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GRAHAMA N. C May 17, '88.

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Nov. 30, '98 Graham, N. C

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THE ALAMINOE GLEANER,

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1895.



COLAPTER L.

nass and Tarrens. Lawrence Drans swoke with a shudfor from a dream of poverty. Doubtow he did it. Some of us have tried and failed. We have struggled with is nightmare even when our eyes ere epen, and have not cast it off. various shapes it haunts the shadows of this world. Mr. Drane, however, awoke; but before sending bim our congratulations lot us see what he found waiting for him.

The first thing he saw on opening his yes was a ragged coat which lay upon his arm. It was a garment eminently qualified to be offensive to a gentlenan; shiny, soiled and raveled at the dges. Mr. Drane blinked at it an instant and concluded that it must be a part of his recent troublesome fancies.

'Getout," he muttered, sleepily, shaking the garment to the floor; "you're a fake. I dreamed you, and I'm going to wake up in a minute."

No wender he was deceived, for the coat fitted the dream with diabolical securacy. It had not been a vision of Anancial embarrassment alone; he had men himself walking on the uppers of dicgrace over the rocky road of despair.

His first waking impression had been s great thankfulness that he was himself egain, a man of wealth and consideration; a gentleman by birth and breeding. Then he had seen the ragged coat and denied its reality.

He let his head fall upon the pillow

agein and sank for a moment into sleep. Then he swoke with a start. "Queer notion about that cost," he said, and glanced over the edge of the bed. The coat was there. None of its fine points had got away. The summer sunbeams round the edges of the curtains glinted upon its greasy wristbands and glassy sleeves. Mr. Drane sat upon the bed and stared stupidly at the strange garment. The sight con-fused him.

He tried to recall the events which

had preceded hissleep. He remembered his journey eastward from his home in Kansas City; the business interests which he had in charge; the hot, dusty, tiresome ride which had brought him to New York on his way to Boston. He recalled how he had found himself so tired that he had resolved to wait in New York long enough to have a good nap in a hetel; how he had entered the first one he found, and had stumbled sleepily along in the wake of the hallboy to the room wherein he lay. Then he and cast himself upon the bed after

removing only his outer clothing.
"By the way," thought he, with den start, "where are my clothes I should like to know?"

How easy it is to ask questions, and how eternally hard it is to answer them. Mr. Drane's hasty but thorough search his very natural query. He did not find his clothes because they were not there, hus he did succeed in discovering a weletobat and a pair of pastaloons which owned disgraceful kinship with of the apartment revealed no reply to

the coat. "If I were a drinking man," he mutered, in direperplexity, "I think that I should find the motive for a great reformation somewhere in this affair.'

At this moment he found himself confronted by a mirror, and as his own reflection met his eyes he couldn't help being assailed by the idea that a change had come over his countenance which, if it were notequal in extent to that which had overtaken his clothes, was yet in the same unfortunate direction. Of course it was one of those crooked

hotel mirrors which se shockingly wreck the features of their victims. According to this verscious glass, Mr. Drane had a swelling on his right cheek, and was afflicted with strabismus, erysipelas and a disordered liver, complicated with a three-days' beard. None of these personal charms had any real existence except the beard, and that wasn't so bad as it looked. In spite of it, Mr. Drane was a very good-looking young man; but

be couldn't see it in that glass.
"Jingo!" he exclaimed, as he gazed upon this optical monstrosity. "They've stolen me along with my clothes. I

nust have assistance." He turned to the annunciator and con mited the directions for its use. First, he rang once for the hall-boy, but there was no response. Then he gave three jabs for foe-water, but it did not come. Six for a nack and seven for the police were equally unproductive; and when he had tried eleven for the fire department and twelve for an ambulance

gave it up.

"If they had given me permission to ring thirteen times for the coroner I should feel that I had done my full duty," groaned Lawrence; and then he laughed, it was all so absurd. He felt in the pockets of the deplorable clothes which had been left for him, but he did not find their late wearer's name and address, nor any other article of value. The loss of his money and watch did not trouble him much, for he had never felt the pressing need of a dollar, and d.d not know what its absence may imply. As for his watch the police would recover that. Mr. Drape had exaggerated notions about the metropolitan police. He did not know that before they would find that watch in the ordinary and that watch in the ordinary course of their business he would be all done with time and a large part of eternity. So he didn't worry about those this but bestowed his regret very sensibly upon the absence of certain papers. He knew nobody in New York, and had now

Evidently he would have to make the

landlord tolegraph to his friends while

charges at the hotal The first necessity was to get down stairs to the office, for while he delayed his clothes were no doubt getting me and more remote every minute. He ventured into the ball to his under clothing, but was insurely driven back by the sight of a young woman's back. That in itself was not considerable, but there was no talling when she might turn about. So Mr. Drano retreated.

Consideration, repulsive and pro-longed, showed him that there was no hip for it, he must don the habiliments of poverty. His soul was full of wrath, totanered with admiration when he thought of the coolness of the thief who had made the exchange of garmonts so cleverly. He romembered that for greater security he had held blaccat in his arms when he had lain down to sleep.

Dressed in the character of Lazarus

Mr. Draps hastened along the hall and intercepted the elevator in its descent. "Down," said he, with dignity. "Walk down," replied the elevator

boy, snarply, as the car swept by. It was the first humiliation of rags. Mir.



"PUT THAT TRAMP OUT."

Drane walked down according to directions. He approached the clerk. "Some miscrable thief-" be began. The clerk struck a big bell with alarm-"Walsh," said be to a porter, "put this

confounded tramp out. I thought you fired him an hour ago." "So I did, sir," said Walsh, rolling up his sleeves, "but he don't come back this time unless his remainders is brought up from the sidewalk in a bas-

Mr. Drane turned about with the intention of standing the porter on his head for his impertinence, a thing he could easily have done, for he was a young man of remarkable strength and excellent training in the use of it; but as he turned he saw his own image in a long mirror let into the wall. He was the ideal dead-beat. He stared at this libelous carioature of himself with utter amazement. The character reached out from the mirror and seized upon him with a grip he could not shake off. He seemed to shrink morally, intellectually and physically to fit his garments and there was no more back-bone in his

He was the tramp all over. In spite of himself, he played the part to the life and submitted to ejection with only the ordinary protestations of injured in-nocence which are always ridiculous.

He stood on the edge of the sidewalk and endeavored to collect his senses. It was time to stop making mistakes and he knew it. Evidently he must have money, and the only way to get 11 demands of his impatience was by wire. He found a telegraph office and wrote out a modest request that his father in Cansas City should send five hundred dollars at the rate of one hundred and ninety thousand miles a second or faster the electricity could be hurried.

It was a branch telegraph office and a young man with a shrewd face was in charge.
"Send this collect," said Lawrence

laying down his message.
"What do you take me for?" inquired

the young man, blandly. Lawrence recognised that some explanation was necessary, so he briefly outlined the case. The young man looked interested, and Lawrence was en-couraged. He entered more into detail, and the young man put on a sweet and trustful smile. Lawrence reached the point in his narrative where the porter omed into prominence, and he hesitated, feeling the humiliation of his de-

"And then-and then," said he, blush-

ing. "And then," said the young man, solemnly, "you put the cork back into the bottle and the green snakes disappeared. I commend your prudence. You've had

"Do you mean to intimate that I am "Not at all," replied the young man; "but you'll have to try this story at the main office on Broadway. It is too ex-

citing for my nerves." From this position the manager re-fused to recode, and Lawrence was obliged to content himself with directions how to find the main office. It was not a very long walk, but shame at his garments made it a path of torture. It was not plain sailing after he got there, either, for it took half an hour of painful argument to coar the message The answer was slow in coming. The

long evening twilight was well ad-vanced before he was notified that Kan-sas City had been heard from. This was Have wired money to New Haven.

When Lawrence read this he deeply regretted his small command of ex pletives. His disappointment nearly burst him.

"Any reply?" saked the man who had brought the telegram. Lawrence's tem-per got the better of him, and he wrotes "Why didn't you send it to Jericho?" He cooled down after awhile, and

finally persuaded the night manager to have a query sent to New Haven. The enswer read as follows:
"Lawrence Drane collected money here. Fully identified."

When this reply had been read by the night manager it was evident that he had made up his mind what to do. Lawrence saw it in his eyes, and he knew that he was in a bad sorape. He prepared to get out, for he was well aware that arrest stared him in the face. The manager tried to detain him. Lawrence pushed him over a chair and fied, hotly pursued by a half dozon messenger boys and a few clerks. He was too nimble for them, however, and in a few minutes he stood alone upon the street, penniless, tired and hungry

It is a curious physiological fact that man can voluntarily abstain from food for twenty-four hours with far less re-monstrance from his stomach than that organ will make if its owner unwillingly fasts for half that time. When Lawrence realized that he had not money enough to buy a sandwich he became hungrier than he had ever been before in his life. He was positively faint, and as he stood upon a corner trying to decide upon a course of action he closed his eyes and

actually reeled with exhaustion.

A man passing rapidly along ran against him. Lawrence did not even "Poor fellow," muttered the stranger; "he's blind," and he slipped a ton-cent

piece into Lawrence's hand. "Confound you!" exclaimed Lawrence, in a rage, "I can see as well as you

The stranger opened his eyes, his mouth and his charitable heart at the

"Have I lived to see this day!" he oried. "Hore, my friend, hore is half a dollar for the only really honest man in

New York." Lawrence refused it, and tried to give back the dime, but the stranger wouldn't take it. He appeared to be an exceptionally humano old fellow. Lawrence walked along by his side for a few steps, and the idea struck him that here was a chance to tell his story to believing ears. He began it with considerable hope in his hoart, but he had got no further than a brief outline of his real financial solidity and apparent poverty when he heard the stranger mutter: "New game; new game. Never saw it before, but I'm onto it just the same."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FAMOUS CARPENTER. The Late President of France Was a Tradesman.

Not many people knew that M. Carnot, the late president of the French republic, was a carpenter by trade. It is true that he did not, in his mature years, practice the trade of a carpenter, but in his youth he had been taught that band leraft, and no doubt might have exercised it if it had been necessary. The family of Sadi Carnot's mother came from the little town of Chapanais, in the Charente, a department of western France.

Though they were people of means, they believed in Jean Jacques Rousseau's doctrine that every child should be taught a handicraft, in order that, in case of adversity, he may make his way in the world and not be a burden upon anyone.

In pursuance of their mother's belief in this principle, young Sadi Carnot and his brother were put at work every summer, when they went to Chabanais, to learn the trade of carpentering and joining. It was on mere play, for they were put in the midst of working carpenters, and their helpers, on actual "jobs." and had to do their share of the work.

Mme. Carnot not only insisted upon this but gave the boys no preference over the other workers, while they were with them in the matter of food. They had to eat at the same table and partake of the same plain fare.

In this way both boys became at last practical carpenters. At the same time they learned to enter into the feelings of the laboring people, and to appreciate their situation; and there is excellent reason to believe that the liberal opinions of the late president rested in large part on his practical acquaintance with the working people.

It is worth noting that these working vacations of young Sadi Carnot were a most agreeable time to him. He remembered the days spent at Chabanais with feelings of delight, and always went there for rest when occasion offered.

His mother, who is still living, looked forward with great pleasure to the expiration of her son's seven years of presidential service, when she expected to take him to Chahapais, as if he were a boy again, and give him a "good rest" there. It is quite possible that, if the assassin's hand had spared him, he might have found at the carpenter's bench a delightful relief from the cares of state. -Youth's Companion.

His Face His Foffune.

"Long before the war John Reynolds was a great man in Illinois," said Cot. W. R. Morrison. "As far back as 1818 he was a justice of the supreme court and was governor from 1830 to 1834. He out a figure in the Black Hawk war, and fater came to congress. He was a powerful man before a jury, and his facial expression, which certainly did him great service in winning his cases, was something wonderful. It would have made the fortune of any actor. His sneer was a thing to be dreaded.

"Once on an occasion at which I chanced to be a spectator, though only a lad, Reynolds was pitted in a lawsuit against Lyman Trumbull. It was a contest of glants, Trumbull being, as everybody knows, a man of the keenest intellect and a lawyer of the highest rank. He saw that Reynolds was working the jury in his usual way, and with great effect. In answering him Trumbull fairly outdid himself. Turning to his opponent at a climax of his speech, Trumball said:

"T've answered all your legal points, have answered every argument that you have brought forward, but the devil himself couldn't answer your looks!"-Washington Post.

Rebuked for His Levity.

Rev. George Madder, rector of Ballybrood, an old bachelor, lived with a maiden sister, an elderly lady, solemn and stately, whom he held in great awe. She was very fond of flowers. When arranging some one morning in the drawing room she found a curious blossom which she had never seen before. Just as she had discovered it, her gardener passed the window, which was open. 'Come in, James," she called to him; "I want to show you one of the most curious things you ever saw.' James accordingly came in. Miss Madder sat down, not perceiving that the bottom of the chair had been lifted out. Down she went through the frame, nearly sitting on the floor. James went into fits of laughter, and said: "Well, ma'am, sure enough, It is one of the most curious things I ever seen in my life." "Stop, James," said she; "conduct yourself and lift me out." "Oh, begorrah, ma'am, I can't stop," said "it's so curious; it bates all I ever seen." It was some time before she could make him understand that her performance was not what he had been called in to see; and, when he had helped her up, he was dismissed with a strong rebuke for his levity. - Argonaut.

A PET SEA GULL. Twenty - Three Years on Brenton Reef Lightship.

The sea gull Dick, christened more than a score of years ago, returned recently to the Brenton's reef lightship. The hardy sailorman in charge of the lightship hardly expected the bird, for when he left the boat last spring he was thought to be pretty well used up. His return finds him stronger than when he left, and though he is believed to be twenty-eight or thirty years old, Dick appears to be good for at least five years more, if his feathers should remain with him. This gull, according to Capt. Charles Marsh, the oldest living ex-captain of the lightship, came there twenty-three years ago this month, and was easily tamed. He remained all win-

ter, and the men petted and fed him. One morning early in March he flew away. His departure was regretted, as he had displayed much intelligence, but he was soon forgotten. One day early in the next October a gull came aboard the ship in a most matter-of-fact way and it proved to be Dick. So he has been going each spring and returning each fall with the greatest regularity. He keeps well aft and may generally be seen on a perch which the men have arranged just above the rail. The gull is easily fondled by the men whom he has known the year before, but anyone who has joined the crew during his absence has to show Dick great attention before he can win his regard. The gull flies about the ship, but never to the land, which is less than a mile away, and be never lights except on some part of the vessel .- N. Y. Dispatch.

Traveling Mountains.

Changes in the topography of the country may occur from causes but little appreciated by casual observers. Water courses are stopped, lakes and bayous are formed and whole counties may be submerged by the moving of immense bodies of land that gradually slide down into waterways and stop their cutflow. An instance of this sort is found at the cascades of the Columbia river. A mountain of basalt more than eight miles long and two thousand feet high is slowly sliding into the river, and, unless it meets with some natural obstacle, will in time fill the riverbed and form a dam by which an immense body of water will be held back in a great lake. Civil engineers and scientists are wondering how the channel is to be kept open, and, as it will be many years before any encroachment interfering with navigation occurs, there is ample room for study and conjecture. The most plausible reason given for this downward sliding of mountains is that there may be a substratum of soft sandstone or clay. This is continually being dissolved and washed away by the Annual strong current, and thus there is gradual settling of the mass above; or the tremendous weight of the mountain may crush and grind the rock, acting in precisely the same manner as traveling glaciers .-

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

A Strange Notion That Prevalls Generally in the East.

The Sitting of a Buddhlet Priest for His Picture_"Restoring His Soul"-Ef-fect of This Wonderful Mirncle by the Artist.

Crowds of people assembled, says

a writer in the Fortnightly Review, as we arrived at the inn, just before sunset, and among others I spotted the fine head of an old Buddhist priest. After a long confabulation and a few strings of cash which passed from my pocket into his hands. I was able to induce him to sit for his picture, and I dashed off a sketch in oils before he had time to change his mind. Unfortunately the large crowd that had gathered round, especially the women folks, seemed to scold him and talk angrily at him for his silliness in sitting, owing to the strange notion that prevails in China, and, in fact, nearly all over the east, that if an image is reproduced, a soul has to be given to it, and that the person portrayed has to be the supplier of It at his own expense. The venerable old Buddhist priest, who was nursing his "cash" on his lap while being immortalized on a wooden panel, and had a curious twinkle in his eye, as if he knew better, resisted bravely for some time, and sat like a statue, but finally had to give in.

"You will die," cried an old woman at him; "I saw your soul coming out of you and go into the picture. I did, really, I saw it with my own

"So did I," cried a hundred other

voices in a chorus. By the time the priest had got up they had half convinced him that at least half his soul had really gone out of him; but had the soul gone or not, he would go and take the cash for safe keeping to his home first, and complain and ask for the restitution of his lost property afterward. He was a sensible man. So was I, and knowing what was coming, the moment he had gone I went into the room and packed the sketch safely, then I took another clean panel and smeared it over with the scrapings of my palette to show him instead, in case he would come back and wish the picture destroyed. Twenty minutes had not elapsed when he was back again, of course without the 'cash," holding his stomach and

complaining of internal agonies. "I am going to die," he cried, the moment he saw me; "you have taken away half my soul!"

"Certainly I have," said I sternly. "You did not expect me to give you all that 'cash' for less than half your soul, did you?" Oh. no! but I wish it back, as I

feel so bad now without it." "All right," said I, "I shall go in the room and destroy the image I did of you; will you then be satis-

fled?" "Yes." Here the other panel smeared with palette scrapings was produced, after making pretense at destroying it with a knife, and never

in my life have I seen an expression of relief to equal that of the priest. He had not felt half his soul so much going out of him, but he certainly had felt it coming back again. He could swear by it. He was now perfectly well again! This wonderful cure gave us all a very busy evening. All the villagers

who had complaints of any sort came to us to be restored to health. A leper who had lost all his fingers wished me to make them grow again; and a pitiful case of a poor child, only a few months old, was brought up, whose mother, while busy stirring boiling water in a big cauldron, had dropped the child in by mistake. 'He was so badly scalded that I am afraid, though I tried to relieve his pain, the poor child cannot have lived more than a few hours.

Birch Rods for Students I am glad to have received from an Oxford man a cordial indorsement of my suggestion for the use of the birch in the university on the persons of undergraduates given to 'ragging" and similar follies. I learn from this correspondent that corporal punishment was one of the wise institutions founded at Oxford by Alfred the Great-the Solomon of our royal line-and I am favorably impressed by the suggestion which my correspondent goes on to make, that the college bursars, baving few or no useful functions to perform should be armed with rods and trans formed into college birchers. No doubt some sentimentalists will protest against the birch as a bomiliation to the university "man." When, however, a man is not a man, but a schoolboy, common sense suggests that he should be treated as a soboolboy.-London Truth.

"Statement."

In accordance with the requirements of sec-tion 71s of the Code, I. J. H. Watson, clerk of the board of commissioners for Alemancs county, do hereby certify that the following is a true statement for the year ending Nov. 20. 1894, of the amount, Hems and pature of all compensation audited by the board to the members thereof, severally, the number of days the board was in session and the dislance traveled by each member:

To E. LONG. For 18 days as Co. Com'r, 800 miles @ Sc a mile, Extra service as ch'm'n board for Year ending Nov. 20 1865, Extra services as ch'm'n board for year ending, Nov. 20, 1865, 2 days com, on tax roads and 1 day com, on jall, Total. To WM. STAFFORD.

Total. To C. C. TOWNSEND,

For ID days as Co. Com'r.
I day laying off mad to Burlington,
I day on tax road
64 miles @ 3c a mile, ToS EBB, For 20 days as Co. Com r.
510 miles @ 5c a mile,
1 day com. on c. s. c.'s reports,
1 day com. s-ttling with freasurer
1 day com. on tax roads and 1 day
on building committee.

Total,

To C. H. RONEY. For 18 days as Co. Com'r. 238 mlies @ 5c.a mile, I day as com. settling 2 days com. on tax roads and I day com. on jait,

\$55 90 Total. The Board was in session 20 days year ending Nov. 30th, 1891. J. H. WATSON. Clerk of Board.

Mortgagees' Sale!

By virtue of the powers contained in certain morigage deeds executed by Chas. L. Fon-ville, one on 23rd of Dec., 180, and registered in book 12, pages 47.4 a and 429, one on Dec. 8, 1801, and registere. In book 17, pages 206, 207 and 238, and one on Aug. 30, 1859, and registered in book 17, pages 822, 483 and 434, and all r gistored in the office of the Register of Deeds of Alam unce country, the undersupped morigages will self for each at the court house door in Grabana, at 12 M. on

MONDAY, JAN'Y 7, 1896,

MONDAY, JAN'I V. 1000,
the tract of and described in said 'nortgages. The tract of land contains 184% acres and is situate in Faucett's township, Alamance county, adjoining the lands of Brice Fonville and others. It is an excellent tobacco and grain farm and very desirable. Terms—cash. GEORGE KERNODLE,
LEVI H. McGAULEY.
JNO. C. ENJX, and others.
Dec 6, 1804—Ids.
Mortgagees.

FERTILIZER.

COTTON, CORN

-AND-

General Crops U-ed and endorsed by leading far ners in North Carolina and the South or the past twenty years. Read the llowing certificates, and send for amphlet giving directions for mixing,

estimonials, &c. Manlville, N. C., Sept. 20, 24.

Messrs. Boykin, Carmera Co.
Gentiemen:—The chemicals I bought of you for making "Home Fertilizer" continue to give satisfaction. I only use it under cotion. You know I must think it good, or I should not have used it so long. This makes 16 or 17 years that I have been using it, and its use has made me able to pay for it in cash, not on crop time.

Your truly,

Thos. S. Evans.

CHERAW, S. C., Oct. 16, 1862.

It gives ds pleasure to say we have been naing yo. "Home Pertilizer" for more than fifteen years continuously, and expect to continue to do so. Of course we are entirely antistied that it pays us to use it.

Respectfully, J. W. McKAY.

R. M. McKAY.

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Come and see s.e. Will be glad to give on figures. Thanks for past vatronage. Yours de., W. W. HUFSON. G. mann, N. C. Aug. 25,

DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.