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SOUTH AFRICAN RUINS.

Buildings at Zimbabwe That May Be of King Solomon's Time. It would seem that at some far

distant date a people more civilized than any of the present Kaffir tribes had penetrated into the region we now call Mashonaland and had maintained itself there for a considerable period. Remains of gold workings are found in many parts of that country, and even as far as the southwestern part of Matabeleland-remains which show that mining must have been carried on, by primitive methods no doubt, but still upon a scale larger than we can well deem within the capabilities of the Kaffir tribes as we now see them. There are, moreover, in these regions, and usually not far from some old gold working, pieces of ancient buildings executed with a peatness and finish, as well as with an attempt at artistic effect, which are entirely absent from the rough walls, sometimes of loose stones, sometimes plastered with mud. which the Kaffirs build today.

These old buildings are, with one exception, bits of wall inclosing forts or residences. They are constructed of small blocks of granite of the country, carefully trimmed to be of one size, and are usually ornamented with a simple pattern, such as the so called "herringbone" pattern. The one exception is to be found in the ruins of Zimbabwe, in southern Mashonaland. Here a wall 30 feet high and from 6 to 12 or 14 feet thick incloses a large elliptical space, filled with other buildings, some of which apparently were intended for the purposes of worship.

There are no inscriptions of any kind and few objects, except some rudely carved heads of birds, to supply any indication as to the ethnological affinities of the people who erected this building or as to the nature of their worship. Such indications as we have, however, suggest that it was some form of nature worship, including the worship of the sun. We know from other sources, including the Egyptian monuments and the Old Testament, that there was from very early times a trade between the Red sea and some part of cast Africa, and as we know also that the worship of natural forces and of the sun prevailed among the early Somites the view

that the builders of Zimbabwe were

of Arab or some other Semitte stock is at least highly plausible. 🦃 Two things are quito clear to every one who examines the ruins and compares them with the smaller fragments of ancient buildings already mentioned. Those who built Zimbabwe were a race much superior to the Bantu tribes, whose mud buts are now to be found not far from these still strong and solid walls, and those other remains scattered through the country were either the work of that same superior race or, at any rate, were built in imitation of their style and under the influence they had left. But whether this race was driven out or peaceably withdraw or became by degrees absorbed and lost in the surrounding Bantu population we have no data for conjecture. If they came from Arabia, they must have come more than 12 centuries ago, before the days of Mohammed, for they were evidently not Mussulmans, and it is just as easy to suppose that they came in the days of Solomon, 15 centuries earlier. —

James Bryce, M. P., in Contury. A Paregorie Tippler. One often hears of the subterfuges resorted to by persons addicted to the use of drugs in order to secure what their morbid appetite craves. and one of the clerks in a North Broad street drug store is a perfect mine of information on such matdrunkard and the morphine field, but the most interesting character sports, who said: to come under his observation is a paregoric drinker. This fellow is a Lord, how easy they'd be if we laboring man, and promptly at 6:30 could get at them," and the fat every morning be enters the store on his way to work, with his dinner pail banging from his arm. He orers a pint bottle of paregoric, which he drinks during the course of the day. Paregoric contains a certain percentage of opium, and pres

for. -Philadelphia Record. ant Proof. Young Softleigh (who is going to take his best girl out for a ride, with the intention of proposing on the road, and will want the free use of both arms)—I suppose the borse is gentle-one of those horses you can drive with-er-your-er-feet if

ably this is what the man drinks it

Stable Keeper-You can do anything with him. Just ask your young lady. She has been out behind him with half the young men in the town.-Pick Me Up

"I told that lady that in order to get a good photograph she must for-get where she was." *Well?"

"She did it so thoroughly that she sept away without making the re-juired deposit."—Chicago Record.

NOT SO GREEN AS THEY SEEMED. How Three Young Poel Players Had Fan

Three young men entered the billiard room of a Broadway hotel the other afternoon and began to play pool. They played poorly and didn't attract much attention except from an occasional man, who watched their efforts more with pity than derision. They had played a couple of games when one of them said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll play a game of pool for \$20 a cor-

The other two looked at him, then grinned a bit and accepted the challenge. Each man pulled from his pocket a \$20 bill and put it up. In an instant the situation was changed. The table had become a center of attraction. Spectators crowded around it, and the sports in the place came forward as old warhorses respond to the bugle call. The game began. If the three young men had played poorly before, their play was simply hopeless now. The sports took each of them under their wings in turn. When one tried for an impossible shot, although an easy one lay right under his nose, his particular mentor would reason with him. When he persisted, a wail of despair went up from the spectators, while one sport, with tears in his eves, kept muttering:

"It's wicked; it's wicked; it's a wicked waste of money," and as a particularly ridiculous shot was attempted he would almost sob: "Look at 'em. Oh, why can't I get in? Why can't I get in? Look at those twenties. It's wicked to see em go towaste like that. Why can't I get

As the game proceeded the crowd grew larger, and the agony of the sports became truly pitiful. Finally the game ended, and the winner pocketed the money, while the losers grinned. True sporting blood had they. Then the winner, a slender, blase looking youth, said:

"Look here. I don't want your money. I'll give you a chance to get it back and play you another game for \$20 apiece.

The others came to the scratch promptly, and the word was passed around the hotel that three would be sports were playing pool for big money, and that they'd be casy for some one. If the first game had been a wretched exhibition, the second was absolutely ludicrous. Such pool playing was never seen. The sports who had constituted themselves admirers of the players throw fits and wept. The fat sharp who had been tearful in the first game moaned aloud in the second. At last the game was brought to a point where it depended on one ball. The short, thick young man who wore glasses was about to shoot. The object ball, the last ball on the table. stood just in front of a pocket. The cue ball was not a foot away. A baby could have made the stroke. The young man with glasses smashed at the ball and missed; then in a fit of rage he shoved the object ball into the pocket.

In an instant there was a hubbub, The slender, blase youth was next shot, and as he only needed one ball to win he insisted that it should be laced in front of the pocket, where it had been. An appeal was made to the crowd. The excitement became intense. The sharps squabbled and argued the point as if their money depended upon it. Finally it was docided that the ball would have to go on the spot. Then the blase youth shot, and, wonder of wonders, he made it! The money was handed to him, and the mouths of the sports watered as they saw it passed over. The third youth refused to play any more, and the three, arm in arm, as if two of them had not lost \$10 apiece, strolled out. The winner ters. He knows the Jamaica ginger stuck his tonguo in his cheek and grinned goodby to the assembled

"They've got sporting blood; but, sport, who had wept, staggered to the bar to drawn his disappointment.

reached the sidewalk there was a "Ha, ba!" from all of them, and the

"Pretty good game that. Say, but didn't they want to get at us?" and he handed back to the losers the money be had won from them .-New York Sun.

Lord Reivin's Weakues Lord Kelvin sometimes gets so aborbed while one of his experiments is being conducted that rude students take the opportunity of making witty comments, of which he s entirely unconscious. The editor of Good Words mentions Lord Kelvin's one strange peculiarity. While the higher mathematics and all the mysteries of logarithms and calculus are as easy to him as the alphabet, be often appears puzzled when a sum is presented to him in ordinary figures. A question of simple addition placed in this way on the board will sometimes lead to the query being put to the class or to an assistant, with a certain funny look "How much is

BOTHERED BY A TITLE.

Among the countless number of men who have served in the civil war and now revel in military titles of all descriptions it is refreshing to meet with a man who will plainly. tell you that his name is "Mr." and that he served from beginning to end of the bloody campaign as a full blown private. Of that description is John J. Scrivner, the San Francisoo attorney.

When the war broke out, Mr. Scrivner enlisted in the Confederate service and went through the entire war, laying down his arms at its close with the humble rank of private that was assigned to him on enlisting. He now enjoys the reputation among his fellows of being the only man that has yet been discovered in the state of California who served throughout the war and yet possesses no gorgeous prefix to his name. It used to be customary in the south when veteran met veteran for some title to pass between the two.

Well, Scrivner was opposed to this principle and fortunate enough to escape involuntary dignity until one memorable occasion, not long ago, when he was conducting a case up in Butte county. The legal luminaries of the district showed him some hospitality, "And," as he afterward expressed it in relating the circumstance to Judge Hunt, "one day I was introduced to a southerner by in idiot who said, 'Mr. So-and-so, this is Major Scrivner.'

"I felt mad, but I had not time to reprimand my introducer nor to explain matters. In an instant I found myself shaking bands with the southerner, who eyed me narrowly.

"'You served in the Confederate army, major?' he asked. "'I did,' I replied.

"'I was in the Confederate army myself, sir,' returned the southernor, 'and I'm pretty well up in the army list. What branch of the service were you attached to?'

" 'The artillery, 'I replied, longing that he would give me a chance to explain. But he kept right on. 'Under what general, sir, may I

"'Under General Gordon.' By this time I was feeling mighty uncomfortable, as my southern friend

was bent on drawing me out. "Major, he said, 'I'm pretty fa miliar with the names of all the lending artillery officers in the Confoderate service during the war. May I ask you, sir, how many guns

were under your command?' "I assure you, judge, I never felt so mad in my life. Here was l, a man who always avoided notoriety, did his duty without ostentation, who never sought a military title, but always scared off my friends from addressing me by one, and yet, owing to my bungling, d-d good natured friend, being catechised by an entire stranger upon a title I never assumed. However, I bridled up, and, looking my catechiser full in the eye, I said:

"'Guns be d-__d, sir! I served through the entire war, sir, in command of one gun, and that I carried over my shoulder.' "-San Francisco Bulletin.

A Diagnosis-Completed.

An earnest dissertation on the destiny of nations in general and on that of this country in particular min Richardson has described in the was interrupted by the advent of the orator's wife.

"Beriah," she said, "would ye mind my takin a hand in the argy-

"'Tain't no argyment," he answered. "All of 'em agrees with what I say.

"Well, mebbe I could he'p explain. "I duppo's I see how ye kin."

"Just ez I got here I heard ye say thet what we suffer from is bavin too many men lookin for work an not findin it ter do."

"Thet there's the condition of things, "Well, thet ain't what causes the

As soon as the three young fellows hull trouble. It's bad enough, but it ain't all." "What's the rest of it?"

"The rest of the trouble is thet men ez has work ter do'll look the other way an set around, talkin politics an finance, leavin their wives ter run the farm an tend ter the live stock, not countin the children, the best way they kin. Thet's the rest of the trouble, Beriah." - Detroit Free Press.

"I say, captain," said a young Englishman on board an American clipper, "that flag of yours has not floated in every breeze and over every sea for 1,000 years, has it?" "No, it bain't," replied the cap-

Old Glery.

Mrs. Snobbs-How many girls do the Newlins keep?

has "-Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Snobbs-Only one? gracious, and I came pretty near calling there yesterday !- Claveland THE MASTERY OF PAIN.

Chloroform and Its Introduction Into the

No event of the century has effected humanity so widely and so intimately as that crowning triumph of medical science which Sir Benjamin Richardson calls the "mastery of pain." The boon of anæsthesia extends far bayond the domain of steam engine or telegraph and touches the individual more closely than anything in the world when his hour of suffering comes, as it may come to any of us at any moment. And in the popular view anæsthesia means chloroform, whatever experts may think of the superior merits of other substances. People know that dentists use "gas," and some may have heard of ether or even of bichloride of methylene, but the household word is chloroform. Fifty years of usage have given it an unassailable position, and if a new anæsthetic were to displace it tomorrow the old name would probably remain. Yet chloroform was not the first anesthetic discovered, nor is it so much used in the present day as its less famous predecessors. The early history of this great discovery, as of many others, is debatable ground, established.

The first chemical agent found ducing insensibility by inhalation and used for that purpose was last gasp. nitrous oxide, more familiarly known as "laughing gas" or simply gas." It is still considered the safest and is administered every day to thousands of patients, not only for dental purposes, but in conjunction with ether for general surgery. To Priestley belongs the honor of identifying it chemically, to Sir Humphry Davy that of expounding its anæsthetic properties. He found them out by experimenting on himself, and suggested their practical application in these words:

"As nitrous oxide, in its extensive operation, appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place.

If any one deserves to be called the father of anæsthesia, it is Sir Humphry Davy. But the surgeons of this day, whether from blindness, timidity or prejudice, appear to have missed the significance of his announcement altogether, for, though the words just quoted were published in the year 1800, no practical use of the gas was attempted until 1844, and then the initiative came from America. -

In that year a Connecticut dentist self to the ordeal and had a tooth cally see nothing. extracted under the influence of nilies between two Boston gentlemen named Morton and Jackson, but some attempt was made to keep the discovery a secret for commercial reasons, the only result of which was to bury the facts in obscurity and to deprive the real discoverer of the honor that more straightforward conduct would have secured to him. The secret was immediately detected by Dr. Bigelow and sent over to England, where the leading surgeons of the day-Liston, Lawrence and Fergusson-took it up at once in their hospital practice. Sir Benjamost graphic manner how the good news came to Glasgow, where he was atudying at the time, and how great was the excitement in the profession. Ether, the second angesthetic in priority, is still the second also in point of safety and in the favor of the angesthelists at the present time. - Boston Herald.

Anvils. "It is not generally known," observed a prominent blacksmith. "that nearly all of the anvils used by blacksmiths in this country are made by one firm in Brooklyn. All kinds of substitutes have been invented and put on the market, but after using them the blacksmith generally goes back to the wrought iron anvil, which is handmade. There are plenty of cast iron and steel anvils for sale, but they find but little favor from blacksmiths, who prefer an anvil that sings. The castiron anvil las no music about it and does not give any more response to the hammer than if one was hammering on a stump. It is music, or singing, as the smithy calls it, that is wanted. A blacksmith does pearly all his talking to his helper by the sounds made on the anvil by his bammer. As far as the village blacksmith is concerned, singing by the anvil is his constant advertisement. Ordinarily an anvil will last from 10 to 20 years-that is, if it is handled carefully, though there are many anvils that are now used by sons which were used by the fathers during their entire lifetime."-Washington Star.

"Don't you think Jorkins is very aftentive to his wife?"

"Yes; people are beginning mark it."--Detroit Free Press.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

A BUTFALO STAMPEDE.

An Indian Chief Saves a White Boy From A number of the bulls began to bellow and to throw dirt with their hoofs. Their noise and stir started a herd down the nearest hill, and we saw a flost of them come tearing down the slope with long, lunging jumps, some of them flinging their heels and tails high in the air, jumping sidewise and bawling in a mad, freakish way, just as cattle some times plunge down a hill, half in play, half in a state of nervous excitement. There was now a perfect bedlam of noise, and clouds of dust were rising on all hands. The chief motioned to me to shoot.

I carried a short, thick barreled buffalo gun-it was before the days of breechloaders-which threw an but certain facts have been clearly ounce and a half sing. I aimed at a bull some 50 feet away, who offered a broadside shot in his pawing. The to possess the property of pro- heavy ball knocked him off his feet, and the next moment he was at the

The chief also fired his rifle, with what effect I did not see, for our shots did not startle even the nearest animals, so great was the noise of their own bawlings and so thick the cloud of dust they had raised. have possessed the whole herd, for fellow, a visitor at Marshfield, tuma great crowd had pressed down out bled head over heels into the marsh. of the ravine, and hundreds were. The tumbler yelled at Webster. askplunging down the bluffs. The situ- ing how much he would take to haul ation had suddenly become startling him out and carry him over the and dangerous.

The chief in alarm sprang to his his head. I did the same. He had evidently counted on scattering the buffaloes and frightening them off by our first shots.

Instead a tumbling mass of them had gathered about the animal which I had shot, and, excited to greater frenzy than ever by the smell of blood, were filling the air according to the number of with hoarse, deep, quavering roars, which made the ground tremble under us.

The dust from the multiplying numbers which surged in toward us, pervaded as it was with alkali, set me into a paroxysm of sneezing and soughing in spite of my intense alarm. It now enveloped us in so named Horace Wells submitted him- thick a cloud that we could practichief seized me by the arm. "Come," introduction of other, and the credit started at a run. We dodged hither hatched their own oggs. of this also belongs to America. It and thither to get out of the way of reach.

The dust had grewn continuously before we had run 50 yards. I was again seized by a violent fit of coughing and sneezing.

I shouted to Little Bear between my coughings that I could not see. He answered only, "We go quickquick!" and, keeping a tight grip upon my arm, jerked me this way and that as we rushed ahead.

But, active and powerful as he was, he could not save me in my blindness from collision. I was hit by one of the buge animals and knocked over. The creature struck me on the left side, and I was wrenched from the chief's grasp and sent rolling over and over in the dust. In fact, I was knocked breath. less, half stunned, and could not have arison at once of my own accord. I should have been run over and crushed but for the chief. As it was I just had sense enough to know that I was jerked from the ground, tossed upward and borne forward upon his shoulders.

He ran like a deer, carrying me as if I had been a papoose, jumping and dodging this way and that among the throng of animals, whose rumbling trend sounded in my ears like the muttering of thunder.

Twice he was rop into and thrown, and we both measured our full lengths, but he was on his feet again in an instant, and, lifting me as before, darted ahead, seemingly unburt. How he managed to keep his eyesight and his bearings in that choking cleed and among that excit- after his death that seven cities coned mass of animals is and always will be a mystery to me.

He carried me out of that bellow. ing, crazy crowd of animals, and set me upon my fret upon the hill ahove them, giving utterance to a found that I could stand .- Frank

Vi ciles Calkins in Ft. Nicholas.

But he did it.

At the Licorption, "Our bostees reminds mo of an tir jampe"

"What part of it, pray?" "The exhausted receiver, monrae!"-Num York Tribune.

MY MOTHER'S HOME. Oh, carry me back to my native shot. For my heart is sad and lone,
And ere I die let me gaze once more. On my mether's cottage home.
Oh, bear me back to the quiet shade. Of the well known trysting tree,
To the babbling stream and the sunny.
The haunts of my childhood's glee.

My spirit pines for my mother's love
And the grasp of her dear right hand.
And to feel once more affection's kiss
From the joyous household band.
Then hear me back to my mative shore,
For my heart is sad and lone,
And ere I die let me gase once more
On my mother's cottage home.
—Xew York Ledges.

Told of Daniel Webst It is never safe to say things to the ragged, unkempt men one sees and meets a-tishing by some mud poud or stream. This truth is illus. trated by the case of Daniel Webster.

Webster was a fisherman and had sloops and a smack in which he used to enjoy the pastime. He was not overfastidious in his fisherman's dress. If he tore his clothes, he did not take the trouble to have the rent sewed up, and when enjoying his sport he was a tolerably rough looking customer, according to a Rochester paper whose reporter interviewed Mrs. Dawes, a resident of Marshfield in Webster's days.

Webster and Mrs. Dawes' uncle were fishing one day from the shore A mad craze seemed suddenly to of the bay, when a stylish young

mud. "A quarter!" answered Webster, fect and threw the wolfskin from and the deed was done. Wherenpon the quarter was turned over, and Webster had started away when the mud stumbler asked:

"To whom am I indebted?" "Only Daniel Webster."

The man said afterward that he apologized for his superciliousness and did not reckon other people up and patches and mud on their clothes.

How Rhodes Made His Reputs Pills and patriots alike become popular it they are sufficiently puffed. This has been the case in regard to Mr. Rhodes. That astute speculator perceived that jingoism was in the ascendant, and he worked this vein, much as Jabez Balfour worked the religious vein in ord trous oxide. The next step was the he said, "we go quick!" and we his gang of shady financialists to feather the nest in which he and

At the Cape he bought up African plunging, bawling animals, many newspapers. Ho kept well with the of which lunged past within arm's correspondents of English newspapers. He entertained royally all men of influence who visited South thicker, and my eyes, filled with the Africa, and hadistributed the shares smarting alkali, failed me utterly of his companies broadcast. Thus a mythical Rhodes was created-the noblest, the purest and the least self seeking of patriots. The gilt is wearing off the idel, and, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of his led captains, of his financing associates and of those who take on credit the patriotism of any one who affects to pay worship to King Jingo, the real Rhodes is being revealed .- London Truth.

Judge Allen's Interruption

The venerable Judge Allen of the United States circuit court at Springfield, Ills., was hearing a case a few years ago in which James C. Court. ney was one of the attorneys. The counsel on the opposite side had asked a question of a witness, and Courtnoy had objected. The point was argued by both sides, and the objection was overruled. The opposite lawyer asked the same question of the next witness, and Courtney again objected and bogan to argue it over again. Judge Allen interrupted him with this observation, "Mr. Courtney, you remind me of a dog that keeps barking up the tree after the coon is gone." Mr. Courtney thereupon subsided .- Sin Francisco Ar. genaut.

The Seven Cities That Claimed Homer. It has been said that "seven cities claimed Homer dead, who, while living, had no place to lay his head." or words to that effect. That is to say that Homer's fame became such tended for the bonor of baving been. the place of his birth. Do you know the name of those seven cities? They were Chics, Athens, Rhodes, Colophon, Argos, Smyrpa and Salamis.

When spectacles were first inventhuge grant of satisfaction when be od and came into use in Italy, women were forbidden to wear them on the ground fast, being very striking ornaments, they would contribnte to female vanity.

> A French patent is issued for 15 cars and is subject to an ann tax of \$30, being revoked upon n