till purchase  
money fully paid.  
J. A. LONG, Com'r.  
May 25, 1893-4a.

**OPPORTUNITY**  
The undersigned has for sale  
a tract of land in the town of  
Graham, N. C., containing  
125 ACRES.  
The land is well adapted for  
agriculture and is situated  
in a healthy and fertile  
section of the State.  
The price is \$10000.00  
and will be sold on easy  
terms.  
Apply to J. A. Long, Attorney,  
Graham, N. C.

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