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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXIV. GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1898. NO. 10.

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—AND—
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All kinds Commercial Printing, Pamphlets, Posters, &c., neatly and promptly executed at lowest prices.

PRICE $2.25—READ ON!
No. 0923. Brass Trimmed White Enameled Bedstead, made in 54, 48, 42 and 36 inch widths—length 75 inches. It has one-inch pillars, two inch brass vases and caps. This bed retails at from 5 to 6 dollars.
Buy of the maker and save the middleman's profits. Our Catalogues are mailed for the asking. Complete lines of Furniture, Draperies, Crockery, Pictures, Mirrors, Stoves, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, Lamps, Bedding, etc., are contained in these books. Our Lithographed Carpet Catalogue showing all goods in hand-painted colors is also free; if Carpet samples are wanted mail us 5c. in stamps. Drop a postal at once to the money-savers and remember that we pay freight this month on purchases of Carpets, Lace Curtains, Portiers and Rugs amounting to $5 and over.
Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

Flower and Garden Seeds. Large lot of Flower Bulbs To arrive in a Few days.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Don't fail to try Holmes' Pills.

Drugs, fine candy, &c.
CATES & CO.,
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Livery, Sale AND Feed STABLES.

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Teams meet all trains. Good single or double teams. Charges moderate. 2-28-6m

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law
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DR. J. R. STOCKARD,
Dentist,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Office at residence, opposite Baptist Church.
Best work at reasonable prices.
In office Mondays and Saturdays.

Elkin Times: A young man in Yadkin county procured his bride and license and was married by a Madison county justice. When the papers were returned to Register Hall, he informed the groom that his marriage was illegal. This aroused the spleen of the Madison justice who declared that, as he was under the civil service, the rite was legitimate. Truly a tree is known by its fruit and the fusion legislature by its justices.

A Wonderful Discovery.
The last quarter of a century records many wonderful discoveries in medicine, but none that have accomplished more for humanity than that sterling old household remedy, Browns' Iron Bitters. It seems to contain the very elements of good health, and neither man, woman or child can take it without deriving the greatest benefit. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

Prof. E. B. Lewis, superintendent of Concord graded schools, is a Kinston man and a member of the Naval Reserves in that town. Some days ago Prof. Lewis was notified to hold himself in readiness to go on duty with the Naval Reserves in case of hostilities. He tried to get released but failed and now he expects to have to report for duty at any time.

LOVE'S SWEET REWARD.

I care not for the thorny way,
Though skies bend black above me.
The dark sings sweetly to the day,
"You love me, dear—you love me!"

The winter blossoms as the May,
And sweetest birds are singing,
The storm hath still the rainbow's ray,
And all life's bells are ringing,

And bright the night and dear the day,
With stars or storms above me,
While life shall sing and death shall say,
"You love me, dear—you love me!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Gentlemen, I am at a loss for words. In saying you have done me too much honor tonight I mean we are apt to forget that the opportunity to take his tide at the flood does not come to every struggler. Now, mine—the speaker's voice had halted curiously for a moment—well, it spells an actor's story that is perhaps without parallel. There—never, never should I forget it—that day, I mean, when as a few of us were waiting listlessly for instructions at the new suburban theater our brusque old manager panted in with a face as white as it was worried. And it was to me he beckoned.

"Quick! This way, Strang!" And I went after him into one of the dressing rooms. "Here's a go!" he blazed out. I see his arms waving now. "Here's the place alive with posters and expectation, the curtain bound to go up in five hours to a packed house, and no one in the wide world to play Karl Angel. No one! The opening night! It means ruin in a suburb like this." Up and down he went striding, while I gasped, for Karl Angel, as you know, was the pick of the parts in "The Unknown Knight." "Every one dying to hear Norman Caffyn, and here comes a note to say he can't possibly take it tonight—had an upset or some fine thing. I wire off to Wentworth, the man understudying him all along, and back comes the confounded reply that he's left home for nobody knows where. Strang!" He stopped and faced me. "You're not the pushing man I thought."

"I'll play it," I said. The room had seemed to whirl round, but I believe I snapped my teeth on the words. At last, yes, but a man's heart may sink very low while he waits on chance. He knew well enough I had studied the role from the very first, but he had always given this Wentworth the preference and poohpoohed my every desperate attempt to rise superior to those deadening minor parts

"You will! You must! There's no one else to take it. There, do your level best, and I shan't forget it; neither will the public. Hang it, though, it means a half empty house tonight anyway, with Caffyn out of the cast. I suppose I'm bound to stick up a notice. And what about the things—the helmet, mail shirt and all? Annoying! I must send—no, go yourself for them. You can compare notes. Here's his address—the Strand hotel. Hurry off. You're quite sure of yourself, Strang?" he fumed nervously, and I spun round hotly. A thought had flashed through me. Blake's estimation of a man's powers was notoriously worth having in those days.

"Am I? Well, so sure, Mr. Blake," I said, closing the door, "that if Mr. Caffyn himself only consented no one but our three selves need know there has been any change for the one night. Certainly I mean it. If that can alter your fixed opinion of me, I'll play Norman Caffyn and Karl Angel, too, so that you or any one else will never see a difference. I could be ill—any one could take my part—and you can have your full house and advertisement. Is that agreed?"

"Nonsense; you couldn't. Never heard of such a thing," he whispered, staring at me. Perhaps there was something in my determined front that day that impressed him. "You would? Well, if you think he—it's the opening night, too—there, I won't say either way. You must see Caffyn. I'll give you two hours. The idea!"

Yes, the queer, daring idea! That was at 3 o'clock. An hour later, with the chance of my lifetime thrust into my hands, I had reached the city and was in a train on my way to Peckham. Short as was the time and thrilling the occasion, I meant to call home first and tell my young wife what a wonderful thing had happened. She, who had so often cheered me on, and brightened hours as dark for her as for me, she should know, and be at the theater that night to see my first real bid for success! Never nervous, I could do it, I knew—but to come on as Caffyn himself, and play Karl Angel as he alone was supposed to be able to play it! In our height, size and pitch of voice, there was not a deal of difference—that was why it had occurred to me to study his part at the outset. But would Caffyn dream of allowing it? I could hardly dare expect it. Whether or no, that night's work would send me springing up the slippery ladder, I knew. Hurrah!

"Nance, Nance!" I went up those stairs three at a time—the prospect seemed to have made another man of me, and she—when she dropped that everlasting needlework and swayed up in a maze, I remember I held her at arms' length. "It's a guinea a kiss today!" I laughed. And then, touched by the look on her pale, dazed face—we had had a real struggle to beat back the wolf—I calmed down. "I'm quite sane, dearie! You said my chance would come; it has—the very night the new theater opens! Say nothing to anybody, but be there by 8, and see if you know the man who plays Karl Angel."

A few more quick breaths of explanation and then I ran out—leaving her in a fit of tears and laughter together—and was hurrying westward to see Norman Caffyn. Great actor as he was, I had no sense of presumption at the time, but simply sent up a card marked "urgent." I recollect, though, it did seem dreamlike as I was shown up the grand staircase to his sitting room—still more so when, as he opened the door, I found him dressed, smoking a cigar and looking precisely as usual—except, I thought, a trifle startled.

"Oh, it's you!" He seemed relieved. "What's up? You're to take my place tonight—you! Ah, of course, you—why, what about Wentworth? Surely"—

"He's not to be found. Sorry to hear of your indisposition, Mr. Caffyn," I said, wondering a little what it all meant.

"Oh, no, you're not!" He turned away rather sharply. Truth to tell, it seemed to have made another man of him at once that the thing was more or less a sham—but that was purely his own business. "It's a rare chance for you. Of course, you happened to have just the cut and style. Wentworth not to be had. Queer! That's a bit of pique, I'll wager—he rather annoyed me some time ago and I had to remind him that he was only number two. And so you've come for the things? There they are, in that trunk, just as they were packed after the Midland tour. Take it as it stands. By Jove! I reckon, then," he went on absently, "Blake is a good deal put out? Has he posted an intimation?"

"No, Mr. Caffyn," I said, quickly, walking up close. "He has not, because I've taken the liberty of telling him there was no need—that I can take both parts." It was cut, and curious enough it sounded, but I gave him no time to gasp, and ran on with a tense coolness that must have startled him. "I'm not playing the fool, Mr. Caffyn; I shall not disgrace your reputation! For years Blake has refused me an opening, as you know, and today I have as good as challenged him to this. The notion came into my head, and I can do it—if you'll let me. This one night! No one knows of your note, and"—

"No one knows!" he put in breathlessly, catching my arm. "Why, it's the"— There he stopped. If I had made some dreadful proposal, he could hardly have turned whiter. "No, I—I couldn't think of it," he said, and sat down. For a minute or so I stood there staring at him, and then he turned round. "All right, have your whim, man," he whispered. "Let the house find it out for themselves. Go on! Hold hard, Strang!"

I had just snatched up the trunk, with a hoarse "Thanks for that, sir!" and was opening the door, when he sprang up and blurted out. He had a hand to his forehead.

"No, I've just recollected—I shall want that mail shirt and helmet and the rest for the fancy dress ball at the club tonight!" That was it. We stood looking at each other; I could hardly play the part without them—especially in that last famous duel scene, where the unknown knight lifts his visor and stands revealed as Karl Angel.

"There, what's to be done? It starts at 12, and I'm bound to be there," he went on, staring past me very strangely. "Ah, I know! Look here, don't stop to change, but as soon as the curtain drops, jump into a cab and come straight here. I shall just have time to get into them and be at the club by 12. Now, don't forget, Strang, I want them to time particularly. Dash off the moment you've killed your man and gripped the verdict of the house."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Caffyn; rely on that."

I was out, and making back to the railway station in a whirl. Imagine! I seemed to be treading on air; I wanted to give a great shout—but it was the time, if over, to keep desperately cool. I had meant to run back home and see Nance—there was something more I had to say to her, but there would only be just time enough to purchase one or two little things I must have, snatch a tea, freshen my memory by a glance through the "ones," and then—and then prepare to realize and eclipse the wildest dream I ever dreamed. For tonight I was Caffyn himself—and tonight I was to play Karl Angel.

By 6 o'clock I had seen Blake. By half past I had slipped into a dressing room and locked the door. At a minute to 8, when the callboy's voice sounded above the finale of the orchestra, I stepped out, ready. One of the supers, as I passed close, touched his forehead.

"Good evening, Mr. Caffyn!"

* * * * * * *

Eleven o'clock and all over! A glorious success, that was ending in a prolonged shout as the curtain went slowly down! And I—sick with the intoxication, with the certain knowledge that I had made never a palpable slip and more than justified my claims—I stood, my foot on the chest of my prone opponent, lifting my sword in one hand and with the other clasping the maiden whose cause I had championed and won. Yes, at that moment I could understand what Caffyn felt every night—what it was to be an idol of the people, if only for an hour.

"Caffyn, Caffyn! Bravo, Caffyn!" they were shouting, and up rolled the curtain for the third time, then down, and it was all over.

I strode "off." Blake was waiting. One smile, and he pressed my hand. "Bravo it is, Strang! He ought to have been here—it'll leak out! Take my word for it, you need never look back now! Superb!"

But it was Nance I wanted to see. She was there in front, and her eyes would be swimming with sheer pride, I knew well. I was making for the dressing room—and then I suddenly recollected what I had promised Caffyn. Slipping on my hat and overcoat, I stuffed the helmet and my own clothes into the trunk, scribbled a note of explanation and gave it to the callboy to take round to where Nance waited and hurried out into the street. There was an empty hansom just moving past the theater.

"Strand hotel, sir? Right—inside 30 minutes!" I remember I sank back on the seat, my heart still thumping away. It was more than likely Caffyn had been a little curious to see what my "make up" was like. He should—he should open his door and see his "double" that night. An ejaculation of approval or surprise from his lips would complete the day's triumph. And wouldn't Nance be waiting at home in a fever! Bless her heart!

The cab stopped, I gripped the trunk and went to step out. I heard a boy say, "Look, ain't that Caffyn, the actor?" and laughed to myself. What then? The rest seems still more like an awful, incredible dream. Looking back afterward to realize, it seemed to me that I had hardly taken a stride across the pavement when a figure darted forward and intercepted me dead. It all happened in a mere flash of time. I know I took in a glimpse of a dead white face that I knew and of two eyes that shone with a vindictive light. Then simultaneously a husky hiss:

"I warned you! Take it!"

I never saw the pistol go up. There was no time to grapple with him or even to swerve an inch by instinct. A flash, a bang—something had struck me fall in the chest. A noise of rushing feet, a whirl of dancing stars, a sound of distant shouting—and then for me heaven and earth had come together with a crash.

* * *

"Save him, doctor—bring him to before his wife comes! That shot was meant for me. I've acted the coward and villain. Oh, save him you must! I couldn't stand exposure!"

That broken voice—was it Norman Caffyn's? Where was I—what had happened? I lay in a deadly yet sweet lethargy, not even able to open my eyes, just conscious that I had partly struggled back to life and that some one was plucking at my chest. Then another voice, cool and reassuring:

"You need not. Don't you excite yourself, sir! There you are—a mere flesh wound that'll be well in a fortnight. This mail shirt affair has simply saved his life—the bullet only just got through it. There was an intense shock to the heart, an access of blood to the brain, and now—this brandy and a little quiet ought to put him right. There, he's coming round. I'll send down and tell them there's nothing much the matter. And they let the scoundrel get clear away!"

"Clear away before the policeman got near." Aye, that was Caffyn's sunken voice. I moved a hand, and in a trice both his own had closed convulsively upon it. "Strang, old chap—thank heaven! I've sent for her—there was a card in your pocket. There's been a miracle at work all round. I only know you were to save my life tonight. Oh, I'll never forgive myself—I was a skunk to let you go like that. I don't know what made me do it, but I was frightened, unnerved. I wanted to know, and you put the idea into my head. There's no one here now. Who was it?"

Then I recollected, and the mere remembrance of that mad, vindictive face—Wentworth's face—brought oblivion again. It must have lasted a long time, because when at last I muttered, "Where's Nance?" the tight pressure of two arms round my neck told me that I need not ask again. Nance was there—and I had played Karl Angel that night to a crowded house—and the beginning perhaps of some great end had come for me. "I'm all right," they say I whispered. "Let me go to sleep now."

Yes, it was a night of miracles—a chapter of interweaved coincidences. Not a newspaper had got at the truth that next morning. Caffyn had contrived that. There was only a brief, garbled account of an assault by an unknown miscreant upon a gentleman entering the Strand hotel and a vague reference to the bullet having been turned by some providential means. Caffyn himself did not glean Wentworth's name from me till that next morning, and then, for reasons of his own, he begged me not to tell a living soul, so that, as far as I know, his would be murderer has not been publicly identified with the man who had understudied him for years and who may now be repenting his despicable attempt in some far corner of the earth.

Certain it must be that the shot was intended for Norman Caffyn and no other. A series of menacing letters, hinting at violence of some sort, had reached him, but he never so much as dreamed that Wentworth had inspired them. How should he? Then finally there had come on that eventful morning one containing these words: "Your star still rises, while mine still hangs. Make the most of Karl Angel tonight—you will never reach home alive!" That was it. Half incredulous, but really scared, Caffyn, a superstitious man, had simply resolved not to stir from his hotel for the next 24 hours, while yet he was ashamed of his fear and the facts becoming known. Then I had called with that astounding proposition, and—you can guess at the rest. A very human impulse—a sudden vague idea that by taking advantage of this extraordinary coincidence, as it seemed then, he might somehow learn whether there was anything in the veiled threat, and—well, there, I like to believe that he honestly never realized what really was working in his mind that day when he allowed me to personate himself. That he had some distinct foreshadowing of danger either at the theater itself or upon leaving it was evident from the fact that, just in time, that idea of the fancy dress ball had shot into his confused brain. Were I to be attacked in any way by mistake, that mail shirt—well, to tell the truth, it was an idea that he had more than once adopted as a precaution himself. Only to know—that was his one wild thought that morning.

But I—I prefer to forget all that. I try to think only of the golden side of that strange day when, playing Karl Angel, I was made to come between Norman Caffyn and death. Why, if a debt was there, he paid it in full measure long before he was taken from our midst; to him, if to any man, I owe the opening which has led me on to—well, to this! To his memory! In more ways than one, gentlemen, he leaves a blank that can never be filled up!—London Tit-Bits.

New Uses For Greenhouses.

The decreased cost of constructing and managing greenhouses is leading to a great multiplication of their number, and, as another result of the uses to which they are put, American Cultivator reports that a Philadelphia owner of numerous greenhouses for which he could not find profitable use devoted several to the growing of potatoes. Of course in rich soil and with abundant warmth and moisture the crop was very large. He had homegrown potatoes as early as they could be brought from the south and made a fair profit by selling at the same price per peck as new potatoes brought per bushel a few weeks later.

Fermented Honey.

In Langstroth's revised edition occurs the following: "If any honey should ferment, let no one think that it is spoiled, unless it was really unripe and has turned quite sour. A slight amount of alcoholic ferment can be evaporated readily by melting the honey over water, when the ferment escapes in the shape of foam. As this fermentation is caused by the presence of unripe honey, some of our friends succeed in entirely preventing it by melting all their honey immediately after granulation. The melting evaporates all excess of moisture contained in it, and we highly commend this method."

A Draft at Sight.

They were speaking at the club of drafts at sight.

"It is absolutely cruel, a draft at sight."

"Bah! That depends. Do the way I do. When anybody presents a draft at sight to me, I always shut my eyes."—Gaulois.

CABBAGE CULTURE.

How Cabbage Is Best Grown by the Average Farmer—Early Varieties.

"The cabbage is a vegetable which is almost as important to the average farmer in some of the more closely settled portions of the country as it is to the market gardener. It is grown by both, but with the difference that now that cabbages are grown and sold so cheaply it is farmers who mainly supply the late market, while early cabbages are started under glass and are sometimes grown altogether in hothouses where they are planted in early winter and made ready by forcing for the spring market.

"Only those who have hothouses can profitably grow the very early cabbages. But there are some early varieties that can be started in the open ground or in the simplest constructed hotbeds and be ready for transplanting where they are to grow during some wet weather in May or June." In addition to the foregoing, The American Cultivator says:

Among these varieties we have found the Early Wakefield and the Early Winningstadt superior. The Winningstadt is a good cabbage for both early and late use. Since the cabbage worm has been prevalent, we know farmers who do not care to grow any other variety than this. It has a conical head, so hard and its outer leaves so tightly bound together that the white butterfly which lays the eggs of the cabbage worm cannot easily penetrate beneath the leaves, and therefore passes this variety by when there are other cabbages on which her eggs may be laid. But it is far better to grow several kinds of cabbage and rely on keeping the cabbage worms in check either by trapping the white millers that lay the eggs, or by depositing fine wheat flour on the heads after the worms are hatched. The miller is very active, but with a scoop net, such as naturalists use for catching insects, a good many millers may be caught in the early morning or when dew begins to fall at night.

With the proviso that the cabbage worm and its parent are to be killed or caught, we would advise always to grow some of the Savoy varieties of cabbage. These are all curly leaved, but they are extremely tender when cooked and enough better in flavor to amply justify the extra trouble it requires to grow them.

A Substantial Feed Trough.

A very strong trough may be made of sawed lumber, as shown in the accompanying cut from The Prairie Farmer. For every three feet length of trough use a plank support 2 feet or 2½ feet long, 12 inches wide and 2 inches thick. Saw out from the middle of each piece

A FEED TROUGH.

a right angled, triangular piece with the sides forming a square of the same length. Use boards an inch thick for the sides and nail the trough together as usual with the triangles sawed out of the two inch stuff for ends. Now set the trough in the angles sawed out, but far enough away from the end piece to nail from the inside of the trough into the supports, and put the triangle sawed from the supports for the center, and nail that after cutting enough from the bottom corner to let water run through.

Crows and Corn.

A correspondent of Country Gentleman says in regard to preventing crows from pulling corn: What will prevent in one section seems to fail in others. In my section images and twine are played out. The crows have become accustomed to them and will not respect them. One of my neighbors told me he left his coat hanging on a twine pole while he went to his dinner. When he came back he found a blackbird sitting on his coat as a sentinel to others pulling his corn. I will give what is effectual with me and it is so simple all may try it: Take old newspapers, some five or more to the acre; lay them on the ground, only one thickness; put a lump of earth or stone in the middle so the ends may move with the wind. Put them on elevated places if the ground is uneven, as the rain and dew will soon dry out, so the corners can move with the wind. You can renew them occasionally if required. This I think will be effectual in sections where it is not already played out. A neighbor had a field adjoining mine and images, twine, tin and shingles failed. He had to replant several times, while papers protected mine, not a single spear being harmed. This remedy is also effectual to keep woodchucks and rabbits from beans and peas.

What Others Say.

It is stated that as a rule good sugar beets can be grown on any soil which will produce a satisfactory crop of wheat, corn or potatoes. Fairly level soil, well drained, is essential for best results.

Go slow about using a heavy roller on damp ground in the spring, when rains are frequent, remarks The Farm Journal.

As to the green tomato worm, Vick says the custom is to inspect the plants frequently and remove the worms by hand and destroy them. They are large, plainly to be seen and never in great numbers.

"The tendency now is to plant and till our hoed crops in drills rather than in hills, and wholly to discard the hand hoe, and to make such culture really effective and leave the field weedless until harvest the horse weeder is really a necessity," says an Ohio Farmer correspondent.

Oats and barley were exported in greatly increased quantities last year to meet foreign deficiencies. Rye also shows a notable gain.

Southern and Western stock men know a good thing when they see it therefore for scratches, sweeny, ring-born, strains, sprains, bruises, saddle and harness galls and ailments of horses, they use Rice's Goose rease Liniment, it is good for man as beast. Sold and guaranteed by all druggists and general stores.

CASTORIA.
The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

NEW JERSEY ROAD LAWS.

Farmers Pleased With the Workings of the State Aid Law.

MR. E. G. Harrison, special agent and road expert of the United States office of road inquiry, delivered an address before the recent assembly of the League of American Wheelmen on the subject, "What the New Jersey Farmers Think of State Aid." His address follows:

"The 1,200 miles of free turnpikes, or permanent roads, as they are now called in the New Jersey state aid act, speak for themselves and are lasting monuments of the New Jersey farmers' efforts to advance their material interests and progress in civilization. The state pays one-third of the cost; the petitioners, being owners of one-third of the lineal feet fronting on the road, pay 10 per cent, and the county in which the road to be improved is located the balance. The first annual appropriation by the state was $20,000 and then $75,000. This was followed by $100,000, and this year they are asking for $300,000. If this is granted, being supplemented by two-thirds more from the counties and local districts, it will make the sum to be expended next year $900,000, which will give New Jersey 300 miles of road in the year. This shows what the New Jersey farmers think of the state aid act.

"Let me give you some of the benefits derived from good roads constructed under this act:

"First.—The increased loads hauled to market. Before the construction of good roads the truck market wagons carried from 40 to 50 baskets drawn by two horses. These are now substituted by wagons carrying from 160 to 180 baskets drawn by the same number of horses. Formerly a ton was considered a full load for two horses; now three and four tons are dawn by two horses on these improved roads.

"Second.—The ease and comfort in carriage riding for business as well as pleasure on these roads. This makes a demand for real estate for suburban residences.

"Third.—More regular attendance at schools, making it practicable to consolidate smaller schools with larger ones and establishing higher graded schools in the rural districts.

"Fourth.—Churches, lectures, concerts and entertainments in the country, which will sustain and increase the social advantages.

"Fifth.—Increase of mail facilities and rural free delivery rendered practicable.

"Sixth.—The free distribution and collection of books of the state library by wagon service in rural districts as recommended by the governor.

"Seventh.—The general prosperity, contentedness and happiness of the people residing in sections having systems of permanent roads.

"Eighth.—Applications are now on file in the New Jersey state commissioner of roads office for over 600 miles of road awaiting state appropriations."

USE OF ROAD MACHINES.

Except In Grading and Smoothing They Should Be Sparingly Employed.

Road machines are adapted to the work of the quick and economical removal of earth from the sides to the middle of roads, and they are excellent for smoothing up a rutted road provided the blade of the machine is inclined backward instead of forward, as in common use. I will only speak of the former use, writes C. E. Pettee of the New Hampshire agricultural experiment station. If it is necessary to remove earth to the center from the sides, the road machine may be profitably used, but it is not always desirable to do this to a road. A road surface should be hard, smooth and properly shaped. Months of travel are frequently necessary to consolidate the material on a road surface. This should not be ruthlessly torn up or covered with sods and sand each year for the sake of making people think that something is being done. In ordinary cases, outside of villages, we cannot obtain grade in any way so cheaply or well as by the employment of a road machine, but when a piece of road is once taken in hand a thorough job should be done.

The road should be properly shaped clear to the side ditches and then covered with sufficient good gravel to smooth over and bind together the sods, sand, stones, etc., brought in from the ditches.

In any county town raising an average of $25 or more per mile do not use a road machine upon a main thoroughfare without following with the cart to cover sods, stones, etc., with good surfacing material. If the entire road cannot be completed in one year, do the worst places first, especially the hills, rounding them up and obtaining as hard a surface as possible. Leave the completion of the work for the following year. Thereafter, with the occasional exception of repairing damages by freshets, keep the road machine largely at home, doing enough each year with the cart, or simply with the shovel, to hold the road where it has been placed. On level or nearly level ground this work will be found very slight, provided only a good surfacing material is available and the traffic is not of the largest amount or heaviest kind. The constant passage of stone and other heavy teams is very trying even to a good road.

Hills, particularly steep ones, require constant attention and expenditure; hence a strong argument in favor of permanently cutting down grades.

Believes In Good Roads.

I have seen so much of the benefits of good roads and of the advance in the value of property along their lines that I see the possibility of building even a great national thoroughfare costing $10,000 or $20,000 a mile and building it ultimately out of its own benefits by a temporary use of the government or state credit to tide over until those benefits can be realized.—General Roy Stone.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay requied. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at T. A. Albright & Co.'s drug store.

TWO BIG STORES
Under One Management.

SAMPLE BROWN MERCANTILE CO., of Greensboro, want the people of Alamance to know that they now have an immense stock of NEW SPRING GOODS, embracing as nice, stylish, up to date stuff as is kept by any house in N. C. In their dry goods house, 234 South Elm St. you will find everything in

Dress Goods, Trimmings, Notions, Hosiery, Silks, Carpets, Mattings, etc.

At 225 South Elm St. they have by far the largest stock

OF FINE SHOES

carried by any house in the State. You are earnestly requested to call on us when in Greensboro or order what you want with the understanding that if goods and prices are not satisfactory money will be cheerfully refunded.

Sample Brown Mercantile Co.,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

MILLINERY!

We have just returned from the North with the newest of new styles and the lowest of low prices. Give us a call and be convinced and let us show you what we can do for you.

We are now located in the new store of B. A. Sellars & Son, and are no longer known as Mrs. M. A. Walker & Co., but as

Misses SELLARS & MORROW,
BURLINGTON, N. C.

INSURANCE!

I wish to call the attention of insurers in Alamance county to the fact that the Burlington Insurance Agency, established in 1893 by the late firm of Tate & Albright, is still in the ring.

There is no insurance agency in North Carolina with better facilities for placing large lines of insurance, that can give lower rates or better indemnity. Only first-class companies, in every branch of the business, find a lodgement in my office. With a practical experience of more than ten years, I feel warranted in soliciting a share of the local patronage. I guarantee full satisfaction in every instance. Correspondence solicited upon all matters pertaining to insurance.

I am making a specialty of Life Insurance and will make it to the interest of all who desire protection for their families or their estates, or who wish to make absolutely safe and profitable investment, to confer with me before giving their applications to other agents.

Very respectfully,
JAMES P. ALBRIGHT,
BURLINGTON, N. C.

$2.68 PANTS

None Better For the Money, Very Few As Good.

$2.68 Pants Exclusively.
We try to do but one thing, but we do that one thing better, do more economically and move expeditiously than anybody else does it. The lowness of our price and the high value of our Pants are convincing proofs.

$2.68, That's All.
but you're often paid $4.00 for Pants not near so good.

You'll Always wear Noell's $2.68 If you wear them once.
M'f'd by Noell Bros. Pants Co., Roxboro, N. C.
—FOR SALE BY—
HOLT & WHARTON.

J. M. HAYES,
BURLINGTON, N. C.,
SELLS
Wheeler and Wilson
NO. 9
He needs no introduction to the people of Alamance.

HOUSEHOLD
Sewing Machine.

Mr. Lewis Boone sold over 700 in Alamance county some years ago. They were good then—but much improved since then. We sell the kind that was made up to three years ago at

$25.00 to $35.00. Brand New Ones, Too. But We Call Them "Marguerite."

While the latest style—the very best—with latest improved presserfoot, with steel attachments, we sell at $35.00, $40.00 and $45.00, and they are beauties too. We guarantee them 10 YEARS. It's our loss if they fail to do your work, not yours. Machines from $5 up in stock. We trade for old machines or repair them.

ELLIS FURNITURE CO.,
C. B. ELLIS, Manager. Burlington, N. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of A. A. Thompson, deceased, all persons indebted to estate of deceased are requested to make immediate payment and all persons holding claims against said deceased must present them on or before April 1st, 1899, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This 1st of March, 1898.
G. S. THOMPSON, Adm'r.
Mar. 31-6t. Graham, N. C.