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LADY'S TRESSES.

or flowers have shut their sumy

And sadly through the pines the south wind sighs;
When over hill and plain in lavish tides
'The goldenrod its garnered sunshine sheds, and seem to say, 'Naught that is fair abides!'
And seem to say, 'Naught that is fair abides!'
An, then, in shady lane and grassy field,
What new delight thy slender spires to find,
With trees of hyacinthine bells entwined!
Fragrance like thine no rose of June can yield,
No lily can eclipse thy snow, dear prize,
Flung backward from sweet summer as she
fites.

-Entity Shaw Forman in Woman's Journal.

THE STAGE DRIVER.

We had ridden three hours with a stupid stage driver, and I was chagrined and disappointed. I had engaged the front seat two weeks in advance and had expected to have a chance to study one of the old time stage drivers on his native heath; but, though it was said he had been on the route 20 years, he chewed a quid of tobacco and could not be induced to talk. An occasional grunt of assent or dissent was the most he vouchsafed us, and it was with a feéling of relief we changed stages

at Murphy's and had another driver. The drive from Murphy's to Angel's is over 15 miles of dusty, uninteresting road, and we had not lookd forward to the prospect with pleasure, but our new driver had an air of business and a looseness of tongue that were very refreshing after the mummified silence of the other man and promised well for our

entertainment. Then, too, we saw we had made a mistake about our first driver. The second man was of course the old stager, with his many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, while the first man was evidently a novice in the business. We took our seats and prepared ourselves for a most interesting time.

"Hope you're all comfortable, ladies," began our second man in a manner very different from the other gruff bore. "I do like mighty well to have ladies in the front seat with me, but I'm quite a fav'rite with the ladies, it seems—they always

want the front seat." "Oh, I see you are the old stage driver," I exclaimed, "and you will tell us some of your interesting stories. How lovely! What is your

name?"
"My real name's—no matter. But they call me Tennessee up here. You see, I come from Tennessee, an I've got the southern twang, an when I first come I talked a heap 'bout my native state, an I bragged some, too, I guess, coming from the south, you know, an the boys like to josh a fellow. But I've traveled round so much that I've lost most of my twang-knocked bout considerable in my day. Fellow can't help rubbing on some polish, you know-I expect that's why I'm such a fav'rite with the ladies. It's real funny how all the old maids get stuck on me an the widders, too," Tennessee chuckled. "By jimminy crickets! Excuse me if I get off a swear word now an then-I don't know which is the worst, old maids or widders." I took a sly glance at my companion, who was a young and pretty widow who lived in San Francisco. "I'm writing a book on my experience

with the women.' "Why," said the widow, "I should think you would get married with so many to choose from."

'Well, it does seem that way. You see, I did try it onot. I'm a widder--got sons over 20 years old. Wouldn't believe it now, would you? Most people take me to be 'bout 30, I'm by rights over 40; but, great Jupiter whipstitch !- excuse me, we old stagers can't help a little profanity-I wouldn't have any trouble marrying. I most always propose to the women before I get them through." My pretty companion looked alarmed. "The women like it, particular the widders. Now we're coming to a little down grade.

Got on a pretty heavy load, so guess we'll take it easy. Go long there, Suse—Nick, you old rack o' bones." We rounded the brow of the hill, and the horses began the steep descent with a gentle trot, but within a few seconds their speed had accelerated to a hard gallop. The old Concord coach rolled from side to side, and we seemed in danger of upsetting, but our time had not yet come, and we reached the level road in safety. The widow and I were gazing at Tennessee with admirasplendid driving! But a timid man

"I think you had better use your brake, driver," he said in a querulous voice. "That driving was altogether too fast for a heavy coach." "Listen to that old duffer," soid Tonnessee, sotto voce. "Guess he pover seen a hill before." Then he

on the back seat was first to recover

he said, calmly glancing back. "Why, Lord, the brake's gone!" he We all looked at the rear wheels in dismay. The brake was gone in

raised his voice. "Well, I did try,"

"Well, we'll have to go back; that's plain," said the timid ma

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895.

politeness sometimes.

as they could tear.'

an they jumped forward. That

was a possibility that we would be

a quid of tobacco. He kept us hang-

ing breathless on his words until he

"The first glimpse they caught of

as they jumped behind trees an call-

ed, 'Halt!' but we were on the brow

an guided with one hand, while I

used the other for my six shooter.

The messenger shouted, 'Let her go!'

It was just here, ladies. We left two

men stretched out. I killed two rob-

bers an wounded another. The

shooting scared the horses, or I think

I'd have finished all four. That

durned messenger-excuse me-was

so seared that he shot one of my

horses. Not used to the biz, you see.

Of course the horses stampeded-it's

bad enough to hear the firing with-

out being peppered by an unrespon-

next week.

sible man who is frightened into

"Well, they started on the dead

run down the grade, an I had to

drop my pistol an hang on to the

lines. I tell you we buzzed round

them turns-sometimes two wheels

standing off the grade to onct.

When we reached the bottom of the

hill down at the station, the old hoss

dropped dead, an the people on the

stage just come up to mea crying an

a-thanking me for saving their lives

an took on turruble. Look-at that

rock!" he ejaculated. We gazed

with startled eyes in the direction

he had indicated. "Oh, I guess it's

all right this time, but I always

expect to have a man step out from

behind that rock-finest place to rob

a stage in the country. Two men

held me up there about 15 years ago,

when I first began to drive here.

Didn't get anything, though. Now

we're past. Guess that's a sigh of

relief, ain't it? This is a mighty

dangerous country 'bout here, but I

guess I'll git you through, ladies.

Don't you fear. If we git attackted,

just sit still-keep perfectly cool an

than two or three scattering shots.

calm, an you probably won't git more

We were all well frightened by

this time. The little schoolmistress

on the back seat held her peace, but

the rest of us were looking about

nervously and trusting our lives to

this wonderful Tennessee. The pret-

ty widow was no longer haughty and

distant, but at every noise in the

brush grasped the arm of the brawny

driver and looked appealingly into

this mountain, we are on the home

stretch to Angel's. Just one mile

more. I always feel glad when we

pass this knoll. Joaquin Murietta

held me up right here the first month

I was on the road. I had five miners

on board, an they showed fight, an

they got the worst of it too. I just

held my horses an kept cool. In-

discretion is no kind of valor, you

know. Well, Murietta strung up

every one of them five miners to a

tree an told me to go into Angel's an

say that Tennessee was the only

man about with any sense, an for

other people to take warning. That's

the old tree over there, an there's

the ropes yet. See them right there."

on!" we all exclaimed shudderingly.

on, an pretty fast too. The horses

can't hold back much on this down

grade. If we turn over, ladies, I

guess it will be on my side, so just

Down we started. In a few sec-

onds the horses were galloping, and

in a few seconds more they were

prepared to swing yourselves

"Oh, do drive on fast, do drive

"Well, I guess we'll have to go

"Now, ladies, when we start down

plucky little woman got out of sight

Tennessee, with disgust. "Not if I | first an maybe can git away on the know myself. We'll be all right. I xever had an accident in my life. an she got out of sight in a twin-Why, last week I had 12 people on kling. Done that for mo, you see. We board-two women an a kid here in | never waited to thank her. That's front-an one of the front wheels one thing I object to in these here rolled off right on this down grade an rolled 100 yards down the road, an we just settled down kind of comfortable like an I never spilled a person or broke a screw. Oh, I'll get you through safe, you can rest easy on that."

We were trotting along at a lively rate, and I glanced nervously at the heavy axles. I hoped devoutly that the wheels were secure.

Tennessee continued his talk with the most nonchalantair, as if brakes and wheels and things of that kind were of minor consideration. "This the stagecoach. The horses were house we are coming to is the only pulling up that very bill, and there postoffice between Murphy's an Angel's," he said. "Nice little weman keeps it-mighty sweet on meplucky, too, I can tell you."

We drew up at the door, and a kindly faced woman came out with the mailbag. She gave us a little nod of greeting and retreated modestly into the doorway. Two or three towheaded children peered of the hill, an I was prepared. I'd out from behind her skirts at the fastened the reins round my waist out from behind her skirts at the stage people.

"The schoolma'am's going down this morning," said the postmis-

"We're protty well loaded," said Tennessee. I thought so, too, and wondered where we would put the schoolmistross, but Tennessee seemed equal to any emergency. He started the horses.

"Good morning to you, ma'am," he called to the woman and wafted a kiss from the tips of his fingers, presumably to the children, but I thought with intention to show us how he managed those things with the ladies. A few rods beyond we stopped, and a sunburned girl came

"Good morning," she called in a fresh, clear voice. "Have you room for me?"

"Oh, yes," answered the obliging Tennessee. "Always room for one more. Got any trunks?"

"Yes, two," and she glanced apologetically at two enormous saratogas which stood just by the door. We wondered where they would be put, but Tennessee never hesitated. The trunks were placed somewhere on the back, and our driver sprang nimbly into his seat again. We started off on a brisk trot, and Tennessee launched forth in a string of thrilling narrative.

"See that hole over there?" he said. "A friend of mine dug out \$3,000 in one day there. to sell the mine now. I'm the agent. I tell you that I get more of that sort of thing than I can attend to. Why, I make more than four times my wages just selling out claims. Don't want to buy a claim now, do you? No? Well, here's something more interesting than claims-for a paying business beats claims all hollow -that's stage robbing. See that tree over yonder? That's where I was held up last time. Robber didn't get anything, though. That's onet when he miscalculated."

I looked about quickly. We were now in a dusty wilderness of pine and chaparral. Not a sign of human habitation near. Tennessee saw my nervous glanca -

"Mighty lonesome looking now, ain't it? See them bullet holes in my stage cover? Them was put in when we were attacked by six robbers over here by Joaquin Murietta's old home."

I felt my blood run cold. I had not een the ballet holes before. The timid man gave vent to an audible "Ah!" and the others preserved an we struck silence.

"Why," continued Tennessee, "I guess every stone an tree has hid its robber some time or other 'long here. I've had 15 or 20 holdups, an that's nothing compared to some of the old

"Do you think there is any danger at this particular time?" inquired the timid man.

"Why, that's hard to tell," said Tennessee dubiously. "It was just here where we had that last holdup two months ago, an one of the pasengers an two of the robbers was killed. The papers never got the straight of that. You see, it was that holdup which showed me that the little widder postroistress was stuck on me. I was coming along here that day-had on a Wells-Fargo shotgun messenger an a lot of pasengers. There was about \$100,000 in bullion under the seat, an the messenger held a loaded gun in his hand all the time. When we got just bout here, coming up the hill, saw the bushes move right there, an I said, kinder under my breath, Robbers!' I whipped out my pistol, an the messenger simed his gun; but, Lordy, who do you think it was? Why, the little postmistress back there. We-came nigh shooting her. She looked frightened nigh to death an was white as a ghost. " Don't shoot,' she said, kinder

"What! Pull up that hill?" said fut if you hurry you'll git there think I should have died of fright on that dreadful road if it hadn't down grade. Goodby, an be quick, been for Tennessee."

"Yes, indeed," cried No. 2. "The very thought of that brave man kept me calm, and I know if any one else had been driving we would have been killed surely. What a splendid mountains-you've got to sacrifice fellow he is!" "Well, I just gave my horses a cut,

"Just the kind of a driver I have always heard about," cried No. 3. "You could pick him out from a pretty durned quick-had a horse, I thousand as a regular old stager,' guess. Well, we got to the top of the hill first, an, by Jupiter snupsaid No. 4.

"He's the bravest man I've ever een," said No. 5.

grass-excuse me, always use strong language when I git excited-right "He's a great, big hearted, fine on the other side was four masked men a-coming it up the hill as hard There was a breathless silence on fearful road."

"Pardon me," said the little brown schoolmistress, who had been a silent listener, "but I think you are all mistaken. Tennessee isn't much held up too. Tennessee was getting of a hero. He's only been in the state tave is called also "fiddle G," it givtwo weeks, and to judge by his driv- ing the sound of G on the open string ing he never saw a stage before, and had the morsel well rolled into his -well, the postmistress is engaged to the shotgun messenger, and all those robbery stories he told you happened to Fred Green, who drove you down to Murphy's this morning. Evidently Tennessee thought something was expected of him and proved himself equal to the occasion."— Stella Walthall Belcher in Argonaut.

Alphonso Karr, the French novelist, had a great liking for sailors, with many of whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. Probably he had also a feeling of something like contempt for comfortable, worldly people of the "middle class," the French bourgeois, One day at a friend's house he dined unexpectedly with seven or eight strangers.

Next to him sat a "rather pretty woman," who at first seemed a little timid. Then as children do with dogs, M. Karr says, finding he did not bite, she grew more talkative, swell and choir were coupled to the and ended by saying:

"They say a good many things about you.'

"Indeed. Tell me what they are, and I will tell you whether they are the button disconnects the great true.

"Well," said the woman, "my 'It is astonishing and provoking to see M. Karr going with all sorts of people. I met him the other day at Honflour dining with some pilots." "Which is your husband?" asked

the novelist. "The man at the end of the table, next the lady with the green hat." "Ah, well, tell your husband that not come up to anything angelie that I dined at Honfleur with some pilots human beings know of other than nse those pilots were friends of the quiet ve mine, and, more than that, men very skillful and brave. But tell him be is deceived when he says that I am seen with 'all sorts of people.' example, no one ever saw me with him."-Youth's Companion.

A Smart Dog.

"Speakin of smart dogs," said Mr. Stretchit, "reminds me of a dog I owned t'other year. That 'ere dog knowed when it was Sunday an went to church reg'lar an wouldn't chase a rabbit to save your life on that day if one went skippin right under his nose. He was the best rabbit dog in the country, too, an loved the sport amazin'ly. He knowed 'God Save the Queen' from 'Rule Britannia' an would keep time with his tail on the floor when I was playin of 'em on my fiddle. That pup could just do anything you told him. I never seed his equal. I was in hopes of teachin him to talk when he met his death. He had already learned to howl two or three tunes an knowed his alphabet. But one mornin the poor pup was practicin a new trick he intended to astonish us with an come to his death onexpected. He was behind the barn when it happened. I seed him with my eyes curlin his tail over his back an jumpin through the curl. In one of his leaps he broke his back and died."-London Tit-Bits.

"Home, Sweet Home." "Home, Sweet Home," Payne's song, was originally a number in the opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a production brought out in 1823. The opera was a failure, and nothing is now known of it save the one song, which became instantly popular. Over 100,000 copies were sold in the first year of its publication, and the sale in one form or another has been constant ever since the first appearance of this beautiful theme. The melody is a Sicilian folksong and was adapted to the words by Payno himself.

Willing to Comprou A colored preacher of Marietta married a couple a few weeks ago. He told the groom the fee was \$5. He pleaded inability to pay just then. A week or so thereafter the preacher dunned him again and told him that if he didn't pay the \$5 he would take his bride away from him. The negro groom replied:

tebt, take her." He was in earnest about it. The sweets of married life had palled spon his taste -Atlanta ConstituTHE ORGAN'S INTRICACIES.

ne Interesting Comments on the Vari The keyboard of a modern church organ contains from 58 to 61 keys and is consequently 4 1-2 to 5 octaves in compass. The lowest or bottom left hand key is C. Now, counting each octave from the left, it reads thus: The lowest octave is called the "CC" octave, written with two capital C's; the next is the "tenor" octave, written with one capital C; the next the "middle" octave, written with an italic C. with a figure 1 over it-"C1;" the next is the "treblo' octave, written with an italio fellow," said the timid man, "and a C and a figure 2 over it-"C2;" the genuine hero too. I'm thankful we next is the "alto" octave, written had such a competent man over that | with an italic C and a figure 3 over It-"C3."

The lowest octave is sometimes called the "bass octave" or "double C" octave, and the GG is called the "gamut G." The G of the tener ocof the violin. The black keys are always called "sharps," never "flats," such as "F sharp," not "G flat." If, then, any key is wrong, men-

tion it as follows: Tenor don the oboe is out of tune, etc., or middle a sharp on the flute is out of tune or weak, etc. If a note will not respond to a key when touched on any particular "stop," try another stop, and if it responds on that the first stop tried is out of order by its pipe not sounding. Then describe this so: Middle o on the melodia is "off its speech." When couplers are out of order, describe the position of the note and mention the coupler thus: Tenor o "swell to great" is "off."

A great organ separation is a contrivance used in organs of pneumatic key and stop action. By the use of two pistons or buttons over the keys a player can "separate" or silence all the great organ from the other manuals and instantly restore the sound again. Thus suppose both great organ and the player's hands were using the great keys, and the piece called for only the swell and choir coupled, then pressing organ pro tem., so that it is silent, and the fingers need not be taken off husband said to me the other day: the great keys, but be kept on and ready for the sudden loud change by pressing the relieving button.

A "salicional," from Latin "salicet," weeping, is the French equivalent for the "dulciana" in English and American church organs. The "vox angelica," or "angel voice," is the softest stop in the organ. It does ter being far more serviceable and cheaper. The "yox celeste" is a stop tuned slightly "out of tune" so as to pulsate or beat with any other stop played with it. It has nothing to do with "celestial voices," as far as I know. We presume heaven is perfeet and all nature as well, but anything out of tune offends the musician's car. Then why encourage it? The vox angelica effect can be got by playing on the salicional with the swell closed. The best you celeste not out of tune is the "fremplant." Both the angelica and coloste are excellent stops for indifferent players to moon about on for hours, but an overdose produces cold sweats and other changes, due no doubt to the temperature of the air above to where we are wafted. Both stops are expensive but useless additions to church organs and probably never used more than twice a year, perhaps never .- Providence Jour-

The Drama In the Transvaal. Two curious coincidences happen-

ed during the progress of "The Village Priest" at the Standard, Johanpesburg. In the third act Marguerite tells her mother that they do not live in a house of cards, and hardly were the words out of Miss Affy Bevan's mouth than fearful crashes of a minor earthquake kind were heard behind the scenes, the "wings" tottered, and a cabinet containing flowerpots and vases was overturned with a great smash. A few sentences afterward the comtesse declared "her idol was shattered," and she gazed pensively upon the fragments of broken vases. Upon Miss Affy Bevan's exit a voice from the "gods" warned her "not to go out there, as she might be killed," an apt sally which a contemporary says produced a general laugh from the audience. South Africa.

Siegfried Reibeles, the head bookkeeper, had become engaged to the daughter of his rich but very stingy principal, who was away from home at the time. He addressed the folwing telegram with reply prepaid to his future father-in-law:

"Just become engaged to Betty. Mamma agreeable. Request your consentalso. Consent prepaid. Betty and Siegfried."-- Cagliohe Rund-

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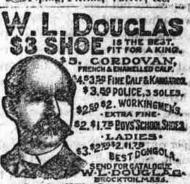
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CULLEN & NEWMAR,

soft like. 'Four men are going to rob the stage. I beard them planping it. They want to stop you be. | too. fore you git to the top of the grade,

running. Five badly frightened people hung on in desperation to the seats, and the pretty widow hung to the arm of Tennessee. His feet were braced against the dashboard, and his body was stiffened out as he hung on to the taut lines. Swinging, bumping, pitching, we careened down the long hill and went tearing into the little mining camp of An-We drew up with a flourish at the loor of the primitive hotel and fairly fell into the arms of Tennessee, who had sprung to the ground to re-

> Six thankful, admiring people stood in the tiny hotel parlor awaiting the next stage and driver. The little brown schoolmistress was there

"Why," said the little widow, "I

"All right, if that will settle the

Atchison Globe.

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