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THE NELSON SHOE

For gents is to-day a little ahead of the day after to-day's shoe. Latest colors, latest toes, best fit and made on nature's last. Price \$3.00 to \$5.00.

THE UNION SHOE

For ladies has already knocked the bottom from under all other ladies' shoes. Best fit, best style, most durable. Warranted to give satisfaction. \$1.50, \$1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, and 3.50. We also have an extensive line of cheaper shoes for misses, little gents, children and working people.

DAVIS & DAVIS' BIG SHOE STORE, BURLINGTON, N. C.

Remember we are closing out all dry goods and notions AT COST to make room for new line.

Advertisement for 'THE UNION SHOE' featuring an illustration of a shoe and text describing its quality and price.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THOMAS MOORE. Yes I did say on the pine barren road...

Advertisement for 'WINE OF CARDUI' by Melree's, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text describing its medicinal benefits.

ROBIN HOOD'S END.

The new sheriff was a younger and more vigorous man, and Robin Hood preferred a foe of courage and resource.

died slowly out of him, as the flame died slowly in the lamp when the oil is nearly finished. The Friar had used such skill in herbs as he had, but to no purpose.

"Many years ago," said Robin half-dreamily, "I came to the forest by night. She would have the feather of the golden eagle that I wore in my cap—doubtless a wazer, and one that I was willing enough that she should win. She was a slip of a girl then, and, to my thinking, recked little of the religious life. But with women—"

"He broke off, gasping for breath, and then resumed with fury: "A curse upon me that I can get neither life nor death in this betwixt and between! What of the priestess? How should she harm me or help me?"

"Her fame is great in these parts," said the Friar, "and daily grows greater. In surgery and physio she has such knowledge as God seldom gives to man. The lanes go there and cast away their crutches, and the blind see, and the old become young again. There is not a home in Nottingham or Mansfield where they shall not tell you some great story of the wonders which she has worked."

"What avails it?" asked Robin. "Kirkless" he went away, in his white robes, and the strength of limb to walk thither nor to sit my horse. If you loved me, you would take of the nightshade in the forest and mix me a draught which should end all this!"

"That would I do speedily," said the Friar, "if the hand of death were indeed upon you, but it is not so. Happily, in the letting of blood alone would you find relief, and were I a surgeon we would make a trial of it. Say, Little John, are we already so sunken and enfeebled that we cannot bear our master to the priory of Kirkless in order that I may search back again with his rows in his belt and ourselves behind him, as in the old times?"

"It shall be done," said Little John. And Robin, lying with eyes closed, said no word for or against.

So that night a litter was made ready and Robin was laid upon it with his head on a pile of rushes and his body covered with the skins of wolves, for his natural heat had gone, and even in the day, when the sun was warm, he shivered. And every one of his men went with him. For, by reason of the severity of the new sheriff, the danger of the journey was great, and it was needful to have scouts out far ahead to be sure that all was clear.

Even so, and though they journeyed only by night, not once or twice was the alarm given, and only by a loud doer did the hand get things in a hurry. And when they drew near to the priory of Kirkless it was agreed that Little John and the Friar alone should bear the litter to the gate.

He would have strength enough himself to enter the presence of the priory. But lest he should be recognized and some harm should befall him, he carried his horn hidden under his cloak. One blast upon it would bring the whole of his men unto his succor.

The priory's lodge at Kirkless was not one of the buildings that surrounded the cloister court. It stood apart on a right hand side, having a walled garden.

And there in the heat of the day the priory walked, holding an illuminated book in her hands. She went slowly up and down the straight gravel walk under the trees. The hands that held the book were white and that the face still kept somewhat of its old beauty, but changed. There had been a long struggle and the enemy was vanquished, but he was not dead and might yet arise again.

As she walked there one of her maid-servants, her words were so strange, so sore said, had been brought to the priory's lodge and from thence had been carried into the guest hall, and he begged the priory would go to him and work a cure upon him that his strength might return and he might go on his way.

Even as she entered the guest hall she knew who it was that lay there, and yet not by one sign did she betray that she knew it.

Robin lay with closed eyes and breathing heavily. He was conscious vaguely of women's voices speaking near him. Then his position was changed somewhat. Through eyes that slowly opened he saw the glint of sunlight fall on polished brass and on a snowy napkin. He felt that some one was rolling back the loose sleeves of his tunic. Then he caught the sound of footsteps passing in the distance. There was a deep silence, and when he opened his eyes all had gone save the priory, who looked at him intently.

"Do you know me?" she said. "Aye," said Robin feebly. "I pray you to open my eyes and let me see all I may recover me from the sudden weakness which has fallen upon me." She bent down beside him and said no word. He felt the sharp prick in the flesh of his bare arm, and then it seemed to him that he felt into a delightful sleep.

His sleep was full of the happiest dreams, melting vaguely into one another. And they were all dreams of things that were past and over, as though the sleeping brain knew unconsciously that afterward there would be nothing.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

APOTHECARY'S GARDEN. Ready Made Medicines About Which You Probably Know Little.

The moony man—especially a family physician—on both sides of a family in a lifetime would take him on a holiday trip once or twice around the world or start one of his children in life. And all the time he has nature's own simple remedies, better than any chemist's concoctions, outside his door.

In the lily of the valley, for instance, he has one of the best cures known for dropsy. Most of the best cures result from a weak heart, and the medicinal properties of lily of the valley brace up the organ to a pitch of the highest efficiency.

In the odoriferous coltsfoot we have another splendid remedy. Nothing can beat it in curing a cough, and even consumption sometimes yields to it. The Germans—who know more of medicine than any other people on earth—say that a pipeful of coltsfoot smoked occasionally will inevitably kill the consumption bacillus.

Foxglove is one of those old remedies which have stood the test of competition with the most modern medicines. It has never been surpassed as a heart tonic and is the sheet anchor of the physician in all cases of flabby and enlarged heart muscles.

Then, in horse chestnuts, we have a remedy for both rheumatism and whooping cough. One seldom hears of their use, no doubt, but that is because people have become so impressed with the high sounding titles of new discoveries.

Dandelion, however, holds its own in popular favor as a tonic for children, and a most effective liver medicine for their parents.

Hope are also coming to the fore again. For dyspeptic and general weakness they are a splendid cure. And if people who cannot sleep used them instead of chloral hydrate, sulphonal and other dangerous drugs, there would be considerably fewer mysteriously sudden deaths.

For a reliever of pain one need look for nothing better than ordinary poppy-heads, and, in fact, they are extensively used for this purpose.

The expensive bark for which we go all the way to Peru is said to be not whit better as a tonic than the woodbine that grows outside our own windows. And colera is, as most people are aware, a splendid nerve tonic.

Horse radish is one of those few things which doctors themselves take for their health. It is a safeguard against dyspepsia, as well as a highly stimulant brain drug.

The root of the humble blackberry, taken when cholera is about, acts like a charm in keeping off that terrible disease. Many doctors of even the modern school pin their faith to this root in preference to the expensive quinine, and mistletoe helps the tired heart to do its work, as well as acting as a sure preventive of bloodletting.

The modest violet has its own medicinal properties. It cannot be surpassed for its health-giving qualities of great service in many skin diseases.

Wild cherry has many good qualities. If you are greatly excited, it calms you like magic; if your nerves are shaky, it tones them up, and if you are afraid of consumption you could not do better than take a prophylactic. Sage is much used now, but it is an excellent thing for pain in the stomach, acting somewhat like ginger. Red rose leaves, principally used to make medicines look small and nice, are themselves a tonic of no mean power, and elder flowers, herbs and bark have a great variety of uses. They are said to be good for rheumatism and epilepsy. When feverish, they make you perspire, and are a pleasant substitute for sedatives and things of that sort.

Belladonna, or the well-known deadly nightshade, is still recognized by doctors all over the world, as a plant of many medicinal effects. It is a terrible poison, but in a plaster it cures the cramps of cholera; it reduces boils when used in the form of a liniment; it strengthens the heart when taken internally, and the leaves, when smoked, effectually relieve both asthma and consumption.—London Tit-Bits.

WHOOPIING COUGH SYRUP. One of the most distressing ailments is to see a child almost choking with the dreadful whooping cough. Give the child Dr. John W. Hall's Cough Syrup, relief will be obtained at once and the sufferer will soon be cured.

FISHBLATE-KATZ CO. High Art Clothiers, OPPOSITE McADOO HOTEL, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Sole Agents For this line of Pants And Overalls.

Dutchess Trousers. Fit and Workmanship Perfect. The Appearance without the Cost.

Fishblate-Katz Company, GREENSBORO, N. C. Salesmen: Dolph Moore, C. W. Lindsay, W. L. Cranford, T. B. Ogburn, L. C. Howlett.

Greensboro Tobacco Market. ROR HIGH PRICES. Sold over 5,000,000 pounds last year for an average of \$7.57 per 100 pounds.

Greensboro Tobacco Association. 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.

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SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GLEANER, \$1.00 per Year in Advance. DeWitt's Little Early Risers, The famous Little Pills.