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THE ALAMINCE GLEANER,



Mailed on receipt of price he RICHARD ON & FARIS Wholesale & Retail Druggi Greenabore, N. C.



this nightmare he awoke with a shi ver of horror. He sat up and d. There was certainly a strange noise in the heavy air. Sometimes it was like audded voices; then it was aighing; and again it was a gurgling rosn. For some minutes Drane could not summon up the resolution to investigate, but at length he arose, and quaking with horror he endeavored to trace the disquieting sound to its

It led him to a door which apparently separated him from the next spartment. What ghastly mystery lay behind it? He hardly dared to think. He listened. and the gurgling sighs made themselves plainly audible. Doubtless some unfortunate was leaving the Retreat by the method Jenkins had described, and had failed to arrange his noose in an entirely satisfactory manner. For what seemed a long time, Drane quaked and hesitated, not daring to penetrate further into the secret. Then with a sudden resolution he seized the knot

and threw his force upon it.

The door opened easily. It revealed an empty closet, with a set bowl at the side, into which a thin stream of water was trickling, and running down the escape pipe with the noise which had so horrifled him. Alarm gave place to wrath. He vowed all sorts of vengeance upon every body who had even remotely contributed to his present evil plight. Every body but Bessic. He forgave her, and in thinking of her he fell quietly asleep and was not wakened till the light of morning

streamed into the room.

Breakfast was served to such of Jenking boarders as could be trusted outside their eages, at eight o'clock. After par-taking of that frugal meal Drane was permitted to spend a little while in the parlor. It had no other occupant at first except a short, stout man with an abundance of stiff, curly hair who sat at a table writing. Every time he paused in that labor he stuck his pen behind his ear; and when he was ready to resume his task he picked up a fresh one, forgetting what he had done with the other. The consequence was that in a few minutes the bushy hair over his oar was full of pen-holders, and there remained only the one which he was using. Presently that joined the rest, and then the little man, after hunting

about the table a few minutes, gave it up and pushed his paper from him. "The servants here are very careless," said he to Drane. "They always fail to provide me with pens, sithough they know the importance of my work. And for myself, I am so absent-minded, do you know, that my forgetfulness has been the ruin of my life. It is true." He leaned toward Drane impressively,

and continued: "I am a genius. I once wrote the greatest poem extant. Then I mislaid it. For months I searched for I mislaid it. For months I searched for the manuscript, but without finding a trace of it. My cursed forgetfulness! Then I tried to remember what was in it—my forgetfulness again. I couldn't think of a single line. I could remember only that it surpassed Homer, Dante or Shakespeare. The thought that I had thus cast away undying fame by mere corelessness undermined my health, until they brought me to this sanitarium. Confound it, one might 21 well be honest about it. There's no sanitarium about it. It's a lunatic asylum, and for the sake of verseity fet's admit it. Here I sit scribbling away overy day, trying vainly to hit upon the single inspiration which for a moment raised me to an intellectual height no man had ever before attained. Thus far in vain. But who knows—who knows! What's your own special brand of lunacy?" your own special brand of lunacy?" "I am a sane man," said Drane, half

angrily. The short man shook his head.

The short man shock his head.
"Wait till you've been here a while,"
sald he. "Then you'll dream dreams,
and see visions. I was cane enough, too,
but the atmosphere of this place—you
don't know what it is. In two days
you'll have delusions. You'll see things
that aren't there—serpents of various
hues; sebras with their stripes running
from head to tall, and revolving around
their hedies like the rings of Saturn. their bodies like the rings of Saturn That's why they've put me here.
They're jealous of me. They don't want
me to remember the great work which I
wrote but can not find. It's a plot—" The short man was getting violent, and presently an attendant came and removed him, to Drane's great relief.

In the course of that day Drane en-countered several interesting maniacs of a mild order, but no serious incident



occurred until the evening. Then, as he was standing in the hall just after supper, he heard Jenkins talking to the matron, and pointing to him.

"Paresia," said Jenkins. "You want to watch him carefully."

And Drane took that delightful suggestion to his apartment, and medi-tated upon it. Was it possible that he was really insane? Were the strange events of the past few days which he seemed to remember, in reality only hallucinations?
Who could determine, if left wholly to

himself, without a single visible link between him and the past, whether that past had any real existence? In short, Drane didn't know whether he was crazy or not. He watched himself for symptoms. Did his hand tremble? Or his heart beat too fast or too slow? He enjoyed a nice case of hypochondriacism till long past midnight, and when he fell asleep, the zebras described by the forgetful genius were ordinary and reawhich pranced through his dreams.

But the morrow brought a great event, ho less than a call from Bessie. She came unattended, but alas! the matron was present during the entire interview. This not only prevented Drane from enjoying the conversation to the full, but it also made it impossible, or at least unwise, for him to ask her name. So he called her Bessie, and

she made no objection.

Only for a moment in the hall were they able to be alone. Then Bossie hastily passed Dranoa note, and a number of small, heavy, mysterious articles wrapped in a handkerchief. He had barely concealed those things in his pocket when the matron approached.
"But your name?" whispered Drane, hastily.

"I am here as Mrs. Lawrence Drane," she replied, with a blush. "Only the wives of patients can visit them on or-And she hurried away, leaving Drane

in delicious perplexity.

In his room he examined the note and the bundle. The former proved to be an elaborate plan for his escape written out with the detail of a French de-tective novel. The latter was a great lot of koys of all sorts and sizes. They had been taken from the doors in Mrs. Bowers' house, as the note explained, and were of course designed to open doors in the Retreat.

Drane studied the plan of escape religiously. He noted every place where he should go, and the number of the particular stair where he must breathe in order to avoid detection. In some way Bessie had discovered that the guard at the door was changed at midhis room at 11:56%. As near that hour as he could guess he stole, according to directions, having punched the key from his lock and opened his door with one of the bunch Bessie had

brought. He crept down the stair keeping in mind the various shrewd details of the plot; where he must hide to let the guard pass him; how he must do this, that and the other thing which the ingenuity of the girl had devised.

And now he stood at the bottom of the lower stair. The guard was asleep with his head against the wall. This, too, was according to programme. Drane could easily have passed him to his place of concealment, but suddenly a new and simpler phase of the problem struck him. He coughed. The guard did not move. Then he went up to the fellow and shook him. The guard awoke.

"Here you!" he cried, sleepily; "go back to your cage."
Drane seized him by the neck;
dragged him to the parlor door; pitched
him head first into the room; and before the man could recover his balance or his howls could bring assistance, Drane had opened the outside door, and was cavorting down the street.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRICE ON HIS HEAD. No sprinter ever made better time than did Mr. Drane in his first run from than did Mr. Drane in his first run from the Retreat. A medal at the end of a track is not half the inducement to speed that a pursuer at the beginning is. If Lawrence had been timed by a stop watch it would probably have ap-peared that he had broken all records at the end of the first hundred yards; and yet it seemed to him that he was not running half fast enough. The street was absolutely deserted, but he came presently to the corner of an avenue that was brilliantly lighted and lively with many passers.

"Then he stopped abruptly and walked slowly up the avenue for a short dis-tance. His heart was beating violently with excitement and the exertion of his run, and he knew that he must get somewhere out of sight at once. Just ahead of him be saw that the street-car tracks entered a tunnel, the sidewalks tracks entered a tunnel, the sidewalks and carriage-way rising over a hill above it. Believing that here lay his opportunity he entered the tunnel and walked through its half mile of length without molestation save from ears that passed him occasionally. The drivers and conductors looked at him sharply, and that made him wish that he had staid above ground. It also impressed him with the necessity of disguising himself.

At the end of the tunnel he found himself in front of the Grand Central

At the end of the tunnel he found himself in front of the Grand Central Depot. If he could only take a train and go somewhere! Instinctively his hand went to his pocket and then he remembered. The thought of passing again through an experience of hunger with its possibilities of police courts and ferry-boat concerts so distressed him that he had half a mind to return to Jonkins and confess himself a to Jenkins and confess himself a lunatic. Then probably he would be put in a straight jacket and be confined

In a loathsome cell for the rest of his days. Horrible! Suddonly he romembered that he had

heen in the habit of carrying a fifty-dollar bill in a little pocket unobtrusively made at the waistband of his trousers. Most of us would have thought of that before, but Mr. Drane had passed his boyhood in the lap of luxury, and in his manhood had not escaped from her lead-ing-strings until the beginning of these unhappy episodes, so that the where-withal was naturally the last element to enter into his consideration of practi-cal problems. In this case he felt cer-tain that his enemy, the tramp, must have overlooked that pocket. He thrust a trembling finger into it. Glorious! He felt the soft but firm texture of a bank note, and he knew that he was saved. He marched proudly into the depot and inquired about trains for Hoston. That was still further away from home, but he had friends there who would identify him and see him out of his trouble. A train would leave in the course of an hour. Good How much? Five dollars. Very reasonable. One ticket, please.

While the strip of paste-board was bemg stamped Mr. Drane drew forth the hidden bill and unfolded it. Then his heart went down to hold sad communion with win heels.

"I beg your pardon," he faltered, addressing the ticket-seller, "but I don't think I'll go to Boston this evening."

The bill was a two.

The tramp had been commendably thorough in his search through Mr. Drane's clothes, and, having found use for the fifty dollars, had recognized the utility of an emergency fund and had limited his reserve to two dollars.

Mr. Drane went out again into the infeeling alrof New York and wondered why it was that he had never been ablo. before to see any thing in the philosophy of pessimism. Still it is not often that some consolation can not be found in a situation when a man has as much as two dollars in his possession. Lawrence found it. He didn't want to go to Boston, anyway, for there was Bessie, the good, the beautiful, the soul-satisfying Bessie. She was in New York, and at the thought the atmosphere took on a sudden freshness as if it might have blown across a garden of roses. Perhaps her little feet had pressed the very stone on which he stood! Lawrence patted the stone gently with his foot and felt comforted. He would run the

risk of courts and retreats for the privilege of finding her. Meantime bow far would two dollars carry him? He must have a bed and a breakfast and a shave. The bed cost him half his pile at a neighboring hotel. For prudential reasons he registered under an assumed name, and for once in this history no calamity is to be recorded as the outcome of the deception. In the morning a barber took off Mr. Drane's moustache for fifteen cents, and a modest meal reduced his capital to half a dollar. Then he bought a newspaper and sat down in a hotel corridor to read and reflect. The newspaper was uncommonly interesting. Conspicuously displayed on the first

dangerous lunatio from Jenkins' Re-The lunatic was supposed to be the vealthy Mr. Lawrence Drane, of Kansas City. That unfortunate gentle-man's friends had come on to take care of him and had arrived at the Retreat but an hour after the escape. They immediately resolved to offer a reward of five hundred dollars for his capture, and the proprietor of the Retreat supplemented that inducement by an offer of fifty dollars from his own purse. Then followed a minute description of the missing man. Lawrence felt flattered, but still not

"Every man but the millionaires in the city is looking for me," he thought, and he glanced cautiously over his paper at the other occupants of the room. His blood chilled at once, for directly posite sat a shrewd-looking fellow staring hard at him. The fellow had a copy of the same paper that Mr. Drane was reading, too, in his hand. He was evidently a detective. After a moment of agony the detective rose and came towards Mr. Drane, still looking sharply

at him.
"Now for a grand bluff," thought
Lawrence. He nerved himself for a mighty effort, but the stranger paused awkwardly and said:

"Excuse me, sir; I see that I was mistaken. I thought you were an old friend

And he walked away. Lawrence liked to have choked with the excitement and relief, and he felt that he would rather be captured than undergo such another trial. He must get away. Even his friends would discredit his story and consign him to an asylum. But how was he to move? He read the story again. It ended by saying that the gentlemen from Kansas City had gone to Boston on the midnight train believing that Mr. Drane had fied to that city

Again his thoughts reverted to Bessie. She would help him, but he dared not note to Mrs. Bowers inquiring if he might not call on the young lady whom he know only by the name of Bessie, and trust to her kindness to screen him from capture during the call. It cost him thirty-five cents to send this note by messenger. After what seemed intermin-able delay the measunger returned with

this answer:
"The young lady you refer to has returned to her friends. For her sake I refrain from sending this to you by a collection. You may not be insane, but I am convinced that you are a bad, bold adrensurer. So do not, on any account, expect any further assistance from ma Eurn.y Howens."

And what did poor Drane do then? He went down to the East river and wondered if some condemned fool of a here wouldn't rescue him if he should plunge in and try to be decently drowned. The men at work thereabouts didn't look much like beroes, but appearances might be deceptive, and Mr. Drane gave up the idea. It was but a passing frenzy. His native vigor returned soon and it was reinforced by the image of liesalo's face that haunted him constantly. He would seek her if it took the rest of his life and cost him his fortune—when he got possession of it agains bee Such cor's

During the rest of the day he wandered aimlessly about the docks and in the quiet streets. His hunger be appeased with a sandwich, reserving his balance, eight-cents, for another meal. The more he wandered and the more he thought, the more desperate his situa-tion seemed; but relief came from the most unexpected quarter. Just as it was growing dark whom should be meet but the original tramp. Each made as if to run at first sight, then they thought better of it and stood facing each other.

"Well," said Mr. Drane.
"Well," seid Mr. Drane.
"Well," returned the tramp. "you've
done me up nice, haven't you?"
"Done you up?" exclaimed Lawrence; "how about me, you rescal? " liave you read the morning papers?"

"Bead the papers! Do I look as if I had road the papers? If the papers were two cents a thousand I couldn't afford to rend a bulletin board. No, I've just come from the island: Your Kansas City friends said I was the wrong man, and of course they had to let me

Lawrence was on the point of showing the tramp the story of the escape printed in the paper, when a perfectly tromondous idea occurred to him. It was so great that his voice trembled as he said:

"That's good. Now, I am willing to let-bygones be bygones. I am not out of my scrape yet, and between us we can help each other a good deal. Are you agreed?"

"You don't mean to get me arrested for taking your clothes, do you?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Cost of Ruming a Train.

Probably few travelers bave any adequate idea of the cost of running trains. The cost may differ, and doubtless does differ greatly with the varying conditions, but the recently published figures on one of the extensive western systems are instructive. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, operating 6,147 miles of road, has made public an analysis of expenses per revenue train mile run for the past two years, the total miles run being 31,750,418 in 1893, and 36,692,470 in 1894. The items include repairs of locomotives and cars, station service, train service, locomotive service, train and station supplies, fuel, oil and waste and miscellaneous expenses. The total operating expenses were 96.46 cents per revenue train mile in 1893, and 92.67 cents in 1894.

The revenue from passengers per

train mile run was only 91.51 cents in 1893, and 90.32 cents in 1894, or days were spent. less than cost. But there was a profit on freight service, the revenue per mile run being \$1.5701 in 1893, and \$1.5834 in 1894, and out of this margin between receipts and expenditures per mile has to come the return for the enormous investment in road, rolling stock, structures and their property. Stated in a general way, it costs about a dollar a mile, actual operative expenses, to run a train, without allowing any return on the cost of equipment .-Providence Journal

A YOUNG JOCKEY'S EARNINGS. Sixteen Thousand Dollars a Year for a Mere Lad.

A small boy, with no particular education, who can increase his income by \$12,000 in a single year, may claim to be an exception to the general run of boys. This is what Jockey Griffin has done this year, and apparently he has not placed his services above their market value. He was something in the nature of a "find" last year, when Mr. Cideon engaged him at a salary of \$4,000 for a year's riding. During the season Griffin proved that Mr. Gideon's judgment was correct, for he gained remarkable prominence among the jockeys. When it came time to talk about this season's work it was found that Griffin had been approached by a number of owners, and that Mr. Lorillard had offered him \$15,000 to ride for his stable next year. He was reengaged by Gideon & Daly for \$16,000 for the coming season, an increase of exactly \$12,000 over his salary for the past season. It is not to be understood that this figure represents the entire income of the jockey, for under the rules he is permitted to ride for other owners when his services are not demanded by the man to whom he is under contract. The perquisites of a good jockey are more than the salary of a capable cashier or bookkeeper. Griffin, for instance, received \$2,500 by way of a present, outside of his salary, for wioning the Futurity. He is a sober, well-mannered lad, and still very young, but he takes a great pride in his family, and is educating his sisters and brothers out of his carnings.-N. Y. Sun,

A Scientific Declaration.

He-Mademoiselle, you are the star of the evening. Young Lady-You are the first to

He-Then allow me to claim my reward as an astronomer. Young Lady—What do you mean? He—That is to give my name to the discovered star.—Le Baillage.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. The Walters and the London (Eng.) Times—John at Eton.

Mr. John Walter, chief owner of the London Times, who died on November 3, 1894, inherited a prosperous newspaper from his father and passes it on to his sons. The first John Walter founded the paper in 1788, but it was not he, but his son who really won its success. The second John Walterinherited the paper in 1810, and kept it until 1847. At that time, when the third Walter came into the property, the famous John Delane was its editor, and the owner had only a limited influence in the political management of the paper until Delane let go. After that Mr. Walter was the responsible head of the Times, and as such had to shoulder the blame and pocket the loss of the "Thunderer's" unlucky attack on Parnell. For more than twenty years he was a member of parliament. He built himself a great house in Berkshire, raised a family and lived to be seventy-six years old. He was popularly supposed to draw the comfortable income of one hundred thousand dollars a year, free of income tax, from the Times. During his Eton days some of the boys in his house started a court of justice for trying such offenses as did not come within the ordinary rules and regulations of school life. Walter was brought before this tribunal, charged with "never having said a single good thing." The jury returned a verdict of guilty, but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy on the ground of natural incapacity.—

Froude's Recreations.

Argonaut.

The late James Anthony Froude's favorite amusements were yachting and angling, and, until his last illness commenced, he was out every fine day sailing and sea-fishing in a little vessel which he kept at Salcombe, where he lived for several months in each year. He was the very best of good company, and a most attractive and delightful companion, whose excellent talk and endless flow of anecdotes will be long remembered by those who have often seen him in private. He al-ways wished to die in Devonshire, and his life ended within twenty miles of Darlington Vicarage, where he was born, and where his early

The Pathway or Knowledge Road to Success



Victor Hugo

In speaking to young men, once saids
"It is the learning acquired at
midnight that will make your future And in this terse epigram the great
Prenchman stated a truth that applies
equally to struggling, ambitious
young men the world over.

insomuch as you have yet your place to make in the world, and will avail yourself of opportunities to increase your knowledge and improve your mind, so will you make your life successful and happy. A man's brain is a garden given

him to cultivate, and whose products will be his support.

Plant That Garden

with seed of knowledge and from the vines will grow the blossoms of financial gain and honorable Never before in the history of the

world have young men had an opportunity to fit themselves for the battle of life as it is now given them. In this, as in everything else, American push and public spirit lead the world.

the world.

All that the college graduate has been taught, and more, can be secured by the young man who gets a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica now offered to The Observer subscribers on the easy payment of to-cents a day. But remember that our special introductory offer is for a limited time only. Lucited time only,

> The Observer. CHARLOTTE, IN S

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Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Putt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body. For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, arrabsolute cure TUTT'S Liver PILLS

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Mr. J. P. Joyner: — I gave my child one door Boykin's Worm Killer, purchased of you. It brought 36 worms. I consider it the best medicine made. J. W. THOMAS.

Duck Creek, N. C., May S. 1884.

Boykin, Carmer & Co.—Dear Sirs: Mr. A., fluid: a very responsible jessioner of mine, gavehalf s jessponeini of Worm Killer to a child last week such the result was 55-worms. Mr. paniel Pipes used it with still better effect; 75 worms from one child; of course :ny sales will be large. Yours truly.

E. S. SMITH.

Read the following from one of the mosprominent and best known physicians and farmers in South Carolina. He writes, "that it tegro girl 10 years old near him, took two or three doses of the Worm Killer and passed 800 worms." R. H.EDMUNDS, M. D.

Mr. H. M. McDonald, of LaGraoge, N. C., says, Dr. Boykia's Worm Killer brought over 100 worms from one child in his neighborhood, and that it gives universal satisfaction. He sells more of it than all other worm medicines. Do not let your druggist or General

Dealer put you off with some other. Ask for "Boykin Worm Killer" and get it. Any M. D. can i prescribe it and many do. BOYKIN, CARMER & CO.,

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Grabam, N. C.

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partitioning mailed to stamp, \$1.00 per to the partition of the partition For sale only by SIMMONE, the Druggist,

TORTH CAROLINA

Superior Court-Before the Cterk. J. L. Scott, Jr., Pub. Adm'r, as Adm'r of Wm. Benson, deceared

Win. Benson, deceared

VN.

Martha E. Terrell, John Chapto and wife
M. Lie Chapto, Calvin Ervin and wife Re
va Ervin. Eate Benson. Jas. P. Kestler
and wife Mary Acciline. L. C. Met by and
wife Sarah S. Lydle Nance, Wm. M. Benson, Maggle Edgeworth, Burrell S. Benson and alterine Benson.

This is a special proceeding brought by J.
L. Scott, Jr. Public attinistrator as Administrator of Wm. Benson, deed, to selfflax land of white Wm. Benson died se'zed,
in Melrije tostashir, Ananapec county,
known as the McChare truct, to create assets to pay dieba. The ananons is returnstic Menday, March 25, 'e85, at the office of
the Cherk of the superior Gent at the court
house in Grainm, Alamance county, North
Carolina, and this wto notify the non revdent defendants. Calvin, Earler and w.
Rena Ervin to be present in person or by attorney at that time and place and answer or
denur to the petition, and spon default so
to do the prayer of the paintiff will be
granted as to them.

Done at office in Graham this End Cap of
January, 1893.

G. D. VINCENT, C. S. C.

Inn 24 6s star and as a committee

GLEANER, Graham, N. C.—Mr. C. T. Holt, Haw Siver, or almost any of your friends can tell you of good work that the

Cectopole

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has done. It is a household word. It we care you information from Formic or reasons wented. John M. Wold, hie man ger Ath m is Electropoles. On 272, 1116.

Washington, D. C.

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The transmit traham will pay fifty costs [50] a value yard for rock delivered in Graham. Mayor Scott will indicate place at which to majord,
Aug. 3—11.