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AIBRUSE HE DOESN'T CARE TO."

Yes, they all are coming boned, And they say-it's "lplig." Every one is married how, Even listic Polity. And I keep on saying "all," For I just can't bear to Think of one who doesn't come 'Come by deem't care to.

He has nover told me so.
Remonal Yes, a plenty!
But one reason has more weight,
To my mind, thin twenty,
And I somehow feel as if
I should like it better
If his reasons did not fill
Quite so long a letter.

All the others come and bring Things for me and father; Little things—because they know We would so much rather. But he sends a hamper up— Flowers and fruit and, under, Things that must have cost so much That they make us wonder.

There's the turkey in the coop-There's the turkey in the coop—
He can bardly golble,
He's so fat—and those two ducks—
They can't walk, they hobble.
And the mince mest turned out well,
Pies will need be plenty
And the pudding good and big,
For we'll sit down twenty.

How he used to prance about When he saw me baking! Beens to me I see him now. Everyshing I'm making
Brings him right before my eyes.
Yes I wouldn't dare to
Eay to father, "He don't come
'Cause he dosm't care to."

Father doesn't seem to think
As I feel about him—
"Johnny siways told the truth.
Why should we misdoubt him?" But he's saying in his heart— Yes, I'm sure it's there too-"Johnny isn't coming home 'Cause he doesn't care to."

Sonny boy, your world is full, But there's not another Holds you to her heart of hearts
Like your poor old mother!
Come before that day comes when
"Twill be you can't hear to

Think of how you didn't come
'Cause you didn't care to!
-Margaret Vandegrift in Youth's Companie

A REALIZED IDEAL.

Miss Rossiter sat alone in the library, gazing rather pensively into the fire. When the servant came with the lights, she had sent him away, saying that she preferred sitting by the firelight, and now she leaned back luxuriously in her great easy chair, preparatory to the rather unusual indulgence of an introspective mood.

She could not be called introspective as a general thing, for she was far too busy with charities, flower missions, Tolstoi clubs, church and society in all their fullness, to allow herself the popular fad of self analysis, and then there was Tom Len-field. She had been engaged to Tom for nearly a year.

He was a dear good fellow and was succeeding so well in his business, and yet-well, she was vaguely conscious that she had not been as deeply disappointed as an en-gaged girl should be when she had received his note that day telling her he had been called out of town unexpectedly and might not be able to return in time to be with her that evening, as he had planned.

She wondered if, after all, she did She sighed a little and determined

to allow herself the pleasure of feeling rather miserable upon this sub-

Tom was a dear, she thought, but if he only had a little more love and appreciation for the things she Not that he was not all love and

appreciation for her, she admitted to herself, for she knew that he considered her the very loveliest and cleverest girl in the world; still there was no denying that Tom was rather slow sometimes, and so prac-tical. She remembered how at the art exhibition they had stopped before a picture of the impressionist school that it was the thing to admire. To be quite honest, she was not entirely sure whether she really understood and admired it herself, but she had heard so much talk about it from people whose judg-ment she held to be entirely above

amazement as she praised its virtues and to hear him exclaim: "That daub! You surely don't admire that?" But then he was so penitent when she had explained it to him, and even if he did not understand it was pleasant to hear him say: You are the cleverest girl, Nan. I often wonder how you can care for

a fellow whose only pretense to good taste is his love for you." She remembered how, a few weeks ago, at a symphony concert, she had looked into Tom's face to see if in some degree he did not feel the joy of the music that flooded her soul.

He was fond of music, in his way, but he was candid enough to confess that a bright, pleasing bit of light opera brought far more pleasurable tions to him than the most soulful melodies of the great masters.

On this particular occasion Miss Rossiter remembered that he had fethrned her rapt expression with me of anxiety and had murmured tenderly: "What is it, darling! Are you sitting in a druft?'

Oh, dear, it was always drufts, mething equally annoying to the wordered, if the could choose for herself what her ideal picture would be like.

She pictured to herself severa types of her own creation, finalls wavering between a dreamy Burne-Jones figure and a hero of the they alier Bayard type, so dear to most women. Somehow of other Tom's vigorous personality would persist in mixing itself up with her brain portraits until they were such a sad composite that in despair she gave up the personal appearance of her ideal.

"Not that I care so much for looks," she said to herself, "but how pleasant it would be to have a lover who understood my every thought, who anticipated every wish, and who would know what I was about to say before the words were formed, whose knowledge was boundless, and whose soul should be in touch with all that was good and true and beautiful."

Oh, if she could but see such a one, she thought to herself, how she could unburden her soul to him.

Conversation would be a rapture, and how ennobling, how elevating, life with such a one would bet Just at this point in her reveries Miss Rossiter (who rather prided herself upon her calmness under the most surprising and trying circumstances) gave a sudden start and exclamation. She rubbed her eyes and gave herself a little pinch to see if she could be dreaming. No, she was wide awake, and in the easy chair near her sat a man, a stranger to her. Strange to say, she felt neither alarmed nor embarrassed, and after the moment of surprise at this sudden visitation she stole another look at her unexpected companion, who was gazing intently into the fire.

He was rather tall and slender, and his regular features and dark, dreamy eyes were pleasant to look

She had a vague impression of familiarity as she watched him, and a haunting resemblance to some one, perhaps a mere brain image, puzzled her.

Just then he turned toward her and smiled slightly.

"I do not wonder that you like to sit here," he said in courteous accents. "It is a pleasant room and gratifies one's æsthetic sense. You love to watch the firelight glimmer through the room, now playing upon the gilt of the picture frames, or suddenly lighting for a moment some dusky corner; but, best of all, you like to watch the warm glow leap over that marble Psyche. You have a passion for color.

"Yes," she said wonderingly, "but how did you know! Who are you!"

"There is no thought of yours that I do not know," he said, "and I came here in response to your wish. I am your longed for kindred soul—your realized ideal." Miss Rossiter was silent for a mo-

ment and sat vainly trying to recall the theories that Herr Gundlach had advanced before the German club concerning kindred souls and affinities. If she remembered rightly, he had said that each soul had a kindred soul, but that sometimes there were limitations of time and space which in another world-but just here the stranger interrupted her thoughts by saying:

"Yes, that is true. But sometimes, under peculiar conditions, as to-night, time and space are as nothing. And so it is that I am with you

He ceased speaking. Surely it was the opportunity of Miss Rossiter's life for unbounded soul revelations: but, odd to relate, she felt strangely silent.

A number of naturally curious juestions flitted through her brain, but she checked her thoughts a little guiltily, as it occurred to her that in all probability the stranger was cognizant of her thoughts and might consider her inquisitive.

"No," he remarked politely, "I am not permitted to reveal the laws which govern me, nor can I tell how long I may be able to remain with

Then he really did know what she ras thinking.

She had never imagined how very erplexing it would be to constantv control one's thoughts-to put a check rein on them, to quote Tom's

She turned a little uneasily in her chair, and in doing so inadvertently revealed one of her daintily slippered feet.

Now, Tom had a special weakness for a dainty slipper, as she well knew, and, forgetting for a mother that it was not Tom who sat there, she looked up in apparent unconsciousness of any little feminine art, only to meet an amused smile in the dranger's eyes.

Yes, most men like to see a pretty slipper," he commented, benevo-lently. "A coquettishly placed riblen, a flower in the hair, are so many arrows to the masculine heart. Little men dream of the time and thought that have been given to what seems to them some unconcious little arrangement."
Miss Rossiter flushed angrily and

drew her foot back with a jerk. Beally, this thing of laying bare

fectly understood?

She ought to be above such little

weaknesses anybow.

Perhaps if she tried books the conversation might become milities animated.

The stranger followed her glance as it rested on a small table near her, where several books were lying. "You have been reading," he remarked. "Ah, yes, I see—Ibsen, Browning, Tolstoi." He smiled a

little wearily. "You, of course, have read them all," said Miss Rossiter a little shylg; for she happened to think that "bötindless knowledge" was one of her wished for ideal's attributes.

"It Oh, yes," he answered. "You do not quite know whether you care for Ibsen or not, do you?"

Now, this was indeed true, but as

the president of an Ibsen club Miss Rossiter had never before faced the

She was a clever girl and accustomed to being looked up to as quite an authority on literary matters by her own special coterie. Had not Dunning Jones, the most successful journalist in the city, told some one that Miss Rossiter was a very interesting girl, well read and up in everything! But before "unbounded knowledge" how could one talk easily or air one's little opinions?

For the first time in her life the self possessed, cultivated Miss Rossiter felt shy, crude and ignorant. She was really a very superior young woman, of lofty aims and deals; but, being a very human and very charming person, she had her little limitations, all of which she would have confessed to you with refreshing candor. Still she could not help wondering for a moment if life with a person who "thoroughly understood" her would, after all, be as helpful as life with some one whose love exaggerated her virtues and blinded him to her defects.

As she said to her most intimate girl friend afterward: "It never occurred to me before just how many of my so called virtues were called out just because Tom thought I possessed them.

"You see that touched me so, the implicit confidence in me, that I would immediately proceed to cultivate all my supposed good quali-ties, so that I might keep my place in Tom's regard with greater satisfaction to myself."

This night referred to, however, she did not allow herself to so distinctly formulate the thought.

Once more she turned the conversation to books, to art and to music. But what pleasure could there be in a conversation where the other party concerned knew before she spoke all that she would say. He even indirectly apologized once for anticipating her.

"I cannot help it, you see," he said. "I came in answer to your it out, measure it, treat it, in short, roof and pack sawdust into it. Out a wish, burdened with the cor it imposed upon me.

"It does make conversation awkward, I admit, but we may as well make the best of it, for I am powerless to leave you unless" "Unless what?" said Miss Rossi-

ter with more of the "speed the parting guest" in her tone than was consistent with true politeness, but the stranger only smiled and looked once more into the fire.

A sense of injury commenced to rapkle in Miss Rossiter's mind. 'And all because of a foolish wish. that I have heard a dozen girls make, my life is to be spoiled in this way," she thought. Perhaps Tom would not have loved her so deeply had he really understood her.

The past tense of that last thought sent a pang through her heart. Was she always to be tied to this dreadful mind reader of a realized ideal !

She supposed the only thing left her to do was to live upon such a high plane that she need not object or fear to be as a printed page for

him to read. And yet, oh, the weariness of the

No more half severe, half coquettish lectures to Tom on his stupidity, always ending in increas oration on his part and increased affection on hers, for it always pleased her fancy, after having firmly established her claim to idealship in Tom's mind, to be so extremely gracious and penitently af-fectionate that the "large and appreciative audience of one," as Tom

emarked, went home happy. But all those old, happy times were over, she thought.

Such a deep pity for herself filled Miss Rossiter's mind that the great tears gathered in her eyes, and one had escaped from beneath the long fashes and was slowly rolling down her cheek when two strong arms suddenly enfolded her, and a sym-pathetic voice, Tom's voice, was saying, "What in the world are you

dreaming about, you poor dear?"

Now, Miss Rossiter was not as a rule wildly demonstrative, but upon this occasion her manner was warm enough to gratify the most ardent

She clung to Tem as if he had awn way of using it.

one's every little thought was too just been rescued from some dread-much, and yet was it not exactly ful culamity and she feared to lose what she had wished for—to be per-him again, and when he begged her him again, and when he begged her to tell him what was the Hatter, that he "didn't understand," she exclaimed rather hysterically: "Oh, that is the beauty of it. I don't want you to understand, Tom, dear, and I'm so glad you don't. I don't think I ever care to be understood again. It was only a dream, and he's gone,

> desire forbore questioning her. Whatever it was she had dreamed, the effect produced was that he had had a warmer welcome than ever before during their engagement, and he was satisfied.

thank goodness, but you can never

At the next meeting of the German club Miss Rossiter, who a few weeks before had read a stirring paper advancing the theory that some time on this earth there would be a golden age, when kindred souls would live in the full delight of realized ideals, read an equally stirring paper combating and flatly contradicting her own pet theories.

On the way home from the club Mrs. Denny, who prided herself on finding the hidden springs which produced action in her friends minds, suddenly remarked:

"Nan Rossiter, you have some reason for so suddenly changing your mind about those theories of rours.

"Yes," replied Miss Rossiter, with an inscrutable smile. "I have a reason, but that, as Kipling says, is another story, and one I refuse to tell."-Agnes Brown in Philadelphia Times.

Testing an Atlantic Cable For Leaks. When the insulated strand, or the 'core" of the cable, as it is henceforth called, passes from this operation, it must go to the testing room to determine if the insulation is really perfect, or if a little electricity still can escape from the copper. It would be useless to make this test in the air, since even without an insulator the current does not pass readily into air. It must be tested under water, in the medium in which it is to be employed. Shallow tanks filled with water receive each section, and after a section has lain 24 hours in the water in order to come to the same temperature as the water the test is applied. If the effect which ought to be produced on his galvanometer by passing into the core a certain quantity of electricity does not result, the electrician knows that there is a flaw and that the insulation is imperfect -that is, that the electricity is es-

caping. There is nothing that can be measured with more accuracy than electricity. The laws which govern its flow in a body are perfectly understood. The electrician knows is if it were water in a pipe. A leak in an electric wire is dealt with almost as a leak in a water pipe and can be located quite as exactly. When once located, it is easily repaired. - McClure's Magazine.

The Question of Luck.

In replying to the query, "Does not luck sometimes play a goodly part in a man's success?" Edward W. Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal, writes:

"Never. Henry Ward Beecher anwered this question once for all when he said, 'No man prospers in this world by luck, unless it be tho luck of getting up early, working hard and maintaining honor and integrity.' What so often seems to many young men on the surface as being luck in a man's career is nothing more than hard work done at some special time. The idea that luck is a factor in a man's success has ruined thousands. If has never helped a single person. A fortunate chance comes to a young man sometimes just at the right moment. And that some people call fock. But that chance was given him because he had at some time demonstrated the fact that he was the right man for the chance. That is the only luck there is. Work hard, demonstrate your ability and show to others that if an opportunity comes within your grasp you are able to use it."

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt, 20 centuries before our era. They greatly resembled the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. The first hammer was undoubtedly a stone held in the hand. Claw hammers were invepted some time dur-ing the middle ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic 50 ton hammer of shipbuilding establishments, some of which weigh as much as 50 tops and have a falling force of from 90 to 100. Every trade has its own hammer and its



MAKING AN ICEHOUSE.

The whole secret of keeping ice lies in the building of a suitable place for its storage and surrounding it on aff know how I suffered."

Tom looked deeply puzzled at sides, top and bottom with some dry, nonconducting material. A writer in American Gardening, who has had to do with many technology of the following material. do with many icehouses, gives the fol-lowing details, with illustrations, of a house that will meet all modern require-

nents. He says: ments. He says:

An icehouse oughf to be built above ground and near two large trees. The site should be high and dry. To insure perfect dryness at the bottom it will be well to first of all mark out on the



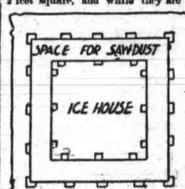
EXTERIOR VIEW OF ICKHOUSE.

ground the size of the building—that is, its ground space. Then remove the soil to the depth of two feet, filling in again with some good drainage, such as rock or largo gravel. From the bottom of this pit lead a drain to some lower part of the ground, so any water accumulating may be carried off.

Procure some posts 4 by 6 inches across and 10 or 11 feet long of good lasting wood, and put into the ground so as to stand 8 feet above. Make a double row of posts opposite each other, as shown on the ground plan at cut 2, putting the rows at intervals of about 2 feet and the posts of each row at about 8 feet distance. Well firm the posts into the ground and line them off squarely at the top, spiking on the top of each row a plate of wood 6 by 6, staying these plates so as to form a double frame. Now plank up the insides of each line of posts with 2 inch boards, fitting the pieces closely and carrying the work up to the wall plates. The space thus formed between the boards pack with tan bark or sawdnet, which will make the sides of the house both sunproof and airproof. Matters of prime importance in preserving the ice. Lay across the inside and upon the ground some joists, upon which put loose planks as a floor. Cover the whole with a layer of dry straw a foot in dopth and the ice receptacle is ready.

For the roof use 8 by 4 inch joists and have them long enough to form a pitch of full 35 degrees and also to extend over the outer wall far enough to carry the roof quite 4 feet beyond the wall plate. Short struts as shown in the first illustration may also be added to better support the overhanging roof. To the rafters, thus made secure, nail closely fitting boards. Make a superstructure here 6 inches in height, how much he pours in. He can draw | and board up as before to form a box which to put in and take out the ice. At the top of the whole insert a piece of stovepipe to afford ventilation, covering by creeting four short posts 2 feet high, on which is to be fixed a pointed cap. The house is now complete.

Take the ice from the purest water possible. The blocks are best cut about I feet square, and while they are be-



GROUND PLAN OF ICEMOUSE, ing thrown in have a man on the floor to spread them over evenly and with a heavy hammer break enough ice to fill in the spaces between the large blocks, The whole mass may be rendered compact by throwing water over the layers of ice. When the house is filled to the level of the wall plates, put joists across, resting them on the wall plates, covering over by a floor of loose boards, leaving space for a trapdoor, and upon this inches in thickness.

Thawing Out Pumps, For thawing out pumps that are over-looked and allowed to freeze up during cold weather American Agriculturist advises as follows: Take a three-quarter inch gas or other pipe 6 feet long, remove the top of the pump, pash the pipe down beside the lifting rod until it sets on the ice, then jusert a funnel in the end of the pipe and pour in boiling water. The pipe will drop as the ice is melted, and when a hole has been thawed the hot water som melts the ice, and the pump is opened. This may be done

New Potatoes In Winter.

in from 19 to 20 minutes.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin reports, as a novel delicacy in the Milwankes market, new potatoes, tender and in every sense as delicions as the ordinary July production. New potatoes in midwinter, t is claimed, are the result of some recret process discovered and practiced by an extensive poteto gromer at Genesce,



rated for the great le and healthfulless. Assures the food sent a sium and all Prins of Malifertine common to the cheap brands, MUYAL BAKING POW DRH CO., New York.

DATS AND PEAS!

"We have hardly come to an under standing of a suitable rotation of soiling crops and the methods of handling them before the summer silo offers itself as a rival to the soiling system.

self as a rival to the solling system. This new method obviates some of the objections to soiling, It is cheaper to handle a whole crop at once than in fragments every day in all weathers. The handling of the crop is concentrated and therefore cheapened. The ground is promptly cleared for the next crop. If spring grown crops can be matured and spring grown crops can be matured and harvested into the empty and sile in time to meet the midsemmer drought, we are saving expense in several direc-tions. Under our conditions this can be done," writes a Connecticut farmer to Rural New Yorker. Following are ad-

ditional gleanings from the same so The oat and pea crop here is prepar for and sown in the same manner as oute are alone. About 1 1-2 bushels of such per acre are sown. As far as the stage for cutting is concerned, I look for the time when the oats are going out of the milk and the peas are pretty well podded, although the matter is more often decided. by the lodging of the crop. When consid-

erable of the crop goes down, the somer it is cut the better.

Our silo is 15 feet square and 20 deep.

In winter we feed 22 or . 35 cattle from the top of it, and in cool weather this does well enough. But in summer we does well enough. But in summer we feed some half dozen less, and with the hot weather one-half the above surface would be plenty large enough. For a summer sile I would say, therefore, get as much depth as possible and not more than six or seven square feet per animal of top surface. If a sile is airtight and frostproof, it will exclude warm, air as well as cold, and the only point of attack and of resustance will be from the top.

the top. We have put in out, and pea ensilage whole as it was cut in the field, and cut whole as it was cut in the field, and cut into 1 1-2 inch lengths. In either case the ensilage was as salistable as the best corn ensilage. We not considerable on the outside from fifty mold because we had not sufficient pressure to pack it tightly. If there is a preponderance of osts in the crop, it should go into the silo very wet, as the hollow straw carries so much effects moisture is necessary. Generally speaking, the crop should be carted as fast as cut. We have put outs and peas into our empty corn. put oats and peas into our empty corn sile four on five times, and, while there is yet much to learn, I believe that the practice will, before many years, have as firm a hold as the corn sile.

Feeding Rock.

Where the farmer, hes rough folder, that he must feed out, advantage can be taken on many THE BIA

sunny days of this liking on the part of the stock, for out of door, cating. An edily such only of door feeding is shown in the cut here reproduced from

Tribune. It can be reached by the stock from four sides and the last mouthful cap be reached, as the bottom is close in to the post in the center. With the sides spread still more, large stock can feed from the outside and smaller stock farther in under the sides. These sides are made of sep-arate pieces, four in all, and each side is held up by ropes or chains attached to the post. The sides may book together at the bottom.

Fountaln Peps.

As long ago as 1824 the fountain pens were in use, for in that year Thomas Jefferson saw a contrivance of this sort, tried it and wrote to General Bernard Peyton of Richtoond, asking him to get one of them. The pen was of gold and the tak tube of silver, and, according to Jefferson's letter, the maker was a Richmond watch repairer named Cowan. The price, be understood, was fivepence. The first American patent for a fountain pen was granted in 1830 to one Douglass Hyde, but the earliest English patent was issued 21 years before.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Farmer Hoey-I hear your wife took a prize at the county fair for

an iced cabe. Farmer Rakes-Sure

"Did they cut it?" "Cut it! They couldn't break it with an ax if they tried. That same cake has been taking prizes for the last eight years." - Youhers States