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<del>}@@@@@@@@@@@@</del>

A BIRD SONG

ding the tint and the glint of the sky.

ning, echoing eastnay— sing the sheen and the green of the sh iking and darkling the diamond de

Painting the grace and the face of the flower Klasing the lip and the drip of the shower, Stealing the breeze of the trees and the shade Drinking the dews of the della and the glade

stling the wind voiced violin trill, bling the thrend of a slender thrill; litering over the trembling strings diest, sweetest and tenderest things.

MALINDY'S MATCH.

The pathetic little procession he

over the brow of the hill, leaving the

unshine of the valley, the well tilled

but to which he would never more re-

"Law me," wheezed Mrs. Tinkler,

wiping a furtive tear upon the corner of her black silk. "So that's the last of

ound its way down the dusty road and

A ripple of rhythm trilling a tune Caden-ed and caroled to colors of June, Shaded with vistas of shadowy dreams, Rhysning and timing to singing of stream \$1.75

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re discom-forts and dangers of ild-birth can almost en-sty evoided, incof Cardmi relieves ex-

inescardu

WINE OF EARBUI

me about the Ramseys; seems like a coon's ag esince I seen one of 'em."

"They was askin why you didn't come over, but I told 'em you was dreadfel busy makin a rag carpet, su the spring sewin comin on, to say nothin of Tom Miller bein here so constant."

"Pahaw, maw!" exclaimed Tenie, blushing rosy red. "Stop your foolin, an go on with your story."

"Well, the fact is, they are havin nigh old times at the Ramseys," said Mrs. Tinkler impressively.

"You don't say! They ain't on speak-in terms!" inquired Tenie, sewing away briskly with her lap full of carpet rags.

"Here, Tenie, hand me my thimble an a mess of them rags. I can talk twice as fast with my needle goin. Up to the Ramseya, as far as speakin goes, things are jest where they was, except they've got that little Rosie Lethers there to do their talkin through. But soon as I got there I see there was somethin in the wind, an, as I said, nothin would do but I must take off my bonnet an stay to eat. Pretty soon Malindy couldn't stand it no longer, an she out with it. An, daughter, you'd never gues it in this wide world!"

"My suz, maw, how could I guess," tittered Tenie excitedly. "Tain't another beau, is it!"

other beau, is it?"
"Well, I swan!" exclaimed her moth er admiringly. "If you didn't guess it first thing! It's the livin truth, Tenie. Belindy has got a beau!" "You're foolin!"

" 'Pon honor, jest as "Whoever?"

"Jess make a guess."
"I ain't the slightest idee!" "Well," said Mrs. Tinkler, reluctant-ly parting with her news, "it's Dan'el Carter!"

"Dan'el Carter!" gasped Tente. "For the land sakes! But if it ain't the very thing! Why, dear me, seems as if I had

knowed it a year!"
"There," cried her mother trium phantly; "that's zactly what I said! Likely a match as ever was. Stidy, an forehanded, can go there an run the farm as good as Martin ever did—an l can tell you things has gone at loose ends since they have been runnin it on the shears—but no, Malindy won't have "I can't see what business it is of hera," cried Tenie indignantly. "She never speaks to poor Bellindy. She's a

never speaks to poor Belindy. She's a regular dog in the manger."

"So I told her, but, law, it didn't do no good. Her heart is as hard as a cobble. Belindy broke down an cried, poor thing, an said Malindy had said if she married Dan'el Carter they shouldn't live on the farm—an Belindy ownin half of everything, mind you—an that it would break her heart to leave the

acres, the spreading orchard and the pleasant old farmhouse, that had meant much to the heart of Martin Ramsey, it would break her heart to leave the old home, where she was born.

"But, land sakes, when Belindy, cried, that made Malindy act like tunket. Why, she said she was disgraced to have a sister with no more sense, an wiping a furtive tear upon the corner of her black silk. "So that's the last of poor Martin! Well, he has seen sights of trouble in his day. Malindy an Belindy has acted as contrary as two females ever did, an Martin stood up under 'em isplendid. "Pears to me thom girls take it mighty cool, where wed."

The spring had hurried on into the summer, and upon Goshen hill, which lay between the Tinkler and Ramsey farms, the blackberries were hanging amid green leaves in rich, ripe clusters. Here early and late Mrs. Tinkler toiled, loving the outdoor life and coveting the many dimes the luscions fruit would bring for Tenie's wedding outfit.

under 'em spiendid. 'Pears to me them girls take it mighty cool, when you think it's their only brother.'

"Ch. maw." said Tenie, untying the draggled bit of crape that drifted from the doorknob, "I think Belindy felt awful. She ain't one to show it. As for Malindy, she's that cranky she wouldn't feel bad at her own funeral."

"Seems to me," remarked her mother, thoughtfully, "that Brother Rice didn't have no call to be so comfortin an consolin. Them girls ain't no spring chickens; they're 80 come next May—same age as Sister Harriet Bell. When you think they ain't speke to one another this 50 year, an that Martin has had to live with 'om, bearin the blunt of the plaguy foolishness, it does seem as if it was the preacher's business to make the funeral-edifyin to the mourners. I hope Brother Rice wasn't thinkin that the Ramsey farm is broad an fruitful. I hope he ain't 'fraid of no old maid twins." bring for Tenie's wedding outfit.

It was a close August morning, and Tenie, working over the ironing table, was thinking longingly of the leafy coolness and the deep, clear spring upon the hillside when suddenly she espied her mother coming across the meadow.

"Why, what ever?" cried Tenie, dropping her flatiron with a clatter, as Mrs. Tinkler, with gown draggled and sunbonnet awry, but with face alight with excitement and news, appeared around the corner of the house. "Where are the berries?" "Didagon ever?" chuckled her moth-

"Why, I can remember," went on Mrs. Tinkler, reflectively, "when the Bamsey girls was as pretty as there was in the county, an a body never see one without t'other. But when Bob Parker was beanin Malindy an took up with Belindy the fat was in the fire, I can tell you. Bob married Sissy Pollock, an has been dead this 90 year, but that don't make no difference to Malindy; mad she is, an mad she'll stay! She's the contrairiest creeter the Lord ever put breath in!"

around the corner of the house. "Where are the berries?"

"Did you ever?" chuckled her mother, sinking down upon the step. "If I didn't have them berries clear knocked out of my head an leave them buckets standin under the bushes! But, Tenie Tinkier, talk about your circuses! There's things happenin on that hill as beats any show I ever see. Oh, my goodness gracious!"

"Do stop your laughin," said Tenie, untying her mother's bonnet and bringing her a glass of water. "Your face is as red as a beet; I hope you sin't got a sunstroke. I can't make head nor tail of what you're talking about."

"There's nothin the matter of me. Tenie. I'm just worked up, an so'll you be when you've beard. You see, when I got on top of Goshen this mornin I see the berries was hangin thick down toward the Ramseys, so down I went. "Twas dreadful pretty and cool down there; the birds were singin, the assurances was a smellin, an the big berries thumpin down on my bucket, an I was thinkin of startin up a hymn, when, all of a sudden, I see a woman over in the Ramsey patch. I couldn't see who, for her bonnet, an I knowed she couldn't see me for the bushes. the contrairiest creeter the Lord ever put breath in!"

"My sux, maw!" exclaimed Tenie, "see how high the sun is gettin. I better run an set the table. I don't believe they'll be many want to climb that hill even for a meal of victuals. Now, maw, you settle sight down in that shady corner an take a catnap; you look beat cut. Everything is ready to put over, so there's no need of your helpin."

The summer had trailed away into the autumn. The high hills had glowed with rictous beauty, only to fade into the somber tints of winter, and now to a waiting world was coming the breath of approaching spring.

Tenic was looking for her mother. She stood upon the porch of the little brown cottage, peering out under her hand.

was thinkin of startin up a hymn, when, all of a sudden, I see a woman over in the Ramsey patch. I couldn't see who, for her bonnet, an I knowed she couldn't see mô for the bushes.

"Right 'twirt us was that old cellar, where the house burned down. The bushes was a leanin way out over it, an the woman was a gettin nearer an nearer. I was jest goin to holler to her to be careful, when out her feet slipped an lickely split she went sallin down through them bushes, an here she was, settin flat on that sellar floor! I was that ocart seemed as if I couldn't cheep!

"She didn't seem hurt mene, set there kind of whimperin, an then she jerkee her bounet off, an declare to goodness if it wasn't Malindy! An if you'll believe me, Tenie. I hadn't no sconer seem who 'twas than every bit of old Adam ris in me, an says I to myself, 'Guess they ain't no benes broke, so set there, old hady, mebby it'll do you good!"

"There wasn't a place where a boy couldn't 'a' clum out in a minute, but Malindy is a gettin old, an she nin't med to climbin. She got up an went round an round the wall, but there wenn't nothin to stand on, an every time she'd got her too in a cranny an bry to pall herself up somethin would give an down she'd go."

"Why, may Tinkiert You actin there as myin nothin!" exclatined Tenie representability. "Wasn't you 'shamed of yourail!"

"What in earth are you doin down there?' says he.
"I fell in an can't get out,' says

"When Dan'el heard that he turned kind of slow like an looked at her with-out sayin a word. There was somethin in that stiddy look that made Malindy

get pretty red in the face, an she took to fumblin with the corner of her apron. "Malindy, says he, goin down clost to the wall. "I'm mighty glad to get a chance to talk to you alone. I've jest come from my sister Mar-thy's, an she's been tellin me some more of your carr'in's on. Now,' says he, clearin his throat, 'Belindy is a breakin down under your persecutions, an I ain't the man to see the woman I love killed without doin my best to hinder it. I've come to the conclusion, Malindy, says he, 'that bein as it's only crazy folks that talk about poisonin an a-burnin houses over folks' heads the asylum is the best place for you. I'm on my way now to see Squire Alters about it." "How did he ever dare," gasped

Tenie. "Dare! I guess Dan'el Carter dare anything when he's roused. As for Ma-lindy, she was ragin."

" 'I guess it'll take more than yo word to make me crazy!' she sputtered.
'Guess I've been knowed in this neighborhood longer 'an any Carter.'
" 'There ain't a neighbor but what
will say you've treated Belindy like a

dog, says he. 'It's knowed for miles that you ain't spoke to her direct for 30 year, an beside, you've made your threats promiscuous.'
"Malindy was a-gettin mighty scared,

for, like all bullies, she's a dreadful coward at heart, but she wasn't goin to give in yet.

to me, says she. think best, says he.
"'Bigger fool she! You are after her

says he. 'I'm goin now, an when the squire an me comes in the mornin I ain't a doubt we'll find you right here.' "You ain't a-goin to let me stay here all night?' she gasped out. Malindy was a-gettin nervous an hystericky, for the fall bad shook her up-dreadful, an his sayin that jest upset her. 'Ain't you got no heart?' says she.

" 'You ain't never showed me an Be lindy none, says he, movin on.

'you wretch, an me that 'fraid of Atwood also. In a like manner atte bears! There ain't never a soul on this Bidge has become Attridge; atte-Field, bill, but that fat old idiot of a Mis' Atfield, while such other designation.

out, says he, stern as a judge. 'If brock in Brockton, the wolf in Wolfennn let Religit as he woman den, the fox in France in Wolfen-

wouldn't,' says he, contemptuouslike.
'I might as well tell you, Belindy an

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

PREFIXES OF VARIOUS KINDS AND

WHAT THEY MEAN. iome of the Local Designations of Ancient Times From Which Have

Descended the Personal Nomenciature of the Present Day.

In nearly every country where per sonal nomenclature has assumed a sure and settled basis—that is, where a second or surname has become a heredi-tary possession in the family—we shall find that that portion of it which is of local origin bears by far the largest pro-portion to the whole. Prefixes of vari-ous kinds were at first freely used to declare more particularly whence the nominee was sprung. Thus if he were come from some town or city he would be William of York or John of Bolton, familiarly pronounced William a York or John a Bolton. This, of course, is met in France by de, as it was also on

English soil during early Norman times.

If, on the other hand, the situation only of the abode gave the personality of the nomines, the connecting link was varied according to the humor or ca-price of the speaker or relative aspect of the site itself. Thus we find such "'You don't dare!' says she, tryin
to be fierce an lookin awful faint.
"'A man dares anything when he's
desperate as I be,' says he. 'You've
stood in my road for a year.'
"A man dares anything when he's
desperate as I be,' says he. 'You've
stood in my road for a year.' Belindy won't let you do anything the Lane, Emma a la Lane, John de la Lane, John de Lane, Mariota en le Belindy will let me do what I Lane, Philippa ate Lane and Thomas super Lane.
Of "the definite terms used some are

money, Dan'el Carter, an you want me out of the road, says she, brazen as a few an admixture of the two, and the penny. 'You think you're a regular Dan'el come to judgment, don't you?'

"I ain't a-goin to stand no insults," the Norman de is, del or du, and was familiarly contracted by our forefathers into the other forms of ate and att, or, for the sake of euphony, when a vowel preceded the name proper, extended to "atten." This atte or att was occasion-

ally incorporated with the sobriquet of locality and thus became a recognised part of the surname itself. Thus such a name as John atte Wood, or Gilbert atte Wood, has bequeathed us not merely the familiar Wood, but Artwood and Tinkler,' says she.

"The mean old thing!" cried Tenie, atte-Town, atte-Hill, atte-Worth, atte-Tree and atte-Cliffe are nowadays in disgust. "She didn't say that, did Atton, Athill, Atworth, Attree and At as atte-Town, atte-Hill, atte-Worth,

"Honest Injun, Tenie. I heard her with my own ears, an to think of all I've done for that creeter."

"'Dan'el Carter, how much will you now, is worthy of particularity. A den out, says he, stern as a judge. 'If brock in Brockton, the wolf in Wolfenyou'll promise to act like a sane woman
an let Belindy go her own road, I'll
give you another chance,' says he.
"'I ain't never a-goin to speak to
Belindy,' says she, as spiteful as ever.
'I ain't spoke to her this 30 year, an I
ain't spoke to her this 30 year, an I
ain't goin to.'
"I'd a plaguy sight rather you
wouldn't,' says he, contemptuouslike.

Hoesdena.

The les afforded shelter to sll manner "I might as well tell you, Belindy an me is goin to get married next Sunday, at Sister Marthy's, an I'm comin to run the farm. But if you'll promise to keep a civil tongue in your head I'll give you another chance."

"You ain't comin there,' says she, gettin white as a sheet. 'But I darm't stay here. I'm afraid of my life.'

"You won't see anything worse than yourself,' says he, an with that off he went. An when she couldn't see him no where the hares are plentiful, and our

stey hore. I'm afraid of my life.

"You won't see anything worse than yourself," says he, an with that off he went. An when she couldn't see him no more down she went in a heap an covered her face with her hands.

"An then what do you think I done, Tenie! I jest up an growled that low an muffled an awful. It eent the chills down my own backbone."

"For the land sales," cried Tenie. "You awful Maw Tinkler. What did poor Malindy do?"

"Mallindy! Why, you'd 'a' thought the had a fit. She jumped an hollered. Dan'el! Dan'el Carter! Dan'el! an that Dan'el went a-schoin down the kill till seems as fit I can hear it yet. "Seemed half an hour 'fare Dan'el come a-crashin back, so neur me I could a' touched him.

"What's happened? What's the matter?' mays he.

"Get me out of this," says she.

"Gut an Belindy can make jest as big fools of yourself as you want to, for all of me. I'll promise anything so's you'll it time out!

"This we is out with you. Dan'el Carter, anys she. 'You'll wish you'd's ded 'fore you ever come into the Ramsey family," an with that she went tears in down the hill.

"An is that all?" select Tenie.

"What ham of 'a you have't' replied her mother, testily.

"Why, they, ain't no end to it; I can't see as things is one bit better off, said Tenie, disappointedly."

"Law, Tenie Tinkler, don't you known no more of woman nature than that have all the surnames of accounting the surnames of comparison one production.

A class of surnames which couples in the surnames of hallown in the surnames of couples of the surnames of couples of the surnames of couple

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES A WILD BURRO CHASE

EXCITING HUNT ON THE SLOPES OF

MOUNT ORIZABA.

A Perilons Ride at Breakneck Speed on Well Trained Mustangs That Daderstood Their Business-Flight of

We were high on the slopes of M. us alreget perpendicularly, the slope of rock failing away on every side, lost in the deep canyons that out into and sur-rounded the base. One great ridge reach-ed away to the distant ocean, another ed away to the distant ocean, another ross, a precipitous cliff, while still another was a mass of rocks and cacti, impenetrable and impassable except by the wild goate that made it their bome. From near the summit a magnificent view was obtained. The entire length of Santa Catalina was at our feet, with its mountains, ridges, its deep canyons
—a maze of shadows, while to the southwest, low and forbidding, lay San
Clemente and to the north San Nicolas, a spot on the horizon. To the east the Sierras on the mainland raised their slopes, ever changing in tint from pink to purple. The higher we crept, leading our well trained mustangs, the stron came the wind, and with it the faint blest of the wild goat on some distant crag, or the hourse cry of the bald head-ed eagle that circled high above the summit.

We were not in search of the herds of goats which frequent the summit, but a rarer game—a small herd of wild burros, which had for years roamed the central portion of the island, defying capture. The slope of the mountain was filled with cactus and rock that had rolled down from the summit, and the slightest carelessness would have created a fatal slide for horse and rider. At last we stood on a lofty pinnacle that over-looked the series of ridges extending to the west. Almost two miles away a herd of wild goats could be seen moving along over the gray ridges. Immediately below were three deep canyons, and on a small mesa or alope, extending down into a grove of cottonwoods, were three dark objects that in the peculiar atmospheric conditions looked enormous. They were either wild cattle or the wild burros of our search and that they had seen us even at this long disance was evident, for they stood a mo ent, then turned and disappear

down the slope of Cottonwood canyon.

We jumped into the saddle and skirted the mountain side as rapidly as possible, then coming to an impenetrable alope dismounted and led the horses, aliding over the talus, until the ridge was reached, then mounted and rode down into the canyon at full speed, finally reaching the divide over which the mysterious game had disappeared As we approached we moved with the greatest caution and finally, looking over a ridge, saw before us a long mess reaching down into a green and deep canyon. The mesa was covered with loose rocks, and in the center rose a great mass of porphyry, grim and for-bidding. We rode carefully over the di-vide, when suddenly, changing our po-

ing waiting for developments. A little canyon entered the mean near us, and into this we walked and ran the horses under cover for some distance, then, they spherical, they could only with difficulty be kept closer beneath the sitting bird, but conical objects will tend to be a sould to be a sould be a soul

ing waiting for developments. A little canyon entered the mean near us, and fato this we walked and ran the horses under cover for some distance, then, looking to the cinches, the lariat carrier taking his rope in hand, we put spors to our horses and dashed up to the divide. Our calculations had been correct. Not 500 feet away stood the burros, exactly as before, but looking fixedly at the big rock where we had disappeared. The wind was from them, and they had not acented us. The moment we appeared they wheeled like antelopes and dashed away over the rockment there followed as wild a race as one would care to indulge in.

The borros ran like deer along the mess, while the mustangs, mad with excitement, simply flew over the field of rock. It seemed incomprehensible that a burro could distance a mustang, yet these clumsy creatures, at home in the rough country, gradually increased their speed and plunged over the rocks with the greatest case, now down a steep arroyo, dashing along the rocky bottom, up the other side, pounding the gravel, leaping guilies and finally making for the mountain side. Their maneuvers showed their cunning, for they invariably selected the roughest places, hoping to discourage the horses.

The mustangs followed a breakneck pace, yet never stumbling, until finally we began to gain, and then the horses spurted, and we were upon the flying burros. We had no desire to injure them and several times could have touched them by an extra exertion. The lariat was now circling, and a moment later it went whisting through the air and dropped over the long ears of a burro. The bronche stopped, stiffened the horse upon his haunches, and the biggest of the trie was saddenly arrested in his flight. He did not mirrander, however, and finally broke the lariat and rushed away, only to be roped again after a pittless cham.—C. F. Holder in New York Post.

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Diener-Waites, I find I have just

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

BIRDS' EGGS.

The Reasons Why They Are Not All of

One Shape. Why is there not a fixed form for all eggs? We can see no reason in the austomy of the bird, but we may often find

bidding. We rode carefully over the divide, when suddenly, changing our position, we saw not 800 yards away the three strange objects. There was no mistaking them now. They were the wild burros—great brown and black fellows, their enormous ears standing erect, all facing us and well bunched.

We stood perfectly still, wondering if it were possible to get nearer before making the charge, and then, as they turned, we alipped behind the rocks and ran our horses at this barrier. But when we reached it we found that the cunning burros had gone at full speed 400 or 500 yards and were again standing waiting for developments. A little little or no nest—to the shore birds, terns, guillemots and the like. Why? Because these last drop them in small clutches and with little or no preparating bird, but conical objects will tend always to roll toward a center. An additional advantage is that eggs of the latter shape will take up less spaceform a sungger package to be warmed. In the case of guillemots the single egg laid is especially flat sided and tapering, and the species owes its perpetuation largely to this circumstance, since, were it not for the egg's toplike tendency to revolve about its own apex, the chances are that it would be pushed off the ledge of naked see cliff where the vareless or stupid bird leaves it.

This suggests a word in reference to the popular fable that slitting birds carefully. No such thing is done, because unnecessary, since, as we have seen, the germinal containing the strength of the content of the popular fable that slitting birds carefully. No such thing is done, because unnecessary, since, as we have seen, the germinal containing the strength of the content of the popular fable that slitting birds carefully. No such thing is done, because unnecessary, since, as we have seen, the germinal containing the such tables.

since, as we have seen, the ger part always rises to the top and places itself nearest the influential warmth of the mother's body.—Ernest Ingersoll in

Two men walking on Campbell stre toward Twelfth one night were account who was excited.

"I lost a yeahtah down there, an I

"Well, did you find it?" inquired one of the men.
"No, but I done find this less that's better'n two qualitamid.—Kenans City Star.

Paul Perry, of Columbus, Ga., suffered agony for thirty years, and then cured his Piles by using De-Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Is-h injuries and skin diseases like magic. J. C. Siromons, the drug-



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