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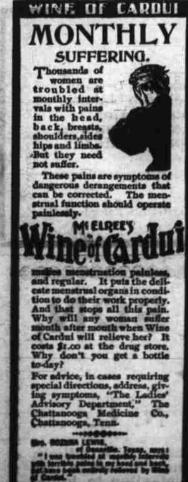
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THE LOST ORDERLY.

VOL. XXIV.

It was not yet noon, but the running Ight which had disturbed the solitude of the Buttes since early morning was over. The troop had scattered after them with a great deal of threatening and intentionally wild firing, but it was no part of Captain Pillogg's orders to unduly slay or even harass. His detire was merely to impress "the fear of God and Washington" upon the deluded

their fold. Besides, after the morning's amusement, the hot sun made rest wel-"Sound the recall," said Pillogg to his senior trumpeter, and at once threw himself from his horse, lay at full length on the grass and produced his

tribe and drive them back like sheep to

flask and cigar case. The bugle sang brightly over the plain, and as its clear command filled the distant hollows and rang from bluff to bluff the distant shouting and firing gradually ceased. While the captain puffed his cigar at case, and the trumpeter stood holding the horses beside him, the roar of the first sergeant forming the troop came to their ears, and in a few minutes, with much snorting of excited horses and clatter of steel, the men came galloping back in, column of fours, formed company front

swiftly and halted. "Call the roll," said Captain Pillogg, remounting, and the first sergeant, drawing a paper from his blue shirt pocket, faced the men and rattled off the names, while the officer eyed each man critically as he answered. "Here." There were some casualties. One man was badly hurt by a shot in the side; others were scratched but one alone was missing. The captain, who had led the fight in the beginning of the affair, thought consolingly of the number of Indians bowled over, who had mostly been carried off by their comrades. The first sergeant swung his horse about and

"One man missing, sir," he reported "the second trumpeter, Thomas Cox." "Anybody know anything about him? Anybody see him drop?"

A trooper replied that Tommy was riding hard mouthed Rip and in the pursuit appeared to have all he could do to hold the borse in. The trooper opined that Rip, being half crazy at the best of times, had gone mad with excitement and borne Tommy Cox "into the next county." The captain had just ordered the sergeant to detail a corporal and men to look up the missing when from the direction of the Indians' flight there came a med batter of hoofs and a shout. Up charged the missing bugler, a smooth faced lad, with saber rattling wildly against his side, his bugle pound-ing his back and his bridle hand, though touching the rein, evidently powerless to control his foaming, wild eyed horse, who dashed pellmell into the troop and came to a standstill only when it had jammed itself between two bruised and carsing troopers. Tommy's right arm desperately embraced a wriggling bundle of dirty shirt and red brown skin, and from this bundle came a hideous cession of bowls and snarling lamen tations. The troopers leaned forward on their horses' necks to look, and at once there ran from right to left a rumble of sardonic laughter.

"What is that, sir" the captain asked and peered disgustedly at the bundle.
"Please, siz," said Tommy, a year in

"No, sir," said Tommy, very red and anxious. "But he's such a little devil, an he's hurt, an I-I'm afraid I've killed his father, so I—I thought I'd bring him along. Oh, ah, oh!"

The wriggling Indian child had writhed about until it got Tommy's hand between its teeth and was now biting like a rat. When the next man in ranks overcame his laughter suffi-

ciently to release the bugler, the captain was smiling.
"You killed the father, ch? How did it happen you did not keep up with the

Tommy, eager to excuse himself, and hot at the laughter of the grizzled troop,

hastily explained. "Rip got a bit the best of me," he jerked out, "an ran wild. We lost sight of the other fellows, sir, an over there the horse bolted up a cooly, There was an Injun without a pony, an this kid on his back, running ahead, an se turned an fired on me. So I fired back with my revolver, an (Tommy grinned with modest pride) I dropped the son—dropped him, sir, deader than stuffing. This here kid howled; I guess the bullet grassed him. An—an I got Rip in hand an dismounted an took the kid; he fought like a wildost, an

the bites—jing, can't he bite!"
"If you'd taken the rifle it would have been more sensible," Pillogg drawled. "What do you want to do with him?"

"He can't walk, sir," Tommy pro-tested, "an I was kinder sorry for him. He's so durned cute when he wrastles an bites an—an he'd die if I lef' him there all night."

The captain turned away. "When those beggars have come to their senses again," he said, "they'll send for him. You can bring him along if you'll guarantee to nurse him. "Ten-tion! Right forward, fours right,

In this manner the Weasel was brought to Fort S and introduced to the mysteries of civilization. His fa-ther and mother dead, none of his tribe ther and mother dead, none of his tribe claimed him, and Toramy Cox, the bugler, became, despite of the men's frequent josts, a father, tutor and friend to him. Toramy was yet young enough to retain great freshness of soul and simplicity of heart. The fact that he had shot the little savage's father and made an orphan of the Wessel weighed upon his conscience, and he was very spon his conscience, and he was very upon his conscience, and he was very sealons in his care of the Indian. Nevertheless, a 7-year-old redskin is a troublesome anomaly in the garrison, where the women of laundress row looked on him as they might upon the direct spawn of the devil, hadling their own offspring from him when the Wessel would have shared their games. Had they had their way the boy would have been sent back to the reservation.

A powerful influence was exerted, however, in the Wessel's behalf, an influence than which none greater was

name to which she never answered), to the horror of all the laundresses took a fancy to the Weasel, and at once adopted him as her own special protege. from the colonel's knee with her arm round his neck, invariably was accepted as a post order, and the Weasel's po-

"You're a dreadful wicked little saynge," said Toonie, seated on the colonel's porch, with the Wearel squatting in front of her, his big, black eyes solemnly staring into the depths of her pretty blue eyes. Everybody does—everybody I like. You've black eyes. bim so carolessly he was a dream. It must have been a dream, or the chill young lady in the parlor he had left, who had told black eyes is savage. Did you care anybody? If you were to scalp me, my father would kill you-he would, with a pistol and sword, because he says my hair is the prettiest in the world. You've black hair. It's not pretty, it's savage. Ain't you glad I'm taking care of you, little boy? Because it's not your fault you was borned an Injun, and if you're

blue and pretty like mine.
"Papa!" she cried in the first enthusiasm of her liking for the little savage. 'Now I'm a real, real colonel, just like you. I'm going to have an orderly. And, please, papa, may be bave a uni

The laundresses and all others ill disposed toward the little Indian had now no word to say. Toonie's orderly belistance behind, for Toonie was nothin his place—on her sudden dashes, pony back, into the surrounding country he returned, as he did several times, after running away in search of savage freedom, it was to stand meekly and mournfully before Toonie's tearful re-buke. For Tommy Cox he had a regard, varied by sudden outbursts of passionate disobedience; to Toonie his devotion was always unbrokenly simple and doglike in its faithfulness. Sometimes the officers joked the little maid on her or derly, but never after the year in which she was 9 and the Weasel about 10.

She had dashed away on one of, her willful trips of exploration, followed at a gallop by the Weasel. It was glaring summer time, and by the river far from the post grew big red plums in succulent profusion, cool and juicy. To feast on these at leisure the girl dismounted, and the Weasel tied the poules to a tree. He was not yet finished with this office, Toonie plunging at once in the bushes, when the boy was startled by a terrible cry. He quickly made the ponies fast and darted to the child's aid.

A great big rattlesnake—it bit me." She clutched her ankle and mouned. The little Indian did not besitate; be did not lose his head. At some time in now he acted with decision and knowledge in a case where a white boy would have been helpless. He tore the low shoe and little stocking away, and sharp and shining blade.

In spite of her screams the grimly silent Weasel seized the leg and deliberately and firmly cut into the flesh round the wound until a portion was backed out. To the cut be applied his now and then to peer into his mistress' blue and frightened eyes anxiously. These did not dim, her rigor did not with condience. At last he took her handkerchief and bound up the wound, dragged her to her pony and helped her sturdy and wholesome way. The Weasel rode by her side at a tearing gullop back to the post and straight to the hospital. The doctor applied his remedies, but they were enst needed, for the rade promptitude of the Indian's action had

drawn the poison. Toonie bore an ugly scar afterward and betrayed an awed respect for and a little fear of her orderly for a long time, but the doctor was enthusiastic, and the colonel let it be understood that the Weasel was hence forth his own perticular charge. In the passage of time it became necessary for the girl to desert the wild but healthful life of the western plains and go east to be educated. The colonel decided to send Weasel away at the same time to one of these great institu-tions which are maintained for the ben-

efit of the nation's wards. Thus it came that the two parted, the mistress and the orderly. Toonle gave him her pho-

tograph with tears.
"You're never, never to forget me,"
she mid. "Promise." "Never," said the Weasel, with sad-

orderly just the same; promise."
"Just the same," mid the Wensel.

But when she came back she was no onger Toonic, the child. She was Miss Adair, no further opposed to being called Judith—indeed preferring it to the loving pet name of her babyhood, which, she said, was stily. The Indian which, she said, was silly. The Indian was back on the plains, very tall and straight, in peat garments of civilization. He had passed through the school with much honor and was now to act as a missionary among his own people. The colonal was amuselly prond of him, as of a fine dog of his own breeding. He sent for him on the night of Judith Adair's arrival.

"Here's your old orderly, my dear," mid he.
She looked up from the chair where she was reading some letters—looked at

expectant as when he entered. He had ridden in from the mission.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1898.

ten miles from the post, where he was quartered. The moon was up when he What Toonie said, when she said it silently left the post after that chilling, indifferent greeting. The clouds that scurried low between earth and moon cast flickering, hasty shadows on the uneven plain, but the shadow that had fallen on his life never lifted. Before him, as he rode, stretched the shimmering, shallow river, darkly fringed by those low bashes whence the rattlesnake had darted-so short a time ago. It big blue ones. "Ain't you sorry God had seemed to him so short a time, unborned you a savage? Do you like blue of the control of the contro

He was civilized. For years he had

lived with white people. He barely re-

membered the baby days of tepees and squaws and ponies and bows and ar-She had civilized him, she and the long, happy thoughts of her in the days at school and college when his own blood brothers had been things of good I'll make you a Christian, and pity to him, because they had never then p'raps God will make your eyes been talessed by friendship with her, when his teachers had wondered at his towering ambition and his intense industry. His horse, unhindered, fell to walking leisurely. The Indian's head dropped. Swiftly there came to him a conviction of the wrong done him. Over all those great plaius there were two peoples, two great families—the white and the red. Each member of these had his brother, his father, close ties of came a feature of Fort S. Where the kinship. In all the breadth of the land little girl went there went he, even to accompanying her—at the regulation was civilized—half and half, neither one thing nor the other. He had turned ing if not disciplinarian, and kept him away from his brothers at the beek of his teachers. He had done his task, he had succeeded. He had been held up as and about the post. For him-when the a shining light, an example of what big black eyes softened, it was at Too-nie's voice; when he bent to study his There it stopped. He had dreamed of lesson it was at Toonie's behest; when being a white among the whites, whose creed had been dinned in his ears-"all men are equal." Only tonight had she, by a glance and a word, let him realize how he had deceived himself. To please her he had obeyed as a child, studied us a boy, labored at college. To please

"Well, I never! He looks quite civilized. I am glad to bear you are getting on so well," she had said.

He would not go back to the post nor to the mission. He cared nothing for their good will if he was not to be one of them. What then?

At a crossing of trails he met an old Indian freighter going to the post to sell watermelons to the soldiers. The Weasel stopped him and gave him some money and made a bargain, and the old freighter went on his way with a good suit of clothes from the east, and the Weasel dashed into the darkness, where hid far, far away the Indian reservation, and on his legs and feet were fringed and beaded moccasins. She sat upon the ground in tearful round him was wrapped a gaudy blan-fright, white and sobbing.

"The snake! The snake!" she cried.

He had chosen his family, his peo-

ple, among whom he would be an equal at least. He had retrograded, lapsed in-to savagery. One of the chief delights of his eastern teachers when showing his life with his own people he must off their star pupil to congressmen and have witnessed some such scenes, for inquiring philanthropists had been to dwell upon the fact that the lad belonged to one of the most unruly and hopelessly savage tribes on the plains-a tribe which was constantly restless, an "Please, sir," said Tommy, a year in the service and glorying in his first expedition, "a prisoner, sir."

"Oh, h—!" cried Pillogg, and the whipped out. No doubt his black by whipped out. No doubt his black cyes gleamed strangely with excitence among them of a certain young for Toonie was overcome with back who aspired to leadership and was ment, for Toonie was overcome with nence among them of a certain young carefully culled, and the best selected new terror at sight of them and of the buck who aspired to leadership and was inciting his comrades to all manner of Indian deviltry.

His heart was sore. He had been merely an interesting plaything for philanthropists, the old colonel and her. He was rejected of his own people. No lips and sucked vigorously. Toonie's tie was left him. On his breast, in a shricks and howls filled the air, but the little deerskin pouch fastened to his boy uttered never a word, only stopping neck, lay a picture—the photograph now and then to peer into his mistress.' Toonie had given him when she went away to school, her heart young and tender to the devoted boy who had savlossen, and the Weasel sucked away ed her life. He tore it out as he rode and rent it to shreds and throw them to the wind with a wild cry.

He galloped furiously onward, in and mount. She was a wonderfully strong out of the shadows, over low stretches and healthful young person and did not whimper nor faint, only howled in a front of him was a rising bluff, whose farther side dropped precipitously to a deep ravine hewed out ages ago by glacial snows. Here had old time Indiaus driven the great buffalo herds, sending the madly frightened brutes tumbling and bellowing to a crashing death down the cliff. Here rode the Wessel now, at full tilt, until, with one long, wailing yell, he plunged headlong. - B. Y. Black in Chicago Inter Ocean. Largest Meleorite Known

A meteorite, described as half the size of St. Paul's cathedral, London, is aid to have fallen at Port Alfred, South Africa. It made a hole in the ground 50 feet deep, 120 feet long and 50 feet wide, which would make it the largest known meteorite on record. Being a single piece apparently, it was probably solid iron, like other meteorites known, some of which have weighed a number of tone, but none of this size is recorded. And yet there is no reason to believe that multitudes very much larger may not be traveling in the celestial spaces, and it is only good luck that prevents our falling in with them. There is no If earnest eyes. inherent impossibility that a meteorite "And when I come back you'll be my or little asteroid as large as some of the multitude that revolve between Mars and Jupiter might come within the sphere of the earth's attraction large enough to coves an entire state. They may be even moving in the tracks of comets, although we know perfectly well that the bulk of the material of comets is very inconsiderable, and the earth has more than once passed through the tail of a comet without any more effect than a shower of falling stars. What the effect would be of striking the head of a comet we do not yet know.

Wayren:-Trustworthy and antice gentlemen and holles to travel for a responsible established house in North Carolina. MonthLESSONS IN FEEDING.

Bill of Fare For Young Chicks In Hot If you have been feeding the chicks wet, sloppy, raw feed, you have been making a mistake, and if you continue to so feed during the warm weather you will certainly lose a great many chicks, and those you do succeed in raising will not be right. Discard the sloppy, raw feed right now. I believe that this kind of feed is the cause of the death, during the summer months, of more chicks than is anything else except lice. The food is allowed to sour and at once the chicks become affected with bowel complaint. Nothing will so reduce the vitality of a chick as will bowel trouble, and with the attendant effects it soon greatly reduces the number of chicks. The fact is that one feed a day of soft stuff is sufficient. Not only is it sufficient, but more is absolutely injurious. Let this be fed in the morning. If the let it be moistened with scalding water

feed consists of any part of commeal, It will then swell before it is consumed instead of after if fed raw. As to the other feeds, I have found nothing so good as millet seed. It is rich in oil and other desired properties and is greatly relished by the chicks. Do non feed it exclusively, for a mixed and varied feed is essential to growth. Remember this. This season I am feeding as follows: Morning feed, mixture of commeal, ground oats, barley and rye, moistened with scalding water, with a little milk

Noon, millet seed one day, wheat the next.

Night, cracked corn one day, a mixture of wheat and millet the next. Twice a week a feed of whole barley, scaked in boiling water for about 12 hours, is given.

An occasional feed of raw cut bono is also given, not more often than twice a week. Let this take the place of the noon feed.

Upon this bill of fare the chicks will grow and thrive wonderfully. Some trouble, you say. Yes But I have learned that in this world it pays when we are doing a thing to do it. man who makes the most out of his op portunities who succeeds, and the fel ow who is not willing to do this don' cut much of a figure in this busy, practical world, especially in the poultry pard.—Cor. American Poultry Journal

Practical Breeding.

When we have said that we believed that the bird for the farmer or the vil lage poultry keeper to have is a stand ard bred bird, we have known many who have good flocks of fowl would feel that they could not afford to dispose of their entire flocks of hens and pullets to begin anew upon some that would be all of one breed. Whether it would be profitable for them to accomplish this by selling their own eggs in the market and paying more for eggs to hatch from well bred birds we will not discuss now, because if we were able to prove to our own satisfaction that it would be for their advantage to do so they would not all be convinced, or, convinced against their will, "they would be of the same opinion still." For such we have another suggestion to offer. Select next season some of the best fowl in the flock, healthy, active and good layers, and mate them with a male of some good breed to obtain eggs for hatching, allowing all other bens to run without any male. It is not necesseary to obtain a prize bird nor a 96 point bird, but get as good a one as the feel a little proud of, and from those matings raise chickens. Raise enough of them to allow of the pullets being carefully culled, and the best selected male or another of the same breed. We are not so much afraid of inbreeding as some, and less so when grading up from a mixed flock than we would be if cock and hen were of the same breed. But do not use one of the grade males for breeding purposes. - American Cultivator.

Cocks as Brooders.

It is not an unusual thing for a cock turkey to take charge of a brood of young ones, and go about with then and hover them as the hen would and we have even heard that if one were shut up for awhile with a clutch of eggs he would proceed to sit on them and batch them out, but we never tested the truth of this. Yet it would not be strange if true, as we know that in some wild birds the male has to do his share of the incubation of the eggs and with many kinds the father feeds the young quite as frequently and faithfully as the mother. Capons also are said to be ready upon a little persuggion to take charge of a brood of chickens, but now we have a story in an exchange of a Brahma rooster that took charge of a lot of chickens after the hen had left them and brooded them faithfully.

Large Eggs Not Best For Hatching. A poultry breeder says that extra large sized eggs seldom hatch well, and he prefers the medium sized eggs from the same flock. It is doubtful if a chicken was batched from a very large egg whether it would grow to make any larger fowl or one that would be more likely to lay large eggs than the chicken from an egg of medium size. Possibly by such selections for several general tions the trait might become fixed, but usually the very large egg is an unnatural production or an accidental one caused by the condition of the fowl be-

This Looks Like Good Busines A poultry keeper in Maine wintered 1,000 hens, and a late report says be had then 2,400 hens and chickens and 100 hens sitting, from which he hoped to obtain 1,000 more chickens. His chickens and eggs are sold in Boston, and it is to be presumed that he finds it a profitable business, as he is careful to keep the bost layers and only those that lay dark brown eggs, as they sell in this market 2 or 3 cents a dozen higher than trhite shelled eggs or mixed lots.

The Maneer Biffe. The Maneer rifle in hard work is Take Laxative Bromo Quinine five carreidges, which have to be all used before any can be reinserted. That money if it falls to cure. 25c.



BOYAL BAKING POWDER CO., HEW YORK

THE GARDEN GATE.

Long ago in childish terror
From a funcied gnome I fled,
Casting frightened glances backward
Longhig looks toward home ahead,
Through the lane and by the window
Switt and sure as feet of fate,
Never staid I till behind me
Clanged and clasped the garden gat

Bigssed gaie of happy childhood, Barring harm and sorrow out, Where the stadow of the homestead Threw protection round about! Blessed warders, peace and safety, Holding watch for wanderer late. Closing with their arms about me When I shut the garden gate!

All things foarsome lay beyond it, Springing foe and lurking wile; All things true and right within it, Clustered round my mother's smil

But the years came creeping, creeping-Years that would not bide and wait-

Till, despite my bitter weeping, Focs came through the garden gate. Ah, how I struggled with the stranger, Pale and terrible and grim! raie and terrible and grin!
Unclusped the hands that fain would hold it
As he came through the twilight dim.
"A little while! Oh, pallid stranger,
A year, a day, a moment wait—
We love him so!" Death gave no answer,
Except to come within the gate.

And now I know that safe no longer
Falls the cottage latch for me,
Though I, waiting, watch hesde it
With whitened heed and bending knos.
Yet, with cyclids closed and wearly,
Quite forgetting day or date,
I dream again how bright the heaven
Whose portal was the garden gate.
—New York Ledger.

Oxford Bibles.

Everybody has heard of the Oxford Bible, and everybody knows that it is printed on a peculiar paper, but the story of that paper is a story of the triumph of perseverance. In McClure's Magazine some idea is given of the long search for the paper which has revolu-tionized Bible making. India paper is a mechanical mystery and a trade secret, a secret known only to three men.

It is made at the Wolvercote-mills of the Oxford press, but as no employee is in touch with more than one stage of the process the complicated secret is held in hand.

In 1842 an Oxford graduate returned from India with a paper peculiarly thin, peculiarly tough and peculiarly opaque. A few Bibles were made from it, one of which was presented to the queen. Its use reduced the thickness of the Bible by one-half. Every-effort was made to obtain a supply of this paper, but without success.

Mr. Gladstone's ubiquity of research was drawn upon, but he could only recommend a search in Japan. Papers equally thin and equally tough were obtained, but they were too transparent. It was not possible to print them on both sides of the sheet.

Finally a paper thin enough and tough enough and opaque enough was developed, but it was too yellow. It was tried, but the color was unaccepts ble to the public. It was not till 30 years bad passed that the tenacity and perseverance of Mr. Frowde triumphed over all obstacles, and Bibles were is-sued in 1874 on the wonderfully thin paper on which they are issued today, paper which distinguishes the Oxford Bible from all the other books of the

An Accidental Suco

Once upon a time, so runs the story, there was a man in London who had ventured upon various publishing schemes with but poor success and was beginning to despair of ever making a fortune when, by chance, he bethought himself of a huge scrapbook which his wife had compiled of various literary odds and ends that had enchained h fancy. She called her scrapbook "Tit Bits," and it occurred to her husband that such odds and ends, published in periodical form, might interest othe people as well as his wife.

The result of this meditation on his

part was the appearance of a little pen-ny paper called Tit-Bits, which proved so popular and gained such a wide cir-culation that its proprietor felt encouraged to place other literary ventures on the market, and it was not long before he became known as the publisher of number of extremely popular penny nany times over and a baronet, while his wife, whose scrapbook proved the cornerstone of their prosperity, finds her reward in the title of Lady Newnes. -Munsey's Magazine.

Jay Gould's Millions.

Jay Gould's millions were at one time in danger. It was in 1978, and their fate depended upon the fluctua-tions in the gold market. Gould saw his precarious position in time, and so enormous was his power and influence that he maneuvered himself out of the difficulty. In fact, when it was over he infects only certain soil and one may have gapes in its worst form on one part of the farm and have no signs of it less than a fourth of a mile away. If one's flock is bedly affected by them, I would recommend a change of runs for the chicks and you will usually see the disease disappear.—Theodore Howes in Breeder's Gazotte. was wealthier than ever.

About ten years after this happened there were dark rumors about his af-fairs, and it was histed that the great Gould was not what he was supposed to be in a pecuniary sense. He disposed of these doubts in a very simple manner. He invited a number of gentlemen to his private office, and when they arrived he laid on the table before th for examination certificates of stocks in his own name to the value of \$68,000,000 and mid that if they wished be 000 and said that if they wish would lay \$20,000,000 more

"He didn't absolutely refuse, but imposed a very serious condition."
"What was it?"

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.



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Suppose--What?

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Suppose you had a nicely displayed advertisement in this space, then what? Why the 2,500 eyes that scan these pages every week would see it and would know of your business, and when something in your line was wanted they would naturally look you up.

See? Had you ever thought of it?



PEACE INSTITUTE, Raleigh, N. C.

A Famous School for Girls. Very Thorough and of High Grade Judge Geo. D. Gray, Cuipepper. Va., says: "I sincerely believe it is the very best emale school of which I have any knowledge." Illustrated circular free to all tho apply.

CHAPEL HILL SCHOOL

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Eight teachers, 159 Pupils. Tuition \$1.50 to \$4.00 per month. Board \$7.00 to \$10.00, Music and art.. Write for catalogue.

Gapes In Chickens.

these at almost any poultry supply house. What has proved the best reme-dy with me is about two drops of tur-

pentine injected down the throat either with a small syrings or machine offi can. This will usually dislodge them

and give the chick relief. This worm

infests only certain soil and one may

J. W. CANADA.

The cause of gapes is a small worm, something resembling a fishworm, only smaller. It lodges in the throat, causing a choking or gaping of the chick, and instead of being swallowed it re-mains in the throat and breeds there in Southern such numbers as soon to choke the chick to death. There is a small gapeworm exterminator in the form of a loop wire Railway that can be inserted to the windpipe and withdraw the worm. You can purchase

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been sent back to the reservation.

A powerful influence was exerted, however, in the Wessel's behalf, an influence than which none greater was fait in Fort S. Miss Toonie Adsir, little 6-year-old daughter of the colonel, who had been christened Judith (a looked so tall tlemen and indies to fravor for a responsible standing and consists of the ready with a full by \$6500 and expenses. Position steady. References. Enclose advantaged stamped curvelops. The Bountainon Company, Dept. R to work in a learny.—London Telegraph.

possible sadden rush with only two rounds in his gun. Nine times out of

"What did Newrich say when