NOT A SICK DAY For Over Thirty Years! RESULT OF USING

AYER'S PILLS

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills for over thirty years have kept me in good health, never having had a sick day in all that time. Before I was twenty I suffered almost continually—as a result of constipation—from dyspepsia, headaches, neuralgia, or boi's and other cruptive diseases. When I became convinced



that nine-tenths of my troubles were caused by constipation, I began the use of Ayer's Pills, with the most satisfactory results, never having a single attack that did not readily yield to this remody. My wife, who had been an invalld for years, also began to use Ayer's Pills, and her health was quickly restored. With my children I had noticed that nearly all their ailments were preceded by constipation, and I soon had the pleasure of knowing that with children as with parents, Ayer's Pills, if taken in season, avert all danger of sickness."-H. WETTSTEIN, Byron, Ill.

AYER'S PILLS Highest Honors at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Strengthens the System.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MACOB A. LONG. Attorney-at-Law, BURLINGTON, - - - - N. C

Practices in the State and Federal courts.

Office over White, Moore & Co.'s store, Main street. 'Phone No. 3.

J. D. KERNODLE. ATTORNEY AT LAW GRAHAM, - N. C.

JOHN GRAY BYNUN. W. P. BYNUN, JR. BYNUM & BYNUM,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law GREENSBORO, N. C. Practice regularly in the courts of Ala

Dr. John R. Stockard, Jr.



Livery, Sale Arn Feed



W. C. MOORE, PROP'R. Hacks mertall trains. Good s ng e or dot ble teams. Charges moderate. 28-6m

HENRY BANN, JR., PRACTICAL TINNER, GRAHAM, ---- N.C.

All kinds of tin work and repairing. Shop on W. Elm St., second

door from Bain & Thompson's.

SENDFOR SAMPLE COPY.

Since its enlargement, The North Carolinian is the largest weekly newspaper published in the State. It prints all the news, and preaches the doctrine of pure democracy. It contains eight pages of interesting matter every reck. Send one dol-lar and a whole year. A will be mailed free on OSEPHUS DANIELS, Editor. Raleigh, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars, Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C

VANTED-AN IDEA Who can think

THE TALE OF TWO COINS. They Were In Jeff Davis' Post

General Nathan Church, the Michigan representative of the quartet of old staff officers, who rose from captain to colonel of the famous Twenty-sixth Michigan, and then to assistant adjutant general and chief of staff under General Miles, showed with much pride while in Washington a \$5 goldpiece that has a wonderful history. When General Church's regiment was to be mustered out in 1865, General Miles requested the war department to allow him to retain his chief of staff in the service, which request was granted, and for six months after his regiment had gone home and until he declined to remain longer General Church was with General Miles at Fort Monroe, their principal duty being to guard their distinguished prisoner of war, Jefferson Davis. When captured, Mr. Davis had in

his pocket the goldpiece in question and a Mexican silver dollar. General Church procured other similar pieces and effected an exchange for the two found in Mr. Davis' pocket. He retained the goldpiece and gave the dollar to Major Black, the Dakota member of the four who were present at the recent exercises, and who had been his tent mate. A few months thereafter Major Black was showing his famous dollar at an evening gathering, passing it from one to another, when it suddenly disappeared, and he has ever since mourned for his lost treasure.

General Church had better luck, however, with his goldpiece, and, while he occasionally exhibited it to his friends, carried it as a much prized pocket piece for 25 years, when he suddonly discovered thathe had unintentionally paid it out instead of another similar piece of money he carried with it, but to whom he had not the slightest recollection. He promptly directed the cashier of his bank to lay aside any \$5 goldpieces bearing the date of 1857 that might pass through his hands in the course of business, thinking there might be possibly one chance in a million that the valuable keepsake would some time make its appearance. Six weeks afterward an old farmer dropped in and made a small deposit, when the cashier said to Mr. Church, "Here, see if that's the goldpiece you are looking for." He took it and was overjoyed to find the distinguishing marks he had placed upon the coin when it first left Mr. Davis' pocket and found its way to his own. Since then the precious piece has been kept carefully wrapped and safely secured against another disappear-

While in Paris five or six years ngo General Church was a guest one evening at the home of a wealthy family who had formerly resided in New York. In some way the hostess learned that be had belped to guard Mr. Davis while he was a prisoner of war, and she said, with much apparent satisfaction, "I have a Mexican dollar that was taken from Mr. Davis' pocket at that time, which I value very highly."

Without botraying the anxiety he felt, Mr. Church asked when and where she obtained it and was told that it had had been presented to the late President Andrew Johnson while he occupied the White House, and that she being his near relative it had fallen to her on the distribution of his valuables after President Johnson's death. General Church had no opportunity or inclination then to explain what he knew of the old relic, but he has now had an opportunity to personally tell Major Black where his long lost dollar is, and he, too, may, like General Church, come in due time into possession of his own.-Washington

Ready Made Morter.

Lighterage business about the barbor of New York has been considerably damaged by a new labor saving device in the building trade. It used to be that many lighters were employed in transporting from point to point the sand and lime that go to the making of mortar. A new concern, however, is now sending down soowloads of ready mixed mortar from Cow bay. This mortar, of three qualties, is ladled out into fron carts and sent to all parts of the city where building operations are going on, and the lighters are less and less employed for carrying the materials that go to the making of mortar .-New York Sun.

Light and Sleeping. Don't sleep with eyes facing the light is a caution given by all occulists. A test by closing the eyes when facing the light quickly shows that the strain is only lessened, not emoved, and the interposition of an adequate shade is as grateful to the shut eyes as when they are open. It is sometimes necessary in a small room to have the bed face the window, but even then, by means of shades rolling from the bottom instead of from the top, the window may be covered to the few inches left free for the passage of air.-New York Times.

A TRAMP'S STORIES.

a Brass Performer and Advestures With a Hand Out.

But there are some humorous features connected with a tramp's life. For example, I happened to be in Terre Haute, Ind., one time and met an acquaintance who was in the show business. He had a few days before written to I. W. Baird of L W. Baird's minstrels for an engagement. He received an answer telling him to come on to Columbus, O., and join the show. But my friend wired back that he had a friend and could accept no offers unless I was also engaged. We received no reply for two weeks. Then a wire came inquiring if we both could play brass. My mate was an excellent performer on the alto born, but I knew no more about wind instruments than the man in the moon. Nevertheless we answered in the affirmative and were told to proceed to Raleigh, where the show would be in a few days. We did so, and Baird's first question upon meeting us was as to what instruments we played. My friend replied the alto horn, and I auswered the cymbals. He had bought our tickets through from Terre Haute, and his face grew black as a thundercloud. "I thought you played brass?"

sputtered be. "Well, ain't cymbals brass?" in-

quired I innocently. I am not sure whether it was my nerve or not that did the trick. At any rate be engaged us, and we remained with him for two seasons. Another incident that had a spice of humor in it happened to a "hobo" of my acquaintance one summer in Long Branch. I was working for an ice dealer, but my chum could get nothing to do. However, he was togged out in great shape in a light plaid suit, russet shoes, straw hat, etc. No one to look at him would have taken him to be anything less than a guest at one of the swell hotols. He was very particular about the cut of his bair, state of his linea and the rest of it-quite an oddity in the tramp line. But he hadn't a cent, and I was in the babit of letting him bunk up in the hayloft over the stable in which my employer kept his tonms. He was acoustomed to "hit" all the back doors in town for "hand outs"-and thereby hangs a tale. Two girls who were stopping in town during their vacation had been struck by his neat attire and dashing dress, and he had made up to them in great shape, having learned that the father of one of them was in business in New York and was worth considerable money.

One day while strolling along one of the shady streets of the Branch they encountered him just returning from a foraging expedition. He had a number of beef sandwiches done up in a newspaper, and when he caught sight of them he jammed the parcel up the back of his cost out of sight. The three stopped and engaged in a pleasant chat, the would be gallant holding tight to the hottom of his cont in order to prevent the "hand out" from slipping. But finally he became so interested that he let go with one hand that he might make an approprinto gesture to punctuate some remark, when, lo! the bundle of sandwiches tumbled out upon the sidewalk, the paper opening and its contents scattering about the feet of the two shooked young visitors. The "gentleman hobo" did not endeavor to make any explanations, but vanished around the nearest corner enveloped in a sulphuric atmosphere

generated by curses loud and deep. But, taking everything into consid eration, the life is a hard, purposeless one. A few years of it suffice to break down the bealth of the most vigorous, and the end is a charity hospital and finally the potter's field.—Philadelphia Times.

Story of a Star. One of the most remarkable scien-

tific statements of its kind appears in a recent number of Popular Astronomy concerning F. 70 Ophinchi. an easily visible equatorial star, hitherto supposed to consist of two components, of the fourth and sixth magnitudes respectively, the apparent orbit being a narrow ellipse of such size that the two stars can almost always be readily separated by small telescopes. Astronomers have been constantly watching this system, so that more observations of it have been recorded than of any other double star in the northern beavens, while it has also thus far had more orbits computed than any other, the irregularity of motion being such as to lend to the conclusion that the law of gravity does not hold good in that system. Coming down to the recent and most careful investiga tions by Professor See of the University of Chicago, there is shown a regular variation through a series of years in the actual orbit which can only be explained by the existence of a dark body in the system. The be about 36 years, the dimensions of means success in life Tori the large orbit being probably mid-cock, perched upon a drum, sig

FIDDLING FOR TURKEYS.

A Runting Device For These Who Har Not a Wild Turkey Trained. A Forest and Stream correspondent writing from Greenville, Miss., tells how he went turkey hunting with a friend. They got off the cars at Anguilla, and Paul Denkens met them. With a pair of stout mules and a beavy wagon loaded with camp duffel they traveled 16 miles over a rough road, finally camping near Darling bayon on a high cane ridge. They took a live wild tarkey gobbler that had been trained along with them in a box. The next morning before day break the two set out

"We took our way through a most abominable thicket," he continued. 'After passing through the cane we got into briers and tangled vines. In the darkness we foundered over logs and through water, at times waist deep, for four or five miles. We tethered Fox to a stake in the open and took our station by the root of the trees at a good shooting distance from him. Wash, the teamster, who toted the gobbler for us, was afeared the pant'er would sure get him and refused to go back a ways, where he would not alarm

with the turkey, which was named

the game. "At day break Fox gave a mighty gobble, whereupon every bird, owls neluded, made answer, and among others was a wild gobbler's defiance. If a gobbler hears a gobbler, he feels that he is obliged to see what the row is about, and that was the death of the gobbler that answered Fox. One day Fox was making a lot of racket in the camp. A couple of other hunters heard him, and they spent several hours trying to call what they supposed to be a wild gobbler. They were very sheepish when they learned of their mistake."

The turkey fiddle is an instrument used by those who haven't a live trained wild turkey. It is a cedar box bored out of inch stuff 6 inches long by 2 inches wide, with thin sides. The bow is a piece of slate 1 inch wide and 3 inches long. This bow is clasped between the thumb and forefinger lengthwise, and the farthest edge of the fiddle is drawn toward one across the slate. Like all other turkey calls, this one is declared to be positively the best made. With such an instrument as this a man went out turkey calling. Just as it got a little light be began to fiddle turkey songs in a way that set all the turkeys to clucking in low tones and the gobblers to yelling defiance, battleories and other things. One of the gobblers did not yell very much, but came charging at the man. The man had laid himself down behind a log, thinking that the turkeys would come up before him to be shot. The gobble that didn't say much evidently did a lot of thinking, for all of a sudden the man heard a "Put, put," behind him so close that he made a discord like a wildcat's shrick. Before he could get his gun the gobbler was behind a 3 foot tree and scooting for dear life. All the fiddling the man did after that failed to fetch a feather.

The Ungalaly "Ned Tertle." A most curious, ulgy and ungainly semiaquatio creaturo is that which is known by the common name of "mud devil" or "hell bender." The mud devil has seither the spiked tail, the horned head nor the cloven hoofs that are supposed to be the distinguishing marks of the evil one, but he is hideous enough to suggest all sorts of horrid dreams and nightmares, and on that account bas been made more repulsive by the bestownl of his unsuphonious common name. He is not poisonou in any way, has no horns or sting, but is simply a mud devil, because he is repulsively ugly. In general appearance his distorted and wart covered body is not exactly unlike that of a gigantic tadpole. His averago length is about 18 inches, but occasional well fed individuals may exceed even 2 feet from tip to tip. He has a broad, flat head and a sharp, as wlike fin rouning from the middle of the back to the tail.—St. Louis Republic.

Jopanese Art Symbols.

If a Japanese artist wishes to describe in color and design the anticipation of happiness, he draws a pic-ture which is a combination of an April evening, a moon, a nightingale and a plum tree or two. Victory is symbolized by the tria, grace and quietness by the willow tree and the swallow for symbols. Patriotism is sometimes indicated by a spray of oberry blossoms. The almond flower is the flower of spring and symbolizes beauty. The descent and symbolizes beauty. The dr twines and writhes an artistic or through all Japanese art, root and branch. His name is Tatso, and when you see him plotured as fight-ing with a tiger it is the symbol of of a dark body in the system. The period of this dark body appears to dragon floating about in the clouds rocens success in life Tori, the way between those of Neptune and good government. Both the Greeks Uranus, the combined mass of the and the Japa use the butterfly to three bodies being about 1 6-10 that symbolise immortality. - Eisten

TELEPHONE EAR.

How It is Produced and Ways In Which Have you the telephone ear?

If you use the telephone three or more times a day, the probabilities are you have it, though it may not have obcurred to you. But if you be past 80 years of age, you have already noticed a difference between the right and the left car in acuteness of the sense of hearing. There is little doubt, now that your attention is called to it, that you will remember your left ear is a trifle keener in matters of hearing than is your right. Not when you are lis-tening over the wire; but, when in an ordinary conversation with the noises of the street about you or the hum of business in office or shop or the buss of talk in the parlor, you will bend forward a little and incline the left ear to the speech of your friend. You have the telephone car and haven't noticed it.

What is the cause of it? The telephone. Arranged as it is, with the receiver at the left hand, you cannot well use it excepting at the left ear. You press the black muzzle of the receiver close to the ear, the speech of your correspondent agitates the disphram at his end of the line, and the waves of air gently strike upon the drum of your ear, and what one of the aurists of Chicago calls massage takes place. Your ear is subjected to the same knesding process that is so beneficial when wisely applied to the flesh or muscles of any other part of the body. And the effect of it is an increase in the sense of hearing in that ear.

At the telephone exchange the girls are instructed to change the receiver from one our to the other three or four times a day. For one thing, it is a rest to the operator. If one ear were used exclusively by the operator, in time there would be so distinct a difference in the scuteness of the hearing between the left and right sides that the operator would be practically incapacitated for a change. There would be an abnormal development at one side

at the expense of the other. "I do not think the electrical effect is felt," said Dr. Edward T. Dickerman, whose specialty is diseases of the ear. "It is little if anything more than a gentle massage of the membrane of the ear. And in all cases except where the affection is ontarrhal in its character and had affected what is called the interior ear the use of the telephone will produce a beneficial effect. I never knew a person to be injuriously affeeted by the use of that instru-ment, and I certainly have known numerous cases where it had a good

In Germany the telephones are arranged with a double receiver, and each ear of the operator in the sta-tions is provided with one. The sound is delivered equally in each ear. In such case there is no varyscute. If the general patron of the telephone in America were to use such a contrivance there would be ne phenomenon like the "telephone ear. "—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Incaset Man,

Rent day in Paris is a very important occasion. The landlord is king in a realm where exactitude is not oply encouraged, but enforced. An Englishman says he once went to see a landlord about some matter connected with the house which he had hired. The Frenchman proved to be a very suspicious and inquist-tive old gentleman, who had made his fortune in the candle trade.

"What do you sell?" he inquired. The Englishman acknowledged that he made his bread by writing for the magazines. The landlord sbrugged his shoulders.

"I am afraid," said be, "that you will not be exact with your rent on the 15th of the month.

He evidently had old fashioned notions of literature as well as other arts and proferred that his tenants should be, like himself, comfortably in trade. So, in order to vindicate his vocation, the Englishman went in person to call upon his landlord on the 14th, with rent in hand.

"I told you so!" exclaimed the procise old merchant. "I knew you ouldn't be exact at the day or hour fixed. You have brought your rent 24 hours too soon." — Pearson's Weekly.

Her Creet Treatment.
The Piano Stool—Didn't you love to have that fluffy haired beauty run her little white fingers up and down your keyboard? The Pisno-I did until she played

ne false. The Stool-Wretched coquette! shall never forget how she sat down on me!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Wiggles—Didn't I tell you not to tell Waggles that we were going to move? I file't want him to know, and today he saked me when we were going to make the change.

Mrs. Wiggles (indignantly) — I didn't say a word to him shout it. I didn't tell anybody but his wife.—Somerville Journal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U. S. Gov't Repor

THE DANCE OF THE BONNETS.

All up and down the brilliant house,
Through circle, dox, parques,
Sat rows and rows of waiting tolk,
Men, dames and damesis gay,
All with their bright, expectant looks,
Care free as if in story books,
Impatient for this play.

At last the lights turned, sudden, low;
The curtain upward went;
Each voice was bushed and garment's stir
With eyest and ears intent
Upon the eparkling, lovely scene,
With elfs and fays the brooks between,
Each eager face was bent. But one, aghast, could nothing see
Except a monstrous plume.
While three red roses high a-wave—
From Paris skill abloom—

Before another's straining eyes, With saucy tilt and savage size, Did loom, and loom, and loo And hard by this another sat,
Meek soul, but now a rage,
For two wide spreading, faulike wings
Concenied just half the stage.
Sometimes a player's head or hand
Or fragment of a dancing band
Would fall within his gauge.

One dame, behind a ribbon tower,
Felt bonest, true amaze
That thoughtful she of finish toque
Must thus be spoiled of gaze.
She knew not that her light algret
To eyes behind would only let
Things pass as through a haze.

And so the dance began—to right, To left, to right again— To left, to right again—
The flower, the feather, eilken bow,
The wing of bright bird plain.
O weird chasse, row after row.
The bonnets come, the bonnets go,
Till curtain drops and from the show Wend weary eyes and brain.
—Charles Dudley Warner

The Father of the British Navy. Hawke's claim to the title which Keppel gave him rests mainly not on a single battle nor on the rhapsodies of ophemoral literature, but on a discovery which was almost as important as Anson's, though it was made in the field of tactics rather than of topography.

The discovery was simply thisand it sounds almost puorile when reduced to plain language-that naval engagements, to be worth fighting at all, must be decisive; that strict adherence to the recognized methods of procedure was very well at the commencement of; an action, but was to be thrown to the winds when anything better could be done; that, in fact, to use Hawko's own words in his instructions to his officers just before Quiberon, as regards the enemy, "He was for the old way of fighting to make downright work of them. Surely the man descrives something more than a qualified oblivion who could deliver at the crucial moment such an order as this-a truism perprognant with influence at the time a man of his old company. "Hello haps to our ears nowadays, but upon the naval warfare of the future. | Nick! What's the matter?"

How he understood it himself may be wathered from his retort to the die." master of his ship, who remonstrated with him on the perils of pursuing the French flagship farther among the rocks and shosls of Quiberon bay: "You have done your duty, sir, in showing me the danger. You are now to comply with my order and lay me alongside the Soleil Royal." How the lesson was taken to heart and developed by Rodney and by Nelson is familiar to every reader of English history.-Macmillan's Magazino.

Not a Pleasing Oneis.

The wells of Murahd (mura-bitter) are situated in the heart of the Nubian desert on the Korosko to Abn-Hamed line, about 118 miles lung could survive. from the former and 109 from the latter place. They form the only apparently a strong man. The sur-sources of water supply on this geon drew a silk handkerchief sources of water supply on this road, the intervening country being sterile desert, mostly loose sand.

Bir Samuel Baker, who was here in 1861, describes the place as "a Gaffney wince, but he uttered no mournful spot-an extinct crater sound. surrounded on all sides but one by precipitons cliffs about 300 feet high. The bottom is a dead flat and forms a valley of sand about 250 yards wide. The best is very great.

Colonel Stewart, who accompanied Gordon to Khartum and was subsequently killed at Abn-Hamed. traveled by this route in 1881, and adds that the water is so bad that only camels will drink it. Mr. F. L. James, a previous traveler, obtained some sweet water from a source in the neighboring hills. "It took our men a whole day to fotch it."

Both General Gordon and Colonel Stewart expressed the opinion that the desert in this direction is quite impassable for any army and is a complete barrier separating Egypt from the Sudan.—London News.

A Good Disinfectant. A disinfectant which combines cheapness with general worth is found in permanganate of potash. One ounce will make a bucketful of disinfectant. It is a crystal and onn be kept in this state until required

The largest bird in the world is the conder. Conders with a spread of wing of 18 to 20 feet have been shot in the Andes.

GAFFNEY WAS PLUCKY.

He Lived After a filk Handkerehie Been Drawn Through His Bod "They are flanking the briga

and charging the battery."

The words were uttered by officer who had sufficiently recover from the stunning a gunshot wou had given him to raise his head and reply to the salutation of his brigads commander. It took place on the field of Antietam early in the day, and the man who spoke was Edward S. Bragg, then lieutenant colone commanding a regiment. A bullet had struck his arm, inflicting a pala-

ful wound, paralyzing it. General John Gibbon, the brigade commander, was riding rapidly to give directions to the battery when he saw Colonel Bragg lift up his head. "Old man, are you hurt? You are very white," said Gibbon.

"No. They are flanking the brigade and charging the battery." It was one of those occasions who a lieutenant colonel presumed to

give directions to his general. In a few minutes the colonel was able to walk to the field hospital. Surgeon Bartlett and Bragg had often bantered each other. Bartlett saw the colonel, be said: "So you have come to see me. Have been expecting all the morning to be called upon to amputate your head. What is the matter, colonel?"

"I don't know. If I did, I wouldn's come here. I want to find out."

'Where are you hit?" "In the arm. Can't you see?"
"Is it broken?"

"You are paid to tell me if it is The doctor took the limp, helple hurt arm, felt of it hurriedly and

said, "Bragg, if any other man in

the army had been hit as you were, he would have had a broken arm, but your arm isn't broken." "Thank you. Tie this handkerchief around my neck and hitch to

to my hurt arm, doctor.' What are you going to do?" "I am going back to the regiment." "Better let me dress your wound

"Never mind the wound. You can dress that tomorrow." And the plucky little warrior, who more than earned all of his ranks from private to brigadier, rejoined his fighting and dreadfully decimated regiment. On his way back the colonel saw

"I am shot, colonel. I'm going to

"No, Gaffney, you are not going to die. Let me see your wound." The boy pointed to a blue spot on his breast. "You're all right, ohi en." Then the colonel put his hand over the wound and said: 'Take a long breath.'

Poor Nick took a long breath, but it hurt him like the cut of a knife, and the colonel's hand was cover with blood. The shot had struc him in the breast and gone clear through. In telling of the incident years

afterward General Bragg said: "I told the poor fellow he was all right, but I didn't believe it. I didn't see then how a fellow shot through the "Nick Gaffney is still living and

through his body soon after he went to the hospital. It makes you shudder, doesn't it? It made poor Nick

Colonel Bragg remained with his regiment the balance of the day, but when the battle was over the resction came, and he had to give up for a time.—Chicago Times-He Old Map of Maryland and Virgini

At the Peabody library is an old map of Maryland and Virginia, which is believed to date back to the acventeenth contury. The map has a description of Maryland on one leaf of the back and a description of Virginia on the other leaf. It is bound with a few blank pages, to give it stability, and was evidently give it stability, and was or part of a larger work describing the American colonies, as the pages are numbered. "Baltimore town" is situated between the "Busquess-benough" and Bush rivers. No especial mention is made of it in the description of the colony, in which "St. Maries" figures as the chief place. In addition to the Susque-hanna, with its queer spelling, the principal rivers are named as the

principal rivers are m Patowineo, Paturent, Ann Arun alias Severn, Choptank, Nameso and Posomoka. Tobacco rafain nemed as the principal source of referred in the colony, and it is athted that trade was carried on chiefly by barter and exchang map was published in London