Men's heavy, solid, winter tan, Goodyear welt Bals; English or Bull Dog Toe, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

Ladies' Dongola Extension Soles, Button and Lace, at

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 If you are looking for the best in quality, style and finish, ve can interest you.

# BIG SHOE STORE,

DAVIS & DAVIS, Prop'rs,

WOMAN'S WEAPON.

What is a woman's wespon?"
I asked a charming girl.
She dropped her lashes shyly
And stroked a vagrant curl.
Then consciously she murmures
This resebud newly out—
'I have a strong suspicion
Her wespon is a pout."

"What is a woman a weapon?"
I saided a lover true.
He turned him to a maiden
With eyes of heavenly hims.
Her velvet lips were parted,
All innocens of guile,
And cagerly he answered,
"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I salect a poet then.
With midden inspiration
He seized upon his pen.
"Oh! I could name a thousant
He cried in accents clear.
But woman's surest weapon,
I grant you, is a ten."

whisky was poured out.

an spot some moonshiners not fur off."

low came in and shook hands with the captain. His name w

"I'll tell you the truth, ma'am," re-narked the peddler to the mother, "you cald take these girls o' yourn to Nash-

But woman's sures.

I grant you, is a tear."

—St. Louis Republic

## BURLINGTON, . . . N. C. <sup>3</sup>@&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

\$1.75 ays this White cameled Steel Bed either \$4, 45, 4s or it, widths. Length inches, It has one the cillum and APPRICAL PROPERTY. 613.25

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

→ JACOB A. LONG, ← Attorney-at-Law,

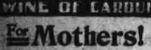
GRAHAM, ..., less in the State and Federal courts. over White, Moore & Co.'s store, Main "Phone No. R.

IOHN GRAY BYNUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR. BYNUM & BYNUM.

Attorneys and Connselors at Lar GREENSBORO, N. C. Practice regularly in the courts of Ala

DR. J. R. STOCKARD Dentist, GRAHAM, N. C.

B at work at rensonable price In office Mondays and Satu



un discom-forts and dangers of hills-birth can in almost en-firely swoided. ine of Cardin'
lleves exctant mothll gives

Werdes A le of Card also brought happiness to mands of homes barren for a. A few doses often brings to loving hearts that long tharling beby. No woman idd neglect to try it for this hie. It cares nine cases out

WINE OF CARGO

youd a stare and a silent nod took little notice of the peddler. He was a tall man, thin, tacitum and yellow, and with a neck so small that his head presented the appearance of being stuck on with a pin.

He lighted his pipe, and after a soothing interval of smoking, "Peddler 'd like to stop over a period," mid his wifa.

Paff, paff. "Don't see no objection."

Paff, paff.

Mr. Pond, as he had promised, soon ceased to be a stranger. The old man discoursed on the grievances of taxes, and the old woman, after the manner at mothers, talked about her daughters. "My gale is eddicated," she would say.—"been over to Cookyille months an months a-schoolin. But lor, that's some folks you can't weed the badness.

an months a schoolin. But lor, that's some folks you can't weed the badness out'n, an Janey's a spitfire, she is. Seem's if Dick Oscar wants to have her, but he acts kinder curious about it—blow hot, blow cold. Dunno. Now, Lizy is different. Can't tell why, less'n 'tis that I went to camp meetin an professed awhife hefo' she was born. Somehow she's always been delicater an quieter like'n any of my children."

The Bleylock boys, easy, rollicking fellows, treated the peddiar very much as if he had been a barmless though unnecessary cat about the bouse and were surprised when Dick Oscar, dronging in one evening, informed them that they were all a pack of fools for "takin in a stranger so free and easy."

"Why, I ain't paid no more attention to the man'n if he'd 'a' been a preacher," said Sam Bleylock. "Seama's if thar ain't no harm to him."

thar nin't no barm to bim." "He's a very God fearin man," said

Rliza softly, "an a powerful reader o' the Bible."
"F you'll take my say so, you'll git quit o' him," said Dick Oscar. "He's got such beautiful taste," said Mother Bleylock. "It's as good's goin to the city to look at his things."

"I see he's a-dressin you up," said Oscar, with a speer at the new ribbons the girls were round their necks. Janey sprang up. Her face reddened. In an instant she had torn off the rib-

bon and stamped her foot on it. "That's how much I care for him an his ribons!" she cried. "Don't fly quite off the handle," said

SECRET OF A STILL. Mr. Oscar coolly.
Poor Janey. She had hoped to please Captain James Peters, riding home from a raid into the moonshine counties, stopped at Jared's store and asked for a drink. A jug was taken from the shelf and a finger's length of clear, yellow her lover by her scorn of the peddler's gift, but she was coming to the conclusion that he was a hard man to please She was a passionate young suimal, and she had thrown herself into his

arms with a readiness that robbed ber-self of her graces. He liked to sting and stroke her alternately and was about as "No moonshine in this sto", you see, captain," remarked Mr. Jared.
"Humph!" And the captain's keen eyes glanced toward the loungers in and about the store. "Becken if I took a notion I could unearth some moonshine. stroke her alternately and was about as unastisfactory a lover as Janey could have found on the Cumberland. But she liked him, saw with his eyes, thought with his thoughts. Naturally she turned against the peddler, and from this time set herself to watch him. That harmless young man in the meantime was doing what he could. He wandered about the courters selling

"Captain, you mustn't be so suspi-Captain Peters only laughed. He was very good humored, this mountain ter-ror, except when, as they would say, his blood was up. Then it was as enfo meantime was doing what he could. He wandered about the country, selling such little things as the people could buy, "pumping" the Bleylock boys and making love to the Bleylock girls. The pumping process was rewarded with about as much success as would attend fishing for a soul through the eye of a skeleton. In the lovemaking there was to meet a starving tiger.
"Seems to me's if you had somethin on your mind," remarked Mrs. Peters that same evening.
"Ye-es," said the captain, "I'm

plagued about them Jared boys. I can't tetch 'em nohow."

A knock at the door, and a young fel-Janey was accessible to flattery and encouraged him with little looks of fire. But there was something in her eagerly dox. Captain Peters had picked him up in Nashville and employed him "on slapped his face when he tried to kiss trial." per. But be soon grew to believe that

"I was jest a speakin o' the Jareda," he said. "I'm pretty sure they've got a still somewhar. They look me in the eye too powerful innocent to be all right. Now I've just got a notion in my head, if I only had anybody I could trust"— Maddox drew himself up alert, watchful as a listening sentinel. "What Eliza—simple, unsospicious, serious would be as clay in his hands. Chance favored Miss Janey. She was bathing one warm day in the creek that ran out from the spring when she saw Eliza and the peddler coming, like Jack and Jill, to fetch a pail of water. Being naked, Janey could not get away but abe slid along to a cool inlet over oan't be done one way must be done another," and Captain Peters slowly, and he and Maddox had a long, whispered bung with tree branches and so hidd waited for them to do their errand. Of course they stopped to talk.

A few days later a peddler stopped at Bleylock's and saked for a drink of wa-"That pink ribbon becomes your black hair mightily," said the peddler.
Eliza blushed. "We're just country girls, you know, Mr. Pond. We don't ter. Old Mother Bleylock sent Eliza to the spring for a fresh bucketful, and the peddler, after refreshing himself, have many pretty things. Seems as if the boys don't have any money left after opened his pack.
"'Pears's if we oughtn't ter trouble
"'Pears's if we oughtn't ter trouble
"'she said, "'ourse we can't buy a buyin the augar an floor, an molasse

peddler. "No; we raise our own meat. Pa has

"'Pears 's if we oughtu't ter trouble you," she said, "'oause we can't buy a pin's wuth."
"Jest for the pleasure, ma'am," said the gallant peddler.

The pack was opened, and three pairs of eyes grew big with delight.
"'F you'll wait till pa comes home, I'll make him buy me that collar," said Janey, the younger of the Bleylock girls.
"P'rape Dick Occar'd buy you a present 'f he was here," suggested Eliza.
"If 'tain't makin too free, I'd like to my I admire Dick Occar's taste," "But I expect you don't take much interest in country life, Mr. Pond?"
"Why, my dear"—and Mr. Pond
slipped his arm around Eliza—"I'd
like the best in the world to settle down in a country just like this. A fellow gits tired tampin around. But I'd want two things to make me happy." Eliza looked at him with happy couto say I admire Dick Oscar's taste," said the peddler with an admiring

Jany responded with, "Oh, you hosh!" and a toss of her head, and old Mother Bleylock said, "The boys most generally always paid Janey a good deal o' attention."

She possessed a bold prettiness, this mountain pink. Brown akinned, black eyed, red lipped and a way of dropping her head on her swelling neck and looking mutiny from under her heavy brows. Eliza was a thin slip of a girl, with a demute but vacant look in her "Wall, it's nuthin more'n some way to "Wall, it's nuthin more'n some way to

The peddler grew practical again.
"Well, it's nuthin more'n some way to
make a Hvin. Now, say I married a
sweet girl up the Cumberland an made
a little crop. It's too far to git it to with a demute but vacant look in her sweet girl up the Cumberland an made a little crop. It's too far to git it to market. I might turn it into whisky, but lately gov'ment's turned meddler, an is a-breakin stills right an left through the country."

"They do hide 'em semetimes," said Elisa in a half whisper, "so 't a bloodhound could hardly scent 'em. An a very good business is is, an the hogs live on the mash."

But abs drew back a little. "Ef I de

"Not to him until he is my ha ad." And bimbing, but resolut-tes filled her pull and started for th

they next met. Before she could ap-proach the subject of which she was full stinging words had passed between

them.
"Dick," said Janey hoarsely, "d'you mean that you're goin back from your word; that you aln't a goin to marry

"Marry h—I!" said Mr. Oscar, and be walked off.
"I want to speak to you," said Janey that night to the peddlar. "Can you git up in the mornin befo' the folks is stirrin?"

"Of course I can, when it's to meet a gal like you."
Privately he wondered at her pallor

and lurid eyes. Morning came. As the stars were drowsily getting out of the sun's way,-Janey and the peddler met by the

spring.

"You needn't lie to me," said she harshly. "I've found you out. You're up the Cumberland spyin for wildest stills. I'll take you to ous."—

"But, my dear, is this a trap? I'm nothin but a poor, harmless peddler."

"Come, then, my harmless peddler," said the girl, with a sneer, "an I'll show you somethin to make your month

She struck through the woods, and he followed, alternately blessing and wondering at his luck. What thread led per he knew not. Fallen logs lay in the way, thickets opposed, dense foliage hid all signs of paths, but on she went, shove, around, amid, athwart obstacles of every kind. And finally, girdled and guarded by trees and rocks, was the hidden still, where the corn was changed into the flowing moonshine that maketh glad the heart of man.

maketh glad the heart of man.

The peddler could hardly keep back a shout. He had won his spura. It was a much larger concern than he had expected. Some hogs were rooting about the sodden earth. The monotonous dripping of water mingled with the grants of these poetic animals.

Janey leaned against a rock breathing heavily. The peddler thought he would about as soon touch a wildcat as speak to her. Nevertheless he did.

"B'long t' wour folks!" he said.

"B'long t' your folks!" he said.
"'T b'longs to Dick Oscar, an you know it," said the girl fiercely. "Now I'm goin back home."
"Yo' don't know of any more such, said the insatiate peddler, "lyin round

loose up here?"
"I've done enough. An look here. Keep your tongue betweef your teeth. Tall that I fetched you here, an you won't see many more sun ups with them

Mr. Pond was a tolerable woodsman and he led Captain Peters and his scont to the mountain still without trouble They were all there—the Bleylock boys, the father and young Oscar. They were hard at work and, surprised, were bandenfed without the firing of a gun. Who so creatfallen as the tolling.

as the long whiskered captain? He would have sung a psean had he known how. As it was, he chewed a great deal of tobacco and unbuttoned his flannel

of tobacco and unbuttoned his fiannel shirt for expansion.

The prisoners were halted at the Bleylock cabin for baggage and goodbys. They were to go to the penitentiary.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza wept and meaned their fate; but Janey was still, her brown lids veiling the dull fire of her eves. ey, my girl," said Os

ing her apart, "I spoke up rough to you t'other day. But don't you mind it. "Twarn't nuthin but jealousy."
Her eyes softened. Mountain pinks, as well as some fine ladies, consider jealousy as tribute to their charms.

"Perhaps I'll never come back," said She seized him by the arm

"Dick, what can they do to you!"
"Dunno. Most likely I'll kill son ody tryin to git away an be strung.'

Janey burst into tears.
"Shouldn't wonder if you married one o' the Jareds," he said, piling on the gloom.

"Dick Oscar, I promised to marry
you, an I don't go back from my word."

"No, an I don't," cried Dick. "There

ain't as pretty a shaped girl as you on the Cumberland, an if ever I do git

He whispered the rest in Janey's ear and she clung to him, blushing a deep, deep rose.
"'S jest one thing I want to know tramped

mid old Bleylock as they tramped to Nashville. "How'd you find us?"

The captain laughed.
"Been entertainin a peddler, haven't you? Which one o' your gais 'd he

make up to?" er and brothers swore. Dick Oucar nodded to his discernment with human triumph.

A few days later a young girl walked into Nashville who had never been in a city before. She asked but one question city before. She asked but one question—the way to the governor's bones. That accessible mansion was readily found; doors were awang open, and, announced by a sleepy darky, Janey Bleylock stood in the governor's presence.

that gentleman listened, struck by her figure, her full voice and passionate eyes. He promised to use his influence with the president to procure a pardon for Dick Occar and the Bleylocks, and Janey was allowed to go to the prison with the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of in high circles. Hearts beat warmly in levely southern become, and they made a heroing of Janey.

lovely southern bosoms, and they made a heroine of Janey.
"Why don's you marry here?" mid a beautiful enthusiast, who had called to see Judey, and kissed her because she knew so well how to love. "Marry hers and I'll give you a wedding dress."
"Bo we will," mid Dick Osear, when

he was out of prison.

And Janey went home a wife, as if the stars had been diamends and strong like a larksper chain for her neck—father, brothers, bushand, abeliering her

them. Eliza thought perhaps some one size would come with them. Had not her lover left her with a kies and a promise to come back? The pink ribbon was round her neck. Her lips were parted in a happy, vacant

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

"You ought to be whipped like a nigger," said Sam Bleylock, "What 'd you tell that peddler 'bout Oscar's still for? Might 'a' known he was foolin

"I didn't tell where the still was."
"Hob, you lie too." And her father,
passing by, struck her with the back of
his hand.
"Shame on you, pappy!" and Janey
gan to her sister, over whose lips the
blood was pouring.
Her husband drew Janey away.
"Don't touch her" he mid with a

"Dou't touch her," he mid, with a look of disgust. "She sin't fit."

A wild, terrified look swept over Janey's face. Should she grasp at the wind blowing in the treetops above her? be caught Dick Oscar's arm, holding it fleroely. Here was something to clasp, to cling to. Her soul abriveled in her ardent body.

Afterward Eliza Bleylock seemed to

Afterward Eliza Blaylouk seemed to wither away. She repeated her denial of having been a traitor, but no one ever believed her. She worked hard, and was used roughly. She had never been strong. Sometimes she stole away and nursed Janey's baby, who seemed to love her. But never when Diok Oscar was at home. oar was at home.

One day, sitting by the spring alone,

too weak since a long time to work, she leaned her head against a tree and with one moan, too faint to startle the singing birds, she died.

Her mother and Janey dressed her cleanly and tied around her neck a pink ribbon that they found in her Bible. And she was burled, with very little said about it, in the valley .- Sherwood Bonner in Argonaut.

A Fortunate Reply.

The Duke of Ossuna, who during his long career as vicercy of Naples was distinguished as much for his sound good sense in small matters as in those larger questions of statesmanship which made him one of the foremost men of Europe, once paid a visit to the Cape galley at Barcelona. As he passed in and out among the crew of slaves he questioned several of them regarding heir offenses for which they were se laboriously paying the penalties. Each had plenty of excuses. One said he had been sent there from spite; another asserted that the judge who sentenced him had been bribed; still another declared that his being there was all a

At last the duke came to a stout little black fellow of whom he asked:
"And what are you here for, my

"My lord," replied the slave, "I cannot deny that I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse near Tarragona to keep me from

ong so many hon Get you out of their company."

The thief, who was so surprised that

be scarcely comprehended what was going on, was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to labor at the oar.—

Duli boys often become clever and uccessful men, but this is simply on ecount of the fact that dull boys are only slow boys, and it takes more time for their brains to grow than the others. It is steady work, ceaseless endeavor, that tells. Then, again, we forget that a bright boy may be handleapped by other qualities. He may not have the physical strength or energy of the other, while the dull boy is carried forward by never failing energy and strength for it is often big duliness at school which makes the dull boy's subsequent

How many dull boys have become still duller men! Like the old repros about ministers' sons, one bright boy that turns out ill is made to stand for the whole class, and one dull boy that turns out well glorifies his whole class. Notwithstanding all our inventions, all our progress, the old Scripture doctrine still holds good—that men reap what they sow and cannot gather grapes of thistles nor figs of thorns. It can be set down, therefore, as an established rule that bright boys generally do turn out to be bright men, and dull boys general-ly do turn out to be dull men.—Good

Impertinence of Genius. Dr. Johnson once called upon Mr. Garrick in London and was shown into his study. Unfortunately, a deer being pis study. Unfortunately, a deer being open, he strayed into an adjoining room which contained the novels and lighter works which had been presented as tributes to the highly admired actor. Johnson first read a bit from one and then another, and threw them down, strewing the floor with the expensive rotumes. Garrick was angry at finding Johnson there and said: "This is a private cabines and no company is ad ted here."

nent coolers, "I was determined to examine your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts—stuff, trash and non-

The Second Generation.

Caller—Ab, Horses, how do you do?

Where is your father? Young Sou (of literary celebrity) He's in the library pulling off a sound—Chicago Tribuna.



THE IDAHO PEA.

The Idaho pea is being talked of lately as a new forage plant, and its cultivation has been highly recommended in the west on account of the value of its seeds for horse feed and as a substitute for coffee. From the forage plant investigations of the department of agriculture it is learned that gram, Idaho pea or chick pea (Cicer-arieticountries longer than any other leguminous crop. It is estimated that the



GRAM OR IDAHO PRA.

are now in India 5,000,000 acres devoted to its cultivation either alone or as a bycrop with wheat. Next to the cereals gram forms the largest part of the food used in India and in portions of northern Africa, Spain and other countries bordering on the Mediter-

This plant is a branching annual. with many upright stems from the same root. The leaves resemble those of the vetch, having seven pairs of small eaflets. These are oblong, soft, hairy all over, one-half inch long or less, and sharply toothed on the margins. The Upon hearing this the duke gave him two or three blows across the shoulders with his stick, saying as he did so:

"You rogue, what are you doing among so many houset, inneared, when the long and finely pubercent, with glandular hairs. Each pod contains one, or very randy two. flowers are borne singly in the axils of seeds, which are wrinkled and bear a fanciful resemblance to a ram's horn, whence the Latin name arietinum. The eeds are a little larger than those of

the common garden pes, to which they are quite similar. The Idaho pea was cultivated in 1895 and 1896 at the Colorado experiment station. Professor Cooke states that it "has demonstrated its ability to make a large growth with plenty of water and a fair growth with a very limited supply." It belongs to the pea family, and is grown in rows 80 inches apart. and the plants 60 to 12 inches apart i the rows. Its growth indicates that it can be raised for about 1 cent a pound. About 30 to 50 pounds of seed are used per acre, depending upon whether it is sown in drills or broadcast. All

authorities agree that it is better suited to arid and semiarid regions than to humid ones, the crop apparently re-quiring a great many sunny days durquiring a great many sunny days during its season of growth. Better results
are obtained in growing it with irrigation than without, although it makes a
fair yield on comparatively dry soils.
If continued experiments with this
plant in the west prove that its average
yield is as high as has been claimed, it
will undoubtedly prove a valuable addition to the list of forage plants suitable to semigrid regions. able to semiarid regions.

able to semiarid regions.

The gram plant is very sensitive to cold. The seed should be sown not earlier than May 15, or, at the higher altitudes, about the lat of June, and if some of the short season varieties are procured there will be less danger of their being caught by early frosts. Gram is sown in India as a winter crop. It is said to be adapted to almost any soil from light sandy to- heavy clay or loam, apparently preferring the latter. It might prove of some value in parts of the southern states as a winter crop and soil cover on lands which are unand soil cover on lands which are un suited to the vetches and the crime silited to the vetches and the crimson clover. It requires only moderate amounts of moisture and is said to be injured by prolonged cloudy weather or abundant rains, which cause it to flowprematurely and thus materially af-

Side Hill Poultry House If the land slopes to the east, dig in-to the bank so as to make a level floor. Dig a trench and fill with loose stones for a foundation. On this build a ceent wall of rough stones as shows



Then cement the floor. This will give an exceedingly warm pen. The cut shows a section of the earth, the straight dotted line indicating the post-

## Greensboro Tobacco Marke ROR HIGH PRICES.

Sold over 5,000,000 pounds last year for an average of \$7.57

This is the highest average made by any market in pied Over \$1,260.00 paid out daily to farmers for tobacco during

It is the best market in the State for the farmer.

Our Warehouses are large, commodious and up-to date, whose eters stand without a peer as slesmen of the weed.

Every large firm in the United States and a number of foreign for the states.

presented by our buyers.

Tobacco centre, manufacturing centre, trade centre, railro

ducational centre. Our own manufacturers have a large capacity and are increased trade daily and must have tobacco.

We have the strongest corps of buyers in the world for the We want more tobacco and must have it if high averages we try us with your next load and be convinced of our merit.

Greensboro Tobacco Association

I wish to call the attention of insurers in Alamance co to the fact that the Burlington Insurance Agency, established 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 le er rates or better indemnity. Only first-class companies, in ever branch of the business, find a lodgement in my office. With a practical experience of more than ten years, I feel warrant in soliciting a share of the local patronage. I guarantee full satisfaction in every instance. Correspondence solicited u 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 fami or their estates, or who wish to make absolutely safe and pr able investment, to confer with me before giving their applic tions to other agents. .

> Very respectfully, JAMES P. ALBRIGHT,

> > BURLINGTON, N. C.

@89999999999999999

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GLEANER. \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

Perseverance Rewarded. She could not see his face as he knelt and asked her to be his.

She was glad of that, for she did not wish to know how much suffering refusal caused him. She told him as gently as she could that their lives could not be linked to-gether; that although she admired him and esteemed him she felt that it would be risking his future as well as her own to consent to a union when she was sur-no affulty existed. It was a touching speech, and she threw so much heart into it that she did not observe that he

was taking notes in shorthand. When she had concluded, he rose and put his notebook in his pocket. Extending his band, he remarked genially: "I'm ever and ever so much obliged to you."

"You did it ever so nicely, and I'm under a thousand obligations. I'm writing a novel, and I have a scene in which a girl refuses to marry a man. I was anxious to avoid the stereotyped style of depicting such incidents and make it realistic. You're the seventh girl I have proposed to, and every one of the others accepted me. If you had said 'Yes,' I think I should have been completely discouraged."—London Standard.

Other Side of the Hen Busines Would it not be well to speak of "the ther side" of poultry keeping? Article other side" of poultry keeping? Article after article appears week after week, all telling of the profitableness of the business, and, I think, too often they cause an amateur to think all he has to do is to get a large flock of hens, my 500, and they will support him. At least four of my friends have gone into and out of the poultry business, having made a bad failure out of it, one of them losing all be had besides getting I was 8 years old, having a love poultry, I bought 50 heas, and fr then until now I have continued in then until now I have continued in the business; keeping from 30 up to 500 fowls. I have now over 400 heas, mostly White Leghorns. It is quite matural, if we have unusually good success, to report it for publication. How about the nine times we didn't messed? After 30 years' experience I think I begin to understand the business, and although I have not succeeded as well as some yet I hope in the future to do better and shall continue at is. I put most of my capital when starting into a building, and it was almost thrown away, or perhaps worse than that, for the building was all wrong. If I were to start again, I think I would go and work for some one who has succeeded, and so learn the business, the same as a boy learns the

suffered agony for thirty years, and then cured his Piles by using De-Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It he injuries and skin diseases like magic, J. C. Simmons, the drug-



Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Rotary Motion and Ball Be Easy Running, Quiet, Rap

and Durable Purchasers say: it runs as light as a

Great improvements so far."
"It turns drudgers The magic Silent S All sizes and styles of sevi-

ONEIDA STORE C M. HAYES, Age

49CAL