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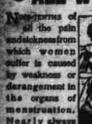
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TIME OF CARDUI



MEELREEY T vine of Cardu

THE PNEUMOGASTRIC NERVEL

Open an average twice,a week, When anguish clouds my hear Upon an average twice, a week,
When augusti clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek.
To know "what alls me now."
He tape me on the back and chest
And scans my tongue for bile
And lays an ear against my breast
And listens there awhile.
Then is he ready to admit
That all he can observe
Is something wrong inside—to wit,
My pnoumogastrie nerve!

Now, when these Latin names within Dyspeptic hulks like mine. Go wrong a fellow should begin To draw what's called the line. It seems, however, that this same, which in my hulk abounds, is not, despite its awful name, So fatal as it sounds, Yet of all torments known to mo I'll say without reserve There is no torment like to thee, Thou pneumogastric nervel This subile, envious nerve appo

This subile, envious nerve appears
To be a patient foo—
It waited nearly forty years
Its chance to lay me low;
Then, like some blithering blast of I
It struck this guileless bard,
And in that evil hour I fell
Prodigious far and hard.
Alas, what things I dearly love—
Pies, puddings and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
All proumogastric nerves!

Oh, that I could remodel man!
I'd end these cruel pains
By hitting on a different plan
From that which new chinins.
The stomach, greatly amplified,
Anon should occupy
The all of that domain inside
Where heart and lung pow lie,
But first of all I should dispose
That diabolic curve int first of all 1 second That diabolic curve
And author of my thousand woes,
The pneumogastric nerve!
—Eugene Field.

## AN ELOPEMENT.

'Yes, sir, there's plenty of roman ere. It comes down in trainfuls every saturday an bank holiday an hangs about an gets so mixed with the spars she can crowd on! an ropes that you can't walk about without runnin up agen it," said old Billy Stumps, the best known boatman and cleverest wholesale manufacturer

of yarns on Margate sands. "Mind you," he added, in a concilia-tory tone, "I ain't a-grumblin about no not a bit on ,it. Why, sir, if it hadn't bin for romance, I wouldn't ha' bin the owner an navigatin hadmiral of them six boats as lies below

"Story, sir," he muses, as he loads his short, black clay. "Well, I'll tell you this story if it's anyways welcome, an it won't hurt them as it's about 'cos the last I heard they was with the harmy in India, which to all accounts, though I sin't never wisited the country, ain't safe for boatin 'cos of the crok-

idiles and hallygators. "Well, sir, it was ten years ago an nat'rally I was ten years younger, an the Seabird—that's her with the dark blue hull an the red streak along the gunnel—had just been built to my ex- lifts herself out of the water as easy as press designs. I was loungin along here,

ner of talkin as you ever seed. ness about-'Stumps,' he says, 'I wants to talk to you.

'Yes, sir,' I see, respectfullike, 'cos I could see it wasn't a story he wanted. beauty she was. I took out my watch. 'Stumps,' he says agen—makin the second time he'd said it—'do you know

what it is to be in love?' 'Well, sir,' I ses, carefullike, so as

"'Never mind what you've seen.' he says, kinder riled. 'I want to know whether you've got any sympathy for thom as is in love. You an I have been friends, Stumps, ain't we?'

bave, sir, I ses, 'an I'd do anythink for you, if it was only for the Scabird's sake, as you've said was the smartest craft abou

asks.
"Well, I didn't like to show it, but I was completely took back, for, bless you, there wasn't a prettier nor sweeter nor nicer lady in Margit than Colonel for the season. "Why, she used to come down among us every day an bring us talk an laugh just as if she was a com-I'd seen this young feller—Mr. Egerton among us, but I think I did say somewas his name, and a nice young feller, thin for her sake then, though I too-I'd seen him look at her and foller her, an I won't say as wot he didn't

thinks of her, an he smiles all over his was comin with her canvas stretched face an holds out his hand, an I won't an eplittin the water as if it was nothdeny as it struck me when he smiled as in. Just as Tom yelled out somethin he was just the young feller as a nice as I couldn't hear I looked round, an gal like that would fall in love with.

tell you better then.'
"So we gets the Seabird, as had been as we heard a whistlin overhead we painted afresh, with a pair of triang'lar looked up au seed a little hole in the yotting flags on her bows, an beats | Ing an the old fool was a standin there

about for awhile before he begins. man as I'd trust with my private con-sarns, much less my love affairs, but whittle come the shot over our beads, I've took such a fancy to you as I can't but only once did be hit anythink beliet go on. I deseay,' he says, 'is'll surnide the fust time, 'an then the bullet let go on. I deseay, 'he says, 'is'll surprise you as Miss Barclay's a-goin to
marry me some day, but as the old'—I
forget what the precise word was—'but
as the colonel ain't agreeable to the
match we air agoin to take the tiller in
our own hands and run for the fust opportunity as offers. Now, Stumps, 'he
says, 'you're a good sailor an a brave
tnan, an the Seabird's the smartest eraft
on the const. an it seems to me as we inan, an the Seabird's the smartest craft on the coast, an it seems to me as we could do this job better and more of fectionallike by sea than we could by land. You need have no fear of the conselven, 'be says, 'cos I've got pienty of mosey, an Miss Barciay is old count to know her own mind, an it's only because the colonel's sich a selfish old grampus as he won't let her marry decentlike. Now, my plan is, 'be says, 'to got abound the Seabird together an ran as if for the coast of France, an then down with your helm an put into the first port as we comes to along the English coast. I'll make all the astangements, 'he says, 'an I'll come down tomorrow mornin an sea as the time an tide's all right.'

"Well, up he comes at the same through the ing. Then another goes away through the ing. Then another goes away

down tomorrow mornin an see as the time an tide's all right."

"With that I flope down agen in the stern, just as another shot comes flyin through the ing. Then another goes away overhead, an the next bories itself in the same time next morning with a face as happy ments as we was to start with the ebb tiller beed an nearly knocks it out o' my hand. Then young Egerton, I sees tide at 6 o'clock that evenin. You

nover serial a cnap in sich a state as he was, but, bless you, he was the right sort, an if I hadn't liked him already is in this boat, an for her sake I beg you to cease!"

"I just popped my head over the with him then: Me an Tom had a "I just popped my head over the with him then: Me an Tom had a "I just popped my head over the manual to see what affect this had on

busy day on it altogether, cleanin an gettin the Scabird shipshape for the viyage. Tom, he was just as anxious for it as I was, 'cos I know he'd allus admired the young lady, like the rest of em, an he was a strong an handy young chap-bein a nevvy of my own an brought up in my own house. "At 6 o'clock down comes Master Egerton with a bundle of wraps, just as

if he was a goin fishin, an sure enuff, just as I was about to ask for the lady, he goes back an fetches a tall young woman in a blue yotting costoom an a little straw hat with a heavy white veil. Down he comes agen an helps her in, an we pushes off, but I didn't feel sure as he had got the right un, not till she lifted her veil an showed the prettiest an handsomest lookin face you ever seed, as made my old heart thump in spite of myself an sent Tom into the bows with a face as red as the Seabird's gunnel. Away we went at a good rate of speed, with a steady breeze from the nor east as made the evenin cold an laid the Scabird over to it like the beauty as she is. Tom was a-managin the lug, an I was a-steerin, an of course the two young peoples was sittin side by side with a tarp'lin jacket round 'em, both just as

happy as they ever wanted to be. "Just as we was congratulatin our selves on gettin away unobsarved an afore we'd got a couple of miles from shore, I sees Tom stand up in the bows with his hand a shadin his eyes an lookin back toward the jetty.
"'Bill,' he says suddenly, 'it's the

'Where?' says the young feller an me at the same time. " 'Just a-beatin out,' he says. 'An

she's a-comin for us with every scrap "Now, I didn't tell you as the colonel -him as took the house for the season was the only man as I ever feared agen the Seabird. He was a good sailor, too, and that craft as he brought down -the Sylph-was the prettiest thing I'd seen since the Scabird was built. Her lines was just as beautiful as a swan an as graceful as a pictur', an the

never sailed the Seabird agen her, for I allus reckoned as she was the fastest craft on the coast, an I hadn't got to recognize no equal. 'Well, there she come with her white sails just as neat an as pretty as a mer-maid—beg pardon, sir, it's a true story; shall we say as a young woman? I know'd her in a minute, for there

" 'Let her have another. Tom.' I says as I looks at the lug, an the Seabird all safe.

fishin together many times. He was a would be dark, an whether we couldn't nice young feller, too, with as purty run on without a light. But I could see handsome a face an kind a as the Sylph was a gainin on us fast an manner of talkin as you ever seed.

"Stumps,' says ho—be generally life, sir, as I did then, when I felt the was no match for the neat little craft as was a-comin up behind. Yes, there she come, a leapin an duckin just like the It was just past 7 an wanted two full hours to dark, an afore that time I knew the Sylph would be alongside.

'Peggin your pardon, sir, an yours. to hide my surprise, 'I've seen a good miss, 'I says, 'but that there cruft's too much for the Seabird, an there ain't a doubt as we'll be overhauled before we

can get away.' "In half an hour's time the Sylph was less than half a mile astern, an l could see the colonel a-standin in the bows a-wavin his hands like a mad The wind had freshened consid-'rable, but I held the Scabird to it, an we was both a dancin over the waves 'An you like Miss Barclay, too?' he like petrels, though I fancied as I seed the Sylph take a deal of water. An still them two sat there a-comfortin one another, as I could see, though I never peard a word of what they said. Once I looked at 'em, an I thought I seed her a-prayin, an it quite took the starch a-trustin all the time to the Seabird an never thought of the God above. I never was no Christian, sir, an I never took no beed of them sky pilots as come couldn't put my hands together proper

speak to her sometimes, though that ain't no business of mine nor yourn.

"Well, I tells him straight what I was only a quarter of a mile astern an attention." like that would fall in love with.

'Come for a sail,' he says. 'I can bows with a rifle in his hands, a-takin takin another aim. I tell you, sir, the bombardment of that 'ere Spanish fleet

is in this bont, an for her sake I beg

gunnel to see what effect this had on the old man, an there he was a-takin aim as cold blooded as ever, an before I could shout or do anythink to stop it the poor young feller had fallen back in the bottom of the beat, an the blood

was a pourin from his left arm.
"'It's all right,' he calls out. 'It's only the shock.' But the gal was by his side in a minute, without a whimper on her face, a-bindin up his arm as if it was the work she did every day. "'Harry,' she says, 'are you in pain,

"'No, darlin,' he answers. 'It's only scratch. "An them's the only lovin words I ever heard 'em speak.
"Well, the colonel must ha' thought

he'd killed him, for the firin ceased al-together, an when I looks astern agen the ole man was a sittin in the bows a-waitin patiently for the Sylph to run alongside us. I could see the lad at the tiller was one of the boat boys from Margit, an he'd got all he could do to keep the Sylph's head to it, an I somehow thought as how the gent could be better employed lookin after the sail han sittin there like a dummy. The breeze was a-freshenin all the time, an the sea was a-gettin up, so I took in a bit of sail and eased the Scabird. It was lucky I did, for just at that moment when the Sylph was within three boat lengths, a gust of wind come down on us as made the Scabird heel an shoot away in it. I looked round, an, sure enough, them fools on the Sylph hadn't taken in a bit of sail, an as the wind struck ber over she went like a ninepin, an the old man an the lad shot out into the foamin water.

"For a moment I was undecided how to act, but young Egerton, he sprung to his feet in an instant " 'Lower the sail, ' he yells.

with your helm.' "An down comes the sail an down goes the helm, an the Seabird turns on her heel in a manner as makes my hair stand on end to think on. But the way on her was stopped as the colonel was a-drownin, for I knowed be couldn't only fear I'd ha' had in owning her swim more por a few strokes, an I could was as, they might be a bit too fine. I'd see the lad had got enough to do to hang on to an oar.

"The old man never uttered a cry nor looked for help, but the gal, his only darter, she rose to her knees an cried, 'Harry, save him, for my sake!' An Harry—bloss him, he was the finest young feller I over seed—he sprang over the side an swam as if he'd never bin shot at all. Just a dozen long strokes an he was alongeide an grabbed the wasn't another craft like her, an when I gets the glasses I could see two percolonel by the neck just as he was a-goin sons as was workin to get every bit out down. We were with 'em in a minit, Tom an me an the gal, an we had 'em all aboard the Scabird, with the lad an

" 'Where for, now, sir?' I asks. But press designs. I was loungin along here, just as I might be today, only it was the beginnin of June, when up comes one of the young toffs as was stayin at the big hotel. He know'd me, an I know'd him, for we'd bin sailing an Then he turns an asks me how soon it would be dark, an whether we couldn't would be dark, an whether we couldn't be could be could be could be could be could be could be couldness. alongside the Scabird."

Yes, sir; 't least so it appears. When distin mornin, there was the old gent an Master Egerton a-propped up in armchairs, and the rings on the right legs a-sittin between 'em.

" 'Stumps,' ses the colonel, 'what do you mean by runnin off with my " Deggin your pardin, sir, I ses,

but if I raps off with her, what can of 1899, then those hens will be ready you wonder at a nice young gent like for killing in the autumn of 1901. It is that for doin the same? "An they all laughs, so that they al-

most forgot to ask me to the weddin. 'Stumps,' ses the colonel, 'I'll pay fer the damage I did to the Seabird, an if ar more than compensates for the trou-l'm goin to buy you a new boat be-ble which is involved.—Canadian Com-" 'An I shall do the same,' said Mas

"An I was so knocked back that I Not long ago a lady told the writer forgot to thresh the lad as split on us. That she had had very bad luck with "An I was so knocked back that I But that's the beginnin of the present fleet o' six fine craft as lays below, with

Mr. Bill Stumps as owner an our Tom tion killed so many of them. There is a as deppity badmiral."-London Tit-Putting Thorns In His Own Path. Enpeck-If I could be born again and could have my own choice about it, I

think I'd be a woman. Enpeck-Well, then I couldn't possibly repeat the mistake I made when

But his last words were lost as he jumped through the window.—Cleve-land Leader. Ontario Wheat Tests. The seven varieties of winter wheaf which have given the highest average

yields per scre among 70 varieties grown for five years on the experimental plots at the Ontario Agricultural colarly Genesee Glant .... 10.8 Egyptian

Early Red Clawson... lelden Drop. The first two of these are white and the rest are red varieties, and none of

them are very hard wheats.

with lions give them a very bad character. There is said to be no art in so called lion taming but the art of terror-ism, and no rule but keeping the lions' stomachs full and their minds cowed. stomachs full and their minds cowed. There never has been, and there never will be, say some, an appeal made to the lion's intelligence, because the lim-ited amount of that quality which he possesses is entirely dominated by his

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the pecially piles, there is one reliable

SIMPLE COOPS BEST.

How Old Barrels and Oatmeal Boxes May Be Utilized.

The cheapest coops are, as a rule, the sest. And all we need ask of a coop is that it shall be sufficiently roomy, that it shall be rainproof but airy, and that it shall have a board floor, at least in part. The despised old barrel, with a little lath run in front of it, makes a really excellent coop if raised a little at the rear so that the chicks shall crowd forward instead of backward, and cov-



COOP MADE OF OATMEAL BOXES. ered with felt paper, or any other i terial that shall render it rainproof. Shoeboxes, battened and furnished with a screen or slatted front, make thoroughly effective coops at small expense To use a coop with less than 48 square feet of floor space is cruelty itself, un less the ben has access to a run.

If one wants to do a little more work for the sake of having a sloping roof, ontmeal boxes may be so managed as to form a rather neat though not roomy coop. With a covered run in front, to which hen as well as chicks have ac-With a covered run in front, to cess, these will do very good work. Three boxes will make two coops. The odd box is sawed diagonally into halves. Each half, being placed upon one of the other boxes, forms a sloping roof thereto. The front of each main box may be entirely replaced with a slatted front. or may have merely a slatted door in the center. In order to be convenient this door must be so arranged as to slide up and down, and it should be of good size in order to admit a fair amount of air. Perhaps to the wide reaching masculine mind all this work to provide cheap coops may seem like small and fussy business, but unless time is particularly valuable the small

savings which the use of time can make are no small part of the profit. Besides, few men know what it is to be absolutely lacking in pocket money and cannot, therefore, appreciate these small savings at their true worth. To a woman the time worn saying, "A penny saved is twopence earned," comes with tenfold more force than it can possibly

How to Distinguish Old Heng. From an article by Mr. Edward Brown, F. L. S., a renowned author and authority on poultry matters in Great Britain, I condense the following: Fowls should be killed off after they have completed their second year. Birds may be marked so as to be easily distinguished by putting a ring on one leg when they are pullets. The best time is when pallets are from 5 to 6 months old. A round india rubber, such as those used for umbrellas, or a ring of copper or any soft flexible metal, is suitable. The ring should be put on to fit fairly close, but not tight enough to injure the log. An examination should be made of every fowl a fortnight after "Did I do right in headin for Margit? the ring has been put on. In order to and to the colonel's house next years old it is a good plan to put the rings on the left legs only in one year an the young lady, all drossed in white, pext year, and so on in the alternate years. If the rings are put on the righ legs in 1808, then all bens in the flock with rings on the right legs will be ready for killing in 1900. If the rings are put on the left legs in the autum desirable that written record should be made of the facts, as the memory is apt to be faulty. The advantage to the poultry keeper from marking the fowls

> her eggs, because the heavy thunder while they were in process of incubagood deal of rank nonsense in this sory that thunder kills eggs during the batching process. We do not believe in it at all. For a good many years we have been hatching chickens and other poultry and have watched the process pretty closely. During that time have never had any reason to think the heaviest thunder ever killed a single embryo chick. Last summer a neighbor complained that all her chicks were killed in the egg because at a stone quarry half a mile away heavy charges of dynamite were exploded in blasting the rock. This blasting was of the kind that makes the windows rattle and was kept up day after day for months. The earth fairly shook at times, so great was the concussion, and we might have believed the blasting had something to do with the neighbor's bad luck had it not been that our chicks, just the same distance from the quarry, kept right on batching as if thunder and dynamite were things unknown. If a thunderbolt should strike a building in which hens

one lightning stroke in a thousand is heavy enough to produce any distinct jar, even if the eggs were on a solid foundation, and cushioned, as they always are in a nest, they are not affected the way or another.—Farmer's Voice. Red Oak Burk For Cholera A strong solution of red oak bark is mid to be an excellent cure for cholers It can be mixed with the food or put in

Look Out-For Lies Lice will always attack fil condition ad, sickly fewis. A flock neglected as poorly fed will breed lice faster that

custion might kill the chicks, but not

bites, burns, skin diseases, and es-DeWitt's Witch Haze When you call for DeWitt's don't accept counterfeits or frauds You will not be disappointed with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, J. C.

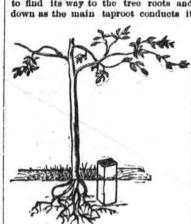




BOX IRRIGATION.

Cheap Method Practiced in Man; Sections of the Arid West The box irrigation practiced in sor parts of the west is described by a writer in Farm and Fireside as a cheap method of saving fruit trees and vines from drought and one which might be adopted with profit by the fruit growers and market gardeners of the eastern and middle states. He says: It is easily managed from any source of supply such as wells, ponds, creeks or springs, and in dry seasons will return many times the cost in increased yield of fruits, melons and general vine products. The boxes are made of rough planks, usually about 6 inches squar and 18 inches in length, and inserted in holes a foot or more in depth a few

inches from the trees to be irrigated. Water is filled in the boxes and left to find its way to the tree roots and



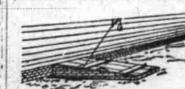
BOX IRRIGATION until the moisture is taken up by the many branches and rootlets. For vines the boxes are smaller and may be made

from old tin cans, buckets, pieces of tiling or any discarded vessel. A favorite and handy device for con-reying water from the source to the veying water from the source to the boxes is found in Texas and Arizona and consists of a barrel fastened to a two wheeled cart or truck. The barrel is filled and then wheeled about by hand to the several boxes, where the irrigation water is turned in by means of short hose attached to the barrel. This places the water where needed, precludes all possibility of waste and overcomes the objections to surface irriga-

The trees grow more thriftily and are therefore less attacked by insects and blight. Roots penetrate to a greater depth, giving the tree a firmer hold and preventing sprouts from coming up, as they frequently do all about a surface irrigated tree. The ground can be cultivated at any time, and the surface soil is free from water, grass and noxious weeds brought on by surface irrigation. An orchard, vineyard or melon patch treated in this manner will yield better, nore uniform and salable fruits and the fears of drought be banished.

Hints of Shortage In Clover Seed. The low price which has prevailed in the clover seed market for a long time is having its effect this fall in the output. According to advices received by Orange Judd Farmer from the states of principal production, the amount secured promises to prove materially less than an average yield. In some instances wet weather late in the season, while helpful to autumn pasturage, has to an extent interfered with thrashing. Occasional counties report about as much clover seed as is secured in an average year, this being notable in portions of Michigan, New York and Ohio, although by no means universal. Returns from Indiana point to less than the reporting the crop very poor on accoun of wet weather. A correspond Jefferson county, In., says the second crop of clover out for seed was damaged by grasshoppers. The machines are just getting into the crop, however, and it is too early to determine definitely the

Attachment For a Beavy Door. A very heavy door at the root cellar, snggosted to an lowa Homestead writer the need of some help in lifting it. A pulley block used in baling fodder not being in use at the time was drafted into service by placing it at a convenient position, as indicated in the illustra-



BOOT CELLAR DOOR. tion, and with a small rope attached to in opening it. The pulley may be at-tached to a post, a tree or the side of the building and should hold the door open, which will prevent its being blown down when you are coming out.

On October 10 the Lafayette memorial commission proposes to take up a collection in the schools and colleges in the United States to build a monument to Latavette in Paris.



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Fishblate-Katz Company,

GREENSBORO, N. C. Salesmen :-Dolph Moore, C. W. Lindsay, W. L. Cranford, F. B. Ogburn, L. C. Howlett.

## 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 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?

