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It was unmistakably the figure of getically through the narrow streets Azeres. To the denkoy boy who puffed along behind, as well as to lively pace was as foreign as their fair baired mistress.

Dorothy Scott had been to the top of a neighboring hill to watch the sun rise over sea, valley, mountain and volcano peaks, and beautiful they were, bathed in a glory of color. Nature has given men few fairer sights than that to be had from this very hill on this dot of an island in the mid-Atlantic.

Dorothy's father, an American natturalist, had come to the Azores for a summer's collecting, and had left his invalid wife and his 16-year-old alone, traversed town and country roads with all the enthusiasm and freedom of a wide awake American girl, little dreaming with what sight of his doleful countenance. breathless wonder her independent movements were studied by the im- she said, "to make you want to run prisoned Portuguese girls who peep- away." ed at her through talcony lattices or over garden gates.

It was still early morning, and structure still sheltered a score or so of old women, the city's poor. Dorcthy, who had spent many hours sketching the picturesque ruins, made her way through stone arched passages to the square, open court attempt escape in the face of such within, passed down an untenanted | punishment! And yet there seemed corridor and reached a corner where she had been sketching the day before. Gathering her materials to- him to run away from disagreeable gether, she turned a little, when a duty rather than stay and face it. flutter of something white in one of Nor could she admit that he was exthe cells caught ber eye.

door and peered into the darkness, the far side of the dark little cell. but quickly drew lack, startled and her, with eyes as big and frightened the resentful face before her, "if I

and were a white suit, a sailor's, or. And if he were in the navy and evidently, with an open threat tied got to be an officer, how proud I with a blue knot. A white cap push- should be! To have your own brothed back from the forehead disclosed | er really helping to protect your a crep of cerly hair. Semething in- country, how safe it would make miliar about Lis face made Dorothy you feel! falter out, after the first frightened "But," she went on sympatheticbacked farther into the dark cell.

swer. The boy still seemed ther- ued, with a sad hitle smile, "I am oughly seared and glanced about as disappointed, for all summer since though seeking some chance of es- I've been here I have been watching cape, but Dorotby's position in the doorway blooked the only exit. As they don't seem half so nice as ours. there seemed to be no alternative, be The girls just sit around and don't said sultenly, "Yes, I do." "But how did you ever get here?"

she questioned eagerly.

"How did you?" said the boy. "Ob, my mother and I are spending the summer here," Dorothy explainclothes, and no American ship has been hero for a month."

"Yes, there has," he replied. "One put in this morning." "Truly? It's queer I didn't see it

from the hill! But perhaps it's just a whaling vessel?"

"No," grinned the boy. "No whaler togs out in this shape." He glanced down at his jaunty suit. Then his face relapsed into its former sullen- turning from early mass. ness as he went on:

"I may as well make a clean here. It's the American schoolship or they will see you. I'll come back Victory that has put into port for a after breakfast and bring you somecouple of days. Eighty of us fellows have just come ashore for today, and as many are allowed off tomorrow. My name is Theodore Blake. I am a

first year cadet, and I'-"What are you doing here in the convent then?" interrupted Dorothy. "Oh, I crowded in through a break in the wall behind a bedge; thought it was a garden, and I could hide here till night and then get away. But I'm blessed if I want to stay in

this spookerish, rotten old place all

day!" "But why are you hiding? Are you in some scrape?"

"No. I've just get out of the biggest scrape I was ever in-that is, I guess I've got cut, if you don't go of American sailor boys. The old for it! It's nothing but grind all day and half the night, whether you're sick or not!"

The boy's thin cheeks seemed to show that his sickness had been no

"Mother was set on having me in the navy," he went on. "Got my consul's office. appointment all right, and I entered in May. We had only a few weeks of drill before starting on the summer's cruisa, and we first year ca- tiny shops in search of Fayal baskets

HER NAVAL CAPTURE. | mon sailors. I've had a month of it, | were bargaining for fruit and donkey the island till the ship salls and an American girl that jogged ener- then put myself in the hands of the forts to preserve proper maidenly American consul and get sent home. in the outskirts of the little city of I guess mother'll be satisfied then Horta, on the island of Fayal, in the that I've no taste for the navy!"

Quite overcome by this startling the astonished beast himself, this her sketch stool and gazed at him in open concern.

> would be what they call a 'deserter,' wouldn't you?" she inquired. "I suppose so," he answered doggedly, but flushing in spite of himself at this word of disgrace. "Any-

> 'traitor' than go back!" "It seems to me 'deserter' sounds about as bad as 'traitor,' " observed Dorothy.

way, I'd rather be called even a

"Oh, well, it's all up with me now. You're a girl, and you'll go and tell, and that's the end of it!" "I shan't tell, even if I am a girl!"

daughter at the little hotel at Horta she retorted. "All girls aren't tell-while he explored other islands of the tales, and I'm sure it's none of my Azores. So Dorothy, left to go about business if you want to go and bo a deserter or any other awful thing!" With an offended glanco she turned to leave him, but relented at the

"It must be pretty bad, though,"

"It is! It's a slave's life, and if I've got to be just a common scrub I prefer to work on dry land. All drowsy Horta had hardly waked that talk about the 'glory and honor' when Dorothy clattered up on her of the life is rubbish. I've tried it, as the tough experiences would donkey to the gate of an old con- They won't miss me till they go vent, dismounted and entered. In aboard tonight at sunset. But if ruins now, and abandoned by its they should catch me tomorrow I'd former eccupants, the crumbling be locked in the brig for a week on bread and water!'

Though she had no idea what the 'brig" was, this sounded very impressive and terrille to Dorothy. What a brave fellow he must be to something decidedly questionable about the sort of courage that led actly her ideal of brave young Amer-She stepped curiously up to the ica as he sat in a dejected heap at

"If I had a brother," she began breathless. There, staring back at slowly, her eyes fixed steadily on as her own, was the face of a boy. had a brother, I think I should want The stranger was tall and slight him to be either a soldier or a sail-

gasp: "Why-ce, I do believe you are ally, "if you are sick all the time, I an American! Or-er den't you undon't wonder you hate it. The derstand English?" she added faint- American censul here is a real nice ly, as at her first words the boy old man. I know him, and I'll tell bim just how you feel, and I'm sure For a moment there was no an- he will help you. But," she continthese Portuguese boys and girls, and have any ion, and the boys act so stupid and lazy I want to shake them. I've been wishing they could come over to America and see our boys, and-now I just bate to have them know that there is a single one 'pulse he turned quickly to the men ed shortly. "But you are in sailor's who isn't brave and loyal and true to his flag.

Silence followed this somewhat choky but earnest confession. The boy sat with his chin stolidly buried in his hands.

Suddenly a movement in the court startled them both, and, glancing through the bread arch behind her. Dorothy saw the bent figures of some of the old women, evidently re-

"Keep way back in the dark," she whispered hurriedly, while foldbreast of it, now you've seen me ing up her stool, "and don't move,

thing to eat. Goodby." Derothy retraced her steps to the patient donkey at the gate and rode straight to an opening whence she could get a view of the harbor. There, sure enough, with sails furled, swinging lazily with the warm summer breeze, lay the Victory, and from its stern floated the most beautiful flag in all the world.

"I didn't know I should ever feel so worked up over a sight of that darling flag!" Dorothy exclaimed, fairly dancing in her saddle. "I

must tell mother!" As she turned back to the main street she found the place alive with the white suits and sunborned faces and tell. I won't go back to that fown was roused from its comfort-abominable old hulk again if I die able slumber by light hearted, strong bodied youth turned loose for a holiday. Up and down the streets they marched, their rolling gait assumed if not yet acquired, chattering with delight at being ashore and bursting into a bearty cheer at sight of the stars and stripes above the

Here and there were stragglers deep in the delights of home letters just received. Some had invaded the dets are treated no better than com- or lines for Lemo friends, and others panion.

THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN

and that's enough. I can't resign rides. Dorothy, almost torn asunder while I'm on a cruise, so I'll hide on | in the conflict between her desire to greet each countryman and her efdecorum, hastened to the hotel and burst into the breakfast room. But here a still greater surprise awaited her. She shyly drew back as she b. disclosure, Dorothy sank down on held her mother seated at the head of a long table, on her gentle face a little flush of excitement, while lin-"Aren't you afraid? It seems a ing the table were two rows of jolly

dreadful thing to do! Why, you sailor lads. Pointing to a seat left vacant for Dorothy, Mrs. Scott soon put them all at ease. They fell to with a will, and "shore food" vanished at an alarming rate. After the fifst shyness were off and tongues were loosened Mrs. Scott drew from one and another bits of their history, home life and plans, and her kindly interest in their boyish confidences staid with them longer than she guessed, for even sailors' manly hearts yearn now and then for a "mother talk," and those who love it best die bravest for their flag.

Dorothy, regaled with stirring tales of sea life, had wished herself a boy a dozon times before the meal was over, and when at last she was free to slip away with the promised lunch for the lad lurking in the old convent there was but one thought in her mind-a resolve to dissuado the deserter from his attempt.

All the boys she had talked with seemed to glory in their life. The bracing sca air would overcome flabby muscles and thin blood, just strengthen his weak will, and by the time she had reached the convent her friendly heart had launched him forth on a career of noble seamanship which could have led to nothing short of an admiral's berth.

But alas! When she softly spoke his name at the cell door, there was no answer. She pushed in and peered about. The room was empty. He was gone. Had he been frightened out of his uncanny hiding place or, tired of waiting and hungry, had he stolen away and made sure of his escape from her unwelcome counsel and his own honest duty? Soberly and slowly she walked back to the

Late that night the custom house guards and fishermen lounging on the quay were startled from their drowsy talk by a boyish figure in white which brushed past them and hurried to the end of the wharf. His clothes were dusty and stained, he breathed heavily, and the eyes that glanced anxiously out over the black water to the shiplying so quietly on its becom were big with four.

Yes; there were still lights chining out from the captain's portheles. Oh, if he could only report to him and not to that stern, pitiless execu-

tive officer! He turned and gazed back past the group of men and the sleeping city to the hills from whence an unconqueralle impulse had driven him, but where still lay the escape for which he longed. But then returned the words which had been ringing in his cars all day-from them there was no escape-"brave and loyal and true to his flag!" Should he be that single one who proved unfaith-

A flush covered his thin cheeks, and following his last and best imand was soon scated in the stern of a little boat which was taking him to a punishment bonestly deserved, but bravely met.

As the boat swung up alongside the ship a figure leaned over the railing above and the officer of the deck called out:

"Is that Cadet Blake?" "Aye, aye, sir!" answered Theodore, stepping quickly up the gang-

way-and saluting. "A trifle late, sir!" sneered the officer. "The captain left orders that if you returned tonight you

should report immediately to him.' "Aye, aye, sir!" Saluting again, the boy turned, with a thankful heart, toward his captain's quarters. A punishment, softened a little by the captain's compassion for the boy's thin cheeks and haunted, weary look, was meted out to him, and patriotism resumed its sway in his

It was no wonder that the next morning when, seated proudly in-the stern of the captain's gig in company with the American consul, Dorothy approached the Victory to pay her first visit to a schoolship she was astenished at bobolding the face of her "deserter" beaming down at her from over the bulging side of the great yescel, nor that her astonishment changed into utter bewilderment when, after a delightful bour spent in being shown about the ship, she stepped on the gangway to deseend into the gig which waitel to take them ashore, the captain of the Victory, with a twinkle in his kindly eyes, bowed low and saluted her as 'a fellow officer."

"For," he explained, "some of our greatest naval esptures have been made on dry land."

Then she knew that Cadet Blake had told him the whole story .-Grace R Johnson in Youth's ComA LOVE STORY.

Oh, lay that dreary book away
And list to me—oh, list to me!
While wants the purple of the day
A story I will tell to thee.
Lay not the book away in rath,
With longing look or sorrowing sighs.
You know you'd rather read the truth
Within the irls of my eyes.

The swift air murmured silver cleaf A monerat since, "She comes to these Your pulses told you I was near;

Ho don't pretend you do not see.
My brief, brief story, never rare,
is only sweet as it is true.
Oh, don't precend you do not care,
While all the while you k 1.1 m yet de! For from the winy warmth of spring
A fancy flashed in ruby gleans—
"You'd teach my heart a deeper thing
Than it had ever dramed in dreams."
Well, I have learned your lessen new—
Have learned it all—ols, look and see—
The sweet, brief lesson in your yow
You said your heart should teach to me

Men, eager in their quest for power— For fame—to live forevermore, Will always use a vagrant hour To teach a woman love's sweet lofe. The praise of nations, sounding far, Acclaim that picrosa side or dome, Is never dear as voices are Which tell them they are loved at hon

'Tis hardly worth your while today

Tis hardly worth your while today
To look so very, very whse.
You'll lay that dull old book away
To read the story in my eyes,
To list the story on my tongue—
The one you wish to hear from me,
The story sweet, if said or sings—
I love but thee! I love but thee!
—Mary C. Ames in New York Ledger.

Billiards Without Exercise Frequenters of the Continental hotel billiard room have long been accustomed to the sharp game put up by a gentleman whose scant hair is always combed scrupulously over a semibald head and who appears to have no other object in the world than to knock the ivories about the green cloth. A slick looking chap, who was evidently a drummer from New York, entered the billiard room and asked Manager Creahan if he could fix up a game with some good

"There's a gentleman that puts up a good game," remarked Mr. Creahan, indicating the one with the scant bair.

"All right," remarked the New Yorker. "I'll try him."

The contestants were not introduced, but as they divested themselves of their superfluons clothing each bowed stiffly to the other. They banked. The Gothamite won, shot off and missed. Then the man with the queer bair started, and aft. er he had made 15 the other sat down. The entire string of 50 points was run off without a miss. The Philadelphian looked inquiringly at his opponent, who had not had another shot. The latter shook his head negatively, put on his coat and cuffs and strolled out. Not a word was spoken during the entire procedure,-Philadelphia Record.

Robert Echumann and ills Wifes

In his sensitivness to feminine charms Robert Schumann was excelled by none of the composers. The English type of beauty moved him to ecstasy, but he was catholic in his taste and made no secret to his fiancee of his delight in all the pretty faces he saw. "They make me positively smirk," he wrote to her, "end I swim in panegyries on future time we walk along the streets of Vinne and meet a beauty and I exclaim, 'Oh, Clara, see this heavenly vision!' or something of the sort, you must not be alarmed nor scold me!" The caution may or may not have had a touch of seriousness in it, but in any case it was

needless. How full of delight was their wedded life! What a true helpmeet Mme. Schumann was to her husband, especially when, from the injury to his hand, he was incapacitated from playing, and how much his fame after his death was prompted by her interpretations of his pieces, all the world knows .- Blackwood's Magazine.

A Remedy For Cramp. The following is a simple and certain cure for cramp: When the cramp comes on, take a thin piece of cord, wind it round the leg over and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. The cramp will cease instantly, and the sufferer can go to back again that night.

The iron crown of Lombardy takes its name from the fact that within the gold circlet is a strip of iron, supposed to be made of one of the nails of the cross. Napoleon was prowned with this symbol at his coronation as king of Italy.

The rose, the national flower of England, is symbolic of superior merit. It is said that this symbolism was popularly used as early as the war of York and Lancaster, generally known as the War of the Roses.

In California a bushel of buckwheat is 40 pounds, and from this figure the range is upward in various states to 56 pounds in South

Letters from New York to Belize will be delivered in nine days from the date of mailing.

A red sunrise indicates foul weather at some time during the day. The second of Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U. S. Gov't Report

The Hunter and the Ventriloquist Routed the Congregations.

Clark county, Ky., was the perpe- well.-Argus. trator of an extraordinary practical oke. Returning from a hunting The Legislature and Dogs. trip one evening, he was attracted Goldsboro Argus. to a country church where a revival! It may not be very elegant nor was in progress. After watching wholesome to the former to speak of the services for awhile he climbed the Legislature and dogs in the same up on the roof to get a better view breath; but speaking of dogs: wonthrough the hole where a stove pipe der if this Legislature will have the was meant to go. In the excite- nerve to tackle the dog question, ment of the evening one of the con- which has long been a serious ouesgregation shouted out "Gabriel, tion in this State from an agricultublow your trumpet! I'm ready to ral standpoint-especially as to go!" The temptation was too sheep raising, but thus far no legisgreat for Conchman, and, putting later has had the courage to formuhis horn to his lips, he blew a blast late and push a bill to curtail the through the flue-hole, and stamped-curs. ed the congregation to a man. The But latterly the dog question is Grand Jury discussed the propriety resuming a new phase. It is a growof indicting the sacrilegious hunter, ing frequency of cases of and terrible

against him. quist, and a prank he played. He very, very rare. went to a colored church, where the | Now, scarcely a day passes that a eyes about in an uneasy manner, the question, when the congregation that there was something superhuman about the meeting, and left the preacher to stare and wonder at empty benches.

The South Leads Again.

The showing made by Bradand approximately, and with assets per cent of the liabilities.

During the same period there in the South, or less than 15 per cent, of the whole, with lostes approximating \$55,500,009, exclusive of Maryland and West Virginia, and assets of about \$33,000,000, or by its congress, was making a tariff more than 60 per cent.

volume of business in the East ac- free of duty. Among the many counts for the larger loss there, will articles specified were "foreign fruitnot hold. The report shows that plants," etc., meaning plants imthe number is business for the past ported for transplanting, propagattwo years was 1,067,000. What is ling, or experiment. The engrosstechnically known as the commer- ing clerk, in copying the bill, accial death rate, is the proportion of cidentally changed the hyphen in the place in which the pain is felt failures to the number in business. the compound word "fruit-plants" The commerical death rate, there- to a comma, making it read, "all fore, in New York and New Eng- foreign fruit, plams," etc. As the land has been for the period under result of this simple mistake, for a bed assured that it will not come discussion about 7 per cent., while year, or until congress, could remin the South it has been but a frac- edy the blunder, all the oranges. tion over 4 per cent. In both the lemons, bananas, grapes, and other aggregate absolute losses in business fruits were admitted free of duty. and in the cominerical death rate by sections, the proportion in the East one would be liable to make, yet is greatly in excess of the South.

Further than this, the commercial death rate is lower in the South less than \$2,000,000. A pretty than in the West. It is lower in the costly comma that.-Headlight. South by 41 per cent, than it has ever been in the country at large since record. In 1880 the percentage trouble for many years, with seve est commerical bealthfulness.

These figures teach an object lesson to investors. The South is the garden spot of the United States not The late W. A. Conchman, of only climatic but commerically as

but no proceedings were taken deaths from hydrophobia.

There can be no doubt, we think, This reminds us of a traveling that hydrophobia is greatly on the man, who was in Durham a week increase in this country. A quarter or so ago, who was a good ventrilo- of a century ago the disease was

colored preacher was giving his con- case is not reported somewhere. Of gregation a very earnest discourse, course, many of these are 'false aand during the midst of the sermon, larms," but the indisputable cases the traveling man threw his voice in are of sufficient frequency to demand the roof and began to sing "Jesus, new laws, or the better enforcement lover of my soul." The preacher of old ones, with reference to the proceeded for a while, casting his roving at large of dogs in this country. In fact, it can with reason, or and finally remarked as the song truth, rather, be said, that the dog went on: "Who dat singing in owns America. Will not North here?" There was no response but Carolina, that has gone wild and the hymn went on. He repeated swallowed all sorts of fusion for "Reform," be now a real pioneer stampeded for the door, thinking and blaze the way for one of the greatest needed reforms of the agethe abolition of dogs?

The Costly Comma.

There was a time when the puncts uation marks as now used in comstreet's on the number of failures the result, it was often more or less for the past two years furnishes in- difficult to arrive at the exact meanteresting food for thought. The ag- ing of the writer, and to ovoid this, gregate for two years for the entire the points were introduced. Of. country was 28,125. Of this num- course, about the smallest, and airber, New York and New England parently the most insignificant, of show 6,000 or about 25 per cent, of of them all is the comma, but its your sex. Consequently, if at some the whole, with liabilities aggregat- misuse is often the cause of very aning \$130,000,000 in round numbers noying mistakes, as well as loss of money. It should be the aim of of only \$63,000,000, or less than 50 those now in school to learn thuroughly how to use this little mark, and never be gulley of making a were 3,100 failures, approximately, mistake like the following, an account of which we read not long

It seems that some twenty years ago or so, when the United States, bill, one of the sections enumerated The contention that the greater what articles should be admitted

This little mistake, which anywhich could have been avoided by carefulness cost the government not

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., Bradstreet's has been keeping the writes that he had a Severe Kidney was lowest for the nation at 60. pains in his ba k and also that his Last year it was 1 40 for the whole bladder was affected. He tried many country. Standing alone, two small groups, the Northwestern States, he began use of Electric Bitters and and New England, show a lower found relief at once. Electric Bitters and commercial death rate than the ters is especially adapted to cure of South, but among the great divisions East, West, South and Middle gives almost ins ant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price States—the South shows the great 50c, and \$1.00. At T A. Alleright. & Co's Drug Store.